SOUTHERN

Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XIX.

EDITED BY
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SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

RICHMOND, VA.:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.
1891.

WM. ELLIS JONES,
PRINTER,
RICHMOND, VA.

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Southern Historical Society Papers.

Vol. XIX. Richmond, Va., January. 1891.

THE VIRGINIA, OR MERRIMAC:

HER REAL PROJECTOR.

In the Richmond *Dispatch* of March 29th appeared an article, written by Mr J. W. H. Porter, under the supervision of Constructor John L. Porter, purporting to be a "correct version of the converting of the *Merrimac* into an iron-clad." Mr Porter says:

"In your issue of Sunday last, in the communication of Mr. Virginius Newton, headed 'The *Merrimac's* Men', there appears the following:

"'Upon this hulk, according to plans furnished by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, of the Confederate States Navy (though the merit of the design is also claimed for Naval Constructor John L. Porter), was built a house or shield,' &c.

"This does a grave injustice to a gallant old Confederate and Virginian, who sacrificed his all upon the altar of his country; and had Mr. Newton known fully the facts it is believed that he would have published his article with the names above reversed."

The following dispassionate statement of Colonel Brooke of the facts connected with the conversion of the *Merrimac* is conclusive:

In October, 1887, I was requested by the editor of the *Century* to prepare a note stating what my relations were to the construction of the *Merrimac*. This note, containing the only public reference to Mr. Porter or his claim that I have ever made, will be found in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. I, p. 715; and on the following page a similar note by Constructor John L. Porter as to his relations. To these notes the attention of the reader is invited. But as the

book is not always accessible, and such versions of occurrences of the war as this of Mr. Porter sometimes find their way into crude histories of the day, I deem it proper to present the subject from another point of view, with evidence.

Early in June, 1861, Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, asked me to design an iron-clad.

The first idea presenting itself was a shield of timber two feet thick, plated with three inches of iron, inclined to the horizontal plane at the least angle that would permit working the guns. This shield to be supported by a hull of equal length. But it was apparent, on inspection, that to support the massive shield the ends of the vessel would be so full and bluff as to prevent the attainment of speed. It then occurred to me that fineness of line, buoyancy, and protection of hull could be obtained by extending the ends of the vessel under water beyond the shield. To prevent the banking up of water on these submerged ends I erected upon them a superstructure of ship-iron, corresponding in form with the hull below, but not higher than would permit the free use of bow and stern guns; these superstructures to be decked.

Of this design I submitted outline drawings—body, sheer, and deck-plans—to Mr. Mallory, who approved and adopted them. I then asked that Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter should be sent for from the Norfolk navy-yard to put the plan in execution. This the Secretary declined doing, but ordered a practical mechanic to be sent up from the Norfolk yard. The mechanic came, aided in the statement of timber, etc., but was unable to make the working drawings, and was permitted to return to the yard. Constructor Porter and Chief Engineer Williamson were then ordered to report. They came, and we met in consultation with the Secretary. Mr. Porter brought and presented for consideration a model of an iron-clad of the same form as that which I had rejected for reasons above stated.

When we had examined the model, the Secretary said he wished to show Messrs. Porter and Williamson a plan proposed by Lieutenant Brooke. The plan was then placed before them, and the reasons for extending the ends of the hull beyond the shield and under water were stated, and they approved the plan. It had been, as stated above, previously adopted by the Department.

Mr. Mallory then directed Messrs. Williamson and Porter to ascertain if suitable engines and boilers could be had. To me he said: "Make a clean drawing in ink of your plan, to be filed in the department." As I placed the paper on the table and was about to begin,

Mr. Porter said to me: "You had better let me do that. I am more familiar than you are with that sort of work." Accepting his offer I went with Williamson to the Tredegar Works, where we learned that no suitable engines could be had. Williamson then said that the engines of the *Merrimac* could, he thought, be put in working condition, but that the vessel would necessarily have as great a draught as the *Merrimac*, and that it would be useless to build a new hull, as the lower part of the old one had not been destroyed, and the plan could be applied to her. In view of these facts, Constructor Porter, who also knew what the condition of the vessel was, agreed with us that the plan could be carried out on her. We all thought the draught too great, but we could not do better. We reported verbally to the Secretary; the subject was discussed, and his opinion coincided with ours. He then, in order that a record might be preserved, directed us to make a written report in accordance with the results of the discussion.

As the plan proposed by me had been adopted, I thought it but proper that I should leave the wording of the report to Messrs. Williamson and Porter. I noticed that in designating the plan to be adopted the expression used was "the plan submitted for the approval of the Department." *Which* plan was not stated.

I now pass to a later period. The action in Hampton Roads had been fought. Among the gallant officers of the Virginia, whose names are now historic, was Lieutenant Robt. D. Minor—a very pink of honor. He had been associated with me in ordnance work, and was fully informed as to the facts in this matter. From him I received the following letter. It has never been published and will, I think, be read with interest:

"NAVAL HOSPITAL, NORFOLK, VA., *March 11, 1862.*

"Many thanks, my dear Brooke, for your very kind letter, which reached me by to day's mail.

"You richly deserve the gratitude and thanks of the Confederacy for the plan of the now celebrated *Virginia*, and I only wish that you could have been with us to have witnessed the successful operations of this new engine of naval warfare, fostered by your care and watched over by your inventive mind.

"It was a great victory, though the odds were nearly seven to one against us in guns and in numbers. But the IRON and the HEAVY GUNS did the work, handled by such a man as glorious old Buchanan,

and with such officers and men as we had. The crash into the *Cumberland* was terrible in its effect, though hardly felt by us, and in thirty minutes after the first gun was fired by us she was at the bottom, with the top-sail yards just clear of the water.

"The *Congress* gave us her guns as we passed, but though the shot fell like hailstones on our roof, we passed on, and settled the *Cumberland* in short style. By this time our dear old beauty was in shoal water with her head up stream, and 'twas fully twenty minutes before we could turn her to fire well and rapidly on the *Congress*—meanwhile receiving the fire of the battery on the Point, though I cannot vouch for this exactly, for in such a row 'twas hard to say where in thunder all the licks came from.

"Very soon the *Congress* ran ashore—purposely, I suppose, to save herself from such a fate as the *Cumberland*—and we had not given her many shots before she hauled down the Stars and Stripes and soon afterwards hoisted the *white flag* at her peak.

"Parker and Alexander, in the *Beaufort* and *Raleigh*, were ordered to go to her, send her men on shore, bring the officers on board, and burn the ship; but on going alongside, Pendergrast (Austin) surrendered the ship to Parker, and told him that he had too many wounded to burn the ship. Billy told him to have the wounded removed at once; and while the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort* were at this *humane* work the Yankees on shore opened fire on them, killing some of their own men, among them a lieutenant.

"Parker and Alexander then left her with some twenty or thirty prisoners, the fire from shore being too hot; and as Alexander backed out in the *Raleigh* he was fired at from the ports of the *Congress*, though she had surrendered to us. A dastardly, cowardly act! Buchanan not getting Parker's report, and the frigate not being burnt, he accepted my volunteered services to burn her; and, taking eight men and our only remaining boat, I pulled for her, with Webb in the gallant little *Teazer* steaming up soon afterwards to cover me. In the meantime the *Patrick Henry*, *Jamestown*, and *Teazer* had come splendidly into action just about the time or a little before the *Congress* struck, and when I left the old beauty they were doing grand work with their guns on the *Minnesota* and shore batteries.

"I did not think the Yankees on shore would fire at me on my errand to the *Congress*, but when in about two hundred and fifty yards of her they opened on me from the shore with muskets and artillery;

and the way the balls danced around my little boat and crew was lively beyond all measure. Soon two of my men were knocked over, and, while cheering them on I got a clip through the side which keeled me up for a second or two; but I was soon on board the *Teazer*, Webb having very bravely come to my protection. Old Buch., seeing what the scoundrels were doing, made our recall, and deliberately backing the *Virginia* up stream poured gun after gun, hot shot and incendiary shells into her stern and quarter, setting her on fire; but while doing this he was knocked over by a minnie ball through his left thigh, and the medicos laid us together in the cabin, while brave, cool, determined old Jones fought the action out in his quiet way, giving them thunder all the time.

"As you supposed, the *Minnesota* and *Roanoke* came to the assistance of the two sailing frigates, but the former got aground, and the latter *ran*—actually turned tail, and, as the sailors say, 'pulled foot' for Old Point. The *St. Lawrence* got a dose and cleared out, leaving the *Minnesota* alone in her sad plight, hard and fast aground, with some tugs trying to lighten her, and taking the fire from our squadron, to which she replied as well as she could, generally from her forward pivot gun. She being aground, and night coming on, of course Jones could not carry on the fight, and after a hard night of it the Commodore and I were landed early on Sunday morning at Seawell's Point, and Jones took the ship into action that day, fighting her like a bold seaman, as he is. He must tell you of his tussle with the *Eric*, a very devil of an iron battery, for he has just come in and said he had a letter from you. God bless old Buchanan for a true-hearted patriot and bold, dashing sailor, as brave as brave can be; but he exposed himself entirely too much, and was struck by a musket or minnie ball while on the upper deck, I believe, for I was under the doctor's hands then, and could not be with him at the time. I am writing in bed, and by 'fits and starts,' so excuse all inaccuracies and want of details, of which I will tell you when we meet.

"Mrs. Minor is with me, and I am decidedly more comfortable, though my wound is a severe but not dangerous one. The ball struck a rib and glanced, coming out over the heart. It knocked me down for a second or so, but I got up and cheered my men, some of whom were panic-stricken by the shower of balls, though they rallied when I got them to the *Teazer*.

"Send the signal book! When I can be moved the doctors will

send me to Richmond, where a 'spell' of a few weeks will put me on my pins again. Make my kind regards to Mrs. Brooke; and with the hope that you are in better health,

"I am ever your friend,

"R. D. MINOR.

"Remember me to Volcke, to McCorkle, and Upshur. The Commodore had the signal '*Sink before Surrender*' arranged before the action. Tell this to Mallory, for I hardly think that old Buch. will ever do so.

"N. B.—There will doubtless be an attempt made to transfer the great credit of *planning* the *Virginia* to other hands than your own. So look out for them, for to you it belongs, and the Secretary should say so in communicating his report of the victory to Congress.

"By no means must any captain or commodore or even flag-officer be put over Jones. In old Buch.'s sickness from his wound Jones must command the ship."

In justice to Constructor Porter, and in order that his claim and the grounds upon which it is based may be fully set forth, his published letters, with their true dates of publication, are now presented, with such other matter, arranged in order of sequence, as may be necessary to the preservation of historical accuracy and the development of the process by which he arrived at the conclusion that he was "not only the *constructor* but the originator of the plan of the *Virginia*."

In the Charleston *Mercury* of March 19, 1862, the following extract from a private letter written by Constructor Porter was published:

"I received but little encouragement from any one while the *Virginia* was progressing. Hundreds, I may say thousands, asserted she would never float. Some said she would turn bottom side up; others said the crew would suffocate; and the most wise said the concussion and report from the guns would deafen the men. Some said she would not steer; and public opinion generally about here said she would never come out of the dock. You have no idea what I have suffered in mind since I commenced her, but I knew what I was about, and I persevered. Some of her inboard arrangements are of the most intricate character, and have caused me many sleepless nights in making them, but all have turned out right, and thanks

are due to a kind Providence whose blessings on my efforts I have many times invoked. I must say I was astonished at the success of the *Virginia.* She destroyed the *Cumberland* in fifteen minutes, and in thirty more the *Congress* was captured. The *Minnesota* would have shared the same fate, but she got aground, and the *Virginia* could not get at her."

In the *Whig* of March 22, appeared the following letter:

"THE VIRGINIA.

"RICHMOND, *March 18, 1862.*

"*To the Editor of the Whig:*

"As the brilliant success of the *Virginia* has attracted the attention of all the country, and is destined to cast much glory on our infant navy, it may be of general interest to publish some account of the origin of this magnificent ship.

"On the 23d of June a board consisting of W. P. Williamson, chief engineer; John M. Brooke, lieutenant; and John L. Porter, naval constructor; met in Richmond by order of the Secretary of the Navy to determine a plan for the construction of an iron-clad vessel. The Secretary of the Navy was himself present at the meeting of the board. After full consultation a plan proposed by Lieutenant John M. Brooke was adopted, and received the full approval of the Secretary of the Navy.

"The plan contemplated the construction of a light-draft vessel, but the means at our command being limited, many reasons induced them to take the *Merrimac* and alter her according to the plan adopted. Her boilers were good, and her engines only partially destroyed, and could be repaired in less time than would be required to construct an engine for a new vessel of light draft. It was found that the plan of Lieutenant Brooke could easily be applied to the *Merrimac*, and, in fact, no other plan could have made the *Merrimac* an effective ship. Her guns now command every point of the horizon.

"A report was made up by the above-named officers to the Secretary of the Navy on the 25th of June, in accordance with these facts, and the Secretary ordered the work to commence forthwith.

"Experiments to determine the mode of applying the armor and to fix the dimensions of its parts were conducted by Lieutenant Brooke.

"From the moment that the plan was adopted the Secretary of the

Navy urged the work forward with all the means at the command of the government and without regard to expense; and from this day to the day of the *Virginia's* egress from the dock there were from one thousand to fifteen hundred men employed on her.

"The four rifled cannon used so effectively on the *Virginia* were of a plan entirely new, designed by Lieutenant Brooke.

"Most of the foregoing facts came to my knowledge long before the completion of the ship; others I have obtained recently from reliable sources.

"I am a private citizen, wholly unconnected with the Confederate or State government, but think that the public ought to know all these particulars, which reflect so much credit on the Secretary of the Navv and his officers. "JUSTICE."

"*Justice*" was in error in using the word "board." As will be seen, in the Secretary's report to the House of Representatives of the Confederate States, "The Department ordered Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter from the navy yard at Norfolk to Richmond for consultation on the same subject generally [Lieutenant Brooke's design, approved by the Department], and to aid in the work."

The Secretary himself took part in the consultations, and directed us to put in writing the conclusions arrived at. Had we constituted a board it would so have appeared on the face of the report. Constructor Porter adopted the word "board" in his reply to "*Justice*," and thereafter used it as the best suited to his purpose.

A reply elicited by this article appeared in the *Examiner* of April 3d:

"THE VIRGINIA.

"GOSPORT NAVY-YARD, *March 29, 1862.*

"*To the Editor of the Examiner:*

"Having seen an article in the Richmond *Enquirer*, and one also in the *Whig*, claiming the plan of the iron-clad ship *Virginia* for Lieutenant John M. Brooke, of the navy, thereby doing myself and Engineer Williamson the greatest injustice, I feel called upon to make a statement of facts in the case, for the further information of the reading public, in the history of this ship.

"In June last Lieutenant Brooke made an attempt to get up a floating battery at the Navy Department. The Secretary sent to

this yard for the master ship-carpenter to come up and assist him. After trying for a week he failed to produce anything, and the master-carpenter returned to his duties at the yard. Secretary Mallory then sent for me to come to Richmond, at which time I carried up the model of an iron-clad floating battery, with the shield of the present *Virginia* on it, and before I ever saw Lieutenant Brooke. This model may now be seen at the Navy Department.

"The Secretary then ordered a board, composed of Engineer Williamson, Lieutenant Brooke, and myself, to examine and report upon some plan for a floating iron-clad battery [consult Secretary's Report]. 'Justice,' in his communication to the *Whig*, says: 'After full consultation a plan proposed by Lieutenant John M. Brooke was adopted, and received the approval of the Secretary of the Navy; that it was found the plan of Lieutenant Brooke could easily be applied to the *Merrimac*, and, in fact, no other plan could have made the *Merrimac* an effective ship, and that a report was made to the Secretary of the Navy in accordance with these facts.'

"Now, I would only ask a careful reading of this report, and see how far it agrees with the statement of 'Justice.'

"Now, I would ask what becomes of the statement of 'Justice'? And I would also ask any one at all acquainted with the circumstances how Lieutenant Brooke could have had anything to do with this report further than signing his name to it. What did he know about the condition of the *Merrimac* or her engines, or whether there was enough of her left to make a floating battery out of or not; or anything about what it would cost, or anything else about her? For he had not even seen her, and knew nothing of her condition really.

"'NAVY DEPARTMENT, *Richmond, June 25, 1861.*

"'SIR:

"'In obedience to your order, we have carefully examined and considered the various plans and propositions for constructing a shot-proof steam battery, and respectfully report that, in our opinion, the steam frigate *Merrimac*, which is in such condition from the effects of fire as to be useless for any other purpose without incurring a very heavy expense in her rebuilding, can be made an efficient vessel of that character, mounting ten heavy guns—two pivot and eight side guns of her original battery; and, from the further consideration that we cannot procure a suitable engine and boilers for any other vessel without building them, which would occupy too much time, it

would appear that this is our only chance to get a suitable vessel in a short time.

"'The bottom of the hull, boilers, and heavy and costly parts of the engine being but little injured, reduce the cost of construction to about one-third of the amount which would be required to construct such a vessel anew.

"'We cannot, without further examination, make an accurate estimate of the cost of the proposed work, but think it will be about one hundred and ten thousand dollars, the most of which will be for labor, the materials being nearly all on hand in the yard, except the iron plating to cover the shield.

"'The plan to be adopted in the arrangement of the shield for glancing shot, mounting guns, arranging the hull and plating to be in accordance with the plan submitted for the approval of the Department.

"'We are, with much respect,

"'Your obedient servants,

"'WILLIAM P. WILLIAMSON, *Chief Engineer*,
"'JOHN M. BROOKE, *Lieutenant*,
"'JOHN L. PORTER, *Naval Constructor*.'

"The concluding part of the report states that the whole arrangements were to be made in accordance with the plan submitted.

"The facts are that no plan was submitted with this report. After the report was made, I returned immediately to the Norfolk navy yard, and made the plans of the *Virginia* myself, and, unaided by any one, placed the very same shield on her which was on the model I carried up with me before this board met. On the 11th day of July I returned to Richmond with this drawing, and presented it to Secretary Mallory, who immediately wrote the following order for the work with his own hand and gave it to me:

[Copy.]

"'NAVY DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, *July 11, 1862*.

"'*Flag-officer* F. FORREST:

"'*Sir:* You will proceed with all practicable dispatch to make the changes in the form of the *Merrimac, and to build, equip and fit her in all respects according to the design and plans* of the *constructor*

and engineer, Messrs. Porter and *Williamson.* As time is of the first importance in the matter, you will see that the work progresses without delay to completion [*italics* Porter's].

"'S. R. MALLORY,
"'*Secretary Confederate States Navy.*'

"Lieutenant Brooke is not even hinted at in this letter. After the ship had been in progress for six weeks the Secretary wrote the following letter to Flag-officer Forrest on the subject:

[Copy.]

"'CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,
"'RICHMOND, *August 19, 1861.*

"'*Flag-officer* FRENCH FORREST,
"'*Commanding Navy Yard, Gosport, Va.*

"'SIR: The great importance of the service expected from the *Merrimac*, and the urgent necessity of her speedy completion, induce me to call upon you to push forward the work with the utmost dispatch. Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter, severally in charge of the two branches of this great work and for which they will be held specially responsible, will receive, therefore, every possible facility at the expense and delay of every other work on hand, if necessary.

"'(Signed) S. R. MALLORY,
"'*Secretary Confederate States Navy.*'

"Of the great and skillful calculations of the displacements and weights of timber and iron involved in the planning and construction of this great piece of naval architecture, and of her present weights with everything on board, no other man than myself has, or ever had, any knowledge. If he has let him show it; for, while public opinion said she would never float, none, save myself, knew to the contrary, or what she was capable of bearing.

"After the *Merrimac* was in progress for some time Lieutenant Brooke was constantly proposing alterations in her to the Secretary of the Navy, and as constantly and firmly opposed by myself, which the Secretary knows. To Engineer Williamson, who had the exclusive control of the machinery, great credit is due for having so improved the propeller and engines as to improve the speed of the ship three knots per hour.

"I never thought for a moment that, after the many difficulties I had to encounter in making these new and intricate arrangements for the working of this novel kind of ship that any one would attempt to rob me of my just merits; for, if there was any other man than myself who had any responsibility about her success or failure I never knew it, only so far as the working of the machinery was concerned, for which Engineer Williamson was alone responsible.

"I hope these plain statements of facts will satisfy the people of this government as to who is entitled to the plan of the *Virginia.*

"JOHN L. PORTER,
"*C. S. N. Constructor.*"

On the 3d of April, I wrote a private letter to Mr. Porter which, so far as I know, has never been published.

[Copy.]

"RICHMOND, *April 3, 1862.*

"DEAR SIR:

"I have observed, with surprise and regret, certain articles in the newspapers relating to the *Virginia* and the origin of the plan upon which she is constructed. I shall leave to those qualified to judge the question of whose plan was adopted; for the facts are accessible. But meanwhile I beg leave to call your attention to one remark of your published letter, which is rather obscure. You say:

"'After the *Merrimac* was in progress some time, Lieutenant Brooke was constantly proposing alterations in her to the Secretary of the Navy, and as constantly and firmly opposed by myself, which the Secretary knows.'

"This paragraph conveys the impression that I proposed alterations which were opposed and rejected. As the alterations alluded to affect very materially the efficiency of the ship, I propose to mention them now.

"The first alteration proposed by me was the substitution of one plate of two-inch iron for two of one-inch; the removal of the ceiling or inner planking of the shield, and the application of four inches of oak outside under the iron, leaving the wood of the shield of the same aggregate thickness; and this alteration was made. I subsequently recommended the substitution of two-inch plates.

"The third proposition made by me was to pierce the shield for bow and quarter ports, for you had omitted them, leaving four points of

approach without fire. An accident to the engine, propeller or rudder would have placed the ship at the mercy of an antagonist; and this alteration was made.

"The fourth alteration was the removal of the wheel-ropes—chains—from beneath the plates outside, where they were liable to be jammed by a shot. Mr. Robert Archer was present when I called your attention to this liability. The alteration was not made, however, until Lieutenant Jones called your attention to it a second time.

"The fifth alteration was the making of two additional hatches—your plan of detail providing for only two.

"The sixth suggestion was that arrangements should be made to permit the use of small-arms. You were left to your discretion, but a plan was given, if you could not think of a better one. You replied at length; the arguments were not considered good, and the alteration would have been made but for the delay which would have attended it. The ship is now deficient in that respect.

"The sixth proposition was to put six inches of iron on bow and stern. Approved by the Secretary but omitted, from your statement that the ship would not carry it.

"JOHN M. BROOKE,
"*Lieutenant, C. S. Navy.*"

The faulty arrangement of the wheel-ropes was brought to my notice by Lieutenant Jones. A similar arrangement was the immediate cause of the loss of the iron-clad *Tennessee.*

On the 4th of April Secretary Mallory's report to the House of Representatives appeared in the *Examiner:*

"CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,
"RICHMOND, *March 29, 1862.*

"*Hon.* THOMAS S. BOCOCK,
"*Speaker of the House of Representatives:*

"SIR: In compliance with the resolution adopted by the House of Representatives on the 18th instant, 'That the Secretary of the Navy be requested to make a report to this House of the plan and construction of the *Virginia*, so far as the same can be properly communicated, of the reasons for applying the plan to the *Merrimac*, and also what persons have rendered especial aid in designing and building the ship,' I have the honor to reply that on the 10th day of June, 1861, Lieutenant John M. Brooke. Confederates States Navy,

was directed to aid the Department in designing an iron clad war vessel and framing the necessary specifications. He entered upon this duty at once, and a few days thereafter submitted to the Department, as the result of his investigations, rough drawings of a casemated vessel, with submerged ends and inclined iron-plated sides. The ends of the vessel, and the eaves of the casemate, according to his plan, were to be submerged two feet; and a light bulwark, or false bow, was designed to divide the water and prevent it from banking up on the forward part of the shield with the vessel in motion, and also to serve as a tank to regulate the ship's draft. His *design* was approved by the department, and a practical mechanic was brought from Norfolk to aid in preparing the drawings and specifications. This mechanic aided in the statement of details of timber, etc., but was unable to make the drawings, and the Department then ordered Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter, from the navy yard at Norfolk, to Richmond, about the 23d of June, for consultation on the same subject generally, and to aid in the work. Constructor Porter brought and submitted the model of a flat-bottomed, light-draft propeller casemated battery, with inclined iron-covered sides and ends, which is deposited in the Department. *Mr. Porter and Lieutenant Brooke have adopted for their casemate a thickness of wood and iron, and an angle of inclination nearly identical.* Mr. Williamson and Mr. Porter approved of the plan of having submerged ends *to obtain the requisite flotation and invulnerability, and the Department adopted the design, and a clean drawing was prepared by Mr. Porter of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which that officer then filed with the Department.* The steam frigate *Merrimac* had been burned and sunk, and her engine greatly damaged by the enemy, and the Department directed Mr. Williamson, Lieutenant Brooke, and Mr. Porter to consider and report upon the best mode of making her useful. The result of their investigations was *their recommendation of the submerged ends and the inclined casemates for this vessel,* which was adopted by the Department.

"The following is the report upon the *Merrimac:*

"'In obedience to your orders we have carefully examined and considered the *various plans* and propositions for constructing a shot-proof steam battery, and respectfully report that, in our opinion, the steam frigate *Merrimac,* which is in such condition from the effects of fire as to be useless for any other purpose without incurring a very heavy expense in rebuilding, etc., can be made an efficient vessel of

that character, mounting * * * * heavy guns; and from the further consideration that we cannot procure a suitable engine and boiler for any other vessel without building them, which would occupy too much time, it would appear that this is our only chance to get a suitable vessel in a short time. The bottom of the hull, boilers and heavy and costly parts of the engine being but little injured, reduce the cost of construction to about one-third of the amount which would be required to construct such a vessel anew. We cannot, without further examination, make an accurate estimate of the cost of the proposed work, but think it will be about ———, the most of which will be for labor, the materials being nearly all in the navy-yard, except the iron plating to cover the shield. The plan to be adopted in the arrangement of the shield for glancing shot, mounting guns, arranging the hull, etc., and plating, to be in accordance with the plan submitted for the approval of the Department.

"'We are, with much respect, your obedient servants,

"'WILLIAM P. WILLIAMSON,
"'*Chief Engineer Confederate States Navy,*
"'JOHN M. BROOKE,
"'*Lieutenant, Confederate States Navy,*
"'JOHN L. PORTER,
"'*Naval Constructor.*'

"Immediately upon the adoption of the plan Porter was directed to proceed with the constructor's duties. Mr. Williamson was charged with the engineer's department, and to Mr. Brooke were assigned the duties of attending to and preparing the iron and forwarding it from the Tredegar Works, the experiments necessary to test the plates and determine their thickness, and devising heavy rifled ordnance for the ship, with the details pertaining to ordnance. Mr. Porter *cut the ship down, submerged her ends,* performed all the duties of constructor, and *originated* all *the interior arrangements by which space has been economized;* and he has exhibited energy, ability and *ingenuity.* Mr. Williamson thoroughly overhauled her engines, supplied deficiencies and repaired defects, and improved greatly the motive power of the vessel. Mr. Brooke attended daily to the iron, constructed targets, ascertained by actual tests the resistance offered by inclined planes of iron to heavy ordnance, and determined interesting and important facts in connection therewith, and which were of great importance in the construction of the ship; devised and prepared the models and drawings of the ship's heavy ordnance, being

guns of a class never before made and of extraordinary power and strength.

"It is deemed inexpedient to state the angle of inclination, the character of the plates upon the ship, the manner of preparing them, or the number, calibre and weights of the guns; and many novel and interesting features of her construction, which were experimentally determined, are necessarily omitted.

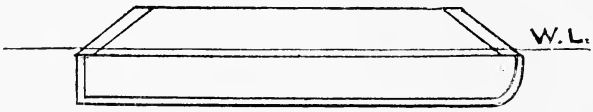
"The *novel plan of submerging the ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate*, however, *is the peculiar and distinctive feature of the Virginia. It was never before adopted.* The resistance of iron plates to heavy ordnance, whether presented in vertical planes or at low angles of inclination, had been investigated in England before the *Virginia* was commenced, and Major Barnard, U. S. A., had referred to the subject in his *Sea-Coast Defences.* We were without accurate data, however, and we were compelled to determine the inclination of the plates and their thickness and form by actual experiment.

"The Department has freely consulted the three excellent officers referred to throughout the labors on the *Virginia*, and they have all exhibited signal energy and zeal.

"I have the honor to be,
"Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,

"S. R. MALLORY,
"*Secretary of the Navy.*"

[Italic's mine.]



On the 11th of April the *Examiner* published Mr. Porter's reply to the Secretary's report.

"WHO PLANNED THE VIRGINIA?

"NAVY YARD, GOSPORT, *April 8, 1862.*

"*To the Editor of the Examiner:*

"Under this caption I find in the *Examiner* of the 4th instant a report of the Secretary of the Navy to Congress, giving a detailed statement of the origin of the iron-clad *Virginia.*

"I feel sorry to have to reply to this report, inasmuch as it is published over the signature of the Secretary; and my friends will not fail to see the embarrassing position it places me in, in consequence of my relations with the Navy Department, and furthermore my intercourse with the Secretary since I have held my present position in the Southern Confederacy has been of the most friendly kind; but justice to myself requires that I should reply to it.

"The report commences by stating that on the 10th of June Lieutenant Brooke was directed to aid the Department in designing an iron-clad war vessel and framing the necessary specifications, and in a few days submitted to the Department rough drawings of a casemated vessel with submerged ends and inclined iron-plated sides, the ends of the vessel and the eaves of the casemates to be submerged two feet. I do not doubt the statements of the Secretary, but no such plans were submitted to the board; and from the fact that the master-carpenter had returned to this yard without completing any plan as the vessel shows, and myself being sent for immediately, and from the further fact that the Secretary presented us no plans from this source, I stated in my last communication that Lieutenant Brooke failed to produce anything after a week's trial; and I am still of that opinion, so far as anything tangible is concerned.

"The report states that the practical mechanic who was brought up from Norfolk was unable to make the drawings for Lieutenant Brooke, and the Department then ordered Chief-Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter from the navy-yard at Norfolk to Richmond, about the 23d of June, for consultation on the same subject generally, and to aid in the work. I do not understand this part of the report exactly; but if it is intended to convey the idea that we were to examine any plan of Lieutenant Brooke's, I never so understood it, neither did we act in accordance with any such idea, as our report will show.

"The report next refers to my model, which I carried up with me, the shield and plan of which is carried out on the *Virginia;* but the report seems to have lost sight of the fact that the eaves and ends of my model were submerged two feet—precisely like the present *Virginia.*

"The ship was cut down on a straight line fore and aft, to suit this arrangement, and the shield was extended over her just as far as the space inside to work the guns would admit of. Where the shield stopped, a strong deck was put in to finish out the ends and plated

over with iron, and a rough breakwater built on it to throw off the water forward. The report next states that Mr. Porter approved of the plan of submerged ends, and made a clean drawing of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which that officer then filed with the Department. How could I disapprove of my own model, which had submerged ends two feet? And the only drawing I ever made of the *Virginia* was made in my office at this navy-yard, and which I presented to the Department on the 11th day of July, just sixteen days after this board adjourned, having been ordered to Richmond on other business. This drawing and plan I considered my own, and not Lieutenant Brooke's. So soon as I presented this plan the Secretary wrote the following order, when everything was fresh in his mind concerning this whole matter:

"'NAVY DEPARTMENT, *Richmond, July 11, 1862.*

"'*Flag-Officer* F. FORREST:

"'SIR: You will proceed with all practicable despatch to make the changes in the form of the *Merrimac*, and to build, equip and fit her in all respects according to the design and plans of the constructor and engineer, Messrs. Porter and Williamson.

"'S. R. MALLORY,
"'*Secretary Confederate States Navy.*'

"What, I would ask, could be more explicit than this letter, or what words could have established my claims any stronger if I had dictated them. The concluding part of this report says: 'The novel plan of submerging the ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate, however, is the peculiar and distinctive feature of the *Virginia.*' This may be all true, but it is just what my model calls for; and if Lieutenant Brooke presented rough drawings to the Department carrying out the same views, it may be called a singular coincidence. And here I would remark that my model was not calculated to have much speed, but was intended for harbor defence only, and was of light draft, the eaves extending over the entire length of the model, and submerged all around two feet—sides and ends—and the line on which I cut the ship down was just in accordance with this; but if Lieutenant Brooke's ideas, which were submitted to the Secretary in his *rough drawings*, had have been carried out, to cut her

ends down low enough to build tanks on to regulate the draft of the vessel, she would have been cut much lower than my plan required; for all the water which now covers her ends would not alter her draft over three inches if confined in tanks. All the calculations of the weights and displacements, and the line to cut the ship down, were determined by myself, as well as her whole arrangements.

"That Lieutenant Brooke may have been of great assistance to the Department in trying the necessary experiments to determine the thickness of the iron, getting up the battery, and attending to the shipment of the iron, etc., I do not doubt; but to claim for him the credit of designing the ship is a matter of too much interest to me to give up.

"Engineer Williamson discharged his duties with great success; the engines performed beyond his most sanguine expectations, and these, with the improvements of the propeller, has increased her speed three miles an hour.

"The Confederacy is under many obligations to Secretary Mallory for having approved the report of this board in making the *Merrimac* a bomb proof ship. Her performance has changed the whole system of naval defences, so far as wooden ships are concerned.

"Europe, as well as America, will have to begin anew; and that nation which can produce iron-clad ships with the greatest rapidity will be the mistress of the seas.

"In this communication I disclaim any disrespect to the Secretary of the Navy whatever; he has not only been my friend, in this Government, but was a true and serviceable one under the United States Government, and has rendered me many acts of kindness, for which I have always esteemed him; but the present unpleasant controversy involves a matter of so much importance to me that I shall be excused for defending my claim not only as the *constructor* but the originator of the plan of the *Virginia.*

"JOHN L. PORTER,
"*Confederate States Navy Constructor.*"

"No such plans were submitted to the board."
"The Secretary presented us no plans from this source."

Mr. Porter may have supposed that the direction of the Secretary to consider and report upon the best mode of making the *Merrimac* useful was equivalent to appointing us members of a board, and as the plan had already been submitted, he could say that it had not

been presented to the *board.* Yet Mr. Porter signed the report, stating that we had carefully considered *various* plans. There were but two plans presented—mine, illustrated by outline drawings; and Mr. Porter's, illustrated by his model.

"I stated in my last communication that Lieutenant Brooke failed to produce anything after a week's trial; and I am still of that opinion, so far as anything tangible is concerned."

Constructor Porter was at the Norfolk navy-yard, and could have no personal knowledge of what occurred in Richmond. His expressed opinion is based upon the fact that the master-carpenter had returned to the yard without completing any plan, "as the vessel shows, and himself being sent for immediately." The expression "as the vessel shows," meaning, *like the Virginia*, implies that the master-carpenter had in mind some plan not embracing her novel and characteristic feature. He was fully informed as to this feature and had been strictly enjoined not to divulge it.

Constructor Porter seems to have discovered, in this connection, the ambiguity of the unqualified phrase, "submerged ends of the vessel and eaves of the shield" when he presented his model; for he subsequently wrote: "How could I disapprove of my own model, which had submerged ends two feet?" And again: "The report seems to have lost sight of the fact that the eaves and ends of my model were submerged two feet—*precisely like the present Virginia.*"

"If it is intended to convey the idea that we were to examine any plan of Lieutenant Brooke's, I never so understood it; neither did we act in accordance with any such idea, as our report will show."

Neither Mr. Porter nor Mr. Williamson was sent for to examine Lieutenant Brooke's plan.

It had been approved by the Department, but the Secretary preferred to send for some other person than Constructor Porter to put it in execution. The one who came from the Norfolk navy-yard was a subordinate in the Department of which Constructor Porter was the head.

"The report next refers to my model, which I carried up with me, the shield and plan of which is carried out on the *Virginia;* but the report seems to have lost sight of the fact that the eaves and ends of my model were submerged two feet—precisely like the present *Virginia.*"

The plan of Mr. Porter's model could not have been carried out on the *Merrimac*, except by extending the shield to cover *her* ends.

"The report next states that Mr. Porter approved of the plan of submerged ends, and made a clean drawing of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which that officer then filed with the Department." Note the reply. "How could I disapprove of my own model which had submerged ends two feet." Here Mr. Porter does not deny that he made a clean drawing of Lieutenant Brooke's plan. He virtually admits that he made the drawing, and that it had submerged ends. In what sense were the ends of his *model* submerged when compared with the *extended* submerged ends of Lieutenant Brooke's plan?

"And the only drawing I ever made of the *Virginia* was made in my office in this navy-yard, and which I presented to the Department on the 11th day of July. * * * This drawing and plan I considered my own, and not Lieutenant Brooke's plan. So soon as I presented this plan the Secretary wrote the following order, when everything was fresh in his mind concerning the whole matter."

The "drawing" or "plan" presented by Mr. Porter was simply a working plan, giving, from actual measurement in feet and inches, the relative dimensions of the various parts of the structure, in conformity with the design adopted by the Department. The order has no reference to the *origin* of the design. Chief Engineer Williamson's plans are embraced in the order. As well might he have claimed by this order to be the originator of the design of the engines.

The Secretary says: "Mr. Porter cut the ship down, submerged her ends, performed all the duties of constructor, and *originated* all the *interior* arrangements by which space has been economized."

The Secretary has nowhere said that Mr. Porter originated the design or plan applied to the *Merrimac*.

The concluding part of this report says:

"'The novel plan of submerging the ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate, however, is the peculiar and distinctive feature of the *Virginia*.' This may be all true, but it is just what my model calls for.'"

The submerged ends of the ship, the Secretary refers to as novel, were ends extending beyond the shield under water to obtain speed, buoyancy and protection by submergence.

"And if Lieutenant Brooke presented rough drawings to the Department carrying out the same views, it may be called a singular coincidence."

This singular coincidence becomes significant, but less singular, when considered in connection with the return of the ship-carpenter to the yard, *prior to the construction of Mr. Porter's model.*

Mr. Porter then describes his model correctly: "Submerged all 'round two feet—sides and ends"—and then proceeds to say, "and the line on which I cut the ship down was just in accordance with this."

But *this* was the characteristic or novel feature of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which the constructor had been ordered to put in execution. Mr. Porter ignores the existence of the original plan, and overlooks the fact that the extension of the submerged ends in that plan was not made to suit the shield, but to obtain buoyancy, speed and protection. It was not necessary to *submerge* the ends of the vessel in order to submerge the eaves of the shield.

"But if Lieutenant Brooke's ideas, which were submitted to the Secretary in his rough drawings, had been carried out, low enough to build tanks on to regulate the draft of the vessel, she would have been cut much lower than my plan."

Constructor Porter knew that the depth of submergence was two feet, and that to use the superstructures as tanks to regulate the draft was merely incidental; they were to be filled with water at fighting draft and emptied, if necessary, to diminish it.

Extracts from these three letters of Mr. Porter will be found in J. Thomas Scharf's *History of the Confederate States Navy*, published in 1887, pp. 146–151.

The last in order is the extract from a private letter, given above, which, Mr. Scharf says, was published in the Charleston *Mercury* of April 8th, 1862.

Knowing that this extract, the first publication connecting Mr. Porter's name with the *Merrimac*, had appeared at an earlier date, I wrote to Colonel Joseph Yates, whom I had known as one of the

gallant defenders of Charleston, and an accomplished artillerist, requesting him to ascertain the date of publication. He replied as follows:

"TEN-MILE MILL, S. C., *August 10, 1887.*

"I find that all the files of the Charleston *Mercury* are in the Charleston library, and not one paper missing. There is a great deal said about the '*Virginia*' and her fights, and I find the letter you refer to was published in the *Mercury* dated March 19th, 1862, no date given to the writing of the same. You have an exact copy, as quoted to me in your letter of August 3d. * * *

"Yours truly,

"JOSEPH A. YATES."

The order of date of publication of the three extracts from Mr. Porter's letters is reversed in Scharf's history. My note-book, kept at that time, contains, under date of March 20th, 1862, this remark:

"Several papers have published articles from the Norfolk *Day-Book*, giving the credit of the plan of the *Merrimac* to John L. Porter."

The extraordinary character of this extract fixed it in my memory as the *first* in which Mr. Porter was brought before the public. It attracted attention, and the statement of "Justice" appeared.

Mr. J. W. H. Porter's "Correct Version of the Converting of the *Merrimac* into an Iron-clad" is, in the main, a repetition of what was published in 1862, with some variations and additions. Mr. J. W. H. Porter says:

"Lieutenant John M. Brooke, of the navy, was considering the question of an iron-clad. He was in a position where he could command the ear of Secretary Mallory, of the Confederate Navy, and at his request Mr. Joseph Pierce, then master ship-carpenter at the navy-yard here and a skilled mechanic, was sent to the Capital to assist him, but nothing came of the conference, and he reported that Lieutenant Brooke had no matured plan; that he had no practical ideas, and did not know what he wanted. Seeing the failure of Lieutenant Brooke's scheme, Constructor Porter *then* had another model made like the one he made at Pittsburg in 1847." [Italics mine.]

Mr. Porter is mistaken as to the ship-carpenter. Mr. Joseph Pearce (Mr. Porter spells it Pierce) was a constructor competent to perform the work, but whose services were not available at that time. Mr. J. W. H. Porter's loquacious ship-carpenter had been warned not to give information to any one as to the plan which had been adopted. On reporting to Constructor Porter he probably thought that he fulfilled his instructions in using the language attributed to him by Mr. Porter. He gave no information as to the extension of the submerged ends of the ship beyond the shield to obtain speed, buoyancy and invulnerability, the only novel feature of the plan—the peculiar and distinctive feature of the *Virginia.*

His position was a trying one, and fully accounts for the extraordinary statements he is said to have made. Naturally, Constructor Porter was much surprised when, on presenting his model, the approved plan was laid before him.

I have every reason to believe the statement, now made for the first time, that "seeing," as he thought, "the failure of Lieutenant Brooke's scheme, Constructor John L. Porter *then* had a model made, took it to Richmond personally, and submitted it to Secretary Mallory."

As to its being like the one he made at Pittsburg in 1847, I can but say that the only reference to that model I have seen is in Constructor Porter's note of his relations to the conversion of the *Merrimac* into an iron-clad, in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

Mr. Porter says:

"After she had fought her fight and proved her metal, then for the first time, to the knowledge of anybody, Lieutenant Brooke put in an appearance as a claimant for the credit of having projected her, and a communication appeared in the Richmond *Examiner* claiming it for him."

I made no claim, nor did I ask any one to make it for me. No notice was taken of Mr. Porter's publications by the Secretary or myself. I may here recall the fact before mentioned, that in Scharf's *History of the Confederate States Navy*, the true order of date of these publications has been reversed. Of the three the last is put first, and the first last.

Mr. J. W. H. Porter continues:

"And later still, when the real facts of the matter had faded

from his memory, Secretary Mallory was, we believe, persuaded to give credence to his claim."

The absurdity of this suggestion must be apparent to any man who thinks. Mr. Mallory, who was for many years chairman of the Naval Committee of the United States Senate, was in his prime. His knowledge of naval matters, including construction, was broad and accurate. He was deeply interested; was responsible for the adoption of the plan, and would be the last to forget its origin.

Mr. Porter further says:

"Mr. Brooke, I believe, took out a patent for an iron-clad with slanting roof and *submerged* ends like the *Merrimac*.

As neither the Secretary nor myself had noticed Constructor Porter's published claims, I thought it advisable to bring the subject before the examiners of the Patent Office while it was before the public. I therefore applied for a patent, and in order that there should be no ground for dispute as to the correspondence of my specific claim with the original plan, I presented tracings of the identical drawing which Constructor Porter made of my plan, as stated by the Secretary in his report to the House of Representatives of the Confederate States. They were filed May 2, 1862, in the Patent Office.

The drawings accompanying this article are from the patent, reduced to one-fifth of the original scale.

"No. 100.

"THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

"*To all to whom these letters patent shall come:*

"Whereas John M. Brooke, of Richmond, Virginia, has alleged that he has invented a new and useful improvement in ships of war, which he states has not been known or used before his application; has made oath that he is a citizen of the Confederate States; that he does verily believe that he is the original and first inventor or discoverer of the said improvement, and that the same hath not, to the best of his knowledge and belief, been previously known or used; has paid into the treasury of the Confederate States the sum of forty dollars, and presented a petition to the Commissioner of Patents,

signifying a desire of obtaining an exclusive property in the said improvement, and praying that a patent may be granted for that purpose:

"These are, therefore, to grant according to law to the said John M. Brooke, his heirs, administrators or assigns, for the term of fourteen years from the 29th day of July, 1862, the full and exclusive right and liberty of making, constructing, using, and vending to others to be used, the said improvement, a description whereof is given in the words of the said Brooke in the schedule hereunto annexed, and is made a part of these presents.

"In testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seal of the Patent Office has been hereunto affixed.

"Seal of the Patent Office,
(Our First President.)
"Confederate States of America.

Given under my hand at the city of Richmond, this 29th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1862.

"(Signed) T. H. WATTS,
"*Attorney-General.*

"Countersigned and sealed with the seal of the Patent Office.

"RUFUS H. RHODES,
"*Commissioner of Patents.*"

Specifications annexed to Patent No. 100, granted to John M. Brooke, July 29, 1862:

"*To all whom it may concern:*

"Be it known that I, John M. Brooke, a lieutenant in the Navy of the Confederate States, have invented a new and improved form of vessel, to be iron-clad, and if desired (armed) with cannon; and I do hereby declare that the following is a full and exact description thereof, reference being had to the annexed drawings making a part of this specification in which Figure I is a deck plan; Figure II a sheer plan, and Figure III a body plan.

"The nature of my invention consists in so constructing the hull of the vessel that her bow and stern *A* and *B*, Figures I and II, shall each extend beyond the forward and after ends of the shield *C*, which protects crew and guns, sufficiently to give the sharpness necessary to the attainment of high speed, and the buoyancy to support the weight of iron covering the shield and sides of the vessel

without increase of draft. Being submerged, all that part of the hull not covered by the shield is protected by the water from the projectiles of an enemy. The shield proposed for such improved form of vessel is of wood, covered on the exterior with iron, the surface inclined at such an angle as will permit the guns to be worked in the usual manner and yet deflect projectiles impinging upon it. This angle will be between 40° and 50°. The eaves of the shield may be about two feet under water. To divide and prevent the water over the submerged part of the vessel from banking up at the forward or after ends of the shield in going ahead or astern, thereby retarding her progress and perhaps preventing the use of the bow or stern gun, a false bow and stern or tanks are constructed upon the submerged portion of the vessel corresponding more or less in form with the hull below. The false bow and stern may be decked, in which case they should not be so high above water as to interfere with firing of the bow and stern guns. These tanks may be used as reservoirs of water by which the draft of the vessel may be regulated at will. The stem, being submerged, may be fitted as a ram to strike the wooden bottoms of iron-clad vessels. This plan of construction is applicable in plating effectually ships built in the usual manner; it being simply necessary to remove the upper works and to cut them down forward and abaft the shield sufficiently to submerge the ends when down to the load-line, as illustrated in the case of the Confederate States steamer *Virginia*, which vessel was constructed in accordance with the plan herein set forth, furnished by me on the 23rd day of June, 1861, to the Honorable S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, to William P. Williamson, Chief-Engineer Confederate States Navy, and John L. Porter, Constructor Confederate States Navy, the two latter having been directed by the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, in conjunction with myself, to devise an iron-clad vessel. And this plan was applied to the *Merrimac* in preference to constructing a new vessel of eight or ten feet draft, in consequence of the impossibility of procuring in time boilers and engines suitable to the purpose. The boilers of the *Merrimac* were good, and as the chief-engineer was of opinion that the engines could be speedily repaired, it was considered expedient to apply the plan to her.

"CLAIM.

"What I claim as my invention, and desire to secure by letters patent, consists in so constructing the hull of a vessel that her bow

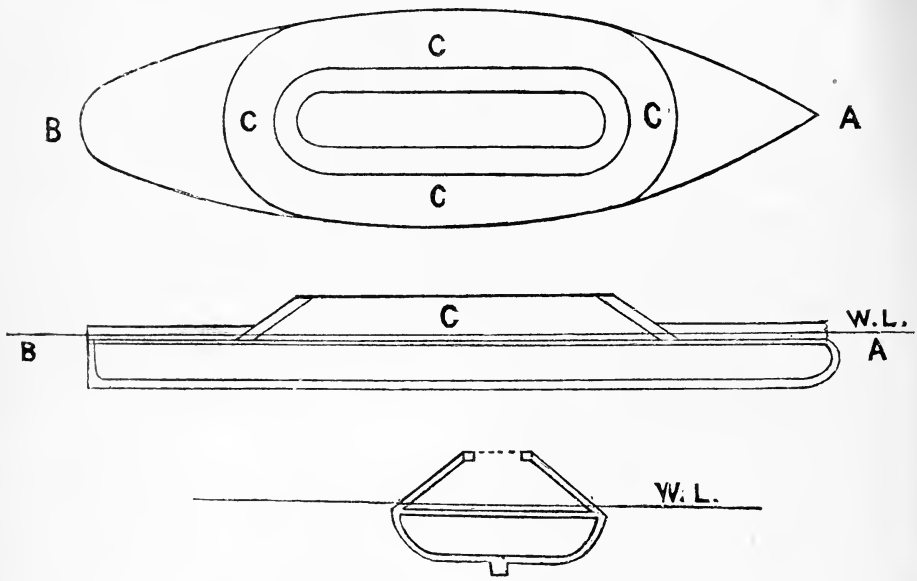
and stern shall each extend under water beyond the forward and after ends of the shield *C*, which protects the crew and guns, sufficiently to give the sharpness necessary to the attainment of high speed and the buoyancy to support the weight of iron applied without an inconvenient increase of draft.

"JOHN M. BROOKE,
"*Lieutenant C. S. Navy.*

"Witness:

"GEORGE MINOR,
"*Commander, C. S. N.*

"CHARLES J. OST."



Mr. Porter continues:

"But his patent was not contested by the builder of the *Merrimac*, because no one would have thought of building such a vessel with submerged ends except as a matter of necessity, for it left the crew no space to exercise."

One might suppose that Constructor Porter, as deeply concerned as he was in maintaining his claim, would have welcomed the opportunity to establish it.

"And no other vessel was built that way by the Confederate States. Subsequent vessels were made after the model which Constructor Porter made at Pittsburg in 1847, with the ends above the water and protected like the roof."

But the model made after the return of the ship-carpenter to the yard, like the one he made at Pittsburg, had its ends under the roof and submerged "just two feet," and no vessels were ever built after *that* model in the Confederate States.

When the *Merrimac*, after conversion, was floated, it was found that in consequence of an error in her computed displacement her ends and eaves could not be submerged to the depth proposed. This was a serious matter, as the additional weights required to bring her down involved an otherwise unnecessary increase of draft.

Constructor Porter says in his *Century* note:

"Her deck ends were two feet below water and not awash, and the ship was as strong and well protected at the centre line as anywhere else, as her knuckle was two feet below her water-line, and was then clamped."

The following letters state the facts:

[EXTRACT.]

"'VIRGINIA,' NORFOLK YARD, *March 5, '62.*

"DEAR BROOKE:

"* * * I hope we will get off on Thursday night. The ship will be too light, or, I should say, she is not sufficiently protected below the water. Our draft will be a foot less than was first intended, yet I was this morning ordered not to put any more ballast in—fear of the bottom. The eaves of the roof will not be more than six inches immersed, which in smooth water would not be enough; a slight ripple would leave it bare except the one-inch iron that extends some feet below. We are least protected where we most need it, and may receive a shot that would sink us; a thirty-two-pounder would do it. The constructor should have put on six inches where we now have one.

"We have taken on board a large quantity of ballast.

"CATESBY AP. R. JONES."

[EXTRACT.]

"CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER VIRGINIA,
"NORFOLK, *March 7, 1862.*

"MY DEAR BROOKE:

"* * * The edges of our plates are only five inches below the water. * * *

"R. D. MINOR."

As the vessel lightened, this submergence diminished. Five inches is little more than awash, and it was evident after the action that the guns of the enemy, having no command, could not penetrate the horizontal deck plating of the ends. It was, therefore, not necessary to submerge the ends, provided the sides were properly protected by plating. But as the weight of guns and shields increased, the efficiency of the principle of submerged ends became apparent.

The means at command in the Confederacy were not adequate to the complete development of the principle in sea-going ships. Plates of sufficient thickness to afford protection when placed vertically could not be made; but in 1874 it was applied in England.

The following description of the *Inflexible* is from Chief-Engineer J. W. King's *War Ships and Navies of the World.*

"The *Inflexible*, which was commenced at Portsmouth dock-yard in February, 1874, and launched April, 1876, is a twin-screw, double-turret ship, with a central armored citadel. She was designed by Mr. Barnaby, the Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty, and at a meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects in London, he describes the vessel in the following language:

"Imagine a floating castle 110 feet long and 75 feet wide, rising 10 feet out of water, and having above that again two round turrets planted diagonally at its opposite corners. Imagine this castle and its turrets to be heavily plated with armor, and that each turret has two guns of about eighty tons each. Conceive these guns to be capable of firing, all four together, at an enemy ahead, astern, or on either beam, and in pairs toward every point of the compass. Attached to this rectangular armored castle, but *completely submerged*—every part being 6 to 7 feet under water—there is a hull of ordinary form *with a powerful ram bow*, with twin-screws and a submerged rudder and helm. This compound structure is the fighting part of the ship. Seaworthiness, speed, and shapeliness would be wanting in

such a structure if it had no addition to it; there is, therefore, an unarmored structure lying above the submerged ship and connected with it, both before and after the armored castle, and as this structure rises 20 feet out of water, from stem to stern, without depriving the guns of that command of the horizon already described, and as it moreover renders a flying deck unneccessary, it gets over the objections which have been raised against the low free board and other features in the *Devastation*, *Thunderer* and *Dreadnaught.* These structures furnish also most luxurious accommodations for officers and seamen. *The step* in advance has therefore been from 14 inches of armor to 24 inches, from 35 ton guns to 80 tons, from two guns ahead to four guns ahead, and from a height of 10 feet for working the anchors to 20 feet. And this is done without an increase in cost, and with a reduction of nearly 3 feet in draught of water. My belief is that in the *Inflexible* we have reached the extreme limit in thickness of armor for sea-going vessels.

"The length of the vessel between perpendiculars is 320 feet, and she has the extraordinary breadth of 75 feet at the water-line; depth of hold, 23 feet 3½ inches; freeboard, 10 feet; mean draught of water, 24 feet 5 inches (23 feet 5 inches forward and 25 feet 5 inches aft); area of midship section, 1,658 square feet; and displacement, when all the weights are on board, 11,407 tons, being the largest man-of-war hitherto constructed. She is, as before described, a rectangular armoured castle. The whole of the other parts of the vessel which are unprotected by armour have been given their great dimensions for the simple purpose of floating and moving this invulnerable citadel and the turrets by which it is surmounted.

"Her immense bulk, unprecedented armament, powerful machinery and the provision for ramming and for resisting the impact of rams as well as of shot and shell, have made it necessary that strength and solidity should enter into every part of the structure.

"The *Inflexible* having been accepted as one of the types of the British future line-of battle ships, two others have been put in process of construction—the *Ajax*, which was laid down at the Pembroke dock yard in 1876; and the *Agamemnon*, commenced at the Chatham in the same year, and launched in 1879. After so full an account of the *Inflexible*, any detailed description of these two sister ships would be a mere repetition."

"The *Colossus* and the *Majestic* * * * two steel sister ships,

are of the same type as the vessels just described, and of dimensions between the *Inflexible* and the *Ajax*."

In Constructor Porter's reply to "Justice," he says:

"Of the great and skillful calculations of the displacements and weights of timber and iron involved in the planning and construction of this great piece of naval architecture, and of her present weights with everything on board, no other man than myself has, or ever had, any knowledge. If he has let him show it; for while public opinion said she would never float, no one save myself knew to the contrary or what she was capable of bearing."

The time came when this knowledge would have been of service to the Confederacy.

Norfolk had fallen, and the brave Tattnall sought to save the *Virginia* by taking her up the James—success depending upon her stability when lightened to a draft of eighteen feet. He applied to Constructor Porter for information.

In Flag-officer Tattnall's triumphant defence will be found this statement [see *Scharf's Confederate States Navy*, p. 235]:

"To the constructor, Mr. Porter, I applied through Paymaster Semple, for information on the subject, who swears positively that he obtained the constructor's written report that the ship could be lightened to even seventeen feet, and would have stability to that draft in the James river. Now, whether Mr. Semple misunderstood Mr. Porter or not, there can be no doubt of the nature of the reply communicated to me through a reliable source, upon which, in the nature of things, having no knowledge of my own, I was obliged to rely. Nor will the positive and reliable testimony thus given be much shaken by Mr. Porter's flippant answer to the question why he he did not give full information, "that I never spent a thought on the subject; I was busy; I supposed the officers all knew what they were about, and I gave all the information that was asked of me." It will be recollected he was apprised of the meditated disposition of the ship, and had been asked for written official information on the subject.

I regret that the persistency of Constructor Porter and the indiscretion of his friends have rendered it necessary to make this exposition.

JOHN M. BROOKE.

[New Orleans *Picayune*, Oct. 4, 1891.]

PRISON PASTIMES.

How Our Soldier Boys at Fort Delaware Amused Themselves While in Confinement as Prisoners of War—The Publication of the "Prison Times."

From the very many publications of experiences of prison life in the North and South, during the war of 1861–'65, there should be but few persons who are not familiar with the narratives, both true and false, of the suffering and utter wretchedness that prevailed among the thousands of captives from both armies, held for an exchange, that was unfortunately delayed by the action of the Federal authorities in violating the cartel then existing between the contending parties.

From that mass of sorrowful narrative it is a pleasure to discover a small bit of the silvery lining which at times shows its glory behind the blackest clouds.

Among the archives of the Louisiana Historical Association is a newspaper published (hand-written) at Fort Delaware, in April, 1865, by Confederate prisoners. Within the limits of Fort Delaware, in a space of barely five acres, sixteen hundred Confederate officers were confined; and they, after the manner of Mark Tapley, not willing to be depressed by untoward circumstances surrounding them, perfected organizations for the entertainment and comfort of all the great company. Musical and Christian associations were formed, and finally they issued the *Prison Times.*

The *Times* illustrates so plainly the cheerful and hopeful spirit of these gallant officers, and gives such insight behind the scenes of prison life, that it deserves to be preserved among the annals of the great war.

The original paper was presented to the Historical Association by Major E. D. Willett, who received it from the wife of Lieutenant A. T. Turner, Fifteenth Louisiana regiment, who was Chief of Division 25, in the barracks of Fort Delaware.

It is so worn and torn that it is almost illegible, and can only be deciphered by using a strong reading-glass.

As it is impossible to present it in *fac simile*, it is given below in cold type, and it may prove of interest to the survivors of the life at Fort Delaware or to their descendants, should they be no longer with us.

Here it is:

"PRISON TIMES."

Et temps et lieu.

VOL. I. FORT DELAWARE, APRIL, '65. NO. I.

OUR PAPER.

In presenting to the public our first edition of the *Prison Times* we are aware that there will be many criticisms. As public journalists we intend to steer clear of all personalities, unless of a pleasant nature. Nothing political will be indulged in.

We will on all points of public interest speak candidly, as the interest of the public is our own.

Public improvements, the fine arts, advancement of literature, thorough school system—we are advocates of all these, and will do all we can to promote the interests of each.

We have secured the services of able gentlemen as correspondents. We feel assured their contributious will be perused with pleasure. In our miscellaneous columns we will have extracts from authors which will be interesting and edifying. In our poetical column will be found gems from celebrated authors, male and female, whose reputation is becoming known; so far as we can we will publish selections that have not appeared in print.

We intend to make the *Times* a good advertising medium. We ask the support of a liberal community.

Our terms are moderate. Manufacturers will find it to their interest to give us a trial.

"We are literally immersed in business," as the fellow said when he was giving a swimming lesson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Ancient Toast.—It was a grand day in the old chivalric time, the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of each knightly

heart was pledged by name, and many a syllable significant of loveliness had been uttered, until it came to St. Leon's turn, when, lifting the sparkling cup on high—

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on a grateful heart,
Till memory is dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis, and true,
To one whose love has longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt
Than any pledged to you."

Each guest upstarted on the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye,
And sternly said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breath her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another.
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother."

"The fortitude that neither calumny nor calamity can crush never fails to command respect. Such fortitude is only attainable when one is calm in the rectitude of the cause in which he suffers, and feels that no false testimony can mislead the universal and eternal Judge. Then, indeed, is the sufferer happy, and despite of adversity feels that the clouds around him are not the frowns of heaven."—*Bulwer.*

Tailoring Establishment.—Division 22—Griggs & Church, successors to Beval, Bowman & Church, are prepared to execute all kinds of fashionable tailoring at reasonable rates, at their shop, S. E. corner, upper tier of bunks. Call soon, as a stich in time saves nine.

Division 32.—Washing and ironing done with care and promptness by Davenport & Boswell. S. G. Davenport, Captain Ga. B. I.; I. C. Boswell, Captain 23d Ga. R. I.

Barber Shop.—Division 24—Shaving, shampooing, hair-cutting, dyeing and hair-dressing done up in the latest style. Choice selection of perfumes on hand. Broughton & Walker.

Dental Card.—Lieutenant R. F. Taylor can be found at all hours. Division 28.

Music.—Instructions given on the guitar by T. Gordon Bland, Lieutenant 10th La. Cavalry. Call at Division 26, S. E. corner, first tier.

"PRISON TIMES."

PUBLISHED IN DIVISION 27 BY I. W. HIBBS, CAPTAIN THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Proprietors and Editors:

George S. Thomas, Captain 64th Ga., Div. 24; W. H. Bennett, Captain and A. C. S., Div. 24; A. Harris, Lieutenant 3d Fla., Div. 28.

Saturday, April 8, 1865.

SALUTATORY.

There are more than sixteen hundred officers in our barracks within an enclosure containing scarce five acres of ground.

One would suppose that the fact of so many men being thus crowded together would tend to create the greatest amount of sociability and afford unrivaled facilities for forming and cementing extreme personal friendships.

But there seems to be as much isolation of individuals and as many little cliques and communities as in large cities of the world outside.

This is a phenomenon of prison social life to which we can only call the attention of our readers, and leave for a longer experience or more profound and skillful annotations to explain.

As our knowledge of the great world outside is fast becoming traditionary, or, at best, confined to "fresh fish stories," our news will be necessarily of a purely local character. Though it cannot be denied that the operators on our great Grapevine Telegraph sometimes manage to get up some wonderful and startling dispatches.

In our humble efforts to portray the prison times at this place we shall labor to keep our readers posted upon all incidents occurring in our midst worthy of record, and afford them every facility of letting them know who is here and what is being done.

Trusting that the difficulties of conducting an enterprise of this kind, under the circumstances, are duly appreciated by an intelligent public, we send forth this our first number, hoping that ere we have time to publish many numbers our *Prison Times* will be discontinued forever and our patrons and ourselves be far away in our loved sunny South.

OUR PRISON WORLD.

A glance at our advertising columns will prove that to call our barracks a miniature world is not so much of a misnomer as it might appear at first to the uniniated.

True it is that we have not the genial presence of charming women, and the very few babies we have with us are too old and too large to awaken that interest and sympathy we might have taken at an earlier stage of their existence. But, excepting the want of these grand essentials—women and little babies—to a perfect world, our little prison world is quite a good abridgment of the great world outside.

We have in our midst "men about town," "gentlemen of elegant leisure," many of whom play the games of chess, draughts, etc., with great proficiency and skill.

There are also several accomplished musicians, vocal and instrumental, who occasionally enliven and charm our little community with the concord of sweet sounds. The Prisoners' Benevolent Musical Association have lately earned and received the gratitude of our community by their generous efforts in behalf of the sick and destitute of our number, as will be seen from the statement we give in another column of the receipts of the concerts given in the Mess Hall for this purpose.

Owing to the difficulty of procuring the necessary materials the rest of the fine arts are not so entensively cultivated. But we have, nevertheless, a few artists who exhibit considerable skill in the art of drawing and sketching.

The learned professions—theology, law and medicine—are not without their representatives, and, though "Othello's occupation is gone," as far as the practice of law and medicine are concerned (our law and physic being imported ready made at present), there are students to be found poring over the musty tomes of Blackstone and Esculapius.

There are also debating clubs in Divisions "22" and "32." Every Thursday night these clubs hold meetings, open to the public, and some questions of interest are discussed.

Then we have a Christian Association for the relief of prisoners. We have time and space at present only to call attention of our readers to the directory of this most excellent institution, which will be found in another column. The list of standing committees there given will give some idea of the noble objects and plan of operations of this association.

We have also in our midst, busy at work, shoemakers, tailors, barbers, engravers, jewelers, machinists, washers and ironers, and ring, chain, and breastpin makers, many specimens of whose work we have seen, and must say that they reflect credit upon the patience, ingenuity and skill of the workmen.

Thus much for some of our public institutions. We have others that we expect to notice "*et temps et lieu.*"

Division 24. Atkins and Beal. W. P. Atkins, Lieutenant 5th Ark.; P. S. Beal, Lieutenant 52d N. C.

LOCAL—SALLE PORT.

Here are every day posted the latest bulletins; occasionally a startling "grape"* is seen on the board. Perhaps no city furnishes a public place where those in search of the very latest can get it as readily as at the Salle Port of the officers' barracks at Fort Delaware. The advertisements posted are gotten up—some of them—in good taste. The various tobacconists set forth their claim for public patronage; they offer at what they consider reasonable rates the finest James river to its most inferior quality. Such large quantities so suddenly thrown on the market has created a decline, and holders are not disposed to part with their best brands.

THE MARKETS.

Everything except tobacco is still held at extravagantly high rates. It is to be expected, as navagation is no longer blockaded by ice, there will be a perceptible change in prices.

The milkmen have not occupied their stalls in the market places; will do so soon, as the grass furnishes good nipping.

Poultry dealers are holding back for higher prices.

Butter may be considered healthy. Small lots, several days ago, changed hands at fair prices; other lots too strong to take well.

"Fresh fish"† of recent importation can be found in every division. It is to be hoped that consignors will not forward any more for the present, as we have a superabundance of "Fresh fish" already on hand, and storage room is becoming very scarce.

A butcher informed us that his orders thus far had been confined principally to rats. A change in favor of this kind of meat was so great, his orders were very large.

Our friends at a distance, in the upper and middle districts, must bear with us a short while, until we can procure the services of a first-class commercial reporter; we will then keep them advised as to the state of the markets.

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* Grapevine telegram. † New prisoners.

A GOOD WORK.

At a meeting called by a few officers in these barracks it was suggested by Lieutenant J. O. Murray, Twelfth Virginia cavalry, to organize a musical association to raise funds for the sick and destitute in our midst.

A communication was addressed by the secretary of the meeting, Lieutenant T. G. Bland, Tenth Louisiana cavalry, to the commandant of the prison, and permission was obtained for concerts to be given. Lieutenant W. Hays, Second Kentucky cavalry, the prisoners' friend, and ever ready to alleviate their condition, was selected as manager, and Lieutenant T. G. Bland musical director for the first concert, which was well attended, and the performance was highly creditable to all concerned.

We regret very much our inability to attend the second concert.

We have with pleasure seen the committee on distribution from day to day going from division to division distributing to those most needy vegetables, fruits and other anti-scorbutics.

The good effects of this benevolent association are being already developed through their energetic and worthy committee.

Below is the statement of receipts and disbursements of concerts of the 21st and 28th of March.

Statement of receipts of concerts March 21 and 28, 1865, given for the benefit of sick and destitute officers:

Receipts.		*Expenses.*	
By cash	$187 55	Total expenses	$ 92 30
178 pounds tobacco, 50c	89 00	Balance	184 25
	$276 55		$276 55

Cash receipts	$187 55
Less expenses	92 30
Amount of cash	$ 95 25

Amount of tobacco for distribution, 178 pounds.

R. W. Carter, Colonel First Virginia Cavalry; C. E. Chambers, Captain Thirteenth Alabama; W. Hays, Lieutenant Second Kentucky Cavalry, committee.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY.

President—I. Hardeman, Lieutenant-Colonel Twelfth Georgia, Division 22.

First Vice-President—T. A. Boyle, Adjutant Thirty-second North Carolina, Division 25.

Second Vice-President—J. T. Kincannon, Captain Twenty-third Virginia, Division 33.

Third Vice-President—T. W. Harris, Captain Twelfth Georgia, Division 34.

Recording Secretary—John Law, Adjutant Thirty-eighth Georgia, Division 22.

Corresponding Secretary—J. F. Fuller, Adjutant Thirty-first Tennessee, Division 30.

Treasurer—G. F. Lyle, Lieutenant Virginia Artillery, Division 22.

Librarian—J. C. Wright, Lieutenant Twelfth Tennessee, Division 31.

Chaplain—Alexander M. Sanford, Captain Fourteenth Texas, Division 29.

CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES.

On State of the Church—W. J. Clark, Colonel Twenty-fourth North Carolina, Division 28.

Introduction—J. E. Roberts, Captain Fourth Virginia, Division 22.

Education—T. W. Hooper, Colonel Twenty-first Georgia, Division 22.

Finance—J. L. Cantwell, Captain Third North Carolina, Division 35.

Religious Reading—J. L. Connor, Adjutant Sixty-first Georgia, Division 22.

Devotional Exercises—J. G. Knox, Captain Seventh North Carolina, Division 35.

Sick and Destitute—W. C. Shane, A. D. C., Division 22.

Order and Arrangements—W. R. Stephenson, Captain Thirty-third North Carolina, Division 22.

Music—C. C. Turner, Lieutenant Fifth South Carolina, Division 22.

Regular meeting of the association every Friday night.

DEBATING CLUBS.

The debating club of Division 22 meets every Friday night.
President—J. J. Riverd, Major Sixth Louisiana (?)
Secretary and Treasurer—J. E. Roberts, Captain Fourth Virginia.
The debating club of Division 32 meets every Thursday evening.
President—C. J. Palmer, Captain Third Virginia Cavalry.
Secretary—W. A. Darden, Captain Sixty first North Carolina.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOW, SOFT MUSIC OF THE PINES.

Oh there's music in the glad gurgling waters
As they bound over rocks and through dells,
A music that lends an enchantment
To deep forest's moss-festooned cells.

There's music in the low heaving billows
As they break on the far distant lea,
When the sea nymphs and dolphins are sporting,
But there's music far sweeter for me.

There's music in the soft-sighing zephyr,
Where lovers oft linger to list,
And hear in its harmonious measures
A song of long-promised bliss.

All nature's a grand choral organ
That swells with melodious chimes,
But the sweetest of all nature's music
Are the tones of the murmuring pines.

There's music for stern, reckless manhood,
Where the storm king rides on the wave,
When the bark of the tempest-tossed sailor
Madly drives to a watery grave.

When the winds lash the waves into fury,
And the thunders and wild winds combine,
But more fearfully grand is the music,
When the hurricane plays with the pine.

Then tell me not of the music
That is held in the reveling hall,
When the feet of the light-hearted dancers
Glide gaily at Terpsichore's call.

There's music around the home of my childhood,
Where clamber the ivy and vine,
And I long to sit neath the shadows
Of the low, soft, musical pine.

A. H.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

The fire burned briskly in the grate,
  The morn was dark aud dreary,
A captive in his cell sat lone,
  Thoughtful, watchful, weary.

He thought of home, of kindred ties,
  Long broke but not yet severed;
He thought of dear ones in the skies,
  That had left the earth forever.

Without the wall of his prison cell
  Discordant music met his ear.
What was it in the morn's dull cloak?
  He'd nothing but his God to fear.

As the morning light began to dawn,
  The sleepers awoke one another;
They knew not the thoughts of the one at the fire.
  He'd been thinking all night of his mother.

L. G. B., LA.

Fort Lafayette, N. Y. Harbor, January 22, 1865.

BARRACKS DIRECTORY.

Division 22—Chief, Captain J. E. Roberts, Fourth Virginia; adjutant, Adjutant John Law, Thirty-eighth Georgia; postmasters, Captain E. J. Dean, Twenty-second South Carolina, Captain N. C. Shane, A. D. C.

Division 23—Chief, Major D. Hammond, First Maryland Regiment; adjutant, D. F. Grimes, Virginia; postmasters, Lieutenant C. J. Bluit, Twenty fifth Virginia, Lieutenant J. D. Irwin, Twentieth North Carolina.

Division 24—Chief, Captain E. T. Bridges, Thirty-seventh Virginia; adjutant, Captain T. J. Pritchett, Sixty-fourth Georgia; postmasters, Captain O. W. Spriggs, Forty-second Virginia; Lieutenant N. B. Riger, Twenty fifth Virginia.

Division 25—Chief, Lieutenant A. P. Turner, Fifteenth Louisiana; postmasters, Captain H. S. Hoffman, Tenth Virginia, J. Maynadiey, First Virginia.

Division 26—Chief, Captain R. A. Cox, A. C. S., C. S. A.; postmasters, Lieutenant L. Stripling, Sixty-first Georgia, Adjutant M. S. Smallman, Eighth Tennessee.

Division 27—Chief, Lieutenant W. Hays, Second Kentucky; postmasters, Lieutenant James Hewitt, Tenth Kentucky, Adjutant A. S. Webb, Forty-fourth North Carolina.

Division 28—Colonel W. J. Clarke, Twenty-fourth North Carolina; adjutant, Lieutenant G. P. Waldman, Forty-fourth Virginia.

Division 29—Chief, Colonel W. L. Butler, Twenty-eighth Alabama; adjutant, Lieutenant R. Neil, Second Arkansas; postmasters, W. H. Hall, Fourteenth Texas, Lieutenant T. W. Mitchell, Forty-ninth Virginia.

Division 30—Chief, Adjutant W. L. Platt, Seventh Georgia; adjutant, Lieutenant D. McCoy, Twenty-second Virginia; postmaster, Adjutant J. F. Fuller, Thirty-first Tennessee.

Division 31—Chief, Lieutenant W. F. Ratcliffe, Virginia Reserves.

Division 32—Chief, Captain C. S. Jenkins, Sixty-fourth Georgia.

Division 33—Chief, Captain B. G. Patterson, Twenty-third Virginia Cavalry.

Division 34—Chief, Captain A. M. Cumming, First Louisiana; adjutant, Lieutenant L. Garric, Tenth Louisiana; postmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Kesler, Forty-sixth Virginia Cavalry.

Division 35—Chief, Major D. A. Jones, C. S. A.

Division 36—Chief, Colonel V. H. Manning, Third Arkansas; adjutant, Lieutenant W. E. Hart, Carter's Virginia Battery.

Division 37—Chief, Captain W. A. Kendall, Third Kentucky Cavalry.

Musical Association—President, R. W. Carter, Colonel First Virginia Cavalry; secretary, William Hays, Lieutenant Second Kentucky Cavalry; manager, P. B. Akers, Lieutenant Eleventh Virginia Infantry; musical director, T. G. Bland, Lieutenant Tenth Louisiana Cavalry.

DEBATING CLUBS.

Lee Club—President, H. L. Hover, Lieutenant Twenty-fifth Virginia; secretary, J. L. Cantrel, Captain Third North Carolina Infantry.

Stonewall Club—President, W. H. Rowan, Captain Third Kentucky Battalion; secretary, T. L. Pritchett, Captain Sixty-fourth Georgia.

The allusion in the columns of the *Times* to the "Grapevine" and "Fresh Fish" will be recognized by old soldiers, the former being applied to the rumors of events occurring outside the prison that were supposed to be communicated through the "grapevine," or "underground telegraph" line.

"Fresh Fish" was the term applied to new arrivals, captured on recent battle-fields. Upon their entrance to the fort they were greeted with the cry of "Fresh Fish" by all the old residents, and immediately interviewed to learn the latest from the outside world, and if "Lee had whipped 'em again."

The *Times* is dated April 8th—the day before Lee surrendered the remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox—and it is presumed that no later number of the *Times* was issued, but that the occupants of the different "divisions" were soon released and wended their way to their homes in Dixie land.

WILLIAM MILLER OWEN.

[Springfield *Republican.*]

PRISONERS NORTH AND SOUTH.

Interesting Statistics as to Mortality Among Prisoners During the War.

To the Editor of The Republican:

The tone of fairness which is evident in your editorial of September 4th on "Rebel Prisoners at Camp Morton" emboldens me to write you concerning the treatment of prisoners during our late unhappy war. I should deeply regret the result of a discussion of this subject should it arouse animosities or rekindle feelings of bitterness. After more than a quarter of a century has elapsed the survivors or the partisans of both sides in that terrible conflict should be able—unblinded by passions natural to and engendered in the tumult of war, and unbiased by predjudice—calmly to discuss the merits and demerits of either side of this question.

That which we term civilized warfare is realy only semi-civilized. On either side the lot of the soldier was hard at best, and the lot of

the prisoner was still harder. This is the history of all wars in all countries, and ours was no exception. The treatment of prisoners by both North and South during our war was characterized either by indifference or neglect on the part of those responsible for the welfare of the helpless beings placed under their care, amounting in many instances to criminality. A careful study of the subject by any reasonable and fair-minded being can lead but to this conclusion.

It so happens that the Southern side of the prison question has never been made known to the Northern people. Though a good deal has been written, it appeared in Southern magazines or other periodicals of limited circulation, never finding its way to the masses of the North. On the other hand, the narratives of Union prisoners have been widely diffused through the daily papers, made the texts of passionate oratory by the statesmen of a day, elaborated by the illustrated journals, and emphasized by the immense circulation and influence of the Northern magazines. Until the article on "Johnson's Island," by Lieutenant Carpenter, and "Camp Morton," appeared in the *Century*, only one side of the sufferings of prisoners was known north of the Mason and Dixon line. Little wonder, then, that these articles attracted attention, created surprise, aroused indignation; and still less wonder that those to whom this indignation would direct itself rushed into the daily papers and the magazines with columns of denials of the accuracy of my statements, with explanations of this and that; long lists of rations, attested by the commissary, supplies furnished by the quartermaster, all certified to as correct; comfortable quarters, warm fires, plenty of blankets and bedding, &c.; and yet the men died in large numbers.

Facts are cold and unanswerable, and dead men do tell tales. The death rate at Camp Morton was within seventh-tenths of one per cent. of that among all Union prisoners confined in the Confederacy; and Camp Morton was by no means the worst prison. At Elmira, N. Y., out of a total of twelve thousand one hundred and forty-seven prisoners, two thousand nine hundred and eighty died; that is two hundred and forty-five in every one thousand. These figures are from the United States War Records Office. I have the report of the chief surgeon of the prison hospital at Andersonville, Ga., showing officially the number of prisoners that died at Andersonville, the causes of death, and a classified list of all that died in stockade and hospital. The total number of prisoners received during its occupation was forty-five thousand six hundred and thirteen; deaths, twelve thousand nine hundred and eleven; ratio of mortality, two

hundred and eighty-three in one thousand. The United States War Records Office, however, have revised these Andersonville figures, giving the total confined as forty thousand six hundred and twenty-eight—and the deaths as fourteen thousand four hundred and eight, or three hundred and fifty-four per one thousand. Accepting the revised statistics, the difference in the mortality at Andersonville and Elmira is one hundred and nine in each one thousand. The civilized world has heard much of the horrors of Andersonville; how little it knows of Elmira and Camp Morton! The death rate on either side cannot be explained away. These prison pens of North and South must stand as blots on even the darkest page of our history. May they help to make war impossible!

Now, in all fairness and candor, what excuse can there be for so frightful a death rate at Elmira? The North was rich in all that should have contributed to the protection of its prisoners. That they died by wholesale is proof, I hold, that they did not receive this humane treatment. As to Andersonville, there is something of palliation. I believe the spirit of fairness in the Northern people will appreciate and admit it when the facts are known. The South was greatly in need of food, clothing and medical supplies. In 1864 its armies were subsisting almost wholly on corn and corn-meal. The supply of meat was almost exhausted. On October 18, 1864, S. B. French, major and commissary on subsistence, reports: "We have on hand in the Confederate States rations of meat to subsist three hundred thousand men for twenty-five days." On August 2, 1864, Dr. White, the medical officer in charge at Andersonville, reports: "The supplies of medicine have been entirely exhausted. The ration issued to the prisoners is the same as that issued to the Confederate soldier in the field. The meal is unbolted, and when baked is coarse and unwholesome." Even sieves or means for bolting could not be had on account of the strict blockade.

Judge Robert Ould, Confederate commissioner of exchange, in his statement published in the *National Intelligencer* in August, 1868, says: "In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to me by the Surgeon General of the Confederate States as to the deficiency of medicines, I offered to make purchases of medicines from the United States authorities, to be used exclusively for the relief of Federal prisoners. I offered to pay in gold, cotton or tobacco, and agreed that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by United States surgeons and dispensed by them. To this offer I never received any reply."

It is a matter of history that the Confederates at this time were desirous of an exchange of prisoners and that the United States authorities would not consent to exchange. The *New York Tribune*, editorially referring to the occurrences of 1864, says: "In August the rebels offered to renew the exchange, man for man. General Grant then telegraphed the following important order: "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken we will have to fight on till the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught they amount to no more than dead men.'"

With no hope of exchange and without supplies, and the death rate increasing, in the summer of 1864 Commissioner Ould further reports: "I did offer to deliver from ten to fifteen thousand of the sick and wounded prisoners on the north of the Savannah river without requiring any equivalent. Although this offer was made in the summer of 1864, transportation was not sent to Savannah river until about the middle or last of November, and then I delivered as many as could be transported—about thirteen thousand. About three thousand sick and wounded (Confederates) were delivered to me. The original rolls showed that some thirty-five hundred had started from Northern prisons, and that death had reduced the number to about three thousand."

Now as to the difference of one hundred and nine per one thousand in the ratio of mortality at Andersonville and Elmira. It is an admitted fact that the residents of colder zones, passing into and residing in warmer localities, are more liable to contract diseases peculiar to warm or hot climates, such as diarrhœa, dysentery and the malarial diseases, than are residents of warmer climates migrating to colder latitudes. In the carefully classified list of the twelve thousand nine hundred and twelve deaths among the prisoners recorded at Andersonville, one thousand three hundred and eighty-four died from dysentery, four thousand eight hundred and seventeen from diarrhœa, and one hundred and seventy-seven from remittent fever. In other words, six thousand three hundred and seventy-eight, or one-half of all deaths there, were due to diseases which would naturally result from the exposure to the climate of Georgia during July, August, September and October, especially when they were subsisting chiefly on coarse corn-meal, a diet to which the prisoners were not accustomed and which tended to produce gastric and intestinal irritation.

Considering these facts, was there not as much culpability on one side as the other? Let us do away with the Pharisaism which affects all the virtues, according to our neighbor the vices. The truth is, there were virtues and vices on both sides. We have a right to be proud of the heroism the war developed, yet when it comes to the question of the treatment of prisoners, both North and South may well say Peccavi!

JOHN A. WYETH.

New York, September 9, 1891.

[From the Richmond *Times*, September 27, 1891.]

A REMARKABLE VICTORY.

Wilson's Defeat at the Staunton River Bridge in 1864.

A Battle Which Saved Lee's Army—Two Hundred and Fifty Hastily Organized Confederates Whip Twenty-five Hundred Federals—Valuable Contributions.

Wilson's defeat at the Staunton-river bridge, June 24, 1864, was the most remarkable result of the fervent patriotism which pervaded all classes and ages and sexes of Virginians during our long and severe trials that the history of that war gives us.

This most interesting narrative of it was given me ten years or more ago by that able and excellent Virginia gentleman, Colonel Tom Flournoy, then residing in Danville. Several times he told me he would write it for record in the Southern Historical Society. Unfortunately for history, he, in the struggle for maintenance which had then fallen upon us all, died before he could execute his purpose.

WILSON'S ADVANCE.

His story was that about the 21st or 22d of June, 1864, he was at his home in Halifax county, Va., when about midnight he was aroused by the barking of his dogs and by one of his negro men, who told him a strange man had come to the "quarters" asking for a fresh horse to enable him to carry an important dispatch. The

Colonel saw the courier and learned that a heavy column of Federal cavalry under command of General Wilson was moving along the Richmond and Danville railroad, breaking it up; that they would soon reach the Staunton bridge, then guarded by a company of Confederate infantry under command of Captain Farinholt, who was sending out couriers to invoke the aid of all men capable of bearing arms. Colonel Flournoy went at once to the county town and sent out couriers with orders signed by General Lee, for all men and boys and Confederate soldiers on furlough to repair at once to the defence of this important point. Prompt response was made by all whom the summons reached, and by June 24th near five hundred men, armed with shot-guns and "pea" rifles were on the spot.

A MOTLEY ARRAY.

Some were aged men, too old for field service, some were boys, too young, and a few were Confederate veterans on furlough because of wounds or sickness.

Of this last class were Colonel Flournoy and Colonel Eaton Coleman.

Colonel Flournoy got together a small party of horsemen and pushed forward to reconnoitre the enemy and report his progress. Colonel Coleman assumed the command of the forces at the bridge and prepared its defences. He was a clever engineer and a veteran of several years' active service.

He moved two hundred and fifty men across to the end of the bridge nearest the enemy. The river bank was steep and high. This he cut down to about four feet, throwing all the earth as removed down the bank, and showing no fresh earth in front. His command were ordered to crouch down carefully concealed until the enemy should arrive at point blank. Then at the word they would rise, take good aim and fire.

The rest of the command was held in reserve, under Colonel Flournoy, on the right bank of the river, where field-works had long ago been constructed upon the bluff some twenty feet above the bridge. This work was armed with four six-pounders, which were worked upon the advancing enemy under command of Captain Marshall.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY AGAINST TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED.

During the morning of the 24th Wilson arrived upon the ridge, about one mile from the bridge. He fixed his headquarters in the

lawn of Mr. McPhail's house, whence he could view the field of battle and all its approaches, and convinced that he would encounter stout resistance he made his preparations accordingly.

About 4 P. M. he moved two thousand five hundred dismounted riflemen under a brigade commander to make the attack. The line advanced over this plain, which sweeps from the base of the ridge to the river bank. No shot was fired, except from the cannon, as it approached in fine array, until within about fifty yards of the bridge, and every eye of the assailants was fixed upon the field-works and men beyond the river, when at Coleman's command the force under the bank arose, and as one man poured in their unexpected fire. The centre of the Federal line was torn out—scarce a man of it escaped wounds or death—and the whole force soon fell back to the hills to reorganize its attack, and again advanced to be repulsed as before. By this time night was falling and General Wilson was convinced that he had to encounter greater resistance than he could overcome without great loss of time and men. This conviction was strengthened by Mrs. McPhail, who told him that the force before him had been greatly increased since his approach had become known; that she had heard frequent arrivals of the trains from Danville and the cheers when they reached the bridge with reinforcements from Danville and Charlotte, and that he would probably find ten thousand men to beat in the morning.

A SIGNAL VICTORY.

The first light of the 25th showed Wilson's trains and army retiring from the field in retreat upon Grant's lines, but he was intercepted by General Rooney Lee, who captured all of his wagon train and two thousand prisoners, Wilson, with his remaining force, barely escaping into his own lines.

He left upon the field in his fight at the bridge over sixty dead, who were buried where they fell; and his wounded must have been many more than the usual proportion to the dead, for most of them were from buckshot from double-barrelled guns, every discharge of which wounded and disabled many men.

The Confederate loss was two killed and six or seven wounded. The killed were the Rev. Mr. Burke, of the Episcopal Church, and Dr. Sutphin, a prominent physician of Halifax county. Colonel Coleman was severely wounded.

A REMARKABLE VICTORY.

Never in the history of modern war has such a force achieved such a victory—a victory remarkable for the disparity in numbers, armament and *personnel* as for the magnitude of its result and the skill with which it was guided.

Two hundred and fifty men, too old, and boys too young for war, accomplished it, under the command of a wounded officer, who discarded all precedents of bridge defence in placing his force with the bridge behind it, and in using the bank of the river as his parapet.

The result was undoubtedly the salvation of the Army of Northern Virginia.

General Wilson led six thousand veterans, thoroughly armed and equipped, and was one of the ablest and most daring of the Federal commanders.

His object in this movement was to cut off Lee's supplies and compel him to retreat.

It was Wilson who next year led the last invasion up Alabama and broke up the effective resistance of the field forces in that State.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT.

The following letter gives another account of this remarkable battle:

RANDOLPH, CHARLOTTE COUNTY, Va., *Aug. 24, 1891.*

General D. H. MAURY:

My Dear General: * * * My brother, then under eighteen years of age was engaged in the battle. He assures me that there were in the fort not more than between four and five hundred men and boys—men over forty-five from the surrounding counties, and a few army men and officers on furlough; that of this number not more than two hundred and and fifty, under command of Coleman, were engaged in the fight in repelling the Federal assault upon the bridge; that only two Confederates were killed, viz.: The Rev. Mr. Burke, an Episcopal minister in the neighborhood, and Dr. Sutphin, a prominent

physician of Halifax county—and only several severely wounded. I have not heard their dead estimated at less than sixty. Many, if not all of their dead, were buried where they fell upon the river flats. Subsequent freshets have exhumed and scattered their bones over the land.

* * * * * * * * *

AN INCIDENT.

I will close my letter with an incident just related to me by my brother, which may throw some light upon the matter. In the spring or summer of 1865, while General Benham with his engineer corps was engaged in rebuilding Staunton-river bridge, he had a visit from a Colonel Fitzhugh, who commanded the assaulting force, the object of his visit being an inspection of the scene of battle. My brother being on courteous relations with the General was sent for to be questioned by Colonel Fitzhugh in regard to the strength of the Confederate garrison. When he replied that the force engaged in repelling the attack amounted to not more than two hundred and fifty men, Colonel Fitzhugh sprang up and vehemently exclaimed, "It is false." As my brother moved to leave the tent, the General exacted of Colonel Fitzhugh an apology for the affront offered to his invited guest—which was accorded. My brother then assured Colonel Fitzhugh that a personal inspection of the works on the Charlotte side of the river would satisfy him that they were insufficient to accommodate many more than two hundred and fifty men. Upon reaching the works and inspecting them for a minute Colonel Fitzhugh exclaimed, "By God," and turned back in unconcealed disgust. He had stated to General Benham in my brother's presence that the attacking force, commanded by himself, numbered two thousand five hundred men. I believe it is conceded that General Wilson's whole force amounted to six thousand men. The battle was fought on my father's plantation, General Wilson and his staff occupying the front yard of his house, a mile distant from the bridge. My father and brother had enlisted for military service. My mother, alone, remained in charge of the house, and is credited with having exerted more important influence on the fortunes of the battle than any other single individual. She sincerely believed the garrison at the fort was ten thousand strong and being rapidly increased by reinforcements. She was closely plied with questions, and her answers severely tested by General Wilson.

By the intelligence and evident sincerity of her statements she succeeded in imparting her convictions to the General, which

found ample confirmation in the repulse he had met and the frequent rattling of an empty train of cars which she had referred to as bringing in reinforcements.

* * * * * * * * *

Regretting my inability, &c., &c., I am, yours very truly,

(Signed) JOHN B. MCPHAIL,
Late a Major Confederate Army.

Major Robert L. Ragland, East Boston; Captain John Lewis, Milton, N. C.; Captain William B. Bruce, Staunton, Va.; and Captain John H. Powell, commanded a company of boys in the battle.

[*Times*, October 11, 1891]

ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN J. W. LEWIS.

My attention has been called to the account of that glorious battle of 24th June, 1864, at Staunton bridge. I am glad that General D. H. Maury and Major John B. McPhail have given so interesting an account of it. But you will see that both accounts only refer to the fight on the lower or eastern side of the bridge. We had six pieces of artillery, four on the lower side of the bridge, commanded by Captain Marshall and Lieutenant Bob Ragland. The two on the upper or western side of the bridge Major Farinholt, who commanded the guard stationed there, gave to me, I being captain of artillery. The two guns were stationed one hundred yards above the bridge. When I took command of these guns and examined the amunition I found that we had only solid shot and canister.

THE UPPER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.

We at once covered the works with green bushes. General Wilson threw his troops on both sides of the railroad. The description of the fight given by both General Maury and Major McPhail was that on the lower side of the bridge. The troops on the upper side were permitted to march within one hundred and fifty yards of the bridge. When we opened on them with canister they were thrown into great confusion at once, and in twenty minutes we had them all in the ditch about one hundred yards from the bridge. We never permitted them to form again. Every time they attempted it we gave them a canister. In that ditch we kept them until darkness enabled them to retreat. They left their dead on the field, which

were buried on the bank of the river in a long trench. Their wounded they carried off. Some died in the depot and were burned in that building the next morning when they left in a hurry, as General W. H. F. Lee was only six hours behind them. Not one shot was fired by infantry at these troops on the western or upper side of Staunton-river bridge. Alexander Bruce and the other boys who were with me on that glorious day will bear me out as to the truth of what I have written.

A PRETTY FIGHT.

It was the prettiest fight I ever saw. We did not have one man hurt, though several of us had holes through our clothing. At the bridge, beside Mr. Burke and Dr. Sutphin, Jack Carter, who was a farmer and lived near Mount Carmel, was killed by a shell. I have written my account of this fight as I saw it. All that has been said about that gallant old friend, Colonel T. S. Flournoy, I heartily indorse, as well as the gallantry of Colonel Henry E. Coleman and those with him on the lower side of the bridge.

THE HALIFAX BOYS.

But I do think that the Halifax boys are entitled to the credit of whipping a regiment of General Wilson's best troops with two guns. I may at some future time give my recollections of this battle if it is thought it will help some future historian to give a true account of this splendid fight which saved General Lee's army from immediate retreat, as the burning of this bridge would have cut off his supplies.

Captain J. W. LEWIS,
Late Captain Artillery, C. S. A.

[Copy.]

THE RICHMOND "HOME GUARD" OF 1861.

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, VIRGINIA,
August 15, 1891.

Colonel JOSEPH DARE,
War Department, War Records Office,
Washington, D. C.:

COLONEL: Your letter to the postmaster at Richmond, dated the 1st instant, with his reply of the 12th, and a note from Mr.

Brock, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, enclosed to me at my residence in Washington and forwarded thence, has reached me at this place, where I am spending a short season of recreation. I take pleasure in giving the information you request touching the "Home Guard" of Richmond, though I must do so entirely from memory, as I have no papers here; indeed, those that I had, relating to this matter, have been lost or stolen.

The "Home Guard" was an organization intended for local defence at Richmond, and was commanded by myself under a commission from the State of Virginia. At the beginning of the war I was President of the James River and Kanawha Company—an office which I had held for more than seven-and-a-half years. Having, previously, for several years commanded a volunteer company of artillery, called the "Richmond Fayette Artillery," and being at the outbreak of the war colonel of the Fourth regiment of artillery, composed of volunteer companies in Richmond, Petersburg, Suffolk, Portsmouth, Norfolk, and several of the counties embraced within the bounds of the regiment as a part of the Virginia militia, but having been, by the Governor of the Commonwealth, detailed to act as President of the Canal Company, after the adoption of the Ordinance of Secession in April, 1861, I proposed to raise a force for the defence of the city of Richmond, to be composed of those who, like myself, were either exempt under the law for military service, or had been detailed for special duty at home. Upon communications from myself, giving reasons therefor and explaining my views, the city council made an appropriation of eleven thousand dollars, to be expended in the purchase of horses for our use; the Governor consented to issue to us, from the State armory, twelve guns, and harness for the horses; and the Confederate authorities agreed to give us forage and stabling for the horses. I enlisted three companies of nearly one hundred men each, which were commanded respectively by Captains Robert M. Nimmo, Michael Bowen and George Bargamin. The men evinced a very fine spirit, attending the drills, which I personally directed, at least twice a week at night, without arms, and sometimes each company having a separate drill under its own captain. At first, our drill-room was a large upper room of the Mechanic's Institute, situated on Ninth street, between Main and Franklin streets, which building was afterwards occupied by the Confederate government for its War Department; subsequently, our drills were in Military Hall over the Old Market, at the corner of

Main and Seventeenth streets. After the men had attained something like proficiency in squad and company movement, we several times marched, in the afternoons, through the principal streets of the city, with a good band of fifes and drums.

Sometime after the battle of First Manassas, on the 21st July, 1861, and about the time that our guns were nearly ready for us—a considerable delay having taken place in the delivery of them to us, by reason of the urgent demand for similar equipment in the army—Colonel William N. Pendleton, who had then, I think, been appointed Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, came down from Manassas with a message to the Governor from General Joseph E. Johnston, saying that General Johnston had received secret information that General McClellan was preparing very largely to increase the artillery arm of his army for the ensuing campaign, and that it was necessary that the Confederates should meet that by a corresponding force as far as practicable. He therefore desired the Governor, first, to see if he could not send him the "Home Guard," of which he had heard, as a body; or, secondly, failing in that, to send him the guns, horses, and all the equipment that had been provided or was being provided for the "Guard."

Colonel Pendleton, accompanied by General William H. Richardson, Adjutant-General of the State, came to see me on the subject; and I promised to call my men together and submit the question to them—reminding him, however, of the peculiar character of the organization, and of the distinct understanding with which the men had enlisted—namely, that they were not to go into the field for general service. The "Home Guard" was accordingly called together; the proposition of going into the field was submitted to them, and discussed at more than one meeting; if I mistake not, Colonel Pendleton was himself present at one of the meetings; and finally it was decided by a large majority that the reasons which had originally influenced them to join this organization would prevent their volunteering to leave Richmond, or its vicinity, and go with the Army of Northern Virginia.

I had several interviews with Governor Letcher, and a correspondence with him on the subject, his replies to my letters being written, presumably under his direction, by Colonel S. Bassett French, one of his military aids; and there was quite a discussion of the affair in the newspapers, particularly in the Richmond *Whig*,

Mr. John Græme, one of the associate editors of the *Whig*, being a member of the organization.

The result of it all was that with my consent (though I had throughout favored Colonel Pendleton's proposition) the "Home Guard" was disbanded, and its guns, horses, harness and entire equipment, completed or in preparation, was turned over to the Governor to be placed at General Johnston's disposal.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

THOMAS H. ELLIS.

MAGRUDER'S PENINSULA CAMPAIGN IN 1862.

The Peninsula campaign, conducted on the Confederate side by General John Bankhead Magruder, though unduly subordinated in the already-written history of the war, conspicuously comprised a rapidly-recurring series of some of the most brilliant achievements of the soldiership of the South.

The Peninsula, between York river on one side and James river on the other, with Hampton Roads, or the southern extremity of Chesapeake Bay, making its seaboard boundary, is, in some of its associations, as historic ground, perhaps, as any similar-sized district of country within the limits of the United States. The sad site of Jamestown, in its almost vestigeless ruins, is in itself a poem of pathos, carrying us back to the first successful attempt to establish an English colony in the New World, with all the perils and privations, all the heroic and romantic reminiscences of the contests between the white man and the red man, interwoven with that eventful epoch. It need not be forgotten, either, that into this same James river, washing the southern shore of this same Peninsula, the first cargo of negro slaves was brought into this country by a Dutch ship that ought to have sunk to the bottom of the sea with the pandora-box she was bringing here. And here we see in the subtle touch of things—wide apart in time—the weird weaving of that web of fate that makes romance of history and almost justifies superstition in intelligent minds; for where is the human intellect that is capable of tracing in continuity the connecting line of logic in events and institutions dating back to the slave-ship, panoplied in the laws, sailing

up James river in 1620,* and culminating in the scenes of nearly two and a half centuries subsequent, when an invading army and a blockading navy were pressing upon the Peninsula, seeking to capture the capital of the South, in a great war "between the States looking and leading to the forcible emancipation of all the slaves in the country?" And there is Yorktown, where, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered, the curtain was rung down on the last scene in the last act of the great American revolution, the event of events, that then and there gave a new trend forever to the politics of the world.

That historic and histrionic Peninsula was a fitting theatre for John Bankhead Magruder. The field was full of heroic associations; and the man himself was an impersonation of all the high qualities to make up the full figure of a veritable knight of "the lost cause" at its auroral opening, when the whole South was on the tiptoe of undoubting expectation of an early consummation in complete success.

When Magruder took command of the troops in the Peninsula he found a force meagre in numbers for the work to be done, but of as good quality as even the exceptional spirit and endurance of the South could supply. Promptly reconnoitering in every direction; calling around him brave and trusty men to the manner born who knew their native heath as well as they loved it; with the quick and accurate apprehension of the intuitive soldier, he was in a few days as familiar with the field in which he had been ordered to operate as if he had spent his boyhood there. Proceeding to fortify against assault, whether by land or water, or both combined, his works very soon showed that the eye of an entelligent engineer had carefully looked through the topographical surroundings and characteristics of the situation in all its length and breadth. He made his headquarters camp at Yorktown as strong, on both land and water front, as the best engineering skill with the means he had at hand would permit. But "Prince John," as he had been called in the "old army," was too high in spirit, too restless in energy, too dashing in his passionate fondness for enterprise and emprise to wait long for the enemy to come. Halfway down the Peninsula he soon showed himself, "giving the dare" to any and every Federal commander

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* August, 1619.—Ed.

whose aspirations after early laurels might move him to move upon the advanced camp of the Confederates at Big Bethel. Confidently taking the gauntlet up, General Benjamin F. Butler marched out from Fortress Monroe with a fine array of well-appointed artillery and infantry, and made a spirited attack upon Magruder's audacious little army on the morning of the 10th of June, 1862. When those serried columns of Federal troops, a dense mass of men, came crowding up the road and, halting in front of Big Bethel, opened the battle with a cannon-shot that came hurtling over the little encampment still staying there, as if courting annihilation, it was not only a perilous moment for Magruder and his men, but it was a pivotal moment for the city of Richmond, too; for with the capture of the Confederate force on the Peninsula it would have been but a holiday march to the Southern capital for the invading army. But Magruder, brave as Ney, meteoric as Murat on the field, and steady and stern as Soult when there was need for the nerve to stand, was more than equal to the hazard of the unequal battle. The odds against him were enough to discompose almost any man; but instead of being unnerved Magruder seemed to find both pride and pleasure in straining all his resources as a great soldier to meet the emergency and master it. The first piece of his artillery fired was said to have been sighted by his own accurate eye, and to have told with havoc in the enemy's ranks. The battle was brisk and brief, closing with brilliant success on the Confederate side, a rapid retreat of the invading army to its impregnable stronghold at Fortress Monroe, and the loss of but a single man of Magruder's force, with dead and wounded enough on the Federal side to tell a tale of woe as the troops that had proudly tramped through the streets of Hampton in the early morning, to break up and brush away the nest of "rebels" at Big Bethel, returned in the evening gloaming dispirited, disordered, and whipped into a new estimation of the prowess of the men of the South fighting for their firesides and in the faith of their fathers, who were as tall as the tallest among the framers of the Constitution and the founders of the Union. The battle of Big Bethel demonstrated the great qualities of soldiership in Magruder, and the unsurpassed courage, constancy and devotion of the rank and file of the Confederate armies, as illustrated in the sample shown that day of the then unrenowned soldiery of the South.

But it was further on, between that time and the advance upon Richmond by General McClellan through the Peninsula, when Magruder's broad, brilliant, and versatile capacities as a strategist were most signally shown. Exposed every hour of every day and night to attack, either from James river, but seven miles away on the south of him, or from York river, washing against the very feet of his camp at Yorktown, on the north of him, or, as it might have been, from both sides simultaneously ; with an army inadequate in numbers to the defence of his position from one-fifth of the force finally sent against it ; with good reason to be expecting another formidable assault at any moment straight in his front from the gathering thousands and tens of thousands of well-appointed troops ever rendezvousing at Fortress Monroe, only twenty-seven miles off—it truly required a man "not in the common roll of men" to suit the situation. Magruder proved himself to be such a man. Anon McClellan came with his mighty host, a splendid army of more than a hundred thousand men, as well appointed, perhaps, as any army the world had ever seen. And George B. McClellan himself, intellectually gifted, with the best of scientific training and observation, and experienced in war, was a chieftain to inspire any opponent with an anxious sense of the necessity for all possible energy and ingenuity to thwart him. Magruder now rose to the full height of his highest individuality, both as a man and a soldier. Painfully aware of the utter inadequacy of his own force and of the hourly frowning fact right in the face of him, that by the mere momentum of the enemy's stupendous strength the little Confederate army of not more than ten thousand men at Yorktown and around it could be borne away like thistle by the wind, General Magruder knew that he had nothing to rely upon except strategy and *finesse* to hold the opposing army at bay until relief in reinforcement could come to bar the route to Richmond and save the Confederate capital from easy capture. And strategy and *finesse* were never more brilliantly and successfully applied. It was absolutely necessary for McClellan to be outwitted—for him not to be allowed to know that the paucity of Magruder's numbers, in comparison with his own, really constituted little more than a cobweb in his way. It was necessary to delude and confound him. And all the arts and ingenuity, all the craft and activity, all the misleading demonstrations, all the false signals, all the marches

and countermarches, that could possibly be brought into play to make up a magnifying maze of movements and motives, were required to deceive and bewilder him. With Magruder it was not a question of strength in arms, but of strength in skill, in audacity, in military diplomacy. He was equal to it all. Here, there, everywhere, by night and by day, he showed himself to the enemy in a magnifying glass, not only exaggerating the numerical proportions of his army, but in making illusive and confusing dispositions of his troops, in carefully concealed changes, and in transformations as deceptive as a juggler's tricks. General McClellan was a man of exceptional mental capacities ; he was familiar with the arts and with the science of warfare ; he had courage of the finest temper and character of the highest type ; he was doubtless as eager to move upon Richmond as the authorities at Washington were impatient in expecting him to do it. But the strategic genius of Magruder threw a spell over him and made him see a mountain that was but a mole-hill in a mirage. And so the Peninsula was held by ten thousand men against more than ten times ten until the Army of Northern Virginia, with General Joseph E. Johnston (the Von Moltke of the Confederacy), came upon the scene. And then there was a great gray lion, "sure enough"—as they say in lower Virginia—to look the big blue lion defiantly in the face.

John Bankhead Magruder was a very remarkable man. His was what might be literally called "a picturesque personality." He had a fondness for tinsel and tassels. With an irrepressible spirit of restless energy, instinctively susceptible of the charm of danger, full of health and physical force, it was evident that nature had made him for a soldier. Of courtly address, a sparkling, flowing, delightful talker, a terse, correct and inspiring writer, he could not but be a striking figure in social and civil life, of course. But it was in the field, in full military array, well mounted, as he always was, with the fire of patriotic ambition and personal pride in his eye, that he was seen at his best. He was unsurpassed in horsemanship, and he sat in his saddle as if his ease and grace and steadiness of seat belonged to him by instinct rather than from training. There were few such fine-looking men as he was in either army. As a man he had his faults, of course, or he would not have been human. He was impulsive; capricious on occasion; sometimes too quick, perhaps, in the

harshness of his suspicions, as well as in the fullness of his confidences. Such, however, are generally the concomitants of those ennobling qualities to be found in the fine-tempered organisms of the rare men we meet in life like John Bankhead Magruder.

BAKER P. LEE.

THE ARTILLERY DEFENDERS OF FORT GREGG.

NEW ORLEANS, *August 20, 1891.*

MR. R. A. BROCK,
Secretary Southern Historical Society,
Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR: I observe in the last volume of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* (XVIII) sent me several communications from General James H. Lane in reference to the actions of his brigade on different fields and and occasions, that the old question as to the defenders of Fort Gregg is again revived. The old question as to who the real defenders were "will not down" Mississippians, North Carolinians or Georgians; and again the credit of the artillery is given to "Chew's Maryland battery."

General Lane in a letter to you dated September 17, 1890, writes (*Southern Historical Magazine*, Volume XVIII, page 80): "The true defenders at Fort Gregg were a part of Lane's North Carolina brigade, *Walker's supernumerary* artillerists of A. P. Hill's corps, armed as infantry, and a part of '*Chew's Maryland battery.*'

"Harris' brigade and a few pieces of artillery occupied Fort Alexander (Whitworth), which was to the rear of Fort Gregg and higher up the Appomattox; and that fort was evacuated, the infantry and artillery retiring to the inner line of works before Fort Gregg was attacked in force. I have letters from Lieutenants Snow, Craige, Howard and Rigler, who were in Gregg when it fell, and these officers estimate the number of Harris' brigade in that fort at not more than twenty, including a Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan and his adjutant, while they estimate the numbers from my brigade to have been at least three-fourths the entire force."

It is not my desire to enter into any lengthy discussion regarding the gallant infantry defenders of Fort Gregg—one of the crowning acts of the war—but I will speak for the artillery, for, of its actors, it so happens that I am tolerably familiar, and will be as brief as possible.

On the 31st of July, 1864, while serving in the trenches before Petersburg, Va., with the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, I received an order from General Pendleton, the chief of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, detaching me from that command and placing me in command of Gibbes' battalion of three batteries, then in position just to the right of the crater caused by the explosion of the mine on the previous day—Major Gibbes having been severely wounded and rendered unfit for duty.

Here we remained until November 6th, when we were relieved by Lieutenant-Colonel Moseley's battalion, and were ordered to a position on the Boydton plankroad, between the city and Hatcher's Run. We were assigned to do the light artillery work of A. P. Hill's corps; and several times during the winter we were moved out in snow and sleet to counteract Grant's flanking movements around our right.

After Early's misfortunes in the Valley, and the return to the main army at Petersburg of the remnant of his troops under Gordon, two of my batteries were broken up, and the guns taken to equip those of Gordon, who had left theirs at Fisher's Hill. I was then promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of artillery, and assigned, March 25, 1865, to a battalion commanded by Colonel McIntosh, as second field-officer, and placed in command of the lines in the vicinity of Fort Gregg, making my headquarters in what was known as the Gregg House, within a hundred yards or so of the fort.

Between Fort Gregg and the lines immediately around the city was a deep ravine with a small creek flowing through it. To utilize this ravine and water a large dam was built, which caused, by an accumulation of water in front of the line of works, an additional obstruction to the advance of an enemy.

But this dam broke, and the waters went with a roar and a rush, carrying houses and bridges before it to the Appomattox river. This necessitated the strengthening of the line of works in front of Gregg, and I received an order from General Lee, in person, after dark on

the night of the 25th March, to "construct pits for two pieces of artillery, and to be in position before daylight."

Obtaining negroes from the engineer corps, we worked all night, and at sunrise, when General Lee rode up from his headquarters, the pits were finished and occupied by two guns of the Washington Artillery under Lieutenant Harry Battles. We were much gratified at the kind commendations of General Lee, that our work had been promply accomplished. Not so fortunate, however, were our neighbors—the infantry on our left—for the works they had thrown up under the direction of the engineers were too far "down the slope," and General Lee, with some evidence of dissatisfaction at the error, and in the absence of engineer officers, proceeded to lay out a new line, planting the stakes and driving some of them with his own hands. The enemy had made a feeble advance the evening before, learning, it was presumed, the fact of the breaking of the dam.

Fort Gregg was a detached work in rear of the main line, and at right angles with it. To its right, and within musket-shot, was another work, called Fort Whitworth (not Alexander, as erroneously called by General Lane). These two forts—or, as they really were, simple earthworks—were to have been connected by rifle-pits, but this was never done, and the neglect was keenly felt later on, which I will mention in regular sequence.

During the winter there had been a garrison in Fort Gregg of dismounted and supernumerary artillerists from the different batteries on the lines around Petersburg—the Washington Artillery, the Donaldsonville (Louisiana) Artillery, and others I do not now recall.*

These men were armed with muskets and commanded by Lieutenant Frank McElroy, third company, Washington Artillery.

The day after the completion of the gun-pits in front of Gregg, General Lee ordered a larger work to be constructed upon the site of the pits, and when completed by the engineers with a large force of men, was occupied by Lieutenant Battles and his two guns.

Extract from my diary :

"*March 25th.*—Fighting all day all along the lines. Am in command at Fort Gregg. Enemy take our picket line. Attack ex-

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* October 12—"One-half of our artillery drivers, armed with muskets, put on duty at Fort Gregg."—*My Diary.*

pected at the ravine between Battery Gregg and Battery 45. Lines retaken.

"*March 26–28th.*—Working on new fort in front of Gregg.

"*March 29th.*—Enemy moving on our right. Heavy firing in front of Petersburg—10 P. M."

Pardon the egotism if I refer to the fact that the artillerymen did me the honor to call the new fort—the last one built on the lines of Petersburg—"Fort Owen." I try not to give way to the vanity of using the personal pronoun in recalling events of the war, but for my present purpose I cannot well avoid it sometimes.

This was the situation at daybreak on the 2d April, 1865, when Lieutenant Battles and I emerged from the Gregg house, where we had tried to get a night's rest, but had been kept awake by the terrible noise of the cannonading in front of the city, to say nothing of our anxiety in regard to the right of the army, that we had heard had been overwhelmed at Five Forks the evening before.

McElroy was in Gregg with his dismounted artillerists; Battles was in "Owen" with his two guns and their cannoneers, and to the right and left, along the entrenchments, were infantry of Lane's and Thomas's commands, I believe, stationed several yards apart.

As we walked towards the front line we heard what appeared to be a scattering skirmish firing off to our right; presently infantrymen began crossing the field to the rear hurriedly, our cannoneers laughing and saying, "They are chasing rabbits." Presently a cannon-shot was fired from the direction in which we had heard the musketry, and a solid shot plowed up the ground in front of our guns. We then knew our lines had been broken, and the sun would rise upon an eventful day. Cautioning Battles to keep a sharp lookout, I went over to "Gregg" to see that McElroy was all right, and thence to the Gregg House for my horse. It was not long before a thin skirmish line of the enemy passed over our now depleted front, capturing the whole of Battles' detachment, and possessing themselves of his two guns. But McElroy opened upon them with his little force, and they retired, leaving the guns behind, but taking with them their prisoners. I saw one gallant fellow of McElroy's run, all alone, from "Gregg" to "Owen," and load and fire one round at the retiring enemy. I wish I knew his name. McElroy immediately took possession of Battles' guns, and prepared to act

as artillery. It was found that some of the linch-pins of the limbers had been carried off, but these were replaced from the caissons.

While this was being done a staff officer rode up, and in a mandatory tone wished to know "Why the devil these guns had not gone down the road with Harris' Mississippi brigade," which had been pushed forward to delay the now advancing enemy, who could be seen making toward the Appomattox river in immense force.

McElroy replied sharply that "The enemy had had possession of the guns, and he was repairing damages, and would go to the front as soon as possible."

The horses having been brought up, McElroy, by my orders, moved down the road towards the enemy and took position in rear of the left of Harris' brigade; but observing that his firing was doing the enemy no harm, I ordered him back to Fort Gregg to put his guns in position in the fort. This he did; and there meeting General Wilcox I heard him (Wilcox) order his aid, Captain Frank Ward (now of Baltimore) to go to General Harris and order him to withdraw his command and place it in the two forts—Gregg and Whitworth. I directed McElroy to pile up all the canister that was in the limber-chests upon the platform, so as to have it handy, and to leave his limbers and horses outside the fort. What finally became of them I never heard.

Seeing McElroy and his men all ready, and Harris on his way to occupy the forts, I rode to report the state of affairs to General Lindsey Walker, chief of artillery, at Battery 45, across the ravine before alluded to, and where I had heard he was at that time, to ask for a battery to operate in the open field around the fort with any infantry that might have remained in the works near the old dam.

I should here mention that there was a battery of four pieces of artillery in Whitworth—whose, I do not know.

When I saw General Walker, and made my report and suggestions, he said that "all of his batteries were engaged and that none could be spared, and that the guns in Gregg and Whitworth would be lost if they remained there, and that they *must be withdrawn.*"

He then ordered me to go and withdraw McElroy from Gregg, and Lieutenant Richard Walke, of his staff (now of Norfolk), to withdraw the guns from Whitworth. Walke and I started across the ravine to carry out our orders, and there separated.

Upon reaching the Gregg house I met General Wilcox, and told him what my orders were from General Walker. He said, with much emphasis: "The guns *must* remain; the forts *must* be held to the last extremity. Even if we wished to withdraw the guns, the enemy has a battery exploding shells at the entrance to the fort, and it is impossible to get in or out."

Meanwhile, Harris had placed his men in the forts, himself going into Whitworth, and Colonel Duncan with the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi regiments entering Gregg.

Lieutenant Walke was more fortunate (or unfortunate) at Whitworth than I was at Gregg, and withdrew the guns, as ordered by General Walker.

The enemy were now advancing to the attack, and Gregg, being surrounded, was finally taken, and Harris, deprived of his artillery, saved the remnant of hisc ommand by withdrawing from Whitworth, in compliance with orders from General Wilcox.

The defence of Gregg has been often described. I witnessed the three assaults from Battery 45, where I posted myself with my battalion commander, Colonel McIntosh. We saw distinctly the rushes of the enemy, the discharge of McElroy's guns when the enemy was almost up to their muzzles. An incident is related by an artilleryman (John S. Mioton) who was in the fort, that just as a young man (a member of the third company, Washington Artillery—one Berry) was about to pull the lanyard of one of the guns, the Federals appeared above him on the parapet and shouted loudly to him: "Don't fire that gun; drop the lanyard, or we'll shoot!" "Shoot and be damned!" retorted Berry, and discharged the gun, loaded with double canister, into the masses of the enemy. As he did so, he fell, pierced with numerous balls, a corpse. We tried to help by firing solid shot from the English Whitworth gun in Forty-five, but with little effect.

The fatal error in not finishing the rifle pits between Gregg and Whitworth contributed largely to aid the assailants. The unfinished trench gave them a foothold to climb the parapet, and we saw six regimental flags in quick succession gain that position. The firing being continued, we thought then that the garrison was being put to the sword. It has been estimated that there were two hundred men in Fort Gregg—maybe more; sixty-seven were reported killed,

and General Gibbon stated to General Wilcox at Appomattox that he lost eight hundred men in the assault. How many of the two hundred men were Mississippians, and how many North Carolinians, I cannot tell. I think I am safe in saying, however, that the men of Harris's brigade were the only *organized* body of infantry in the fort; the others had been rallied there by officers of different commands when falling back from the lines.

I remember that Colonel Chew, and probably a few of his men, were bivouacking somewhere near the Gregg House, his command having been, so he gave me to understand, disbanded. Being from Maryland, and their time having expired, they were awaiting an opportunity to go home.

Colonel Chew was in Gregg when the assaults were made, but took no part in the defence. What he did do a statement would come better from himself than from any one else. For many years—a quarter of a century—it has been claimed by Pollard and General Lane that Chew's battery participated in the defence of Gregg. It is full time that this should be set right.

The guns in the fort were guns of the first company Washington Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Frank McElroy of the third company of the Washington Artillery, and manned by cannoneers of that command.

I have never seen any statement from Colonel Chew claiming the credit of the action of the artillery at Gregg, or that it was his battery that was entitled to the credit of the gallantry shown; but as by his silence he has accepted the verdict due a brother officer, will he not give us *his* account of the defence of Fort Gregg?

In *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume XVIII, page 283, under heading of Chew's battery," we read as follows:

"The 16th of January (1865) Shoemaker's and our (Thompson-Chew's) batteries disbanded, to be called in by general orders at any time. Called in through the papers April 1, 1865; ordered to report to Captain Carter at Lynchburg. *I saw the order on the 2d.*"

This extract would go to show that Chew's (Thompson's) battery was disbanded in January, 1865, and that on the day the lines were broken and Gregg fell Colonel Chew had no command at Petersburg.

WILLIAM MILLER OWEN,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel Artillery, A. N. V.

[From the *Winchester Times*, November 26, 1890.]

Capture of the C. S. Ram Tennessee in Mobile Bay, August, 1864.

By Dr. Daniel B. Conrad, Fleet Surgeon, C. S. Navy.

Kansas City, Mo., *November, 1890.*

We had been lying idly in Mobile bay for many months, on board the iron-clad ram *Tennessee*, whose fighting deck differed materially from that of the Federal monitors.

It resembled the inside of the hip-roof of a house, rather than the "cheese-box" of Ericsson's *Monitor*. On the 1st of August, 1864, we saw a decided increase in the Federal fleet, which was then listlessly at anchor outside of Fort Morgan, in the Gulf of Mexico, consisting of eight or ten wooden frigates, all stripped to a "girt line" and clean for action; their topmasts sent down on deck and devoid of everything that seemed like extra rigging. They appeared like "prize fighters" ready for the "ring." Then we knew that trouble was ahead, and wondered to ourselves why they did not enter the bay any day. On the 3d of August we noticed another accretion to the already formidable fleet; this was four strange-looking, long, black monsters—the new ironclads—and they were what the Federals had been so anxiously waiting for. At the distance of four miles their lengthy dark lines could only be distinguished from the sea on which they sat motionless, by the continuous volume of thick smoke issuing from their low smokestacks, which appeared to come out of the ocean itself. These curious-looking crafts made their advent on the evening of the 4th of August, and then we knew that the "guage of battle" was offered.

We had been very uncomfortable for many weeks in our berths on board the *Tennessee*, in consequence of the prevailing heavy rains wetting the decks, and the terrible moist, hot atmosphere, simulating that oppressiveness which precedes a tornado. It was, therefore, impossible to sleep inside; besides, from the want of properly-cooked food, and the continuous wetting of the decks at night, the officers and the men were rendered desperate. We knew that the impending action would soon be determined one way or the other, and every one looked forward to it with a positive feeling of relief.

I had been sleeping on the deck of the admiral's cabin for two or three nights, when at daybreak, on the 5th of August, the old "quartermaster" came down the ladder, rousing us up with his gruff voice, saying: "Admiral, the officer of the deck bids me report that the enemy's fleet is under way." Jumping up, still half asleep, we came on deck, and sure enough, there was the enemy heading for the "passage" past the fort. The grand old admiral, of sixty years, with his countenance rigid and stern, showing a determination for battle in every line, then gave his only order: "Get under way, Captain Johnson; head for the leading vessel of the enemy, and fight each one as they pass us."

The fort and fleet, by this time, had opened fire, and the *Tennessee* replied, standing close in, and meeting the foremost as they came up. We could see two long lines of men-of-war; the innermost was composed of the four monitors, and the outer of the ten wooden frigates, all engaging the fort and fleet. Just at that moment we expected the monitors to open fire upon us, there was a halt in the progress of the enemy's fleet. We observed that one of the monitors was apparently at a standstill; she "laid to" for a moment, seemed to reel, then slowly disappear into the gulf. Immediately immense bubbles of steam, as large as cauldrons, rose to the surface of the water, and only eight human beings could be seen in the turmoil. Boats were sent to their rescue, both from the fort and fleet, and they were saved. Thus the monitor *Tecumseh*, at the commencement of tho fight, struck by a torpedo, went to her fate at the bottom of the gulf, where she still lies. Sunk with her was her chivalric commander T. A. M. Craven; the pilot, an engineer, and two seamen were the only survivors picked up by the Federal boats, and they were on duty in the turret. The pilot, whom I sometime afterward conversed with at Pensacola, on the subject, told me that when the vessel careened, so that water began to run into the mouth of the turret, he and Captain Craven were on the ladder together, the captain on the top step, with the way open for his easy and honorable escape; the pilot said: "Go ahead, captain!" "No, sir," replied Craven; "after you, pilot! I leave my ship last!" Upon this the pilot sprung up, and the gallent Craven went down, sucked under in the vortex, thus sacrificing himself through a chivalric sense of duty.

There was a dead silence on board the *Tennessee;* the men peered through the port holes at the awful catastrophe, and spoke to each other only in low whispers; for they knew that the same fate was, probably, awaiting us, for we were then directly over the torpedo

bed, and, shut up tightly as we were in our iron capsule, in another moment it might prove our coffin.

At this juncture the enemy's leading vessel "backed water" and steered on one side, which arrested the progress of the whole squadron. But at this supreme moment the second vessel, Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, forged ahead, and Farragut, showing the nerve and determination of the officer and the man, gave the order: "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!" And away he went, crushing through their bed to victory and renown. Some of the officers told me afterwards that they could hear the torpedoes snapping under the bottoms of their ships, and that they expected every moment to be blown into high air.

The slightest delay at that time on the part of Farragut, subjected as he was to the terrible fire of the fort and the fleet, would have been disaster, defeat, and the probable loss of his entire squadron, but he proved to be the man for the emergency.

We, in the *Tennessee*, advancing slowly, at the rate of about two miles an hour, met the leading vessels of the enemy as they passed, and fought them face to face; but their fire was so destructive, continuous and severe that after we emerged from it there was nothing left standing as large as your little finger. Everything had been shot away, smokestacks, staunchions, boat davits, and in fact, fore and aft, our deck had been swept absolutely clean. A few of our men were slightly wounded, and when the last vessel had passed us and been fought in turn, we had been in action more than an hour and a half; and then the enemy's fleet, somewhat disabled, of course, kept on up the bay, and anchored about four miles away—so ended the first part of the fight. Farragut had already won half the battle; he had passed the fort and fleet, and had ten wooden vessels and three monitors left in good fighting trim.

Neither the officers or men of either fleet had as yet been to breakfast, and the order was given, "Go to breakfast!" For us on the *Tennessee* to eat below was simply impossible, on account of the heat and humidity. The heat below was terrific; intense thirst universally prevailed. The men rushed to the scuttle-butts, or water-tanks, and drank greedily. Soon "hard tack" and coffee were furnished, the men all eating standing, creeping out of the ports on the after deck to get a little fresh air, the officers going to the upper deck.

Admiral Buchanan, grim, silent and rigid with prospective fighting, was "stumping" up and down the deck, lame from a wound received

in his first engagement in the *Merrimac*, and in about fifteen minutes we observed that instead of heading for the safe lee of the fort, our iron prow was pointed for the enemy's fleet. Suppressed exclamations were beginning to be heard from the officers and crew: "The old admiral has not had his fight out yet; he is heading for that big fleet; he will get his fill of it up there!"

Slowly and gradually this fact became apparent to us, and I, being on his staff and in close association with him, ventured to ask him: "Are you going into that fleet, admiral?" "I am, sir!" was his reply. Without intending to be heard by him I said to an officer standing near me: "Well, we'll never come out of there whole!" But Buchanan had heard my remark, and turning around said sharply: "That's my lookout, sir!" And now began the second part of the fight.

I may as well explain here why he did this much-criticised and desperate deed of daring. He told me his reasons long afterwards as follows: He had only had six hours' coal on board, and he intended to expend that in fighting. He did not mean to be trapped like a rat in a hole, and made to surrender without a struggle! Then he meant to go to the lee of the fort and assist General Payne in the defense of the place. This calculation was unluckily prevented by the shooting away of the rudder chains of the *Tennessee* in this second engagement.

As we approached the enemy's fleet one after another of Farragut's ten wooden frigates swept out in a wide circle, and by the time we reached the point where the monitors were, a huge leading frigate was coming at the rate of ten miles an hour, a column of white foam formed of the dead water piled in front of its bows many feet high. Heavy cannonading from the monitors was going on at this time, when the leading wooden vessel came rapidly bearing down on us, bent on the destruction of the formidable ram, which we on board of the *Tennessee* fully realized as the supreme moment of the test of our strength. We had escaped from the torpedo bed safe and on top, and were now to take our chances of being run under by the heavy wooden frigates that were fast nearing us. Each vessel had her bows heavily ironed for the purpose of cutting down and sinking the *Tennessee*, as such were the orders of Admiral Farragut.

Captain Johnson, in the pilot-house, gave the word to officers and men: "Steady yourselves when she strikes. Stand by and be ready!" Not a word was heard on the deck, under its shelving roof, where the officers and men, standing by their guns, silent and

rigid, awaited their fate. Captain Johnson then shouted out: "We are all right! They can never run us under now! As he spoke the leading vessel had struck against our "overhang" with tremendous impact; had shivered its iron prow in the clash, but only succeeded in whirling the *Tennessee* around, as if it were swung on a pivot.

I was sitting on the combing of the hatch, having nothing to do as yet, a close observer, as each vessel in turn struck us. At the moment of impact they slid alongside of us, and our black wales came in contact. At a distance of ten feet they poured their broadsides of twenty eleven-inch guns into us. This continued for more than an hour, and as each vessel "rammed" the *Tennessee* and slid alongside, they followed, discharging their broadsides fast and furious, so that the noise was one continuous, deafening roar. You could only hear voices when spoken close to the ear, and the reverberation was so great that bleeding at the nose was not infrequent.

Soon the wounded began to pour down to me. Stripped to their waists, the white skins of men exhibited curious dark-blue elevations and hard spots. Cutting down to these, I found that unburnt cubes of cannon powder, that had poured into the ports, had perforated the flesh and made these great blue ridges under the skin. Their sufferings were very severe, for it was as if they had been shot with red-hot bullets; but no serious effects followed.

Now all the wooden vessels, disabled and their prows broken off, anchored in succession some half a mile away. Then Admiral Farragut signaled to the monitors: "Destroy the ram!" Soon these three grim monsters, at thirty yards distance, took their position on each quarter of the *Tennessee*, as she had laid nearly motionless, her rudder having been shot away with grape iu the fight. We knew that we were hopelessly disabled, and that victory was impossible, as all we could do was to move around very slowly in a circle, and the only chance left to us was to crawl under the shelter of Fort Morgan.

For an hour and a half the monitors pounded us with solid shot, fired with a charge of sixty pounds of powder from their eleven-inch guns, determined to crush in the shield of the *Tennessee*, as thirty pounds of powder was the regulation amount. In the midst of this continuous pounding, the port-shutter of one of our guns was jammed by a shot, so that it could neither open nor shut, making it impossible to work the piece. The admiral then sent for some of the firemen from below, to drive the bolt outward. Four men came up, and two of them holding the bolt back, the others struck it with sledge-hammers. While they were thus standing there, suddenly

there was a dull sounding impact, and at the same instant the men whose backs were against the shield were split in pieces. I saw their limbs and chests, severed and mangled, scattered about the deck, their hearts lying near their bodies. All of the gun's crew and the admiral were covered from head to foot with blood, flesh and viscera. I thought at first that the admiral was mortally wounded. The fragments and members of the dead men were shoveled up, put in buckets and hammocks, and struck below.

Engineer Rogers, of the wounded, had a pistol ball through his shoulder. "How in the world did you manage to get this?" I asked him. He replied: "Why, I was off watch and had nothing to do, so while the *Hartford* was lying alongside of us a Yankee cursed me through the port-hole and I jabbed him with my bayonet in the body, and his comrade shot me with his revolver." Cutting the ball out, I proposed to give him morphine, as he was suffering terribly, but he said: "None of that for me, doctor. When we go down I want to be up and take my chances of getting out of some port-hole." Another man was wounded in the ear when fighting in the same manner as the engineer, but he always declared he got even by the use of his bayonet. I merely mention these facts to show how close the fighting was, when men could kill or wound each other through the port-holes of their respective vessels.

While attending the engineer, an aide came down the ladder in great haste and said: "Doctor, the admiral is wounded!" "Well, bring him below," I replied. "I can't do it," he answered; "I haven't time. I am carrying orders for Captain Johnson." So up I went; asked some officer whom I saw: "Where is the admiral?" "Don't know," he replied. "We are all at work loading and firing. Got too much to do to think of anything else." Then I looked for the gallant commander myself, and, lying curled up under the sharp angle of the roof, I discovered the old white-haired man. He was grim, silent, and uttered no sound in his great pain. I went up to him and asked: "Admiral, are you badly hurt?" "Don't know," he replied; but I saw one of his legs crushed up under his body, and, as I could get no help, raised him up with great caution and, clasping his arms around my neck, carried him on my back down the ladder to the cock-pit, his broken leg slapping against me as I moved slowly along. After I had applied a temporary bandage he sat up on the deck and received reports from Captain Johnson regarding the progress of the fight. Captain Johnson soon came down in person, and the admiral

greeted him with: "Well, Johnson, they have got me again. You'll have to look out for her now; it is your fight." "All right," answered the captain; "I'll do the best I know how."

In the course of half an hour Captain Johnson again made his appearance below and reported to the admiral that all the frigates had "hauled off," but that the three monitors had taken position on our quarters. He added that we could not bring a gun to bear, and that the enemy's solid shot were gradually smashing in the shield, and that not having been able to fire for thirty minutes, the men were fast becoming demoralized from sheer inactivity, and that from the smashing of the shield, they were seeking shelter, which showed their condition mentally. "Well, Johnson," said the admiral at this precarious juncture, "Fight to the last! Then to save these brave men, when there is no longer any hope, surrender."

In twenty minutes more the firing ceased, Captain Johnson having bravely gone up alone on the exposed roof with a handkerchief on a boarding dike, and the surrender was effected. Then we immediately carried all our wounded upon the roof into the fresh air, which they so much needed.

From that elevated place I witness the rush of the petty officers and men of the monitor, which was nearest to us, to board the captured ship to procure relics and newspaper renown. Two creatures dressed in blue shirts, begrimed and black with powder, rushed up to the wounded admiral and demanded his sword! His aide refused peremptorily, whereupon one of them stopped as if to take it anyhow, upon which Aide Forrest warned him not to touch it, as it would only be given to Admiral Farragut, or his authorized representative. Still the man attempted to seize it, whereupon Forrest knocked him off the shield to the deck below. At this critical moment, when a fight was imminent, I saw a boat nearing, flying a captain's pennant, and running down as it came alongside, I recognized an old shipmate, Captain LeRoy. I hurriedly explained to him our position, whereupon he mounted the shield, and assuming command, he arrested the obnoxious man, and sent him under guard to his boat.

The sword was then given to Captain Giraud by Admiral Buchanan, to be carried to Admiral Farragut. Our flag, smoke-stained and torn, was seized by the other man, and hastily concealed in his shirt bosom. He was brought before Captain LeRoy, and amidst the laughter and jeers of his companions, was compelled to draw it forth from its hiding place, and it was sent on board the flag-ship. These

two heroes were said to be the correspondents of some New York and Chicago newspapers.

Captain LeRoy, who was an old friend, immediately had private supplies brought, and did everything in his power to aid his former shipmate, the wounded admiral. He brought a kind message from Admiral Farragut, in which the latter expressed regret to hear of Admiral Buchanan's wound, and offered to do anything in his power, and wishing to know what he desired. This was accepted by Admiral Buchanan in the same kind spirit in which it was given, and, as one of his staff officers, I was sent on board the *Hartford* with the reply: "That appreciating the kind message, he had only to ask that his fleet-surgeon and his aids might be allowed to accompany him wherever he might be sent, until his recovery from his wound." Boarding the *Hartford*, by Captain LeRoy's steam-launch, ascending by the man-rope, I mounted the hammock netting as the whole starboard side, amidship, and the gangway had been carried away, as I was afterwards told, by one of their own frigates having collided with the *Hartford*, after ramming the *Tennessee*. From the hammock-nettings the scene was one of carnage and devastation. The spar-deck was crowded and littered with broken gun-cartridges, shattered boats, disabled guns, and a long line of grim corpses dressed in blue, lying side by side. The officers accompanying me told me that those men—two whole gun's crews—were all killed by splinters; and pointing with his hand to a piece of weather-boarding ten feet long and four inches wide, I received my first and vivid idea of what a splinter was, or what was meant by a splinter.

Descending, we threaded our way, and ascending the poop, where all of the officers were standing, I was taken up and introduced to Admiral Farragut, whom I found a very quiet, unassuming man, and not in the least flurried by his great victory. In the kindest manner he inquired regarding the severity of the admiral's wound, and then gave the necessary orders to carry out Admiral Buchanan's request.

We then thought that the admiral's leg would have to be amputated that evening or the next morning. In speaking to the admiral about his chances for recovery and the proposed amputation, he replied: "I have nothing to do with it. It is your leg now; do your best." It was this spirit of firmness and equanimity which not only saved Admiral Buchanan's life, but ultimately his leg also. He was carried on board of Captain James E. Jouett's ship, the *Metacomet*, which was temporarily converted into a hospital. We remained on

board that night and were cared for in every kind way by Captain Jouett, to whom Admiral Buchanan always expressed himself as deeply indebted.

The next morning, at my suggestion, a flag of truce was sent to General Page, commanding Fort Morgan, representing our condition, sending the names of our dead, wounded, and the great number of Federals dead and wounded on board, and asked, in the name of humanity, to be allowed to pass the fort and convey all of them to the large naval hospital at Pensacola, where they all could receive the same treatment. To this question General Page promptly responded, and we passed out, and in eight hours were all safely housed in the ample hospital, where we were treated by old navy friends in the warmest and kindest manner. Medical Director Turner was in charge, and we remained there until December, when Admiral Buchanan being able to hobble around on crutches, was conveyed to Fort Warren with his aide, and I was sent back to Mobile in Captain Jouett's ship, under flag of truce.

Daily with the admiral in hospital at Pensacola for four months, he explained his whole plan of action to me of that second fight in Mobile bay as follows: "I did not expect to do the passing vessels any serious injury; the guns of Fort Morgan were thought capable of doing that. I expected that the monitors would then and there surround me, and pound the shield in; but when all the Federal vessels had passed up and anchored four miles away, then I saw that long seige was intended by the army and navy, which with its numerous transports at anchor under Pelican island, were debarking nearly 10,000 infantry. I determined then, having the example before me of the blowing up of the *Merrimac* in the James river by our own officers, without a fight, and by being caught in such a trap, I determined, by an unexpected dash into the fleet, to attack and do it all the damage in my power; to expend all my ammunition and what little coal I had on board, only six hours' steaming, and then, having done all I could with what resources I had, to retire under the guns of the fort, and being without motive power, there to lay and assist in repulsing the attacks and assaults on the fort."

The unexpectedness of the second attack is well illustrated by Admiral Farragut's remark at the time: "After having anchored, all hands were piped to breakfast, when the officer on duty on the deck of the *Hartford* seeing the ram slowly heading up the bay for the Federal fleet, reported the fact to Admiral Farragut while he was taking his breakfast. 'What! is that so?" he inquired. 'Just like

Buchanan's audacity. Signal to all frigates to get immediately under way and run the ram under, and to the monitors to attack at once.' "

The greatest injury done to the *Tennessee* was by the *Chickasaw*, commanded by Captain G. H. Perkins. Our pilot, in pointing it out to Captain Johnson, said: "That d—d iron-clad is hanging to us like a dog, and has smashed our shield already. Fight him! Sink him if you can!" The *Chickasaw* really captured the *Tennessee*.

Admiral Buchanan was in form and physique one out of many. Upright in his carriage, he walked like a game-cock, though halting in his gait in later years in consequence of having received a minnie ball in his right thigh when commanding the *Merrimac* in the first iron-clad fight in the world. It was while he stood on the deck, after sinking the Congress, that he was shot by some Federal infantry on the shore, and from 1864 to his death in 1871, he was very lame in both legs—the left one particularly—which was terribly shattered in the fight when in the *Tennessee*. He always complained of his bad luck in his two great actions; in the first he was struck down at the moment of victory, and in the last at the moment of defeat. At sixty-two years he was a strikingly handsome old man; clean shaved, ruddy complexion, with a very healthy hue, for he was always remarkably temperate in all his habits; he had a high forehead, fringed with snow-white hair; thin close lips, steel-blue eyes, and projecting conspicuously was that remarkable feature which impressed every one and marked him as one of a thousand, his wonderful acquiline nose, high, thin and perfect in all its outlines. When full of fight he had a peculiarity of drawing down the corners of his mouth until the thin line between his lips performed a perfect arch around his chin.

The Confederate torpedoes planted at the entrance to Mobile bay were the first, and were very primitive in their construction—merely a lager beer keg filled with powder and anchored by chains to a big flat piece of iron called a mushroom. Projecting from the swinging top, some four feet under water, were tubes of glass filled with sulphuric acid, and which, being broken, fell into sugar or starch, causing rapid chemical combustion, and finally a mass of fire, thus exploding the powder. They had been planted so long that many leaked, only one out of ten remaining intact, and this fact explains why so many were run over by the Federal fleet without exploding.

During the four months that we were guarding the entrance to Mobile bay we were not by any means safe from the danger of our own contrivances. One hot July morning we officers were up on the

flat deck of the ram enjoying the sea breeze, when a floating black object was observed bobbing up and down, and supposed at first that it was a sort of a devil-fish with its young, as we had killed one with its calf only a few weeks previously; but the motion was too slow, evidently. A telescope soon revealed the fact that it was a torpedo drifting in with the flood-tide. Here was literally the "devil to pay!" We could not send a boat's crew after it to tow it out of the way. You could not touch it; you could not guide it. There was no means in our power to divert it from its course. Finally at the suggestion of Captain David Rainey, of the marines, he brought up his whole guard with loaded muskets, who at once commenced to shoot at the floating keg and sunk it, but not a moment too soon, for it only disappeared under the water about twenty feet from the ram.

As the sketch is confined exclusively to operations inside the shield of the ram *Tennessee*, I have not thought it germane to detail anything in relation to the other three gunboats of the Confederate fleet, which being wooden vessels, were sunk or captured early in the first action.

It may be interesting, which is omitted above, to state the cause of the wound received by Admiral Buchanan. It was by a fragment of iron, either a piece of solid shot, or part of the plating of the ram which fractured the large bone of the leg, comminuting it, and the splintered ends protruding through the muscles and the skin.

The admiral's aids were Lieutenants Carter and Forrest. They tenderly nursed him during the entire four months of his confinement in the hospital at Pensacola, accompanied him to Fort Warren, cared for him while there, and brought him back to Richmond after his exchange. The former is now a prominent citizen of North Carolina; the latter until ten years ago lived in Virginia, since which time I have lost sight of him.

[From the Winchester, Va., *Times*, January 14, 1891.]

History of the First Battle of Manassas and the Organization of the Stonewall Brigade.

HOW IT WAS SO NAMED.

By D. B. Conrad, Kansas City, Mo., Formerly U. S. and C. S. Navy.

When in May, 1861, General Joseph E. Johnston arrived at Harper's Ferry to command the unformed, disorganized mass of men

and muskets there assembled, he found five Virginia regiments and two or three from Alabama and Mississippi, all in nominal control, simply by seniority, of a Colonel Jackson of the "Virginia Army." Soon order grew out of chaos, and we of the "Virginia Army" found ourselves one May day on Bolivar Heights, five regiments in all, assembled and called the "Virginia Brigade;" they were the Second, Thirty-third, Twenty-first, Twenty-seventh, and Fourth. Our senior colonel was a man who never spoke unless spoken to; never seemed to sleep; had his headquarters under a tree; the only tent used was that of his adjutant. He walked about alone, the projecting visor of his blue cap concealing his features; a bad-fitting, single-breasted blue coat, and high boots covering the largest feet ever seen, completed his picture. Cadets from the Virginia Military Institute called him "Old Jack;" told us that he had been of the United States Army in the Mexican war, and had resigned; then was chosen professor of mathematics, and had married a professor's daughter.

He was as exact in the performance of his duties as a mathematical proposition; his only pleasure, walking daily at the same hour for his health; strict, grim and reticent, he imagined that the halves of his body did not work and act in accord. He followed hydropathy for dyspepsia, and after a pack in wet sheets every Sunday morning he then attended the Presbyterian church, leading the choir, and the prayer-meetings every night during the week. He ate the queerest food, and he sucked lemons constantly; but where he got them during the war, for we were many miles from a lemon, no one could find out—but he always had one. In fact, no one knew or understood him. No man ever saw him smile—but one woman, his wife. But he stood very high in the estimation of all for his rigid moral conduct and the absolute faith reposed in his word and deeds. Soon it was observed that every night there was singing and praying under "that tree," and every Sunday morning and evening he held prayer-meetings, which, I regret to say, were attended by only a few—always strictly, however, by his staff, who seemed to have been chosen or elected because they were of his way of life. When thrown with him on duty he was uniformly courteous to all. He always kept his eyes half closed as if thinking, which he invariably did before answering; but his replies were short and to the point. Not many days elapsed before the officers found out that when he gave or wrote one of his short orders, it was always to be obeyed, or suspension at once followed neglect. In May many regiments arrived from Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, and there

was some semblance of discipline—as an immense log guard-house, always filled, gave evidence.

One Sunday evening in early June the long roll was beaten, and we soon were in line, marching out between the high hills towards Shepherdstown bridge on the upper Potomac, accompanied by a long procession of carriages filled with our mothers and sisters, escorted by our middle-aged, portly fathers on horseback; for as we could not go to them, they daily visited us in our camp; and that evening, for the first time in our lives, it looked and felt like war. For were we not on our way to keep the Yankees out of Virginia? Were they not in force somewhere in Maryland, intending to cross over the bridge which we were marching to, to defend and burn? This was the feeling and belief of all of us; and as in the narrow country road winding around the many high hills our long line of bright bayonets glinted in the setting sun, our five full regiments, numbering nearly four thousand five hundred of the brightest, healthiest, and the most joyous of Virginia youth, stepping out quickly to the shrill music of the drum and fife, with its accompanying procession of vehicles carrying weeping mothers and sisters, it was my first and most vivid sight of what war might be. As darkness fell apace, all were left behind but the soldiers. It was our first night-march, and by two o'clock we were "dead beat!" Many fell asleep by the roadside, and were only aroused by the rattling of muskets, as the foremost regiment fired a volley without orders, and swept across the bridge, only to be sternly ordered back by "Old Jack, the sleepless," who reprimanded its colonel and then personally superintended the firing of the wooden structure. During the next week we marched over several counties, and by the time we reached Winchester, where General J. E. Johnston had established his headquarters, we were in perfect trim, and knew each other well and felt like soldiers.

In Winchester we were regaled day and night with the speeches of 'Fire-eaters," "Original Secessionists," *Et id genus omne!* I only recall the following: I saw a crowd listening eagerly with arrested attention to an orator. He was both corpulent and crapulent, who had just come from Washington, which was his present glory and distinction. He announced that he would redden the Potomac with the blood of every Yankee who crossed to invade the sacred soil of the South. One Southern man with a bowie knife was equal to any two Yankees, and that the war would be over after the first fight, when they would be driven out and away forever. Another orator drew a large audience; his chief distinction and glory seemed to be

that he was and had been a "Nullifier" (whatever that was). An original "Secessionist;" had a brother fighting in Italy with Garabaldi, whom he announced was expected daily—the looked-for "Military Messiah;" and finally that he was a South Carolinian and came here to assist in fighting Virginia's battles. Then there were groans and derision from the assembled Virginians.

For a week ending July 2d, we were encamped near Martinsburg, some four miles from the ford of the Potomac leading to Hagerstown, called Falling Waters, watching the Federal army under Generel Patterson. At sunrise the alarm was given: "the enemy are crossing!" and we were under arms on our way to the ford. Emerging on the turnpike, we were halted to support a battery; skirmishers were thrown out, and soon we were all engaged. We tried hard to hold Patterson until General Johnston could come up from Winchester, but were forced back, and here we saw Colonel Jackson under fire for the first time; stolid, imperturbable, undisturbed, as he was watched by every eye; and his example was quieting and of decided moral effect. There, for the first time, we saw the long line of blue, with the United States flag in the center, and both sides exchanged shots; the first of the many fights in the old Valley of Virginia. We fell back through Martinsburg; it was occupied by General Patterson; and at a small hamlet called "Bunker Hill," some seven miles away, we, during the whole of July 4th, were in line of battle, expecting Patterson hourly. The next evening we fell back upon Winchester, and after our arrival there happened an episode which I will relate briefly, as it was the first and only attempt at a mutiny ever heard of in the Confederate army.

About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 17th the long roll was beaten and we were marched to an adjoining field, crushing under our feet as we moved along the stone fences bounding it. There we found our five regiments surrounding a number of tents, and when the hollow square was perfect we became aware that we enclosed a a battalion of troops who had refused positively to further obey their commander. General Joe Johnston's adjutant, Colonel Whiting, with Colonel Jackson and the colonel of the refractory troops, rode up into the square. The drums were ordered to beat the assembly, and, to our infinite relief, the battalion, under the command of its several captains, fell into line at once. Then there was a dead silence. This was a mutiny! What came next? How was it to be punished? Was every tenth man to be shot, or only the officers? As I rode along I heard these questions asked by both rank and file. Colo-

nel Whiting then rode to the front with a paper in his hand, and when he arrived at the head of the troops he read aloud, with marked emphasis, in substance as follows: That General Johnston had heard with regret and surprise that, on the eve of an action, both men and officers had refused to obey the orders of their commander. He could only say that it was the imperative duty of all soldiers to obey orders; that their grievances would be redressed in time, but such an example would and should not go unpunished. He therefore expected of them instant obedience of their colonel's orders; that Colonel Jackson, with five regiments, was there to enforce, if needed, his commands. Their own colonel then put them through their evolutions for so many minutes, and they were ordered back to their tents, and all was quiet. It seems hardly necessary to state that those were the last orders ever given by that colonel, as he was removed from command.

All of General Johnston's army were then encamped around Winchester, when, on the 18th of July, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, again the long roll was sounded. From the number of mounted officers and men galloping furiously off to every encampment, it was evident that there was important news. General Patterson was known to be at Charlestown, twenty miles to the east, but nearer to the passes of the Blue Ridge than we were. General Beauregard was known to be at Manassas station, far to the east, eighty miles by direct line, with the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah river running between him and us. Soon the news came—it was not an order, but simply a message from General Johnston to each brigade, regiment and individual soldier, that General Beauregard had just notified him from Manassas, on that morning at daybreak, he had been attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy from Centerville. He was holding his own, but needed help. General Johnston had started, and would go day and night to his relief; and he expected every man who wanted to fight the enemy would up and follow. There is no man living of all that army to-day who can ever forget the thrill of "Berseeker rage" which took possession of us all when the news was understood, and General Johnston's inspiring message was repeated along the line. We were to help General Beauregard drive the enemy back; then, returning to the Valley, would hurl General Patterson across the Potomac and end the war. For had not Secretary Seward proclaimed that in sixty days it would be over. Every man sprang to his place, and in an incredibly short time we were rapidly moving through the dusty streets of old Winchester, there only to be

the more inspired and encouraged, for there was not a mother or sister there who had not in the ranks a son or a brother, and who through tears and wails at being left undefended and alone, yet told us it was our duty to go. Our Virginia brigade took the lead and to the eastward, making for Ashby's Gap. We footed it fast and furious; it was at first like a run, but soon slackened to the "route step," and now we wondered at the old soldier's puzzle: "Why, when the leading files of a mile of soldiers were only in a walk, that the rear files are always on a run?" As we passed through the rich and fertile Clarke county, the road was lined with ladies holding all manner of food and drink, for General Johnston's staff had passed in a sweeping gallop and given tidings of our coming. At sundown we came to the cold, swift Shenandoah, and with two and three to every horse, the rest stripped off trousers, crossed, holding aloft on muskets and head, clothing and ammunition. This was the severest test, for it was a long struggle against a cold, breast-high current, and the whole night and the next day witnessed this fording of men, guns and horses. I did not see my mare for two days; nearly a dozen cousins and brothers or other relatives had to use her in the crossing. Luckily the road beyond was hard, dry and plain in the dark night as we slowly climbed the Blue Ridge, which rises precipitously from the river, and in a straggling line passed by the "Big Poplar Tree" that crowns the summit and is the corner of four counties, Clarke, Warren, Fauquier and Loudoun. Coming down the mountain by the hamlet of Paris, and there leaving the pike, we took the country road, soft and damp, to the railroad station of Piedmont, where, sleeping on the ground, we awaited the arrival of the train to carry us to Manassas Junction. At sunrise it came; a long train of freight and cattle cars, in which we packed ourselves like so many pins and needles; and, as safety for engine and cars was more essential than speed, for we had one engine only on that part of the old Manasas Gap railroad, we slowly jolted the entire day, passed the many country stations, warmly welcomed by the gathered crowds of women and girls with food and drink.

And when at sunset we arrived at Manassas Junction, sprung at once into line, and swept out into a broken country of pine forest. Four miles brought us to the banks of "Bull Run," where we slept. That was Friday night, the 19th, and it had taken twenty-four hours to bring four thousand men to the expected field of action. Bright and early on Saturday, the 20th, we were up and examined with a soldier's interest the scene of the conflict of the 18th. A line of fresh

graves was rather depressing; the trees were lopped and mangled by shot and perforated by minnie balls. The short, dry grass showing in very many spots a dark chocolate hue, spreading irregularly like a map, which the next day became a too familiar sight. We could not make anything out of the fight, beyond that here was the ford, and here they came down to cross in force. They were simply repulsed from the ford; there was no pursuit, the artillery remaining on the hills beyond; and it was agreed that here, any day now, we were to fight against a direct assault. The enemy's object, we supposed, was to get to Manassas Junction, murder every one there, and destroy buildings and stores.

The art of war was so simple and so well understood by all in those early days, that the opinions of high-up college graduates and successful lawyers were even sought for, and in all cases, I must do them justice to say, were given with the utmost freedom and liberality. Every man who had been in the Mexican war, or had been fighting abroad, was a colonel or a brigadier at once, and they swelled and swaggered around, dispensing willing information of tactics and grand strategy in the most profuse and generous way to an absorbent and listening crowd. The whole of Saturday, the 20th, did we lie in the pines, resting and surmising, greeting each new regiment as it arrived at all hours of the day and night, panting for the fight. Questions asked were: "Had the fighting begun yet?" Are we too late?" "When was it to be? Let us get a good place where we can kill every d———d Yankee, and then go home." Not a sound or shot disturbed the quiet of long Saturday, and we slept peacefully in the pines that night. As the next day (Sunday, the 21st) broke we were jumped out of our lairs by the loudest gun I ever heard, apparently fired right at our heads, as we supposed, and from just over the bank of Bull Run, only a hundred yards distant; but it proved to be the signal gun from Centerville, four miles away, in the encampment of General McDowell. At a double quick we were in line along the bank of the stream, momentarily expecting the enemy to appear and open on us, and thus we awaited until the sun got over the tops of the trees, when a mounted officer rode up, and after a hurried interview with Colonel Jackson, we were, to our surprise, wheeled to the rear, and at double-quick, over fields and through the woods, we went to the extreme left of our army.

It then turned out that at that day and hour General McDowell had decided to attack us on our left; and as General Beauregard had decided to attack the Federals on their left, so, had it not been dis-

covered in time by the Confederates, each army would have followed thereto in concentric circles. For two long, hot hours did we move towards the rattling of musketry, which at first was very faint, then became more and more audible. At last we halted under a long ridge covered with small pines. Here were the wounded of that corps who had been first engaged—men limping on gun or stick; men carried off in blankets, bleeding their life away; men supported on each side by soldiers—and they gave us no very encouraging news to troops as we were. They had been at it ever since sun-up. The enemy were as thick as wheat in the field, and the long lines of blue could not be counted. Up the narrow lane our brigade started, directly to where the musketry seemed the loudest, our regiment, the Second, bringing up the rear. Reaching the top, a wide clearing was discovered; a broad table land spread out, the pine thicket ceased, and far away over the hill in front was the smoke of musketry; at the bottom of the long declivity was the famous turnpike, and on the hills beyond could be seen clearly Griffin's and Rickett's batteries. In their front, to their rear, and supported on each side, were long lines of blue. To our right, about one hundred yards off, was a small building, the celebrated "Henry House." As ours was the last regiment to come up, and as the brigade, as it surmounted the hill, wheeled into line sharply to the left into the thickets, we were thus thrown to the extreme right of the line and of the entire army. Halting there and mounted on a gate-post, I could see the panoramas spread out before me. The brass pieces of Griffin's and Rickett's batteries were seen wheeling into line, caissons to the rear, the horses detached and disappearing behind the hill. The glinting of the morning sun on the burnished metal made them very conspicuous. No cavalry were seen. I do not think that McDowell had any in action that day. Both batteries soon opened on us with shell, but no casualties resulted, for the reason that in their haste and want of time the fuses were not cut. I picked up many which fell to the ground with a dull sound, and found that the reason they did not explode. The infantry were engaged on the side of the long, gradual slope of the hill on which we stood, and in the bottom below, out of our sight, we could hear the sound and see the white smoke.

At this time there rode up fast towards us from the front a horse and rider, gradually rising to our view from the bottom of the hill. He was an officer all alone, and as he came closer, erect and full of fire, his jet-black eyes and long hair, and his blue uniform of a gen-

eral officer made him the cynosure of all. In a strong, decided tone he inquired of the nearest aide, what troops we were and who commanded. He was told that Colonel Jackson, with five Virginia regiments had just arrived, and pointed to where the colonel stood at the same time. The strange officer then advanced, and we of the regimental staff crowded to where he was to hear the news from the front. He announced himself as General B. E. Bee, commanding South Carolina troops ; he said that he had been heavily engaged all the morning, and being overpowered, are now slowly being pushed back ; we will fall back on you as a support ; the enemy will make their appearance in a short time over the crest of that hill. "Then sir, we will give them the bayonet," was the only reply of Colonel Jackson. With a salute, General Bee wheeled his horse and disappeared down the hill, where he immortalized himself, Colonel Jackson and his troops, by his memorable words to his own command: "Close up, men, and stand your ground. Colonel Jackson with five regiments of Virginia troops is standing behind us like a stonewall, and will support you." Thus was the name of "Stonewall" given to General Jackson and his famous brigade. General Bee was killed the next moment. Our entire line lay in the pine thickets for one long hour, and no man, unless he was there, can tell how very long it was to us. Under fire from two batteries throwing time-shells only, they did not do a great amount of killing, but it was terribly demoralizing. Then there was a welcome cessation; and we were wondering why, and when the fighting would begin for us. After nearly half an hour the roar of the field pieces sounded louder than I had yet heard, and evidently very near us; this was the much criticised movement of Rickett's, who had ordered his battery down the opposite hill, across the pike and up the hill we were on, where, wheeling into battery on the level top, opened with grape and canister right into the thicket and into our exposed line. This was more than Colonel Jackson could stand, and the general order was—"Charge and take that battery!" Now the fight of Manassas, or Bull Run, began in earnest—for the position we held was the key of the field. Three times did our regiment charge up to and take this battery, but never held it; for though we drove the regiment supporting it, yet another was always close behind to take its place. A grey-headed man, sitting sideways on horseback, whom I understood to be General Heintzleman, was ever in one spot directing the movements of each regiment as it came up the hill; and his coolness and gallantry won our admiration. Many fragments of these regiments charged on us in turn as

we retreated into the pines, only to be killed, for I do not think any of them went back alive. The green pines were filled with the Seventy-ninth Highlanders and the red-breeched Brooklyn Zouaves, but the only men who were killed twenty or thirty yards behind, and in the rear of our line, were the United States Marines. Many of these I had sailed with, and they called on me by name to help them as they lay wounded in the undergrowth. "Water, water!" "Turn me over!" "Raise my head, and remove me out of this fire!" were their cries. I then saw what was afterwards too often the case—men with wounded legs, unable to move out of the fire, mortally wounded while lying helpless Our entire brigade thus fought unaided and alone for at least an hour—charging, capturing, retreating, and retaking this battery, resisting the charges of each fresh regiment as it came forward at quick-step up the slope of the hill, across the table-land, on its top and into the pine thickets where we were, until we were as completely broken up into fragments and as hard pressed as men ever were. It had gotten down to mere hand-to-hand fighting of small squads, out in the open and in the pines. There was no relief, no reinforcements, no fresh troops to come, or to fall back on. Luckily the enemy were in the same disorganized condition as we were. General Johnston seized the colors of a regiment, and on horseback, led a charge, excusing it afterwards as necessary at that moment to make a personal example. Our Colonel Jackson, with only two aids, Colonels Jones and Marshall, both subsequently killed, rode slowly, and without the slightest hurrah, frequently along our front, encouraging us by his quiet presence. He held aloft his left or bridle hand, looking as if he was invoking a blessing, as many supposed, but in fact to ease the intense pain, for a bullet had badly shattered two of his fingers, to which he never alluded, and it has been forgotten, for it was the only time he was ever wounded, until his fall in action in 1863. Thus the fate of the field hung in a balance at 2:30 P. M. At this moment President Davis and his staff made their appearance on the field, but not being known, attracted no attention. Both sides were exhausted and willing to say "enough!" The critical moment, which comes in all actions, had arrived, when we saw to our left a cloud of dust, and out of it emerged a straggling line of men with guns held at a trail. Slowly they came on to the field, not from want of spirit, but tired out from double-quicking in the heat and dust. As they passed by and through our squads there were hurried inquiries; the enemy was pointed out to them, and when seen, from out of their dusty and parched throats, came the first "Rebel yell." It was a fierce, wild

cry, perfectly involuntary, caused by the emotion of catching first sight of the enemy. These new troops were Kirby Smith's delayed men; the train had that morning broken down, but on arriving at the station near and hearing the sound of fighting, he had ordered the train stopped, and forming into line and rapidly marching, guided only by the roar of the guns, had arrived on the field at the supreme moment. The yell attracted the attention of the enemy, surprised and startled them. Inspired by the sight of the Federals the new Confederate troops, in one long line, with a volley and another yell, swept down the slope of our hill and drove before them the broken, tired enemy, who had been at it since sunrise. Kirby Smith was shot from his horse, but onward they went, irresistible, for there was no opposition. The enemy stood for a few moments, firing, then turned their backs for the first time. As if by magic the whole appearance of the scene was changed. One side was cheering and pursuing in broken, irregular lines; the other a slow-moving mass of blue backs and legs, guns, caissons and ammunition wagons, started down the hard, white pike. Our batteries, with renewed vigor and dash, had again come to the front, and from their high positions were opening with shot and grape. One solitary bridge was the point to which the fleeing Federals converged, and on that point was our fire concentrated. The result was at one seen—a wheel or two knocked off their caissons or wagons blocked the passage, and the bridge became impassable. The men cut loose their horses, mounted and rode away; others plunged into the mud and water, and the retreat became from that moment a panic, for the god Pan had struck them hard for the first and last time. There was never again the like to be seen in the subsequent four years. Our pursuit, singularly, was by artillery, our infantry having become incapable of further motion from sheer exhaustion; and Stewart had only a few companies out of the one regiment on the field; but they did good work in keeping up the rout until late in the night, when they were brought to a standstill at Centerville, where there was a reserve brigade that had not been in action; and so ended the part taken by the Stonewall Brigade in this their first fight. I may add here that our regiment was not gathered together for four days, and the brigade not for a week. With us, as with the rest of our victorious army, we were as much disorganized and scattered by our victory as the Federals by their defeat, and pursuit, unless by an organized force beyond Centerville, would have been simply a physical impossibility.

[From the *Winchester Times*, June 3, 1891.]

Capture and Burning of the Federal Gunboat "Underwriter," in the Neuse, off Newbern, N. C., in February, 1864.

By Dr. Daniel B. Conrad, Formerly of U. S. and C. S. Navy.

Kansas City, Mo., *June, 1891.*

In January, 1864, the Confederate naval officers on duty in Richmond, Wilmington and Charleston were aroused by a telegram from the Navy Department to detail three boats' crews of picked men and officers, who were to be fully armed, equipped and rationed for six days; they were to start at once by rail for Weldon, North Carolina, reporting on arrival to Commander J. Taylor Wood, who would give further instructions.

So perfectly secret and well-guarded was our destination that not until we had all arrived at Kingston, North Carolina, by various railroads, did we have the slightest idea of where we were going or what was the object of the naval raid. We suspected, however, from the name of its commander, that it would be "nervous work," as he had a reputation for boarding, capturing and burning the enemy's gunboats on many previous occasions.

Embarking one boat after another on the waters of the Neuse, we found that there were ten of them in all, each manned by ten men and two officers, every one of whom were young, vigorous, fully alive and keen for the prospective work. Now we felt satisfied that it was going to be hand-to-hand fighting; some Federal gunboat was to be boarded and captured by us, or we were to be destroyed by it.

Sunday afternoon, February 1, 1864, about 2 o'clock, we were all quietly floating down the narrow Neuse, and the whole sunny Sabbath evening was thus passed, until at sunset we landed on a small island. After eating our supper, all hands were assembled to receive instructions. Commander Wood, in distinct and terse terms, gave orders to each boat's crew and its officers just what was expected of them, stating that the object of the expedition was to, that night, board some one of the enemy's gunboats, then supposed to be lying

off the city of Newbern, now nearly sixty miles distant from where we then were by water. He said that she was to be captured without fail. Five boats were to board her on either side simultaneously, and then when in our possession we were to get up steam and cruise after other gunboats. It was a grand scheme, and was received by the older men with looks of admiration and with rapture by the young midshipmen, all of whom would have broken out into loud cheers but for the fact that the strictest silence was essential to the success of the daring undertaking.

In concluding his talk, Commander Wood solemnly said: "We will now pray;" and thereupon he offered up the most touching appeal to the Almighty that it has ever been my fortune to have heard. I can remember it now, after the long interval that has elapsed since then. It was the last ever heard by many a poor fellow, and deeply felt by every one.

Then embarking again, we now had the black night before us, our pilot reporting two very dangerous points where the enemy had out pickets of both cavalry and infantry. We were charged to pass these places in absolute silence, our arms not to be used unless we were fired upon, and then in that emergency we were to get out of the way with all possible speed, and pull down stream in order to surprise and capture one of the gunboats before the enemy's pickets could carry the news of our raid to them.

In one long line, in consequence of the narrowness of the stream, did we pull noiselessly down, but no interrupting pickets were discovered, and at about half past three o'clock we found ourselves upon the broad estuary of Newbern bay. Then closing up in double column we pulled for the lights of the city, even up to and close in and around the wharves themselves, looking (but in vain) for our prey. Not a gunboat could be seen; none were there. As the day broke we hastened for shelter to a small island up stream about three miles away, where we landed upon our arrival, dragged our boats into the high grass, setting out numerous pickets at once. The remainder of us, those who were not on duty, tired and weary, threw ourselves upon the damp ground to sleep during the long hours which must necessarily intervene before we could proceed on our mission.

Shortly after sunrise we heard firing by infantry. It was quite sharp for an hour, and then it died away. It turned out to be, as we afterwards learned, a futile attack by our lines under General Pickett on the works around Newbern. We were obliged to eat cold food

all that day, as no fires were permissible under any circumstances; so all we could do was to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy, go to sleep again, and wish for the night to come.

About sundown one gunboat appeared on the distant rim of the bay. She came up, anchored off the city some five miles from where we were lying, and we felt that she was our game. We began at once to calculate the number of her guns and quality of her armament, regarding her as our prize for certain.

As darkness came upon us, to our great surprise and joy, a large launch commanded by Lieutenant George W. Gift, landed under the lee of the island. He had been, by some curious circumstance, left behind, but with his customary vigor and daring impressed a pilot, and taking all the chances came down the Neuse boldly in daylight to join us in the prospective fight. His advent was a grand acquisition to our force, as he brought with him fifteen men and one howitzer.

We were now called together again, the orders to each boat's crew repeated, another prayer was offered up, and then, it being about nine o'clock, in double column we started directly for the lights of the gunboat, one of which was distinctly showing at each masthead. Pulling slowly and silently for four hours we neared her, and as her outlines became distinct, to our great surprise we were hailed man-of-war fashion, "Boat, ahoy!" We were discovered, and, as we found out later, were expected and looked for.

This was a trying and testing moment, but Commander Wood was equal to the emergency. Jumping up, he shouted: "Give way hard! Board at once!" The men's backs bent and straightened on the oars, and the enemy at the same moment opened upon us with small arms. The long, black sides of the gunboat, with men's heads and shoulders above them could be distinctly seen by the line of red fire, and we realized immediately that the only place of safety for us was on board of her, for the fire was very destructive. Standing up in the boat with Commander Wood, and swaying to and fro by the rapid motion, were our marines firing from the bows, while the rest of us, with only pistol in belt, and our hands ready to grasp her black sides, were all anxious for the climb. Our coxswain, a burly, gamy Englishman, who by gesture and loud word, was encouraging the crew, steering by the tiller between his knees, his hands occupied in holding his pistols, suddenly fell forward on us dead, a ball having struck him fairly in the forehead. The rudder now having no guide, the boat swerved aside, and instead of our

bows striking at the gangway, we struck the wheelhouse, so that the next boat, commanded by Lieutenant Loyall, had the deadly honor of being first on board. Leading his crew, as became his rank, duty and desire, he jumped and pulled into the gangway—now a blazing sheet of flame, and being nearsighted, having lost his glasses, stumbled and fell prone upon the deck of the gunboat, the four men who were following close up on his heels falling on top of him stone dead, killed by the enemy's bullets; each one of the unfortunate fellows having from four to six of them in his body, as we found out later. Rising, Lieutenant Loyall shook off his load of dead men, and by this time we had climbed up on the wheelhouse, Commander Wood's long legs giving him an advantage over the rest of us; I was the closest to him, but had nothing to do as yet, except to anxiously observe the progress of the hand-to-hand fighting below me. I could hear Wood's stentorian voice giving orders and encouraging the men, and then, in less than five minutes, I could distinguish a strange synchronous roar, but did not understand what it meant at first; but it soon became plain: "She's ours," everybody crying at the top of their voices, in order to stop the shooting, as only our own men were on their feet.

I then jumped down on the deck, and as I struck it, I slipped in the blood, and fell on my back and hands; rising immediately, I caught hold of an officer standing near me, who with an oath collared me, and I threw up his revolver just in time to make myself known. It was Lieutenant Wilkinson, who the moment he recognized me, exclaimed: "I'm looking for you doctor; come here." Following him a short distance in the darkness, I examined a youth who was sitting in the lap of another, and in feeling his head I felt my hand slip down between his ears, and to my horror, discovered that his head had been cleft in two by a boarding sword in the hands of some giant of the forecastle. It was Passed Midshipman Palmer Sanders, of Norfolk. Directing his body, and those of all the other killed, to be laid out aft on the quarter deck, I went down below, looking for the wounded in the ward-room, where the lights were burning, and found half a dozen with slight shots from revolvers. After having finished my examination, a half an hour had elapsed, and when ascending to the deck again I heard the officers of the various corps reporting to Commander Wood; for immediately after the capture of the vessel, according to the orders, the engineers and firemen had been sent down to the engine-room to get up steam, and Lieutenant Loyall as executive officer, with a number of seamen had attempted to raise the anchor, cast loose the cable which secured the

ship to the wharf just under the guns of Fort Stephenson, while the marines in charge of their proper officers were stationed at the gangways guarding the prisoners. The lieutenants, midshipmen and others manned the guns, of which there were six eleven-inch, as it was the intention to convert her at once into a Confederate man-of-war, and under the captured flag to go out to sea, to take and destroy as many of the vessels of the enemy as possible. But all our well-laid plans were abortive; the engineers reported the fires out, and that it would be futile to attempt to get up steam under an hour, and Lieutenant Loyall, too, after very hard work, reported it useless to spend any more time in trying to unshuckle the chains, as the ship had been moored to a buoy, unless he could have hours in which to perform the work. Just at this moment, too, to bring things to a climax, the Fort under which we found that we were moored bow and stem, opened fire upon us with small arms, grape and solid shot; some of those who had escaped having reported the state of affairs on board, and this was the result.

In about fifteen minutes a solid shot or two had disabled the walking-beam, and it then became evident to all that we were in a trap, to escape from which depended on hard work and strategy. How to extricate ourselves in safety from the thus far successful expedition, was the question; but events proved that our commander was equal to the emergency.

Very calmly and clearly he directed me to remove all dead and wounded to the boats, which the several crews were now hauling to the lee side of the vessel, where they would be protected from the the shots from the fort. The order was soon carried out by willing hands. They were distributed as equally as possible. Each boat in charge of its own proper officer, and subjected under that heavy fire to that rigid discipline characteristic of the navy, manned by their regular crews, as they laid in double lines, hugging the protected lee of the ship as closely as possible, it was a splendid picture of what a a body of trained men can be under circumstances of great danger.

After an extended search through the ship's decks, above and below, we found that we had removed all the dead and wounded, and then, when the search was ended, reported to Captain Wood on the quarter-deck, where, giving his orders where the fire from the fort was very deadly and searching, he called up four lieutenants to him, to whom he gave instructions as follows: two of them were to go below in the forward part of the ship, and the other two below in the afterpart, where from their respective stations they were to fire the vessel, and not to leave her until her decks were all ablaze, and then at that juncture they were to return to their proper boats and report.

The remainder of us were lying on our oars while orders for firing the ship were being carried out; and soon we saw great columns of red flames shoot upward out of the forward hatch and ward-room, upon which the four officers joined their boats. Immediately, by the glare of the burning ship, we could see the outlines of the fort with its depressed guns, and the heads and shoulders of the men manning them. As the blaze grew larger and fiercer their eyes were so dazzled and blinded that every one of our twelve boats pulled away out into the broad estuary safe and untouched. Then we all realized fully our adroit and successful escape.

Some years after the affair I met one of the Federal officers who was in the fort at the time, and he told me that they were not only completely blinded by the flames, which prevented them from seeing us, but were also stampeded by the knowledge of the fact that there were several tons of powder in the magazine of the vessel, which when exploded would probably blow the fort to pieces ; so, naturally, they did not remain very long after they were aware that the ship had been fired. This all occurred as we had expected. We in our boats, at a safe distance of more than half a mile, saw the "Underwriter" blow up, and distinctly heard the report of the explosion, but those at the fort, a very short distance from the ship, sought a safe refuge, luckily for them.

Fortunately there was no causalities at this stage of the expedition. I boarded boat after boat in my capacity as surgeon, attending to the requirements of those who demanded immediate aid, and I witnessed many amusing scenes; for among the prisoners were some old men-of-war's men, former shipmates of mine in the Federal navy years before, and of the other officers also. Their minds were greatly relieved when I made known to them who their captors were, and that their old surgeon and other officers were present, and as a natural consequences they would be treated well.

Continuing to pull for the remainder of the night, we sought and found by the aid of our pilot, a safe and narrow creek, up which we ascended, and at sunrise hauled our boats up on a beach, there we carefully lifted out our wounded men, placed them under the shade of trees in the grass, and made them as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Then we laid out the dead, and after carefully washing and dressing them, as soon as we had partaken of our breakfast, of which we were in so much need, all hands were called, a long pit was dug in the sand, funeral services were held, the men buried and each grave marked. We remained there all that day recuperating, and when night came again embarked on our return trip ; all through that night and the four succeeding ones, we cautiously

pulled up the rapid Neuse, doing most of our work in the darkness, until when nearing Kingston we could with impunity pull in daylight.

Arriving at Kingston, the boats were dragged up the hill to the long train of gondola cars which had been waiting for us, and then was presented an exhibition of sailors' ingenuity. The boats were placed upright on an even keel lengthwise on the flat cars, and so securely lashed by ropes that the officers, men, even the wounded, seated and laid in them as if on the water, comfortably and safely made the long journey of a day and two nights to Petersburg. Arriving, the boats were unshipped into the Appomattox river, and the entire party floated down it to City Point where it debouches into the James. It was contemplated that when City Point was reached to make a dash at any one Federal gunboat, should there be the slightest prospect of success; but learning from our scouts, on our arrival after dark, that the gunboats and transports at anchor there equalled the number of our own boats at least, we had to abandon our ideas of trying to make a capture, and were compelled to hug the opposite banks very closely, where the river is nearly four miles wide, and in that manner slip up the James pulling hard against the current. By the next evening we arrived, without any further adventure, at Drury's Bluff, where we disembarked; our boats shown as mementoes of the searching fire we had been subjected to—for they all were perforated by many minnie balls, the white wooden plugs inserted into the holes averaging fourteen to each boat engaged; they were all shot into them from stem to stern lengthwise.

Among the many incidents that occurred on the trip there were two which left a lasting impression on my mind, and to this day they are as vivid as if they had happened yesterday. As we were stepping into the boats at the island that night, the lights of the gunboat plainly visible from the spot on which we stood, a bloody, serious action inevitable, several of the midshipmen, youth-like, were gaily chatting about what they intended to do—joyous and confident, and choosing each other for mates to fight together shoulder to shoulder—when one of them who stood near me in the darkness made the remark, as a conclusion as we were taking our places in the boats:

"I wonder, boys, how many of us will be up in those stars by tomorrow morning?" This rather jarred on the ears of we older ones, and looking around to see who it was that had spoken, I recognized the bright and handsome Palmer Sanders. Poor fellow, he was the only one who took his flight, though many of the others were severely wounded.

On our route down to Kingston by rail we were obliged to make frequent stops for wood and water, and at every station the young midshipmen swarmed into the depots and houses, full of their fun and deviltry, making friends of the many pretty girls gathered there, who asked all manner of questions as to this strange sight of boats on cars filled with men in a uniform new to them.

The young gentlemen explained very glibly what they were going to do—"to board, capture and destroy as many of the enemy's gunboats as possible." "Well, when you return," replied the girls, "be sure that you bring us some relics—flags, &c." "Yes, yes; we'll do it," answered the boys. "But what will you give us in exchange?" "Why, only thanks, of course." "That won't do. Give us a kiss for each flag—will you?"

With blushes and much confusion, the girls consented, and in a few moments we were off and away on our journey again. On the return trip the young men, never for an instant forgetting the bargain they had made, manufactured several miniature flags. We old ones purposely stopped at all the stations we had made coming down in order to see the fun. The young ladies were called out at each place, and after the dead were lamented, the wounded in the cars cared for, then the midshipmen brought out their flags, recalled the promises made to them, and demanded their redemption Immediately there commenced a lively outburst of laughter and denials, a skirmish, followed by a slight resistence, and the whole bevy were kissed *seriatim* by the midshipmen, and but for the whistle of train warning them away, they would have continued indefinitely.

[From the Richmond *Times*, October 25, 1891.]

BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

How Butler's Right Flank was Broken that Memorable Day—The "Old First" to the Front—Details of the Engagement Never Before Published—Past-Commander Charles T. Loehr's (Sergeant Company D, First Virginia Infantry) Address Before George E. Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, on October 15, 1891.

Drewry's Bluff is a name familiar to all of us, but of the battle which was fought there on May 16, 1864, very little has been said—much less than of any battle of its magnitude and importance which

occurred throughout the war. No regular report from the Confederate side, except the brief statements of Beauregard, Ransom or Hoke, has ever reached the public, and these contain no details of how Butler's right wing was broken—the principal event in that bloody battle.

One reason for this silence on our side is due to the fact that our forces were gathered as they arrived and placed in temporary organization under officers assigned to them for the occasion; another reason is that all eyes were turned toward the fields of Spotsylvania, where the armies of Grant and Lee made music which drowned the thunder of cannons and rattle of musketry at Drewry's Bluff.

THE FORCES ENGAGED.

The Federal army assigned to the capture of Petersburg and Richmond, called the Army of the James, commanded by General Butler, composed of the Tenth and Eighteenth army corps, numbered, according to its own report, thirty-eight thousand seven hundred men and eighty-eight guns, besides a fleet of gunboats and monitors. The Confederate forces, commanded by General Beauregard, consisted of Gracie's, Kemper's, Hoke's and Barton's brigades, forming Ransom's division; Corse's, Clingman's, Bushrod Johnson's and Hagood's brigades, forming Hoke's division, and Colquitt's and Ransom's brigades under Colquitt.

Attached to this force were three battalions of artillery and three small regiments of cavalry, the whole or gross number being given as seventeen thousand and three hundred. This was the force at Drewry's Bluff engaged on the 16th of May. North of Petersburg, near Swift creek, General Whiting was in charge, having Wise's and Martin's brigades and Dearing's cavalry with him. This force, however, took no part in the battle. Their number is given as forty-six hundred. Taking the figures representing the aggregate or gross numbers, we have: Federals, thirty-eight thousand and seven hundred; Confederates, twenty-one thousand and nine hundred.

DETAILS OF THE FIGHT.

It is not my intention, nor am I able to give a true and correct account of the whole battle. I only desire to submit some details which I hope may throw some light on the question of "how Butler's right flank was broken" that morning.

South of Drewry's Bluff, across Kingsland creek, thence over the

elevation where the Willis house stands, runs the old stage road; continuing in a southern direction, it crosses at right angles a small creek, with a pond on the west. This creek is bordered with pines and heavy underwood, while in front there are open fields. In these woods and partly parallel and south of the creek, at a point a short distance east of the road, was the enemy's right flank. This position, besides having the advantage of the forest as a cover, was further protected by good log-works, constructed by the enemy when they took possession of that line.

The enemy's right was held by Heckman's brigade, consisting of the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiments and the Ninth New Jersey. Their number, stated in the history of the Twenty-third Massachusetts regiment, page 174, on May 5, 1864, was as follows: "Heckman's Star brigade," composed of the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and the Ninth New Jersey regiments, some twenty-seven hundred strong (men largely seasoned in battle and pretty thoroughly sifted of that element which, snuffing the battle afar off, keeps its dis-distance), went out into the fire of that battle-month, which was destined to reduce it to a mere handful of war-worn men."

THE NEGRO TROOPS FOUGHT NOBLY.

Now, in accordance with the above, this brigade numbered some twenty-seven hundred men; say it had but twenty-seven hundred or twenty-two hundred in line at Drewry's Bluff, then it greatly outnumbered the attacking force. There was besides a body of negro cavalry, said to be the Second United States Colored cavalry, placed on the extreme right of this brigade. Of these gay riders we are credibly informed that they made tracks to the rear on the first fire, and greatly assisted in the confusion which happened to the unlucky "Star Brigade," and no doubt strengthened their belief in the story of the overwhelming rebel column which attacked them in flank and rear.

DISPOSITION OF THE FORCES.

Our force, constituting the attacking column on our left, consisted of Gracie's brigade, supported by Kemper's brigade, and did not exceed two thousand men—say eleven hundred for Gracie's and nine hundred for Kemper's brigade (General W. R. Terry, the commander of Kemper's brigade, says this estimate is too high)—the

Third Virginia, of the latter brigade, having been left at Washington, N. C. Gracie's brigade consisted of the Forty-first, Forty-third, Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Alabama regiments, and Kemper's of the First, Seventh, Eleventh and Twenty-fourth Virginia regiments.

The formation of the enemy's line was as follows : On the extreme right the negro cavalry ; east of the stage road, eight companies of the Ninth New Jersey, two companies of the same regiment on the west of the road ; west thereof the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Mrssachusetts regiments; then Wistar's brigade and other troops of the Eighteenth army corps. Still further, near the Petersburg railroad, the Tenth army corps.

Our force, commencing on the left, were composed of the aforesaid brigades of Gracie and Kemper; west thereof, Barton's brigade, supported by Hoke—all constituting Ransom's division, while to our extreme left were some dismounted cavalry skirmishers stretching out in a thin line to the river.

To the west of Ransom was Hoke's division, with Hagood's, Bushrod Johnson's, Clingham's and Corse's brigades, Corse having the extreme right, near the railroad, while Colquitt with his brigade and Ransom's, was held in reserve.

THE FIGHT BEGINS.

It was two o'clock in the morning of the 16th, and consequently still very dark, when we fell into line and marched out from the woods in front of Drewry's Bluff, which had sheltered us from the night. Crossing Kingsland creek, we formed in line of battle to the right of the road. Perhaps two hours were consumed in getting the line formed, loading and getting ready for the fray. Meanwhile a heavy fog came up, enveloping everything around us in a thick shroud, so heavy that we could not see ten steps ahead. About 4:30 o'clock everything was ready and General Gracie gave the command in a loud, ringing voice, "Skirmishers, forward, march! Second, the battalion of direction, battalions forward, guide right, march!" Forward went the line, having the Forty first on the left, then the Sixtieth, Fifty-nineth and Forty-third Alabama regiments in order named to the right.

While we could not see a thing, we could hear that the column in our front was in motion. Hardly ten minutes passed when General Terry, commanding Kemper's brigade, ordered his men to follow. Slowly and in perfect line of battle the brigade commenced its for-

ward movement, the Seventh having the left of the line, the First next on its right, then the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth, in order named, to the right.

Soon single shots were heard, telling that the skirmishers were at work. Faster and faster the shots rang out, and the bullets commenced whistling through the air, or rather the fog. Then the steady rattle of musketry announced where Gracie's men had struck the enemy's main line. A battery of four brass Napoleons, Martin's battery, commanded by Captain D. A. French, had been placed in position by Major Francis J. Boggs (formerly captain of Company H of the First Virginia) on the brow of the elevation about two hundred yards in front of the enemy's line and just to the right of our brigade. This battery now opened, sending its iron messengers over the heads of Gracie's men and crashing through the forest into the enemy's line.

Our brigade by this time had passed the elevation on which the Willis house stands, and came to a halt about fifty or sixty yards in rear of the Alabamians. The bullets intended for them made gaps in our ranks, and many of our men were stricken down. C. A. Wills, of Company I, fell here mortally wounded, shot through the body. While laying down he placed himself close against me, using me for his breastwork, when the fatal bullet came, passing just over me and through him. Hearing the sound I jumped up, thinking I was surely struck, but feeling nothing and seeing how it missed me I congratulated myself on my escape. W. W. Turner and Sergeant George E. Craig, of my company, were both wounded in the head. The latter went off with the blood streaming down his face, and, nearly reaching safety in the rear, was again wounded in the thigh, when, as he said, he forgot all about his wound in the head and ran till he got to the hospitital.

Lieutenant E. W. Martin, of Company H, was disabled, shot through the thigh, and others were injured.

The position at this time was as follows: The Seventh on the left of the Stage road, the First across it, the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth to the right of the road on the slope of the hill. Gracie's men had not succeeded in dislodging the enemy, their position being too strong for them. Only one regiment, the Forty-first, on the left of the first brigade, had driven the enemy from its front. They came in contact with the eight companies of the Ninth New Jersey, who, after a brief contest, vacated the position held by them on the east of the road, whereby the right flank of Heckman's brigade was left open and exposed.

Mr. T. Griffin, a member of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, in a recent letter to me, writes that Colonel Stancel, of the Forty-first Alabama (which was the left of Gracie's brigade), wrote him that "they (the Forty-first) passed up the road and forced the enemy's right, capturing a portion of the Ninth New Jersey regiment."

General Gracie, seeing that he could not make headway, now turned to General William R. Terry, commanding Kemper's, his supporting brigade, for assistance. General Terry, in a recent conversation with me, stated, as to what occurred, that General Gracie came up to him (probably after speaking to Colonel Maury), with the request: "General, let me have one of your regiments," stating that part of his line had given away. To which General Terry replied: "You can have two," thinking that the men might just as well be in action as to remain where they were then halted, exposed as they were. After a second's pause, General Terry added, "General Gracie, let your men lie down, and let me have the front." To which Gracie replied: "Very well; you are entitled to it."

Mr. E. T. Witherby, of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, now of Shelby, Alabama, in a letter to me writes that, "in conversation with Lieutenant-Colonel Troy, of the Sixtieth Alabama, he was informed that while the Sixtieth was lying down east of the road some troops passed them and went into the road ahead, and these troops, he afterwards learned, were Kemper's men."

THE "OLD FIRST" ADVANCES.

Colonel R. L. Maury, commanding the Twenty-fourth Virginia (who was severely wounded in that fight) says that General Gracie came to him, desiring his support, saying, as he understood it, that two of his regiments had given away, whereupon he (Colonel Maury) at once ordered his regiment to advance without even waiting for General Terry's orders. Then the Eleventh was sent forward on the left of the Twenty-fourth. Next our turn came, and the "Old First" advanced down towards the creek. The right of the line coming in front of the swamp or pond and the left meeting with the tangled undergrowth in the creek, on the left of the road, the men crowded together in the road. Passing over the position vacated by the Ninth New Jersey, and following our colors, carried by the gallant John Q. Figg, we advanced down the road, meeting neither friend nor foe, while now on our left, now our rear, the battle din continued unabated.

Having followed the road some two or three hundred yards, near where the Gregory house stands, we turned about and marched in a left oblique direction towards the firing. After passing through the woods we came out in an open space where we found more than a dozen boilers filled with delicious coffee steaming over the fires. It may be that our friends on the other side intended to give us a treat, but of this there is much doubt. Certainly we did not waste any time to think of this, but helped ourselves to a cup of the refreshing beverage.

FEDERALS SURPRISED.

The line of our regiment now had become somewhat irregular and scattering, covering a great deal of ground. Continuing our advance towards the enemy's rear, the right of our line struck a line of the Federals, who, on being ordered to surrender, dropped their guns without firing a shot. They appeared to be totally surprised. This was a force said to be two companies of the Ninth New Jersey, or it may have been a part of the Twenty seventh Massachusetts. Details were made to take charge of the prisoners ; and further on another line was started, and more prisoners fell into our hands. Then the left of our regiment came in the rear of troops just about where the Twenty-fourth was attacking in front.

A FATAL VOLLEY.

On being ordered to surrender they turned about, calling out: "What regiment is that?" The answer, "The First Virginia," was answered by a volley so close that the powder flew in our faces, and nine of our best men were killed. They were Corporal W. A. Stoaber, Jerry Toomy and W. H. Crigger, of Company B ; Samuel Gillespie, of Company C; Archie Govan, Company D ; Corporal R. R. Walthall, Company G; Sergeant John W. Wynne and Corporal J. A. Via, of Company H, and A. Figner, of Company I.

Jerry Toomy, W. A. Stoaber, R. R. Walthall, John W. Wynne, J. A. Via, and A. Figner were of those who enlisted on the first bugle call and served with honor until they met a soldier's death. As Richmond soldier boys they should be remembered by the city for which they gave their lives.

A. Govan was a little conscript from Darbytown, near Richmond. He was a kind, innocent creature, particularly attached to me. Just

before he was killed, he remarked, slapping the roll of blankets he carried, "Don't you think this is a good breastwork?" Alas, the ball found its way to poor Govan's heart despite his breastwork, and in our hearts "We sadly missed him."

The bodies of Figner, Wynne, Walthall and Via were sent to Richmond, while Govan, Stoaber, Crigger, Toomy and Gillispie found a resting-place that evening in the corner of the field just to the right of where the Twenty-fourth charged.

No sooner had this fatal volley been fired when we returned the compliment, and charging among them, we captured those who did not get away. Then, over the enemy's works came the decimated regiments, the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth, which had made the fight in front of the works, losing nearly one-third of their men in that fearful struggle to take the works in front.

The loss as stated by the Richmond papers, giving names, was fifteen killed and ninety-four wounded in the Eleventh, and twenty-eight killed and one hundred and eight wounded in the Twenty-fourth Virginia.

Meanwhile the Seventh Virginia, our left regiment, had followed in our wake, but had made a more extended sweep towards the west in the enemy's rear, and many of the blue coats stirred up by us fell into their hands. Among them were General Heckman, Colonel Lee and many other officers. They also captured four battle-flags. These were, one of the Ninth New Jersey, one from the Twenty-third Massachusetts, and two from the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts—at least this is my recollection. They formed an important part in the parade through Richmond on the 20th of that month, when each of the regiments in Kemper's brigade carried one of those beautiful flags by the side of their tattered Confederate battle-colors.

GENERAL HECKMAN'S CAPTURE.

The capture of General Heckman is described by David E. Johnston in his book, "Four Years a Soldier," as follows: "In our headlong rush we ran past General Heckman, standing in rear of his brigade. He wore a heavy overcoat, somewhat of the color of the overcoats worn by our own officers, and believing that some of Gracie's men had gone in ahead of us and that we had not seen them, some of our men, among them Harry Snidow, supposed that Heckman was an officer of Gracie's command, and said to him, 'Colonel, is your regiment in front?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'go ahead, you are driving them.' Harry passed on. Not so with Sergeant Blakey,

who inquired of the General what was the number of his regiment. This confused him, and he could not or did not answer, but said, 'Go ahead, you are driving them.' Blakey said, 'You are my prisoner.' The General said, 'Yes.' 'Have you any side-arms?' inquired the sergeant. 'Yes,' he answered; 'but I am a general officer, and prefer surrendering them to a field officer.' 'All right,' replied Blakey, and marched his prisoner up to Colonel Flowerree, to whom the General surrendered his sword and pistols and was hurried to the rear with some seven or eight hundred of his brigade."

General Heckman has the following account of his capture written, by himself, which appeared in the Philadelphia *Times:* "As the left of their (Confederate) line passed me a sergeant approached and demanded my surrender. I bid him attend to his duty, telling him in reply that I was Major Anderson of General Hoke's staff. The sergeant apologized, and joined his command, but I was by no means out of my predicament, the fog being still very dense, and the firing having for the moment ceased. I had nothing to guide my actions by. Taking direction for the point at which the Confederates had disappeared in the fog, I soon found myself in part of a Georgia brigade, headed by Archie Gracie, formerly of Elizabeth, N. J., who at once recognized me. He said he was glad to see me; was proud to say that he had been fighting Jerseymen all day; that he had only a skirmish line left. On the way to the rear I had an animated discussion with his adjutant on the results of the war; and at 9 A. M. the next morning I was registered at the 'Hotel de Libby.'"

From this, his own statement, it appears the General truly was in a fog. He calls Gracie's brigade a Georgia brigade, and after walking into this brigade he was made a prisoner by General Gracie, who recognized him. He does not say who he surrendered his sword to.

The facts are just as stated by Sergeant-Major Johnston. I talked with Colonel C. C. Flowerree myself that morning, and know he received General Heckman's sword. Others of our regiment were present when he was turned over to Colonel Flowerree, who sent him under guard to the rear, where, no doubt, he met General Gracie, who then recognized him. The capture occurred just to the left, and in rear of our regiment, not far from where we came across the coffee-pots.

JEFF. VAUGHAN TAKEN IN.

Among the men detailed to take the prisoners off, several got lost in the fog, and instead of going to our rear, which had been our front, they carried them into the enemy's line; thus N. F. Wheat,

Company D; A. Jeff. Vaughan, Company G, and T. R. Kelley, Company I, were captured. Of A. Jeff. Vaughan it is related that one of the Federals called his attention to his bringing them back to their men, when Jeff. told him "to mind his own business." On getting to the enemy's line he was challenged with "Who comes there?" and Jeff. replied, "None of your business; I belong to the Old First. Who are you?" He was requested to come in.

With the charge of the Seventh Virginia, the fight on this part of the field ceased, but toward the turnpike (the right of the line) the fighting became hotter and hotter, and lasted for several hours, until the enemy was driven from his position, and the wedge which interposed between Richmond and Petersburg was removed.

But to return to my sketch. We were halted on the line we had taken, where our sadly thinned ranks were reformed, partly in the enemy's log works and partly in a line which we hastily threw up on higher ground in rear of the captured line.

Volunteers were called for by Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Langley, commanding the First Virginia, to see and report what was in our front, and I was one of them. Going to that part of the field over which we came while on our flanking move, we found several wounded Federals, whom we made as comfortable as we could. I talked to one of them who was shot through the body, and he pointed to another, who was shot through the thigh, and informed me that he was his son. They lay about fifteen feet apart, both badly wounded and helpless. We, however, did not see a single wounded or dead Confederate on that part of the field, which was the route over which the Federals were driven. While looking around I found a small United States guide flag, which served me as a handkerchief for many days thereafter, and one of the wounded (a sergeant) handed me his sword, which I retained until recently, when I presented it to Mr. H. A. White, of Leicester, Massachusetts, sergeant of Company H, Twenty-fifth Massachusetts. With the exception of some slight firing, which occurred soon after taking possession of the line, we were not disturbed in our new position, but remained quietly resting there all day.

LOSSES OF THE BATTLE.

The losses of the battle, according to A. A. Humphrey's "In Virginia Campaigns of 1864 and 1865," are given as follows: Butler's army—killed, three hundred and ninety; wounded, seventeen hun-

dred and twenty-one; missing, thirteen hundred and ninety; total, thirty-five hundred and one. Beauregard's command—killed, three hundred and fifty-four; wounded, sixteen hundred and ten; missing, two hundred and twenty; total, twenty-one hundred and eighty-four. The loss in Heckman's "Star brigade" is stated by them as killed, forty-two; wounded, one hundred and eighty-eight; missing, four hundred and fifty eight; total, six hundred and eighty-eight—while Kemper's brigade lost, according to the best information obtainable, forty-seven killed, two hundred wounded, and ten missing; total, two hundred and fifty-seven. Gracie's brigade lost perhaps less, not being as long under fire—say, two hundred and fifty.

Beauregard reported five pieces of artillery, five stands of colors, and fourteen hundred prisoners as the spoils of this battle.

BUTLER'S RIGHT WING BROKEN.

This sketch, as stated, is intended to throw some light on how Butler's right wing was broken that morning. From all that I personally saw, and all the facts I have been able to gather, the following appears to be the true story: Gracie's brigade, after having been relieved by that of Kemper, took no active part in the engagement. The Forty-first Alabama, which drove the Ninth New Jersey towards the Gregory house, whereby their flank was left exposed, was withdrawn, when the First and the Seventh passed over that part of the field and found neither enemy nor friend in its front. The First and Seventh Virginia regiments, which made the flank movement proper, were the only troops that attacked the enemy's rear. These two regiments did not number over four hundred men. The talk so much indulged in, of having been overpowered by superior numbers, is all nonsense. The fact is simply that our appearance in the rear demoralized them completely. The enemy could not tell if our force consisted of four hundred or four thousand—and that is about the whole story in a nut-shell.

N. B.—Since making the above address I have received Volume XXXVI, Part II, of the Official Records of the Rebellion, as it is called, which verifies my statements with but few exceptions. The loss of Gracie's brigade is given as thirty-four killed, two hundred and seventy-six wounded and four missing; total, three hundred and fourteen; but it is also stated that this report is incomplete, and in all probability includes the losses for the previous days. On page 207 we find the First Virginia as commanded by Major George F.

Norton, whereas Lieutenant-Colonel Frank H. Langley was in command. Captain William O. Fry is stated as commander of the Seventh Virginia, which should be changed to Colonel C. C. Flowerree. The Third Virginia is also included in the brigade, whereas this regiment was on detached service at Washington, N. C.

C. T. L.

[From the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, October 19, 1891.]

STONEWALL JACKSON AT PRAYER.

Probably there was never a more impressive tribute paid to Christianity than that by General John Echols in his "Stonewall Jackson Address" last Tuesday evening before the Confederate Association of Kentucky. Bishop Dudley, Bishop Penick, Dr. Broadus, Dr. Jones, the Rev. J. G. Minnigerode, and other ministers of the gospel in the great audience were visibly affected when, after the thrilling recital of General Jackson's matchless movements in the Valley of Virginia, throughout the forty days during which he marched four hundred miles, fought five pitched battles, defeated five great generals, captured four thousand prisoners, and closed the war in the Shenandoah Valley for months, General Echols, referring to the death of Ashby and the tender emotion exhibited by Stonewall Jackson, paused, and speaking of frequent prayer as a characteristic of Jackson, said slowly:

"There is a weakness among young men in regard to praying. They do not care to let men know that they kneel and pray; some even thinking praying a sign of cowardice. There is nothing greater than thus getting hold of God. Remember Jackson, of whom it can be said, 'There lies a man who never feared the face of man.' He was constant in prayer. Men may scoff as they will, but there comes the time when every knee shall bow. Stonewall Jackson went through the war attributing all his victories to God. He had absolute dependence on an overruling providence. What could overcome such a character? A distinguished Virginia minister, Rev. Mr. Hullihen, has just furnished me this historical letter in regard to General Ewell and Stonewall Jackson:

"*October 10, 1891.*

"'*General* JOHN ECHOLS:

"'*Dear General:* 'Twas in connection with General Ewell's conversion to Christ, from his accidentally overhearing Jackson praying

for guidance in the prosecution of the campaign when it had a short while before been confessed by all the Confederate generals, Jackson included, that they knew not what to advise—then the brilliant movement through Thoroughfare Gap, etc. My informant got the account from a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who was present as one of the session in examining General Ewell (who had been a very profane man and skeptical), and hearing him give his experience and what led him to desire membership in the Church.' "

General Ewell had been wounded in the series of battles that occurred just after the incident to which reference is about to be made, and he had time for deep reflection. General Ewell did not have a high opinion of General Jackson's natural ability. Indeed, as he often remarked in hearing of his staff, he knew Jackson well, and knew he did not have good common sense, and therefore the victory which Jackson had won had been an accident. And so the staff used to join in with him in deriding the claim of Jackson's friends to his being a great general.

But, somehow, Jackson kept on winning victories, so that the staff, one after another, ceased talking in the strain they had been indulging in, and Ewell was left alone in reaffirming his oft-repeated convictions. This went on until Pope had assumed command of the Federal troops, and at a juncture of that campaign when everything seemed dark and inextricably mixed up; and a council of war was held, at which Generals Jackson and Ewell were present. Each general was asked what he would advise, and one after another said he had nothing to suggest; and Jackson also said the same thing, but added that, as they seemed to think that he ought to know what to do, if they would agree to meet again the next morning, before daylight, he might have something to offer for their consideration. They all then separated.

General Ewell had not gone very far when he discovered that he had left his gauntlets, which he valued very much, in Jackson's tent. Upon returning, he found the flap of the tent down and tied, and heard the voice of Jackson engaged in prayer. He concluded that he was just saying his prayers before going to bed, and that he would wait until he got through, and then he would go in and get his gloves, but Jackson continued to pray long and fervently, and he could not help hearing what he said. It was as a little child talking to his father. He told his heavenly Father that he did not know what to do; that everything seemed to be involved in perfect darkness, and that the other generals seemed to expect that he would be able to tell

them what the army ought to do; would He not graciously reveal to him what was best to be done? This was the substance of his prayer, which he continued to utter as he urged his suit with God, which he did with the utmost humility and reverence, and yet with the humble boldness of a little child. Jackson continued praying so very long that Ewell concluded that he would leave.

When they assembled next morning, and Jackson laid before them what he would suggest, they all instantly perceived that it was the very thing that ought to be done, and so the movement through Thoroughfare Gap was decided upon, and the series of battles followed with the results so well known by all. Ewell was wounded, but he still held the opinion as to Jackson's natural ability, and there was, therefore, no other way, to his mind, to explain Jackson's success, except, that prayer had power with God, and that this fact carried with it practically all the rest that the New Testament taught; and if this was the case, he was most assuredly on the wrong side, and the quicker he got over to the right side, the better for him, and that he had been trying to get there ever since he had come to that conclusion; and it was in carrying out this determination that he now asked admission to church membership.

BATTLE AT REAMS' STATION.

EXTRACT FROM THE "MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED MAY 10, 1890, AT WILMINGTON, N. C., BY HON. CHARLES M. STEDMAN."

But I must pass over many fields that I may mention Reams' Station, which I am asked to notice somewhat fully. This engagement was fought on the 25th of August, 1864. Upon the investment of Petersburg, the possession of the Weldon road became of manifest importance, as it was Lee's main line of communication with the South, whence he drew his men and supplies. On the 18th of August, 1864, General G. K. Warren, with the Fifth corps of Grant's Army and Kautz's division of cavalry, occupied the line of the Weldon road at a point six miles from Petersburg. An attempt was made to dislodge them from this position on the 21st, but the effort failed. Emboldened by Warren's success, Hancock was ordered from Deep Bottom to Reams' Station, ten miles from Petersburg. He arrived

there on the 22d, and promptly commenced the destruction of the railroad track. His infantry force consisted of Gibbons' and Miles' divisions, and in the afternoon of the 25th, he was reinforced by the division of Orlando B. Wilcox, which however, arrived too late to be of any substantial service to him. Gregg's division of calvary, with an additional brigade, commanded by Spear, was with him. He had abundant artillery, consisting in part of the Tenth Massachusetts battery, Battery B First Rhode Island, McNight's Twelfth New York battery, and Woerner's Third New Jersey battery.

On the 22d Gregg was assailed by Wade Hampton with one of his cavalry divisions, and a sharp contest ensued. General Hampton, from the battle-field of the 22d, sent a note to General R. E. Lee, suggesting an immediate attack with infantry; that great commander, realizing that a favorable opportunity was offered to strike Hancock a heavy blow, directed Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill to advance against him as promptly as possible. General Hill left his camp near Petersburg on the night of the 24th, and marching south, halted near Armstrong's Mill, about eight miles from Petersburg.

On the morning of the 25th he advanced to Monk's Neck bridge, three miles from Reams' Station, and awaited advices from Hampton. The Confederate force actually present at Ream's Station consisted of Cook's and McRae's brigades, of Heth's division; Lane's, Scales and McGowan's brigades, of Wilcox's division ; Anderson's brigade, of Longstreet's corps ; two brigades of Mahone's division; Butler's and W. H. F. Lee's divisions of cavalry, and a portion of Pegram's battery of artillery. General Hampton, commanding cavalry, marched at daylight on the morning of the 25th, and drove the Federal cavalry before him at all points. Both of his divisions united at Malone's crossing, about two and one-half miles from Reams' Station, having moved against the enemy by different routes. Here Hampton was attacked by a portion of Hancock's infantry, when he dismounted his entire force and a spirited fight was in progress when the columns of A. P. Hill appeared in sight, with the purpose of attacking Hancock's force from the front. Hancock's infantry, who were expecting an attack from Hill, had entrenched themselves strongly on the west side of the railroad and a short distance from it. Hill ordered the first assault about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The assaulting column consisted of Anderson's Georgia brigade and Scales' North Carolina brigade. These two brigades, after a severe conflict in which both fought well, were repulsed. The second assault was made about 5 o'clock in the afternoon by the three North Carolina

brigades of Lane, Cooke and McRae, from left to right, in the order named. These troops had become famous throughout the entire army for their fighting qualities. How could it be otherwise with such brigade commanders? On this day General Conner, of South Carolina, was commanding Lane's brigade, as General Lane had been severely wounded at Cold Harbor.

Where is the North Carolinian who does not rejoice in the unfading laurels of John R. Cooke and James H. Lane, who, though natives of another State, are as dear to us as our own sons? Both have equally an unstained, chivalrous, glorious record. Go where you will in this State, and it would be difficult to find an assemblage of men, who might happen to meet together, in the midst of whom it would be safe to utter an unkind word of either Cooke or Lane. Long commanding troops from North Carolina, their names and fame have become the common heritage of us all. The character of General William McRae has already been sketched to-day.

In front of Lane and Cooke the enemy had felled trees, sharpening the limbs and making it very difficult to get through them. McRae had an open field between him and the enemy's breastworks, and for this reason, as the other two brigades would be necessarily retarded by the *abattis*, which was exceedingly formidable where Lane's men had to pass, they were ordered to advance somewhat sooner than McRae's men. McRae's line of battle was in the edge of a pine thicket, about three hundred yards from the breastworks to be assaulted. Walking along the line McRae told the men that he knew they would go over the works, and that he wished them to do so without firing a gun. "All right, General, we will go there," was the answer which came from all. The men were in high spirits, jesting and laughing, and ready to move on an instant's notice. In the meanwhile Lane's and Cooke's brigades advancing were received by a heavy fire of both musketry and artillery. As the fire became more violent, especially in front of Lane, McRae, prompted by that great and magnanimous spirit which ever characterized him, and realizing that the crisis of the conflict was at hand, said to Captain Louis G. Young, his adjutant-general, "I shall wait no longer for orders. Lane is drawing the entire fire of the enemy; give the order to advance at once." Hitherto his brigade had received but slight attention from the enemy, the greater portion of their fire having been directed against Lane's and Cooke's brigades. But warned of the danger which threatened them, by the loud cheers from McRea's brigade, as it emerged from its covering of pines and advanced to the assault,

they opened a tremendous fire of small arms, with a converging fire of artillery along McRae's whole front. It was all in vain. McRae's men, in a line almost as straight and unbroken as they presented when on parade, without firing a gun, threw themselves forward at a double-quick, and mounting the entrenchments, precipitated themselves among the enemy's infantry on either side, who seemed to be dazed by the vehemence of the attack, and made a very feeble resistance after their works were reached. Lane's and Cooke's men, stimulated by the shouts of McRae's brigade on the right, redoubled their exertions and advancing with great rapidity through the fallen timber, were close under the works when McRae struck them. In fact, portions of the three brigades crossed the embankment together, and the glory of the victory belongs equally to them all. Nor were our cavalry idle spectators of the fight. As soon as it was evident to General Hampton that Hill's infantry had commenced the second assault with the three North Carolina brigades, he ordered his entire force, which had been dismounted, to attack the enemy in flank and rear. This was done most gallantly and successfully. General Rufus Barringer, of North Carolina, commanded W. H. F. Lee's division with marked skill and gallantry, whilst Colonel W. H. Cheek, of Warren county, led Barringer's brigade with his accustomed dash. The cavalry vied with the infantry in their headlong assault upon the enemy's lines. The Second North Carolina, under General W. P. Roberts, of Gates county, carried the first line of rifle-pits on the right, and the cavalry all swept over the main line. Their works stormed in front, their lines carried in flank and rear, the enemy's infantry gave way at all points and abandoned the field in confusion and without any appearance of order. In truth, the Federal infantry did not show the determination which had generally marked the conduct of Hancock's corps. Not so with the Federal artillery. It was fought to the last with unflinching courage. Some minutes before the second assault was made, General McRea had ordered Lieutenant W. E. Kyle, with the sharp-shooters, to concentrate his fire upon the Federal batteries. Many men and horses rapidly fell under the deadly fire of these intrepid marksmen. Yet still the artillerists who were left, stood by their guns. When McRae's brigade crossed the embankment, a battery which was on his right-front as he advanced, wheeled to a right angle with its original position, and opened a fire of grape and canister at close quarters, enfilading the Confederate line; General McRae immediately ordered this battery to be taken Although entirely abandoned by its infantry

support, it continued a rapid fire upon the attacking column until the guns were reached. Some of the gunners even refused to surrender and were taken by sheer physical force. They were animated in their gallant conduct by the example of their commandtng officer. On horse-back, he was a conspicuous target, and his voice could be distinctly heard encouraging his men. Struck with admiration by his bravery, every effort was made by General McRae, Captain W. P. Oldham, of this city, Captain Robert Bingham, and one or two others who were among the first to reach the guns, to save the life of this manly opponent. Unfortunately he was struck by a ball which came from the extreme flank, as all firing had ceased in front of him and he fell from his horse mortally wounded, not more lamented by his own men than by those who combatted him. This battery, when captured, was at once turned upon the retreating columns of the enemy. It was manned by a few of McRae's sharp-shooters, all of whom were trained in artillery practice. They were aided by Captain Oldham, Lieutenant Kyle and others, not now remembered. Captain Oldham sighted one of the guns repeatedly, and when he saw the effect of his accurate aim upon the disordered masses in front, was so jubilant, that General McRae, with his usual quiet humor remarked, "Oldham thinks he is at a ball in Petersburg."

No description of the battle of Reams' Station would be fair or just which failed to notice the Confederate artillery commanded by Colonel Pegram. Some of his guns were toward the left of the Confederate line, whilst others had been firing from a position slightly to the right and rear of McRae's brigade previous to the final assault. As soon as notified that the advance was about to be made, he did what he, Haskell and Pelham had often done on other fields, but which hitherto in war had been seldom done, and never except by artillerists of rare courage and self-reliance. He ordered all his guns to the right and rear of McRae to advance to the front line of battle held by the infantry, and to unlimber and commence firing at close musketry range. That charge of Pegram's artillery—for so it might well be called—was a sight worthy of the painter's highest art. Through an open field, covered here and there by a growth of small pines, came his artillery, the horses at a full gallop. As they approached nearer to McRae's brigade, the infantry recognized them in advance of the guns, and riding side by side, those two unequalled and fearless artillery officers, Colonel Pegram, of Virginia, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Haskell, of South Carolina—always excepting

Pelham, who deserved to rank fully with them. McRae's brigade greeted them with loud cheers, for they knew that their presence meant that they would have the aid of the artillery to the end of the conflict. Haskell had volunteered for this conflict, and Pegram commanded. The kind feeling of McRae's troops was reciprocated by Pegram's battalion, who felt that their guns could never be captured with McRae to support them. In response to the cheers from his brigade, they cheered for North Carolina as they swept to the front, many of them throwing their hats in the air and leaving them as they passed. Straight on rode Pegram and Haskell, the guns close up to them, and the infantry cheering itself hoarse as it saw the artillery halted within about two hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's line, from which distance an exceedingly rapid and well-directed fire was opened upon the breastworks. Whilst the loss sustained by the Federal troops from the artillery fire was not great, as they were protected to a large extent, yet they were badly demoralized, and hence when McRae advanced Hancock's men fired wildly and above the mark.

When Ney's corps, assailed in front and flank by the Russian Imperial Guard, at Friedland, was driven back and almost annihilated, Senarmount advanced his artillery to within half pistol shot of the Russian lines, swept the whole field-of-battle with his fire, and connected his name inseparably with the glory of that memorable field.

At Wagram, when McDonald with sixteen thousand men pierced the Austrian center and his column, reduced to fifteen hundred, had halted, the ladies of Vienna, who had climbed the roofs of the houses and watched with breathless emotion and throbbing hearts, the contest for the possession of their beautiful city, thought the day was won, and thousands of them upon their bended knees, blessed God for their deliverance.

But the hour had not yet come, the dial clock of fate had not yet struck. Drouet, with one hundred pieces of artillery, rode at full gallop to the front, over dead and dying, and unlimbering his guns in advance of the French infantry, spread death far and wide amidst the Austrian ranks. McDonald again advanced, and added another to the long list of victories won by Napoleon, which startled the world by its splendor.

With eager joy the historian gilds his pages with these great achievements by artillery, and lingers long over their recital. Can no son of the South be found to tell the deeds of Pegram, and of Haskell,

who reversed the ancient method of fighting with artillery at a long, and safe distance, and brought it to its highest perfection, always advancing to the front line-of-battle when the occasion demanded?

After the capture of the breastworks, General McGowan's brigade was sent in on the right. That generous-hearted old hero, declined to make any official report of the conduct of his brigade, giving as a reason therefor, that he "supposed he was only sent in to keep the North Carolinians in the pursuit, and gather up the spoils of war which had been captured by them." His unselfish example was well worthy of imitation.

Mahone's old brigade subsequently advanced over the same field, but the hard fighting was over.

The Federal loss in this battle was between six hundred and seven hundred killed and wounded, two thousand one hundred and fifty prisoners, three thousand one hundred stand of small arms, twelve stands of colors, nine guns and caisons. Among the prisoners captured was General Walker, of Hancock's staff, who surrendered to Lieutenant Kyle. Kyle here, as elsewhere, was in the very front of the assaulting column.

The Confederate loss was small, and fell principally upon Lane's brigade. In the second and final assault it was about five hundred in killed and wounded. The result of this brilliant engagement was hailed with great rejoicing throughout the South, and shed a declining lustre upon the Confederate battle flag, upon which the sun of victory was about to go down forever. General R. E. Lee publicly and repeatedly stated that not only North Carolina, but the whole Confederacy, owed a debt of gratitude to Lane's, Cooke's, and McRae's brigades which could never be repaid. He also wrote to Governor Vance expressing his high appreciation of their services. From his letter I make this extract:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
August 29, 1864.

His Excellency Z. B. VANCE,
Governor of North Carolina, Raleigh:

* * * * * * * * *

I have frequently been called upon to mention the services of North Carolina soldiers in this army, but their gallantry and conduct were never more deserving of admiration than in the engagement at Reams' Station on the 25th ultimo.

The brigades of Generals Cooke, McRae and Lane, the last under the temporary command of General Conner, advanced through a thick *abattis* of felled trees, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and carried the enemy's works with a steady courage that elicited the warm commendation of their corps and division commanders and the admiration of the army.

On the same occasion the brigade of General Barringer bore a conspicuous part in the operations of the cavalry, which were no less distinguished for boldness and efficiency than those of the infantry.

If the men who remain in North Carolina share the spirit of those they have sent to the field, as I doubt not they do, her defence may securely be trusted to their hands.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

[Correspondence of the Richmond *Dispatch*, August 22, 1891.]

COMPANY D, EIGHTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Re-Union of Survivors—War Roster of the Company.

PROSPECT, VA., *August 21, 1891.*

The soldiers' reünion near here yesterday was by all conceded to be the most enjoyable event of recent date. The Alliance people and old soldiers united in a joint pic-nic of mammoth proportions. More than five hundred persons were present—men, women and children—and when they were well served from the groaning, overloaded table a like number could have been amply supplied.

Your senior can well attest the fact that for rousing pic-nics, with all the edible meats, fruits and dainties, this neighborhood cannot be beaten.

This was the first effort since the war to reörganize Company D, of the Eighteenth regiment—the old Prospect Rifle Grays—and twenty-five answered to the roll call, and eleven of other companies of this regiment were found present, mainly of the Thornton Picket Camp, of Farmville.

J. B. Glenn, who left an arm at Boonsboro', delivered an address of welcome. Lieutenant J. P. Glenn, whose bravery and heroism was displayed on near a hundred battle-fields, offered thanksgiving and prayer.

A GRAND RECORD.

Mr. Charles Glenn gave a graphic history of the company from its formation to its surrender. On its flag may be inscribed Manassas, Germantown, Fairfax, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, and many other names famous in our history.

Captain E. G. Wall, who organized the company and lost a leg while commanding it, wrote from Richmond, at the Retreat, expressing regrets at his enforced absence.

Lieutenant A. B. Carrington laid down his life at Gaines' Mill. The other lieutenants who went out with them, C. A. Price and J. P. Glenn, yet live.

OVER ONE-HALF LIVING.

It was remarked that of the one hundred names found on the roll-book of the company, from first to last, fifty eight are now living, despite the decimations of war and the stalking disease and infirmities of age, although thirty years have elapsed.

COMPANY D, EIGHTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

You will save to history what may otherwise be lost if you publish the following names of those who were members of this company:

Captain E. G. Wall, First-Lieutenant A. B. Carrington,* Second-Lieutenant C. A. Price, Third-Lieutenant J. Peyton Glenn, G. W. Adams, A. W. Brightwell, C. W. Brightwell, C. T. Brightwell,* T. H. Brightwell, J. P. Brightwell,* Ad. Brightwell, C. T. Baldwin, C. Brisentine, Benjamin Birsch,* Joseph Binford, J. G. Brown,* I. I. Cheedle, E. A. Chick, Buck Carter,* Daniel Carter,* John T. Carter,* Alexander Carter, J. C. Cunningham, Isaac Cunningham,* Burley Coleman, W. J. Davis,* S. B. Drinkard, S. A. Daniel, John Drinkard,* G. W. Elam, Ed. Ellett, William England,* Charles Fore,* Frederick Fore, John Fore,* S. T. Fuqua, William Foster, D. Ferguson, C. E. Glenn, I. S. Glenn,* J. B. Glenn, Rice Gilleain, John W. Gilleain, R. Gilleain, Charles Gilleain, Van Gilleain, James

* Died in service.

E. Gills, Samuel Gregory,* Isham Gilliam, James Gillespie, Buck Gallagher, Silas Gregory,* William Gregory,* William Hubbard,* P. Hubbard, I. S. Harris, W. H. Harris, Tom Harvey,* R. Harvey,* John Irving,* Elijah Irving, Henry Jones,* Nat. Jones, R. M. Johnson, James Martin, R. Martin, R. P. Meadows, James Meadows, R. C. Moore, A. E. Moore, Woodson Martin, P. Martin, R. McCann, J. E. Osborne, R. D. Price, W. M. Pigg, Henry Read,* Samuel Saunders, Woodson Shorter, Joel Shepherd, Si Shepherd,* W. R. Taylor, H. Thackston,* Ro. Venable, A. B. Venable, Paul Venable, J. A. Walthal, John A. Walthall,* Frederick Woodson, E. L. Womolk, L. Young,* N. S. Young, J. H. Young.

[From the Richmond *Times*, September 22, 1891.]

THE OLD TEXAS BRIGADE.

Memorial Stone to Their Heroism Erected in the Wilderness—Their Devotion to General Lee.

On May 6, 1864, the advanced forces of the Army of Northern Virginia confronted the army of General Grant in the "Wilderness of Spotsylvania" in its grand move "on to Richmond."

General Grant had two days before successfully, without opposition, crossed his army over the Rapidan at Ely's and Germanna fords and was marching towards Gordonsville. Ewell with the Second corps—Stonewall Jackson's old command—occupied the left on the Confederate front, covering the old turnpike, and in his advance was first to meet and check the enemy. His corps had been in winter quarters about Orange Courthouse, and hence was nearest to the enemy. Longstreet, with his corps, was in winter quarters about Gordonsville, and did not arrive upon the scene of impending conflict, on the Confederate right, until May 6th, when he arrived in time to give much needed relief to the troops of A. P. Hill, who had been fighting steadily during this and the day previous. The battle-line of Ewell's corps extended across the old turnpike, which was about his centre, and on which was their heaviest fighting. A. P. Hill and Longstreet's troops marched down and occupied the

* Died in service.

Orange plank-road. The turnpike and plank-road each runs from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse. Palmer's old field on the turnpike and Tapp's old field on the Orange plank-road, the site of the memorial stone just erected, are about five miles apart, and were the centres of heaviest fighting in the battle of the Wilderness.

HEROISM AND DEVOTION TO LEE.

In commemoration of their heroism and devotion to General Lee shown by the Texas brigade this stone was erected. The scene, the memory of which we would thus perpetuate, is graphically described by Rev. J. William Jones in his "*Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee.*" It was a crisis in the battle when Longstreet's corps first came upon the field, headed by the "Texas brigade, led by the gallant Gregg." "General Lee rode to meet them," and was advancing as their leader in the charge. The soldiers perceiving this shouted: "Go back, General Lee." "Do go back." "General Lee to the rear!" A ragged veteran stepped from the ranks and seized his bridle-rein. The command refused to advance until their beloved chieftain had retired. Then those gallant Texans nobly rushed forward and drove the enemy from the field. Around the hallowed spot where this stone now stands are the open graves of about forty of that fearless and devoted band, who attested their love for General Lee and their country. Their remains were removed and now sleep in the Confederate cemetery of Fredericksburg. General Longstreet was soon after wounded by his own men near this spot while leading a victorious charge. Had the record of him then been "Dead on the Field of Glory," his happy fate would have been like that of "Wolfe falling in the arms of victory on the Heights of Abraham."

THE STONE.

This stone, four feet high, of massive white field-quartz, lay on the side of the old turnpike just on the advance battle-line and breastworks of Ewell's corps. Subjected to a "baphometic fire baptism" of battle, it became a fitting memorial tribute from the hard-fought and victorious lines of Ewell's "Second corps" to her sister corps under Longstreet to now and forever stand as a battle monument above these graves of the Texas brigade.

PLEASING SPECTACLE.

It was a pleasing spectacle to see with the Confederate veterans of the neighborhood their children and grandchildren with zeal and enthusiasm assisting in the noble work of removing and erecting this memorial stone. It stands upon and is buttressed by quartz rocks, which were used as a part of the rifle-pit breastworks on the skirmish line in their front. It is beautifully shaded in a grove of oak and hickory, pine and cedar in Tapp's old field, and is sixty feet north of the Orange plank-road, and eighty feet in rear of the Confederate breastworks to the east.

Near to that great forest known as the "Weird Wilderness Woods," where, like shells buried in ocean depths, that have caught from the roar of contending waves and cliffs perpetual murmurs, so here the myriad piney-tops have caught from the din of battle and the shock of arms a requiem which they whisper in musical monotone over the graves of our martyred dead.

GROUND TO BE DEEDED.

A lot surrounding this stone is to be deeded by the owners of Ellwood estate to the Ladies' Southern Memorial Society to be held in trust forever for the sacred uses and objects for which this memorial was erected, believing this society to be the best custodian for the battle monuments of the South.

The writer is not of the number of those who so rejoice in a reconstructed and restored Union that they are ever singing pæans for a centralized Government being established by a subversion of our dearest constitutional rights and liberties, but sees in the spontaneous erection of these simple monuments to perpetuate truth, valor and patriotism the evidence that the spirit which animated the heroes of old still burns in the hearts of their children. Some one has rightly said that "a country without monuments is a country without a history," to which we would add that a country without heroes in her past, remembered, revered and loved in her present, is without hope for her future.

HOPE.

"Wilderness," Spotsylvania county, Va.,
September 10, 1891.

THE COLONIAL VIRGINIAN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF RICHMOND COLLEGE, OCTOBER 13, 1891,

BY R. A. BROCK.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

The Geographical and Historical Society of Richmond College, at whose bidding I have the honor to be here, was happy, I trust, in the choice of its designation.

It should be potential in its range of possibilities. It follows, emuluously it seems, other Virginian precursors of enlightenment.

The original title of a dignified body, which I have for years striven to serve, was the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society. It was organized December 29, 1831, with Chief-Justice Marshall as its first president. It is honored now in a triumvirate of directive officers, whom Richmond values for their excellences. The second of these is your own loved president, the chief herald of the cause of education in our teeming republic. The Hon. William Wirt Henry and Colonel Archer Anderson hold the first and third trusts. Since 1870 the essential exponent of our State has been known more simply as the Virginia Historical Society, having relegated then philosophy to the dreamer. It had a predecessor in imposing name more than half a century before—the Philosophical Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—instituted at the ambrosial capital of the Old Dominion—Williamsburg—in the month of flowers—May, 1773. I may recur to it again. Does not history repeat itself? A Virginian proclivity is reasserted in the name of your promising society. Constituted as you are of representatives of quite every county of our own State, and of many of the southern sisterhood ; bouyed with the infectious ardor and activity of youth, why should we not in the results of your devotion hope for a golden fruition in your co-operative and inspiring investigations?

Devoutly, may the Geographical and Historical Society, in unlimited usefulness, endure as a feature of this beneficent institution, the providence and zeal of whose faculty called it into being !

Virginia has not been unmixedly blessed in the offices of her annalist and historian. Doughty John Smith, whilst in the enamored

description that "Heaven and earth seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation," offers sweet[1] pabulum to our regard for our generous mother, is yet most unlovely in his virulent denunciation of his fellow-colonists. Whatever his merit, it is not easy to forget some peculiar traits of his.

From adventurous John, along the cycle of Virginia's being, have the children of her own womb bared her bosom to the shaft of the detractor.

The invitation to address you was a surprise to me. In casting about for a subject I at first thought to utilize some notes I had gathered as to the provision for education made by our forefathers, but that dutiful office has been most happily anticipated in the elaborate address of Mr. Wyndham R. Meredith on "Colonial Culture in Virginia," delivered before the literary societies of William and Mary College, July 1st last. I am told that its publication in durable form is designed. It is eminently worthy of your consideration. There is another presentation that I would commend to you in its interest and in the attractive views it unfolds—the eloquent address of Dr. Thomas Nelson Page before the literary societies of Emory and Henry College, June 10th last, on "The Social Life of Old Virginia."

In serving you this evening mine shall be but a modest effort. I shall endeavor simply to add a few lights to the delineations of the gentlemen cited. If aught that I offer as to the Virginian character may prove suggestive to you I shall be sincerely gratified.

One whose labors in behalf of American history are valuable, confesses his "perplexity"[2] as to the sources of Virginian ability, and cites a prominent Virginian educator[3] as an authority in his mystification. Withal, he makes the somewhat singular admission that "the product was here, for the number of educated Virginians was large as compared with such persons in other colonies; but the machinery appeared to be wanting, and in a country people with men of high culture (for that time) and of great political knowledge and experience the educational factor can hardly be traced. * * *

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[1] *General Historie*, page 114.

[2] Worthington C. Ford, "Education in Colonial Virginia," *The Nation*, November 6, 1890.

[3] "Virginia Schools Before and After the Revolution," an address before the alumni of the University of Virginia, June 27, 1888, by W. Gordon McCabe.

The fact remains, however, that the list of Revolutionary leaders in Congress and State politics from 1765 to 1799 would be very much less in number and importance were the Virginians to be stricken from it." To him who would believe, there should be little cause for marvel.

Whatever may have been the general interest of the English nation in colonizing Virginia, the fact should not be ignored that in the first charter of King James to the Virginia Company "their desires" in the "propagating of the Christian religion" has signal acknowledgment.

This pious object is noted in the third and last charter. Was there no earnestness in reiterated desire? It is admitted by Neill, who is constantly cited as an arch-detractor of the glories of "Ould Virginia," that the Virginia Company were the first to take steps relative to the establishment of schools in the English colonies of America.[4] It is not only ungenerous, but disingenuous to urge that the results of the desire for the civilizing and Christianizing of the natives ended substantially with the blight of the college at Henricopolis by the Indian massacre of March 22, 1622. The conversion of the "gentle Pocahontas" can scarcely be regarded as unimportant fruit. The Indians, like those of our own day, were perverse pupils. Nevertheless, efforts for their enlightenment did not cease. The Brafferton school at William and Mary College, endowed by the Hon. Robert Boyle in 1691, it is noted by an English traveller, exercised its useful offices in 1759,[5] and it is believed they were continued until the period of the Revolution. Governor Spotswood, in 1711, desiring to increase the facilities for the education of the Indians, recommended to the Assembly an annual appropriation for the purpose.[6] That the companions of John Smith were not as graceless as he would stigmatize them as being, it is in evidence that they held religious observances in regard.

Their piety and reverence are instanced both by Smith and Wingfield. In Bagnall's narrative in the "Historie" of the first[7] it is

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[4] *The History of Education in Virginia During the Seventeenth Century*, 1867, page 3.

[5] Travels of Rev. Andrew Burnaby, *Virginia Historical Register*, Volume III, page 87.

[6] Spotswood Letters, Volume I, page 123. *Virginia Historical Collections*, new series, Volume I.

[7] *General Historie*, pages 55-65.

noted that "order was daily to haue prayer with a Psalme"; and Wingfield notes that when their store of liquors was reduced to two gallons each of "sack" and "aqua vitæ," the first was "reserued for the communion-table."[8] The Virginia Assembly which met at Jamestown, July 30, 1619, the first representative legislative body convened in America, enjoined the religious instruction of the natives. It also enacted that "all persons whatsoever upon the Sabbath days shall frequent divine service and sermons both forenoon and afternoon."[9]

Drunkenness, gaming and blasphemy were rigorously punished.

The requirement of church attendance, the interdiction of travelling on the Sabbath, and the punishment of various indulgences and immoralities were continued in enactments of increasing severity, and these statutes remained in the Code without modification until the period of the American Revolution, as *Hening's Statutes* verify. Religious liberty is a priceless boon.

The Established Church in Virginia has been arraigned for the persecution of those differing from them in religious tenets.

The Cavaliers of Virginia and the Puritans of New England agreed in thinking religion an essential part of the State. Between the two, in characteristic elements, there was unavoidable antagonism.

It would be more pleasant and charitable to regard our ancestors as not implacably intolerant.

It is not to be forgotten that the parish levies were largely disbursed in the expenses of local government and the support of the poor and helpless.

The historian Beverley states that "liberty of conscience is given to all other congregations pretending to Christianity, on condition that they submit to the parish dues."[10] In 1705 the French Protestant Refugees at Manakin-Town, were exempted from the "payment of all publick and county levies," and the "allowance settled by law for a minister's maintainance," was enacted *not* to be construed as to the minister of said parish of King William, but that the inhabitants be left at their own liberty to agree with and pay their minister as their circumstances will admit."[11] In 1730, the German Protestants at

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[8] Wingfield's Narrative, quoted by Anderson in his "*History of the Church of England in the Colonies*," Volume I, page 77.

[9] *Colonial Records of Virginia* (Senate Document, 1874), pages 20-27-28.

[10] *Beverley's History of Virginia*, page 226.

[11] *Hening's Statutes*, Volume III, page 478.

Germanna, in Stafford county, were exempted from the payment of parish levies.[12] There is basis for the belief that the persecution of the Quakers was never inexorable, and that their religious meetings were allowed trom the period of their first seating in the colony. In 1663 John Porter, a member of the House of Burgesses, from Lower Norfolk county, was arraigned before the House for being "loving to the Quakers," and being "at their meetings." He was also charged with being "so far an Anabaptist as to be against the baptizing of children."[13] I recall among the treasures of the very interesting museum of this college a precious relic, a brick from the Chesterfield jail, a votive shrine of religious liberty, as the prison of Baptist apostles. Foote, the Presbyterian historian, asserts that under the provisions of the Act of Toleration—first William and Mary, 1689—the minister, Francis Makemie (who was also a merchant), was the first Dissenter licensed to hold meetings in Virginia, the date being October, 1699, and the places his three houses at Pocomoke, Accomack town, and Onancock.[14]

It is well known that the Quakers were quite numerous in Nansemond, Norfolk, and Isle of Wight counties about the middle of the seventeenth century.

John Pleasants, the ancestor of the worthy family of the name in this country, emigrated from Norwich, England, to Virginia in 1665, and settled in Henrico county in 1668. In the records of the county, of date October 1, 1692, appears the following:

"John Pleasants, in behalf of himself and other Quakers, did this day, in open court, p'sent ye following Acc't of ye Quaker places of public meeting in this county, viz.: Att our Public Meeting House. ℘ Thomas Holmes [presumed to be the minister]; Att Mary Maddox's, a monthly meeting; Att John Pleasants'. These are directed to be committed to record as the Act of Parliament enjoins, they being the places of public worship.

℘ John Pleasants, Henry Randolph, C. C.[15]

The Record-Book of the Henrico meetings of the Society of Friends from 1699 to 1746 is preserved.

At a monthly meeting of the Society of Friends held March 3, 1700, it was agreed with John Pleasants to build a *new* meeting-house

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[12] *Ibid*, Volume IV, page 306.

[13] *Hening*, Volume II, page 199.

[14] *Foote's Sketches*, first series, pages 51–52.

[15] *Record-Book Henrico County*, page 352.

30x70 feet in dimensions *instead of repairing the old one.* A just inference is that the old structure was so ruinous through age that it had to be replaced with a new one.

It may be of interest to note that the ancestors of the lamented Henry K. Ellyson, the late honored president of the Board of Trustees of this college, were members of the Henrico Meeting of Friends. If there was not an earlier house of worship of the Quakers in Norfolk, Nansemond, or Isle of Wight counties, with some it might be held that in this early licensed meeting-house in Henrico county rests the honor of the germ of Religious Liberty in Virginia.

Sweet charity! how waywardly thy behests are sometimes misinterpreted.

It is to be deplored that the zeal of some itinerants betrayed them into unseemly utterances. It would be a rare Christian, indeed, who would be pleased with a characterization such as this: "At church ye pray to the devil—your good works damn you and carry you to hell. All your preachers preach false doctrines, and they and all who follow them are going to hell." Is it to be wondered that a religious people thus abused felt aggrieved? Were these ancestors of ours besotted bigots?

We have still, it is said, "Unrest of Christendom." The Presbyterian Synod, in session in Philadelphia May 27, 1745, deemed it proper in an address to Governor Gooch, of Virginia, to disclaim countenance of such provocations, and ascribed them to schismatics who had been excluded the Synod in 1741.[16]

Happily there have been modifications in Christian exemplification throughout our land since our colonial era. I have no sectarian interest in this discussion. New Englanders are among my kindest and most cherished friends. In their regard for literature we might profitably emulate them.

The loving and gentle Bishop Meade of blessed memory, in the mortification of pious humility, perchance, thought proper in that precious garner of the past, "*The Old Churches and Families of Virginia*," to record the frailties of some of the colonial clergy. I doubt if there were a half score of such weak and erring spirits—certainly not so many are cited, and a single black sheep has given a bad name to an entire flock—yet a "Virginian and an Episcopalian" has recently taken license to assert sweepingly that "a more disrepu-

[16] *Foote*, pages 137-139.

table class of men than the early Virginia parsons it would be difficult to imagine."

[17] The indulgences of the Virginian of the eighteenth century were not peculiar to him alone. They largely prevailed in New England. They were the natural reflex of the laxity of English morals under the Georges.

However liable the Virginian may have been to the charge of intolerance, superstition seems not to have benighted his nature. His courts record but one instance of an arraignment for witchcraft. Upon the complaint of one Luke Hill and wife in 1795 Grace Sherwood was tried by the County Court of Princess Anne "on the suspicion of witchcraft." She was first searched by an able jury of "ancient women" and then subjected to the water test—being cast into the river and "she swiming w'n therein and bound, contrary to custom," was again committed to ye common goal of ye county to be brought to a ffuture tryall there."[18]

The court, however, "not knowing how to proceed to judgm't," referred the case to the Supreme Court, the Council, for decision. The Council in like perplexity referred it to the Attorney-General, Stevens Thomson. He gave it as his "opinion that the County C't should have made a fuller examination."[19]

The persecution of the alleged witch it may be concluded ended with this opinion, as there is no further record of the case. She survived, it appears, until 1741, her will, in which she bequeaths her estate to three sons, being of record in that year in Princess Anne county.[20] It is significant that the forewoman of the able jury was Eliza Barnes, from Anne Arundel county, Md., which was the harbor of the Puritans.

The constitution of the population of Virginia in the seventeenth century—the race elements that entered into its composition—may be noted. It is conclusively demonstrated in preserved record, printed and MS., the latter embracing the registry of lands patents from 1620 and the records of the several county courts, that the settlers were preponderantly English. There was a considerable number of the Welsh and a sprinkling of French, Italians, Irish,

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[17] *McCabe*, page 9.

[18] *Collections of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society*, Volume I, 1833. pages 69-78.

[19] *Calendar of Virginia State Papers*, Volume I, page 100.

[20] Letter from A. E. Kellam, clerk of Princess Anne county, August 30, 1891.

and Dutch. Among the last were skilled artisans, and one of that race—one Doodas or Doodes Minor, or Minor Doodes, for the name is thus variably recorded—was the ancestor of a family of eminent educators.[21]

Welsh blood has been among the motive powers of many eminent sons of Virginia, and of their descendants in the South. Various biographers claim that Jefferson Davis was of this descent, and the immigrant ancestor of Thomas Jefferson, it is known, was a native of Wales. Although it has been claimed that he was of Scotch Irish blood, yet not a single ancestor of his was of either strain.

There were refugee Huguenots who found asylum desultorily in Virginia before 1700, but the chief influx was in that year, when more than 500 came and settled, chiefly at Manakintown. The virtue of this infusion is manifest in the names of Dupuy, Fontaine, Marye, Maury, Micou, Michaux, and others, quite concluding the alphabet with Venable and Youille, many of them being numerously represented among us.

Of the Scotch, but few immigrants before the union of Scotland with England, in 1707, may be identified. William Drummond, who had been Governor of North Carolina, and who was hung by Berkeley in 1676 as a rebel, is said to have been a Scotchman. The founder of the distinguished Nelson family was called, it may be significantly, "Scotch Tom," but he was born in Cumberland county, England. Dr. James Blair was a Scotchman, but he came to Virginia through the alembic of England as the famous race of the Valley of Virginia, whose brains and brawn have so impressed them upon the history of our country, did through that of Ireland, following, in 1734, from Pennsylvania, the Dutch leader, Joist Hite, who came in 1732. After the union, "Scotch Parsons," so potent as educators, and merchants, who quite monopolized the trade of the country, pervaded Eastern Virginia.

Some writers seem to delight in the assertion that Virginians are largely the descendants of felons—vile criminals. The chief authority for the charge—"*Hotten's List of Emigrants to America, 1600–1700*"—comprehends, according to the title page, "Persons of Quality, Emigrants, Religious Exiles, Political Exiles, Serving-Men sold for a period of years, Apprentices, Children stolen, Maidens pressed, and Others." These lists include shipments to the West India Islands and to New England, as well as Virginia. Although the latter des-

[21] The Minor family.

tination was at the period deemed quite a general one south of New England, there are more lists ostensibly for New England than Virginia. The lists themselves seem to offer no more foundation for the stigmatizing term convict than in some instances that they were "rebels" or political offenders. Dishonor can scarcely be held to attach to such. The magnanimous New Englander would vouchsafe us all of the felons as he would the entire depravity of man.

The following descriptive prefix to the lists given constantly appears in evidence of character as Christians and law abiding persons: "They have been examined by the minister of —— of their conformitie, and have taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacie." The severity of the penal laws of England makes it patent for what trivial causes the stigma "felon" or "convict" was adjudged and affixed. "It is a melancholy truth [laments Blackstone] that among the variety of actions which men are daily liable to commit no less than one hundred and sixty have been declared by an act of Parliament to be felonies without the benefit of the clergy, or, in other words, to be worthy of instant death.[22]

All persons guilty of larceny above the value of twelve pence were by the common law subject to the death penalty.[23] It would appear that the transportation of felons to America was first authorized by Parliament in 1663, when an act was passed sending hither the "Morse Troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland."[24]

The presence of these Puritans in Virginia was speedily felt. An insurrection among the white servants of the colony in September, 1663, led, states Beverley, by Oliverian soldiers,"[25] gave so great an alarm that measures were taken by vigorous enactment to "prohibit the importation of such dangerous and scandalous people, since thereby we apparently lose our reputation."[26] In 1671 Captains Bristow and Walker were made to give security in the "some of 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco and cask" that certain "Newgate birds" be sent out of the colony within two months.[27]

Smith, in his "*Historie*," gives evidence largely as to the character and social condition of the early settlers of Virginia, and the colony

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[22] *Tucker's Blackstone*, Volume IV, page 18.

[23] *Tncker*, Volume IV, page 236.

[24] *Blackstone*, Philadelphia Edition, 1841, Volume I, side note 18, page 137.

[25] *Beverley*, pages 5-8.

[26] *Hening*, Volume II, page 510.

[27] *Ibid*, page 511.

was constantly thereafter a favored asylum for many of gentle birth during the civil wars of England.

Whilst I heartily endorse the just sentiment of the poet laureate:

> 'Tis only noble to be good!
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood!

Yet it is true that according to one test there is more evidence preserved of gentle lineage in Virginia than in any other of the original American colonies. The list of families in the colony who, in vested right, used coat-armor, as attested in examples of such use on tombstones, preserved book-plates and impressions of seals, is more than one hundred and fifty. The virtue of such family investment by royal favor may appear somewhat in the fact that the Virginian rebels, Claiborne, Bacon, Washington and Lee, were all armigers, and among others were the Amblers, Archers, Armisteads, Banisters, Barradalls, Beverleys, Blands, Bollings, Byrds, Carys, Carringtons, Cloptons, Claytons, Corbins, and so throughout the alphabet in swelling numbers and comprehensive examples of ability and worth.

More than a score of knights and baronets had residence in the colony from time to time, and the descendants of the Diggeses, Fairfaxes, Peytons, Skipwiths and others, are are among us still.

Heraldry may yet be one of the studies taught in the law schools. It has its material uses in determining succession and inheritance. It is beginning to have one largely ostentatious in republican America. The study has also its incidental charms, as has another. The Bible abounds in pedigrees. They are held to be essential in determining the qualities of animals. Genealogy is now admitted to be one of the chief supports of history.

An American-born genealogist, the late Joseph Lemuel Chester, in recognition of the value of his labors, had conferred on him by two continents the degrees most highly regarded in each—LL. D., from Columbia College, America, and D. C. L. from Oxford, England. He was my friend and correspondent for years. He wrote me some time before his death: "I cannot die content until I have settled the ancestry of George Washington." Alas! this satisfaction was reserved for another—Henry F. Waters. Young gentlemen, I may suggest to you an allurement in genealogy.

It appears to be the acme of the desire of the American woman of the present day to fix her title as a Colonial Dame or a Daughter of the American Revolution. Assist her by your talents, and your happiness may be fixed for life. I should not doubt but that the best

interests of Alliance would thus be solved. In striking confirmation of the old saw that "Blood will tell," a worthy, enterprising and intelligent Virginia settler of the seventeenth century was the ancestor in common of three of the most eminent men that America has produced in quite a century and a half. William Randolph, of "Turkey Island," was the grandfather, in varying degrees, of Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall and Robert Edward Lee. This may be accounted by the enthusiastic disciple of Galton as a confirmation in three-fold exemplification of the law of heredity when it is recalled that William Randolph was of that resolution of character that brooked not obstacle; that he was county lieutenant—by title colonel, and by authority commander-in-chief of the county in which he resided—this—Henrico; that he served in turn as clerk of the county and as its presiding magistrate; as clerk and as a member of the House of Burgesses, and as a member of the Colonial Council, sometimes termed the King's Council—the elect of those of the highest social worth in the Colony and its highest judicial tribunal.

The institution of slavery (which with us has been attended with its penalties as well as with its profits, may-hap), inaugurated fortuitously and fostered and fixed in the greed of Old England and of New England, was one, whatever its alleged enormity, highly providential in its effects. With the master, regard and solicitude for the welfare of the inherited servitor—companion of his youth and habitual ministrant of his comfort—was inseparable, and the reflection of such possession carried with it a sense of superiority as well as of responsibility. The beneficence of the relation with the slave has been pithily epitomized by a distinguished Virginian :[28]

"Had the African been left, like the Indian, in his native freedom, his would have been the fate of the Indian. But in the mysterious providence of God, the African was 'bound to the car of the Anglo-American,' who has borne him along with him in his upward career, protecting his weakness and providing for his wants. Accordingly, he has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, until he is numbered by millions instead of scores. In the meantime, the black man has been trained in the habits, manners, and arts of civilized life; been taught the Christian religion, and been gradually rising in the intellectual and moral order, until he is far above his race in their native seats."

In these facts we see traces of an all-wise Providence in permitting

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[28] Henry A. Wise.

the black man to be brought here and subjected to the discipline of slavery, tempered by Christianity and regulated by law. Verily, if there had been no other end of such a procedure this seeming sharp Providence of God would have been highly justified. AFRICA GAVE VIRGINIA A SAVAGE AND A SLAVE—VIRGINIA GIVES BACK TO AFRICA A CITIZEN AND A CHRISTIAN![29]

It is encouraging to know that a prominent negro, the Methodist Bishop Turner, accepts this just conclusion. In an address delivered recently in Baltimore, he said: "I believe tnat Providence sanctioned slavery for a time in order to bring the negro in contact with the white race that he might absorb the white man's Christianity and civilization and [he added what is of infinite moment to the races] *return to Africa and civilize his brethren there.*"

What a truly grand destiny this would be for the "Afro-American."

The Virginian planter was essentially a transplanted Englishman in tastes and convictions, and emulated the amenities and the culture of the mother country. The ease with which wealth was acquired, in planting, fostered the habits of personal indulgence and generous expenditure into which he was led by hereditary characteristics.[30]

Hardy sports and habitual exercise in the saddle intensified his self-reliance and instinct of command.

From the meeting of the first Assembly, in 1619, the colonists enjoyed all the privileges of Englishmen. They were loyal to the Crown. The inconveniences arising from their distance from the throne were counterbalanced by advantages resulting from the same distance and their wilderness home. The King could raise a revenue only through the House of Burgesses. They were ever jealous of infractions of their rights. To stimulate individual energy and extend individual liberty was paramountly their aim. A representative government having been established, domestic organization and policy were soon moulded to meet substantially the wants of the people. Article VIII of the Assembly of 1623–'24,[31] declares that "the Governor shall not lay any taxes or ympositions upon the colony,

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[29] *Slaughter's History of African Colonization*, cited in "Virginia in Her Past Relation to Slavery," *Virginia Historical Collections*, Volume VI, pages 35–36.

[30] "They live in the same neat Manner, dress after the same Modes, and behave themselves exactly as the *Gentry in London;* most Families of any Note having a *Coach, Chariot, Berlin or Chaise.*" Hugh Jones' *Present State of Virginia*, 1724, page 32.

[31] Hening, volume I., page 124.

their lands or commodities other way than by the authority of the General Assembly, to be levyed and ymployed as the said Assembly shall appoynt." In 1642 they declared "freedom of trade to be the blood and life of a community."[32]

The cumulus of political grievance in 1676 was stoutly met by what in history has been termed Bacon's Rebellion. In 1718 the payment of a penny-a-letter postage on letters from England was resisted on the ground that Parliament could not levy a tax here without the consent of the General Assembly, which body wrote Governor Spotswood, to the Lords of Trade, rendered the imposition inoperative by declaring the postmaster "in no ways lyable by the Act of Parliament," and by laying a penalty of £5 on him for every letter "he demands or takes from a Board any ship." The appointing of stages was also interdicted by onerous penalties[33].

Thus was the prime resistance of Virginia to the Stamp Act heralded. You are familiar with the exemplification of Virginians in the struggles for independence. They are admitted to be whole-souled rebels.

It is an old subject of complaint that Virginians devoted themselves too exclusively to agricultural and individual enterprises. The history of our colonial legislation is replete with acts to encourage the establishment of towns. To Virginia belongs the honor of inaugurating the manufacture of iron in America. In 1619, on Falling creek, a tributary of James river, Chesterfield county, about seven miles below the present city of Manchester, works for smelting iron were erected. The Indian massacre of 1622 unfortunately terminated the enterprise. There were early efforts for the cultivation of flax and hemp, and the breeding of silk-worms for the manufacture of fabrics. In 1657 premiums were offered for the production of silk, flax, and other staple commodities.[34]

Mr. Meredith, whose able address I have referred to, conclusively refutes the charge of illiteracy and disregard for education in our ancestors. My limits, with the comprehensive view I have essayed, will allow me only opportunity for the statement of some facts in augmentation of his valuable presentation.

My own examination of various records of Virginia, incidental to historical research, has proven to me that the general educational attainments of the Virginia colonists, from the earliest period, com-

[32] *Ibid*, page 223.
[33] *Spotswood Letters*, Volume II, page 280.
[34] *Hening*, Volume I, page 169.

pared favorably with such average acquirements in Old England or New England. My friend, President Tyler, of William and Mary College, who has carefully examined the records of York county from 1645, informs me that they sustain this conclusion. He found, however, at the conclusion of the seventeenth century evidences of a marked improvement in education and in material circumstances. Possessions were more valuable, and included many concomitants of comfort and refinement. Mr. Meredith proves from the marriage bonds recorded in Norfolk county from 1750 to 1761, that ninety-four per cent. of its inhabitants conld write.

Indentured servants and others, who by service, usually for three years, repaid the costs advanced for their transportation (hence the term transport), were employed from an early period. Many of such servants were persons of education, who by vicissitude of fortune had fallen into poverty. I published from the original in the *Richmond Standard*, November 16, 1878, an indenture dated July 1, 1628, binding one John Logwood to service for four years to Edward Hurd, in Virginia. This document is witnessed by excellent signatures of two servants of Hurd. Such educated servants were constantly employed as tutors in the families of the planters. The fact is noted by a traveller in 1746, who writes of the Virginians: Those that can't afford to send their children to the better schools send them to the country schoolmaster. * * * * Often a clever servant * is indentured to some planter * * as a schoolmaster.[35]

In 1649 there were twenty churches in Virginia, with ministers to each. There were also, besides other schools, a free school in Elizabeth City county amply endowed by bequest of Benjamin Symes in 1634—the first legacy for such purpose made by a resident of the American plantatious.[36]

Other free schools followed in the benefactions of Virginia planters—in Gloucester county in 1675, founded by Henry Peasley; in Yorktown in 1691, by Governor Francis Nicholson;[37] in Westmoreand in 1700, by William Horton; in Accomac in 1710, by Samuel Sanford; in Elizabeth City in 1730, by Thomas Eaton. In 1700 there

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[35] Extracts from "Itinerant Observations in America"—*London Magazine*, 1746. Published in the *Richmond Standard*, September 7, 14, 21, 1878.

[36] *A Perfect Description of Virginia, 1649*, page 15. *Force's Tracts*, Volume II.

[37] Of this school Robert Leightonhouse, who died in 1701, was the first teacher. The school-house was standing in Yorktown at the beginning of our late war.

were five schools in Henrico county. Beverley, writing about the same period, states: "There are large tracts of land, houses, and other things granted to free schools in many parts of the county, and some of them are so large that of themselves they are a handsome maintainence for a master. * * In all other places where such endowments have not already been made, the people join and build schools for the children."[38]

In 1724, in the replies to the Bishop of London made by the rectors of the several parishes as to the number of endowed schools in Virginia, it appears that there were as many as four schools in many parishes, in some of which Latin and Greek were taught.[39] McCabe, among the sources of education in the Colony, cites the "Parsons' Schools"; that of Rev. Devereux Jarratt, in Fluvanna county; the classical school of Rev. John Todd, in Louisa, in 1750; Augusta Academy, in Rockbridge, in 1774—the germ of the present Washington and Lee University; Prince Edward Academy, in 1776—now Hampden-Sidney College; Washington-Henry Academy, in Hanover, founded a few years later by John D. Blair—the "Parson Blair," of Richmond, of revered memory; the schools of Rev. Archibald Campbell and Thomas Martin (the latter of whom prepared James Madison for Princeton College) in Richmond county; of Rev. James Maury, in Orange (the preceptor of Jefferson and many eminent Virginians); of Donald Robertson, of King and Queen[40]. I may add Rev. William Douglas, who taught in Goochland and Albemarle counties, and said to have been an early preceptor of Jefferson, and the classical school at "Wingfield," in Hanover county; of Rev. Peter Nelson, an alumnus of William and Mary College, who died a minister of the Baptist Church. Many eminent men of Virginia and the Southern States were educated by him. In 1751 a labor school was established in Talbott county, Md., chiefly by the contributions of Virginians, and in which were fed, clothed, lodged, and taught poor children." The providence of the parish system is indicated in the appointed duty of the vestrymen in binding out pauper children, to require by contract that they should have three years' schooling. This practice is attested by the vestry records of various parishes. It cannot be questioned that many sons of wealthy planters enjoyed the advantages of English and Scotch Universities

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[38] *Beverley*, page 240.
[39] *Perry's Church Papers of Virginia*, pages 261–318.
[40] *Virginia Schools*, etc.

and the schools of Oxford and Cambridge, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Wakefield, Yorkshire, of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and of the Merchants' Taylors' School.

It may be realized that in the prosperity attending the Virginia planter at the close of rhe seventeenth century, the most enlightening influences followed. The eighteenth century began with an era of expanding intelligence, increasing refinement and luxurious expenditure. The sons, returning from the schools, colleges and inns of the law courts of the mother country, invested with the advantages thus acquired and with perceptions quickened by social contact, golden in its intellectual aspirations, were naturally directive in lofty and broad impulse. The influence of Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Congreve, Burke and others was nobly fruitful.

In America the excellent offices of the University of Pennsylvania, of Princeton, Harvard, and Yale were availed of. Our women, ever the sweetest and noblest of their sex, it is realized, were effective factors in the formation of Virginian character. It is notable that George Wythe was taught Latin and Greek by his mother, and the brilliant John Randolph "of Roanoke" acknowledged his indebtedness to the same tender regard. It has been ever patent that the most precious accomplishments have continued with the daughters of Virginia. The learned professions were well represented in Virginia. In medicine Dr. Thomas Wooton was the pioneer in 1607. Drs. Walter Russell and Anthony Bagnall were here in 1608, Dr. Lawrence Bohun in 1611, and Dr. John Pott in 1624.[41] The last was Governor of the colony in 1628. There was no deficiency onward of such ministrants. I find "Chirurgeon" John Brock, with others, in 1640, and a little later Drs. Daniel Parke, Robert Ellison, Francis Haddon, and Patrick Napier, in York county.

Dr. John Mitchell, F. R. S., eminent, as a botanist as well as physician, located in Middlesex in 1700. Another alike doubly distinguished in science was John Clayton, son of the Attorney-General of the same name, and who settled in Gloucester in 1706.

John Tennent, Sr. and Jr., of Spotsylvania, the former of whom made valuable contributions to medical literature.

Dr. William Cabell, who had been a surgeon in the British navy, and was the founder of the distinguished family of his name. Dr. John Baynham, of Caroline, and Dr. William Baynham, of Essex county.

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[41] *Contributions to the Annals of Medical Progress in the United States*, Joseph M. Toner, M. D., Washington, 1874.

The heroic General Hugh Mercer, who fell at Princeton in 1777, and our own Richmond pioneers, James McClurg and William Foushee, both of whom rendered excellent service in the Revolution.

I may mention also Ephriam McDowell, son of James McDowell, of Rockbridge county, who was the first surgeon on record to successfully perform, in Kentucky, in 1809, the operation for extirpation of the ovary.

The list of Virginia-born physicians graduated from Edinburgh and Glasgow is a lengthy one. The earliest in preserved record were Theodrick Bland, in 1763; Arthur Lee, 1764, and Corbin Griffin, 1765. Among the subsequent names were those of McClurg, Campbell, Walker, Ball, Boush, Lyons, Gilliam, Smith, Field, Lewis, McCaw, Minor, Berkeley, Corbin, Brockenbrough, Adams, Greenhow, Archer, Dabney, Banister, and others, endeared to us in the offices of their decendants.

Nor was there deficiency in lights of the law. It may be presumed, however, that their presence would not have aided in pacifying turbulence among the early colonists.

Some names were impressed on the annals of Virginia in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Among them I may mention Robert Beverley, Secretary of the Colony and father of the historian; William Fitzhugh, the ancestor of those of the name in the South; Edmund Jenings, Launcelot Bathurst, Maximilian Boush, Maximilian Robinson, William Robertson, Secretary of the Council, and William Byrd (the second of the name), of varied useful and accomplished exemplification, who was a member of the Inner Temple as well as a fellow of the Royal Society.

Early in the eighteenth century we have Sir John Randolph, of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, John Holloway, William Hopkins [42] John Clayton, Godfrey Pole, Joseph Bickley, Philip Herbert, James and Jack Power, Edward Barradall, Stevens Thomson, and John Mercer, the last the founder of a distinguished family, the compiler of an Abridgement of the Laws of Virginia, a cogent writer, and an accomplished botanist. With the luminous names of Bland, Wythe, Nicholas, Henry, Robinson, Lee, Waller, Randolph, Pendleton, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Wayles, Page, Corbin, Lyons, Tazewell, Tucker, Cary, Mason, Curle, Ronald, Harrison, and others in succeeding eras you are familiar.

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[42] For sketches of them see *Virginia Historical Register*, Volume I, pages 119-123.

Books were a concomitant in the houses of the planter from an early period. I have met with many memorials from Virginia libraries of the seventeenth century in auction sales in Richmond—waifs that have been transmitted in successive ownership. I have in reverential sentiment garnered many of them in my personal library. In the early decades of the eighteenth century libraries, comprehensive in subject and extensive for the period, became quite numerous in the colony.

Catalogues of the libraries of Colonel William Byrd, of "Westover," the second of the name, and of John Mercer, of "Marlboro," are in my possession. The first, the formation of which was commenced by the immigrant William Byrd, and augmented by his more famous son, enumerates three thousand six hundred and twenty-five volumes, in size from duodecimo to folio. The library of John Mercer comprised one thousand five hundred volumes, of which about one-third were law-books. The libraries of Sir John Randolph, George Mason, William Beverley, John Herbert, William Stith, Gabriel Jones, Ralph Wormley, and others, were also extensive.

I have referred to the Philosophical Society, organized in 1773, with one hundred members. Its first president was John Clayton, author of the "*Flora Virginianica*," published in 1739. Its treasurer was David Jameson, long a member and for a time president of the Council. The second president of the society was John Page, an able and accomplished man, subsequently Governor of Virginia. He was an early contributor to the transactions of the American Philosophical Society. Both he and Jameson were fond of astronomy. I possess a letter, which I have mislaid, written by Jameson to Page in, I think, 1781, noting his observations of some astronomical phenomena, and jotted on the same sheet are the observations of Page himself of the same manifestations. The society of propitious title, whose offices were suspended by the American Revolution, has left a tangible memorial. In the cabinet of the Virginia Historical Society is an engraved gold medal awarded John Hobday in 1774 for the model of a machine for threshing wheat. I would not have you forget John Banister, the eminent naturalist, who lost his life in 1697 by a fall in endeavoring to secure a coveted plant. The motto adopted by a lamented friend, the late Thomas Hicks Wynne, as that of his valuable serial "*Documents Relating to the Old Dominion*"—"*Gather up the fragments that remain*"—I would, young gentlemen, earnestly commend to you.

In the Smithsonian Institution there is an invaluable collection of documents illustrating the history of prices in England from 1650 to 1750, bound in fifty-four large volumes, which were presented, in 1852, by J. Orchard Halliwell, the eminent antiquarian and Shakesperian annotator. There is a way, young gentlemen, in which you may not only enrich the museum of your *Alma Mater*, but contribute importantly to historical investigation. Gather assiduously, in the sections of your homes, severally, all that may be gleaned of old documents, letters, diaries, account-books, newspapers, household utensils, and aboriginal implements, and deposit them here for the information of the curious and the student.

Inspection of old accounts and newspapers have afforded me much curious information as to the habits, dress, concomitants, and amusements of colonial Virginians.

The advertisements in the Williamsburg (Va.) *Gazette* of 1773 and 1774 indicate a degree of luxurious living in our ancestors which is vouchsafed to but few of us now. Think of Bengal silks, scarlet plushes, Irish linens, silver clasps, buckles, and buttons, bag and tie wigs, and a multitude of laces and ribbons; of the tipples chocolate, coffee, pimento, and Bohea tea; of Canary, Lisbon, Madeira, Malaga, Malmsey, Rhenish, Teneriffe, and Tokay wines, irrespective of other cheering spirits. There was sugar—brown, refined, loaf, and Muscovado. The social and inspiring musical instruments were the violin and the spinet.

Among professionals and artisans who served were physicians, surgeons, and dentists, wig-makers, hair-drapers, tailors, goldsmiths, clock and watch makers, cuttlers, carvers, and gilders, herald and coach-painters, coach and chair-makers, saddlers, makers of mattresses of curled English hair, and weavers of damasks, gauzes, figured cottons, and counterpanes.

Governor Spotswood notes as early as 1718 an amateur dramatic performance on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of George I on May 1st, and there were frequent representations, and more than one "play-house," in Williamsburg before the Revolution.

But the exemplification of the Virginian—mental, moral, martial, political and social—might not be exhausted in a series of descriptive lectures.

Professor Richard H. Greene, of Columbia College, New York,

in his "*Alumni of the Earlier American Colleges Who Have Held Official Positions,*" awards the first distinction in point of number and exalted position to our own venerable and potential William and Mary College. She leads with three of the fourteen Presidents who have been graduates of American colleges—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler. (Virginia furnished also Madison and Harrison, as you are aware.)

There have been fifteen United States Cabinet officers, a chief and three associate justices of the United States Supreme Court, one lieutenant-general United States army, fourteen United States envoys and ministers, eighty-four United States senators and representatives in Congress, sixty judges of the United States District, Circuit and State Courts, three presidents of colleges, and twenty-three governors of States.[43] Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, in his able address on "The History of the South," delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Virginia in Louisville, Ky., April 13th last, thus eloquently invokes the coming expositor of the South:

"If any one aspire to do his country this service, let him arise. He need not fear for his reward. To such an one I would say that he must have at once the instinct of the historian and the wisdom of the philosopher. He must possess the talisman that shall discover truth amid all the heaps of falsehood, though they be piled upon it like Pelion on Ossa. He must have the sagacity to detect the evil in every manifestation of the civilization he shall chronicle, though it be gleaming with the gilding of romance. He must have the fortitude to resist all temptations to deviate by so much as a hair's breadth from the absolute, the inexorable fact, not if the angel should attempt to beguile him. He must know and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him God!

"For such an one Fame waits to take him in her arms."

Young gentlemen, brother students, this just apotheosis is a practicality.

I would fain hope that among you it may find realization in patriotic illustration of your own grand old State, if not of the sisterhood of the Sunny South.

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[43] New York, 1890, reprinted from the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register.*

[From the Richmond *Times*, July 19, 21, 22, 1891.]

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Personal Reminiscences and Anecdotes of His Character—Recollections of Him by Dr. J. William Jones, Formerly Chaplain of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The unveiling of Valentine's statue of Stonewall Jackson, the gathering of the veterans of the old "Foot Cavalry" to gaze on the life-like presentment of their old commander which the genius of our great artist has given to the world, the reunion of old comrades, and the recalling of a thousand hallowed memories of the camp, the march, the bivouac, and the battlefield, will excite fresh and wide interest in all that pertains to the career of the great soldier who filled two continents with his fame.

The distinguished orator of the day, General J. A. Early, will doubtless make an able and exhaustive presentation of the military career of his chief, whom he so bravely followed in his great campaigns, and whose name and fame he is so capable of delineating and so ready to defend. All will rejoice that this sturdy old soldier has lived to see this worthy monument to his corps commander, and the full text of Early on Jackson will be eagerly read by thousands who are not privileged to hear it, and will pass into history as highest authority on the great theme of which it treats.

But if it may be permitted one who counts it a high honor to have been one of "Stonewall's men" to recall some personal reminiscences and anecdotes illustrative of the character of our great leader, I shall esteem it a privilege to do so for the readers of *The Times*.

MAJOR JACKSON OF THE V. M. I.

I used to hear the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute speak of a quiet, eccentric, but hard-working professor, whom they called "Old Jack," or "Fool Tom Jackson," and upon whom they delighted to play all sorts of pranks. Stories of his eccentricities were rife—such as his wearing a thick uniform in the sweltering heat of summer because he had "received no orders to change it," or of his pacing up and down in front of the superintendent's office in a pelting hail storm because he would not deliver his report one minute before the appointed time.

While he had, by hard work, mastered the subject which he taught, he had but little capacity for imparting instruction, and showed so little tact and skill as a teacher that just before the breaking out of the war a committee of the alumni of the Virginia Military Institute, headed by Colonel John B. Strange, who was killed at Sharpsburg, waited on the board of visitors and "demanded the removal of Professor Jackson for utter incompetency." There were traditions that he greatly distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and stories were told of his walking back and forth on a road plowed by the enemy's artillery to inspire his men with courage; sitting all alone on one of his guns after his men had been driven off, because "he had received no orders to leave, and of his standing to his guns on another occasion after his infantry support had fled, and driving off a greatly superior force of the enemy. But his brilliant career and rapid promotion in Mexico had been well nigh lost sight of, and when, in the early days of the war, his old neighbor and friend, Governor John Letcher, nominated him to the Virginia convention for a commission as colonel, a member arose and asked: "Who is this Major Jackson, anyhow?" and it took all the eloquence of the Rockbridge delegates to secure his confirmation.

I remember that the soldiers at Harper's Ferry, when he was sent to command us, also asked, "Who is this Colonel Jackson?" but that before he had been in command forty-eight hours we felt his strong hand, recognized the difference between him and certain militia officers who had previously had charge of the post, and realized that we were at least under the command of a real soldier and a rigid disciplinarian.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH HIM.

I saw him frequently at Harper's Ferry—sometimes paced the lonely sentinel's beat in front of his headquarters—but the first time I ever came in personal contact with him was at Darkesville on the 4th of July, 1861, when we were drawn up in line of battle to meet General Patterson. The skill and tact with which he had reduced the high-spirited rabble which rushed to Harper's Ferry at the first tap of the drum into the respectable "Army of the Shenandoah," which he turned over to General J. E. Johnston the last of May, and his skirmish at Falling Waters (which we then exaggerated into an important victory), had won him some reputation, and I was anxious to see him again.

I have a vivid recollection of how he impressed me. Dressed in

simple Virginia uniform, apparently about thirty-seven years old, six feet high, medium size, gray eyes which seemed to look through you, light brown hair, and a countenance in which deep benevolence seemed mingled with uncompromising sternness, he impressed me as having about him nothing at all of the "pomp and circumstance" of war, but every element which enters into the skilful leader and the indomitable, energetic soldier who was always ready for the fight.

But his appearance a year later is still more vividly impressed upon me. Who that ever belonged to the "Foot Cavalry" does not remember that old gray uniform, which soon became soiled with the dust of the valley, those cavalry boots and jingling spurs, that old cadet cap which tilted on his nose, and that raw-boned sorrel which he rode, and which the boys used to say "could not run except towards the enemy!"

Just before the battle of Fredericksburg his intimate personal friend, the chivalric "Jeb Stuart," presented him with a beautiful "regulation" Confederate uniform, and when he appeared in it for the first time that day the boys did not recognize him, but soon the word ran down the line, "It is old Jack with new clothes on," and then cheered him as usual. That magnificent uniform has been forgotten, but that faded old suit of gray, in which we used to see him galloping along the lines, amid the deafening yells of the brave fellows who followed him with loving devotion and enthusiastic confidence, is photographed forever in the memory of every survivor of his old corps, and will be vividly recalled at the unveiling of the monument in Lexington.

THE SOLDIER.

Jackson was a born soldier, and it would be for me a pleasant task to sketch his military career, which has been the marvel of the world, and shall be the study of military critics as the years go on, but abler pens than mine will describe him as a soldier, and I shall not, therefore, in these papers attempt any detailed history of his campaigns, his battles, his military achievements—for that were to give the history of the Army of Northern Virginia during the two years that he was connected with it, but I shall rather give a few salient points, which shall illustrate his character as a soldier, and show something of his splendid deeds on the field of Mars.

THE RAPIDITY OF HIS MOVEMENTS.

He was noted for the rapidity of his movements. An able Northern writer has said: "He moved infantry with the celerity of cavalry," and some of his marches have scarcely a parallel in history.

After his march to Cumberland and Romney in the winter of 1861-'62, when many of his men were frost-bitten, and some perished from the intense cold, he had scarcely rested his weary legions when he begun his famous Valley Campaign of 1862, which won for his men the soubriquet of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry," and for himself world-wide fame.

When General Banks, supposing that Jackson was in full retreat up the Valley, started a column across the mountains to strike Johnston's army, which was then falling back from Manassas, Jackson suddenly turned, marched thirty miles that afternoon and eighteen early the next morning, and struck a blow at Kernstown which, while he suffered the only defeat that he ever sustained, recalled the column which was moving on Johnston's flank, and disconcerted McClellan's whole plan of campaign.

Pursuit was utterly futile until he took refuge in Swift Run Gap, whence he emerged to make some of the most rapid marches on record, as he defeated Milroy at McDowell, flanked Banks at Front Royal, cut his column at Middletown, routed him at Winchester, and pushed him pell-mell across the Potomac. He was about to cross the river in pursuit when, learning that Shields and Fremont (in response to that famous order of Mr. Lincoln's) were hastening to form a juncture in his rear at Strasburg, he marched sixty miles in a day and a half (one of his brigades marched fifty-two miles in one day), held Fremont back with one hand and Shields with the other, until all of his troops and trains had passed the point of danger, and moved quietly up the Valley, pursued by three armies, until at Cross Keys and at Port Republic he suffered himself to be "caught," and showed beyond all controversy that the man who caught "Stonewall Jackson" "had indeed caught a Tartar."

One of his biographers well puts it: "In thirty-two days he had marched nearly four hundred miles, skirmishing almost daily; fought five battles; defeated three armies, two of whom were completely routed; captured about twenty pieces of artillery, some four thousand prisoners, and immense quantities of stores of all kinds, and had done all this with a loss of less than one thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing."

The march from the Valley to "Seven Days Around Richmond," and that to Pope's rear at Manassas; the march to the capture of Harper's Ferry, and thence to Sharpsburg (Antietam); the move from the Valley to first Fredericksburg, and that to Hooker's rear at Chancellorsville, were all famous for their rapidity. It is related of Bedford Forest—"the Wizard of the Saddle," the "Stonewall Jack-

son of the West"—that when asked the secret of his success, he promptly replied in characteristic, if not classic, phrase: "I gits thar fust with the most men." Jackson acted on this maxim. His men used to say: "Old Jack always starts at early dawn, except when he starts the night before," and while he rarely had "the most men," he nearly always "got there fust," and struck before the enemy was aware of his presence.

HIS SECRECY.

The secrecy with which Jackson formed and executed his plans was a most important element of his success.

After the defeat of Fremont at Cross Keys, and Shields at Port Republic, he was largely reinforced by General Lee, who took pains to have the fact known to the enemy, and Jackson was not slow to confirm the impression that with these reinforcements he would sweep down the Valley again.

He took into his confidence Colonel T. T. Munford, who commanded the advance of his cavalry, and he detailed for special duty Mr. William Gilmer, of Albemarle, who was widely known in Virginia as a political speaker, and in the army as a gallant soldier.

A number of Federal surgeons, who had come under a flag of truce to look after Banks' wounded, were quartered in a room adjoining Colonel Munford's, when Mr. Gilmer ("Billy Gilmer" was his popular subriquet) stalked in with rattling saber and jingling spurs, and in loud tones announced, "Dispatches for General Jackson." "What is the news?" he was asked loud enough to be heard by surgeons in the next room, who pressed their ears to the key-holes and cracks eager to catch every word. "Great news," was the loud response. "Great news. The whole road from here to Staunton is full of gray people coming to reinforce us. There is General Whiting and General Lawton and General Hill, and I don't know who else, at the head of about thirty thousand men. They will all be up by to-morrow afternoon, and then won't we clean out this Valley, and make the Yankees skedaddle again across the Potomac? Hurrah! for old Stonewall and his foot cavalry, as well as his crittur companies, say I!"

It is needless to add that when the surgeons were sent back to their own lines early the next morning, they hastened to carry "the news" to headquarters. A hasty retreat of the Federal army followed, and Jackson so skilfully manœuvered his forces, used his cavalry as a curtain across the Valley, and so secretly conducted his

march to Richmond, that at the very time that he was thundering on McClellan's flank at Cold Harbor, Banks was fortifying at Strasburg against an expected attack from him.

I well remember how profoundly ignorant the men, and even the higher officers, on the march were as to our destination. At Charlottesville we expected to march into Madison county to meet a reported move of Banks' across the mountains. At Gordonsville the Presbyterian pastor, Rev. Dr. Ewing, told me, as a profoud secret, which he had "gotten from headquarters," that we would "move at daylight next morning towards Orange Courthouse and Culpeper to threaten "Washington."

We did "move at daylight" (we generally did), but it was towards Louisa Courthouse. There and at Frederick's Hall and at Hanover Junction we expected to move on Fredericksburg to meet McDowell, and it was really only when we heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville, on the evening of June 26th, that we took in the full situation, and there rang along our moving columns for miles shouts of anticipated victory, as the "Foot Cavalry" hurried forward "to take their place in the picture near the flashing of the guns."

The evening that Jackson spent at Frederick's Hall, Mrs. Harris sent him an invitation to take breakfast with her the next morning, and he courteously thanked her and said, "If I can, I will be happy to do so." But when the good lady sent to summon him to breakfast, his famous body servant Jim met the messenger with a look of astonishment and said, "Lor, you surely didn't spec to find the General here at dis hour, did you? You don't know him, den. Why, he left here at 1 o'clock dis morning, and I spec he is whipping de Yankees in de Valley agin by now." The truth is, he had ridden into Richmond, a distance of fifty miles, to have an interview with President Davis and General Lee, and receive his final instructions as to the part he was to take in the great battle that was impending, and he did it so secretly that the army knew nothing of his absence, and Richmond nothing of his presence within her walls.

It was on this ride that a characteristic incident occurred. Before day Mr. Mathew Hope, a respected citizen living in the lower part of Louisa county, was awakened by the clatter of horses' hoofs in front of his house. Asking "Who is there?" he received for an answer: "Two Confederate officers who are on important business, and want two fresh horses to ride into Richmond. Have you two good horses?"

"Yes, I always keep good horses," was Mr. Hope's reply; "but I cannot lend them to every straggler who claims to be a Confederate officer on important business. You cannot have my horses."

"But our business is very urgent. We must and will have them, and you had as well saddle them at once. We will leave our horses in their place" "I do not saddle my own horses," was the indignant reply; "I keep negroes for that purpose, and I certainly shall not saddle them for you, especially as I have no assurance that you will ever bring them back." The officers soon got the horses and galloped off with them, and Mr. Hope was very much astonished when, several days afterward, they were returned in good condition "with thanks and compliments of General Jackson," and exclaimed, "why did he not tell me that he was Stonewall Jackson? If I had known who he was I would have cheerfully given him all of the horses on the place, and have saddled them for him, too."

This worthy gentleman doubtless felt very much like the old citizen near Richmond, who, seeing a straggling cavalryman (as he supposed) riding across his field, rushed out with something of the vim of Miss Betsey Trotwood when donkeys appeared on her grass, and exclaimed: "Come back here, sir! Come back! How dare you ride over my grass? What is your name? I'll report you to the General." "My name is Jackson," was the meek reply. "What Jackson, sir? I want your full name and that of your company, that I may report you," was the sharp retort of the irate farmer.

"My name is T. J. Jackson, sir, and I am in command of the Second corps." "What! Stonewall Jackson? My sakes alive! Why didn't you tell me who you were? Please go back and ride through my wheat field! Ride through my yard!! Ride through my house!!! All that I have is at your service, and I beg you will show that you forgive my rudeness by using it," said the now thoroughly excited old Confederate.

It is related that it was on this march that Jackson met one of Hood's Texans straggling from his command, and the following conversation occurred:

"Where are you going, sir?"

"I don't know."

"What command dö you belong to?

"Don't know, sir."

"What State are you from."

"I cannot tell."

"What do you know, then, sir?"

"Nothing at all, sir, at this time," replied the Texan. "Old Stonewall says that we are to be know-nothings until after the next fight, and you shall not make me violate his orders."

Jackson smiled and passed on. Jackson's staff and his higher officers were frequently in as profound ignorance of his plans as the private soldiers.

I remember that General Ewell, second in command, remarked to his chief of staff in my hearing several days before we started from Port Republic on the march to Richmond, "We are being largely reinforced, and after resting here for a few days we will proceed to beat up Banks' quarters again down about Strasburg and Winchester."

I remember that one day in the summer of 1862 General Ewell rode up to the house of Dr. J. L. Jones, near Gordonsville, and asked: "Doctor, will you please tell me where we are going to?" "No, General," was the reply, "but I should like to ask you that, if it were a proper question." "It is a perfectly proper question to ask," replied the grim old soldier, "but I should like to see you get an answer. I pledge you my word that I do not know whether we are to march north, south, east, or west, or whether we are to march at all or not. General Jackson ordered me to have my division ready to march at early dawn; they have been lying in the turnpike there ever since, and I have had no further orders. And that is about as much as I ever know about General Jackson's movements."

If I had the space I might illustrate this point at great length, but it must suffice now to say that Jackson kept his movements so secret from his own people that the enemy could not detect his plans, and that in some of his most brilliant and successful movements—such as his march against Fremont, and then against Banks, his march to Seven Days Around Richmond, to Pope's rear at Second Manassas, and to Hooker's flank and rear at Chancellorsville—the element of secrecy entered largely into his success.

Jackson was noted for the quickness with which he formed his decisions, and his crisp, epigramatic orders on the field of battle.

Thirty years ago, on the 21st of July, which has been fitly chosen for the unveiling of his monument, Jackson won his first real laurels in the "War between the States," and from the plains of Manasas there sounded forth the first trumpet notes that were to fill the world with his fame.

He had led his brigade of heroic Virginians to the plateau near the Henry House, and formed his line of battle to stem the blue tor-

rent that had been sweeping before it the little band of Confederates in its path, when General Bee, the heroic son of the Palmetto State, who had been bearing the brunt of the battle, galloped up to him and exclaimed: "General, they are beating us back!" Jackson, calm and collected, but his eyes glistening beneath the rim of his old cadet cap, "replied: "Sir, we will not be beaten back. We will give them the bayonet." It was then that Bee, about to yield up his noble life, rushed back to his own shattered legions and rallied them by exclaiming: "Look, there stands Jackson like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians. Let us determine to die here and we shall conquer." Bee fell a few moments later, but he had associated his name with one of deathless fame, and Thomas Jonathan Jackson was to be known henceforth as "Stonewall" Jackson.

> "One of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die."

But this soubriquet of "Stonewall," though it has passed into history and will cling to him forever, is really a very inappropriate designation for this impetuous soldier, whose watchword was "Forward" or "Charge" rather than "Stand." "Cyclone," or "Tornado," or "Hurricane," would more appropriately index Jackson's character as a soldier.

There has been a hot dispute between General Pope and General Banks as to the responsibility for the opening of the battle of Cedar Run (Slaughter's Mountain), in Culpeper county, in the beginning of the Second Manassas campaign, but General J. A. Early could easily settle the question for them. I happened to be sitting on my horse near by when Colonel Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to General Early and, touching his hat, quietly said: "General Jackson sends his compliments to General Early, and says advance on the enemy, and you will be supported by General Winder." "General Early's compliments to General Jackson, and tell him I will do it," was the laconic reply, and thus the battle opened. On the eve of another battle a staff officer rode up to General Jackson, and said: "General Ewell sends his compliments, and says he is ready." "General Jackson's compliments, and tell him to proceed," was the quiet reply. And soon the voice of the conflict was heard.

At Cold Harbor on that memorable 27th of June, 1861, after he had gotten his corps in position, the great chieftain spent a few moments in earnest prayer, and then said quietly to one of his staff: "Tell General Ewell to drive the enemy." Soon the terrible shock of battle was joined, and he sat quietly on his sorrel sucking a lemon

and watching through his glass the progress of the fight. Presently a staff officer of General Ewell galloped up and exclaimed: "General Ewell says, sir, that it is almost impossible for him to advance further unless that battery (pointing to it) is silenced." "Go tell Major Andrews to bring sixteen pieces of artillery to bear on that battery and silence it immediately," was the prompt reply. Soon the battery was silenced. "Now," said he, "tell General Ewell to drive them," and right nobly did General Ewell and his gallant men obey the order.

In the afternoon of the day at Cold Harbor Jackson became very impatient that the enemy did not yield his position more readily, and turning to one of staff said: "This thing has hung fire too long. Gallop to every brigade commander in my corps and tell them if the enemy in their front stands at sundown they must cease firing and sweep the field with the bayonet."

When on his great flank movement at Chancellorsville, General Fitz Lee sent for him to ascend a hill from which he could view the enemy's position. He merely glanced at it once, when he formed his plan, and said quickly to an aide: "Tell my column to cross the road." Just before he was wounded at Chancellorsville he gave to General A. P. Hill the order: "Press them and cut them off from the United States Ford," and as he was borne bleeding, mangled, and fainting from the field he roused himself to give, with something of his old fire, his last order: "General Pender, you must hold your position."

A STERN DISCIPLINARIAN.

He was very stern and rigid in his discipline, and would not tolerate for a moment the slightest deviation from the letter of his orders. He put General Garnett under arrest for ordering a retreat at Kernstown, although his ammunition was exhausted and his brigade was about to be surrounded, preferred charges against him, and was prosecuting him with the utmost vigor at the opening of the Chancellorsville campaign.

He insisted that Garnett should have held his position with the bayonet; that the enemy would have retreated if he had not; and that under no circumstances should Garnett have fallen back without orders from him (Jackson).

After the death of Jackson General Lee, without further trial of the case, restored General Garnett to the command of a brigade, and this brave soldier fell in the forefront of Pickett's famous charge on the heights of Gettysburg.

A brigadier once galloped up to Jackson in the midst of battle and said: "General Jackson, did you order me to charge that battery?" pointing to it. "Yes, sir; I did. Have you obeyed the order?" "Why, no, General. I thought there must be some mistake. My brigade would be annihilated—literally annihilated, sir—if we should move across that field." "General ———," said Jackson, his eye flashing fire and his voice and manner betraying intense excitement, and even rage, "I always try to bury my dead, and take care of my wounded. Obey that order, sir, and do it at once."

I heard one day, on the Valley campaign, a colloquy between Jackson and a colonel commanding one of his brigades. Jackson said quietly: "I thought, Colonel ———, that the orders were for you to move in the rear instead of in the front of General Elzey's brigade this morning." "Yes, I know that, General, but my fellows were ready before Elzey's, and I thought it would be bad to keep them waiting, and that it really made no difference any way." "I want you to understand, Colonel," was the almost fierce reply, "that you must obey my orders first, and reason about them afterwards. Consider yourself under arrest, sir, and march at the rear of your brigade." Jackson put General A. P. Hill under arrest (for a cause that was manifestly unjust) on the Second Manassas campaign, and he probably put more officers under arrest than all others of our generals combined.

PERSONAL ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

He was unceasingly active in giving his personal attention to the minutest details. He had an interview with his quartermaster, his commissary, his ordnance, and his medical officer every day, and he was at all times thoroughly familiar with the condition of these departments. It is a remarkable fact that, despite his rapid marches, he rarely ever destroyed any public property, or left so much as a wagon wheel to the enemy.

Not content with simply learning what his maps could teach him of the country and its topography, he was accustomed to have frequent interviews with citizens, and reconnoitre personally the country through which he expected to move, as well as the ground on which he expected to fight. Being called to his quarters one day to give him information concerning a region with which I had been familiar from my boyhood, I soon found that he knew more about the topography of the section than I did, and I was constrained to say: "Excuse me, General, I have known this region all my life and

thought that I knew all about it, but it is evident that you are more familiar with it than I am, and that I can give you no information about it." Often at night when the army was wrapped in sleep he would ride alone to inspect the roads by which on the morrow he expected to move to strike the enemy in flank or rear.

The world's history has probably no other instance of a soldier who won so much fame in so brief a period, and what might have been if God had spared him, it is useless now to speculate.

I have it from an authentic source, that if Jackson had not been killed at Chancellorsville he would have been sent to command the Army of Tennessee. How it would have resulted I may not now discuss, but it is safe to say that if "Stonewall" Jackson had been in command of those heroic veterans, *there would have been less retreating and more fighting.* At all events, as his old veterans gather in Lexington to do him honor and in their intercourse with each other "shoulder their crutches and tell how battles were fought and won," they heartily indorse the sentiment of brave old "Father Hubert," of Hays' Louisiana Brigade, who, in his prayer at the unveiling of the Jackson monument in New Orleans, said as his climax: "And Thou knowest, O Lord, that when Thou didst decide that the Confederacy should not succeed, *Thou hadst first to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson.*"

The Christian character of this great man is as historic and as widely known as his brilliant military career, but I deem it eminently fitting, amid the general contemplation of his life and services, to recall at least its salient features, that his old soldiers and the young men of the land may contemplate the simple-hearted piety of this stern warrior.

HIS FIRST PRAYER.

There is an incident which illustrates so well, not only the Christian character, but the whole career of Jackson, that I give it in detail, as being the very key-note of his action, the very Polar star of his life. The incident has been published in various forms, but I give it as I received it from his old pastor, Rev. Dr. W. S. White, of the Lexington Presbyterian church, whose death in 1871 was so widely lamented.

Not very long after his connection with the church the pastor preached a sermon on Prayer, in which it was urged that every male member of the church ought when occasion required, to lead in public prayer. The next day a faithful elder of the church asked "Major Jackson" what he thought of the doctrine of the sermon, and if he

was not convinced that he ought to lead in public prayer. "I do not think it my duty," he replied, and went on to assign as his reason that he hesitated in his speech to such an extent when excited that he did not think he could "pray to edification" in public. "Have you made the matter a subject of secret prayer?" persisted the elder. "No, sir, but I will do so to-night." The elder then advised him also to consult his pastor, and he went at once to Dr. White's study and went over with him the arguments and passages of Scripture by which he supported his position. The next day the elder saw him walking rapidly by his place of business, and fearing that he wished to avoid the subject of their previous conversation, he called him back and asked: "Have you made that matter a subject of prayerful investigation, Major?" "Yes, sir, and I was just on my way to ask Dr. White to call on me to lead in prayer at the meeting to-night." Soon after he was called on and made such a stammering effort that the pastor felt badly for him, and he was greatly mortified. Several subsequent efforts resulted in little better results, and the pastor began to think that perhaps Major Jackson was right—and that he really could not "pray to edification"—and that he was, perhaps, an exception to the general rule that members of the church ought to pray in public. Accordingly he said to him one day: "Major, we do not wish to make our prayer meetings uncomfortable to you, and if you prefer it. I will not call on you to lead in prayer again."

The prompt and emphatic reply was: "My comfort has nothing in the world to do with it, sir. You, as my pastor, think it my duty to lead in public prayer. I think so too; and by God's grace I mean to do it. *I wish that you would be so good as to call on me more frequently.*" Dr. White said that he saw from Jackson's manner that he meant to succeed; that he did call on him more frequently; that he gradually improved until he became one of the most gifted men in prayer whom he had in the church. It my privilege to hear him pray several times in the army, and if I ever heard "a fervent, effectual prayer," it was offered by this stern soldier.

DEACON JACKSON.

He was a "deacon"—not an "elder," as has been frequently asserted—in the Church, and was untiring in the discharge of all the duties of the position. On one occasion he went at the appointed hour to attend a "deacons' meeting," at which there was important business to be attended to, and after waiting five minutes for several

absentees, pacing back and forth, watch in hand, he asked to be excused for a while, and darted off to the house of one of them. Ringing the door-bell violently the gentleman came out, and Jackson accosted him with: "Mr. ——, it is eight minutes after eight o'clock" (the hour appointed for the meeting). "Yes, Major, I am aware of that, but I didn't have time to come out to-night." "Didn't have time!" retorted Deacon Jackson; "why, sir, I should not suppose that you *had time for anything else.* Did we not set apart this hour (only one in the month) for the service of the church? How, then, can you put aside your obligation in the matter?" With this he abruptly started back to the meeting, and his brother deacon felt so keenly the rebuke that he immediately followed. There was no difficulty in the finances of that church as long as "Deacon" Jackson managed them.

The venerable pastor said to me, with deep emotion, "Oh, sir, when Jackson fell I lost not only a warm personal friend, a consistent, active church member, but the best deacon I ever saw."

He was once collector for the Rockbridge Bible Society, and when the time came to report (to the surprise of his colleagues) he reported contributions from a number of free negroes, remarking in explanation, "They are poor, but ought not on that account to be denied the sweet privilege of helping so good a cause." He also reported: "I have a contribution from every person in my district except one lady. She has been away ever since I have been collector, but she will return home at 12 o'clock to-day, and I will see her at 1 o'clock." The next day he reported a contribution from her also.

He frequently sought the counsel and instruction of his pastor, upon whom he looked as his "superior officer," and to whom he would sometimes "report for orders." He was never blessed with large pecuniary means, but was always a most liberal contributor to every charitable object, and ever ready to "visit the fatherless and the widow in their distress."

HIS NEGRO SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Jackson was one of the most thoroughly concientious masters who ever lived. He not only treated his negroes kindly, but devoted himself most assiduously to thier religious instruction. He was not only accustomed (as were Christian masters generally at the South) to invite his servants into family prayers, but he also had a special meeting with them every Sunday afternoon in order to teach them the Scriptures. He made this exercise so interesting to them that

other negroes of the town craved the privilege of attending, and he soon had his room filled to overflowing with eager pupils. This suggested to him the idea of organizing a negro Sunday-school, which he did several years before the war, and to which he devoted all of the energies of his mind and all the zeal of his large Christian heart.

He was accustomed to prepare himself for the exercises of this school by the most careful study of the lessons. The day before he left home for the war was Saturday, and he was very busy all day long making every preparation to leave at a moment's warning. He paid all outstanding accounts, and settled up as far as possible his worldly affairs, while his devoted wife was busily plying the needle to prepare him for the field. At the supper table Mrs. Jackson made some remark about the preparations for his expected departure, when he said, with a bright smile: "My dear, to-morrow is the blessed Sabbath day. It is also the regular communion season at our church. I hope I shall not be called to leave until Monday. Let us then dismiss from our conversation and our thoughts everything pertaining to the war, and have together one more quiet evening of preparation for our loved Sabbath duties."

Accordingly the dark cloud of war was pushed aside. He read aloud to her for awhile from religious magazines and newspapers, and then they went to their accustomed studies of the Bible lessons which were to be taught on the morrow to the colored Sunday-school. It was such a bright, happy Saturday evening, as is only known in the well-regulated Christian home. Alas! It has proved the last that he ever spent under his own roof-tree. Early the next morning a telegram from the Governor of the Commonwealth ordered him to march the corps of cadets for Richmond at 12:30 o'clock that day. Not waiting for his breakfast he hurried to the Institute and spent the morning making necessary preparations for the departure of the cadets, not forgetting to send a request to his pastor that he should be present to hold with them a brief service before they marched forth at the call of their sovereign State.

At 11 o'clock he came home to take a hurried breakfast and make a few personal arrangements. The last thing he did before leaving home was to retire with his wife into their chamber, read a part of the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, beginning: "For we know that that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God—a house not made with hands—eternal in the Heavens," and then made an humble, tender, fervent prayer, in which he begged that the dark clouds of war might even then be

dissipated; that the God of peace might calm the storm and avert the calamity of war, or that He might at least go forth with him and with the young men under his command to guide, guard, help and bless them.

At 12 o'clock the venerable pastor was present to make the corps of cadets an appropriate address of Christian counsel, and to lead in a fervent, tender prayer.

At the appointed hour, to the exact minute, Major Jackson gave the order: "Attention! Forward, march."

And thus the loving husband bade adieu to his home. The faithful church member turned away from his communion service, the earnest Sunday-school teacher left his lesson untaught, and the peerless soldier marched forth from the parade ground to win immortal fame—to come not back again until his body was borne to its burial in the beautiful cemetery at "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia," and two continents were bursting with the fame of "Stonewall" Jackson.

Jackson gave a great deal of time to his colored Sunday school. He was accustomed to carry around himself the most carefully prepared reports of the conduct and progress of each pupil, and to do everything in his power to interest the whites of the community in his school.

Soon after one of the great battles a large crowd gathered one day at the postoffice in Lexington, anxiously awaiting the opening of the mail, that they might get the particulars concerning the great battle which they had heard had been fought. The venerable pastor of the Presbyterian Church was of the company, and soon had handed him a letter which he recognized as directed in Jackson's well-known handwriting. "Now," said he, "we will have the news! Here is a letter from General Jackson himself." The crowd eagerly gathered around, but heard, to their very great disappointment, a letter which made not the most remote allusion to the battle or the war, but which enclosed a check for $50 with which to buy books for his colored Sunday-school; and was filled with inquiries after the interests of the school and the church. He had no time nor inclination to write of the great victory and the imperishable laurels he was winning, but he found time to remember his noble work among God's poor, and to contribute further to the good of the negro children, whose true friend and benefactor he had always been. And he was accustomed te say that one of the very greatest privations to him which the war brought was that he was taken away from his beloved work in the colored Sunday-school.

Jackson thus acquired a wonderful influence over the colored people of that whole region, and to this day his memory is warmly cherished by them. When Hunter's army was marching into Lexington, the Confederate flag which floated over Jackson's grave was hauled down and concealed by some of the citizens. A lady who stole into the cemetery one morning, while the Federal army was occupying the town, bearing fresh flowers with which to decorate the hero's grave, was surprised to find a miniature Confederate flag planted on the grave, with the verse of a familiar hymn pinned to it. Upon inquiry she found that a colored boy, who had belonged to Jackson's Sunday-school, had procured the flag, gotten some one to copy a stanza of a favorite hymn which Jackson had taught him, and had gone in the night to plant the flag on the grave of his loved teacher.

A MAN OF PRAYER.

Jackson was equally scrupulous in attending to all of his religious duties. "Lord, what will Thou have me to do?" seemed the motto of his life. Regular in meeting all of his religious obligations, he walked straight along the path of duty, doing with his might whatever his hands found to do. In the army his piety, despite all obstacles, seemed to brighten, as the pure gold is refined by the furnace. He beautifully illustrated in his life the lesson of the great Apostle: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He was a man of prayer, accustomed in all he did to ask the Divine blessing and guidance. His old body servant said that he "could always tell when a battle was near at hand by seeing the General get up a great many times in the night to pray." He was frequently observed in the beginning and in the midst of battle to lift up his hands towards Heaven, and those near could hear his ejaculatory prayers. Just before the battle of Fredericksburg he rode out in front of his line of battle and offered an earnest prayer for the success of his arms that day. The morning of the campaign of Chancellorsville he spent a long time in prayer before mounting to ride to the field.

Rev. Dr. Brown, former editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, related a characteristic anecdote of this "man of prayer." During a visit to the army around Centreville, in 1861, a friend remarked to Dr. Brown, in speaking of General Jackson, in the strain in which many of his old friends were accustomed to disparage him, "The truth is, sir, that Old Jack is crazy. I can account for his conduct in no other way. Why, I frequently meet him out in the woods walking back-

wards and forth muttering to himself in incoherent sentences and gesticulating wildly, and at such times he seems utterly oblivious of my presence and of every one else."

Dr. Brown happened next night to share Jackson's blanket, and in a long and tender conversation on the best means of promoting personal holiness in the camp the great soldier said to him: "I find that it greatly helps me in fixing my mind and quickening my devotions to give articulate utterance to my prayers, and hence I am in the habit of going off into the woods where I can be alone and speak audibly to myself the prayers I would pour out to my God. I was at first annoyed that I was compelled to keep my eyes open to avoid running against the trees and stumps; but upon investigating the matter I do not find that the Scriptures require us to close our eyes in prayer, and the exercise has proven to me to be very delightful and profitable."

And thus Dr. Brown got the explanation of the conduct which his friend had cited to prove that "Old Jack is crazy."

A friend was once conversing with him about the difficulty of the Scripture injunction, "Pray without ceasing," and Jackson insisted that we could so accustom ourselves to it that it could be easily obeyed. "When we take our meals there is the Grace. When I take a drink of water I always pause, as my palate receives the refreshment, to lift up my heart in thanks to God for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter in the box at the postoffice, I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received I stop to pray to God that he may prepare me for its contents and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my classroom and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so with every other familiar act of the day."

"But," said his friend, "do you not often forget these seasons, coming so frequently?"

"No," said he; "I have made the practice habitual to me, and I can no more forget it than to forget to drink when I am thirsty."

HIS UNSHAKEN TRUST.

Jackson had a firm and unshaken trust in the promises of God and His superintending providence under all circumstances, and it was his habitual practice to pray for and trust in divine guidance under every circumstance of trial.

His friend, Elder Lyle, one of the noblest specimens of a noble Christian that ever lived, used to question him very closely on his Christian experience, and one day asked him if he really believed the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God, and to them who are the called according to His purpose." He said that he did; and the elder asked: "If you were to lose your health, would you believe it then?" "Yes, I think I should." "How if you were to become entirely blind?" "I should still believe it." "But suppose that, in addition to your loss of health and sight, you should become utterly dependent upon the cold charities of the world?" He thought for a moment, and then replied with emphasis, "If it were the will of God to place me there, He would enable me to lie there peacefully for a hundred years." He nobly stood this test when called upon to cross the Jordan of death.

Soon after he was wounded he said to Rev. B. T. Lacy, who exclaimed on seeing him, "Oh, General, what a calamity!" "You see me severely wounded, but not depressed—not unhappy. I believe that it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day, for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied that, either in this life or in that which is to come, I shall discover that what is now regarded as a calamity is a blessing. And if it appears a great calamity (as it surely will be a great inconvenience) to be deprived of my arm, it will result in a great blessing. I can wait until God, in His own time, shall make known to me the object which He has in thus afflicting me. But why should I not rather rejoice in it as a blessing, and not look on it as a calamity at all? If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare do it unless I could know that it was the will of my Heavenly Father."

I have not left myself space to illustrate further the Christian character of this great man, by quoting from his official dispatches and private letters, telling of his personal activity in promoting religion in the army, or relating the details of his glorious death.

Suffice it to say that I saw him frequently, heard him converse on religious topics, heard him offer as fervent, tender, and every way appropriate prayers as I ever heard from any one, and can say from my own personal knowledge of him that if I ever came in contact with an humble, earnest child of God, it was this "thunderbolt of war," who followed with child-like faith the "Captain of our Salva-

tion," and who humbly laid at the foot of the cross all of his ambitions and honors.

Having lived such a life the logical result was the glorious death which has been so fully described by Dr. Dabney, Dr. Hunter McGuire and others.

HIS GLORIOUS DEATH.

Stonewall Jackson died as he lived—an humble, trusting Christian. Nay! he did not die. The weary, worn marcher simply "crossed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees." The battle-scarred warrior fought his last battle, won his last victory, and went to wear his "bright crown of rejoicing," his fadeless laurels of honor, to receive from earth and from Heaven the plaudit:

> Servant of God well done,
> Rest from Thy loved employ;
> The battle's fought, the victory's won;
> Enter thy Master's joy."

As veterans of the old Stonewall corps gather in Lexington around the grand monument of their old chief, and as comrades scattered all over the land shall read the story of the happy day, God grant that one and all of them may hear the voice of the glorious and glorified leader calling to them in trumpet tones: "BE YE FOLLOWERS OF ME, EVEN AS I ALSO AM OF CHRIST!"

J. WILLIAM JONES.

Atlanta, Ga., July 16, 1891.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, July 29, 1891.]

THE SOUBRIQUET "STONEWALL."

HOW IT WAS ACQUIRED.

A few more years will forever seal the lips of all who can speak from personal knowledge of the incidents of the "War Between the States." Any of them, therefore, who can now contribute to the perfect accuracy of history may be pardoned for doing so, even at the risk of incurring the charge of egotism. This is my only motive for troubling you with this brief article. I am one of those who heard General Barnard E. Bee utter the words which gave Jackson the name of "Stonewall."

THE EXACT FACTS.

The speech of General Early (as I have seen it reported) at Lexington on the 21st instant is slightly inaccurate in its account of this matter in two particulars. As this inaccuracy does injustice to other Confederate soldiers no less gallant than the "Stonewall" brigade, I am sure the chivalric old General and all others like him, with hearts in the right place, will be glad to have it corrected and the exact facts stated.

THE FOURTH ALABAMA.

It was to the Fourth Alabama regiment that the words were spoken by General Bee, about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon of July 21, 1861. This regiment, with the Sixth North Carolina and Second and Eleventh Mississippi, constituted Bee's brigade; and as the brigade arrived at Manassas from the Valley in detachments, so it went into and fought through the battle, not as a whole, but by separate regiments. The Fourth Alabama having arrived at Manassas on Saturday, the 20th, was in movement very early on Sunday morning, the 21st, from near the junction towards the upper fords of Bull Run. The dust raised by the march of the Federal army to Sudley's ford having attracted attention, the Fourth Alabama was hurried by General Bee in that direction, and we reached before 11 A. M. the plateau of the Henry House, whereon the main conflict occurred afterwards.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Bee seeing that this was a good position for defence, but that the Federals would capture it unless delayed before the Confederate forces could reach there in sufficient numbers, ordered the Fourth Alabama to hasten a half mile further north beyond Young's branch and the wood over there to aid Evans, Wheat, and others in detaining the Federal army.

This duty we performed at great sacrifice, standing fast for an hour or more against overwhelming numbers, losing our Colonel, Egbert Jones, mortally wounded ; Lieutenant-Colonel Law and Major Scott, disabled, and a great number of other officers and men killed and wounded.

Then in obedience to orders we withdrew from our advanced position and took position on the Confederate battle-line and in rear of the Robinson House.

GENERAL JOHNSTON SEIZES THE FLAG.

Here, without field-officers and under command of a captain, the Fourth Alabama maintained its ground and did its part in resisting the enemy. General Johnston at one time came to us there and led us forward on a charge against the enemy, bearing our flag in his own hand. That glorious old warrior never appeared more magnificent than he did at that moment on his prancing horse and flaunting our colors in the face of the foe, who fell back before us.

SMITTEN WITH FIRE.

Soon after this, the leading design of the Federals all day being to turn the Confederate left, the heaviest fighting veered in that direction, and in consequence the enemy disappeared from the immediate front of our regiment, leaving us unengaged; but the fearful crash after crash of the Federal musketry, as fresh troops poured in against the Confederate centre and left, can never be forgotten by those who heard it. Farther and farther round its awful thunders rolled as if nothing could stay it. Our brigade comrades of the Sixth North Carolina separated, from us in the manœuvres of the day, had rushed in single-handed and been smitten as with fire, and their gallant Colonel Fisher and many of his men were no more. Jackson and his glorious brigade were struggling like giants to withstand the fierce onslaught.

THE WORDS OF BEE.

It was just at this moment our Brigadier-General Bee came galloping to the Fourth Alabama and said: "My brigade is scattered over the field, and you are all of it now at hand. Men, can you make a charge of bayonets?" Those poor, battered, and bloody-nosed Alabamians, inspired by the lion like bearing of that heroic officer, responded promptly, "Yes, General, we will go wherever you lead, and do whatever you say." Bee then said, pointing towards where Jackson and his men were so valiantly battling about a quarter of a mile to the west and left of us, "*Yonder stands Jackson like a stone wall. Let us go to his assistance.*" Saying this, he dismounted, placed himself at the left of the Fourth Alabama, and led the regiment (what remained of them) to Jackson's position and joined them on to his right.

A CHARGE.

Some other reinforcements coming up, a vigorous charge was made, pressing the Federals back. In this charge Bee fell mortally wounded, leading the Fourth Alabama. Bartow fell, not far from the same time and within a stone's throw of the same spot, leading his Georgians. All the world knows how the Federals shortly thereafter were seized with a panic and fled incontinently from the field.

THE ERROR COMPLAINED OF.

It is not true that General Bee said "rally behind the Virginians," or behind anybody else. It is not true that he was rallying his men at all, for they were not retiring. The glory of the Stonewall Brigade does not need to be enhanced by any depreciation of the equal firmness and heroism of other men on that historic field. Let it never be forgotten that the Fourth Alabama lost more men on that day than any other regiment but one in the Confederate army, and every field from there to Appomattox was moistened with the blood of her heroes. But several of them still survive to corroborate, to the letter, the statement I have given you above.

Very respectfulty,

WILLIAM M. ROBINS,
Former Major Fourth Alabama.

Statesville, N. C., July 24, 1991.

[From the *Rider and Driver*, October, 1891.]

GENERALS IN THE SADDLE.

Famous Men in the Federal and Confederate Armies Who Were Good Horsemen—Their Characteristics and Peculiarities in Camp and on the Field—Some Imposing Figures on Horseback—Grant was a Hard Rider, and Sheridan was a Centaur.

All the Federal and Confederate Generals who won fame during the civil war were good horsemen. Most of them learned the art of equitation under competent teachers at West Point, but even those who rose to military command from civil life sat in the saddle with more or less grace and dignity. General Grant was from boyhood

an ardent lover of good horses, and while he was in command of all the United States armies he had a large number of exceedingly fine animals at his disposal. It is an equine axiom that a merciful man is merciful to his beast, but though Grant had as full a share of mercy in his heart as most men, he was so earnest and stubborn as a soldier that he never hesitated to sacrifice human or animal life to gain a decided end. He was, in fact, cruel to be kind. He sat in the saddle rather ungainly, that is to say, he had an exceedingly good seat, but his utter indifference regarding the uniform of his rank somewhat detracted from his appearance as a horseman. He never wore a sword or a sash after becoming a brigadier, even on parade days for review, While on the march or campaign General Grant carried his flat-brimmed hat down over his eyes, and wore a coat supposed to be one that had done duty at Vicksburg. It certainly looked like it. Grant always went at a hard gallop when following the movements of his troops, an unlighted cigar clenched firmly in his powerful jaws. When the Army of the Potomac was pursuing Lee's forces, after the evacuation of Richmond and the Petersburg siege-works, Grant wore out no less than six horses inside of three days. So furiously did he ride from point to point, it frequently happened that all of his orderlies were left behind. Indeed, very few of the headquarter staff could keep up the pace. Grant once covered fifty miles in four hours on three horses.

General Lee had a very graceful carriage in the saddle. While in motion he sat erect and composed, but he seldom rode at a faster gait than a canter. He had a curious habit of laying his hands on the pommel on halting to converse with any one. Leaning gently forward Lee's attitude was at once courteous and engaging. I chanced to meet the great Confederate leader on two occasions. Being a wounded prisoner after the battle of the Wilderness, I was lying under a locust tree by the roadside, when Lee came riding slowly past. Quietly halting, he leaned over me and began asking questions concerning the Federal army. On my politely declining to answer some of his queries. the General's face grew sad. He bowed slightly, acknowledging my right to refuse, and then rode on in deep thought, for I had told him that Grant was present and in real command of the Army of the Potomac.

Major-General Meade was one of the most perfect riders in the service. He sat erect at all times, and it was an inspiring sight to see him gallop past a halted corps. In answer to the tumultuous cheers that invariably greeted him on such occasions, he would lift

his braided cap, and holding it high above his head, pass through the ranks of his men like a meteor. Meade took good care that his chargers were capable of speed and endurance, and he was very careful of them.

Major-General G. K. Warren was an ungainly horseman. His engineering studies and tendencies rendered him careless of his equitation, and, of course, he could sit on a horse and gallop, but if he had a position to reconnoiter, out of the saddle would he go, in order to clamber on top of a rock scarcely any higher than his horse's back. There on foot, with solid ground under him, Warren could plan at leisure and with ease. Neither was he particular regarding the sort of horseflesh at his command. His rank gave him a right to the best, and his quartermaster always saw that he was well mounted. He paid no attention to the matter. The animals might be changed daily and the fact entirely escape Warren's attention, so long as the old saddle remained. To him a horse was a military necessity, and I do not believe that he rode on horseback twenty miles after the war ended.

Major-General Burnside was an imposing figure on a horse. His remarkable moustaches and whiskers, with the folded Burnside hat on his head, made him easily recognizable. He always wore full dress, even on the march, while a huge pair of snow-white gauntlets lent additional magnificence to his costume. As a rider Burnside was easy and graceful, and he seemed to love being in the saddle.

Major-General McClellan was one of the handsomest men on horseback in the Federal service. He sat in the saddle with a grace and ease peculiarly his own. All his appointments were in the most correct taste, and his horses were full-blooded animals. Wearing highly polished riding boots coming nearly up to his hips, and wrinkled from the instep to the knee, he would go splashing over the roads until horse, rider, and boots were covered with Virginia mud, probably the stickiest substance in existence. His servant, too, always had a clean pair of boots for the General on his return to quarters, after which the man would spend a couple of hours cleaning the other pair. The soldiers at Yorktown used to say that "Little Mac" could collect more mud in an hour's time than any other General in the army. McClellan was passionately fond of horses, and preferred to have them coal black.

General Sherman was a nervous and somewhat careless rider. He wore his stirrup leathers very long, seeming to be, almost all the time, standing in the irons. This appearance was intensified by his

habit of rising in his stirrups on reaching a turn in the road or some advantageous point of observation. While always careful of his animals, Sherman did not appear to have that fondness for them that is so common among good horsemen. He was constantly on the go, and his eye seemed to be everywhere except where his horse was treading. Sherman's rein was rather a loose one, for he trusted, apparently, to the natural sagacity of his steed, rather than to his own guidance. Seen at the head of a column of troops, or giving orders for their disposition on the field, Sherman presented a remarkable figure. Riding along the road he was constantly gazing about him, noting the lay of land passed over, as if internally planning how a battle could be fought there. After his retirement from the army, General Sherman seldom mounted a horse, for he said he was getting too old, and had had enough of such exercise.

Major-General Hooker was probably the best-looking mounted officer that ever rode at the head of a Federal army. He was a true soldier of the old type, had an easy carriage, a firm seat, and sat in the saddle as straight as an arrow. Sometimes the simile is used, "as straight as an Indian," but an Indian never sits on a horse straight, however he may walk.

Major-General Kilpatrick might be called a born horseman, for he was never so happy as when in the saddle. Though a perfect horseman in every sense of the word, Kilpatrick did not present a good appearance in the saddle. He rode more like a Comanche Indian than the pupil of a school of equitation, and he could fight like a Comanche, too.

Before Major-General Sickles lost his leg at the battle of Gettysburg he was a picturesque figure on horseback. Accustomed to the ordinary riding saddle before he donned the uniform, "Dan," as his soldiers always called him, fell into the military one with ease and freedom. Sickles sat in the saddle with an aplomb peculiarly his own, and he appeared to advantage on the gallop, for he rode easily. Most men look well when riding over a clean country road at the head of a moving column of troops, for they form a part of the pomp and circumstance of war. At any rate, General Sickles did, for he was a gallant and brave officer, a gentleman by instinct and breeding.

Major-General Wade Hampton was, like all Southerners, a graceful rider. Like Sickles, the loss of a leg has ended his horsemanship, but he was not deprived of the useful member by a casualty on the battle-field. Wade was a dashing horseman, rather dandified

in his attire, and somewhat fond of display, but he did good service for his side of the great national quarrel, and is deservedly popular among the men of the South. One of my comrades, who saw him ride over a field while the former lay a wounded prisoner, tells me that Hampton made a splendid figure in the saddle, which he sat while on the gallop with rare ease, scarcely a swing being noticeable, despite the rapid pace. He was always magnificently mounted, and "could ride like the devil," as my friend expressed it.

Major-General Benjamin F. Butler could sit on a horse and ride without fatigue, but to the eye of a riding-master he would be a source of humor. Not that Butler was a bad horseman, but he was too heavy a man for easy carriage, while the portentous boots he always wore in the field made him look like a Dirk Hatteraick suddenly lifted into a saddle. Whether it was his huge boots or the saturnine temperament of the man, he nevertheless rode as if the horse was a mechanical one and not made of flesh and blood. If he tried a gallop, which was seldom, it looked as if rider and steed would soon part company, for his body rose and fell violently at every stride. But Butler never prided himself on his feats of horsemanship, and active field movement was not his forte.

Major-General John Pope made himself famous in 1862 by issuing a grandiloquent bulletin to his army that until further orders headquarters would be in the saddle. Then the reverses to McClellan began, and Pope's headquarters were kept on the steady run by Lee all through the Virginia Valley. The soldiers used to say that Pope's hindquarters were in the saddle and his headquarters nowhere. But soldiers are always sarcastic. General Pope was a fine horseman, and looked exceedingly well in the saddle.

General Sheridan did not appear to advantage on foot. In the saddle he was a centaur. When astride of a horse the Shenandoah Valley hero gained in inches, for he was longer in statue above his sword belt than below it. Sheridan always sat well back, unconsciously leaning against the rear pommel of his military saddle. This attitude brought his feet a little in advance of the correct line, but it did not detract much from his appearance as a horseman. The fierce bundle of nerves that were encased in his small body would not permit General Sheridan to long sit still, and he was always on the gallop, even when his army was lying idle and the pickets were silent.

Major-General Custer was the beau ideal of a perfect horseman. He sat in the saddle as if born in it, for his seat was so very easy and graceful that he and his steed seemed one. At West Point he was at the head of all the classes in horsemanship, and delighted in being on the tanbark. It is related of him that he could cut down more wooden heads on the gallop than any other one of the cadets. Unlike most ardent raiders during the war, General Custer seldom punished his horses. It was only when the moment for charging arrived that he loosened rein for a headlong dash.

Major-General Alfred Pleasanton was an exquisite horseman, both in his dress and his manner of riding. Slightly under the average height for military men, Pleasanton would have looked boyish in the saddle but for his neatly trimmed and glossy beard. He always wore tight-fitting riding boots, that came just to the bend of the knee, and he had a habit of tapping them, while in conversation, with the feminine riding whip he invariably carried in his hand. As a cavalry leader he had few equals, despite the fact that Sheridan subsequently became so prominent in that branch of the service.

Major General Hancock looked exceedingly well in the saddle. Those who only remember him when his hair became gray can have no idea of the change in his personal appearance. During the war Hancock had a swarthy complexion, the result of being so much in the open air. His dark hair and huge goatee gave his face a look of sternness, though it was freqently lighted up by a pleasant and engaging smile. His figure was rather slender then, which made him seem taller than he really was. He sat on his horse bolt upright, bridle-hand well forward, and with scarcely a bend in the knee. He had usually a tall horse, which added to the imposing effect of his figure.

Major-General Logan made a conspicuous figure in the saddle. His coal-black hair and tremendous moustache gave him a ferocious appearance, though in reality his disposition was a genial one. But he often had fits of passion, and then his eyes blazed; but these ebullitions of temper were evanescent and they usually occurred on the battlefield. Logan was an exceedingly good horseman, his seat being firm yet easy. When galloping he used to lean backward, his feet well to the front. At critical moments in an engagement he was wont to go at tremendous speed toward the threatened part of his line of battle. Then he was magnificent. His hat jammed down over his eyes, his eyes bright and his long moustache waving in the

air gave him an odd look, while the terrific pace of his steed was appalling. He overcame every obstacle with ease, and it was a beautiful sight to see his horse go flying over fences, ditches or fallen trees, while the rider sat in the saddle with ease and apparent reckless indifference.

Lieutenant-General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson was a great horseman. He sat in the saddle easily, while there was a sort of abandon visible which showed his familiarity with horseflesh from boyhood. His seat was very erect, and though it had none of the stiffness of the cavalry style, it was very correct. His stirrups were shortened to give a slight bend to the knee and enable him to adjust his body to the movements of his steed without apparent exertion.

Major-General James Ewell Brown Stuart (best known as "Jeb," from the initials of his name) was a grand horseman. He was the Pleasanton or Sheridan of the Confederate army. No man could ride better or faster than Stuart. He carried a careless rein, gripping the saddle with a knee clasp, which prevented his being unseated. He was always well dressed, and as the uniform of a Confederate general was a very handsome one, Stuart made a dashing appearance.

Major-General Martin T. McMahon was a debonair rider, from the days when he rode as a Captain in McClellan's staff until he deservedly rose to higher command. I once saw him walk across a battlefield, having had his horse killed under him, and he was swearing away at a terrible rate. Just then an orderly rode up and surrendered his own horse. Mac stopped swearing, and, leaping into the saddle with an angelic smile, galloped off to deliver his interrupted orders.

Major-General Philip Kearney, who was killed among the pines at Hanover Court House, Va., during McClellan's Peninsular campaign, had left an arm in Mexico. Like Howard, he depended on the knee for guiding his horse. He was a brave but exceedingly rash man. During the first year of the war officers were apt to expose themselves by riding off alone, and Kearney had not yet learned that Southern soldiers were not Mexican greasers. During the battle of Hanover Court House he rode into a belt of young pines on a personal reconnoissance, only to find himself confronted by a group of Confederate infantrymen acting as a vidette. They

called on him to surrender, when "Phil" turned his steed swiftly and galloped away. But bullets travel faster than horses, and Kearney fell from his saddle perfectly riddled. There was a reckless manner about Kearney that was peculiarly fascinating. He was a hard fighter and fairly revelled in the tumult of a battle. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have attained important command.

Major-General E. O. C. Ord was a famous horseman. He sat bolt upright, with long stirrup leathers, but there was a peculiar firmness in his seat. He had great endurance, for he seldom alighted, except when on the march, while his corps was halted for rest. He favored tall animals like himself, so that steed and rider were well fitted.

Major-General Lew Wallace was a fine rider. Though disposed to be rather careless of his outward appearance during a campaign, Wallace always had good horses and knew how to use them. He was an exceedingly pleasant-tempered man, and war correspondents were fond of him, because he was not afraid of them, as many generals were. There was not much of the military style about his seat, but it was a firm and secure one.

Lieutenant-General Jubal A. Early was a fierce rider. Anything he attempted or did was fiercely conducted. He had a swinging, easy seat, the result of constant galloping, for during a battle Early was here, there and everywhere. Though neatly dressed, he was one of the few Confederate generals who were not military or soldierly in their appearance. He sat in the saddle like a southern gentleman; but it was the insignia of his rank that showed him to be a soldier. He would have looked fully as well in the old suit of homespun he had worn before the war.

Major-General N. P. Banks rode a horse beanpole fashion. Being exceedingly long-legged, his stirrup leathers were lowered to the very last hole. Therefore he seemed to be sitting on a fence and not on a horse. Despite this he rode well, and as his body was as long as his legs, he made a tolerably good appearance. Galloping with him was evidently hard work, showing that his seat was too rigid.

Major General A. H. Terry made a youthful appearance in the saddle. But he was a perfect horseman and rode very easily. His horses were beauties, and he was very careful of them. Fond of a gallop, Terry would go over a fence or a ditch like a bird, and so lightly did he occupy the saddle that his horse was seldom blown, even after a hard stretch across a field. After the war Terry was in

the saddle almost every day for several years. He rode from Bismarck, Dak., to the Canadian line in search of Sitting Bull; and officers on that tedious and tiresome expedition have told me that the general was always the freshest man in the command when nightfall called for a halt and camp.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Eloquent Appeal to Them, Their Friends and Their Descendants—Address of General John B. Gordon—Importance of Forming Camps for Preservation of Glorious Traditions and General Improvements.

The following is General John B. Gordon's address to the United Confederate Veterans and to all the ex-soldiers and sailors of the late Confederate States of America. It was published simultaneously all over the South, with the view of calling the attention of veterans in every Southern State to the importance of forming camps without delay, and of appealing to them to join the "Benevolent, Social and Historical" organization of United Confederate Veterans. Any details or information desired, copies of constitution or blanks wanted, will be promptly furnished by applying to General George Moorman, Adjutant-General and Chief-of-Staff, New Orleans, La.:

ADDRESS OF THE GENERAL COMMANDING.

ATLANTA, GA., *September 3, 1889.*

To the ex-Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederate States of America:

The convention of delegates from the different States which assembled in New Orleans June 10, 1889, effected a general organization known as the "United Confederate Veterans." It is designed as an association of all the bodies of ex-Confederate veterans and sailors throughout the Union. The convention adopted a constitution and did me the great honor to elect me General, which position I accept with peculiar gratification. Preliminary to the issue of any orders I wish to call general attention to the objects of the Association and to enlist in their accomplishment the active co-operation not only of every survivor of Southern armies, but also that large contingent of sons of veterans, who, too young to have received the baptism of fire, have nevertheless received with you the baptism of suffering and of sacrifice.

The first article of the constitution of the Association declares: "The object and purpose of this organization will be strictly social, literary, historical and benevolent. It will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of the Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the States; to preserve the relics or mementoes of the same; to cherish the ties of friendship that should exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common suffering and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve the record of the services of every member, and as far as possible, of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity."

The last article provides that neither discussion of political or religious subjects nor any political action shall be permitted in the organization, and any association violating that provision shall forfeit its membership.

GOOD OBJECTS.

Comrades, no argument is needed to secure for those objects your enthusiastic endorsement. They have burdened your thoughts for many years; you have cherished them in sorrow, poverty and humiliation. In the face of misconstruction you have held them in your hearts with the strength of religious convictions. No misjudgments can defeat your peaceful purposes for the future. Your aspirations have been lifted by the mere force and urgency of surrounding conditions to a plane far above the paltry consideration of partisan triumphs. The honor of the American republic, the just powers of the Federal Government, the equal rights of States, the integrity of the constitutional union, the sanctions of laws and the enforcement of order have no class of defenders more true and devoted than the ex-soldier of the South and their worthy descendants. But you realize the great truth that a people without the memories of heroic suffering and sacrifices are a people without a history.

To cherish such memories and recall such a past, whether crowned with success or consecrated in defeat, is to idolize principle and strengthen character, intensify love of country and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and noble womanhood. Whether the Southern people under their changed conditions may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which began with their Washington and ended with their Lee,

it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guarantee of future progress and the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim they can present to the confidence and respect of the other sections of the Union.

NON-POLITICAL.

In conclusion, I beg to repeat in substance, at least, a few thoughts recently expressed by me to the State organization, which apply with equal force to this general brotherhood.

It is political in no sense except so far as the word "political" is a synonym of the word "patriotic." It is a brotherhood over which the genius of philanthropy and patriotism, of truth and of justice will preside; of philanthopy, because it will succor the disabled, help the needy, strengthen the weak, and cheer the disconsolate; of patriotism, because it will cherish the past glories of the dead Confederacy and transmute them into living inspirations for future serviceto the living republic; of truth, because it will seek to gather and preserve as witnesses for history the unimpeachable facts which shall doom falsehood to die that truth may live; of justice, because it will cultivate national as well as Southern fraternity and will condemn narrow-mindendess and prejudice and passion, and cultivate that broader, higher nobler sentiment which would write on the grave of every soldier who fell on either side: "Here lies an American hero—a martyr to the right as his conscience conceived it."

GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

I rejoice that a general organization too long neglected has been at last perfected. It is a brotherhood which all honorable men must approve and which heaven itself will bless. I call upon you, therefore, to organize in every State and community where ex-Confederates may reside and rally to the support of the high and peaceful objects of the "United Confederate Veterans," and move forward until by the power of organization and persistent effort your beneficient and Christian purposes are fully accomplished.

J. B. GORDON,
Commanding General.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, July 26, August 2, 1891].

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL.

Some Reminiscences of the Famous Virginia Commander—Curious Mistakes Growing Out of the Absence of His Insignia of Rank—Teamsters' Blunders Reproved with Vigor—The First Burial of His Remains.

Having seen an account of the removal of the remains of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill from Hollywood cemetery to the site of the monument erected to his memory at the intersection of Laburnam avenue and the Hermitage road, about two miles north of Richmond, my mind was naturally drawn to the career of that gallant officer in the war for Southern independence.

It was my fortune to be a member of his military family during the First Maryland campaign, which, as is well known, included the capture of Harper's Ferry with about ten thousand Federal troops, together with immense supplies and arms, and closed with the terrific engagement at Sharpsburg, as we called it, or Antietam, as the Federals have it.

As I prefer, at this distant day, to deal with the more pleasing features of the struggle, I will give you a few anecdotes, all bearing on the gallantry and native pluck of him who I esteem to have been one of the bravest officers of an army noted above all things for undaunted courage and intrepid valor.

I belonged to the much-abused and poorly-appreciated corps of commissaries of subsistence of the Army of Northern Virginia, having reached there with the brigade of General L. O. B. Branch a short time before the memorable Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond.

HIS ABSENT INSIGNIA.

General Hill had but lately won and received his major-general's commission, and our brigade was assigned to his light division early in the formation of it. My acquaintance with him began then, but only such as would exist between a subordinate and superior officer, with only occasional official intercourse.

It was his habit when on the march to wear what was called then a "hunting-shirt," without a coat or any insignia of rank visible. To those who knew him the insignia of a general was stamped on his

every feature ; but with those who did not know him this omission to display the three stars often led to amusing blunders.

It was after we had chased "little Mack" to the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's landing, and were returning to the lines around Richmond that one of these occurred. I had been directed by the quartermaster of the division (General J. G. Field, since Attorney-General of Virginia), to hold the wagon-train at a given point on the road until ordered forward by him. The train was halted and I placed a faithful sergeant at the head to allow it to move only when ordered by Major Field, while I and others rode off to a spring for water, in full view of the road and distant only a few hundred yards. As I had reached my turn at the dipper and drank I discovered the train in motion, and supposing all was right, but anxious to know our destination, I galloped rapidly to the road and found the sergeant somewhat nonplussed at what had taken place.

A COURIER.

He said a courier came and told him to move the wagons on as there was an artillery train coming up behind. He told the courier the train was awaiting the orders of Major Field, and would go forward as soon as the Major said so. To this the courier replied General Hill ordered the wagons forward, when the sergeant consentingly replied well if General Hill told you to order them forward all right, and the train was put in motion. The sergeant finding that I approved of the course was much relieved, and we trotted off towards the head of the wagon train. Presently we came to a delightful shady grove just on the roadside, where a number of officers were resting their steeds and enjoying the refreshing breeze on a hot July day and a fearful dusty march. One of them I saluted and said: "Good morning, General," and exchanged a few words with the party and continued on.

The sergeant said in a subdued tone: "Didn't you call that man General?"

I said: "Yes ; that is General Hill."

To this he said he'd be "dad burned" if that wasn't the courier that told him to move the train forward.

And so it was ; but the General knew the sergeant did not recognize him and gave the order accordingly.

A LESSON TO PAT.

When at Gordonsville, before the engagement at Cedar Mountain, Major E. B. Hill, brother of the General, and commissary of the

division, was taken sick and was sent up to his home at Culpeper or to Richmond, and I was ordered to report to Major-General Hill for duty, while one of the regimental commissaries was ordered to report to General Branch in my stead.

Out of this movement against the enemy the Second Manassas and Maryland campaign developed in rapid succession, and I found myself loaded with the responsibility of providing for a family of about fifteen thousand, and daily widening the distance between us and our base of supplies. It was near Fredericktown that another ocurrence of misidentity led to the discomfiture of the misidentifier. We were breaking camp at early dawn—in fact, before dawn. Our wagons, with the headquarter wagon driver by a noble son of the Emerald Isle, were to take the lead on the road. The General was in his ambulance, probably intending to take his saddle at daylight. The ambulance driver wanted to pass the headquarter wagon, and the Irish driver of the wagon, being a little contrary, would not move out of the way of the ambulance, and signified his unwillingness to the ambulance driver in terms more emphatic than elegant. The first thing he knew General Hill leaped out of the ambulance and gave him several severe raps across the shoulders with the flat of his sword, which brought a loud "Big yer pardon, Gineral; big yer pardon, Gineral! Didn't know you were in tne ambulance." "That will learn you to give way to any ambulance wanting to pass you," said the General, quietly seating himself in the ambulance, which now had all the way that Pat could possibly give it.

HOW HE SERVED A "NON-COMBATANT."

While at Harper's Ferry I went to his office in an upper room where he was paroling the prisoners for instructions as to the distribution of the immense stock of hard bread and other supplies captured there. A man wearing a rusty cavalry uniform of the Federal army came in and asked General Hill for a pass to go over into Loudoun, claiming to be a non-combatant resident of that county who had been caught at the Ferry when it was surrounded.

"What are you doing with those clothes on?" said General Hill.

"I bought them," said the man.

"You are lying," said the General. "Get out of here, you —— scoundrel." And grabbing the fellow by the shoulders he pushed him to the head of the stairs and started him down with all the momentum a vigorous kick from his military boot would impart to him.

BROKE HIS SWORD OVER HIM.

At Sharpsburg he arrived late in the engagement because of a forced march from Harper's Ferry, crossing at Boteler's ford, near Shepherdstown. While hurrying to take position on the line he encountered a second lieutenant of some command crouching behind a tree. His indignation was so wrought up that he took the lieutenant's sword and broke it over him.

A THRILLING PAGE.

On the withdrawal of the Confederates to the Virginia side it devolved upon General Hill to cover the retreat. How well he did so, and with what terrible loss to the troops who attempted to cross in pursuit, is no part of the object of this writing, but is a thrilling page in the history of that notable campaign. From there we moved out to Bunker's Hill, on the Valley turnpike between Winchester and Martinsburg, and from there to a point near Castleman's Ferry, which is on the road to Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge mountains, not far from Loudoun Heights. Here a good long rest was enjoyed, and we all did well on an issue of rations that I have never seen *equaled* in *variety*. For over thirty days my abstracts were complete in three columns—to wit: "Flour, fresh beef, salt." Once on one of the marches to this place another teamster fell into trouble by the absence of three stars.

ANOTHER TEAMSTER'S BLUNDER.

The wagon train was crossing a stream, and a teamster was belaboring his mules with all his might to keep them from drinking. The General's horse was drinking near by, and General Hill told the teamster to stop beating the mules so unmercifully. The mule-driver invited him to attend to his own business, as he himself proposed to do as he pleased with his team. His surprise was as great as McClellan's or Pope's at Jackson's rear movements, when he felt the sharp raps of General Hill's rapier on his back, applied with the vigor of an experienced hand. He, too, begged the General's pardon.

I would not be understood as intimating that these things occurred by design of the General, or that he purposely moved around *incognito*. By no means. It was his consideration of comfort that led him to leave off his coat. Nothing else.

HIS APOLOGY.

When General Miles surrendered at Harper's Ferry, he was dressed so fine and Hill so plainly, that Miles apologized for his good clothes, saying he expected to meet some of the high officials of the Confederacy, and had therefore put on his best uniform.

GET TO THE REAR.

At the battle of Cedar Mountain, General Prince was captured and taken to General Hill, just in rear of the Confederate line, where the minnie balls were flying briskly around.

General Prince said: "General, the fortunes of war have thrown me in your hands."

Hill with impetuosity said: "D——n the fortunes of war, General; get to the rear; you are in danger here."

Hill's duties required him to undergo the exposure, but he could not bear the idea of having even an enemy unnecessarily exposed.

Breaking camp at Castleman's Ferry, in November, we moved up the Valley, crossed the Blue Ridge by the turnpike from Newmarket to Gordonsville, and marched toward Fredericksburg, which we reached (or the vicinity of it) about December 1, 1862.

At this time I was relieved of duty by the return of Major Hill, and went back to my brigade, which had lost its beloved Branch at Sharpsburg, and was now under command of Brigadier-General James H. Lane, who had earned his promotion while in command of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina, one of the regiments of that hard-fought brigade.

CLOSING INCIDENTS.

The battle of Fredericksburg passed and so did the winter, when the spring-time called us to Chancellorsville, the sad scene of the wounding of Stonewall Jackson. General Hill was wounded near the same spot and about the same time. He was not in command for a day or so, but was an interested spectator of that heated engagement which was under the direct command of General J. E. B. Stuart. This over, a reorganization, so to speak, took place. General A. P. Hill was made lieutenant-general and W. D. Pender major-general of Hill's Light division. From then on I only saw General Hill occasionally. But our friendship—for it was nothing less than that—continued to the end. And on the morning of the 2d of April, 1865,

when I saw his dead body brought from the field in the ambulance, I know that no one except his nearest of kin could have felt a sharper pang of grief than I did, and none had warmer tears course down their cheeks than myself.

General Hill was firm, without austerity; genial, without familiarity, and brave, without ostentation. The gentleman and soldier were so completely blended in him that he never had to deviate from one to act the other. He was both all the time. D. F. C.

FIRST BURIAL OF GENERAL HILL'S REMAINS.

The following communication was elicited by the account in the *Dispatch* of July 2, 1891, of the removal the preceding day of the remains of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill from Hollywood to the receptacle that had been prepared for them in the foundation of the Hill monument on the Hermitage road. Mention is there made of the first interment of the General's body, which is very far from being correct. The temporary burial of the body in Chesterfield, where it remained several years, was an act of necessity and not of choice or pre-arrangement. As the only surviving relative who participated in the sad rites of burial of our distinguished dead, I feel that it is my privilege as well as duty to make the correction and explain why his grave has remained so long unmarked by tombstone or shaft, and why he was not buried in his native county (Culpeper). General Hill was killed near Petersburg April 2, 1865, and the next day (that memorable Sunday that ended the existence of the capital of the Confederacy) a messenger reached my home in Richmond bearing to me the first sad news of the General's death, and that his body was then *en route* to the city (by ambulance), with the request that I would take charge of and if possible bury it in Hollywood. The bearer of that message was Henry Hill, Jr., a nephew of the General, and son of Colonel Henry Hill, Paymaster-General of Virginia, who was formerly a paymaster in the United States army. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Henry Hill, Jr., reached my house. He had left the body of the General in care of the ambulance driver about half way between Petersburg and Richmond in order to apprise me, so that the necessary preparations for burial might be made with as little delay as possible. He said to me that it was the wish of the General's wife and brothers that if the body

could not be buried in Hollywood to have it taken to Culpeper, and in the latter event, if it were possible, to meet the General's wife and children Monday morning at the refugee home of my father in Chesterfield county, on the James river just below the old Bellona Arsenel, and they would accompany it to Culpeper.

The excitement and confusion in Richmond incident to the evacuation of the city by the Confederate as well as State authorities, rendered it impracticable for me to bury the General's remains in Hollywood, even if the necessary arrangements had been perfected, and I abandoned that purpose and determined if possible to carry out the second request of the family—namely, to take the body to Culpeper.

Owing to the crowded condition of the road from Petersburg to Richmond and the long delay at the Manchester end of Mayo's brige caused by the flight of people from the doomed city, the ambulance bearing the General's body did not reach Richmond until after one o'clock Sunday night. The driver had been directed by Henry Hill, Jr., to take the body to his father's (Colonel Henry Hill's) office, at that time located in the basement of the old Court of Appeals building that stood on the southeast corner of the Capitol Square at the intersection of Franklin and Twelfth streets. I was assistant paymaster under Colonel Hill and had charge of the office, and by direction of the Governor (Smith) I had packed up all the books and papers belonging to the Paymaster-General's office, and placed them on the canal-boat that conveyed the Governor and cadets out of the city. I did not know until the General's remains reached Richmond that a coffin had not been provided. My cousin (Henry Hill, Jr.) had failed to mention this fact, and I naturally supposed that the body had been prepared for burial before it left Petersburg.

Time was pressing us closely, as we were expecting the entrance of the Federal troops into the city at any moment. The stores on Twelfth, Thirteenth, Main, and Cary streets had been broken into, and in many instances sacked and fired. Belvin's furniture store had been opened at both ends (the rear being then on Twelfth street), and my cousin and myself entered the rear door, hoping to find a representative to whom we could apply for a coffin. After making repeated calls and receiving no answer, we secured a coffin and took it to a vacant office (which had been occupied by General P. T. Moore, about where the St. James' Hotel now stands). We removed the body from the ambulance into the office, where we washed his face and removed his gauntlets, and examined his body to discover

where the fatal ball had entered. We discovered that it had shot off the thumb of his left hand and passed directly through his heart, coming out at the back. We hastily placed the body in the coffin (which was rather small), and putting it in the ambulance, left the city by way of Fourteenth street and Mayo's bridge, slowly and sadly wending our way through Manchester and up the river to my father's refugee home. He had refugeed from Culpeper county.

When our small but sad funeral *cortege,* consisting of myself, cousin (Henry Hill, Jr.) and the ambulance driver, had reached within a mile of my father's home, I rode ahead to apprise the family of our coming, believing that the General's wife and children had already reached there with the sad news. I found the family at breakfast and totally ignorant of the sad changes that had taken place within the past forty-eight hours. The General's family had not arrived, and the condition of his remains was such as to give us serious doubts as to the practicability or advisability of attempting to convey them so great a distance across the country in an ambulance (more than one hundred miles to Culpeper). We decided then and there to give his remains temporary burial, and at some future day remove them to his native county and place him by the side of his parents. The grave was hastily dug, and, with the assistance of my father's butler, I made a rough case to receive the coffin. We buried the body about 2 P. M., April 4, 1865, in the old Winston burying-ground, where it remained until removed to Hollywood several years later through the kind efforts of Colonel William H. Palmer and his army associates.

My father (the late Thomas Hill, Jr., of Culpeper) and Colonel Henry Hill were brothers, and were first cousins and brothers-in-law of General Hill, they having married his sisters. Colonel Henry Hill and his wife (the General's sister) were at that time staying at my father's refugee home. Only a few days before the General was killed, he, with his wife and children, had spent several days at my father's to recuperate his health. He returned to his command before his furlough expired. During this visit to my father's home he accompanied Colonel Hill to Richmond, and while seated in our office talking with several prominent citizens who had called to pay their respects, the subject of the evacuation of the city was touched upon, which seemed to greatly annoy the General, and he remarked that he did not wish to survive the fall of Richmond. That was on Wednesday. Three days later he gave up his life for his country.

After the close of the war it was the desire and purpose of his relatives to remove the body to Culpeper, and suitably mark his grave; but his army associates (particularly his own staff officers) asked that this sad but sacred testimony of love and esteem might be assigned to them, which was acquiesced in and no further effort was made by his own family or relatives to do honor to his memory. We felt aggrieved that his grave remained so long unmarked by slab or shaft, or other indication of carrying out such a promise, save the purchase and beautifying of a section in Hollywood, and the removal of the body under the direction of Colonel Palmer and others of his staff and army associates to that beautiful city of the dead.

I was not favorable to the second disturbance and removal of the General's remains, and I believe such were the feelings of a majority of his surviving relatives, as we believe it was wholly unnecessary and furthermore, we think it would have been far more desirable had the monument been erected over the grave in the most beautiful God's Acre in his native State, and where he has been sleeping for nearly a quarter of a century. Nevertheless we are grateful to the kind friends who have interested themselves in perpetuating the memory of one who was greatly beloved by all who knew him, and whom the immortal Lee and Jackson honored by their confidence.

The Captain Hill mentioned as having been detailed by Colonel Palmer to take charge of the General's remains and to take them to Coalfield for burial was perhaps Captain Frank T. Hill, a nephew and aide-de-camp to the General. He probably turned the body over to his brother Henry, who delivered it to me at Richmond, with instructions as heretofore mentioned. There was no prearranged plan to bury the body in Chesterfield.

Very respectfully,

G. Powell Hill.

CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLY OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.

ONE OF THE COOLEST DEEDS ON RECORD.

General Benjamin F. Kelly, of West Virginia, who died July 16, 1891, near Oakland, Md., was captured with General Crook at Cumberland, Md., during February, 1864, by a detachment of Neill's

Rangers, led by "Dr." J. L. Vandiver, a veterinarian, who resides at Millwood, Clarke county. It was one of the most daring episodes of the war, as Cumberland was then occupied and surrounded by eight thousand Federal troops. John Fay and Sprigg Lynn, who were members of Neill's command, lived in that city, and had been in the habit of making trips there. They suggested the plan, which was carried out by Vandiver, who had under his charge fifty-seven men. The story often narrated by Vandiver, is briefly summed up as follows:

General Crook had just been assigned to the command of the department which embraced Cumberland, and had relieved the late General B. F. Kelly. General Kelly had not yet left the city, and was stopping at the St. Nicholas Hotel, while General Crook had his headquarters at the Revere House. On that February night they slept in fancied security without the slightest idea that there were Confederates within striking distance who would be bold enough to make any attempt to enter the town. Vandiver and his band were about twenty-seven miles from Cumberland. The snow, he says, was two feet deep when they started down the valley and crossed the south branch of the Potomac. They forded the river in the running ice and slush, and the water was high enough to wet every man. They captured the first pickets with which they came in contact, and, by stringing a German soldier to the limb of a tree by a bridle rein, they secured from him the countersign, which was "Bull's Gap." With this pass-word in their possession they moved on down the county road to Cumberland.

On the way they ran into a squad of thirty or forty infantry, who halted them and demanded that one dismount and give the countersign. They dashed into this squad and captured them, broke their guns, and, as Vandiver said, frightened them almost to death by telling them that the city of Cumberland was surrounded, and that by morning their generals would be captured. He told his prisoners that on account of the depth of the snow he could not take them with him, but each agreed to take a verbal parole. They then rode deliberately into the town as cool as though they were Union troops, and, when accosted, informed the inquiring soldiers that they were scouts from New Creek.

Vandiver himself took the responsibility of securing General Crook from the Revere House, and to the well-known Kuykendall was assigned the duty of securing the person of General Kelly. Kuykendall took six men, and at 3:30 o'clock in the morning the scouts dis-

mounted and coolly entered the St. Nicholas. They found General Kelly in bed and Kuykendall, who was known to General Kelly, having been captured previously, recognized him at once and demanded his surrender. The General desired to know whom he was surrendering to, and Kuykendall emphatically informed him that it was to him, Kuykendall, and him only, and told him further that there was no time for ceremony. The General accepted the position and promptly obeyed.

Vandiver in the meantime had repaired to the Revere House, captured the sentinel in charge by pretending to be a dispatch-bearer to General Crook, and finally succeeded in reaching his bed-room. He announced himself to the astonished General as General Rosser, of the Confederate army, informed him that he was a prisoner of war, and told him that he had two minutes to dress. The General hesitating, Vandiver told him that his clothes were there, and that he could either put them on or be taken as he was.

It is needless to say that the General dressed, and dressed quickly. They took him to the street, Vandiver mounted his horse, and the General was placed on the horse behind him. They rode down and were joined by the party who had taken General Kelly from his bed at the St. Nicholas, and in a little while they were out beyond the confines of Cumberland. The countersign, "Bull's Gap," now stood them in hand, and they got a start before the alarm was spread.

They reached Romney without any trouble, except an exchange of shots with a handful of cavalry that had got together and pursued them.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, August 2, 1891.]

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

LINES BY REV. JOSHUA PETERKIN, D. D.

The following poem from the pen of Rev. Joshua Peterkin, D. D., appeared in the Hartford (Conn.) *Courier* in 1865, and, now that the horrors of Andersonville are again being paraded in Northern magazines, it will no doubt be read with interest by many. The quotations are from lines which a short while before had been published in a Philadelphia (Pa.) paper.

G. E. T. L.

Full fifteen thousand men,
  The brave, the good, the true,
As captives died in prison pen,
  "They died for me and you!"
And shall not truth's indignant tongue
Declare who did this grievous wrong?

On many a bloody field
  They stood 'gainst leaden hail;
And though at last constrained to yield,
  Their spirits did not quail;
They safely passed their battles through,
And yet "they died for me and you."

They pined for home, sweet home,
  And for their daily bread;
Alas! assistance did not come,
  And now they are with the dead!
E'en hardened rebels felt their grief,
And yet could furnish no relief!

The rebel leaders durst
  Not do what *we* have done,
Though many hearts with anguish burst
  At tales from "Anderson."
For still *they* let our brave men share
Their own coarse food and scanty fare.

The sad tale must be told:
  The brave, the true, the good,
While we were busy coining gold
  They died for want of food!
Those fifteen thousand boys in blue
As victims died—"for me and you."

The rebels, in their need,
  Once, twice, and yet again,
Did all that *they* could do to plead
  For justice to these men;
But deaf, alas! the nation's ear,
The people's *servants* would not hear.

Even *Davis* felt their grief,
  And sent his message forth,
By prompt exchange to grant relief
  To prisoners South and North.
And why, alas! was it not done?
There was no *heart* in Washington.

The rebels gave us leave
  To send down loyal men—*
Men good and true, who might receive
  Aid for that prison pen,
And tend the suffering inmates there
With a whole nation's love and care.

But no, these gallant men
  Were left to starve and die
That Northern banners might again
  Mid Southern breezes fly;
And bold recruits might rush to save
Their comrades from a prison grave.

A wise, sagacious move!
  A stroke of policy!
So called by those who know not love
  Or human sympathy.
But ah! those noble boys in blue—
Their blood now rests on "me and you."

The rebels, pinched and pressed,
  Offered to *send* them home†
Without exchange—you know the rest,
  For home they did not come!
Our ships could not be spared to save
Our soldiers from a Southern grave!

Who did such grievous wrong
  In that sad, gloomy hour?
Men who were anxious to prolong
  Their influence and power.
Who cares for fifteen thousand men
If we the helm of State retain?

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* In January, 1864, the Confederates proposed to allow the Federal authorities to send their own surgeons to the South. It was proposed, also, that these surgeons should act as commissaries, and distribute whatever either the United States Government or private benevolence should furnish. Of course, the Confederates would have desired a similar opportunity for their surgeons to minister to Southern prisoners at the North. The United States authorities, however, never gave any reply to the proposition, though the war continued for more than a year after it was made.

† In August, 1864, when the mortality was increasing at Andersonville, the Confederates offered to give up from ten to fifteen thousand men unconditionally, except that the United States' authorities were to send for them. After a delay of three fearful months, the most sickly of the year, they did send and took away thirteen thousand, leaving in their place three thousand Southerners, who were even more squalid and sickly than the poor fellows they took home.

Bow down, my soul, in grief
  Before the God of Heaven;
We failed to grant our men relief
  That rebels would have given!
And so those soldiers, good and true,
Died of neglect from "me and you."

Too late we feel their woes,
  Deluded now no more;
But withering blight shall rest on those
  Who kept these men in store
As capital to aid their schemes
And realize ambition's dream.

Adown time's steepest path
  Their names with scorn shall go,
The objects of a nation's wrath—
  Those ministers of woe!
They killed the fifteen thousand men
Who perished in that prison pen!

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL EARL VAN DORN.

The History of a Gallant Soldier of the Confederacy—His Personal Characteristics and His Military Achievements—The Campaign on the West of the Mississippi.

By Major-General Dabney H. Maury.

General Earl Van Dorn was, in the opinion of the writer, the most remarkable man the State of Mississippi has ever known. My acquaintance with him began in Monterey, in the fall of 1846. He was aide-de-camp then to General Persifor F. Smith, and was one of the most attractive young fellows in the army. He used to ride a beautiful bay Andalusian horse, and as he came galloping along the lines, with his yellow hair waving in the wind and his bright face lighted with kindliness and courage, we all loved to see him. His figure was lithe and graceful; his stature did not exceed five feet six inches; but his clear blue eyes, his firm-set mouth, with white, strong teeth, his well-cut nose, with expanding nostrils, gave assurance of a man

whom men could trust and follow. No young officer came out of the Mexican war with a reputation more enviable than his. After the close of that war he resumed his duties and position in the infantry regiment of which he was a lieutenant.

In 1854 the Second Cavalry was organized, and Van Dorn was promoted to be the major of the regiment. He conducted several of the most important and successful expeditions against the Comanches we have ever made, and in one of them was shot through the body, the point of the arrow just protruding through the skin. No surgeon was at hand. Van Dorn, reflecting that to withdraw the arrow would leave the barbed head in his body, thrust it on through, and left the surgeon little to do. When the States resumed their State sovereignty he took a bold and efficient part in securing to Texas, where he was serving, all of the war material within her borders. Early in the war he was ordered to join the army under General Joe Johnston at Manassas; whence soon after, in February, 1861, he was ordered to take command of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

VAN DORN'S BOLD PROJECT.

I was associated with him in this command as chief of his staff and saw him daily for many months. He had conceived the bold project of capturing St. Louis and transferring the war into Illinois, and was actively engaged in preparing for this enterprise when he was summoned by General Price to Boston mountain, where the forces of Price and McCulloch lay in great need of a common superior—for these two generals could not co-operate because of questions of rank. Therefore, Van Dorn promptly responded to Price's summons, and in a few hours was in the saddle and on his way to Van Buren. I went with him, and one aide-de-camp, an orderly and my servant man Jem made up our party. Van Dorn rode a fine thoroughbred black mare he had brought from Virginia. I was mounted on a sorrel I had bought in Pocahontas a few hours before we set out. Except my sorrel mare, Van Dorn's black mare was the hardest trotter in the world, and as we trotted fifty-five miles every day for five or six days, we had a very unusual opportunity of learning all that a hard trotter can do to a man in a long day's march. Had it not been that we slept every night in a feather bed that soothed our sore bones and served as a poultice to our galled saddle pieces, we would have been permanently disabled for cavalry service forever.

My boy Jem alone enjoyed that trip. He rode in the ambulance all day and slept *ad libitum* day and night; and except when he got a ducking by the upsetting of a canoe in Black river, he was as happy as ever he had been since the last herring season on the Potomac. The battle of Elkhorn disturbed Jem's equilibrium even more than the upsetting of the canoe. The excitement of imminent danger, which was never a pleasing emotion to Jem, was kept up at Elkhorn much longer than in Black river, and I could not find him for three days—not, indeed, until we accidentally met on the route of our retreat, when I must say he showed great delight at "meeting up" with me again, and took to himself no little credit for the skill with which he had conducted the movements of that ambulance for the past three days. It had contained all of our clothing and blankets and camp supplies, of no little value to hungry and wearied warriors. The blankets and clothing were all right, but we found nothing whatever for the inner man. Jem was cheerful and cordial and comfortable, but we never could ascertain where he had the ambulance from time to time the first shot was fired, until the moment we encountered him in full retreat, and with the last sound of the battle died out in the distance behind him.

THE BATTLE OF ELKHORN.

Van Dorn had planned the battle of Elkhorn well; he had moved so rapidly from Boston mountain with the forces of Price and McCulloch combined that he caught the enemy unprepared, and with his division so far separated that but for the inevitable indiscipline of troops so hastily thrown together he would have destroyed the whole Federal army. By the loss of thirty minutes in reaching Bentonville we lost the cutting off of Siegel with seven thousand men, who were hurrying to join the main body on Sugar creek. But we pushed him hard all that day, and after he had closed upon the main body Van Dorn, leaving a small force to occupy the attention in front, threw his army, by a night march, quite around the Federal army and across their only road by which retreat to Missouri could be effected. He handled his forces well; always attacking, always pressing the enemy back. When he heard of the death in quick succession of the three principal commanders of his right wing—McCulloch, McIntosh and Hebert—and the consequent withdrawal from the attack of that whole wing, he only set his lips a little firmer; his blue eyes blazed brighter, and his nostrils looked wider, as he said: "Then we must press them the harder." And he did, too, and he had everything

moving finely by sundown, and all the enemy's line before us in full retreat at a run, and falling back into their wagon trains; when, by misapprehension on the part of the commander with our advanced troops, the pursuit was arrested, our forces withdrawn from the attack to go into bivouac, and the enemy was permitted to quietly reorganize his army and prepare for a combined attack upon us in the morning. During the night we found that most of our batteries and regiments had exhausted their amunition, and the ordnance train, with all the reserve amunition, had been sent away, fifteen miles back, on the road along which we had come, and the enemy lay between. There was nothing left for Van Dorn but to get his train on the road to Van Buren and his army off by the same route and to fight enough to secure them. This he did, and marched away unmolested.

THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

Arrived at Van Buren, Van Dorn addressed himself to the completion of the reorganization of his army, thenceforth known as the Army of the West, and it was there he gave an illustration of true magnanimity—very rarely known in ambitious men—by the offer he made to move with all his forces to reinforce General Sidney Johnston at Corinth. By this he surrendered the great independent command of the Trans-Mississippi Department and all the plans he had formed for the sake of his views of the best interests of their common country, and became a subordinate commander of an army corps instead of the commander-in-chief of an army. He hoped to reach Johnston in time for the battle of Shiloh, and had he done so, would have given a very different result to that critical battle. But Shiloh had been fought and our army, under Beauregard, was occupying the works of Corinth when Van Dorn, with the Army of the West, sixteen thousand effectives, reached that point. We lay near Corinth more than six weeks, and three times offered battle to Halleck, who, with one hundred thousand men, was cautiously advancing as if to attack us. Three times our army (forty thousand strong) marched out of its entrenchments and advanced to meet Halleck and give him battle, but every time he drew back and declined it. In every council Van Dorn's voice was for war. May 30, 1862, Beauregard evacuated his works in a masterly manner, and marched south unmolested to Tupelo, when he halted the army and held it ready for battle. In June Van Dorn was ordered to go to Vicksburg, which was threatened with attack, and was in poor condition for defence. He evinced here great energy and ability. He repulsed the enemy's

fleet, put the place in a good condition of defence, occupied Port Hudson, and there erected such works as enabled us for a year longer to control the Mississippi river and its tributaries so as to keep open free intercourse with the trans-Mississippi, whence large supplies for the armies on this side were drawn. He organized an expedition against Baton Rouge during this time, which but for the cholera, which swept off half of the force, and the untimely breaking down of the ram Arkansas' engine when almost within range of that town, would have been a brilliant and complete success.

THE ATTEMPT ON CORINTH.

After this Van Dorn urged General Price, who had been left at Tupelo with the Army of the West when Bragg moved to Chattanooga, to unite all their available forces in Mississippi, carry Corinth by assault, and sweep the enemy out of West Tennessee. This, unfortunately, Price, under his instructions, could not then do. Our combined forces would then have exceeded twenty-five thousand effectives, and there is no doubt as to the results of the movement. Later, after Breckenridge had been detached with six thousand men and Price had lost about four thousand on the Iuka expedition (mainly stragglers), the attempt on Corinth was made. Its works had been greatly strengthened and its garrison greatly increased. Van Dorn attacked with his usual vigor and dash. His left and centre stormed the town, captured all the guns in their front and broke Rosecrans' centre. The division comprising our right wing remained inactive, so that the enemy, believing that our right was merely making a feint, detached Stanley with six thousand fresh men from his left and drove us out of the town.

Never was a general more disappointed than Van Dorn; but no man in all our army was so little shaken in his courage by the result as he was. I think his was the highest courage I have ever known. It rose above every disaster, and he never looked more gallant than when his broken army in utter disorder was streaming through the open woods which then environed Corinth and its formidable defences. However much depression all of us showed and felt, he alone remained unconquered, and if he could have gotten his forces together would have tried it again. But seeing that was impossible, he brought Lovell's Division, which not having assaulted was unbroken, to cover the rear, and moved back to Chewalla, seven miles west of Corinth, encouraging officers and men to reform their broken organizations as we marched along. No sooner did he halt at Che-

walla than he gave orders to move in the morning to attack the enemy at Rienzi. But the condition of two of his three divisions was such that the generals advised against attempting any new aggressive movement until we could reform and refit our commands. My division had marched from Chewalla to attack Corinth with four thousand eight hundred muskets the day but one before. We left in the approaches and the very central defences of Corinth two thousand officers and men killed or wounded, among them were many of my ablest field and company officers. The Missourians had lost almost as heavily; Lovell's division alone, not having attacked the works at all, came off with but a trifling loss. It was, therefore, decided to move down to Ripley by the route we had so lately come over in such brave array and with such high hopes. But before dawn next morning Van Dorn had moved the cavalry and pioneers on the road to Rienzi, still resolved to capture that place, and march around immediately and attack Corinth from the opposite direction.

A BRILLIANT RETREAT.

The plan was worthy of Charles XII, and might have been successful; and Van Dorn only abandoned it when convinced that he would inevitably lose his wagon train, and that the army would feel he was rash. A friend said to him finally: "Van Dorn, you are the only man I ever saw who loves danger for its own sake. When any daring enterprise is before you, you cannot adequately estimate the obstacles in your way." He replied: "While I do not admit the correctness of your criticism, I feel how wrong I shall be to imperil this army through my personal peculiarities, after what such a friend as you have told me they are, and I will countermand the orders and move at once on the road to Ripley."

Few commanders have ever been so beset as Van Dorn was in the forks of the Hatchie, and very few could have extricated a beaten army as he did then. Ord, with a force stated at ten thousand men, headed him at the Hatchie bridge, while Rosecrans, with twenty thousand men, was attacking his rear at the Tuscumbia bridge, only five miles off. The whole road between was occupied by a train of near four hundred wagons and a defeated army of about eleven thousand muskets. But Van Dorn was never for a moment dismayed. He repulsed Ord and punished him severely, while he checked Rosecrans at the Tuscumbia until he could turn his train and army

short to the left, and cross the Hatchie by the Boneyard road, without the loss of a wagon.

By 10 P. M. his whole army and train were safely over the Hatchie, and with a full moon to light us on our way we briskly marched for Ripley, where we drew up in line of battle and awaited the enemy, but he not advancing we marched to Holly Springs. When in November Van Dorn checked Grant's advance, he then occupied the works on the Tallahatchie, which he held for a month; Grant's force was sixty thousand, Van Dorn's was sixteen thousand. He then retired behind the Yallabusha to Grenada and awaited Grant's advance until Christmas eve, 1862, when, leaving the army at Grenada under Loring's command, he moved with two thousand horse around Grant's army, swooped down upon Holly Springs, captured the garrison, destroyed three months' stores for sixty thousand men, and defeated Grant's whole campaign and compelled him to abandon Mississippi. From that time Van Dorn resumed his proper *role* as a general of cavalry, in which he had no superior in either army. His extrication of his cavalry division from the bend of Duck river equaled his conduct in the forks of the Hatchie.

VAN DORN AS A CAVALRY COMMANDER.

In the spring of 1863 he was the chief commander of the cavalry of Bragg's army, then at Tullahoma; he had as brigade commanders Armstrong, Jackson, Cosby and Martin, and with about eight thousand men, was preparing to move across the Ohio. His command was bivouacked in the fertile region of Middle Tennessee. His headquarters were at Spring Hill, and almost daily he would engage the enemy with one of his brigades while the other three were carefully drilled. His horses were in fine order and his men in better drill, discipline and spirit than our cavalry had ever been. He was assassinated just as he was about to move on the most important enterprise of his life. I believe that in him we lost the greatest cavalry soldier of his time. His knowledge of roads and country was wonderful. He knew how to care for his men and horses. His own wants were few; his habits simple; he was energetic and enduring; he deferred everything to his military duty; he craved glory beyond everything—high glory; there was no stain of vain glory about anything he ever did or said. As the bravest are ever the gentlest, so was he simple and kind, and gentle as a child. I remember one evening on our ride across Arkansas we stopped at the hospitable house of an old gentleman (Dr. Williams) about one day's march this side

of Van Buren. We were sitting on the portico—Van Dorn and I—when a little child came out to us; he called her to him, and soon had her confidence, and as she told him, in her child-like way, that she was an orphan, and spoke of her mother, lately dead, his eyes filled with tears, and I noticed that he slipped into her hand the only piece of gold he owned, and asked her to get with it something to remember him by.

The pre-eminent quality of his military nature was that he was unconquerable. Whether defeated or victorious he always controlled his resources. As Napoleon said of De Saix, he was all for war and glory; and he had a just idea of glory. There was no self-seeking in him, and he would die for duty at any moment. His personal traits were very charming. His person was very handsome; his manners frank and simple; with his friends he was genial and sometimes convivial; but never did I know him to postpone his duty for pleasure, or to pursue conviviality to a degree unbecoming a gentleman. Take him for all in all he was the most gallant soldier I have ever known.

A LETTER FROM COLONEL DILLON.

General D. H. MAURY,

Chairman Executive Committee Southern Historical Society:

Dear General: I take advantage of a few hours' detention here to say, in reply to your inquiry of the 12th instant, that, while my memory is not fresh as to all the details of General Van Dorn's operations between Columbia and Nashville, Tenn., in 1863, or as to the precise composition of his command at that time, yet I remember that it contained the brigades of Forrest, Jackson, Armstrong, Whitfield and Cosby, numbering, perhaps, seven thousand effectives—cavalry and artillery; and I can no doubt give you with tolerable accuracy the main features of the transaction to which you refer.

General Van Dorn arrived at Columbia early in February, 1863, and shortly thereafter (perhaps in March) took up his headquarters at Spring Hill, protecting the left of General Bragg's army and operating against the Federal line of communication so effectively as to confine the enemy closely to their fortified positions at Nashville, Brentwood, Franklin, Triune and other points. Vexed at Van Dorn's frequent attacks and constantly increasing proximity to their line, the enemy repeatedly moved out in force from their strongholds, but could never be coaxed far enough from them to justify any vigorous

attack till some time in May, when General Coburn came out of Franklin with about five thousand men and was enticed to a point near Thompson's Station, where, after a sharp engagement, he surrendered in time to prevent a simultaneous attack in front and rear—Forest's brigade having gotten behind him. On the day following Forest was sent with his own and Armstrong's brigade to attack Brentwood (believed to have been weakened in order to replace the captured garrison of Franklin), and succeeded in beating and capturing the force there (about twelve hundred), together with a large number of horses and many arms of different kinds. Out of this affair came an altercation between Van Dorn and Forrest, which is worthy of note as characteristic of both.

Forrest had reported his success to Van Dorn, who had in turn reported it to Bragg; and he, being in need of just such things as Forest had captured, directed Van Dorn to send them forthwith to him. This order of Bragg's was repeated by Van Dorn to Forrest, who replied that he did not have the captured property, and could not comply with the order. (I always supposed that Forrest's and Armstrong's men appropriated most of the captured property at the moment of capture). To this Van Dorn said: "Either your report to me is incorrect, or your command is in possession of the property, and you must produce and deliver it." Forrest replied indignantly that he was not in the habit of being talked to in that way, and that the time would come when he would demand satisfaction. Van Dorn said, quietly: "My rank shall be no barrier; you can have satisfaction at any time you desire."

Forrest passed his hand thoughtfully across his brow, and replied with a good deal of dignity and grace: "I have been hasty, general, and am sorry for it. I do not fear that anybody will misunderstand me, but the truth is you and I have enough Yankees to fight, without fighting each other, and I hope this matter will be forgotten." Van Dorn said: "You are right, general, and I am sure nobody will ever suspect you of not being ready for any kind of fight at any time. I certainly am willing to drop the matter, and can assure you that I have no feeling about it; but I must insist that my orders shall be obeyed as long as I am your commander. Let us drop the subject, however, as I have work for you to do." The conversation then turned on the subject of a Federal raid which had just been reported to Van Dorn by scouts, and Forrest, being ordered to inter-

cept it, left Van Dorn's presence (I think they never met again) to perform the most wonderful feat in the history of that remarkable war—I refer to the capture of Strait and his command.

A BRILLIANT MOVEMENT.

Very shortly after the departure of Forrest, General Granger having reinforced Franklin, moved out with a force of about ten thousand infantry, and a large body of cavalry and artillery, and Van Dorn retired before him, hoping to repeat the operation against Coburn; but finding Granger's force larger than it was at first supposed, he determined to assume the defensive and take position behind Rutherford's creek, a tributary of Duck river, with which it unites only a few miles below Columbia. Accordingly he formed his command on the left bank of the creek, which at that point is about four miles from the river at Columbia, and for some distance is nearly parallel with the river, intending to receive Granger's attack there; but heavy rains having fallen on an already swollen river it became past fording in a few hours, and Van Dorn deemed it imprudent, under the circumstances, to risk an engagement between the creek and swollen river, in which, if beaten, he would probably both lose his command, and leave Columbia exposed. He, therefore, decided to turn up the river to a bridge twenty miles distant, cross, and return down the river by a forced march to cover Columbia before the enemy could cross, he (Van Dorn) having forty miles to move and they only four. This bold and dexterous movement was accomplished in spite of the fact that the enemy, seeing his position, pressed vigorously upon Van Dorn's right to force him into the fork; but finding that he had extricated himself and reached Columbia before any preparation could be made by them to cross, they retired immediately, seeming to fear that their absence from Franklin might tempt so daring and expeditious an opponent as Van Dorn to precede them to that point. Van Dorn at once resumed his position at Spring Hill, and his assassination followed very quickly. My recollection is that, during the few months of his brilliant career in Tennessee he captured more men than he had in his own command.

I may not be entirely accurate in all I have said, but substantially it is correct. If, however, you wish to be minute, you had better send this to General Forrest or General Jackson, either of whom can verify it or correct any inaccuracy of my memory if it be at fault. It is deeply to be regretted that the details of Van Dorn's

plans and actions as a cavalry commander in Tennessee, or while covering Pemberton's retreat before Grant to Grenada, and in the signal affair at Holly Springs, fraught as the latter was with results more momentous than those involved in any action of its kind of which I ever knew or heard, should be lost to the history of cavalry; but I fear to trust my memory, and must confine myself to these brief outlines, hoping that some of those who followed him, whose memory is better than mine, may yet do justice to a cavalier whose feats, when written out, must give him a place besides the greatest of those who in time past have ridden to victory or immortality.

Yours truly,

E. DILLON.

Morganton, N. C., *June 16, 1877.*

[From the Richmond *Times*, November 22, 1891.]

THE STAUNTON RIVER FIGHT.

Colonel Farinholt Replies to General Dabney Maury — Certain Alleged Errors Corrected—Another Account of that Famous Engagement—To Whom the Honor of the Victory is Partly Due—Interesting Details.

[The narrative to which Colonel Farinholt excepts appears in this volume, *ante*, pp. 51-57. The intent of General Maury is evident. It is just to to him to state that he earnestly endeavored to obtain all the facts attendant upon the "remarkable victory" before publishing his account. The editor had several conversations with him during its preparation. General Maury states that he was anxious to hear from Colonel Farinholt, to whom he wrote, but received no reply from him.]

The following is an account of the battle at Staunton river bridge, prepared by Colonel B. L. Farinholt, in reply to the account of that memorable engagement from the pen of General Dabney H. Maury, and which was recently published in the *Times*:

BALTIMORE, MD., *November 20, 1891.*

General DABNEY H. MAURY:

Dear Sir: My attention has been called to a copy of *The Times*, of Richmond, Va., giving, over your signature, an account of the engagement between the Confederate and Federal forces which took place at Staunton River bridge, on the Richmond and Danville railroad, on the 25th of June, 1864 (you say the 24th),

Believing you would not misrepresent the facts intentionally, and would not knowingly minimize the just deserts of one officer to aggrandize the fame and add to the laurels of another, and feeling sure that after the lapse of so many years you have either misconstrued the conversation you had with Colonel Stanhope Flournoy, or that your remembrance of his account is at this date imperfect, I write to inform you of the facts, and, in justice to myself, place in your hands a correct statement of this engagement.

HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN.

I had been in charge of the post at Staunton River bridge for about forty days prior to the engagement, preparing its defences and organizing and drilling the reserve forces. On the 22d of June, receiving a telegram from General Beauregard, at that time near Petersburg, that a large raiding party of the enemy was out making its way towards the Danville railroad, I at once sent out couriers in every direction calling upon the citizens and all local organizations and soldiers at home "on leave" to come forward and assist in completing the defences of this, the largest and most important bridge on the railroad, well knowing that if it was given up and destroyed, from there to Danville (as the Federal forces succeeded in doing at every depot from Burkeville to Staunton bridge) our wagon train would find it impossible to fill up the long gap until the railroad could be repaired or the rolling stock replaced, and that it would consequently be next to if not quite impossible for General Lee to hold his pesition in front of Richmond but a short time after such complete destruction of this road, then almost our only artery for supplies from the South.

As evidence of my correct view of the situation at the time I refer you to an order issued by General Lee almost immediately after this fight for the impressment and use of an extra large number of wagons, detailing all that could be spared from other portions of the army, under specially detached vigilant and expert quartermasters and commissaries, to cover this gap in the road from Staunton bridge to Burkeville until it could be repaired.

The defences on both sides of the river, already well under way, were rendered as complete as the limited time after receiving General Beauregard's order, up to the hour of the commencement of the fight, would permit, every position of which I directed and superintended myself, including the rifle-pits on the north and east sides of the Staunton river.

COLONEL COLEMAN'S POSITION.

Your statement says Colonel Coleman assumed command of the forces at the bridge and prepared the defences; on the contrary, Colonel Coleman reported to me for service only a short time before the engagement actually began. I then had two hundred and fifty men in position on the north and east side of the river, having placed them and fully directed them what to do, both in regard to improving their defences, as well as to reserve fire upon the enemy's approch until they could aim with deadly precision and at a close range. This was all done before I had seen Colonel Coleman, and well do I remember the words of gallant old Mr. William Clarke, who remarked when I returned to the defences on the south side of the river that I seemed to be satisfied that we should hold the place against all odds, as I had by the disposition of our forces abandoned all idea of retreat and intended that it was to be victory, death or imprisonment, for, said he, "we are between the devil and the deep sea."

After Colonel Coleman reported to me I placed him in command of two hundred men besides those already on the east side of the river, placing twenty of the two hundred behind heavy timber, crossed so as to leave loopholes for them to fire through, in the form of an A over that end of the bridge, and it was at this point the Rev. Mr. Burke was instantly killed by the explosion of a shell from the enemy's battery.

Colonel Coleman did his duty gallantly and efficiently, and in recognition of which I especially mentioned him in my report to General Lee of the engagement, causing him to give Colonel Coleman due consideration in his congratulatory order to my command.

It was I who sent the message to Colonel Flournoy and many other prominent men throughout that and other adjacent counties, urging them to assemble all men who could bear arms, even temporarily, to assist in this defence.

COLONEL FLOURNOY AND FARMER EDMONDS.

Colonel Flournoy, as did Hon. Paul Edmonds (then at home on leave, now member of Congress from that district), reported to me for any duty I might assign them to, and as each came mounted, and with a goodly number of followers likewise mounted, I sent one to the nearest ford above and the other to the nearest ford below the bridge, each some two miles away, to guard and prevent the enemy

crossing to attack us in the rear. While both of these gentlemen and their commands did most efficient service, neither of them were immediately present while the battle was being fought.

Your report of it, after giving Colonel Coleman the credit of preparing the defences on the north and east side of the river and commanding those forces, says the rest of the command was held in reserve under Colonel Flournoy on the right bank of the river. This work was armed with four six-pounders, which were worked upon the enemy under the command of Captain Marshall.

A GALLANT VIRGINIAN.

Colonel Flournoy was a gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*, and as he, by special invitation, on two occasions (once at his own house and once at the house of his neighbor, Mr. Clarke), soon after this engagement met me and assisted in entertaining me as a compliment for "the most gallant defence," as he pleased to term it, "made of Staunton river bridge, his home and household goods," I cannot think for a moment Colonel Flournoy would have related to you that he was in command of the forces on either side of the river in this engagement, or that Colonel Coleman would have claimed for himself what your report of this fight does—viz.: that he assumed command, constructed the defences and arranged the plan of battle on the left bank of the river. Colonel Henry Eaton Coleman, I consider, was a man of high sense of honor and a chivalrous, gallant officer. He was my friend. After leaving your office in Washington he came to see me in Baltimore.

Knowing, as he did, my report to General Lee, and General Lee's complimentary reply to me and my command for the disposition of forces and the determination with which we made this fight, Colonel Coleman could not have been my friend and written the friendly letter he did, had he believed me to have claimed any honors due to him.

Colonel R. E. Withers, commandant at Danville at the time, knew all about the fight. He most efficiently aided me with all the men at his command when I telegraphed him the situation, and the Danville contingent constituted a great moral as well as material support, many of them being old soldiers.

I enclose a letter from Colonel Withers, written not long after the battle, but after he had time to know all the facts from the officers of his command, who were engaged under my immediate supervision. I also inclose General R. E. Lee's letter to my command, showing a due appreciation of the gravity of the situation and the invaluable

service rendered at the time by holding the position—the key to all our supplies—against such odds.

Your report says two hundred and fifty old men and boys made this fight against twenty-five hundred of the enemy. This is a mistake; we still have enough credit left, and it may be correctly termed a remarkable victory, when, as I find by reference to my report, we had nine hundred anh thirty-eight men—of these only one hundred and fifty veterans, the remainder being the gallant reserves and citizens from adjacent counties, who deserve all the encomiums you have bestowed upon them. In the management of these I was ably assisted by Captain T. T. Boswell, of Mecklenburg. The enemy had six thousand well-trained and splendidly-equipped troops, over three thousand of whom advanced to the charge repeatedly on our small force, being as often disastrously repelled.

ANOTHER MISTAKE.

Your description is in error in stating that "General Wilson made his headquarters on McPhail's lawn, from whence he could view the field of battle and all of its approaches." Really, neither Staunton bridge nor but few of its approaches can be seen from McPhail's residence or lawn, which is (or was in 1864) obstructed from any extensive view by intervening woods.

I had the pleasure of knowing all of the family except Major McPhail, who was absent with his command at the front.

And I designedly had the empty trains frequently run back and forth between our defences and Clover depot, while the enemy were approaching and deploying, our men being instructed to huzza on the arrival of every train, thus giving plausibility to the report of Mrs. McPhail to the Federal commander, and giving him apparently good reason to believe we were rapidly being reinforced.

I do not think, General, that any of us deserve very great credit for doing our duty in what we believe to be right by both instruction and inheritance, but none of us are willing when having done our duty to have our work ascribed to others, and our children deprived of such honor and credit as our contemporaries and posterity think but just to award us.

I am, most respectfully,

B. L. FARINHOLT.

N. B.—I also append extracts from a letter from Captain W. T. Atkins, of Boydton, Va., who most efficiently aided as my adjutant in carrying out the details of the engagement, being himself frequently exposed to the severest fire of the enemy in doing so.

REPORT TO GENERAL LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
16th July, 1864.

Captain B. L. FARINHOLT,
Commanding at Staunton River Bridge:

Captain: Your report of the repulse of the enemy by the forces under your command on Saturday, 25th ult., at Staunton River bridge has been received. Please express my thanks to the men and officers engaged for the gallantry and determination with which they repelled every assault of the enemy. I regret the painful wound of Colonel Coleman, of the Twelfth North Carolina, who exhibited such a noble example of patriotism and bravery in leaving home, though wounded, and taking an active part in the defence of the post.

Thanking you for the skill and conduct with which you have executed the charge committed to you, I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

COLONEL WITHERS' CONGRATULATIONS.

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE,
DANVILLE, *June 27, 1864.*

Captain FAIRINHOLT,
Commanding Staunton River Bridge:

Captain: I beg leave to offer you my congratulations on the very handsome and successful defence of your position against a largely superior force of the enemy.

The service you have rendered will be highly appreciated by the whole country.

I am glad to know that some of the companies from this place contributed so essentially to the result.

Please send me an accurate list of the causalities of the command as soon as you can, and a detailed account of the whole affair. Present to the officers and men of your command my high appreciation of the service rendered, and my confident belief that the next party of raiders will give them a "wide berth."

I learn that you have captured a considerable number of repeating rifles, if so you can turn one over to me. I should be glad to get one.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. WITHERS,
Colonel Commanding Post.

WHAT CAPTAIN ATKINS SAYS.

BOYDTON, VA., *November 9, 1891.*

Colonel B. L. FARINHOLT:

My Dear Sir: Your letter, with a copy of the Richmond *Times* of the 27th of September, containing General Dabney H. Maury's account of the fight at Staunton river bridge in June, 1864, came duly to hand.

Of course it was unintentional, but nevertheless the account does you a great injustice in giving to others the credit of planning and directing what General Maury correctly terms "the most remarkable fight of the war."

I was an active participant in the fight, and probably knew more about its details than any other person except yourself, and very cheerfully give you my recollection of its main features.

* * * * * * * *

From the time I reached the bridge until I left, you were unquestionably in command of all the troops on both sides of the river, directing in person every movement, disposition of the troops and other details of the fight, every officer present looking to you for and obeying your orders.

Colonel H. E. Coleman did not reach the bridge until the morning of the 25th, when he reported to you for duty, and you assigned him to the immediate command of about one hundred and fifty men then placed at the foot of the bridge on the north side of the river.

* * * * * * * *

General Maury also misunderstood Colonel Flournoy as to where he was stationed during the fight. The Colonel, with some mounted men he had raised, was guarding Cole's Ferry, two or three miles above the bridge, to prevent the Federal forces crossing there.

Yours truly,

W. T. ATKINS.

The Memorial Window in Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Va., to the Confederate Dead of its Congregation.

[This account, which is published by request, was furnished by a former officer of Trinity Church.]

This beautiful stained-glass gift was erected in Trinity Church, in the city of Portsmouth, Va., by the Rev. John Henry Wingfield,

D. D., in memory of the Confederate dead of his congregation. With the purest motives at heart, and never dreaming that any one, North or South, could possibly take offence at so laudable an object, this venerable divine, at his own expense, donated this sacred memorial as an Easter present to his congregation. It was executed in New York city, where it was greatly admired when on exhibition, not a word of disapproval being expressed by any one who saw it. The design represents Rachel weeping at the tomb, on which are inscribed the names of those belonging to the congregation who were killed or died during the war, and under it is a simple explanatory inscription, the substance of which is that it was placed there "in memory of the nine young men of the congregation who lost their lives during the Civil War, between the years 1861–'65, in defending their native State, Virginia, from the invasion of the United States forces."

It was on the morning of Easter Day, April 12, 1868, that the congregation first saw it, everybody appearing to admire it, and not one of the numerous throng on that day left the church or refused to approach the Holy Communion because of its presence. The next day and throughout the following week the window was the subject of much excited talk among the people, in and out of the congregation. To the astonishment of all, the families attached to the United States navy-yard who attended the church took offence at the window, and an indignation meeting was held in the navy-yard, resulting in the vacation of five pews and withdrawal of their occupants from attendance on the services. They reported to Washington that this Southern congregation had, by a tribute of respect to its dead, outraged their honor and insulted their manly pride, and announced their grievance to the military authorities in immediate command. Accordingly, the major in command wrote a letter to the Vestry of Trinity Church as follows:

HEADQUARTERS SUB-DISTRICT OF NORFOLK,
NORFOLK, VA., *April 18th, 1868.*

TO THE VESTRY OF TRINITY CHURCH,
Portsmouth, Va.:

Gentlemen: Information having reached these headquarters that a memorial window has been placed in your Church, commemorative of the dead of your Church "who fell during the late rebellion," in language which has given offence to the Union sentiment, causing

some U. S. naval officers to relinquish their pews, and withdraw from the Church, the major commanding desires you to furnish him with an exact copy of the inscription on the above window for his information.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. W. STONE,
Lieutenant and A. A. A. G.

This information was readily furnished to the military authorities by the Registrar, accompanied by the following resolution by the Vestry :

Resolved, That the Vestry of this Church disclaim any intention, in permitting the erection of the memorial window lately placed therein, to give any offence to any person or persons attending upon the services of the Church."

(Signed)

"J. H. D. WINGFIELD,
Associate Rector.
"ARTHUR EMMERSON,
Registrar.

Monday, May 5th, 1868.

The naval officers who made complaint were Captain C. P. R. Rogers, Captain Pattison, Captain George H. Cooper, Chief Engineer Newell, and Lieutenant Marine Corps Hammersly.

The cause of complaint was "the offensive word 'INVASION'" in the inscription. To appease said complainants, the Rector caused the inscription to be covered out of sight, but without the desired effect; whereupon, the aged pastor of the Church concluded that the best way to preserve the peace would be to take the window out; which was accordingly done. Meanwhile an order came from the Secretary of the Navy at Washington to "close the Navy-Yard gates if the window was not removed before Saturday night." The Rev. Father Plunkett, the pastor of the Roman Catholic Church in Portsmouth, was visiting some of his parishioners in the Navy-Yard, and read the order, but notified the officials that in anticipation of such a result the window had already been removed. The closing of the Navy-Yard, and thereby throwing out of employment hundreds of citizens who had nothing whatever to do with this matter, meant nothing less than to invite and encourage mob law. Some of the employees in the yard did say that if it was closed they would pull

down the church; but they were deprived of the opportunity to commit the sacrilege, and to carry out to the bitter end this piece of petty tyranny towards a brave but conquered people.

The *Norfolk Virginian*, edited by James Barron Hope, in an editorial headed "O shame! Where is Thy Blush?"—said:

"The memorial window to dead Confederate soldiers has been removed from Trinity Church in Portsmouth, of which in life they were members. This announcement will fall upon the ears of every generous man with a rude shock, and excite the profound disgust of all capable of feeling a noble emotion. We did not expect the chivalrous conduct of the French towards the remains of Sir John Moore, after the battle of Corunna, to be imitated by those in authority; but we did think that a decent regard for the opinions of mankind would have enforced respect for the dead, in whose memory this emblazoned window was put up in the church in which they had worshipped. Few will differ with us when we say that the spirit which compelled its removal would be denounced as full of iconoclastic barbarism, repulsive to the sentiments of all honorable men, and hideous in its suggestions of a ghoul-like cruelty. Nay, we do the barbarians injustice, for they are capable of appreciating the courage of an enemy, and it is only your Falstaff who dishonors the lifeless body of dead Percy. What, then, are we to say of a civilized government—'the best the sun ever shone on'—which can threaten to close its greatest naval station and turn out of employment a large body of workmen, because a private gentleman paid a pious tribute to the memory of gallant men who, impelled by a sense of duty, fell in defence of their native State! The suggestion was brutal. Its only effect will be to endear the memory of the dead to the hearts of the living. All the true men of Virginia will feel that even in defeat they are greater than those who could conceive so ungenerous a thought or threaten so cruel a punishment as that we have mentioned, for the performance of an action pious and commendable in itself. The Washington authorities, by whom this *ukase* was threatened, are put to shame by the larger souls and more Christian temper of the wildest mountaineers, who, even in their savage warfare, could do honor to the dead."

And why this dishonor to the living as well as the dead?

The reason given by the conquerors (with the exception of Major Commanding Smith (who "saw nothing to give offence or to take exception at," to his credit be it said), is that there was *no truth* contained in the word "invasion."

"If this is not used correctly in this inscription, then all our lexicographers have erred in defining it, and we should not be at all surprised to see an order from Washington requiring all dictionaries containing this word to be burned, and no more permitted to be published with it therein. According to all acknowledged authority the word was correctly used. It *was* an "invasion"—whether right or wrong we have in good faith accepted the result without discussion. If a true Christian spirit animated your breasts you would not have censured this noble deed. this highest of all Christian virtues—the memorializing of the sainted dead—but you would have commended it in a spirit which we expected at your hands. Well may it be asked, 'What next?' When the head department of a government claiming to be 'the best in the world,' with sacrilegious hand invades God's temple and snatches from its frescoed walls a monument of Christian love erected to departed worth, because the plain, unvarnished truth is inscribed upon it—when such acts of despotism are resorted to in order to gratify the selfish and *debased* cravings of a vile nature, then may we say that Justice, Mercy and Truth have descended from their thrones, and that tyranny has usurped their places and reigns supreme. It may not be long before our cemeteries are invaded by ruthless hands and the very stones under which rest the ashes of our heroic dead torn from over them and broken into a thousand pieces, and their dry bones dragged from their graves as desecrations and unworthy to sleep in the bosom of their mother earth. Rulers of this Christian land, we blush for you.

Take down your memorial window,
Tenderly take it away,
Lay it aside as a relic,
In its place put another of gray.

In lieu of the gorgeous colors
Which glowed in the sunlight of day,
Let a cold light fall within the church
Through a window of modest gray.

Let it have *no* word of *inscription*,
Never a *hint* of the fray,
Let it cast in the church a twilight
Tender and soft and gray.

Then will the true and the valiant
Pause, when they kneel to pray,
And ask God's rest for the heroes
Whose story is told in gray.

At a meeting of the Vestry of Trinity Church held on Monday, September 17, 1870, on motion the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"The Vestry request the pastor to cause the memorial window to be put in its place in the church at the expense of the Vestry, and authorize him to draw on the treasurer for the expense thereof." (*Vide* Parish Records.)

The original order from the Secretary of the Navy at Washington was destroyed with other official papers by a fire, which occurred in the navy-yard some years since the restoration of the window to its place in the church.

The First North Carolina Volunteers and the Battle of Bethel.

[This compilation, of special interest to North Carolina veterans, has been furnished the editor by an early field officer of the First North Carolina Regiment, and is published for the value of its contemporaneous detail and as a memorial of a gallent regiment and its distinguished officers.]

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *April 19, 1861.*

COLONEL:

You are hereby commanded to organize the Orange Light Infantry (Captain R. J. Ashe), Warrenton Guards (Captain Wade), Hornet-Nest Rifles (Captain Williams), Enfield Blues (Captain Bell), Lumberton Guards (Captain Norment), Duplin Rifles (Captain Kenan), Charlotte Greys (Captain Ross), Thomasville Rifles (Captain Miller), Granville Greys (Captain Wortham), Columbus Guards (Captain Ellis), into a regiment, to be designated the "First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers."

The cadets of the North Carolina Military Institute can be attached to this regiment with the consent of their parents and guardians. The seat of war is the designation of the regiment, and Virginia, in all probability, will be the first battle-ground.

The services of this regiment will not exceed six months, but the men should be prepared to keep the field until the war is ended. The grey or blue blouse will be recognized as a suitable uniform.

Arms are now in Raleigh for the use of the regiment, and the men will be furnished with them promptly. The regiment will be moved into Virginia as soon as possible, but will not be led into battle until the field officers are of the opinion that the men are fit for duty. You will order an election for field officers of the regiment on Friday the 3d day of May.

The cause of Virginia is the cause of North Carolina. In our first struggle for liberty she nobly and freely poured out her blood in our defence. We will stand by her now in this our last effort for independence.

By order of the Governor.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

Colonel D. H. HILL,
Commanding Camp of Instruction, Raleigh, N. C.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *April 20, 1861.*

General Orders, No. 3.

The volunteer force of the State, not already ordered into active service, are commanded to hold themselves in readiness to march at an hour's notice. The officers are required to send to the Adjutant-General's office a roll of the companies. I am directed by the Governor to call for the enrollment of thirty thousand volunteers.

Organize; send in the rolls. Commissions and arms will be furnished. Be in readiness to march at a day's notice; drill by day and by night; let the citizens equip their men. Some of your brothers are now in the field. The State has reason to be proud of the promptness with which they rallied at the call of the Governor. The decree for our subjugation has gone forth; the time of our trial has come; the blow will soon fall; we must meet it with the whole energies of the State; we must show to the world that North Carolina will maintain her rights at all hazards.

By order of the commander-in-chief.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

Official:

R. H. RIDDICK,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *May 9, 1861.*

General Orders, No. 7.

The following companies of volunteers, now stationed in this city, are hereby organized into a regiment, to be mustered into the service of the State agreeable to such regulations as shall hereby be determined upon, viz. :

1. Edgecombe Guards—Captain John L. Bridgers.
2. Enfield Blues—Captain D. A. Bell.
3. Hornet's Nest Rifles—Captain Lewis S. Williams.
4. Burke Rifles—Captain C. M. Avery.
5. Buncombe Rifles—Captain W. W. McDowell.
6. Southern Stars—Captain W. J. Hoke.
7. Randalsburg Rifles—Captain A. A. Erwin.
8. La Fayette Light Infantry—Captain W. G. Matthews.
9. Orange Light Infantry—Captain Richard J. Ashe.

The companies will be arranged in the regiment, and the relative rank of the officers will be fixed when the same shall have been mustered into service.

The commanding officer of the Camp of Instruction will hold an election for field officers of the above regiment at 10 o'clock A. M. the 11th instant.

The companies not already at the camp will repair there at the time designated, where they will be stationed until further ordered.

The following companies will be concentrated at the Camp of Instruction of Weldon, N. C., where they will be organized into a regiment in like manner, viz.:

1. Warrenton Guards—Gaptain Wade.
2. Granville Greys—Captain George Wortham.
3. Halifax Light Infantry—Captain Whitaker.
4. Cleveland Guards—Captain Aug. W. Burton.
5. Catawba Rifles—Captain T. W. Bradburn.
6. Duplin Rifles—Captain Thomas S. Kenan.
7. Nash Boys—Captain William T. Williams.
8. Warrenton Rifles—Captain Jones.
9. Townsville Guards—Captain Henry E. Coleman.
10. Lumberton Guards—Captain Richard M. Norment.

As soon as all the companies shall have assembled the commanding officers will hold an election for field officers of the regiment.

Such of the above companies as may be stationed in this city will proceed to Weldon, N. C., on Saturday morning, the 11th instant, and report to the commander of the Camp of Instruction.

All orders heretofore issued inconsistent with the foregoing are hereby annulled.

Arms will be issued to the troops as soon as they shall have been organized into regiments.

By order of the Governor.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *May 12, 1861.*

Special Orders, No. 2.

The following return of the election for field officers for the regiment of volunteers, organized at the Camp of Instruction in this city, pursuant to General Orders, No. 7, from this office, dated May 9, 1861, is published for the information of all concerned:

CAMP OF INSTRUCTION,
RALEIGH, *May 11, 1861.*

To General J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General:

SIR: In accordance with instructions, I hereby transmit the result of the election this day held for field officers of the First North Carolina regiment.

For Colonel.

D. H. Hill received six hundred and fifty-two votes; Charles C. Lee, thirty-nine; C. C. Tew, two; scattering, three.

For Lieutenant-Colonel.

Charles C. Lee received six hundred and fifty-seven votes; Mr. Burgwyn, twenty-nine; D. H. Hill, thirteen; Major Stokes, two; scattering, four.

For Major.

James H. Lane received six hundred and ten votes; Mr. Lovejoy, eighty-three; scattering, five.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. C. LEE,
Major Camp Instruction, Acting Colonel.

The officers elected as above will enter upon their duties accordingly, and all persons placed under their command will respect and obey them accordingly.

By order of the Governor.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

Officers commissioned as per above date.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *May 15, 1861.*

SIR:

You are hereby detailed to muster in the troops of the First regiment this afternoon at 4 o'clock P. M.

A justice of the peace will be requested to be present to administer the necessary oath.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

Colonel C. C. LEE,
Camp of Instruction, Raleigh, N. C.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *May 16, 1861.*

Special Orders, No. 5.

COLONEL:

The Randalsburg Rifles (Captain Erwin), not having the number of men required by law, are detached from the First regiment and the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry (Captain Huske), are ordered to supply their place, and will take the same position in the regiment occupied by that company.

Major Lane is detached as mustering officer, to muster into the service of the State the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry.

The La Fayette Light Infantry (Captain Starr), The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry (Captain Huske), and the Southern Stars (Captain Hoke) will leave for Richmond, Va., on Saturday morning, and will have two days' rations of meat and bread for each member of the company. The remaining companies of the regiment will move for the same point on Monday or Tuesday next, and will have a like supply of provisions prepared.

By order of the Governor. J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

[From the *Western* (Charlotte, N. C.,) *Democrat*, May 21, 1861.]

FIRST REGIMENT (N. C.) VOLUNTEERS.

This regiment is now complete, and three companies of it left Raleigh on Saturday last for Virginia. The balance will follow on Tuesday. The following are the officers of the regiment:

Daniel H. Hill, colonel.
C. C. Lee, lieutenant-colonel.
J. H. Lane, major.
J. M. Poteat, adjutant.
John Henry Wayt, commissary.
Dr. Peter Hines, surgeon.
Drs. Haywood and Moore, assistant surgeons.
Rev. Edwin A. Yates, chaplain.

Messrs. Wayt and Yates were appointed from the ranks of the Hornets' Nest Riflemen.

A change has been made in the companies composing the regiment. The Fayetteville Independent company has been substituted for the Randalsburg Riflemen, so the regiment stands thus:

A—Edgecombe Guards—Captain Bridgers.
B—Hornets' Nest Rifles—Captain Williams.
C—Charlotte Grays—Captain Ross.
D—Orange Light Infantry—Captain Ashe.
E—Buncombe Riflemen—Captain McDowell.
F—La Fayette Light Infantry—Captain Starr.
G—Burke Rifles—Captain Avery.
H—Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry—Captain Huske.
I—Enfield Blues—Captain Bell.
K—Southern Stars—Captain Hoke.

This regiment is said to be the finest-looking body of men ever assembled in the State.

[*Western Democrat;* May 28, 1861.]

THE FIRST REGIMENT (N. C.) VOLUNTEERS.

Seven companies of this regiment left Raleigh on Tuesday for Richmond, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee (three companies having previously gone forward under Colonel Hill). A large number (mostly the acquaintances of the members of the different companies) assembled at the Raleigh depot to see the regiment off. Among the spectators there were about thirty patriotic Raleigh ladies, who showered boquets into the ranks of the soldiers and cheered with all their might. The gallant soldiers all seemed to have lighter hearts than their friends who bid them farewell; there were tears in the eyes of many of the spectators, but not one in the eye of a soldier. They left firmly resolved to do their duty, and every man appeared anxious to get nearer to the scene of war. In the day of battle we are confident this regiment will prove an honor to the old North State and to themselves.

The regiment arrived at Petersburg on Tuesday evening, which the Petersburg *Express* notices as follows:

"The remainder of the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, numbering seven companies and over seven hundred men, reached this city last night, in extra trains, about 8 o'clock. For several hours before their arrival large numbers of citizens of all ages, sexes, classes and conditions commenced to congregate, until the appearance of the trains, when the vast square in front of the hotel and the hotel itself were packed completely with anxious, eager beings. The porticos and windows of the hotel were radiant with the beauty and grace of the city, who, with that beautiful patience for which woman is so justly celebrated, waited without murmur or disaffection the arrival of those whom they wished to encourage by all the evidences they could display. But, alas! the lateness of the hour and the hurry of the moment, played havoc with those sweet testimonials of regard and approval, the boquets, of which we noticed any quantity. To the mutual disappointment of ladies and soldiers, they were compelled to shed their fragrance in the fair hands that gathered and bore them thither.

Without drawing invidious distinctions, we must say that this is the best equipped regiment which has yet made its route through our city. Everything seems to have been provided for them that a soldier could desire—arms, accoutrements, knapsacks, haversacks,

canteens; in fact nothing is wanting. They were met at the depot by the "Cockade Cadets" and the "Home Cavalry," and left for Richmond about eleven o'clock.

[Correspondence of the *Western Democrat.*]

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, *May 22, 1861.*

MR. EDITOR:

The First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers arrived here last night in good order, health and spirits. We are encamped upon an eminence overlooking and in the suburbs of the city. It is a healthy location—good water, fine shade trees, and everything pleasant. If we remain in a "masterly inactivity" until after the meeting of the Rump Congress in July, we shall at least be blessed with a fine camp.

At this writing (under a big oak, upon a piece of board) I can look over the camp of the Tennessee Regiment and see the flags of thousands of troops waving in the distance. Truly, the South is in earnest and prepared to "do or die."

Although it was night-time when we arrived at Petersburg, the ladies thronged the streets, shook us by the hand, gave us snacks nicely done up in paper, strewed our path with flowers, and called down the blessings of God upon us. Our advance into Virginia was a constant ovation.

The Charlotte boys are well and cheerful, provided with good quarters, good water and plenty to eat.

SOUTHRON.

Since the above letter was written the regiment has been ordered to Yorktown, and left Richmond on Friday night for that place.

[Correspondence of the *Western Democrat.*]

YORKTOWN, VA., *May 26, 1861.*

MR. EDITOR:

The First from North Carolina was ordered to march from Richmond to this place on the 23d instant. We immediately struck our tents for the march, and by railroad and river we reached our present camp, wayworn and weary, on the forenoon of the 25th.

This is the spot where Cornwallis surrendered. His entrenchments and breastworks are here to mark the spot where British arogance received its death-blow. The town is small, and the site of our encampment a lone and dreary one, but we are near the enemy, being only twenty-six miles from Hampton, where he is posted. A fight here is highly probable, as the enemy can be heavily reinforced at Fortress Monroe or at Hampton. We now occupy the point of danger between the enemy and Richmond. Our colonel and his men are ready for and expecting a fight, in which case you may listen for a good report from the gallant First regiment.

We are all pretty well, and anxious for a brush. There are some regiments here, and General Magruder is commander of the post. A battery is being erected, which will command the passage of York river at this point. A Federal steamer lies in sight; for what purpose I know not.

The intelligence of the death of Private Julius Sadler reached our camp this (Sabbath) morning, and gave double solemnity to the services held by our chaplain at 10:30 o'clock.

Colonel Hill is a model Christian soldier. He assisted in the exercises of the morning by interlining the hymn for the chaplain. There are many servants of God in our camp. Can such a regiment be conquered? Never!

A pretty good force here would command and successfully defend the eastern entrance to the soil of Virginia. The main land, upon which Fortress Monroe is situated, narrows down at this point to about five miles—that is, the neck of land between York river and James river.

This is not *playing soldier* now; it is a stern reality.

SOUTHRON.

YORKTOWN, VA., *May 27.*

We had scarcely got ready to rest at our camp near Richmond before we got orders to move to this place. And I am sorry to say that we lost one of our best soldiers on the way here. Julius Sadler fell from the cars a short time after leaving Richmond, and was instantly killed. It is supposed that he was asleep and precipitated from the platform car. The regiment arrived at this point before hearing of his melancholy fate. The news was received here on Sunday morning, and spread a gloom over our gallant band. At 10 o'clock our chaplain, Rev. Edwin A. Yates, preached an impressive discourse to his

brother soldiers (I say brother soldiers because he is taking an active part in the duties of the camp, and intends to fight as well as pray). Many of our men were affected to tears at the allusions to the death of poor Sadler. Colonel Hill assisted in the services. He is a praying man, and has the confidence and respect of every man of the regiment. All are determined to stand by him to the last. Where he leads none of us will hesitate to follow. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and Major Lane are also good officers and much beloved. In fact, the men are pleased with all of their officers.

The Lincoln company and the Fayetteville companies have no superiors anywhere. In the latter are two editors, Peter M. and E. J. Hale, Jr., of Fayetteville, and a number of lawyers and doctors. I don't want to be guilty of self-praise, but I must say that our regiment "can't be beat" either in appearance or on the battle-field.

Captain Williams, of the Hornet's Nest Riflemen, is little in statue but big in works. His command is in fine condition, and the men as well as could be expected, considering the frequent changes of water and the mode of camp life.

The "Boy company" under Captain Ross, is praised by all. I understand there is not a soldier in it twenty-one years old. It is probably the only company of boys that has entered active service from south of Virginia. On the day of the battle this gallant little band will do its duty.

We are expecting the enemy to attack this point, and are about ready to give him a warm reception. Every man of them had better "make his peace" before he gets here.

The Virginians everywhere have been very kind to us. Some of the ladies in Richmond made a portion of our tents. Bless the women.

You shall hear from me again. R.

LETTER FROM MISS MARY G. MASON.

Will Major Lane do me the favor of distributing these prayer-books, as far as they will go, amongst any of his men that will accept them. I did not know that I could get the books until after the regiment had left.

Very truly,

MARY G. MASON.

Raleigh, N. C., *May 24, 1861.*

[*Richmond Dispatch*, Thursday Morning, June 13, 1861.]

Fast Day.

This day, appointed by President Davis as a day of fasting and prayer, will, we trust, be universally observed throughout the Confederate States. We again repeat our hope that all places of business and amusement will be closed. No paper will be issued from this office to-morrow.

The Glorious Victory.

We have the satisfaction to-day of publishing reliable accounts of the glorious triumph of our army on the Peninsula. Our letters are from perfectly reliable sources, several of them being from gentlemen connected with this office—one of them, Mr. H. C. Tinsley, a member of the Howitzers, who was present in the engagement, and, we learn, bore himself gallantly.

It is one of the most extraordinary victories in the annals of war. Four thousand thoroughly drilled and equipped troops routed and driven from the field by only eleven hundred men! Two hundred of the enemy killed, and on our side but one life lost! Does not the hand of God seem manifest in this thing? From the attack upon Fort Sumter to the present moment the preservation of Southern life amidst such murderous assaults as have been made by the enemy seems little less than miraculous. Surely, in the religious exercises of this day, many a heart will exclaim, with devout thanksgiving to God, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy great name be the glory."

The courage and conduct of the noble sons of the South engaged in this battle are beyond all praise. They have crowned the name of their country with imperishable lustre and made their own names immortal. With odds of four to one against them, they have achieved a complete victory, putting their enemies to inglorious flight, and giving the world a brilliant pledge of the manner in which the South can defend its firesides and altars. The North has won its battles on paper—the South is content to achieve hers in the field. Let us invoke our heroic soldiers not to permit this splendid success in any way to relax their vigilance and their energy. Let them be as prudent as they are brave, as vigilant as they are determined, and all is secure. Let them omit no preparation, no watchfulness, no precaution which the presence of the bravest enemy might require.

In one word, let them always "trust in God and keep their powder dry," and our soil will soon be delivered from the boastful braggarts who have dared to pollute it.

FROM YORKTOWN.

[Special Correspondence of the *Dispatch.*]

YORKTOWN, *June 11, 1861.*

An engagement, lasting four hours, took place yesterday (Monday) between five regiments of the troops from Old Point and eleven hundred Confederate troops, consisting of Virginians and North Carolinians under General Magruder, at Bethel Church, York county. Before telling you of the battle I will give you some circumstances preceding it. About two weeks ago a party of three hundred Yankees came up from Hampton and occupied Bethel Church, which position they held a day or two and then retired, leaving written on the walls of the church several inscriptions, such as "Death to the Traitors!" "Down with the Rebels!" &c. To nearly all of these the names of the writers were defiantly signed, and all of the pensmen signed themselves as from New York except one, who was from "Boston, Mass., U. S." To these excursions into the interior, of which this was the boldest, General Magruder determined to put a stop, and accordingly filled the place after the Yankees left with a few companies of his own troops. In addition to this, he determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, and on Wednesday last Standard's battery, of the Howitzer battalion, was ordered down to the church, where it was soon joined by a portion of Brown's battery of the same corps. The North Carolina regiment, under Colonel Hill, was also there, making in all about eleven hundred men and seven howitzer guns.

On Saturday last the first excursion of considerable importance was made. A detachment of two hundred infantry and a howitzer gun under Major Randolph, and one of seventy infantry and another howitzer under Major Lane, of the North Carolina regiment, started, different routes, to cut off a party which had left Hampton. The party was seen and fired at by Major Randolph's detachment, but made such fast time that they escaped. The troops under Major Lane passed within sight of Hampton, and as they turned up

the road to return to Bethel encountered the Yankees, numbering about ninety, who were entrenched behind a fence in the field, protected by a high bank. Our advance guard fired on them, and in another moment the North Carolinians were dashing over the fence in regular French (not New York) zouave style, firing at them in regular squirrel-hunting style. The Yankees fled for their lives, after firing for about three minutes without effect, leaving behind them three dead and a prisoner. The fellow was a stout, ugly fellow from Troy, N. Y. He said that he had nothing against the South, but somebody must be soldiers, and he thought he had as well enlist. None of our men were hurt.

This bold excursion, under the very guns of the enemy, determined the authorities at Old Point to put a stop to it and clean us out from Bethel. This determination was conveyed to us by persons who came from the neighborhood of the enemy. On Monday morning, about six hundred infantry and two guns, under General Magruder, left the camp and proceeded towards Hampton; but after advancing a mile or two, received information that the Yankees were coming in large force. We then retired, and after reaching camp the guns were placed in battery, and the infantry took their places behind their breastwork. Everybody was cool, and all were anxious to give the invaders a good reception.

About nine o'clock the glittering bayonets of the enemy appeared on the hill opposite, and above them waived the Star Spangled Banner. The moment the head of the column advanced far enough to show one or two companies, the Parrot gun of the Howitzer battery opened on them, throwing a shell right into their midst. Their ranks broke in confusion, and the column, or as much of it as we could see, retreated behind two small houses. From their position a fire was opened on us, which was replied to by our battery, which commanded the route of their approach. Our firing was excellent, and the shells scattered in all directions when they burst. They could hardly approach the guns which they were firing for the shells which came from our battery. Within our encampment fell a perfect hail-storm of cannister shot, bullets and balls. Remarkable to say, not one of our men was killed inside of our encampment. Several horses were slain by the shells and bullets.

Finding that bombardment would not answer, the enemy about eleven o'clock tried to carry the position by assault, but met a terrible repulse at the hands of the infantry as he tried to scale the breastworks. The men disregarded sometimes the defences erected

for them, and leaping on the embankment, stood and fired at the Yankees, cutting them down as they came up. One company of the New York Seventh Regiment, under Captain Wardrop, or Winthrop, attempted to take the redoubt on the left. The marsh they crossed was strewn with their bodies. Their captain, a fine looking man, reached the fence, and leaping on a log, waved his sword, crying, "Come on, boys; one charge, and the day is ours." The words were his last, for a Carolina rifle ended his life the next moment, and his men fled in terror back. At the redoubt on the right a company of about three hundred New York zouaves charged one of our guns, but could not stand the fire of the infantry, and retreated precipitately.

During these charges the main body of the enemy on the hill were attempting to concentrate for a general assault, but the shells from the Howitzer battery prevented them. As one regiment would give up the effort another would be marched to the position, but with no better success, for a shell would scatter them like chaff. The men did not seem able to stand fire at all.

About 1 o'clock their guns were silenced, and a few moments after their infantry retreated precipitately down the road to Hampton.

Our cavalry, numbering three companies, went in pursuit, and harassed them down to the edge of Hampton. As they retreated, many of the wounded fell along the road and died, and the whole road to Hampton was strewn with haversacks, overcoats, canteens, muskets, &c., which the men had thrown off in their retreat.

After the battle I visited the position they held. The houses behind which they had been hid had been burnt by our troops. Around the yard were the dead bodies of the men who had been killed by our cannon, mangled in the most frightful manner by the shells. The uniforms on the bodies were very different, and many of them are like those of the Virginia soldiery. A little farther on we came to the point to which they had carried some of their wounded, who had since died. The gay looking uniforms of the New York zouaves contrasted greatly with the pale, fixed faces of their dead owners. Going to the swamp through which they attempted to pass to assault our lines, presented another bloody scene. Bodies dotted the black morass from one end to the other. I saw one boyish, delicate looking fellow lying on the mud, with a bullet-hole through his breast. His hand was pressed on the wound from which his life blood had poured; and the other was clinched in the grass that grew near him. Lying on the ground was a testament which had fallen from his pocket, dabbled with blood. On opening the cover I

found the printed inscription, "Presented to the Defenders of their Country by the New York Bible Society." An United States flag was also stamped on the title page.

Among the haversacks picked up along the route were many letters from the Northern States, asking if they liked the Southern farms and if the Southern barbarians had been whipped out yet.

The force of the enemy brought against us was four thousand, according to the statement of the six prisoners we took. Ours was eleven hundred. Their loss in killed and wounded must be nearly two hundred. Our loss is one killed and three wounded. The fatal case was that of a North Carolinian, who volunteered to fire one of the houses behind which they were stationed. He started from the breastwork to accomplish it, but was shot in the head. He died this morning at the hospital. The wounded are Harry Shook, of Richmond, of Brown's Battery, shot in the wrist; John Werth, of Richmond, of the same battery, shot in the leg, and Lieutenant Hudnall, of the same battery, shot in the foot. None of the wounds are serious.

A Louisiana regiment arrived about one hour after the fight was over. They are a fine-looking set of fellows.

As there was force enough at Old Point to send up to Bethel and surround us, we took up the line of March and came up to Yorktown, where we now are.

I hear to-day that troops from Old Point are now marching up to attack us, but cannot say whether it is so or not.

I should have written you more fully, but the boat was in sight when I commenced, and haste is the order the day, as she leaves after merely touching at her wharf.

T.

[From the *Western Democrat.*]

YORKTOWN, VA., *June 11, 1861.*

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:

A battle was fought near this place on Monday last, and I hastily send you a short account by my friend, Mr. Tiddy, bearer of dispatches to Governor Ellis.

The first great battle for Southern independence has been fought. It is the Lexington of the war. North Carolina and Virginia shoulder the glory of a hard-won field.

A detachment of our force at Yorktown, consisting of the First North Carolina regiment volunteers and some Virginia troops, numbering in all about thirteen hundred, proceeded to Bethel church, fifteen miles below Yorktown, entrenched themselves there, and there were attacked on the morning of Monday, the 10th instant, by forty-five hundred of the enemy, including three hundred of the famous Seventh New York regiment and a regiment of New York zouaves. After a severe conflict of four or five hours, the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter. They left fifteen or twenty dead near our lines. Others lay dead further off, and no doubt they carried off a large number dead, of dying and wounded. Their last and final retreat was in "double-quick," throwing off their knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, &c. Lieutenant-Colonel Wardrop, of the New York regiment, was killed. Private Buhman, of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, and Private McIver, of the Charlotte Greys, contest the honor of having killed the abolition leader. The Yankee colonel was standing on a log rallying his men, when one of our gallant boys picked him off.

Only five or six of our companies were really engaged in the fight, the ground not permitting the action of more. North Carolina and Virginia forces were all that were engaged. Three companies of cavalry arrived in time to pursue the flying enemy.

A house being in the way of our guns, four of Captain Bridgers' company, the Edgecombe Guards, volunteered to charge right in front of the enemy to burn the house. They faced a murderous fire, but in the attempt one gallant fellow (Wyatt) was shot in the head and died in a few hours. The other three lay down on their backs and returned the fire, and finally succeeded in getting back into their lines. In the meantime the house was set on fire by our guns.

The Hornets' Nest Riflemen, under command of Lieutenants W. A. Owens and T. D. Gillespie (Captain Williams being sick and absent) behaved with great bravery ; as did also Captain Ross' company, the Charlotte Greys ; these two companies being nearest the point of attack. Indeed, all our men acted nobly, whose praise is in every mouth.

Only one of our whole force was killed and seven wounded. Surely an enemy numbering nearly four to one, raining cannon balls, shell and grape-shot like hail for three mortal hours, and doing such little damage, must have been confounded by that Hand that ever sides with justice and eternal rectitude.

The Fayetteville companies and Lincoln Stars are composed of as good grit as ever shouldered a gun; and, all in all, our regiment is composed of the finest soldiers in the world, because of their moral and intellectual qualities.

Colonel Hill deserves all the honor that can be heaped upon a noble soldier. His experience, as well as bravery, placing him in the foreground of command. Indeed, our success in putting such a powerful enemy to such a shameful defeat is to be greatly attributed to his coolness and courage. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and Major Lane are all that we could desire them to be, qualified for their posts and strangers to fear. General Magruder commanded the whole force, and is a brave and daring officer.

One of our guns, which had been disabled by our own gunners, fell into the hands of the enemy; but they kept it only a few moments, for the Edgecombe Guards charged upon them and recaptured it, driving off fifteen hundred of the enemy.

We took only three prisoners (not having any use for them). I have just conversed with one fellow who is from Vermont. He is only a three months' soldier, and says when the time expires thousands will return home from this unholy war. He reports five thousand men in Fort Monroe and five thousand at Newport News. They are dissatisfied and desert on every opportunity.

Our force returned to Yorktown cheerful and in good spirits; the wounded being but slightly injured, had a good night's rest and are ready for the enemy again. It is thought a tremendous battle will soon be fought here.

During the battle a company of the enemy's zouaves practiced their tilting and tumbling manœuvres up within a few yards of a masked battery of ours, hoping to scare some of us by their monkey actions; but when we opened fire the column fell like wheat-straw before a scythe-blade. Many a poor fellow tumbled over for the last time.

The people are flying from the lower end of the Peninsula in crowds, leaving their farms, stock, &c., at the mercy of the enemy, in order to save themselves.

Every man is conscious he is fighting in a just cause, and is determined to know no defeat. Besides, we are not fighting our battles alone; "And if God be for us, who shall be against us."

Yours truly,

SOUTHRON.

[*Raleigh Standard*, June, 1861.]

OUR RECENT BRILLIANT VICTORY.

The letter of Colonel Hill, in another column, announcing his recent brilliant victory over the enemy, was recurred to in the Convention on Wednesday with every demonstration of joy. On motion of Mr. Badger the Convention unanimously returned its thanks to the Governor for the information communicated of this glorious result, and assured him of its wish to unite with him in such testimonials to Colonel Hill, and the men under his command, as may be thought appropriate and worthy of the State and of them.

Connected with this victory, we cannot refrain from alluding to some incidents suggested by the participation of some of the companies in the conflict. The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry was formed in 1793 under the administration of Washington; and it was but fit that it should bear a prominent part in achieving the first decisive triumph on Virginia soil defending the grave of Washington, whom, when in life, it was organized to protect from the assaults of Citizen Genet, of France. The Lafayette Light Infantry, of the same town, was organized a few years ago to perpetuate the memory of Lafayette; and it was but fit that it should "flesh its maiden sword" and achieve its first triumph at Yorktown, the field in which the noble Lafayette earned his brightest laurels and highest military renown. Yorktown—the scene of the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington—is made more memorable by the first victory in this war, achieved mainly by North Carolinians.

Mecklenburg, too, whose citizens raised the first cry of Independence in 1775, was represented by the Hornets' Nest Rifles and the Charlotte Greys. McDowell, the lineal descendant of one of the heroes of King's Mountain, led the Buncombe Rifles; Avery, the grandson of the first Attorney-General of the State, led the Burke Rifles; Ashe, who inherits a revolutionary name, led the Orange Light Infantry; and the gallant Bridgers, leading the Edgecombe Braves, had in his ranks an Owen, whose paternal and maternal grandfathers, Porterfield and Owen, did such signal service on the battle-fields of North and South Carolina in the old revolution. We regret that we lack the necessary information to continue these allusions, but, from the colonel to the private, they *all* bore themselves like heroes. Honor to them now and hereafter! The old State is

proud of them all, and she will look to see the other regiments emulate the conduct of the glorious First, commanded by Colonel Hill.

We cannot close this week's notice of the Bethel regiment more appropriately than by publishing the following

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE FIRST REGIMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

BY LUOLA.

We miss you from the cottage door,
  We miss you from the lordly hall,
And bitter tears at parting shed,
  For loved ones yet in silence fall.
We miss you at the morning prayer,
  We miss you at the noonday meal,
And yearning hearts to you go forth,
  When twilight shades around us steal.

The fond young bride all tearfully
  Turns from the cottage door away,
Where still she goes, alas! in vain,
  To meet her love at close of day.
And o'er helpless little flock,
  Does many a wife in silence bend;
With heart too full for words she pleads
  That God would peace and safety send.

The widow's heart in broken prayers,
  Follows alike through night and day,
The prop of her declining years—
  Her absent boy, far, far away!
The blushing maiden fondly dwells
  Upon the parting moment, sad,
And prays that Heaven in camp and field,
  Would bless and shield her soldier lad.

Ah yes, we miss you, yet no heart
  In all the thousand homes you've left,
It matters not how deeply tried,
  It matters not how much bereft,
Would bring a son or brother home—
  Husband, or lover, would recall;
No! rather on the battle-field
  In duty's path we'd have you fall!

On, on, brave hearts, your cause is just
  And right and justice must prevail;
As soon might straws attempt to stay
  The torrent wild—the sweeping gale—
As hirelings of the North drive back
  Men with such hands and hearts as yours;
Go meet the invaders at their camp,
  Let not their feet defile our shores!

Woe to the craven who shall fail
  His country in her hour of need;
Who turns a deafened ear away
  And will not to her rescue speed.
Not to the swift the race is due—
  The victory given to the strong—
The "God of Battles" is our trust,
  We and our cause to Him belong.

There is no word for you like "fail;"
  They never, *never* can subdue
Your gallant band, if you to God,
  Your country and yourselves are true.

GOV. ELLIS' LETTER TO THE NORTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

To the Honorable, the President and Members of the Convention.

GENTLEMEN: I have the pleasure herewith to transmit an official dispatch from Colonel D. H. Hill, commanding the First regiment of North Carolina Volunteers near Yorktown, giving a detailed account of the signal victory achieved over the enemy near Hampton, Va., in which the North Carolina regiment bore a prominent and brilliant part.

I would avail myself of this opportunity to ask of the convention the privilege of rendering to the gallant commander of the regiment and the brave officers and men under his command those testimonials of approbation most grateful to a soldier's feelings.

I would respectfully recommend Colonel Hill as worthy of promotion to the rank of brigadier general, and that a full brigade be at once placed under his command.

Other recommendations will be made when further particulars are ascertained.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN W. ELLIS.

GENERAL HILL'S DISPATCH.

YORKTOWN, VA., *June 11, 1861.*

Hon. J. W. ELLIS, *Governor of North Carolina :*

SIR : I have the honor to report that eight hundred men of my regiment and three hundred and sixty Virginians were engaged for five and a half hours with four and a half regiments of the enemy at Bethel Church, nine miles from Hampton. The enemy made three distinct and well sustained charges, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Our cavalry pursued them for six miles, when their retreat became a total rout. Fearing that heavy reinforcements would be sent up from Fortress Monroe, we fell back at nightfall upon our works at Yorktown.

I regret to report the loss of one man killed (Private Henry L. Wyatt, Edgecomb Guards) and seven wounded. The loss of the enemy by their own confession was one hundred and fifty, but it may safely be estimated at two hundred and fifty. Our regiment behaved most gallantly. Not a man shrank from his post or showed symptoms of fear.

When more at leisure I will give you a detailed report of operations.

Our Heavenly Father has most wonderfully interposed to shield our heads in the day of battle. Unto His great name be all the praise for our success.

With great respect,

D. H. HILL,

Colonel First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers.

GENERAL HILL'S FULL REPORT.

SIR :

I have the honor to report that, in obedience to orders from the colonel commanding, I marched on the 6th instant with my regiment and four pieces of Major Randolph's battery from Yorktown, on the Hampton road, to Bethel Church, nine miles from Hampton. We reached there after dark on a wet night and slept without tents. Early on the morning of the 7th I made a reconnoissance of the ground, preparatory to fortifying. I found a branch of

Back river on our front and encircling our right flank. On our left was a dense and almost impassable wood, except about one hundred and fifty yards of old field. The breadth of the road, a thick wood, and narrow cultivated field covered our rear. The nature of the ground determined me to make an inclosed work, and I had the invaluable aid of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, of my regiment, in its plan and construction. Our position had the inherent defect of being commanded by an immense field immediately in front of it, upon which the masses of the enemy might be readily deployed. Presuming that an attempt would be made to carry the bridge across the stream, a battery was made for its special protection, and Major Randolph placed his guns so as to sweep all the approaches to it. The occupation of two commanding eminences beyond the creek and on our right would have greatly strengthened our position, but our force was too weak to admit of the occupation of more than one of them. A battery was laid out on it for one of Randolph's howitzers. We had only twenty-five spades, six axes and three picks; but these were busily plied all day and night of the 7th and all day on the 8th. On the afternoon of the 8th I learned that a marauding party of the enemy was within a few miles of us. I called for a party of thirty-four men to drive them back. Lieutenant Roberts, of Company F, of my regiment, promptly responded, and in five minutes his command was *en route.* I detached Major Randolph, with one howitzer, to join them. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, First regiment North Carolina volunteers, requested and was granted permission to take command of the whole. After a march of five miles they came across the marauders, busy over the spoils of a plundered house. A shell soon put the plunderers to flight, and they were chased over New Market bridge, where our little force was halted, in consequence of the presence of a considerable body situated on the other side. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee brought in one prisoner. How many of the enemy were killed and wounded is not known. None of our command was hurt. Soon after Lieutenant-Colonel Lee left, a citizen came dashing in with the information that seventy-five marauders were on the Back River road. I called for Captain McDowell's company (E) of the First regiment of North Carolina volunteers, and in three minutes it was in hot pursuit. Lieutenant West, of the Howitzer battalion, with one piece, was detached to join them, and Major Lane, of my regiment, volunteered to assume command of the whole. After a weary march they encountered, dispersed and chased the wretches over the New Market bridge—this

being the second race on the same day over the New Market course, in both of which the Yankees reached the goal first. Major Lane brought in one prisoner. Reliable citizens reported that two cart-loads and one buggy-load of wounded were taken to Hampton. We had not a single man killed or wounded. Colonel Magruder came up that evening and assumed command.

On Sunday, the 9th, a fresh supply of tools enabled us to put more men to work, and when not engaged in religious duties the men worked vigorously on the entrenchments. We were aroused at 3 o'clock on Monday morning for a general advance upon the enemy, and marched three and a half miles, when we learned that the foe, in large force, was within a few hundred yards of us. We fell back hastily upon our entrenchments, and awaited the arrival of our invaders. Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, of the Third Virginia regiment, having come with some one hundred and eighty men, was stationed on the hill on the extreme right, beyond the creek, and Company G, of my regiment, was also thrown over the stream to protect the howitzer under Captain Brown. Captain Bridgers, of Company A, First North Carolina regiment, took post in the dense woods beyond and to the left of the road. Major Montague, with three companies of his battalion, was ordered up from the rear, and took post on our right, beginning at the church and extending along the entire front on that side. This fine body of men and the gallant command of Lieutent-Colonel Stuart worked with great rapidity, and in an hour had constructed temporary shelter against the enemy's fire. Just at 9 o'clock A. M. the heavy columns of the enemy were seen approaching rapidly and in good order, but when Major Randolph opened upon them at 9:15 their organization was completely broken up. The enemy promptly replied with his artillery, firing briskly but wildly. He made an attempt at deployment on our right of the road, under cover of some houses and a paling. He was, however, promptly driven back by our artillery, a Virginia company—the Life Guards—and Companies B and C of my regiment. The enemy attempted no deployment within musketry range during the day, except under cover of woods, fences or paling. Under cover of the trees he moved a strong column to an old ford, some three-quarters of a mile below, where I had placed a picket of some forty men. Colonel Magruder sent Captain Werth's company, of Montague's command, with one howitzer, under Sergeant Crane, to drive back this column, which was done with a sin-

gle shot from the howitzer. Before this a priming wire had been broken in the vent of the howitzer commanded by Captain Brown, and rendered it useless.

A force, estimated at fifteen hundred, was now attempting to outflank us and get in the rear of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart's small command. He was accordingly directed to fall back, and the whole of our advanced troops were withdrawn. At this critical moment I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to call Captain Bridgers out of the swamp, and ordered him to re-occupy the nearest advanced work, and I ordered Captain Ross, Company C, First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, to the support of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart. These two captains with their companies crossed over to Randolph's battery under a most heavy fire, in a most gallant manner. As Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart had withdrawn, Captain Ross was detained at the church, near Randolph's battery. Captain Bridgers, however, crossed over and drove the Zouaves out the advanced howitzer battery, and re-occupied it. It is impossible to over-estimate this service. It decided the action in our favor.

In obedience to orders from Colonel Magruder, Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart marched back, and in spite of the presence of a foe ten times his superior in number, resumed in the most heroic manner possession of his intrenchments. A fresh howitzer was carried across and placed in the battery, and Captain Avery, of Company G, was directed to defend it at all hazards.

We were now as secure as at the beginning of the fight, and as yet had no man killed. The enemy finding himself foiled on our right flank, next made his final demonstration on our left. A strong column, supposed to consist of volunteers from different regiments, and under command of Captain Winthrop, aide-de-camp to General Butler, crossed over the creek and appeared at the angle on our left. Those in advance had put on our distinctive badge of a white band around the cap, and they cried out repeatedly, "Don't fire." This ruse was practiced to enable the whole column to get over the creek and form in good order. They now began to cheer most lustily, thinking that our work was open at the gorge, and that they could get in by a sudden rush. Companies B and C, however, dispelled the illusion by a cool, deliberate, and well-directed fire. Colonel Magruder sent over portions of Companies G, C, and H of my regiment to our support, and now began as cool firing on our side as was ever witnessed.

The three field-officers were present, and but few shots were fired without their permission, the men repeatedly saying, "May I fire?" "I think I can bring him." They were all in high glee, and seemed to enjoy it as much as boys do rabbit-shooting. Captain Winthrop, while most gallantly urging on his men, was shot through the heart, when all rushed back with the utmost precipitation. So far as my observation extended, he was the only one of the enemy who exhibited even an approximation to courage during the whole day.

The fight at the angle lasted but twenty minutes. It completely discouraged the enemy, and he made no further effort at assault. The house in front, which had served as a hiding place for the enemy, was now fired by a shell from a howitzer, and the outhouses and palings were soon in a blaze. As all shelter was now taken from him, the enemy called in his troops and started back for Hampton. As he had left sharp-shooters behind him in the woods on our left, the dragoons could not advance until Captain Hoke, of Company K, First North Carolina Volunteers, had thoroughly explored them. As soon as he gave the assurance of the road being clear, Captain Douthat, with some one hundred dragoons, in compliance with Colonel Magruder's orders, pursued. The enemy, in his haste, threw away hundreds of canteens, haversacks, overcoats. &c.; even the dead were thrown out of the wagons. The pursuit soon became a chase, and for the third time the enemy won the race over the New Market course. The bridge was torn up behind him and our dragoons returned to camp. There were not quite eight hundred of my regiment engaged in the fight, and not one-half of these drew trigger during the day. All remained manfully at the posts assigned them, and not a man in my regiment behaved badly. The companies not engaged were as much exposed and rendered equal service with those participating in the fight. They deserve equally the thanks of the country. In fact, it is the most trying ordeal to which soldiers can be subjected to receive a fire which their orders forbid them to return. Had a single company left its post our works would have been exposed; and the constancy and discipline of the unengaged companies cannot be too highly commended. A detachment of fifteen cadets from the North Carolina Military Institute defended the howitzers under Lieutenant Hudnall, and acted with great coolness and determination.

I cannot speak in too high terms of my two field officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and Major Lane. Their services have been of

the highest importance since taking the field to the present moment. My thanks, too, are due in an especial manner to Lieutenanant J. M. Poteat, adjutant, and Lieutenant J. M. Ratchford, aide—both of them cadets of the North Carolina Military Institute at Charlotte. The latter received a contusion in the forehead from a grape-shot, which nearly cost him his life. Captain Bridgers, Compang A; Lieutenant Owens, commanding Company B; Captain Ross, Company C; Captain Ashe, Company D; Captain McDowell, Company E; Captain Starr, Company F; Captain Avery, Company G; Captain Huske, Company H; Lieutenant Whittaker, commanding Company I; Captain Hoke, Company K, displayed great coolness, judgment and efficiency. Lieutenant Gregory is highly spoken of by Major Lane for soldierly bearing on the 8th. Lieutenants Cook and McKethan, Company H, crossed over under a heavy fire to the assistance of the troops attacked on the left. So did Lieutenant Cohen, Company C. Lieutenant Hoke has shown great zeal, energy and judgment as an engineer officer on various occasions.

Corporal George Williams, Privates Henry L. Wyatt, Thomas Fallan, and John Thorpe, Company A, volunteered to burn the house which concealed the enemy. They behaved with great gallantry. Wyatt was killed and the other three were recalled.

Sergeant Thomas J. Stewart and Private William McDowell, Company A, reconnoitered the position of the enemy, and went far in advance of our troops. Private J. W. Potts, of Company B, is specially mentioned by his company commander; so are Sergeant William Elmo, Company C; Sergeants C. L. Watts, W. H. McDade, Company D; Sergeant J. M. Young, Corporal John Dingler, Privates G. H. A. Adams, R. V. Gudger, G. W. Werley, John C. Wright, T. Y. Little, J. F. Jenkins, Company E; R. W. Stedman, M. E. Dye, H. E. Benton, J. B. Smith, Company F; G. W. Buhmann, James C. McRae, Company H.

Casualties.—Private Henry L. Wyatt, Company A, mortally wounded; Lieutenant J. W. Ratchford, contusion; Private Council Rodgers, Company H, severely wounded; Private Charles Williams, Company H, severely wounded; Private S. Patterson, Company D, slightly wounded; Private William White, Company K, wounded; Private Peter Poteat, Company G, slightly wounded.

I cannot close this too elaborate report without speaking in the highest terms of admiration of the Howitzer battery and its most accomplished commander, Major Randolph. He has no superior as an artillerist in any country, and his men displayed the utmost skill

and coolness. The left howitzer, under Lieutenant Hudnall, being nearest my works, came under my special notice. Their names are as follows:

Lieutenant Hudnall, commanding, wounded; Sergeant S. B. Hughes, G. H. Pendleton, R. P. Pleasants, William M. Caldwell, George W. Hobson, William McCarthy, H. C. Shook, wounded; L. W. Timberlake, George P. Hughes, John Werth, wounded; D. B. Clark.

Permit me, in conclusion, to pay a well-deserved compliment to the First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers. Their patience under trial, perseverance under toil, and courage under fire, have seldom been surpassed by veteran troops. Often working night and day, sometimes without tents and cooking utensils, a murmur has never escaped them to my knowledge. They have done a large portion of the work on the intrenchments at Yorktown, as well as those at Bethel. Had all of the regiments in the field worked with the same spirit there would not be an assailable point in Virginia. After the battle they shook hands affectionately with the spades, calling them "Clever fellows and good friends."

The men are influenced by high moral and religious sentiments, and their conduct has furnished another example of the great truth that he who fears God will ever do his duty to his country.

The Confederates had in all about twelve hundred men in the action. The enemy had the regiments of Colonel Duryea (zouaves), Colonel Carr, Colonel Allen, Colonel Bendix, and Colonel Waldrop (Massachusetts) from Old Point Comfort, and five companies of Phelps' regiment from Newport News We had never more than three hundred actively engaged at any one time. The Confederate loss was eleven wounded; of these, one mortally. The enemy must have lost some three hundred. I could not, without great disparagement of their courage, place their loss at a lower figure. It is inconceivable that five thousand men should make so precipitate a retreat without having sustained at least this much of a reverse.

Let us devoutly thank the living God for His wonderful interposition in our favor, and evince our gratitude by the exemplariness of our lives.

With respect,

D. H. HILL,
Colonel First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers.

Colonel J. B. MAGRUDER,
Commander York Line.

[Correspondence of the *Richmond Dispatch.*]

THE PRISONERS CAPTURED NEAR YORKTOWN.

YORKTOWN, VA., *June 25, 1861.*

In a late issue of your paper I notice a communication over the signature of "Musketeer," about which I desire to say a word. After speaking of the detachment that was sent out by Colonel Hill from Bethel Church the Saturday before the battle of the 10th June, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, he says: "Colonel Lee's command took one prisoner, and this was the first capture made in the skirmishes preliminary to and provocative of the battle of Bethel Church." In the first place, the detachment that left camp under Colonel Lee, being composed of a part of Company F and one howitzer of the Richmond battalion, did not capture a prisoner at all. The fellow was run down and taken by a party of mounted men under the command of a gentleman of the name of Phillips, who joined Colonel Lee's detachment somewhere on the road. I do not doubt that "Musketeer's" friends would have killed and taken a goodly number of Yankees; but the truth is they did not get within three-quarters of a mile of them, and therefore the infantry who did not fire a shot cannot claim the Yankee as their prize or even that of the regiment. In the second place, I have Colonel Hill's word for it that the skirmish of the same day, much nearer Hampton, in which the advance guard of Major Lane's detachment, under command of Lieutenant Gregory, killed and wounded some fifteen or twenty of the enemy and took one prisoner, was the true cause of the attack and consequent discomfiture of the enemy on Monday, the 10th of June.

The Colonel told the officers of the company, the evening after the battle of Bethel, that we alone were responsible for the day's work, and that he had learned from the Rev. Mr. Adams, a Baptist clergyman of Hampton, that he saw two carts and a buggy loaded with killed and wounded, Saturday evening after the skirmish, going into Hampton.

We claim, in accordance with these facts, that the detachment under command of Major Lane, consisting of the whole of Company E, First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, and a howitzer under Lieutenant John M. West (by-the-way, as clever a fellow as

ever fired a gun), by their dash almost into the enemy's stronghold, provoked the battle at Bethel Church, and that the first prisoner captured by the regiment was the one taken by their advance squad.

COMPANY E.

[The *North Carolina Presbyterian*, Fayetteville, N. C., Saturday, September 21, 1861.]

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

We give the following extracts from a letter received by a friend in this place, giving interesting and reliable information from the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, in Virginia:

SHIP POINT, VA., *September 3, 1861.*

DEAR ——:

I am glad to say I am in excellent health, and have been, except for a few days, ever since I have been in the service, and the sick of our company and regiment are improving.

Last evening was a joyful one to the First North Carolina Regiment. Near night I heard loud shouting throughout the entire camp, and on inquiring the cause, found it was because of the arrival of our much-loved General Hill, who has been absent from us some five or six weeks, trying to regain his health, which had been much impaired by his constant and arduous duties at Yorktown. He looks quite feeble, but I find him early this morning on his horse, and I venture to say that horse will not be unsaddled until his rider has carefully examined every nook and corner in and around Ship Point. Last night about 8 o'clock the General found his tent literally surrounded by over eight hundred men, who gave three loud, long and lasting cheers for General Hill, and then called him out. He said he had been outflanked and surrounded, and must surrender. He was glad to be with us once more. In his late sickness he had probably suffered more than he had in all his life before; but nothing troubled him more than his being compelled to be away from his regiment. He wanted to be with them in their sickness and camp trials, and if they got into an engagement, he wanted to be there to *show them how to dodge.* We had whipped the Yankees once, and could do it again, if we put our trust in God and keep our powder dry. He was afraid there was too much disposition to place our trust in man. Too many said I will do this; we can do that.

This was all wrong, for if we did not trust in Him who does all things well, bravery and daring would avail but little. It was true we had bad news from North Carolina; but this must not discourage us, for we must learn to expect and endure reverses. We had been too prone to underrate the courage of our enemies. Their cause was bad; *that* alone made them cowards, and in such a cause we, too, would be cowards. He knew the commander at Newport News, and a braver man he never knew. After a few other well-timed remarks, he closed by thanking us for the honor we had done him. Three cheers for Lieutenant Colonel Lee were then given, and he, too, favored us with a few remarks, saying that he had been with us *every day*, and that we had done our duty while under his command. He was glad to be an officer of the North Carolina First; and if in the future we did as well as we had done in the past, he would always be proud of us. Had Major Lane been here, he, too, would have been called out, for *everybody* likes Lane. Like General Marion, he is a little man, but he has a big soul.

We are much tickled to see how certain newspapers in North Carolina represent us as in a destitute and starving condition. You ought to be here to see how *fast* we are starving, with plenty of flour, meal, rice and bacon, to say nothing of potatoes and fish of all kinds, both plenty and cheap. The truth is, I have just eaten so heartily of fine large sheep-head (equal to our finest shad) that I am almost too lazy to finish this letter.

The sick of our regiment are surprised to find the papers place them in such a destitute condition; neglected by their officers and uncared for by the physicians. This is news to them, for no man who has ever seen service can say that the sick of this regiment have not fared as well and better than is usual in the army. Since we have been here, every two companies have a physician specially detailed for service in those companies alone, and this, too, in addition to the regular physicians of the regiment. They have all done their duty nobly, and deserve and will receive the lasting thanks of the men. Another item of news is, we have been over-worked and compelled to endure long marches. Like the rest, I have only to say our friends in North Carolina found this out *before we did.* Since the battle of Bethel we don't mind a little dirt digging. It is a good sauce for our rations, and besides, too, these embankments are sometimes very convenient, and we dig at them with a hearty good will, for we did not come to Virginia to keep our hands in our pockets.

We have another item of late and reliable news from these same papers. Some scribbler from Raleigh tells us that we have never received our pay because of the ignorance or neglect of the officers of the regiment. Now, the truth is, the officers are the only men in the regiment who draw *no rations*, and have been compelled to pay their way ever since they left home, to say nothing of a hundred other petty expenses to which they have been subjected. The author of such a contemptible charge has either told a wilful falsehood, or is guilty of *pitiable ignorance*. Our regiment has fared as well as any in the field, for we have in North Carolina friends who have been liberal and kind, and if the Yankees give us a chance, we will try to exhibit our gratitude in a *striking manner*.

I am glad to have to add that Dr. D. McL. Graham, private in Company H, has been appointed second assistant surgeon of our Regiment, a position he justly merited and will fill satisfactorily, for his constant attention to the sick has endeared him to every man in his company. I like to see privates elevated, who started from home on $11 per month, and did not wait, like some, to get offices before they started.

Yours,

H. Mc. K.

[For the (Fayetteville) *Observer*.]

CAMP FAYETTEVILLE, YORK COUNTY, VA.,
September 9, 1861.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

The First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers being formed for dress parade this afternoon, Mr. John W. Baker, Jr., in the name and on behalf of the ladies of Fayetteville, presented to them a very handsome Confederate flag, and accompanied the presentation with the following remarks:

Officers and Ladies of the
First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers:

It is with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure that I find myself addressing a North Carolina regiment upon the soil of Virginia—the home of Washington—and that, too, near the battle-field of Yorktown, where in the days of the Revolution the clarion voice of the Father of his Country was heard, leading our noble sires to glory, to

victory and renown. Aye, it was on this spot, in the days that tried men's souls, that the smoke of battle might have been seen ascending from the valley and the hill top; it was here that Cornwallis, the pet of the lion King of Great Britain, surrendered his sword to the leader of that little Spartan band who were then in mortal strife for their homes, their firesides and for liberty, that inestimable boon which they have given us as an inheritance, and which we so highly prize, that anathema would be pronounced upon any degenerate son who would essay to name its equivalent.

Is it not, my friends, a remarkable coincidence that you are here to-day, in this boasted age of progress in civil and religious liberty, near the same spot, prompted by the same motives and actuated by the same feelings that animated the breasts of your noble ancestors, in making red with blood the field of Yorktown and consecrating it to liberty, and as it was their mission then so it is yours to-day to lay bleaching upon the plains of Virginia the bones of the invader who is seeking to rob you of your birthright, to subjugate, devastate, lay waste and utterly destroy, aye, everything that is near and dear to the heart of an American freeman. Continue, my friends, to meet them as you have begun upon the threshold; meet them, as I know you will do, like men; let their blood be upon their own hands; let their graves be in Virginia.

As to how you have acquitted yourselves as soldiers thus far, I must be permitted to say that you have discharged your every duty with a conscientious regard for the welfare of your country, which will ever endear you to every true Southron. With characteristic patience and cheerfulness you have submitted to the many hardships and inconveniences which must ever be attendant upon the tented field; and you have yielded implicit confidence and obedience to the orders of your superior officers, which is the first duty of soldiers, and by so doing you have gained the applause of our entire army as being one of the best disciplined, best officered regiments now in the tented field; and your many friends at home feel that while you have a Magruder, a Hill, a Lee, a Lane, *et als* of the same stamp to lead you, that they have nothing to fear. The results of the battle of Bethel have spoken, and do speak for themselves; it was then that all the resources of your minds were called into requisition, and there was naught that you would not have cheerfully sacrificed to attain the ends of your superior officers, and give success and *eclat* to the Confederate arms. And I trust I may be pardoned for mentioning

the fact that I but echo the public sentiment when I say, that nobler men, more accomplished gentlemen, and purer patriots, were never known to draw a sword or shoulder a musket in defence of any country. And permit me in behalf of the ladies of the town of Fayetteville, whom I have the honor to represent on this occasion, to offer you their profoundest gratitude for the protection that you have thus far given to our homes and our liberties; they thank you for your patriotic courage, your heroic gallantry and your noble daring, exhibited upon the battle field of Bethel; they congratulate you, whose glorious privilege it was to participate in that ever to be remembered struggle; and they desire to assure you that Bethel Church will ever stand as a monument to the unflinching courage and bravery of the twin sister States of Virginia and North Carolina; and that it will be the pride and boast of your children in all time to come to say that on the memorable 10th of June, 1861, my father was at Bethel. Need I tell you that the struggle in which you are engaged is one of gigantic importance, and that the single issue presented to you is literally "liberty or death;" need I remind you that in this contest the God of battles has already given you unmistakable evidence that He is with you—"and if He be for you who can be against you." Need I say to you that at dewy morn and sultry eve the prayers of loved ones at home are offered up to the throne on high to guide, protect and defend each and every one of you, and if it be His will, when you have accomplished your mission here, that you may return in safety to the bosoms of your families and friends, whose hearthstones have been made desolate by the footfall of the invader—homes in the sunny South, where the best feelings of our nature have been wont to cluster. And as an earnest that you have the approving smiles, tender sympathies and undying confidence of those noble Spartan women that you have left behind, they present to you this beautiful regimental flag, upon which you will find inscribed (by authority of the Old North State) the word "Bethel," the talismanic influence of which simple word must ever inspire you with renewed vigor and courage; and they desire that you never cease to strike while Southern soil is polluted by the footprints of the invader; and, if needs be, that the ample folds of this flag may float gaily o'er the dome of the Federal Capitol.

The standard-bearer was then ordered to advance and receive the flag, the regiment being at a "present arms," and the Adjutant, on behalf of the officers and soldiers, officially responded as follows:

CAMP FAYETTEVILLE, *September 9, 1861.*

The officers and men of the First Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, gratefully acknowledge the kind remembrance in which the ladies of Fayetteville have held them.

No proof was needed to any Southern soldier that Southern women possess as well the zeal and patriotism which prompted such a gift, as the taste and skill which its workmanship displays.

It is much, however, in alleviation of the necessary hardships of the service, far the greatest of which is the separation from our homes, and the fair spirits which minister there, to know that we are not forgotten, but that the pure and lovely women, whom it is our greatest glory to protect, are mindful of us in our absence.

Something, perhaps, the regiment has done; more, if the opportunity occurs, it will gladly do, to justify, if possible, the estimation which this gift evinces.

The fair donors may rest assured that the regiment will return with the flag to North Carolina, if the regiment itself returns.

CHARLES C. LEE, *Colonel,*
For the First Regiment.

[From Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, September 14, 1861.]

CAMP FAYETTEVILLE, BELOW YORKTOWN,
September 11, 1861.

The facility and dispatch with which you get off the latest news makes your paper a very acceptable visitor to our camp, and I therefore presume upon your columns for an item.

General D. H. Hill having taken command of his brigade, an election was held for field-officers of the First North Carolina Regiment Volunteers. Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Lee was elected colonel; Major James H. Lane, lieutenant-colonel,* and Lieutenant R. F. Hoke, of Company K, major, with singular unanimity.

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* Lieutenant-Colonel Lane was soon after unanimously and unexpectedly to himself elected colonel of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina Infantry. Upon severing his honored connection with the First Regiment, its officers in testimony of their regard for him socially and officially, presented him with a handsome sword, saddle and bridle, and two pieces of silver plate.

Major Lane received a complimentary vote for colonel, and was elected lieutenant-colonel almost unanimously. He is deservedly the most popular man, perhaps, in the regiment, and is every way worthy the honor conferred by his promotion. He possesses the necessary qualifications to make an officer the idol of his men, viz.: theory and practice of military science, firmness in discipline, with the affable manners and sociality of a gentleman. The Peninsula war has developed a great deal of fine talent, and in no man more than in Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Lane.

"Camp Fayetteville" is about six miles below Yorktown, named in honor of the ladies of Fayetteville, North Carolina, who presented the First Regiment Volunteers with a handsome flag. The presentation was made by a young gentleman from Fayetteville in a set speech; but, in nearly his own words, "Old Virginny tangle-leg" had so mixed his ideas, that the flag had to speak for itself, which it did most gallantly, by flaunting its beautiful folds against the breeze. All honor to the ladies; bless their souls.

Sickness abating rapidly, and preparations going on to stop the career of the Yankees. Hill and his brigade will make their marks.

The officers of our regiment have made up a purse of $225 for the old lady who brought us valuable information on the morning of the Bethel fight.

X. Y. Z.

ECHOES FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

[The writer of the following, the Rev. R. C. Foute, participated in the scenes he so vividly depicts as a midshipman on the "Virginia."]

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip-hip, hurrah! from thousands of throats. With waving handkerchiefs, and the wildest shouts of joy, and mad delight the battle-scarred "Virginia" steamed slowly back to her moorings at the Gosport Navy-yard, after her famous encounter with the United States fleet in Hampton Roads on that ever-memorable 9th of March, 1862. No conqueror of ancient Rome ever enjoyed a prouder triumph than that which greeted us. The whole populace swarmed out into the streets, and packed the wharves, while hundreds of boats flying the "Stars and Bars," and tugs and steamers innumerable filled the harbor; and the batteries on shore thundered

out their deep diapason in a grand chorus of sound that rent the very heavens above. And no wonder. No vessel ever accomplished so great things before or since in so brief a time. For this first cruise of the "Virginia," it must be remembered, began on Saturday, the 8th of March, and ended Sunday afternoon; scarce *thirty-four hours!* During that time she had been under the concentrated fire of more than a hundred guns for nearly twelve hours, and as a result she was a sight to behold. The huge smoke-stack was perforated like a pepper-box. Everything aloft was swept away like stubble. While her solid wrought-iron armor-plating was battered and scarred in nearly a score of places, the most serious of which came from the one hundred and eighty pound shots of the "Monitor." But for all this she was not disabled. She returned to the navy-yard chiefly for the purpose of taking on board a supply of steel-pointed, armor-piercing shot for use against the "Monitor;" which up to that moment was "an unknown quantity" in the annals of naval warfare.

In our first engagement with the "Monitor" our magazines contained only *shell* and a few *round shots* for heating; as we were prepared to give battle to *wooden vessels* only, never once expecting to meet another "iron-clad" on our cruise around Hampton Roads. We went into the dry-dock at once. The one thing now for the "Virginia" to do was to destroy the "Monitor." We believed it could be done. But how? This was the question that occupied officers and crew on watch and off watch continually. What was to be done with the "Monitor?" Well, I'll tell you what WE decided to do with her, *capture her alive!* With this express object in view, and for this very purpose, we organized a boarding party, consisting of four divisions, and each division assigned to its own special part of the work. Volunteers were called for to join in the undertaking. So daring was the enterprise regarded that no one was compelled to join in it.

I can remember now, through the mists of thirty years, how we younsters in the midshipmens' mess confidently expected to return from our next engagement with the "Monitor" *in tow as our prisoner!* Then with our two iron-clads we would quietly proceed to capture New York and Boston, and everything else on the coast that dared to oppose us. Inspired by this hope, and full of confidence, we exerted ourselves to the uttermost, and spared no pains to make the expedition a success. The boarding party numbered

about fifty, and every man was drilled in his own particular part like a veteran, during all the time we spent in the dry-dock.

The plan was very simple, and seemed entirely practicable, provided we should not all be blown out of the water before it could be carried into execution. Any how we were prepared to try it; and it was this: We had four of our smaller gunboats ready to take the party, some of each division on each vessel. One division was provided with grappling-irons and lines; another with wedges and mallets; another with tarpaulins, and the fourth chloroform, hand grenades, etc. I venture the assertion that no other expedition ever started into battle similarly armed. Well, the idea was for all four of these vessels to pounce down on the "Monitor" at the same time; on a given signal, and from different directions, all hands were to rush on board, wedge the turret so as to prevent its revolving, then scale its sides, deluge the interior with chloroform by breaking the bottles on the upper deck, and then cover the turret and pilot-house with tarpaulins, and wait for the crew to surrender.

On the 11th day of April, just one month after the fight in Hampton Roads, we got under way and steamed down the river again "eager for the fray," and confidently expecting to carry out our plan of "*boarding*" before night. But the little "cheese-box"—"Monitor"—as the sailors called it, never gave us a chance. She had orders to stay where she was; and that was—"out of reach." So we saved our chloroform and—our necks.

These two pioneers of modern naval warfare—the "Virginia" and the "Monitor"—never exchanged shots again, although within sight of each other for weeks. And a few months later they were both destroyed; the former having been burned by her own crew, and the latter foundering at sea off Cape Hatteras, on her way to Charleston.

R. C. FOUTE.

Thanksgiving Service on the "Virginia," March 10, 1862.

[The following has been furnished by a participant in the impressive exercises chronicled.]

It would seem that everything had already been said that history would care to remember of this famous iron-clad monster of the ocean; and yet the labors of the future historical compiler would be

incomplete without the following account of a most impressive scene that occurred on board of the Confederate steam frigate Virginia (*nee* Merrimac, U. S. N.) at the Gosport Confederate States Navy Yard, in grateful acknowledgment to Almighty God for the distinguished victory gained in Hampton Roads on Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th days of March, 1862. This most appropriate and solemn service of praise and grateful adoration was offered on the gun-deck of the steamer, at the special request of the officers and crew—all hands being there assembled—at 12 o'clock noon, on Monday, March 10th, by the Rev. J. H. D. Wingfield, the assistant rector of Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Va.

THE ADDRESS.

"*My brave and distinguished friends:*

"If there be an ambition in the soul of man more prominent or more esteemed among men than another, it is that of deep and earnest gratitude for blessings vouchsafed. It is that one universal thread which binds all hearts in one, uniting that one to the heart of Him who sits the enthroned Potentate of the Universe. If ever there was a time which called loudly for the exhibition of this holy emotion, it is the great and illustrious present. If ever there were individuals or a people who should anxiously desire to manifest it in words and deeds by some public and appropriate exercise, *you* are the men; *we*, the citizens of the Confederate States of America, are the people. The present is undoubtedly an occasion when, after some special manner, we should render to Him who presides over the destinies of nations, and who is the Sovereign Ruler of events, the sacrifical offering of praise and grateful adoration. For, over and above the ordinary occurrences of this most wicked and unrighteous war which call forth our gratitude to the great God of heaven and earth, this is a signal mercy—an extraordinary, if not miraculous deliverance. And as we set up in conspicuous places the statues of heroes and of illustrious patriots who have well deserved the praise and honor of their fellow-countrymen, thus upholding their memory to future generations, and inciting others to the imitation of their valorous deeds, just so should we, as it were, in the loftiest and securest apartments of the soul, erect mementoes of the gracious dealings of a kind and watchful Providence, in order that our spirits, surveying the brilliant record of past distinguished ser-

vices, may be kept always attuned to praise and gratitude. Then, undoubtedly, as we have already stated, the mercy for which we are at this time assembled to express our thanksgiving with the voice of grateful adoration deserves to be classed amongst the special and extraordinary mercies of Jehovah's merciful and gracious providence. When, a few days ago, at the suggestion of our highly-esteemed President, we observed a day of solemn fasting, humiliation and prayer, on account of our recent disasters, men's hearts sank within them, and there was a dread at every throb of the electric wire, lest it should bring to us fresh tidings of calamitous reverse and defeat. We had heard of the surrender of our little army and the destruction of a portion of our utterly inadequate fleet at Roanoke, while the dispatches from the far West were sadly disheartening. Truly were our spirits downcast and disquited. But now, now! how suddenly all is changed! The sunshine of a favoring Providence beams upon every countenance! Our arms have been marvellously crowned with a brilliant success! A handful of men, as it were, have defeated thousands! Heroes have suddenly arisen who have made themselves names high up on the monuments of fame, which shall never, never perish! Officers and crews have alike shown themselves equal to the most fearful emergencies! And the happy result is that the fierce weapons of our insolent invaders are broken; the enemies' mighty ships are spoiled; our long-blockaded port is once again thrown open, and our hearts are filled with joy and gratitude at the great and glorious victory!

"And now, whom are we to thank for all this? Doubtless I may take upon myself the liberty of expressing, on the part of the people, their acknowledgment to you, individually and collectively for this distinguished and valorous deed. Our Government cannot be too lavish in tendering the thanks of the nation to the wise and gallant men who, by their undaunted bravery and their prudential counsels and by their unhesitating devotion to their country's sacred cause, have rolled back the tide of invasion from our immediate shores. But thine hand, O Lord God Almighty! and Thine alone hath really brought about this happy result! Thine, O Lord, is the greatness! Thine, O Lord, is the power! Thine, O Lord, is the victory! Thine, O Lord, is the majesty! And, therefore, are we now assembled to bring before the Lord our God the glorious tribute of our praise and thanksgiving.

"I invite you, therefore, my brave friends, without any further remarks, to join me in this act of gratitude to the Almighty, who has

afforded you the opportunity to render such distinguished service to your country, and to the cause of justice and true liberty. Lift up your hearts in sincerity and truth, that the words of your mouth may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord, your Saviour and vindicator. In his infinite mercy and goodness the most blessed and glorious Lord God has preserved your life from every harm. When death-shots were falling around you thick and fast and heavy, He rescued you from the jaws of fearful destruction. Let us, therefore, humbly present ourselves before His Divine Majesty to offer the sacrifice of grateful praise and adoration, remembering in your prayers your own individual preservation, and forgetting not the sufferings of your wounded officers and companions in arms, and the sorrows of the afflicted friends and relatives of those who have gallantly fallen upon the altar of their country."

Hereupon followed suitable prayers (original and from the Book of Common Prayer) of Thanksgiving for the victory; of supplication in behalf of the wounded, and the bereaved friends and relatives of the heroic dead; and a general prayer in behalf of the Confederate States, their rulers, and their valiant men of war—all falling to the deck upon their knees and bowing their heads in reverance and godly fear. During this solemn and most impressive scene, while the earnest voice of the young divine was pouring forth eloquent words of gratitude and praise into the ear of the Lord God of Sabbaoth, the weather-beaten faces of many of the gallant seamen were observed to be bathed in tears, and trembling with emotions. Surely, I thought, as I turned away from such an affecting scene, God cannot refuse to accept such an act of thanksgiving; our cause cannot but prosper when the men who are engaged in it recognize the hand of the Almighty in each event, and trust entirely to His guidance, protection, and blessing.

SPECTATOR.

]From the Richmond *Dispatch*, November 29, 1891.]

HOW MAJOR J. N. OPIE LED A CHARGE.

A Graphic Story of a Dash Through the Federal Cavalry at Brandy Station.

What I relate are facts which actually befell me; no shenanagin about it. The greatest cavalry battle ever fought on the American continent took place at Brandy Station on the 9th of June, 1863.

At early dawn the Federal advance guard crossed the Rappahannock river, and charged our outposts with such vigor that they entered our camp at their heels. Most of my regiment, Sixth Virginia, had turned their horses out the evening before, so that not more than fifty of us were prepared to mount. Our reveille was the crack of the pistol and carbine of the foe. These fifty men were quickly mounted, formed, and ordered to charge. Not a moment was to be lost, as some of the enemy's advance were in our artillery camp.

UN UNTAMED HORSE.

I was the unfortunate possessor of an untamed and untamable Buchephalus that Alexander might have ridden, but that no rider on earth could control. I had experienced this on three former occasions. But what could I do, charge or not charge, that was the question. Although I knew full well that my wild charger would lead the van, of course I must charge. In our front was a heavily-wooded forest of pine scrub and black jack, through which ran a narrow country road. No time was to be lost, therefore there was little ceremony. The usual commands—trot march, gallop, charge—were omitted, and the gallant Shumate, who mustered the fifty, simply yelled "Charge," and away we flew down the winding road through that dark and dismal forest, all yelling like so many Comanche Indians. As the arrow from the bended bow flew my fiery horse. I had taken the precaution to put a jaw-breaking bit on his bridle, but it was of no avail.

A FURIOUS RIDE.

He bowed his neck, and placing his mouth against his breast I was helpless, and away he fairly flew. What must I do to be saved? What could I do? Jump. No; pull off the road I could not; stop I could not. Away, away we went; my horse seemed wild with fury. I looked around, but there was no one in sight. We had left the others far behind. I knew that in a few seconds one poor and solitary cavalryman would be rushing into the midst of the foe. Oh, how I pulled, and how often I said whoa, whoa, sir, may be imagined, but all in vain.

A CAVALRY LINE.

As the cyclone sweeps over the prairie flew my mad horse. One moment more and I see drawn up across my path a double line of Federal cavalry. A moment more and we will break that line or fall

in the unwilling effort. It may be, I thought, they will see my predicament and let me through; it may be they will not fire; but how could they know that my horse was running away.

THE HORSE KILLED.

They must have thought the devil was coming, for up went at least a hundred carbines, a crash, a cloud of smoke, and with one terrible plunge and a groan my furious steed fell in the woods, pierced by several balls. How I escaped God only knows. In a few moments I heard our boys come thundering down the road. A volley from the Federal line, but onward they went, and I mounting a horse belonging to a lieutenant of Company H, who was killed here, joined in. We broke this regiment, the Eighth New York, Lieutenant Owen Allen killing its brave commander, Colonel Davis. Then came the English Illinois, and quicker than some of us came we went.

THE DASH.

That night after the battle was over—for it lasted all day—the boys overwhelmed me with compliments. Never saw such dash! such courage! Charles O'Malley, Murat! and so on. But what was the laughter and merriment when I innocently observed, confound it, boys, my horse ran away with me.

JOHN N. OPIE.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, September 13, 1891.]

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Its Number—Troops Furnished by States—Its Losses by States, and Contrasted with Grant's Forces in 1865.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Will you please answer the following questions in your Sunday's issue:

1. What State furnished most troops to the cause, on a basis of population and irrespective of population?
2. Did any one State furnish one hundred and twenty-eight thousand to the Southern Confederacy; if so, what State?
3. What was the total number of the Confederate forces?
4. Which State lost most in killed and wounded during the war?

An answer to the above will be very much appreciated by an

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

To get information to answer this question we wrote to General Marcus J. Wright, agent of the War Department, in the collection and compilation of Confederate records, and he answered as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
PUBLICATION OFFICE WAR RECORDS '61–'65,
WASHINGTON, *September 9, 1891.*

The questions propounded by your correspondent are difficult, and in the present light of official information cannot be answered accurately.

We know of but one official statement of the forces of the Confederate army ever made. This was a report of General S. Cooper, adjutant and inspector-general, made march 1, 1862. The total of Confederate forces as reported by him at that date, including armed and organized militia, was three hundred and forty thousand two hundred and fifty—grand total officers and men.

I think it probable that the Confederate Government had more troops at that date than at any time during the war.

In this report Virginia has three battallions for the war—fifteen hundred; for twelve months, seventy-one regiments and nine battalions, two regiments, a number of battalions of artillery, and, in the language of the report, "many independent companies, nine regiments, and one battalion cavalry, &c." Virginia militia is put down at seven thousand, making a grand total of fifty-five thousand four hundred and fifty of regular troops (for twelve months and the war) and seven thousand militia.

Tennessee is credited in this report with one regiment for the war, fifty-three twelve-months' regiments, one regiment and eleven battalions of cavalry, and a number of artillery companies.

I give you the two highest.

The best estimate which has been made of the total number of Confederate troops during the war is from six to seven hundred thousand.

As to what State lost the most in killed, wounded, and missing during the war I cannot answer. When all the reports, which will be published in the War Records volumes, which have been obtained shall be published an approximate estimate may be made.

Very truly yours,

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

The great disparity between the forces of Grant and Lee in 1865 is exhibited in the following reminiscence of Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, who died August 5, 1891, near Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia. It is a report in the *Dispatch* of August 15, 1891, of an interview with Dr. J. D. Pendleton, clerk of the Senate of Virginia:

Some time during the earlier part of 1865 General John C. Breckinridge, then Secretary of War of the Confederate States, invited the Virginia delegation in the House of Representatives to meet him at the War Department for the purpose of holding a conference with them on a matter of grave importance, in which they were vitally interested. Mr. Bocock was then Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Confederate Congress and accompanied the delegation.

LEE'S FORCES AND GRANT'S.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Bocock and some friends were invited to a supper at the Exchange Hotel to be given by the sheriff of one of the upper counties, but the sheriff who had been fighting "the tiger," had lost his thousands of "Confederate shucks," and failed to put in an appearance. Mr. Bocock and Dr. Pendleton were present, however, and a few other invited guests. Mr. Bocock was a fine talker, and while the evening waned entertained the gentlemen with an account of the visit of the Virginia delegation in Congress to Secretary-of-War Breckinridge in his office at the War Department. General Breckinridge said that General Robert E. Lee had written to President Davis stating that he only had on his rolls about forty-six thousand men fit for duty; that General Grant's forces were of such superiority in numbers that he could make a united attack along his (Lee's) entire line from Richmond to his right flank in Dinwiddie county and yet have a sufficient force to turn his flank and attack his rear. These considerations made one of two things imperative—either to have reinforcements or retire with his army from the State of Virginia and surrender the Confederate capital.

HOW MATTERS STOOD.

As to reinforcements the Secretary explained that the trans-Mississippi troops refused to leave their State. Louisiana was in possession of the enemy and no aid could be expected from that quarter, and Governor Brown, of Georgia, was raising trouble about

having Georgia troops leave the State while it was invaded by the enemy, to say nothing of the desertions from General Joe Johnston's army while retreating before Sherman's victorious march to the sea.

"When General Johnston was told this by me," said Dr. Pendleton, who was in the city several days last week, "he declared that the statement of his men deserting was without foundation of fact."

General Breckinridge then asked the delegation what advice they had to offer.

MR. BOCOCK'S ADVICE.

Mr. Bocock, who acted as spokesman, asked General Breckinridge what proportion of the Army of Northern Virginia did the Virginia troops constitute?

To this General Breckinridge replied that the greater portion of General Lee's army were Virginians.

Mr. Bocock then asked to what point did the Confederate Government propose to remove and make a stand, and General Breckinridge replied: "To some point in Northern Georgia," as this seemed to be the most eligible rallying ground.

Speaker Bocock then proceeded to give his reasons in opposition to the proposed evacuation of Virginia, and, among other facts, cited the statement of the Secretary concerning the action of the trans-Mississippi troops and the desertion of the Georgians as the Confederate army fell back in their State, and left their homes in the hands of the enemy. He claimed that the same reasons would obtain among the Virginia troops, and that it would be impolitic to surrender the State to the Federal troops without another struggle.

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING.

The next day Senators R. M. T. Hunter and Allen T. Caperton met General Breckenridge, and he laid the same condition of affairs before them. Whatever advice they may have given in those dark days of the Confederacy is not stated, but it is certain that the struggle, forlorn as it was, was continued, and that the knowledge of its utter hopelessness was well known to General Robert E. Lee and the Confederate Government in the early part of 1865, several months before the decisive day of Appomattox.

[From the Richmond *Times*, November 1, 1891.

A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Who Acknowledged no Command and Knew no Fear—Old Hines of the Second Howitzers—A Most Unique Character—The Poorest Soldier, the Greatest Plunderer, and One of the Bravest of Men.

Lee's immortal army contained many heroes, but only one "Old Hines," and he was a member of the Second company of Richmond Howitzers. "Old Hines" was unique, a separate and independent command by himself, a kind of "imperium in imperio." In person he was of low and squatty figure, stoop-shouldered, very bow-legged, and possessed an enormous aquiline nose and a cocked eye, a shrewd smile generally played over his smoothly-shaved face. In addition he was "deaf as a post" and had seen at least seventy-five winters. In spite of all this he was strong as an ox and tough as a mule. How he ever became a member of that famous battery was a mystery to me. Nobody knew whence he came or what was his nationality. "Old Hines" had only two associates—Mills and Otto, two Germans—messmates of his, who spoke very little English but a great deal of Dutch. "Old Hines" himself never talked at all, and never performed any duty in camp or on the field. Put him on guard and he would deliberately walk back to his mess. Remonstrances were vain, he could not hear explanations out of order, he would not talk, put him in the guard-house he was happy; release him he was equally so. "Old Hines" detested shoes, and generally went barefooted winter and summer; in consequence his feet were as hard and tough as leather. When the boys wanted a little fun they would give "Old Hines" a little "hard tack" or some corn meal to induce him to dance out the fire of his mess. If the gift was sufficient he would tuck up his pants to the knee, give a war whoop and jump with bare feet into the fire, kicking the smouldering embers in every direction, performing a pyrotechnic war dance that would have made a Comanche Indian envious; this was delightful to the boys, but not to Otto and Mills, as they had to re-kindle the fire.

A SLEEPLESS MAN.

Apparently "Old Hines" never slept at all, but was up all night cooking and eating—he did all the cooking and most of the eating

for his mess. He was also a singer, but never sang but one song, or rather the refrain of one, which was, "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me;" this he was humming all the time in a low voice. "Old Hines" never missed a battle or shirked a fight, but he never did any fighting.

When the fighting commenced he would begin to hunt for plunder all over the field. No danger daunted him, nothing came amiss in the way of clothing or camp equipage; friend and foe fared alike. Gathering up his booty he would seat himself on the ground in the most exposed situation near the battery, and calmly proceed to overhauling and mending the overcoats and other garments he had picked up, singing the while "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me." The thunder of artillery and rattle of musketry were nothing to "Old Hines." Guns dismounted, caissons blown up in thirty yards of him were matters of indifference. If a shell burst very near him, "Old Hines" would cock up his eye, give a vigorous shake of the head, troll out "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me," and proceed to sew on a button or mend a rent place in the garment.

A USEFUL NON-COMBATANT.

While "Old Hines" never did any fighting, he was useful; he was an inspiration and a perpetual joy to those who did. Everybody knew him—cavalry, infantry and artillery, all smiled when "Old Hines" took up his position. As the fighting grew heavier and the bullets flew thicker, "Old Hines'" spirits arose in proportion, he would ply his needle with greater industry and sing "Shoo, Fly" with redoubled energy.

HINES AND FREDERICKSBURG.

"Old Hines" and Fredericksburg, the grotesque and dramatic, are inseparably linked in my memory. When the fogs lifted from the banks of the Rappahannock the grandest battle-scene ever witnessed on this continent was revealed. The broad plain, level as a floor, stretching from the river to the position held by Lee and extending for miles to the right and left was literally blackened by the advancing lines of battle of Burnside's splendid army. In our front, covering the left flank of the advancing Federal infantry, were massed the field-batteries of the enemy, which we were soon to engage, long lines of cavalry protected their left flank, while Stuart's

cavalry hovered in their front and protected our right. Far as the vision could extend to our left in the direction of Fredericksburg the blue-coated divisions were advancing to the attack, while the sun's rays glanced from ranks bright with steel, with flashing swords and glistening bayonets. It was a sight to stir the heart and quicken the pulse of every beholder. We had halted in a road before going into action. I looked to the right, and there, a few yards from the road, seated on the ground, was "Old Hines" with his pack close by. He had made up a fire, taken off his shoes, turned his back to the panorama, and was slicing off huge hunks of "corn dodger," which were disappearing in his capacious jaws.

A NOTABLE ARTILLERY DUEL.

Just then there was a commotion on our right. Stuart, the "Prince of Cavalrymen," his black plume dancing in the air, dashed up with Pelham closely followed by the staff. Then was executed a novel manœuvre to us—a charge of artillery upon artillery. Cannoneers scrambled on guns and caissons, and under lash and spur the whole battalion thundered across that field and took position in pistol range of the enemy's batteries. Then commenced the fiercest and longest sustained artillery duel of the war, prolonged as it was away into the night. The great guns of the enemy posted on the "Stafford heights" across the river, began a terrific cannonade, firing over the heads of their advancing troops, and now the batteries in our front and our own joined in the "orchestra of battle." On left, on right and in centre cannon growled and grumbled and roared like wild beasts for their prey. Cannon speaks to cannon, growl answers growl, roar answers roar—an inferno of wild beasts. Shot and shell, shrapnel and cannister whizz and shriek and rend and tear. Trees are battered and torn to pieces; horses maimed and mangled, are struggling in dumb agony over dead and dying men; caissons are blown up, guns dismounted, and the earth rocks and trembles to the hoarse bellowing of artillery. On our left the long, rolling volleys of musketry told that Burnside was grappling with Lee's matchless infantry, to be hurled back again and again in defeat and death. And then that crashing, deafening sound—like the roar of some mighty conflagration—a thousand buildings toppling and falling into volcanoes of fire, the forked tongues of lightning that blast and wither and burn. Hecla, Vesuvius and Ætna vomiting fire and smoke and death. And then that "yell," louder,

louder and nearer, that told of battle lost and victory won. Silence, "silence" "alas for the fallen brave."

A COOL PROCEEDING.

I turned and looked to the rear of the battery, on the top of a perfect pyramid of overcoats, blankets, knapsacks and frying pans, "Old Hines" was seated, with his legs crossed, "tailor-fashion," sewing away for dear life, and right in the range of a dozen batteries. I had very improvidently thrown away in the morning a very heavy but good overcoat, rather than lug it through the fight, which I was then regretting. The fire in our front having slackened, I walked over to "Old Hines." He had put on my overcoat and was sewing a button on some other garment. I plead hard for my coat, but in vain. Just then a shot from the enemy came bounding along, passing through two of the horses to the caisson, and not missing us very far. "Old Hines" cocked up his eye at me, and, with a grin and chuckle, said "Shoo, Fly, don't bother me," and I didn't any more. That night as we left the field, the batteries in our front having been almost silenced, we fired an occasional parting shot. Riding along by my gun I passed "Old Hines," trudging along under a pile of plunder towering at least six feet above his head. He reminded me of the pictures of Atlas with the world on his shoulders. In a few minutes I heard a tremendous crash. I looked back and saw some reckless cavalryman had ridden over "Old Hines," bag and baggage. "Old Hines" scrambled to his feet and said "I'll be durned," that was all. I was avenged.

OLD HINES COURT-MARTIALED.

While in winter quarters, near Bowling Green, Caroline county, "Old Hines" was court-martialed. When Christmas day dawned upon us "Old Hines" was missing. No one could tell when or whither he had gone; his plunder had vanished, too. Some said his mess-mates had killed him in revenge for dancing out the fire and for washing his face in the bread-tray, which was one of his amusements; others said he had deserted. Several days elapsed and no tidings of the lost one. At length word came from Bowling Green that "Old Hines" had rented the best room in the hotel there, and was living like a lord. A guard was dispatched for him, and he was found in his room in the hotel, seated before a roaring fire with

a bottle of apple brandy on one side and a box of cigars on the other. This was too much for a Confederate soldier—even for "Old Hines." He was marched back to camp under the guard. In a few days he was hauled up before a court-martial then sitting. Major Henry S. Carter, a tobacconist, now of our city, then an officer of the Third Howitzers, was one of the court. Charges and specifications having been preferred, "Old Hines" arose, and with a wave of the hand, said: "Gemmen, I don't make no practice of leaving camp, but I allus keeps Christmas—I allus does." This was the longest speech "Old Hines" had ever been known to make, and it electrified the court. He was sentenced to remain in camp one week, and wear suspended around his neck a board on which was written, "Absent from the camp without leave." It so happened that the very next day, when the sentence was to go into effect, the battery received marching orders, and "Old Hines" and the sentence were forgotten. After marching about five miles, "Old Hines," bringing up the rear with his plunder, he suddenly stopped and remarked, "I'll be durned if I ain't forgot that thing them gemmen give me," wheeling around he trudged back to camp for his board, which he wore suspended from his neck for six months or more, apparently delighted.

TAKEN PRISONER.

Towards the latter part of the war, while trudging along under a mountain of plunder which completely hid him from view, he was pounced upon by the enemy and taken off to prison. I have been told by some Howitzer, who was a prisoner with him, that "Old Hines" was a great mystery to his captors—he would not tell what company, battalion, regiment or corps he belonged to, because he never knew. To his honor, it may be said, he persistently refused to "take the oath," and while other and younger men around him were taking it to avoid the horrors of prison, "Old Hines" remained true to his colors. Doubtless, he has long since "been gathered to his fathers," but hundreds in this city and elsewhere would like to know what became of "Old Hines," of whom it may be said there never was a poorer soldier, a greater plunderer, or a braver man.

EX. OFF.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, December 20, 1891.]

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IT, AND BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Sunday, December 13th, was the anniversary of the first battle of Fredericksburg, and looking back through the dim vista of the past that memorable event, with the bombardment of the 10th, is vividly recalled. It was a stormy and distressing time to many of the old residents of the old town, who were unable to leave the place when the Federal General Burnside notified them that he would bombard their homes. Many were compelled to remain within the town. A few of the residents gathered together what few articles they could carry with them, and leaving the city, located wherever they could find shelter within the lines of Lee's army, back of the town. Well do I remember with what cheerful resignation the female portion of the refugees accepted the trying conditions forced upon them by the abandonment of their homes, and how, after the battle had been fought and the victory won by the gallant and heroic Confederate army, they returned to their pillaged homes, and gathering together what was left by the thieving soldiery of the Federal army, cheerfully accepted the hard results. The day of the battle was a beautiful one, and the writer, occupying a position on a point of wooded land, midway between Hamilton's Crossing and Marye's Heights, could plainly see that Warren's portion of the battle-field where Warner's corps of Federal troops made the charge to capture Lee's position at Hamilton's Crossing. The Fredericksburg battery of artillery, commanded by Major Carter Braxton, occupied a point across the railroad under the heavy artillery that was planted on the hills above.

A FIELD OF CARNAGE.

The charge of the Federal troops across the field, in front of Marye's Heights, could be plainly seen from the location I occupied, and I saw the lines of Warren's troops melt away and reform under the murderous fire that met them from the guns they were endeavoring to capture. I did not then visit this portion of the battle-field, but on the following day after the Federals had been driven back across the Rappahannock, fearfully slaughtered and beaten, I walked over that portion of the field fronting "Marye's Heights," where

that gallant little band of Mississippians were posted behind the stone wall at the foot of the heights, within front of Meagher's Irish brigade, which charged up through Fredericksburg and completely decimated them. The slaughter at this point was fearful, and I could walk upon dead bodies the entire distance in front of this position.

Night stopped this memorable battle, and the vanquished Federals withdrew from the front of the victorious Lee.

JACKSON'S PROPOSITION.

Those that were not killed in front of Marye's Heights, with the remnants of Warren's and other corps, were huddled in the streets of Fredericksburg, demoralized and panic stricken, and it was at this time that General Jackson proposed to General Lee to turn the coats of his men inside out, so that they could distinguish each other, enter the town, and drive the Federals into the river. General Lee's consideration for the women and children that were compelled to remain within the Federal lines prevented this movement, and during the night Burnside withdrew his defeated army to the north side of the Rappahannock. I have heard it claimed by the Federals that there were no non-combatants in the town during the bombardment, but this is not true. My uncle, an old man over sixty years of age, was killed at the time. A cannon ball carried away one of his legs, and he died shortly after being shot.

G. McG.

RETURN OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG TO ITS ORIGINAL OWNER.

The *Washington Post* December 20, 1891 published the correspondence which is here subjoined. In an editorial headed "Literature for Patriots," in its issue of the following day, a sentiment is sounded which should find universal echo. After an expression that the correspondence "makes instructive and encouraging reading," the *Post* continues:

General Colby, now a prominent and distinguished assistant to the Attorney-General, was among the most gallant officers of the Union army during the war between the States. On scores of desperate and bloody fields he made good his title to the respect and admiration of his countrymen. That he is as magnanimous in peace as he was intrepid in war the tone of his letter to General

Maury makes abundantly evident. On the other hand, General Maury has an excellent record from the day he left West Point until the present time. In 1859 he compiled the tactics for mounted riflemen, which for many years afterward were followed by the United States cavalry. A Virginian and a devoted Southerner, he took his place with his own people in a war that he had no hand in provoking. After the surrender and the restoration of the imperiled Union he returned at once to peaceful pursuits, and, among other occupations, organized and conducted the Southern Historical Society. Ten years later he gave to the national war records' office the vast and valuable collection of historical material which the society had accumulated. In 1879 General Maury set on foot the movement for the development and coherent organization of the militia of the country, and has ever since been one of the most active members of the executive committee of the National Guard Association of America.

In a word, General Maury is as devoted and patriotic a citizen and as genuine a representative of a class, to-day, as is his distinguished correspondent, General Colby. He compressed into a single sentence the feeling of all the brave and honorable men, who, like him, fought in defence of their profound convictions when he wrote to General Colby and said: "When next we fight, General, it will be side by side."

It is pleasant and reassuring to read such letters as were interchanged between these two gallant survivors of the war of thirty years ago. The return to General Maury of the tattered Confederate flag that floated over his headquarters constitutes only the vehicle for an utterance of sentiments that do honor to American manhood. Such restorations have been frequent during the past twenty years, and in every instance they have been productive of the happiest results. They have brought out the fact that gallant men are very much alike in every quality that goes to make good citizens, and they show that the glory and perpetuity of the Union stand in no peril at the hands of those who took up arms for the Confederacy in 1861.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 18, 1891.*

General DABNEY H. MAURY, *Richmond, Va.:*

SIR: I present you herewith the Confederate flag, which was taken April 12, 1865, at Mobile, Ala., on the surrender of that city to the

Federal troops. You will remember that Spanish Fort was captured April 2d, Fort Blakely taken by charge April 9th, and Mobile occupied by the Union forces April 12th, and that this old, tattered, bullet-pierced and torn banner floated over your headquarters during all those days, weeks, and months at the close of the great rebellion, and that it really waved over the last great battle-field of the Southern Confederacy.

I was informed that this flag was made and presented to you as the Confederate general in command of the Department of Alabama by the patriotic ladies of Mobile, to take the place of a former larger one that had been totally destroyed by a shell; certainly the scantiness of material, as well as its home-made appearance, would indicate that such was the case, which, I presume, will be verified by your recollection.

Accept this conquered flag, and with it the friendly hand of one who wore the blue, and let it be a token of that amity which should possess the hearts of all good citizens, and bind the North and South together in a strong and lasting union, under the loved banner of our common country.

I was on the other side and served with the Union forces at the places mentioned, taking part in the closing victories and entering the city at its surrender. I have kept the flag all these years, and now turn it over to you with feelings of peace and good will and with such thronging memories as come only to those who participated in the terrible struggle of those "days of darkness and glory."

Believe me, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. W. Colby.

Washington City, *December 19, 1891.*

Dear General Colby:

I have received with very great pleasure my old flag, the Confederate flag, which as you say, floated over the last great battlefield of the war between the States.

Your kindly letter which accompanied it has given me more pleasure, if possible, than your restoration of the flag.

Your generous act and manly words give strong evidence of the high character of the men who fought for the Union, and may be an example to those who, having no heart for manly warfare, can only revile and hate us who fought for our Confederate homes.

I shall, with your approval, transfer this old flag to the Governor of Alabama, who, like yourself, was a gallant soldier in the great war which has placed on record the fiercest battles ever fought.

When we fight again, General, it will be side by side.

May you have many happy returns of this season of peace and good will you have so happily illustrated.

With high respect and warmest wishes for your happiness and prosperity, I am

Sincerely yours,

DABNEY H. MAURY.

To General L. W. COLBY,
Department of Justice.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, October 13, 1891.]

FEEDING PAROLED CONFEDERATES.

An Order Upon Which Sixty-five Thousand Rations Were Drawn.

Major Thomas E. Ballard, United States deputy marshal, yesterday showed a *Dispatch* reporter the original of the following order, which has never been published before, and which was one of the last orders issued by a Confederate officer at Appomattox:

OFFICE CHIEF COMMISSARY, A. N. V., *April 11, 1865.*

Major Thomas E. Ballard, C. S.:

You will assume the duties of looking to the supplying with food the troops of the Army of Northern Virginia until they shall have been sent off from their present positions. You will also see the C. S.'s of the Federal army as to the arrangement *en route* for food for the men on the way to their homes. The C. S.'s attached to troops of course must accompany their respective commands.

R. G. COLE,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

As Major Ballard replaced the time-worn document tenderly in an equally time-worn pocket-book, he remarked with a smile of satisfaction: "And I didn't play small either; I drew from the United States Government for our boys sixty-five thousand rations. I hadn't had anything to eat for so long I was a little greedy."

[From the Louisville, Ky., *Courier Journal*, September 9, 1891.]

MRS. HENRIETTA H. MORGAN.

DEATH OF A MOTHER OF SOLDIERS.

The death of Mrs. Henrietta H. Morgan, of Lexington, which occurred in that city on Monday, September 7, 1891, removes from life a woman who, while not having an eventful career, as the world goes, nevertheless exercised a great influence in Kentucky history. Had she lived until December she would have been eighty-six years of age. She was always a healthy woman, but for the last few years had not been in good health. The immediate cause of her death was a stroke of paralysis, which, had it not been for a more than usually enfeebled condition, would probably have affected her but little.

Mrs. Morgan was the daughter of Mr. John W. Hunt, of Lexington, who was one of Kentncky's most prosperous merchants, and the first man in the State to accumulate a fortune of one million dollars. At his death he left a large estate to be divided among a large family. Mr. A. D. Hunt, formerly a banker in Louisville, but later of New Orleans; Colonel Thomas H. Hunt, once a leading merchant here; Dr. Robert Hunt, formerly of Louisville, but later of New Orleans, and Frank K. Hunt, of Lexington, were her brothers. Mrs. Hanna, of Frankfort; Mrs. Strother, of St. Louis; Mrs. Reynolds, of Frankfort, were her sisters. The latter was the mother of J. W. Hunt Reynolds, the once noted turfman and horse owner.

Her children numbered six sons and two daughters. One of the daughters was the wife of General A. P. Hill, of Virginia, and the other married General Basil W. Duke, of this city. Her sons were General John H. Morgan, Calvin C., Richard C., Charlton H., Thomas H. and Frank H. Morgan. All of them, and her two sons-in-law, entered the Confederate army, and of the number her most famous son, General John H. Morgan, Tom Morgan and General Hill were killed in battle, or rather the great cavalry leader was shot down at Greenville, Tenn., after surrender. All the others were wounded at various times, and all were prisoners during the course of the war. Tom was but seventeen years old when he enlisted in the Second Kentucky Infantry at Camp Boone. He was transferred from that regiment to the command of his brother, the general, and was but nineteen years old when he was killed. Frank,

the youngest, was but fifteen when he enlisted. Calvin, Dick and Charlton were all officers, and there was not one among them who did not do his duty.

Mrs. Morgan was devoted to the Confederate cause, and the death of her sons and son-in-law had a deep effect upon her and affected her health. During the latter part of her life her chief pleasure was found in contemplating the portraits of her sons and General Hill and war relics in her possession, of which she had a large number.

Mrs. Morgan's husband, Calvin C. Morgan, was a brother of Samuel D. Morgan, of Nashville, one of the first merchants of that city. When driven further South by the Federal occupancy of Nashville, Samuel devoted a great deal of time and money to the aid of Tennessee and Kentucky soldiers in the hospitals. Calvin was a highly cultivated and educated man and well known throughout Kentucky.

Mrs. Morgan herself was universally beloved. She was widely known and esteemed, and thoroughly unselfish, with a disposition that endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Her death causes widespread regret.

Mrs. Duke has gone to Lexington, and General Duke will follow to-day. The funeral will take place from the family residence in Lexington to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock, the interment being in the cemetery where General Morgan's remains rest.

[From the *Enquirer-Sun*, Columbus, Georgia, October 4, 1891.]

The Surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.

A Graphic Narrative by a Participant, now a Merchant of Columbus, Georgia.

NASHVILLE, TENN., *September 30, 1891.*

In passing through Virginia *en route* to New York recently, I met a gentleman, now a minister of the Episcopal church, who during the late war was a captain of artillery in the Confederate army. As we were in a Pullman palace car, dashing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the contrast between such a mode of travel and surroundings, with the former weary and hungry marches through many of the same places which we observed during the journey, was very impressive. Talk, talk, talk was freely interchanged, and many, many a battle scene recalled, with fresh memories of the elation inspired by the victories won upon the one hand and the sad-

ness often felt at the loss of some noble comrade whose life blood had gone forth for the cause we were defending upon the other. Leaving Lynchburg for Charlottesville and standing on the platform of the car and looking toward the hills of Appomattox, the scenes of the "surrender of Lee to Grant" April 9, 1865, came vividly to mind. For a long time forgotten as a dream, they reappeared with lifelike freshness.

That was a panorama to stir the soul to its deepest depths. Lee, with his grand army of Northern Virginia reduced to about 8,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry and artillery, hungry almost to famishing, having been for days without rations, ill clad but resolute to the last, on that Sunday morning that will be immortal in history, found the army of General Grant (numbering about 100,000) investing every road near us, leaving only surrender or inevitable destruction. The smoke of battle drifted away, the booming guns were hushed. White flags of truce appeared.

Along the road which our line of battle crossed, while our men were resting on the ground, General Lee rode forth with some members of his staff, passing our command—the Second Georgia battalion—and it was whispered along the line, "our grand old hero has gone to the front to make terms for our surrender." Doubt, sadness, gloom, settled upon our hearts.

Two hours, perhaps, or more and our General came riding slowly back. Soon as he reached our line, many of the soldiers gathered about him, and eager inquiries from numbers of them came, "General, are we surrendered?"

The answer seemed to give him pain. "Yes, my men, you are surrendered. The odds against us was too great. I would not lead you into fruitless slaughter. Private property will be respected; officers will retain their side arms and horses. All will be paroled and transported to your homes, and may you find your families and loved ones well. Good-bye, my men, good-bye." With tears flowing down his face, and dropping his bridle reins on his horse's neck, shaking hands right and left, he rode out from our midst, and the face of one of the grandest heroes of all time we never saw again. Old soldiers, battle-scarred by many fields of blood and carnage, dropped on the ground and wept.

May the patriotism, self-sacrifice, toil and blood, so nobly lavished by both sides in that fearful war, become the common heritage of a united, just, generous, and noble people.

And now I hope I may be pardoned in placing upon record a few items in the history of that time. Friday, April 7, (preceding the surrender on Sunday, April 9,) Sorrel's brigade, Georgia Troops, (formerly Wright's,) under command at the time of Colonel G. E. Tayloe, formed a part of the rear guard of Lee's army. Before noon near Farmville, Va., the enemy pressed us closely, deployed into line of battle for attack, and our brigade was quickly deployed to resist it. From noon till night we maintained our line, driving back two heavy assaults, inflicting much loss upon the enemy and ourselves sustaining great damage. About dusk, in front of the Second Geogia battalion (which comprised four companies, the Macon Volunteers and Floyd Rifles of Macon, the Spaulding Grays of Griffin, and the City Light Guards of Columbus,) a flag of truce was observed by G. J. Peacock, lieutenant commanding City Light Guards, and its approach reported to Major C. J. Moffett, commanding Second Georgia battalion, and he advanced to the front probably thirty paces and called out the inquiry, "What is wanted?" The answer was given, "Important dispatches from General Grant to General Lee." Major Moffett replied: "Stand where you are till I communicate."

A messenger was sent quickly to Colonel Tayloe, commanding brigade, and A. H. Perry, A. A. General of the brigade, came soon to our line, and with Major Moffett, went out to the flag of truce, and received the dispatch which was hurried to brigade headquarters and thence to General Lee. This dispatch, it was afterward developed, was the demand from General Grant to General Lee, for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

About midnight our brigade, according to orders, silently left our line of battle and marched in column toward Appomattox Courthouse, and on Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, while deployed to the left of the road, the right of our battalion (Second Georgia) resting on the road, General Lee passed to our front to meet General Grant and negotiate the terms of surrender. Thus the fact appears that through the lines of the Second Georgia battalion passed the demand for the surrender of Lee's army, Friday, April 7 (about night), and Sunday, April 9 (about noon), General Lee passed to the front by the same command for negotiating terms of surrender.

Many particulars of this eventful day can be found in "Southern Historical Papers," Volume XV, obtainable of the publishers, Richmond, Va.

Yours truly,

G. J. PEACOCK.

GENERALS LEE AND LONG.

Tributes to their Memory.

At the annual meeting of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, held on the 27th day of October, 1891, on motion of Judge George L. Christian, a committee of three was appointed to prepare resolutions to the memory of General William H. F. Lee, who died October 15, 1891. The committee, after retirement, reported the following :

The Virginia division of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia cannot hold this first meeting since the happening of that sad event without spreading on its records a brief memorial of their sorrow at the death of our late president, comrade and friend, General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee.

General Lee took a deep interest in the formation and perpetuation of this Association, because he saw among the other efforts of its members an earnest desire to keep alive the memories of deeds of valor and devotion to duty, which can only fade from the mind of the craven and coward, and which will ever live when patriotism and heroism find a place in the hearts of men.

He was its second honored president, the first being another honored member of the same great family, on whom Virginia has so often leaned for support, and this office General Lee filled so acceptably that it was with sincere regret the Association learned of his determination to retire from it.

It is not our purpose here to record in detail the many splendid virtues and achievements of our dead comrade, but only to pay an humble tribute of affection to his memory. To say that our former president was a "worthy son of an illustrious sire," General Robert Edward Lee, is, in our opinion, to exhaust the language of eulogy on every attribute of manhood, and those of us who knew him, know how well he measured up to the requirements of this the very highest type of human character known to us.

He inherited then from his great father and his illustrious line many elements of greatness and genius. But not content with these innate virtues, he added his own well-directed efforts in the line of duty, patriotism and valor, and these together have not only enshrined him in the hearts of every true man and woman in our Southland, but have won for him a name worthy of a place in that splendid galaxy of which his father's will ever be with us the central orb.

Therefore, be it

Resolved, first. That in the death of General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, Virginia and the whole South mourn the loss of a soldier and citizen of whose character and career, in war and in peace, they are justly proud and will ever strive to honor.

Secondly. That in his death this Association has lost a comrade who most worthily filled its highest office; one whose dignity of character, modesty and real nobility of soul commanded our veneration and esteem, and who in the administration of his office so attached to him those associated with him as to make them feel in his death the loss of a dear friend.

Third. That these resolutions be spread on our minutes and published, and that a copy be forwarded to the family of General Lee with the assurance of our deepest sympathies in their and our common bereavement.

The committee who drafted the above resolutions were: Messrs. George L. Christian, chairman; Dabney H. Maury, William B. Taliaferro.

TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL LONG.

At the same meeting, on motion of Mr. Micajah Woods, a committee of three was appointed to prepare resolutions to the memory of General A. L. Long, who reported the following:

The undersigned committee, appointed to prepare resolutions to the memory of General Long, respectfully report as follows:

Resolved, That in the death of Brigadier-General Armistead Lindsay Long, which occurred at his home in Charlottesville, Va., April 29, 1891, this Association lost one of its most distinguished and able members, and the South one of its most loyal, gifted and gallant defenders.

Resolved, That we recognize in General Long a character too remarkable to be disposed of by the mere commonplace resolutions which so often answer the demands of duty on such an occasion as this, and wishing to give expression to our emotions we desire to so emphasize them by reference to history that future generations may learn from the minutes of this meeting something of the life and public services of our deceased comrade and friend.

Resolved, That as soon as the South was threatened by invasion from the North in 1861, General Long resigned the commission which he held in the army of the Union, and accepted service in the army of the Confederate States, which was then being organized for

the defense of the South and his native State. In severing his connection with the Union army, he fully and entirely withdrew his allegiance and loyalty from the Union and gave it with sincerity and devotion to the South, and from the beginning to the end he labored and fought for the independence of the South, the sovereignty of the States and the freedom of the people. He distinguished himself by zeal and gallantry as a member of the military family of our immortal chieftain, General Robert E. Lee, as brigadier-general and chief of artillery of the Second corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, he received the commendations of his commanding general, the admiration of the army, and the gratitude of the people. When fortune withheld her favor, and fate gave the victory to our enemy, General Long still adhered with loyal faith to the cause and to the people with whom his fortune had been cast; and, when afflicted and broken in health and overhung by the gloom of physical blindness, he scanned the past with a mental vision of rare intensity and brightness, and collected and arranged a record of the events of that great war, which will go down through the ages as a monument to his genius and a glorious defense of the people whom he so loyally and earnestly served.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, and that the secretary be instructed to send a copy to the widow and family of General Long.

The committee who drafted these resolutions were Hon. P. W. McKinney, chairman, and Messrs. Thomas L. Rosser, and John B. Purcell.

Attest:

THOMAS ELLETT,
Secretary of the Association Army of Northern Virginia.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, October 14, 1891.]

THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

Its Visitors and Staff—Academic and Military—1848-1861—Associates of General T. J. Jackson.

SPOKANE FALLS.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Will you inform some friends of your paper who were the professors at the Virginia Military Institute in the years 1848, 1849 and

1850; also when Stonewall Jackson first entered the Institute as a professor, and what branches he taught?

We have a lot of rusty Virginians out here who have lost their reckoning, several who were of the class of 1861, and left with Colonel Allan to join the Confederate army.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM IDAHO.

At the July meeting of the Board of Visitors in 1851 Thomas J. Jackson was added to the Academic Board as professor of natural and experimental philosophy and instructor of artillery, with the rank of major.

The other information asked for is as follows:

1848.—Board of Visitors: General Corbin Braxton, president of board; General William H. Richardson, adjutant-general (*ex-officio*); General P. C. Johnson, Philip St. George Cocke, Esq., General P. H. Steenbergen, Colonel George W. Munford, Charles J. Faulkner, Esq., Colonel George W. Thompson, William H. Terrill, Esq., General E. P. Scott.

Academic Staff: Colonel Francis H. Smith, Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics; Major John T. L. Preston, A. M., Professor of Languages and English Literature; Captain Thomas H. Williamson, Professor of Engineering, Architecture and Drawing; Major William Gilham, Professor of Physical Sciences, Instructor of Tactics and Commandant of Cadets; Lieutenant R. E. Colston, Assistant Professor of French; Lieutenant J. Q. Marr, Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

Military Staff: H. M. Estell, M. D., surgeon; T. H. Williamson, treasurer; J. Q. Marr, adjutant; W. S. Eskridge, steward.

1849.—Board of Visitors: General Corbin Braxton, president of Board; General William H. Richardson, adjutant-general (*ex-officio*); Philip St. George Cocke, Esq., General P. H. Steenbergen, Charles J. Faulkner, Esq., General E. P. Scott, Hon. John S. Barbour, Sr., William W. Crump, Esq., Colonel D. B. Layne, and Colonel Harvey George.

Academic Staff: Colonel Francis H. Smith, Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics; Major John T. L. Preston, A. M., Professor of Languages and English Literature; Captain Thomas H. Williamson, Professor of Engineering and Architecture and Drawing; Major William Gilham, Professor of Physical Sciences, Instructor of

Tactics, and Commandant of Cadets; Lieutenant R. E. Colston, Instructor in French Language; Lieuteuant R. E. Rodes, Assistant Professor of Physical Sciences and Tactics.

Military Staff: H. M. Estell, M. D., surgeon; R. E. Colston, treasurer; R. E. Rodes, adjutant; C. B. Williams, quartermaster; J. T. Gibbs, commissary and steward.

1850.—Board of Visitors: General Braxton, president of board; General William H. Richardson, adjutant-general (*ex-officio*); Philip St. George Cocke, Esq., General P. H. Steenbergen, Charles J. Faulkner, Esq., William W. Crump, Esq., General D. B. Layne, Colonel Harvey George, John S. Carlisle, Esq., E. C. Robertson, Esq.

Academic Staff: Colonel Francis H. Smith, Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics; Major J. T. L. Preston, A. M., Professor of Languages and English Literature; Major T. H. Williamson, Professor of Engineering and Drawing; Major William Gilham, Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, and Commandant of Cadets; Captain R. E. Colston, Instructor in French Language; Captain R. E. Rodes, Assistant Instructor of Tactics and Assistant Instructor of Chemistry; Lieutenant J. W. Massie, Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

Military staff unchanged from 1849.

COLONEL THEODORE O'HARA.

Sketch of a Distinguished Kentuckian From an Army Officer's Pen—A Brilliant Military Career Given Up for Literature and the Press.

Theodore O'Hara was a singular man in some respects, and while he was undoubtedly a man of a good deal of genius, he did not appear to have that stability which is necessary to secure success. He did not stick close enough to any one pursuit to master it in all of its details. When a mere child he was taken by his parents to Ireland, where his father, Kane O'Hara, was born, and being rather precocious, was noticed a great deal by his relatives. He used to be given a good drink of Irish whiskey, and then placed on a table, where he would make speeches and recite, to the infinite amusement of his listeners. With true Irish love of fun he was cheered on, and generally carried the whole house with him. When grown to manhood he could recite remarkably well, and generally chose some scene from Aytoun's "Songs of the Scottish Cavaliers." He could hold an audience spell-bound.

His father taught school at Shelbyville, Ky., for a time, and afterward removed to Frankfort. Theodore attended the school, where he was a bright scholar, though full of mischief and assisted the other students in getting their lessons, doing sums for them and helping in various ways.

O'Hara became a captain in the Second Regiment of Cavalry in 1855, and while on the march from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to Texas, in the fall and winter of 1855–'56, was attentive to his company. One evening after the regiment had halted for the night, where there was some tall, dry grass, a fire broke out, and it required the utmost endeavors of the officers and men to save the tents and baggage wagons. Captain O'Hara was very busy and remarkably efficient. He pushed forward those who were slow in their movements, and accomplished a good deal in a short time. Some of his men did not move forward as promptly as he thought they ought to do, when he went after them with a will, and gave some of them a complete overhauling. He was naturally quick and industrious, and infused some of his life into his men. He could not bear to see so much property in danger of destruction without making a great effort to save it. He seemed to have new life on that occasion, and won many compliments on his good behavior. Where all worked faithfully, the conduct of O'Hara stood out prominently, and Colonel Albert Sydney Johnston spoke highly of his efforts. A fire of this kind in the dry grass and cane is sometimes very destructive.

O'Hara's company was halted at the Clear Fork of the Brazos river, at was subsequently known as Camp Cooper, to watch the Comanche Indians, who had a reservation near by. These wily redskins would sometimes break away in spite of all efforts to keep them on their own ground, and then there was widespread terror in the infant settlements along the frontier. O'Hara was out on several scouts, and once, while travelling with a small escort between Camp Cooper and Fort Mason, came near being attacked by a party of roving Indians, greatly superior in numbers, but fortunately made his escape, and reached the fort in safety. Those were dangerous times.

Captain O'Hara had a fund of humor, and often displayed it before his acquaintances in a good-natured way. He had among his friends a gentleman from Michigan, and once, when in this playful mood, said: "I am fond of Michigan, it is the home of two of my

best friends—General Cass, who is the greatest statesman in the world, and Mr. W——, who is the poorest." Mr. W. saw the point at once, and joined in the merriment it occasioned. On the march to Texas he had a negro woman for a cook, who was sometimes very free in her criticisms, affording great amusement to her listeners, and no one could help hearing her, as her cooking place was only a short distance off.

Captain Charles E. Travis, son of William B. Travis, the hero of the Alamo, in Texas, was also a captain in the regiment, and was tried at Fort Mason for something which occurred at Jefferson Barracks. O'Hara was an important witness at this trial. While at Fort Mason a fight occurred with some Indians, who had murdered a white man and a negro boy on the Cibolo, which gave O'Hara great pleasure, and under date of April 2, 1856, he wrote to B. Gratz Brown, then editing the St. Louis *Democrat*, as follows:

"The captain charged up the hill, and a volley from his carbines was the first notification to the savages that their avenger of their late barbarities was near. The Indians, completely surprised and panic-struck by the suddenness and fury of the assault, offered but little resistance. They fled in all directions, leaving several dead, and their camp and all their property behind. Captain Brackett pursued them in every direction with his men as long as he could track them, and doubtless many more were wounded and perhaps killed. The camp which Captain Brackett captured was quite an argosy of valuable property which those Indians had robbed from the whites, as well as of the various things which constitute the legitimate property of the savages in the way of arms, implements, ornaments, etc. Captain Brackett returned to Fort Mason loaded down with the spoils and trophies of victory, and has no doubt received, as he well deserved, abundant congratulations and applause for having so handsomely performed one of the most successful and brilliant exploits which the annals of our border warfare with the savages record."

This letter is given as a specimen of O'Hara's style, and because very few letters of his are known to exist. He was a clear writer, and expressed his views well on all subjects. It is strange there are so few of his letters, as he wrote a great deal at one time or another, but seems to have treasured up nothing. He was contented while in the army with doing his duty well, and cared more for that than anything else. He was a natural writer, and had been an editor, or

associate editor, in Frankfort or Louisville. The surroundings of Camp Cooper did not suit him, and he sighed for the good things to be found in Louisville. He liked hotel life, where all the luxuries are easily attainable, and was fond of getting up late, after working well into the night before. He was a natural soldier, and took kindly to duty, but the restraints of the regular army were not so much to his fancy. He had been assistant quartermaster, with the rank of captain, in June, 1846, during the Mexican war, and was quartermaster of General Pillow's division in the Valley of Mexico, and received the brevet of major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, on August 20, 1847, and was disbanded, after the close of the war, in October, 1848. He had also been in the Cuban expedition under General Lopez, and at Cardenas was very seriously wounded. This was in May, 1850, so a military life was no new thing to him, and he liked its excitement, but he did not like the monotony of a frontier post, and grew very restless under it. There was not novelty enough about it. His violin served to while away many an hour, and he became quite proficient on that instrument. His studies, too, gave him occupation, and he kept up with the literature of the day.

Captain O'Hara was extremely neat in his personal appearance, and took great pains with himself. When his second lieutenant reported to him in Louisville, he was greatly struck with O'Hara's neatness. Between these two men a warm friendship commenced, which was continued ever afterward. Nothing was too good for O'Hara in the lieutenant's opinion, and he could not do him too much honor. O'Hara made many friends; he was of a genial, sunny disposition, and was inclined to look on the bright side of everything. He had a decided taste for literature, and had been well educated, his father paying particular attention to that. He was well acquainted with the English classics, and understood Greek and Latin very well. He had a strong military bent, as has been seen, and was a capable officer; but, with all this, he preferred to be a newspaper man, and was perfectly at home writing for the daily press. He was clear and forcible, and, when inclined, could weave into his productions much poetry and grace. Could he have been satisfied with the plodding work of an editor, he would have been successful; but he could not bear for a considerable time the restraints and exactions of that calling. When he set about writing anything he threw his whole mind into it, and evolved a shapely production.

In fact, he could not keep away from the journalistic profession, nor would he work at it with sufficient assiduity to make it wholesome and acceptable to himself. This was unfortunate, perhaps, but he was not a bitter partisan, though he had strong political notions, and disliked controversy. He had very few personal enemies. He was frank, upright, and just to every one, and no one ever heard of a dishonorable action ever done by him.

Captain O'Hara was hospitable to the last degree. He generally kept some supplies from Kentucky, and after a long march sat down in front of his tent to enjoy himself and entertain such acquaintances as might favor him with a call. He was always genial, always pleasant, and it was a pleasure to listen to his conversation. His experience had been varied, and his talk was interspersed with anecdotes of men he had met. He knew many of the prominent characters of our country, and had listened to most of the best speakers. He had a famous memory, and had stored his mind with many gems. It was necessary to know O'Hara some time before his many good qualities could be appreciated. There was no jealousy in his disposition. The men under his command were very fond of him, and he treated them with uniform kindness. He was a very brave, winsome man; an excellent converser and good listener. He always felt a sympathy for the sorrows and misfortunes of others. He had a great deal of insight into men's true characters, and seemed to understand them at a glance. His thoughts did not go back to the Cuban expedition with any particular satisfaction, although he had been honored with the commission of colonel. He came to look upon it as a harebrained scheme, which had little chance of success from the start, most of the members of it having been completely duped by its leader, General Narciso Lopez.

When O'Hara wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead," he did not think he was writing for posterity; he wrote it for a particular occasion, and thought no more about it. That occasion was the burial of the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at the battle of Buena Vista, in Mexico, in the cemetery of Frankfort, Ky. It was a funeral of great solemnity, and the best people of the land were present. At that time O'Hara was editing a newspaper in Frankfort, Ky., and, of course, made the best effort he could, and no one can say it was not a grand one. He seems to have thrown his soul into the work, and produced one of the finest pieces in the English language. How long he was working at it no one at this day knows, perhaps, for as

an editor he was kept busy pretty much all of the time. In Kentucky Mr. Prentice was looked upon as the poet, and O'Hara's brilliant production flashed like a meteor over the State. It satisfies in every respect, and may be pronounced perfect.

Colonel O'Hara was born near Danville, Ky., on the 11th of February, 1820, and graduated at St. Joseph College, Bardstown. For a time he was editor of the *Mobile Register*, and afterward editorially connected with the *Louisville Times* and the *Frankfort Yeoman*. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He made several addresses in Kentucky which were well received, and he became known as an orator of much eloquence. His speeches were prepared with great care, and evinced close acquaintance with the best American models. His diction was flowery and at the same time clear, giving his hearers to understand that he had studied the matter in hand in all of its bearings, and was able to throw light upon it. It was always pleasant to hear him speak, as he was never loud, harsh or unkind. He believed in several things with the utmost intensity, but never wished to push his views upon the minds of others, where they were not wanted. He had been reared with great care, and his kind disposition made him many friends. His father had laid out a broad career for him, and instilled in his mind noble sentiments of truth and honor. He was quite indifferent about money matters, perhaps too much so for his own good, in these days when money is such a power in the land. He was content to let life run on, taking little heed of the future.

Colonel O'Hara resigned his commission December 1, 1856, and returned to Kentucky, where he remained a short time, and then went to Washington city. He subsequently went to Alabama, and when the civil war broke out became lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth Regiment of Alabama Volunteers, and served under his old commander, General Albert Sydney Johnston. There seems always to have been a feeling of warm friendship between these two men, and Colonel O'Hara was very near General Johnston when the latter was fatally struck by a bullet at the battle of Shiloh. He helped him off his horse, and did what he could for him, but it availed nothing, as the general died in a short time, no surgeon being readily found on the field. With the death of his chief, O'Hara lost one of his most influential friends. Later he served as inspector-general for some time, being thorough in his work and performing it conscientiously. He was acting adjutant-general for Major-General John C. Breckin-

ridge at the battles of Stone's river in front of Murfreesboro in December, 1862, and January, 1863, conducting himself in such a way as to win the thanks of his commander, who says in his report: "I cannot close without expressing my obligations to the gentlemen of my staff. This is no formal acknowledgment. I can never forget that during all the operations they were ever prompt and cheerful by night and day in conveying orders, conducting to their positions regiments and brigades, rallying troops on the field, and, indeed, in the discharge of every duty. It gives me pleasure to name Colonel O'Hara." Several others are specially mentioned by General Breckinridge.

At the close of the war Colonel O'Hara returned to Alabama, and for a time engaged in business, in which he seems to have been successful but a fire swept away his accumulations. He kept up bravely against adversities, but did not again get much of a start. He died near Guerryton, Bullock county, Ala., June 6, 1867. In 1872 his remains were removed to Frankfort, Ky., in accordance with a reso tion of the Kentucky State Legislature, and now repose near the remains of those in whose honor he wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead." A monument has been erected over his grave, on which is inscribed the first stanza of that celebrated poem. He is held in kind remembrance by the people of his native State, who are justly proud of him, not only on account of his integrity as a soldier, but on account of the lasting fame of his matchless verses. He was a true and faithful man, sincere and just in every respect.—*General Albert G. Brackett, U. S. A., in Louisville Courier-Journal, August, 1891.*

ROLL OF THE STUART HORSE ARTILLERY,
(McGregor's Battery)
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

The first commander of the famous Stuart Horse Artilery, was the gallant John Pelham, subsequently known as the "Boy Major"—the "bravest of the brave."

The roll has been kindly furnished by Mr. J. C. Smith, of Richmond, Va., formerly Bugler of the battery, who prepared it from memory in 1883. Whilst it is to be regretted that the roll is not a perfect one, yet in the absence of such, it merits preservation. Perhaps its publication may elicit a perfect roll.

Captain, William M. McGregor.
First Lieutenant, Charles E. Ford.
Second Lieutenant, Ro. Burwell.
Second Lieutenant, Wilmer Brown.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Adams,
Avery, (deserted at Culpeper C. H.)
Anderson,
Brown, J. T., *Sergeant*,
Brown,
Blassingame,
Brieux,
Butterly,
Bollinger,
Bini,
Brooks,
Bagiacaluppo,
Byron,
Ball,
Carr,
Carrico,
Cardwell,
Cross, (deserted,)
Carrington,
Chamberlaine,
Corneau,
Chichester, A., *Sergeant*,
Chichester, D. M.,
Coon.
Cook, J. D., *Sergeant*,
Cook, J. E.,
Crook, (deserted,)
Constantini,
Cochran,
Davis,
DeMaine,
Doggett,
Petty,
Dinwiddie, W.,
Dinwiddie, M.,
Dominck,
Ewing,
Evans,
Freeman,
Fleiner,
Flannigan, W. W.,
Gleason,
Guillemot, C. J. *Orderly Sergeant*,
Hitt,
Hunter,
Holmes, James, *Sergeant*,
Holmes,
Hammond,
Irving, Carter,
Irving, Jesse,
Lawrence,
Lucas,
Link,
Larking,
Lumpkin,
Levy,
McGregor, Jesse,
McCaffrey,
Moore, H. L.,
Montenegro,
McClellan;
O'Brien, O., *Sergeant*,
Prime, *Sergeant*,
Pearce,
Paoli,
Rassini,

Roberts,
Ryan, (boy)
Smith, 2d.,
Smith, J. C., *Bugler*,
Shreve, George, *Sergeant*,
Shields,
Sully,
Turner,
Tapp,
Wingfield,
Yallapo—89.

Romain,
Smith, 1st.,
Smith, 3d.,
Shirley, *First Sergeant*,
Simpson, N. V.,
Spallorensi,
Shilling,
Tutt, Phillip
Vinne, Peter,
Winn,

A PLAN TO ESCAPE

In 1863, from the Federal Prison on Johnson's Island.

The following papers are preserved between the leaves of a manuscript diary of Captain L. W. Allen, covering a period of captivity in the Federal Prison on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, Ohio,* from November 16, 1863, to March 17, 1864, inclusive.

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*In Volume VI, *Virginia Historical Collections*, New Series, of the Virginia Historical Society, *Miscellaneous Papers, 1672–1865* is included a "Memorial of the Federal Prison on Johnson's Island, 1862–1864, containing a list of prisoners of war from the Confederate States Army, and of the deaths among them, with 'Prison Lays,' by distinguished officers," and the "*Papers*," Volume XVIII, includes an account of "Escape of Prisoners from Johnson's Island," December 31, 1863, pp. 428–431. The date of escape it appears, should be January 1, 1864, as under date of January 2d, Captain Allen records the thermometer registering "from 20° to 30° below zero," "more intensely cold the Yankees say than it has been for sixteen years," and "that the report is this morning that five men made their escape last night over the wall." Under the date of January 3d, he writes: "The 'Bull Pen' is in great excitement over the report that on night before last and last night several of the prisoners made their escape; some of whom, almost frozen, have been recaptured, but others have not been. Large numbers have been planning to get away on the ice, but the weather is too *intensely cold* to hope that Southerners can possibly stand the severity of the weather and get away. One got over to the main land opposite the Island, known as Danbury township, where he passed as an English sailor, and was kindly taken care of by the citizens. He was greatly frost-bitten but was to have been carried to the railroad to-day, but in the pursuit of others he was caught by the Yankee guard. It would seem futile to attempt to escape from the Island in such weather as we now have."

From the diary, which is in the Collections of the Southern Historical Society, it appears that the writer was a minister of the Baptist Church, and a citizen of Caroline county, Va., who, at the age of sixty years, raised and largely equipped with his own means a cavalry company, of Godwin's battalion, of which he was elected captain. A spirit of exalted patriotism and of deep piety pervades the record. Captain Allen was captured at Gloucester Point, Va., July 20, 1863; transferred from Johnson's Island to Point Lookout, Maryland, in February, 1864, and, it is inferred, was exchanged in the month of April following.

The "Plan of Escape," it appears, was submitted by Captain Allen early in the month of December, 1863.

PLAN OF ESCAPE.

Any plan of escape involves the necessity of organizing the prisoners in such a manner as will make them the most formidable and reliable, and may be regarded as embracing the following considerations:

I. Get out of the Enclosure.
II. Capture the Garrison.
III. Escape from the Island.
IV. Return to the South.

I. Get out of the Enclosure.

This is to be done in one of two ways, or by both combined.

1. *By storming.* This may be done by tearing down the plank enclosure, or by steps or ladders to climb over it, or by ripping off plank.

2. *By bribing.* This, I think, is practicable to some extent, by which the gates may be opened, or planks or posts loosened or removed, &c.

This being affected—

II. Capture the Garrison.

This will involve great danger and much loss of life, for the problem must be considered. How can fifteen hundred or two thousand *unarmed* men capture eight hundred or one thousand *armed* men and *disarm* them.

Allowing this to be accomplished.

III. How Can we Escape from the Island?

This is to be done in one of *three* ways.

1. By crossing on the ice to the main land.

2. By securing the steamer here and going to Sandusky, and there procure other transportation.

3. By being furnished transportation from friends on the outside.

The first two of these plans have serious, if not insurmountable objections and difficulty.

1. For the ice to be strong enough to cross on it will require such *cold* weather as utterly to unfit most of the prisoners to travel when they get to the main land.

2. It may be *possible* to capture the little steamer, but she can only take a small portion of the men and no plan must be entertained which does not provide for the absolute safety of all of our wounded and disabled comrades.

No surprise of the garrison can be effected without the firing of guns, and this will give the Sanduskians notice. They having an armory and arms, one thousand men can be got under arms to receive us before we could steam from here or cross over on the ice.

3. The most hopeful plan of escape from the island is to secure outside aid.

IV. How Shall we Return South?

In one of *three* ways.

1. By reaching the main land, procuring horses and marching through Ohio to Pittsburg or Wheeling, or through Kentucky to Virginia, or Tennessee, or Georgia.

2. By reaching the main land and moving up towards Toledo, or the Straits, to Canada.

3. By crossing the lake to Canada.

When it is remembered that in the late gubernatorial election in Ohio the aggregate vote was upwards of four hundred and fifty-five thousand men; three-fourths of whom we may safely conclude are capable of bearing arms, to say nothing of the many garrisons and camps in the State, together with the great distance to be travelled in this inclement season, the very poor equipments of the prisoners, the whole trip to be performed among a most hostile population, all being taken together, make these plans most difficult and dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

The *third*, to wit: Outside aid is the only one which may be considered practicable.

The conclusions at which I arrive from the above views are :

1. At least twelve hundred or fifteen hundred should be organized of the very best, truest and most trusty of the prisoners ; each block to have at least one hundred men *sworn* to attempt any plan which may be sanctioned by the board of officers, that they will succeed or die in the attempt.

This one hundred men to be divided into *two*, or *three*, or *four* equal companies, under the command of brave, discreet and competent officers to be appointed by the commander of blocks, sanctioned by their respective corps commanders.

2. The most liberal use should be made of money, &c., in attempts to bribe ; the full amount in no case to be paid in advance, and that this delicate and important duty should be entrusted specifically to one or two discreet men. This and all other matters should be conducted with the greatest caution, prudence and secrecy.

3. The details of the plan when adopted shall be entrusted for arrangement and execution to the commander in-chief.

4. Some one should be sent to Richmond, and secure the aid of our government to send us outside help.

5. In case we shall be successful in effecting our escape the organization hereby effected and acknowledged shall continue in force, and all who escape shall be under the control of the board of officers till we shall land on southern soil, or shall find it necessary to dissolve the organization.

6. In the mean time if the weakening of the forces here, or any other circumstances shall arise by which the providence of God opens a way for our escape, we should not wait for the aid of our government, but rely upon ourselves.

I respectfully submit these hasty thoughts to the sound and better judgment of the board of officers, &c.

L. W. ALLEN, *Captain.*

The paper of Captain Allen met with serious consideration, which resulted in the following

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

Whereas the present posture of affairs in regard to the exchange of prisoners between the United States and the Confederate States governments leaves us but little hope of a speedy exchange, and whereas it is the privilege and duty of the Confederate prisoners of

war confined on this Island to make their escape from imprisonment, and to adopt any plan by which so desirable an object promises to be successful; and whereas for the more effectual accomplishment of the proposed plan, we hereby agree to the following plan of organization of the Confederate officers here confined:

1. The plan to be adopted shall embrace the whole or such part of the prisoners as it may be deemed necessary for harmony, efficiency and success.

2. The whole organization shall be under the command of *Major-General Isaac R. Trimble*, of Maryland, as commander-in-chief of all the forces thus organized.

3. Corps commanders shall be appointed to the command of the twelve blocks respectfully, viz.:

General J. J. Archer, *Maryland*, to the command of blocks one, three and five; *W. N. R. Beall*, *Arkansas*, to the command of blocks seven, nine and eleven; *Colonel R. S. Clarke*, *Eighth Kentucky Cavalry*, to the command of blocks ten, twelve and thirteen. *Colonel J. Miles*, *Thirty-ninth Mississippi*, corps commander.

4. Each block shall be under the command of an officer, who shall organize companies or squads in each room or mess. Each company or squad to be under the command of a captain, who shall keep his men ready at any moment to carry out the orders and commands of their superiors in rank and position of their organization.

5. Block one shall be under the command of General J. R. Jones, Virginia; two, of Colonel D. Howard Smith, Kentucky; three, of Colonel B. D. Fry, Alabama; four, of Colonel L. M. Lewis, Missouri; five, of Colonel D. M. Shannon, Texas; seven, of *A. G. Godwin*, North Carolina; eight, of Captain L. W. Allen, Virginia; ninth, of General J. W. Frayser, Tennessee; ten, of Colonel R. M. Powell, Texas; eleven, of Colonel J. R. Herbert, Maryland; twelve, of *Captain Johnson*, Kentucky, and thirteen, *General M. Jefferson Thompson*, Missouri.

6. The commander-in-chief, the corps commanders, and of each block respectively, shall constitute a board of officers, who shall direct, arrange and superintend the formation of all plans and arrangements otherwise, concerning the escape of prisoners from this prison and of their return to the Confederate States, leaving all details of executing said plans to the direction of the commander-in-chief.

7. Commanders of corps shall be authorized to administer to subordinate commanders the following oaths (the form of oath is not given), and they in turn shall administer them to each recruit.

The outer page of Captain Allen's "Plan" bears the following memorandum:

Plan of escape from Johnson's Island prison drawn by myself, but before any action was taken, the Governor-General of Canada, informed Lord Lyons, British Minister at Washington, of a plot forming in Canada by the companions and friends of the Confederate States Army for our rescue, and he informed Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States. The Island was strongly fortified and the garrison greatly increased, so that all hope from that source had to be abandoned.

Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War of the Confederate States, informed me after I got home, that had the news of the "Canada Plot" been delayed two days longer, the fleet from Canada would have attempted our deliverance.

December 17–19 [1863], our plan of organization was completed, a few days after this plan of escape was written.

L. W. Allen.

February 8, 1863, Captain Allen records the organization of the Order of the Brotherhood of the Southern Cross; its object that of union amongst the officers and men of our army, and Major General J. R. Trimble, of Maryland, was elected General; Colonel John Critcher, of Virginia, Lieutenant-General; Colonel Miles, of Louisiana, Colonel Cantwell, of North Carolina, Colonel Maxwell, of Florida, Colonel Shannon, of Texas, Colonel George, of Alabama, Colonel George, of Tennessee, Colonel D. H. Smith, of Kentucky, Colonel L. M. Davis, of Missouri, General Beall, of Arkansas, General Archer, of Maryland, Colonel Provence, of South Carolina, [rank or official position not stated] Major Hall, company secretary, Captain L. W. Allen, of Virginia, recording secretary, Captain W. F. Dunnaway, of Virginia, assistant secretary; Colonel Wood, of Alabama, Treasurer; Captain T. E. Betts, of Virginia, assistant treasurer.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WM. S. PIERSON, COMMANDANT OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

For two years ending January 1, 1864:

The whole number of prisoners has been		6,410
Of which there have been exchanged	2,983	
Discharged on oath, allegiance, parole, etc.	302	
Transferred to other prisons	363	
Deaths	149	
Shot by sentinel	1	
Report at this time	2,612	
		6,410

WM. S. PIERSON,
Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffman Battalion, Commanding.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, June 14, 1891.]

THE BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

Thrilling Incidents of, by a Private Soldier—"I Say, Men! for God's Sake Let Us Stop and Fight Them Right Here"—The Song that Saved an Army.

The Confederate soldier gave four of the best years of his life to a cause that was too poor to pay him and did not live long enough to honor him. Often clothed in rags and frequently suffering the pangs of hunger he was pushed on in the discharge of his duty by *patriotism*, a fickle and uncertain master, whose very name was changed by defeat into that of a crime, for which, if he has been forgiven, he has also been forgotten. If we take into consideration the fact that all he has, or ever had, as the fruits of his privations and hard-fought battles, is stored up, not in this world's goods or even in the gratitude of his fellow-man, but in his memory alone, surely he may be indulged in the weakness an old soldier has for boring other people by fighting his battles over again. And this is my excuse for attempting to scribble my recollection of some of the incidents connected with the battle of Fisher's Hill. I hope this may meet the eye of some of my old comrades in arms, whom I am sure will recognize the picture.

THE POSITION.

The morning of September 22, 1864, two days after our defeat at Winchester, found General Early's little army occupying the posi-

tion known as Fisher's Hill, with its right resting on or near the Massanutta mountains, while the extreme left of his infantry line reached no further than the termination of the ridge of Fisher's Hill, in the direction of North mountain. The interval was protected only by a small body of cavalry.

There may be some inaccuracies in the above description, but that was the situation as it appeared to me—a private soldier occupying the humble position of "No. 6," or fuse-cutter, in Captain Massey's battery of artillery. While a private soldier's opportunity for knowing the general arrangement or disposition of the whole army at the commencement of or during an engagement is very limited, yet it must be confessed that the veterans of the Confederate army had all become generals in experience at the time of which I write.

The battery to which I belonged was placed in position on the top of a high hill at the extreme left of the infantry line. The army having arrived on the ground and been placed in position the day before, the men had fortified to the best of their ability with the poor tools they had to work with. General Ramseur had been put in command of the division of the heroic and invincible Rodes, who had fallen two days before at Winchester. This division occupied the breastworks to the right and left of our battery. That General Ramseur was as brave a man as ever drew a sword in defence of the South no one can deny, but that he was wanting in those qualities which could estimate the numbers or penetrate the designs of the enemy had been but too apparent on several previous occasions.*

AWAITING THE ATTACK.

All having been done that the time and means at our disposal would enable us to do to strengthen our position we waited for the coming of the enemy, knowing then that he outnumbered us at least four to one. With the defeat of two days before still fresh in our minds, with our ranks thinned by the absence of so many of our brave boys whose bodies were left on the field at Winchester, is it any wonder that the private soldiers began to look around and to examine with a critical eye our means, or rather our want of means, of defence? The gap left open between us and the North mountain was seen at once, and the men, experienced as they were, came to the conclusion that the real attack would not be made in our

*The editor should not be held for this criticism, which he does not endorse.

front but on our left flank. General Ramseur, who, as I have mentioned, was in command on that part of the line, did not anticipate any flank movement of the enemy. He had ordered his skirmishers to the front and placed them in position on a hill about half a mile in front of the line of battle. They made temporary fortification by piling up some fence-rails fifteen or twenty yards apart. This was all in plain sight of the line of battle, as the country in front of us was open. This line of skirmishers was composed of men selected by General Rodes for that purpose and never required to do any other duty. Braver men and better marksmen could not be found in the army, and bravely did they sustain their reputation that day.

OPENING COMPLIMENTS.

The enemy saluted us with his three-inch rifle guns pretty early in the day from a distance too great for us to reply to with our twelve-pounder Napoleons, and continued to pay his respects to us in that way until 12 or 1 o'clock, when he showed a heavy body of infantry in our front. A line of battle was sent forward at a double-quick to dislodge our skirmishers behind the rail-piles, whom we, of course, expected to see swept away without any trouble.

GALLANT SKIRMISHERS.

But to our surprise and admiration, and amid the cheers of the whole line of battle half a mile behind them, they manfully held their ground, although a storm of bullets was rapidly thinning out this little band of tried and true men. Each little puff of white smoke that arose from behind the rail-piles told the tale almost surely of the fate of one advancing foeman. Nearly every shot must have told, for the line of battle halted, wavered, and fell back in disorder. Then the wild yell that went up from our lines must have made that little band of Spartans feel good. I felt like I could have hugged every one of them. But well they knew, as did every soldier who saw the situation, that this could not last. The enemy's artillery had gotten their range and was tearing up the piles of rails. Another heavy line of battle was thrown against them and the poor fellows had to give way and run half a mile to get inside our lines. To run that distance in an open field under fire is a fearful thing to do. Many of them never lived to reach the line, and many of those who did, not a few were wounded. One poor fellow fell over the breastworks by me with the blood spurting from a bullet-wound in his head. The above was a little battle in itself. This is the un-

written history. These things the historian will never record. And yet they constitute the real history of the war.

While the interesting preliminary engagement which I have attempted to describe was going on in our front an important movement was in progress on our left, which was to end disastrously to our little army on that eventful day. While this movement seemed to be a complete surprise to those in command on that part of the line it had been generally spoken of by the veteran private soldiers *in* the line as a movement of such obvious advantage to the enemy that he certainly would not neglect it. And so it proved.

THE FLANK MOVEMENT.

As General Ramseur passed along the line some member of our battery called his attention to what seemed to be a column of men moving along on the side of North mountain, to which the General replied carelessly that he "supposed it was nothing but a fence row," but the same time he threw his field-glass up to his eyes and looked for a few moments and exclaimed: "My God! Two lines of the enemy's infantry!" But even then no disposition that I could see was made to meet this flank movement. Perhaps there were no troops to spare for that purpose. The heavy body of infantry in our front continued to move up so slowly as to make it evident to my mind that they were only brought to hold our attention until the troops moving to our left were in a position to strike us immediately on our left flank, which it did not take them long to do. Several heavy volleys of musketry were heard to the left and rear and a few minutes afterward our little squad of cavalry broke through the woods near our position and did not tarry long enough to tell us the news. An effectual attempt was then made to get our infantry from behind the breastworks to meet this attack on the left, but it was too late. A large body of the enemy had commenced to pour their fire into us from that direction, while heavy masses of infantry were now advancing rapidly from the front. In the mean time a remarkable change had taken place in the battery to which I belonged.

TWO GUNS LEFT.

All the guns except two had been limbered up and taken to the rear, together with the limbers and caissons belonging to the two pieces which had been left on the line. The ammunition had been poured out on the ground behind each of these guns. I have never

been able to account for the singular order, except on the supposition that these two pieces, together with the cannoneers belonging to them, were left to be sacrificed—to be fought to the last, and by that means to give the infantry and other troops on that part of the line a chance to get out of the trap. After this unsuccessful attempt to change front under such a heavy cross-fire our infantry had been withdrawn, and the two pieces of artillery, with the detachments of cannoneers necessary to work them, were left alone. Of course I had no means of ascertaining the number, but I believe that at the least ten thousand of the enemy's infantry were advancing on us from two different directions.

THICK WITH BULLETS.

The air seemed to be thick with bullets. It may perhaps be thought strange that twelve or fourteen men would stay there under such circumstances, but we had been trained to stand to our guns until we had orders to leave them, or they had been taken by the enemy.

One of our guns had been pulled out of the breastworks and was pointing down the line of now empty fortifications to our left, and was pouring canister into the ranks of the advancing Yankees, with as much vim as if we could have hoped to drive them back, and the other gun was hurling shell with equal rapidity into the line of battle which was closing in on us from the front. This was a strange looking battle. Two guns fighting perhaps ten thousand men. It was very much like the combat between David and Goliath; except that Goliath had so many lives this time that David's "smooth stones" made very little impression. Our cannister was now gone and I was sitting on a pile of ammunition behind the gun giving out shells and case-shot in which no fuse had been fixed, because the enemy was now so close on us that fuse could not be used to any advantage.

CRITICAL MOMENTS.

"Number four" fell dead across me and the pile of ammunition on which I was sitting. I unbuckled the box of friction-primers from around him, fastened it around myself, and slipped in his place; and if my recollection serves me right only three men were then left at the gun. We did not have time to fire but a few more rounds when we heard the voice of our captain calling to us to make an attempt to pull one of the pieces off by hand. We seized a prolong which

he had fixed on to the trail and pulled the gun down the hill perhaps one hundred yards, when the captain, seeing the Yankees were so close on us that we must have been killed or captured in a minute or two more, ordered us to leave the gun and save ourselves if we could.

The first glance at the situation seemed to show that this was an impossibility. We were surrounded. They were behind us, on our right, and in front, but we noticed that the line of battle which was now advancing rapidly on our left (it had been our front) had not reached our deserted breastworks by one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. That gap afforded us the only chance to escape. There was nothing left for us but to surrender at once or "run the gauntlet." We chose the latter, so jumping over the breastworks we commenced the race. If we could make it before the gap was closed up there might be some chance for us. Fortunately the firing had ceased because of the danger of killing their own men.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

So the race was to the swiftest, that time. It has been said that there are times in war when "soldiers' legs are more valuable than their guns," and so it proved for us then. We soon made the top of the next hill, where we got into the woods and felt ourselves safe for the time. But the adventures of the day were not over. I have yet to relate an incident showing the conspicuous bravery of the men composing a small remnant of a Louisiana brigade, which had been formerly under the command of General Hays. There did not seem to be over one hundred men left in it at that time. It had been our fortune to fight "side by side" with these men in several preceding battles of the same year, and I had never seen them waver or give an inch.

Having become separated from the few members of my own command who had been with me up to that time, I overtook these Louisianians, who were retiring slowly (and if I should tell the exact truth I would also say sorrowfully) from the field. As I overtook them I was surprised and also much affected by seeing one of them behind his comrades crying like a child, and with the tears running down his face he called to those in front of him, "I say, men, for God's sake let us stop and fight them right here! We are ruined forever." Of course they did not stop, for it would have been madness for a hundred men to attempt to make a stand against the whole Yankee army in broad daylight. I soon left them, but was destined

to see these brave men again that evening under circumstances that made my heart warm towards them and caused me to think if our whole army had been composed of such men, then it might truly be said that "we might all be killed, but never could be conquered."

I hurried on in the direction of the turnpike, where I hoped to fall in with some of our troops, who might have spirit enough left to make some sort of stand against the victorious enemy, and at least try to prevent our demoralized army from being entirely destroyed. Nor was I disappointed. As I approached the pike the sun was setting. I could see two pieces of artillery coming up the road. These proved to be of Captain Kirkpatrick's battery, from Amherst county. I again met with two members of my own company at that point, and we hurried on to get with the section of artillery which had halted and commenced to unlimber just as we arrived on the ground. Five or six hundred yards distant a heavy mass of the enemy's cavalry was drawn up as if preparing to make a charge, and if that charge had been made, a large portion of our army must have been made prisoners, scattered and demoralized as the men were.

The two pieces of artillery having been unlimbered and pointed to the front, I and the two men spoken of joined the cannoneers and took our places at the guns. It did seem to be the most extreme folly for two pieces of artillery alone to attempt to stop the advance of thousands of men flushed with victory; but circumstances favored us, and proved that the "battle is not always to the strong." Darkness was rapidly approaching. We opened fire, and never were the "iron messengers of death" hurled in quicker succession from the throats of two guns.

THE SONG THAT SAVED THE ARMY.

Darkness was fast coming on, and objects at a distance were growing indistinct. Our numbers were few, but our lung-power was good, and we made the hills ring with the regular old hair-raising "rebel yell," which was answered with a cheer just behind us, and my heart grew to double its usual size when I looked and saw the glorious old Louisianians coming to our support at a double-quick. They divided as they came up, and taking position on each side of the guns they made their muskets sing the sweetest little song (to us) that ever fell on mortal ears, being a fit accompaniment to the bass notes of our two twelve-pounder Napoleons. The enemy made no charge that night, and our little army was saved.

JOHN H. LANE.

GENERAL W. S. WALKER AT CHAPULTEPEC.

[Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*, July 1, 1883.]

General Joe Johnston tells a thrilling story of our General W. S. Walker and his daring at Chapultepec, in the Mexican war. He says: "Walker, who was then a young lieutenant, was, I thought, the handsomest man I ever saw as he led his men to the charge. Of perfect feature, slender frame, and the carriage of a thoroughbred, he was the picture of a soldier. As his men swept on in the charge, rushing past a battery that might have swept them from the face of the earth, Walker soon went to the front. He was the first man to scale the heights, and was about to seize the Mexican colors, run them down, and put the Stars and Stripes in their place. Just as he had his hand on the flag-staff, Major Seymour, of Connecticut, rushed up, and with rare inborn courtesy, Walker stepped aside and allowed his senior officer to take the honor. It made Major Seymour so much reputation that he was frequently suggested as a candidate for the presidency. Walker was the first to the flagstaff, and might have had the glory as well as not." I asked General Walker about this incident. He said: "Of course I remember it well. Indeed, General Johnston, who was the lieutenant-colonel of our regiment, and drilled and fought it, wrote me a note saying: 'If ever a similar thing occurs, and you lose sight of yourself, please remember your regiment.'" General Walker said further: "There is a curious sequel to that story. When my leg was shot off during the late war, I was put in a Federal hospital. Near me was a Federal officer who had also lost his leg. He had fought in the Mexican war, and was, I think, in Major Seymour's regiment. He was talking one day about Chapultepec, and said that Captain Kimball, of his regiment, told him that just before Seymour reached the flagstaff a young lieutenant had raised his sword to cut down the flag. He cried; 'Let the Major take down the flag,' and the lieutenant gave way. 'I have often wondered,' said he, 'who that lieutenant was.' He was astonished when I disclosed the facts. My reaching the flag first was due to my superior activity. I was then a gymnast. As we crossed the wall Captain Howard was ahead of me. As we fought our way along, I moved toward the castle, a squad of men following. In the octagonal room of the castle was a group of Mexican officers and soldiers. I cried, *Rendio las armas*, which was about all the Spanish I knew.

My men started to fire, but the Mexicans surrendered. As I hurried to where the flag floated I had three captured swords in my hand. I was about to cut the flag-rope, when some one called, 'Let the Major pull down the flag.' By an impulse I stepped aside, the Major's sword flashed, and I hurried on with my men to another part of the fight. I suppose I missed a big chance, as they say, but I don't think it pays to worry about it."

A CONFEDERATE SURVIVOR WHO LED A FEDERAL CHARGE.

Major J. W. McClung, of San Francisco, tells a *Globe-Democrat* correspondent: I think I am the only survivor of the Confederacy who led a Federal charge. This singular thing I did, and here's how it was: It was at the battle of Selma. I was carrying orders and had to pass straight through the town. It was terribly hot and I had my coat off. We had captured a wagon train a few days before, and out of the spoils I had appropriated a brand new Federal cavalry hat, so I did not look unlike a Yankee officer.

In the main street of Selma I met an aid named Brown—a gallant fellow. He shouted to me that our line had been broken and that Armstrong was falling back, and told me to get out or I'd be taken. Just then Armstrong and his staff galloped past, and the general recognizing us, called out: "You must hurry out of this, gentlemen. They are close on our heels."

Brown had a dispatch for Colonel Johnson, and he said he would wait and deliver it if he died for it. While we were talking, pistols in hand, a column of Federal cavalry swung into the street where we stood, coming full tilt. We were so taken by surprise that we could not get away. Brown had on a new uniform that had just run the blockade, and he was a good target. Half a dozen troopers dashed out from the line to catch him.

We were riding for our lives, Brown a little in the lead, so that it looked as though I was chasing him. The pursuers passed me and overhauled Brown, and I caught a glimpse of him as I passed, down on his back working his revolver, with a group of the enemy about him, all shooting down at him and cutting at him with their sabers.

By this time I was at the head of the column, which had not slackened its mad pace. For at least a mile I rode at their head, exchanging remarks about the retreat of the "Rebs," and joining in the cries of "Hurry; let's catch Armstrong." As we came to a side street that ran right down to the river, I dashed out and swerved sharply, and then I rode for dear life. In a second they were after me, and the bullets sang all around me.

I never halted, but plunged off a low pier into the water, and swam straight across to where our people were trying to form a new front. The water was torn by a perfect rain of bullets, but I was not scratched, and my horse was only slightly wounded. I would like much to know the name of my Federal commander.

GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON.

Reminiscences of the Famous Leader by Dr. Hunter McGuire, Chief Surgeon of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The following sketch of the distinguished surgeon, Dr. Hunter McGuire, with his highly interesting reminiscences of his friend and commander, General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, appeared in the issue of the Richmond *Dispatch* of July 19, 1891, preceding the unveiling at Lexington, Va., on July 21st of the bronze statue by the Virginia sculptor, Edward V. Valentine, of the great soldier:

CHARACTERISTICS OF JACKSON AS DESCRIBED BY HIS CHIEF SURGEON, DR. HUNTER M'GUIRE.

Owing to his habits of observation, his excellent memory, and his close association with Jackson, there is perhaps no other man living who has more vivid impressions of the great soldier than Dr. Hunter McGuire, or is better prepared to talk upon his phases of character. Dr. McGuire was with Jackson from Harper's Ferry until the fatal 10th of May, 1863, and so indissolubly is his name associated with Jackson in the public mind that a sketch of the distinguished southern surgeon, in addition to his own modest references to himself, is almost a necessary preface to the interviews with him published below.

DR. HUNTER HOLMES M'GUIRE.

Hunter Holmes McGuire, M. D., LL. D., was born in Winchester, Va., October 11, 1835. He first studied medicine at the Winchester Medical College, where he graduated in 1855. The following year he matriculated in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, but sickness compelled him to return home before the end of the session. He was offered and accepted the position of professor of anatomy in the Winchester Medical College the following year and held it until 1858, when he again returned to Philadelphia, where, assisted by Drs. Lockett and Pancoast, he held a large quiz class.

In 1859 when the body of John Brown was taken through Philadelphia there was a great outcry against all southerners, and the feeling became so bitter that many southern students proposed to return South. Dr. McGuire was a leader in the movement, and in December of the same year, after passing through many exciting scenes, arrived in Richmond at the head of three hundred students. They were greeted with great enthusiasm, and the Medical College of Virginia agreed to matriculate them without charge.

At the outbreak of the war Dr. McGuire volunteered as a private, and marched with his regiment, as he states in the interview, to Harper's Ferry, but on May 4, 1861, was commissioned as a surgeon and assigned to duty as medical director of the Army of the Shenandoah, then under command of General T. J. Jackson.

When General Joseph E. Johnston took command he served under him until July 1st, when at the request of Jackson, he was assigned to him as brigade surgeon of what was the future Stonewall brigade. Dr. McGuire remained in this position until Jackson took command of the army of the Valley, when he became medical director.

When Jackson received the wound at Chancellorsville, which ultimately proved fatal, Dr. McGuire was naturally the attending surgeon, and found it necessary to amputate his arm. He did all that a skilful physician and tender friend could do to alleviate his suffering, but at the end of ten days the great chieftain died of pleuro-pneumonia.

After his death Dr. McGuire served as chief surgeon of the Second corps of the Army of Northern Virginia until the close of the war.

In November, 1865, Dr. McGuire removed to this city, having been elected to fill the chair of Surgery in the Medical College of Virginia. This position he heid for over ten years, when his growing practice compelled him to resign it.

The skill and talents of Dr. McGuire have been recognized in a flattering manner in all sections of the country. Among the many positions of eminence he has held, may be mentioned the presidency of the Association of Medical Officers of the Confederate Army and Navy, of the Virginia Medical Society, of the American Surgical Association, and of the Southern Surgical and Gynæcological Association. He is emeritus professor of surgery in the Medical College of Virginia, and has had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by both the University of North Carolina and the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. He is now chief surgeon of St. Luke's Home for the Sick.

Dr. McGuire married Mary Stuart, daughter of Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Staunton, Va., who was secretary of the Interior under President Filmore.

HIS OPINION OF THE STATUE OF JACKSON.

So generally has been Dr. McGuire's intimate relations with Jackson recognized that, in connection with Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, he was requested by the Jackson Memorial Association to pass upon the sculptor's work, and these gentlemen addressed the following letter to the President of the Association:

"In compliance with your request that we should give you our impression of the statue of General T. J. Jackson, which is now completed, so far as the clay model is concerned, we beg leave to say that we have repeatedly visited the studio of Mr. Valentine while the work was in progress and since it was finished, and we regard it, both in conception and in detail, equal in merit with the recumbent statue of General Lee. It represents General Jackson in an attitude suggestive of strength and determination, looking off in the distance with an expression of quiet confidence. The posture is easy and natural, and yet there is a certain dignity in the bearing almost majestic. There is nothing dramatic or exaggerated either in the design or in the execution of the work, but it is one which, in our judgment, will gratify those who knew General Jackson as a good likeness and noble delineation of the man; while to those who never saw him it will convey an impresssion which will satisfy the expectation awak-

ened by one whose character and achievements touched the imagination of the world, and created the ideal of a true soldier of the country and of the Cross."

When the *Dispatch* representative visited Dr. McGuire's office he was engaged in preparing for his trip to Europe, but despite the demands on him in a business and professional way, he cheerfully accorded the time necessary for the interview.

DR. M'GUIRE'S REMINISCENCES.

"Where did you first see Jackson?" asked the reporter as soon as the Doctor had consented to be interviewed.

"I went to Harper's Ferry," said the Doctor, "as a member of Company F, Second Virginia Regiment, and soon after, for the first time in my life, I saw Jackson. At that time he was a colonel. He was then commanding the army at Harper's Ferry, which was known as the army of the Shenandoah. Soon after reaching Harper's Ferry I was commissioned by Governor Letcher, who then commanded the Virginia forces, as medical director of that army. When I reported to General Jackson for duty he looked at me a long time without speaking a word, and presently said: 'You can go back to your quarters and wait there until you hear from me.'

"I went back to my quarters and didn't hear from him for a week, when one evening I was announced at dress-parade as medical director of the army.

"Some months afterwards, when I asked the General the cause of this delay, he said that I looked so young that he had sent to Richmond to see if there wasn't some mistake.

"Not long after this General Joe Johnston succeeded Colonel Jackson in command of the army, and the latter was given command of all the Virginia forces at Harper's Ferry. Shortly after General Johnston took command I was relieved from duty by some regular old army surgeon. Jackson asked then that I should be assigned to his command.

"When General Joe Johnston came up to supersede Jackson, he came without any written authority from the Confederate Government. Jackson declined to turn the army over to him, and made him wait until he could get the orders from Richmond before he permitted him to assume command.

"Some months afterwards when I asked Jackson what he would have done if Johnston had insisted upon taking command without proper authority, he smiled and said: 'I would have put him in the guard-house.'

JACKSON DESCRIBED.

"Can you give me a description of General Jackson?" asked the reporter.

"In person Jackson was a tall man, six feet high, angular, strong, with rather large feet and hands," was the reply. "He rather strided along as he walked, taking long steps and swinging his body a little. There was something firm and decided, however, even in his gait. His eyes were dark blue, large, and piercing. He looked straight at you and through you almost as he talked. His nose was aquiline, his nostrils thin and mobile. His mouth was broad, his lips very thin. Generally they were compressed. He spoke in terse, short sentences, always to the point. There was never any circumlocution about what he had to say. His hair was brown and inclined to auburn. His beard was brown. He was as gentle and kind as a woman to those that he loved. There was sometimes a softness and tenderness about him that was very striking. Under every and all circumstances he never forgot that he was a Christian and acted up to his Christian faith unswervingly, and yet he was not a bigoted denominationalist.

"At one time just before the fight at Chancellorsville we were ordered to send to the rear all surplus baggage. All tents were discarded except those necessary for office duty. We were allowed at the headquarters only one tent, and that to take care of the papers. A Catholic priest belonging to one of the Louisiana brigades sent up his resignation because he was not permitted to have a tent, which he thought necessary to the proper performance of his office.

"I said to General Jackson that I was very sorry to give up Father ———; that he was one of the most useful chaplains in the service. He replied: 'If that is the case he shall have a tent.' And so far as I know this Roman Catholic priest was the only man in the corps who had one.

"In my opinion those people who have made General Jackson a narrow-minded, bigoted Presbyterian have belittled him. He was a true Presbyterian and Christian, but not a narrow one. I remember one night he was in my tent very near Charleston, W. Va. It was a bitter cold, snowy night and he was sitting by the fire that I had

made. He said to me: 'I would not give one-thousandth part of my chances for Heaven for all the earthly reputation I have or can make.'

RELATIONS WITH MR. DAVIS.

"Was Jackson intimate with President Davis? When did you see him for the first time?" queried the scribe.

"The first time General Jackson ever saw President Davis was at First Manassas," replied Dr. McGuire. "The enemy had been routed and the wounded brought back to the field hospital which I had made for Jackson's brigade. Out of about eighteen hundred shot that day in our army six hundred or more were out of Jackson's brigade, and he himself had come back to the hospital wounded. The place was on the banks of the little stream of water just this side of the Lewis house. Hundreds of men had come back, the fight being over, to see about their wounded comrades, so there were really several thousand people gathered in and about that hospital. President Davis had gotten off the cars with his staff at Manassas Junction and ridden as fast as he could to the field of battle. He had been told along the route by stragglers that we were defeated. He came on down the little hill which led to this stream in a rapid gallop, stopped when he got to the stream and looked around at this great crowd of soldiers. His face was deadly pale and his eyes flashing. He stood up in his stirrups, glanced over the crowd, and said: 'I am President Davis; all of you who are able follow me back to the field.'

"Jackson was a little deaf, and didn't know who Davis was or what he had said until I told him. He stood up at once, took off his cap and saluted the President and said: 'We have whipped them; they ran like dogs. Give me ten thousand men and I will take Washington city to-morrow.'"

"You said that General Jackson was wounded at First Manassas. Can you tell me how he was hurt?"

"When Jackson made the celebrated charge with his brigade which turned the fortunes of the day, he raised his left hand above his head to encourage the troops, and while in this position the middle finger of the hand was struck just below the articulation between the first and second phalanges. The ball struck the finger a little to one side, broke it, and carried off a small piece of the bone. He remained upon the field wounded as he was till the fight was over, and then wanted to take a part in the pursuit, but was peremptorily ordered

back to the hospital by the general commanding. On his way to the rear the wound pained him so much that he stopped at the first hospital he came to, and the surgeon there proposed to cut the finger off; but while the doctor looked for his instruments and for a moment turned his back, the General silently mounted his horse, rode off, and soon afterwards found me.

WAITED HIS TURN.

"I was busily engaged with the wounded, but when I saw him coming I left them and asked if he was seriously hurt. 'No,' he answered, 'not half as badly as many here, and I will wait.' And he forthwith sat down on the bank of a little stream near by and positively declined any assistance until 'his turn came.' We compromised, however, and he agreed to let me attend to him after I had finished the case I was dressing when he arrived. I determined to save the finger if possible, and placed a splint along the palmar surface to support the fragments, retained it in position by a strip or two of adhesive plaster, covered the wound with lint, and told him to keep it wet with cold water. He carefully followed this advice. I think he had a kind of fancy for this kind of hydropathic treatment, and I have frequently seen him occupied for several hours pouring cup after cup of water over his hand with that patience and perseverence for which he was so remarkable. Passive motion was instituted about the twentieth day and carefully continued. The motion of the joint improved for several months after the wound had healed, and in the end the deformity was very trifling.

LIKE A CORPORAL ON GUARD.

"The next time he saw President Davis, so far as I know, was at the Poindexter house," continued the speaker, "after the battle of Malvern Hill. I had gone in the room to get some information from General Jackson after McClellan had retreated from Malvern Hill to Harrison's Landing, when I found in the room Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson, looking over some maps spread on the dining-room table. After awhile President Davis came in. General Lee greeted him very warmly. 'Why, President,' he said, 'I am delighted to see you,' and the meeting was very cordial. After he had finished shaking hands with General Lee, he turned to General Longstreet and his greeting here was just as cordial as with General Lee. He then turned and looked, as one may say, interrogatively at General Jackson.

"When Mr. Davis first entered the room I recognized him and told General Jackson who he was. General Jackson believed that during the campaign through Bath and Romney with General Loring President Davis had treated him badly. Indeed, the treatment that General Jackson received from Mr. Davis on that occasion made him resign his commmission, and this resignation was only prevented from going into effect by very strenuous efforts on the part of Governor Letcher. There were other things which made Jackson think that Mr. Davis had treated him unfairly. He had made some men whom Jackson ranked outrank him as lieutenant-general, and there were many other circumstances which caused Jackson to feel rather resentful towards Mr. Davis, so when I told him who the visitor was he stood bolt upright like a corporal on guard looking at Mr. Davis. Not a muscle in his body moved. General Lee, seeing that Mr. Davis didn't know General Jackson, said: 'Why, President, don't you know Stonewall Jackson? This is our Stonewall Jackson.' Mr. Davis started to greet him, evidently as warmly as those he had just left, but the appearance of Jackson stopped him, and when he got about a yard Mr. Davis halted and Jackson immediately brought his hand up to the side of his head in military salute. Mr. Davis bowed and went back to the other company in the room.

"The next time he had any communication with Mr. Davis was when he was dying, It was about midday on Sunday when I received a telegram from President Davis asking me to tell him how General Jackson was and sending some exceedingly kind and courteous messages to him. I sat down on the bed and read him this telegram. J. Randolph Tucker, who was helping to nurse the General, was in the room at the time. There was a silence for a few seconds afterwards, and then he turned to me and said: 'Tell Mr. Davis I thank him—he is very kind.'

"Dr. Jones, in some of his admirable papers, states that Jackson, when he left our army at Frederick's Hall, on the way then to join Lee and begin the campaign against McClellan, saw Mr. Davis as he passed through Richmond. I had frequent talks with Jackson about the long ride which he took with only one courier from Frederick's Hall to some point near Mechanicsville, and I am very sure he did not meet with Mr. Davis on that trip.

LONGSTREET'S CRITICISM.

"I have been induced to begin the writing of my personal recol-

lections of Stonewall Jackson, partly because of some stories that have been told about him. Longstreet, in one of his articles in the *Century Magazine*, complains bitterly of Jackson not coming to his help when he fought the battle of Frazer's Farm. He states that Jackson owed him a great deal; that he had gone to his rescue at the Second Manassas by forced marches, reaching there and saving his army. He forgot when he was writing that the Second Manassas was a year after the Frazer's Farm fight; but he complains that Jackson was within a few miles of Frazer's Farm, just on the other side of the Chickahominy, and could easily have joined him in that fight.

"It was a brave and bloody fight that Longstreet made there. General Lee and Mr. Davis were both with General Longstreet in that battle. General Lee had ordered General Jackson to stay on the far side of Chickahominy, not knowing even then whether McClellan was going to Yorktown or the James river. Thinking it probable that he would go towards West Point and Yorktown, where his supplies were all stored, General Lee ordered Jackson to stay on that side and attack McClellan if he crossed in the direction of Yorktown. General Longstreet must have known this. If General Lee or President Davis thought the order ought to be changed they could have summoned Jackson at once to Frazer's Farm, but no order came, and I don't understand how Longstreet could have been so unjust to Jackson.

A GROSS ANACHRONISM.

"I wrote an article at the time to the *Century* myself asking them to make the correction as I have given it above, and they declined to do it. They seemed eager then only to publish something disparaging to the South. It is a gross anachronism, anyhow, that Longstreet should have said that he had helped Jackson repeatedly when in great straits, and then stated in detail the incidents of Second Manassas. The truth is, we left Generals Lee and Longstreet near Jeffersonton Monday morning about daylight. We crossed the river, went around the right flank of Pope, and that night encamped at Salem. We made that march so noiselessly, carrying no wagons, no wheel vehicles except cannon and ambulances, that Pope had no idea that we were coming. So strict were the orders about silence that that evening near Salem when the men were coming into bivouac they were instructed that if they saw Jackson they should

not cheer, and as he rode along the line every man had his hat off, waving it in the air, along the whole great column of soldiers, cheering Jackson by this enthusiastic but silent salute. Tuesday night we struck Bristow station, just this side of Manassas Junction, captured and destroyed four or five trains of cars, and that night Stuart, with some cavalry and infantry, took Manassas Junction.

"All day Wednesday we fought the advance of Pope's army, Ewell doing most of the work.

"Thursday we took our position between Manassas Junction and Thoroughfare Gap and terrific fighting occurred.

"On the morning of Friday we resisted the advance of Pope's immense army, and late Friday afternoon Longstreet got up and joined in the fight. He took four days to come over a way that we had opened for him in two.

"I never shall forget Jackson's anxiety that Longstreet should get up. Late Thursday night I rode with him a mile or two in the rear of our line of battle towards Thoroughfare Gap. I saw him get down off his horse and put his ear to the ground to listen if he could hear Longstreet's column advancing. I never shall forget the sad look of the man that night as he gazed towards Thoroughfare Gap, wishing for Longstreet to come. That night I told him of the number of killed—intimate personal friends of ours—of Baylor and Neff and Botts, and I added presently: 'We have only won this day by hard fighting.' He was full of emotion when he turned around to me and said: 'No, sir, we have won this day by the blessing of Almighty God.'"

THE SCENE AT MANASSAS.

"I would like to hear your story of how Jackson got the name of "Stonewall," said the reporter.

"The Stonewall brigade arrived at Manassas Junction late in the evening of July 20, 1861," replied the Doctor. "We got there after dark, camped alongside the road, and next morning at daylight started to march in the direction of the sound of the firing. When Jackson and his brigade arrived very near the field of battle he met Bee's brigade coming back in great disorder. The men had evidently been badly whipped. Jackson carried his men on through these disorganized troops and formed it in line of battle upon the hill. He had been there but a few minutes when a violent attack was made upon him by the Federals. Bee, in encouraging his troops to reform and go back to the battle-field, cried out: 'There stands

Jackson like a stone wall—rally behind the Virginians.' This is the way the name Stonewall originated.

"Jackson always insisted in talking to me that the name belonged to the brigade and not to him.

"After he was wounded at Chancellorsville, and when I spoke to him of the death of General Paxton, and the remarkable behavior of the Stonewall brigade on the field the day before, he said: 'The men who belonged to that brigade will some day be proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall brigade.'

HE FOUND HER BOY FOR HER.

"To show Jackson's great kindness and consideration for even poor and ignorant people, I remember an incident which happened in the Valley of Virginia while the troops were marching up the Valley turnpike.

"As Jackson rode along with his staff he was accosted by a poor, plain country woman to know if he was 'Mr. Jackson' and if the troops in the road were his 'company.' She had brought two or three pair of stockings and some little provisions for her son, who, she told General Jackson, was in his 'company.' The army then probably consisted of thirty thousand men. It was of course made up of divisions, brigades, and regiments, and a great many companies, but this woman only knew that her son 'John' belonged to Jackson's 'company,' and she expressed a great deal of surprise when General Jackson told her that he didn't know her boy. 'What,' she said, 'don't you know John ———? He has been with you a year, and I brought him these socks and something to eat.' She began to cry bitterly.

"Some members of the staff were disposed to laugh, but Jackson stopped them; got down from his horse and tried to explain to the woman how it was impossible that he should know her son, a simple private in the ranks, but she persisted he must know him, and she must see him, and that she had spent a great deal of time in fixing these things for him. He asked her what county the boy came from. He sent for Colonel Pendleton and asked him what companies were in his army from that county. He then sent three or four couriers to each one of the companies from that county, and found the boy and brought him to the woman, who gave him the presents she had for him. Probably he spent an hour altogether in doing this deed of real charity.

A VISIT TO THE DYING GREGG.

"I remember when General Gregg, of South Carolina, was shot at Fredericksburg, an interesting incident occurred. General Jackson had had some misunderstanding with Gregg—what it was I have forgotten; but the night after this gallant soldier and splendid gentleman was mortally wounded, I told General Jackson, as I usually did, as far as I knew, of friends and prominent men killed and wounded. I had gotten to headquarters right late and found the General awake. Among others I mentioned General Gregg's case. He said: 'I wish you would go back and see him. Tell him I want you to see him.' I demurred a little, saying it had not been very long since I had seen him; that he was mortally wounded and that there was nothing to be done for him. He said: 'I wish you would go and see him; tell him I sent you.' So I mounted my horse and rode to the the Yerby house and saw General Gregg, who was slowly getting worse, and delivered the message. I had hardly gotten out of the room into the hall when I met General Jackson, who must have ridden very close behind me to have reached there so soon. He stopped me, asked about General Gregg, and went into the room to see him. No one else was in the room. What passed between these two officers no one will ever know. I waited for him and rode back to camp with him. He did not speak a word on the way. When we got to the camp he looked up at the sky for a moment and said: 'How horrible is war!' I said: 'Horrible, yes; but we have been invaded. What can we do?' 'Do!' he said, and his manner was savage and his voice ringing. 'Do? Thrash them!' If he had lived we would have done it."

A FIRM BELIEVER IN STATES' RIGHTS.

"Was Jackson outspoken in his expressions of opinion regarding the cause for which the South fought?" asked the reporter.

"Jackson believed in States' rights, he believed in the sovereignty of Virginia; he believed that she had reserved the right to secede when she joined the Union, and that the North had no right of any kind to force Virginia back into the Union," replied Dr. McGuire with enthusiasm. "He believed that when the people of the North came down South and stole our property, ran off the slaves bought from the people of the North, and paid for, burned down the houses and barns of this people, insulted our defenceless women, hung and

imprisoned our helpless old men, behaved like an organized band of cut-throats and robbers (as they often did), that they should be treated like highwaymen and assassins. He hated no individual northerner—not one so far as I know, but he hated the whole northern race. He told me once that he had but one objection to General Lee, and that was that he did not hate the Yankees bad enough ; that Lee was the only man he knew that he would follow blindfolded.

"The cry that he (Jackson) had been educated at West Point and was indebted to the Federal Government, was to him a farce. Who more than his own State made West Point? Who contributed to her glory as much as the men of Virginia and the south? Whose names in the wars of 1812 and 1848 live in history to-day?

"His allegiance was to his State. He loved it better than his fame or life, better than everything else on the face of this earth save his own honor, and anything or anybody that impeded the establishment of her sovereignty would be swept aside if it was in his power.

HIS HIGH OPINION OF NAPOLEON.

"In listening to Jackson talking of Napoleon Bonaparte, as I often did, I was struck with the fact that he regarded him as the greatest general that ever lived. One day I asked him something about Waterloo. He had been over the field, inspected the ground, and spent several days in studying the plan of battle. I asked who had shown the greatest generalship there, Napoleon or Wellington? He said, 'Decidedly, Napoleon.' I said, 'Well, why was he whipped, then?' He replied, 'I can only explain it by telling you that I think God intended him to stop right there.' "

"Did he exert much vigilance regarding the movements of the enemy?" was the next question asked.

"Jackson's knowledge of what the enemy were doing or about to do was sometimes very wonderful. I have already stated what he said to President Davis at First Manassas, and it turned out afterwards that he was right, and that with the number of men he asked for he could easily have captured Washington.

JACKSON'S PLAN AT FREDERICKSBURG.

"At Fredericksburg when he wanted to make an attack upon Burnside in the night, as I knew he did, he realized the demoralization of the Federal army and how easily they might have been driven into the river. He had made all of his arrangements to

attack Burnside. He intended first to push forward his artillery, and after that to let them go to the rear and the infantry to charge. What we found out afterwards showed that if the attack had been made by Jackson as he proposed the Federal army would have been drowned or surrendered.

"Another evidence of his apparently intuitive knowledge of what was going on in the enemy's ranks was at Malvern Hill. Late in the night of the last day's fight I found him asleep by the side of a tree and his faithful servant Jim making some coffee for him to be ready when he awoke. While I was there several general officers came up and said that their commands were mobilized, and that if McClellan made an attack in the morning they would have no organized force with which to resist him. It was proposed presently to wake General Jackson up, and some one made the attempt, but when he went to sleep he was the most difficult man to arouse I ever saw. I have seen his servant pull his boots off and remove his clothes without waking him up, and so here at Malvern Hill on this night it was almost impossible to arouse him. At last some one got him up into a sitting posture and held him there, and another one yelled into his ear something about the condition of our army, its inability to resist attack next morning, etc. He answered: 'Please let me sleep; there will be no enemy there in the morning,' and so it turned out.

"This faculty of knowing what they were doing was a great point with Jackson. I remember at Chantilly, after the Second Manassas, a battle was fought in a torrent of rain, that an aide-de-camp came up and said to General Jackson: 'General A. P. Hill asks permission to retire; his ammunition is wet.'"

"'Give my compliments to General Hill,' said Jackson, 'and tell him the Yankee ammunition is as wet as his—stay where he is.'

"Not only this, but he estimated the character of the commander opposing him. I remember the night before the battle of Cedar Run I asked him if it was probable that we would fight the next day. He answered me: 'Banks is in front of me, and he is always ready to fight,' and then he laughed and said, 'and he generally gets whipped.'"

"By the way, Doctor," said the reporter, "did he have much sense of humor? Was he fond of joking."

"He was a difficult man to joke with," replied the narrator, "and it was not a safe thing always to try it, but occasionally when he did see a joke he would laugh very heartily about it. When he did

laugh he generally threw his head up, opened his mouth pretty wide, but made no noise. I used to tell him some little jokes that were going on in the army, but they had to be very plain ones for him to see them. I remember once he asked me to tell Major Hawks, who was chief commissary of his corps, to send to our mess some chickens if he could get them. The Major told me to tell General Jackson that he had none; that the *Hawks* had eaten them all.

HIS ADMIRATION FOR EARLY.

"There was a story in the army about General Early, for whose soldierly qualifications Jackson had great admiration. In the winter of 1862 and 1863, Early had command of the troops low down on the Rappahannock river. He had some guns on a high embankment trained to shoot at the enemy's gunboats if they made their appearance a mile or two down the river. The muzzles of the guns were lifted very high in order to carry a ball that far. It was told in camp that Early one day while inspecting the guns found a soldier sighting one of them which pointed to the top of a tree in the neighborhood. After sighting it for some time and very carefully, he turned to General Early and asked him, 'if there was ary squirrel up that tree?' It was said the atmosphere was blue around there for a little while in consequence of General Early's reply. Whether the incident was true or not I don't know; but I know General Jackson enjoyed the story very much.

"For a short time during the Fredericksburg fight we had an armistice, during which both sides were busy gathering up their dead and wounded. While out there I saw a ragged, miserable-looking Confederate soldier, who seemed to have lost his command, and was roaming idly about, searching for something. Presently he found a new Springfield musket which had been dropped by some Federal soldier killed possibly a few hours before. He picked it up, sighted it, examined it with the greatest minuteness, cocked it, tried the trigger, saw that his own cartridge would fit it, and then, after great deliberation and some little hesitation, threw his old musket down and shouldered his new one.

WANTED HIS BOOTS.

"A Federal major, who had charge of the ambulances on that side rode in front of this soldier, ordered him to put down the gun, saying that the truce was to permit a removal of the dead and wounded

only, and that it was agreed that no arms should be touched. The Confederate scanned the Federal major from head to foot, moved a little to one side, and started on. The Federal officer rode in front of him again, and demanded this time more peremptorily that he should put down the gun. The Confederate looked at him as if inspecting him, and without speaking marched on. For a third time the major got in front of the soldier and threateningly demanded that he should put the gun down. The old Confederate looked at him very hard, examined him minutely and quietly, and then said: 'That's a monstrous fine pa'r of boots you got on; if you don't look out I'll git 'em befo' night.' I don't think the Confederate's brain had ever comprehended or entertained the major's demand. His mind was occupied entirely in coveting his neighbor's clothes.

"When I told General Jackson of this incident he laughed very heartily.

"The major I refer to, turned around to me after the Confederate moved off with his new gun, and said: 'It's a hard case to be fighting men who want your clothes. Yesterday when I was in the column that made the attack, all along the line could hear the Confederate soldiers crying, "Come out of them boots; get out of that hat—we want them clothes," and I find to-day the dead that I have removed stripped of everything they had.'

"Talking about Jackson's propensity to sleep, I remember after the battles of the Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond one Sunday we went to Dr. Hoge's church. He went to sleep soon after the service began and slept through the greater part of it. A man who can go to sleep under Dr. Hoge's preaching can go to sleep anywhere on the face of this earth. When the service was over the people climbed over the backs of the pews to get near him, and the aisles became crowded and General Jackson embarrassed. Presently he turned to me and said: 'Doctor, didn't you say the horses were ready?' and I said, 'Yes, sir,' and we bolted out of church.

"Many a night I have kept him on his horse by holding on to his coat-tail. He always promised to do as much for me when he had finished his nap. He meant to do it I am sure, but my turn never came.

"It was told that at a council of war held by Lee, Longstreet and Jackson, that the last named went fast to sleep, and when roused and dimly conscious that his opinion was asked he cried out: 'Drive them into the river.'

JACKSON'S GREATEST FEAT.

"What do you think, Doctor, was Jackson's greatest feat?"

"I think his greatest feat was his Valley campaign. He had in the Valley about 15,000 men all told. The Federals had between 50,000 and 70,000. Milroy was at Shenandoah mountain, Banks was near Winchester, Shields was about Manassas, and McDowell was west of the Valley. He so divided and engaged these different armies as nearly always when he met them to be the stronger party and whipped them in detail.

"Coarseness and vulgarity from anybody under any circumstances he would not brook. Swearing jarred upon him terribly and he generally reproved the man. Under some circumstances I have seen him forgive it or not notice it. I remember when the gallant General Trimble was a brigadier-general he expected and thought he ought to be made a major-general, but when the appointments came out he was disappointed. I heard him talking about it to General Jackson one night. The old General was wrought up into a state of great indignation from his disappointment, and turning to General Jackson he said: 'By G——, General Jackson, I will be a major general or a corpse before this war is over.' Whatever General Jackson thought he made no reproof.

"I was once attending Major Harman, who was chief quartermaster. He was very sick for a day or two. General Jackson was anxious about him. One day in coming out of Harman's quarters I met the General, who was standing, waiting to see me. He said: 'Doctor, how is Harman to-day?' I said: 'He must be better, for he is swearing again.' General Jackson gave Harman such a lecture next day that Colonel Pendleton advised me to keep out of Harman's way, as he swore he was going to shoot me.

HE DID NOT REPROVE LINDSAY WALKER.

"He caught Lindsay Walker swearing once under circumstances that he did not reprove him. It was at Cedar Run. The left wing of our army was commanded by Winder, and soon after the engagement began Winder was killed, and our troops on that side were pushed so hard that they broke and ran. General Walker had his battalion of artillery in the road; it was imposible to turn them around and get them out of the way, and they were in great danger of being captured. So Walker tried to rally the men and form a new line of

battle. He would get a few men together, leave them to rally some others, and find that his first squad was gone. He was swearing outrageously. He had his long sword out and was riding up and down the little straggling line that he had when Jackson rode up. The latter had seen the disaster from his point of observation, and had come over to correct it if possible. On his way he ordered the Stonewall brigade, which had been left in reserve, at a 'double quick,' but rode on in front of them to the scene of the trouble. He had lost his hat in the woods, and had his sword out. It was the only time I ever saw him with his sword out in battle. As soon as Walker saw him he stopped swearing. General Jackson, apparently simply conscious that Walker was using his efforts to rally the men, said: 'That's right, General; give it to them.' General Walker continued his work and in his own way.

"I was one day moving some wounded from the church, in Port Republic, men who had been hurt when Ashby was killed, just before the battle of Port Republic, when the enemy sent two pieces of artillery close up to the town and began shelling the village. They fired at the church steeple, as the most prominent point, and it was difficult for me to make the wagoners and ambulance drivers wait until the wounded were put in these conveyances. I was riding up and down the line of wagons and ambulances, swearing at the men in a right lively manner. I did not know that General Jackson was in a mile or two of me, when I felt his hand upon my shoulder and he quietly asked me: 'Doctor, don't you think you could get along without swearing?' I told him I would try, but I did not know whether I would accomplish it or not.

"His habits of life were very simple. He preferred plain, simple food and generally ate right heartily of it. Corn bread and butter and milk always satisfied him. He used no tobacco and rarely ever drank any whiskey or wine. One bitter cold night at Dam No. 5, on the Potomac river, when we could light no fire because of the proximity of the enemy, I gave him a drink of whiskey. He made a wry face in swallowing it, and I said to him: 'Isn't the whiskey good?' He answered: 'Yes, very; I like it, and that's the reason I don't drink it.'"

OTHER BIOGRAPHICAL DATA.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born in Clarksburg, W. Va., (then a part of Virginia,) January 21, 1824. At the age of eighteen he

was appointed to West Point, but owing to the fact that he was poorly prepared to enter that institution he never took a high standing in his classes. He was graduated in 1848 and ordered to Mexico, where he was attached as a lieutenant to Magruder's battery. He took part in Scott's campaign from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice breveted for gallant conduct—at Cherubusco and Chapultepec—attaining the rank finally of first lieutenant of artillery. After the Mexican war he was on duty for a time at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, and subsequently at Fort Meade, Fla., but in 1851 ill health caused him to resign his commission in the army and return to his native State, where he was elected Professor of Natural Sciences and Artillery Tactics over such competitors as McClellan, Rosecrans, Foster, Peck, and G. W. Smith, all of whom were recommended by the faculty at West Point.

HIS MARRIAGES.

Soon after entering upon his duties at the institute he married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, president of Washington College, and upon her death in 1855 he visited Europe on leave of absence. Some time after his return he married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison, of North Carolina, who is still living.

VIRGINIA'S CALL TO ARMS.

Upon the secession of Virginia Major Jackson (as he then ranked) was among the first to answer the call to arms of his State, and wrote to Governor Letcher, offering to serve in any position to which he might be assigned. The Governor immediately commissioned him a colonel of Virginia volunteers. He was placed in command of the troops at Harper's Ferry, and upon the formation of the Army of the Shenandoah, which was commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, he was placed in charge of the brigade with which his name was thenceforth identified. At First Manassas, where he gained the name of Stonewall, and where, as Dr. McGuire narrates above, he was wounded in the hand just before his brigade made its onset, he rode up and down the line and cried out three times, "All's well; the First brigade will have those guns! We will drive them across the Potomac to-night!" In less than thirty minutes the prediction was literally fulfilled. The brigade had the enemy in full retreat upon Washington.

A MAJOR-GENERAL.

In October, 1861, Jackson was commissioned a major-general and sent to command the Valley district. In the course of the winter he drove the Federal troops from the district and went into winter quarters at Winchester, and early in the following March was there when Banks was sent against him. He fell back before Banks some forty miles, but then suddenly turned on him with only thirty-five hundred men and attacked him so fiercely that he retreated with all his troops.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

In April, 1862, Jackson entered upon a new campaign in the Valley. How he in detail and with Napoleonic celerity whipped Milroy, Banks, Shields and Fremont in this campaign, and then suddenly swooped down upon McClellan at Gaines' Mill, when the United States authorities thought he was still in the Valley, constitutes one of the most brilliant chapters in all modern warfare.

BACK IN THE VALLEY.

He took part in the operations against McClellan, and in July he was again detached and sent to Gordonsville to look after his old enemies in the Valley, who were gathering under Pope. He was now a lieutenant-general commanding the Second Corps. On August 9th he crossed the Rapidan and struck Banks another crushing blow at Cedar Run. On August 25th he passed around Pope's right flank, forced Pope to let go his hold upon the Rappahannock, and by stubborn fighting kept him on the ground until Longstreet could get up, and routed Pope at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

Two weeks later, in the beginning of the Maryland campaign, Jackson invested and captured Harper's Ferry with eleven thousand prisoners, many stands of arms, and seventy-two guns, and by a terrible night march reached Sharpsburg on September 16th, and on the next morning commanded the left wing of the Confederate army, repulsing with his thin line the corps of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, which were in succession hurled against him. Later in the day A. P. Hill's division of his corps, which had been left at Harper's Ferry, reached the field and defeated Burnside on the right.

AT FREDERICKSBURG.

At Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, he commanded the Confederate right wing, and in May, 1863, made his Chancellorsville movement, which resulted in his death. On May 3d he received the wound which rendered amputation of the arm necessary. Pneumonia supervened and he died on the 10th of May. His remains were taken to Richmond, and after lying in state in the Capitol were taken to Lexington and interred in the Old Cemetery of the town, whence they were moved to the crypt beneath the monument on June 25th last. The monument is located only a short distance from the original burial-place.

THE VALLEY AFTER KERNSTOWN.

Jackson's Faith in His Little Army—Orders to Enforce Discipline.

The following letters (now published for the first time) from Jackson to Major (afterwards Colonel) A. W. Harman, who was commandant of the post at Staunton, which was the base of Jackson's operations in the Valley, throw interesting light upon the situation in the Valley early in 1862, and strikingly illustrate Jackson's attention to details. They are, as will be seen, accompanied by explanatory notes by Colonel Harman. The originals are in the handwriting of Jackson. He never employed an amanuensis.

FAITH IN HIS LITTLE ARMY.

MT. JACKSON, *March 28, 1862.*

DEAR MAJOR: Your kind letter of the 26th instant is at hand, and I am much obliged to you for the information communicated, and also for your kind regards for me. I wish I could of had you on the 23d. I don't recollect of ever having heard such a roar of musketry. We must resolutely defend this Valley. Our little army here is in fine spirits, and when the tug of war comes I expect it, through Divine blessing, to nobly do its duty. If your health would justify it I would like to have you in this army.

Very truly your friend,

T. J. JACKSON.

The army was falling back after the repulse on the 23d at Kernstown. I was not in the field at this time on account of a severe affliction of my eyes. After defeating Milroy at McDowell and driving (Fremont's advance arrived after the battle closed) the Federal army to Franklin he returned to the Valley and left Captain Gilmer only with his company to watch the enemy. There was no other force between them and Staunton, the base of his supplies.

In this connection I will mention a fact I have never seen in print. By General Jackson's order I gave Colonel Gibbons, of the Tenth Virginia, and Colonel Harman, of the Fifty-second Virginia regiments, the positions they were to take, and when I reported to the General he abruptly asked me who was attending to my duties in Staunton, and said go there as quick as you can. General Ewell, he said, whom I left at Swift Run Gap, is not under my orders, and in the event he has left that position, and General Banks has moved towards Staunton from Harrisonburg; you will send as quickly as possible supplies to Millboro' Depot. I will have to move in that direction. On arriving at Staunton I found the situation as General Jackson had left it, and so reported. A. W. H.

BUTTONS FOR HIS COAT.

CONRAD'S STORE, *April 22, 1862.*

DEAR MAJOR: Did Major Paxton* bring me a set of buttons for a uniform coat? Did you receive my letter directing that all persons absent from the army without leave will be sent back in irons as directed, and requesting you to enforce the order strictly?

Yours truly,

T. J. JACKSON.

ORDERS FOR STRICT DISCIPLINE.

NEAR NEW MARKET, *May 20, 1862.*

DEAR MAJOR: Captain Bell has requested me to relieve him from the duty of commanding officer at Staunton. Accordingly I have selected you for the duty and the order is sent herewith. If your duties are too heavy let me know and I will make some arrangement. I desire you to enforce that strict military control and discipline which you so well understand and know how to apply as well as appreciate.

*Afterwards General E. F. Paxton, of the Stonewall brigade, and at that time on General Jackson's staff.

Keep in Staunton only enough well men to answer your purposes and have the others sent to their companies, and next Monday please mail the accompanying letter to Mrs. Jackson. Always put deserters in irons.

Very truly your friend,

T. J. JACKSON.

He did not wish the letter sent to Mrs. Jackson until after the result which followed the capture of Strasburg, Front Royal, and Winchester.

A. W. H.

INSTRUCTIONS TO WATCH FREEMONT.

May 28, 1862.

DEAR MAJOR: Please send the above by telegraph. Direct Captain Gilmer to return towards Shaw's Fork, or to keep within sight of the enemy if he is this side. Please give me all the information you can respecting Fremont's movements. Don't keep many stores on hand at Staunton. Organize your convalescents so as to resist any incursions of cavalry. You needn't send any more of them here for the present if you can make them useful with arms at Staunton. The hospital stores should be sent off as received, but let it all be done in a quiet way.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

To Major A. W. Harman, Commanding Post.

The telegram referred to was one announcing his success at Strasburg, Front Royal, and Winchester, to the Secretary of War. The hospital stores were the immense captures at these points, and were sent to Staunton.

A. W. H.

ABOUT ASHBY'S CAVALRY.

NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, *June 10, 1862.*

MAJOR: I am gratified to see from your letter that you have succeeded so well in removing the public property from Staunton. Respecting your operating against the enemy with Gilmer's company and such other force as you may be able to collect, it is not advisable for the present. I am very desirous of having the cavalry, lately

under the gallant Ashby, organized. Is Gilmer's company necessary west of Staunton? Please let me know where the cavalry are that belong to the Army of the Northwest. From what I learn they are probably with General Loring. Where is General Edward Johnson? If he is still with you remember me to him very kindly, and ask him whether there are any objections to his cavalry being ordered to the vicinity of Staunton, if it is not already there.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

A CALL FOR ARTILLERY.

Please have the following telegraphed to General R. E. Lee:

BROWN'S GAP, *June 11, 1862.*—Send four pieces of artillery with every thousand infantry.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

MAJOR: Please forward the above by telegraph. I hope to get you a colonelcy.

Yours truly,

T. J. JACKSON.

The above telegram was one to General Lee, saying he need not send transportation with the troops or horses for the artillery, as they could be supplied by me at Staunton.

A. W. H.

AN OFFER OF PROMOTION.

BROWN'S GAP, *June 11, 1862.*

MAJOR: Your letter of this date has been received. Please provide one hundred and fifty-four-horse wagons.

How would you like to be a field officer of cavalry? I don't know whether I can secure it or not, but desire to know your pleasure before taking any steps in the case.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

He wanted the wagons for the troops sent from the South and Richmond. He wanted to reorganize the cavalry, twenty-six companies of General Ashby's command, Major O'Funster being the only field officer with General Ashby at his death.

A. W. H.

ORGANIZING THE MARYLAND TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT,
STAUNTON, *June 18, 1862.*

The commanding officer of the Maryland line will move his command this evening by the cars and encamp near Brigadier-General Lawton's camp east of the Blue Ridge.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

General Lawton had moved from Staunton preparatory to General Johnson's move on Richmond. He had only arrived some ten days before from Savannah, Ga. At this time the effort was being made to get all the Maryland troops in one command—under, I think, General Steuart, of Maryland.

A. W. H.

ORDERS TO CONCENTRATE WHITING'S DIVISON.

NEAR MOUNT MERIDIAN, *June 15, 1862.*

General W. H. C. Whiting, Mechum's River Depot:

Halt your advance at such point as you may desire until you get your division together.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

A TELEGRAM TO GENERAL LEE.

NEAR MOUNT MERIDIAN, *June 15, 1862.*

General R. E. Lee, Richmond:

The reinforcements are ordered, as authorized by your telegram of yesterday.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

Please have good encampments selected for the troops, where there is plenty of wood and water, and, if practicable, drill-grounds.

Yours truly,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

PREPARING TO SWOOP ON M'CLELLAN.

NEAR WEYER'S CAVE, *June 16, 1862.*

MAJOR: As soon as any commander is ready to move down the Valley with his command, I desire him to do so, and he will encamp at such point as he may select between Staunton and Mount Crawford, without crossing North river. Please inform General Whiting and other commanders of this as they arrive in Staunton. It is desirable that the camp selected should fulfill the conditions of giving plenty wood and water and drill ground, and that the commander inform me of its location.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

Major A. W. Harman, Quartermaster, Staunton.

Jackson's references to selecting camping grounds are signally characteristic of him.

ON THE EVE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Announcing to General Lee that the Enemy Had Made a Stand.

The following from General Jackson to General Lee, written on the eve of Chancellorsville, are copied from the originals, which are on exhibition in the State Library:

NEAR 3 P. M., *May 2, 1863.*

GENERAL,—The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack.

I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success.

Respectfully,

T. J. JACKSON,
Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. Lee.

The leading division is up and the next two appear to be well closed. T. J. J.

[From the Richmond *Times*, July 23, 1891.]

OIL-CLOTH COAT IN WHICH JACKSON RECEIVED HIS MORTAL WOUND.

THE STORY OF ITS LOSS AND RECOVERY.

It Fell into the Hands of Mr. Joseph Bryan and was Sent to General Lee—The Correspondence which Followed.

One of the most interesting relics of Stonewall Jackson was brought to light in the manner as narrated yesterday by Mr. Joseph Bryan, as follows :

I was sent to my home in Fluvanna county in November, 1864 (upon a wounded furlough), and took the opportunity to visit my sister, who was then refugeeing in Goochland county.

Just across James river, in Powhatan county, near "Belmead," my father had rented a farm in conjunction with Major J. Horace Lacy, who owned a large part of the battle-field of Chancellorsville.

To this place, as one of the greater security, they had both sent a number of their servants from their places in Spotsylvania and Gloucester counties, which had been overrun by the enemy. I went to this place to see my old colored friends, and there met a Mr. Jones, the overseer, who had come with Major Lacy's servants from the Wilderness, and who was in charge of this place.

It was a rainy day, and some complaint being made of the disagreeable weather, Jones remarked that he had an oil-cloth overcoat which had kept him dry in pouring rain, all day.

I instantly protested against such a treasure being left in the possession of a man who was at home, and insisted that he should sell it to me for use in the field. This he agreed to do, and the price was fixed at $125, for which I gave him an order on my father.

THE COAT.

The coat being produced was found to be a large oil-cloth coat, the left sleeve of which had been split up on the inside, and also across the breast, and afterward sewed up, while just below the shoulder two bullet-holes had been patched up, and at the end of the sleeve the course of another bullet had been repaired by turning down an additional hem.

As soon as I saw the coat I was struck by the well-known fact that Stonewall Jackson had been wounded in exactly that way—two bullets in the left arm, and I remarked upon this coincidence.

Jones stated that he would not be surprised if it was General Jackson's coat, because the man who had brought it to him a day or two after the battle of Chancellorsville had stated that he had gotten it from where General Jackson was wounded, and brought it away to sell, asking for it a peck of meal.

This charge Jones said he considered unreasonable, and had refused to pay it, as the coat was badly mutilated and very bloody, but that he had finally agreed to take it for a gallon of meal, which was accepted, and the coat was thrown into an old out-house, along with a large amount of other plunder, blankets, knapsacks and such things as he had gathered from the battle-field. There it lay until the following fall, when, having to make a trip to Orange Courthouse in a spell of threatening weather, Mrs. Jones remembered this coat and repaired it so as to give her husband protection and satisfaction in a continuous and heavy rain.

"T. J. JACKSON."

I then opened the coat and examined it more carefully, and found in the inside of the back, in Jackson's own unmistakable handwriting, the name, "T. J. Jackson." I carried the coat home, but of course never pretended to use it. The only occasion thereafter on which it was used by any one was when it protected the venerable Commodore George N. Hollins, when he was driven from Charlottesville, by Sheridan's cavalry, in March 1865. The coat remained at "Carysbrook" until in December, 1867, when my father forwarded it to General R. E. Lee, at Lexington, Va., narrating the circumstances of his having gotten possession of it, and requesting him to make a proper disposition of so precious a relic. To this General Lee replied (I have his original letter) as follows:

LEXINGTON, VA., *13th December, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received the overcoat worn by General T. J. Jackson at the time that he was wounded at the Wilderness. I am very much obliged to you for sending me so interesting a relic of one whose memory is so dear to me. Before making any disposition of it I think it proper to consult Mrs. Jackson, whose wishes on the subject are entitled to consideration.

Mrs. Lee joins me in kindest regards to yourself and family, and I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. R. Bryan, Esq. R. E. LEE.

LEXINGTON VA., *18th January, 1868.*

MY DEAR SIR: I informed you in December last that before making any disposition of the overcoat of General T. J. Jackson, I had written to Mrs. Jackson to ascertain her wishes on the subject. In a letter rec'd from her this morning, she says: "Such a relic of my precious martyred husband would be extremely painful to me, and yet I cannot reconcile myself to think of its being in any other possession than my own."

I have, therefore, forwarded it to her with a copy of your letter, that she may see how it was recovered and to whom she is indebted for it.

Hoping that this disposition of a relic familiar to my eyes and painfully interesting to the hearts of all our people may receive your approbation, I am, with great respect, very truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

Mr. J. R. Bryan.

It has been stated that this coat was obtained by some devoted Scotch admirers of General Jackson, and has been seen by American travelers, with appropriate descriptive inscriptions, in a museum in Glasgow, Scotland. Whether this latter part is correct or not, I am unable to say.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, March 8, 1891.]

JEFF. DAVIS HOUSE.

Reminiscences Connected with its Ante-Bellum History—The Brockenbroughs, Morsons, Seddons and Crenshaws—Sculptured Mantels and Luxurious Furnishings.

You have favored your readers with some passages from the Memoir of President Davis by his accomplished wife. In her description of the Confederate "White House" she writes with admiration about its beautiful carara marble mantels, &c., and adds:

"The tastes and to some extent the occupation and habits of the master of a house, if he, as in this case, assisted the architect in his design, are built in the brick and mortar, and, like the maiden's blood in the great bell, they proclaim aloud sympathy or war with those whom it shelters. One felt here the pleasant sense of being in the home of a cultivated, liberal, fine gentleman, and that he had dwelt there in peaceful interchange of kind offices with his neighbors. The garden, planted in cherry, apple, and pear trees, sloped in steep terraces down the hill to join the plain below. To this garden or pleasance came always in my mind's eye a lovely woman, seen only by the eye of faith as she walked there in 'maiden meditation.'

"Every old Virginia gentleman of good social position who came to see us looked pensively out on the grounds and said with a tone of tender regret something like this: 'This house was perfect when lovely Mary Brockenbrough used to walk there, singing among the flowers;' and then came a description of her high step, her dignified mien, her sweet voice, and the other graces which take hold of our hearts with a gentle touch and hold them with a grip of steel."

She does not seem to know a part of the history of the house, and as there may be others in the same position it may not be uninteresting to give you a few items on that subject.

PRESIDENT BROCKENBROUGH.

Dr. John Brockenbrough, so long president of the Bank of Virginia, in this city, who had the mansion planned and erected, married Mrs. Gabriella Randolph, widow of Thomas Mann Randolph of "Tuckahoe," and they had no offspring. The lovely Mary Brockenbrough referred to must have been her daughter, the celebrated and fascinating Mary Randolph, who became the wife of Mr. John Chapman, of Philadelphia, and who died quite early—prior, I think, to the year 1840. I remember meeting Mr. Chapman in Richmond society when he was a widower, and was paying his devoirs to another of our leading belles. He did not win her, however; she afterwards accepted a more distinguished Virginia widower.

A FINE EQUESTRIENNE.

There was a second daughter, Margaret Harriet Randolph, who became Mrs. Francis A. Dickins, of "Ossian Hall" and Washington city. She also possessed many attractions, and, like her sister Mary, was a very fine equestrienne. My father told me of a race he once

had with her. She challenged him in such a way that he, despite his greater age, could not back out. During the contest she lost her riding hat and the fastenings of her hair, so that her long tresses fell down and were streaming in the wind. This only incited her the more. She urged on her steed, and crying out, "Come on, Doctor, here goes Pocahontas," dashed ahead of him and won the race. She died March 7, 1891, in Alexandria, Va.; aged, seventy-eight years.

There was also a third daughter, who became Mrs. Albert White. She lived mostly in Washington, but was married here, at her mother's, and I witnessed the ceremony. Mr. White was United States Senator from the State of Indiana.

So much for the maidens who enjoyed and adorned the old Brockenbrough mansion and its environments. Now for the mansion itself.

MR. MORSON THE OWNER.

Dr. Brockenbrough removed from Richmond to the Warm Springs and early in the year 1844 sold his residence here. So that about eighteen years elapsed between that date and the time at which President Davis and family were domiciled in it. During that period great changes were wrought in the building. The purchaser of it for $20,000 was Mr. James M. Morson, who was a gentleman of ambition and taste, and of very liberal views in regard to their indulgence and gratification. He had the means and the disposition to have the house refitted and furnished in an exceptional style. He added to it its third story and had it decorated entirely anew. I am quite sure that he introduced those exquisite sculptured mantel-pieces. I have some recollection of his taking me up to see them and his other improvements whilst they were going on, for we had been intimate friends from our schoolmate days. After he took possession of the remodeled edifice he gave very handsome entertainments, besides dispensing a general refined hospitality. Thus the compliment paid by Mrs. Davis would apply to him as well as to the original owners and designers. He also further embellished the grounds.

OTHER OWNERS.

When Mr. Morson removed to his country-seat, Dover, in Goochland county, he sold for twenty-five thousand dollars his city residence, in 1845, to his sister-in-law, who became the wife of the Hon. James A. Seddon, another gentleman of taste and culture, who was a member of Mr. Davis's Cabinet as secretary of war. Mr. Morson and Mr. Seddon were cousins, and were once associated as partners in the practice of law.

Mr. Seddon also preferred a country residence, and removed to Goochland county. In 1857 he sold his city premises to Mr. Lewis D. Crenshaw for twenty-five thousand dollars, and in June, 1861, Mr. Crenshaw sold them to the city of Richmond for thirty-five thousand dollars.

VIRGINIUS.

Richmond, February 25, 1891.

[From the New York *Herald*, March 13, 1891.]

LAST DAYS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

SCENES IN THE STREETS OF RICHMOND—FABULOUS PRICES IN CURRENCY.

The Fabulous Prices of Everything No Fiction—Going to North Carolina After a Young Lady.

I chanced to be in Richmond just three weeks previous to the surrender. Business had made me a frequent visitor to the metropolis of the Confederacy during the war, and I could always tell quite accurately how the war was going by the countenance and demeanor of its inhabitants, which to me were a more certain criterion than the daily papers. Whenever victory perched upon the Confederate banner, the faces of its inhabitants would beam with joy; each one would move with an elastic step and renewed animation. But should it be otherwise, then sadness and gloom were depicted upon each countenance, even to the school children, who would trudge along with depressed looks.

As soon, therefore, as I stepped from the train on the occasion referred to, I knew that something was wrong; there seemed a death-like stillness to pervade the city; every one wore a haggard, scared look, as if apprehensive of some great impending calamity. I dared not ask a question, nor had I need to do so, as I felt too surely that the end was near. My first visit was to my banker, one who dealt largely in Confederate securities, and knew too well the ups and downs of the Confederate cause by the fluctuations of its paper. As soon as he could give me a private moment he said in a sad, low tone:

"If you have any paper money put it into specie at once."

"Is it as bad as that?" I replied.

"Yes, and much worse; another week and you will get nothing."

As I happened to have about three thousand dollars in Confederate paper, I drew it forth and requested him to get me what silver it would bring.

The next morning he handed me thirty dollars, telling me at the same time to feel thankful for that much."

At the house of a friend with whom I was staying I asked the question, "How do you think the war will terminate?" The host simply took me to his bed-room, and raising the coverlet, showed me several barrels of flour, sacks of coffee, sugar and other groceries snugly stowed away. This, he said, I would find to be the case in nearly every household in the city. In every store I entered there seemed to be the greatest scarcity of goods, and a disinclination to sell. Of fire-arms and ammunition there were none, though I was assured that nearly every private dwelling was a small arsenal. In a few bar-rooms scattered about vigilant eyes ever kept watch, and upon the first sound of alarm the owners themselves were ready to pour the fiery liquid into the gutters. The fabulous prices paid for everything were no fiction. The cry of Richard III., "My kingdom for a horse," was a reality as regards the Confederate paper money, which was frequently offered in sums of thousands of dollars for a barrel of flour or a few pounds of bacon. After the surrender it was to be seen strewed along the streets, and served to adorn many a negro's cabin.

THE EVENTFUL THIRD OF APRIL.

It was known about this time to the people of Richmond that the negro troops in the Union army had requested General Grant to give them the honor of being the first to enter the fallen capital. This fact gave rise to a fear that they would unite with the worst class of resident negroes and burn and sack the city. When, therefore, the black smoke and lurid flames arose on that eventful 3d of April, caused by the Confederates themselves, the terror-stricken inhabitants at first thought their fears were to be realized, but were soon relieved when they saw the manful fight made by many of the negroes and Union troops to suppress the flames. At no time did they fear their own servants; indeed, I was afterward assured that the many negroes who filled the streets and welcomed the Union troops would have resisted any attack upon the households of their old masters.

The behavior of many of the old family servants was very marked in the care and great solicitude shown by them for their masters during this trying period. As an amusing instance of this, I will tell this incident:

An old lady had a very bright, good-looking maid servant, to whom some of the Union officers had shown considerable attention by taking her out driving. The girl came in one morning and asked her old mistress if she would not take a drive with her in the hack which stood at the door, with her sable escort in waiting. Doubtless this was done not in a spirit of irony, but really in feeling for her old mistress.

In another family, on the day the troops entered the city, when all the males had fled, leaving several young ladies with their mother alone, "Old Mammy," the faithful nurse, was posted at the front door with the baby in her arms, while the trembling females locked themselves in an upper room. When the hurrahing, wild Union troops passed along, many straggled into the house and asked where the white ladies were. "Old Mammy" replied: "Dis is de only white lady; all de res' ar' cullud ladies," and she laughed and tossed up the baby, which seemed to please the soldiers, who chucked the baby and passed on.

SPARTAN RICHMOND LADIES.

The ladies of Richmond who bore such an active part on that terrible 3d of April, many of whom with blanched faces mounted the tops of their roofs, and with their faithful servants swept off the flying firebrands as they were wafted over the city, or bore in their arms the sick to places of safety, or sent words of comfort to their husbands and their sons who were battling against the flames—these were the true women of the South, who had never given up the hope of final victory until Lee laid down his sword at Appomattox. They were calm even in defeat; and though strong men lost their reason and shed tears in maniacal grief over the destruction of their beautiful city, yet her noble women still stood unflinching, facing all dangers with a heroism that has never been equalled since the days of Sparta.

Sauntering along the street, making a few purchases preparatory to leaving the doomed city, I was suddenly accosted by a friend, who with trembling voice and terrified countenance exclaimed:

"Sir, I have just heard that the Petersburg and Weldon railroad will be cut by the Yankees in a few days. My daughter, who is in

North Carolina, will be made a prisoner. I will give all I have to get her home!"

I saw the intense anguish of the father, and learning that he could not get a pass to go through Petersburg, I said:

"Mr. T——, if you will pay my expenses, I will have your daughter here in two days."

He overwhelmed me with thanks, crammed my pockets full of Confederate notes, filled my haversack with rations for several days, and I left next morning for Petersburg. The train not being allowed to enter the city, we had to make a mile or more in a conveyance of some kind at an exorbitant price. Learning that the Weldon train ran only at night for fear of the Yankee batteries which were alarmingly near, I had time to inspect the city. I found here a marked contrast to Richmond. As I passed along its streets viewing the marks of shot and shell on every side, hearing now and then the heavy, sullen boom of the enemy's guns, seeing on every hand the presence of war, I noticed its business men had, nevertheless, a calm, determined look. Its streets were filled with women and children, who seemed to know no fear, though at any moment a shrieking shell might dash among them, but each eye would turn in loving confidence to the Confederate flag which floated over the headquarters of General Lee, feeling that they were secure as long as he was there.

That night, when all was quiet and darkness reigned, with not a light to be seen, our train quietly slipped out of the city like a blockade-runner passing the batteries. The passengers viewed in silence the flashing of the guns as they were trying to locate the train. It was a moment of intense excitement, but on we crept until at last the captain came along with a lantern and said, "All right!" and we breathed more freely; but from the proximity of the batteries, I surmised that it would not be "all right" many days hence.

Hastening on my journey, I found the young lady, and telling her she must face the Yankee batteries if she would see her home, I found her even enthusiastic at the idea, and we hastily left, though under protest of her friends.

Returning the same route—which, indeed, was the only one now left—we approached to within five miles of Petersburg and waited for darkness. The lights were again extinguished, the passengers warned to tuck their heads low, which in many cases was done by lying flat on the floor, and then we began the ordeal, moving very

slowly, sometimes halting, at every moment fearing a shell from the belching batteries, which had heard the creaking of the train and were "feeling" for our position. The glare and the boom of the guns, the dead silence broken only by a sob from some terrified heart, all filled up a few moments of time never to be forgotten.

But we entered the city safely just as the moon was rising, and the next morning I handed my friend his daughter. A few days after the batteries closed the gap on the Weldon road, cutting off Petersburg and Richmond from the South, and compelling General Lee to prepare for retreat.

GENERAL R. E. LEE'S WAR-HORSES.

In Vol. XVIII, pp. 388-391, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, some account is given of the horses "Traveler" and "Lucy Long" used by General Robert E. Lee during the late war. Since that publication, additional interesting information of these and other horses used by General Lee has been furnished by a member of his family, as follows:

"Soon after General Lee went to Richmond, in the Spring of 1861, some gentlemen of that city presented him with a handsome bay stallion, who was given the name of 'Richmond' by General Lee. After the death of General Robert S. Garnett, who fell at Carrick's Ford, West Virginia, July 14, 1861, General Lee was sent to take command in that locality. He carried 'Richmond' with him. Whilst in West Virginia he purchased a horse which was afterward known as 'The Roan.' When General Lee returned to Richmond, in the Autumn of 1861, he brought 'Richmond' and 'The Roan' with him. When he went that winter, to the coast of Carolina and Georgia, he left 'Richmond' behind as he was not in good condition, and took only 'The Roan' with him to the South.

"In February, 1862, General Lee bought from Captain Joseph M. Broun, quartermaster of the Third Virginia Infantry, the grey horse so well-known to the public as 'Traveller.' The horse was the property of the brother of Captain Broun, Major Thomas L. Broun, also of the Third Virginia, but who was then in Virginia. The horse was of the 'Grey Eagle' stock, and was raised by Mr. Johnston, of the Blue Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier county, Virginia, (now West Virginia.) As a colt, under the name of 'Jeff. Davis,' he took the first premiums at the fairs held in Lewisburg, in 1859 and 1860. He was

purchased by Major Broun in the Spring of 1861 at the price of one hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold. The price paid by General Lee, (his own valuation, as Major Brown offered to present the horse to him,) was two hundred dollars. General Lee himself gave the name 'Traveller.' When he returned to Richmond in the Spring of 1862, he brought back with him 'The Roan' and 'Traveller.' During the battles around Richmond, that summer, 'The Roan' who had been gradually going blind, became unserviceable, and General Lee began to ride 'Richmond' again, and continued to do so until the death of the horse soon after the battle of Malvern Hill. He now began to ride 'Traveller' regularly. 'Traveller' had no vices or tricks, but was nervous and spirited. At the second battle of Mannassas, while General Lee was at the front reconnoitreing; dismounted and holding 'Traveller' by the bridle, the horse became frightened at some movement of the enemy and plunging pulled General Lee down on a stump, breaking both of his hands. The General went through the remainder of that campaign chiefly in an ambulance. When he rode on horseback, a courier rode in front leading his horse. It was soon after this that General J. E. B. Stuart purchased for General Lee, from Mr. Stephen Dandridge of 'The Bower,' near Martinsburg, Jefferson county, the mare 'Lucy Long.' She was low, and easy to mount, and her gaits were easy. General Lee rode her quite constantly until toward the close of the war, when she was found to be in foal and was sent to the rear. About this time some gentlemen of South West Virginia presented to General Lee a fine large sorrel horse whom the General named 'Ajax.' This horse had a fine walk but was too tall for the General, who seldom rode him; riding 'Traveller' almost constantly until the end of the war, and, indeed, until the time of his death, October 12th, 1870.

"After the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, 'Lucy Long,'[2] who was not with the Army of Northern Virginia, was taken by some stragglers and sold to a Virginian surgeon, who took her home with him. After the close of the war, she was found in Eastern Virginia by Captain Robert E. Lee, who repaid what had been paid for her and took her to his father at Lexington, where were also 'Traveller' and 'Ajax.' When 'The Roan' through blindness became unfit for army service, General Lee gave him to a farmer, who promised to kindly care for him. Several years after the death of General Lee, 'Traveller,' who was turned out for exercise and grazing during the day, accidentally got a nail in one of his fore-feet; this occasioned lock-

jaw, from which he died despite of every effort for his relief. He was buried in the grounds of Washington and Lee Uuiversity.

"Some years after the death of 'Traveller,' 'Lucy Long,' who was also turned out during the day for exercise, in some way injured one of her hind legs. After the leg healed, General G. W. Custis Lee put her in the keeping of the late Mr. John Riplogle, of Rockbridge a (lover of horses), paying for her board. Mr. Riplogle dying, Mr. John R. Mackay, subsequently took charge of her. She was hearty until the winter of 1890–'91, when she began to fail. She died in the spring of 1891, at the age of thirty four years, and was buried on the farm of Mr. Mackay. Some three years after the close of the war, 'Ajax,' who was turned out during the day, when not used, ran against the iron prong of the latch of a partly opened gate and killed himself. He was also buried in the grounds of the Washington and Lee University. General Custis Lee was not in Lexington, either when 'Ajax' or 'Lucy Long' received their injuries. 'Traveller' up to the time of his injury was apparently as high-spirited and serviceable as he had ever been."

THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

The attention of the editor has been called to some omissions in the succinct history of the Southern Historical Society, under the above caption, which is given in Vol. XVIII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, pp. 349–365.

Whilst it was only attempted in that brief account to comprehend important facts, yet it was the desire of the compiler that the services and influence of all essentially connected with the Society in its origin and sustenance should have recognition.

He has pleasure in here recording, as additions, that Lieutenant-General William J. Hardee, who went to the White Sulphur Springs to attend the convention which reorganized the Southern Historical Society in August, 1873, was prevented from such attendance by illness which resulted fatally a few days after the adjournment of the convention.

President Jefferson Davis was also present the last day of the session of the convention and addressed it.

There was also a subsequent special meeting, called by the President of the Society, General Early, of those who had enrolled themselves as members. This meeting was in session two days—Saturday, September 18, and Monday, September 20, 1873. At these meetings the Secretary, Colonel George Wythe Munford, not being present, his son, General Thomas T. Munford, acted as Secretary.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND THEIR VETERAN SOLDIERS.

Georgia's Confederate pension system, under which disabled veterans receive from two to twenty-five dollars per month, according to the disability, is highly creditable to that State, but it should accept and maintain its soldiers' home in order to complete the good work. It will be of interest to review the situation in other Southern States.

Virginia led in the movement and established a Confederate home near Richmond, for the support of which the State expends ten thousand dollars a year. It now appears to be the intention of the State Assemby to increase the appropriation to thirty thousand dollars. Pensions to the amount of five thousand dollars annually, are also paid.

Alabama has no home, but pays one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year in pensions.

Arkansas has a home at Little Rock, built by private subscriptions, supported by State aid.

Florida has no home, but pays thirty thousand dollars a year to disabled Confederates who have resided in the State fifteen years.

Mississippi is without a home, but has made liberal provisions for indigent and disabled Confederates.

Missouri pays no pensions, but a movement is on foot to raise one hundred thousand dollars to endow a home without State aid.

Maryland has a home costing forty thousand dollars near Baltimore, aided by the State to the extent of ten thousand dollars annually.

Louisiana has a home near New Orleans, and the State grants it ten thousand dollars a year.

North Carolina not only pays pensions, but has appropriated forty-one thousand dollars for a home.

South Carolina pays about fifty thousand dollars in pensions, but has no home.

Texas has a home established by subscription. It costs thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and State aid is expected shortly.

Tennessee has established a home at the old home of Andrew Jackson, "The Hermitage," the State having given four hundred and seventy-five acres of land and ten thousand dollars for improvements in 1889. The Legislature, which recently adjourned, appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for a building and five thousand dollars a year for its support, and in addition sixty thousand dollars, or as much thereof as may be necessary, for expenditure annually in pensions, which range from two dollars and a half to twenty-five dollars per month. It is thought that twenty-five thousand dollars per year will cover the pension list.

Of all the Southern States, Kentucky alone has made no provisions for her ex-Confederates.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

An Address Delivered Before the Association of Ex-Confederate Soldiers and Sailors of Washington, D. C., by Leigh Robinson, May 12th, 1891.

"Death makes the brave my friends," was the great word of the great Crusader; and though the outward empire of the chivalry he led has crumbled to dust, and "their swords are rust," the intrinsic nobleness thereof survives the first crusade and the last. Wherever nobleness has a house, there shall this gospel also be preached. Nor can it be said to be strictly bounded by the noble. The emulation of brave lives, and the preservation of their images, is the wise instinct of mankind. The path to immortality is fortitude. In every noble arena this is the crucial test. The corner-stone of every fortress of man's power and man's honor is man's fortitude. Our inmost shrines are altars to this tutelary god. Deep in the heart is the sense of that ineradicable royalty which makes the crown of thorns more than the crown of gold—martyr more than victor. It is the true-fixed, the constant quality that hath no fellow in the firmament. Constancy is the pole on which the heavens turn.

As one who wore this armor against fate and walked erect beneath it till forescore had been passed; as one who in all relations evinced the enduring fibre which sets the seal on every excellence—Joseph E. Johnston is our theme. We are to consider the example of a life which by birth was martial. To the son of one of Lee's Legion, nourished by the breath of heroes in the heroic prime, a soldier's life seemed the natural office of a soldier's son. A cadetship at West Point was the signal that the parade-ground of his life was chosen, the tuition of his destiny begun, the Olympian battle joined. "Better," sings an ancient bard, "better is the grave than the life of him who sighs when the horns summon him to the squares of battle." So, sighed not the young second lieutenant, who, graduating with honor in 1829, first won his spurs in the Florida war.

The war itself must be acknowledged to be a part of that sad chapter which registers the uncontained avidity of a victor race. When, in July, 1821, Spain ceded the Floridas to the United States, the Indians were roaming unmolested over the peninsula, and were the recognized possessors of broad and fertile acres in the heart of the country. The white man's remedy for this is the tangle of treaties, from whose net-work the Indian emerges a desolating savage. It is ever a perilous moment when weakness is the guard of fertility and rapacity is strong. But it is when, in the sequel, devastation and havoc have been loosed, and tottering age, and infantile weakness, and woman's sorrow are alike devoured by infuriated murder, that the army appears upon the scene. Whatever was the primary right or wrong, our young second lieutenant was in the field, not for outrage, but to quell it. He was there to act a soldier's part in the school of a soldier's strife and duty. Right worthily he did it. For it fell to him to extricate from jeopardy the command in which he was himself but a subordinate—a jeopardy so great that it left him with the marks of five bullets on his person and clothing. On the anvil of an indomitable will he was already beating into polished brightness the fearlesss mettle of his soul. Henceforth, his "baptism of fire" stands sponsor for him. His knighthood has been laid upon his shoulder.

It is the track of the accomplished knight which we follow in the war with Mexico—that ardent nurse of heroes—where our second lieutenant has grown to be captain of the engineers on the staff of Winfield Scott. When Vera Cruz yielded to bombardment, Captains Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, of the General's staff,

were appointed to arrange the terms of its surrender. Worthier ambassadors of victory could not have been chosen.

The army then moved along the great national road, made by the old Spaniards, to the ancient capital of Mexico. On April 12, 1847, cannon shots from Cerro Gordo checked the cavalry advance, and made it certain Santa Anna would give battle there. At the head of a pass, winding its ascending way through a narrow defile of mountains, the enemy had fortified himself by a series of breastworks, armed with cannon, which commanded the road and each other. It was easy to see that on the left the position could not be taken. Skillful reconnoisances, in which Johnston bore a conspicuous part, decided the plan of battle, which was an attack upon the right. At the beginning of the assault Johnston was ordered to make one more reconnoisance. The rattle of the musketry had been heard but a few minutes when he fell, severely wounded, at the head of his daring movement. Of such is the kingdom of victory! There is the dangerous pass; there the difficult height; there the hero's place: there he falls! An army rushes over him to triumph. So the steep cone was carried—"the lofty and difficult height of Cerro Gordo," as the commanding general called it.

A soldier's wounds are the rounds in his ladder. His letter of credit is written in his blood. His noble traffic is the safety of others in return for blows to himself. Johnston's wounds pointed to him as the fit man to be lieutenant-colonel of the fine regiment of Voltiguers. At their head he led the assault upon Chapultepec, and at their head he was again shot down. But his wounds could not impede him from entering the City of Mexico, as commandant of the regiment he had so gallantly led.

After the war he was for a time acting inspector-general. Still later he was made lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. Finally he was appointed quartermaster, with the rank of brigadier—the highest prize which was then accessible.

Such was the prologue to the more stupendous drama upon which the curtain was now to rise. On one side of that curtain hung every ambitious hope, the fruition whereof might now be counted sure; on the other the strain of an unequal and untried power against the odds of number and organized resource. To choose the latter was to plunge into an angry flood which might prove the dark abyss. It was the leap from sure eminence into the storm and roar of the elements. To Johnston there was no alternative. His choice was

the hero's choice—where the sacrifice was all that was certain. The forlorn hope had ever been his hope. He forsook the assured eminence for the earthquake of revolution; to stand or fall with the soil it rocked. It was the peril of everything, only to be justified if principle was at stake. Johnston's justification can be given in no words better than his own. "I believed," he says, "that apart from any right of secession, the revolution begun was justified by the maxims so often repeated by Americans, that free government is founded on the consent of the governed; and that every community strong enough to establish and maintain its independence has a right to assert it. Having been educated in such opinions, I naturally determined to return to the State of which I was a native, join the people among whom I was born, and live with my kindred, and, if necessary, fight in their defense."

It was but little more than a decade since Johnston had freely shed his blood in a war, which grew out of our very willing vindication of the right of Texas to secede from Mexico, and accede to the Union. The United States, somewhat loudly, proclaimed to the world that this was right. A President had been elected for triumphing in that cause. It was natural for Johnston to believe, that a right, which had been so exultingly attributed to a province of Mexico, colonized under her laws, was necessarily annexed to that commonwealth of Virginia, which was the first free State of this New World. Indeed, it will be always difficult to explain why Texas herself did not have at least as much legal right to go as to come.

But for Johnston, as for destiny, there was but one tribunal to which the issue was referred, and that was visibly confronting him. It was for the sword to write the record. The gage of battle was thrown down, and by Johnston lifted with a knight's good conscience. What followed is written in letters of flame, and in this crude summary is only referred to as illustrative of character. For the first word and act of Johnston when he drew his sword, on the side he so unreservedly espoused, prefigures his quality—the judgment as unswerving as it was intrepid, the faculty to be bold or cautious as the emergency demanded. His sure eye quickly saw that the triangle, formed by the Potomac, the Shenandoah, and Furnace Ridge, was untenable by any force not strong enough to hold Maryland Heights, which swept every part of it by enfilade and reverse fires; and that, moreover, it was twenty miles out of position to defend against Patterson's expected advance, or to prevent McClellan's junction with

him. His soldierly sense informed him that Winchester was the strategic point for every purpose. There the practicable roads from west and northwest, as well as from Manassas, meet the route from Pennsylvania and Maryland. Thither, on the 15th of June, he moved his meagre force from the funnel of Harper's Ferry. On the next day Patterson crossed the Potomac. The skill with which, one month later, he eluded Patterson's army of more than thirty thousand, and hurled his own from the mountains upon McDowell, was the master-stroke of Manassas—Johnston's rear column, under Kirby Smith, coming upon the field, just as Barnard Bee was falling, and Jackson's Stonewall the last Gibraltar. Just when the South Carolina Brigade was hardest pressed, an aide or courier of Bee, meeting Johnston, asked, "Where are your Virginians?" "In the thickest of the fight," was the Spartan answer. It was a victory won by an army which itself barely grazed defeat, and one, therefore, difficult to pursue. But in this cursory glance one thing cannot be omitted—the full credit which Johnston everywhere gives Beauregard.

The bold design submitted by the military officers, in a council of war, at Manassas in September, 1861, to concentrate at that point the strength of the Confederacy, even at the cost of leaving bare of defense points more remote, so that there might be taken an aggressive which would be decisive, is a matter of history. It is expressive of a brave but well balanced judgment, heedful and comprehensive, which sought to exchange risk where victory was not vital for where it was. It is true weighty reasons were given for overruling it. An army of sixty thousand soldiers was the force deemed essential to such a movement. Troops to increase the army to this number could only be furnished by taking them from other positions then threatened. This seemed to the Executive unreasonable. New troops could not be furnished because there were no arms save those which were borne by the troops then in the field. Arms were expected from abroad, but had not come, and the manufacture was still undeveloped. By this council of war, a light is thrown on the military conditions, which, for succeeding months, were defensive only. In the penury of men and arms thereby revealed excessive forwardness was not obligatory. But the defensive was one which, whenever assaulted, as at Leesburg, displayed an undismayed and impenetrable front.

At the close of the winter and opening of the spring of 1862, the time had come for Johnston to embrace in his vision and preparation,

the four routes whereby McClellan might advance—the one chosen the previous July; another by Fredericksburg; the third and fourth by the lower Rappahannock, or the Peninsula between the York and James. The choice of the second route (joined to movements which, by the aid of the river, it was easy to conceal), would place McClellan at least two days nearer Richmond than was Johnston at Bull Run. Face to face with these conditions, the Confederate General, between the 5th and 11th of March, placed his entire army on the south bank of the Rappahannock, where with equal readiness he could resist his antagonist advancing from Manassas, or met him at Fredericksburg, and at the same time be in a position to unite with others, should he move from Fortress Monroe, or by the lower Rappahannock. On the latter date McClellan occupied the works at Centreville and Manassas, which, except by Quaker guns, had been deserted since the evening of the 9th. Fortress Monroe was then chosen as the base of operations against Richmond. Soon perceiving the evidence of this, Johnston moved to the south of the Rapidan, whence he could still more effectually unite the forces of opposition to the meditated movement. McClellan's plan was to capture the force on the Peninsula, open the James and press on to Richmond before reinforcements could arrive. Two things baffled his purpose—first, Magruder's inflexible intrenchments; second, Johnston's alertness. On the day McClellan began his movement from Fortress Monroe, Johnston began the movement to swell Magruder's handful. It was on the 5th of April that McClellan was brought to a halt, in front of Yorktown and the supporting fortifications. As the conclusion from the artillery duel of this day, which was protracted until dusk, it was deemed inexpedient to carry these positions by assault. It was an army of a hundred thousand against twelve. With such forces against such forts, it had been ascertained, that the ground, in front of those frowning heights and forbidding swamps, was swept by guns, which could not be silenced. Accordingly, parallels were started to bring Yorktown to terms by a more gradual procedure. There is, however, no parallel to the confession extorted from McClellan by Magruder.

From the final parellel, it was thought siege batteries would be ready to open on the 6th of May. Johnston's computation, coinciding with McClellan's, Yorktown was evacuated on the night of the 3d. On the morning of the 4th, empty works again capitulated to the conqueror.

It was at the junction of the Yorktown and Hampton Roads, at about half-past five on the morning of the 5th, that Hooker's sharp shooters, leading the pursuit, drove in the Confederate picket. It was in front of Fort Magruder, one of a cordon of redoubts, thirteen in number, which Magruder's forethought had constructed. It was just two miles from the venerable shades and spires of Williamsburg. Within two miles of Hooker, at the time, were thirty thousand troops; within twelve miles the bulk of the Army of the Potomac. He, therefore, made his dispositions to attack, so that if he did not capture the army before him, he would at least hold it until others could. Williamsburg was a well fought field, where Hancock leaped to fame, and where none can be reproached with want of valor. But the army in front of Hooker was neither captured nor held. The well calculated blow of Johnston was fierce and stunning, and his very deliberate retreat was no more interrupted. What most interests us to-night is the magnanimous grace with which Johnston refers to the officer in command of the troops engaged. "About three o'clock," he says, "I rode upon the field, but found myself compelled to be a mere spectator, for General Longstreet's clear head and brave heart left me no apology for interference."

Meantime McClellan was bending every energy to the active shipment of troops, by water, to the west bank of the Pamunkey, opposite West Point. In vain did he seek there the unguarded spot. Just how to strike when blows were exigent, and how to hold up his buckler against surprise; in one instant to be shield and spear, was Johnston's secret. He had retired before overwhelming numbers with the step and gesture of a master.

It was Johnston's theory of war, that the time for blows to be efficient was not when his enemy was near his base, and he distant from his own; but under exactly reverse conditions. As early as April 15th, Johnston proposed that McClellan's army should be attacked in front of Richmond by one as numerous, formed by uniting all the available forces of the Confederacy in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, with those at Norfolk, on the Peninsula, and then near Richmond. Such an army surprising McClellan by an attack, when he was looking to the seige of Richmond, might be expected to defeat him; and defeat, a hundred miles from his then base of supplies, would mean destruction. On the 22d and 27th he reiterates this view. A month later, the new vigor of twenty-five thousand soldiers, drawn from North Carolina and the South, added to the

"red right arm" of Jackson, and launched by the genius of Lee, was the thunderbolt to rive asunder McClellan's oak. Johnston's plan would have forestalled preparation by the unexpected, before a change of base was feasible.

Reasons having been presented in opposition to his original plan, Johnston's next design was to encourage an increasing interval between McClellan's troops as the latter approached the Chickahominy, and, when he was fairly astride the little river, to attack him. He must do this before McDowell, moving southward from Fredericksburg, could swell the tide of battle against Richmond. On the morning of May 30th reconnoissances showed that one entire corps and a part, if not the whole, of another were on the south side of the river. In point of fact, the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes were across, the latter in advance. Heintzelman was at White Oak and Bottom's bridges, with the nearest support to him some six miles distant on the opposite side of the stream. The Chickahominy ran between the two wings of the army. Johnston now saw his opportunity, and to see it was to seize it. A violent rain-storm, which fell soon after, swelling the stream and perhaps making it impassable, convinced him that the hoped-for hour had struck. His orders were at once given. Written orders were dispatched to Hill, Huger, and G. W. Smith, and in writing acknowledged. Longstreet being near headquarters received his orders verbally. G. W. Smith was to take position on the left to support the attack which the other divisions were to make upon the right. All were to move at daybreak.

Seven Pines, which was to be the chief scene of encounter, is at the junction of the Nine-Mile and Williamsburg roads. Casey's redoubt was a half mile nearer to Richmond. His division and artillery formed the first line to be attacked, the left resting upon White Oak Swamp, the right extending across the York River railroad. White Oak Swamp, the Williamsburg road, and the railroad are nearly parallel. Johnston expected the blow by his own right to be delivered before 8 A. M., and was confident that the effect of it would be a complete victory on the south side of the swollen Chickahominy. This opinion is fully shared by General Keyes, and published by him in his "Fifty Years' Observations."

Wherever the responsibility may be lodged for the failure to attack not only at 8 A. M., but even as early as noon, the defect was not in Johnston's orders and timely preparations. For some reason, never

sufficiently explained and still a matter of controvery, the attack on the right did not begin until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. But even after the delay of all these hours, the rush of Hill and Longstreet had stormed and carried the entrenchments opposed to them, with the camp equipments, ordnance, and stores belonging to the troops assailed, driving Casey in utter route back upon Couch, and Couch upon Heintzleman, when their onward movement was stopped by the falling night. Johnston had stationed himself on the left to take part in the co-operating movement—where the force in front of Smith had been rescued from defeat by Sumner's opportune arrival—and had just ordered each regiment to sleep where it fought, to be ready to renew the battle at dawn, when he received a musket shot in the shoulder, and a moment after was unhorsed by a fragment of shell which struck him in the breast. The reins of his steed and of his victory fell from his hands. The brightness of his sword shone for an instant, and then the darkness swallowed it. The sharpness of it slept when the night became its sheath. A hero was borne upon his shield fallen but undismayed. Beneath the smitten breast there lived a heart unsmitten.

When Johnston was stricken down at Seven Pines, he left an army which had been animated by him to a new consciousness of valor; the Army of Virginia, whose organization was the work of his hand. Doubtless, one object of the blow was accomplished, in the check to McClellan's advance on the south side of the swamp. Nevertheless, as a strategy in the valley and the leap to Manassas was the shining image of the boldness and caution so happily mixed in him; so Seven Pines might be construed to be the malignant prophecy of that dark fate, which seemed thereafter to rise in meeting against him, and be the incessant wound of victory. Rarely has the countenance of fate worn a look and spoken from a lip so cynical, as in that chapter, wherein as it were, war's master was made his victim, his own edge turned against him. It was the superlative satire of events. Johnston's eminence was tried in the most fiery furnace in which such energies could be constrained to walk. The field of victory spread before him to be organized was, with recurring bitterness, snatched from him on the day the prizes were bestowed. We feel as if we were witnessing less the encounter of man with human circumstance, than the supernatural warfare of a Titan whose fight is with the skies.

Johnston reported for duty on the 12th of November, and on the 24th, received orders of that date, assigning him to the command of

the Department of the West; a geographical department, including the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and parts of Louisiana, Georgia and North Carolina. Had the reality of this command been delivered to Johnston, it would have been the very arena for the employment of his large gifts. The vision which is competent to survey and manage the whole landscape of war, and direct the grand movements and general arrangements of campaigns is known as strategy. Of this great faculty Johnston was the master.

The world's mad game is not played blind fold. The genius of war, like other genius, is not the mere gift of luck, but the consummation of a profound attention to details and all the forces of supremacy. The game, in which the greatest intellects are matched for the greatest stakes, must be an intellectual game. The successful general, who succeeds against disproportionate numbers and resources, is not a military gambler, but the closest of all close calculators. His greatness is that when he does stand upon reality he knows it, and is not to be terrified out of it or the daring which it justifies. This is the application of the great saying of the Roman orator, "A man of courage is also full of faith." Genius has its own way of dealing with the impossible, but it is not a senseless way, nor ever really reckless.

Johnston went to the West, not to do brilliant things for their own sake, but to win the cause of which he was the soldier. Accustomed as he ever was to ride in the van of danger, his bruises of battle shining like stars upon him, he was the man of all others to be heeded, when he counselled caution. His whole life was that glorious thing—fair combat through strife to victory. With an unshrinking devotion equal to any task, he proposed to his own courageous intellect that system of the offensive-defensive, which once before in the world's annals was the salvation, and the sole salvation, of the bravest and most determined people on its face. The greatest of all warlike races rescued itself from destruction, and the world's future empire from a rival, by slowly learning that victories may be won by avoiding no less than by seeking battle; that a march or manœuvre at the right time, is more potent than a battle at the wrong time; that to seize a position which will threaten the adverse army the instant it does move, may far exceed the value of an attack upon it, if it does not; that the circuit of a large and politic strategy is wider and higher, and makes its demands upon an intellectual grasp more subtle and more vivid, than the mere rapture of pitched battle. This

was the instruction of which Fabius and Marcellus were the apt pupils, and Hannibal the school-master.

It is idle now to speculate as to what might have happened, had Johnston been allowed to be the real main spring of movements he was so fitted to direct; if the substance of his important command had been delivered to him. Fortune opposed him with an iron heart, which no excellence could touch. He opposed fortune with an iron will, which, unconquered and undismayed, has outlived fortune's worst and triumphed over it. His strife seems to be waged less with visible, than with some inscrutable power, which baffled, but never met him in authentic shape. It is his peculiar fame, that no disappointment and no calamity has been able to deny and to dethrone his real supremacy. All noble strength partakes of the wrestler's agony. The thing which we honor is the unshrinking dedication of thews and sinews by man to his fellows, in the face of the frown of power and in the teeth of temporal scorn. That which makes the brave man, struggling in the storms of fate, a sight for gods and men, is the magnanimity to rise from strain and overthrow, with a rectitude of will untainted and unspent; the uprightness, which, bows with bended knee before God's footstool, but not with bended neck under man's yoke, nor subjugated brow under life's oppression. The struggle of fate seemed to be to write the death-warrant of all which to Johnston was most precious; but the final victory was with Johnston. The moral self which was his charge to keep, the post of which he was God's sentry, was never once surprised, never once surrendered. What was then his lonely outpost is to-night his citadel.

The ink was hardly dry upon the special order assigning Johnston to the Department of the West, when he promptly made known the plan of campaign which commended itself to him. Inasmuch as the army of the Trans-Mississippi was relatively strong, and the army now proposed to be placed under him was relatively weak, and the latter, subject to the further disadvantage of being divided by the Tennessee River, he urged that the united force of both departments be thrown at once on Grant. As the troops in Arkansas and those under Pemberton had the same great object—the defence of the Mississippi Valley—and both opposed to troops having one object—the possession of the Mississippi—the main force of the latter operating on the east side of the river; the more direct and immediate co-operation of the former was the thing advised. He significantly adds, "As our troops are now distributed, Vicksburg is in danger." He

proposed, therefore, the union of the forces of Holmes and Pemberton; those of Bragg to co-operate if practicable. By the junction he could, as he believed, overwhelm Grant, then between the Tallahatchie and Holly Springs, far from his base—the place for victory.

No notice having been taken of this plan, and suggestions made by him respecting the commands of Bragg and Pemberton, as well as objections interposed by him to the diminution of the former force to augment the latter, failing also of approval, Johnston acquired the feeling that his wide command was little more than nominal. To be answerable for issues without authority to order, or potently advise, is "a barren sceptre" which none can grasp with use or honor. Upon the ground that armies with different objects, like those of Mississippi and Tennessee, were too far apart for mutual dependence, and, therefore, could not be commanded properly by the same general Johnston asked to have a different command assigned him. Ultimately a special order did so re-assign him. Intermediately he received specific orders directing him where to go.

It was on the 22d of January, 1863, while he was inspecting the defences of Mobile, that he was ordered to go to the headquarters of Bragg, for the purpose of determining whether the latter had so far lost the confidence of his army, as to make it expedient to supersede him. If such was found to be the fact, Johnston was to be his successor. It was hardly fair, thus to make a generous mind at once competitor and judge; to place him in a position, where his merest word would exalt himself at the expense of the party judged. Johnston threw every doubt in favor of his companion in arms, and advised against Bragg's removal. His letter to the Confederate President upon this subject deserves to be known more widely than it is. "I respectfully suggest," he wrote, "that should it then appear to you necessary to remove General Bragg, none in this army or engaged in this investigation ought to be his successor." This is the voice of a true knight. It is the reflex of that grace of mind which is ever the noblest ornament to its greatness. When death has silenced him who wrote, it speaks to the hearts which survive, like a trumpet in the stillness of the night. He had returned to Mobile when, on the 12th of February, he was ordered to assume charge of the army of middle Tennessee. At the time the general of that army was bowed and broken by the illness of his wife, supposed to be at the point of death. With a natural chivalry, Johnston post-

poned the communication of the order, reporting to Richmond the reasons for so doing. Once more an act of noble grace! These are the acts which write their bright light on the human sky. When the particular crisis had passed, Johnston's own debility was such that he could not assume command, and the order was indefinitely postponed. He had reported for duty all too soon, and too severely taxed the adamant which knew so little how to yield. It was not until the 12th of March that he was able to resume his duties in the field.

Johnston had inspected Vicksburg during Christmas week, and even so early had decided, as he shortly afterwards stated to General Maury, that it was a mistake to keep in an intrenched camp so large an army, whose true place was in the field; that a heavy work should be constructed to command the river just above Vicksburg, "at the turn," with a year's supply for a good garrison of three thousand men. Until April 14th Pemberton's telegrams indicated an effort against Bragg, in whose vicinity Johnston was, and not against Vicksburg. On the 16th of April the Union fleet passed the batteries of Vicksburg. To the mind of Johnston it was clear that, when this could happen Vicksburg ceased to be of any more importance than any other place on the river. On the 29th of April and 1st of May, Pemberton announced a movement upon Grand Gulf, with a view to Vicksburg. Johnston replied on the instant, telling Pemberton to unite all his troops from every quarter for the repulse of Grant, while the latter was crossing the river, and to move at once for the purpose, adding, "success will give you back what was abandoned to win it." On the 9th of May a dispatch was received by Johnston, at Tullahoma, in middle Tennessee, directing him to "proceed at once to Mississippi to take chief command of the forces there." He replied, "I shall go immediately, although unfit for field service." From the shell which had unhorsed him at Seven Pines he had not yet so far rallied as to be able to ride into the field. But the orders he forthwith gave reflect the warrior grasp which nothing could relax. Three things were clear to Johnston: First, that the time to attack was when the enemy was divided in the passage of the river; second, that the invading army must be defeated in the field, and that Vicksburg must fall if besieged; third, that Vicksburg ceased to be of exceptional importance, after the junction of the upper and lower fleet. In coincidence with these views were his orders to the officer

in command at Vicksburg to leave the intrenchments there, and unite with himself in an attack upon the separate detachments of the opposing forces but, in any event, to evacuate Vicksburg and its dependencies and save the army, which could not escape if Vicksburg were besieged.

When, from a failure to execute these instructions, Sherman, on the 13th of May, was able to interpose four divisions at Clinton, on the Southern railroad, Johnston, then hurrying forward with his little army, at once ordered Pemberton to come up, with all the strength he could assemble, in Sherman's rear, promising his own co-operation. Clinton was seventeen miles east of Pemberton. As is well known, and, doubtless, because of the importance ascribed to Vicksburg, Pemberton moved south instead of east, with a part only of his force, and out of reach of the little band waiting to participate at Clinton. He marched to the disasters of Champion Hill and Baker's Creek. On being so informed, in terms which admitted of no mistake, Johnston ordered the immediate evacuation of Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

It is not desirable to discuss the considerations, which caused a sincerely patriotic soldier to so deviate from these orders, as to invert and, in effect, to annul them. Johnston's orders meant to him as he states "the fall of Port Hudson, the surrender of the Mississippi river, and the severance of the Confederacy." Saving that it was already severed, this was true. If, however, instead of deviation, there had been execution, whether or not it would have made the difference between the disaster which was sustained by Pemberton at Baker's Creek, and the victory at Clinton, it would certainly have made the difference between an army captured in Vicksburg and an unconquered one outside of it. The investment of Vicksburg was completed of the 19th, and its surrender was then but a matter of time. Mr. A. H. Stephens states, that on the 23d of June, he was informed, at the War Department, that the surrender of Vicksburg was inevitable. If the beseiged could not escape the beseigers at the beginning of the seige, still less at the end; if the force within did not possess the power to unite with the force without before the seige began, how much less could it expect to effect such junction after forty days and forty nights of exhaustion were added to it. If the stronger force within the citadel could not cut its way out, how much less could the weaker force without be expected to cut its way in! At the time Johnston had but two brigades. The race of collecting

troops, wherewith to relieve the beseiged, was run against those who could easily outstrip him. After five weeks of indefatigable exertion, he could only say, on the 20th of June, "when all reinforcements arrive, I shall have about twenty-three thousand." A twice beaten army, enclosed in Vicksburg, could not be saved by one not equal in strength to a third of the covering force. To have attempted it, against strong circumvallations, would have been to complete the capture of the army within, by the wanton massacre of the army without—to fling a second catastrophe after the first. The fate of Vicksburg and Port Hudson was sealed, unless an army strong enough to carry Grant's intrenchments could be brought to the assault.

"He should have struck a blow," it is said. To strike a blow unwisely is one of the simplest of human actions. It is done daily with the smallest possible profit to mankind. It will ever be a narrow cockpit in which the tactics of Donnybrook Fair score their success. The shout of victory or death is irrelevant where death alone is possible. It is not even to court the hazard of a die to rush to sure destruction. Should the general then set his cause upon the cast and rush into battle merely to die there? The rush of despair proclaims as much fear as courage. Johnston was right. The place to defend Vicksburg was in the field. As a beleaguered city its defence was hopeless. Isolation was destruction. Vicksburg ceased to be of value when its bluffs could no longer close navigation to a hostile force, nor keep it open to a friendly one. The army within was invaluable and could not be replaced. To immure was to sacrifice. To shut in strength was to shut out strength. In the great game of danger he wins the day who really risks the least, however he may seem to hazard all. Courage and skill are shown in disregarding the imminent appearance in the confidence of victory seen through the deadly imminence. But when to the unblenching eye of war's leader the peril is the only reality and the victory beyond is the illusion it is fatuity to strike. The perilous movement is victorious only when it places an adversary at a real disadvantage. Instead of a concentration of the weaker army as ordered by Johnston, so as to be able to fall upon the stronger one in detail, by the deviations from his orders the weaker army was so distributed as to be taken in detail by the concentrated stronger one.

There are times in life's experience when the winds of fortune seem to sport with human actions; when those we would unite with

frustrate us to their own cost and by their sacrifice; times when it would look as if some sardonic deity had been unbound to baffle calculation; to poison the springs of action; to shake from their centre faith and duty; to perplex reason and conscience, and to the death-call of a true endeavor be the mocking Mephistopheles.

Something akin to this must have been present to Johnston when he saw the strength of the West hewed in two by movements which seemed to solicit the fortified line of the enemy to enter like a wedge of steel between Vicksburg and his own exterior force, when he saw the relatively strong force retire behind works because of inability to meet the enemy in the open field, and then from their walls call upon the relatively weak force to storm that same enemy in his fortifications. In such catastrophe all that man can do is to oppose duty to dejection, make clear the record of responsibility, and follow with unfaltering step the light left in the sky. This done, the result is with the great Captain of events, who makes and unmakes life and its aims. It was the destiny of Johnston to be the unhearkened Cassandra of his time, the sageness of whose counsel history will measure by the fatality of not receiving it.

It is marvellous that after such a calamity as that at Vicksburg the small army which had been gathered by Johnston was pursued by no worse disaster. While Vicksburg and Port Hudson stood and there was hope that either might be succored Jackson was essential to the manœuvering army—the key to the position. When they fell the military value of Jackson ended. Nevertheless, Johnston drew up in front of it, inviting an assault, and only when his adversary showed he again intended to resort to the sure course of investment did he withdraw. I believe there is no dispute that Johnston's management here was one of signal ability. One of his officers, who in the later history of the war took sides with Hood, in speaking of Johnston's masterly management at this point, added this commentary: "I may say I never saw Johnston do anything which did not seem to me better done than anyone else could do it. My only criticism is that there was not more of it." The faculty to do whatever is done better than anyone else can do it is one which is never redundant, and therefore one which a community struggling in the death grips for existence can ill-afford to part with and invite to do nothing.

During the remainder of the year the operations of the Union army in Mississippi were limited to predatory expeditions. Nothing

was captured which was in Johnston's custody; nothing defeated which he led.

During this summer Johnston received a letter from the Confederate President, criticising his conduct and conclusions, in terms, which were hardly those to win a hero's assent. To this Johnston replied with that invincible clearness of which, as of the art of war, he was the master. There would seem to be ground for the dilemma, afterwards interposed by Johnston, that, if the criticisms of him were deserved, the further retention of him in command was indefensible. And his services were to be retained. Unhappily thereafter upon terms of mutual distrust between him and the authority to which he reported.

It was on the 18th of December, 1863, that Johnston was ordered to assume command of the Army of Tennessee. The instructions which awaited him at Dalton advised him, that he would probably find the army there disheartened by late events, and deprived of ordnance and materials; that it was hoped his presence would do much to re-establish hope, restore discipline, and inspire confidence.

Johnston succeeded to Bragg upon an unenviable throne. Whether justly or unjustly, the experiences of the preceding year had alienated the allegiance without which it was incoherent and discredited. The battle of Missionary Ridge was the greatest disaster sustained by the Confederate arms in pitched battle during the whole war. Nearly one-half the guns, caissons and munitions of the defeated army had been abandoned. Dalton had not been selected because of its defensive strength, but simply because the retreat from Missionary Ridge had ceased at that point. Johnston was sent to repair disaster. The army he now commanded was the same which, under Bragg, had been routed at Missionary Ridge. Sherman's army was the one which had routed it. The defeated army had been depleted since the battle. The successful one had been augmented. Johnston so reorganized and reassured his dispirited force, that, when the campaign opened in the spring, the poorest regiment he had was superior in effectiveness and drill to the best when he took command. The change was swift and permanent. Thenceforth, no army in the Confederacy excelled, if any equaled it, in drill and discipline. The whole army felt that a lofty gentleman was in command, animated by a noble and pervading justice, which no favor could bias and no incompetence mislead. The genius for rapid organization could not be more splendidly evinced. Wherever his hand was laid, a life of dis-

cipline sprang up. It was the same organizing skill which had laid the foundation of the army of the East. It was a wonderful personal influence and mastery, which thus drew to him an army acquainted chiefly with disaster. If nothing else existed to reflect his excellence, the miracle which he wrought in this transformation, from complete rout to complete confidence, from fatal chaos and dismemberment into compact order, would, of itself, preserve for us the image of great mind's authority and magnetism. As Johnston looked upon this work of his creative week, he saw that it was good.

When on the 6th of May, 1864, the duel between the two armies began, two things must be borne in mind : first, that on the preceding fourth of July, one-third of the strength of the Confederacy had fallen, in the east and in the west, at Gettysburg and Vicksburg : second, that when the policy of wearing out by attrition was inaugurated, it was desirable for the weaker party to be economical of wear and tear. The time had surely come when the Confederacy could not be prodigal of life ; when it should take no step which was not calculated with disciplined precaution. It must make no mistake. The man for this supreme emergency was then at Dalton— a man with that great attribute of a leader in convulsion the capacity to see things as they are. As with a merchant, so with a general, his first business is to know when to spend and when to spare. Johnston took into consideration the natural features of the country in front ; the susceptibility for defence, natural and artificial ; the importance of time without disaster to his own side ; the slight result of inconclusive defeat to his opponent. Only brilliant success could now be compensation for serious loss. All these were realties which he was not permitted to forget. He was now where previous adversity might be the background for the revelation of his skill—if only he was trusted ! Even the Divine Hero did not do his mighty work where faith was wanting.

The chief criticisms of Johnston's conduct of this campaign rests on his failure to attack Sherman at Rocky Face, three miles north of Dalton, when McPherson was detached to intercept Johnston's communications, by the movement through Snake Creek Gap. I believe no intelligent criticism imputes blame to him for his failure to attack at any other point. The disposition of the Confederate army about Dalton had been made in the hope that Sherman would attack with his whole force. Therefore, Johnston's entire strength was concentrated there. For the moment his communications were unprotected A

mountain divided the opposing forces. The difficulty of the passes was as great to one side as the other. In these conditions to change from the defensive and yield the advantages of ground was a certain risk. On May 1st, the effective strength of Johnston's army, infantry, artillery, and cavalry was forty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. On April 10th, 1864, Sherman reported *as present for duty* one hundred and eighty thousand men. Out of this force he proposed to form a compact army of exactly one hundred thousand men for the purpose of his advance. The number above given is to be distinguished from the number borne on his rolls, which amounted to upwards of three hundred and forty thousand men. Supposing the utmost, a victory by Johnston over the one hundred thousand picked men, Sherman had behind him the fortified gap at Ringgold, and behind that the fortress of Chattanooga. Nevertheless, a divis- of his adversary's force—that moment of division, which is always the moment of weakness—was just the moment which Johnston was wont to seize, and he was about to seize this, when his reconnoissance assured him that it was the bulk of Sherman's army, which, covered from exposure by the curtain of Rocky Face, was marching towards Resaca by Snake Creek Gap, and could, without serious resistance, cut his connection while he was engaged by the force in front. It was the infirmity of Johnston that he would not incur great risk with out reconnoissance. He would not leap in the dark. He had the gift, as it proved to him, the fatal gift, of always knowing what he was about. Unless he at once intercepted Sherman the ruin to him was certain. Months afterwards one of his officers ventured to ask why he did not attack at Rocky Face. The sententious reply was, "Napoleon once said, the General who suffers his communication to be cut deserves to be shot."

"He should have fought," his critics say, "as Lee and Jackson fought at Chancellorsville; he should have thrown everything upon the hazard of a die; complete victory in front would have been followed by the rout of the force in the rear." Such critics forget that the victorious army at Chancellorsville was not one which, after complete defeat at Fredericksburg, had been delivered to a new commander, with a friendly caution as to the probable effect of such late tragedy upon spirit and organization. Chancellorsville had been prepared by all the host of victories, which fought for it like another army. That army was one which believed defeat to be impossible. The army at Dalton had never known what real victory meant. It

was of incalculable importance that the engagement of the latter army, under their new leader, should be sharply discriminated from all which had preceded it. In mere bravery, the past could not be exceeded. It was the wise, discerning stroke of the new regime which it was essential to infallibly impart.

Under any military conditions, one might ask, is it wholly reasonable to exact, as a matter of strict military right, that a general, on taking command of an army, shall at once, without more words, become a Robert E. Lee or Stonewall Jackson at the highest pinnacle of their earthly achievement? One might conclude, from the inclination expressed by some, to inaugurate the triumphs of Lee and Jackson at the portal of the Georgia campaign, that such inauguration was a matter of election and pure preference by ambitious minds; that one whose heart was in the right place might make a habit of the military marvel of the war. Alas! the rarest and most fortunate displays of greatness, Chancellorsvilles and Centrevilles, are not creatures of suffrage; and all who go forward on such disastrous hypothesis, in Georgia campaigns and elsewhere, are destined to discover that desire, aspiration even, is not synonymous with faculty.

It was in the same month, after the terrible repulse at Spotsylvania Courthouse, that Grant made a flank movement to the North Anna, not unlike that of Sherman to Resaca. The object of Grant was by a detour eastward, around the point where the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad crosses the North Anna, to cut Lee's communications. Did Lee strike the force left behind? No; nor did he attempt to strike the force sent forward before reinforcements could arrive; but, by the most expeditious interior line, he moved his own army to Hanover Junction, where Hancock met it. Here the two parts of the Army of the Potomac were not only separated, but a river so ran between them that, to get from one of Grant's wings to the other, that river would have to be crossed twice. On the other hand, Lee had concentrated his army between the Little River and the North Anna, not only in a strong position, but so situated that it could easily act in unity, and concentrate upon either of the opposing wings. Some say Lee should have left a small part of his force to hold the intrenchments of his left, and attacked Hancock with the rest of his army.

Hancock's force did not exceed twenty-four thousand infantry. Leaving seven thousand to hold the west face of his intrenchments,

and the apex on the river, Lee might have attacked Hancock with possible thirty-six thousand infantry. But, as an able officer suggests,* Hancock was intrenched, and Lee well knew the advantage that gave, and that he could not afford to suffer the inevitable loss. Those who would make the Atlanta campaign exactly like Chancellorsville should remember that, from the last day's fight at the Wilderness to Appomattox, Lee attacked no more; that from this time on Lee fought only behind entrenchments; that what could be done in 1863, could not necessarily be done in 1864.

The whole criticism of Johnston strangely forgets, that the victorious results at Second Manassas and Chancellorsville were the consequences of Jackson's spring upon the rear of Pope and Hooker; and not because Jackson suffered himself to be in their predicament. The question presented to Johnston at Rocky Face was, not whether he would do like Stonewall Jackson, but whether he would deliberately do like the generals whom Stonewall Jackson defeated.

Every man in authority is the shepherd of a trust; but what so sacred as the general's—lives that will step to death at his bidding. Of all fiduciaries none has such account to render as he who is commissioned to wage the fight of a people. Human life is the talent laid in his hand, to be poured out like water, if unto him it seemeth good. Of all trusts and talents this is the one to be wisely used, and in no wise abused. The policy of Johnston was not the step forward which would slide three steps back, but the step back which would find the strength to stride trebly forward. It was the drawing back of the ram's foot to strike with the horns.

The movement from Dalton began on the 12th of May. Polk's advance under Loring, and Polk himself, reached Resaca from Demopolis, Ala., on the same day. French's division of the same army joined near Kingston several days later, and Quarles's brigade at New Hope church on the 26th. One may be permitted to believe that Johnston incurred as large risk as could be exacted of a soldier and a patriot when he left the whole protection of his rear to the expected arrival of this much-hurried reinforcement. The position taken at Resaca to meet the movement through Snake Creek Gap was made untenable in consequence of a similar movement by Sherman towards Calhoun—the last movement being covered by a river, as the former was by a mountain. But the ground in the neighborhood of Cassville seemed to Johnston favorable for attack, and as

* General A. A. Humphreys.

there were two roads leading southward to it the probability was that Sherman would divide—a column following each road—and give Johnston his opportunity to defeat one column before it could receive aid from the other. He gave his orders accordingly for battle on the 19th of May. The order announcing that battle was about to be delivered had been read to each regiment and received with exultation. The Roman signal—the general's purple mantle lifted in front of the general's tent—may be said to have been given. But General Hood, owing to information received from one of his staff, deemed himself justified in not executing the order to himself, and the intended attack was for this cause abandoned. General W. W. Mackall was sent to Hood to ask why he did not attack as ordered. Hood sent word in reply that the enemy was then advancing upon him by two roads, and he could only defend. Johnston then drew up his army on a ridge immediately south of Cassville to receive the attack of the now united columns; but the conviction of both Polk and Hood of their inability to hold their positions against attack caused Johnston to yield his own. He did this upon the ground that he could not make the fight when two of the three corps commanders of his army were opposed to it. Hood said that in the position in which he then was he was willing to attack, but not willing to defend. Johnston's view was that the time to attack was when his enemy was divided, and the time to draw together and defend was when his enemy was united. But unless we are to reason that when Johnston was unwilling to fight and some of his generals willing, Johnston must be wrong; and when Johnston was willing to fight and his generals unwilling, the latter must be right; it is hard to see why he should be blamed for Rocky Face, and they uncriticised for Cassville. Assuredly in both instances the hesitation was the honest doubt of courageous men. Again, at New Hope church, after Sherman's determined but vain assault, Johnston made his own dispositions to attack. Hood was to assail Sherman's left at dawn on the 29th of May, and Polk and Hardee to join in the battle successively. At 10 A. M. Hood reported that he found the enemy entrenched and deemed it inexpedient to attack without fresh instructions. The opportunity had passed. The proposition had originally come from Hood and received the sanction of Johnston. Hood says the opportunity had passed, not because his views had changed, but because the situation of the enemy had changed. Doubtless this was so. And might not the commander-in-chief of

that army be permitted to assign the identical reason for his own change of plan at Rocky Face?

At New Hope Church, at Kennesaw Mountain, all that fierce attack could do was tried and found wanting. As the attack was resolute, so the repulse was bitter. If there was no such repulse as at Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor, it must have been owing to the fact that there was no such attack—persistent as Sherman's undoubtedly were. In Johnston's view, between Dalton and the Chattahoochie, the 19th and 29th of May, offered the only opportunities to give battle without attacking the preponderant force in entrenchments. But Cassville he considered his greatest opportunity.

From Reseca to Atlanta might be called a siege in open field—daily approaches and resistances, daily battle, so received as to make the losses to the assailant more than treble those of the defensive forces. Sherman's progress was at the rate of a mile and a quarter a day. Every day was a warlike exercise. In the warfare of attrition, at this rate of progress, battle could ere long be given upon equal terms.

The advancing army found, in the wake of that retreat, no deserters, no stragglers, no muskets, no material of war. Retreat resembles victory when it is the assailant who is chiefly worn by the advantageous battle of each day. Think for an instant of this single achievement, that in all the difficulty of the time, in the imminent breach of daily battle, Johnston's troops did not miss a meal from Dalton to Atlanta; that the primitive prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," was punctually answered out of the smoke and roar of unremitting war—that, too, when not only the nutrition of life, but the nutrition of death was scant; when he had to be parsimonious of ammunition in his skirmishes, in order to be sure of it for his general engagements. He swung his army upon its hinges with the smoothness of well-oiled machinery, which no more swerved from its appointed course than do the forces of nature because a campaign of death reigns all around. We seem to touch the pulse of destiny itself, as we accompany that regular throb of recoil and repulse, and that still flexure of sockets about a pinion of resolve that knew no turning.

Johnston felt himself daily growing stronger against an adversary daily growing weaker. Tireless in his vigilant activity, clear in his purpose, every tactical, every strategic advantage was hourly on his side. No jeopardy stole upon him unawares. With a deadly precision he divined and repelled every adverse stroke. He handled his army as

a man would the fingers of his own hand. As link by link he unwound his resource as of magic, and his determination as of steel, it was like the movement of the hand of time on the face of a clock—so imperturbable, so infallible, so inflexible, the external calm, the unhasting certainty. It was as if one fate had been found to confound another. The weak place in the joinings of his mail was nowhere found. Every blow had rebounded from him, or was parried by him. Every material preponderance had been rebuked by a general's intuition and a hero's sword. We can almost see the lion-like glare of his war-like eye, and the menacing lash of his agile movement, as rampart by rampart he retired, his relative force rising with each withdrawal, and his united living wall making his earthen wall invincible.

Missionary Ridge had made this Johnston's mission: to draw his adversary from his base, and thereby compel the reduction of the force in front by the regular growth of that required to guard the rear of each remove; to move back with such assured precaution as never once to be surprised nor placed at disadvantage; to skillfully dispute each foot of ground with the least expenditure of his own forces; to thus more and more reduce the disparity existing, and warily biding his time to beckon his adversary forward, until the field of his own choice was made the final arbiter between them. And now the justifying proportions and the coigne of vantage had been won. All that executive foresight could do had been achieved. Here he would meet his foe, face to face, on ground which would equalize numerical odds. At Dalton, Johnston was a hundred miles from his base; at Atlanta it was Sherman who was so separated. The fortresses which, at Dalton, Sherman had in Ringgold and Chattanooga, Johnston now had in Atlanta—a place too strong to be taken by assault and too extensive to be invested. To this end Atlanta had been fortified and Johnston had manœuvred.

Now he would lay down the buckler and part the sword from its sheath. Now he would constrain fortune. Now, by his perfect sinews, he would wrest the battle wreath, which the cunning fiend had so long withheld by sinister touches on his thigh.

From Dalton to Atlanta, Sherman, by force of numbers, had been able to follow every retreat of Confederate forces developed in their front, and then, with one or two corps, which he could afford to spare, make a flank movement imperiling their position. Three railroads then supplied Atlanta. To take Atlanta, it would be neces-

sary to take all three. On the 17th of July, Johnston had planned to attack Sherman, as the latter crossed Peach Tree creek, expecting just such a division between his wings as Sherman actually made. He had occasion to say this, and did say it more than once, to his inspector-general, Colonel Harvie. To thus successively engage the fractions of the hostile army with the bulk of his own, had been the purpose of his every movement. Success here would be decisive, he thought, by driving the defeated army against the Chattahoochie, where there were no fords, or to the east away from their communications. On the precipitous banks of the Peach Tree the Confederate army awaited the hour of battle. The superb strategy of their commander and the superlative excellence of the position he had chosen stood revealed. Johnston himself, with his chief of engineers, Colonel Prestman, and his chief of staff, General W. W. Mackall, was seated at a table examining the ground upon the map and maturing the plan of battle, when the order was delivered relieving him from command.

The goal had been reached, the victory organized—to his own vision, the foe delivered into his hand—when he was again struck down; but this time not by a blow in the breast, which, at Atlanta as at Seven Pines, was turned to the enemy. With a commanding grace in word and act, on the 17th of July he relinquished his command of the army for which he had wrought so wisely and so well, and turned it over, with his plan of battle, to his successor, on that day appointed.

I deem it just to give *verbatim* the instructions of Johnston to his strong, staunch hero, General A. P. Stewart. "Find," said Johnston to him, "the best position, on our side of Peach Tree Creek, for our army to occupy. Do not intrench. Find all the good artillery positions, and have them cleared of timber." He said that he expected Sherman would cross the Chattahoochie by the fords above the mouth of Peach Tree Creek, and advance across the creek upon Atlanta. He added that Governor Brown of Georgia had promised to furnish him fifteen thousand State militia with which to hold Atlanta, while he operated with his army in the field. He did not say that he would attack Sherman on the crossing of Peach Tree, "but," says Stewart, "his dispositions were evidently made with a view to so attack, and were inconsistent with any other purpose." That evening Stewart rode to Johnston's headquarters to report that he had made the dispositions according to direction. He was met

by Johnston with the order for the latter's removal. Stewart has since said: "I would cheerfully have suffered the loss of either of my own arms to have been able to retain Johnston in command." There could have been no purer ransom for his general's sentence than one of those stout arms. It was said by General Carter Stevenson, that he had never seen any troops in such fine discipline and condition as Johnston's army on the day he was removed from command. Constancy, staunchness, erectness, governed by a true discernment, are the attributes that conquer men and events. All these attributes were with Johnston's army the day he was removed. Ill they recked who changed that steadfast camp for the meteor flash of mutability. The authorities who made this change would rather have been dismembered, limb from limb, than knowingly to have done aught injurious to their cause. The motives for their action could be honest only, and were urged by pressure from without, which I doubt not was sincere. But to Johnston, and as I believe to history, it was as if the soldier, in his tent, had been stabbed by his own guard.

With wounds to the body, Johnston was familiar; but a wounded spirit who can bear? How did he receive this by far his severest wound? What was the fashion of the metal which emerged from this searching crucible? Did the equanimity which stood by him in every other turn of fortune desert him now? No, this did not desert him. His own unquailing spirit was faithful to him. If in the soldier's great campaign "no unproportionate thought took shape in act," so now, in his unwished furlough, none took shape in word. It is one of the prerogatives of greatness to know how not to be the sport of circumstance. Misfortune broke over him in vain. He broke misfortune by being unbroken by it. He was master of misfortune. The adversity, which does not shake the mind, itself is shaken. Nothing could be finer than Johnston's demeanor in this, his unlooked for, and, to him, unjust overthrow. Nothing froward, nothing unseemly shone in him or fell from him. He was one whom the external universe might break, but could not bend to an ignoble use. His tall branch stood, like the sap of Lebanon, rooted in the real. There stands to-day, and will to-morrow. The forest of appearance, that has no root, falls to swift decay around it.

I bestow no particular praise on one for following conviction, albeit without the place proportioned to desert. A mercenary hero is a solecism. No one wins eminence by disregard of selfish interest in an army where it is universal. Virtue is tried by finer measures in

that history. No corrupt, no venal thing survives to tarnish it. But of all adversity, there could be none more exquisitely fitted to freeze a noble heart than that which befell the general of the West. How much easier to bear the most cruel blow of adversaries, when on either side are sustaining arms; when the strength of sympathy invests the overthrown with a dignity almost divine—the might of that incalculable arm which we call sympathy! But when, to his own view, his own stronghold is his worst hostility, when there is no supporting elbow within touch, as he looks out upon the hopes which can only ripen in his ruin, how clear in conscience, how tenacious and erect in spiritual power and purpose, the dethroned must be to be unvanquished! The day of Johnston's dethronement was his imperial day. It was the empire of a soul superior to every weapon.

The great campaign by which he will be forever judged is now beyond the wounds of the archers, beyond all slings and arrows, above and beyond outrageous fortune. From the dark defile of Rocky Face to the large prospect of Atlanta, it will be not only a possession, but a pattern for all time. Its rugged scenery is illuminated by the meaning with which the lines of greatness clothe the impassive and the obdurate. It has been made the mirror of a great mind. The map of it, the more it is studied, the more clearly will evince, in due expression and proportion, and colors ineffaceable, the lineaments of a giant. It will be a canvas bringing to light that surpassing victory, which cancels adverse fate and shines over it and through it.

It was upon a burning deck that Johnston was next summoned to the wheel. It was night when his star again began to burn. The Confederacy was in the article of death, when it once more sent for him, whose hand nowhere appears in the drawing of that article. Johnston was sent for to repair the ruin, which he at least did not prepare; to take anew the shattered remnant of that army, wrought into such firmness by him, shattered by others, but which, though shattered, was still firm to him. The Confederacy lifted up its eyes, and beheld all that was left of the Army of Tennessee, tossing and drifting like seaweed in the Carolinas, and a voice which no authority could subdue was heard crying: "All that is left to us is Thermopylæ. Oh, for a Johnston to stand there!" And a firm voice answered: "I will stand in the gap." The great gap he had to fill was the one which had been rent in his devoted files by futile battle. It was Thermopylæ, not in the beginning, but at the end of warfare. With the portents of

downfall all around him, his erectness was untouched; his plume was still a banner; his name a talisman. The moral and military force which had been lost in Johnston, will be measured for all time, by the events of the interval, between his enforced abdication and patriotic resumption of command. The impending wreck of things rallied of its own accord upon the disinherited knight. The hopes of which his downfall had been the pedestal, were now themselves a ruin. Out of the lime-pit of their destruction, out of their crash and chaos, rose from the rejected stone the straightness of the Doric column.

At this time it was plainly Sherman's plan to march through the Carolinas to the rear of Lee. When the western army went to pieces in hopeless wreck, in front of Nashville, the one hope of the Confederacy was the defeat of Sherman, by all the forces which could be assembled in the Carolinas, united to those of Lee; whenever the latter could most effectually withdraw from the lines at Petersburg. Everything depended upon the success of this movement, and the subsequent union of the same forces against Grant. The task had sufficient elements of difficulty as originally presented. Just at this time a new one was introduced. On the 14th of January Schofield had been ordered from Clifton, on the Tennessee river, to Annapolis. From this point he had been carried by water to North Carolina, where he united to his own army the corps of Terry.

From the time Sherman left Atlanta every wave of opposition had calmed in his front. He could march to the sea or to the mountains as he pleased. The indications were that the mighty host, which had marched through Georgia in such comfort, would cross the Cape Fear at Fayetteville, to be joined there by Schofield, when, on the 22d of February, 1865—the day he was restored to command—Johnston was ordered "to concentrate all available forces and drive back Sherman." The order was one less difficult to give than to execute. It was a question on the first of March, which would reach Johnston first, his own troops from Charleston, or Sherman's army. Hardee did, indeed, cross the Pedee, at Cheraw, on the morning of the 3d, but his rear guard was so hard pressed, that it had hardly time to destroy the bridge after passing over it. On the evening of the same day, information was received that the broken columns of the Army of Tennessee had reached the railroad at Chester. Sherman's order of march encouraged the hope, that the tatters of the Confederacy might be gathered up in time to engage one of his wings. It was,

however, not only Sherman, but Schofield, then marching up the Neuse from New Berne, with whom conclusions must be tried.

It was under such conditions that Johnston exposed to the world the electric force and vivid lightning of his arm. Here he gave the lofty answer, he scorned to make in words, to all who dared taunt him with want of daring. It should be some one, not less seamed over with honorable scars, who makes that charge. The battle furrowed chieftain might have said: "Put your fingers in my wounds, all ye who doubt." But the heroic answer ever is in deeds. So answered the captain, "who careless of his own blood was careful of that of his men, who knew how to take them under fire and how to bring them out." * From first manœuvre to final onset nothing can surpass the magnificent strategy he now displayed. It will have to blush before no other of the war, or of the world. With decisiveness of command, which was met by celerity of execution, he at once ordered the movements which snatched, from the very jaws of death, the last Confederate victory. In the thrilling game of chess, which he now played, no pawn was taken without his leave, while he darted forward and backward upon the board, each time giving check to the king. That game was played with the coolness and consummate skill of a master hand, which knew no pause, no tremor, no uncertainty, and only lacked the force of numbers, which genius could not create, to shine by the side of Austerlitz. It was the grand audacity of a conscious master, whose nerve matched his skill; whose ministers were strength and swiftness. His first movement was with the troops of Bragg's then near Goldsboro, added to those of D. H. Hill, just arrived from Charlotte, to strike Schofield at Kingston. The blow was sufficient to scotch Schofield's advance.

Bragg's troops and those of the Army of Tennessee were now ordered to Smithfield, midway between Raleigh and Goldsboro—it being at the moment uncertain through which of these places Sherman's route would be. Hardee was instructed to follow the road from Fayettèville to Raleigh, which, for thirty miles, is also that to Smithfield. On the 15th of March, Hardee had reached Elevation, on the road to Smithfield. On the 18th Hampton reported that Sherman was marching towards Goldsboro. The right wing, on the direct road from Fayetteville, had crossed the Black creek; the left,

* Report of L. P. Wigfall in the Senate of the Confederate States, March 1865.

on the road from Averysboro, had not reached that stream, and was more than a day's march from the point in its route opposite to the hamlet of Bentonville, where the two roads, according to the map of North Carolina, were twelve miles apart.

Upon this, Johnston prepared to attack the left column of Sherman's army, before the other could support it, by ordering the troops at Smithfield and at Elevation to march immediately to Bentonville (where the road from Smithfield intersected that from Fayetteville to Goldsboro), to be in time to attack the next morning. By the map, the distance from Elevation to Bentonville was about twelve miles. In two important respects, the premises of action proved incorrect. The distance between Sherman's forces was exaggerated, and between his own reduced from the truth. Thereby he was prevented from concentrating in time to fall on one wing while in column on the march. The sun was just rising on that beautiful Sabbath in March, when all except Hardee had reached the point of rendezvous. The gap made by his absence was for the time filled by the batteries of Earle and Halsey.

On the way to the attack, and just in time for battle, Johnston had met the shreds and patches of his old troops, under the stanch A. P. Stewart. The best interpreter of a general's strength is the sentiment with which he animates his rank and file. The wild enthusiasm of these Western troops whenever they caught sight of their old chief was in itself an inspiration of success. It was evident that they were as confident under him as if they had never seen the days which tore them into strips. They felt they had a general whose life or his fame was as dust in the balance where his duty weighed—under whom death itself was not in vain. The force, which had been wedded to him by the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, had not been put asunder by the Tophet of Tennessee. At last the way-worn troops under Hardee, which had marched day and night to join battle, appeared upon the scene. The use for them was quickly revealed. All told, the torn remnants made an army of less than fifteen thousand men. At their head Johnston burst upon Sherman's left wing with an electrical intensity which will live in military annals as an object lesson to show how a wasted force is endowed by a general's fire. The battle of Bentonville is that marvel—that final battle of the Confederacy which shed the last radiance on its arms as its candle flickered in the socket.

The batteries which had held the gap were now told to follow the

dark plume and bright courage of Walthall, who commanded all that was left of Polk's corps. Hardee led the charge of the right wing. With an annihilating fury the hurricane of war swept Sherman from his first and second line, and on the 19th of March, night fell upon Johnston's victory. Had there been no other column to reckon with, or had not the discrepancy existed between the map and the facts, the blow which staggered would have prostrated. The victor would then have turned to throw his whole army upon Schofield. As it was, on the 20th the right wing of the enemy came up. On the 21st Sherman's united army was in position on three sides of Johnston. To oppose the increasing coil the line of the latter was bent into a horse-shoe shape, the heel being the point of the one bridge left, the bridge at Bentonville over Mill Creek.

The time had come for the man of resource to make his exit. It was essential to make the road over that bridge as secure as a turnpike in time of peace. He knew well how to do it, not with fear but with confidence. Once more he looked to Hardee to deal the blow he wanted. That intrepid man, first kissing the pale lips of his dying boy borne by him on the field, turned to the nearest cavalry command, and assuring them he had been Captain of Dragoons himself and knew how to handle cavalry, ordered a charge. On his magnificent black steed he led them and poured their torrent on the opposing front, running back the skirmish line on the line of battle, and the first line on the second. Victory made the isthmus of contention safe. The nettle had been rifled of its danger. Then, with forces vastly more confident than when the fight began, Johnston withdrew with the loss of a single caisson from between the jaws of death by the one opening left. Like a whirlwind he came, and like an apparition departed. Under arduous conditions he had set upon a hill that most admired faculty of man—the faculty to seize and to use opportunity. At his side hung the weapon—drawn from a great general's arsenal—the energy to fuse the fickle conditions of an instant into the bolt of victory.

One may be permitted to believe that with a natural sense of vindication, he had in this warrior fashion and with a warlike grace, inscribed upon the record of the time the quality of his arm, and with it the reasonable proof that if the Johnston at Atlanta had not been removed history would have engraved for him the epitaph :

"Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."

One who saw him, writes*, "As he listened to the receding fire of the foe, the brightness of his eye showed the satisfaction with which he looked on the restored spirits of his old comrades in arms ; and I was touched by the affectionate manner in which he ministered to the comfort of, and the words of cheer which he gave to a number of wounded men who were carried by. I could then well understand the affection which was demonstrated by them at every sight of him."

In 1875, Sherman wrote : " With the knowledge now possessed of his small force, I, of course, committed an error in not overwhelming Johnston's army on the 21st of March, 1865." It was the ascendancy of the few over the many. In the last ditch Johnston's victory had been won—when there was little left beyond the field he had filled with his valor. His cynical fate poured all its craft into this last scoff, which left the truth illustrious when it could no more avail a perishing cause. It was as if his brow were torn with a mock crown at last.

Sherman now moved on to Goldsboro and effected the junction with Schofield, which could no longer be prevented.

Johnston marched to the vicinity of Raleigh, and disposed his troops, so that Sherman could not go forward to Virginia without exposing his flanks ; while at the same time he placed himself so as to facilitate his junction with Lee, whenever the time should come to unite once more the two who rode into Vera Cruz together, for their last salutation of devoted valor. The respect which these successive revelations of resource and energy excited, is, perhaps, illustrated in the terms which on the 18th of April, Sherman accorded to Johnston, and which had they been ratified, would have saved the South the sorrow, and the North the shame—of the Reconstruction Era. The current of events chose otherwise ; but once more Johnston did all that sagacity could do to stem the current. To the last there was no spot upon his breastplate which his adversary's steel had pierced ; none which there was undue eagerness to challenge. From crown to sole he blazed in complete proof. At the end, his line was an undefeated and unbroken line. When the Great Umpire threw down his warder, the defense of North Carolina, covered with dust and bloody sweat, was standing with firm-planted feet against assault. There it was standing when the edifice of the Confederacy fell—the last wall of its strength. It was bearing aloft its ensigns, " torn but flying," when the earth under it opened. Doubt-

*Captain Wm. E. Earle.

less it is the spectacle of deeds and energies like these which caused the eloquent Union soldier, Colonel Edginton, to declare that the force and vitality of Johnston's character was like the ocean wave—not to be measured in time of storm, nor to be fairly estimated until rivalries have ceased.

With the return of peace, Johnston was removed from the field of duty wherein he was best fitted to win renown, and where he had woven the texture of a character as fine as it was firm. For the most part his fine assemblage of endowments lay like a book within its clasp, or like a coal unkindled. Broken by intervals of important duty, for a quarter of a century Johnston found himself doomed to a life of comparative inaction. There have been few to whom it could be more trying to take off the chariot wheels of life's activity. Perhaps one of the hardest of the many trials of his patience was thus to loiter by compulsion on the way where he was wont to spur. To a breast, ever thrilling with the impulses of action, patience was made perfect by this last trial. Yet it were wrong to pass without a word the blessing Heaven did not deny him; the meet partaker of his puissance and his pang, who drank of the same cup with him, exalting and exalted by it; who gave him truth for truth, and, under all the blows of time, a constancy fixed in heaven—that blessing which, however the world might rock, was truer than the needle to the pole—the blessing of a wife's true heart. And when of this blessing, too, he was bereft, we all were witnesses to the chastening touch of a brave man's anguish; how sorrow falling upon a character of such strength and depth did not harden, but melted to a tender glory; how the snows of his last years were irradiated by a soft, benignant light, as of sunset on the Alps. This was the final forge in which the iron of his nature was softened to take a new existence and more exquisite temper. He was the picture of the veteran, sitting in the evening before his tent, all unbroken by the years which are so wont to break. He was the even more splendid picture of an elevation which was not fortuitous, nor dependent upon fortune, as he sat, still erect, amid the ruins of his heart and the storm of life and fate.

So he lived amongst us his upright, straightforward, unaffected life. So, as he lived and moved, the shadows of the dark reaper deepened around him, until at last we saw him standing on the confine of the great night. In his eighty-fifth year there he stood,

"worn, but unstooping." Nowhere could one see a countenance and frame more worthy to declare—

"The living will that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock."

One who came within the circuit of this sceptre of majestic age, might well pause to speculate whether the iron sleep could steal upon the lids over which that iron will stood sentinel. He, too, could not be conquered until worn out by attrition. He could not be conquered then. The last foe of all he turned to meet, in the old knightly fashion, and wrung from him the final victory, wherein he who conquers self is conqueror of death. Faithful son of the Church, he received his death wound, too, in the breast. Before the Universal Conqueror he fell upon his unsurrendered shield. He fell like a soldier, closing his eyes to earth and opening them to Heaven; he gave his soul

'Unto his Captain, Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

To this last Captain, who heareth and absolveth, his last report is handed. "There," he said on his death-bed to Dabney Maury, "we shall surely meet." Ah, there! In the light of that perfect eye which looks clean through appearance and judges the real only, there is this great appeal! In those upper fields where the venom of this earth is slain, its serpent crushed, where no false balance is and no inadvertency, his clear spirit will join and be felt where the mighty influences of time, purged of their dross, encounter as the stars in their courses fight. On the bosom of the Infinite he, too, is a star. In that last bosom, where the revenges of time are folded, earth's scarred warrior hath cleft a way to peace.

ONE WHO "WAS OUT WITH OLD STONEWALL."

The Moral Influence of General Jackson.

The issue of a new "Life of Stonewall Jackson," from the pen of his wife, recalls attention to the remarkable personality of a man, for the like of whom we must go back to the times of Cromwell. He might have been one of Cromwell's ironsides, who feared no one but God, since he made war with tremendous vigor, and yet morning

and evening had prayers in his tent as if he were the chaplain, instead of the general, of the army. This extraordinary character, produced an impression upon his soldiers which remains to this day, of which a gentleman of this city furnishes us an illustration. It is Mr. W. P. St. John, the president of the Mercantile Bank of New York, who relates the following incident in his own experience: A year or two since he was on a business errand in the Shenandoah Valley in company with General Thomas Jordan, chief of staff to General Beauregard in the Confederate army, and at the close of the day they found themselves at the foot of the mountains in a wild and lonely place, where there was no village, and not even a house save a rough shanty for the use of the "track-walker" on the railroad. It was not an attractive shade for rest, but rather suggestive of the suspicious character that lurk in out of the way places, yet here they were forced to pass the night, and could find no shelter but this solitary cabin, in which they sat down to such a supper as could be provided in this desolate spot. The unprepossessing look of everything was completed when the keeper of the station came in and took his seat at the head of the table. A bear out of the woods could hardly have been rougher than he, with his unshaven beard and unkempt hair. He answered to the type of the border ruffian, whose appearance suggests the dark deeds that might be done here in secret and hidden in the gloom of the forest. Imagine their astonishment when this rough backwoodsman rapped on the table and bowed his head. And such a prayer! "Never," said our friend, "did I hear a petition that more evidently came from the heart. It was so simple, so reverent, and so tender, so full of humility and penitence, as well as thankfulness to the Giver of all good! We sat in silence, and as soon as I could recover myself I whispered to my friend, 'Who can he be?' to which he answered, 'I don't know, but he must be one of Stonewall Jackson's old soldiers.' *And he was!* As we walked out into the open air I accosted our new acquaintance and, after a few questions about the country, asked: 'Were you in the war?' 'Oh, yes,' he said with a smile; 'I was out with Old Stonewall!'" Here, then, was one of that famous "Stonewall Brigade," whose valor was proven on so many a battle-field. Such were the men, now white with years and scarred with wounds, who last summer, on the anniversary of the battle of Bull Run, thronged the hill-top at Lexington and wept at the unveiling of the monument which recalled their old commander.—*Evangelist.*

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, June 7, 1891.]

FORT DONELSON.

Reminiscences of the Fifteenth Virginia Infantry — Death of Captain Dabney Carr Harrison—The Virginia State Flag.

CHASE CITY, VA., *June 5, 1891.*

People appear never to weary in reading incidents of the late war. I recall some never published, and may be interesting to some of your readers.

It is well known that the battle of Fort Donelson continued four days in February, 1862.

On the morning of the second day of the fight my regiment (the Fifty-sixth Virginia of Floyd's brigade) was in the trenches awaiting an attack expected as soon as the light of day broke upon us. Captain Dabney Carr Harrison, a Presbyterian minister, commanded a company from Henrico county, Va., in that regiment.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

He called his company to attention just as the first streak of morn gleamed upon us and repeated in a calm and impressive manner the 27th Psalm, commencing: "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear; the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

"When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, come upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

"Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident," and continued to the end of the chapter.

All the men around him listened with heads uncovered and bowed on that solemn and still, cold winter morning. Some repeated after him.

A STRANGE DISPENSATION.

But soon there was a strange dispensation of the Almighty. In a few hours Captain Harrison was mortally wounded while gallantly leading a charge on the Federal lines. Strange to say, only one other man of his company was killed. Captain Harrison was a true

type of a Christian soldier. I told Dr. Hoge of this incident in his friend's life many years ago, and my impression is, some mention was made of it in a sketch of his life.

SALUTED VIRGINIA'S FLAG.

Soon after Captain Harrison had finished the Psalm we saw coming along the lines all the generals and their aids. Our regiment had no Confederate colors, but only the standard of Virginia emblazoned on its folds, "*Virginia, Sic Semper Tyrannis.*" General John B. Floyd passed us, looking sternly to the front. Generals Buckner and Bushrod Johnson simply touched their caps to our flag. Then came General Gideon J. Pillow, superbly mounted and splendidly dressed.

GENERAL PILLOW'S TRIBUTE.

He reined in his horse and facing our regiment said so that all could hear, pointing to our glorious banner: "I trust to old Virginia my safety and my honor." The effect was electrical, and inspired the Virginians with renewed hopes and courage.

BUCKNER BELOVED.

But all the officers and men centered their confidence in Buckner. He had drilled our brigade the Sunday evening before at Russellville, Ky., and all knew him. He looked every inch a typical military man and leader. The result showed their confidence was not misplaced. Floyd and Pillow turned over the command to Buckner and escaped in safety. Buckner stood by his men and surrendered with them.

PREDICTION VERIFIED.

On the evening of the first day after fighting commenced, the Confederates took as prisoner a captain of an Indiana company. He was brought to my camp under guard, and while sitting before the camp-fire at night I asked him who commanded the Federal Army. He replied, "General U. S. Grant." When asked where he came from, as we had never heard of him before, he said: "You will know him well enough before Saturday night, and his initials are ominous, meaning, 'Unconditional Surrender' Grant." His predictions were verified, much to our astonishment.

T. D. J.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, March 17, 1891.]

YANCEY AND HILL.

An Account of Their Difficulty in the Confederate Senate.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In the *Dispatch* of Sunday, March 15th, there is a clipping from the Atlanta *Constitution*, giving an account of "a stormy scene which occurred in the Confederate States Senate between Ben. Hill and William L. Yancey," and the writer says "so far as I know neither one ever saw in print any reference to the episode which came so near ending in the immediate death of Yancey." Now, I have in a scrap-book a clipping from the Columbia (Tenn.) *Herald*, date not given, but which was published about 1874 or 1876, which says:

"Among the many events of personal interest that occurred in the South during the late war but few are of more dramatic character or aroused a deeper interest among our people than the unfortunate personal difficulty which took place in the Confederate States Senate at Richmond, during its secret session, between Mr. William L. Yancey, of Alabama, and Mr. Ben. H. Hill, of Georgia. Several different and conflicting versions of this affair have been given through the southern press, but none has yet been published that accords with a statement we recently derived from a gentleman who was at the time a senator, and an eye-witness to all that happened on the occasion.

ORIGIN OF THE TROUBLE.

"The difficulty had its origin in the heated political contests so common in this country prior to the breaking out of the war. It was when Yancey, with his dazzling eloquence, was 'firing the Southern heart' that a barbecue, attended by thousands, was given in one of the Southern counties of Georgia. It was here that Hill and Yancey met—the one the bold and eloquent defender of the Union, and the other the boasted champion of secession—and during the debate which ensued words were uttered that caused an estrangement that was never afterward reconciled.

"The two men met again in the Confederate Senate, both doubtless smarting under the recollection of past contests and entertaining no kindly feelings for each other. It was when the cause of the South was drooping and every patriot heart was heavy with despon-

dency and gloom that Mr. Yancy, rising in his place in the Senate, declared that the war could no longer be carried on with any hope of success unless many of the constitutional restraints and embarrassments were thrown aside, and boldly advocated a radical change in the Government to meet the demands of the public and the exigences of the hour.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

"Upon the conclusion of Mr. Yancey's remarks, Mr. Hill promptly arose to reply. The scene was one of the most intense excitement. He depreciated the opinion advocated by Mr. Yancey, and proceeded with great severity to review his past political career, running back to the beginning of the times when our sectional troubles were first agitated. He said Mr. Yancey, not satisfied with having warred upon and disrupted the old Union, was now crying out against and endeavoring to subvert and break down the Confederate Government. When Mr. Hill concluded, the excitement, already at white heat, was increased beyond anything ever before witnessed during those troublesome times. Mr. Yancey arose and in a calm, dignified, and self-poised manner peculiarly his own, commenced his reply. He described Mr. Hill as repeating slanders that had been uttered against him for the past twenty years, and that all which Mr. Hill had uttered had been said innumerable times before by every third-rate politician in the country, and continued by saying: 'Nature had designed the Senator from Georgia as an imitator; that he had been cast in a certain die, and it was vain to attempt to enlarge his dimensions.'

AN INKSTAND THROWN.

"Pallid with rage, Mr. Hill mounted to his feet, and seizing a heavy glass inkstand, hurled it with all his might and power at the head of Mr. Yancy, which, grazing his forehead, ploughed its way to the skull and passed on in its furious course, crushing a heavy window facing beyond. Without turning his head, Mr. Yancy, who was at the time addressing the Speaker, continued his speech, deliberately remarking: "It is always the prerogative of cowards to strike from the rear." Enraged still more at this remark, Mr. Hill, gathering a chair, rushed upon his antagonist, who heedless of the attack, was continuing his remarks as calmly as if nothing had happened, when a number of senators interposing, the difficulty was ended. Mr. Yancey's wound bled most profusely, and a scene of the utmost confusion prevailed.

CAUSE OF YANCEY'S DEATH.

"It has been several times stated since Mr. Yancey's death that it resulted from injuries received in this rencounter; but such is not the fact, as he died from a disease that could in no way have been superinduced by this cause."

Mr. Yancey died at Montgomery, 28th July, 1863, and B. H. Hill died in Atlanta, 19th August, 1882. O.

RICHMOND, VA., 16th March, 1891.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, January 2 and 13, 1891.]

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

[The following "open" correspondence is here connectedly presented in justice to all concerned.]

An Open Letter from Dr. R. L. Dabney to Dr. J. William Jones.

[For the Richmond *Dispatch*, January 2, 1892.]

AUSTIN, TEX., *December 15, 1891.*

To the Rev. Dr. John William Jones:

REV. AND DEAR SIR: My home is now nearly 2,000 miles from Virginia. I am an old man, infirm and totally blind. I have been recently told that you make me figure in the following mode in one of your published books of war reminiscences. I am told that your scene is laid at the battle of Malvern Hill in 1862, when I was chief-of-staff to General Jackson's corps, that I am represented as crouching behind a large gate-post as a shelter from artillery fire, and that I was twitted with the inconsistency between this act and that doctrine of a protecting Providence which I had preached to the soldiers. I am also told that this fiction is actually illustrated by a picture representing my face and person. This can add only a very stinging point to the story.

I have to assure you that the whole story is absolutely false, and never had even a pretext of fact to palliate its invention. You were not present on the spot yourself, and, of course, do not assert the

story on your personal knowledge. You have evidently been imposed on by one of those baseless canards of which the idle gossip of the camps was so prolific. You and I both endeavor to live by that Divine rule: "Do unto others as you wish they should do to you." I request you to apply this question to yourself: Had your connection with the Confederate armies been like mine—brief and modest—how would you like to have it made known to posterity by the pen of the popular historian so as to leave you standing in the attitude of a skulker, and a butt for quite a "silly and scurvy jest?" You would not feel reconciled to the attitude by the two facts that the whole picture was and is utterly fictitious, and that at this late day only one in ten of those who have read the story will ever see its correction.

The authentic facts of the case are these: General Jackson was himself present during that terrible artillery fire, having dismounted, as all the officers of his staff were advised to do, and was standing much nearer those noted gate-posts than I was. At last, when the fire became very terrible, he flung himself upon his horse and galloped to the rear, but I was under orders from him to remain near the spot in order to direct movements. This I did until my tasks were finished. The interval between his retirement and mine I spent partly in conference with General Hood, who was standing dismounted in front of his brigade, some forty or fifty yards east of the gate-posts.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

R. L. DABNEY.

Dr. J. William Jones' Reply to the "Open Letter" of Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney.

ATLANTA, GA., *January 5, 1892.*

Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have just seen your "open letter" to me, published in the Richmond *Dispatch* of the 2d instant, and I hasten to assure you of my deep regret that I have connected your name with an anecdote which you pronounce without foundation, and especially that you regard it (or at least the version of it you have heard) as reflecting upon you, and placing you in a false and discreditable light.

Let me assure you that nothing was further from my purpose than to publish an incident of even doubtful authenticity, or to publish even what seemed to me authentic, if it should wound you, or seem to you or to any one to reflect upon you in the least degree.

The facts in the case are simply these:

I had heard this anecdote told a number of times in the camp and since the war, and had seen it in print probably five or six times. I had never heard it denied, or seen its authenticity questioned, and I really believed, until I saw your "open letter," that it was entirely authentic. Your statement, of course, settled the matter, and I shall never repeat the anecdote again; shall ask my publishers to suppress it in future editions of my book, and shall do everything in my power to correct it. But when I used it to illustrate a point in my "Christ in the Camp," it was in the full assurance of its authenticity.

Yet I would never have used a well-authenticated anecdote had I supposed for a moment that it either placed you "in the attitude of a skulker," or that any one would so regard it, or that it would in any way wound you; but I would respectfully submit that the friend who told you of it has, unintentionally, of course, misrepresented the tone and spirit of my publication, and made it mean what the language does not imply.

And in order that this may be seen, I feel constrained to quote the passage from "Christ in the Camp" in full, although I am loth to do so, as the anecdote proved to be a "baseless canard."

In speaking of the faithful workers, who preached to the soldiers under the most adverse circumstances, I say:

"Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney was a gallant and efficient officer on Jackson's staff, and often preached to the men at headquarters and in their camps and bivouacs as opportunity offered. On this march he preached a very able sermon on 'Special Providence,' and in the course of which he used this emphatic language: 'Men, you need not be trying to dodge shot, or shell, or minnie. Every one of these strikes *just where the Lord permits it to strike, and nowhere else*, and you are perfectly safe where the missiles of death fly thickest until Jehovah permits you to be stricken.'

"Major Nelson, of General Ewell's staff, one of the bravest of the brave, and an humble Christian and devout churchman, heard that sermon, and did not fully endorse what he called its 'extreme Calvinism.'

"During the battle of Malvern Hill General Jackson rode, as was his wont, into the very hottest fire, and for some time he and his staff sat on their horses at a point at which there was a converging fire, but 'old Stonewall' seemed to be entirely oblivious of it until one of his couriers was killed, when he turned to his staff and told

them to dismount and shelter themselves. Dr. Dabney chanced to be near a very large, thick oak gate-post, and he very wisely got behind that, sitting bolt upright with his back against it. Soon after he had assumed this position Major Nelson rode up to bring some message from General Ewell to General Jackson, and with a soldier's keen eye at once took in the situation. Delivering his message, he at once rode straight to Dr. Dabney, and, with a graceful military salute, said: 'Major Dabney, every shot and shell and minnie strikes *just where the Lord permits*, and you must excuse me, sir, for expressing my surprise that you are seeking *to put an oak gate-post between you and Special Providence.*'

"But the great theologian was fully equal to the occasion, and at once replied: 'Why Major, you do not understand the doctrine of "Special Providence." I believe and teach it with all my heart, and *I look upon this thick gate-post as a very "Special Providence" just at this juncture.*'"

It will thus be seen that I alluded to you as "a gallant and efficient officer on General Jackson's staff"; that I say that General Jackson *ordered* his staff "to dismount and shelter themselves"; that I say that "Dr. Dabney chanced to be near a very large, thick oak gate-post, and he very wisely got behind that, sitting bolt upright, with his back against it"; and that I say that "the great theologian was fully equal to the occasion," and report him as getting decidedly the best of the *repartee* between two gallant soldiers under terrific fire.

Pardon me for adding just this: In writing a great deal, as I have done, to vindicate at the bar of history the name and fame of the Confederate soldier, I have never knowingly penned a sentence which did injustice to the humblest private in the ranks. Far less am I capable of intentionally wronging one whose devoted and life-long service to our evangelical Christianity—whose gallant and efficient service on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, and whose admirable biography of his chief, and able and unanswerable "Vindication of of Virginia and the South," have won my highest respect and warmest admiration.

Again expressing my profound regret that I have inadvertently wounded one whom for many years I have counted my personal friend, with sincere sympathy for you in your affliction, and with the earnest prayer that God may long spare you for the noble work you are now doing, I am yours fraternally,

J. WILLIAM JONES.

[From the *Cosmopolitan*, December, 1891.

SOCIAL LIFE IN RICHMOND DURING THE WAR.

BY EDWARD M. ALFRIEND.

For many months after the beginning of the war between the States Richmond was an extremely gay, bright, and happy city. Except that its streets were filled with handsomely-attired officers and that troops constantly passed through it, there was nothing to indicate the horrors or sorrows of war, or the fearful deprivations that subsequently befell it. As the war progressed its miseries tightened their bloody grasp upon the city, happiness was nearly destroyed, and the hearts of the people were made to bleed.

During the time of McClellan's investment of Richmond, and the seven days' fighting between Lee's army and his own, every cannon that was fired could be heard in every home in Richmond, and as every home had its son or sons at the front in Lee's army, it can be easily understood how great was the anguish of every mother's heart in the Confederate capital. These mothers had cheerfully given their sons to the southern cause, illustrating, as they sent them forth to battle, the heroism of the Spartan mother, who, when she gave her son his shield, told him to return with or on it.

HAPPY PHASES TO SOCIAL LIFE.

And yet, during the entire war, Richmond had happy phases to its social life. Entertainments were given very freely and very liberally the first year of the war, and at them wine and suppers were generously furnished, but as the war progressed all this was of necessity given up, and we had instead what were called "starvation parties."

The young ladies of the city, accompanied by their male escorts (generally Confederate officers on leave) would assemble at a fashionable residence that before the war had been the abode of wealth, and have music and plenty of dancing, but not a morsel of food or a drop of drink was seen. And this form of entertainment became the popular and universal one in Richmond. Of course no food or wine was served simply because the host could not get it, or could

not afford it. And at these starvation parties the young people of Richmond and the young army officers assembled and danced as brightly and as happily as though a supper worthy of Lucullus awaited them.

The ladies were simply dressed, many of them without jewelry, because the women of the South had given their jewelry to the Confederate cause. Often on the occasion of these starvation parties some young southern girl would appear in an old gown belonging to her mother or grand-mother, or possibly a still more remote ancestor, and the effect of the antique garment was very peculiar ; but no matter what was worn, no matter how peculiarly any one might be attired, no matter how bad the music, no matter how limited the host's or hostess's ability to entertain, everybody laughed, danced, and was happy, although the reports of the cannon often boomed in their ears, and all deprivation, all deficiencies were looked on as a sacrifice to the southern cause.

THE DRESS OF A GRANDMOTHER.

I remember going to starvation party during the war with a Miss M., a sister of Amelie Rives's mother. She wore a dress belonging to her great-grandmother or grandmother, and she looked regally handsome in it. She was a young lady of rare beauty, and as thoroughbred in every feature of her face or pose and line of her body as a reindeer, and with this old dress on she looked as though the portrait of some ancestor had stepped out of its frame.

Such spectacles were very common at our starvation parties. On one occasion I attended a starvation party at the residence of Mr. John Enders, an old and honored citizen of Richmond, and, of course, there was no supper. Among those present was Willie Allan, the second son of the gentleman, Mr. John Allan, who adopted Edgar Allan Poe, and gave him his middle name. About one o'clock in the morning he came to one other gentleman and myself, and asked us to go to his home just across the street, saying he thought he could give us some supper. Of course, we eagerly accepted his invitation and accompanied him to his house. He brought out a half dozen cold mutton chops and some bread, and we had what was to us a royal supper. I spent the night at the Allan home, and slept in the same room with Willie Allan. The next morning there was a tap on the door, and I heard the mother's gentle voice calling: "Willie, Willie." He answered, "Yes, mother; what is it?" And she re-

plied: "Did you eat the mutton chops last night?" He answered, "Yes," when she said: "Well, then, we haven't any breakfast."

FRIGHTFUL CONTRASTS.

The condition of the Allan household was that of all Richmond. Sometimes the contrasts that occurred in these social gayeties in Richmond were frightful, ghastly. A brilliant, handsome, happy, joyous young officer, full of hope and promise, would dance with a lovely girl, return to his command; a few days would elapse, another starvation party would occur; the officer would be missed, he would be asked for, and the reply came, "Killed in battle;" and frequently the same girls with whom he had danced a few nights before would attend his funeral from one of the churches of Richmond. Can life have any more terrible antithesis than this?

A Georgia lady was once remonstrating with General Sherman against the conduct of some of his men, when she said: "General, this is barbarity," and General Sherman, who was famous for his pregnant epigrams, replied: "Madam, war is barbarity." And so it is.

On one occasion when I was attending a starvation party in Richmond the dancing was at its height and everybody was bright and happy, when the hostess, who was a widow, was suddenly called out of the room. A hush fell on everything, the dancing stopped, and every one became sad, all having a premonition in those troublous times that something fearful had happened. We were soon told that her son had been killed late that evening in a skirmish in front of Richmond, a few miles from his home.

Wounded and sick men and officers were constantly brought into the homes of the people of Richmond to be taken care of, and every home had in it a sick or wounded Confederate soldier. From the association thus brought about many a love affair occurred and many a marriage resulted. I know of several wives and mothers in the South who lost their hearts and won their soldier husbands in this way, so this phase of life during the war near Richmond was prolific of romance.

GENERAL LEE KISSED THE GIRLS.

General Robert E. Lee would often leave the front, come into Richmond, and attend these starvation parties, and on such occasions he was not only the cynosure of all eyes, but the young ladies

all crowded around him, and he kissed every one of them. This was esteemed his privilege, and he seemed to enjoy the exercise of it. On such occasions he was thoroughly urbane, but always the dignified patrician soldier in his bearing.

Private theatricals were also a form of amusements during the war. I saw several of them. The finest I witnessed, however, was a performance of Sheridan's comedy, The Rivals, in which that brilliant lady, Mrs. Senator Clay, of Alabama, played Mrs. Malaprop. Her rendition of the part was one of the best I ever saw, rivalling that of any professional. The audience was very brilliant, the President of the Confederacy, Mr. Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, and others of equal distinction being present.

Mrs. Davis is a woman of great intellectual powers and a social queen, and at these entertainments she was very charming. Mr. Davis was always simple, unpretentious, and thoroughly cordial in his manner. To those who saw him on these occasions it was impossible to associate his gentle, pleasing manner with the stern decision with which he was then directing his side of the greatest war of modern times. The world has greatly misunderstood Mr. Davis and in no way more than in personal traits of his character. My brother, the late Frank H. Alfriend, was Mr. Davis's biographer, and through him and through personal intercourse with Mr. Davis, I knew him well. In all his social, domestic, and family relations he was the gentlest, the noblest, the tenderest of men. As a father and husband he was almost peerless, for his domestic life was the highest conceivable.

LEADERS IN SOCIAL LIFE.

Mr. Davis, at the Executive Mansion, held weekly receptions, to which the public were admitted. These continued until nearly the end of the war. The occasions were not especially marked, but Mr. and Mrs. Davis were always delightful hosts.

Conspicuous figures in the social life of Richmond during the war were the accomplished and learned Judah P. Benjamin: the silver-tonged orator, William L. Yancey, of Alabama; the profound logician and great constitutional lawyer, Ben. Hill, of Georgia; the able, eloquent, and benevolent Alexander H. Stephens, also of Georgia; the voluble but able Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi; the polished William Porcher Miles, of South Carolina; ex-President John Tyler, of Virginia; the present Senator Vest, of Missouri, and the proximity of the army to Richmond rendered it possible for General Jeb Stuart,

A. P. Hill, John Bankhead Magruder, Joseph E. Johnston, and other officers of distinction to contribute their contingent to its brilliant intellectual life during that sanguinary period.

BENJAMIN, STEPHENS, YANCEY AND HILL.

I have never known a man socially more fascinating than Judah P. Benjamin. He was in his attainments a veritable Admiral Crichton, and I think, excepting G. P. R. James, the most brilliant, fascinating conversationalist I have ever known. He was a great social lion in Richmond during the war, and always shone most brilliantly whenever occasion gave him the opportunity. Mr. Benjamin loved a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and revelled in the delights of fine Havana cigars. Indeed, even while Richmond was in a state of siege he was never without them.

That great and good man, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, in consequence of his feeble health, mingled little in the social life of Richmond. He went out only among a few friends, but his tender, loving, benevolent heart was constantly doing good offices among the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. His tall, frail figure frequently wended its way through the streets of Richmond with packages of such little delicacies under his arm as he could procure, and when thus seen the remark was always made: "There goes Mr. Stephens to a hospital."

William L. Yancey, of Alabama, was also very quiet in his tastes, but mingled a good deal in the social life of the Confederate capitol. He posessed a finely developed head, with a broad, almost massive, forehead. His eyes were a large and lustrous blue, and his manner very gentle and exquisitely refined. His voice was as sweet in some of its notes as a strain of music from a lute, and would swell when speaking to the deep, rich tones of a church organ. Mr. Yancey was an extreme southern man, and was always viewed by the North as a "fire-eater" of the most violent type, but to those who saw him socially he was the gentlest of men, the most considerate, courteous, well-bred of gentlemen—was the embodiment of the highest type of southern chivalry.

Ben. Hill, of Georgia, was very fond of society, and went out a great deal. His nature was pre-eminently companionable, kindly and tender. In his social life he was kind, unpretentious, most fascinating intellectually, fond of a good joke, and possessed a most genial nature.

JOHN WISE AND HIS BIG CLOTHES.

The spectacle presented at the social gatherings, particularly the starvation parties, was picturesque in the extreme. The ladies often took down the damask and other curtains and made dresses of them. My friend, the Hon. John S. Wise, formerly of Virginia, now of New York, tells the following story of himself: He was serving in front of Richmond and was invited to come into the city to attend a starvation party. Having no coat of his own fit to wear, he borrowed one from a brother officer nearly twice his height. The sleeves of this coat covered his hands entirely, the skirt came below his knees several inches, and the two buttons in the back were down on his legs. So attired, Captain Wise went to the party. His first partner in the dance was a young lady of Richmond belonging to one of its best families. She was attired in the dress of her great-grandmother, and a part of this dress was a stomacher very aggressive in its proportions. Captain Wise relates with exquisite humor that in the midst of the dance he found himself in front of a mirror, and that the sight presented by himself and his partner was so ridiculous that he burst out laughing; and his partner turned and looked at him angrily, left his side, and never spoke to him again.

CONTRASTS THAT WERE PRETTY.

The varied and sometimes handsome uniforms of the Confederate officers commingling with each other and contrasting with the simple, pretty, sometimes antiquated dresses of the ladies, made pictures that were beautiful in their contrasts of color and of tone. An artist would have found in these scenes infinite opportunity for his bencil or brush,

I am sure that this phase of social life in Richmond during the war is without parallel in the world's history. The army officers, of course, had only their uniforms, and the women wore whatever they could get to wear.

In the last year of the war, particularly the last few months, the pinch of deprivation, especially as to food, became fearful. There were many families in Richmond that were in well nigh a starving condition. I know of some that lived for days on pea soup and bread. Confederate money was almost valueless. Its purchasing power had so depreciated that it used to be said it took a basketful

to go to market. Of course, the people had very few greenbacks, and very little gold or silver. The city was invested by two armies, Grant's and Lee's, and its railroad communications constantly destroyed by the Union cavalry. Supplies of food were very scarce and enormously costly; a barrel of flour cost several hundred dollars in Confederate money, and just before the fall of the Confederacy I paid $500 for a pair of heavy boots. The suffering of this period was dreadful, and when Richmond capitulated many of its people were in an almost starving condition. Indeed, there was little food outside, and the Southern troops were but little better off.

LOYALTY OF THE SLAVES.

But in April, 1865, the Confederacy ceased to exist; it passed into history, and Richmond was occupied by the Northern army. Many of its people were without food and without money—I mean money of the United States. It was at this period that the colored people of Richmond, slaves up to the time the war ended, but now no longer bondsmen, showed their loyalty and love for their former masters and mistresses. They, of course, had access to the commissary of the United States, and many, very many, of these former negro slaves, went to the United States commissary, obtained food seemingly for themselves, and took it in basketfuls to their former owners, who were without food or money. I do not recall any record in the world's history nobler than this—indeed, equal to it.

These are memories of a dead past, and thank God! we now live under the old flag and in a happy, reunited country, which the South loves with a patriotic devotion unsurpassed by the North itself.

[From the Richmond *Times*, January 17, 1892.]

AMERICANS AS FIGHTERS.

Statistics Show Them to Be the Most Stubborn in the World.

General Boynton has recently published a paper about the battle of Chickamauga, which he claims as a Federal victory, because that battle was fought for the occupancy of Chattanooga, and our army did not occupy Chattanooga.

In this able paper he quotes some interesting statistics published by General Wheeler, which show the great mortality of the battles of the war between the States, and the comparative light losses of the battles of Europe during the past two hundred years.

While our losses in battle were thirty, forty, and sometimes over fifty per cent., the losses in killed and wounded in the great battles of Europe were from two to ten per cent., and in one case fourteen per cent.

At Waterloo, Wellington commanded the allied armies—viz.: 43,000 Bavarians; Blucher's corps, 30,000; Bulow's corps, over 30,000; British troops, 24,000; total, 127,000. Wellington's total killed and wounded were about 12,000. The battle lasted about seven hours, and was decided by Blucher. In the battle of Chickamauga our army, reported by Bragg at 46,000, lost 18,000 in killed and wounded. It raged during two days. The Federal army lost as heavily, including about 4,000 prisoners reported as "missing." Our army forced the Federal army along its whole front, all save Thomas's corps, in rout.

Bragg considered the exhausted condition of his army too great to justify his pursuit of his beaten enemy, but Forrest did not find his division too exhausted to pursue, as he did, to the very works of Chattanooga, and Armstrong, who was with him, says Forrest sent urgently to Bragg to follow up his victory. Forrest did not see his horses for three days, and bore his lion's share of that fierce battle. He always believed that by prompt pursuit our army might have occupied Chattanooga and captured a large part of Rosecranz's army. It is believed that the Union troops from the West were harder fighters than those opposed to the Armies of Northern Virginia, and results show there was no inferiority in our armies fighting beyond the Alleghanies to those of Virginia.

When Johnston was superceded by Hood his army was in superb condition, hardened by almost daily combat with an army more than twice its force. It was equal to any army that ever fought on any field. Its general officers were unequaled. Hardee was its senior corps commander, Stephen D. Lee and A. P. Stewart were the lieutenant-generals, and among the division and brigade commanders was an extraordinary array of able men, John C. Breckinridge, Frank Cheatham, Cleburne, Stevenson, John C. Brown, Walthall, Loring, Hindman, Wheeler, Porter, were there—and to-day assembled in the Senate are Morgan, Gibson, Cockrell, Eustace, Berry, Wal-

thall and George, who were of that great army, and with them the noble war governor of Tennessee, Isham C. Harris.

No such assemblage of men of intellect ever before controlled any army. Unfortunately Forrest, Frank Armstrong and Bud Jackson were not with Johnston then, or Sherman would never have made his cruel raid as he did.

A striking proof of the greater tenacity of American troops is found in the fact that both sides held their ground in our battles two, three and more days.

No European battle lasted more than one day except the one of Marlborough's, which was won on the second day.

In the battle of Corinth, the First Division, Army of the West, went into action October 2d at ten A. M., with four thousand seven hundred rifles, fought all day; next day at ten A. M, stormed the town and worked with the Missouri division under General Martin Green. Being unsupported by the Third division, they were driven out with terrible loss. Next day the army retreated. The First division being in front was unexpectedly headed at the Hatchie bridge by General Ord with eight thousand men. The remnant, then about one thousand two hundred Texans and Arkansians, held that crossing from ten A. M. to three P. M., defeated every effort of Ord to cross and inflicted great loss. The enemy ceased to try the crossing, and the First division was ordered to retire and follow the army. They had fought almost incessantly three days; were hungry and weary, but were game to the last.

When General Van Dorn sent Colonel Barry, of Columbus, in command of a large burial party to General Rosecranz, he declined to admit them, but wrote to Van Dorn to this effect: "You may well understand why I cannot admit your burial party, but you may be sure that every attention and care shall be bestowed upon your wounded, and every respect paid to your dead, especially to those who fell so bravely as the men of your First division."

That gallant and high-toned commander buried Colonel William B. Rodgers, of the Second Texas, Moore's brigade, with the honors of war, and caused his grave to be neatly enclosed and marked. For years it stood on the brink of the ditch of battery Robinet where he fell.

One of the most remarkable illustrations in the history of wars of tenacity and constancy of troops is found in the great battles between Lee and Grant. For weeks the Army of Northern Virginia inflicted

defeat after defeat upon the Army of the Potomac, until Grant's losses exceeded 80,000 men killed and wounded. More than 20,000 sleep in the great cemetery at Fredericksburg. Yet Grant held his army to its work until he gained his final base of operations upon the James.

Metz was the strongest fortress in the world. It was garrisoned by a great army. Yet in a few weeks it surrendered with its army, and destroyed the cause of France.

In the great war between the States, Fort Sumter was captured in one day by us. It was occupied by the First South Carolina Regiment. For more than four years that garrison held it under an incessant bombardment and many assaults. They repulsed every assault. They defeated every attack of the ironclad fleets of the United States. During the last two years more than 46,000 projectiles of the heavy artillery were thrown into the fort. For one week of that defence every gun was dismounted, and the whole fort was reduced to a mass of bricks and mortar; but those gallant men, who ever refused to be relieved by any other troops, reconstructed their fort, put up sand bags and the debris better than it ever had been, remounted their guns, and began again to work upon their enemy. Their flag in the four years was cut down more than thirty times, but it was instantly restored by some gallant fellow who sprung upon the parapet, restored it again, and waved his hat to the enemy.

After more than four years, the last hope of the Confederacy being dead forever, these men, under orders of their chief, lowered their torn banner and left their example to mankind.

In view of these facts Europe should pause before making war upon us, and we should halt before ever again we make war upon each other.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

THE NINETEENTH OF JANUARY.

LEE'S BIRTH-DAY.

The Second Public Observance of the Anniversary of the Birth of Robert E. Lee.

The anniversary of the birth of General Robert Edward Lee, was again observed throughout Virginia, on January 19th, 1892. In many of the cities and towns there were military parades, (despite of

drenching rain,) and the banks and public offices in all were closed. The Confederate Veteran Corps of the city of New York, and the Confederate Army and Navy Association of Baltimore, Maryland, each commemorated the occasion by a banquet with reverential exercises. The day is now by statute, a legal holiday in the States of North Carolina and Georgia as well as in Virginia, and the day was observed in Raleigh and Atlanta, and doubtless in other southern cities of which the Richmond papers have not as yet given report.

The accounts of the observance which follow, have been compiled from the reports published in the issues of the Richmond *Dispatch* and *Times*, of January 20:

Robert Edward Lee's birth-day was quite generally observed in Richmond yesterday, though the inclement weather prevented the celebration from being a more general one. As it was, veterans and militia braved the elements, and orators and speakers told of the patriotism and bravery of those who followed the fortunes of Lee. Previous to the day it was arranged that there should be a grand parade of the entire military force of Richmond, accompanied by Lee and Pickett Camps, but the pitiless rain prevented this consummation. Early in the day the orders given the Blues and Stuart Horse Guards were countermanded, and a communication was sent Colonel Henry C. Jones, of the First regiment, which stated that the veterans would not parade the proposed line of march. It was afterwards arranged that the regiment would act as escort to the veterans from Seventh and Broad streets to the House of Delegates. This pleasant duty was to have been performed by the Blues. About four o'clock the regiment, in their service uniforms and overcoats, and headed by the regimental band and drum corps, marched from the armory, and through the mud, slush and rain, escorted the veterans to the Capitol. The latter immediately took possession of the hall of the House of Delegates.

The regiment then proceeded out of the Ninth street gate to Capitol street, thence to Governor, up Main to Eighth, up Franklin (passing General Lee's residence) to Seventh, and thence to the armory. The men were then dismissed by Colonel Jones.

PUBLIC OFFICES.

Business in the city offices was at a standstill yesterday and matters at the Capitol yesterday were dull. Many wholesale houses

closed their establishments at noon and the freight depots of the railroads were also closed after that hour. The scholars of the public schools had half holiday, and the banks were closed throughout the day.

Although the intensely discomforting weather materially interfered with the purposed open-air demonstration, it could not dampen the ardent regard in which the memory of the glorious leader is held.

IN THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

A few minutes before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, headed by their drum corps, Lee and Picket Camps entered the Capitol grounds escorted by the First regiment and the Richmond Howitzers. Quite a number of people had already assembled in the hall of the House of Delegates to attend the services in memory of the immortal Robert E. Lee. Within a few minutes the spacious hall was completely filled with a dense crowd. The two camps and their ladies occupied the seats of the members of the House. The Confederate flag of Lee Camp was unfurled, amid the applause of the audience, by Color-Sergeant Smith and placed at the right of the platform.

Colonel Alexander W. Archer, commander of Lee Camp, opened the meeting without any ceremony. He stated that he deemed it hardly necessary for him to introduce the gentleman and comrade who had been unanimously elected to preside over this gathering. He presented to the audience their friend, comrade and Mayor, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson. Mayor Ellyson, who was greeted with loud applause, spoke as follows :

Ladies, Comrades, and Fellow-Citizens: We have met to-day under the auspices of Lee and Pickett Camps to do honor to the memory of one of Virginia's noblest sons. Robert E. Lee is forever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and as we contemplate his virtues and heroism we are made better and purer men, and I trust the time will never come when Virginians shall fail on this, his natal day, to recount the valor and patriotism of their greatest chieftain, whose noblest aspiration in life found its completest realization in the doing of his duty to his God and to his fellow-man.

There is no danger, comrades, that the men who wore the gray will ever prove recreant to the principles that actuated them in time of war, but there is danger that our children may, and so we wish on these recurring anniversaries to tell of the chivalrous deeds of such leaders as Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and Pickett, and to teach com-

ing generations that the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy were not rebels, but were Americans who loved constitutional liberty as something dearer than life itself.

THE ORATOR.

Dr. R. L. Mason, rector of Grace Episcopal church, who is a member of Lee Camp, was then introduced and offered a fervent prayer.

Rev. George H. Ray, pastor of Union-Station Methodist Church, also an old veteran, was presented to the assemblage as the orator of the day. He stated that he was an extemporaneous speaker and on this occassion he could either make an extemporaneous address or read a paper on the subject. The former would take him an hour, while the latter would only take up thirty-five minutes. He had decided to read his address, which was as follows:

We sometimes hear men speak of the heroes of the Lost Cause. I believe there were heroes, but I do not think the cause was lost. Slaves are free. The integrity of the nation is maintained. The union of the States is cemented in blood. The Southern soldier has laid down his arms. The Confederacy is dissolved. But the cause of constitutional liberty for which we fought is not lost. The display of four years of bravery and suffering by the soldiers led by Lee, fighting as they did against all odds for the maintainence of our common Anglican and American thought of self government, becomes a factor in the defense of the Magna Charta of a common community. No man or set of men can live without modifying the condition of their fellows and being modified in turn. The unconscious tree affects the growth of other trees of the forest. How much more will a conscious being modify his fellows with whom he comes in contact, and how much more will the concerted action of a community affect the communities it jostles and over which it wields a partial or full control? So on this nation to-day is felt the effect of Southern valor. Lee's virtue and matchless generalship are felt.

He may have been unconscious of the influeuce wielded by himself and his associates. He and his friends at their fall may have felt that the cause they represented was lost, but at this distance it does not take a philosopher to see that the movement inspired by Oliver Cromwell became a great factor in English liberty. Although Charles II in anger stamped his foot and scorned the "fool's cap" when reinstated to the throne, yet the fool's cap lives. The influence

started and the modification of English society made by Cromwell, as seen in the death of Charles I and the banishment of Charles II, by which the power of the Romish Church was hurled back and the way was thus prepared for the admission of dissenting clergymen to benefices, for the enlargement of English families and for the speedy coming of William of Orange, by whom James II was dethroned, the growing papal power was broken and English liberties were extended. So conquered at last only by attrition, not by valor on the field of battle, the four years of a nation's agony finds in its story the history of a great struggle between five hundred thousand ill-equipped but well-drilled Confederates and two million well-kept Federal soldiers, their very struggle modifying not the armors only, but each section of this great nation, and reinforcing North and South among the States the great principles underlying our constitutional government. On the one side State sovereignty and personal rights, on the other the supremacy of the nation in its unity. We of the South, with arms laid down and the hope of separate independence wrapped in the tattered folds of the surrendered flag, may see as the smoke of battle lifts that State sovereignty and personal rights still stand like mountains in the heart of this nation, while we recognize the fact that the States are one and indivisible, and ought to be. After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century we look over the field of carnage where Lee and his soldiers met and defeated in successive campaigns more than double their numbers; we see the undivided life of the nation, the rights of the States and the rights of citizens alike maintained. Never again may the wiles of politicians, the heat of partizans or the extravagance of demagogues excite on these themes another battle-cry. If we have another war between the States, it will not, cannot be on this line. But the cause is not lost, as the genius of our republic is felt in Europe. As kings tremble on their thrones at the march of the thought of government by the people, and as new republics are being born, so the stroke by Southern men in arms for self-government is felt among the States. Now again are the Southern States steadily marching to the front in this nation's history in all that constitutes greatness. Let Virginia be a sample.

A RESULT OF THE WAR.

The destruction of slavery as a result of the war has opened the finest soil of the Atlantic slope to the markets of the world. With a

salubrious climate equaling that of Italy, with a climate and soil adapted to all the staple crops of the world, our lands in the absence of slaves and with a sparse white population constitute in themselves a standing invitation to brains and money. Many have already come, and now that the Virginia debt will be settled by the present legislature with satisfaction alike to the State and its creditors, we may look for men coming from abroad, who, with motive found in money-making, will join us in the task of lifting the grand old State to a new growth and a higher material destiny. Our soil, our climate, our transportation and school facilities, as well as our people, invite strangers. The negro, as a common laborer, has stood for twenty-five years as a breakwater against the influx of riff-raff immigration, which we neither need nor want, while our condition to-day invites the presence of men of larger or smaller means who are looking to the betterment of their condition. Take a man in New Jersey with a family of five children on a farm of one hundred acres. His farm at one hundred dollars an acre is worth ten thousand dollars, with six hundred dollars worth of team and utensils, six hundred dollars in labor and six hundred dollars in fertilizers, and an entire capital of eleven thousand eight hundred dollars. He sells perhaps two thousand dollars worth of produce. Now in Virginia one hundred acres at ten dollars an acre and the same amount in stock, etc., a Virginian will sell as much as the Jerseyman and has only one thousand eight hundred dollars capital. The man with ten thousand dollars in Northern lands can give each of his sons here one hundred acres with less than half his capital and enjoy the advantage of constant enhancement in values. On a visit to Pennsylvania I found in York, Northumberland, Tioga and other counties that lands which twenty years ago sold for one hundred and fifty dollars an acre can now be bought for seventy-five dollars. This is true all over the Northern States except in proximity to the great cities. Why is this? It may, in part, be due to shrinkage from war prices, but it is also owing in part, if not entirely, to the fact that so much Southern land is put on the market. Ours at ten dollars per acre, theirs at one hundred and fifty dollars. Ours with two or three months winter, theirs with five or seven months. When flour is five dollars a barrel in Richmond and ten dollars in New York it will leave Richmond for the other city till the equilibrium is restored. The law of demand and supply rules the world. The undeveloped resources and wonderful advantages of the South are so vast that they may not be told and the world begins to know it.

A GREAT STORM.

Commodore Maury said that ninety miles from the Virginia coast is the point more free from storms than any other place in America. The storm that killed Conklin had its head centre in the great lakes, passed south behind the Appalachian hills, and struck the Atlantic below Charleston, then returned with the Gulf stream, struck the Jersey coast at Cape Henlopen. We hardly felt it here. What wonderful hidden stores of wealth are in your soil? At New river, near White Top mountain, Virginia, Washington got lead to kill the Indians. From these mines he had bullets made to shoot the British. The same mines furnished that material to fight the war of 1812, and then the Mexicans, and then the Yankees, and still they are unexhausted. Money, like water, will seek its level. It pays better here, and despite all prejudice it will come. Already it has spread the golden wings of its flight to this Southland. Almost all the railways now building are in the South; transportation and commerce, manufacturing plants and men are moving South. The proximity to raw material, the evenness of our climate, the brevity of our winters, and the immensity of our water-power, make us feel as we recognize the "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man," and welcome the good and true to come with us. The South, with its growing enterprise and increasing population, is obliged to participate in the prosperity of the nation. The cotton crop for 1891 is placed at three hundred million dollars; tobacco at fifty million dollars, with her part in the one billion, seven hundred million dollars of cereals, to say nothing of hay, molasses, sugar, potatoes, wool, forests and mines, make us feel that we stand in the place of prophecy as we look at the opening of the golden gates of a future rich in promise. And the vision widens with the horizon. You say what becomes of the race question, precipitated upon us by the results of the war? I answer. That question was on us before the war, and it may be on our children when we are dead. I believe in a special providence over nations as over individuals. I do not understand the providence that brought the negroes to these shores as slaves, nor do I understand the slave agitation which culminated in the bloodiest war of the ages. Nor still do I understand the present condition of the negro. I cannot see the wisdom of our Government in enfranchising a nation yet in its swaddling clothes, and elevating an incongruous people—some of whom are, to say the least, not far removed

from fetishism—to competition with the brains and muscle of the Anglo-Saxon race, already a thousand years in advance of them in civilization. I do not believe in the theory of evolution if that means bringing something from nothing by what you call a law of nature. Something from nothing without causation is absurd. There must be a creative touch behind all. But I do believe in the inexorable law of "the survival of the fittest." It may be that God will help that race of people, and they may fare better than the Indians, because they are more docile, but I don't know how. He may possibly transplant them ; possibly scatter them among the Northern people, or place them in some territory or Africa. Simultaneously with their freedom Africa was explored. Railways are now crossing the dark continent, and steamers are plowing her waters, and four hundred thousand of her people have lately been converted to Christianity. The negroes are not reinforced by immigration, nor increasing as rapidly as the white race by natural laws, so that in relation to that race they stand as John the Baptist stood to Christ—the one must increase and the other decrease. And thus in the coming years, the negro may cease to be a disturbing factor in our civilization, as he is now hardly felt in Virginia politics.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Men talk of the old South and the new; I rejoice in the new, because it is the same old South renewed. Like the fable phœnix bird, that from the ashes of its funeral pile came forth with its same sweet song and with richer plumage to flutter again in the great floods of the sunshine. So comes old sunny Southland forth from the fires of the crucible under the guidance of the genii of a noble ancestry, to sing the song of liberty taught our fathers by the mothers of Huguenots and Cavaliers. The thought of higher human rights in self government, for which men in all ages have sighed, begotten and born of the incarnated Christ, who conquered when he fell, becomes the guiding star song of the new South, as it was of the old; and thus the principle of the old South still stands as the storm beaten rock stands to shoulder back the billow. When time shall have grown gray and the evening of the world shall welcome the angel of liberty encircling the earth with a halo of glory and peace, and men shall look to the headlights of the ages as they shine in the dim aisles of the past, none will give a brighter effulgence than Robert Edward Lee. Leading the heroes of the South in the three years of

his conduct of our armies he killed and wounded 300,000 of the foe. Victorious in all except two drawn battles, he never was defeated in a pitched battle, but literally wore his own armies out whipping the invader. Not one of his campaigns was more brilliant than the six days' retreat from the lines of Richmond. For nine months he had held the great army of the Potomac in check and dread with less than 30,000 troops. He led his foodless and weary men on that retreat to within thirteen miles of Lynchburg, while pursued by 150,000 fresh troops, holding his foe in check by brilliant engagements at various points. At last he surrendered, not an army, only a skeleton, about 8,000 men. His surrender at Appomattox Courthouse was as creditable to his genius as it was protective to the remnant of his noble army and honorable to the Confederacy. Never before in the world's history was it known that accounted rebels were released by the victors on their parole with their side arms and private property.

Two things are necessary to success, capacity and opportunity. Whatever capacity a man may have he cannot succeed unless an opportunity is given, and whatever floodtide of opportunity may come to float him on to fortune and to fame, he can never sweep the water of the sea without capacity. No one except those intimate with him knew Lee's capacity. The hero of Lundy's Lane and conquerer of Mexico, Winfield Scott, a close observer, had said: "Colonel Lee is the best soldier I ever saw in the field." His reputation as a man, engineer and soldier, though in a smaller circle, had brought him the offer of the leadership of the United States armies, and with boots withdrawn to hush his steps, he walked the floor all night when the choice of flags confronted him. His home-life, his manhood and his patriotism prevailed and he still held that "duty was the sublimest word" of his language. But Colonel Lee's capacity was not generally known because the opportunity had not come. Had it never come he would only have been known as Colonel Lee, a distinguished engineer of the United States army. When it did come, he showed the self-command of Washington and Wellington, and will live with them their equals in history. He showed the power of quick combination and dash of Napoleon without his ambition, the steady endurance and personal popularity of Cæsar without the suspicion of turning ambitious arms against his country and his home. He showed the genius of Alexander without his desire of conquest, for he fought only to defend the right. He showed all the piety of

Havelock, while like the patriot Cincinnatus, he at length sheathed his sword and went back to the plow-handle of private life to teach the sons of his old soldiers lessons of peace. With rapid strategic movements after defeating the army of one hundred thousand men under McClellan before Richmond and hurling the boasting Pope and his great army into the defenses around Washington, he moved the besieging army from the beleagured Confederate capitol, and concentrated the enemy's forces to the defense of Washington, and in a few months recovered all Northern Virginia from the occupancy of the foe. When McClellan and Pope and Burnside and Hooker and Meade, each successfully commanding the largest and best equipped army ever gathered on the continent, entering no engagement with less than one hundred thousand men, each in turn tried to crush the noble little army of fifty thousand men, and each had in turn been defeated, then came Grant with the largest army of all. His mind was fully made up to give Lee two men for one until his noble little army, now no longer reinforced, should come to an end. Lee took four men instead of two for one. This was done by his skill, strategy and endurance. Yet it was only the question of time. The end must come. When he reached Richmond, Lee looked back, possibly with sadness in his great heart, on three battles in which General Grant had lost more men by thirty thousand than Wellington, Blucher and Napoleon altogether lost in the campaign which ended at Waterloo. A cordon of skeletons still lie along this path of carnage to mark the steps where our brave defenders trod to do and dare for liberty and honor, led by our own Robert Edward Lee. They followed him, feeling as his great Lieutenant Jackson expressed it: "He is the only man I would follow blindfolded." With the remnant of his army, without reinforcements, Lee held Grant at bay with his constantly accumulating forces and machinery of war for nine long months, on a line of defense nearly thirty miles in length, and then the march of Sherman, the retreat, the six days' march, the six foodless days, the six days' running fight and then the end.

AT HIS HOME.

Ten days thereafter, in company with Dr. John E. Edwards, I called to see our chieftain at his home on Franklin street, in this city, and his allusion to the surrender was: "My brave men and I have done the best we could." He showed there as everywhere that "Human virtue is equal to human calamity."

On the 29th of May, 1890, I stood with you where never again till at the judgment seat will I see as many of the war-worn Confederates, where with roll of drums and boom of cannon General Joseph E. Johnston, now gone to be with Lee, pulled the cord which unveiled the statue and one hundred thousand voises made the air resonant with the name of Robert E. Lee. And then as they passed his old home, with many wooden legs and armless sleeves, and all with uncovered heads, they sang "Shall auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind." The noble women of Richmond wept. The brawny, brave, gray-haired veterans wept. I could not refrain from mingling my tears with theirs. We wept not because the slaves were free, for none of us would have them back; we wept not that the Confederacy failed to gain independence, for we love our own rights as States and individuals, made doubly sure in terrific struggle and in the close of that war in which we were actors. Those questions were forever settled then. But we wept because we recalled that day a common suffering in a common heritage of hardships shared so willingly with us by our grand old commander. We wept because we all loved General Lee. The Sentinel Song of the poet is the expression of our thoughts to-day:

When falls the soldier brave dead at the feet of wrong
The poet sings and guards his grave with sentinels of song.
Songs, march! he gives command. Keep faithful watch and true.
The living and the dead of the conquered land have no guards save you.
Go, wearing the gray of grief! Go watch over the dead in gray.
Go, guard the private and guard the chief. Go, sentinel their clay.
And songs in stately rhyme, and with softly sounding tread.
Go forth to watch for a time, a time where sleeps the deathless dead.
Go sing through a nation's sighs. Go, sob through a people's tears!
Sweep the horizons of all the skies and throb through a thousand years.
And the songs with waving wing, fly far, float far away.
From the ages' crests, o'er the world they fling the shade of the stainless gray;
And when they come they will sweep a harp with tears all stringed,
And the very notes they strike will sleep, as they come from hearers woe-wringed.
But oh, if in song or speech, in major or minor key,
Could my voice o'er the ages reach, I would whisper the name of Lee.
In the night of our defeat star after star had gone,
But the way was bright to our soldiers' feet where the star of Lee led on.
The world shall yet decide in truth's clear, far-off light
That the soldiers who wore the gray and died with Lee were clearly in the right;

And men by time made wise shall in the future see
No name hath risen, or e'er shall rise, like the name of Robert Lee.
Dead! but his spirit breathes! Dead! but his heart is ours!
Dead! but his sunny, sad land wreathes his crown with tears of flowers.
But he has a thousand graves, in a thousand hearts, I ween,
And teardrops fall from our eyes in waves that will keep his memory green.
Ah! muse, you dare not claim a nobler man than he.
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man has purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee.

THANKS AND BENEDICTION.

At the close of Mr. Ray's address there were loud calls for Judge Farrar, who in a most feeling speech moved that the camps tender the speaker a vote of thanks for his noble address, which was done by a rising vote.

Mayor Ellyson tendered the thanks of the camps to the public, and especially to the ladies present, for the encouragement they had given the memorial exercises; after which the meeting was dismissed with a benediction from Rev. Dr. Tudor.

The Committee on Hall were Messrs. E. C. Crump, Charles P. Bigger and Charles T. Loehr. The ushers were Messrs. James T. Gray, Ryland Norvell and M. Jones.

THE CAMP-FIRE LAST NIGHT.

Over two hundred old veterans, a number of members of the First Virginia regiment and many invited guests assembled at the Regimental Armory last evening to enjoy the banquet given by Lee and Pickett Camps in honor of the anniversary of the birth of the beloved General Robert E. Lee.

After the battle of knives and forks had ceased the following toasts were responded to: "The Day we Celebrate," Colonel A. S. Buford; "The Legislature," Senator H. G. Peters; "Pickett Camp," Dr. Eggleston; "Lee Camp," Captain J. B. McKinney; "Richmond," Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson; "The Undying Fame of Lee" was to have been responded to by Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, but he was unavoidably absent, consequently the speech was made in an excellent manner by Hon. F. R. Farrar. "The Incomparable Infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia," Hon. J. M. Hudgins' of Caroline county; "First Virginia Regiment," Colonel Henry C. Jones; songs

by Captain Frank Cunningham; banjo and songs, Mr. Eugene Davis; "First Regiment, Virginia Volunteers," Captain E. Leslie Spence; "Cavalry of the A. N. V.," Colonel G. Percy Hawes; "Artillery of the A. N. V.," Major H. C. Carter; "Scouts of the Army," Captain John Cussons; "Ladies of the South," Major J. H. H. Figgett, of Botetourt; "Missouri" (by a son of Missouri), Richard T. Flournoy. Speeches were made by Senator Parrish and Major McCann, and Lieutenant-Colonel Crump read an original poem on Lee and Pickett Camps.

At a late hour the meeting adjourned.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

The birthday of General Robert E. Lee is a legal holiday in Georgia. Year by year the celebration of it grows in interest. Last year the oration was delivered by Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, Va. To-day the orator and guest of the occasion is Hon. Charles T. O'Ferrall, one of Virginia's most eloquent congressmen.

The Virginians resident in Atlanta, recognizing the patriotic spirit which moved Georgia to declare Lee's birthday a holiday, have perfected a permanent organization for the purpose of taking charge of the observance of the day. The president of the Atlanta Virginia Society is Hon. Hamilton Douglas, a brilliant young attorney, who illustrates all the graces of his native State. A prominent member of the society is Dr. Price E. Murray, brother of the editor of the Norfolk *Landmark*. Captain Edward C. Bruffey, city editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, is another member who deserves credit for his zeal in behalf of absent Virginia.

ESCORTED TO THE CITY.

A special car, with a committee headed by Hon. Hamilton Douglas and Colonel Carter, went to Washington last Thursday night to escort Mr. and Mrs. O'Ferrall to the city. They arrived back last night and from that moment to this the distinguished gentleman and lady have been the recipients of marked social attention.

As a special compliment to Virginia, Governor Northen granted the use of the State Capitol for the public demonstration, which is at this moment in progress. A magnificent audience answered the call of the Virginia Society. Hon. Hamilton Douglas presided and gracefully introduced Congressman Charles T. O'Ferrall, the orator of the occasion.

In concluding his speech Mr. Douglas said:

We Georgians have with us to-night as orator on this occasion as knightly a veteran as ever galloped into the jaws of death. Brave, gallant, and generous, he poured out his blood through a dozen wounds to prevent the enemy from violating the sanctity of our State. We have with us one who has succored Turner Ashby and Jeb Stuart and Wade Hampton and Pierce Young on many a stricken field, and turned defeat into glorious victory.

He is a self-made man, highly honored by his native State, on whose shoulders we hope will descend the mantle of Virginia's gubernatorial honors. He is one who has renewed Georgia's obligations to him in effecting the election of Georgia's second speaker in the National House of Representatives, and for him I ask a hearty welcome.

I appeal to you, fair ladies, who love brave men, to you, sons of Confederates, for whom he fought and bled while you were in your swaddling clothes; I appeal to you, veteran soldiers, grander than the old guard at Waterloo, in the name of that Virginia hospitality which ofttimes shared its last crust with you—to join with me and give a Georgia welcome to the Hon. Charles T. O'Ferrall.

COLONEL O'FERRALL'S ADDRESS.

Cononel O'Ferrall expressed his pleasure at coming for the first time to this city of marvellous growth and superb beauty upon the invitation of the Virginia Society and a mission so holy. Why is it, said he, that to-day all over this Georgia land no anvil rings, no wheel of industry revolves, no saw, spindle, or loom sings its merry song, no furnace, forge, or rolling-mill sends out its lurid glare, and no office or store-door is open? Why is it that from Georgia's border to border this day is observed as a holiday? The answer is engraved everywhere and is wet with love's tear-drop.

"Eighty-five years ago to-day a child was born in the Old Dominion of legends and lays, traditions, glories, and memories, destined to dazzle the world with the effulgency of his manhood achievments, and draw from every land where civilization and chivalry had dawned its plaudits and its praises. It is to celebrate this, the anniversary of that birthday, that you have laid aside your duties and cares and I have come at your bidding hundreds of miles."

SKETCH OF LEE'S LIFE.

Then giving a brief biographical sketch of him "whose name is emblazoned on the walls" around him, he said that commencing at Malvern Hill and running through the battle-fields of Second Manassas, Antietam, Frederieksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, and in trenches around Petersburg, his name was encircled with a halo of glory as bright as the facient breastplate of an angel, and even when his ranks had been reduced to a mere skirmish line, and his ragged and worn veterans were hemmed in by the mighty hosts of Grant, and the impulses of his great soul impelled him to sue for terms, yes, on the dark and dismal field of Appomattox his name still shone with the brilliancy of the richest diadem in a royal crown.

GUILTY OF NO WRONG.

Colonel O'Ferrall in conclusion said: "In meeting here on this occasion we are guilty of no wrong to the Government under which we live. When the darkness of defeat closed around us we pledged our allegiance to the flag against which we had fought. We have kept our pledge; we are loyal to our Government; and base is the tongue that dares to question our sincerity. We are here in no spirit of disloyalty, unless the cherishing of sacred memories and the honoring of our dead be disloyalty; and if so, then I glory in the fact that I am in the midst of one of the most disloyal bands that ever stood under the rays of Heaven's sun since manhood was made to grow in the human breast, and man's heart was filled with the impulses of honor and truth, courage and fidelity. While we are loyal to the Union by the mothers who bore us, by the fathers who taught us, by the wives who cherish us, by the children who love us, by the homes that shelter us, by the land that nurtured us, by the heavens above us, by the earth beneath us, we swear to be loyal to our dead.

THE DEAD HEROES.

"While we are loyal to the Stars and Stripes" by the graves all around us, by the battle-fields all about us, by our blood that is crimson, by our bosoms that swell, by all that is noble and exalted, by all that is good and true, we swear to be loyal to the memory of those who fell in defence of the Stars and Bars. When you can dam up the waters of the mighty Mississippi and hold them in the hollow

of your hand, ye wicked fanatic, then, and not till then can the gushings of the well-springs of southern hearts be stopped. When you can cease the lightning of the skies and bind it as an abject slave at the feet of tyrannical power, ye South-hater, then, and not till then, will the proud and haughty spirit of a true Confederate cringe at the foot-stool of southern enemies and, with lips foul, declare that the graves of the Confederate dead are the graves of traitors.

BLOODY SHIRT SHRIEKER.

"When you can harness the winds and make them obey your commands, ye bloody-shirt shrieker, then, and not till then, will the courage of southren men and the fidelity of southern women prove so weak as to make them renounce their devotion to Confederate dust, graves, and memories. No, no; these things can never be while the fields of the South bear a plant, her rivers course, her mountains stand, or her rivulets murmur, and if I thought there is one who calls me father who would so far prove false to his lineage, his teachings, and his people as to turn his back upon the traditions, glories, and memories which you and I love, my comrades, I would stand with head bowed and heart heavy over his humiliation and shame."

TO VIRGINIANS.

Colonel O'Ferrall then addressed himself specially to his fellow-Virginians, by whose invitation he was present. He first paid a tribute to the old State, and spoke of the devotion of all of her true sons, and in concluding his remarks he urged upon them the discharge of their every duty.

"Duty is the sublimest word in our language." Thus spoke the great soldier and patriot, hero, Christian and philanthropist, whose fame now fills a universe, whose glories now encircle a hemisphere, whose achievements in war are painted on every canvas, immortalized in song and story, and pictured in colors that are fadeless in the skies of military renown, and whose virtues wrap his character in moral grandeur and entwine his memory with immortelles.

"He is gone, but——
—"in such pomp does he lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

"And now as I shall utter his name—a name wreathed here by woman's loving and tender hands with flowers—'the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into'—let every head be uncovered, let every tongue be stilled, let every eyelid droop, let every heart sink in sorrow that will, let every tear flow that may—the immortal, ever-living, never-dying name of Robert Edward Lee."

THE BANQUET.

After the public demonstration the orator of the night, with invited guests, repaired to the Kimball House, where a magnificent banquet was enjoyed. Among those who sat around the table were many of the most distinguished citizens and officials of Georgia.

The president of the society acted as toast-master, to the satisfaction of all. The toasts and responses were as follows:

1. The Memory of Robert E. Lee—soldier, patriot, stainless gentleman and humble Christian—the model man of the centuries. Drank standing and in silence.

2. The orator of the day, who "followed the feather" of Ashby, rode with Stuart and Hampton, and has brought us an elegant tribute to our great chieftain. Hon. Charles T. O'Ferrall.

3. The Virginia Society. Loyal and true to our adopted home, we turn with "untrammelled hearts" to our dear old mother. Vicar-General Benjamin J. Keiley.

4. Virginia and Georgia. Twin sisters in the revolution of 1776 and in the struggle for constitutional freedom in 1861, may they, guided by the Southern press, ever remain keystones in the solid South in promoting the interests of our whole country. Hon. Clark Howell, Speaker Georgia House of Representatives and editor of the *Constitution.*

5. Atlanta, our adopted home. None of her citizens love her more devotedly or are more ready to promote her interests or rejoice more heartily in her prosperity than we Virginians. Captain E. S. Gay.

6. The Gate City of the South. Undaunted by the desolation of the war, she has risen Phœnix-like to command its commerce, and stands for pure politics and good government. Within its walls none are more welcome than Virginians. Hon. W. A. Hemphill, mayor.

7. Georgia soldiers who served in Virginia. They bravely defended the old Commonwealth, and were sometimes captured themselves by her fair daughters. Adjutant-General John Milledge.

8. The Confederate Veterans. True in war, true in peace, they hail with a special pride and greet with peculiar joy this natal day of the great Confederate chief. Colonel W. L. Calhoun.

9. The bar. In peace, in war, and in the halls of national legislation. Of the law no less can be said than this: "That her seat is in the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the universe." Hon. Hoke Smith, editor of the *Journal.*

10. The Sons of Confederate Veterans. May they ever be true to the principles for which their fathers fought, bled, and died. Hon. Benjamin M. Blackburn, editor of the *Herald.*

11. "Old Virginia Brag." Sometimes fervent, always overdone, but ever excusable, because we have something to brag on in the hallowed traditions, glorious history, grand men, and noble women of the peerless old Commonwealth. Dr. J. William Jones.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

PRESIDENT OF THE LATE CONFEDERATE STATES.

BY J. SCHEIBERT, MAJOR IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

[The following article chiefly condensed from the noble oration of Hon. John W. Daniel before the General Assembly of Virginia, January 25, 1890, was sent to the editor by the chivalric Major Scheibert, in extracted pages from the *Annual Register of the German Army and Navy*, December 1891, in which other articles contributed by him and herein referred to, also appeared.

The tone of the article and some of its definite expressions would indicate that the character of Mr. Davis and the cause and exemplification of the South in the recent war between the States is justly estimated in Germany. The editor is indebted to his friend, Mr. Samuel H. Pulliam, of this city, for the translation.]

"He swayed States, and led the soldiers of the Union—and he stood accused of treason in a court of justice.

He saw victory sweep illustrious battle-fields—and he became a captive.

He ruled millions—and he was put in chains.

He created a nation; he followed its bier; he wrote its epitaph—and he died a disfranchised citizen.

But though great in all vicissitudes and trials, he was greatest in that fortune which lifting him first to the loftiest heights, and casting him thence into the depths of disappointment, found him everywhere the erect and constant friend of truth.

He conquered himself and forgave his enemies, but bent to no one but God."

In these pages have been recorded the deeds of the former leaders of the so-called army of the Rebellion, and short sketches of their lives given. We refer to the biographies of R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, Mosby, Forrest, etc.

We believe that the President, prominent in position and revered by all the above-named generals in spite of manifold points of difference, is well worthy to be ranked among these portraits as original as they are significant; and so much the more since rarely has a purer character been more unworthily treated and more falsely judged in history, by a generation incapable of judging.

May these lines contribute to the end that history will become more just to a pilot who steered his ship of state in storm and danger, in calamities and evil times, faithfully, courageously, and skilfully through five troubled years. If the leaky vessel sank at last it was entire exhaustion of all its resources, and the will of a being stronger than human hand which permitted the catastrophe. But the vessel did not go to pieces, for with new courage and fresh power the South raises itself from the ruins to which the war had reduced its resources; already it takes a bold start, even taking precedence of the proud North in industrial enterprise. If, through the abolition of slave labor the cultivation of cotton and of tobacco has been diminished and "King Cotton" buried with it, yet the whole South, whose States had united to free themselves from the arrogance of New England, springs up lustily in other departments, and even in literature. The purity of character of their leader, and the satisfaction with which they can look back on those deeds by which they struck for years, almost always victoriously, opponents who were two or three fold their superior in numbers, contributed not a little to the strong self-consciousness of the subjugated. Not a little con-

tributes also to this end the tone of high idealism which their great leader and President, Jefferson Davis, knew how to inspire.

After the Revolutionary war a certain Samuel Davis, who had fought bravely in it, settled in Kentucky. By a remarkable coincidence in the same year, 1782, also a certain Thomas Lincoln emigrated from Virginia to this State. Jefferson, the son of the first-named, was born June 3, 1808, and February 12, 1809, Abraham, the son of Lincoln, was born—both in the same State, as the exceedingly interesting "*Southern Historical Society Papers*" have informed us. Samuel Davis happened to emigrate to the State of Mississippi. His son entered the Military Academy at West Point, and there graduated as lieutenant. Soon he was stationed on the frontier, where he had an opportunity to fight the Indians. Abraham Lincoln settled in the State of Illinois, and fought as captain of a volunteer company in the same war in which Davis was engaged. The author of the brilliant oration from which we take the details of this article, John W. Daniel, makes in this connection the following not uninteresting remark. John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell had once engaged passage for America, and George Washington was about to become a midshipman in the British navy. Had not circumstances changed these plans, Hampden and Cromwell might have become great names in American history. And suppose Admiral George Washington, under the colors of King George III, had been pursuing the Count D'Estaing, whose French fleet hemmed Cornwallis in at Yorktown—who knows how the story of the great Revolution might have been written! Had Jefferson Davis gone to Illinois and Lincoln to Mississippi, what different histories would be around those names; and yet I fancy that the great struggle with which they were identified would have been changed only in incidents and not in its great currents.

In the year 1835 Lieutenant Davis resigned his commission, married Miss Taylor, of a distinguished family, and undertook the management of his estates in Mississippi, devoting his time to politics and agriculture. Exactly the same preparation had the most noted statesmen of the South—Washington and almost all his distinguished successors. They came, as did Jefferson Davis in 1843, from a Southern plantation, where they were at the head of a happy family and well-ordered house, in which the slaves were members of the household, and cultivated in these simple surroundings idealism, dignity, energy and the fundamental sciences, which they could turn to such advantage later.

Davis served the State in many ways, once as member of the House of Representatives, three times as Senator, furthermore as colonel and leader of the volunteer troops which fought in Mexico; twice was he nominated as candidate for Governor of Mississippi. In the war against Mexico it was Davis who, in the crisis of the battle of Buena Vista, took the enemy between two flanks and drove back the Mexican Lancers. "Colonel Davis," says General Taylor in his report, "although severely wounded, remained in the saddle even until the close of the battle. His conspicuous coolness and courage at the head of his regiment entitle him to special distinction." In the fiftieth year of his age Davis was made Secretary of War, in the Cabinet of President Pierce, and it was when in this position that he caused Captain McClellan, afterwards Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, to be sent to the Crimea, to observe and report the progress of the war. In this position Davis already showed his military knowledge and his great talent for organization. He introduced iron gun-carriages and had the heavy guns cast hollow instead of boring them after casting, increased the army by two cavalry and two infantry regiments, improved the regulations—especially by the introduction of light-infantry tactics—armed the foot soldiers with rifles and gave greater efficiency to the sanitary department. He turned his whole attention to the West, conducted the taking up of lands on the borders with great energy, and constructed new forts and magazines in the endangered territories.

There was observable everywhere a steady, well directed, and energetic hand, which let nothing escape that could be serviceable to the army and the country. He also looked after the material well-being of the army by the increase of pay, and by pensioning the widows. In doing this he was far from being a narrow-minded partisan. He selected his officers, not from favoritism, but chose them entirely according to their capacity. To his expert judgment was committed the construction of the additions to the public buildings, and also the plan for the first great railroad, which was to unite the Mississippi with the great ocean. This splendid and fruitful period of the life of Davis ended with the presidency of Pierce in the year 1857.

Davis appeared as a politician in 1843, and, indeed, as leader of the Democratic (Conservative) party of Mississippi. We pass over the different phases of the internal political life of the Union, in which the chasm which separated North and South was growing ever wider. We can refer to only one incident and two speeches,

the first of which Davis made on the occasion of his defence of the new railroad line, Mississippi-still Ocean, and in which he with glowing patriotism praised the strength of the bond which held together States of the Union; and the other of which was made by a man who, as a genuine radical, had opposed the war against Mexico as unnecessary and unconstitutional.

This other speaker said in a certain way eloquently giving a motive for the secession of the Southern States : Every people who have the will and power for it possess also the right to rise, shake off their government and establish a new one which suits them better.* This is an invaluable, sacred right which will at some time free the world. But this right is not limited only to cases in which a whole people is united in rising in arms ; but even minorities have the right to revolt and establish their independence, etc., etc.

And who, asks Daniel, was this man who in a certain manner pressed into the hands of the Southern States, the right of throwing off a hated government? It was Abraham Lincoln, who made this speech on the 12th of February, 1858, in the House of Representatives. The one who praised and invoked the concord of the Union was, by his contemporaries, stigmatized as traitor. The other is esteemed and venerated to-day by many, as the defender and preserver of the Union!

Even the opponents of Davis admired the warmth of heart and irreproachable nobility of mind which governed his life. Even his greatest political opponent, Clay, always called him his friend. This is not the place to set forth the motive for the ever growing rupture between the States.†

Only as a curious fact for the superficial critics of the whole conflict, it may here be stated that at the beginning of the settlement of the country, the Southern States had a greater aversion to slavery than the Northern States. From 1720 to 1760, South Carolina unceasingly protested against the introduction of negro labor. Georgia forbade it by law. Virginia decidedly opposed it and levied a tax of ten dollars on each negro. They were originally forced to adopt this system through the avarice of the English merchants, and the despotism of the English ministers which had later, certainly for the South, its demoralizing features.

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*Similar words are found in the Declaration of Independence.

†The writer of this article has contributed to this subject in the pages of the Kreuz Zeitung.

It was the South also which at first prohibited the slave trade, and Virginia at the head.

When Jefferson Davis was born, the slave trade was in the hands of only Northern merchants who had made terms with the slave planters of South Carolina.

Other curious facts may here be introduced. A statue of Lincoln was executed, which represented him as loosing the chains of the slave. What would the beholder say if the following words which he wrote after the secession of South Carolina were chiseled on the pedestal: "Does the South really fear that a republican administration could directly or even indirectly interfere in its slave affairs? The South would in this matter be just as safe as in the time of Washington." Or what he wrote on the 4th of May, 1861: "I have not the intention of attacking the institution of slavery; I have no legal right, and certainly no inclination to do it, etc., etc."

Again, January 10, 1861, Jefferson Davis, like General R. E. Lee, earnestly strove for the reconciliation of the States, and those were not the words of an ambitious, self-seeker; but of a troubled patriotic heart, when he said, "What, senators, to-day is the condition of the country? From every corner of it comes the wailing cry of patriots in pleading for the preservation of the great inheritance we derived from our fathers. Is there a senator who does not daily receive letters appealing to him to use even the small power which one man here possesses to save the rich inheritance our fathers gave us? Tears are trickling down the faces of men who have bled for the flag of their country and are now willing to die for it; but patriotism stands powerless before the plea that the party about to come to power adopted a platform, and that come what will, though ruin stare us in the face, consistency must be adhered to, even though the government be lost."

On the 20th of January, Mississippi united with the secession movement, and thereupon Davis resigned his seat. It will also interest our military readers (for here state-craft and the art of war are closely connected), to recall the words of the future President of the seceded States on parting from his former colleagues.

"In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long. There have been points of collision; but whatever of offence there has been to me, I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given, which

has not been redressed or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain, which in the heat of the discussion, I have inflicted."

"It is known to senators, who have served with me here, that I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union. But I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Secession is to be justified only upon the basis that the States are sovereign (which was guaranteed in the Constitution). There was a time when none denied it." * * *

"My opinion was the same then that it is now that if Massachusetts chose to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go. (Massachusetts was an opponent of the Southern States) * * and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to coerce her back; but I will say to her 'God speed' in memory of the kind associations which once existed between her and the other States."

"I know that I express the general feelings of my constituents towards yours when I say we cherish no ill-will towards you. In the presence of my God I want to say that I, and certainly my friends, wish that it may be well with you. I hope and they hope for peaceable relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country. And if you will have it thus we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the British lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear. And thus, putting our trust in God and in our firm, hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may." These were the words of a warm heart and of manly vigor.

In the following order the States seceded: South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee; whilst Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri remained divided. Jefferson Davis, with enthusiastic unanimity, was elected president, and first Montgomery and then Richmond was chosen as the capital of the Confederacy.

The chances of victory were slight. When a colonel, says Daniel, once was about to demonstrate to General Lee in what an advantageous position the Confederate army was, the latter said: "Put your pencil back at once into your pocket, Colonel, for as soon as you put down the relative numbers we are already badly beaten."

Twenty millions whites on the one and four and a half millions on the other side! Here a great fleet, arsenals, armies, manufactories, railroads, riches and technique, an unlimited importation of resources and immigration of people capable of bearing arms; there a thin line of miserably-armed and poorly-fed soldiers, who, under the most propitious circumstances, fought against at least double their numbers, shut off from the outside world, without manufactories, &c. And yet through four years Davis, with high courage, held aloft the banner, generally victorious and always with honor, against all these odds. Certainly the circle of statesmen whom he had gathered about him were of the first rank, and the knights who sat at their round table have won for themselves imperishable renown. We recall the names of R. E. Lee, A. S. Johnston, Joe Johnston, Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson, the two Hills, Longstreet, Gordon and the dashing cavalryman Stuart, the two Lees, Ashby, Morgan. These will be named among the first as long as there is a history of war.

And now the war! How fared it? Men are lacking, therefore must old men and boys fall in. Lead is lacking, the battle-fields are ploughed up, and women and children seek eagerly after bullets, as ours after strawberries; everything fusible in the house and in the church is made into ammunition; ordnance is lacking, the bells and sacred vessels of the altar are melted down and sound only in the thunder of battle; clothing is lacking, old pieces are patched together, war horses fall; ships are sunk; the former riders and sailors seize upon muskets and hasten on to the front. The friendly disposed border States are held from the beginning of the war under strong control, and dare not participate! West Virginia falls off; New Orleans is lost; Vicksburg falls, and with it the control of the Mississippi; Gettysburg is lost; the armies melt away; already is the battle-field become the home of the citizen; thinned-out battalions fight where divisions are needed; the best leaders fall; captains become generals, and companies are commanded by privates. The commonest necessities of life become rarest luxuries. Barns and farm-houses are burnt, the herds are driven off or taken away, and nothing remains but "man and steel"—the soldier and his weapon.

Now fall Atlanta, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, only fragments of the former States fight in their narrow limits, cut off from all the outside world; the small army of defence melts visibly away, and just as visibly grow the armies and courage of the enemy. Hope dies out, and fidelity to duty alone must sustain courage.

Manly courage and woman's faith remain the last support. The women care for the wounded and strengthen the courage of the combatants. The men stand brave and unterrified behind Johnston and Lee and suffer no diminution of their immortal renown. The fight rages around Richmond and Petersburg in a narrow space, and here stands Jefferson Davis, unbowed and not disheartened, in the midst of troops bleeding to death, caring for everything as far as lay in his power. At last nature could do no more. The Southerner, wasted to death by hunger and privation, sank exhausted on his shield. At Appomattox he fell unconquered by human hand, stricken down by inexorable fate, a hero even unto death. And now does any one ask those to whom secesssion brought nothing except ruin, wounds, death, and misery, what they thought of Jefferson Davis? The answer is unanimously given from the huts to the palaces, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean, that the love and veneration of the whole South has followed him to the grave, for he was a sincere Christian and a man of the greatest nobility of character. Seldom has there been more superficial and false judgment about a war and more calumnious opinion about a man than about Jefferson Davis and the rebellion. May Heaven forgive the people who knowingly spread such lies!

Jefferson Davis was after the war judged not by the measure of justice but of passion. One hundred thousand dollars reward was placed on his head. In prison he was accused of having tortured the captured and of having plotted treason. He was held a prisoner without a trial for two years; like a common criminal put in chains, confined in a solitary cell, in which a guard kept eyes upon him with a burning light day and night. All this created in him neither hatred nor thirst for revenge. The greatness of his soul elevated him above it. During this time the prying eyes of his enemies sought among the official and private papers which had fallen into their hands for a pretext on which they could pass judgment upon him. Hundreds of eyes, eager for revenge, hunted through the Government papers which remained undestroyed, and woe to him had any evidence been found in the most secret corner

by which they could criminate the helpless prisoner. Joyfully would this have been greeted, for an excited multitude demanded vengeance on the hated leader of secession. But nothing was discovered which could afford the slightest occasion for delivering the noble Davis over to punishment, and they were finally compelled to liberate him. Most successfully has Jefferson Davis been acquitted of the charge, believed even in Germany, of having maltreated the prisoners. The official reports, which are the best evidence, throw a clear light on this subject.

The contradiction of separate charges would fill volumes, but a biography of Davis must at least touch on this subject.

In spite of the frequent and great need which compelled the Government in Richmond to put the army on half rations, it was determined, and a Congressional resolution made it official, that the prisoners should have the same rations as the soldiers. The latter, it is true, seldom had anything but bacon and corn bread, and neither always fresh.

The South had 60,000 more prisoners to support than the North, an evidence of the success of the small army, and yet at the North 4,000 more prisoners died than at the South.

Davis was much concerned, and complained bitterly in the presence of the writer of this article that he could not effect the exchange of prisoners, since the means were lacking in the South of supporting the excess. Whenever the Union had the advantage it discontinued this proceeding, which was strictly observed by the South. A delegation of prisoners which Davis sent to Washington to entreat their own government, in the name of humanity, to put an end to this intolerable state of affairs by an exchange of prisoners, was denied their petition. An attempt of Vice-President Stevens to treat personally with President Lincoln failed utterly. The great statesman was not even granted an interview! In January, 1864, and in the same month, 1865, Davis begged that at least physicians, medicines, etc., which were lacking in the South, should be sent for the many sick prisoners; that they would be well received. No answer! Then the offer was made by Davis to send back to the North, *without any exchange*, all the sick and wounded whom the South had not the means to care for.

Only after months could the North decide to accede to this humane proposition, and thousands were now immediately sent off, without exchange, to prevent their dying, which the North in cold

blood would have allowed. General Grant wrote on August 18th, 1864: "It is hard on our prisoners that we cannot exchange them; but it is humane for the active army. Should we exchange prisoners we must fight the South until the last man falls. Should we exchange prisoners Sherman would be beaten, and our own safety endangered."

Grant could scarcely have paid a more splendid tribute to the Southern Army.

To put the whole odium of this matter of the prisoners on Jefferson Davis is a climax of injustice which condemns itself.

His life was a conflict from the cradle to the grave; but he stood in good and evil fortune great and in his deepest humiliation sublime in the strength of his soul. He was as a man and a Christian an example in history. *Clarus et vir fortissimus.*

[From the Richmond *Times*, January 24, 1892.]

GENERAL JOSEPH R. ANDERSON.

Hero of an Incident of the Battle of Gaines' Mill.

The 27th of June, 1862, dawned bright and beautiful over Richmond, with the armies of Lee and McClellan confronting each other on the Chickahominy. A. P. Hill's division on the previous evening had crossed that stream at Meadow Bridge, and moving down to Mechanicsville had enabled Longstreet to cross on that turnpike. Lee and McClellan had had their first deadly grapple with each other at Mechanicsville and Ellyson's Mill, and McClellan had withdrawn his troops to the heights of Gaines' Mill, where Fitz John Porter with his Pennsylvania "Bucktails," supported by artillery, held a position naturally strong, but which had been rendered almost impregnable by earthworks and an abattis of felled trees. Hill, feeling his way, reached the front of Porter about noon, or a little later, and formed line of battle. His first line was composed of a brigade of Georgians, the second of General Charles W. Field's brigade, consisting then of the Fortieth, Forty-seventh, Fifty-fifth and Sixtieth Virginia regiments, and the Twenty-second Virginia battalion.

About two P. M., an advance was ordered and the two lines moved steadily forward to the assault. On reaching the crest of the hill confronting Porter's position, the leading brigade encountered a storm of grape, canister and minie balls, and in a moment or two, unable to withstand the deadly fire to which it was subjected, gave way and fell back, a part breaking through the supporting column of Field, throwing his line into temporary disorder.

Just at this critical moment, the attention of the writer was attracted to a general officer of commanding figure, who was moving along the broken line endeavoring to rally his men and exhorting them to stand firm. Seizing the colors of one of the regiments, he planted near the crest of the hill, and by entreaty and example soon gathered around it the more intrepid of his command. The tide of battle was rushing on, men were falling on either hand, but even amid the storm of battle one could pause long enough to inquire the name of an officer so conspicuous for his gallantry. On that field the writer first saw and learned to admire the lion-hearted courage of one, now a prominent citizen of Richmond—General Joseph R. Anderson—under whose quiet demeanor, as he moves daily about our streets, one would scarcely recognize the hero of this incident.

An Eye Witness.

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SOUTHERN

Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XX.

EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

RICHMOND, VA.:

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

1892.

WM. ELLIS JONES,
PRINTER,
RICHMOND, VA.

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[The Richmond *Dispatch*, February 21 and 28, 1892.]

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During the night of April 20, 1862, the United States forces, with a haste that is inexplicable, and a panic that cannot be excused, abandoned the Norfolk navy-yard after a partial destruction of the ships, stores and cannon at that depot. It is estimated that the Confederate Government by this blunder came into possession of over $4,000,000 of property, priceless to it in value, and obtainable from no other place within its limits. The cannon and material of war here found, subsequently did good service in the coast and inland defences of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi.

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Amongst the vessels then at the navy-yard, out of commission, which the United States forces set on fire and scuttled, was the United States frigate Merrimac. She belonged to the new class of forty-gun frigates of 3,500 tons, with auxiliary steam power. She was built at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1855, had made several cruises, and upon returning from her last cruise was put out of commission at the Norfolk yard and moored alongside the dock. In her best days her speed under steam power had not exceeded seven miles, and had run down to four or five miles per hour at the close of her last service. Her machinery and boilers had been further damaged at the time she was burned and scuttled.

On May 30th she was floated and docked by the Confederates, and became in time an ironclad vessel (christened the Virginia—more widely known as the Merrimac).

THE PROJECTOR OF THE MERRIMAC AND THE PLAN.

There are two claimants to the honor of the plan—Lieutenant John M. Brooke, Confederate States Navy, and Constructor John L. Porter, Confederate States Navy.* I have no personal acquaintance with either of these gentlemen, and I desire above all things to do injustice to neither. The record in the matter is made up. We look for, we can hope for, no new, no additional evidence. Upon the statements before us we must make our judgment and give our award, with a desire to know the truth and proclaim it.

On the 18th of March, 1862, ten days subsequent to the action in Hampton Roads, the Confederate House of Representatives passed and sent a communication to the Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, which reads as follows:

"That the Secretary of the Navy be requested to make a report to this House of the plan and construction of the Virginia, so far as the same can be properly communicated, of the reasons for applying the plan to the Merrimac; and also what *persons* have rendered especial aid in designing and building the ship."

On the 29th of March, 1862, Secretary Mallory replied to this message in a communication of some length, the most material portions of which I shall here set forth:

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*The Editor would refer the reader to the dispassionate statement of Colonel Brooke, "The Virginia or Merrimac." *Southern Historical Society Papers,*" Vol. xix, pp. 3–34.

1. "That on June 10, 1862, Lieutenant John M. Brooke was directed to aid the Navy Department in designing an ironclad, and to frame the necessary specifications."

2. "That in a few days he submitted rough drawings of a casemated vessel with *submerged ends*, and inclined iron-plated sides, which was approved by the department."

3. "That Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter were ordered to report in Richmond about the 23d of June for consultation on the same subject generally, and to aid in the work."

4. "That Mr. Williamson and Mr. Porter approved the plan of having *submerged ends* to obtain *flotation* and invulnerability, and a clean drawing was prepared by Mr. Porter of *Lieutenant Brooke's plan*, which that officer then filed with the department."

5. "That the novel plan of *submerging the ends of the ship and eaves of the casemate* is the peculiar and distinctive feature of the Virginia, and was never before adopted."

6. "That Mr. Williamson, Lieutenant Brooke, and Mr. Porter reported that the Merrimac could be utilized for this purpose, and recommended the submerged ends and inclined casement for this vessel, which was adopted."

Lieutenant Brooke claims that the material feature of his plan is that the bow and stern shall each extend under water beyond the forward and after ends of the shield or casemate, to give the sharpness for speed and buoyancy to support the weight of iron; and a patent for this claim was duly issued to Lieutenant John M. Brooke, by the Confederate Government, July 29, 1862.

HER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

It will be observed in the above quotations from Secretary Mallory's letter that he regards the *submerged ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate* as the novel and distinctive feature of the Merrimac. Lieutenant Brooke's patent is based solely on this novel and distinctive feature. So that Brooke's plan and the distinctive features of the Merrimac are one and the same. In the same communication of Secretary Mallory to the Confederate House of Representatives, in which he awards the merit of the plan of the Merrimac to Lieutenant John M. Brooke and in response to that part of of the resolution, "and also what persons have rendered especial aid in designing and building the ship," the Secretary further replies:

"Mr. Porter cut the ship down, submerged her ends, performed all the duties of constructor, and originated all the interior arrangements, by which space has been economized, and he has exhibited energy, ability, and ingenuity. Mr. Williamson thoroughly overhauled her engines, supplied deficiencies, repaired defects, and improved greatly the motive power of the vessel."

Secretary Mallory further states that when Constructor Porter came to Richmond, as previously stated, about June 23d, "Constructor Porter brought and submitted the model of a flat-bottomed, light-draught propeller, casemated battery, with inclined iron sides and ends, which is deposited in the department. Mr. Porter and Lieutenant Brooke have adopted for their casemate a thickness of wood and iron and an angle of inclination nearly identical." It is to be presumed that, inasmuch as the Secretary notes *this* similarity between Brooke's plan and Porter's model, he would have noted further similarities if such existed, and particularly a similarity of bow and stern submerged and extending under water, which he regards as the distinctive and novel feature of the Merrimac—a feature specially covered by Lieutenant Brooke's claim and patent. We have here before us contemporaneous evidence—the best of its kind, and the best the subject brings before us. If, therefore, Secretary Mallory be a credible witness of good standing, his award in favor of Lieutenant John M. Brooke must stand until his testimony be successfully impeached and shown to be false.

When Secretary Mallory's report to the Confederate House of Representatives was made public, Constructor Porter, in an open letter, contested his award and claimed solely for himself the honor of the plan and the building of the Merrimac. If he desired to have and to keep this honor, it seems to me that he should have vindicated his claim and contested the issue of the patent to Lieutenant John M. Brooke at the time when the most material witnesses to the fact were alive. In neglecting to do this, he has materially contributed to putting his claim out of court.

Mr. Davis, in his *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Lieutenant Catesby Ap. R. Jones, and Lieutenant John Taylor Wood (the two last officers of the Merrimac), all award the plan to Lieutenant John M. Brooke. In view of the testimony and the patent granted to Lieutenant Brooke by the Confederate Government it would be impossible to make a different award; and the death of Secretary Mallory and Mr. Williamson, the most important witnesses

in the matter, makes the possibility of a reversion apparently hopeless.

As early as 1847 Mr. Porter seems to have made model of a casemated iron floating battery, and it is evident the matter was one of deep interest to him. His familiarity with the subject and his experience, ability, and ingenuity, as attested by the Secretary of the Navy, was most potent in the construction of the Merrimac. I well remember at the time his unwearied, unflagging devotion to the work, and I much doubt whether we had within the limits of the Confederacy a man so well equipped to meet the necessities of the case.

CONVERSION OF THE MERRIMAC.

The hull of the Merrimac, when raised and put in the dry-dock, was found to be about two hundred and seventy-five feet in length. About one hundred and sixty feet of the central part of the hull was covered over with a roof of oak and pine wood twenty-two inches in thickness, inclined at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Upon this structure of wood four inches of iron, consisting of plates about eight inches wide and two inches thick, were bolted. The first course of iron was placed longitudinally, the outer course up and down. The forward and after ends of the roof were rounded and the apex of the roof was flat on top, about eight feet wide, and covered over with permanent gratings of two-inch square iron. The grating was pierced for four hatchways to permit egress from the gun-decks to the grating, or outside of the ship, where alone was there standing room on the outside. That part of the ship's bow and stern not covered by the casemate (about fifty-eight feet at each end) was covered with decking planks and was under water. The vessel, when in fighting trim, had much the appearance of the roof of a house afloat. Her prow was of cast-iron, projected two feet from the stem, was under water two feet, and weighed one thousand five hundred pounds. Her battery consisted of four Brooke rifle-guns and six nine-inch Dahlgren shell-guns. Her engines and steam power were inadequate. They were deficient in her best days. Time had not improved them, and with all our efforts they continued to be defective and a source of anxiety to the last. To the future historian of the South one of the most remarkable phases of our struggle will be, how a people so unused to arts and manufactures, so poorly equipped with tools and shops and materials, could have accomplished what they did. De-

lays and obstacles of all sorts impeded the construction of the vessel. All the plates of iron for the casemate had to be rolled at the Tredegar in Richmond and shipped to Norfolk. Each step towards completion seemed but to disclose new obstacles, not the least of which was to secure a crew. We had no merchant marine and but few sailors. Some few were secured after the defeat and dispersion of our gunboats at Roanoke Island; some as volunteers from our army, and a detachment from the Norfolk United Artilery brought the number up to three hundred and twenty men. They proved to be as gallant and trusty a body of men as any one would wish to command; but what a contrast they made to a crew of trained jack tars! The United States Government were duly informed by spies of the completion of the Merrimac, but to deceive them the Norfolk papers of March 6th gave out that the new vessel had proved to be a failure and a great disappointment to her projectors. I doubt much whether they relied upon our statements, for on March 7th Mr. Welles, Secretary of the United States Navy, wrote to Captain John Marston, United States Navy, commanding at Fortress Monroe: "Send the St. Lawrence, Congress, and Cumberland immediately into the Potomac river. Use steam to tow them up. Let there be no delay." This order was modified by telegram of March 8th from Secretary Welles to Captain Marston, as follows: "The Assistant-Secretary of the Navy will be at Old Point by the Baltimore boat this evening. Do not move the ships until further orders, which he will carry." Had the first order been executed and these vessels moved up the Potomac river the victory of the Merrimac would have been shorn of its chief triumphs.

THE ACTION OF SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

On this day the United States Government had at anchor in Hampton Roads, near Fort Monroe, besides twelve gunboats, mounting from one to five guns, the frigates Roanoke (forty guns), Minnesota (forty-eight guns), St. Lawrence (fifty guns), Brandywine (fifty guns), and the frigates Congress (fifty guns) and Cumberland (thirty guns) lying at Newport News under the guns of a strongly-fortified land battery. Without a trial trip, with workmen on board up to the last minute, with a crew and officers strangers to each other and to the ship, with no opportunity to get things into shape or to drill the men at the guns or instruct them in their various duties, the Merrimac,

under command of Captain Franklin Buchanan, at 11 A. M. of March 8th, cast loose from the navy-yard and started on her venture in the game of war, attended by the gunboats Beaufort (Captain W. H. Parker) and Raleigh (Captain J. W. Alexander). These two vessels mounted but one gun each (a banded rifled thirty-two-pounder, for which we are indebted to the inventive genius of Captain Archibald Fairfax, Confederate States Navy), and were the sole survivors of our disaster at Roanoke Island. As we passed the wharves of Portsmouth and Norfolk we discovered the landings to be well crowded with men, women, and children, who gave us salutation, but seemed too deeply moved by the gravity of the moment to break into cheers.

At this time the Merrimac was drawing twenty-two feet aft and twenty-one forward, and seemed to be making a speed of four and one half miles. The two gun-boats, whose ordinary speed was about seven miles an hour, kept along with her under nearly half speed. All went well until we were abreast of Craney Island (five miles from Norfolk), when the Merrimac was so near the bottom that she would not answer her helm. The Beaufort, being called to her assistance, took a hawser from her and towed her past Craney-Island light, where, the water getting deeper, we let her go. The gunboats drew but eight feet of water and were able to cut across the flats of Craney Island, whilst the Merrimac had to keep the channel until abreast of our batteries at Sewell's Point, at which position she could turn up the south channel of James river, making the distance to Newport News about four or five miles further. The day was fresh and clear, and we could see the Congress and Cumberland lying quietly at anchor off the land batteries at Newport News, apparently so unexpectant of danger that their boats were swinging at the lower booms and washed clothes were hanging in the rigging. As the Merrimac headed up the south channel, in a moment inactivity gave place to stir and bustle. The evidences of " wash-day " quickly disappeared; the boats were brought alongside and hoisted, booms were swung in, and both ships cleared for action. The Beaufort and Raleigh steamed at half speed across the flats awaiting the detour of the Merrimac. At about 2.20 P. M. the Beaufort, having got within range, opened the action with a shot at the Congress, and attended by the Raleigh slowly approached the enemy until a favorable position on the quarter of the Congress was secured and maintained until this vessel was surrendered.

THE GREAT NAVAL FIGHT.

At about 2.40 P. M. the Merrimac, having reached position, went into action. In passing the Congress she fired her starboard broadside at this vessel, and, receiving hers in return without damage, made directly for the Cumberland, then in position off the upper end of the land battery. It appears that the Cumberland, to prevent being rammed or to ward off floating torpedoes, had endeavored to secure protection by placing a raft of a few heavy spars at her bow. Dashing through these, the prow of the Merrimac struck the side of the Cumberland, at right angles, under the fore-rigging, on the starboard side. Lieutenant Catesby Jones, the executive officer of the Merrimac, says: "The noise of the crashing timbers was heard above the din of battle. There was no sign of the hole above water. It must have been large, for the vessel soon began to careen. The shock to us was slight. Backing off from the sinking vessel, we headed up the James river to turn round and engage the Congress." To do this, a most tedious movement, the Merrimac had twice to pass within close range of the shore batteries. They opened a heavy fire upon her, but with little or no damage, as such shot and shell as struck her sides took the angle of inclination and went up in the air.

THE CUMBERLAND SUNK.

In the meantime the Cumberland, though visibly careening and settling in the water, continued her fire. As the advancing water drove the men from the gun-deck they took refuge on the spar-deck and opened fire upon us with her pivot-guns. Lieutenant George U. Morris, her executive officer in command (Captain Radford being absent on duty), says in his official report: "At 3.30 P. M. the water had gained upon us, notwithstanding the pumps were actively at work, to a degree that the forward magazine being drowned we had to take powder from the after magazine for the ten-inch gun. At 3.35 P. M. the water had risen to the main hatchway and the ship canted to port, and we delivered a parting fire, each man trying to save himself by jumping overboard. Timely notice was given and all the wounded who could walk were ordered out of the cock-pit, but those of the wounded in the sick bay and on the berth-deck were so mangled that it was impossible to save them. We have lost

upward of one hundred men. All did their duty, and we sank with the American flag flying at our peak." No ship was ever better handled or more bravely fought.

At this period of the action the James-river fleet, composed of the Patrick Henry, Captain J. R. Tucker; Jamestown, Lieutenant J. N. Barney, and the Teaser, Lieutenant W. A. Webb, ran by the batteries at Newport News under a heavy fire, with some loss, and gallantly joining the fleet from Norfolk, rendered material aid during the remainder of the action.

DISABLED AND AGROUND.

The Congress being under the fire of the Beaufort and Raleigh, and at times of the Merrimac as she slowly executed the movement of turning, seeing the fate of the Cumberland, slipped her cable, loosed her foretop sail, ran up her jib, and, with the assistance of the tug-boat Zouave, either endeavored to escape or to get into shoal water, but in doing so grounded, head inshore, in which position she could bring only her stern guns into action. The Merrimac having by this time headed round, and being in position, about two hundred yards astern of the Congress, with the Beaufort, Raleigh and James-river fleet, concentrated a most destructive fire upon her. Having already suffered much loss and damage from our shot and shell with no possible hope of succor, her commander (Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith having been killed, and each moment adding to the already large number of killed and wounded), Lieutenant Pendergrast, most wisely, about 4 P. M. ran up a white flag at the fore and main masts in token of surrender.

Upon seeing this, the Beaufort being then close in action lowered a boat and sent Midshipmen Charles K. Mallory and Ivey Foreman (acting volunteer) with a crew to take possession of the prize and bring her commander aboard the Beaufort. At this moment the Merrimac signalled the Beaufort to come within hail. We did so, and were then instructed by Commodore Buchanan to board the Congress, take the officers and wounded prisoners, permit the others to escape to the shore, and then burn the ship. As we got under the port broadside of the Congress (our little craft looking like a cockle-shell by contrast) we noted that the Stars and Stripes (subsequently hauled down and thrown aboard the Beaufort by Midshipman Foreman) were still flying from her peak, and we had some doubt whether her white flags meant truce or a surrender.

Making fast to the port side of the Congress, Captain Parker sent word to the commanding officer to come on board the Beaufort, and at the same time directed some of his crew to board the vessel and assist in removing the wounded.

TERRIBLE CARNAGE.

Your correspondent gained the decks of the Congress, and has to this day a vivid remembrance of the scene. He has had no opportunity of comparing a battle field with an action on the water, but if the carnage of the former be greater he has no desire to witness it. Confusion, death and pitiable suffering reigned supreme, and the horrors of war quenched the passion and enmity of months.

Lieutenant Pendergrast, in command of the Congress, and Captain William Smith, acting as volunteer, had gone aboard the Beaufort and surrendered their swords to Captain Parker and were instructed to return to the ship and transfer their wounded with dispatch to our vessel. At the same time the Raleigh (Captain Alexander) came alongside the Beaufort and reported for duty and was directed to board the Congress on the other side and assist in removing the wounded. Those of us who were aboard the Congress were suddenly summoned to the Beaufort by the blowing of her whistle.

TREACHERY AND DISHONOR.

We quickly descended the sides of the ship and landed on the decks of the Beaufort, to find that the enemy on shore, disregarding our errand of mercy and the white flags on the Congress, had opened fire upon us with infantry. We were within two hundred yards of the shore, so near that I could plainly see the faces of the men. The fire was most destructive, the first discharge killing Midshipman Hutter and mortally wounding Lieutenant Taylor, acting as volunteers on the Raleigh, besides killing some eight or ten of the men of the Congress on the decks of the Beaufort and wounding many others. The forward cabin of the Beaufort was riddled with balls and her smoke-stack was perforated through and through so as to look somewhat like a sieve. Why every man on her decks was not slain or wounded is one of those phenomena which battles alone reveal. Finding no cessation to this fire, but rather an augmentation, the Beaufort and Raleigh having taken some thirty prisoners

and stands of arms, backed off from the Congress and opened fire upon the shore, but with little or no damage, as the enemy were protected by breastworks.

MINOR AND BUCHANAN WOUNDED.

Time sufficient having elapsed for the Beaufort to execute her orders if no hindrance intervened, Commodore Buchanan noting that the Congress was not on fire, and fearing an attempt at recapture by the United States fleet from Old Point, said in the presence of his flag lieutenant, R. D. Minor, "that ship must be burned." Minor instantly volunteered for the duty, and the Teaser was ordered to cover the attempt. Choosing the starboard side of the Congress as more protected, Minor, with a boat's crew, started to execute the order, but had hardly gotten within fifty yards of the vessel, when fire was again opened upon him both from the shore and the vessel, wounding him severely and several of his men. Commodore Buchanan observing the failure of the attempt, recalled the boat and gave orders to set the Congress on fire with hot shot and shell, but at this moment he, too, was severely wounded by a shot from the shore, though the Merrimac was several hundreds of yards further away, and the command of the Merrimac devolved upon Lieutenant Catesby Ap. R. Jones.

THE RESPONSIBLE PARTY.

It is undoubtedly permissible in war to make recapture, but it can never be justifiable when the sacrifice of life which it requires must be borne alike by friend and foe. A moment's reflection on the part of the officer in command at Newport News would have convinced him of this fact, so that the responsibility for the men of the Congress killed on the decks of the Beaufort, and the further loss of life on this vessel occasioned by our firing upon her with hot shot and shell must be upon him. I find that Brigadier-General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, United States army, then in command at Newport News, is responsible for the execution of this order. (*Rebellion Records*, Series 1, vol. ix, page 5.)

ALL ASHORE.

So soon as the Merrimac had disclosed the object of her attack to be the frigates at Newport News, the Union fleet at Fort Monroe (the frigates Minnesota, St. Lawrence, Roanoke, and several gunboats)

got under way to give aid to their sorely-stricken consorts. By a coincidence, which is the more singular from its repetition, the Minnesota grounded one and a half miles to eastward of Newport News, the St. Lawrence grounded in rear of the Minnesota, and the Roanoke further to the eastward still. In this isolation they could give no aid, and only at the close of the day came under fire. Lest it should be thought that I purpose a reflection upon the courage of the officers in command of these stranded vessels, I here take occasion to say that their character as officers of skill, experience, and bravery was well established at the time, and suffered no diminution then or thereafter. "To point the moral and adorn the tale," let me use the language of Lieutenant John Taylor Wood upon a like occasion: "All officers, as far as possible, should learn to do their own piloting."

The Merrimac having given the *coup de grace* to the Congress, now, about five P. M., with the Beaufort, Raleigh, and James River fleet, moved down to do battle with the three remaining frigates ashore, and the gunboats. To do this it was necessary to place the Merrimac in the north channel, so that close range might be had. The Minnesota was a sister ship to the Merrimac and drew about as much water. It was therefore hoped that, without danger of putting the Merrimac ashore, she could yet get at such close quarters as to compel a surrender within a short period of time. When, however, this was attempted the pilots of the Merrimac declined to take the risk of putting the ship nearer, stating that the condition of the tide and the approach of night made it both difficult and dangerous. At long range, therefore, the Merrimac and her attendants opened fire on the Minnesota and continued the action until the approach of night.

WITHDREW.

We withdrew most reluctantly when further victory seemed so nearly in our grasp. Some damage we had done, but by no means commensurate with our wishes. The Minnesota had been struck some fifteen times, her interior was much damaged, partition and bulkheads were knocked down or blown into one by the explosion of our shells. In retiring to our anchorage by the south channel we came within long range of the three frigates and received some broadsides from them, but without damage, as the distance was too great. The sight was a pretty one, and the St. Lawrence, in particular, at

nightfall made a simultaneous discharge of her port broadside, which lit up for a moment the entire scene, in which she stood forth as sharply defined as in a clear day. We anchored that night off Sewell's Point, in the full glare of the burning Congress, fired by our shell and hot shot, though Medical-Director Shippen, who was aboard the Congress, says "the ship was on fire in three places early in the action; that two of the fires were put out, but the third, near the powder magazine, was not extinguished until the ship blew up about 2 A. M.

THE LOSS.

The loss in the Cumberland is reported by Federal account at one hundred and twenty-one killed and drowned; in the Congress, one hundred and twenty-five killed, wounded, and missing. No report is made of the Minnesota, though she, too, had some killed and wounded. In the Confederate fleet we had some forty-five killed and wounded, the larger number of killed being on our wooden vessels. Exhausted with the nervous strain of the day, we slept soundly that night, anticipating a similar career of victory for the morrow.

The Monitor (or Ericsson) had been built in one hundred days especially to meet the Merrimac. She arrived at Fort Monroe at 9 P. M. of March 8th. Secretary Welles had telegraphed Commodore Paulding at the New York yard March 6th: "Let the Monitor come direct to Washington, anchoring below Alexandria." Similar orders had been sent to Captain John Marston, United States Navy, at Fort Monroe. Marston took upon himself the responsibility of disobeying, and kept the Monitor in Hampton Roads. Had Secretary Welles' order been obeyed, the Merrimac on the 9th would have captured not only the Minnesota, St. Lawrence and Roanoke, but every vessel that remained inside of Fortress Monroe. In the engagement of the 8th the Merrimac had lost her prow in striking the Cumberland, two of her guns had been disabled, so as to be useless, by shot from the Cumberland, and her smoke-stack and steam-pipe had been so riddled that it was difficult to keep up sufficient steam. In this plight she was to meet her antagonist. At daylight on the 9th we discovered that the frigates Roanoke and St. Lawrence had been floated and moved to Old Point, but the Minnesota was yet aground in the same position. Near her we discovered an object like a raft, floating low in the water, with smoke-stack and turret amidships.

THE FIGHT.

Closer inspection convinced us it was (Ericsson's Battery) the Monitor. Having sent our wounded ashore we moved out into the Roads, to resume the engagement at 8 A. M. The Merrimac being in advance, our wooden vessels in the rear, to take part if occasion should offer. Lieutenant Jones, then in command of the Merrimac, says of this engagement:

"We stood for the Minnesota and opened fire. Our pilots were to have placed us within half a mile of her, but at no time were we nearer than a mile. At one third of a mile's distance the monitor opened upon us. We rapidly approached each other, and at times were only a ship's length apart. Once we fired a broadside at her only a few yards distant. She and her turret were under perfect control. Once she took a position where we could not bring a gun to bear upon her. Another movement, which gave us great anxiety, was an attempt to run afoul of our rudder and propeller, which could easily have been disabled. Her guns were seen only at the moment of discharge—this done, her turret revolved shuting them out of view. We had no solid shot, and our shell had no effect upon her. With all our caution we ran aground, and remained so for a quarter of an hour. Finding we could make no impression with our shell, we determined if possible to run her down."

Of this attempt Lieutenant Wood, of the Merrimac, says:

"For an hour we manœuvred for position. Now go ahead! Now stop! Now astern! The Merrimac was as unweildy as Noah's ark. At last an opportunity offered, but before we had sufficient headway the Monitor sheered off, and our disabled ram gave a glancing blow, which did no apparent harm."

Within a few moments after this collision the Monitor made her first withdrawal from the action. The Merrimac now resumed her fire at the Minnesota, doing her serious injury and blowing up the boiler of a tug alongside. The Monitor returned to the action, and taking a position with her bow against the Merrimac, fired twice at this distance. The impact of these shots forced the side of the Merrimac in two or three inches, and the concussion knocked down all the men at the after pivot gun, many of whom bled from the nose or ears. "The action had now continued some three hours," says Lieutenant Jones, "without apparent injury to the Monitor." We

were therefore surprised to see her run off into shoal water, where our great draught would not permit us to follow." This second withdrawal was most probably coincident with the following fact, given by Lieutenant S. Dana Greene, the executive officer of the Monitor, page 725–727, "*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,*" volume I. Lieutenant Greene says:

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

"Soon after noon a shell from the Merrimac's gun, the muzzle of which was not ten yards distant, struck the forward side of the pilot-house (of the Monitor) directly in the sight-hole, and exploded. Captain Worden was standing immediately behind this spot and received in his face the force of the blow, which partially stunned him, and filling his eyes with powder, utterly blinded him. Worden, blinded as he was, believed the pilot-house to be severely injured, if not destroyed. He, therefore, gave the orders to put the helm to starboard and 'sheer off.' Thus the Monitor temporarily retired from the action to ascertain the extent of the injuries she had received."

Lieutenant Greene, then succeeding to the command, continues his account. "In the confusion of the moment the Monitor had been *moving without direction.* Exactly how much time elapsed from the moment that Worden was wounded until I had reached the pilot-house and completed the examination of the injury at that point, and determined what course to pursue, it is impossible to state; but it could hardly have exceeded twenty minutes."

Lieutenant Greene admits that being summoned to Worden, "he found him standing at the foot of the ladder leading to the pilot-house, and that he assisted in leading him to a sofa in the cabin, and then assumed the command." If he had contented himself with his statement, "it is impossible to state the time," and had not attempted to qualify it with "hardly exceeded twenty minutes," he would have been more accurate.

THE MONITOR WITHDREW.

As an officer of the Beaufort, and in close proximity to the engagement, though not in the *melee*, for none of our wooden gunboats

took active part in this day's fight, I am justified in making the statement that the Monitor retired from the field on this her second withdrawal from three quarters to an hour. I shall not pretend to say that this is absolutely accurate, for I did not take the actual time, but I do say it was sufficiently long to justify the opinion then formed that she had withdrawn from the action for the day.

There can be no question at this day on the point—which of the two vessels first withdrew from the action. The official report of Captain Van Brunt, of the Minnesota, discloses the retirement of the Monitor, and Lieutenant Greene, her executive, admits that she withdrew twice from the engagement—once to hoist shot into the turret, and again when Worden was wounded—page 725-727, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, volume I.

Lieutenant Ap. Catesby Jones, of the Merrimac, concludes his statement of the engagement of March 9th in these words :

"We for some time awaited the return of the Monitor to the Roads. The loss of our prow and anchor, consumption of coal, water, etc., had lightened us so that the lower part of the forward end of the shield was awash. After consultation, it was decided that we should proceed to the navy-yard, that the vessel might be brought down in the water and completed. The pilots said if we did not go then we could not pass the bar until noon of the next day. We, therefore, at 12 M. quit the Roads and stood for Norfolk. Had there been any sign of the Monitor's willingness to renew the contest we would have remained to fight her. We left her in the shoal water to which she had withdrawn, and which she did not leave until after we had crossed the bar on our way to Norfolk."

I have a distinct recollection that at this time, when the Merrimac had crossed the bar, and was well on her way to Norfolk, the Monitor, being then in shoal water on Hampton bar, fired a gun, but apparently made no motion to come out into deep water.

Thus ended this famous engagement, in what may fairly be called a drawn battle. Either adversary seemed powerless to vanquish the other. Yet the Monitor in equipment, invulnerability, speed, draught of water and manageableness was far the superior of the Merrimac. She was put into the fight to vanquish the Merrimac and protect the Minnesota; she failed in the former and succeeded in the latter purpose.

EFFECT OF THE ENGAGEMENTS OF MARCH 8 AND 9, 1862.

Outside of the immediate results of these engagements, the destruction of the frigates Cumberland and Congress, and complete panic in the United States fleet at Fort Monroe, the indirect result of checking the advance of McClellan upon Richmond, by which we were enabled to complete the defences of that city and James river, was one of great moment to the Confederacy. The powerful navies of England and France were brushed aside in a moment. The London *Times* in a note of warning said: "Out of one hundred and forty-nine first class war-ships we have now but two vessels that it would not be madness to trust to an engagement with that little Monitor." Both nations, and other maritime powers, with a speed, ingenuity and lavish expenditure of money, which is unchecked even at this day, hastened to equip themselves to meet the requirements of modern naval warfare. The whole seaboard of the North went into a panic which lasted for weeks, and gave birth to fears which now seem ludicrous.

Taking with us the fact that the Merrimac was the hasty creation of an extreme necessity, the most unwieldly structure that ever was built, utterly inadequate to float outside the capes of Virginia half an hour in the least seaway, or to live through an ordinary easterly blow in Hampton Roads, one can scarcely repress a smile in reading the Federal telegrams of that day.

WELLES'S SCARE.

Secretary Welles of the United States Navy, reports Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, as saying in a Cabinet meeting, called in consequence of the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress on March 8th: "The Merrimac will change the whole character of the war. She will destroy *seriatim* every naval vessel. She will lay all cities of the seaboard under contribution. I shall immediately recall Burnside. Port Royal must be abandoned. I will notify the Governors of States, and the municipal authorities in the North to take instant measures to protect their harbors. He had no doubt but that the Merrimac was at this moment on her way to Washington, and not unlikely we shall have a shell or cannon-ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave this room." On March 9th Mr. Stanton telegraphed "the Governors of New York, Massachu-

setts and Maine to protect their harbors with large timber rafts''—*Rebellion Records*, page 20, series 1, volume I. On the same date General McClellan sent telegrams to the commanding officers at New York, Newport, New London, Boston and Portland, Maine, to the same effect. Admiral Dalhgren is busy at Washington having twenty-four canal boats laden with stone to close the Potomac river.

General McClellan on March 9th sends a telegram to General Wool, at Fort Monroe, in which, foreseeing the necessity of evacuating Newport News in the event the Merrimac gains possession of the Roads, he consents to a withdrawal of the garrison to Old Point, *Rebellion Records*, page 23, series 1, volume I. March 10th while openly proclaiming the defeat of the Merrimac by the Monitor in the engagement of the 9th, Secretary Welles wires the Assistant-Secretary of the Navy at Fort Monroe, "The President directs that the Monitor be not too much exposed and authorizes vessels laden with stone to be sunk in the channel of Elizabeth river to prevent the Merrimac from again coming out.''—Do., page 25. As late as the 12th General McClellan telegraphs Assistant-Secretary Fox: "Can I rely on the Monitor to keep the Merrimac in check so that I can make 'Fort Monroe a base of operations?' ''—Do., page 27. The same date General Barnard, chief of engineers, McClellan's army, wires Assistant-Secretary Fox: "The possibility of the Merrimac appearing again, paralyzes the movements of this army by whatever route is adopted.''—Do., page 27. The *climax of absurdity* is, however, reached when Secretary-of-War Stanton, passing over the educated, intelligent and skilled corps of naval and army officers, telegraphs Mr. C. Vanderbilt, a private citizen of New York, the owner of river and ocean steamers: "For what sum will you contract to destroy the Merrimac, or prevent her from coming out from Norfolk, you to sink or destroy her if she gets out? Answer by telegram, as there is no time to be lost.''—Do., page 31. The doughty commodore of steamboats was unequal to the conundrum, but his patriotism prompted him to make the munificent gift of the large ocean steamer Vanderbilt to the United States Government to be sacrificed, if necessary, in running the Merrimac down.

GAGE OF BATTLE OF APRIL 11, '62, AND THE FORLORN HOPE.

From March 9th to April 11th the Merrimac lay at the navy-yard. New guns took the place of those that had been destroyed, and a supply of bolts of wrought and chilled iron for her guns was put

aboard. A new prow of steel and wrought-iron was fitted to her stem. A course of two-inch iron for one hundred and eighty feet was put on her hull below the casemate. The revolution of the turret of the Monitor, which effectually closed her gun-port when the gun was being loaded, suggested the necessity of adopting some plan to protect those of the Merrimac. The attempt was made to fit them with wrought-iron shutters, but the device was not satisfactory, and but few of her ports were so protected. These changes brought the ship a foot deeper in the water, making her draught now twenty-three feet. Commodore Buchanan being still disabled by his wounds, Commodore Josiah Tatnall was placed in command. There was at no time any question in the minds of the Confederate authorities, or amongst the officers of the Merrimac, but that the enemy must again be offered battle at the earliest moment. On April 1st the Secretary of the Confederate Navy wrote Commodore Tatnall: "You will leave with your ship and attack the enemy when, in your judgment, it may seem best." On April 4th: "Do not hesitate or wait for orders, but strike when, how, and where your judgment may dictate." The Secretary of the United States Navy had, on March 10th, telegraphed: "The President directs that the Monitor be not too much exposed," in the same breath in which her victory was claimed.

The Confederate Secretary and the Confederate naval officers well knew the many defects and vulnerability of the Merrimac. So doubtful were we of success in the next engagement that upon certain information of the exterior and interior structure of the Monitor, which Secretary Mallory had obtained, we organized an expedition of the smaller gunboats in the fleet—the Beaufort, Raleigh, and two others—known as

THE "FORLORN HOPE."

I was of this detail, and would have made my will but that I had no property. Each of the gunboats was provided with a large anchor; their crews were divided into three squads under command of an officer, and designated squads 1, 2, and 3. The orders were that if the Merrimac should be disabled or defeated, each steamer was to make a dash for the Monitor, drop the anchor and make fast to her, so as to hold her in that position. The detail were then to board her. No. 1 was to throw ignited combustibles down her ven-

tilators and every opening, and cover them over with tarpaulin; No. 2 to wedge the turret to prevent its revolution; No. 3 to cover the pilot-house, smoke-stack, and other openings with wet sail-cloth, and "smoke the rascals out," as it were. Our calculation was that one of the four small steamers would be sure to get alongside. There was to be no stopping to help those disabled or sunk, and as each had a crew of thirty men this was sufficient for the purpose. If the occasion had been offered, the attempt would have been made beyond peradventure, but I have never yet decided whether they of the Monitor or we of the gunboats were the more fortunate that our purpose was not put to the experiment. April 10, 1862, the Merrimac, with the vessels of the Norfolk and James River fleet, got under way late in the evening and anchored inside of Craney Island for the night, to make an early start the next morning. At 6 A. M. of the 11th we were under way. The sun was clear, with the promise of a beautiful day. As we came in sight of Fort Monroe we beheld the Roads lined with a large fleet of transports, making a scene of beauty that is but rarely granted to a spectator. In a moment a sudden movement spread through the entire merchant fleet, and in less time than I can describe it each vessel had slipped her cable and, like a flock of wild fowl in the act of flight, spread her sails in the race for safety.

When the Merrimac had steamed within two miles of the fort we plainly made out the Monitor, the iron battery Naugatuck, and other war vessels at anchor under Fort Monroe. The French war vessels Gassendi and Catinet and English Corvette Rinaldo were visitors in the Roads at the time, and moved up towards Newport News to give us a clear field. The Merrimac steamed around in a large circle, which at one point brought her within one and one-half miles of her antagonists, offering battle in deep water and upon their own ground—vain endeavor!

SUCCESSFULLY EXECUTED.

After an hour or so of this unprofitable banter, and observing no movement on the part of the enemy, Commodore Tatnall, in bravado and in provocation to them, sent the Jamestown and Raleigh into Hampton Bar to cut out three transports that, deeming themselves in safety, had not moved out of the Roads in the early morning. The movement was most handsomely and successfully executed in

the presence of the Monitor and the Federal fleet. As our ships returned with their captures they passed near the stern of the English Corvette Rinaldo, the officers and crew of which waved their handkerchiefs and hats in salute. We held our position in the Roads until sundown, and at night anchored off Sewell's Point. A day or so after this the Merrimac, again in need of repairs, went up to Norfolk. During the forty-five days she was under Commodore Tatnall's command there were but thirteen days in which she was not in dock or undergoing necessary repairs.

GAGE OF BATTLE MAY 8, 1862.

In consequence of the advance of McClellan's army upon Richmond, the wooden gunboats of the James River and Norfolk fleet, in the latter part of April, were ordered to run by the Federal batteries at Newport News and operate on the right flank of General Joseph E. Johnston. This movement was accomplished in due time by running the batteries at night and without disaster, though the Beaufort, in making the attempt, grounded and remained just opposite the battery in easy range until near daybreak. Our station henceforth being the James river, I must rely upon contemporary accounts for the remaining career of the Merrimac. The beleaguerment of Richmond, in the eyes of the Confederate Government, necessitated the evacuation of Norfolk, and though the Merrimac, now alone, was adequate to the defence of Norfolk on the water, it was possible to take the city in rear, now that Johnston's army was concentrated at Richmond, by landing a strong Federal force on the bay shore, and also west of Craney Island, and making a combined attack from the east and west. Valuable stores and materials were yet at the navy-yard, and General Huger, in command at Norfolk, was quietly engaged in shipping them to the interior by river and rail, when the desertion of a tug-boat captain in the service of the Confederacy much hastened matters.

Secretary Mallory, being advised of the probable abandonment of Norfolk, had sent Commodore Hollins to that place to consult with Commodore Tatnall, and such other officers as might be selected, as to the best disposition to be made of the Merrimac in this contingency. The conference was arranged for May 8th, but on that morning the Monitor, Naugatuck, and other United States vessels attacked our battery at Sewell's Point. The Merrimac got under

way immediately to render such assistance as might be needed. Commodore Tatnall's account of the matter is as follows:

"Upon getting into the Roads we found six of the enemies ships, including the ironclads Stevens, Monitor, and Naugatuck, shelling the battery. We passed the battery and stood directly for the enemy to engage him, and I thought an action certain, particularly as the Minnesota and Vanderbilt, which were anchored below Fort Monroe, got under way and stood up to that point, apparently with the intention of joining their squadron in the Roads. Before we got within gunshot the enemy ceased firing and retired with all speed under the protection of the guns at the fort, followed by the Merrimac until the shells from the Rip Raps passed over us. We, thereupon, returned to our anchorage near Sewell's Point, and I proceeded to Norfolk for the purposes of the conference called for this day."

Let us see what the Federal account has to say of the affair. Commodore Goldsborough, United States Navy, then in command of the station at Fort Monroe, says:

"The Monitor had orders to fall back into fair channel way, and only to engage seriously in such a position that *this ship*, *together* with the merchant vessels, intended for the purpose, could run her (the Merrimac) down. The other vessels were not to hesitate to run her down, and the Baltimore, an unarmed steamer of high speed and curved bow, was kept in the direction of the Monitor, especially to throw herself across the Merrimac forward or aft of her plated casemate, but the Merrimac did not engage the Monitor, nor did she place herself where she could have been assailed by our rams to any advantage." Let us sum the matter up.

SUMMING UP.

1. On the 9th of March, the only occasion upon which the Merrimac and Monitor did engage, it is in evidence from Federal official sources that the Monitor twice retired from the engagement of the day; the Merrimac retired only when the action was supposed to be concluded.

2. On April 11th the Merrimac, in the presence of two French and one English war vessel, offered the Monitor and the Stevens iron battery battle. Then, to provoke them to accept it, cut out three Federal transports almost under their guns, but without bringing them to issue.

3. On May 8th the Merrimac drove the Monitor, Naugatuck, and six other United States war vessels from Sewell's Point to within one and a half miles of Fort Monroe, and seeing no disposition to engage returned to anchor. On this occasion, the Federal fleet declined the action, says Commodore Goldsborough, United States Navy, "because the Merrimac did not place herself in deep water, nor in a position of advantage," to be attacked by the Monitor, Naugatuck, Minnesota, Illinois, San Jacinto, and to be run down by the Baltimore, Arajo, Vanderbilt, and all other vessels that might be on hand to coach the Monitor. The Merrimac drew twenty-three feet of water, and with the exception of the Minnesota, there was no vessel in the Federal fleet that drew as much as fifteen feet. Moreover, they claimed the superiority of the Monitor over the Merrimac--a fact we admitted then, and admit now. Comment is unnecessary. Like Jack Bunsby, let us say: "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it," and dismiss the subject with the "observation" of the Marquis of Montrose—

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small
> That dares not put it to the touch,
> To gain or lose it all."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MERRIMAC BY THE CONFEDERATES.

The conference in Norfolk of May 9th as to the disposal of the Merrimac had resulted in the decision that "the Merrimac was then employed to best advantage, and that she should continue for the present to protect Norfolk, and thus afford time to remove the public property." Commodore Tatnall upon this joined his ship, at anchor near Sewell's Point. On May 10th, about 10 A. M., it was observed that no Confederate flag was flying at Sewell's Point battery and that the fort seemed to be abandoned. Flag-Lieutenant J. Pembroke Jones was immediately sent to Craney Island, and there learned for the first time that a large force of the enemy had landed at Bay Shore and were rapidly marching on Norfolk, and that our troops were retreating. Lieutenant Jones was then sent to Norfolk to confer with General Huger, in command at that place, and with Captain Sidney S. Lee at the navy-yard. At the navy-yard he found everything in flames, and that all the officers had left on the railroad. At Norfolk he was informed that General Huger and all his officers had left and

that the enemy were within half a mile of the city in treaty with the mayor for its surrender. About 7 P. M. he reached the Merrimac with his report, and at this hour all the batteries on the river and Craney Island had been abandoned by our troops. The night was fast approaching, and what was to be done must be done quickly. It had been decided previously that the Merrimac could accomplish nothing in York river by reason of its width and many creeks of refuge. The ascent of the Potomac to Washington, except in good weather, was impracticable. A venture outside the capes was an impossibility. Battle with the Federal fleet in the Roads on their own terms gave no encouragement. It had been previously declined, and now, with our base of supplies in the hands of our enemies, they had but to keep out of our way and ten days or a week would bring the crew of the Merrimac face to face with starvation and capitulation.

In the emergency, and under the assurance of the pilots that if the ship were lightened to eighteen feet she could be carried to within forty miles of Richmond. Commodore Tatnall called his crew to quarters, and informed them of his purpose. With a cheer they set to work to lighten ship, dumping overboard all heavy stones, ballast, and pig-iron which had been put aboard to bring her down in the water to fighting trim. Commodore Tatnall being unwell had retired to rest. Between 1 and 2 A. M. of the 11th, he was aroused by Lieutenant Ap. Catesby Jones, with the report that after the crew had been at work some five hours, and had lightened the ship so as to expose her hull and render her unfit for action, the pilots now said the ship could not be carried with eighteen feet above Jamestown Flats. Some distance above this point the river was in possession of the enemy on both banks. Tatnall demanded of his pilots the reason for their deception or change of opinion. They replied eighteen feet could be carried over Jamestown Flats during the prevalence of easterly winds, but as the wind had been westerly for several days they were unwilling to make the attempt.

The wooden hull was now above water and entirely defenceless against shot and shell. Her ballast had been thrown overboard, and nothing was at hand to bring her down in the water again. To engage the Federal fleet was now hopeless and shorn of every prospect of success. The attempt must meet with certain destruction and great sacrifice of life.

BURNED.

A hasty conference with his officers decided Tatnall that the wisest course now open to him was to abandon and burn his ship and save his crew for service in Richmond. She was, therefore, put on shore as near Craney Island as possible, and having but two boats it took three hours to land her crew. She was set fire to fore and aft, and was soon in full blaze. At about 4.30 o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May, 1862, her magazine exploded, and the Merrimac was a thing of the past. In the blaze of the burning vessel the crew were marched to Suffolk, twenty-two miles distant, where they took train for Richmond, arriving there in time to render valuable service in our land batteries at Drury's Bluff, where they had the pleasure of again meeting and foiling their old adversaries, the Monitor, Galena, and other United States vessels in their attack on Drury's Bluff May 15, 1862.

The success and the fame of the Merrimac had far outreached, in the imagination of the Southern people, her real capacity. The disappointment and indignation of the public, and the criticism of our press, were so vehement in their condemnation of Commodore Tatnall that he promptly requested a court of inquiry, and then a court-martial upon his conduct. After a full and exhaustive examination of all the particulars he was awarded an unanimous acquittal. The court, composed of a board of twelve officers of the highest rank and with the experience of many years' service, closed its finding in these words:

HONORABLE ACQUITTAL.

"Being thus situated, the only alternative in the opinion of the court was to abandon and burn the ship then and there, which, in the judgment of this court, was deliberately and wisely done; wherefore, the court do award to the said Captain Josiah Tatnall an honorable acquittal."

The Merrimac and the Monitor came upon the stage of action at the same time, and the close of their career was not far apart. They suggest the parallel made between the lives of two ancient warriors. It cannot be said, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives," but "in their death they were not divided."

At daybreak of December 29, 1862, the Monitor, under convoy of the United States steamer Rhode Island, left Fort Monroe bound

for Charleston, South Carolina. At noon December 30th, when at sea, about seventy miles off Cape Hatteras, they got into a heavy gale. At 10 P. M., matters having become critical and it being impossible to keep the Monitor free of the water that came aboard with every sea, signals of distress were burned. Gallant and untiring efforts of rescue were made by the Rhode Island, and one of her boats was on its third and last perilous trip to remove those still aboard the Monitor when the ill-fated vessel suddenly disappeared beneath the angry waters, carrying down with her four officers and twelve men, forty-nine having been saved. This boat failed to reach the Monitor or regain the side of the Rhode Island, but drifted all night and the next day upon the waste of waters, until rescued by a passing vessel and taken into Philadelphia.

We live within a new environment. The Merrimac and the Monitor are things of the past; but history shall note their deeds when the names of those who bore part in them shall be unremembered.

VIRGINIUS NEWTON,
Late a Midshipman, C. S. Navy.

JACKSON AND EWELL.

THE LATTER'S OPINION OF HIS CHIEF.

Interview with Colonel Benjamin S. Ewell, Ex-President of William and Mary—His Brother's Relations to Jackson.

[From the Richmond *Times* June 12, 1892.]

On Tuesday, October 13, 1891, General John Echols delivered before the Confederate Association of Kentucky, at Louisville, an "Address on Stonewall Jackson," which the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in an article in its issue of October 17th, 1891, characterizes as an "impressive tribute to Christianity," and as a "thrilling

recital of General Jackson's matchless movements," and testimony to his military ability. Bishops Dudley and Penick, Rev. Doctors Broaddus and Jones, the Rev. J. G. Minnigerode and other ministers in the great audience, it is stated, were visibly affected.

Some allusions of the orator, it would appear from the following article, which the editor has pleasure in reproducing, have been taken alone and apart from the address, and construed, it may be apprehended, as it was not intended or expected they would be. The *Times* in an introductory note cites the objectionable paragraph as follows:

"General Ewell did not have a high opinion of General Jackson's natural ability,"—and continues: "General Jubal A. Early has written a letter denying this, and showing that General Ewell had the very highest regard and esteem for his commanding general. The following interview with Colonel Benjamin Ewell, of near Williamsburg, president *emeritus* of William and Mary College, and brother of the General, confirms General Early's statement:

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., *June 8, 1892.*

Colonel Benjamin S. Ewell, president *emeritus* of William and and Mary College, who is closely verging on eighty-two, yet retains that vigorous, genial manhood which was such a pleasant characteristic of his earlier years, resides about four miles above town. Meeting him not long since, I asked him to tell me what he knew of the relations between Generals Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall) and his brother, General Richard S. Ewell. "With pleasure," he replied, and said he had failed to get a copy of an address recently delivered by General John Echols in Louisville, Kentucky, on Stonewall Jackson, in which mention was made of General Ewell, and from which he expected much accurate information on the Valley campaign of 1862, as the General was a prominent and active officer in it till severely wounded at the battle of Kernstown. But it was not written, and, so far as is known here, imperfectly reported.

GENERAL EWELL'S CONVERSION.

Colonel Ewell went on to say that he had seen but one report of General Echols' address, and that with the exception of a few lines it consisted of a letter received by him from a distinguished Vir-

ginia minister in regard to General Ewell and Stonewall Jackson. I give an abridged copy of this letter, as it is connected with what Colonel Ewell has to say on the subject:

"GENERAL JOHN ECHOLS:

"DEAR GENERAL—'Twas in connection with General Ewell's conversion to Christ from his accidentally overhearing Jackson praying for guidance in the prosecution of the campaign. My informant got the account from a minister of the Presbyterian church, who was present at one of the sessions in examining General Ewell (who had been a very profane man and skeptical) and hearing him give his experience and what led him to desire membership in the church. * * * General Ewell did not have a high opinion of Jackson's natural ability, and often remarked in the hearing of his staff that he did not have good common sense, and so the staff used to join in with him in deriding the claims of Jackson's friends to his being a great general. But Jackson kept on winning victories, and the staff, one after another, ceased talking in the strain they had been indulging in, and Ewell was left alone in reaffirming his oft-repeated convictions. This went on till Pope had assumed command of the Federal troops, and at a juncture of that campaign a council of war was held, at which Generals Jackson and Ewell were present. None present had anything to suggest, but Jackson said that as they seemed to think he ought to know what to do, if they would meet again next morning before daylight he might have something to offer. General Ewell left his gauntlets in Jackson's tent when the council adjourned and returning to get them heard the voice of Jackson within engaged in prayer. Supposing the prayer would be short, Ewell waited for awhile, but Jackson prayed so long and fervently he concluded to leave. The substance of the prayer Ewell heard was his 'telling his Heavenly Father that he did not know what to do; that everything seemed to be involved in perfect darkness and that the other generals seemed to expect that he would be able to tell them what the army ought to do; would he graciously reveal to him what was best to be done.' Next morning he laid before the council what he had to suggest and all present instantly perceived that it was the very thing that ought to be done, and so the movement through Thoroughfare Gap was decided upon. Ewell was wounded, but he still held the opinion as to Jackson's natural ability, and there was, therefore, no other way to explain Jackson's success, except that prayer had

power with God, and that this fact carried with it practically all the rest that the New Testament taught, and that having come to that conclusion he asked admission to church fellowship."

WHAT COLONEL EWELL SAYS.

Colonel Ewell says respecting this letter that "if correctly reported the writer or his informant made mistakes, as some of its statements are supported by no known records; indeed, are directly contradicted by them. I regret I cannot deny what is said of General Ewell's profanity, but since 'Uncle Toby' told that 'our army in Flanders swore terribly,' armies of English-speaking people have followed the bad example. Our army in Mexico 'swore terribly.' General Twiggs, that he might inspire the young volunteer officers with a suitable respect for the regulars, 'swore terribly' when in their presence, and would scold his staff officers for not following his example."

When, in 1861, General Ewell found that he had men to deal with of a different type than his old "regulars," and heeding the judicious advice given him by the Rev. Dr. Hoge, soon he began to abate the bad habit. He was a church-goer when he had the opportunity, and his skepticism did not exceed that of the average man of the world. No council of war was called by Jackson during the Pope campaign in 1862, for the only one he ever had, met March 11, 1862, at Winchester, of which General Echols was a member. General Ewell was never examined by the session of any Presbyterian church, and therefore never gave his experience in the manner described, nor did he join that church. In the spring of 1863 he was confirmed by Bishop Johns at St. Paul's, Richmond, as a member of the Episcopal church.

ORIGIN OF THE STORY.

The whole story is founded on the following extract from *Dr. Dabney's Life of Jackson:* "Jackson's army, marching from the Valley to join General Lee, encamped at Ashland, June 25, 1862, late at night. Two of the commanders of divisions went to Jackson's tent and advised that he should move the army by two columns, on parallel roads, instead of by one. He listened respectfully, but requested that they would wait his decision until morning. When they left him the one said to the other: 'Do you know why General

Jackson would not decide upon our suggestion at once? It was because he has to pray over it before he makes up his mind.' A moment after, the second returned to Jackson's quarters to get his sword, which he had forgotten, and as he entered found him on his knees praying." This is the whole story told by Dr. Dabney, who gives no names, as evidence of Jackson's unvarying attention to his religious duties.

GENERAL EWELL JOINS JACKSON.

General Ewell joined Jackson at Swift Run Gap on April 30, 1862. He went in obedience to orders, and not from choice, as at that time he believed Jackson to be a brave but very eccentric man. The successful Valley campaign of 1862, however, affected a radical change in Ewell's opinions. I was with Ewell several times during the Seven Days' battle, June and July, 1862, when the Confederate army was before Harrison's Landing, and later from the 10th to 13th July, when his division was encamped near Richmond. He told me that some of his officers were trying to have the division ordered from Jackson, and had applied to General Cooper for that purpose; that he had been to see General Cooper, and had requested that the division be kept where it then was with Jackson. This General Cooper told him should be done, and no change was made. I did not see General Ewell again till after he was wounded, August 28, 1862. I found him at the house of his uncle, Dr. Jesse Ewell, in the northern part of Prince William county, slowly convalescing and in fair spirits, thanks to the affectionate and careful nursing of the doctor and his interesting family, and to his skillful surgeon, Dr. Morrison, of Rockbridge.

ANXIETY ABOUT JACKSON.

I was with him when the battle of Antietam was fought, September 17, 1862, distant in air line about thirty miles. From morning till night the roar of the artillery was distinct and incessant. During the day I noticed that General Ewell became excited to such a degree that I spoke to Dr. Morrison on the subject, and finally to him. After awhile he told me with evident emotion he could not listen to the sounds of the battle without fearing the loss of General Jackson, believing his preservation important and necessary to the success of the Confederate cause. It is evident that in 1862 Ewell appreciated Jackson.

CONFESSES HIS MISTAKE.

The first year of the war Ewell told the Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge that while he knew that Jackson was brave, he doubted his judgment. Subsequently he acknowledged to Dr. Hoge that he had been mistaken as to Jackson's judgment, and, further, that the chances of the South would have been improved had he been made dictator. There can be no question of the effect of General Jackson's unswerving faith and exalted piety, seen in every phase of his life by the soldiers of the Confederate army with whom he came in contact. After the close of the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, General Ewell, with General D. H. Hill, went to Jackson's quarters, a short distance from the field. General Hill said something to Jackson in a jocular way about his being so far from his command. Jackson replied that "there was nothing doing, and that being the case he might as well be there as anywhere else," or words to that effect. This I was told by General Ewell the next morning. During the night of July 1st McClellan retreated to Harrison's Landing, less than half a day's march from Malvern Hill. The Confederate army reached his front about midday Friday, July 4th. "General Jackson was chafing like a lion at the delay," and found the position too strong to be attacked. (*Dabney's Life of Jackson.*) General Barnard, United States engineer, a prominent member of McClellan's staff, told me since 1865 that when the United States army reached Harrison's Landing, after Malvern Hill, it was so disorganized in every respect if it had been followed within twelve hours by the Confederate army and the heights commanding the landing occupied, a surrender would have been inevitable. By that time order had been evolved from chaos and the position made tenable. In the April number of 1873 of the "*Southern Historical Society Papers*" General Lee is represented as saying: "If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, we would have won a great victory." It is difficult for any reader of Jackson's campaigns not to come to the same conclusion, and it is no more reflection on any of them to say they were not Marlboroughs, Napoleons or Von Moltkes. Under Jackson's example doubts and delays would have been replaced by decisions and prompt action, and in all probability the Federal army would, notwithstanding General Meade's ability and energy, have been defeated in detail before the short time at his disposal enabled him to concentrate his scattered corps.

JACKSON ON EWELL.

What General Jackson thought of General Ewell's services may be inferred from Dr. Dabney's account of an interview between Jackson and Mr. Boteler, held July, 1862, while the army was confronting McClellan at Harrison's Landing. General Jackson advised an immediate invasion of the North, and asked Mr. Boteler to "impress his views on the Government," adding, "he was willing to follow, not to lead in this glorious enterprise. He was willing to follow anybody—General Lee or the gallant Ewell." (*Life of Jackson.*)

GENERAL EARLY'S VIEWS.

General Jubal A. Early, as true and unselfish as he is brave, always ready to break a lance to defend the memory of a comrade unjustly and unduly criticised or censured, writes in the "*Southern Historical Society Papers,*" No. 1877, of General Ewell: "His military record for the year 1862 is so intimately identified with that of Stonewall Jackson that one cannot exist without the other. The fight and pursuit of Banks down the Valley, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Slaughter's Mountain and that most wonderful dash to Pope's rear, in 1862, would be shorn of half their proportions if Ewell's name was blotted from the record. Jackson's men made a demand upon his energy, courage and skill that was not promptly honored, and he was maimed for life in earnestly seconding his immortal leader in that most brilliant of all his achievements—the bewildering display of grand tactics between the armies of Pope and McClellan in the plains of Manassas in the last days of August, 1862.

ALL ECCENTRIC TO OUR FRIENDS.

General Dick Taylor, the son of General Zachary Taylor and the author of book on the war, "*Destruction and Reconstruction,*" commanded a brigade in Ewell's division during the Valley campaign of 1862. They were good friends, as well as fellow-soldiers. Most of us are in the estimation of our best friends more or less eccentric. So Taylor and Ewell thought Jackson, and so Taylor thought Ewell and so Ewell thought Taylor, and I have no doubt that if Jackson's mind hadn't been full of more important matters he would have thought so of Ewell and Taylor. In July, 1862, Ewell told me of

Taylor's genius and military ability, but that he feared, so eccentric was he, his mind would lose its balance. The following is from Taylor's book: "On two occasions in the Valley during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side and immediately rushed forward among the skirmishers when some sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself he returned with the hope that 'Old Jackson would not catch him at it.' He always spoke of Jackson, several years his junior, as 'old,' and told me in confidence that he admired his genius, but was certain of his lunacy, and that he never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach without expecting an order to charge the North pole.

"Later, after he had heard Jackson seriously declare that he never ate pepper, because it produced a weakness in his left leg, he was confirmed in this opinion, with all his oddities, perhaps in some measure by reason of them. Ewell was beloved by his officers and men. Dear Dick Ewell, Virginia never had a truer gentleman, a braver soldier, nor an odder, more lovable fellow."

I regret I have been forced thus to tax your patience, but could not well say less. The statements I make are to be depended on, being of record or within the limits of my own personal knowledge.

THE ARTILLERY DEFENDERS OF FORT GREGG.

A CORRECTION.

Captain W. S. Chew of Maryland, not Colonel Chew of Virginia.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *7th September, 1892.*

MR. R. A. BROCK,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR—In my article on the Artillery Defence of Fort Gregg, published in Vol. xix, *Southern Historical Society Papers* (pp. 65–71), I find that I was in error as to the artillery officer named Chew, who was in the fort when the assault was made. It was not *Colonel* Chew of Virginia, an officer of tried and distinguished gallantry, but Captain W. S. Chew, Fourth Maryland, who was there, but not in command. I, therefore, tender my apology to Colonel Chew for the error I made unintentionally.

Very sincerely,

W. MILLER OWEN,

Late Lieutenant-Colonel Artillery, A. N. V.

LIVING GENERALS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

A COMPILATION BELIEVED TO BE ACCURATE UP TO DATE.

One Hundred and Sixty-six Living Confederate Generals of Different Grades. Their Names and Rank.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch* November 20, 1892.]

The following list was republished by the *Dispatch* after revision by distinguished Confederate Generals including General Marcus J. Wright of the War Record Office, Washington, D. C. The Editor has further corrected it.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

To the Editor of the Ex-Confederate:

As your paper is read not only in this State, but, I hope, in every State in the South, where you have numerous readers, I send you for publication a corrected roster of the surviving generals of the Confederate army, compiled from the most reliable data to be had to October 1, 1892.

The number of general officers of all grades appointed and commissioned is four hundred and ninety-eight—viz.: Six generals, one general with temporary rank, one quarter-master general, two commissary-generals and two surgeon-generals; one hundred and two rose to the rank of major-general and twenty-one rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. General Joseph E. Johnston, with six major-generals and twenty-two brigadier generals, are reported dead since January 1, 1891, leaving one hundred and sixty-six living out of the original number. I hope that this list is correct; that they are all living as reported, but if any have "crossed over the river," I ask my old friends to be kind enough to give me the name, rank, State, and residence. The old Confederates now living will, when reading this roster of the living, recall many incidents of the war now long since forgotten. Peruse this list—viz:

GENERAL.

Gustav P. T. Beauregard, New Orleans.

GENERAL WITH TEMPORARY RANK.

Edmond Kirby Smith, Sewanee, Tennessee.

LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

Stephen D. Lee, Starkville, Mississippi.
James Longstreet, Gainesville, Georgia.
Jubal A. Early, Lynchburg, Virginia.
Simon B. Buckner, Frankfort, Kentucky.
Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler, Alabama.
Ambrose P. Stewart, Oxford, Mississippi.
Wade Hampton, Columbia, South Carolina.
John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia.

MAJOR-GENERALS.

Gustavus W. Smith, New York.
Lafayette McLaws, Savannah, Georgia.
S. G. French, Holly Springs, Mississippi.
John H. Forney, Alabama.
Dabney H. Maury, Richmond, Virginia.
Henry Heth, Antietam Survey, Washington, D. C.
R. F. Hoke, Raleigh, North Carolina.
J. L. Kemper, Orange Courthouse, Virginia.
W. B. Bate, United States Senate, Washington.
J. B. Kershaw, Camden, South Carolina.
M. C. Butler, United States Senate, Washington.
E. C. Walthall, United States Senate, Washington.
L. L. Lomax, Virginia.
P. M. B. Young, Cartersville, Georgia.
T. L. Rosser, Charlottesville, Virginia.
W. W. Allen, Montgomery, Alabama.
S. B. Maxey, Paris, Texas.
William Mahone, Petersburg, Virginia.
G. W. Custis Lee, Lexington, Virginia.
William B. Taliaferro, Gloucester, Virginia.
John G. Walker, Washington, D. C.
William T. Martin, Natchez, Mississippi.

C. J. Polignac, Orleans, France.
E. M. Law, Yorkville, South Carolina.
James F. Fagan, Little Rock, Arkansas.
Thomas Churchill, Little Rock, Arkansas.
Richard C. Gatlin, Fort Smith, Arkansas.
Matt W. Ranson, United States Senate, Washington.
J. A. Smith, Jackson, Mississippi.
Fitzhugh Lee, Glasgow, Virginia.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS.

George T. Anderson, Anniston, Alabama.
Frank C. Armstrong, Washington, D. C.
E. P. Alexander, Savannah, Georgia.
Arthur P. Bagby, Texas.
Rufus Barringer, Charlotte, North Carolina.
Pinckney D. Bowles, Alabama.
William L. Brandon, Mississippi.
John Bratton, South Carolina.
J. L. Brent, Baltimore.
C. A. Battle, Newbern, North Carolina.
R. L. T. Beale, The Hague, Virginia.
Hamilton P. Bee, San Antonio, Texas.
W. R. Boggs, Winston, North Carolina.
Tyree H. Bell, Tennessee.
William L. Cabell, Dallas, Texas.
E. Capers, Columbia, South Carolina.
James R. Chalmers, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Thomas L. Clingman, Asheville, North Carolina.
George B. Cosby, California.
Francis M. Cockrell, United States Senate.
A. H. Colquitt (Georgia), United States Senate.
R. E. Colston, Washington, D. C.
Phil. Cook, Atlanta, Georgia.
M. D. Corse, Alexandria, Virginia.
Alexander W. Campbell, Tennessee.
Alfred Cumming, Augusta, Georgia.
X. B. DeBray, Austin, Texas.
William R. Cox, Penelo, North Carolina.
H. B. Davidson, California.
T. P. Dockery, Arkansas.

Basil W. Duke, Louisville, Kentucky.
Joseph Davis, Mississippi City.
John Echols, Louisville, Kentucky.
C. A. Evans, Atlanta, Georgia.
Samuel W. Ferguson, Greenville, Mississippi.
J. J. Finley, Florida.
D. M. Frost, Missouri.
Richard M. Gano, Dallas, Texas.
R. L. Gibson, United States Senate.
William L. Gardner, Memphis, Tennessee.
G. W. Gordon, Memphis.
E. C. Govan, Arkansas.
Johnson Haygood, Barnwell, South Carolina.
George P. Harrison, Jr., Auburn, Alabama.
Robert J. Henderson, Atlanta, Georgia.
A. T. Hawthorne, Atlanta.
J. F. Holtzclaw, Montgomery, Alabama.
Eppa Hunton, United States Senate.
William P. Hardeman, Austin, Texas.
N. H. Harris, Mississippi.
Edward Higgins, Norfolk, Virginia.
George B. Hodge, Kentucky.
J. D. Imboden, Damacus, Virginia.
Henry R. Jackson, Savannah, Georgia.
William H. Jackson, Nashville, Tennessee.
Bradley T. Johnson, Baltimore, Maryland.
George D. Johnson, Civil Service Commissioner, Washington, D. C.
Robert D. Johnson, Birmingham, Alabama.
A. R. Johnson, Texas.
J. D. Kennedy, Camden, South Carolina.
William H. King, Austin, Texas.
William W. Kirkland, New York.
James H. Lane, Auburn, Alabama.
A. R. Lawton, Savannah, Georgia.
T. M. Logan, Richmond, Virginia.
Robert Lowry, Jackson, Mississippi.
Joseph H. Lewis, Kentucky.
W. G. Lewis, Tarboro, North Carolina.
William McComb, Gordonsville, Virginia.

Samuel McGowan, Abbeville, South Carolina.
John T. Morgan, United States Senate.
T. T. Munford, Lynchburg, Virginia.
George Maney, Nashville.
John McCausland, West Virginia.
Henry E. McCullock, Texas.
W. R. Miles, Mississippi.
William Miller, Florida.
B. McGlathan, Savannah, Georgia.
John C. Moore, Texas.
Francis T. Nichols, New Orleans, Louisiana.
R. L. Page, Norfolk, Virginia.
W. H. Payne, Warrenton, Virginia.
W. F. Perry, Glendale, Kentucky.
Roger A. Pryor, New York City.
Lucius E. Polk, Ashwood, Tennessee.
W. H. Parsons, Texas.
N. B. Pearce, Arkansas.
E. W. Pettus, Selma, Alabama.
W. A. Quarles, Clarkesville, Tennessee.
B. H. Robertson, Washington, D. C.
F. H. Robertson, Waco, Texas.
Daniel Ruggles, Fredericksburg, Virginia.
George W. Rains, Augusta, Florida.
D. H. Reynolds, Arkansas.
William P. Roberts, Gatesville, North Carolina.
L. S. Ross, College Station, Texas.
Charles A. Ronald, Blacksburg, Virginia.
Charles M. Shelly, Alabama.
F. A. Shoup, Sewanee, Tennessee.
G. M. Sorrell, Savannah, Georgia.
George H. Stuart, Baltimore, Maryland.
Marcellus A. Stovall, Augusta, Georgia.
Edward L. Thomas, Washington, D. C.
W. R. Terry, Richmond, Virginia.
J. C. Tappan, Helena, Arkansas.
Robert B. Vance, Asheville, North Carolina.
A. J. Vaughan, Memphis, Tennessee.
James A. Walker, Wytheville, Virginia.
D. A. Weisiger, Richmond, Virginia.

L. S. Baker, Suffolk, Virginia.
E. McNair, Halletsburg, Mississippi.
T. B. Smith, Nashville, Tennessee.
N. H. Harris, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
J. Z. George, United States Senate.
Zebulon York, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
G. Z. Wharton, Radford, Virginia.
Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C.
G. J. Wright, Griffin Georgia.
H. H. Walker, New York.
W. S. Walker, Florida.
W. H. Wallace, Columbia, South Carolina.
T. N. Waul, Galveston, Texas.
John S. Williams, Mount Sterling, Kentucky.
Joe Shelby, Butler, Missouri.
John B. Clark, Jr., Washington, D. C.

Respectfully submitted for the information of the old Confederate veterans and others.

W. L. Cabell.

REUNION OF COMPANY D.

FIRST REGIMENT VIRGINIA CAVALRY, C. S. A.

Held at Abingdon, July 4th, 1892.

[From the Abingdon *Weekly Virginian*, July, 15, 1892.]

We stated in closing the short notice in our last issue, of the reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Regiment Virginia Cavalry, that we would give a full account in this issue, and we now proceed to comply with our promise.

The survivors were notified by a call, signed by C. T. Litchfield, Captain, and P. C. Landrum, Orderly Sergeant, published in this paper, to report in Abingdon (mounted) at 10 o'clock A. M., on July 4th, and in pursuance of the call, the following appeared and participated in the proceedings of the day, viz :

C. T. LITCHFIELD, Captain.
G. V. LITCHFIELD, Lieutenant.

H. C. Butt,	Wm. Buchanan,
Alexander Buskell,	S. D. Black,
John Bryant,	James H. Clark,
T. M. Clapp,	Thomas W. Colley,
W. L. Colley,	L. T. Cosby,
John G. R. Davis,	David Debusk,
William L. Dunn,	M. V. Edmondson,
F. S. Findlay,	Benjamin Gildersleeve,
M. H. Latham,	B. D. Ligon,
David Lowry,	Lil. Montgomery,
Charles Morrell,	R. M. Page,
James H. Page,	R. B. Preston,
Thomas Preston,	J. C. Rush,
F. S. Robertson,	J. A. Rodefer,
John B. Richards,	S. D. Sanders,
John L. Smith,	Thomas Smith,
W. L. Snodgrass,	C. F. Trigg,
Thomas K. Trigg,	John C. White.

The survivors were formed in a vacant lot at the East end of Main street, and thence marched in column of fours to a point on Main street in front of the Court-house, where the roll of all who had at any time been members of the company was called by John G. White, acting orderly sergeant in the absence of P. C. Landrum, who held that office at the close of the war. This was the first roll-call since "the day of Appomattox."

The following is the roll as called, and it is believed to be reasonably accurate, and contains a statement of the men killed and those wounded, those who died during or since the war being marked "dead":

Captain W. E. Jones (afterwards General), killed.
Captain W. W. Blackford, wounded.

Lieutenant Rees B. Edmondson, wounded.
Lieutenant G. V. Litchfield, wounded.
Lieutenant Warren M. Hopkins, dead.
Lieutenant Thomas B. Edmondson, killed.

Orderly-Sergeant James King, killed.
Orderly-Sergeant John W. Butt, killed.
Orderly-Sergeant P. C. Landrum, wounded.

James Arnett, dead.
Mansfield Asbury, dead.
William Asbury, dead.
L. D. Asbury.
Abram Allison, dead.
Walter Bailey, killed.
Thomas W. Bailey, killed.
Oscar S. Bailey.
William Bailey, dead.
James A. Bailey.
Joseph H. Baker, killed.
J. A. P. Baker.
William Bearden, dead.
Robert F. Beattie, wounded.
Fountain Beattie, wounded.
Walter Beattie, killed.
Henry C. Butt.
Randolph Buchanan, dead.
William Buchanan.
Alexander Buskell, wounded.
Richard Buskell, killed.
William D. W. Black.
Samuel D. Black.
James M. Byars.
A. H. Byars.
John Bryant, wounded.
David Barr.
William D. Barker.
James H. Bradley.
John Campbell, dead.
D. C. Carmack, dead.
A. P. R. Catron, killed.
F. M. Catron, wounded and dead.
James H. Clark.
W. D. Clark, wounded.
I. L. Clark, wounded.

Thomas W. Clark.
W. F. P. Clark, killed.
Riley Clark, killed.
W. R. Clark.
T. M. Clapp, wounded.
Thomas V. Cole, dead.
J. F. Cook.
D. C. Cole, dead.
Rufus R. Cassell, dead.
J. L. Cato.
Thomas W. Colley, wounded.
William L. Colley.
T. L. Colley, dead.
B. C. Crawford.
Thomas Crawford.
A. M. Crockett, wounded.
J. M. Cook, dead.
L. T. Cosby.
William Cubine.
John D. Cosby.
Charles H. Dulaney.
John G. R. Davis.
John M. Davis.
Thomas Davidson, dead.
J. B. Deyerle.
David Debusk.
Samuel Debusk.
G. B. Duff, dead.
J. M. Duff, dead.
William L. Dunn.
John B. Edmondson, dead.
M. V. Edmondson.
Strong Edmondson.
J. Frank Euk, dead.
F. S. Findlay, wounded.
Thomas K. Findlay, dead.
David A. Fields, wounded and dead.
Charles B. Fields, wounded.
Jacob L. Fields, dead.
Charles H. C. Fulkerson.

Jacob Fleenor.
Frank R. Fulkerson.
Charles Foster.
Samuel Fulcher, dead.
J. L. M. French.
G. C. Greenway.
Benjamin Gildersleeve.
W. T. Greenway, dead.
F. T. Gray.
R. E. Gray.
D. C. Gray.
C. P. Gray.
James Gray, dead.
J. A. Gallehon.
Melville Gammon, wounded.
Robert Grant.
William H. Hall, dead.
John D. Hall.
A. Findlay Harris.
John Hockett.
William Hockett.
Samuel Hockett.
R. M. Hickman.
George Hughlett, dead.
Basil Horne.
——— Hubble.
M. M. S. Ireson.
David Jones (captured and hung by enemy, and Colonel Mosby hung seven of the enemy in retaliation).
Jasper S. Jones.
Robert Jones, killed.
Henry S. Jones, wounded.
William M. Johnson.
M. G. Keesling.
Robert J. Keller, dead.
H. G. King.
——— King.
M. H. Latham.
L. W. Latham.
John Larrimore.
B. D. Ligon.

David Lowry.
David Lynch, dead.
D. K. H. Lewark, dead.
John Littleford.
Willis Littleford.
S. D. Meek.
James R. Meek.
Putnam C. Miles, killed.
W. F. Montgomery, wounded.
Lilburn Montgomery.
William Morell, killed.
David Morell, killed.
Charles Morell.
J. L. Morrison.
Leander McNew.
Tobias McNew, dead.
George McNew.
J. M. McReynolds, dead.
William McReynolds, killed.
S. J. McChesney, wounded.
Wallace McChesney, dead.
M. T. Meadows, dead.
Thomas McConnell, killed.
M. J. Munday.
——— Munday.
William Mehaffey, dead.
William Meade, dead.
John S. Mosby.
David Moore.
Samuel McCall.
John D. Ornduff, dead.
M. C. Orr.
R. M. Page, wounded.
James H. Page.
John W. Page, dead.
Robert Page, dead.
M. M. Pendleton.
H. G. Pendleton, killed.
Joseph Pendleton, killed.
William Painter, dead.
R. B. Preston, wounded.

Thomas Preston.
William H. Price.
J. H. Roberts, dead.
Edward Roe.
S. E. Roe.
J. K. Rambo.
A. F. Rambo.
J. L. Ritchie.
John W. Riddle, dead.
A. D. Rosenbalm.
W. M. Roe.
Newton Roe, killed.
J. C. Rush.
John Russell, killed.
David Ryburn, killed.
F. S. Robertson.
J. A. Rodefer.
John B. Richards.
D. P. Sandoe, dead.
Robert Sanders.
J. W. S. Sanders, wounded.
S. D. Sanders.
W. E. Scott, dead.
J. J. Schwartz, wounded and dead.
William Smith.
John L. Smith.
Thomas Smith.
William (Buck) Smith, dead.
William L. Snodgrass.
W. Trigg Strother.
Thomas J. Sheppard.
C. F. Trigg.
Thomas K. Trigg.
W. W. Vaughan, wounded.
John G. White, wounded.
William White.
R. C. Williams, killed.
A. H. Webb.
William B. White, dead.
C. M. Waldon.

A committee had been appointed to write to General Fitz. Lee, Colonel W. A. Morgan (the last colonel of the regiment), Colonel W. W. Blackford, the second captain of the company, and Colonel John S. Mosby, who went into the war as a private of the company, and remained in it about one year.

Letters were read from General Lee, Colonel Morgan, and Colonel Blackford. No reply was received from Colonel Mosby, who, it is presumed, did not receive the invitation in time to reply before the day named.

These letters and replies were read by Hon. C. F. Trigg:

ABINGDON, *June 13, 1892.*

General FITZHUGH LEE, *Glasgow, Va.:*

DEAR SIR—There is to be a reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, at this place on July 4th, and I have been directed to notify you of the fact, and extend to you a cordial and pressing invitation to be present and participate in the reunion, and meet again such survivors of the company as we may be able to bring together.

That company followed you as lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general during almost the entire war, and you know, perhaps, better than any person living, the character of its service; and the men who survive will be glad to meet again an officer whose ringing voice has so often been heard by them in command, and one who, while frequently ordering them into action, never sought to do so from a safe distance, and most frequently went forward to show them what to do and how to do it.

It is hoped that you may be able to be present, and thereby add to the enjoyment of the occasion by all the other participants.

Very truly and respectfully yours,

R. M. PAGE.

GLASGOW, VA., *June 30, 1892.*

Judge R. M. PAGE, *Abingdon, Va.:*

MY DEAR JUDGE—I greatly regret that my duties and engagements here are such that I cannot meet Company "D" on the 4th of July. As you know, I always had the highest opinion of the courage, capacity, and service of *old* "D" Company, of my *old*

regiment, *old* brigade, and *old* division, and I must see the old fellows once more before I die. I have promised to speak, out in your direction during the pending presidential political campaign. Why could we not have a meeting at some day at that time? So get the veterans—oh, I can't call them veterans—get the "boys" together when I can be present, and we will have a good time by "jining the cavalry" again.

Yours, very sincerely,

FITZ. LEE.

ABINGDON, *June 13, 1892.*

Colonel WILLIAM A. MORGAN,
Shepherdstown, West Virginia:

DEAR COLONEL—There is to be a reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Virginia Regiment Cavalry, at this place on the 4th of July next, and I have been directed to notify you of the fact, and extend to you a cordial and pressing invitation to be present and participate in the reunion.

In extending you this invitation I beg to say that I consider it not only most fitting but most desirable that you, the last colonel of the "Old First," should come to this reunion, and give the old soldiers of your command, who may be present, an opportunity to see again a gallant officer who never failed to lead his regiment properly, and who also, as a kind and considerate commander, endeared himself to his men.

It is hoped, Colonel, that you will come. Company D often responded to your call; will you not now respond to this call of its survivors?

Respectfully and truly yours,

R. M. PAGE.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA., *June 27, 1892.*

Mr. R. M. PAGE:

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE—Your very kind and complimentary letter of the 13th, inviting me to attend a reunion of old Company "D," reached me a few days ago, and in reply I beg leave

to express to you, and through you to my honored comrades of good old Company "D," my grateful appreciation of kind and flattering sentiments of your very welcome letter.

Such sentiments, coming from an old and faithful comrade, are grateful to me now. I can assure you that nothing would afford me greater or more real pleasure than to be with you all at your reunion, to meet those with whom I had the honor of being associated in the glorious old Army of Northern Virginia, when patriotism and principle were the motives that actuated all the sons of our Southland; when hardship, danger, and suffering created a mutual respect, esteem, and love for each other that will endure as long as old veterans of that army will survive. But circumstances render it impossible for me to be with you on that interesting occasion, as I am just getting over a very severe attack of the "grippe," and am not well enough to leave home; yet I can't get over the words of your letter, saying that Company "D" often responded to my call, and the appeal for me to respond to the call of Company "D" is almost irresistible, and if it were possible, I would surely be with you, to testify my high regards for Company "D" personally, and also my appreciation of the company as the bravest and most efficient body of men that any regiment can boast of.

My kindest regards and best love to all the surviving members of your grand old company who may meet with you. May a merciful Providence continue to bless and prosper them in the future as in the past. One of our best and honored citizens is the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, a brother of that gallant and true soldier, an honored member of Company "D," Lieutenant Warren Hopkins, who has crossed the dark river and is now resting from his labors.

All honor to the memory of such heroic men, and while I would enjoy being with the survivors, I could with you drop a tear to the memory of those who have answered their last roll call here and are now sleeping sweetly in the bivouac of the dead. In my humble opinion as the years roll on, the highest type of American manhood, in this the evening of the nineteenth century, is the Christian ex-Confederate soldier.

Again wishing you and your comrades a very happy time, and many more interesting reunions.

I remain your friend and comrade,

W. A. MORGAN.

ABINGDON, VA., *June 13, 1892.*

Colonel W. W. BLACKFORD, *Norfolk, Va.:*

DEAR SIR—There is to be a reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, at this place on the 4th day of July next, and I have been directed to notify you and extend you a cordial and pressing invitation to be present.

I hope that it may be in your power to meet with the survivors of the company, of which you were an officer during the first year of the war between the States, and believe that the occasion will be an enjoyable one to you, and I take pleasure in communicating the invitation and beg to add my expression of personal and individual good wishes, and subscribe myself

Your friend,

R. M. PAGE.

LYNNHAVEN, VA., *June 22, 1892.*

Judge R. M. PAGE, *Abingdon, Va.:*

DEAR SIR—Your kind invitation to the reunion of the survivors of Company "D" has been received. It would give me great pleasure to meet my companions in arms of that company once more, and to talk over with you all the events of that stirring period now passing so far away, if my engagements permitted. I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for me to be present at that time.

Please express to the surviving members my regrets, and accept for yourself my thanks for the kind expressions in your letter.

Yours very truly,

WM. W. BLACKFORD.

Mr. Trigg also read the following letter from Sergeant M. M. S. Ireson, who was unable to attend:

WITTENS MILL, Va., *June 23, 1892.*

Captain C. T. LITCHFIELD, *Abingdon, Va.:*

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND AND CAPTAIN—I have delayed answering your letters, for I have received two from you in regard to the

reunion of old Company D, hoping almost against hope that I might be able to come. My wife has been confined to the house and part of the time to her room with rheumatism for the last two months, and although it hurts me to the very core, I am at last compelled to say I can not come. It is useless for me to try to express my regret and sorrow for it is too deep for expression.

I would like to meet with my old comrades and have the pleasure of taking by the hand some of the bravest men Virginia or any other country has ever given birth to. Is this a boast? No; it is the truth verified on many a bloody field by the duty performed, by being called on by Stuart, Lee and others wherever there was a hard fight to be made, where none but the brave could go, where none but the stoutest could stand. Nobly, nobly did that old company perform every duty, meet every danger in the field, on the march, leading the advance or covering the rear, half fed, half clothed, sometimes contending with foes ten to one, and whether successful or forced from the field by sheer numbers, we compelled the praise of friends and foes, and in the last act of the bloody drama led the last charge at Appomattox.

It was my duty to act as orderly sergeant in the terrible campaign of '64. It opened on the 5th day of May. On that morning I reported one captain, two lieutenants, three sergeants, three corporals and sixty-four men and horses for duty. On the 7th, near Todd's Tavern, we lost seven men. First was the generous high-souled Lieutenant Tom Edmondson, the soldiery Sergeant Pat Miles, the laughing-eyed, fun-loving Joe Baker, the quiet, brave Hiram Pendleton, killed; Sergeant Charles Dulaney, Privates Jake Schwartz and Charles Fields, wounded. On the 8th brave soldiers Rufe Williams, killed; Frank Catron and John Sanders, wounded. On the 9th, Andy Catron and Henry Jones wounded, and on the 12th, Findley Harris and William Hale, captured. On the 15th another one was lost, wounded or captured, the name being so defaced I can't tell who it was. On the 28th, E. W. Roe was killed; Corporal T. W. Colley, wounded. At Louisa Courthouse, a few days after, I am satisfied we saved the division from defeat, and later on the evening of the same day, at Trevillian's, held the key to our position until Fitz Lee could make his flank movement, which resulted in a victory over Sheridan and his cavalry corps.

Twenty-four men of First Squadron, Companys "D and K" (Company K were from Maryland) at Mrs. Stewart's Tavern, Little

River Turnpike, above Germantown, the morning after the second battle of Manassas, captured one captain, one lieutenant and fifty-four privates of the Fifth Regulars, U. S. A., a company commanded by General Fitz Lee before he resigned and joined his mother State.

In the whole of the campaign, from the Rappahannock to the James, for about sixty days (for it lasted longer with the cavalry than with the infantry), we had no rest. The horses, half fed and moving day and night, were continually breaking down. As a consequence the company steadily went down in numbers, and on July 1st I reported one captain, one lieutenant, two sergeants, one corporal and ten men for duty. I wish I could recall the names of the men, but as there were sixteen horses reported unfit for duty, it is impossible for me to tell who was reported for duty. The captain was yourself, Lieutenant, Vic. Litchfield, Sergeants, Dave Fields and myself, Corporal, C. M. Waldron. Never was any set of men called on to perform the same amount of duty in that length of time, and when we moved into the hot pine woods near Petersburg, about the first of July, the company was worn to a frazle and nothing was left but courage. And in all of this time, if we were advancing the first squadron was in front, if retreating it was in the rear. I remember on several occasions when danger presented itself in some unexpected quarter, the regiment would be halted and we would be moved to the threatened point. Who can blame any man from being proud and even boasting that he was a member of such a company? Who that has heart in him but what would be willing to stand by one of this old company in good as well as evil report? Who that has a soul but would make any reasonable sacrifice to meet with these gallant men now turning gray, their numbers growing less every year? Oh! am I a child, for I am crying because I can't come?

And now, captain, give my love to all the boys, officers and men. They all seem like brothers to me. I hope you will have a good meeting and a good time. I could write all day, but perhaps I am taking up too much of your time and will close by asking Heaven's King to bless all the living wherever they may be, and to the brave spirits who have crossed over the river. God grant that they may be now resting under the shade trees.

Truly and fraternally yours,

M. M. S. Ireson.

ABINGDON, VA., *June 13th, 1892.*

Hon. JOHN S. MOSBY, *San Francisco, Cal.:*

MY DEAR SIR—There is to be a reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Regiment Virginia Cavalry, at this place on the 4th of July next, and I have been directed to notify you of the fact, and extend you a cordial and pressing invitation to be present.

You begun your service in the Confederate army as a member of that company and remained with it and the regiment to which it belonged, if I recollect aright, for more than a year, and whilst after your service with us was terminated, you attained great renown; yet I believe that the discipline and service in the First regiment were fit schooling and preparation for the broader field in which you acted, and for your achievements which have become a part of the history of that great war. And I also believe that you cannot fail to feel an interest in the company in which your name was enrolled at the beginning of the war, and I assure you that the survivors of our old company will be gratified to have you come, and as one of them, answer to the first roll call since the day of Appomattox.

Respectfully and truly yours,

R. M. PAGE.

A detail of eight men was then sent to escort the old battle flag of the regiment from its repository to the assembled company, which was done, it being carried by color Sergeant David Lowry, who bore it before the surrender and saved it on that day, and cheers rent the air as the old and tattered battle flag was brought into ranks, the cross of St. George, stained and torn, but yet the flag under which these veterans had so often fought for the Confederacy, which they loved and battled to maintain.

The large concourse assembled from town and county yelled and cheered at frequent intervals during the proceedings, ladies waived their handkerchiefs, and to many eyes came the unbidden tear, and down the furrowed cheeks of many of the older men present and in line, trickeled the drop which comes of sorrow and of sadness.

After the proceedings in front of the court-house, preceded by a band, the veterans of Company D marched to the west end of Main street, and returning wheeled into Slaughter street, and thence down the connecting road, to the farm of Hon. C. F. Trigg, one and a half miles distant, where neath the shade of magnificent oaks surrounding his bold spring, they went into bivouac, and there remained until late in the afternoon.

A splendid collation had been prepared by the families of those of the old company who reside in the town, and the veterans ate as if they had regained the appetites which came from marching and fighting.

With song, story, anecdote and jest, and with reminiscences of the past, the time passed rapidly away, during which a photographer came upon the ground, and we hope obtained a good photograph of the assembled soldiers.

Company I of the Second Regiment Virginia Volunteers (the Washington Rifles) our splendid company of volunteers, commanded by Captain James C. Watson, marched to the grounds during the the afternoon, went through the evolutions of the drill and the manual of arms, and fired a salute of honor to the veterans. Cheer after cheer rent the air as the old soldiers gave the rebel yell in recognition of the cheers of their young friends.

Altogether it was a most enjoyable occasion, and we but voice the sentiments of the community when we say that it was well to have the reunion and that it was well and joyously carried out. The old soldiers have a right to be proud of their company, and of the record it made in the war, and its survivors, while following the pursuits of peace, have shown that the good soldier makes a good citizen; and while they looked with enthusiasm upon their old battle flag, we doubt not that in true and real loyalty to the government they may be relied upon as strongly as any who wore the blue, and fought upon the other side, and should this nation be engaged in another war, it would have no truer citizens than those who were true to their native States, and fought to uphold the Confederacy established by those States.

We have been furnished the following letter from Captain L. C. Wilson, of the United States Army, who with seven of his men, was captured by Captain Litchfield with twenty-two of his men on the 5th day of August, 1862.

Captain Wilson wrote to Captain Litchfield as follows :

BRIGHTON, IOWA, *May 26, 1892.*

Captain LITCHFIELD, *Abingdon, Va. :*

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE—To-day for some cause I am reminded of you and the time you captured me about twenty miles south of Fredericksburg, Virginia, in the doctor's yard you found us. Have you ever been back to pay the doctor for the bark you fellows knocked off his locust trees with your bullets? By the way, captain, did not the doctor slip away from the house and tell you we were there? We always thought so.

I hope this will find you well, acknowledge the receipt and I will send you my photo. Send me yours, please. I send you a paper also. Remember me to the boys.

Yours truly,

L. C. WILSON.

Captain Litchfield replied to this letter, inviting him to the reunion, and his answer was as follows :

BRIGHTON, IOWA, *June 2d, 1892.*

Captain C. T. LITCHFIELD, *Abingdon, Va. :*

MY DEAR FRIEND—Yours of 31st ult. received to-day, and you may be sure I was glad to hear from you.

It would give me great pleasure to meet the "boys" of your old command. How I would love to shake the hand of that tall, good natured orderly-sergeant who made me feel so good as we marched out of the woods to surrender. We did not know but that you would eat us up on the spot, for you were the first armed Confederates we ever saw, and when that miserable fellow shot Sergeant Guinn after we had surrendered, we made up our minds that we were gone up sure enough.

But we soon learned the situation and found that we were captured by the brave First Virginia. But about the orderly. As I came out of the woods with fear and trembling, in front of me was your orderly. I also was an orderly. When he saw my rank he ha!

ha-ed! out a good natured laugh and said, "there comes the orderly." I tell you captain that made me feel good. I see by the "Year Book of our church that we have a congregation at Bradley's school-house, and the Elder's name is Brown.

Give my regards to all the "boys." I may plan a "raid" through your neck o'woods some day. If I do, look out.

Kindest regards,

L. C. WILSON.

We have been also furnished the following from the *Democrat*, a newspaper formerly published in this town, giving an account of a flag presentation to the company in 1861. The splendid address of Miss Hardin will more than repay perusal.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

[From the Abingdon *Democrat*, Friday April 26, 1861.]

Tuesday last, a beautiful flag was presented to the Washington Mounted Rifles, wrought by the hands of our patriotic ladies. At half-past twelve, the troop commanded by Lieutenant Blackford, formed in front of the residence of Mrs. Mitchell, when Miss Lizzie Hardin, a teacher in the Martha Washington College, advanced and addressed them as follows:

SOLDIERS—In the ages when cowardice was a crime and courage the virtue of a God, the men armed and went forth to battle amid the exhortation of the women, to "return with their shields or upon them." To-day, the women of Abingdon would imitate their example, and though when you are far distant, amid the perils of war, many a heart here will be still with anguish—though full oft, from blood forsaken lips, shall be sent up for you, a cry to Him who is "mighty to save," yet, with a firm hand we would give you this banner, and in an unfaltering voice, we bid you bear it on to "victory or death." We would bid you in the day of the battle look upon it—think of your mountain homes, and remember 'tis for them you strike. Think of the mothers, the sisters, the wives you have left behind, and remember 'tis for them you draw the sword. Tamely, and for years have we submitted to insult and oppression, and shall

we longer bow our necks, like slaves, to the yoke? Shall the descended of the men of '76 hear the clanking of their chains and fear to break them? God forbid! what though you perish in the attempt?

> "The coward died a thousand deaths,
> The brave man dies but one!"

Then men of Virginia, show yourselves worthy of the name you bear! From the women of your native mountains, take this flag beneath its fold, go forth to meet the oppressor, and fear not to die!

After Miss Hardin concluded, Lieutenant R. B. Edmondson, on behalf of the troop, responded in a short but spirited speech in which he pledged the company to defend the flag with their lives, and return it to the fair donors untarnished by dishonor.

J. T. Campbell, Esq., then, in a few remarks, in which he referred to a daughter having made the presentation, called for three cheers for Miss Hardin. They were given with hearty, good will.

The veterans decided to meet next year at such a time as a committee appointed for the purpose shall fix, and late in the afternoon they marched back to town, wheeled into line in front of the courthouse, and there broke ranks and went to their homes.

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE.

ACCOUNT OF THE SURRENDER OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY, APRIL 9, 1865.

By Colonel Herman H. Perry.

Interesting and Hitherto Unpublished Particulars.

[From the Atlanta, Georgia, *Constitution* November, 1892.]

The story of General Lee's surrender must ever have a sad interest for those who admire the brave.

While much has been written about that event, still there is lacking that inside information of the incidents which led up to it.

A most interesting paper, read before the Confederate Veteran's Association, of Atlanta, spreads much light on the subject. It is from the pen of Colonel Herman H. Perry, now of Waynesboro, Georgia, who was assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Sorrell.

Colonel Perry was himself the officer who received from the hands of General Grant's messenger the written demand upon General Lee that he should surrender.

THE LETTER PRODUCED.

The letter of Colonel Perry is addressed to Hon. Robert L. Rodgers, of West End, and is by him made public:

"*Dear Sir*—I received your favor of to-day, which request to send to you an account of the transactions of my receiving the first demand for the surrender of General Lee's army before reaching Appomattox. I remember having written to you last year that I would write it for your use as a matter of history. I did it in pencil at the time, and I laid it away and have not referred to it since. I have now disinterred it from a lot of old papers in my office and send it without any further polish or correction. I wish you would read it to Captain J. W. English and see if his memory and mine agree about it. I have been often importuned to write this before, but I have refrained from doing it because so many 'heroes' have appeared since the war ended who never handled a sword or gun then, and have been so injudiciously lauded by the press that I did not care to have the appearance of being on the list. But let us refer now to the scenes which were the closing acts of the glorious Southern Confederacy as the closing history of the times."

THE EVENTFUL NIGHT.

It was night, April 7, 1865. We had crossed the river near Farmville and had taken up a position about, as near as I remember, a mile from the crossing, which the Confederates had attempted to burn, but unsuccessfully. General Miles, commanding a Federal brigade, made a mad attempt to throw the Confederates into confusion on their left by a flank movement (perhaps that was his purpose), but it was a very unfortunate move, for his lines were in a few minutes nearly cut to pieces and his brigade placed *hors de combat.*

A furious picket-firing and sharp-shooting began on both sides, while wounded and dead Federals lay between the two lines.

Mahone's division was now in the rear guard at this point of General Lee's army. General Lee's forces were reduced now to their minimum strength, but a fiercer, more determined body of men never lived. They simply waited for General Lee's orders.

About 5 o'clock P. M. a flag of truce appeared in front of General Sorrell's brigade (General Wright's old brigade), of which the writer of this account was the adjutant-general. A courier was sent to division headquarters to announce it. Colonel Tayloe, a splendid young Virginian, had been assigned temporarily to the command of General Sorrell's brigade, General Sorrell having been almost mortally wounded near Petersburg. In a short while Colonel Tayloe was ordered to send a staff officer to answer to the flag of truce.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

The writer was assigned to this duty, at the Confederate front lines. As the top of the earthworks was reached a number of Federal sharp-shooters fired at me, and two balls passed through the uniform coat I wore and one ball wounded a Confederate soldier in the hand, who had risen up with others from behind the works, out of curiosity to see what was going to take place. That ended the truce business for that afternoon. After nightfall and after everything on both sides had lapsed into silence, pickets were put in front of our lines about one hundred yards. Captain James W. English, one of the bravest, coolest, most faithful and vigilant officers in the Confederate army, was in charge of the line in front of our brigade. I had selected him for the reason that I knew that he would not fail me if I depended on his courage and faith. Colonel Tayloe knew nothing of our command or its officers, and the responsibility rested on me to select the right men in the crisis there was now on us. We apprehended a night attack.

At 9 o'clock at night, as the moon was about to rise, Captain English reported that a flag of truce was again offered on the Federal line on our front. It was reported again at our division headquarters, and I was again sent out to answer it as before. I put on an army revolver, put aside my sword, and advanced about fifty yards from our pickets, halted and called for the flag. Where I stood there were scattered around several Federal dead and wounded.

One of the latter asked me to do something for him. I told him I would very soon, making this promise only to encourage him, for I could really do nothing for lack of authority as well as lack of means. I asked his name and was rather astonished when he said he was General Miles' adjutant-general, and that his name was Boyd, as I now remember it. A response to my call in front took my attention, though I remember that the wounded officer said he had been shot through the thigh.

I advanced some distance and met a very handsomely dressed Federal officer. We stopped in front of each other, about seven or eight feet apart. I soon recognized the fact that my worn Confederate uniform and slouched hat, even in the dim light, would not compare favorably with his magnificence, but as I am six feet high I drew myself up as proudly as I could and put on the appearance, as well as possible, of being perfectly satisfied with my personal exterior. The officer spoke first, introducing himself as General Seth Williams, of General Grant's staff.

After I had introduced myself he felt in his side pocket for documents, as I thought, but the document was a very nice-looking silver flask, as well as I could distinguish. He remarked that he hoped I would not think it was unsoldierly courtesy if he offered me some very fine brandy. I will own up now that I wanted that drink awfully. Worn down, hungry, and dispirited, it would have been a gracious God-send if some old Confederate and I could have emptied that flask between us in that dreadful hour of misfortune. But I raised myself about an inch higher, if possible, bowed, and refused politely, trying to produce the ridiculous appearance of having feasted on champagne and pound-cake not ten minutes before, and that I had not the slightest use for as plebian a drink as "fine brandy."

He was a true gentleman, begged pardon, and placed the flask in his pocket again without touching the contents in my presence. If he had taken a drink, and my Confederate olfactories had obtained a whiff of the odor of it, it is possible that I should have "caved." The truth is, I had not eaten two ounces in two days, and I had my coat-tail then full of corn, waiting to parch it as soon as an opportunity might present itself. I did not leave it behind me, because I had nobody I could trust it with.

As an excuse which I felt I ought to make for refusing his proffered courtesy, I rather haughtily said that I had been sent forward only

to receive any communication that was offered, and could not properly accept or offer any courtesies. In fact, if I had offered what I could it would have taken my corn.

GENERAL GRANT'S LETTER.

He then handed me a letter, which he said was from General Grant to General Lee, and asked that General Lee should get it immediately, if possible. I made no reply, except to ask him if that was all we had to transact, or something to that effect. He said that was all. We bowed very profoundly to each other and turned away. In a moment I was called again by General Williams, and he asked if I would meet one of the colonels of General Miles's brigade, whose name I have forgotten, but who, if living and remembering the incidents, I hope will write to me at Waynesboro, Georgia. I hesitated a moment and replied that I would. The colonel came up and presented to me some of the effects taken from the trunk of General Mahone that evening, which had been captured by the Federal forces. They were pictures of General Mahone's family, and, if I remember rightly, letters from his wife. I took them and promised to deliver them, thanking him for his kind consideration. He asked me if I knew anything of Lieutenant or Captain Boyd, who was either killed or wounded, and was in our lines. I related what had occurred as I came forward. He asked me to send him to them. I had no authority to do this, but I said for the sake of humanity I would take the authority, at the risk of a court-martial, and I asked him if any of our men were suffering in his lines to do likewise in relieving them. I went back, met Captain English, and asked him to attend to it, and he took four men, as he afterward told me, and sent Captain Boyd forward to a detail of Federal soldiers, who received him. Is Captain Boyd alive now? I would like to know. He can thank Captain English and his Confederate pickets for saving him from a long night of suffering.

IN GENERAL LEE'S HAND.

In twenty minutes after I got back in our lines a Confederate courier, riding a swift horse, had placed in General Lee's hand the letter which was handed to me, the first demand for the surrender of his devoted army. In an hour's time we were silently pursuing our

way toward the now famous field of Appomattox. We marched all day of the 8th of April, and slept in bivouac not more than three or four miles from Appomattox, where the demand was made again, and was acceded to, and the Confederacy of the South went down in defeat, but with glory.

We arrived on the field of Appomattox about 9 o'clock on the 9th day of April, the day of capitulation. The negotiations lasted during that day. The general order from General Lee was read to the army on the 10th of April. This is as I remember it. General Lee published his last order to his soldiers on that day.

I sat down and copied it on a piece of Confederate paper, using a bass-drum head for a desk, the best I could do. I carried this copy to General Lee, and asked him to sign it for me. He signed it, and I have it now. It is the best authority, along with my parole, that I can produce why, after that day, I no longer raised a soldier's hand for the South. There were tears in his eyes when he signed it for me, and when I turned to walk away there were tears in my own eyes too. He was in all respects the greatest man that ever lived, and as an humble soldier of the South, I thank Heaven that I had the honor of following him.

FORT SUMTER.

WHO FIRED THE FIRST GUN ON THE FORT?

Roger A. Pryor Declined, and Captain James was Allowed the Distinction.

Since the publication of the claim made by Major W. M. Gibbs, of South Carolina, that he was the man who fired the first shot on Fort Sumter, there has been a great deal of discussion over the subject, says the New York *World*. Few people know that a distinguished citizen and an official of New York could have had that questionable privilege had he desired. Roger A. Pryor, then a distinguished young Virginian, afterwards a general in the Confederate army, and now a judge of the New York Court of Common Pleas, declined to fire on the flag of his country.

An Associated Press dispatch from New Orleans gives a statement made by General G. T. Beauregard, which would seem to settle the dispute. General Beauregard's statement also discloses that another prominent citizen of New York was concerned in the preliminaries to the bombardment—Banker A. R. Chisholm, of No. 61 Broadway.

General Beauregard denies Major Gibb's claim and points out that Captain George S. James, who was in charge of Fort Johnson, where General Beauregard was in command of the Confederate forces, fired the first shot. The General wrote to Colonel Chisholm about the affair, calling attention to Major Gibb's claim, and Colonel Chisholm sent back a letter, which, he said yesterday, was his recollection of the occurrence. Colonel Chisholm wrote:

COLONEL CHISHOLM'S STATEMENT.

"My recollections of the firing of the first or signal gun on Fort Sumter April 12, 1861, are as follows: First, as my private boat and six negro oarsmen, with myself as your aide-de-camp, were the principal means of communication between you and the forts on the islands around Charleston harbor, it fell to my lot, in company with Senator James Chestnut and Captain Stephen D. Lee, afterwards lieutenant-general, to deliver to Major Robert Anderson, in command of the United forces in Fort Sumter, your final note for the demand of the surrender of that work, and the specific authority for us to notify Major Anderson that your guns would not open on him if he would agree not to fire on our batteries as on a previous visit to Fort Sumter under a flag of truce. He had stated to us that he was about starved out. General Roger A. Pryor, who was on a visit to Charleston, accompanied us. After being detained in the guard-room of the fort, we notified Major Anderson that we could not wait any longer for his reply. He then came from the consultation with his officers to the guard-room, and stated to us that he would not agree not to fire on our battery, that his flag had been fired upon twice, and if this was done again, he would open his batteries. This left us no alternative but to carry out General Beauregard's instructions, which were that his batteries would open on Fort Sumter in an hour.

CAPTAIN JAMES THE MAN.

"Major Anderson said to us: 'Gentlemen, I will await your fire.' With Captain Foster he accompanied us to the outside of the sally-

port, when we entered the boat and proceeded to Fort Johnson, then in command of Captain George S. James, who met us on the wharf. We delivered to him, as per your instructions, the order to fire the signal gun. Captain James seeing General Pryor in the boat, said to him: 'Mr. Pryor, I have always been a great admirer of yours, and now offer you the honor of firing the first shot at Fort Sumter.'

"General Pryor felt flattered, but, with many thanks, declined the honor. I asked him why he did not accept it. His reply was that it would not do for him to fire that shot, as his State had not yet seceded."

"Captain James then said: 'I will not give that privilege to any other man.'"

When Judge Pryor was asked about the matter yesterday he said:

"I haven't bothered about the thing; it's too old and the war's been over too long. Since you mention the circumstance, though, I believe the facts are as General Beauregard and Colonel Chisholm state them. However, I am too much engrossed with the present and future to talk about ancient history of that kind."

HENRY LAWSON WYATT.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE SOLDIER KILLED IN BATTLE.

It is somewhat remarkable that North Carolina, which was the last State to leave the Union, should have furnished the first soldier to the grim monster who during the next four long and weary years was to claim such a host of victims. Secession was not popular in North Carolina; the State was so thoroughly for the Union that in February, 1861, after seven of the States to the South had seceded, and after delegates from those States had visited North Carolina to induce her to secede, her people refused to call even a convention to consider the question of secession. It was not until President Lincoln called on North Carolina for her quota of troops to crush the seceding States that her determination changed. It then became evident that North Carolina must fight for her Southern sisters, or against them. The dispatch in which the Governor answered the call of President Lincoln voiced the sentiment of the whole people.

Governor Ellis telegraphed that the President could get no troops in North Carolina. The die was cast, a convention was called, and on May 20, 1861, the State left the Union. North Carolina was slow in casting the die. But when this was done she entered the Confederacy with all the *elan* of Southern character. She was to furnish upwards of one-sixth of the whole number of men in the Confederate army; forty thousand of her sons, more than twice as many as came from any other State, were to fall on the field of battle or to die in prison; and her Twenty-Sixth regiment was to suffer on the first day at Gettysburg a loss of eighty-six and three-tenths per cent., the greatest loss sustained by any one regiment on either side during the war.* The resources of North Carolina were such and had been so well husbanded by her Governor, Vance, that as far as she was concerned the war might have been continued a

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*These are the figures of Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. F. Fox, in his *Regimental Losses in the American Civil War, 1861–'65.* Colonel Fox estimates the total forces of the Confederacy at about six hundred thousand men. The military population of North Carolina, in 1861, was one hundred and fifteen thousand three hundred and sixty-nine, the vote cast for governor, in 1860, being one hundred and twelve thousand five hundred and eighty-six. Moore in his Roster of North Carolina troops, puts the total enrollment at one hundred and four thousand four hundred and ninety-eight, but the enumeration of one regiment and of various companies is missing. In November, 1864, Adjutant-General Gatlin reported one hundred and eight thousand and thirty-two men in the Confederate service. This did not include nine thousand nine hundred and three junior and senior reserves, nor three thousand nine hundred and sixty-two home guards and militia officers, nor three thousand one hundred and three troops in unattached companies or in regiments from other States. The total according to this report footed up one hundred and twenty-five thousand men. Colonel Fox says that North Carolina lost forty thousand two hundred and seventy-five men killed in battle, by wounds and disease; South Carolina comes second with seventeen thousand six hundred and eighty-two; Virginia was fourth with fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-four. These figures need no comment.

[The records of the office of the Adjutant-General of Virginia, unfortunately were despoiled by Federal authorities, upon their occupation of Richmond, April 3, 1865. Virginia, it should also be remembered was, in different sections occupied at different times by Federal troops during the war. It would be difficult to arrive at her representation by numbers in the Confederate armies, or her losses on Virginia soil and elsewhere. She had in the field her strength from lads to feeble old men—Ed.]

year longer, and the first soldier who fell in battle for the Lost Cause was to come from North Carolina.*

This soldier was Henry Lawson Wyatt. He was born in Richmond, Virginia, February 12, 1842. His parents were Isham Belcher and Lucinda N. L. Wyatt. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade at an early age, and in October, 1856, accompanied his father to North Carolina, and ultimately settled in Tarboro, Edgecombe county. Here he followed his trade and by faithful work and upright deportment made friends in the community. This is the brief narrative of the first nineteen year's of Wyatt's life. From this time his career is a part of the history of a great struggle.

It became evident in April, 1861, that North Carolina must secede or fight the Southern States. Private parties, anticipating the action of the State, were organizing and drilling troops for service. One of the first of these companies was the "Edgecombe Guards" of Edgecombe county. It was organized April 18, 1861, and on that day Henry Lawson Wyatt enlisted in it as a private soldier. It consisted of eighty-eight privates, nine non and four commissioned officers. Its captain was John Luther Bridgers, of Edgecombe county. Its commanding colonel was Daniel Harvey Hill, of Mecklenburg, who became later a lieutenant-general in the Confederate service. The company became known as A, of what was then the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. This regiment was the first of all the North Carolina troops to organize and take the field. Its term of enlistment was for six months and it was disbanded in the fall of 1861. After the enlistment of ten regiments of State troops, this became known as the Bethel regiment from its first battle, and by this name it has passed into history.

The battle, from which it took its name, was fought Monday, the tenth of June, 1861, at Bethel, or Big Bethel, or Bethel church, situated on the Yorktown road, nine miles from Hampton, Virginia. It had been occupied on the night of the 6th of June by the Confederates from Yorktown. These troops consisted of the First North Carolina regiment, Colonel D. H. Hill commanding, with Lieutenant-Colonel Charles C. Lee as second in command, and four pieces of Randolph's battery. Colonel Hill found a branch of Back river in his front and encircling his right flank. On his left was a dense and

*It is not claimed that Wyatt was the first Confederate soldier killed. Captain John Q. Marr of the Warrenton (Virginia) Volunteers had been shot by pickets on June 1.

almost impenetrable wood except about one hundred and fifty yards of old field. The rear was covered by the road, a thick wood and a narrow cultivated field. The position had the inherent defect of being commanded by an immense open field on which the enemy might be readily deployed. Colonel Hill determined to make an enclosed work. The bridge over the river to his right was commanded by the artillery, an eminence beyond the creek was occupied and a battery put into place. The work of fortification was kept up during the 7th and 8th and on the 9th, which was Sunday, the men worked and prayed by turns. They were aroused at three on Monday to advance on the enemy, but finding him too strong fell back on their entrenchments and awaited his approach. A reinforcement of one hundred and eighty men from the Third Virginia regiment was stationed on the hill on the extreme right. Company G, First North Carolina, later Bethel regiment, was thrown over to protect the howitzer, and Company A, First North Carolina, took post in the dense wood beyond and to the left of the road. The Confederates, about fourteen hundred strong, awaited the enemy in their entrenchments. At 9 A. M. his heavy columns approached rapidly and in good order.

These troops had been sent out from Hampton by Major-General Butler, then commanding in the department of Virginia. They were commanded by Brigadier-General E. W. Pierce, and were about thirty-five hundred strong, consisting of eight hundred and fifty men of the Fifth New York Volunteers, under Colonel Duryea; six hundred and fifty of the Third New York, under Colonel Townsend; seven hundred and fifty from the Seventh New York, Fourth Massachusetts, and First Vermont, under Colonel Bendix, of the Seventh New York, with others from the Second New York, under Colonel Carr, and from the First New York, under Colonel Allen, with a detachment from the Second United States Artillery with several pieces.

The Federals attacked gallantly, but after a fight of two hours and a half were defeated, having lost eighteen killed, fifty-three wounded and five missing. The Confederates lost one killed and eleven wounded. This death happened towards the close of the action. A strong column of Federals, consisting of Massachusetts troops, under the leadership of Major Theodore Winthrop, crossed over the creek, and appeared at the angle on the Confederate left. Here they were opposed by Companies B, C and G, First North Carolina,

and by Captain Bridgers, with Company A, who had been recalled from the swamp where he was first posted, and had retaken, in splendid fashion, the work from which Captain Brown, of the artillery, had been compelled to withdraw a disabled gun to prevent its capture. The enemy made a rush, hoping to get within the Confederate lines. They were met by a cool and deliberate fire, but were concealed in part by a house. Volunteers were called for to burn this house. Corporal George Williams, Privates Henry L. Wyatt, Thomas Fallon and John H. Thorpe, of Company A, advanced to perform the duty. Their duty was to charge across an open field, two hundred yards wide, in face of the enemy's lines, and commanded by his sharp-shooters. They behaved with great gallantry, but had advanced only about thirty yards when Wyatt fell, pierced through the brain by a musket ball. The other three were wounded, and remained on the earth until a shell from a howitzer fired the house, and helped to route the enemy. About the same time that private Wyatt fell on the Confederate side, the gallant Major Winthrop fell on the other, one of the first officers to fall in the war. He was a native of Connecticut, and his native State has long since perpetuated his memory.

The conduct of young Wyatt was spoken of in the highest terms by J. B. Magruder, colonel commanding the Confederate forces, by his own regimental commander, D. H. Hill, by George W. Randolph, then in charge of the Richmond Howitzers, and afterwards Secretary of War for the Confederacy, and by all who on that day were witnesses of his gallant but unavailing heroism.

The remains were taken to Richmond and interred in the soldier's section in Hollywood, near where the Confederate monument now is. A board of pine, inscribed with his name, regiment, time and place of death, was his only monument. In 1887 this had rotted away and was found face downward. I do not know that the grave has yet been properly marked.

But the State of North Carolina has shown her sense of duty and gratitude to the young hero. The General Assembly, of 1891, ordered an oil painting (25x30) of Wyatt, to be made at the public expense. The work was executed by Miss Mary A. E. Nixon, an artist of Raleigh, and now adorns the main reading-room of the State Library. Persons who knew the young soldier in life, say that the artist has caught the very spirit of his daring and chivalrous soul.

It is also proposed to surmount the Confederate monument in Raleigh, of which the corner-stone was laid in October, 1892, with a statute of Wyatt with an appropriate inscription.*

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

THE PART TAKEN BY MAHONE'S BRIGADE.

An Address delivered by Comrade John R. Turner, before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans of Petersburg, Virginia, on the evening of March 3d, 1892.

[The following address, it has been announced, will be republished by Hon. George S. Bernard, Petersburg, Virginia, in his valuable and interesting compilation "War-Talks of Confederate Veterans," which will comprehend the several addresses which have been delivered before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, "with *addenda* giving statements of participants, eye-witnesses and others, in respect to campaigns, battles, prison-life and other war experiences." Such individual and unbiassed testimony has a value not to be underestimated.—ED.]

COMRADES:

Having for years felt a desire to verify some of my impressions of the Battle of the Wilderness, in which, on the 6th of May, 1864, I participated as a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, Company E, Twelfth Virginia regiment, Mahone's brigade, and particularly wishing to verify my recollection as to the striking incident of Dr. Benjamin H. May, the gallant color-bearer of our regiment,

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* Young Wyatt's mother had been left a widow, and toward the close of the war married a man named Cook, and removed to Bath county, Virginia. She died in 1891. The ambrotype from which the painting, now in the State Library was made, was secured from Mrs. M. P. Clarke, of Richmond. The official reports of the battle of Bethel will be found in Official Records of War of Rebellion, series I, Vol. II, pp. 77–104.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

refusing to give up his colors to Colonel (later General) G. M. Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff, a few weeks ago I wrote to General Sorrel to make some inquiries of him as to his recollection of this incident, and promptly received from him a reply confirming my own impressions in many particulars and giving several additional particulars. His letter was so interesting that I determined at once to read it to the camp, but after reflection it occurred to me that I might get together the recollections of other participants in the action and read them all as interesting details of that part of this celebrated action in which our particular command figured so conspicuously.

With this purpose, I turned over my correspondence with General Sorrel to several members of our camp, who were present in this action as members of the Twelfth Virginia regiment, and requested each of them, after reading it, to furnish me his recollection of the incidents referred to, and also any other details or incidents of the engagement that they could recall. The several responses of the gentlemen of whom this request was made, together with the statements of other participants, will be furnished in the order in which they were given, and I feel satisfied that my correspondence with General Sorrel, supplemented by these statements, will interest you as they have interested me.

My letter to General Sorrel I mailed to Savannah, Georgia, and was as follows:

"PETERSBURG, VA., *January 13, 1892.*

"*General* G. M. SORREL, *Savannah, Ga.:*

"DEAR GENERAL—Being anxious to know if your recollection and mine accorded, as to certain movements made at the Battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, in which we both participated, I take the liberty of addressing you this communication, and hope (if not trespassing to much upon you time), you will do me the kindness to favor me with a reply.

"You will remember Mahone's brigade, of Anderson's division, was quartered near Madison Run Station. We broke camp on the morning, I think, of the 4th, and bivouacked near Rapidan Station that night. In the early morning of the 6th we made a forced march to the battle-field, which we reached about ten o'clock.

"Mahone's brigade was ordered very soon afterwards to the right in the Wilderness. After going some distance through the thicket, we encountered the enemy, apparently bivouacking, and little expect-

ing any attack from that direction. They fled pell-mell before us, leaving their light camp equipage scattered in every direction, making scarcely any resistance until they reached the Orange plank-road; when, having a natural fortification, strengthened hurriedly by them, they stoutly resisted us. Just at this point you dashed up to the front of my regiment, the Twelfth Virginia, and approached our color-bearer, Benjamin H. May (as gallant a soldier as ever carried a flag or shouldered a musket, and who was killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse the 12th of May), and asked him for his colors to lead the charge. He refused to give up his colors, but said: 'We will follow you.' With great enthusiasm we followed you in the direction of the plank-road. The enemy broke and fled before us. I remember seeing you then dash with great speed up the road in the direction, I suppose, of General Longstreet, to inform him that the way was clear. Our color-bearer, in the excitement of the moment, failed to observe that the other regiments of the brigade had halted at the plank-road. We became detached and passed over the road forty or fifty yards before halting. Our colonel, Colonel D. A. Weisiger, observing that we were in advance of the brigade, ordered us to fall back on a line with the brigade. In doing so the other regiments, mistaking us for the enemy, fired into us, killing and wounding several of our men, and I always thought the same volley killed General Jenkins and wounded General Longstreet, this apparently putting an end to all operations for the day, as there seemed to be very little done afterwards during the day.

"I had the pleasure of a short conversation with General Longstreet returning from Gettysburg, three years ago, and he told me that, while he knew he was wounded by his own men, he never knew exactly how it occurred. He said everything was working beautifully up to this point, and what seemed to be an opportunity for a brilliant victory was lost by this unfortunate circumstance.

"I have so often thought of your bravery and gallant bearing as you led us through the woods up to the plank-road, I feel that I would like to know with certainty whether or not my recollections are correct as to the part you took in that charge.

"Wishing you a long life, much happiness and great prosperity.

"I am, very truly, your comrade,"

"JOHN R. TURNER."

To this letter General Sorrel replied as follows:

"NEW YORK, *January 19th, 1892.*
(LEE'S BIRTHDAY.)

"JOHN R. TURNER, ESQ.,
A. P. Hill Camp, C. V., Petersburg, Va.:

"DEAR SIR—Your letter of January 14th was forwarded to me from Savannah, and am very glad to hear from you. The events you describe are so long ago, that one's memory may be pardoned if slightly treacherous as to details, but I may say at once that your recital of the incident and the movement of Mahone's brigade at the Battle of the Wilderness conforms accurately to my own recollection of it, excepting, of course, the too partial and flattering view you take of my own personal service there. But I will give you briefly my own version of it, which really is nearly your own.

"Longstreet's corps had to move at the earliest hour in the morning of the 6th of May, and, arriving at the battle-field, was just in time to be thrown across the plank-road and check the enemy whose attack had begun on A. P. Hill's corps. This of itself was a magnificent performance of the corps—to form line in the dense thicket after a hasty march, in the midst of troops suddenly attacked and retiring from the front in disorder. Being done during the enemy's attack, it displayed the steadiness characteristic of Longstreet's famous corps. This checked that attempt, and for a short time there was some quiet. It was then, too, you will recollect, that General Lee was about to lead the Texas brigade into action, so threatening was the situation. He was almost forcibly stopped by his officers and the entreaties of the soldiers.

This incident is given by Colonel Charles S. Venable, of General Lee's staff, as follows (in his address before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, October 31, 1873):

"It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns, and swept across our artillery pit and its adjacent breastwork. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge; when they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry, 'Go back, General Lee! Go back!' Some historians like to put this

in less homely words; but the brave Texans did not pick up their phrases. 'We won't go unless you go back!' A sergeant seized his bridle rein. The gallant General Gregg (who laid down his life on the 9th of October, almost in General Lee's presence, in a desperate charge of his brigade on the enemy's lines, in the rear of Fort Harrison), turned his horse towards General Lee, remonstrating with him. Just then I called his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, directing the attack of his divisions. He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men, and rode up to Longstreet's position. With the first opportunity I informed General Longstreet of what had just happened, and he, with affectionate bluntness, urged General Lee to go further back. I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong, and lost half their number killed and wounded on that bloody day. The battle was soon restored and the enemy driven back to their position of the night before."

It was soon after this that General Longstreet said to me that, if I were to collect some troops over on the right, get them in good line and in touch with each other, and make a strong movement forward, swinging by the right, he felt sure a splendid success would follow. I proceeded to follow out these directions, with full authority to control the movement. There were three brigades in addition, perhaps, to other troops, that I succeeded in getting into good form and ready to move. These were Mahone's, Wofford's, and I believe the other was Anderson's. The movement soon began, at a given signal, our right swinging swiftly around, driving everything before it. The lines in front of us made some sharp resistance, but they were quickly overcome, and our troops—Mahone's brigade, notably distinguished in the affair—rushed forward through the dense undergrowth, carrying everything before them. It was then that the incident occurred of which you speak, about poor Ben. May. He was doing all that man could do with his colors, but seemed to be somewhat embarrased by the bushes, and I thought perhaps I might help him to get them forward, mounted as I was. As you say, he positively refused to let them leave his own hands, and I was filled with admiration of his splendid courage. I think it was on the 12th that poor May was shot, and I received from a member of the Twelfth Virginia an affectionate message that he sent me. His message was: "Tell Colonel Sorrel I couldn't part

with the colors; *but we followed him.*" I have always remembered him as one of the bravest of Confederate soldiers. The Twelfth Virginia did splendid service that day, and the regiment and myself became great friends. Till the end of the war, whenever in marches or elsewhere, I met it, I was always honored with its friendly greetings. As our troops reached the plank-road, you will recollect that a volley was given to the enemy who were trying to rally on the opposite side. By this volley General Wadsworth and his horse (while trying to rally his men), were both killed, and his soldiers could make no stand against us. Our rapid movement through the woods had disordered our line, as you correctly describe it. Leaving them for a moment, while recovering good order, I hastened to General Longstreet with a view to bringing up supports to follow up our splendid success. I met the general near by, Jenkins brigade immediately behind him. He had heard the sound of our rifles, and, with the quick instinct of the general that he was, was following us up with a strong and powerful support to pursue his victory. I had scarcely taken more than a few steps with him when a sudden and unexpected fire, at first scattering, then heavier, broke out from our men. The general was shot down by my side, and at the same time, General Jenkins, one or two staff officers and several couriers. I have never known accurately who started this fire; there is yet some confusion about it, but it was fatal, and had the effect, by disabling the general, of putting a stop to the heavy blow he was about inflicting on the disordered enemy. Later in the day, you will remember, we made another attack rather more direct, with a strong force, on the enemy who had got behind some intrenchments; but we there sustained a repulse, and that about closed the principal features of the Battle of the Wilderness, on the 6th of May.

"The importance of our flank attack, which I have described here so briefly, was not underestimated by the enemy in his subsequent reports. The official report of the battle by General Grant, or his immediate subordinate, describes the tremendous attack of these three brigades, which turned his own left flank and nearly brought about a wide-spread disaster to the Federal army. I cannot but think it would have so ended, had not General Longstreet, in the flush of his success, and with ardent, fresh troops in hand, been struck down in the very act of delivering this blow.
a thousand Confederate throats, the men in the finest spirits as they pressed on—all of this always comes vividly back to me at the mention of the Wilderness.

"I have always thought that the mounted officer whom I saw and particularly noticed, his gallant bearing attracting my attention; was Colonel Sorrel, and still so believe. I noticed this officer just as the line was ascending the slope north of the marshy flat. He was, I think, less than fifty yards to the left of our company.

"The move through the woods in pursuit of the retreating Federals was highly exciting, the men seeming to have lost all sense of danger, although hostile bullets were doing some deadly work. The rapid charge soon brought our regiment to the southern edge of the Orange plank-road, arrived at which, we were so close upon the enemy that two—I think three—of us fired simultaneously at one retreating Federal on the north side of the plank-road, and not forty yards distant. As we fired, the Federal soldier fell. Leroy Edwards,* who was at my side, and one of those who fired, exclaimed, 'I hit him!' I am not sure that I also did not so exclaim—I know I *thought* I hit him and that it was under my fire he fell. In a few seconds we were at his side, and to our surprise he did not appear to be badly hurt. Leroy Edwards, as tenderhearted as he was courageous, first spoke to him, and offering to help, or helping him to get on his feet, said in the most sympathetic way, 'I hope you are not hurt.' This striking incident, illustrating the feeling of a true and chivalrous soldier towards his fallen enemy, impressed me very much.

"Just after this, our line—I mean the part of it composed of the Twelfth regiment—being in a flat about fifty yards north of the plank-road, and depressed about five or six feet below the level of the roadway, was reformed, and facing southward moved back towards the plank-road, ascending a gentle slope as we neared it, when suddenly we were startled by a sharp volley of musketry coming from a line of troops about forty or fifty yards south of the plank-road, the bullets from which volley fiercely whizzed over our heads. I well remember my own thoughts—*The enemy are in our rear, and we are in a bad box.* This flashed through my mind. Immediately the men fell upon their faces, and would doubtless have at once begun to return this fire, but several cried out, 'You are firing into

"I am sketching this off to you hastily and entirely from memory, and while there may be some omissions, or inaccuracies as to detail, I think the account is not far wrong. With best wishes, I am yours very truly and sincerely,"

"G. M. SORREL."

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*Leroy S. Edwards, of Richmond, Virginia.

In a subsequent letter, under date of January 24th, 1892, assenting to my reading our correspondence, General Sorrel, says:

"Please give my heartfelt regards, remembrances and all good wishes to the brave veterans you are associated with. They were my comrades too, and I shall never forget them or the tremendous days that brought us together."

To Comrade George S. Bernard, a member of my company, I first turned over this correspondence with General Sorrel, and requested his recollections of the battle.

Here is his reply:

"I have read with much pleasure your correspondence with General Sorrel, and am glad you propose to read it to the camp. It furnishes an interesting page of the unwritten history of the war. It connects our regiment and brigade with a most important move in the Battle of the Wilderness, and shows how, when this move seemed about to prove a great success, it was arrested by an unfortunate accident.

"I did not witness the incident of the flag. Ben. May's refusal to let the colors go from his hands was highly characteristic of the man. A splendid fellow he was, as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman, resembling in this particular his distinguished uncle, Captain Robert B. Pegram, of naval fame.

"The general appearance of the woods, with its scrubby oaks and other trees, in which we encountered the enemy, the marshy flat and gentle slope on either side at the point we first struck them, the enemy at the top of the slope on the north side, an occasional blue coat and a Federal flag indistinctly visible for an instant through the foliage of the thick undergrowth, say, less than a hundred and fifty yards ahead of us, our men in line of battle just at the foot of the slope on the north side moving rapidly forward, some mounted officers riding along with the line encouraging the troops, one of these officers conspicuously leading, the men loading and firing as they moved forward, all yelling and cheering as they saw the enemy hastily retiring, the woods echoing with the rapid discharge of musketry, and the 'rebel yell' vigorously sounded from more than your friends.' 'Show your colors!' 'Show your colors!!' It immediately became apparent to us and to the men on the south side of the plank-road that a mistake had been made, and the firing ceased.

"A part of our brigade, during the short space of hardly more than ten minutes that we were down the slope of the hill on the north side of the plank-road, had moved to their right, so as to occupy exactly the ground over which we had passed a short time before, and not knowing that we were across the road, and seeing us coming in line of battle from the direction of the enemy, naturally took us to be Federals, and greeted us with a shower of Confederate lead, most of which, fortunately, passed over our heads.

"When these men saw their mistake, and knew that their fire had taken effect on some of our men, they were greatly distressed. 'Boys, we are *so sorry!* We are *so sorry!*' Many of them earnestly said, 'We did not know you were our friends.' No such protestations were of course necessary, but the manly fellows who had made the mistake seemed to think it necessary thus to assure us.

"In my diary on the morning of the 7th of May I wrote an account of this action, from which I take the following extracts:

"'About ten o'clock our brigade went into action on the enemy's left flank, and Lieutenant Patterson * was told by Dr. Pryor † this morning that General Longstreet told him that the brigade behaved very well, and the Twelfth regiment most gallantly. We drove the enemy beautifully for a half mile or more through the woods, killing and wounding many of them. The casualties in the Twelfth were five killed—Wm. F. Pucci,‡ Company A; D. McCracken, Company

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* Captain John R. Patterson, of Petersburg.

† Rev. Dr. Theodorick Pryor.

‡ Mr. W. W. Tayleure gives the following pathetic incident as to young Pucci:

"Just a few days before the spring campaign opened with this battle, there was quite a religious revival going on in the camps, and many were induced to join the church. Young Pucci had written home to his mother asking her advice upon the subject. A letter was received by me for him, and one to me also, asking me to advise him to do so. On the morning of the 6th of May, when we were ordered to pack up and march, I tried to find young Pucci, and in calling for him over the camp I at last found him, all ready for the march, but with others he was kneeling on all fours, with his face in his hands, praying. I did not disturb him, and soon we were on the march. Shortly afterwards we were engaged with the enemy, and through fire and smoke we pushed our way, while the enemy fled, leaving their dying and dead to the ravages of the flames. Almost the first news I received was the death of young Pucci, shot through the head while pursuing the retreating Federals."

B; John Mingea, Company B; W. A. Jelks, Company B; and R. B. Barnes, Company F; and forty-seven wounded, two of whom, it is thought, are mortally wounded—Ben. White, Company C, and William Delbridge, Company I. Among the wounded are Captain Stephen White, Company C; Sergeant George Morrison,* Company A; and private John Lee, of Company E. There were unfortunately three cases of accidental wounding in the regiment. What were the casualties in the other regiments of the brigade I have not heard. Among those in the brigade, however, I hear of Captain R. Taylor, of General Mahone's staff, and of one of the General's couriers, Bernard,† being wounded, and also Lieutenant-Colonel Minetree, of the Forty-First.

"A most unfortunate affair occurred just as the Twelfth was returning from the advanced position to which they had charged the enemy. They were fired into by the Forty-First—and I hear also a part of the Sixty-First—regiment, who took us to be the enemy. This fire wounded, and perhaps killed, some of our men, but, what is most unfortunate, it wounded General Longstreet and killed General Jenkins, who were riding along the plank-road just at the time. Our division and Heth's are now in line of battle in reserve. From what I can gather, we gained not much by the fight of Thursday, except four pieces of artillery, and, I hear, three thousand prisoners. We lost heavily in wounded, judging from the large number we met on the road yesterday morning. In the fight of yesterday we had greatly the advantage, driving the enemy a half mile and killing large numbers of them.

* * * * * * * * *

" 'Among the incidents of the fight I must mention the conspicuous gallantry of a member of our company, Jim Farley,‡ now of the sharpshooters, who received two wounds, one in the shoulder and the other in the face, but continued to charge on with the regiment to the most advanced position. The gallantry of Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff, was also very conspicuous. He led us into action on horseback, waving his hat and crying out: "Come on, Virginians!"

" 'General Wadsworth, of the Yankee army, was found wounded (it is believed mortally) in that portion of the field over which the

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* George J. Morrison, of Petersburg.

† George S. Bernard, Petersburg, Virginia.

‡ James A. Farley, killed at the Crater, July 30, 1864.

left of our brigade charged, and is therefore supposed to have been wounded by our brigade.'"

"About twelve months ago I made a copy of the account of this action given in my diary and sent it to Leroy Edwards. From his reply acknowledging its receipt I make the following extract:

"'The fight that day, the burning woods, our marchings and counter-marchings before and after the engagement, are well in my memory, and are accurately recorded in your diary. Our company was not one hundred yards from the spot where Longstreet was wounded and General Jenkins was killed; indeed, the same volley that disabled these generals likewise struck down two of the color-guard of the Twelfth regiment. I cannot forget the gallantry of May * (our ensign) at that critical moment, when our men (Sixteenth Virginia?) were striking us down, nor do I forget gallant May's bearing when Sorrel (of Longstreet's staff) asked May to let him (Sorrel) carry the colors of the Twelfth, and May's indignant reply. This incident occurred before we reached the plank-road. May was knee-deep in a swamp, and Sorrel's horse was floundering in the mud. At this moment young Lee, of Company E, was wounded. We soon reached the plank road and hastily dislodged the enemy.

[Here follows a diagram, which we omit.]

"'This rough drawing presents my recollections of the swamp or marsh in which the May and Sorrel incident occurred (I. A.) and about the location of Lee when he was wounded. Our advance was then to the plank-road, where we found some hastily-constructed earthworks, breast-high, and where we met very little resistance. The organization of the regiment, and, indeed, the brigade, was then very imperfect. Soon after passing over the breastworks (k. k. k.) we were recalled to the plank-road. I remember John Patterson's voice in the call. As soon as we reached the plank-road on the advance, Sorrel galloped down the road to our left, and soon after our return to the road at k. k. k. May was waving the Twelfth flag and warning our friends (Sixteenth Virginia?) who were advancing to the plank-road. It was immediately after two of our color-guard were shot down, at M, that I heard of General Longstreet's wound.

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* Mr. W. W. Tayleure, of Brooklyn, New York, who was first sergeant of the Petersburg Riflemen, writes: "Ben. May stood upon a stump with his lithe graceful form, a smile upon his face, waving our battle-flag until it was recognized. It was a beautiful and grand sight; one for an artist."

I did not see him or General Jenkins, but locate the point at O, probably a hundred yards from M.'"

I turned over to Comrade Hugh R. Smith, who was the adjutant of our regiment, all of the foregoing correspondence, and received from him the following letter in reply:

"*Lieutenant-Commander* JOHN R. TURNER:

"DEAR COMRADE—Your correspondence with General Sorrel, as well as the recollections of the Battle of the Wilderness given by Comrades Bernard and Edwards, I find very interesting reading. The accounts given of the battle about coincide with my own recollection of it.

"My remembrance of the affair is that our brigade was advancing in line of battle, and the woods being on fire caused our regiment (the Twelfth Virginia) to swerve to the right, thereby becoming somewhat separated from the rest of the brigade, and we seemed to come into contact with the left flank of the enemy, who were holding the plank-road, and I thought at the time that we were sent there especially to dislodge them.

"I distinctly remember the Sorrel-May incident, and also recall the fact that, as we crossed the plank-road in pursuit of the Federals, I looked down the road—towards Orange Courthouse, I mean—and saw the fresh troops coming up, with General Longstreet at their head, Sorrel having gone to them to let them know that the road was clear.

"We advanced beyond the plank-road to a ravine and then fell back to the road, and about this time the firing by our troops, from whom we had become separated, began, and looking in that direction I recognized Major Etheredge, of the Forty-First Virginia regiment, that regiment having been on our immediate left in the beginning of the movement, and I immediately hastened over to him and informed him that they were firing into their friends, and the order to cease firing was immediately passed down the line, but not until Longstreet was wounded and Jenkins killed, as set forth in the other accounts.

"General Anderson at once assumed the command of Longstreet's forces, but the wounding of the latter general put a stop to the forward movement that was being so successfully prosecuted.

"Your friend,

"HUGH R. SMITH."

In reply to a letter written to Comrade Putnam Stith, now in Florida, I received from him a communication sent me from Fort Meade, Florida, under date of February 9, 1892, in which he says:

"I was present at the Wilderness fight, and remember that orders to 'charge' were brought by General (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff. I remember that our part of the line was ordered to move forward by Sorrel in person. I think he attempted to take our colors out of the hands of Ben. May to carry them himself, but he did not know the stuff that Ben. was made of, one who could carry colors where any other man could. Of course Ben. refused to give up his colors and carried them as gallantly as we were led by Sorrel. The bearing of Sorrel was such as to attract my attention, and I think the attention of every man in the brigade. More conspicuous gallantry on the field I never saw.

"I claim that we made a brigadier of him that day. His conduct on that field certainly entitled him to the distinction soon afterwards conferred on him by General Lee.

"In making that charge we got far in advance of the balance of our command. A halt was ordered. Soon afterwards we were fired into by our own men, who, coming up, mistook us for the enemy. I think that was the time when Longstreet was shot. Hugh Smith saved us serious damage by waiving his handkerchief on the point of his sword. I have always thought that, had it not been that Longstreet was shot then by his own men, we would have put the Federals across the river that night and changed the whole of Grant's flank movement, which terminated in the seige of Petersburg.

"I don't remember that we saw Sorrel after that day, until the evening we marched into Petersburg from across James river. On the march to Petersburg we met people going out of town. Some of them knew that the Federals were at the water-works. Others knew that they were even in town and by that time had full possession. By these accounts we were worked up to a high pitch of excitement. We finally crossed Pocahontas bridge and marched through town, greeting our friends on every side. I, and I reckon most of the command, fully expected to charge the Federals on the heights. In going up Sycamore street, when we reached Marshall, we saw Sorrel riding up Marshall and close to us. He was recognized at once. I believe every man took off his hat simultaneously and cheered, calling out, 'Lead us, Sorrel! Lead us as you

did in the Wilderness!' He removed his hat and bowed very low, remarking that nothing would please him more than to lead those men in another charge, but that no fighting was to be done that evening, as we were only going out a short distance to form a line and rest.

"I have met the general since the war and talked with him about this incident, which he remembered perfectly, and if I am not very much mistaken, he remarked that it was a proud day for him.

Now, John, I am not a good hand at either writing or talking, but, if I have succeeded in giving you any pleasure by this simple narrative, I am amply repaid for the time and labor it has cost me."

A letter to Mr. William C. Smith, of Nashville, Tennessee, of Company B, Twelfth Virginia regiment, requesting his recollection of the engagement, brought me a reply under date of February 26th, 1892, from which I take the following extracts:

"I cannot recall much of the route along which we passed except that we moved in a northeasterly direction, somewhat; nor can I recall the place at which we bivouacked on the night of the 4th. On the night of the 5th, however, we bivouacked near a place called Vidiersville. In the meantime, reports reached us that fighting was going on in that part of Orange county known as the Wilderness, and from the early start taken on the morning of the 6th and the rapidity of the march, it became evident that the Wilderness was our destination.

"After reaching the plank-road, which was about 9 o'clock A. M., we were hurried along to the scene of action. By 10 o'clock or a little after, on the 6th, we were on the ground, but we had no sooner arrived than we filed to the right from the plank-road, moving quite rapidly in a direction apparently at right angles to it, and after going some distance, about a third of a mile I suppose, we formed line o battle very quickly, and at once commenced a forward movement on the enemy. We had not proceeded very far, however, in line of battle, when Colonel Sorrel (afterwards brigadier-general), General Longstreet's assistant adjutant-general, appeared on the scene, and placing himself in front of the right wing of the Twelfth Virginia regiment, with his hat in one hand, and grasping the reins of his horse with the other, he exclaimed, 'Follow me, Virginians! Let me lead you!'

"The gallantry of this officer on that occasion is as vivid to me now as if it had been but yesterday. I do not remember to have seen during the whole period of the war a finer exhibition of prowess than I witnessed that day in Colonel Sorrel, in the Battle of the Wilderness. During the charge of Mahone's brigade on the 6th, and just a few minutes before it reached the plank-road, the writer received a slight, but very painful wound on the ankle of his right foot, which disabled him for two or three days, and hence cannot speak from personal observation as to what occurred during the remainder of the fight. Soon after reaching the field infirmary, however, which I found about three-fourths of a mile to the rear from where I was wounded, I was informed by a member of my company, who had been brought from the front wounded, that the left of the Twelfth Virginia regiment had become detached from the regiment of the brigade on its left (I think it was the Forty-First Virginia) during the charge, and the Twelfth Virginia was far in advance of the brigade when it was discovered, and that in returning to resume its proper position, the Forty-First Virginia, supposing it to be a part of the enemy, had fired into the Twelfth Virginia, killing and wounding quite a number of its members.

"I can recall the name of but one only who was killed by this unfortunate mistake, and that was John Mingea, who was a member of my company. A more gallant and faithful soldier, or a more perfect gentleman, was not known in the ranks of the Twelfth Virginia regiment. He was a resident of this city (Nashville, Tennessee), at the commencement of the war, and in company with the writer left this city April 29th, 1861, for the purpose of enlisting in a company in his native State. Together we returned to Petersburg in 1861, and together we went to Norfolk and enlisted May 10th, 1861. He was my personal friend, and in camp one of my constant companions. It is not strange, therefore, that his death, and the circumstances attending it, should be so readily recalled while writing my recollections of the Battle of the Wilderness. My recollection is there was very little fighting, if any, after 2 o'clock P. M. of the 6th, on that part of the line in which Mahone's brigade had been engaged before 12 o'clock. I was at the infirmary, not over three-quarters of a mile distant from where I was wounded, and where the brigade had its hottest fire, lying in a tent bathing my foot, which had become very much swollen, and I remember distinctly there was very little firing during the afternoon after 2 o'clock on the right of the plank-road.

"Early the next morning, the 7th, I was informed by Dr. Claiborne that he had orders to move, and that some time during the day we would leave, as the army was moving. Being unable to walk, and being unwilling to be left behind, I sent word to Hugh, my brother, the adjutant of the Twelfth Virginia, to send me his horse, that I wanted to keep up with the army. He complied with my request, and I went along with the brigade to Spotsylvania Courthouse, where I rejoined my company, though my wound was still very painful, and took a part in that engagement.

"There was one feature of the Battle of the Wilderness that impressed me very much, and that was the meagre use of artillery. The nature of the country thereabouts and the thick undergrowth throughout that section may account for this, no doubt, although the loss of men, especially on the Federal side, was very great. Quite a number of Federals were brought to our infirmary, among them General Wadsworth, who was mortally wounded."

Comrade Joseph E. Rockwell, sergeant Company A, of the Twelfth Virginia regiment, having had the foregoing correspondence submitted to him, sent me a reply, in which he says:

"Our movements forward were made with all possible haste, but owing to entangled undergrowth in some places, and the marshy nature of others, our line of battle was not well preserved, as in our impetuosity to get forward many of our extreme right became separated from our main forces in the charge.

"The enemy were in retreat, and we had the pleasure of seeing their backs for a considerable distance, except at intervals, when the smoke from the burning woods would conceal them from view, as the woods by accident or design had been fired by the enemy, and many of their dead and wounded comrades lying about the fired wood; but we had no time to help them then.

"Pressing on for a few yards further, for some reason we came to a halt, that is, our part of the command, which I am under the impression was in advance of our colors. Here the retreating enemy came upon their reserves, and we had it quite hot, until many of our comrades were shot down. I was fortunate enough to catch a friendly ball myself, and as no surgeon would take the responsibility of cutting for it, I have carried it from that time to the present with special affection and as a cherished memento of that sanguinary battle. My thoughts then very naturally reverted to our brigade

surgeon, Dr. James W. Claiborne, whom I found at his infirmary, about a mile to the rear, and principally occupied in attending the enemy, of which he had a large number, many of them desperately wounded, and among them was General Wadsworth, of New York, who was brought to our infirmary with a minie wound in the forehead, and was placed alone in an officer's tent, which had been put in position for his especial benefit. He died, however, in a few minutes after being placed on his back in this tent.

"Permit me in closing to mention the name of Private Dillon, of Company A, Twelfth Virginia regiment, 'a low private in the rear rank,' when out of action. His conspicuous modesty gave place to conspicuous gallantry while in the field, and his peculiarity being that of crying while fighting, he was crying in earnest and fighting hard when I left the field."

To Comrade E. M. Feild, lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth Virginia regiment at the Battle of the Wilderness, and subsequently its colonel, I next submitted the foregoing correspondence, and here is his reply:

"I was present at the Battle of the Wilderness, in command of about one hundred and seventy of the picked men of Mahone's brigade, who had but a short time before been organized by General Mahone into a battalion of sharpshooters, composed of five companies. Soon after the brigade reached the Wilderness, on the morning of the 6th of May, we moved out to the right and south of the plank road, and so extended our line of battle that was then formed in the woods facing east. I then advanced the battalion of sharpshooters as skirmishers about one hundred and fifty yards in front of the brigade.

"I do not know exactly how long we had been there, when General Mahone, riding up, informed me that an attack was about to be made on the flank and front of the enemy's lines on the south side of the plank road; that General Longstreet had sent two brigades through an old railroad cut to attack the enemy on his (the enemy's) left flank, and that with his (Mahone's) brigade he would attack in front. He directed me to move forward slowly and gently with my sharpshooters until I heard the cheers of the flanking brigade, when I was to advance quickly to the front and attack.

"Ordering the men forward, we moved very slowly to the front for some distance, when, hearing a tremendous 'rebel yell' on our right, we pushed forward as rapidly as the thick undergrowth would

allow, but did not go very far, when, coming to a slight opening about forty yards wide and seventy long, which looked as if it were the site of an old pond, I saw the enemy's line of battle on the opposite or eastern side of this opening, moving to their right in column of fours at a double quick. Seeing this, I gave the order to the sharpshooters to commence firing, which order was repeated in a loud tone by all of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the battalion, which I saw attracted the attention of the enemy. I saw four men just at this time step out of line and prepare to fire, and thinking it the part of a good skirmisher to seek protection when possible, and seeing a dead tree about the size of my body about three feet from me, I stepped quickly behind it, but not in time to escape a bullet which passed through my clothes, grazing my spine slightly, giving me great pain at the time and causing paralysis of my lower limbs that evening, so that I could scarcely use them. I came near leaving the field, thinking that I had been shot through, but was obliged to smile after finding the extent of my injury, and thought how I, who had been selected to command the picked men of Mahone's brigade, would have been laughed at had I left the field for so slight an injury. A sergeant of the Sixty-First regiment, just as I was struck, fell at my feet, shot through the brain.

"The enemy's line at this place was somewhat broken by our fire, but a much larger number than composed my force of sharpshooters halted and returned our fire. While this was going on I could hear our brigade behind us advancing, and judging from the sound made by the canteens of the men striking against the bushes that the brigade was in easy supporting distance of us, I gave the order to the sharpshooters to charge, which order being repeated by all the officers of my command, was, I thought, mistaken by the brigade for an order for them to charge, as they immediately came forward very rapidly.

"I had gotten nearly across the opening, above referred to, when our brigade reached it, and as the men in our rear opened fire on the enemy before us without regard of the sharpshooters being in their front, I quickly withdrew to the rear with my men, and in that position went forward with the brigade until we reached the plank-road. Before we moved forward, and whilst we were about this opening, I was particularly struck by the coolness and gallantry of General Mahone. Our brigade had about reached the point at which we

first saw the enemy, as above described, and a considerable number of the enemy being gathered in knots at short range (about seventy-five yards distant) on our left flank and firing into it, this caused the left of the Sixth Virginia regiment to double back until it had gotten to be twenty-five or thirty ranks deep. At this time General Mahone dashed up on his horse and in a clear shrill voice, which could be heard above the rattle of the muskets, asked, 'What regiment is this in this confusion?' Being answered that it was the Sixth Virginia, he exclaimed, 'The Sixth Virginia regiment of *my brigade—that splendidly drilled regiment—in this condition?*' It is needless to tell that the men were in their places as quickly as possible, and promptly moved forward.

"The brigade having swung around to the left, we soon had the entire force of the enemy on the south of the plank-road routed, leaving in our hands a large number of dead and wounded, among the latter General Wadsworth, whom I remember seeing lying on the ground as we passed along. I reached the plank-road with the Sixth regiment, where we halted and commenced to re-form on the south side of the road. I saw coming down the plank-road from the west General Longstreet and staff, followed at some little distance by a column of men, which extended as far as I could see, and was moving at a double quick. General Longstreet, when about one hundred yards to our left, left the plank-road with his staff and others, moving diagonally into the woods on the north of the road in our front. He had with him a large and beautiful headquarter flag (which was something new in the army). I was now on the extreme left of the brigade, ordering the sharpshooters to assemble on the left, when I heard someone say, 'Look out, boys, they are coming back! There they come! There they come!' General Mahone was at this time to my right, saying to the men, all of whom as well as General Mahone, thought those in the immediate front were the enemy advancing, 'Steady, men, steady! Get in your places! Get in your places!' Suddenly one or two of the regiments to my right opened fire. This firing soon ceased, as the men found out they were firing upon their friends, but not until they had killed General Jenkins, mortally wounded Ben. White,* of the Twelfth Virginia, and wounded General Longstreet and others severely.

"So much time elapsed after the wounding of Longstreet and before General Anderson assumed command, the enemy had time

* Benjamin B. White, Petersburg, Virginia.

to re-form their ranks, and we being largely outnumbered, it became necessary for us to fall back to about the position occupied by our line before making the attack. When I was sitting on a log that evening, General Mahone came up, and taking a seat by me, said, 'Colonel Feild, it was very unfortunate for our cause that Longstreet was wounded. Had this not occurred, we would have driven Grant across the river before night in spite of all he could have done. We had two miles of his left thoroughly routed, and this part of the line driven back on the other troops would have demoralized his whole army.'

"I had almost forgotten to say I was surprised when I learned that the Twelfth Virginia had crossed the plank-road, and that it was on this regiment that a portion of the brigade fired. When the firing was going on I thought that the Twelfth was in its position on the right of the brigade.

"We had no further fighting that evening. I was left in charge of the sharpshooters in front of the brigade during the night, which I consider one of the most unpleasant of my life. The woods were on fire, and the cries of the wounded made the night hideous. General Anderson being assigned to the command of Longstreet's corps, General Mahone was placed in command of his division, and Colonel D. A. Weisiger, of the Twelfth regiment, assumed command of Mahone's brigade. This left my regiment, the Twelfth, of which I was lieutenant-colonel, without a field officer. I, thinking it but right that I should return to it, so stated to General Mahone, who agreed with me, and I accordingly took command of the regiment the next morning. I must state, however, that it was great reluctance that I gave up the command of the sharpshooters, the finest body of men that I had ever seen, the picked men of Mahone's brigade."

In order that there may be a better understanding of the plan of that part of the great battle in which our brigade and regiment took part, as narrated in the foregoing letters and statements, I have deemed it best to conclude this address by making some extracts from the official records to be found in Volume xxxvi, part 1, series I of "*The War of the Rebellion*," and from Swinton's "*Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.*"

General Longstreet, in his report (*Rebellion Record*, Volume xxxvi, part 1, page 1054), says:

"About 10 o'clock Major-General M. L. Smith and the others sent out to examine the enemy's position reported that the left of the enemy's line extended but a short distance beyond the plank-road. Special directions were given to Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel to conduct the brigades of Generals Mahone, G. T. Anderson, and Wofford beyond the enemy's left, and to attack him on his left and rear (I have since heard that the brigade of General Davis formed a part of this flanking force), the flank movement to be followed by a general advance, Anderson's brigade on the right and Wofford's on the left, Mahone being in the centre. They moved by the flank until the unfinished railroad from Gordonsville to Fredericksburg was reached. Forming on this railroad, facing to the north, they advanced in the direction of the plank-road till they encountered the enemy in flank and rear, who was then engaging the brigades of Gregg, Benning, and Law in front. The movement was a complete surprise and a perfect success. It was executed with rare zeal and intelligence. The enemy made but a short stand, and fell back in utter rout, with heavy loss, to a position about three-quarters of a mile from my front attack.

"I immediately made arrangements to follow up the success gained, and ordered an advance of all my troops for that purpose. While riding at the head of my column, moving by the flank down the plank-road, I became opposite the brigades which had made the flank movement, and which were drawn up parallel to the plank-road and about sixty yards therefrom, when a portion of them fired a volley, which resulted in the death of General Jenkins and the wounding of myself. I immediately notified the commanding general of my being obliged to quit the field, and the command devolved on Major-General Field.

"To the members of my staff I am under great obligations for their valuable services. They conducted themselves with their usual distinguished gallantry. Much of the success of the movement on the enemy's flank is due to the very skillful manner in which the move was conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel."

General Joseph B. Kershaw, in his report (*Rebellion Record*, Volume xxxvi, part 1, page 1061), says:

"The lines being rectified, and Field's division and Wofford's brigade, of my own, having arrived, upon the suggestion of Brigadier-General Wofford a movement was organized, under the orders of the

lieutenant-general commanding, to attack the enemy in flank from the line of the Orange railroad, on our right, with the brigades of General Anderson of Field's division, and Brigadier-General Wofford's, of my own, supported by Mahone's brigade, while we continued to hold the enemy in front, who was at intervals bearing down upon our lines, but always without any success. This movement, concealed from view by the dense woods, was eminently successful, and the enemy was routed and driven pell-mell as far as the Brock road, and pursued by General Wofford to some distance across the plank-road, where he halted within a few hundred yards of the Germanna road. Returning with General Wofford up the plank-road, and learning the condition of things in front, we met the lieutenant-general commanding coming to the front almost within musket-range of the Brock road. Exchanging hasty congratulations upon the success of the morning, the lieutenant-general rapidly planned and directed an attack to be made by Brigadier-General Jenkins and myself upon the position of the enemy upon the Brock road before he could recover from his disaster. The order to me was to break their line and push all to the right of the road toward Fredericksburg. Jenkins' brigade was put in motion by a flank in the plank-road, my division in the woods to the right. I rode with General Jenkins at the head of his command, arranging with him the details of our combined attack. We had not advanced as far as the position still held by Wofford's brigade, when two or three shots were fired on the left of the road, and some stragglers came running in from that direction, and immediately a volley was poured into the head of our column from the woods on our right, occupied by Mahone's brigade. By this volley General Longstreet was prostrated by a fearful wound; Brigadier General Jenkins, Captain Alfred E. Doby, my aid-de-camp, and Orderly Marcus Baum were instantly killed.

"As an instance of the promptness and ready presence of mind of our troops, I will mention that the leading files of Jenkins' brigade on this occasion instantly faced the firing and were about to return it; but when I dashed my horse into their ranks, crying, 'They are friends!' they as instantaneously realized the position of things and fell on their faces where they stood. This fatal casualty arrested the projected movement. The commanding general soon came in person to the front and ordered me to take position with my right resting on the Orange railroad. Though an advance was made later in the day, my troops became no more engaged, except General Wof-

ford, who moved against the enemy in the afternoon on the left o the plank-road, and met with some success in that quarter and suffered some loss."

General William Mahone, in his report (*Rebellion Record*, Part 1, page 1090), says:

"The next day (May 6th) we were with our troops on the plank-road, and where the fight was already earnestly progressing at an early hour. We were at once assigned a position in support of a part of the line of Lieutenant-General Longstreet's front, but very soon after we were ordered to join and co-operate with Anderson's and Wofford's brigades, of that corps, in an attack upon the enemy's flank. As the senior brigadier, I was, by Lieutenant-General Longstreet, charged with the immediate direction of this movement. Wofford and Anderson were already in motion, and in a few minutes the line of attack had been formed, and the three brigades, in imposing order and with a step that meant to conquer, were now rapidly descending upon the enemy's left. The movement was a success—complete as it was brilliant. The enemy were swept from our front on the plank-road, where his advantages of position had already been felt by our line, and from which the necessity for his dislodgment had become a matter of much interest. Besides this valuable result, the plank-road had been gained and the enemy's lines bent back in much disorder; the way was opened for greater fruits. His long lines of dead and wounded which lay in the wake of our swoop furnished evidence that he was not allowed time to change front, as well as the execution of our fire. Among his wounded, Brigadier-General Wadsworth, commanding a division, fell into our hands.

"Lieutenant-Colonel G. M. Sorrel, of General Longstreet's staff, who was with me in conducting this movement, and Captain Robertson Taylor,* Assistant Adjutant-General of Mahone's brigade, who was wounded in the fight, specially deserve my earnest commendation for efficiency and conspicuous gallantry on this occasion.

"The casualties of the brigade were as follows: Officers, one killed and three wounded; men, nineteen killed, one hundred and twenty-three wounded, seven missing; total, twenty killed, one hundred and twenty-six wounded, seven missing."

The historian Swinton, in his work above mentioned, at page 433, says:

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* Of Baltimore, Maryland

"The contest that signalized Longstreet's arrival on Hancock's front, and restored the integrity of the shattered Confederate right, now died away; and for some hours—up to nearly noon—there was a lull. During this time Longstreet's troops continued to arrive, and when at length his line had acquired breadth and weight by the incoming force, it was advanced, and Hancock's troops, which had first halted, now began to feel a heavy pressure. The attack first fell on the left of the advanced line, held by the brigade of Frank. This force Longstreet's troops fairly overran, and brushing it away, they struck the left of Mott's division, which was in turn swept back in confusion; and though Hancock endeavored, by swinging back his left, and forming line along the plank-road, to secure the advanced position still held by his right, it was found impossible to do so, and he had to content himself with rallying and re-forming the troops on the original line, along the Brock road, from which they had advanced in the morning. Wadsworth, on the right of Hancock, opposed the most heroic efforts to the onset of the enemy; but after several ineffectual charges, his troops broke into the retreat, and while striving to rally them, that patriotic and high-souled gentleman and brave soldier received a bullet in his head, and died within the enemy's lines the following day.

"But in the very fury and tempest of the Confederate onset the advance was of a sudden stayed by a cause at the moment unknown. This afterwards proved to have been the fall of the head of this attack.

"Longstreet had made his dispositions for a decisive blow; for while advancing one force in front, he sent another to move around Hancock's left, and lay hold of the Brock road. At the time the Union troops were giving ground, and the Confederates were pushing on, that officer, with his staff, rode forward in front of the column, when suddenly confronting a portion of his own flanking force, the cavalcade was mistaken for a party of Union horsemen, and received a volley, under which Longstreet fell, severely wounded."

In a foot note to the last paragraph Mr. Swinton says:

"General Longstreet stated to the writer that he saw they were his own men, but in vain shouted to them to cease firing. He also expressed, with great emphasis, his opinion of the decisive blow he would have inflicted had he not been wounded. 'I thought,' said he, 'that we had another Bull Run on you, for I had made my dispositions to seize the Brock road.' But on my pointing out that

Hancock's left had not advanced, but remained on the original line, covering that road, he admitted that that altered the complexion of affairs."

Before concluding this address it is due to General Mahone, and to the officers and men of his brigade, by whose fire General Longstreet was struck down at the critical moment of the Battle of the Wilderness, as has been narrated in the foregoing accounts of the engagement, to say that no blame attaches to him or to them for the unfortunate accident, which no ordinary forethought, it seems, could well have avoided, but which must rather be considered one of those mysterious interpositions by the Almighty in the affairs of men deemed necessary to shape for His own purposes the course of human events. The brigade—men and officers—won laurels in this action; and it has afforded me much pleasure to contribute what has been read this evening towards the history of its famous career, and in so doing to record specially the splendid conduct of the gallant Sorrel and no less gallant May, the ensign of the Twelfth Virginia.

ADDENDA.

Since the foregoing address was delivered, several letters and statements from participants have been received. From these it has been deemed proper to make some extracts, under the belief that they will throw light upon and add interest to what has been already said:

Colonel (now General) V. D. Groner, of Norfolk, Virginia, who, as colonel of the Sixty-First Virginia regiment, commanded that regiment at the Battle of the Wilderness, in his letter dated March 5, 1892, says:

"The Twelfth was on the right, the Forty-First next; then came in order the Sixty-First, Sixteenth and Sixth regiments. We moved in this direction at right angles with the road some little distance, and then wheeled to the left, the Twelfth being on the extreme right, Forty-First next, in echelon, and then the Sixty-First, Sixteenth and Sixth. Mahone, I think, had been given another brigade, but what it was I do not remember. In front of the Sixth and Sixteenth we met General Wadsworth's command. There was considerable fighting on the left of the Sixty-First, but Wadsworth being mortally

wounded and a large number of his command captured or killed, our entire front was soon cleared of the enemy.

"I discovered on the report Lieutenant Colonel Minetree,* in command of the Forty-First, that the Twelfth had been lost. I halted the brigade, reported to Mahone, and went forward myself, to see if I could find where the Twelfth was. We had halted only about sixty or seventy yards from the road, but there was a dense woods in front of us and a great deal of fire and smoke. In fact, I do not think I have ever seen a battle-field where there was more destruction to life and more horrors than that of the Wilderness."

Captain John R. Patterson, who, as first lieutenant of Company E, Twelfth Virginia regiment, commanded that company in the action, in a statement furnished by him, says:

"I distinctly remember seeing Colonel Sorrel attempt to take the flag from the gallant Ben. May. This occurred when we near the plank-road. Before we reached the plank-road I recollect looking down the line to my left, and seeing Sergeant George J. Morrison, of Company A, one of the best soldiers in the regiment, throw down his gun and start to the rear. Although we were then driving the enemy, the thought flashed through my mind that, if such a man as George Morrison was going to the rear, the bottom of the fight must be out on that part of the line; but as we advanced, swinging around to the left, I learned that he had been shot through the body.

"Just before I saw George Morrison, as above narrated, I remember hearing General Mahone, who at the time was riding immediately in rear of our part of the line, about ten feet from where I was, whilst we were pressing forward under heavy fire, say in his accustomed calm and imperturbable tone, 'Steady in the Twelfth!'

"Our regiment crossed the plank-road, and I remember seeing numbers of the enemy in utter confusion and route running through the woods. In a little opening about twenty yards in our front, a single man appeared, when one of our boys next to me raised his gun to shoot him, when I said, 'Don't shoot! We will catch him.' Just then the Federal soldier dodged behind a tree, and as we approached jumped out and started to run again. I then said to the

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*Colonel Joseph P. Minetree, Petersburg, Virginia, who states there were two companies of the Twelfth regiment on its extreme left, who remained in the line with the Forty-First Virginia, and on its right, who did not go across the plank-road with the main body of the regiment.

man whom I had just before prevented from firing, 'Let him have it!' At the crack of the gun the retreating Federal fell dead. This was on the north side of the plank-road.

"The regiment was now halted, and we were ordered to return to the balance of the brigade. As we came back over the ground over which the enemy had just been driven, the other regiments of the brigade naturally supposed we were the enemy and fired into us. As soon as this fire opened, knowing what it was, I fell flat on the ground in the plank-road. Some one exclaimed, 'Show your colors!' I shall never forget what I consider one of the bravest acts I ever witnessed. The color-bearer stepped out on the plank-road and calmly waived his colors over his head, although a line of our own men, not more than fifty yards—indeed, not that far—in his front, were at the time pouring a deadly fire into us, which resulted in killing and wounding some of the best men in our regiment."

Judge D. M. Bernard, of Petersburg, of Company E, Twelfth Virginia regiment, furnishes the following statement:

"I have read with pleasure the correspondence and statements relating to the Battle of the Wilderness, you have handed me for perusal.

"I was a member of the corps of sharpshooters of Mahone's brigade, commanded by Colonel Feild at the Battle of the Wilderness, and remember well that we passed through marsh, swamp and burning woods. I was struck with the coolness and soldiery bearing of Colonel Feild, and with the dash and gallantry of a mounted staff-officer, who, I believe, was Colonel Sorrel. Whilst we were advancing through the woods, I picked up a fine pair of officer's gloves, which I immediately handed to this staff-officer, who was at the time riding near me. Receiving the gloves with a smile he thanked me for them, saying, 'They are the very things I need.'

"I was not an eye-witness of the May-Sorrel flag incident, but remember hearing of it about the time of its occurrence. So gallant an act was to be expected of Ben. May, as all who knew him can testify. I well remember, too, and can never forget, how, not many days after this battle, when he had received his mortal wound at Spotsylvania Courthouse, my heart was melted while shaking, in our last good-bye, the poor fellows hand, hot with the fever that I knew must and which did in a few hours burn out his noble life."

To the foregoing the following letter from Major Andrew Dunn, of Petersburg, may be added:

PETERSBURG, VA., *July 1, 1892.*

"*Mr.* GEORGE S. BERNARD:

"DEAR SIR—You have requested me to give you my recollection of the wounding of General Longstreet in the Battle of the Wilderness. As a member of his staff—I was one of his aide-de-camp, I was within a few feet of him at the time he was wounded. We were on our horses on the plank-road. A few minutes previously I had suggested to him that he was exposing himself very much, I thought. That is our businees, was his reply, which silenced me. When the volley, a shot from which wounded him, was fired, he fell from his horse heavily to the ground, and I thought he had been killed. I went immediately to him and found him breathing. Drs. J. S. Dorsey Cullen and Randolph Barksdale, of his medical staff, were immediately sent for and took him to the rear.

"Your comrade,

"ANDREW DUNN."

DAVIS AND JOHNSTON.

LIGHT THROWN ON A QUARREL AMONG CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

A QUESTION OF RANK.

How Lee Came to be Put over Johnston—Davis Accused of Favoritism—What Recent Researches Made by a Member of the Board of War Publications Regarding the Controversy Show.

[From the *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., July 16, 1892.]

The last two volumes of the *Rebellion Records* relating to the Atlanta campaign, five in number, are being issued by the board of publication, and in them we have the full text of many important reports and orders never before printed, as well as a good deal of correspondence more or less valuable and interesting.

Not the least instructive part of these popular volumes of war records is that which relates to General Joseph E. Johnston, who was removed from the command of the Confederate army just before that great campaign closed, after he had fought with varying success, and, at all events, successfully retreated before Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta, covering a distance of one hundred miles and a period of seventy days. This event was the culmination of a quarrel of long standing between Jefferson Davis and General Johnston.

Although maintained with a sort of stilted dignity calculated and doubtless intended to deceive the outside world, beneath all it was the deepest, bitterest personal feud of the war, and, like most antagonisms in high place, was apparently without adequate cause. There never was any real concord between the two men from the day Johnston assumed command at Harper's Ferry, May 23, 1861, until the war closed with Davis' flight and Johnston's surrender at Durham's station, April 26, 1865.

Many of the misfortunes of the Confederacy can be directly traced to the hostility between Davis and Johnston, and no doubt their dissentions were of direct and material benefit to the North. It must be true that many things were done and many other things left undone by both which would have been otherwise but for their eternal controversies. Their estrangement had its beginning in a question of rank raised by Johnston, which grew until it poisoned the whole South and finally intrenched itself in the Confederate Congress.

Every enemy Davis had, from whatever cause, naturally and at once became the friend and active partisan of Johnston, lauding his military genius to the skies, and, as a matter of course, belittling the President's statemanship. It is along these lines the quarrel was maintained, not only by the two principals—now dead—but by their respective admirers and supporters.

So far as the official records are concerned, the case is practically closed with these Atlanta volumes, which carry affairs down to when Davis, officially alleging Johnston's failure to arrest Sherman's advance, superseded him in front of Atlanta with General John B. Hood, July 17, 1864, though it is true when the Confederacy was on its last legs, at Lee's wish and suggestion, that Davis again called Johnston to command the forlorn hope in North Carolina. But after this event neither of the belligerents had much time to devote to personal quarrels, although Johnston in his "Narrative" does not fail to point out the absurdity of some of the President's last ditch

plans and suggestions in the conferences of the Confederate civil and military leaders on the eve of the final surrender in North Carolina.

In 1874 General Johnston published his "*Narrative of Military Operations.*" In 1880 appeared General Hood's "*Advance and Retreat.*" And in 1881 the ex-President entered the arena with his "*Rise and Fall*" of the Confederacy, followed in 1884 by "*General Beauregard's Military Operations.*" Mrs. Davis' singular book, "*Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States,*" was issued in 1890, after her husband's death.

Johnston's book was almost wholly devoted to an explanation of his relations with the Confederate executive; a large proportion of Mr. Davis' to a statement of his side of the controversy, and Mrs. Davis gives many pages to a re-statement of the ex-President's case and to a bitter attack on Johnston. Her book is of little historical value, both in respect of matter and method. Beauregard had a quarrel of his own with the President, though not so deep and irreconcilable as the other, and consequently the "*Military Operations*" are mostly in vindication of himself, but with a good deal of incidental matter relating to the other two, generally favorable to Johnston. Hood naturally took sides with President Davis, and attempts to justify his own magnificent failure by violently attacking Johnston's previous operations in the Atlanta campaign.

THE QUESTION OF RANK.

Let us consider the question of rank, which was the primary cause of this quarrel. Joseph E. Johnston was brigadier-general and quarter-master general of the United States army, which position he resigned April 22, 1861, to "go with his State," which had seceded on the 17th. He says he considered the separation permanent. Robert E. Lee resigned the colonelcy of the First Cavalry, United States army, April 25, 1861. These two men—both Virginians—had been class-mates at West Point, Lee graduating No. 2, and Johnston No. 13, in the class of '29. Samuel Cooper was colonel and adjutant-general of the United States army, and he resigned March 7, 1861, to join the Confederacy. He was born in New York, from which State he was appointed to West Point, where he graduated in 1815. Albert Sidney Johnston (killed at Shiloh), a Kentuckian by birth, but for many years a prominent citizen of Texas, graduated from West Point No. 8 of the class of '26. He resigned

May 3, 1861, as colonel of the Second Cavalry and Brevet Brigadier-General United States army, and cast his fortunes with the South.

March 6, 1861, a Confederate act of Congress provided for the appointment of four brigadier-generals, that being the highest grade at first created. March 14th a fifth brigadier was added, and it was further provided that in appointments to "original vacancies" in the Confederate army "the commissions issued shall bear one and the same date, so that the relative rank of the officers of each grade shall be determined by their former commissions in the United States army, held anterior to the secession of these Confederate States." May 16 a supplementary act provided that the five brigadiers should "have the rank and denomination of generals, instead of brigadier-general."

Under the act of March 6 Cooper, Lee and J. E. Johnston had been appointed brigadiers in the Confederate States army. The act of May 16, without further action, made them generals, and it was so understood, as it appears that on July 20 Davis notified Johnston, in answer to an inquiry made while he was marching to reinforce Beauregard at Bull Run, in July, that he ranked as general. This was before any nominations were made. Yet on the 31st of August President Davis nominated five generals, to rank as follows:

1. Samuel Cooper, May 16.
2. Albert Sidney Johnston, May 28.
3. Robert E. Lee, June 14.
4. Joseph E. Johnston, July 4.
5. Gustave T. Beauregard, July 21.

This action of the President greatly incensed Johnston. Under the law he claimed that he was the ranking general, and on September 12 protested to the President in very strong language against his illegal action in the arrangement of the commissions. Johnston felt that he had been wronged. But he says in the "*Narrative*" that there was no language in his letter which could be construed as improper from a soldier to the President. Johnston had previously (July 24) written to Adjutant-General Cooper protesting against General Lee's acting as commander of "the forces." On the 29th he again protested that he should disregard all orders coming from "headquarters of the forces" as illegal. These letters all show the raspy state of mind he was in on the subject of rank.

According to Mrs. Davis, on both the letters to Cooper the President simply indorsed the word "insubordinate." His answer to the letter to himself shows great irritation:

"RICHMOND, VA., *September 14, 1861.*

"*General* J. E. JOHNSTON:

"SIR—I have just received and read your letter of the 12th instant. Its language is, as you say, unusual; its arguments and statements utterly one-sided, and its insinuations as unfounded as they are unbecoming.

"I am, &c.,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

It may be noted that up to this date his official telegrams and letters to the General were couched in the most friendly tone. In an indirect way he had previously justified his appointments on the ground that the laws were "new and unsettled by decisions" and that "their provisions were special." Afterward the President studiously avoided the question.

DAVIS' POSITION.

After the war, in his "*Rise and Fall*," Davis gives his views of this question at the time. He held that Johnston's position of brigadier in the old army was simply staff, and did not entitle him to command troops without special assignment, and evidently intends to leave the inference that by reason of this Cooper, Sidney Johnston and Lee all ranked him.

His reasoning is of doubtful cogency, and greatly weakened by the fact that if Johnston's previous rank of brigadier-general was merely staff, so also was that of Samuel Cooper, who had been adjutant-general of the old army, with only the rank of colonel. Yet, for reasons of his own, the President coolly ignored the staff argument as well as that of rank, and made Cooper the senior general of the Confederate army. This point seems to have entirely escaped the keen observation of Johnston as well as all other commentators. And notwithstanding Mrs. Davis' claim that the President was scrupulous in his strict construction of the law, it is a strange fact that in promoting Cooper he clearly and probably intentionally violated a plain statute of the Confederate Congress.

Mr. Davis is mistaken, as I think, in asserting that Robert E. Lee had held the higher rank in the United States army. Johnston and Lee were made lieutenant-colonels respectively of the first and second

cavalry on the same day, viz., March 3, 1855. Johnston was promoted to be brigadier and quartermaster-general, June 28, 1860. Lee was still really only lieutenant-colonel when he resigned, though it is true he had been nominated as colonel about a month previously, but the Senate had not yet confirmed him. During the Mexican war, in which both were distinguished, Johnston was a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, two grades above Lee, who was then but a captain of engineers.

There was more tenable ground for assuming that A. S. Johnston ranked J. E. Johnston. He was acting brigadier-general by brevet, dated November 18, 1857, in command of a department, and had been made a full colonel March 3, 1855, the same day the other two were commissioned lieutenant-colonels. But the Confederate statute did not draw any line between the staff and other officers of the old army who might resign and seek service with them. It was purely arbitrary on Davis' part to so construe the law and then act upon the assumption that Cooper, A. S. Johnston and Lee ranked J. E. Johnston.

The candid inquirer of to-day will observe that the Confederate President was disingenuous in this matter. If merit based on services had been considered in the appointments J. E. Johnston must inevitably have headed the list, for his ability and energy had largely contributed to win the first battle at a date when Lee was hardly known outside of Richmond and before the other Johnston had entered upon active service. There are grounds for the supposition that Davis withheld action purposely until the arrival of A. S. Johnston from California, whom he intended to be a beneficiary. Cooper was an old-time Washington favorite and crony, and it is well known the president was infatuated with Sidney Johnston. Undoubtedly both these appointments, however excellent, were dictated by an obstinate personal favoritism.

Lee's subsequent career in a sense certainly vindicated the President's action in selecting him to rank Johnston, but this cannot be said of Albert Sidney Johnston. As commander in the West he signally failed to comprehend the natural lines of Federal advance into the interior and his dispositions to meet the central attack were painfully feeble. Grant, with a small force, was permitted to leisurely advance and capture the isolated post of Donelson and thereby, without further effort, drive him out of Kentucky three hundred miles south into Mississippi. A bold, energetic concentration at the

threatened point might have stopped Grant and probably held the line of Kentucky many months longer—such as characterized the movement of Joe Johnston in the previous July to the battle-field of Bull Run, which stopped the Federals in Virginia. But after idly observing the battle from afar, with troops enough to turn the scale, when all was over he calmly marched away to the southward, seeking a new line of defense.

EXAGGERATING HIS GRIEVANCE.

But whatever Davis' motive for overslaughing Johnston with his juniors, the exaggerated importance the latter attached to what seems at this distance a secondary matter is surprising and gives one a bad impression of this otherwise admirable character. He morbidly dwelt upon the President's injustice with the feverish pertinacity of a crank, wholly unobservant of the fact that notwithstanding his technical loss of rank he was actually in command of the chief army of the Confederacy—at the post of honor and danger, the cynosure of all eyes.

But Johnston regarded his own present interest and dignity as paramount, unlike Lee forgetting that time and success would rectify everything. When they were touched he became sour, even sullen, and watchful and suspicious of those he deemed his enemies. His mental vision was conspicuously practical and far-reaching in all other matters except those which concerned himself. His nature was positive ; he was an unbending, unyielding personality. This was the rock upon which he split.

The foregoing statement of the original *casus belli* incidentally affords the reader a view of the characters of the two men involved in the quarrel. After the acrimonious correspondence concerning the question of rank the belligerents settled down into a stately attitude of jealous and guarded hostility, suspected but not fully known to the public.

About this time there was also some friction concerning the organization of the army into brigades by States, which Davis favored. Johnson's delay in this matter irritated the President, and the General in turn was incensed by the irregular interference of Secretary Benjamin with army movements, who sent orders direct to subordinates, ignoring the commanding general. Notwithstanding Johnston's protests, the Secretary continued this indefensible course.

AFTER THE BULL RUN BATTLE.

The growing Southern dissatisfaction because the loudly heralded victory of Bull Run did not at once end the war was vigorously used in the fall of 1861 to foment opposition to the administration. It was generally believed that the President had prevented the pursuit of the Federals on that ill-fated day, and in consequence the victory was barren of results. Both Johnston and Beauregard encouraged this view. The rumors of his responsibility caused Davis in a letter, dated November 21, 1861, to ask Johnston to squarely state if he (Davis) obstructed pursuit, and it is noteworthy that Johnston answered in the negative.

Davis, who was present on the field, asserts that at a conference on the night of the 21st he favored energetic pursuit, and dictated an order for such to General Thomas Jordan, Beauregard's chief of staff, which was not obeyed. Jordan substantially corroborates this, but Johnston in his "*Narrative*" and Beauregard in the "*Military Operations*" both emphatically contradict the President's version.

On the 22d, twenty-four hours after the battle, there was a second conference at Manassas between the President and his two generals, and all were satisfied with the result of the day's operations. So, if it was a mistake not to press on to Washington, it plainly appears neither of the three realized it at the time. But public opinion viewed it differently, and explanations were soon necessary on the part of those in authority.

In his "*Narrative*" Johnston says he was condemned by the President and public opinion for not capturing the Federal Capital, but in extenuation of his failure urges the lack of present force and previous preparation for such movement. Both the generals place the responsibility for failure on the President's shoulders because he did not put the army in condition to advance effectively. Davis says he returned to Richmond and began to reinforce the army as rapidly as possible. In his "*Rise and Fall*" he holds the two generals wholly accountable for the failure to achieve valuable results after Bull Run. In this opinion (of Johnston, at least) he is seconded by General Early, who took part in the battle.

These are the substance of their various statements on this subject, at the time and since the war. A curious commentary on all this is that while the victorious generals claimed large captures of

wagons, stores, arms and cannon at Bull Run they urged their inability to advance on Washington at the heels of a routed army for want of these very things. The rebel army itself had been pretty well shaken up, and a large portion of it was little better than a mob; the commanders lacked information of the extent of the Yankee stampede; they also lacked experience, and hence lacked nerve to act with vigor. In fact, neither the President nor Johnston was responsible for the failure to capture the entire Federal army and the capital.

Another cause of irritation to Davis was Johnston's official report of this battle, which advanced the theory that his march from the Shenandoah to join Beauregard was discretionary. But it is clearly shown that his movement was directed by positive orders from Richmond.

CONFLICTING STATEMENTS.

In the effort to justify themselves each, in the heat of the quarrel, makes conflicting statements. Johnston, in summing up, argues that the Confederates were too weak for offensive operations, yet at the Fairfax conference, September 30, we find him perfectly willing, apparently, to invade Maryland with an army of sixty thousand men. And he makes cause against the president for professing to be unable to reinforce the army to that extent. This point he cites to show that the president was never willing to give him force enough and that when properly equipped he favored aggression. It is not probable, however, that Johnston was really anxious to invade Maryland. Four weeks later his effective force was forty-seven thousand two hundred, and on December 31, 1861, fifty-seven thousand three hundred and thirty-seven, yet he made no offensive movement. But relative conditions may have changed. The Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns in the East and the Bragg and Hood invasions in the West undeniably demonstrate the correctness of Johnston's judgment that the South was too weak for offensive warfare.

Johnston's sudden retreat in the spring of 1862 from Fairfax back to the Rappahannock before McClellan's slow advance, with the unnecessary destruction of large quantities of greatly needed stores, is the subject of much animadversion by Davis. But notwithstanding, when McClellan advanced from the peninsula, the President no doubt reluctantly, placed Johnston in command of the army assembled on the new front to defend Richmond.

Many new causes of dissatisfaction on both sides occurred in this short campaign. The hostility of the two men is said to have been aggravated by a personal quarrel maintained between their wives, growing out of social grievances about this time, though there is no record of such. There was, of course, a lack of mutual confidence, fatal to success. Davis complained that the general was silent and reserved as to his plans, overruled Johnston's wish to abandon the lower peninsula at once, and pretends to doubt if he even intended or hoped to hold Richmond. This, however, is evidently an afterthought. On his part, Johnston tells us that he constantly urged upon the military authorities the absolute necessity of concentrating to overwhelm McClellan and no notice was taken of his views. As soon as he was compelled to leave the command he states that Davis at once hastened to adopt his suggestions and collect a large army. This looks like truth.

Their dispute gives an inside view of Confederate affairs which will be invaluable to the future historian. Davis, for obvious reasons, clearly understates the Confederate forces engaged in the seven days' campaign. Johnston is emphatic in the assertion that the army was reinforced by fully 53,000 men, naming the detachments that were brought forward before Lee ventured to attack McClellan. This would give an aggregate of 109,000. In her book Mrs. Davis states Lee's effective force at 80,762. The Confederate official records on this head are incomplete and unsatisfactory, but there is ample warrant for stating Lee's army at not less than 95,000 men, including Magruder's forces, left to defend Richmond.

SUCCEEDED BY LEE.

Johnston soon ceased to annoy the executive as general-in chief of the Virginia army. At the battle of Fair Oaks he was unfortunately wounded, and Lee succeeded to and ever after retained the command of that army. It is said that Johnston viewed his successor with jealous suspicion, perhaps even dislike, but Lee's reputation was so overshadowingly great and well established that he did not venture to attack it openly. He notes a singular fact, that two telegrams from Davis at Montgomery in the spring of 1861, directed to him through General Lee, offering him a brigadier-generalcy, were never delivered. His friends say Johnston always felt that he should have been reinstated in the Virginia command after his recovery.

But public opinion warranted and even compelled Davis to assign Johnston to the chief western command in the following November. It included the departments of Bragg, Pemberton, Holmes and others. He at once began urging the policy of concentration, but says he soon found his command was really only nominal. In a letter as early as November 24, 1862, Johnston warned the military authorities that "as our troops are now distributed Vicksburg is in danger." Later, when Grant was closing his toils around Pemberton, he peremptorially told the government that it must choose between Mississippi and Tennessee; but both would probably be lost, but that the one might be saved by concentrating all their available forces in its defence. These suggestions were not followed. Under Davis' obstinate adherence to the system of diffusion instead of concentration both were eventually lost.

Pemberton's disastrous Vicksburg campaign followed. Davis, to shift responsibility, was not slow in ascribing the misfortune mainly to Johnston's feeble policy. He endeavors to leave the impression that Johnston's general command gave him authority to transfer troops from one department to another, but, in fact, it appears that Johnston was prevented by the administration from giving any personal attention to Vicksburg until it was too late. And the President's telegram to Governor Pettus is proof of his knowledge that the force of Johnston was inadequate to relieve Pemberton.

It was to be expected that Pemberton would attempt to make a scapegoat of Johnston, but the latter correctly says that Pemberton either misunderstood or disobeyed all his orders and wholly misapprehended Grant's warfare. The truth is that Grant outgeneraled them all. Davis' favorite was a mere child in this Union general's hands.

CONFEDERATE COMMANDERS IN THE WEST.

Davis was unfortunate in his western commanders. Pemberton went the way of A. S. Johnston, Beauregard and Van Dorn, losing the Mississippi as his predecessors had lost Kentucky and Tennessee. Then he spasmodically concentrated under Bragg in an abortive attempt to retrieve affairs at Chickamauga, but immediately afterward the old system of diffusion was resumed by sending Longstreet to Knoxville, affording Grant ample time on exterior lines to swoop down and clean out the last of the President's favorites. After this blow Davis was ready to give Johnston actual command of the active western army.

The Richmond authorities desired Johnston to take the offensive. He insisted on being largely reinforced for that purpose, and there was an immediate disagreement as to lines and details. Meanwhile Sherman had completed his concentration, and the campaign of 1864 began with his advance southward. Johnston impeded Sherman's march, declined to fight except on his own terms, and was gradually pushed back to Atlanta, in what is generally admitted to have been a masterly retreat. But Davis was dissatisfied, believing that Johnston had missed several opportunities to fight a successful general battle. On July 17 Johnston was superseded in the command by Hood, who immediately fought some disastrous battles under spur from Richmond, followed by the loss of Atlanta. With depleted forces he finally took the general offensive, and was defeated and practically destroyed at Franklin and before Nashville, closing the war in the West, and making possible and easy the march through Georgia and the Carolinas.

NEVER READY FOR ACTION.

In brief, the cause of his removal and the ground of complaint against Johnston was that under no circumstances would he fight, and that he did not intend to defend Atlanta. This is the essential point made in all Davis' recitations concerning him in the Bull Run, Peninsular, Vicksburg and Atlanta campaigns. And, it must be confessed, the official records go far toward corroborating the President's estimate of his general's character. His argument is that Johnston, like McClellan, was never exactly ready for action, was always largely outnumbered, always wanted re-inforcements, always exaggerated obstacles, and always opposed every plan proposed by his government.

It has often occurred to me that had McClellan and Johnston been continued in their respective commands the war would have lasted indefinitely. They were much alike. Both doubted the capacity and courage of their soldiers to overcome given obstacles. Neither believed in the efficacy of fighting. Both were largely endowed with the art of expeditiously moving an army in retreat from the presence of the enemy. Neither had any good will toward or confidence in his government, and both were "hampered" thereby. It is doubtful if either had complete confidence in his cause.

Johnston, in vindication of his Atlanta campaign, says that Sherman was relatively stronger than Grant over Lee, that his own effective force was less than fifty thousand men and his total losses less

than ten thousand. Johnston, Hardee and A. P. Stewart all claim that the fighting spirit of the army was not impaired by the retreat, and cite the stubborn fights before Atlanta and at Franklin as proof of it. His ultimate plan was to fight and crush Sherman, far from his base in the interior, on the first favorable opportunity. He pertinently observes, that like himself, Lee was falling back before Grant in Virginia, yet constantly gaining in military renown, and further, that Lee, Bragg and Pemberton were forgiven faults for which he was condemned.

He points with telling force to the fact that a trial of the cyclone policy of offence against the Federals was immediately fatal to the objects of the campaign and of the war, and expresses the opinion that if either Hardee or Stewart had been placed in command, instead of Hood, Atlanta would have been saved. Finally, in general, he holds that it was a lack of statesmanship, and not military resources or leadership to which the failure of the South is to be ascribed. It was not the greater population and resources of the North that conquered. Johnston expresses the opinion that at first the Southern was a more effective soldier than the man of the North by reason of his experience from youth with firearms and natural aptitude for the military life. Yet in the very earliest battles these "inexperienced" Northern soldiers inflicted the greatest loss on their enemy that occurred during the war on either side.

CONFIRMED BY DAVIS' OWN LOGIC.

It is a singular fact that Davis himself indirectly argues in the same direction, and so does Mrs. Davis, without being aware of it. Military success is nearly always a requisite of successful revolution, and the South uniformly had that if we may believe Davis, who does not even admit that Gettysburg was a defeat. The conclusion, then, is inevitable that it was alone to false statesmanship, as Johnston asserts, that the Confederacy owed its downfall. This is a point worth the attention of our race of modern philosophers.

Hood's book, as well as his final official report, is a scathing criticism of Johnston. The report was probably written under the eye of the President. He says Johnston employed in the campaign over seventy thousand men; that he lost fully twenty-two thousand and left the army disheartened and demoralized. He states that the two opposing armies were not greatly unequal. The army "travelled by

day and labored at night," retreated for seventy days without fighting a general battle, and yet lost about one third its original number. Davis makes pretty much the same statements. It is susceptible of proof that at New Hope Church Johnston must have had fully seventy-five thousand men in line or at hand. When Johnston read Hood's report he notified the adjutant-general that he would prefer charges against the officer, but the war ended ere he could execute his threat.

Davis indorsed upon Johnston's official report of his Atlanta operations:

November 12, 1864.

The case as presented is very different from the impression created by other communications contemporaneous with the events referred to. The absence of the reports of subordinates suggests a reason for the want of fullness on many important points.

JEFF'N DAVIS.

General Johnston was permitted to see this indorsement and communicated a reply to the adjutant-general, closing as follows:

RICHMOND, *December 21, 1864.*

General S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector General:*

GENERAL— * * * I regret the want of fullness in the report, but am gratified that the President understands the cause of it.

Most respectfully your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON, *General.*

These two indorsements furnish a fair indication of the characters of these two great players on the world's stage and of their attitude toward each other. Always polite and dignified, but always bitter.*

LESLIE J. PERRY.

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* This review, whilst it explains in some degree an unfortunate variance, is too ultra to be pleasing to any Southerner. The author is a member of the Publication Board of the War Record Office.—ED.

THE MEDICAL HISTORY

OF THE

CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY AND NAVY,

COMPRISING THE

Official Report of Surgeon Joseph Jones, M. D , LL. D., Surgeon General of the United Confederate Veterans; a Report of the Proceedings of the Reunion of the Survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army and Navy, July 2, 1892, at N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tennessee, Address of Surgeon-General Jones, with Statistics of the Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee, 1861–'5, and Results of Great Battles, and Official Correspondence of Dr. Jones as to the Forces and Losses of the Southern States, 1861–'5, with Reference to the Number and Condition of the Surviving Confederate Soldiers who were Disabled by the Wounds and Diseases Received in Defence of the Rights and Liberties of the Southern States.

[The historical value and interest of the following papers is manifest. Professor Joseph Jones, M. D., LL.D., a born devotee to useful research and faithful demonstration is a representative of intrinsic worth, and beneficent life in several generations. He entered the Confederate States Army, modestly, as a private in the ranks, but in a short time his ability constrained his commission as a surgeon, and he was detailed by the able and astute Surgeon-General, Doctor S. P. Moore (whose useful services as a citizen of Richmond, is held in grateful memory), to investigate camp diseases, and the native remedial resources of the South, to supply a vital want which the Federal authorities had created by declaring medicine contraband of war. His own voluminous publications, the experience of the Confederate Medical Staff and published provision and results, attest the priceless value of his acumen and service. He was the first Secretary of the *Southern Historical Society*, organized in New Orleans, May 1, 1869, and it is held an honor by the present secretary, to be, in a line, his successor.]

I. Official Report of Joseph Jones, M. D., of New Orleans, Louisiana, Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans, Concerning the Medical Department of the Confederate Army and Navy.

156 WASHINGTON AVE., NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
June 30, 1890.

To his Excellency JOHN B. GORDON, *General Commanding United Confederate Veterans, Atlanta, Ga.:*

GENERAL—I have the honor to submit the following:

The Medical Department of the Confederate States was a branch of the War Department, and was under the immediate supervision of the Secretary of War. The Surgeon-General of the Confederate States was charged with the administrative details of the Medical Department—the government of hospitals, the regulation of the duties of surgeons and asssistant-surgeons, and the appointment of acting medical officers when needed for local or detached service. He issued orders and instructions relating to the professional duties of medical officers, and all communications from them which required his action were made directly to him. The great struggle for the independence of the Southern States ended twenty-five years ago, and all soldiers in the Confederate army, from the Commanding General to the private in the ranks, were, by the power of the conquering sword, reduced to one common level, that of *paroled prisoners of war.*

The objects of the Association of Confederate Veterans of 1890 are chiefly *historical and benevolent.* We conceive, therefore, that the labors of the Surgeon-General relate to two important objects.

First. The collection and preservation of the records of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Second. The determination by actual investigation and inquiry, the numbers and condition of the surviving Confederate soldiers who have been aisabled by wounds and diseases, received in their heroic defense of the rights and liberties of the Southern States.

To accomplish the first object, the following circular, No. 1, has been issued:

1. The Collection and Preservation of the Records of Medical Officers of the Confederate Army and Navy.

CIRCULAR NO. 1.

OFFICE OF SURGEON GENERAL UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., *April 9, 1890.*

To the Survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army and Navy:

COMRADES—The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on this day, twenty five years ago, practically ended the struggle for independence of the Southern States, and during this quarter of a century death has thinned our ranks, and our corps can now oppose but a broken line in the great struggle against human suffering, disease and death. S. P. Moore, Surgeon-General of the Confederate Army, is dead; Charles Bell Gibson, Surgeon-General of Virginia; Surgeons L. Guild, A. J. Ford, J. A. A. Berrian, J. T. Darby, W. A. Carrington, S. A. Ramsey, Samuel Choppin, Robert J. Breckenridge, E. N. Covey, E. S. Gaillard, Paul F. Eve, O. F. Manson, Louis D. Foard, S. E. Habersham, James Bolton, Robert Gibbes, and a host of medical officers of the Confederate States Army are dead. The Association of the United Confederate Veterans was formed in New Orleans June 10, 1889, the objects of which are historical, social and benevolent. Our illustrious commander, General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, has ordered the United Confederate Veterans to assemble in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on July 3, 1890. It is earnestly hoped that every surviving member of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy will meet upon this important occassion, and promote by his presence and his counsels the sacred interests of the United Confederate Veterans. It is of the greatest importance to the future historian, and also to the honor and welfare of the medical profession of the South, that careful records should be furnished to the Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, embracing the following data:

First. Name, nativity, date of commission in the Confederate States Army and Navy, nature and length of service of every member of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army and Navy.

Second. Obituary notice and records of all deceased members of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Third. The titles and copies of all field and hospital reports of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Fourth. Titles and copies of all published and unpublished reports relating to military surgery, and to diseases of armies, camps, hospitals and prisons.

The object proposed to be accomplished by the Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, is the collection, classification, preservation and the final publication of all the documents and facts bearing upon the history and labors of the Medical Corps of the Confederates States Army and Navy during the civil war, 1861–'65. Everything which relates to critical period of our national history, which shall illustrate the patriotic, self-sacrificing and scientific labors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army and Navy, and which shall vindicate the truth of history, shall be industriously collected, filed and finally published. It is believed that invaluable documents are scattered over the whole land, in the hands of survivors of the civil war of 1861–'65, which will form material for the correct delineation of the medical history of the corps which played so important a part in the great historic drama. Death is daily thinning our ranks, while time is laying its heavy hands upon the heads of those whose hair is already whitening with the advance of years and the burden of cares. No delay, fellow comrades, should be suffered in the collection and preservation of these precious documents.

To this task of collecting all documents, cases, statistics and facts relating to the medical history of the Confederate Army and Navy, the Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans invites the immediate attention and co-operation of his honored comrades and compatriots throughout the South.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed] JOSEPH JONES, M. D.

FORMATION OF THE MEDICAL CORPS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY.

The entire army of the Confederate States was made up of volunteers from every walk of life, and the surgical staff of the army was composed of general practitioners from all parts of the Southern country whose previous professional life, during the period of unbroken peace which preceded the civil war, 1861–'65, gave them but little surgery, and very seldom presented a gunshot wound. The study of the hygiene of vast armies hastily collected to repel invasion,

poorly equipped and scantily fed, as well as the frightful experience of the wounded upon the battle-field, and the horrible sufferings of the sick and wounded in the hospital, unfolded a vast field for the exercise of the highest skill and loftiest patriotism of the medical men of the South. This body of men, devoted solely to the preservation of the health of the troops in the field, and the preservation of their precious lives, and the surgical care of their mangled bodies and limbs, and the treatment of their diseases in field and general hospital, responded to every call of their bleeding country, and formed upon land and upon sea one indivisible corps, which penetrated all arms cf the service, and labored for every soldier, however exalted or however low his rank. When the storm of war suddenly broke upon the Confederacy, and the thunders of cannon were heard around her borders, and her soil trembled with the march of armed battalions ; when her ports were blockaded, and medicines and surgical instruments and works were excluded as contraband of war, the medical practitioners of the South gave their lives and fortunes to their country, without any prospect of military or political fame or preferment. They searched the fields and forests for remedies; they improvised their surgical implements from the common instruments of every day life ; they marched with the armies, and watched by day and by night in the trenches. The Southern surgeons rescued the wounded on the battle-field, binding up the wounds, and preserving the shattered limbs of their countrymen; the Southern surgeons through four long years opposed their skill and untiring energies to the ravages of war and pestilence. At all times and under all circumstances, in rain and sunshine, in the cold winter and the burning heat of summer, and the roar of battle, the hissing of bullets and the shriek and crash of shells, the brave hearts, cool heads and strong arms of Southern surgeons were employed but for one purpose—the preservation of the health and lives and the limbs of their countrymen. The Southern surgeons were the first to succor the wounded and the sick, and their ears recorded the last words of love and affection for country and kindred, and their hands closed the eyes of the dying Confederate soldiers. When the sword decided the cause against the South, and the men who had for four years borne the Confederacy upon their bayonets surrendered *prisoners of war*, the members of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy returned to their desolate homes and resumed the practice of their profession, spoke words of cheer to their distressed

countrymen, administered to the sufferings of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, and extended their noble and disinterested charities to the widows and orphans of their bereaved and distressed country.

Whilst political soldiers rose to power and wealth upon the shoulders of the sick and disabled soldiers of the Confederate army, by sounding upon all occasions "*their war records*," the modest veterans of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy were content to serve their sick, wounded and distressed comrades, asking and receiving no other reward than that "peace which passeth all understanding," which flows from the love of humanity, springing from a generous and undefiled heart. It is but just and right that a Roll of Honor should be formed of this band of medical heroes and veterans.

MAGNITUDE OF THE LABORS OF THE MEDICAL CORPS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY.

Some conception of the magnitude of the labors performed in field and hospital service, by the officers of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army, may be formed by the consideration of the following general results :

KILLED, WOUNDED AND PRISONERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Year.	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.
1861	1,315	4,054	2,772
1862	18,582	68,659	48,300
1863	11,876	51,313	71,211
1864 } 1865 }	22,200	70,000	{ 80,000
Total, 1861–5	53,973	194,026	202,283

During the period of nineteen months, January, 1862, July, 1863, inclusive, over one million cases of wounds and disease were entered upon the Confederate field reports, and over four hundred thousand cases of wounds upon the hospital reports. The number of cases of wounds and disease treated in the Confederate field and general hospitals were, however, greater during the following twenty-two months, ending April, 1865. It is safe to affirm, therefore, that more than three million cases of wounds and disease were cared for by

the officers of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army during the civil war of 1861–1865. The figures, of course, do not indicate that the Confederacy had in the field an army approaching three millions and a half. On the contrary, the Confederate forces engaged during the war of 1861–1865 did not exceed six hundred thousand. Each Confederate soldier was, on an average, disabled for greater or lesser period, by wounds and sickness, about six times during the war.

LOSSES OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, 1861–1865.

Confederate forces actively engaged during the war of 1861–1865	600,000
Grand total deaths from battle, wounds and disease	200,000
Losses of Confederate army in prisoners during the war on account of the policy of non-exchange adopted and enforced by the United States	200,000
Losses of the Confederate army from discharges for disability from wounds and disease and desertion during the years 1861–1865	100,000

If this calculation be correct, one-third of all the men actually engaged on the Confederate side were either killed outright on the field or died of disease and wounds; another third of the entire number were captured and held for indefinite periods prisoners of war; and of the remaining two hundred thousand, at least one-half were lost to the service by discharges and desertion.

At the close of the war the available active force in the field, and those fit for duty, numbered scarcely one hundred thousand men.

The great army of Northern Virginia, surrendered by General Robert E. Lee on the 9th of April, 1865, could not muster ten thousand men fit for active warfare. Of this body of six hundred thousand men, fifty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-three were killed outright, and one hundred and ninety-four thousand and twenty-six wounded on the battle-field. One third of the entire Confederate army was confided to the Confederate surgeons for the treatment of battle wounds; and, in addition to such gigantic services, the greater portion, if not the entire body of the six hundred thousand men, were under the care of the medical department for the treatment of disease.

Well may it be said that to the surgeons of the medical corps is due the credit of maintaining this host of troops in the field. Such

records demonstrate, beyond dispute, the grand triumphs and glory of medicine, proving that the physician is the preserver and defender of armies during war.

These records show that the medical profession, however indispensable in the economy of government during peace, become the basis of such economy during war. These statistics show the importance of medicine and its glorious triumphs, and elevate it logically to its true position in the estimation of not only the physician, but in that also of the warrior and statesman. The energy and patriotic bravery of the Confederate soldier are placed in a clear light when we regard the vast armies of the Federals to which they were opposed.

The whole number of troops mustered into the service of the Northern army, during the war of 1861–1865, was two million seven hundred and eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, or about three times as large as the entire fighting population of the Confederate States. At the time of the surrender of the Confederate armies, and the close of active hostilities, the Federal force numbered one million five hundred and sixteen of all arms, officers and men, and equalled in number the entire fighting population of the Southern Confederacy.

Opposed to this immense army of one million of men, supplied with the best equipments and arms, and with the most abundant rations of food, the Confederate government could oppose less than one hundred thousand war-worn and battle-scarred veterans, almost all of whom had, at some time, been wounded, and who had followed the desperate fortunes of the Confederacy for four years with scant supplies of rations, and almost without pay; and yet the spirit of the Confederate soldier remained proud and unbroken to the last charge, as was conclusively shown by the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tennessee; the operations around Richmond and Petersburg; the last charge of the Army of Northern Virginia; the defense of Fort McAllister on the Ogeechee river in Georgia, where two hundred and fifty Confederate soldiers, in an open earthwork, resisted the assaults of more than five thousand Federal troops, and never surrendered, but were cut down at their guns; at West Point, Georgia, where there was a similar disparity between the garrison and the assaulting corps, where the first and second in command were killed, and the Confederates cut down within the fort; the defense of Mobile in Alabama, and the battle of Bentonville in North Carolina.

NUMBER OF OFFICERS AND ROSTER OF THE MEDICAL CORPS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY.

The destruction by fire of the Medical and Surgical Record of the Confederate States, deposited in the Surgeon-General's office in Richmond, Virginia, in April, 1865, has rendered the preparation of a complete Roster of the Medical Corps very difficult, if not impossible.

A general estimate of the aggregate number of medical officers employed in the Medical Department of the Southern Confederacy may be determined by the number of commissioned officers in the Confederate army down to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Each regiment in the Confederate army was entitled to one colonel, one surgeon, and one or two assistant surgeons, and a medical officer was generally attached to each battalion of infantry, cavalry or artillery. Generals, lieutenant-generals, major-generals and brigadier-generals, frequently, if not always, had attached to their staff medical directors, inspectors or surgeons of corps, divisions and brigades.

We gather the following figures from the elaborate and invaluable "Roster of General Officers, etc., in Confederate Service," prepared from official sources by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., of Augusta, Georgia.*

CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

Generals	6
Provisional Army:	
Generals	2
Confederate States Army—Regular and Provisional:	
Lieutenant-Generals	21
Major-Generals	99
Brigadier-Generals	480
Colonels	1,319
Total	1,927

* Roster of General Officers, Heads of Departments, Senators, Representatives, Military organizations, &c., &c., in Confederate Service during the war between the States. By Charles C. Jones, Jr., late Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery. Richmond, Va. *Southern Historical Society*, 1876.

If it be estimated that for each of these officers, one surgeon and two assistant-surgeons were appointed, and served in field and hospital, then the Confederate Medical Corps was composed of about the following :

Surgeons	1,927	
Assistant-Surgeons	3,854	
		5,781

This estimate places the number of surgeons and assistant-surgeons at too high a figure, as may be shown by the following considerations :

a. Many regiments and battalions had not more than two medical officers.

b. The casulties of war were much more numerous, and promotion was much more rapid, amongst the line officers than in the Medical Staff.

A more accurate estimate of the actual number of medical officers actively engaged in the Confederate army during the war 1861–'65, may be based upon the number of regiments, battalions and legions of infantry, cavalry and artillery, furnished by the individual States, during the civil war :

Total number of regiments—infantry	536
" " cavalry	124
" " artillery	13
Total	673

These regiments were furnished by the individual States, as follows :

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.
Alabama	57	3	...
Arkansas	34	6	...
Florida	9	3	...
Georgia	67	10	...
Kentucky	11	9	...
Louisiana	34	1	1
Maryland	1	...	...
Mississippi	51	5	1
Missouri	15	6	...
North Carolina	60	5	4

South Carolina	33	7	3
Tennessee	70	12	...
Texas	22	32	...
Virginia	64	19	4
Confederate	8	6	...
Total	536	124	13
Grand total regiments	673		

Total number of battalions—infantry	67
" " cavalry	28
" " artillery	50
Total	145

Total legions—infantry	13
" " cavalry	3
" " artillery	...
Total	16

Total battalions and legions	161
Total regiments	673
Total regiments, battalions and legions comprising the Confederate army during the war 1861–1865	834

If one surgeon and two assistant-surgeons be allowed to each separate command actively engaged in the field during the civil war, 1861–1865, the numbers would be as follows:

Surgeons	834
Assistant-surgeons	1,668
Total	2,502

The medical officers of the Confederate navy numbered:

Surgeons	22
Assistant-surgeons	10
Passed assistant-surgeons	41
Total medical officers C. S. N.	73

If to the above be added the surgeons of the general hospitals, recruiting and conscript camps, the entire number of medical officers in the Confederate army during the war 1861-1865 did not amount to three thousand.

The Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans has endeavored to construct an accurate roster from his labors in the field and hospital during the war, and from the official roll of the Confederate armies in the field, and thus far he has been able to record the names and rank of near two thousand Confederate surgeons and assistant-surgeons.

The official list of the paroled officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendered by General Robert E. Lee, April 9th, 1865, furnished three hundred and ten surgeons and assistant-surgeons.

The co-operation in this most important work is solicited from every surviving member of the Medical Corps of the Southern Confederacy.

When perfected, this Roster will be published as a roll of honor and deposited in the archives of the United Confederate Veterans.

The Determination of the Number and Condition of the Surviving Confederate Soldiers who were Disabled by the Wounds and Diseases Received in the Defence of the Rights and Liberties of the Southern States.

To accomplish this important and benevolent work, the following inquries have been addressed to the Governors of the Southern States, namely: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia:

CIRCULAR NO. 2.

OFFICE SURGEON-GENERAL, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
156 WASHINGTON AVENUE, 4TH DISTRICT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., *April 9th, 1890.*

To His Excellency Governor ———, *State of* ——— *:*

The attention of your Excellency is respectfully directed to the fact that in the year 1889 the Association of the United Confederate

Veterans was formed in New Orleans for historical, social and benevolent purposes. Our illustrious Commanding-General, His Excellency General John B. Gordon, has ordered the assembling of the Confederate Veterans in Chattanooga, Tennessee, 3d of July, 1890. The welfare of the United Confederate Veterans will be materially promoted if your Excellency will furnish the Surgeon-General with the following data:

1. The number of troops furnished to the Confederate States by the State of ——.
2. Number of wounded during the civil war 1861–1865.
3. Number of killed during the civil war 1861–1865.
4. Number of deaths by wounds and disease.
5. Number of Confederate survivors now living in the State of ——.
6. The amount of moneys appropriated by the State of —— for the relief and support of the survivors of the Confederate Army from the close of the civil war in 1865 to the present date, 1890.
7. Name, location and capacity of all establishments, hospitals or homes, devoted to the care of maimed, sick and indigent survivors of the Confederate States Army.
8. A detailed statement of the moneys expended by the State of —— for the support of the maimed, disabled and indigent survivors of the Confederate Army.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.

It was earnestly desired that prompt and full reports on the part of the Chief Executives of the Southern States would have enabled the Surgeon-General to place in the hands of the Commanding General of the United Confederate Veterans, at the first reunion, on the 4th of July, 1890, full statistics of the number of disabled Confederate veterans cared for by the individual States. But replies have been received from only six of the thirteen States of the late Confederacy, and in three of these States it appears that no official assistance has been rendered by the State authorities to the Confederate veterans of 1861–1865.

The Southern States are morally bound to succor and support the men who were disabled by the wounds and diseases received in their service, and the widows and orphans of those who fell in battle.

The Confederate soldiers who engaged in the struggle for constitutional liberty and the right of self-government were neither rebels nor traitors; they were true and brave men, who devoted their fortunes and their lives to the mothers who bore them, and their precious blood watered the hills, valleys and plains of their native States, and their bodies sleep in unknown graves, where they shall rest until the last great trumpet shall summon all alike, the conquered and the conqueror.

The survivors have no government with its hundreds of millions for pensions; in the loneliness and suffering of advancing years and increasing infirmities, they can look alone to the States which they served so faithfully in battle, in victory and in defeat.

The noble soldiers who composed the illustrious armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee made a gallant fight against overwhelming odds for what they believed to be sacred rights and constitutional liberty. The contest was decided by the sword against them.

These matchless soldiers accepted the issue in good faith; they returned to their homes; they resumed the avocations of peace, and engaged in building up the broken fortunes of family and country. These brave soldiers have discharged the *obligations of good and peaceful citizens as well as they had performed the duties of thorough soldiers on the battle-field.* It has been well said that no country ever produced braver or more intelligent and chivalric soldiers or more industrious, law-abiding and honorable citizens than were the soldiers who surrendered with the Confederate flag. The earth has never been watered by nobler or richer blood than that shed by those who fell beneath its folds.

I have the honor, General, to remain

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.

II. Brief Report of the First Reunion of the Survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy, July 2, 1890, in N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tennessee—Address of Surgeon-General Joseph Jones, M. D., United Confederate Veterans, Containing War Statistics of the Confederate Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee; also Casulties of Battles of Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga; Engagements from Dalton to Atlanta; Battles Around Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin and Nashville.

The meeting of the Confederate surgeons, assembled by invitation in N. B. Forrest Camp, was called to order by Surgeon G. W. Drake of Chattanooga, Medical Director of the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, who explained its objects and extended a hearty welcome in a brief but eloquent address.

Surgeon Drake introduced Joseph Jones, M. D., of New Orleans, Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, who spoke as follows:

"Comrades, survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy, we meet for the *first reunion* since the close of the war between the Northern and Southern States in this Camp, which bears the name of N. B. Forrest, one of the greatest cavalry leaders of the American war of 1861–1865. In the midst of this peaceful and beautiful city, we are surrounded by the mementoes and emblems of war. Dr. J. B. Cowan, Chief Surgeon, and Dr. John B. Morton, Chief of Artillery of General N. B. Forrest's cavalry, and Dr. A. E. Flewellen, Medical Director of the Army of Tennessee under General Braxton Bragg, and many other distinguished representatives of the Confederate Army and Navy, are with us; and we are glad to welcome once more the noble forms and brave countenances of the Confederate veterans.

As the speaker stood this day upon the summit of Lookout Mountain, at an elevation of two thousand six hundred and seventy-eight feet, the mountains and valleys of Tennessee and Georgia presented a panorama of wonderful beauty and unsurpassed historical interest. At the foot of the mountain, which stands silent and alone, like the Egyptian Sphinx, winds the beautiful Tennessee, embracing the growing and active city of Chattanooga, like a crown of jewels, spreading around and over Cameron's Hill, once crowned with stern battlements and frowning cannon. Here at our feet lies Moccasin Bend, as beautiful as a garden with its fields of waiving grain. Up

this steep mountain side charged the Northern hosts, and here was fought "The Battle Above the Clouds." The eye ranges over Waldron's Ridge and Missionary Ridge, rendered historic by bloody and desperate battles. Twenty-seven years ago the soldiers of General Bragg, ranged along the crest of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, held the Northern army closely invested within the military and fortified camp of Chattanooga, and sustaining upon their bayonets the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy in the West, they resisted the southward flow of the red tide of war, and for a time protected the mountains, hills and valleys of Georgia from the devastating march of Northern hostile armies.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA.

To the south winds the river of Death along whose densely wooded bank, on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, lay thirty thousand dead, dying and wounded Confederate and Federal soldiers.

The battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, is justly regarded as one of the most bloody conflicts of the war.

General Bragg's effective force on the first day of the battle, September 19, 1863, exclusive of cavalry, was a little over thirty-five thousand men, which was in the afternoon reinforced by five brigades of Longstreet's corps numbering about five thousand effective infantry, without artillery. The Confederate loss was in proportion to the prolonged and obstinate struggle, and two-fifths of these gallant troops were killed and wounded.

Dr. A. E. Flewellen, the Medical Director of the Army of Tennessee, who is with us at this reunion, active and energetic in body and mind, at the age of seventy years, gave the following estimate of the Confederate losses in this bloody battle of Chickamauga:

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA—CONFEDERATE LOSSES.

Corps:	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Polk	440	2,891	3,331
Hill	311	2,354	2,665
Buckner	436	2,844	3,280
Walker	367	2,045	2,412
Longstreet	260	1,656	1,916
Forrest	10	40	50
Grand total	1,824	11,830	13,654

The full and revised returns of all the Confederate forces engaged in this bloody battle show that the estimate of the Medical Director of the casulties was below and not above the actual loss.

The aggregate casulties of the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, were officially reported by General Braxton Bragg, as two thousand and twelve killed, twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine wounded, and two thousand and eighty-four missing; total, seventeen thousand and ninety five.

From the original reports in the possession of General Braxton Bragg, we consolidated the following:

On the 19th of September, Lieutenant-General Polk's corps numbered thirteen thousand three hundred and thirteen effective officers and men, artillery and infantry; on the 20th, eleven thousand and seventy-five. During the two days' battle, Polk's corps lost, killed four hundred and forty-two, wounded three thousand one hundred and forty-one, missing five hundred and thirty-one; total four thousand one hundred and fourteen.

On the 19th of September, Lieutenant-General Longstreet's corps numbered two thousand one hundred and eighty-nine; on the 20th, seven thousand six hundred and thirty-five; loss, killed four hundred and seventy-one, wounded two thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, missing three hundred and eleven; total three thousand six hundred and sixty-nine.

Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill's corps numbered, September 19th, seven thousand one hundred and thirty-seven; on the 20th, eight thousand eight hundred and twelve; loss, killed three hundred and eighty, wounded two thousand four hundred and fifty-six, missing one hundred and sixty-eight; total three thousand and four.

Major-General S. B. Buckner's corps numbered, September 19th, nine thousand and eighty; on the 20th, six thousand nine hundred and sixty-one; loss, killed three hundred and seventy-eight, wounded two thousand five hundred and sixty-six, missing three hundred and forty-one; total three thousand two hundred and eighty-five.

Major-General W. H. F. Walker's corps, September 19th, seven thousand five hundred and thirty-seven; 20th, five thousand nine hundred and seventy-four; loss, killed three hundred and forty-one, wounded one thousand nine hundred and forty-nine, missing seven hundred and thirty-three; total three thousand and twenty-three.

On the 19th of September the number of Confederate officers and men engaged were:

Infantry officers	3,343
Infantry enlisted men	34,096
Total infantry	37,439
Artillery—Officers	76
Enlisted men	1,791
Total	1,867
Total infantry and artillery	39,306

On the 20th of September the number of Confederate officers and men engaged were :

Infantry—Officers	3,648
Enlisted men	35,124
Total infantry	38,772
Artillery—Officers	68
Enlisted men	1,617
Total artillery	1,685
Total infantry and artillery	40,457

Total officers and men killed, wounded and missing, artillery and infantry, September 19 and 20, 1863: killed, two thousand and twelve; wounded, twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine; missing, two thousand and eighty-four; total, seventeen thousand and ninety-five.

RIGHT WING, COMMANDED BY LIEU'T GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Polk's corps	442	3,141	531	4,114
Hill's corps	380	2,456	168	3,004
Wallker's corps	341	1,949	733	3,023
	1,163	7,546	1,432	10,141

LEFT WING, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

Longstreet's corps	471	2,887	311	3,669
Buckner	378	2,566	341	3,285
	849	5,453	652	6,954

Grand total right and left wing: killed, two thousand and twelve; wounded, twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine; missing, two thousand and eighty-four: total, seventeen thousand and ninety-five.

Nearly one-half of the army consisted of reinforcements, just before the battle without a wagon or an artillery horse, and nearly if not quite one-third of the artillery horses were lost on the field; the medical officers had means greatly inadequate, especially in transportation, for the great number of wounded suddenly thrown upon their hands, in a wild and sparsely settled country; many of the wounded were exhausted by two days' battle, with limited supply of water, and almost destitute of provisions.

The fruits of this glorious victory, purchased by an immense expenditure of the precious blood of the Southern soldiers, were lost to the Southern Confederacy through the indecision and indiscretion of the Confederate commander.

CASUALTIES OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE, NOVEMBER, 1863.

The casualties of the Army of Tennessee during the subsequent disasters of Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and Knoxville, Tennessee, are comparatively small in comparison to the magnitude of the operations.

The losses of the Confederate forces were:

Knoxville, November 18 to 29—Killed, two hundred and sixty; wounded, eight hundred and eighty; total, one thousand one hundred and forty.

Lookout Mountain, November 23 and 24—Killed, forty-three: wounded, one hundred and thirty-five; total, one hundred and seventy-eight.

Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863—Killed, three hundred and eighty-three; wounded, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two; total, two thousand two hundred and sixty-five.

Tunnel Hill, November 27—Killed, thirty; wounded, one hundred and twenty-nine; total, one hundred and fifty-nine.

Aggregate of these engagements—Killed, seven hundred and sixteen: wounded, three hundred and two; total, three thousand seven hundred and forty-two.

We have, then, as a grand aggregate of the Confederate losses in battle in the operations around Chattanooga, Tennessee:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19 and 20	2,012	12,999	2,087
Knoxville, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Tunnel Hill, Nov. 18, 29	716	3,026	——
Total	2,728	16,025	
Aggregate loss			20,840

This estimate does not include the losses in prisoners sustained by General Bragg's army at Knoxville, at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, which would swell the total loss to over thirty-thousand men.

The desperate and bloody nature of the Confederate operations around Chattanooga, in the months of September and November, 1863, will be seen by a brief view of the preceding great battles fought by the armies of Mississippi and Tennessee, and of the subsequent campaigns under General Joseph E. Johnston and General J. B. Hood, in 1864 and 1865.

At the battle of Belmont, Missouri, on the 7th November, 1861, the Confederate forces, under the command of General Leonidas Polk, defeated the Federal forces under General U. S. Grant, with a loss to the former of killed, one hundred and five; wounded, four hundred and nineteen; missing, one hundred and seventeen; total, six hundred and forty-one.

The Confederate operations of 1861 and 1862, as conducted by General Albert Sidney Johnston, at the battle of Shiloh, were characterized by the most appalling disasters.

Fort Henry, Tennessee, fell February 6, 1862, with an insignificant loss of five killed, eleven wounded, sixty-three prisoners.

Fort Donelson, Tennessee, after three days' fighting, February 14, 15 and 16, 1862, surrendered, with a loss of killed, two hundred and thirty-one; wounded, one thousand and seven; prisoners, thirteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine; total Confederate loss, fifteen thousand and sixty-seven. With the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, the Cumberland and Tennessee were opened to the passage of the iron-clad gunboats of the Northern army; Kentucky passed under the Federal yoke; Nashville, the proud political and

literary emporium of Tennessee, was lost, and this noble State became the common battle-ground of hostile and contending armies.

Both sides levied recruits and supplies from the unfortunate citizens of Tennessee; Columbus, Kentucky, was abandoned, and the fall of Island No. 10, Fort Pillow and Memphis followed.

The unbroken tide of Federal victory in the West was rudely arrested by the armies gathered by General Albert Sidney Johnston and General G. T. Beauregard near the southern shore of the Tennessee, at Corinth, Mississippi.

The brave Confederate commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston sealed his devotion to the Southern Confederacy with his life, on the 6th of April, 1862, whilst leading to victory the gallant soldiers of the Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee.

At the battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862, the effective total of the Confederate forces, comprising the Army of Mississippi, before the battle, numbered, forty thousand three hundred and fifty-five, and after the bloody repulse of the 7th, the effective total was only twenty-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-six. General Beauregard, in his official report, places his loss at Shiloh at one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight killed outright, eight thousand nine hundred and twelve wounded, nine hundred and fifty-nine missing, making an aggregate of casualties of ten thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

The losses at Shiloh were distributed among the different corps of the Confederate army as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
First Corps, Major-General Polk.....	385	1,953	19
Second Corps, Major-General Bragg.....	553	2,441	634
Third Corps, Major-General Hardee.....	404	1,936	141
Reserve, Major-General Breckenridge....	386	1,682	165
Total.....	1,728	8,012	959

The suffering of the Confederate wounded were great, indeed, as they lay upon the cold ground of Shiloh during the night of the 6th, exposed to the pitiless rain and the murderous fire of the gunboats. In the subsequent siege of Corinth, less than fifty thousand Confederate troops successfully resisted the advance of one hundred and twenty-five thousand Federal troops abundantly supplied with food and water, and armed and equipped with most approved weapons of modern warfare.

The losses of the Confederate forces from disease during the siege of Corinth equalled, if they did not exceed, the casualties of the battle of Shiloh.

General Beauregard, by his masterly evacuation of Corinth, eluded his powerful antagonist. The Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee, under the leadership of General Bragg, inaugurated the campaign of 1862 for the recovery of Tennessee and Kentucky.

At the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, October 8, 1862, the Army of Mississippi, under the command of General Leonidas Polk, lost, killed, five hundred and ten; wounded, two thousand six hundred and thirty-five; missing, two hundred and fifty-one; total, three thousand three hundred and ninety-six.

In the Kentucky campaign of 1862, the Confederate troops under the command of Generals Braxton Bragg and E. Kirby Smith manifested their powers of endurance on long and fatiguing marches, and their excellent discipline in retreating in good order in the face of overwhelming hostile forces.

At the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, and January 1, 1863, the Confederate army lost nearly one-third of its number in killed and wounded.

General Bragg, in his official report of this battle, estimates the number of his fighting men in the field on the morning of the 31st of December at less than thirty-five thousand, of which about thirty thousand were infantry and artillery. During the two days' fighting General Bragg's army lost one thousand six hundred killed and eight thousand wounded; total, nine thousand six hundred killed and wounded.

From the 6th of April, 1862, to the close of the year 1863, the Army of Mississippi and Tennessee lost in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga six thousand and forty-six killed on the field, and thirty-two thousand and thirty-five wounded; total killed and wounded, thirty-eight thousand and eighty-one.

We do not include in this estimate the loss sustained at Perryville, in Bragg's Kentucky campaign, or in numberless skirmishes and cavalry engagements. More than fifty thousand wounded men were cared for by the medical officers of the Army of Tennessee during a period of less than twenty-one months.

The deaths from disease exceeded those from gun-shot wounds, and the sick from the camp diseases of armies greatly exceeded the wounded, in the proportion of about five to one; and during the

period specified, embracing the battles of Shiloh and Chickamauga, the sick and wounded of the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi numbered more than two hundred thousand.

Surely from this mass of suffering humanity, valuable records and practical precepts in the practice of medicine and military surgery must have been evolved. It was and is the solemn duty of every member of the Medical Corps of the Army of Tennessee to place the results of his experience in a tangible form, accessible to his comrades ; and no officer, however important his position during the Confederate struggle, has the right to withhold for his personal benefit the Hospital and Medical Records of the Army of Tennessee. These views are applicable to the medical and surgical statistics of the several armies of the late Confederacy east and west of the Mississippi.

The Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi, under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston, sustained a loss of killed, one thousand two hundred and twenty-one, wounded, eight thousand two hundred and twenty-nine ; total, nine thousand four hundred and fifty—in the series of engagements around and from Dalton, Georgia, to the Etowah river, May 7th to May 30th, 1864; series of engagements around New Hope Church, near Marietta, June 1, July 4, 1864.

The Army of Tennessee (the Army of Mississippi being merged into it), under the command of General J. B. Hood, during the series of engagements around Atlanta and Jonesboro July 4 to September 1, 1864, loss, killed, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three, wounded, ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-three; total, twelve thousand five hundred and forty-six.

During a period of four months the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi fought no less than six important battles, and sustained a loss of killed, three thousand and forty-four, wounded eighteen thousand nine hundred and fifty-two. Total killed and wounded, twenty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-six.

During the month of October, 1864, the Army of Tennessee lost killed, one hundred and eighteen; wounded, six hundred and twenty-two ; total, seven hundred and forty. During the month of November : Killed, one thousand and eighty-nine; wounded, three thousand one hundred and thirty-one ; total, four thousand two hundred and twenty. These casualties include the bloody battle of Franklin, Tennessee, fought November 30, 1864.*

* Report of Surgeon A. J. Foard, Medical Director Army of Tennessee.

As shown by Colonel Mason's official report, made on the 10th of December, ten days after the battle of Franklin, the effective strength of the Army of Tennessee was: Infantry, eighteen thousand three hundred and forty-two; artillery, two thousand four hundred and five; cavalry, two thousand three hundred and six; total, twenty-three thousand and fifty-three. This last number, subtracted from thirty thousand six hundred, the strength of General Hood's army at Florence, shows a total loss, from all causes, of seven thousand five hundred and forty-seven from the 6th of November to the 10th of December, which period embraces the engagements at Columbia, Franklin, and of Forrest's cavalry.*

At the battle of Nashville, the Army of Tennessee lost in killed and wounded about two thousand five hundred, making the total loss during the Tennessee campaign about ten thousand.

According to Colonel Mason's statement, there were, including the furloughed men, about eighteen thousand five hundred men, effectives, of the infantry and artillery at Tupelo after General Hood's retreat from Nashville. Before the advance of the army into Tennessee on the 6th of November, 1864, the effective strength was thirty thousand six hundred, inclusive of the cavalry.

Thus we find at Tupelo, eighteen thousand five hundred infantry and artillery, and two thousand three hundred and six Forrest's cavalry, to which add ten thousand lost from all causes, and the total sum amounts to thirty thousand eight hundred and six effectives. General Hood thus estimates his loss in the Tennessee campaign to have been in excess of ten thousand.

Of the once proud Army of Tennessee, less than twenty thousand foot-sore, shoeless, ragged soldiers escaped with Hood's advance into Tennessee; at the same time a large army (in numbers at least) of sick, wounded and convalescents crowded the general hospitals in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

The life of the Confederacy was bound up in its armies, and when these armies were scattered in the field and their means of sustenance and transportation destroyed, all hope of final success perished. With the Southern Confederacy, the problem was one of endurance and resources; and no Confederate general appears to have comprehended this truth more thoroughly than Joseph E. Johnston. In his masterly retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, he opposed successfully

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* General J. B. Hood, "*Advance and Retreat*," p. 298.

less than fifty thousand Confederate troops against General Sherman's powerful, thoroughly armed and equipped army of more than one hundred thousand brave, stalwart Western soldiers. In his slow retreat, General Johnston was ever ready to give battle, and whilst inflicting greater losses upon his great adversary than his own forces sustained, he, nevertheless, during this incessant fighting maintained the morale, discipline, valor and thorough organization and armament of his soldiers.

The chief executive of the Southern Confederacy, with all his lofty patriotism and burning ardor for the defence of his bleeding country, placed too high an estimate upon his own individual military genius, and failed to grasp in all its bearings the problem of the terrible death struggle of the young nation.

General Hood combined with unbounded energy and dauntless courage and glowing patriotism a fiery ambition for military glory which led him to overestimate his own military genius and resources and at the same time to underestimate the vast resources and military strategy of his antagonist.

When General Hood ceased to confront General Sherman, and opened the way for his desolating march through the rich plantations of Georgia, the Empire State of the South, the fate of the Confederacy was forever sealed. The beleagured Confederacy, torn and bleeding along all her borders, was in no position to hurl her war-worn, imperfectly clad and poorly armed and provisioned battalions upon fortified cities.

The effort to destroy forces aggregating in Georgia and Tennessee near two hundred thousand effectives by a force of less than forty thousand men, which had cut loose from its base of supplies, exceeded the wildest dream of untamed military enthusiasm.

Of the gallant soldiers whose blood reddened the waters of the Tennessee and enriched the hills and valleys of Georgia, Tennessee furnished seventy regiments of infantry and twelve regiments of cavalry.

If the soldiers furnished by Tennessee to the Federal army be added, it is only just to say that she alone furnished more than one hundred thousand men to the American war of 1861–'65, and won afresh the title of the *Volunteer State.*

Noble Tennessee! The generous and prolific mother of brave soldiers and of beautiful and intrepid women.

What changes have been wrought in a quarter of a century! The songs of birds, the sturdy blows of the woodman's axe have sup-

planted the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; the soil which drank up the blood of Southern soldiers bears its precious burden of golden corn and snowy white fleecy cotton; the laughter of women and prattle of children, and the merry whistle of the plowman fill the places of the brazen trumpet and the martial music of the fife and drum, and the hoarse shouts of contending men, and groans of the wounded and dying; the entrenched camp and ragged village of 1865 has given place to the thriving city of fifty thousand inhabitants, with its workshops, factories, well filled stores, electric lights and railways, and its universities of science and literature.

Here in this historic place the weary invalids of the Northern clime may rest in the shadows and bathe their fevered brows in the cool breezes of these grand mountains.

In this brief record of the heroic efforts of the soldiers of the Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee to defend the Southern States from the Northern invaders, we have time but to make a brief allusion to the defence of the Mississippi river by the Confederate Government, which was characterized by a long chain of disasters.

The fall of Forts Henry and Donelson opened the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers to the iron clads of the Federals and convoyed and protected their armies as they marched into the heart of the Confederacy. The strong fortifications erected by General Leonidas Polk, at Columbus, Kentucky, were evacuated by the orders of the commanding Generals, Albert Sidney Johnston and G. T. Beauregard.

Island No. 10 fell with a loss of seventeen killed and five hundred prisoners, on the 8th of April, 1862, and the navigation of the Mississippi river was secured by the Federal fleet up to the walls of Fort Pillow, above Memphis, Tennessee.

New Orleans, the commercial emporium of the Confederacy, fell after an inglorious defence (April 18, April 28, 1862), characterized by indecision, incompetence and insubordination, with the trifling loss of one hundred and eighty-five killed, one hundred and ninety-seven wounded, four hundred prisoners; total Confederate loss, seven hundred and eighty-two.

Wise statesmanship dictated that the entire power and resources of the Southern Confederacy should have been concentrated upon the defence of the mouth of the Mississippi river. The future historian of this war will find in the fall of Forts Henry, Donelson, and of New Orleans the first and greatest disasters of the Southern cause from which unnumbered and fatal disasters flowed, and which ended in the final destruction of the Confederacy.

The evacuation of Fort Pillow was followed by the surrender at Memphis, Tennessee, June 6, 1862, after a loss of eighty-one killed and wounded, and one hundred missing, incurred in the resistance offered by the Confederate flotilla, consisting of the gunboats Van Dorn, Price, Jeff Thompson, Bragg, Lovell, Beauregard, Sumpter and Little Rebel.

The defence of Vicksburg includes: The battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862, General J. Breckenridge: killed, eighty-four; wounded, three hundred and sixteen; missing, seventy-eight; total Confederate loss, four hundred and sixty-eight. Iuka, Mississippi, September 19 and 20, General Sterling Price: killed, two hundred and sixty-three; wounded, six hundred and ninety-two; missing, five hundred and sixty-one; total, one thousand five hundred and sixteen. Corinth, Mississippi, October 3 and 4, 1862, Generals Van Dorn and Sterling Price: killed, five hundred and ninety-four; wounded, two thousand one hundred and sixty-two; missing, two thousand one hundred and two; total, four thousand eight hundred and six. Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, Major-General John S. Bowen: killed and wounded, one thousand one hundred and fifty; missing, five hundred; total, one thousand six hundred and fifty. Baker's Creek, May 16, 1863, Lieutenant-General Pemberton: killed and wounded, two thousand; missing, one thousand eight hundred; total, three thousand eight hundred. Big Black River, May 17, 1863, Lieutenant-General Pemberton: killed and wounded, six hundred; missing, two thousand five hundred; total, three thousand one hundred and ten. Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 18 to July 4, 1863: Lieutenant-General J. C. Pemberton: killed, wounded, missing and prisoners, thirty-one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven. Port Hudson, Louisiana, May 27 to July 9, 1863; killed and wounded, seven hundred and eighty: missing and prisoners, six thousand four hundred and eight; total, seven thousand one hundred and eighty-eight. Jackson, Mississippi, July 9 to 26, General Joseph E. Johnston: killed, seventy-one; wounded, five hundred and four; missing, twenty-five; total, six hundred.

During the operations in Mississippi and Louisiana on the east bank of the Mississippi river for the defence of Vicksburg, commencing with the battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862, and ending with the evacuation of Jackson, Mississippi, July 19, 1863, the Confederate army lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, fifty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen officers and men—an army equal in numbers to the largest ever assembled upon any battle-field of the

war under any one Confederate commander. If we add to this the losses occurring in the field and general hospitals, from sickness, discharges, deaths and desertions, the loss sustained by the Confederate forces in these operations would equal an army of at least seventy-five thousand.

The heart of the Southern patriot stands still at the recital of these humiliating details. The Confederate commander, General J. C. Pemberton, was not merely outnumbered, but he was outgeneraled by his Northern antagonists.

What medical and surgical records have been preserved of this mass of suffering, disease and death? Who has written the medical history of the sufferings of the brave defenders of Vicksburg?

Fellow soldiers and comrades of the Confederate Army and Navy, I accepted the honor conferred upon me by one of the most illustrious captains of the struggle for Southern independence, not because it conferred power or pecuniary emoluments, but solely that I might in some manner further the chosen project of my life. When my native State, Georgia, seceded from the Federal union in January, 1861, I placed my sword and my life at her service. Entering as a private of cavalry, I served in defense of the sea coast in 1861, and although acting as surgeon to this branch of the service, I performed all the duties required of the soldier in the field. Entering the medical service of the Confederate army in 1862, I served as surgeon up to the date of my surrender in May, 1865. Through the confidence and kindness of Surgeon-General S. P. Moore, Confederate States Army, I was enabled to inspect the great armies, camps, hospitals, beleagured cities and military prisons of the Southern Confederacy.

The desire of my soul, and the ambition of my entire life, was to preserve, as far as possible, the medical and surgical records of the Confederate army during this gigantic struggle.

The defeat of our armies and the destruction of our government only served to increase my interest and still further to engage all my energies in this great work, which, under innumerable difficulties, I have steadily prosecuted in Augusta, Georgia, Nashville, Tennessee, and New Orleans, Louisiana, up to this happy moment when I greet the stern but noble faces of the survivors of the Confederate Army and Navy.

I hold this position, which has neither military fame nor financial resources, solely for the right which it gives me to issue a last appeal for the preservation of the Medical and Surgical Records of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

A veteran of more than four years' active service in the cause of the Southern Confederacy, at the end of a quarter of a century issues his last call of honor and glory to his comrades, which will be found at length in his report to the general commanding, which is now presented for the consideration of the survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy. (See preceding report.)

With the researches and records of the speaker taken during the war and subsequently, he has in his possession ample material for a volume relating to the Medical and Surgical History of the Confederate Army of not less than one thousand five hundred pages, and it is to be hoped that the survivors will furnish such data as will enable him to give accurate statements with reference to the labors, names and rank of the medical officers.

INSIGNIA OF THE MEDICAL CORPS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY.

In conclusion, comrades, the speaker would urge the adoption of some badge or device which should serve to distinguish the survivors of the Medical Corps of the Southern Confederacy.

The objects of this reunion and of this association are historical, benevolent and social, and the medal or seal which marks its realization should embody within a brief circle these sacred and noble sentiments.

The outer circle bearing the words "*Medical Corps Confederate States of America, Army and Navy, 1861–1865*," expresses the great historical fact, that within the circle of these four years a nation was born and exhibited to the world its existence, power and valor, in its well organized and efficient army and navy. Within the brief space of time, 1861-1865, was enacted one of the greatest and bloodiest revolutions of the ages, and a peculiar form of civilization passed forever away.

Upon the silver field and embraced by the outer circle rests a golden cross with thirteen stars—the Southern cross—the cross of the battle flag of the Southern Confederacy.

The reverse of the medal bears at the apex of the circle the letters U. C. V., and at the line under, the date 1890. The laurel leaf of the outer circle surrounds the venerated and golden head of the great Southern captain, General Robert E. Lee, who was the type of all that was heroic, noble and benevolent in the Confederate Army and Navy. Grand in battle and victory, General Lee was equally grand

and noble in defeat; and his farewell address to his soldiers has been the most powerful utterance for the pacification of the warlike elements of his country and the rehabilitation of the waste places of the South by the peaceful arts of agriculture, manufacturers and commerce.

Whilst the Southern armies were wreathed in victory, the thunderbolts of war, which made wide gaps through their ranks, inflicted irreparable damage. When the brave soldiers of the South sank to rest upon the bosom of their mother earth, they rose no more; the magnificent hosts which watered the plains, valleys and mountains with their precious blood were the typical and noble representatives of their race.

Whilst the North increased in resources and men, as the war went on, the Southern Confederacy was penetrated and rent along all her borders; her fertile plains were overrun and desolated, her gallant sons fell before the iron tempest of war, and her final overthrow and subjugation followed as the night does the day.

Comrades, survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy, is it not our solemn duty to commemorate the deeds of our comrades who yielded up their lives in the struggle for Southern independence, on the battle-field, in the hospital and in the military prison? Shall we not adopt a simple but imperishable medal which may be handed down to our children?"

ORGANIZATION OF A MEDICAL RELIEF CORPS DURING THE REUNION OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, AT CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, JULY 2, 3, AND 4, 1890.

An organization of a "Medical" Relief Corps was proposed by Dr. Jones, as accidents were likely to occur amongst the large army of Confederate veterans assembled from the surrounding States in Chattanooga, which would require the prompt aid of the medical profession.

The following physicians were appointed and requested to go on duty and act as a Medical Relief Corps, at the places designated, during the 3d, 4th and 5th of July, beginning at 8 A. M. each day. They will be relieved hourly, and take their turns in the order named:

At L. J. Sharp & Co.'s: Drs. E. A. Cobleigh, J. L. Gaston, G. M. Ellis, J. F. Sheppard, W. P. Creig, E. E. Kerr, W. B. Lee, Frederick B. Stapp, I. S. Dunham, D. E. Nelson, C. S. Wright, R. F. Wallace.

Snodgrass Hill: W. T. Hope, J. L. Atlee, Vaulx Gibbs, C. F. McGahan, W. B. Wells, A. M. Boyd, J. J. McConnell, W. C. Townes, Cooper Holtzclaw, A. P. Van Deever, T. C. V. Barkley.

Court-House: L. Y. Green, J. E. Reeves, G. A. A. Baxter, H. L. McReynolds. H. B. Wilson, F. M. Leverson, B. S. Wert, W. B. Bogart, E. B. Wise, H. Berlin, Y. J. Abernathy, J. R. Rathwell.

Joseph Jones, Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.

G. W. Drake, Medical Director.

P. D. Sims, Chief of Staff.

L. H. Wilson, Register.

All visiting physicians and surgeons of the Confederate States Army and Confederate States Navy, are requested to register at L. H. Wilson's drug store, 829 Market street.

After the committee was appointed, Dr. Jones, read his report to General John B. Gordon, Commander United Confederate Veterans.

Dr. J. E. Reeves delivered a short address, in which he complimented Dr. Jones very highly on the manner and thoroughness of his report, and in conclusion offered a motion to appoint a committee to draft suitable resolutions in regard to Dr. Jones' report. The following gentlemen composed the committee: Drs. Drake, Holtzclaw, Hope, Rees and Howard.

A recess of a few minutes allowed the committee time to retire and draft resolutions. The following are the resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been honored by the presence of Dr. Joseph Jones, Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans; and

WHEREAS, We have heard his able report to the illustrious General John B. Gordon, Commanding-General of the United Confederate Veterans, whose presence will also grace this reunion occasion; therefore,

Resolved, That we, surviving members of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy, and the medical profession, tender to Dr. Jones our gratitude for his very able presentation of the objects to be gained by the assembling of the survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Resolved, That he has placed the whole medical profession of the United States under obligations for his self-sacrificing labor in raising from oblivion the priceless statistics relating to the medical history of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Resolved, That we bespeak the earnest co-operation of the surviving surgeons of the Confederate Army and Navy, in his efforts to

procure the imperishable roster his unselfish labors have so auspiciously begun.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the press for publication.

The following insignia, prepared and presented in silver and gold by Surgeon-General Joseph Jones, will be adopted and worn by the surviving members of the Medical Corps of United Confederate Veterans: Silver disk, one inch in diameter, containing a gold cross, on which are thirteen stars; on face inside edge, "Medical Corps, C. S. A. and C. S. N., 1861–'65." On reverse—"United Confederate Veterans, 1890." Name and rank of officer on both faces.

After a short discussion, the meeting adjourned.

The following chairman of committees will look after the visiting physicians from the States which they represent:

Alabama—B. S. West, 714 Market street.
Arkansas—G. A. Baxter, 115 east Eighth street.
Florida—F. T. Smith, 10 west Ninth street.
Kentucky—L. Y. Green, Lookout Mountain.
Louisiana—W. L. Gahagan, 10 west Ninth street.
Maryland—E. A. Cobleigh, 729 Chestnut street.
Mississippi—N. C. Steele, 722 east Seventh street.
Missouri—H. L. McReynolds, 638 Market street.
North Carolina—T. G. Magee, 518 Georgia avenue.
South Carolina—C. F. McGahan, Richardson block.
Tennessee—P. D. Sims, 713 Georgia avenue.
Texas—E. B. Wise, 713 Georgia avenue.
Virginia—G. W. Drake, 320 Walnut street.
West Virginia—J. E. Reeves, 20 McCallie avenue.
New England States—E. M. Eaton, 20 east Eight street.
Middle States—F. M. Severson, 826 Market street.
Western States—J. J. Durand, 208 Pine street.
North-western States—E. F. Kerr, 709 Market street.
Canada—G. M. Ellis, 826 Market street.
Foreign Countries—H. Berlin, 600 Market street.

W. DRAKE, M. D., *Medical Director.*

The Medical Faculty of Chattanooga, under the able leadership of the Medical Director, Dr. G. W. Drake, were untiring in their kind attentions and general hospitality to the survivors of the Medical Corps of the United Confederate Veterans.

III. Official Correspondence, 1890–'92, of Joseph Jones, M. D., Surgeon-General U. C. V , with reference to the Forces and Losses of the individual Southern States during the War 1861–'65; and with reference to the Number and Condition of the surviving Confederate Soldiers who were disabled by the wounds and diseases received in the defence of the Rights and Liberties of the Southern States.

OFFICE OF SURGEON–GENERAL UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
156 WASHINGTON AVENUE,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., *February, 1892.*

JOHN B. GORDON, *General Commanding*
United Confederate Veterans:

GENERAL—I have the honor herewith to submit the results of an extended correspondence with the Executives of the Southern States which were formerly united under the Confederate Government.

This correspondence presents many facts of interest to the United Confederate Veterans.

Immediately after the acceptance of the honorary position of *Surgeon General of the United Confederate Veterans*, the author instituted extended inquiries with the design of determining:

1. The number of troops furnished by the Southern States during the Civil War, 1861–1865.

2. The number of killed and wounded, and the deaths caused by disease.

3. An accurate statement of the moneys appropriated by the individual States for the relief of disabled and indigent Confederate soldiers from the close of the war in 1865 to the time of this correspondence in 1892.

4. The names, rank and services of the medical officers of the Confederate Army and Navy.

The nature, and, to a certain extent, the results of these labors will be illustrated by the following facts and correspondence:

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Official communications were addressed to the Governor of Alabama in 1890 and 1891 by the Surgeon-General, United Confederate Veterans, but up to the present date, February, 1892, no reply has been received.

STATE OF ARKANSAS.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, LITTLE ROCK, *June 24, 1890.*

Professor JOSEPH JONES, *M. D., New Orleans, La.:*

DEAR SIR—Yours of some time since, received, and answer held with view of securing at least some of the information sought, but my time has been so occupied with official duties that I have been unable to get information. Besides this there are no records, official, in any of the State departments from which such information can be had, hence I can not comply with your request.

We are making an effort to organize the ex-Confederates in this State, and hope to succeed. We have raised a fund and will soon have a home at our capital, so as to be able to support such as are not able to support themselves.

Very truly yours,

JAMES P. EAGLE.

STATE OF FLORIDA.

TALLAHASSEE, *May 19, 1890.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, *Surgeon-General*
United Confederate Veterans:

SIR—Replying to yours of the 9th ultimo to the governor, I have the honor to report as follows, in reply to your queries:

1. Number of troops furnished to the Confederates States army from Florida about fifteen thousand.

2. Number of killed? I have no record showing and no means of estimating.

3. Number of wounded? I have no record showing and no means of estimating.

4. Number of deaths from wounds and disease? No record, etc.

5. Number of survivors? No means of estimating.

6. Amount appropriated for survivors to the present time? $120,934.

7. Name, etc., of hospitals and other institutions for the care of the survivors? None.

8. Detailed statement of moneys expended for the relief of the survivors, maimed and disabled?

During the year 1885 there was expended in pensions, $1,777.50.
During the year 1886 there was expended in pensions, $7,653.80.
During the year 1887 there was expended in pensions, $9,368.83.
During the year 1888 there was expended in pensions, $32,647.76.
During the year 1889 there was expended in pensions, $34,486.38.
For the year 1890 there has been appropriated $35,000.

In the year 1885 there were fifty-eight pensioners, receiving pensions at the rate of $5.00 per month.

In the year 1886 there were one hundred pensioners at the same rate.

In the year 1887 the rate was increased to $8.00 per month, and the restriction that the pension must be necessary to support and maintenance was removed. Under this law the number of pensions for the year 1887 increased to one hundred and sixty-seven, and by December, 1888, to three hundred and eighteen, which number had increased July 1, 1889, when the law was again changed, to three hundred and eighty-four. The present law grades the pensions according to the disability and restricts it to those who are in need and unable to earn a livelihood. Under this law the pension roll has been reduced to two hundred and eighteen.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. LANG, *Adjutant-General.*

TALLAHASSEE, *August 29, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, *Surgeon-General*
United Confederate Veterans:

SIR—Replying to yours of the 17th inst., to the governor, I can only make a repetition of my former letter of May 19, 1890, to you on the same subject, to-wit:

1. The number of troops furnished the Confederate States, from Florida, was about fifteen thousand, comprising eleven regiments, and several independent corps of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and six batteries of artillery. There are no records of these organizations extant, except an abstract of the muster-rolls of the first eight regiments of infantry, and the two cavalry regiments, with the several independent companies, subsequently forming the other three regiments of infantry.

2. There is absolutely nothing to show the number of killed, wounded, or died of disease.

3. There is no roster of the medical staff, but from personal recollection the writer can give the following names:

Dr. Thomas M. Palmer, Surgeon Second Florida regiment, from May —, 1861, till August, —, 1862, when Florida hospital was organized, and he made chief surgeon at Richmond, Virginia. Present address, Monticello, Florida.

Dr. Carey Gamble, surgeon of the First regiment, from April 3, 1861, and afterwards, of the Florida brigade, in the Army of Tennessee; now resides in Baltimore.

Dr. J. D. Godfrey, surgeon Fifth regiment, April, 1862; now resides in Jasper, Florida.

Dr. Thomas P. Gary, surgeon Seventh Florida regiment. Died at Ocala, Florida, 1891.

Dr. Richard P. Daniel, surgeon Eight regiment, May, 1862, till April 9, 1865; now resides in Jacksonville, Florida.

Dr. —— Hooper, assistant-surgeon Eight regiment; killed at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in line of duty, December 12, 1863.

Dr. Theophilus West, assistant-surgeon Eight regiment, from December 12, 1863, till April 9, 1865; address, Marianna, Florida.

Dr. R. W. B. Hargis, surgeon First regiment; address, Pensacola, Florida.

Dr. J. H. Randolph, surgeon department of Florida; present address, Tallahassee, Florida.

Dr. G. E. Hawes, surgeon Second regiment; present address, Palatka, Florida.

4. Acts passed by Florida Legislature, for aid of Confederate soldiers, see inclosed copies of same.

5. There are no soldiers' homes, hospitals, or other places of refuge for old soldiers in Florida.

6. Have not complete records, and can not furnish copies of such as there are, not being in print.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. LANG, *Adjutant-General of Florida.*

(CHAPTER 3681, NO. 15)

AN ACT to provide an Annuity for Disabled soldiers and Sailors of the State of Florida.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Florida:

SECTION 1. That any person who enlisted in the military or naval service of the Confederate States, or of this State, during the civil war between the States of the United States, who was a citizen of this State, at the time of enlistment, or who was a *bona fide* citizen of this State on January 1, 1875, who lost a limb or limbs while engaged in said military or naval service, occasioned by reason of such military or naval service, or who may thus have received wounds or injuries which afterward caused the loss of a limb or limbs, or who may have been permanently injured by wounds or disease contracted while in said service, and who may be a *bona fide* citizen of this State at the time of making application for the benefits herein provided for, shall be entitled to receive, per annum, in quarterly payments, the following allowance, or pay, to-wit: For total loss of sight, one hundred and fifty dollars; for total loss of one eye, thirty dollars; for total loss of hearing, thirty dollars; for loss of a foot or loss of a leg, one hundred dollars; for loss of all of a hand or loss of (an) arm, one hundred dollars; for loss of both hands or both arms, one hundred and fifty dollars; for loss of both feet or both legs, one hundred and fifty dollars; for loss of one hand or foot, and one arm or leg by same person, one hundred and fifty dollars; for permanent injuries from wounds whereby a leg is rendered substantially and essentially useless, ninety dollars; for permanent injuries from wounds whereby an arm is rendered substantially and essentially useless, ninety dollars; for other permanent injuries from wounds or diseases contracted during the service and while in line of duty as a soldier (or sailor) whereby the person injured or diseased has been rendered practically incompetent to perform ordinary manual avocations of life, ninety-six dollars. The benefits of this section shall inure to the widow of any soldier or sailor who was receiving a pension under the provisions of this act at the time of his death, which pension shall continue during such widowhood.

SEC. 2. That before any person shall be entitled to any of the benefits of this act, he shall make oath before some person authorized to administer oaths, stating in what company, regiment and brigade he was serving when the loss was sustained or injury received, and when it was lost or received, or when and where he contracted the disease which caused the amputation or loss of his limb or limbs, or produced the permanent disability claimed to exist.

SEC. 4. The widow of any soldier or sailor killed, or who shall have since died of wounds received while in the line of duty during the civil war between the States, who has since remained unmarried, shall receive a pension of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum during such widowhood. Proof of such death and continued widowhood shall be made as in other cases herein provided.

SEC. 5. That the benefits of this act shall accrue to the Florida State troops who may be disabled in line of duty when called into service by the authorities of this State.

SEC. 7. This act shall be in force from and after its passage and approval by the governor.

Approved June 8, 1889.

STATE OF GEORGIA.

We extract the following from the "Report of Madison Bell, Comptroller-General of the State of Georgia, covering the period from August 11, 1868, to January 1, 1869, submitted to His Excellency, Rufus B. Bullock, the Governor, January 12, 1869:"

MAIMED SOLDIERS.

By section 28, appropriation act of March, 1886, the sum of $20,000 was appropriated to furnish artificial limbs to indigent maimed soldiers; and by section 27 of the appropriation act of December, 1866, the further sum of $30,000 was appropriated for the same purpose. By reference to the books kept by my predecessors, I find that the first-named sum has been about exhausted, and that something over $12,000 of the second appropriation has been drawn. By a resolution of the General Assembly, maimed soldiers, under certain circumstances, were allowed to draw from the treasury the value of an artificial limb in cases where the stump was so short that such limb could not be fitted to it, and several applications of this kind have been presented to me since being in charge of the Comptroller's office, and I have been somewhat perplexed in determining what was the proper course to pursue. Although the appropriation has not been exhausted, and this unfortunate class of our fellow-citizens has commanded my deepest sympathy, yet I have, from a stern sense of official duty, persistently refused to approve any of these claims.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, *May 15, 1890.*

MY DEAR BROTHER—I am this morning in receipt of your letter of the 3d instant, and I regret it is not in my power to furnish accurate answers to your leading inquiries. General Marcus J. Wright, of the War Record Office, War Department, Washington, D. C., will, in my judgment, be best qualified to impart the desired information. All the captured Confederate records are accessible to him. He is much interested in all matters appertaining to Confederate affairs, having been a brigadier-general in Confederate service, and can, without doubt, turn at once to documents on file in the department which will satisfy your inquiries. I believe he will deem it a pleasure to respond, as fully as his leisure will permit, to your inquiries.

I enclose a copy of the latest act passed by the Legislature of Georgia providing for the relief of disabled Confederate soldiers. The provision is not as ample as it should be, but it is better than nothing, and ministers measurably to the comfort of those who are entitled to every consideration.

By public benefaction Georgia has established no hospital or home for the shelter of her disabled Confederate soldiers, but such an institution is now being builded near Atlanta with funds privately contributed by patriotic citizens of the State. When that institution is fairly under way, it is hoped that the General Assembly may be induced to receive it as a public institution, to recognize it as a necessary charity, and to make provision for its proper sustentation.

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES C. JONES, Jr.

Professor Joseph Jones, M. D.,
P. O. Box 1600, New Orleans, La.

APPROPRIATING ALLOWANCES FOR MAIMED CONFEDERATE SOLDIES.

(No. 48.)

AN ACT to amend an act, approved October 24, 1887, entitled "An act to carry into effect the last clause of article 7, section 1, paragraph 1, of the Constitution of 1877 and the amendments thereto."

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Georgia,* That the act approved October, 24, 1887, entitled "An act to carry into effect the last clause of article 7, section 1, paragraph 1, of the Constitution of 1877, as amended by vote of the people October, 1886," be, and the same is hereby, amended by striking therefrom the first section of said act, and inserting in lieu thereof the following, to-wit: "That any person who enlisted in the military service of the Confederate States, or of this State, during the civil war between the States of the United States, who was a *bona fide* citizen of this State on the 26th day of October 1886, who lost a limb or limbs while engaged in said military service, occasioned by reason of such military service, or who may have thus received wounds or injuries which afterward caused the loss of a limb or limbs," or who may have been permanently injured while in said service, and who may be a *bona fide* citizen of this State at the time of making application for the benefits herein provided for, shall be entitled to receive, once a year, the following allowances or pay for the purposes expressed in article 7, section 1, paragraph 1 (and the amendment thereto), of the Constitution of 1877, to-wit:

For total loss of sight, one hundred and fifty dollars.

For total loss of sight of one eye, thirty dollars.

For total loss of hearing, thirty dollars.

For loss of all of a foot or loss of leg, one hundred dollars.

For loss of all of a hand or loss of arm, one hundred dollars.

For loss of both hands or both arms, one hundred and fifty dollars.

For loss of both feet or both legs, one hundred and fifty dollars.

For the loss of one hand or foot, and one arm or leg by same person, one hundred and fifty dollars.

For permanent injuries from wounds whereby a leg is rendered substantially and essentially useless, fifty dollars.

For permanent injuries from wounds whereby an arm is rendered substantially and essentially useless, fifty dollars.

For the loss of one finger or one toe, five dollars.

For the loss of two fingers or two toes, ten dollars.

For the loss of three fingers or three toes, fifteen dollars.

For the loss of four fingers or four toes, twenty dollars.

For the loss of four fingers and thumb, or five toes, twenty-five dollars.

For other permanent injury from wounds or disease, contracted during the service, and while in line of duty as a soldier, whereby

the person injured or diseased has been rendered practically incompetent to perform the ordinary manual avocations of life, fifty dollars.

The applicant shall also procure the sworn statements of two reputable physicians of his own country, showing precisely how he has been wounded and the extent of the disability resulting from the wound or injury or disease described. All of said affidavits shall be certified to be genuine by the Ordinary of the county where made, and he shall in his certificate state that all the witnesses who testify to applicants' proofs are persons of respectability and good reputation, and that their statements are worthy of belief, and also that the attesting officer or officers are duly authorized to attest said proofs and that their signatures thereto are genuine.

SEC. IV. *Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That said act be further amended by adding: That the beneficiaries under the Acts of 1879 and the acts amendatory thereof, granting allowances to ex-Confederate soldiers who lost a limb or limbs in the service, shall be entitled to the benefits of this act, at the time the next payments are made to other disabled beneficiaries under the Act of 1887. And the sum necessary to make the payments provided by this act is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

SEC. V. *Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That all laws and parts of * laws in conflict with this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved December 24, 1888.

ATLANTA, GA., *April 14, 1890.*

JOS. JONES, M. D., *Surgeon-General, &c.:*

DEAR SIR—As early as possible the information you ask for will be obtained and forwarded.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

CLEMENT A. EVANS.

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*In a communication from the Rev. John Jones, D. D., of Georgia, published in the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, New Orleans, Louisiana, September 22, 1892, it is stated that the total annual appropriation by the State of Georgia for the relief of and surviving widows of Confederate veterans is $585,000, of which amount $185,000 has this year been expended on disabled Confederates residing in Georgia.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ATLANTA, GA., *August 27, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General Confederate Veterans,
156 Washington avenue, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—Your letter making inquiry about Confederate veterans has been received. It will be referred to the adjutant-general of the State, Captain Kell, with the request that he reply to it as soon as possible.

Very truly, etc.,

W. J. NORTHEN, *Governor.*

ADJUTANT-GENERALS' OFFICE,
ATLANTA, GA., *August 27, 1891.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans,
156 Washington avenue, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—Your communication of the 17th inst., headed official business, addressed to His Excellency, W. J, Northen, governor of Georgia, has been placed upon my desk. I at once called upon the governor, and informed him that while much of the information desired in your communication might be obtained by careful research, there was no clerical help in my office, and it was just impossible for me to furnish it. The governor desires me to communicate to you the above information. Regretting that he can not furnish you with the information requested.

With sincere regard, your obedient servant,

JOHN MCINTOSH KELL,
Adjutant-Inspector-General.

STATE OF KENTUCKY.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
FRANKFORT, *April 14, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, *New Orleans, La.:*

DEAR SIR—In answer to yours of the 9th inst., as to records of Confederate soldiers of Kentucky, allow me to refer you to General Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C. He has in charge the war papers of the Confederacy, and he, if anybody, can give the desired information.

Respectfully,

ED. PORTER THOMPSON,
Private Secretary to Governor.

P. S.—I can, however, answer as to the 6th, 7th, and 8th. No provision whatever is made by the State for her Confederate soldiers.

E. P. T.

STATE OF LOUISIANA.

BATON ROUGE, LA., *March 12, 1890.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, *New Orleans, La.:*

MY DEAR DOCTOR—Being desirous of obtaining the information which you are seeking and which you have requested me to obtain for you, I believe I have obtained the desired information from my last report as secretary of State, from page 107 to page 133 inclusive. I have, this day, mailed a copy to you.

I have also obtained from the adjutant-general's office his last report, which contains the appropriations made by the legislature for wounded and disabled soldiers, as well as to soldiers' home. I have also this day mailed a copy to you.

I have also obtained from the register of the State land office that 103 wounded and disabled soldiers have obtained land warrants under the provisions of Act No. 96, of 1884, and have actually located each 160 acres of land. The widows of Confederate soldiers who are in indigent circumstances are also entitled to the benefits of said act.

There are also, up to date, 564 Confederate soldiers who have obtained land warrants under Act No. 116 of 1886, entitling them to 160 acres of land. I would refer you particularly to the provisions of the last act. You can obtain a copy from the State Library.

In relation to the names of surgeons who served in the Confederate army, I have been informed that so far as the Army of Northern Virginia, you can have the names of the officers at New Orleans. There has been no record kept of the Army of Tennessee, unless Colonel A. J. Lewis can inform you.

I am, very truly, your obedient servant and friend,

OSCAR AROYO.

FROM THE VALUABLE "ROSTER OF THE LOUISIANA TROOPS MUSTERED INTO THE PROVISIONAL ARMY CONFEDERATE STATES," PREPARED BY COLONEL OSCAR AROYO, SECRETARY OF STATE.

The total original enlistments were:

LOUISIANA TROOPS MUSTERED INTO THE PROVISIONAL CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

Total original enrolment of infantry	36,243
Total original enrolment of artillery	4,024
Total original enrolment of cavalry	10,056
Total original enrolment of sappers and miners	276
Total original enrolment of engineers	212
Total original enrolment of signal corps	76
Total original enrolment of New Orleans State Guard	4,933
Grand total	55,820

REPORT OF THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF LOUISIANA.

Artificial Limbs.

Act 69, approved April 6, 1880, provides substantial artificial limbs for the *citizens of this State* who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States, and the adjutant-general is furnished with an official list of those entitled to the benefits of this act, which list serves them as a guide as to the number and kind of artificial limbs to be supplied by the State.

Section 5 of that act provides for the payment of the *pro rata* proportion of the appropriation of $12,000 for the year 1880, and of $8,000 for the year 1881; in case the beneficiaries take oath before the clerk of the district court of their parish, stating in their affidavits that they do not believe that the style of artificial limb contracted for by the adjutant-general would be of any practical use to them; in that case the adjutant-general is instructed to approve and indorse on the affidavits the contract price of the artificial limb to which the beneficiaries would be entitled under this act, which affidavits, so indorsed and approved, shall be the voucher of the auditor of public accounts for his warrant on the State treasurer in favor of the beneficiary.

By a latter resolution of the House of Representatives, under date of April 15, 1880, the adjutant-general is authorized and empowered to supplement the list of disabled soldiers, adopted and forwarded to him by the house, by the addition of the names of those at this time *citizens of the State*, who may forward or carry to him an affidavit made before the clerk of their parish that they lost a limb or limbs in the service of the Confederate States, approved by either of their representatives or senators, or by the addition of names of persons forwarded to him by either the Louisiana Division of Army of Northern Virginia, or Louisiana Division of Army of Tennessee.

Under this act 69, and under the resolution of the house referred to, the following artificial limbs are accounted for:

Appropriation for 1880	$12,000 00
Appropriation for 1881	8,000 00

Act 72, approved July 1, 1882, directs that the unexpended balances appropriated by Act No. 69 of 1880, be transferred to and appropriated out of the general fund of 1882 and 1883, to be paid out according to provisions and regulations of Act 69 of 1880.

For artificial limbs in 1882	$1,300 00
For repairs of same in 1882	1,000 00
For artificial limbs in 1883	1,300 00
For repairs of same in 1883	1,071 77

Under Act 72, the following artificial limbs and repairs to same have been furnished upon proper affidavits on file in this office:

Appropriation for 1882	$2,300 00
Appropriation for 1883	2,371 77

Act 46, approved July 5, 1884, appropriated eight thousand dollars out of the general fund of 1884, and eight thousand dollars out of the general fund of 1885, or so much thereof as may be necessary to supply and keep supplied with substantial artificial limbs the citizens of this State who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States.

Section 2 of this act provides that the list of those entitled to the benefits of the act, now on file in the adjutant-general's office of this State, which may be amended by the adjutant-general by adding the names of other soldiers upon proper proof furnished him, or by striking off the names of those who have died, or who may hereafter die, shall be his guide as to the number and kinds of artificial limbs to be supplied by the State.

Section 3 of the same act authorizes the adjutant-general of the State, with the governor's approval, to contract for the manufacture of the artificial limbs required.

The remaining sections of Act 46 provide that the affidavits or certificates for relief, under this bill, be countersigned by the proper officer of the association of the Army of Northern Virginia or the association of the Army of Tennessee. That those who received artificial limbs or the value of the same in warrants from the State in 1880, are entitled to the benefits of this act in 1884, and those who were supplied in 1881 to the benefits of this act in 1885. That all warrants issued under the same act are made receivable for any licenses or taxes due and payable to the general fund for the year in which they are issued.

Appropriation for 1884	$8,000 00
Appropriation for 1885	8,000 00

Act 115, approved July 8, 1886, directs that the unexpended balances, amounting to thirty-seven hundred and sixty-three dollars, be transferred to and re-appropriated out of the general fund of 1886, 1887, and 1888, to be paid out according to provisions and regulations of Act 46, as follows:

For artificial limbs and repairs of same in 1886	$1,500 00
For artificial limbs and repairs of same in 1887	1,500 00
For artificial limbs and repairs of same in 1888	763 00
	$3,763 00

Appropriation for 1886 ..... $1,500 00
Appropriation for 1887 ..... 1,500 00

Act 32, approved June 29, 1888, directs that the unexpended balances, amounting to eight hundred and forty-five dollars and ninety-one cents, appropriated by Act 115, Acts of 1886, be transferred to and appropriated out of the general fund of 1888, to supply the *citizens of this State* who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States, with substantial artificial limbs, and *those* whose disabilities are such, through wounds, surgical orperations, or injuries received in the line of duty as soldiers in the service of the Confederate States, that an artificial limb would be of no practical use, may have the benefit of the *pro rata* share of this appropriation, as hereinafter provided.

For the loss of the use of a leg, eighty dollars; for the loss of the use of an arm, sixty-five dollars; for the loss of the sight of an eye, sixty-five dollars; for the loss of hearing in one ear, twenty dollars; for the loss of the voice, eighty dollars; for the paralysis of any portion of the body, causing disability, sixty-five dollars. All such cases of disability to be established by the certificate of two medical practitioners of good standing in the parish or district where the beneficiary resides; all applications for relief to be approved by the proper officer of the association of the Army of Northern Virginia, or the Army of Tennessee; that all warrants issued under Act 32 are made receivable for any licenses or taxes due and payable to the general fund of the year in which they are issued.

Appropriation for 1888 ..... $845 91

Act 50, approved July 10, 1888, appropriates six thousand dollars out of the general fund for *the year 1889*, and *nine thousand dollars out of the general fund of 1889* to supply and keep supplied with substantial artificial limbs the *citizens of this State* who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States, under provisions similar to those expressed in Act 69 of 1880 and Act 46 of 1884.

Appropriation for 1888 ..... $6,000 00

The artificial limbs manufactured and furnished by Mr. A. McDermott, of New Orleans, under Acts 69 and 72, for the years 1880,

1881, 1882, and 1883, also under Acts 36 and 115, for the years 1884, 1885, 1886, and 1887, having proved satisfactory in every respect, the contract for artificial limbs required by the State of Louisiana to supply its citizens was, for the fifth time, awarded him, under Act 50, for the years 1888 and 1889.

The prices specified in the contract are as follows:

Artificial legs	$80 00
Repairs to an artificial leg	25 00
Artificial arms	65 00
Repairs to an artificial arm	15 00

All estimated for cash or its equivalent in warrants.

The fluctuations in these warrants for the past nine years have been from 60 to 96 cents.

SOLDIERS' HOME.

The General Assembly has made the following appropriations for founding and maintaining the "Louisiana Soldiers' Home," established in 1883, on Bayou St. John, near the bridge at the end of Esplanade street, New Orleans:

Out of the revenues of 1883	$ 2,500 00
Out of the revenues of 1884	2,500 00
For the year ending June 30, 1885	10,000 00
For the year ending June 30, 1886	10,000 00
For the year ending June 30, 1887	7,500 00
For the year ending June 30, 1888	7,500 00
For the year ending June 30, 1889	7,500 00
For the year ending June 30, 1890	7,500 00
	$55,000 00

To the above amount in State warrants may be added seven thousand dollars in cash, received from the two divisions of Louisiana Confedederate Veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia and Army of Tennessee, being the amount realized from the two days' sham battles and entertainments given at the Fair Grounds, New Orleans, in September, 1883.

The Soldiers' Home now affords comfortable quarters, clothing and subsistence to fifty-one Confederate veterans, all disabled from injuries, wounds or loss of limbs in line of duty.

To fully develop and carry out the purposes intended, and to establish on a firm basis the "Louisiana Soldiers' Home," in which all classes are interested, it is hoped that the General Assembly will continue the appropriations on a more liberal scale, for the extention and maintenance of this humane and deserving institution.

STATE OF MARYLAND.

Respectfully returned, and attention invited to remarks of General Johnson. No organizations of Confederate troops were furnished by the State, which was subjugated by the United States; but many thousands of her citizens went to the aid of the Confederate States, and served in most of them in their commands to the close of the civil war. (?)

Question No. 4. None.

Question No. 5. By act of the legislature a piece of property known as Pikesville Arsenal has been donated for a Confederate home, and now shelters some fifty or more veterans.

J. HOWARD, *Adjutant General.*

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

Official inquiries were addressed to the governor of Mississippi in 1890 and 1891.

No replies have been received to the respectful inquiries of the Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans, and in the absence of all information from Mississippi, we present with pleasure, for the consideration of the United Confederate Veterans, the following valuable communication from General Allen Thomas, who served with distinguished gallantry at the siege of Vicksburg:

RUNNYMEADE, *October 21, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, *Surgeon-General*
United Confederate Veterans:

MY DEAR DOCTOR—Your favor of September, after some delay in finding me, was received, I have been trying to refresh my memory with reference to your inquiries, but it has been so much

weakened by time and trouble that I find I am not able to give you definitely the information you desire.

To your first inquiry: "Names of the medical officers in charge of the Confederate sick and wounded during the siege of Vicksburg, name also of Medical Director?"—

I would say that Dr. Winn, of Holmesville, Avoyelles parish, was my regimental surgeon. Dr. Pierce was his assistant. Dr. Raoul Percy was also on duty; as was Dr. Walker in charge of the First Louisiana Heavy Artillery (Fuller's command). As well as I recollect, Dr. Balfour was Medical Director, and Dr. Burchel, if I mistake not, was in charge of the hospital for the sick and wounded. Of course there were many other members of the medical profession who participated in the siege, but I do not recollect their names.

2. Number of Confederates killed and wounded during the siege of Vicksburg?

Ans. I do not know the exact number, but I can approximate. I understood at headquarters at the commencement of the siege, that we had seventeen thousand men of all arms of the service; there was about eleven thousand paroled. Some time before the surrender, General Pemberton called his general officers together to ascertain if it were possible to cut our way out. This was found to be utterly impracticable. There were but eleven thousand men of all arms of the service fit for duty. And these were not in a condition to sustain continued exertions. We had no horses for either cavalry or artillery. Of course I cannot say positively the number of men paroled, but I heard it frequently stated that it was eleven thousand, leaving six thousand unaccounted for. In my opinion the great majority of these were killed or wounded.

3. Number of Confederate troops (officers and men sick and wounded) surrendered at Vicksburg?

Ans. About eleven thousand.

4. What was the condition, physical and moral, of the Confederate troops at the time of surrender; could the struggle have been protracted much longer?

Ans. The Confederate troops suffered greatly for want of proper provisions, for some time before the end of the siege. A small cup of cornmeal or rice was a day's rations, and the men, from forty-eight days' of service in open trenches, exposed to torrid sun and all weather, unable to move from their positions, without being exposed to a storm of shot and shell, were necessarily much worn

and emaciated; so apparent was this, that when I marched my brigade by a group of Federal officers, one of them exclaimed in my hearing, "Great God, can it be possible that these men held us in check for so long a time." The morale of the men was excellent. They could not have been driven; they might have been overwhelmed, but had no thought, so far as I could observe, of retreat or surrender. It would have been impossible for them to have continued the struggle much longer, as it was beyond the endurance of human nature.

5. Are there any authentic accounts of the siege of Vicksburg extant.

Ans. None that I know of. The late Jefferson Davis once asked me to write a history of the siege. I contemplated doing so, but was told that Colonel McCardle, of General Pemberton's staff, was about to publish such a work, which induced me to abandon it. Regretting that I am unable to give you more accurate dates.

I am, with the highest esteem, most truly yours.

ALLEN THOMAS.

STATE OF MISSOURI.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *April 14, 1890.*

JOSEPH JONES, *M. D.*,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans,
156 Washington Avenue New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of yours of the 9th instant, requesting me to furnish your association data as to the number of troops furnished the Confederate States army by the State of Missouri, etc., and have to reply that there are no records at the capital from which to furnish the information desired.

There is an ex-Confederate association in this State, Mr. James Bannerman, Southern hotel, St Louis, being the president thereof, and it is possible that by communicating with him you may be able to ascertain what you desire to know.

Regretting my inability to comply with your courteous request, I am

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID R. FRANCIS, *Governor.*

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *August 21, 1891.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, *M. D.*,
Box 1600, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of yours of the 17th, asking information concerning the Missouri troops in the Confederate army, and also requesting detailed statement concerning the relations between Missouri and the Confederacy, which would require weeks of labor to prepare, if they could be furnished at all. I have referred that portion of your letter concerning the number of troops from Missouri in the Confederate service to the Adjutant-General's department, of which General Joseph A. Wickham is the head, and have asked the Secretary of State, Captain A. A. Lesueur, who commanded Lesueur's battery in the Confederate service, to make reply to your request for copies of State papers relating to the civil war.

Respectfully,

DAVID R. FRANCIS.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MO., *August 22, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, *New Orleans:*

DEAR SIR—Questions four, five and six of your letter to Governor Francis have been referred to me for reply, and in response would say:

1. This State has passed no law to pension or for the relief of disabled and indigent Confederate soldiers.

2. There is a home for Confederate soldiers at Higginsville, this State, which was established and is being sustained by private contributions, and at which all worthy and needy Missouri ex-Confederates will be received and cared for.

3. In order to comply with your request for "State papers, acts, etc., relating to the civil war," I would be compelled to send you copies of Session Acts, proceedings of constitutional conventions, etc., which would make a package of considerable size, and not knowing whether you would be willing to pay necessary freight or express charges, I thought best to write you for information on that point. If you wish me to send them, please say whether by freight or express.

A. A. LESUEUR, *Secretary of State.*

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *August 24, 1891.*

Governor DAVID R. FRANCIS, *City:*

DEAR SIR—I have the honor to return the enclosed letter, with the information that there is no data on file in this office which will enable me to reply to the questions asked. I would suggest, that perhaps the Southern Historical Society could come nearer furnishing the information asked for than any one, unless it be General Harding.

Very respectfully,

J. A. WICKHAM, *Adjutant General.*

To General Harding:

Can you reply?

D. R. F. *Governor.*

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *August 25, 1891.*

JOSEPH JONES, *M. D.,*
156 Washington Avenue, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—In further answer of yours of the 17th, I enclose communications from the Department of the Adjutant-General and from General James Harding, who was a brigadier in the Confederate service. You will observe therefrom that it is impossible to give you definite information on the points mentioned in your letter. I would suggest that you correspond with the Southern Historical Society in the city of St. Louis. Captain Lesueur informs me that he has replied to the queries to which he could give satisfactory answers.

Respectfully,

DAVID R. FRANCIS.

RAILROAD AND WAREHOUSE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF COMMISSIONERS,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *August 25, 1891.*

Hon. DAVID R. FRANCIS, *Governor of Missouri:*

GOVERNOR—Herewith I have the honor to return papers referred to me by you this date.

I believe it to be impossible to give the information desired by Surgeon-General Jones, with any degree of accuracy. There are no records in this State from which it can be obtained, and it is very doubtful if the records of the Confederate war department will furnish it.

As regards question No. 1, the information must be very inaccurate, as Senator Cockrell, in his address at Kansas City a few days since, stated that Missouri furnished more men to the Confederate service than any State, except one. I have given this question some attention, and am confident that twenty-five thousand will include every man and boy in the Confederate service from this State. If the Senator is right, I am out of the way only about sixty thousand!

Very respectfully,

JAMES HARDING.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, *August 22, 1891.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
P. O. Box 1600, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—I am instructed by the governor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 17th inst., asking for information in regard to the troops furnished by the State of North Carolina during the Civil War, 1861 to 1865.

The information desired is not in this office, consequently cannot be furnished by the governor. He has referred your letter to the adjutant-general of North Carolina, with request that he furnish you such information as he has in his department.

Very truly yours,

S. F. TELFAIR, *Private Secretary.*

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following correspondence and documents embrace the sum of our present knowledge, with reference to the Confederate veterans and disabled soldiers of 1861-1865 in the State of South Carolina:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
COLUMBIA, S. C., *April 11, 1890.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Box 1600, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—The governor has received yours of the 9th inst., and directs me to inform you that he will take immediate steps to procure as much of the information you desire as can possibly be obtained.

Very respectfully,

W. ELLIOTT GONZALES,
*Private Secretary.**

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL,
COLUMBIA, S. C., *June 12, 1890.*

Surgeon General JONES, *New Orleans, La.:*

SIR—Herewith I send you some pamphlets relating to late war. The rolls of companies from this State have never been completed, some forty not having yet come in, as per report of 1886.

The number estimated to have been furnished by this State is about sixty thousand, of whom it is believed, from careful estimates, some twelve thousand were killed or died. The rolls received have mainly been made from memory, hence are far from being correct, though some are fairly so.

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* Both North and South Carolina, it is believed, have made or will make provision for their native veterans. The editor has seen newspaper reference to contemplated action, but is not definitely advised as to such.

General McCrady has kindly furnished the four pamphlets. I am very sorry I cannot give you more reliable *data*. It is very doubtful if legislature will ever have the rolls obtained put in book-form.

Very respectfully,

M. L. BONHAM, Jr., *A. and I. General.*

Jno. Scofin, *Assistant.*

STATE OF TENNESSEE.

[Dictated.]

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
NASHVILLE, TENN., *April 22, 1890.*

Hon. JOSEPH JONES, *Surgeon-General, etc.,*
156 Washington ave., New Orleans:

DEAR SIR—In response to the request of your letter of recent date, I have endeavored to collect the information sought, and will communicate it to you as soon as I am able to obtain it.

Very respectfully,

ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

STATE OF TEXAS.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
AUSTIN, *May 17, 1890.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, *Surgeon-General*
United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La.:

SIR—Your communication of 9th ult., to His Excellency, Governor Ross, has been referred to this office. In reply, I would state that no records, rolls, or papers of any kind, relating to the Texas soldiery in the Confederate Army, can be found here, and, therefore, I have no means of supplying the desired information.

As to indigent or helpless Confederates, private enterprise and humanity have established a "Home" in this city for Confederates, but the State is constitutionally unable to make direct appropriations

of money to help said home, but has given the rent from a large public building to this purpose, running from fifteen hundred to two thousand annually in value.

Respectfully,

W. H. KING, *Adjutant-General.*

STATE OF VIRGINIA.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., *August 22, 1891.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans,
156 Washington avenue, New Orleans, La.:

SIR—You letter of the 17th inst. to Governor McKinney, requesting information as to the number of troops from Virginia in the Confederate armies; character of their organizations; numbers killed, wounded, died of disease, deserted; roster of medical officers, etc., etc., has been referred to me for reply. I regret extremely to have to say that it is not possible to give this information. In the great fire that attended the evacuation of this city by the Confederate forces, April 3, 1865, the office of the adjutant-general, with its entire contents, was destroyed. Whatever records or files it contained capable of throwing light on the subject of your inquiries, were thus lost forever. Of course, also, all headquarters' records and papers with our armies in the field were turned over to United States officers, to whom they surrendered, and are now in Washington.

There is in this State one Soldiers' Home for disabled Confederates. It is located in the suburbs of Richmond, and affords accommodations to about one hundred and thirty inmates. The State appropriates ten thousand dollars a year to their maintenance. Besides, some seventy thousand dollars a year are appropriated for the relief of Confederate veterans disabled by wounds received in service. There are a number of Confederate camps in various parts of the State, the principal one being R. E. Lee Camp, in this city, by which maintenance is given to needy veterans.

Very respectfully,

JAS. MCDONALD, *Adjutant General.*

Whilst the preceding correspondence has yielded far less definite information than was desired, with reference to the forces engaged or the losses incurred by the individual Confederate States during the conflict of 1861–1865, at the same time it is evident that several of the Southern States have acknowledged, in a measure at least, their obligations to assist the disabled and destitute Confederate veterans. Foremost amongst the Southern States stand Florida, Louisiana and Georgia in their devotion to their sons who rallied to their defence in the hour of bloody and desolating war. However insignificant the assistance tendered the disabled Confederate soldiers, in comparison with the great resources of the States formerly composing the *Southern Confederacy*, let us hope for better, nobler and more generous assistance for the disabled and impoverished Confederate soldiers, and the forlorn and struggling widows of those who yielded up their lives to a just and righteous sense of duty to their native States.

With great respect, General,
I have the honor to remain
Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.

THE DEFENCE OF BATTERY WAGNER.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, ON THE OCCASION OF ITS FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION ON MEMORIAL DAY, APRIL 26th, 1892.

By Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. D. Twiggs.

Mr. President and Comrades:

My theme for this occasion is the defence of Battery Wagner, in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, against the combined attack of the land and naval forces of the United States, which occurred on

the 18th of July, 1863. The defence of Charleston harbor and of Fort Sumter, which commanded the channel approach to that city, is familiar to the civilized world. The memories of that heroic struggle have been preserved by history, and embalmed in story and in song; and while incidental reference will be made to these defences during a long and memorable siege, my remarks will be confined chiefly to the military operations against Wagner on the 18th July. The almost unexampled magnitude of the war, involving during its four years of incessant strife an enormous sacrifice of men and material on both sides, tended to obscure and obliterate the details and incidents of any particular military event—yet the heroic defence of this outpost battery located upon an isolated island, against the powerful military and naval forces which assailed it, "is worthy in itself of the dignity of a great epic" even in the drama which in its gigantic proportions required a continent for its theatre of action. History fails to furnish example more heroic, conflict more sanguinary, tenacity and endurance more determined and courageous than were displayed in the defence of this historic little stronghold. From the time of its construction to the 18th July, 1863, it was known and designated as "Battery Wagner;" after that memorable day, the enemy called it "Fort Wagner." A brave and appreciative foe thus christened it in a baptism of blood, but that earlier name was known only to the heroic dead who fell defending it upon its ramparts, and my unhallowed hand shall not disturb it. Twenty years and more have elapsed since that bloody day, but the lesson then enforced is as important as ever, and no richer inheritance of emprise and valor will ever be transmitted to posterity. In speaking of the defence of Charleston a prominent writer in "*the French Journal of Military Science*" states, that prodigies of talent, audacity, intrepidity and peserverance are exhibited in the attack as in the defence of this city which will assign to the siege of Charleston an exceptional place in military annals. Viscount Wolseley, Adjutant-General of the British army, in reviewing some of the military records of the war in the "*North American Review*" of November, 1889, uses the following language: "Were I bound to select out of all four volumes the set of papers which appears of most importance at the present moment not only from an American, but also from an European point of view, I should certainly name those which describe the operations around Charleston." For the instruction of those who are unfamiliar with the topography of Charleston and surround-

ings, I shall give a short introductory description of the harbor defences of this city in order to convey a better appreciation of the location and relative importance of "Battery Wagner." Charleston, as you know, is situated on a narrow peninsula at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers These rivers in flowing together form a broad, picturesque and beautiful bay, lying to the southeast of the city, which has for its northern boundary the mainland, and for its southern, James island. Fort Sumter is constructed upon its own little island of artificial rock, and is situated within the entrance to the harbor. It is nearly equi-distant between James and Sullivan's islands, and is three and a half miles from East Bay battery of the city. Fort Johnston on James island is situated to the right of Sumter as you look from the battery towards the sea, and is one mile and a quarter from the Fort. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's island, is to the left of Sumter and about one mile distant from it. Morris island, upon which "Battery Wagner" was built, is a long, low, sandy sea island, denuded of growth, save here and there a solitary palmetto, and was considered practically the key to Charleston. Its northern end nearest the city, known as Cumming's Point, is the seaward limit of the harbor on the south, as Sullivan's island is the seaward limit on the North, and these two points determine the entrance to the harbor, and are about twenty-seven hundred yards apart. Morris island is separated from James island by wide and impenetrable marshes. On "Cumming's Point" was "Battery Gregg," named in honor of Brigadier-General Maxcy Gregg, of South Carolina, killed at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Nearly a mile south of Gregg, on the island was located "Battery Wagner." This famous work was erected to prevent the Federal occupation of the island, and the erection of batteries for the destruction of Fort Sumter, which disputed the passage of the enemy's fleet to the city. "Battery Wagner" was one and a half miles from Sumter and five miles from Charleston. Between Sumter and the shores of Morris and James islands is only shallow water, unfit for navigation. The main channel which is very deep between Sumter and Sullivan's island, takes an abrupt turn to the south about one thousand yards east of Sumter, and flows in a southerly direction along the shores of Morris island, so that a fleet before entering the harbor would be compelled to run the gauntlet of "Battery Wagner" and Gregg before reaching Sumter and the city. The importance therefore of these auxiliary defences against naval attack

will be readily appreciated, and the necessity for their reduction by the Federal is equally manifest. Situated to the south of "Morris Island" is "Folly Island," separated from it by "Light House Inlet," about five hundred yards wide. After the memorable repulse of the iron clad fleet, under Rear-Admiral DuPont, by Fort Sumter on the 7th of April, 1863, the enemy changed his plan of attack, and the Union Commander, General Q. A. Gilmore, who had relieved Major-General Hunter, concentrated upon "Folly Island," ten thousand infantry, three hundred and fifty artillery, and six hundred engineer troops. In the meantime, Rear-Admiral DuPont had been relieved and Rear-Admiral Dahlgren placed in command of the naval squadron. Concealed from the view of the Confederates by dense brushwood, the Federal commander with remarkable skill and celerity had erected formidable batteries within easy range of the weak and imperfect works of the Confederates on the southern end of the island. The presence of these works, armed with guns of heavy calibre, was unknown to the Confederates and was a complete surprise to them. On the morning of the 10th of July these batteries were unmasked and a furious cannonade, supplemented by the guns of the fleet in Light House Inlet, was opened upon the Confederate batteries, and under cover of this bombardment the Federal troops succeeded in effecting a landing and lodgment on Morris island. They were gallantly met by the Confederate troops under Colonel Robert Graham of the First South Carolina regiment; but, after a sharp and severe engagement, they were forced to yield to the superior numbers of the enemy, and being rapidly driven back sought shelter and refuge in "Battery Wagner." Following up rapidly this success, and anticipating an easy capture of the latter, which now alone seriously disputed their full occupation of the island, on July the 11th they made their first assault upon it. During the night, however, "Wagner" had been reinforced by five hundred and fifty Georgia troops under Colonel Charles H. Olmstead (the distinguished and heroic defender of Fort Pulaski) and Nelson's South Carolina battalion. This assault lasted less than half an hour and resulted in a complete repulse of the assailants who retired to the Sand hills of the island, out of the range of the Confederate battery. General Gilmore then commenced the erection of heavy batteries on the island, varying in distance from about thirteen hundred to nineteen hundred yards in front of "Wagner," and thus were commenced the formidable preparations for the great attack

upon it by land and sea on the 18th July, 1863, which is the subject of this address.

"BATTERY WAGNER"

was named after Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas M. Wagner, of the First regiment of South Carolina Regular Artillery, who was killed by the bursting of a gun at Fort Moultrie in July, 1863. It was a large bastioned earth-work enclosed on all sides, and was situated at a very narrow neck of the island extending across its full width at that point from the sea on one side to Vincent creek on the other, so that its flanks were protected by these natural barriers from assault. Its sea line, which faced the ship channel, was three hundred feet long, and its land faces extended about two hundred and fifty yards across the island. Its magazine was protected by a roofing of heavy timbers, which were compactly covered over with ten feet of sodded earth. It was also provided with a bomb-proof, similarly constructed for the protection of the troops, thirty feet wide by one hundred feet long. There was also a gallery of a similar character about twelve feet wide by thirty feet long through which the bomb-proof was entered from the parade of the fort. The work was constructed with heavy traverces, and its gorge on the north face provided with a parapet for infantry fire. The embrasures were revetted with palmetto logs and turf, and around the work was a wide, deep, but dry ditch. In the parade of the fort on its west side was a row of wooden tenements, roughly built for officers' quarters and medical stores. Brigadier-General Taliaferro, who had been stationed with his command on James island, was ordered by General Beauregard to take command of "Battery Wagner," and on the morning of the 14th of July, he relieved Colonel Robert Graham of that charge. This gallant officer, who was a native of Virginia, and who is still living and practicing law in that State, had served with the immortal Stonewall Jackson in many of his brilliant campaigns in the valley. While at home in Georgia, convalescing from a wound received while serving with my regiment in Virginia, I was ordered to report to General Beauregard, at Charleston, and was assigned to duty with General Taliaferro, who placed me temporarily on his personal staff as assistant inspector-general. I trust that you will pardon this reference to myself. I make it because I claim for this narrative some degree of accuracy acquired largely from personal observation in the drama afterwards enacted. Between the 12th and 18th of July the enemy was steadily

and rapidly constructing and equipping his batteries designed to co-operate with the fleet in the bombardment which followed.

THE MONITORS.

While this work was in progress, the monitors of the fleet would daily leave their anchorage and engage in a desultory shelling of the fort. The huge projectiles, fired from their fifteen-inch guns, weighing four hundred and forty pounds and visible at ever point of their trajectories, made it very uncomfortable for the garrison. They practiced firing ricochet shots, which would skip and bound upon the water, each impingement making sounds similar to the discharge of the gun itself. Indeed, until this curious phenomenon was noted the multiplication of detotations was regarded as separate discharges of different guns. Some of these enormous shells would roll into the fort, bury themselves in the earth, and, with deafening explosion, would make huge craters in the sand, lifting it in great columns, which, falling in showers like the scoriæ and ashes from a volcanic eruption, would fill the eyes, ears, and clothing, mingling the dirt of the fort with the original dust from which we sprung. Some would burst in the air, others passing over the fort with a rush and roar, which has aptly been likened to the noise of an express train, would explode in the marsh beyond. Of course our guns replied, but they were so inferior in calibre compared to those of the monitors that they did little harm at such long range to the iron armor of their turrets, eleven inches in thickness.

THE ARMAMENT OF WAGNER

consisted of one ten-inch Columbiad, one thirty-two pound rifle, one forty-two pounder Carronade, two thirty-two pounder Carronade, two navel shell guns, one eight-inch sea coast howitzer, four smooth bore thirty-two pounders, and one ten-inch sea coast mortar; in all thirteen guns, besides one light battery. Of these only the ten-inch Columbiad, which carried a projectile weighing one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, was of much effect against the monitors.

THE STAFF

of General Taliaferro consisted of W. T. Taliaferro, assistant adjutant-general; Lieutenants Henry C. Cunningham and Mazyck, ord-

nance officers; Captain Burke, quartermaster; Lieutenants Meade and Stoney, aides; Dr. J. C. Habersham, surgeon-in-chief; and Captain H. D. D. Twiggs, inspector-general.

THE GARRISON

was composed of the Fifty-first North Carolina, Colonel H. McKethan; the Thirty-first North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Knight; the Charleston battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel P. C. Gaillard; the artillery companies of Captains J. T. Buckner and W. J Dixon, of the Sixty-third Georgia regiment, and two field howitzer details of Lieutenant T. D. Waties, of the First South Carolina Regular Artillery. All the artillery was under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Simkins, of the First South Carolina Regular Infantry. Let it be borne in mind that the entire garrison, according to official reports, numbered on the 18th of July thirteen hundred men only. These troops had relieved a few days before Olmstead's Georgia regiment, Capers', Hanvey's and Basinger's Georgia battalions, Nelson's South Carolina battalion, and the artillery companies of Mathews' and Chichester under Lieutenant-Colonel Yates, of South Carolina. They had participated gallantly in repelling the assault of the 11th of July, and needed relief from the heavy work and details to which they had constantly been subjected.

THE FORCE OF THE ENEMY

opposed to this artillery and infantry force of "Wagner" consisted of four heavy batteries on the island, mounting forty-two siege guns of heavy calibre, and the naval squadron of iron-clads and gun-boats carrying an armament of twenty-three of the most formidable guns ever before used in the reduction of a fortification, making an aggregate of sixty-four guns. In addition there were six thousand veteran infantry within the batteries on the island, ready for the assault. To say that the outlook to the garrison of "Wagner" was appalling, but feebly expresses the situation.

THE BOMBARDMENT BEGINS.

On the morning of the 18th I was invited to breakfast with Dr. Harford Cumming, of Augusta, Georgia, as assistant-surgeon in the fort. Our repast consisted of some hard crackers and a tin bucket of fresh butter, sent the doctor from home; a most tempting meal

in those times of gastronomic privation. We were sitting in the little medical dispensary over which the doctor presided, by the side of an open window which looked out upon the parade, with a small table between us upon which our breakfast was laid. Just as we had begun our meal, a two hundred pounder Parrot shell was heard screaming through the air above us, and descending it buried itself in the earth just outside the window. It exploded with terrific report, shattering into fragments the glass, and filling our bucket, about half full of butter, with sand to the very top. The frail tenement reeled with the shock. This shell was followed by another and another in rapid succession, which exploded in the parade of fort and were fired from the land batteries of the enemy. This was the beginning of the bombardment long anticipated, and our first intimation of it. We no longer felt the pangs of hunger, and hurriedly left the building for a safer place. Upon reaching the open air the shot and shell began to fall by scores, and we saw the infantry streaming to the bomb-proof. For a considerable time the firing of the enemy was conducted by the land batteries alone. Finally the enemy's entire squadron, iron-clads and gunboats, left their moorings and bore down steadily and majestically upon the fort. The heavy artillerists sprang to their guns and, with anxious but resolute faces, awaited coolly the terrible onset. It was now apparent that the entire force of the enemy, land and naval, was about to be hurled against "Wagner" alone, but the dauntless little garrison, lifting their hearts to the God of battles in this hour of fearful peril, with their flag floating defiantly above them, resolved to die if need be for their altars, their firesides and their homes. The day broke bright and beautiful. A gentle breeze toyed with the folds of the garrison flag as it streamed forth with undulating grace, or lazily curved about the tall staff. The God of day rising in the splendor of his mid-summer glory, flung his red flame upon the swelling sea, and again performed the miracle of turning the water into wine. Rising still higher he bathed the earth and sea in his own radiant and voluptuous light, and burnished with purple and gold the tall spires of the beleaguered and devoted old city. What a strange contrast between the profound calm of nature and the gathering tempest of war, whose consuming lightnings and thunders were so soon to burst forth with a fury unsurpassed! On came the fleet, straight for the fort; Admiral Dahlgren's flag ship, the Monitor Montauk, Commander Fairfax, in the lead. It was followed by the new Ironsides, Captain Rowan; the Monitors,

Catskill, Commander Rogers; Patapsco, Lieutenant-Commander Badger; Nantucket, Commander Beaumont and Weekawken, Commander Calhoun. There were, besides five gunboats, the Paul Jones, Commander Rhind; Ottowa, Commander Whiting; the Seneca, Commander Gibson; the Chippewa, Commander Harris, and the Wissahickon, Commander Davis. Swiftly and noiselessly approached, the white spray breaking from their sharp prows, their long dark hull lines scarcely showing above the water, and the coal black drum-like turrets glistening in the morning's sun. Approaching still nearer they formed the arc of a circle around "Wagner," the nearest being about three hundred yards distant from it. With deliberate precision they halted and waited the word of command to sweep the embrasures of the fort where our intrepid cannoneers stood coolly by their guns. As the flagship Montauk wheeled into action at close quarters, a long puff of white smoke rolled from the mouth of the ten inch Columbiad on the sea face of the fort, and the iron plated turret of the Monitor reeled and quivered beneath the crashing blow. Then the pent up thunders of the brewing storm of death burst forth in all their fury, and poured upon the undaunted "Wagner" a remorseless stream of nine, eleven and fifteen inch shells. Monitor after monitor, ship after ship, battery after battery, and then, altogether hurled a tempest of iron hail upon the fort. About seventy guns were now concentrating a terrific fire upon it, while the guns of "Wagner," aided at long range by the batteries of Sumter and Gregg, and those on Sullivan's and James islands, replied. Words fail to convey an adequate idea of the fury of this bombardment. "It transcended all exhibitions of like character encountered during the war." It seemed impossible that anything could withstand it. More than one hundred guns of the heaviest calibre were roaring, flashing and thundering together. Before the Federal batteries had gotten the exact range of the work, the smoke of the bursting shells, brightened by the sun, was converted into smoke wreathes and spirals which curved and eddyed in every direction; then as the fire was delivered with greater precision, the scene was appalling and awe inspiring beyond expression, and the spectacle to the lookers on was one of surpassing sublimity and grandeur. In the language of General Gilmore, "the whole island smoked like a furnace and shook as from an earthquake." For eleven long hours the air was filled with every description of shot and shell that the magazines of war could supply. The light of day was almost

obscured by the now darkening and sulphurous smoke which hung over the island like a funeral pall. Still later in the afternoon as the darkness gathered and deepened did the lightnings of war increase in the vividness of their lurid and intolerable crimson which flashed through the rolling clouds of smoke and illumined the fort from bastion to bastion with a scorching glare; clouds of sand were constantly blown into the air from bursting shells; the waters of the sea were lashed into white foam and thrown upwards in glistening columns by exploding bombs, while wide sheets of spray inundated the parapet, and "Wagner," dripping with salt water, shook like a ship in the grasp of the storm. By this time all the heavy guns were dismounted, disabled or silenced, and only a few gun detachments were at their posts. Passive endurance now only remained for the garrison while the storm lasted. The troops generally sheltered themselves, as best they could, in the bomb-proofs and behind the traverses. But for such protection as was thus afforded, the loss of life would have been appalling, and the garrison practically annihilated. There was one command only which preferred the open air to the almost insufferable heat of the bomb-proof, and sheltered itself only under the parapet and traverses on the land face of the fort during that frightful day. Not one member of that heroic band, officer or man, sought other shelter. In all the flight of time and the records of valor, no example ever transcended their splendid heroism. All honor to the glorious name and deathless fame of "Gaillard's Charleston Battalion." A little after two o'clock, two deeds of heroism were enacted which will never be forgotten by the lookers on. The halliards were cut by a shot or shell, and the large garrison flag released from the lofty staff fell into the parade. Instantly, and without hesitation, there were a score of men racing for the prostrate colors. Out into the open area they rushed, regardless of the storm of death falling around them. Major Ramsey, Sergeant Shelton and private Flynn of the Charleston battalion, and and Lieutenant Reddick of the Sixty-Third Georgia regiment, bore it back in triumph to the staff, and deliberately adjusted it. Up it went again, and amid the cheers of the garrison the Confederate banner again floated defiantly in the smoke of battle. Some little delay occurred in adjusting the flag, and some few moments elapsed during which Wagner showed no colors to the enemy. Supposing that the fort had struck its flag in token of surrender, exultant cheers burst forth from the crew of the ironsides. At that moment

Captain Robert Barnwell of the engineers, seized a regimental battle flag, and recklessly leaping upon the exposed ramparts, he drove its staff into the sand, and held it there until the garrison flag had been hoisted in its place. There was one Jasper at Moultrie. There were a score of them at Wagner. In the meantime the city of Charleston was aflame with excitement; the battery, house-tops and steeples were crowded with anxious spectators. Hundreds of fair women were there with hands clasped in silent prayer for the success of their gallant defenders; strong men looked on with throbbing hearts and broke forth into exclamations which expressed their hopes and fears. How can the fort hold out much longer? It has ceased firing altogether! Its battery has been silenced! Yes but see the colors streaming still amid the battle smoke! Suddenly the flag is seen to droop, then rapidly descend. Oh God! was the agonized cry, Wagner has at last struck her colors, and surrendered. Oh! the unspeakable suspense of that moment. Then tumultuous cheers arose from an hundred throats, amid the waiving of snowy handkerchiefs. No! no! they shouted, look! look! it has gone up again, and its crimson cross flashes once more amid shot and shell and battle smoke. What a wonderful power there is in the flag of one's country. How mysterious the influence by which it sways and moves the hearts of men. A distinguished general in the Confederate army, who had been an officer in the old army, was so strongly imbued with the power of this influence over the will of men that he expressed the belief that if the Confederate Government had adhered to the stars and stripes, thousands in the North, who, early in the war were southern sympathizers, would have rallied around it, and thousands, who were actually arrayed against us, would have refused to fire upon it. The colors of an army have carried more strongholds than the bayonet, and battered down more fortresses than artillery. Even in Holy Writ we find the expression "As terrible as an army with banners." 'Twas the flag that floated again over Wagner which restored confidence in Charleston, and the exultant cry which broke from the lips of these lookers on, was the echo of that hoarser shout in the battle-scarred fort in the midst of the roar of cannon. The banner of the stars and stripes is again the flag of our united country, and long may it wave over the land and the sea, for it is the symbol and emblem of a union never again to be sundered. The Southern heart is true and loyal to that flag, but base is the soul and craven is the heart of him who marched and fought

beneath the starry cross of Dixie which will cease to love and honor it. It waived its conquering folds in the smoke of battle at Manassas and Shiloh. It stirred the souls of men with thrilling power in the wild assault upon Cemetery Hill. It floated triumphant amid the roar of cannon at Spottsylvania's bloody salient, and was borne resistless at the head of conquering hosts upon an hundred bloody fields. Though furled forever and no longer existing as an emblem of a brave and heroic people, still we salute thee with love and reverence, oh! phantom banner of that great army underground, which died beneath thy crimson cross.

> "For though conquered, we adore it,
> Love the cold dead hands that bore it."

But I return to the raging battle at Wagner. All day did the furious bombardment continue without intermission. The long midsummer day seemed endless, and the fierce July sun seemed commanded by another Joshua to stand still—would it never set? The wooden tenements in the fort were literally torn into splinters, and the ground bore little trace of where they stood. The fort itself was pounded into an almost shapeless mass; the parapet, traverses, scarp and counter scarp were well nigh obliterated, and the ditch was filled with sand. The covering of the bomb-proof had, to a large extent, been torn away, and now the magazine, containing a large quantity of powder, was in imminent danger of being breached by the heavy projectiles hurled incessantly against it, and the immense shells from the Cohorn mortars which, thrown to an incredible altitude, would descend with terrific force now almost upon the yielding and dislocated timbers. The magazine once pierced, Wagner would have been blown to atoms, with not a man surviving to tell the story of its demolition. The reports constantly made to the commanding officer by the ordnance sergeant in charge justified the gravest fears of such a catastrophe. Once, after a report of its condition had been made, this stern old veteran, addressing a member of his staff sitting beside him, quietly asked him if he was a married man. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he shrugged his shoulders and said with a grim smile, "I'm sorry, sir, for we shall soon be blown into the marsh." Indeed, this result was but the question of a little time, when suddenly, to the infinite relief of the harassed and weary garrison, the blazing circle of the enemy's fleet and batteries ceased to glow with flame. In the language of General

Taliaferro, "the omnious pause was understood—the supreme moment of that awful day had come." Wagner, which could not be conquered by shot and shell, must now be carried by assault. Anticipating that the smaller guns and the light battery would be destroyed or disabled by the bombardment, General Taliaferro had directed them to be dismounted from their carriages and covered with sand-bags, and the sequel proved the wisdom and foresight which suggested it. Again, in order to avoid delay, particular sections of the parapet had been assigned to the respective commands so that they could assemble there, without first forming in the parade of the fort, and thus ensure prompt resistance to the rush upon it which was expected. The enemy believing Wagner to be practically demolished, and its garrison too crippled and demoralized to make other than a feeble resistance, were rapidly forming to make their grand assault. As soon as the firing had ceased, the buried guns were hastily exhumed and remounted. The Charleston battalion, which had all day nestled under the parapet, were already in their places, and when the order was given to man the ramparts, one regiment alone failed to respond. The bombardment of eleven hours had served to utterly demoralize the Thirty-first North Carolina regiment, and all the efforts of General Taliaferro and his staff to persuade or drive this command from the shelter of the bomb-proofs was unavailing, therefore the southeast bastion and sea front to which it had been assigned was left unguarded. While a faithful narration of facts requires me to note this incident, it gives me pleasure to state that this regiment fully redeemed itself the following year by gallant conduct on the field of battle in Virginia. When the order to man the ramparts rang like a bugle from the stern lips of General Taliaferro all the other commands, officers and men leaped to their feet and rushed out into the parade of the fort. Seeing the dark masses of the Federal infantry rapidly advancing, these veteran Confederates, still undaunted by the experience of that dreadful day, defiantly rending the air with enthusiastic cheers, sprang to their places on the parapet. The Roncevalle's Pass, where fell before the opposing lance the harnessed chivalry of Spain, looked not upon a braver, a better, or a truer band. It was a sight once seen never forgotten. Dropping on their knees, crouching low, their keen eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled rifles, the whole face of the fort was suddenly transformed into a line of bristling steel, upon which the sinister red glow of the setting sun was falling. The Federal columns,

six thousand strong, under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Truman Seymour, were steadily approaching the fort manned by a little more than one thousand three hundred troops. This division of the enemy consisted of three fine brigades. The first, commanded by Brigadier-General Strong, was composed of the Forty eighth New York, the Sixty-sixth Pennsylvania, the Third New Hampshire, the Sixth Connecticut, the Ninth Maine, and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. The second brigade, commanded by Colonel Putnam, consisted of the Seventh New Hampshire, the One hundredth New York, and the Sixty-second and Sixty-seventh Ohio. The third brigade, led by Brigadier-General Stevenson, consisted of four excellent regiments. These troops were from the Tenth and Thirteenth Army Corps, and were the very flower of the Federal army. The first brigade, commanded by General Strong, led the assault in column of regiments, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, negro regiment recruited in that State, leading the brigade. On they came with a steady tramp until within easy rifle shot of the fort; they had been instructed to use the bayonet only. Not a single shot had yet been fired from the parapet of Wagner, and only the mournful cadence of the waves was heard breaking upon the beach. The stillness was ominous and oppressive. Then came a few stirring words, addressed by the Federal officers to the troops; they responded with loud and prolonged huzzar, and, breaking into a full run, they rushed gallantly upon the fort. Wagner, which up to that moment seemed to the Federals to be almost without life, was suddenly lit up with a sheet of flame from bastion to bastion. The deepening twilight was illumined by the irruptive flashes of the small-arms, and the dark parapet of Wagner was decorated by a glowing fringe of fire. The rattle and crash of thirteen hundred rifles was deafening, and the guns of the gallant Simkins, the light battery of De Pass on the left, and a howitzer outside and on the right flank of the fort added to the roar and clamor. These guns, heavily charged with canister and grape, poured at short range a withering and destructive fire upon the crowded masses of the enemy. The carnage was frightful; yet with unsurpassed gallantry, splendid to behold, the intrepid assailants, breasting the storm, rushed on to the glacis of the fort like the waves of the sea which broke upon the shore. Oh! the sickening harvest of death then reaped. Like the ripe grain that falls beneath the sickle, the Federal infantry reeled and sank to the earth by hundreds, yet the survivors pressed on over the dead and

dying. Many crossed the ditch, and some leaping upon the parapet met death at the very muzzles of the Confederate rifles. The Federal commander either did not remember the existence of the creek upon the right flank of the fort, or did not estimate the short distance between it and the sea at this point; therefore, as the assaulting columns pressed forward, they became crowded into masses which created confusion and greatly augmented the loss of life. Human courage could no longer withstand the frightful blasts of the artillery, which, handled by Simkins with consummate skill and rapidity, well nigh blew them to pieces. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, leaving half their number killed and wounded on the field, broke and fled in confusion, and falling upon and forcing their way through the ranks of the advancing column threw it into confusion, and the entire brigade rushed to the rear completely routed. The loss of life was terrible; the brigade commander, General Strong and Colonel Chatfield, of the Sixth Connecticut, were mortally wounded; Colonel Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Masachusetts, was killed outright, besides large numbers of other officers killed and wounded. In the meantime the Confederate fire was incessant and destructive, and a general repulse seemed so imminent that General Seymour saw the necessity of immediate support, and he accordingly dispatched Major Plympton of his staff to order up Putnam with his supporting brigade. To his amazement Putnam positively refused to advance, claiming that he had been directed by General Gilmore to remain where he was. Finally, after a disastrous delay, and without orders, says General Seymour, this gallant young officer, who could not stand idly by and see his class mates and intimate friends cut to pieces, led forward his brigade and fiercely assaulted the southeast angle of the fort. He was received with a galling fire, for the first brigade having been repulsed, his approach was enfiladed by the centre and both flanks of the fort, which swept the glacis and ditch in front of that angle with terrible effect. It will be remembered that this southeast bastion had been left unguarded by the failure of the Thirty-first North Carolina to man the ramparts there. Notwithstanding the withering fire with which he was received, this intrepid officer crossed the ditch, which had become filled with sand, and several hundred of his brigade poured into the southeast bastion. Heavily traversed on three sides this salient secured to these troops a safe lodgement for a time. Seeing the advantage gained by Putnam, General Seymour had just sent an order to General Stevenson

to advance with his brigade to his support, when he also was shot down. While being carried from the field he repeated the order to General Stevenson, but for some reason it was not obeyed. Meanwhile Colonel Putnam had leaped upon the parapet, and, surrounded by his chief officers, Colonel Dandy, of the One hundredth New York; Captain Klein, of the Sixth Connecticut and others, was waving his sword and urging his men to hold their ground, as they would soon be re-inforced, when he was shot dead upon the parapet. In the language of his division commander, "There fell as brave a soldier, as courteous a gentleman, as true a man as ever walked beneath the stars and stripes." An officer of his staff, Lieutenant Cate, of the Seventh New Hampshire, seeing his chief fall, sprang to his side to aid him, when a bullet pierced his heart and he too fell dead across his prostrate body. Putnam's brigade now having also been repulsed with great slaughter, the enemy abandoned all further effort to carry the fort, and thus ended this memorable bombardment and bloody assault. The enemy's columns, shattered and torn, retreated as rapidly as possible until they gained the shelter of their works. There was no cessation, however, of the Confederate fire during this rush to the rear, and Sumter and Gregg also threw their shells over Wagner into the crowded masses of the discomfited enemy. In the meantime the Federal troops in the southeast bastion of the fort were hopelessly cut off from retreat. In the language of General Taliaferro, "it was certain death to pass the line of concentrated fire which still swept the faces of the work behind them, and they did not attempt it. Still these resolute men would no surrender and poured a concentrated fire into the Confederate ranks. Volunteers were called for to dislodge them, and this summons was responded to by Major McDonald, of the Fifty-First North Carolina Captain Rion, of the Charleston battalion, and Captain Tatem, of the First South Carolina, followed by many of their men." Rion and Tatem were shot dead by these desperate refugees, who seemed to invite immolation. Being securely sheltered in the bastion of the fort by heavy traverses, the effort to dislodge them failed, and for hours they held their position. Finally, Brigadier-General Johnson Hagood, of South Carolina, late Governor of that State, and one of the most heroic soldiers that she ever sent to battle, landed at Cumming's Point at the head of Harrison's splendid regiment, the Thirty-second Georgia, for the purpose of reinforcing the garrison.

Hurrying to the fort he found the assault repulsed, but he arrived at an opportune moment to compel the surrender of the obstinate men in the salient, who, seeing themselves outnumbered, and with no hope of escape, laid down their arms. The engagement had ended in a bloody and disastrous repulse to the assailants, and the ground in front of Wagner was literally strewn with the dead and dying. The cries of anguish and the piteous calls for water will never be forgotten by those who heard them. The Federal loss, considering the numbers engaged, was almost unprecedented. General Beauregard, in his official report, estimates it at three thousand, as eight hundred dead bodies were buried by the Confederates in front of Wagner the following morning. If this is a correct estimate, it will be seen that the Federals lost twice as many men as there were troops in the Confederate garrison. Among their killed were Colonel R. G. Shaw of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts, Colonel H. S. Putnam and Lieutenant-Colonel Greene, of the Seventh New Hampshire. Brigadier-General G. C. Strong and Colonel J. L. Chatfield, of the Sixth Connecticut, were mortally wounded; Brigadier-General Seymour, commanding, Colonels W. B. Barton, A. C. Voris, J. H. Jackson and S. Emory, were among the wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Bedell, Third New Hampshire, and Major Filler, Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, were among the prisoners. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was only one hundred and seventy-four, but the loss on both sides was unusually heavy in commissioned officers. Among the Confederate officers killed were Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Simkins, First South Carolina infantry, Captain W. H. Rion, Charleston battalion, Captain W. T. Tatem, First South Carolina infantry, and Lieutenant G. W. Thomson, Fifty-First North Carolina. The gallant Major Ramsey, of the Charleston battalion, was mortally wounded. Among the wounded were Captains De Pass, Twiggs and Lieutenant Stoney of the staff. It is said that "the bravest are the gentlest and the loving are the daring." This was eminently true of that accomplished gentleman and splendid soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Simkins, of Edgefield, South Carolina. As chief of artillery, he had directed its operations with conspicuous skill and coolness, and he frequently mounted the parapet during the assault to encourage the infantry. He fell pierced through the right lung with a Minie ball, and died by my side with his hand clasped in mine. To me he gave his dying message to his wife, and long after-

wards I found an opportunity to discharge this sad duty in person. Mrs. Simkins was the accomplished daughter of Judge Wardlaw, of South Carolina, and not long since she joined her heroic husband in rest eternal beyond the stars. The limit of this address would be far exceeded to give any account of the operations which for forty-eight days were incessantly prosecuted for the reduction of this indomitable battery. Suffice it to say, that it was never reduced by artillery or captured by assault, and was finally evacuated on the night of the 6th of September, 1863, after the Federals, resorting to the science of engineering, had pushed their sap to its counterscarp and were about to blow up the work with gunpowder. In alluding to the defence of Charleston the Rev. John Johnson, of that city, who was a gallant officer and the distinguished chief of engineers at Fort Sumter, in the conclusion of his admirable work entitled "The Defence of Charleston Harbor," from which I have drawn much valuable data in the preparation of this address, says: "It did not end in triumph, but it has left behind a setting glory as of the western skies, a blazonry of heroism, where gold and purple serve to tell of valor and endurance, and the crimson hue is emblem of self-sacrifice in a cause believed to be just."

No sting is left in the soldier heart of the South for the brave men who fought us. The great Captain and Lord of Hosts, who guides the destiny of men and nations, directed the result of the struggle, and made the Union of the North and South indissoluble. Thus united, this great country which, in its marvelous development of progress, power and wealth, has startled the world, is yet destined to compass inconceivable possibilities of achievement in its onward march in the race of nations. Let us, therefore, accept, like a brave and patriotic people, the result of this great war between the States. Let us bow with reverence to that Divinity which shaped it. Let us rejoice in the peace and prosperity which has followed it. Let us give our hands and hearts in cordial friendship and greeting to the gallant boys who once wore *the blue*. Let us forgive them more freely, because time has made them like ourselves at last—the wearers of *the gray*. But comrades, let us never cease to honor and revere the martyred heroes who died in a cause they believed to be just.

"Forgive and forget? Yes, be it so
From the hills to the broad sea waves;
But mournful and low are the winds that blow
By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the spirit all thought of ill
  In the midnight of grief held fast,
And yet, oh Brothers, be loyal still
  To the sacred and stainless Past.

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud,
  From the waning mansion of Mars,
And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
  And her eyes are misted stars.

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death,
  'There is duty still to be done,
Tho' the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
  And the battle been lost and won.'

And she points with a trembling hand below,
  To the wasted and worn array
Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow
  For the grandeur that crowned 'the Grey.'

Oh God! they come not as once they came
  In the magical years of yore;
For the trenchant sword and soul of flame
  Shall quiver and flash no more.

Alas! for the broken and battered hosts:
  Frail wrecks from a gory sea;
Though pale as a band in the realm of ghosts,
  Salute them. They fought with Lee."

GENERAL A. P. HILL.

PRESENTATION OF HIS STATUE TO A. P. HILL CAMP, PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Interesting Ceremonies—Distinguished Visitors From Richmond—Speeches Made on the Occasion—The Banquet and Toasts.

[From the Petersburg *Index Appeal*, November 30, 1892.]

The unveiling of the imposing statue of General A. P. Hill, a gift from the Pegram Battalion Association, of Richmond, to A. P. Hill Camp, of this city, which took place last evening in the hall of the camp, on Tabb street, will mark an important epoch in the

history of the camp, and will always be remembered with many pleasant recollections by the old vets of this gallant "Cockade City." At six o'clock the members of the camp, in full uniform, began to rendezvous at their hall, and half an hour later, headed by their splendid drum corps, marched to the Union depot to meet their guests from Richmond, who arrived here shortly before 7 o'clock. They were Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel Alexander W. Archer, Major Robert Stiles, Honorable J. Taylor Ellyson, Major Thomas A. Brander, R. B. Munford, Honorable Joseph Bryan, William R. Trigg, Colonel William E. Tanner, Judge Henry W. Flournoy, Colonel William P. Smith, Colonel John Murphy, Captain Thomas Ellett, Judge George L. Christian, William Ellis Jones, Captain John Tyler, Colonel G. Percy Hawes, E. H. Clowes, Colonel John B. Purcell, D. S. Redford, and Colonel W. M. Evans.

The camp and their guests marched from the depot through some of the principal streets thence to their hall. Here a short time was spent in social greeting. At 7.30 o'clock Captain W. Gordon McCabe, commander of A. P. Hill Camp, rapped the assemblage to order, and then the white cloth, which concealed the bronze statue of that gallant soldier and Chieftain A. P. Hill from view, was removed by Comrade W. H. Baxter amidst loud applause from the old Confederate veterans present.

Major Thomas A. Brander, of Richmond, then on behalf of Pegram Battalion Association, presented the statue to A. P. Hill Camp.

MAJOR BRANDER'S SPEECH.

Commander McCabe and Comrades of A. P. Hill Camp:

It is with pleasure that I am with you to-night, to honor the memory of one who was so dear to us all. As I am unaccustomed to public speaking, and feel so unequal to the duty assigned me, I must beg that you will pardon me, if I read what I have to say on this interesting occasion.

When I recall the names of R. L. Walker, W. J. Pegram, James and Robert Ellett, Greenlee Davidson, John and Ellis Munford, Edward Maynee, Joseph McGraw, G. M. Cayce and a host of others who formed one of the grandest artillery battalions in the Army of Northern Virginia, and who have now passed away, it awakens the tenderest memories of the past.

In July, 1887, the Pegram Battalion Association, composed of the surviving members of batteries. everyone of which were attached to the brigades forming A. P. Hill's Light Division, and afterwards as Pegram's battalion attached to the same division, and to the Third Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, feeling that it would be becoming and proper in their Association, in the absence of any other organization to take the lead, as well as to show their admiration and love for their old division and corps commander, to organize an association for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory worthy of his gallantry and fame. From this movement the A. P. Hill Monument Association was formed, and after five years' continued struggle they accomplished their purpose, and on the 30th of May last dedicated a monument of enduring granite and bronze, in a measure worthy of the man. Having preserved the plaster cast of the figure, our Association thought that it might be acceptable to the A. P. Hill Camp, of Petersburg, and now as president of the A. P. Hill Monument Association, I take great pleasure in presenting the same to your camp, bearing his name, knowing that it will be preserved and handed down to future generations, not for its intrinsic value, but for the love and admiration that we all have for him, not only as a man, but as a gallant officer and a true patriot.

CAPTAIN M'CABE'S SPEECH.

Major Brander and Gentlemen of the Monument Committee of the Pegram Battalion Association:

On behalf of the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, which I have the honor to command, I accept with profound gratitude your munificent gift of this statue of our old corps commander.

And, at the outset, I am sure I may be pardoned for recalling with a soldier's honest pride that it is my good fortune to be knit by no common ties, both to the donors and the recipients of this superb work of art.

For, while I stand here to-night, through the too generous partiality of my comrades, as the official representative of this Camp, never can I forget, while life lasts, that, as Adjutant of the famous "fighting battalion" of the Army of Northern Virginia, I followed with you on more than a score of crimson fields the headquarter battle-flag of our boy-colonel, William Johnson Pegram—the pride of of his corps, the most brilliant artillerist of all Virginia's immortal

youth, whose bright and gracious figure sweeps athwart our troubled story "wearing his wounds like stars."

But on such an occasion as this, we do not think so much of the battalion, the regiment, the brigade, or the division, to which each of us belonged, but rather recall, with common pride, that it was given us in those heroic days to stand shoulder to shoulder in the grand old Third Corps, whose name, despite the malice of fortune, has been writ for all time in crimson letters in the very "Temple of Victory."

Here we gather to-night, our hearts stirred by countless proud memories of hardships shared together as good soldiers in a good cause, of disaster met with quiet constancy, of glorious victory wrested time and again from cruel odds by skill and daring—here, we gather to-night in the temper that becomes brave men to do honor to the memory of the brave—that beloved commander, whose character was as stainless as that of knightly Galahad, whose patriotism was of the same stern fibre as that of the old champions of freedom, and whose valor was as tried and true as that of any Paladin, who died in Roncevalle's Pass.

Aye! as England's greatest singer sang of England's greatest soldier, such our proud claim for A. P. Hill:

> Whatever record leaps to light,
> *He* never shall be shamed.

And cold, indeed, must be the heart of him who can look upon this calm, majestic countenance, untouched by any shadow of ignoble thought, and not be stirred with a very passion of pride that it was allowed him, no matter how humble his rank—that it was allowed him, when all the land was girdled with steel and fire, to follow the tattered battle flags of such a brilliant and dauntless soldier.

As we gaze upon the familiar face, fashioned with such cunning by the sculptor's art, that we almost listen to catch from the bearded mouth the sharp, stern word of command, it seems but yesterday that we greeted him with our hoarse cheering, as clad, not, indeed, in such garb as this, but in his simple "fighting jacket," and old slouch hat, with no badge of rank save that which God had written on his noble face, he rode amid the dust and sweat of battle down the thin gray lines, or drew rein in the centre of the blackened guns amid "the fiery pang of shell," and marked with the fierce joy of victorious fight how the serried columns of blue melted away under the pitiless iron sleet.

But noble as is this statue, impressive as is the monument, which but a few months ago you erected to the memory of this hero in the capital of our ancient Commonwealth, there is yet a nobler, a more impressive, a more enduring monument, that, under God, may be reared by even the humblest of his followers to commemorate the virtues of this stainless soldier.

High and clear the greatest historian of the Roman world strikes the key-note of this immortal truth, when he bids the wife and daughter of Agricola to honor the memory of that illustrious soldier by pondering in their thoughts all his deeds and words, and by cherishing the features and lineaments of his *character* rather than those of his person.

"It is not," he says, "that I would forbid the likenesses that are wrought in marble and in bronze, but as the faces of men, so all similitudes of the face are weak and perishable things, *while the fashion of the soul is everlasting*, such, as may be expressed, not in some foreign substance or by the help of art, *but in our own lives.*"

So, oh! my comrades, shall we rear a monument more enduring than bronze statue or marble shaft, if in the lives of such men as A. P. Hill we and our children and children's children shall find their highest inspiration to be fearless, to be constant, to be loyal to duty in "the homelier fray" of daily life!

I have spoken of the stainless purity of Sir Galahad and the knightly valor of those stout Paladins who died in Roncevalle's Pass, but, in truth, no Southern man in illustrating to his children all those stern and gentle virtues, which noble souls reckon the highest, need even turn to poet's lay or stirring page of Plutarch, but rather tell in simplest phrase how lived and died a Hill, a Jackson, and a Lee.

> Blood is not wasted when a hero bleeds—
> Earth drinks it not alone; a nation's heart
> Absorbs the precious rain, whose atoms start
> New life that runs its course in noble deeds.

The war has now been over more than a quarter of a century, and time, as is inevitable, has brought with it new conditions and new duties, which, none worthy of the name of *man*, may shirk. A great English thinker has pithily said that "the reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another," and who that knows our people can deny that the best guarantee of fitness for dealing with the problems in every relation of life that have confronted us in these days of peace, has been single-minded devotion in the stormy days of war to that

Cause, which claimed the passionate fealty of five millions of people—and that too a people, whose fathers had borne by far the greater share in wresting from English tyranny the freedom of the Western world.

It was a Cause worthy of the heroic sacrifices made by that people—a Cause, which developed to heroic pitch by fire of battle the noblest virtues which God has allowed to mortal men. Surely, it is meet that we shall seek to perpetuate to all coming time the wondrous record of that antique valor, that incorruptible patriotism, that passionate devotion to principle, regardless of the cost, which shall prove to generations yet unborn the noblest obligation to bear themselves as not unworthy of their heroic strain—which, so far from mantling their cheeks with the blush of shame, shall make them fitly proud that they are the descendants of the men, who knew how to bear defeat because untouched of dishonor, and who, strong in the immortal truth that "God and our consciences alone give measure of right and wrong," met with unshaken front the very stroke of Fate.

Peace has come! God give his blessing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective,
And she writes no word of blame—
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame.

"Rebel" he was, and is, to the "cheap patriots" of the hour, who feared to look upon his face when his sword was girded on his thigh. "Rebel" too, was Virginia's greatest son of our First Revolution in the mouths of those who denied the chartered liberties of our "Old Dominion." But to day, under every sun and in every clime, the name of that immortal "Rebel" is the synonym of the loftiest patriotism, of sternest devotion to Constitutional freedom.

Yet, had not success been his, Washington were none the less a patriot and a champion of freedom.

So, oh, my comrades of countless hard-fought field for Truth, for Justice and for Right, holding fast to the ennobling traditions of our heroic past, which teach us that *patriotism is patriotism* and that *principle is principle*, whether glorified by victory or shrouded in defeat—so shall we honor the memory of such men as Ambrose Powell Hill, who did not fear to die that they might transmit to their children the heritage bequeathed them by their fathers.

The speech of Commander McCabe was received with loud applause, and many of those present, including some of the ladies, congratulated him on his fine effort.

The following ladies were in attendance upon the presentation ceremonies:

Mrs. W. Gordon McCabe, Mrs. S. H. Marks, Mrs. William Alexander, Mrs. J. B. Blanks, Mrs. R. T. Stone, Mrs. W. S. Simpson, Mrs. J. G. Griswold, Miss Ida Baxter, Miss ——— Stevens, Mrs. S. L. Simpson, of Charleston, and Miss Mary Simpson.

THE BANQUET.

The presentation ceremonies over, the camp and their invited guests repaired to the banquet hall, where a fine collation was spread. After the company had been seated and a blessing asked by Commander McCabe, there was a clatter of knives and forks, and then about one hundred and fifty who wore the gray proceeded to dispose of the elegant spread.

The following were the regular toasts and responses:

TOASTS.

[Captain W. Gordon McCabe, Commander A. P. Hill Camp, No. 6, C. V., toast-master.]

I. OUR GUESTS.

"Their worth is warrant of their welcome."

Response by Colonel John B. Purcell, of Richmond.

II. THE INFANTRY OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

"That array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—that body of incomparable infantry, which for four years carried the revolt on its bayonets; and which died only with its annihilation."

Response by Hon. Richard B. Davis, of Petersburg.

III. THE ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

The sound of the guns shall never be hushed by the roar of the "River Time."

Response by Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond.

Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, in response to the toast, The Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, said:

Mr. Chairman and Comrades:

I esteem it a great privilege to be permitted to meet with you to-night and I pity from the bottom of my heart the citizen of Virginia who does not feel always at home and among friends, in this hospitable and beautiful battle-crowned Cockade city of the south-side. I greet you my comrades of Petersburg, as a brother from a sister city, which claims no higher privilege than to share with you the common glories of the past, and who wishes to walk hand in hand with you in all the achievements of the future. It is doubtless frequently asked by those who were opposed to us in the late struggle, and by those who were too young or too craven to take any part in that war, why is it that we old Confederate soldiers love to come together as we do, thank God, and "fight our battles over again," in the face of the fact, that the world has generally thus far recorded the result of those battles as a signal failure and the cause for which we fought a "lost cause." Is it natural, they doubtless ask, for men to love to celebrate their short comings and their failures? No it is not. But the reasons we love to meet and to greet each other, and to erect memorials of our war deeds, is that aside from the fact, that our friendships are cemented with our blood we knew during the war and have known better ever since then, if possible, that the cause for which we staked our lives and our all, was the cause of right and justice, and we know that the impartial historian of the future, will be compelled to so record the verdict, when that record is finally made up. Not only this, but we know too that he will be forced to add to that record the further fact, that the pathway of the struggle made by the Confederate soldier for freedom, and for constitutional liberty, is illumined by nought but self-sacrifice, heroism, glory, patriotism and devotion to duty from one end of it to the other.

Knowing these things, then, my comrades, as you and I know them to be true, the ex-Confederate soldier who does not feel his heart aglow and whose bosom does not swell with emotion and pride on occasions and amid surroundings like these, is unworthy of the name or to share in that fame which you and I cherish as a priceless heritage to transmit to our children and our children's children; and one of the greatest incentives which we have for coming together on these occasions is to show to our posterity that we have done nothing to be sorry for or to be ashamed of. But let me ask you a

question. Did you ever see one man out of the nearly seven hundred thousand who were in the Confederate army who was ashamed of that fact in his history? I never did, and never expect to, and if I should be so unfortunate as to meet any such creature, I shall tell him he is a craven and a coward, and I know I can talk as I please, with impunity, to "such a wretch" as that. Could this be so if our cause was an unholy one? No, never.

> "No nation rose so white and fair
> Or fell so free of crimes.
> * * * * *
> Eternal right, though all else fail,
> Can never be made wrong."

But, although this is a most attractive strain to me, I must forbear, in order to say something in responding to the toast which has been assigned to me this evening—"The Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia."

What possibilities were once embraced within what was represented by that name. Nay, what almost impossibilities have they not performed in the field and on the march, and what memories of the deeds of this heroic band come trooping before me in imagination as I stand here to-night? Within the limits of a ten minutes' speech I cannot begin to recount them, but must content myself with only a very few "glittering generalities."

I must say in advance that, in my opinion, that credit has not been generally accorded the artillery of the army, which that branch of the service is entitled to, and, I think, this is conceded by all who thought and who know anything of the subject. The artillery, although recognized as the highest branch of the service, and therefore demanding in its service and equipment the best talent and best materials can only be used in the "real business" of the engagement, and the commanding generals, being almost always promoted from, or in immediate command of infantry or cavalry, are almost always, unintentionally or unconsciously, partial to these last named branches of service. Then again the artillery affords little or no opportunity for individual deeds of gallantry, which are so often performed, which attract attention on the field, and are commented on in each of the other branches of the service; each artillerist being dependent on the conduct of several others for the proper discharge of his duties. The artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia too

went into the field worse equipped to meet their opposers than any other branch of the service, whilst they had to combat from the first the fire of the best equipped batteries, with the most improved guns and ammunition then known to the science of warfare. The artillery of our army came out of the war with at least ninety per cent. of its guns, ammunition and equipment captured from the enemy, which fact tells its own story, and there is no page in the splendid history of the Army of Northern Virginia more luminous with glory and heroism than that which is emblazoned with the flashes of artillery which belonged to that army. Are there any more glorious names on the proud and immortal roll of fame than those of Pelham, of Pegram, of Latimer, of Coleman, of Crutchfield, of Brown, of Watson, of McCarthy, and a thousand others that I might mention?

Could anything be more incomplete than the history of the Army of Northern Virginia, with the splendid parts performed by the Washington Artillery Battalion, the Howitzer Battalion, Pegram's glorious battalion, Jones's, Carter's, Andrew's, Poagne's and dozens of other battalions and batteries, the equals, in every respect, of any of those I have named? As I remarked before, I cannot begin to recount the splendid deeds of skill and daring, of privation, heroism and devotion to duty performed, on the march and on the field, by the soldiers of these splendid commands. Listen for a moment, whilst I read to you what was said of this arm of the service by some of those in command on the memorable field of Gettysburg, on which was fought the greatest artillery duel known to the annals of modern warfare. A field on which my own battery fired six hundred and sixty-one rounds (next to the largest number fired by any battery in our corps on the field), where I saw two as noble youths as ever gave their lives to their country almost cut in twain at one of our guns, and two other bright and gallant boys at once step in and take the places of those who were shot down with such promptness and alacrity as to cause little or no intermission in the firing of the gun at which the fearful casualty had occurred.

General A. P. Hill, who was standing between the guns of my battery a portion of the time during the battle of Gettysburg, and by whose command I fired a house which afforded shelter to the enemy's sharpshooters, striking it three times out of four, at a distance of a mile and a half. He, who was the very soul chivalry and of truth, thus refers to some of the work of the artillery in his report

of that great conflict. He says: "At one o'clock our artillery opened, and for two hours rained an incessant storm of missiles upon the enemy's lines. The effect was marked along my front, driving the enemy entirely from his guns." General Early, in his report of the same battle, gives place to this short statement about two commands, only one of which (Jones's) was with him in that fight, viz: "The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, and his artillery battalion, on all occassions, as well as that of Brown's (my own) at Winchester was admirable."

Colonel J. Thompson Brown, our own brave commander, who yielded up his pure life on the field of Spotsylvania (where I was so fearfully maimed) in his report of Gettysburg says: "In this engagement, as in the one at Winchester, the officers and men (of his battalion) behaved with the greatest gallantry, fully sustaining the high character which they had previously borne.

Major (afterwards general) James Dearing in his report of the same battle says: "The behavior of officers and men was all that could be desired by any commander. They were all cool and collected and in earnest, and perfectly indifferent to danger."

Colonel H. P. Jones says: "My thanks are due to both officers and men for their conduct in the presence of the enemy, and the patience with which they endured the hardships of the campaign."

Colonel Cabell says: "I have not language to express my admiration of the coolness and courage displayed by the officers and men on the field of this great battle. Their acts speak for them. In the successive skirmishes in which a portion of the battalion was engaged, and when placed in line of battle near Hagerstown, inviting and expecting an attack, their cool courage and energy are above praise. In crossing rivers, in overcoming the difficulties of a tedious march, in providing for the horses of the battalion, no officers ever exhibited greater energy and efficiency. Passing over muddy roads, exposed to rain nearly every day, they bore the difficulties of the march without a murmer of dissatisfaction. All seemed engaged in a cause which made privation, endurance and any sacrifice, a labor of love."

General R. Lindsay Walker says: "The conduct of the officers and men of this corps was in the highest degree satisfactory, evincing as they did without exception, throughout the long and trying

marches to and from Pennsylvania, the utmost fortitude and patient endurance, under fatigue, and zeal and gallantry in action."

General Long in his life of General Lee says, in speaking of the work at Gettysburg :

"There ensued one of the most tremendous engagements ever witnessed on an open field; the hills shook and quivered beneath the thunder of two hundred and twenty-five guns as if they were about to be torn and rent by some powerful convulsion. In the words of General Hancock, in reference to the performance of the opposing batteries, their artillery fire was the most terrific cannonade and the most prolonged, one possibly hardly ever paralleled. For more than an hour this fierce artillery conflict continued, when the Federal guns began to slacken their fire under the heavy blows of the Confederate batteries, and ere long sank into silence."

General Howard in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in speaking of the effect produced by this splendid work of the artillery at Gettysburg, says: "I have thought that the fearful exposure of General Meade's headquarters, where so much havoc was occasioned by the enemy's artillery, had so impressed him, that he did not at first realize the victory he had won."

But Gettysburg was not the only field of which I wish to speak. In his report of the first battle of Fredericksburg, General Lee says: "The artillery rendered efficient service on every part of the field, and greatly assisted in the defeat of the enemy. The batteries were exposed to an unusually heavy fire of artillery and infantry, which officers and men sustained with coolness and courage worthy of the highest praise."

In his report of the Battle of Chancellorsville, he says: "To the skillful and efficient management of the artillery, the successful issue of the contest is in a great measure due. The ground was not favorable for its employment, but every suitable position was taken with alacrity, and the operations of the infantry supported and assisted with a spirit and courage not second to their own. It bore a prominent part in the final assault which ended in driving the enemy from the field of Chancellorsville, silencing his batteries, and by a destructive enfilade fire upon his works, opened the way for the advance of our troops.

"Colonels Crutchfield, Alexander and Walker, and Lieutenant-Col-

onels Brown, Carter and Andrews, with the officers and men of their commands, are numbered as deserving especial commendation."

General Lee never had the time to write a report of the most brilliant campaign ever fought by him with the Army of Northern Virginia, and, in my opinion, the most brilliant that ever was fought by any general, with any army, a campaign, in which the movements of General Lee were so daring and wonderful, that a writer has said, they must have reminded General Grant of what a martinet Austrian general once said of Napoleon. On one occasion when asked by a French officer what he thought of the state of the war, he replied:

"Nothing could be worse on your side. Here you have a youth who knows nothing of the rules of war. To-day he is in our rear, to morrow on our flank, next day in our front. Such gross violations of the principles of the art of war are not to be supported."

I refer, of course, to the campaign against Grant, from the Rapidan to Petersburg, in which Swinton says the Army of Northern Virginia killed and wounded more of the enemy than it had men in its ranks.

Although this campaign is teeming with the splendid work of the artillery from the beginning to the end I can only refer to one of its performances. General Ewell in speaking of the battle of the 18th May, 1864, at Spottsylvania courthouse, says :

"When well within range General Long opened upon them with thirty pieces of artillery which, with the fire of our skirmishers, broke and drove them back with severe loss. We afterwards learned that they were two fresh divisions nearly ten thousand strong, just come up from the rear."

And it is a remarkable fact in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia that the first gun fired on Virginia soil, as well as the last fired by that army, was fired by the artillery.

Can the record of any men be more brilliant in all the achievements of manhood than that I have just read in your hearing? It was on the stout hearts and strong and willing arm of "men of this metal" that Lee and Jackson and the other great leaders of our armies learned to lean for support, and from whose deeds of valor, so well directed by them, these leaders snatched a fame which has "echoed around the world." And some of these old artillerists constitute the bulwarks of society in this Southland to-day.

What constitutes a State?
  Not high raised battlements, nor labored mound,
Thick wall, nor moated gate,
  Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays, not broad armed ports,
  Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred nor spangled courts,
  Where low browed baseness lends perfume to pride.
No, men! highminded men,
  Men who their duties know,
But know the right, and knowing dare maintain,
  Prevent the long aimed blow,
Then crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain,
  These constitute a State.

And it was of such as these that the artillerists of the Army of Northern Virginia was composed. As they served their guns in war, so they served their country in war and in peace, and deserve well of their countrymen and countrywomen. God bless them always.

But the end of the war came, and with that end came the beginning of sacrifices and sorrows, as well as the greatest services to their country, of the artillerists of the Army of Northern Virginia. When on the fated field of Appomattox these old soldiers grounded their trusted and well worn arms, to what did they return? Not to the homes of peace and plenty they had enlisted from four years before, but to devastation, desolation, ruin and almost to despair.

Where my home was glad, were ashes,
  For horror and shame had been there.
  * * * * * * * *
We had seen from the smoking village
  The mothers and daughters fly,
We had seen where the little children
  Sank down in the furrows to die;
From the far off conquered cities
  Came the voice of stifled wail,
And the moans and shrieks of the houseless
  Rang out like a dirge on the gale.

It was with scenes and surroundings like these that the old artillerists of the Army of Northern Virginia found themselves confronted when they laid down their arms. Could they have faced these new and frightful dangers and surroundings, this "abomination of desolation standing over against them" without their hearts sinking

within them and settling down into irretrievable despair, had they not been used to facing dangers in every form, overcoming seeming impossibilities for the four intervening years, and had they not been only "wearied and worn out with victories" on an hundred fields? To ask this question is to furnish its answer. But this desolation of their homes was not all, by any "manner of means." They had gone forth to defend proud and sovereign States, they came back to find them conquered provinces, and soon to swarm with the vilest vermin, in the shape of camp-followers, "carpet-baggers," "scalawags" *et id omne genus*, that ever infested and infuriated any people outside of regions of the infernal. Literally "chaos had come again," and there was no earthly power to bring "order out of this chaos" but the old ex-Confederate soldier. In Virginia we found in the place of the old mother, whose very name was a synonym of her character, and both so dear to her children, "District No. 1," attempted to be *overawed* by General Ord, then *terrified* by General Terry, then *stoned to death* by General Stoneman. No wonder that one of our local poets should have sung in two languages, intermingling the dead and living so plaintively, words something like these:

"Terry leaves us, *sumas* weary
Jam nos taedet te videre
Si vis nos, with joy *implere*
We can spare thee *magne* Terry
Freely very. * * * *
Terry *in haec terra* tarry
Diem narry."

Amid such scenes we might well exclaim with the old Greek, "Olympus was there, the Ægean was there, the land where Homer sang and where Pericles spoke was there.

"But with such aspect on the shore
'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more."

Yes, my friends, we came to conquered provinces, and despite hindrances of almost every kind which confronted us, we have, by the help and guidance of our Great Father, with the help and amidst the smiles and the benedictions of the sweetest, the noblest, the purest and best women on earth, and with the moral and intellectual forces which were formed in us before, and which were only strengthened and invigorated by war and its calamities, we have

remoulded these provinces into States, after the "form and fashion" of our fathers, and now the "camp-follower," the "carpet-bagger," the "scalawag," and all such are no more, and instead of these "off-scouring of creation," we present to the world the States of the Confederacy as forming the solid phalanx of the "Solid South," and as the hope and mainstay of constitutional liberty in this great republic. And thus, my comrades,

> "As the mountains look on Virginia,
> And Virginia looks on the sea,
> Whilst musing here an hour alone,
> I dream that we may yet be free;
> For standing near a Stuart's grave
> I will not deem myself a slave."

IV. THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

> "Spur on! Spur on! We love the bounding
> Of barbs that bear us to the fray.
> "The Charge" our bugles now are sounding,
> And our bold Stuart leads the way.
> —*Confederate War Glee.*

Response by Judge D. M. Bernard, of Petersburg.

JUDGE D. M. BERNARD'S RESPONSE.

It affords me no little pleasure to speak the merited praises of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. My only regret is that I am not gifted with that silvery eloquence which alone can paint in its true colors the brilliant part which it took in those splendid achievements which have made immortal the army to which it belonged.

I look with loftiest pride upon the first three and a half years of the war. I served with that branch of the army which has written its name high and imperishably high on the temple of fame, the infantry of our army, but I can assure you it is with no less pride that I contemplate the last six months of that war, in which I shared the hardships and the glories of that gallant band of heroes, the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I know it is thought by some that the hardships of the cavalry were comparatively slight. Indeed this idea was at one time so

common that it found expression in the old song, "If you want to have a good time join the cavalry." But I know from experience that this idea is entirely without foundation in fact. I express my true sentiments, when I tell you that the hardships of the cavalry were as great, yes, at times, even greater than those of the other arms of the service. The cavalrymen on those long forced marches which they so frequently took as often longed for a walk as did the marching foot soldier long for a ride. In addition to his own physical fatigue he suffered the mental pain of knowing that his noble steed on which he so much relied was suffering from the pangs of hunger and thirst and fatigue. And when the cavalryman halts for a few hours of needed rest, he cannot, like his brother of the infantry, at once throw his blanket around, fall upon the ground and embrace that sweet and restful sleep, whose wooings have well nigh overcome him, but he must first, and frequently at great trouble, look-out for the comfort of his horse.

The cavalryman but seldom enjoyed the comparative ease and comfort of winter quarters. Summer and spring, winter and autumn were all the same to him. He must be upon that all important outpost, watching or fighting the enemy, whether the summer's sun be shining or the winter's blast be blowing.

When you see that solitary cavalryman riding from the front to the rear, he is not always in search of butter-milk, nor is he turning his back upon the foe, because he fears to face him or to fight him, but oftener than otherwise he is bearing some message to the rear which is to save the army from surprise or the loved cause from disaster.

One of the principal duties of the cavalry is to watch and inform and, if needs be, to hold in check the advancing enemy until preparations are made to receive him. That the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia was fully up to its duty in this respect is evidenced by the fact that there is not one single instance during the whole war where any portion of the army to which it belonged was surprised because of the failure of its cavalry to perform its duty either as watchers or as fighters.

It is true that the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia did not so often as did its infantry meet the enemy in the shock of great battles. Its duties were of a different kind, but of such a kind and so gallantly and nobly done that the performance of them contributed much to ensuring victory to our army in some of those great

shocks. I believe that history will bear me out in the assertion that but for that bold and dashing raid of Stuart and his troopers around the army of McClellan that army would not have been so easily crowded under the gunboats by the invincible cohorts of Jackson and of Hill.

But the record of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia is not bare of great battles. It has its Kelly's Ford, its Hanover Junction, its Brandy Station, its Trevillian's, its Yellow Tavern and its High Bridge. And it has the pride of knowing that in each of these great conflicts the laurels of victory encircled its brow.

It numbered among its officers, some, not only of the most daring and gallant men, but of the most renowned soldiers of the war. It had its Lees, its Wickham, its Hampton, its Ashby, its Mosby, its gallant Dearing, and its great Stuart. Such leaders were never surpassed, and there is no instance on record when the brave troopers under these gallant officers failed to spur on their steeds to the fray in answer to the bugle sound of "charge."

V. THE STAFF OF THE ARMY.

Their courage, intelligence and devotion to duty were conspicuous on every field.

Response by Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, of Petersburg.

VI. THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Response by Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond.

VII. OUR SISTER CITIES, RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.

Welded together by fire of battle in the heroic Past, they are no less bound together by common aspirations and common interest in days of Peace.

Response by Hon. Charles F. Collier, of Petersburg.

VIII. THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD.

"They never fail who die in a great cause."

Response by Hon. Henry W. Flournoy, of Richmond.

VOLUNTARY TOASTS.

The following voluntary toast was made by Colonel W. H. Palmer, who spoke as follows:

The friends of General A. P. Hill have watched with the greatest atisfaction the interest that Petersburg has taken in his career. You have named your Confederate camp after him, and it is so appropriate. Whatever may come to you in the future, nothing more glorious can come than the defence of your city from June, 1864, to April, 1865; and at every step his deeds form a part of your history.

In the records of every seige that I have read of, the defence had some element of hope to inspire them. At Genoa the French had hope of relief, and back of them a prosperous country to reward them for their pains and labors; at Saragossa the defenders had hope that relief would come in the end; but the defenders of your city, for nine long months while daily in contact with the enemy, knew that they were growing weaker, that the armies of the Confederacy in the field were melting away, that their government had neither reinforcements to send them or reward for them.

The only inspiration that held them to their terrible work was the hope of gaining the approval of the commander-in chief, whose personality dominates them, who they knew shared their labors and trials to the utmost.

On the night of the 17th of June General Hill received orders to move to Petersburg. It was a long and trying march from New Market Heights. His third corps was hurried across the bridge at Drury's Bluff, and part of it was in the line near the Jerusalem plank-road on the evening of the 18th of June. As we rode that day he said that with the force at General Lee's disposal the line fronting Richmond and Petersburg could not be held, and yet our great commander held them for nine long months. When the lines were broken General Hill's prediction was verified, he paid the forfeit with his life.

Whenever the Army of Northern Virginia was in fearful peril it was General Hill's fate to hold the post of danger. At Sharpsburg,

where all seemed lost, he marched the eighteen miles, crossing the Potomac from Harper's Ferry, which had surrendered to him, and struck Burnside's corpse of fifteen thousand men and rolled it up like a scroll. When the army retired across the Potomac his division formed the rear guard, and when the Federal army attempted to follow at Boetner's Ford, he filled the Potomac with their dead.

After Gettysburg, having gained the only success there, in the destruction of Reynolds' corps, killing the corps commander opposed to him. His third corps formed again the rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia, which retired across the Potomac a second time in safety behind his veteran troops. At Petersburg the post of danger and ceaseless vigilance was the right. Other troops might rest, Hill's corps was ever on the move, repelling advances on the right. At last the end came, the lines gave way, his blood mingled with your soil, sacred indeed, to all men who are capable of administering unselfish devotion, and nothing in his career was more becoming or unselfish than his death. His courier had ridden ahead of him, ordering as he rode two soldiers of the enemy to surrender. General Hill saw that they intended to fire on him. It was man to man, and no longer lieutenant general and his courier, Tucker, told me a few minutes after that he had no idea that General Hill was by his side.

Just as they fired he heard the rush of the general's horse at his side. He would not see his courier in peril without sharing it with him, and his courier's life was saved at the expense of his own. The Crater. When the column of smoke arose from the Crater General Hill leaped from his cot and said: "I am going to Mahone's division; I will take his troops—all that can be spared—to the point of the explosion." He directed that I should stay at headquarters for any reports from the right. Thirty minutes after General Lee rode up from the other side of the Appomattox unattended by officer or courier. I told him that General Hill had gone to General Mahone's division, with the express purpose of taking all of the troops that could be spared from the lines to the point of the explosion. We had a near way from our headquarters to the left of Halifax street, down Lieutenant Run to General Mahone's headquarters. I conducted General Lee by this near way, and before getting to General Mahone's headquarters we found his troops in motion. General Lee passed through the line and out in the open, and as he was unattended and in some danger from the artillery fire, I continued with him to the rear of the river salient. He took out

his glasses and took a long look at the captured line. He asked me how many of the enemy's flags I counted in the line. I counted eleven. Soon after he rode back and joined Mahone's troops as filed down Lieutenant Run. The Crater was on General Beauregard's line. General Hill's troops took it and held it. The movement was made without orders from the commander-in-chief, and his own line on the right was imperiled. He took all the risk to go to the point of danger.

One word as to the behavior of the citizens of Petersburg during these months. It was heroic. The men in citizen's clothing did veteran's duty in the trenches, and the women walked about calmly with the enemy's shells whistling above them. Time and again in riding your streets I was filled with amazement at the composure of your citizens under the trying position in which they were placed.

It is a compensation to have witnessed these scenes. It is a compensation to leave a history, and on this broad continent no spot has witnessed more of human constancy, devotion and sacrifice than this spot on which we unveil a likeness of a hero indeed, a worthy companion of his commander, a worthy leader of men, whom to have followed as most of you did, in however humble a position entitles you to distinction.

Other toasts were made by Commander W. Gordon McCabe, Major Robert Stiles, Mr. Joseph Bryan, of the Richmond *Times;* Colonel William P. Smith, Captain John Tyler, Commander A. W. Archer, William R. McKenney and others.

Commander McCabe read the following letter:

PETERSBURG, VA., *November 29, 1892.*

DEAR SIR—It was very kind of you to have called in person to extend the invitation to the unveiling ceremonies which are to be had at your Confederate camp this evening. I appreciate sincerely the consideration in generous measure with my unalloyed esteem for the memory of General A. P. Hill. He was my personal friend, and a more brilliant useful soldier and chivalrous gentleman never adorned the Confederate army. My heart is in sympathy with the tribute you pay to his memory and regret that it is not so that I can join you in the ceremonies of the evening.

Yours truly,

MAHONE.

Hon. George Bernard and Dr. Harwood.

After the reading of the above letter which was received with applause Mr. Joseph Bryan proposed a toast to the health of Commander Gordon McCabe and then called on him for a speech. After the toast had been drunk Commander McCabe made a most felicitious talk.

It was half past twelve in the morning when the festivities of the banquet hall were brought to a close. The Richmond guests all expressed themselves as delighted with their visit to the "Cockade City," and stated that they had never been better treated. They were escorted to the depot by A. P. Hill Camp and left on their return home at 1.15 A. M.

GENERAL JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

DID THE TERMS SHERMAN OFFERED CARRY OUT LINCOLN'S POLICY?

Senator Sherman, in His Eulogy of His Brother, Said They Did, and the Honorable George C. Gorham Writes a Letter to Prove That They Did Not—He Also Shows That Grant Disapproved of the Agreement before He Submitted it to the President.

[*New York Sun*, April 11, 1892.]

WASHINGTON, *April 10th.*

George C. Gorham has written the following open letter to Senator Sherman, respecting the latter's statement about the terms of Johnston's surrender in his recent eulogy of General Sherman at New York :

Honorable John Sherman, United States Senate :

DEAR SIR—In your recent address in New York on the character and public services of your illustrious brother, General W. T.

Sherman, you made the following reference to the terms proposed by him for the surrender of the forces of General Joseph Johnston and other commanders at the close of the civil war :

General Sherman believed in and sought to carry out the policy of Mr. Lincoln. The terms of surrender were tentative, and the conditions were entirely subject to the supervision of the executive authorities, but instead of being submitted to the generous and forgiving patriot who had fallen, they were passed upon in the shadow of a great crime by stern and relentless enemies, who would not have consented to the conditions imposed by General Grant upon General Lee, and who would have disregarded them had not General Grant threatened to resign upon their refusal to carry out his terms. When this arrangement with General Johnston was submitted to President Johnson and Mr. Stanton, it was rejected, with the insulting intimation that it proceeded from either cowardice or treachery. The old cry against General Sherman was again started. It was even imputed that he would attempt to play the part of a Cromwell or a military usurper. The generous kindness of Grant came to his relief. New terms were agreed upon and the war closed.

You would have it understood by this that while General Sherman was engaged in a praise-worthy and purely military act, which President Lincoln would have desired him to perform had he lived, he was sat upon and insulted, and his arrangements set aside by President Johnson and Edwin M. Stanton, then Secretary of War, in a mean and narrow spirit of revenge, because of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that at this juncture the generous kindness of General Grant interposed between him and these alleged enemies, and that the two Generals agreed on new terms and ended the war. You state all this as though you had approved General Sherman's course.

Whatever policy Mr. Lincoln might have recommended to Congress for the restoration of the Confederate States to their relations with the Union, none knew better than you that he never would have undertaken to usurp the powers of Congress on the subject, much less to allow a military subordinate to guide him in this work by an unauthorized arrangement made under the supervision of Jefferson Davis and his cabinet. Mr. Lincoln left no room for doubt on this point, for he gave the following direction to General Grant a fortnight before the Sherman-Johnston negotiations :

Lieutenant-General Grant:

The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on solely minor or purely military matters. He instructs me to say to you that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer on any political question; such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

You will say that General Sherman had not seen this order of Mr. Lincoln's when he made his arrangement with Johnston, but it is none the less absolute proof that he (Mr. Lincoln) would have disapproved the arrangement. The General needed no such admonition to teach him that discussion of public policies in a military convention was an invasion of the civil authority and wholly outside the powers and duties of a military commander. He frankly admitted this, and in a letter to Secretary Stanton, dated April 25, the day after receiving the government's disapproval of his terms, he said: "I admit my folly in embracing in a military convention any civic matters."

If you will refer to his "Memoirs," page 349, you will see that in his interview with General Johnston he asked him if he could control other armies than his own. Johnston replied that he could not do this, but indicated "that he could procure authority from Davis." On the following page, he says: "General Johnston, saying that he thought during the night he could procure authority to act in the name of all the Confederate armies in existence, we agreed to meet on the next day at noon." The two Generals met again accordingly, and Johnston then assured Sherman that "he had authority for all the Confederate armies, so that they would obey his order to surrender."

The Confederate Secretary of War, John C. Breckinridge, was then brought in, and participated in arranging the terms. These terms comprehended an armistice, to continue until forty-eight hours after notice of either side for its termination. The Confederate armies were to disband, their arms and munitions of war to be turned over to the several States of the Confederacy, the governments of which were to be recognized by the President, and the inhabitants of the South were to be guaranteed all their rights of property (including

slaves) and all the political power they possessed before the rebellion, and to be relieved from all consequences of the rebellion by a proclamation of general amnesty. The arrangement concluded with the following words :

"Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to obtain the necessary authority and to carry out the above programme."

A messenger was sent to Washington with the proposed agreement. At the same time General Sherman wrote the commanding general of the armies in Virginia :

"I have agreed with General Joseph E. Johnston for a temporary cessation of active hostilities, to lay before our government at Washington the agreement made between us, with the full sanction of Mr. Davis and in the presence of Mr. Breckinridge."

His messenger reached Washington on the 21st of April, and delivered his despatches to General Grant. You represented General Grant as coming to General Sherman's relief, from which those not acquainted with the history of the case would suppose that he approved the agreement. When you made this statement you must have known that General Grant condemned General Sherman's act before consulting either President Johnson or Secretary Stanton. He wrote that very evening to General Sherman, acknowledging receipt of the agreement, and said :

"I read it carefully before submitting it to the President and the Secretary of War, and feel satisfied that it could not possibly be approved."

In the same letter he says that upon his suggestion a Cabinet meeting was called, the result of which was "the disapproval by the president of the basis laid down and the disapproval of the negotiations altogether, except for the surrender of the army commanded by General Johnston, and an order for the termination of the armistice and the resumption of hostilities." I have before me while I write the original of the following note from General Grant to General Stanton :

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 21, 1865.*

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

SIR—I have received and just completed reading the despatches brought by special messenger from General Sherman. They are of

such importance that I think immediate action should be taken on them, and it should be done by the president in council with his whole cabinet. I would respectfully suggest whether the president should not be notified and all his cabinet, and a meeting take place to-night.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

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

General Grant started immediately after the adjournment of the cabinet meeting for Raleigh, North Carolina, and arrived at Sherman's headquarters on the 24th to execute the president's order. Under this order Sherman gave notice that hostilities would be resumed, whereupon Johnston's army was surrendered upon the terms accorded by Grant to Lee.

As a matter of prudence and necessity, Mr. Stanton telegraphed to General John A. Dix, then in New York, with permission to publish the same, a copy of the Sherman-Johnston agreement and its disapproval by the government. To it was appended the reasons for its disapproval. These reasons were as follows:

1. It was an exercise of an authority not vested in General Sherman, and on its face shows that both he and Johnston knew that General Sherman had no authority to enter into any such arrangement.

2. It was a practical acknowledgement of the Rebel government.

3. It undertook to re-establish the Rebel State governments that had been overthrown at the sacrifice of many thousand loyal lives and an immense treasury, and placed the arms and munitions of war in the hands of Rebels at their respective capitals, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States were disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue the loyal States.

4. By the restoration of Rebel authority in their respective States they would be enabled to re-establish slavery.

5. It might furnish a ground of responsibility for the Federal government to pay the Rebel debts, and certainly subject the loyal citizens of Rebel States to debts contracted by Rebels in the State.

6. It would put in dispute the existence of loyal State governments and the new State of West Virginia, which had been recognized by every department of the United States Government.

7. It practically abolished the Confiscation law and relieved the Rebels, of every degree, who had slaughtered our people, from all pains and penalties for their crimes.

8. It gave terms that had been deliberately, repeatedly and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the Rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition.

9. It formed no basis of true and lasting peace, but relieved the Rebels from the pressure of our victories, and left them in condition to renew their efforts to overthrow the United States Government and subdue the loyal States whenever their strength was recruited and any opportunity was offered.

The publication of these reasons was absolutely demanded in the interest of the public safety. The expectations which General Sherman had raised in the minds of the army and the people, that our soldiers only awaited the president's order to return rejoicing to their homes, could not be realized under his terms consistently with the dignity or the safety of the country. This had to be made evident to the people and the army to prevent serious and perhaps dangerous discontent. The Honorable Jacob Collamer, then a Senator from the State of Vermont, in a letter to Mr. Stanton, dated June 14, 1865, expressed his opinion on this point as follows:

General Sherman promulgated to his army and the world his arrangements with Johnston. Indeed, the armistice could not in any other way be accounted for, and the army was gratified with the expectation of any immediate return home. To reject that arrangement was clearly necessary, and to do it without stating any reason for it would have been a very dangerous experiment, both to the public and to the army. Indeed, many had serious apprehensions of its effect on the army, even with the conclusive reasons which were given. Should not this view be presented in any and every true manifesto of the case?

It is not necessary here to discuss the terms. No one in his senses will question the good intentions of General Sherman in agreeing to them, but it is the truth of history that they were rejected by the union people of the country at the time as unanimously as they were by the president and his cabinet.

In conclusion, allow me to quote one more authority in support of Mr. Stanton's view and in condemnation of General Sherman's fearful mistake. The authority will not be seriously questioned by you. It reads as follows :

CLEVELAND, O., *April 27, 1865.*

MY DEAR SIR—I am distressed beyond measure at the terms granted Johnston by General Sherman. They are inadmissible. There should now be literally no terms granted. We should not only brand the leading rebels with infamy, but the whole rebellion should wear the badge of the penitentiary, so that, for this generation at least, no man who has taken part in it would dare justify or palliate it. Yet with these views I feel that gross injustice has been done General Sherman, especially by the press. The most that can be said about him is that he granted the rebels too liberal terms. The same may be said, but to a less degree, of Mr. Lincoln and General Grant in their arrangement with Lee. General Sherman had not understood the political bearing of that agreement. It is his misfortune that he believes the promises of these men, and looks upon the whole contest in a simple military view. He thought the disbanding of their armies is the end of the war, while we knew that to arm them with the elective franchise and State organizations is to renew the war.

I feel so troubled in this matter, following so closely upon the death of Mr. Lincoln, that I was inclined to drop everything and go to Raleigh, but I promised to join the funeral cortege here, and on Saturday week have agreed to deliver a eulogy of Mr. Lincoln at Mansfield. This over, I will gladly go to Washington or anywhere else, where I can render the least service. I do not wish General Sherman to be unjustly dealt with, and I know that you will not permit it, and especially I do not want him driven into fellowship with the copperheads. His military services have been too valuable to the country to be stained by any such fellowship. If you can, in your multiplied engagements, drop me a line, pray do so. You can if you choose show this to the president, or, indeed, to anyone.

Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton.

I cannot find in this letter any reference to the insult with which you now assert that General Sherman's terms were rejected by President Johnson and Mr. Stanton. But I do find in it an assurance from you to Secretary Stanton that you knew he would not permit General

Sherman to be unjustly dealt with. You could not have said this had you thought Mr. Stanton himself had already dealt unjustly by him, by publishing the reasons above quoted, and which had been in print in every leading newspaper of the country four days before you wrote your letter.

I honored and admired General Sherman. I knew him personally and enjoyed the honor of his friendship. No more patriotic American, no braver or more faithful soldier ever lived. But I also honored and admired Mr. Stanton, whose biography I have undertaken, and whose private papers are in my keeping; and I cannot remain silent when one of the greatest and wisest of his official acts is brought forward, misstated, and perverted in a useless effort to show that General Sherman was right when he himself admitted (with the concurrence of Senator Sherman) that he was wrong.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE C. GORHAM.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS, LL.D.

An Oration delivered before the Alumni Association of the University of North Carolina, Tuesday May 31, 1892, by Hon. Alfred Moore Waddell.

[The editor in his modest efforts in behalf of historical and kindred investigation, extending from boyhood, for more than a quarter of a century has been favored constantly with the sympathy of noble men and women, with whom he has enjoyed the privilege of correspondence; a majority of whom he never met, and many of whom, alas! "have ceased from their labors." With Colonel Saunders he had held friendly communication for a number of years, before he had the pleasure of meeting him; an opportunity afforded by a memorable occasion, and a satisfaction never to be forgotten. On the 28th of October, 1887, the day following the laying of the corner-stone of the grand monument to the peerless patriot Lee, a brief note summoned the writer to the Exchange Hotel, Richmond. He was apprised of the physical disability of Colonel Saunders, who, from a rheumatic affection had been unable to walk for many years;

being wheeled about in a chair. In activity the gallant veteran must have been of commanding presence, and, erect, his stature more than six feet. He gave no intimation in countenance or voice of affliction, although he had a short time before arisen from a visitation of prostration and agony. Seated, amidst friends, in an easy chair, not another present was more animated. His habitually cheerful temperament was ever inspiring, and his friends, it is said, made his room their "headquarters" when they visited Raleigh. The writer, by request, remained several hours, during which time, Colonel Saunders held a delightful levee, many gentlemen of prominence calling upon him. With friends from his own State the prevailing familiar appellation was "Colonel Bill."

Onward from this meeting the writer felt that he had a warm personal friend in Colonel Saunders, of whose regard he has cherished memorials, and whose death he deplores as a keen loss.

William Lawrence Saunders, son of Rev. Joseph Hubbard and Laura J. (Baker) Saunders, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, July 30, 1835, and was of Virginian ancestry; his grandfather James Saunders being a grandson of Eben Saunders a native of England, who settled in Lancaster county, Virginia, about 1675.

His father dying whilst he was a lad, his mother removed, with her family to Chapel Hill, that she might educate her three sons at the university there, and he entered that institution in 1850 and graduated in the class of 1854. He subsequently read law and settled in Salisbury, where he for some time practiced his profession. He married in February, 1864, Miss Florida Cotten, of Raleigh, a sister of Mrs. Engelhard, whose husband, Major Joseph A. Engelhard had been his life-long friend, who was afterward his associate in business, and his predecessor in the office of Secretary of State of North Carolina. His wife died about a year after their marriage. At the beginning of the war, 1861–'5, he entered service as a lieutenant in the Rowan Guards. He afterwards joined Reilly's Battery, and later raised a company for the Forty-sixth Regiment of North Carolina infantry, of which he became by regular promotion through all the grades, the colonel in 1864. He was wounded at Fredericksburg, and afterwards at the second Battle of the Wilderness terribly, and it was feared fatally, in the mouth and throat.

As a guest of the late George S. Palmer, of Richmond, in the familiar residence, which stood on the site of the present handsome Commonwealth Club-House, he was tenderly nursed to recovery.

He served as Secretary of the Senate of North Carolina in 1870 and again in 1872–'3.

In 1872 he joined Major Engelhard in the editorship of the Wilmington *Journal* and so continued for four years.

His services to the people of North Carolina during this period were invaluable. In February, 1879, upon the death of Major Engelhard who had been elected Secretary of State in 1876, Colonel Saunders was appointed his successor. He was elected to the office in 1880, re-elected in 1884 and 1888, and was holding it at the time of his death. It is conceded that so great was his popularity, that there was no office within the gift of the people that he might not have secured, had his physical ability admitted of a personal canvass.

His services in behalf of the history of North Carolina were, as stated in the tribute of his friend, providential; his enthusiasm and his popularity ensured the success of the appropriation as that of no one else might have done, and his peculiar fitness as editor of the "Colonial Records" carried the arduous labor to successful completion.

His devotion to his *alma mater*, the University of North Carolina, was signally attested. The actual governing authority of the board of trustees of this institution is the Executive committee. Of this body he was chosen a member in 1874, secretary and treasurer in 1877, and was an active officer of it until his death.

A tablet to his memory with the following inscription has been placed in the memorial hall of the university by the board of trustees:

WILLIAM LAWRENCE SAUNDERS,
Born 1835. Died 1891.
Class of 1854.
LL.B. 1859. LL.D. 1889.
Colonel 46th N. C. Troops.
C. S. A.
Wounded at Fredericksburg and the Wilderness.
Chief clerk of the Senate 1870–1874.
Secretary of the State 1879.
Editor of *Colonial Records*.
Lawyer, Journalist, Historian.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni Association:

An eloquent man, who does not believe in the existence of God or the immortality of the soul, standing by an open grave and pronouncing a eulogy upon him who is to occupy it, presents one of the saddest spectacles this world affords. Such a service finds no support even in philosophy, for if death is the end and its victim has ceased to exist, there is nothing in all the wide universe to which the euology can be applied, except a fast fading picture on the walls of memory, and it becomes a mere empty declamation to those who will themselves soon pass into nothingness—a shadow-drama, acted before a shadow-audience, upon which in a little while will fall the curtain of eternal night.

But the tribute which one pays to a departed friend, in the full faith and assurance that he still lives, and will live forever, is a reasonable and a pious service, approved of heaven, and honored among men. The words of the orator in the one case, however beautiful, are but the cry of despair; the utterance of the speaker in the other, however simple, is that of a soul conscious of its immortality, and rejoicing in a deathless hope. Clouds and darkness encompass the one service; upon the other rests "the light that never shone on land or sea."

You could have extended to me no invitation which would appeal more irresistibly alike to my sense of public duty, and to my loyalty to a life-long friendship than that which has brought me here to-day.

If more than thirty years of intimate association between two men will justify one of them in attempting to give a faithful portraiture of the other after he has passed the portals of the grave, I am not entirely unqualified for the duty before me, but I fully realize the difficulty of so performing it as not to render it worthless by exaggerated euology on the one hand, or inadequate tribute on the other. It shall be my aim, as it is my hope, to do justice. I would not do less, and he of whom I speak, though voiceless now, would not have me do more.

And I begin to do justice by declaring it to be my deliberate conviction that our State has never produced a son who was more intensely North Carolinian in every fibre of his being, or one who rendered more continuous, unselfish, devoted, and valuable service to her than did William Lawrence Saunders—service, too, a large part of which was performed by him during years of ceaseless physical

pain and suffering. Indeed, his whole life, from boyhood to the day of his death, through evil and good report, in adversity or prosperity, was devoted to the work of sustaining and defending her honor and the welfare of her people. If, therefore, any North Carolinian ever deserved to be remembered with gratitude for his public services it was he, and if the State had not persistently from the beginning of her existence refused to recognize by some permanent memorial any obligation for such services by any of her sons we might indulge the hope that she would erect a monument to his memory. She stands alone among civilized governments in this respect, for she has never erected a single memorial stone to show the world that she ever produced a son worthy of remembrance. Nor are her people peculiar in this respect alone. Ever jealous of any encroachment upon their liberties, ever ready to suffer and die in defence of them, the history of their State is rich with illustrations of their patriotism—and yet that history remains to be written. Prolific of heroes in every war on this continent, of statesmen in every period of political strife, of great men in all professions and callings—the world has never known it, because the people of the State have never seemed to recognize, or care for it. Mankind are apt to forget, and all too soon, the good and great who have passed away; we in North Carolina do not appear to know that there are, or ever were, such among us. Readily recognizing them elsewhere we never think of finding them at home and in our midst. More true is it here, I think, than in any other State of this republic that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and among his own people. And yet, even when just criticism of this kind was indulged in before him, William L. Saunders never failed to eulogize and defend the people of North Carolina. He had absolute confidence in them as to everything, and was always ready to vindicate them against any sort of imputation from any quarter. Nor was it a mere blind prejudice on his part. He was not blind to the peculiarities of his fellow-citizens as a community, but he always insisted that with all their faults and pecularities they were the best people he had ever known. He made no display of this sentiment, and never sought to make capital of it for selfish ends, as he might have done if he had been a demagogue, but he sincerely felt and always acted upon it. No man ever lived who was more thoroughly imbued with faith in the people, and, therefore, he prized government by the people as the greatest of all political blessings. Bred to the

law, and a student of Anglo-Saxon institutions, the principle of local self-government was precious in his sight, and arbitrary power of any kind anywhere he instinctively hated, and was ever ready to combat. So intense were his convictions on this subject that I myself used sometimes jocularly to accuse him of being opposed to government of any kind. These convictions were not by any means wholly the result of temperament, but were the outcome chiefly, of study, reflection and observation. He was a Democrat--in its largest as in its narrowest sense—from principle, and he was ready to vindicate his principles at all times and at every hazard. In this respect, as in every other, he was a man of character.

It is not my purpose to give the details of his public career, but to present a picture of the man as he was, in his relation to the public, and in private life. I will not go farther into his record as a soldier in the war between the States, than merely to say that he went in as a subaltern and came out with the glorious remnant of Lee's army the colonel of a decimated and war-scarred regiment, bearing upon his person terrible wounds, and enjoying the unqualified respect of his associates for duty faithfully and gallantly performed.

In 1871, towards the close of the "Reconstruction" period during which he did as much to rescue the State from the ruin and degration which threatened her as any man within her borders, he was arrested by the United States authorities and carried to Washington to be examined by the "Ku Klux" committee, with the hope and expectation, on the part of those who caused his arrest, of extorting from him a confession of his own complicity in the acts of the "Ku Klux," or at least procuring evidence against others. I can never forget his presence there, or the result of his examination. Although myself a member of the committee, he was my guest and shared my bed during his stay in Washington, but not one word passed between us on the subject of his arrest, and no information was asked or given in regard to the organization of which he was supposed to be the chief. He appeared before the committee, and was asked more than a hundred questions, every one of which, except a few formal ones, he steadfastly refused—or, as he expressed it, declined to answer.

He was badgered and bullied, and threatened with imprisonment (which I really feared would be imposed upon him), but with perfect self-possession and calm politeness he continued to say: "I decline

to answer." It was a new experience for the committee, because the terror aroused by the investigation had enabled them to get much information, and no witness had, up to that time, thus defied their authority, but they recognized that they had now encountered *a man*, who knew how to guard his rights and protect his honor; and, after some delay, he was discharged, with his secrets (if he had any) locked in his own bosom, and carrying with him the respect and admiration of all who witnessed the ordeal through which he had passed.

In these days of a restored Union and a return to normal conditions, such conduct may not appear to have in it any element of heroism, but under the circumstances which then surrounded the Southern people it required both moral and physical courage of the highest order. Those circumstances constitute the one indelible and appalling disgrace of the American people—the one chapter of their history which contains no redeeming feature to relieve it from the endless execration of the civilized world.

A distinguished orator from a Northern State declared in Congress in 1872 that one-third of the boundaries of this Republic had been filled "with all the curses and calamities ever recorded in the annals of the worst governments known on the pages of history," and, attacking the authors of these calamities, he exclaimed: "From turret to foundation you tore down the governments of eleven States. You left not one stone upon another. You rent all their local laws and machinery into fragments, and trampled upon their ruins. Not a vestige of their former construction remained." And again he said: "A more sweeping and universal exclusion from all the benefits, rights, trusts, honors, enjoyments, liberties, and control of a government was never enacted against a whole people, without respect to age or sex, in the annals of the human race. The disgraceful disabilities imposed upon the Jews for nearly eighteen hundred years by the blind and bigoted nations of the earth were never more complete or appalling."

Those who are old enough to remember that most shameful period of our history will readily recall the degradation, the crimes against civilization, and the terrorism which then prevailed, and how, amidst the general dismay, the faint-hearted stood helpless and silent before the arbitrary and reckless power exercised over them; and they will also remember with still more vividness how, as to a trumpet-call, the strong hearts and brave thrilled responsive to every word and act

of those who stood amidst the storm, erect, steadfast, and true to their birthright. Leader among the leaders of them was William L. Saunders, and this exhibition of his dauntless spirit before the chief priests of the persecution, assembled at the capitol of the country, and panoplied with irresponsible power, won for him a claim to the admiration of all true men.

From that day he began to grow in public esteem, and to be regarded as one in whose faithfulness and sagacity the people might safely confide. Soon afterwards he began his editorial career in Wilmington, and at once acquired an influence in public affairs which gradually spread all over the State; and when, several years later, he removed to Raleigh and became one of the editors of the *Observer*, he was a recognized power in North Carolina.

It would not, I think, be an exaggeration to say that while occupying this position, and afterwards the office of Secretary of State, he was more frequently consulted by leading citizens, not only in regard to political affairs, but to various matters of general public interest, than any man in the State.

The reason was that to an eminently practical cast of mind he united a rare judgment and a quick perception of the relations of things, which made him a wise and safe counsellor—the wisest and safest, perhaps, of his generation of public men in North Carolina. He was never disconcerted by difficulties and never lost his balance, but always kept a clear head and maintained a calm self-possession. In addition to a natural modesty, he possessed the rare faculty of knowing exactly when to speak and when to be silent, and his capacity for patiently listening amounted to genius. Rapid in thought, he was always deliberate of speech and action. Conservative, cautious, and prudent, his judgments were apt to stand without revision, and it is doubtful if in his whole editorial career he ever had occasion to recall one as unjust or extravagant. It is not strange, therefore, that his counsel was sought in times of doubt and difficulty, and was followed with confidence by those to whom he gave it. And when his social character is considered, it is still less surprising, for he was so genial, and gentle, and kindly, and cheerful that it was a pleasure to be associated with him.

I never knew a man, apparently so practical and emotionless, whose sympathies were more easily reached, or whose impulses were more generous. His strong aversion to a display of feeling by others was often attributable to his consciousness of his own inability to

withstand it. A pathetic story, or a burst of eloquence would bring tears to his eyes. The truth is that, little as it was suspected by those who were not near to him, he was a man of decidedly emotional nature. And, as a corollary, he possessed the keenest sense of humor, and enjoyed a laughable incident as heartily as any one I ever knew.

These personal traits, added to the moral and intellectual characteristics to which I have referred, will readily account for his great and widespread influence, and for the hosts of friends throughout the State who honored him while living and sincerely mourn his death.

He had always cherished a loyal affection for this university of which he was a graduate, and in 1875 he became a trustee and member of the Executive Committee, and so remained until his death. He was also appointed secretary and treasurer, which position he filled for nearly the same length of time. In the discharge of his duties in these capacities, although for the larger part of the time a confirmed invalid and great sufferer, he did as much to "revive, foster and enlarge" the university, according to the testimony of the faculty themselves, as any one had ever done. In the tribute which they paid to him soon after his death they used this language:

"From his graduation to the day of his death he was loyal to his *Alma Mater*, and gave to her the best thoughts of his big brain, and the ardent affection of his great heart. Watchful, steadfast, patient and wise, he never lost sight of her interest, never wavered in her support, and, when the crisis demanded it, marshalled and led her alumni to her defence."

Every one who knew him at all intimately will corroborate these statements of the faculty, for his profound interest in the welfare of the university was constantly manifested in his conversation as well as in his acts. He loved the gray walls of these old buildings, and the refreshing shade of these majestic oaks with an hereditary as well as with a personal affection, and in the evil days that followed the war the silence and desolation which reigned here grieved him sorely, and stimulated him to the task of restoring the university to her ancient prestige.

But a higher motive than mere sentiment moved him to the work. He regarded it with the eye of a statesman and a patriot, and anticipated the blessings it would bring to future generations.

It was eminently fit, therefore, that the alumni should have dedicated this hour to his memory, and have thus acknowledged their obligation for his services.

The crowning labor of his life, however, and the one which will constitute a more lasting monument to him than any that others could erect, was his "Colonial Records." I do not know how others may view the circumstances which attended the conception and execution of this invaluable work, but to my mind they appear to have been clearly providential.

At different times in the history of the State spasmodic efforts had been made to secure the early records which were known to exist in England, but these efforts were mostly individual, and supported by very limited means, and they resulted in a very unsatisfactory collection of fragmentary material.

When the Legislature finally resolved to make a sufficient appropriation, and to inaugurate an authoritative search for all documents bearing upon our Colonial history, Colonel Saunders had never paid any especial attention to the subject, and if his health had not failed, the probability—nay, the certainty—was that he would have been promoted to higher positions than that of Secretary of State—the incumbent of which office was required to superintend the publication of the material, when obtained—and thus the labor of editing it would have fallen upon his successor, who, whatever his capabilities for the ordinary duties of the office might have been, would almost certainly have fallen far short of the supreme excellence as an historical editor which he developed. But his painful malady, which was doubtless partly the result of wounds and exposure during the war, about this time began to confine him to indoor life and soon to his chair, and thus he was anchored for his life-work. From the beginning he was interested in it—in a very short time he became enthusiastic over it—and thenceforward he gave his whole mind and heart to it. The result to him personally was that he became, beyond all comparison, the best informed man upon our Colonial history that has ever lived, while in the extent and accuracy of his knowledge of the subsequent history of the State he has had very few equals. To one who was interested in such studies it was a great pleasure to listen to his criticisms upon and discussions of those early men and times in North Carolina, and his prefatory notes to the different volumes of the Records are a masterful presentation of the trials and struggles of our forefathers, and a glorious vindication of them against the historical scavengers who have sought to defame them. The vindication, too, is not that of the advocate or the rhetorician, but of the calm, fact-weighing historian and philosopher.

Now, since he has opened and arranged this store-house of facts, which were heretofore unknown or only guessed at, the history of North Carolina can be fully and truthfully written, and it is to be hoped that some equally devoted son of hers will soon take up the task, and perform it as acceptably as he did his.

Nothing so delighted him in his investigations as the discovery of facts which proved the existence among the early settlers of the Democratic spirit, and no incidents roused his enthusiasm like those in which this spirit forcibly asserted itself. He would quietly smile at the conduct of such characters as John Starkey, who despite sneers and ridicule persistently refused to wear shoe-buckles and a queue, but his eye would kindle and his cheek glow at such declarations as that of John Ashe, that the people would resist the Stamp Act "to blood and death." His sympathies were altogether with those who, like the Regulators, sought redress of grievances even by violent and revolutionary methods, because he believed that underlying all such movements there was the true spirit of liberty and devotion to the rights of man; which were to him of inestimably greater importance than the preservation of the forms of law, or even the peace of society.

But he indulged in no harsh criticism of those other patriots who—believing that liberty regulated by law was the only liberty worth preserving, and fearing for the safety of society—aided in suppressing such movements; for he knew and honored their motives, notwithstanding his own strong sympathy with those who resisted and fought them.

In a word, he pursued his labors with the true spirit of historic investigation, and meted out with an impartial hand honor to whom honor was due, and blame to all who deserved it. And he rejoiced in the work of rescuing from oblivion the names and noble acts of the pioneers of our civilization and in placing them in their true light for the admiration of posterity.

In this work he was engaged for about eleven years, with frequent interruptions caused by illness, and a more conscientious, faithful and valuable work has never been done for North Carolina. It is the great reservoir of facts from which all must draw who would write accurately and truthfully the history of the first century of our civilization.

It was done by a true and loving hand, under the inspiration of a brave and loyal heart, without the least expectation or hope of

reward of any kind, and solely for the honor of the State which gave him birth, and the people to whose welfare he devoted all the years of his life.

And this is attested by the glowing words with which he concluded the long and laborious task, and which are instinct with the spirit of a lofty patriotism.

Hear those words, his last public utterance, in which he invoked God's blessing on his native State:

"And now the self-imposed task, begun some eleven years ago, is finished. All that I care to say is that I have done the best I could, that coming generations might be able to learn what manner of men their ancestors were, and this I have done without reward or the hope of reward, other than the hope that I might contribute something to rescue the fair fame and good name of North Carolina from the clutches of ignorance. Our records are now before the world, and any man who chooses may see for himself the character of the people who made them. As for myself, when I search these North Carolina scriptures and read the story of her hundred years' struggle with the mother country for constitutional government and the no less wonderful story of her hundred years' struggle with the savage Indian for very life, both culminating in her first great revolution; and then, coming down to her second great revolution, when I remember how the old State bared her bosom to the mighty storm, how she sent her sons to the field until both the cradle and the grave were robbed of their just rights; how devotedly those sons stood before shot and shell and the deadly bullet, so that their bones whitened every battle-field; when I remember how heroically she endured every privation until starvation was at her very doors, and until raiment was as scarce as food, and with what fortitude she met defeat when, after Appomattox, all seemed lost save honor; especially when I remember how, in the darkest of all hours, rallying once more to the struggle for constitutional government, she enlisted for the war of Reconstruction, fought it out to the end, finally wresting glorious victory from the very jaws of disastrous defeat, I bow my head in gratitude and say, as our great Confederate commander, the immortal Lee, said, when watching the brilliant fight some of our regiments were making at a critical time in one of his great battles, he exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, 'God bless old North Carolina!'"

When his work was finished, the General Assembly passed a resolution of thanks to him by a rising vote, and this honor, which his

own diffidence had not allowed him to anticipate, seemed to be accepted by him as a sufficient compensation for all he had done, and touched him, perhaps, as no other event of his life had done.

And now, the one object, for the accomplishment of which he had so earnestly hoped almost against hope that his life might be spared, having been attained—the stimulant which had sustained him during years of racking pain being withdrawn—his mortal part began to succumb to the malady of which he was a victim, and he gradually yielded to its assaults until the 2d day of April, 1891, when he "fell on sleep," and the weary soul found rest.

Sweet be his rest, and glorious his awaking! And may the State whose honor was the object nearest his heart bear him in remembrance as a mother her offspring!

No thought of impending evil to her disturbed his last hours. The morning sun whose beams first fell upon his new-made grave, journeying westward, looked down upon her broad domain and found there only peace, fraternity and good government—those blessings for which, in her behalf, he strove with single-minded devotion. In the brief year that has since elapsed she has been again encompassed with danger and threatened with disaster—disaster which, if it had come, would not have been the work of alien hands, as before, but would have added the sting of being wrought by her own sons. As his living presence would have been most potent to avert it, so—now that the peril seems happily passed—none can more heartily rejoice than would he at her escape, for not dearer to the Psalmist was the peace of Jerusalem than to his heart the welfare of his native State.

Recently I stood, at night, on the narrow peninsula where twenty-seven years ago fleet and fort proclaimed in thunder the fame of Fort Fisher. To the eastward heaved the sea, on whose rolling billows the rising moon poured a flood of silvery light, while opposite, and hanging low above the shining river in the limitless depths of the western heavens, glowed the serene orb of the evening planet, whose glories heightened as it neared the horizon. Between lay the long line of ragged mounds over which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed when the expiring hopes of a brave people were forever extinguished. Beneath wave and earth mound alike patriot bones were bleaching, mute witnesses of the horrors of civil strife and of the emptiness of human ambition. Higher rose the goddess of the night, wider grew the sheen upon the waters, lower and more lumi-

nous sank the star. A solemn stillness, unbroken save by the voices of the night wind and the sea, reigned supreme.

A more beautiful or a more impressive spectacle never greeted the gaze of one who looks reverently and wonderingly upon the splendors of the physical universe; and as I watched that evening planet sinking to its rest a voice within me whispered, "So, too, to the patriot's eye there is no vision more grateful than the career of him who, forgetful of self, and mindful only of the rights and liberties of his fellow-men, gives his life to their service, and, with the lustre of his virtues ever brightening to the end, passes from their view."

"THE EX-CONFEDERATE, AND WHAT HE HAS DONE IN PEACE."

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, BY HON. WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

Richmond, Virginia, October 26th, 1892.

The annual reunion of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia was held in the hall of the House of Delegates on the night of October 26th, 1892. A large audience filled the hall and galleries.

At 8 o'clock General Thomas L. Rosser called the Association to order, and asked Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., the chaplain, to lead in prayer.

General Rosser then, in a few graceful words, introduced Hon. William C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, the orator who had been invited to deliver the annual address, which was as follows:

ORATION.

Mr President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and my Comrades during the late War:

It had always occurred to me that a true history of the Confederate cause and of those who participated in it could not fairly be written that did not include a history of the struggles of the Anglo-

Saxon people for liberty, of the peculiar development which took place in America resulting in the successful establishment of the Constitution and the peculiar complex and duplex relations between the States and the Federal Union, and of the development of the country from the time of the establishment of that Constitution until the late war, a history of that war, and then a history of what the Confederates have done since the war.

There is in every great transaction of history a permanent and a transitory element, and it is nearly always in the inverse relation of their importance that the generation that participates in it looks at these different elements. That which is in the eye of the subsequent thinker or philosopher nearly always incidental, if not accidental, seems to be of the highest importance in the opinion of the actors in the transaction. The glamour of battle, the eloquence of the advocates of contending sides, the questions which seem to lie nearest to the people who live in the midst of the changes, so blind the eyes of those who participate in those great epochs that that which is permanent seems to be scarcely regarded. The mere trickling stream of human blood which undermines the foundations of the turreted castle of wrong is sometimes not seen amidst the heat of the conflict and the cries of the battlefield; the mere grain of mustard seed which takes root where the plowshare of battle has left the field fit for it to grow in is not regarded by those who are contending upon that battlefield. But when the castle tumbles into ruin, or the tree grows to its full height and strength and beauty, so that the birds of the air may find lodgment in its branches and the laborer rest beneath its shade, the thinker and philosopher reverse the importance of these transitory elements and the permanent is shown.

It is, therefore, always difficult for a generation to decide whether the cause which marks it as peculiar is lost or won ; because it is not always true that the verdict of the generation in which the transaction has occurred is the verdict which posterity will pass upon the same struggle. It was two thousand years from the time when Arminius overwhelmed the legions of Varus in the Black Forest until the Teutons of a different age were enabled to erect a statue to him as the "Father of the Fatherland;" and when Charles II came to his own, who then supposed that the lost cause of Cromwell and of Pym and of Hampden was yet to blossom as the civilization of modern England, and the principles for which they fought to become nearly as universal as the wondrous tongue in which those principles were uttered seems to be destined to become.

Now we know that the cause for which we fought, in a sense, is a lost cause. The formation of a separate Confederacy, bounded by the geographical boundaries of those States which attempted to establish it, has forever passed away. It would now be an anomaly; it would not receive the support of those who survive that war—the causes which made that geographical boundary important having passed away. When the surrender took place at Appomattox—when the greatest of modern soldiers laid down the noblest of modern swords—the hope of the South for a separate independence was forever ended. How far the matters involved in that controversy passed away in that surrender may become a matter of dispute. What loss was involved in it, what was the permanent element therein, are matters to which we may revert for discussion.

All of us will admit that the problem of African slavery changed its form as a result of that war. The equality of man was derived from that fundamental principle enunciated by Jefferson, that all men were created free and equal by the Almighty Jehovah; free, because the Son of God could not be a slave to any one; equal, because there could be no superior to the Son of God. That the problem of the African race, in accordance with constitutional amendments founded upon this great truth, has changed its form, no one will undertake to deny or dispute. The problem has not passed away; the race is still here; the essence of the problem remains with us and our children. It is still with us—on our consciences and patriotism and philanthropy. The permanent element of the problem cannot in our generation cease to be of the utmost importance.

The relation of the States to the general government—that delicate adjustment of the right of local self-government with the broader powers of the Federal government—can never cease to be prominent in our country. How it is that States can be united under a form of government so flexible that all local matters can be determined by those living within the territorial boundaries of each State, and yet all dwell together within the same union, is a problem that had not known solution in the world. Our children will have their questions to solve and their duties to perform, as our fathers had and as we have had; and with the Dominion of Canada on the north and and the Republic of Mexico on the south, all of which is to be ours, and with four hundred millions of Orientals across the ocean, there will have to be a delicate readjustment of that great problem of all the ages, as to how we can retain local self-government absolutely, and yet give to

the general Federal government power to protect us as to all eternal but general matters, and as against all external and foreign foes. The element that is predominant in the development is the great principle which our Teutonic fathers brought with them—a federated representative government, in which alone resides the hope of universal peace. The problem how diverse-speaking people, with different traditions and separate religions, can by representative government so unite themselves that their local interests, being protected by themselves, will not find hostility but friendship in the powers of the Federal government, remains to be solved by our children hereafter. Let us not add to the labors of our children by handicapping them with improper reverence for us by teaching them that the war settled that question in any of its aspects.

Now, what light does the last twenty-seven years cast upon what we tried to do in the preceding four years; especially what is its value historically? What we have done in the past twenty-seven years is of value in casting up the account upon which the verdict is to be rendered upon what we tried to do during that war. I will say that in one aspect of it—the personal aspect—the answer lies upon the surface, that whatever else may be involved in the question what was undertaken by the Confederates and what will be the verdict of history upon that undertaking, one element will always stand out, the high personal character of the men who were involved in it. It may be that history may decide that what we did was not only unwise, but criminal. There is many a man whose heart is touched and whose eyes are made to overflow as he thinks upon the lives of such men as Claverhouse, and yet be steeled against all that Claverhouse tried to do. It is one of the paradoxes of God's dealing with mankind that he who causes the martyr to be led to the scaffold is as honest, as earnest, as intelligent as the martyr himself. Why it is that men may be so good and yet so criminal remains an unanswered question. * * * It is something to know, however that the men who advocated our cause were not only men who charged inflinchingly where the whizzing minie-ball made death meet them, who bore the hardships of the camp and submitted to the sacrifices of disastrous war, but they were men who after as before the war bore unblemished civic characters, adorning the communities in which they lived, and would with their lives give radiance to the noblest community whose history could be written. It is something when your children come around you and ask you of your com-

rades—something when they come to you with school-books in which hard things are said of one or another of these comrades; it is much to be able to say he is a man who for thirty years has lived in the utmost peace, and in such a way that the community has been redeemed from bankruptcy, has been saved from reconstruction, has been enriched by his superb and noble manhood.

And in that aspect of it the story that can be told of the last twenty-seven years is a story that will always have value; but there is a broader value to it. We are charged that if our cause had been successful it would have been a mere rope of sand; that we were dreamers—men without knowledge of technical principles, and ignorant of the practical affairs of life; that we were a race of planter gentlemen, living in pastoral retirement; and that the government we founded would have been swept away at the first phrenetic impulse from within. Now, if it be true that we were a race of dreamers, a mere visionary race, it would seem to follow that when disaster came, when the storm had beaten upon us until there was nothing left, when the lightning (apparently) of God's indignation had shorn us of the values accumulated during one hundred years and carried away everything we had that was valuable, our institutions and our private corporations, that we would have passed the remainder of our lives in either despair or repining. But when the storm came there was left to us God, manhood and faith, and out of that struggle, with nothing but our own courage, we have fought our way with such success that we can now say to the world, "See what we have done in disaster, and estimate what we might have done in success."

No man can fitly portray the condition of the South when the war ended; and I do not attempt it, and if I were to attempt it I beg you to believe that I do not do it for the purpose of bringing back sad memories. You who are old enough to have passed through that period recollect it. It was not that there had passed over us a pecuniary disaster; it was not, in its main features, that our corporations were bankrupt, that our fences were destroyed, that our houses were burnt or greatly impaired, that we were starting life afresh without money or organized credit—and any one who has ever thought about it can see what there is of doubt and difficulty in that single sentence, "without money or organized credit"—but it was that we were in a perfectly unprecedented condition in all those relations which up to that time had been considered stable among

us. Every form of government to which we had been accustomed had been twisted and dislocated in its adjustment. We returned to stateless States, to States which had no certain form of government; we returned to municipalities whose government had been substantially wiped out, and in their place no new rules would apply; and yet we returned able to form out of the elements which remained undestroyed, our own government.

There is something in this Anglo-Saxon race—or I think it would be better to say in this Teutonic family of ours, for that is the broader term—there is something peculiarly constructive and orderly. We are the law-makers of the world. We are the constructors of empires; we are the builders of States; anywhere, everywhere this language of ours is spoken, the very fact that it is spoken is conclusive proof that order there abides. If it is in a camp on the western plains, there was, every night, where the camp was pitched, order; and he who violated the law was tried and hung or acquitted. You can take an isolated body of us, whether at Plymouth Rock or in the Mayflower, or in Jamestown or Newport News, or down in Georgia, or on the gold coasts of California, and instantly a solemn compact is made in which there is an element of constitutional government, and that element set out in an orderly form.

Now, if the Confederate had returned home absolutely without government he would have made a government. But he returned without government and without the power to make government. There was a power over him, by virtue of conquest, which stood between him and orderly reconstruction of his government. Over him, controlling him, was a non-resident power. We were infinitely worse off than we were when we landed at Jamestown. We were our own masters then. Now to be a slave was supposed to be the worst condition to which a freeman can ever be reduced; but to be a slave without a master is an infinitely worse condition. We were a surrendered army, under a pretended constitution, with many clamorous masters, who did not know what they wanted to do with us and could not agree among themselves. I do not say this in censure of anybody; I am not recalling those sad days to discuss them; I am simply trying to present them to you for the purposes which I may hereafter indicate.

Now we were in another condition. We were five or six millions of white people with four millions of black people. A hostile minority a man knows somewhat what to do with. If you put five

millions of white people and four millions enemies in their midst, they know what to do. But these were friends, many of them persons for whom we felt not only kindness, but unutterable thanks. The institution of domestic slavery was not so many million dollars. It is true that it represented the accumlated labors of many years; it is true that in a certain sense they bore a pecuniary value that was extremely great; it is true that on the large plantations where there were large numbers of slaves there did not exist much affection between the whites and the blacks; but as a rule, domestic slavery, especially in the border States and in the cities and on the farms, as distinguished from the large plantations, was an entirely different institution from either the money that was in it or the chattel character of the negro. There were many to whom we owed thanks for many kindnesses; in many cases there were bonds of affection between master and slave which extended back through generations. We knew them to be helpless, we knew them to be unfit for their freedom, and we knew them to be incapable of exportation. Christ had died for them; he had in his providence put them upon us; they were the responsibility that we had to take with us as we went upwards in our march. And we did not intend that they should be our enemies; we did not intend to be barbarous or cruel; and yet we knew that their domination meant ruin and disaster, and that we could not leave the country any more than we could export them. And so we were slaves not only to a non-resident master, but slaves to our own consciences, as it bore upon our relations to this race resident with us and among us. I avow, as I look back upon the twenty-seven years that have passed, that the treatment accorded by the Southern people to this dependent race will hereafter be esteemed a monument to the courage and magnanimity of our people that will separate them from all other people as being able to treat an humble race with kindness and an inferior race with will and courage.

Well, now, under such circumstances we began to build again; and yet it is probably a badly chosen word to say that we *began* to build. Nobody in modern times ever is at the genesis of anything. We are always in the midst of the evolution of our problems of civilization. We, therefore, if I may change the phrase, took up anew the conditions of life under this new environment, and the first thing to which I desire to call your attention to-night in reference to the Confederate soldier is, that at a time when everything would seem to require a new remedy, he had the sense to utterly condemn

every new remedy and every new principle. There was no pretence of originality. Every prophet that arose with a new evangel immediately found his religion thrown aside. We considered that under the new conditions and under the changed relations the remedy to be applied was the same old principles which our fathers had applied and for which they had fought. We adhered to the same old doctrines that man as man was capable of self-government; man as man was created by his God in his own likeness and was capable of infinite possibilities. We who had thus been developed through those ages under the power of those principles, were to apply them to a new condition, and those principles were the old principles of the equality of manhood under the law. So we stood unflinchingly for the equal freedom of every man, and resolutely and without division or question for like treatment of every comrade. The broad and universal principle was to our future vital; its narrow and immediate application involved our personal honor, and this can never be made a matter of barter. We stood by all our comrades; we rejected all vicarious sacrifices; if any were manacled, we felt the chains on our wrists; if casemates imprisoned any, our hearts were in jail. It was not that he was our president—our valiant chieftain; it was not that he had shed lustre on the American arms at Buena Vista; it was not that in the Senate chamber he had been the equal of the most august senator that ever sat in that great body; it was not that as Secretary of War he was the best official the American nation ever had; it was not that he had championed our cause and lost; but it was that he was selected as our victim that made us surround Jefferson Davis with all our hearts. So long as for our sins he was selected as our victim to suffer in our place, we bear to him the utmost loyalty, that all the world may know that no man who had been our comrade would we ever desert when he was in the hour of trial.

And we also built upon the second great principle—the same old idea of the autonomy of the States—and out of these two principles we worked our salvation. Of course there were all the private hardships which war and disaster bring. When we recall that period—the men who returned to their homes and found nothing but ruins and their families—when we recall what the women of the South did during those times, we can scarcely repress our tears. I have had it beat into my ears that in olden times the life of the Southern people was an idle life. It never was true. There never was a time

when the Southern matron was not the typical busy woman. She who nursed the sick, laid out the dead for burial, of all the women of the time was the type of the woman that gives to man happiness and morality. And when the time of trial came, her daughters showed themselves worthy of her training. Who ever saw a Southern wife, mother, sister or sweetheart in those days whose face was not wreathed in smiles, that he whom she loved might think that she was comfortable and happy?

On these two great principles—the equality of man and the autonomy of the States—we went to work carefully, laboriously, patiently, yet manfully, and yet under circumstances that seemed daily to grow worse. Military rule became so commingled with orgies of a complex masterhood that we can look back upon that period scarcely yet with patience and hardly without a smile; the traversities upon Anglo-Saxon legislation; the so-called legislatures of some of the Southern States where the white men who participated in the government gave the ignorance of the black men credit by his associations. And then, amidst conditions which were thus overwhelming, we are paying a war tribute than which no nation has ever paid so great. Has any one ever estimated the war tribute which the Southern people paid? At one fell swoop was confiscated whatever money had been involved in the purchase of the negro. There was no war debt owned by the South, yet we paid our share of it. No pensions were granted in that section, yet we paid our share of them. Without murmuring, without making any special row about it, day by day, in innumerable forms, we paid this war tribute.

And what have we done? I cannot tell you—no figures can tell you—what we have done. But we have done this, to start with: There were eleven States that had been made provinces, and we made these States again. There is not in America to day, thanks be to God, a single spot where there is any doubt of the administration of the law according to the olden traditions of English liberty. There is no place to-day in America where the officer of the law, with the warrant signed by the proper official and with the seal of the State upon it, does not know his duty, and the person to whom he goes does not submit to his act. Civil law is dominant in every part of this land.

We have restored to the generation to come after us civil liberty in its broadest sense. The courts are open to the humblest suitor; honest judges preside over them; honest juries sit in the jury-box.

Our officers are chosen according to the prescribed form, the law-makers are selected by those who obey the laws, and all over that Southern land, wherever to night there is a home, it may send up its praises to God that the ex-Confederates are a law-making, as well as a law-abiding people.

Another thing we have done is that out of our poverty we have more than restored our old educational institutions. We have in every State a university and colleges, and in every State a system of free schools. Wherever in that South there is a child who wants an education, we have furnished him with the means to get that education. Your University of Virginia, with all the credit that can be given it, finds fit competitors in every part of the South. We have said to Science: "You are our mistress; come and dwell among us." We have adorned her with the gems of our love and crowned her with the jewels of our benedictions, that she might enrich us with her smiles. And to night I can truly say, that for our means and according to our circumstances there is no part of the world that furnishes so ample, so free, and so many means for education as the South which formed the late Confederacy.

Another thing we did: Formerly we were an agricultural people. There was no reason why we should do anything but till the soil. It was the richest soil in the world; it lay under the most fruitful sun. How teeming the lands of the South were in those days! It was a new country—so new that you never wore its freshness off. We worked, as it were, in the twilight of the dawn, before the sun was warm enough to dry the dew from the leaves. The slave labor is necessarily an isolated labor; it requires that the master should live with the slave, that he might secure the largest production of the soil. And land was so cheap, it rewards so great, that we needed no other vocation than agriculture, while its necessities were so many and so varied as to give to the best intellect full employment. He who owned a plantation of several thousand acres of land, with the necessary number of slaves, was a manufacturer in the highest sense of the word. He had those men daily to take care of. He was a provider in the sense that the Northern employer never knew of. Thus it gave the very best play to the mental faculties, and it gave a certain leisure with it that was delightful. Therefore the South was naturally and neccessarily agricultural. And now there came that disastrous war. It swept away this plant in that particular form. It did not destroy the race, but the changed condition of things

required of us a different mode of life, and we have adapted ourselves to that change. Before the war there was but one South. It was an agricultural South. It was diverse in its agriculture, for the wheat and tobacco grower of Virginia was materially different from the cotton producer of the Mississippi Valley, and the raiser of stock in the blue-grass land was different from the tobacco grower and the cotton producer; but all were agricultural. The war changed all this. We have in the last year produced nine million bales of cotton, so that you may see that the agricultural South has not gone back; but we have also gone into new industries, and have shown that the ex-Confederate is competent for the discharge of any industrial duty. The great Appalachian range, whose bosom has been throbbing with eager and expectant yearning that we might obtain its riches, is now being turned into wealth by the ex-Confederates. You come to Richmond and you find a new Richmond, in the sense that her streets have lengthened, her buildings are more stately, and her bank accounts have grown larger; your sons are mining engineers, or chemists, or railroad kings. And so with Nashville, or Mobile, or Savannah.

The old South of Richmond and Charleston and Mobile in a certain sense has passed away. No longer do the men merely talk of crops or politics, but we are the same old South in the sense that we are the same men. It is not a new South in the idea that it is inhabited by a new race of men; no more is that true than that we are new men ourselves. Our sons, who will not own large plantations, but will manage great railroads and be masters of industrial occupations, will have liberty, and preserve its principles for their posterity as their fathers did. And to-day, if there were a necessity for it, Virginia would step to the front, not under new men in the sense that they came from the North or are foreigners, but only new men in the sense that they came from our loins fitted for the day in which they were born.

And this is what we have done in these twenty-seven years; we have preserved, in the form in which they were handed down to us, and as sacredly as our fathers ever did, the principles of constitutional liberty—principles not only of constitutional liberty, but principles which are a part of all constitutions. For liberty was before the constitution—it created the constitution and is its animating spirit. We are not the creatures of the law, but its creators, and this we must always bear in mind.

It has saved us that we believed in the sanctity of human nature, and built upon it as the corner-stone. No doubtful future can dismay the man who feels that he is going to do his best; no darkness of to-morrow can frighten him whose reliance is in God as his father and in himself as his son.

I sometimes hear that the South in these days is to express some sort of added patriotism—a greater amount of patriotism than any other part of the country; that we are under a sort of a cloud which requires us to give some additional bond of security for good behavior; that we are to be a little more extravagant in our utterances. Standing in this old Capitol, whose very walls, redolent of the utterances of history, have an interest almost as great as the men whose statues adorn your squares, and in the presence of the great men who have gone before, I claim for the South that she has always been equal to her duty, and gives to every other section the equality she claims for herself.

And as I look through the South to-day, my heart is filled with an infinite joy. There was a time when it seemed that you could not complain if our young men left us; if they talked about the teeming fields of the Northwest; if they spoke of the wider opportunities of the Northeast; you could hardly put an obstacle in the way of your bright son, who wanted some broader field in which to labor. You yourself could not leave the graveyard and those who lay in it, the battlefield and those who fell on it; the memories of loved ones gone before tied you; but you could hardly say nay to your son who felt that the disasters of the war were permanent and the blight upon the land irremediable. Who now wants to go to a wider field than this South. Where is there a wider field than these old Confederates have made for their sons and younger brothers? Do you want to go where industrial progress is richer than elsewhere? Go to Alabama, Virginia, or over the river into Arkansas. Do you want to go where the country is improving? Go to our new waterways running to the sea, gradually getting commerce upon their bosoms which will not only whiten the rivers with their sails, but make those rich who settle in their vicinity. Do you want scientific agriculture as your vocation? The rich lands of the South, worn out by the marauding agriculture of the past, beckon to you with new hopes to come and settle on them, and they will make you rich. Do you want a place to bring your children up where piety and religious influence will lead them up to higher life? Carry

them to any village or hamlet in this Southern land, and you will find it. No matter what your son may want, we offer it to him with a rich provision. Our future is full of hope as our past is full of sanctity.

One by one the Army of Northern Virginia will pass into history—a defeated army; not like the Tenth Legion or the Phalanx; not with the honors of a successful war upon its bayonets. No pensions have aided it in the struggles of life; no tax upon a widow's poverty has helped any member of that army in the contest since. In the humble phrase of my beautiful country, each one of them, whether he had but one arm or one leg, has "hoed his own row," with no tax-gatherer helping to make that row more comfortable. He now knows better than he ever could have known the sweetness of the divine declaration, "It is better to give than to receive." He has given to his people peace and plenty; he has given to his children the example of an honest, an industrious, and an heroic life. And as that defeated army passes into immortality, it will live upon the future of the world an example which to follow will make of any son a free man, and give to every girl a noble lover.

At the close of the address, Rev. Dr. J. William Jones moved that the thanks of the Association be returned to Colonel Breckinridge, and that a copy be requested for publication.

Adopted unanimously.

Major Thomas A. Brander moved that a committee of five be appointed to propose the names of the officers and the Executive Committee. Adopted; and the following gentlemen were appointed: N. V. Randolph, Thomas O. Ranson, James White, D. Gardner Tyler, and Robert Stiles.

OTHER ADDRESSES.

In response to calls, the following gentlemen also came forward and made short, appropriate addresses: General Jubal A. Early, Captain W. Gordon McCabe, of Virginia, and Major Robert Stiles.

By this time the committee had returned, and reported the names of the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year, and the report was unanimously agreed to:

President—Judge George L. Christian.
First Vice-President—Judge T, S. Garnett.
Second Vice-President—General Thomas L. Rosser.
Third Vice-President—Hon. R. T. Barton.
Secretary—Captain Thomas Ellett.
Treasurer—Private Robert J. Bosher.
Executive Committee—Colonel W. E. Cutshaw (chairman), Private J. T. Gray, Captain E. P. Reeve, Captain John Cussons, and Captain W. Gordon McCabe.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

DID THE FEDERALS FIGHT AGAINST SUPERIOR NUMBERS?

AN HISTORICAL PAPER

PREPARED BY

JOHN SHIRLEY WARD, OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

This is not an idle question. The historian has not yet definitely settled it. The "superior numbers" of the Confederates figure largely in the reports of nearly all the great battles. Grant at Shiloh says he fought against "overwhelming numbers;" McClellan at Richmond says he fought against "great odds;" Keyes in his report of battles around Richmond says, "The Confederates outnumbered us during the greater part of the day, four to one; Rosecrans says at Stone's river he fought against "superior numbers," and at Chickamauga he says his army withdrew from the field "in the face of overpowering numbers;" McClernand at Shiloh, said that the "Union forces were probably less than one-half the enemy," and Pope, with his usual modesty, at the second Bull Run, speaks of the "enormously superior force of the enemy."

The stereotyped report of "overwhelming and overpowering" numbers which came up from every lost battlefield called out from Mr. Lincoln one of his best anecdotes. An old Illinois friend of Mr. Lincoln who had two sons in the Army of the Potomac, called

to see him at the White House in the summer of 1862, and feeling a parental solicitude about the safety of his sons and their chances of success, asked Mr. Lincoln how many men he thought Jeff. Davis had in the field. Lincoln responded that "Jeff. Davis had 3,000,000 men in the field." This startled the old man. After regaining his composure he asked Mr. Lincoln how he knew this fact. Mr. Lincoln replied by saying, "I have 1,000,000 of men in the field, and whenever one of my generals gets whipped down in Virginia he always says that the Rebels had three men to his one. Yes, sir, I have 1,000,000 in the field and Jeff. Davis has 3,000,000."

We have said that no correct history of the civil war has yet been written. Most of the histories now before the public were written before all the official facts from both sides had been published. The histories of the civil war up to this time have been written with pens dipped in the battle-blood of the fierce conflict, and at the high tide of personal and national prejudice. The Roman Empire found no historian till Gibbon arose and gave his immortal history 1,383 years after its fall. Some Plutarch or Gibbon will yet arise who will evolve the truth from the tomes of contradictory evidence now published, and give us a history which shall honor alike victor and vanquished.

In order to properly discuss the question, "Did the Federals fight against superior numbers?" it is necessary to compare the resources of the two governments. The seceding States in 1861 had, in round numbers, a population of 8,000,000, about 4,000,000 of which were slaves. The non-seceding States had a population of 24,000,000. This gave the Union side about three to one of the aggregate population. The Confederate States had a seaboard from the Potomac to the mouth of the Rio Grande in Texas, and, having no navy, was exposed as much to naval attacks as those by land. They were, in fact, a beleaguered fortress, girdled on one side by a line of battleships, and on the other by a line of bayonets. In fact, the morning drum-beat of the Federal navy was heard in an unbroken strain from Fortress Monroe to where the Mexic sea kisses the Mexic shore. During the war six hundred vessels stood sentinel along the Confederate coast. The South having been cut off from the outside world by the blockade, and being an agricultural country, had neither navy-yards nor shops for the manufacture of cannon and small arms, and in the first battles her soldiers were often armed with shot-guns till they could capture better arms from the enemy.

There were enlisted in the Federal army during the war 2,778,304 soldiers, which was about twelve per cent. of her population; while, according to Federal statistics, the enrollment in the Confederate army was only 690,000, which was about seventeen per cent. of the population. The Confederates, on the estimates made by General Wright, agent for collection of Confederate statistics, deny that they ever had 690,000 enrolled, as the Army of the Confederacy, "Absent and present," was as follows for each year: January, 1862, 318,011; January, 1863, 465,584; January, 1864, 472,781; January, 1865, 439,675. ("*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. IV., p. 768.)

Taking the Federal enlistment at 2,778,304, and the number of Federals on the pay-roll May 1, 1865, at 1,000,516, it would give about thirty-seven per cent. of the enlistment present. This would give, on the same basis, about 222,000 Confederates under arms. This would preserve the ratio of 600,000 to 2,778,304 enlistments, and the general ratio of population, 8,000,000 to 24,000,000. The difference between the Confederate reports of January 1, 1865, 439,-675, and the number paroled after the surrender, 174,000, is accounted for by the heavy losses of the Confederates by death and desertion between January 1, 1865, and the date of parole.

We now propose to select twelve of the greatest battles of the civil war, not that they are all decisive battles, but because they represent the largest forces engaged on both sides, and because the official record and "*Battles and Leaders*" furnish us reliable statistics as to the actual forces on or near these battlefields. They are Shiloh, Stone's river, Chickamauga, Richmond, second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor.

Shiloh was the first great battle-test between the opposing armies of the West. Grant was there with the veterans of Donaldson and Henry. Sherman, with his splendid division on the right, while to his left were McClernand, Prentiss, Wallace (W. H. L.), Hurleburt and Stuart, with the division of Lew Wallace only five miles away, and Nelson's division of the Army of Ohio across the river at Savannah, not more than seven miles from the field of battle.

Albert Sydney Johnson, the Confederate commander, began forming his line of battle the day before about noon, and by 5 P. M. of the 5th his line was ready for action, though on account of the lateness of the hour the battle was postponed till the next morning. At 5 o'clock the next morning, April 6, 1862, the battle opened by an

assault along the entire Federal front with the corps of Hardee, Bragg and Polk. It is not our intention to attempt a description of the bloody tragedy. Sherman's lines were broken, Prentiss with his brigade was captured, Hurleburt and McClernand and Wallace were driven in utter rout. At 6 o'clock P. M. the Confederates occupied every camp of the Federals except the one guarded by the gunboats on the bank of the Tennessee. The Federal army, which had fought with splendid gallantry that day, cowered that night on the river bank, no longer an army, but a disorganized mass of fugitives, many of whom were trying to cross the river on logs and such driftwood as the river afforded. (See report of McCook, Crittenden and Buell.) It is said that in the afternoon of Waterloo, when Napoleon's battalions had captured La Ha Saynte, and Wellington felt that the day would be lost, that, looking up to the sun, then seeming to stand still in the afternoon sky, he exclaimed, in the anguish of a grand despair, "Oh, that night or Blucher would come!" Blucher, with his fifty-two thousand Prussians, came, and Wellington was saved. Is it not probable that on that fatal Sunday afternoon at Shiloh, when the very streams ran crimson, that Grant's prayer was, "Oh, that night or Buell would come"? Buell, with his army of veterans, was then crossing the Tennessee, Nelson's division of which landed on the western bank in time to take part in the closing fight of the evening. These soldiers, seeing the soldiers of Grant cowering armless on the bank of the river begging for any kind of transportation across the Tennessee, feeling the inspiration born of a forlorn hope,

> Came as the winds come
> When forests are rended,
> Came as the storms come
> When navies are stranded,

and, with the courage of the true American soldier, hurled themselves into the deserted breastworks of Grant's fled army. During the night of the 6th the broken fragments of Grant's army were reorganized and united with Buell's twenty-one thousand five hundred and seventy-nine fresh troops, and the battle was renewed at 5 A. M. on Monday, the 7th. The Federals now took the offensive, and by 2 o'clock P. M. had driven back the Confederates from the positions captured by them the day before. The Confederates retired in good order, and no effort was made till the next day to

pursue them, and they were allowed to take their own time to get back to Corinth. The first day's fight was a decisive victory for the Confederates; the second day victory perched on the banners of the Federals.

We give below the strength of General Grant's army as compiled by the War Department, giving the last returns of the various commands made just before the battle: Grant's army, present for duty, 49,314; total present, 58,052. Deducting Lew Wallace's division of 7,771 effectives, which was only five miles away, guarding the right flank, and for some cause did not participate in the first day's fight, and General Grant's effectives are 41,543.

General Johnston's army at Corinth, on the 3d of April, when he began the march to Shiloh, twenty-three miles distant, numbered, total effectives of all arms, 38,773. Of course many of these dropped out in the march, and were not present in the fight.

Summary—In the first day's battle, Federals, 41,543 effectives, with Lew Wallace's division of 7,771 within five miles, and the gunboats, *Tyler* and *Lexington*, with four twenty-pound parrot guns in, and a battery of rifle guns. First day, Confederates, 38,773 effectives. Second day, Federals same as first day, except losses, with Wallace's division of 7,771, and Buell's 21,579 added. Second day, Confederates the same as first day, less their losses on first day.

It is supposed from the most accurate statistics which can be gotten as to the loss, in both armies, the first day, that three-fourths of the entire loss occurred on that day. The Federal loss ("*Battles and Leaders*" Vol. I, p. 538.) was 13,049; three-fourths of this would be 9,783, for the loss of the first day. Deducting this amount from the 41,543 effectives of the first day, and it would give 31,760 effectives, to which add Wallace's 7,771 and Buell's 21,579, and the grand total of effectives for the battle of Monday would be 61,110.

Applying this same rule to the Confederates, the result would be as follows: The Confederate loss was 10,699; three-fourths of this amount, viz., 8,025, deducted from 38,775 effectives, would leave 30,748 Confederates for the field on Monday. This gave Grant, on Monday, 61,110; Beauregard, on Monday, 30,748; difference in favor of Grant, 30,362. This was two to one against the Confederates, lacking 386. Verily, did the Federals fight against "superior numbers" at Shiloh?

This battle made Grant and Sherman famous, and Buell, the Blucher of the occasion, was soon retired into obscurity.

We do not propose to discuss in this article the generalship dis-

played on either side. This is a matter for the future. But were we to allow ourselves to speculate on this question we would be constrained to ask the American people how it was that General Grant, who up to this time had never achieved a single success except by vastly superior numbers, should have been accepted as the Moses to lead the Union forces to victory and final triumph.

On December 31 and January 1–3, 1862–'3, the Federal army, commanded by General Rosecrans, met the Confederates, commanded by General Bragg, at Stone's river, or Murfreesboro. The fight lasted a part of two days, the Confederates withdrawing from the field, but carrying off their dead and wounded and artillery. The last returns of Rosecrans' army before this battle were as follows: Present for duty—Centre corps, 29,682; right wing, 13,779; left wing, 13,061; unattached forces, 9,748; total, 66,270.

Rosecrans, in his official report (*Official Records*, Vol. XX, p. 196), says: "We moved on the enemy with the following force: 46,940. We fought the enemy with 43,400." Thus it will be seen that 3,540, or seven and one-half per cent, of those who "moved on" the enemy did not participate in the battle.

The Confederates had "present for duty" at this battle, 37,712. Allowing them the seven and one-half per cent. granted the Federals between the number that "moved on" the enemy and those actually engaged in the fight, would give them a credit of 2,828, which would reduce their number actually engaged to 34,884. It would then stand—Federals actually engaged in the fight, 43,400; Confederates, 34,884; difference in favor of Federals, 8,516.

This was one of the bloodiest conflicts of the war, and superb gallantry was shown on both sides. We ask again: "Did the Federals fight against superior numbers" at Stone's river?

The official losses reported on each side were as follows: Federals—Killed, 1,730; wounded, 7,802; captured, 3,717; total, 13,249. Confederates—Killed, 1,294; wounded, 7,945; captured, 1,029; total, 10,266. Losses of Federals over Confederates, 2,983.

The two great armies of the West nerved themselves for a trial of their strength on the field of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863. The soldiers in both armies had had their baptism of blood at Shiloh and Stone's river and Gettysburg, and were veterans indeed. The Federals were commanded by General Rosecrans, while his divisions were commanded by such distinguished officers as Thomas, McCook, Crittenden, Sheridan, Negley, Granger and Steedman. The Confederates were commanded by General

Bragg, with Cleburne, Cheatham, Stewart, Walker, Bushrod Johnson, Hindman, Law, Preston, Breckinridge and Forrest as division commanders. It was to be a battle of the Titans.

Rosecrans hung his fine army as a massive iron gate across the valley leading into Chattanooga. Thomas, whose pathway had always been lighted with the star of victory, was on the left, Crittenden in the center and McCook on the right.

Bragg placed his right wing under Polk, with D. H. Hill second in command, while Longstreeet commanded the left wing. The battle opened along the whole line on the 19th, and the Confederates were successful along their entire front, except on the Federal left, where Thomas seemed to have his wing of this great iron gate anchored in the everlasting rocks. Cleburne threw his division against him only to recoil. Cheatham and Breckinridge hurled their veterans on his breastworks only to retire with great loss. The iron gate was ajar on the right, on the center, but its left was as solid as the grand mountains overhanging it.

The second day the battle opened furiously. The divisions of Walker, Preston, Cheatham and Cleburne foamed themselves away on Thomas, but he stood like a rock. Longstreet, commanding Bragg's left wing, massing his divisions, making his right division the pivot, wheeled his entire wing to the right against McCook and Crittenden. This was a conflict of giants. McCook's splendid corps is soon ground to powder. A Confederate division wedges itself in between Crittenden and his command, and strikes it in the rear, and it vanishes and falls back, part of it in the rear of Thomas and part of it on the nearest road to Chattanooga. Rosecrans leaves the field and sends word to Thomas to do the best he can to save himself. McCook and Crittenden follow Rosecrans to Chattanooga looking for their lost commands.

The Federal right and center are now massed as a support to Thomas. Longstreet presses open the iron gate tills it hangs on only one hinge, and that hinge was Thomas. Thomas' corps was now girdled with a line of victorious bayonets, while

> Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them,
> Cannon in front of them
> Volleyed and thundered,

till at last, overwhelmed and beaten, he sullenly retires, fighting as he goes, till he is safe behind the hills of Chattanooga.

Rosecrans, in his report of September 10, 1863, the last made before the battle, has 63,143 effectives, after deducting all detachments which were absent. (*Official Records*, Vol. XXX, p. 169.)

In order to get absolutely correct statistics of Bragg's army in this battle, the writer has gone through the regimental, brigade and division reports made at the time, and they show that Bragg had effectives of all arms, 53,124. Summarized, it is as follows: Federals 63,143; Confederates, 53,124; Federal excess, 10,019.

The losses were, Federals killed, 1,656; wounded, 9,749; captured, 4,774; total, 16,179. Confederates killed, 2,389; wounded, 13,412; captured, 2,003; total, 17,804.

The abstract of returns for Rosecrans' army on September 20, the day after the great battle of the 19th, is as follows: Present for duty, 67,877; present equipped, 60,867.

If Rosecrans had 60,867 equipped for duty on the morning of the 20th, after the great losses of the day before, it is not possible that he had more than 63,143 at the beginning of the fight?

At 5.40 P. M. on the 22d General Rosecrans telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln from Chattanooga that "we are about 30,000 brave and determined men."

Rosecrans' army had occupied Chattanooga several weeks before the battle of Chickamauga, and was just as much in possession of Chattanooga before the battle of Chickamauga as after that event. In his congratulatory address to his army, after they had been driven back on Chattanooga after two days of bloody battle, he says: "When the day closed you held the field, from which you withdrew in the face of overpowering numbers to occupy the point for which you set out—Chattanooga.

Had Napoleon, when reaching Paris after the disastrous rout of Waterloo, issued to the survivors of the Old Guard an address congratulating them on the fact that they occupied "the point for which they set out—Paris," would not the world have considered it an unpardonable satire on their heroism?

The scene now shifts to Virginia. General McClellan with the best organized army seen since the days of Napoleon, advances on Richmond. He advances till the spires and towers of the capital city are in full view of his beleaguering army. The front of every division and corps is girdled with *abattis* and breastworks. Chickahominy is an entrenched camp from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill. The authorities at Washington urged McClellan on, but he would

not move till he had the best organized army of the world to sustain him. There must be no mistake about capturing the Rebel capital.

On the 26th of June the battle opened on the right wing of McClellan at Mechanicsville by an attack by A. P. Hill on the breastworks of Fitz John Porter. Soon the roar of artillery is heard round the flank of Porter and in his rear. It was the wizard of the Valley of Virginia, who but a few days ago had defeated in quick succession McDowell, Shields and Fremont. It was the guns of Stonewall Jackson. Porter made a brave fight, but no troops could stand long with A. P. Hill assailing them in the front and Stonewall Jackson in the rear. They fell back on their next supports, and when these supports were driven away they continued to fall back for seven long, bloody days, leaving baggage, artillery and equipments to the victors, till Malvern Hill is reached, and there they check the Confederates, inflicting on them great loss, till their trains and artillery had so far passed that they could fall back to Harrison's Landing on the James river, some thirty miles further from Richmond than they were on the first morning of battle. The losses in these battles were enormous on both sides. The Confederates were, in the main, poorly armed, and as they assailed the enemy behind breastworks their loss was much larger than the Federals.

Comte-de-Paris, in his "*Civil War in America*," Vol. II, p. 76, gives us General McClellan's army report for June 20, 1862, six days before the battle opened, and his total "present" was 156,838, while his "present for duty" was 115,102. This seems a great disproportion between "present" and "present for duty," but we accept this as the number that were engaged in battle under General McClellan.

From the most accurate statistics obtainable from the Confederates, General Lee's army ranged between 82,000 and 85,000, no estimate from regimental returns making it over 85,000.

General McClellan, in his letter to the Secretary of War July 3, 1862, says, "it is impossible to estimate our losses, but I doubt whether there are to-day more than 50,000 men with their colors."

If the report of General McClellan of June 20, 1862, is correct, then here are 115,102 Federal soldiers who, after fighting seven days against 82,000 to 85,000 Confederates, find themselves thirty miles further from Richmond than when the battle commenced. Verily, this was not one of the battles when the Federals fought against superior numbers.

The scene shifts, and Stonewall Jackson's corps is again on the historic field of Bull Run, the field which only thirteen months before gave him his immortal sobriquet, "Stonewall." He had been guilty of a piece of Napoleonic rashness, which was the marching of his corps, in forty-eight hours, fifty-six miles, and quietly taking a position on the enemy's line of communication at Manassas, having Pope's army of 60,000 to 70,000 and Rapidan river between his own little army and that of General Lee, while to the north of him and distant only a few miles, lay the garrison of Washington city, 40,000 strong. After having destroyed many army supplies he begins to retreat, assailed as he was by all of Pope's available army. He fights a great battle on the 28th, holding the surging masses of the enemy at bay till nightfall. The next day Pope's entire army girdled him as with a zone of fire, but at this fateful moment a very sunburst of glittering bayonets pours through Thoroughfare Gap and adjacent hills, and the banner which floats over them is that of Longstreet. The field was an open one, and nerved, perhaps, by the memories of the First Bull Run, prodigies of valor were performed by both armies, but at the close of the day Pope's veterans had fretted themselves away against Jackson's ironsides and Longstreet's "Hearts of Oak," and, routed, riven, they flee, and the bulk of that proud army finds itself, in less than forty-eight hours, safe under the guns of Washington.

General Pope had in this battle 63,000 effectives (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. II, pp. 499–500), while on the same authority Lee's army numbered 54,000.

Federal loss, killed, 1,747; wounded, 8,452; captured, 4,263; total, 14,462. Confederate loss, killed, 1,553; wounded, 7,812; captured, 109; total, 9,474.

August melts itself away, and Indian summer hangs its veil of film-like witchery over the hills of "Maryland, my Maryland." Pope has been replaced, and McClellan controls the united armies of the James and the Potomac. Lee's army, after a series of minor conflicts, finds itself brought to bay on the plateau between the Antietam and the Potomac. It is a glorious battlefield for armies of equal strength. It was full of danger to the smaller army, with a great river in its rear in case of disaster. McClellan comes to retrieve the disasters of Richmond, and to infuse new life in the vanishing *morale* of Pope's disheartened army. It is an open field and a fair fight. It was a conflict between two chiefs who had walked face to

face the fiery edge of battle on the banks of the Chickahominy. Hooker's veteran division assailed with intrepid daring Lee's right, but as Gibraltar has dashed for ages the Mediterranean wave, so dashed Lee the assaulting column. Then McClellan's oncoming hosts fling themselves with reckless courage on Lee's center, but "as roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's hosts came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Swaran." The sun rises to the zenith, and Lee's army still holds its front of flame defiant to McClellan's hosts. Burnside occupies the Federal left, but a dangerous bridge across the Antietam has to be crossed ere he can have an equal chance in the fight. But only after being held in check, with enormous slaughter, for four and a half hours by 219 men of Toombs' brigade, by a heroic dash he crosses the bridge and pushes Lee's column back into the edge of the village of Sharpsburg. But Lee, anticipating this movement, sends five brigades, under A. P. Hill, from his left and center, and Burnside is hurled back with great loss. 'Tis the bloodiest day in the ides of Maryland. The September frost had already painted the forest with crimson—war had that day left her carmine footprints on her soil. It is a drawn battle. Lee remained on the battlefield till the night of the 18th, and then quietly withdrew and crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

General McClellan had on and near this battlefield 87,164 troops, and General Lee had 40,000. (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. II, p. 603.)

In the eighteen days of the Maryland campaign, which includes Harper's Ferry, Lee's army, never larger than 40,000, fought the battles of South Mountain, Crampton's Gap, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg (Antietam), and Shepherdstown, losing in killed, wounded and captured, 11,172; while McClellan, with an army of 87,000, lost, killed, 2,662; wounded, 11,719; captured, 13,494, a total of 27,875. (See Vol. I, p. 810, for Confederate loss, and the same volume for Federal loss.)

Lee retires his army to Fredericksburg, on the south bank of the Rappahannock, and McClellan moves his army to the other side. Both armies go into winter-quarters. McClellan's head, like Pope's, has fallen under the official axe of the War Department, and Burnside is now the commander. Burnside's army crossed on pontoons and made several heroic attempts to storm Marye's Heights, but were driven back with great slaughter.

Burnside on December 13th, had 116,683 present; Lee, on Decem-

ber 13th, had 58,500 present (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III, p. 143); difference in favor of the Federals, 58,183. Burnside lost, killed, 1,384; wounded, 9,600; captured, 1,769; total, 12,653. Lee lost, killed, 458; wounded, 4,743; total, 4,201.

Burnside has failed to capture Fredericksburg, and his head goes into the War Department's official waste basket, and "Fighting" Joe Hooker takes command of the Federal forces. His forces from May 1–3, 1863, were 130,000, with 404 pieces of artillery, while Lee's were 60,000, with 170 pieces of artillery. (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III, p. 233.)

General Hooker's abstract of returns for April 30th, when his advance on Lee began, was as follows: Present for duty, 157,990; present equipped, 133,708; artillery, 404 pieces.

General Couch, commander of the second corps, and second in command to Hooker, estimates Hooker's seven corps at 113,000, ready for duty, not counting 11,000 cavalry and reserve artillery, and 400 cannon," and his estimate of General Lee's army was 55,000 to 60,000, not including cavalry ("*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III,) and on page 161 of this volume he says Hooker's artillery "was equal to any in the world."

Hooker takes the greater part of his army, leaving Sedgwick 30,000 strong to threaten Fredericksburg, and marches up the northern bank of the Rappahannock and crosses his army to attack General Lee in the rear. His army has crossed successfully the Rappahannock, and he issues the following congratulatory address, being general order No. 47: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind their defences and give us battle on our own ground, *when certain destruction awaits him.*" (Italics ours.) On May 1st, after the successful crossing of his troops, Hooker says, "I have Lee just where I want him. He must fight me on my own ground." At 2 P. M. of the same day he said, "Lee is in full retreat toward Gordonsville. I have sent out Sickles to capture his artillery."

This flank movement of Hooker made Lee remove the larger part of his army to the rear of Fredericksburg in order to confront the forces of Hooker. Lee had come out from his defences. Lee then occupied a position between the two great wings of Hooker's army, either of which was numerically able to crush him. It was a posi-

tion of great danger. Hooker presses his grand army down to Chancellorsville, with his right commanded by Howard. Lee confronts him at Chancellorsville, and in the meantime Stonewall Jackson works himself around and strikes, like a thunderbolt, Howard's right wing and doubles it back. Hooker's center is held at bay by Lee, but in the meantime Sedgwick crosses his 30,000 troops over the Rappahannock, and attacks the fortifications in rear of Fredericksburg and captures them, and then advances on Lee. Lee, having checked and to some extent routed Hooker's right and center, withdraws a portion of his troops and assails Sedgwick. After a bloody fight, Sedgwick is driven back across the Rappahannock. Hooker is disabled by a shock of cannon ball, and he turns his army over to General Couch and retires across the river. He had "Lee just where he wanted him," but circumstances made it necessary for him to find safety on the northern bank of the Rappahannock. Soon his whole army crossed to the northern bank, and thus ended Hooker's "On to Richmond."

The losses in this great battle were as follows: Federals—Killed, 1,606; wounded, 9,762; captured, 5,919; total, 17,287. Confederates—Killed, 1,649; wounded, 9,106; captured, 1,708; total, 12,463. (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III. p. 233.) Summarized, it is as follows: Federals, 130,000; Confederates, 60,000. Federal loss, 17,287; Confederate loss, 12,463. Excess of Federal army, 70,000; excess of Federal loss, 4,884.

This campaign on the rear of Lee was a brilliant conception on the part of Hooker. Hooker had in this campaign 10,000 more soldiers than Wellington had on the field of Waterloo, and 48,000 more than marshalled under the banner of Napoleon. Wellington, with his 120,000, crushed Napoleon with his 72,000. Hooker, with his 130,000 fled, leaving Lee, with his 60,000, master of the field. The battle-cloud lifts itself from Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, but not for long, as the coming May will rebaptize these fields with the blood of slaughtered thousands.

Two months from the day when Hooker's splendid army was driven by Lee across the Rappahannock, these same armies confronted each other on the heights of Gettysburg. Hooker's official head has gone to sleep in the waste-basket of decapitated generals, with those of Pope, McClellan and Burnside, and General Meade, a brave and cautious soldier, commands all the forces for the defense of the capital at Washington. Lee's army is there, but the wizard of

the Valley of Virginia, whose cyclonic stroke had pulverized Hooker's right at Chancellorsville, and who, on his many battlefields, had known no other song than the shout of victory, had "crossed over the river." The South, to her remotest borders, "gave signs of woe" over his death, and Lee had spoken of him as his "right arm," while a northern poet, in a poem of exquisite beauty, calls him "a light—a landmark in the clouds of war."

These great armies met by an accidental collision around the village of Gettysburg, the Federals having possession of the commanding heights of Seminary Ridge, Cemetery Hill, Little and Big Round Top. Too many able pens have already wasted their wealth of expression in describing this great conflict for us, in the brief limits of this article, to attempt a description of this great battle. It is our province to fairly portray the numbers and resources of the combatants.

According to abstracts of returns for General Meade's army, June 30th, the day before the battle, he had, including the reinforcements which reached him during the battle, 101,679 effectives. In an editorial note of the volume in which this abstract is found—viz: "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III—is the following in regard to General Lee's strength: "It is reasonable to conclude that General Lee had under his command on the field of battle, from first to last, an army of 70,000."

General Meade's abstract of June 30th, for "present equipped," was 98,150. This would give General Meade 28,150 in excess of General Lee. The student of history in the far-off future, when reading of how Pickett's and Pettigrew's men charged unflinchingly through this valley of the shadow of death, into the very entrenched works of Cemetery Hill and then melted away as wreaths of vapor before a July sun, will meditate on what "might have been" if Stonewall Jackson had been there with 21,500 fresh soldiers, the number necessary to have equalized the strength of the opposing armies. General Lee, in his report, says the battle closed after the repulse of Pickett and Pettigrew's charge on the afternoon of July 3d. Lee then fell back to his line of the morning. The order to recross the Potomac was given the night of July 4th, twenty-four hours after the fight was over, and Ewell's corps did not leave Gettysburg till late in the afternoon of the 5th, full forty-eight hours after the close of the battle on the 3d. (See Report of General Lee, "*Official Records*," Vol. XXVII, pages 313–325.) Lee carried back into Virginia seven pieces

more of artillery than he carried with him into Pennsylvania. (See Report of Lieutanant-Colonel Briscoe, Chief of Ordnance, "*Official Record*" Vol. XXVII, page 357.)

At ten minutes past 4 o'clock P. M. on the 4th General Meade says that he "would make a reconnoisance the next day (5th) to see where the enemy was," and in that telegram reports his effectives, "exclusive of cavalry, baggage guards, ambulance attendants, etc., as 55,000." Now, supposing the cavalry corps which was present at Gettysburg, 12,653, had lost as many as 653, it would leave 12,000 to be added to the 55,000, making 67,000 outside "baggage guards and ambulance attendants," to which add 23,003, losses in the battle, and it gives General Meade 90,003 as present in the fight or on the field. Even on this basis, General Meade had 20,000 more soldiers present on the field than had General Lee.

While the Federals reaped the material as well as the moral fruits of that victory, yet the fact that a part of Lee's army lingered around Gettysburg for two days after the battle, and that it was ten months before Meade's army was ready for an advance on Richmond, shows at what a great cost the victory was achieved. The personal loss of friends on both sides at Gettysburg was so great, and the wounds are yet too fresh for us to contemplate without passion that field of slaughter; but the coming bard in the far-off years will tell how the Tennesseans, Alabamians, Virginians and North Carolinians charged with Pickett and Pettigrew, Armistead and Garnett, into the very "gates of hell" on Cemetery Hill.

Ten months after the battle of Gettysburg these same armies confront each other on the Rappahannock. Meade's head has joined company with McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker, and General Grant, who, with the aid of Porter's fleet with 300 cannon and 75,000 men, had, between November 1, 1862, and July 4, 1863. overrun the State of Mississippi and captured Vicksburg, whose largest force within the campaign had only been 40,000, was there as commander; not as a general of a particular army, but as generalissimo of the armies of the United States.

General Grant, perhaps because he did not wish to follow in the footsteps of McClellan, adopted the overland route to Richmond by way of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor. He crossed the Rappahannock with 118,000 veteran troops, while General Lee confronted him with 62,000. (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. IV, page 179.)

General Grant's tactics were to flank Lee out of all his fortifications and to interpose his army between him and Richmond. Having numerically a vastly superior army, he could simply leave Lee in his fortifications and beat him in the race to Richmond.

When Grant had crossed the river and began his flanking, Lee struck his right flank and, in a battle of two days, in which great endurance and courage were shown by both armies, Grant was beaten, with a loss of 2,246 killed, 12,037 wounded and 3,383 captured; a total loss of 17,666. Grant then moved his army towards Richmond, and Lee confronts him at Spotsylvania, and a two days' battle ensues, and Grant retires with a loss of 2,725 killed, 13,416 wounded, and 2,258 captured; a total loss of 18,399. In the meantime Sheridan makes two raids on Richmond. After the repulse at Spotsylvania, Grant is met at North Anna, where his loss is 591 killed, 2,734 wounded and 661 captured; a total loss of 3,986. Grant then moves by the left flank, intending to assault Richmond by way of Cold Harbor, but on arriving at that point Lee is there, and there occurred one of the bloodiest battles of the war, in which in less than one hour of actual battle Grant lost 1,884 killed, 9,077 wounded, and 1,816 captured; a total loss of 12,737.

Grant had lost in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania and North Anna, 40,051, and had when he reached Cold Harbor, 103,875, and was there reinforced with Smith's corps 12,500 strong, which made his effective force at that battle 116,375. As his original army when he crossed the Rappahannock was 118,000, and he had lost before reaching Cold Harbor 40,051, then he had left his original army, 118,000, less 40,051, which is 77,949; but as his report at Cold Harbor before the fight was 103,875 plus 12,500 Smith's corps, making 116,375, he must have received, after crossing the Rappahannock, 38,426 reinforcements.

Grant's army, then, from the day he left the Rappahannock up to and including the fight at Cold Harbor, was 156,426, leaving Butler's army south of the James, depleted only by Smith's corps of 12,500. Lee's army on the Rappahannock was 62,000, to which add 14,400 reinforcements, makes his entire force, up to and including the fight at Cold Harbor, 76,400, against Grant's 156,426.

Grant's losses, beginning at the Wilderness, including the Sheridan's two raids and the battle of Cold Harbor, were as follows: Killed 7,620, wounded 38,342, captured 8,967; making an aggregate loss of 54,929 between May 5th and June 3d; and in Butler's army,

which was simply a wing of Grant, the loss within the same time was—killed, wounded and captured—6,215.

Summarized, Grant's losses for thirty days were as follows: Killed 8,254, wounded 42,245, captured 10,645; total, 61,144. (See *Battles and Leaders,*" Vol. IV, pp. 184, 185.)

The battle of Cold Harbor was fought on June 3, 1864. We give below the monthly returns of the effectives of Grant's and Lee's armies for each month thereafter up to December 31, 1864:

	Grant.	Lee.
June 30	107,419	54,751
July 31	77,321	57,079
August 31	58,923	34,677
September 30	76,775	35,088
October 31	85,046	47,307
November 30	86,723	56,424
December 31	110,364	66,533

("*Battles and Leaders,*" Vol. 3, pp. 593, 594.)

From June 3d, not including Cold Harbor, Grant's loss was, to December 31, 1864, 47,554. ("*Battles and Leaders,*" Vol. 4. p. 593.)

If grant's effectives were, on December 31st, 110,364 and he had sustained between June 3d and that date a loss of 47,554, he must have had an army, between those dates, of 157,918. If to this we add the losses between the Rappahannock between May 5th to and including Cold Harbor on June 3d, 61,244, the sum total of Grant's army from May 5th to December 31st was 219,162. In other words, Grant, after a campaign from May 5th to December 31st, had an army of 219,162 soldiers, and having on hand December 31 only 110,364, he must then have lost during that time 108,798.

Since the days of the coalition against Napoleon no grander army ever appeared than that controlled by Grant in his advance to Richmond. Major-General Webb, United States army, in his "*Through the Wilderness*" ("*Battles and Leaders,*" Vol. III, p. 152), says: "Grant's army, 118,000 men, properly distributed for battle, would have covered a front of twenty-one miles, two ranks deep, with one-third of them held in reserve, while Lee with 62,000 men similarly disposed would cover only twelve miles. Grant had a train which, he states in his 'Memoirs,' would have reached from the Rapidan to Richmond, or sixty-five miles."

At the end of thirty days General Grant found himself, after a loss of 54,929, within ten miles of Richmond, a point which he might have reached without the loss of a man. War's appetite for slaughter was gorged in this brief campaign, and while we do not propose to discuss the generalship of the overland route to Richmond, the friends of those who fell at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor must sometimes feel that they were the victims more of a political prejudice than of a military necessity.

Lee's entire army, from the Rappahannock and including Cold Harbor was 76,400. If his losses were as great as Grant's, that is, 54,929, then he would have had only 21,471 of his original army left. This campaign had reduced the result of the war to a mathematical problem. Grant's army was the upper millstone, two inches thick, and Lee's was the nether-stone, one inch thick. The friction being the same, it required little mathematical knowledge to divine the result.

For the benefit of the future historian, we compile the following statistics issued by the Adjutant-General's Office of the United States July 15, 1885:

Total enlistments in Union army		2,778,304
Deducting Indians	3,530	
Deducting Negroes	178,975	182,505
Total enlistment of white men		2,595,799

The seceding States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia (then including West Virginia) furnished to the Federal army 86,009 white troops, while the slave-holding States, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, which never formally seceded, furnished to the Federal army 190,430 white soldiers, and the negro population of the various States furnished 178,975 negro troops. Summarized, it is as follows:

White soldiers furnished to Federal army by seceded States,	86,009
White soldiers furnished to Federal army by non seceding slave States	190,430
Negro troops	178,975
Total troops furnished United States army by slave-holding States	455,414

The largest muster-roll of the Southern Confederacy (See "*Battles and Leaders*" Vol. IV, page 768) was on January 1, 1864, and was 472,781. Deducting 455,414, troops furnished by the Southern States to the Federal army, from 472,781 on the Confederate roll January 1, 1864, it would be as follows:

Troops on Confederate muster-roll January 1, 1864.....	472,781
Troops furnished by Southern States to Federal army.....	455,414
	17,367

In other words, the Southern States contributed to the Federal army within 17,367 as many soldiers as the Confederacy had on its rolls January 1, 1864.

Efforts have been made to get the number of foreigners enlisted in the Federal army, outside of those who were previously naturalized, but no accurate statistics have been found on that subject. It may safely be estimated at 144,586.

General Wright, agent for the United States Government for the collection of Confederate statistics, gives 600,000 as the greatest number of soldiers enlisted in the Confederate service.

Tabulated, it would be as follows:

Total Confederates enlisted.....		600,000
Federals from Southern States.....	276,439	
Negroes.....	178,975	
Foreigners (estimated).....	144,586	
		600,000

Above we have given the "estimated" number of foreigners enlisted as soldiers in the Federal army. Later statistics show the nationality of all foreigners who fought for the Union as follows: Germans, 176,800; Irish, 144,200; British Americans, 53,500; English, 45,500; other foreigners, 74,900; total, 494,900. It will be seen that our estimate of 144,586 was really far below the actual facts.

Thus it will be seen that the Federals had an army fully as large or larger than the entire Confederate enlistments without drawing a man from the Northern or non-slaveholding States.

The Federal army in its report for May 1, 1865, had present for duty 1,000,516, while it had "present equipped" 602,598.

The Confederates on April 9, 1865, had 174,223 who were paroled, which added to their prisoners then in Federal prisons, 98,802, made an army of 272,025. Thus it stood at the time of the surrender—Federals, 1,000,516, and Confederates, 272,025.

That it may not appear that we have taken a one-sided view of the number of Federals to overcome a given number of Confederates, we append the conclusions, written many years after the war, by a brave and distinguished Federal General—Don Carlos Buell—copied from his article, "*Battles and Leaders*," page 51, Vol. III, entitled "East Tennessee and the Campaign of Perryville," which is as follows:

"A philosophical study of our civil conflict must recognize that influences of some sort operated fundamentally for the side of the Confederacy in every prominent event of the war, and nowhere with less effect than in the Tennessee and Kentucky campaign. They are involved in the fact that it required enormous sacrifices from 24,000,000 of people to defeat the political scheme of 8,000,000; 2,000,000 of soldiers to subdue 800,000 soldiers; and, descending to detail, a naval fleet and 15,000 troops to advance against a weak fort manned by less than 100 men, at Fort Henry; 35,000 with naval co-operation to overcome 12,000 at Fort Donelson; 60,000 to secure a victory over 40,000 at Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh); 120,000 to enforce the retreat of 65,000 intrenched, after a month of fighting and manœuvering at Corinth; 100,000 repelled by 80,000 in the first peninsular campaign against Richmond; 70,000, with a powerful naval force to inspire the campaign, which lasted nine months, against 40,000 at Vicksburg; 90,000 to barely withstand the assault of 70,000 at Gettysburg; 115,000 sustaining a frightful repulse from 60,000 at Fredericksburg; 100,000 attacked and defeated by 50,000 at Chancellorsville; 85,000 held in check two days by 40,000 at Antietam; 43,000 retaining the field uncertainly against 38,000 at Stone's river; 70,000 defeated at Chickamauga and beleaguered by 70,000 at Chattanooga; 80,000 merely to break the investing line of 45,000 at Chattanooga; 100,000 to press back 50,000 (afterwards increased to 70,000) from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a distance of 120 miles; 50,000 to defeat the investing line of 30,000 at Nashville; and finally, 120,000 to overcome 60,000 with exhaustion after a struggle of a year in Virginia."

We are not discussing the question of "which is the better soldier." There are logical reasons why it took three or more Federals to

overcome one Confederate. It was not for want of courage on the part of the Federal soldier. The men who laid their lives on the sacrificial altar in front of Marye's Heights, the men who stormed the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania, were certainly brave men, yet the fact stands uncontested that the Confederates, with 600,000 held at bay for four years the Federals with 2,778,304.

Colonel Dodge, in the August (1891) number of the *Century*, speaks of the subduing of the South as having been "well done and in a reasonable time." When we remember that the coalition against Napoleon in 1814 invaded France in January, and in sixty days they had her capital in their possession and Napoleon was in exile; when we remember that the next coalition against France was made on March 25, 1815, and that in less than ninety days Napoleon was a prisoner, and France was at the feet of the allies; when we remember that in the Franco-Prussian war the German army in less than six months from the declaration of war sang the songs of their Fatherland under the shadows of the Tuilleries, we may think the subduing of the South may have been well done, yet we do not think that in point of time it was a great military achievement.

Some of the readers of this article may ask why it was ever written. We answer frankly, it was written simply to focalize the facts of history so they might be accessible to those who had not the time to go through many volumes of official records to find them.

The current history of the day, as taught in our public schools, has impressed the children of those who sustained the "Lost Cause" as though the history of their ancestors would not bear criticism. These children have heard nothing but the songs of the victors, and it is due them that they should have the facts of history as presented by the official records, to prove to them that though the children of the vanquished, yet they are descended from heroes.

We say to the victors, Raise your Arc de Triomphe and write in letters of gold, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Appomattox, and our children will pass with uncovered heads under its shining arch; but let them, as they look up through their tears at the obverse side of this arch, see written, "Federal enlistments, 2,778,304; Confederate enlistments, 600,000," and this is all they ask.

It is the truth which makes a man free. In this article we have spoken unstintingly of the gallantry of the Federals on many hard-fought fields, and have not spoken, except incidentally, of the bravery and endurance of the Confederates.

The North, after four years of bloody battle, with an enlistment of 2,535,799 white soldiers, calling in her dire extremity for 178,795 negroes to help her subdue an army never numerically one-fourth as strong, by this act placed the capstone on the arch of Confederate valor, and with this we are satisfied.

The Union Army has the glory of success, but the gallantry and endurance of the Confederates will be the inspiration of the epic of the coming years.

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE RICHMOND HOWITZERS

At Richmond, Virginia, December 13, 1892.

WITH THE ORATION OF LEIGH ROBINSON, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Noble Defence of the South—The Services of the Howitzers Glowingly Rehearsed.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, December 14, 1892.]

The weather of Tuesday, December 13, 1892, was not propitious for the Howitzer Monument unveiling. It lacked every suggestion of a gala occasion, and could but carry many Howitzers and other veterans back to the days when, half-starved and half-clad, they shivered over a handful of fire.

But the driving, penetrating rain and piercing blast could not daunt the spirit of the men whose guns had been heard upon every battle-field from Bethel to Appomattox, nor those who had stood shoulder to shoulder with the heroic Howitzers.

The step of the veterans was not as jaunty as it was in the period from 1861 to 1865, but their hearts glowed with the recollections of that period, and there was no lack of enthusiasm from the beginning to the end of the ceremonies.

The unveiling was a success in all of its details, and the memorial now stands forth an object-lesson to future generations. It is an imperishable illustration in the history of a people whose valor, forti-

tude, and unselfish devotion to principle have no parallel in the annals of war.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MEMORIAL.

What does the Howitzer Monument mean? What does it stand for? It means more than that this one fell under his gun never to rise again, or that one will go to his grave a physical wreck. It stands for more than physical courage. It means also that the survivors were among the rebuilders of the devastated South. It stands also for a moral courage that could rise superior to any adversity. In the crowd of veterans that assembled in the Theatre yesterday were hundreds who, when the war closed, were absolutely penniless, but whose energy, enterprise, self-denial, and patience constitute the foundation stones upon which the present prosperity of Richmond and Virginia is reared. These, no less than the gallant youths who offered up their lives amid the rush and smoke of battle, and whose memory will never fade from the Southern heart, are typified in "No 1 in position and out," but ready for whatever may betide. The figure stands for the spirit of the South—not only the spirit that was invincible in war, but the spirit that defied being broken or humiliated in peace.

MILITARY WITH THE VETERANS.

The military of the city entered into the spirit of the occasion with the zeal that always characterizes them when called upon to aid the veterans in giving *eclat* to their undertakings. All arms of the service—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—were splendidly represented in the column which escorted the Howitzer veterans and the two Confederate camps to the site of the monument and saluted the memorial after it was unveiled.

EXERCISES AT THE THEATRE.

Dr. Dame's Prayer—Mr. White Presents the Orator.

The exercises at the Theatre began a few minutes after 2 o'clock. The lower part of the building was occupied by the Howitzer Association, Lee and Pickett Camps of Confederate Veterans, and the present Howitzer Battery. The galleries were thrown open to the general public, and in the throng that gathered in them were many ladies.

On the stage, in addition to Mr. J. Blythe Moore, president of the Howitzer Association, Rev. Dr. Dame, who offered the prayer; Mr. W. L. White, who introduced the orator, and Mr. Robinson, the orator, were Bishop Randolph, Mr. W. L. Sheppard, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, F. D. Hill, James T. Gray, Thomas Booker, J. M. Fourqurean, Judge George L. Christian, Carlton McCarthy, Rev. J. Calvin Stewart, Colonel W. E. Cutshaw, Major Henry C. Carter, E. D. Starke, D. S. McCarthy, Colonel G. Percy Hawes, Captain Beaureguard Lorraine, Captain E. J. Bosher, and others. The banner of the veteran Howitzers was borne by Mr. Thomas Booker, Rev. Dr. Dame holding the right and Mr. James T. Gray the left cord. The music was furnished by the Howitzer Band.

PRAYER BY DR. DAME.

Mr. J. Blythe Moore called the assemblage to order and introduced Rev. Dr. W. M. Dame, who, he said, would open the exercises with prayer.

Before commencing his prayer, Dr. Dame requested the audience to join with him in reciting the Apostles' Creed, the creed of all Christian faiths; after which he offered a fervent invocation of the Divine blessing. After imploring the help of God in our daily troubles, he said: "We thank Thee, O God, that at the call of duty our people were ready to do and to suffer for the cause of righteousness, freedom and truth. We thank Thee for the deeds of sacrifice that gemmed the story of our struggle for liberty." The minister then alluded to the many brave comrades who had fallen in battle. Some, he said, were blessed with the Spirit of God, who in calling them away was simply taking His own unto Himself. But there were others to whom the grace of the Lord had not been revealed. For these he asked forgiveness.

Dr. Dame then referred to his comrades who had survived the great struggle of days gone by, and who, despite many vicissitudes, had been able to restore their country to the prosperity which it now enjoys. He prayed earnestly for those who had fallen and were now degraded. In concluding his prayer Dr. Dame asked God to continue to show us the way of righteousness and to keep us ever ready to respond to every just and noble cause.

The audience then united with Dr. Dame in repeating the Lord's Prayer. This was deeply impressive, as was the repeating of the Apostles' Creed at the opening of the prayer.

THE ORATOR INTRODUCED.

Mr. W. L. White then introduced the orator of the occasion, Mr. Leigh Robinson, of Washington, and in so doing said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Proud of the distinguished honor conferred upon me by the Association, I present to you with pleasure and satisfaction the silvery-tongued orator of the Howitzer battalion, as brave and chivalrous in war as he has become renowned in peace.

At the battle of Bethel, the first land engagement of the war it will be remembered, the Howitzers received their first baptism of fire. There the Confederates successfully met and defeated the Federals against odds of from three to four to one, driving them panic-stricken back to the guns of Fortress Monroe, and causing them to leave their dead and wounded upon the field from which they were driven as "leaves upon the strand." Among the prominent men killed were Lieutenant Grebble, commanding the artillery, and Major Winthrop, of Boston, a volunteer commander of the famous Billy Wilson Zouaves, and I may be pardoned for saying here, a braver man never drew sword in defence of any cause. The next day a flag of truce was sent for his body, with the inquiry from General Butler, "What artillery was that which did such magnificent firing and execution?" General McGruder smiled and said: "Why, sir, it was nothing more than a parcel of school-boys, with primers in their pockets." And true it was, for but few had reached the age of manhood.

It is of these boys and their heroism, from Bethel to Appomattox, that our distinguished orator will speak to you this afternoon, and while one of the battalion survives to recite and recall the daring deeds of the Confederate dead and living, it can never be said of the honored dead:

> Out of the world's way, out of its light,
> Out of the ages of worldy weather—
> Made one with death, filled full of the night,
> Forgotten as the world's first dead are forgotten.

We have read of the valor of the heroes of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and ancient Macedonia, but, Mr. President, I have the honor to present to this audience this afternoon not only a gifted orator,

but a "Virginian" (to the manner born), a Howitzer, and a hero of one of the grandest armies that was ever marshalled upon a field of battle. To this large and cultivated audience he needs no further introduction, and I present to you Mr. Leigh Robinson, an adopted citizen of Washington City.

MR. ROBINSON'S ORATION.

He Defends the South and Tells of the Howitzers' Deeds.

As Mr. Robinson walked down the stage he was warmly received. He has a clear, musical voice and enunciated with a distinctness which made every word he uttered heard in all parts of the building. He said:

My Friends and Fellow-Howitzers:

I cannot better introduce what I have to say than by the words of a legend of the East: "When the lofty and barren mountain was first upheaved into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below and saw the valley and less elevated hills covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint: 'Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?' And Brahma answered: 'The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us.'"

"So was the mountain dowered, and so, too," adds the legend, "have the loftiest minds of men been in all ages dowered. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine, and the olive. Light, light alone—and the deep shadow of the passing cloud—these are the gifts of the prophets of the race." And so, I will add, so is it with the eminence of self-sacrifice. Out of convulsive wrestle are they lifted. The winds and the rains contemn them. The hail strips them bare. The lightning by which they are torn is their only sceptre. The tents of the tempest are pitched on all their summits of endeavor, and the deep scar of the tempest signed upon their brow is their diadem. And yet as the mountains are the backbone of the earth, and put their own chains on the continents which anchor to them, making our earth an earth of mountains, so

from age to age the true heart rallies to the moral eminences of which I speak. All that is soundest in us clings with a voluntary homage to the suffering heights. Consciously or unconsciously, the high instinct of mankind receives their lofty yoke. Heaven and earth mingle on their summits. Over the wide landscape of humanity falls the eloquence of their light and their shadow. Infinitely true is it "to bear is to conquer."

THEIR CONSTANCY PERFECT AND PURE.

Never was constancy so perfect and so pure as that of the people of the South to their warriors. For once gratitude to the past is not inspired by the hope of favors to come. The mercenary motive is curiously absent. The knee which bends, the heart which throbs, is the welcome of respect to the intrinsically worthy—the unbought homage never truly known safe by virtue in misfortune when, like a queen, but like a queen in exile, she counts the number of her suitors by the poverty of her rewards. This is the proud pathos of defeat with honor. Thus heroes conquer even in their fall. So reign their ashes "dead but sceptred."

It were sad indeed if no word could be spoken in behalf of that "story's purity," the justification whereof is now removed from the forum of arms to the bar of history and the scales of time and truth. The story of anti-slavery agitation to-day is written for the world by the enemies of the South, and truth is not always the weapon of their choice. We are the camp of slaves; they are the camp of freedom. The victor is wont to have his own pleasant version of the cause, which has been accepted by stoic fate, if not by Cato's justice. That in the middle of the nineteenth century there were many men opposed to slavery is certainly no matter for surprise and as little for condemnation. It may seem, indeed, a slight inconsistency that every one of the colonies which joined in the Declaration of Independence was at the time a slave-holding colony. Nevertheless, it is the fact that each shared a common responsibility therefor which differed in degree with the differing utility thereof.

SLAVERY NOT THE REAL ISSUE.

The issue between the North and the South was not so much an issue between freedom and slavery as the issue whether those who had formed a Federal compact with slave-holding States upon an

agreement not to interfere with their slaves had any greater right to do so than they had in the case of Cuba and Brazil, with whom they had no such compact. The supreme issue was whether the government of the United States was one of such unlimited authority that it could do what it pleased by giving fine names to usurpation, as when the guest at a hotel complains that the brand he wants has not been brought, the waiter, before his eyes, rubs off the undesired label and puts on the desired one. The real issue was whether, under the fine name of "general welfare," the whole power of the government could be perverted to private welfare; and whether, in keeping with the Federal compact, under the fine name of freedom, Commonwealths could be extinguished. So far as slavery was concerned, a century hence history will chiefly discover a race betwen the very lightly and very heavily encumbered, and the great self-applause of the former that they were the first to reach the goal. It is not so exact to say that slavery in the South was the cause of the war, as to say that it afforded the opportunity for the war. It is proper to bear in mind the abrupt revolution of society which was demanded by those who would be themselves unaffected by the revolution.

The first book of Justinian, which gives us our definition of justice—*Justitia est constans et perpetua voluntas jus suum cuique tribuendi*—gives also the derivation of slavery: *Servi antem ex eoappellati sunt, quod imperatores captivas vendere, aeperhoe servare non occidere solent; qui etiam mancipia dicti sunt, quod abhostibus manu capiuntur.* A strong man has his antagonist at his mercy, is able to take the life of him; rather than suffer him to live antagonist will do so. In humanity's great internecine war, wherein survival is conquered by exterminating hostility, root and branch, the conqueror leads back the captive of his spear. Their relations are those of victor and victim.

THE FIRST REDEEMING SIDE.

The fact of supremacy has been settled, and by the rule of primitive war one life is forfeit to the other. When, then, the victor did not slay, but spared the victim—suffered him to live; not as rival, to be sure, but as subject; to retributively serve in return for the life which had been donated, and was gratuity—it was the very charity of a redeeming gospel, breaking through the crust of "Old Dispensations" of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; tempering with the hand of mercy the iron hand. It is not extravagant to say that

this was the first redeeming sign in the storm and terrible joy of war. The stronger included the weaker; the two were co-operant—social, not dissocial. Their blows, no longer rival, rang in unison, each sending the other farther. It was a large concession to humanity when Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia granted permission to every man in his army to save one enemy. Only the nomad life existed until servitude existed. The "mighty hunter" had no accumulated spoil wherewith to feed dependents. Outside of his limited and mutable camp his hand was against every man and every man's against him. No civilization could ripen in the saddle of the Bedouin or under his restless tents. He neither plants nor builds. That which to-day were the incurable evil of society—that it be stationary—in the beginning was the one anchor of hope; that the human group should stay in one place long enough to catch the contagion of humanity. Property in the soil arose with property in man. All progress, all empire, all the law, and all the piety of the ancient time grew up around this centre. Competition, as a motive force, is about coeval with the impulses thrown into the great world scales by the voyage of Columbus. Voluntary co-operation has just begun. There was no permanent property until there was permanent force, nor continuous production until there was servitude. This was the inexorable necessity of civilized life. Prior to it man cannot be said to have even lived by bread. But by it man planted himself behind the stone wall on which has grown the moss of ages, and ceased himself to be the rolling stone which gathers no increase. He stood upon the ancient ways and boundaries and said to the predatory nomad without, "Thus far and no farther."

HOW AGRICULTURE BECAME STABLE.

The stability of agriculture came for the first time when men could be fastened to the soil and forced to work it; when unanimity of labor had been acquired. The army of labor, like the army of battle, was first victorious when it poured its sinew and its fire from the iron energy of a single will. It was the slave-holder, and only the slave-holder who could take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt and store it against the years of famine. It was from agriculture that the city sprang, after which man was no longer dependent, like the wild beast, upon the lair of nature. The first great stride of progress which carried man to civilized permanence was borne upon the

back of slaves. However rude, however violent this origin, the substance of it was the protection by strength of weakness, which could not save itself, and the unconditional service of that weakness to its only saviour. Slavery meant salvation.

On this agricultural basis and organized social strength all ancient civilization was reared, and on this same organization modern Europe had been formed. For six thousand years slavery had been the customary law of the civilized world. Undoubtedly the elements existed of another structure of society, which may be considered to have been prophesied from the beginning by the very nature of a being organized to communicate, and still more certainly included in the realization of the era, which displaced Cæsar's tribute. This is the movement, much retarded, oft reversed, but inevitable, and on the whole invincible movement toward the reign of commerce. But the retirement and disappearance of the old supremacy has been a very slow retreat—inch by inch stubbornly contested. Not until the memory of men now living did the sceptre decisively pass from the agricultural dominion, and slavery was not doubtful until that sceptre began to waver. In 1713 the twelve judges of England, headed by Chief-Justice Holt, replied to the crown : "In pursuance of his Majesty's order in council, hereunto annexed, we do humbly certify your opinion to be that negroes are merchandise."

During the whole of the eighteenth century England reserved to herself by the treaty of Utrecht the monopoly of importing negroes to all the Spanish colonies—that is to say, to nearly all South America. The fact is noted by the annotator of Talleyrand's Memoirs that when the English colonies had a proportion of twenty blacks to one white it occurred to them to be indignant at the immorality of the traffic. The declaration that the slave-trade was repugnant to universal morals was signed by the European powers for the first time at the Congress of Vienna, and not then by Portugal or Spain.

SLAVERY FORCED UPON VIRGINIA.

But—such is the irony of fate!—there was one country of the world, and that a purely agricultural dominion, which in the eighteenth century opposed itself to slavery with all the power it could wield. That country was Virginia, the patriarch of the colonies. Slavery had been forced upon Virginia, and in the teeth of her remonstrance, by the arbitrary power of Great Britain. Twenty-

three statutes were passed by the House of Burgesses to prevent the importation of slaves, and all were negatived by the British King. She was the first State not only to prohibit the slave-trade, but to make it punishable with death. In the midst of the Revolution, as early as October, 1778, her law went forth that thereafter no slave should be imported by sea or land into the jurisdiction of her Commonwealth. One of her first acts when she had shaken from her the power of the throne was to write that edict of emancipation for territory of her own which she ever denied it was in the power of any one to write for her. She wrote it for the territory which her enterprise and valor had wrested from the grasp of France. Whatever she might choose to do herself, it were hard to conceive a more arrogant claim than that the North could deprive her of an equal right in the territory of her own donation. Even in respect to this territory the agreement of Virginia was without any equivalent whatever, and the ordinary principle of *nudum pactum* might have been applied to it.

The treaty of independence with Great Britain in 1783 carefully stipulated that the British should not carry away "any negroes or *other property* of the American inhabitants," as afterwards the treaty of Ghent, in 1814, spoke of "slaves or other private property." At the former period certainly no authoritative expression of the thirteen colonies would have denied that there was property in man. It is true that in those States where negro labor was unfriended by the climate, and therefore unprofitable to the master, the slaves were few, and at the date of the Constitution had virtually worn out in Massachusetts. This influence of soil and climate following in the tow of the sutler and deeper force, now swiftly growing to man's estate—the rising force—one might say the rising world of commerce—these potent persuasions were already combining to force the issue between the former and the latter reign.

THE CONSTITUTION A DISTINCT BARGAIN.

The Constitution of the United States was therefore a distinct bargain between the North and the South for the security of slave property, for which a redundant consideration was received by the former in the control and regulation of commerce by a simple majority instead of a two-thirds vote. From Virginia came the chief opposition to the continuance of the slave-trade. That trade was continued for twenty years; not by the vote of the solid South,

but of a solid New England. "Twenty years," exclaimed Madison, "will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves;" and George Mason rebuked the melancholy choice of Mammon, for that "some of our eastern brethren had from a lust of gain engaged in this nefarious traffic." With a prophet's majesty he implored the South to reject the provision extorted as the price of this concession—the provision to pass commercial laws by simple majorities. "This," he said, "would be to deliver the South, bound hand and foot, to the eastern States, and enable them to say, in the words of Cromwell on a certain occasion, 'The Lord hath delivered them into our hands.'"

Public opinion had as yet experienced no violent displacement as to the merchantable quality of negroes; for the very States in which slavery itself had ceased, or was ceasing to exist, were those most actively engaged in the traffic in slaves.*

THE KING DENOUNCED BY JEFFERSON.

In the original draft of the Declaration, Jefferson had denounced the King for warring against human nature. "Determined to keep an open market, where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable traffic. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he has obtruded them." This denunciation was stricken out partly in deference to South Carolina and Georgia. "But," adds Jefferson, "our Northern, brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under these censures; for, though their people had few slaves

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*A dispatch from Hartford, Connecticut, to the Boston *Herald* says: Many of Connecticut's old-time Abolitionists have greeted Jason Brown, son of John Brown, the martyr of Harper's Ferry, who has been visiting here for two or three days past. * * In referring to the slavery question he gives this significant opinion: "I believe that slavery was a sectional evil, and that the people of the North were as much to blame for its long continuance as the people of the South. Why? Because the old slave States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, and Pennsylvania, when they found slavery no longer profitable, sold their slaves to other people of the South and pocketed the money. To be sure, a few liberated their slaves—noticeably, the Quakers."—*Baltimore Sun*, June 2, 1891.

themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others." The importation of slaves into the South was continued by Northern merchants and Northern ships until it was prohibited by the spontaneous action of the Southern States themselves, which preceded, or was contemporaneous with, the legislation of Congress in 1807. Antecedent to the adoption of the Constitution, South Carolina passed an act prohibiting, under severe penalties, the importation of negroes from Africa. In 1803 this act was repealed for the reason, assigned in Congress by Mr. Lowndes, that it was impossible, without aid from the general government, "to prevent our Eastern brethren from introducing them into the country." "Had we received," he said, "the necessary aid from Congress, the repeal would never, in my opinion, have taken place. * * I wish the time had arrived when Congress could legislate conclusively on the subject."

FAVORED AS LONG AS PROFITABLE.

I fail to find the evidence that property in man was an obnoxious doctrine at the North until property in man wholly ceased there to be lucrative. Small as the number of slaves necessarily was to the north of Maryland, in several of them slavery existed for more than fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution. Where the interest was so limited and the emancipation so gradual, no great shock to society could well occur, especially as in the bulk of cases the emancipator, with no qualms of conscious whatever, received the full value of his slaves from those who bought them. The historian Bancroft is authority for the statement that more slaves were emancipated by last will and testament in Virginia than were ever set free in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts. Moreover, emancipation in the North, when it came, was accompanied by no recognition of equality. Prior to 1861 no negro in Massachusetts had ever been a member of its Legislature, or served upon the jury, or in the militia, or been appointed to any office beyond one of menial grade. This was freedom, with the recognition and opportunity of freedom severely omitted—"the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain"—heavier because it was the expression of a more invincible barrier than that of law, and breathed a more superlative scorn. In the second volume of his *Commentaries*, Chancellor Kent thus describes the relation of the races: "The African race are essentially a degraded caste of inferior rank and condition in society. Marriages are forbidden

between them and the whites in some of the States, and when not absolutely contrary to law, they are revolting and regarded as an offence against public decorum. By the Revised Statutes of Illinois, published in 1829, marriages between whites and negroes or mulattoes are declared void, and the persons so married are liable to be whipped, fined, and imprisoned. By an old statute of Massachusetts, of 1705, such marriages were declared void, and are so still." [This summary was cited and corroborated by the Chief-Justice of Connecticut as late as 1834.] The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided in 1837 that a negro or mulatto was not entitled to exercise the right of suffrage. It was not until July 4, 1827, that New York was ranked among the free States, and when the Constitution of 1846 was adopted negro suffrage was negatived by a vote of four to one. As late, certainly, as the date of the Dred Scott decision the Constitution of New Jersey restricted the right of suffrage to all white persons. This course of legislation in the North illustrated the recognized discrepancy of the races. Statute did not confer it, and statute could not take it away. Slavery in the South rested upon the natural supremacy of the white race over the black, and the total and inevitable disqualification of the latter for an equal struggle with the former.

THOSE SUBJECTED NOT OUR EQUALS.

Slavery in the South, unlike Oriental bondage, Roman servitude, and feudal villainage, was not the subjection of equals, differing only in opportunity, but the subordination of one extreme of humanity to the other; of the most abject to the most enlightened. The real inequality of the races had made subordination prescriptive. No higher encomium could possibly be pronounced upon the practical beneficence of Southern institutions, than the one tacitly sanctioned by the last amendment—viz.: that they had been sufficient to educate the lowest of earth's savages to take his place among the highest of earth's freemen.

As population increases it becomes cheaper to hire labor than to buy or own it; or, borrowing the phrase of Carlyle, to hire for years rather than for life. The labor of slavery ceases to be worth the capital involved in its support. The coercion of authority is replaced by the coercion of want, and the obligation to protect by the liberty to oppress. Nothing could be truer or wiser than that which was said by John Randolph in the Senate of the United States: "The natu-

ral death of slavery is the unprofitableness of its most expensive labor. * * The moment the labor of the slave ceases to be profitable to the master—or very soon after it has reached that stage—if the slave will not run away from the master the master will run away from the slave; and this is the history of the passage from slavery to freedom of the villainage of England."

The reasons of geography and worldly gain, which created such divergence of destiny North and South, are given by Judge McLean in his dissenting opinion in the Dred Scott case. "Many of the States on the adoption of the Constitution, or shortly afterwards, took measures to abolish slavery within their respective jurisdictions, and it is a well-known fact that a belief was cherished by the leading men South, as well as North, that the institution of slavery would gradually decline until it would become extinct. The increased value of slave labor in the culture of cotton and sugar prevented the realization of their expectations. Like all other communities and States, the South were influenced by what they considered their own interests." The peculiarity of the situation was that while the people of the South were acting "like all other communities and States," they were abused and accused as though none other had ever been so wicked, and as though their abusers and accusers had ever lived void of offence before God and man. The accusers, who had so comfortably purged themselves of their own sins, suffered such a very brief interval to elapse, before arraying themselves in their white raiment for the excommunication of others who, it is true, had moved more slowly, but who had so very much more difficulty to overcome and expediency to resist.

THEY WERE SOLD TO US.

One cannot but recall that which is narrated of Zachary Macaulay, the father of Thomas Babingham, who made a fortune in the slave trade, and when that was done joined the anti-slavery people, and secured some handsome appointments by attacking the aforesaid business. It was well said on the floor of the Virginia Legislature by John Thompson Brown in answer to English invective: "They sold us these slaves—they assumed a vendor's responsibility—and it is not for them to question the validity of our title." And it was equally relevant to say to some others: "Your position involves the right of a grantor to revoke a grant without the consent of the

grantee for value and the right of one party to a compact to retain the whole consideration moving to him while repudiating every other."

A scheme of gradual emancipation had been proposed by Jefferson as early as 1776 and the general scheme of it approved by the convention which framed Virginia's Constitution in that year, but no action was taken, because "the public mind would not bear it." "Nothing," wrote Jefferson, "is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free, nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them." Here plainly was a difficult air for statesmanship to breathe, a problem which might well vex the noblest. By what bond, other than the one existing, could darkest Africa and free America, the antipodes in race as in geography, dwell side by side in useful co-operation? Whatever might be written in the book of fate, when its was equally legible that the two races, equally free, could not live in the same government, what was the solution? This, on a very different scale from anything which ever existed in the North, was the problem which confronted the South—springing from no choice or voice of her own, but against her choice and against her voice. In 1830 there were movements in Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Virginia for the gradual emancipation of their slaves, and in Virginia the movement had nearly succeeded. It was the aggression of the Abolitionists which arrested the movement in all these States.

THE PROBLEM AT THE NORTH.

Connecticut will serve to illustrate the simplicity of the problem encountered at the North. In 1784 a scheme of gradual emancipation was enacted for the slaves, some three thousand in number, then in the State. It was not until 1848 that the emancipation of this small number was completed. Down to 1848 by the law of the State slaves were chattels, which could be sold by legal process, and which were assets in the hands of an executor. Gradual as this emancipation was, the preamble to the act of 1784 declares that it was, as soon as it could be done "*consistent with the rights of individuals and the public safety.*" What "individual right," what "public safety" was ever cared for by the inimical commonwealths which banded with such zeal for the reproof and edification of the

South? Having no longer any sins of their own to repent of, there was nothing left for them to do but to repent day and night of the wickedness of the South. There were allevations to this kind of repentence, which reduce its heroic dimensions. It was a vicarious transaction, which eluded altogether the crown of thorns for the angels of repentence, and plaited it exclusively for the brows of those whose sins they ransomed. They repented proudly. One might speculate, as to what might have been the effect upon their trivial task, had Canada possessed the power and disposition to play their part (with the unrestricted right to do so, which resided no longer in the North); had every wind from that further North borne the poisioned arrow of a hate which never slept. Is it the rule for men to be convinced by execration and imprecation? It were a severe tax upon credulity to be expected to believe that the benevolence which referred to slave-holders as "blood-hounds," and to their community as the "small-pox" seriously desired to convert the sinners so approached. If missionaries thus approach the heathen, their rate of progress is accounted for. This was not the frame of mind wherewith to convert opinion, but was the frame of mind wherewith to persecute opinion.

CLAY'S PLAINTIVE REPLY.

There is something almost plaintive in the reply of Henry Clay to Mr. Mendenhall. It was as meek as an imperious spirit knew how to be. "Without any knowledge of the relations in which I stand to my slaves or their individual condition, you, Mr. Mendenhall, and your associates, who have been active in getting up this petition, call upon me forthwith to liberate the whole of them. Now, let me tell you that some half dozen of them from age decrepitude, or infirmity are wholly unable to gain a livelihood for themselves and are a heavy charge upon me. Do you think that I should conform to the dictates of humanity by ridding myself of that charge and sending them forth into the world with the boon of liberty to end a wretched existence in starvation? * * I own about fifty who are probably worth $15,000. To turn them loose upon society without any means of subsistence or support would be an act of cruelty. Are you willing to raise and secure the payment of $15,000 for their benefit if I should be induced to free them? The security of that sum would materially lessen the obstacle in the way of their emancipation."

But even when such security was provided by the slave-holder himself the way was far from smooth. One instance occurs to me with which was associated a revered relative of my own—John Randolph; and I can never mention the name of this transcendent flame of genius without recalling the incalculable debt which Virginia owes to his singleness of heart and purity of service. John Randolph, by a will executed in the presence of Mark Alexander and Nathaniel Macon, had made Judge William Leigh, the residuary devisee and legatee of his valuable estate, subject to certain specific legacies and provisions. The most important of these provisions was that of the means to enable the executor of the will to transport the slaves of the estate (set free by a previous clause) and settle them in some other State or territory. He appointed Judge Leigh his executor. The will was contested on the ground of the mental unsoundness of the testator. Judge Leigh, well aware that the emancipation of these slaves had been the undeviating purpose of Randolph's life, relinguished his absorbing interest under the will that he might become a witness in support of it and so at least accomplish the particular intent to which I have referred. To this extent the will was, in effect, sustained, and Judge Leigh was appointed commissioner to transport and settle the negroes as provided therein. The State selected for the settlement was Ohio; but when the commissioner landed, his first interview was with a mob formed to resist and repel the negro settlement. The clearest glimpse of the State of feeling is derived from the newspapers of the time.

NEWSPAPERS ON THE SITUATION.

[From the *National Intelligencer*, July 15, 1846.]

"The Cincinnati (Ohio) *Chronicle* of the 9th instant says that the emancipated slaves of John Randolph, who recently passed up the Miami Canal to their settlement in Mercer county, Ohio, met with a warm reception at Bremen. The citizens of Mercer county turned out *en masse* and called a meeting, or rather formed themselves into one immediately, and passed resolutions to the effect that said slaves should leave in twenty-four hours, which they did, in other boats than the ones which conveyed them there. They came back some twenty three miles, at which place they encamped, not knowing what to do."

[From the *National Intelligencer*, July 24, 1846.]

"The Sidney (Ohio) *Aurora* of the 11th says these negroes (the Randolph negroes) remain on Colonel Johnson's farm, near Piqua. That paper condemns in decided terms the conduct of the citizens in Mercer in the late outbreak, and insists that they should have made their objections known before the land was purchased, and not waited until they had drawn the last cent they would expect out of the blacks (some $32,000), and then raised an armed force and refuse to let them take possession of their property, as they have done. We look upon the whole proceeding as outrageous in the extreme, and the participants should be severely punished. What makes the thing worse is the fact that a number of those who were fiercest in their opposition to the blacks, and loudest in their threats to shoot, &c., were the very persons who sold them land, received wages for constructing the buildings, and actually pocketed a large amount of money for provisions not two weeks before the arrival of the poor creatures whom they have so unjustly treated."

THE RANDOLPH NEGROES.

[*National Intelligencer*, August 10, 1846.]

"The last Piqua (Ohio) *Register* says: 'These unfortunate creatures have again been driven from lands selected for them. As we noticed last week an effort, which it was thought would be successful, was made to settle them in Shelby county, but, like the previous attempt in Mercer, it has failed. They were driven away by threats of violence. About one-third of them, we understand, remained at Sidney, intending to scatter and find homes wherever they can. The rest of them came down here to-day, and are now at the wharf in boats. The present intention is to leave them wherever place can be found for them. We presume, therefore, they will remain in the State, as it is probable they will find situations for the whole of them between this and Cincinnati.'"

[*National Intelligencer*, August 15, 1846.]

"It is said that these unfortunate creatures have been again driven away by threats of violence from the lands which had been secured for them in Ohio, and that Judge Leigh, despairing of being able to colonize them in a free State, has concluded to send them to Liberia."

THE RESPONSE WAS VIOLENCE AND SCORN.

The negroes were finally allowed to occupy the land for which they had paid, but what a very invigorating sympathy did these two emancipators excite in this free State! Here was one Virginian who had emancipated by will numerous slaves, and here was another who had relinquished a large estate to secure the fulfillment of this part of the will. The response to them from the North was mob violence and contumelious scorn. What was a poor belated Virginian to do? If his slaves went North with his consent, stones and curses were good enough for them; they were only welcome when they went without it. In effect it was said, "Your negroes are intolerable to us; we are not willing to accept the companionship of a very small number, even on the terms of no cost to ourselves and all their expenses paid; but we will not cease to weary you with our importunity to set free and provide for your millions," and to do it, as Mr. Mendenhall said, "forthwith." Crusaders are not unapt to be a trifle derelict in magnetism when their solicitude is to convert everyone except themselves.

That which the North demanded of the South, as their expository supplement has shown, involved the admission of the improvised freedman to all those privileges which in the land of the crusaders had been so curiously overlooked, including that which at the North could not possibly exist—the power at the polls to exchange the barbarism of Africa for the civilization of the United States. Mr. Freeman, in his "Impressions of the United States," with the judicial calm which tempers all his writings,* has stated the problem as it was and is presented to the South. "There is, I allow difficulty and danger in the position of a class enjoying civil but not political rights, placed under the protection of the law, but having no share in making the law or in choosing its makers. But surely there is still greater difficulty and danger, in the existence of a class of citizens who at the polling-booth are equal to other citizens, but who are not their equals anywhere else. We are told that education has done and is doing much for the once-enslaved race. But education cannot wipe out the eternal distinction that has been drawn by the hand

* "Professor Freeman's sympathies were strongly marked, but they never caused him to swerve from truth, and they rarely caused him to swerve from justice."—*New York Nation*, April 14, 1892.

of nature. No teaching can turn a black man into a white one. The question which in days of controversy the North heard with such wrath from the mouth of the South, 'Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?' lies at the root of the matter.* Where the closest of human connections is in any lawful form looked on as impossible there is no real fellowship. The artificial tie of citizenship is in such cases a mockery."

WHAT EMANCIPATION MEANT.

The sequel has shown that the emancipation which descended from the North meant a reconstruction of society, which could only be made effective by force. It carried in its wake the expulsion of a State legislature from its proper hall by the bayonets of the United States. It meant—the emancipators themselves being judge—that government of force which is indispensable when nature is superseded. It meant that which for eight years we had—a government of the bayonet, by the bayonet, and for the bayonet. One who has gained his title to popular applause by meriting the title of "Czar," very lately renewed his adhesion to this peculiar type of popular government. "They said," he exclaimed, "we could not coerce a State. We coerced eleven. I wish our Republicans had more courage, and we should coerce them until liberty prevails all over this land." In one sense the speech is logical. It is the reasoning of logicians who, "false to freedom, sought to quell the free." Only by force bills is the argument of the South refuted. And yet it is a droll idea of liberty which seeks to instill its blessings at the point of the sword. The distinction between freedom and despotism grows so alarmingly indistinct. No better proof could be given of the extent to which the movement, vainly resisted by the South, has revolutionized free institutions, than that such a compulsory freedom should have been the serious thought and purposed order of the day. "What is all the noise in the street?" said a gentleman in conscription time in New York. "Oh, nothing, sir," said Pat, "they are only forcing a man to turn volunteer." Such would be the comedy of the new logic if its serious adoption does not turn it into tragedy.

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*For years the repetition of this question has been the standing gibe whereby the missionaries of a higher culture have exposed the illogical and slightly barbarian mental attitude of the South. But to this enlightened scholar the question seems to have several signs of hereditary intelligence.

Nevertheless in the same year in which Virginia emancipation was receiving such cold comfort in Ohio, on all other questions—financial, economic, and constructive—the mind of Thomas Jefferson had become the governing mind of the country. The principle of "justice to all and special privileges to none" became in this year the unmistakable choice of the States and of the people, and was dethroned only by the civil war. The tariff of this year had restored the revenue standard, which four years earlier had been displaced. It was soon made manifest that this tariff could only be criticised as being too high, and that the welfare of the country called for still further reduction, which in 1857 was ended.

MASSACHUSETTS WITH VIRGINIA.

Upon this, the only important financial issue of the time, Massachusetts was seen side by side with Virginia—the State of the Adamses with the State of Jefferson. The country was thriving, and the one problem was to guide the natural flow of prosperity within natural bounds. The type of government which bases its appeal for support upon governmental aids to special interests, and alliance, if not partnership with them; upon bounties to favored classes and the influence purchased by such favor; had received a complete, and, had it not been for the passions of the anti-slavery agitation, there is every reason to believe a final defeat. From the time of the decisive overthrow of this class legislation in 1846, and because of such overthrow the country had prospered.*

No party appeared in any force from 1846 to 1860 to dispute the salutary tendency of this legislation. It was "a condition and not a theory," which was thus impregnable. The just reward of the general industry did not stagger under burdens imposed for the creation of excessive dividends to a few. On every legitimate subject of debate the State's-rights administration of affair had extorted the acquiescence if not the welcome of traditional foes. Government was honestly administered and not honeycombed by the corruption which is to-day referred to as the necessity of politics. There was

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* "Take the decade from 1870 to 1880, our increase in general prosperity under Republican high tariff was about twenty per cent., while during the decade from 1850 to 1860, under the Democratic revenue tariff, our general prosperity increased nearly one hundred per cent."—*Speech of Hon. H. G. Davis, of West Virginia.*

prosperity without bounties; trade without subsidies; a character which could stand alone, and implore no staff for either infancy or old age. The winds of onward movement filled every sail. The gallant masts did not bend as the goodly timbers sped forward with the goodly freight.

ONLY ALASKA EXCEPTED.

Alaska alone excepted (and in some sense this, too, is no exception) all the additions to Federal territory have been made under Southern administrations; and now, as the result of the war with Mexico, there was another not inferior to that of 1803, but which was, nevertheless, in the language of the South's great statesman, "the forbidden fruit." At the time of the Missouri compromise the prophetic mind of this New World had read the result of that much-vaunted business in the foundations on which it rested. The notes of alarm fell upon his ear like a "fire-bell in the night," and with a patriot's fire he translated to his countrymen the significance of those feet, "part of iron and part of clay." "The leaders of Federalism, defeated in their schemes of obtaining power by rallying partisans to the principles of monarchism—a principle of personal, not of local division—have changed their tack, and thrown out another barrel to the whale. They are taking advantage of the virtuous feeling of the people to effect a division of parties by a geographical line; they expect this will insure them on local principles the majority they could never obtain on principles of Federalism. * * Are our slaves to be presented with freedom and a dagger?" This was what Jefferson termed "treason against human hope." Never was truer sentence written than one which has been often, but cannot be too often, quoted: "A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men will never be obliterated, and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper."

KEPT BY THE SOUTH.

But never was the power of persistent misstatement so signally exhibited as in the accepted belief that this compromise, reluctantly assented to by the South as one in derogation of her rights, was by the South broken and by the North kept. The opposition to the compromise came invariably from the North, whenever the South was the beneficiary of it. It was the South which proposed the

extension of the line to the Pacific and the North which rejected it. The settlement of 1820 had been already dishonored by denial, and by denial from the North, when, in 1850, it was ignored and annulled on both sides of the line. This was the exceeding wickedness of the South—to think that the name should correspond with the reality; to think that when the reality had ceased to exist the utility of the name was not excessive; that when the practical operation of the compromise had been repudiated by the North, with every expression of scorn and contempt, the dead letter need cumber the statute-book no longer. And, after all, what was the practical effect of such a settlement, as derived from actual experience? It had been witnessed in the case of New Mexico (the most important of the Territories), which had been organized for more than ten years, which was open to slavery by the settlement of 1850, whose climate was suitable, which adjoined Texas. It had an area of two million square miles, and at the end of ten years there were upon its soil only twenty-two slaves, and of these only ten were domiciled. Did it injure the negro? Did it augment slavery?

JEFFERSON THE AUTHOR OF FREEDOM.

If there was one man who more than any other was the author of freedom in this Western Hemisphere, that man was Thomas Jefferson. He was not seeking to augment or prolong slavery when he wrote to Mr. Holmes, of Massachusetts, who agreed with him: "Of one thing I am certain, that as the passage of slaves from one State to another would not make a slave of a single human being who would not be so without it, so their diffusion over a greater surface would make them individually happier and proportionately facilitate the accomplishment of their emancipation by dividing the burthen on a greater number of coadjutors."

This was the great iniquity which caused the whole western reserve of Ohio in a single day to turn from the Whig to Republican.*

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*On January 12, 1838, the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska act had been made a test question by the final resolution of the series, which on that day passed the Senate by a vote of nearly four to one. On the following day resolutions covering the same ground as to the Territories passed the House by large majorities. The question involved in the Kansas-Nebraska act had been established, as far as the nearly unanimous agreement of both Houses could establish it, sixteen years earlier without creating any excitement whatever. It had received the *imprimatur* of the States and of the people.

It was not the South which arrayed itself against the only sovereignty known to this country—the sovereignty of law. The constitutional position of the South received the sanction of the only umpire known to the Constitution. The final sanction, known as the Dred Scott decision, was the inevitable sequel to prior adjudications, and could have been no other than it was; and those prior adjudications, like the votes of the two Houses in 1838, had been too reasonable to awaken agitation or serious comment. The adjudication was that the Territories secured to the States by the common blood and treasure (and, it might have been added, more largely secured by the blood and treasure of the South, if the donations to the general government be considered)—that these Territories were secured equally to all the States, and not unequally to any, and that it was to deprive the citizen of his property without due process of law—to take his slave from him merely because the latter was found in the common territory of the United States. The adjudication was that the Federal Union rested on the basis of Federal equality.

At least the school of construction, which proclaimed the judgment of this tribunal to be the ultimate reason, when it was planted on the side of the Bank of the United States, should have been estopped to denounce their own canonized authority.

WANTED THE SLAVE LAW NULLIFIED.

Fourteen Northern States passed laws to practically nullify the fugitive slave law, but in doing so they not only violated the compromise and the compact of the Constitution, but the law as their own courts expounded it. The highest courts of these States (including that of Massachusetts, speaking through Chief-Justice Shaw), whenever the occasion arose to pass upon this law, uniformly supported it. The Supreme Court of Wisconsin did give a hasty opinion against it, but quickly retracted it. The lawless legislation was not South, but North, as tried by the exclusive jurisprudence of the latter. Never were people more completely covered by all the planopy of law—even the law of vindictive Commonwealths—than the people of the South.

It was in this state of the law of the land, as expounded by the highest Federal tribunal, that a party arose which sought no sufferage, offered no candidates, and excluded recognition in all that portion of the country which is called the South. It was a declara

tion of war against fifteen of the States of the Union and against the Federal compact upon which they stood. It was an appeal to one portion of the country, and that the most powerful portion, to know no rest until they had destroyed the other. It had no other reason of existence than to slit the North from the South by one clean cut, and then to mass the former against the latter. It had one memorable predecessor in the convention of Northern States (from which every Southern State was excluded), which met at Harrisburg in 1828 to frame the tariff known to history as "The Bill of Abominations." The "abominations" of that bill had been driven from the field in demoralized route and disorder. By their own intrinsic force they could make no further stand. Only on the back of this new agitation could they again ride into power. The States which could no longer be banded under the invocation of an imaginary interest were at last and permanently banded under the banner of a real enmity.* This opinion may be reinforced by that of a cool, dispassionate, Free-Soil Democrat—the ablest Northern statesman of his time and surpassed by none of any time. It was the opinion of Samuel J. Tilden that if the Republican party should be successful the Federal government in the Southern States "would cease to be self-government, and would become a government by one people over another distinct people—a thing impossible with our race except as a consequence of successful war, and even then incompatible with our democratic institutions." †

This was what the statesmen of the South foresaw and looked courageously in the face. The success of the party ranged against them meant the government of the South by the North and for the North—the relation of victor and victim. Lincoln was the representative of opinions and interests confined to one-half of the country and pledged to an irrepressible conflict with the other. The tariff which sprang from the first throes of the convulsion gave audible warning, that one of the spoils which belonged to the victor was the taxing power of the government, to be used to throw the

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* "The republican party is a conspiracy under the forms, but in violation of the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, to exclude the citizens of the slave-holding States from all share in the government of the country, and to compel them to adapt their institutions to the opinions of the free States."—*Speech of Judge William Duer at Oswego, August 6, 1860.*

† Article of James C. Carter, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1882.

substance of one-half of the States into the lap of the other; the supplies of the South to be intercepted by the receipt of customs, which would divert the profits of her industry into the pocket of the North.

VIRGINIA CAME FORWARD.

Nevertheless, when every right of property and every right of government was at stake, Virginia took counsel, not of her fears, but of her patriotic love for the Union, which she had done so much to enlarge; for which she had stripped herself of the whole northwest territory. She had given not principalities, but empires to the general government. What those who now condemned her had sacrificed for the Union was far less legible. Her voice was raised for peace. She pointed out that every practical issue which could possibly arise on the slavery question had been settled by the inexorable logic of events; that Kansas had already prohibited slaves, and it might be added negroes; that no territory north of Kansas could possibly be expected to do otherwise, but to allay apprehension she reiterated the proffer of the South to stipulate against admission on such terms. The relation to this subject of the territory south of Kansas was fixed by the compromise of 1850, and it was not the South which desired to disturb it. Virginia said to the North: "The only thing left open to possible agitation the South will stipulate in your favor."

The North claimed all the territories for their citizens and their institutions. The South was content to ask no more than the right of ingress into a part or one-half of the territories for her citizens and their property. The South said: "You blame us for effacing from the statute-book the dead letter of the Missouri compromise. Very well, then; we will restore that letter in form which you have so invariably repudiated in fact. Lawless as we deem it, for the sake of the Union we will seek to make it lawful by consent;" and the offer was disdained. The answer to the Peace Conference was the fleet of war despatched to Charleston; the proclamation of the 15th of April, 1851, the transfer of the construction of the Constitution from the bench to the bayonet; the silence of the laws by the arms of the United States. Not until the compact of the Constitution was shattered beyond the reach of surgery by the summons of the North to armed war against the South did Virginia declare that an order of things "outside the Constitution" was no compact for her.

TO OVERTHROW EVERY SOUTHERN COMMONWEALTH.

That union of the purse and the sword which was the theme of such impassioned declamation at the North, when the object was to divide the South against Andrew Jackson, was welcomed with avidity, when the object was not the protection of a bank, but only the overthrow of every Commonwealth of the South. It was elsewhere than in Virginia that the value of the Union had heretofore been computed.

It was with the secession of New England that Hamilton threatened Jefferson, unless the debts of the States were assumed by the general government. The purchase and admission of Louisiana were held to justify the secession of New England, and for the very reason that the admission of any new State into the Union altered the Federal compact to which the Commonwealths of New England had acceded, by altering their relative weight therein. The embargo, the non-intercourse act, and the hostilities with Great Britain were deemed justifiable grounds for a dissolution of the Union; and the "Hartford Nation," which assembled in Congress to draw the necessary papers, was only restrained by that glory of New Orleans, which was a victory over New England quite as much as over Old England. The annexation of Texas was considered a ground for separation of the States, and for reasons which were once more based on the federative character of the Union, and the alteration of the relative importance of its members. On the 1st of February, 1850, Mr. Hale offered in the Senate a petition and resolutions asking that body to devise "without delay some plan for the immediate, peaceful dissolution of the American Union." And Chase and Seward voted for its reception. It was New England who taught us the memorable words, "amicably if we can, violently if we must."*

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* "There is a great rule of human conduct which he who honestly observes cannot err widely from the path of his sought duty. It is to be very scrupulous concerning the principles you select as the test of your rights and obligations; to be very faithful in noticing the result of their application; to be very fearless in tracing and exposing their immediate effects and distant consequences. Under the sanction of this rule of conduct I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably if they

And what were the invasions which she could not stand without the threat and preparation of disunion? The measures which doubled the continent of free government and gave the Mississippi to us to be our inland sea and Mediterranean of commerce. And Virginia! When for the first time did she recoil with just and natural horror from the fate which was prepared for her? Not until she had no other alternative than to make good her right to free government out of the Union, or to submit to "freedom and a dagger" in it. Like the desert-bird who "unlocks her own breast" to satisfy her offspring, Virginia had partitioned and repartioned her own territory to feed the Union—and this was her reward! That enemies and accusers who had counted so critically the profit of the Union, who at every step of its progress had weighed so nicely its commercial value, who had shouted so loudly that unless it was a Union which was profitable, it was no Union for them; that they who had been preaching and practicing disunion ever since there had been a Union; that they should have been the executioners of the State which had served it best and loved it most, was the curious revenge of time.

HAS NOT PLEAD LIKE A CULPRIT.

Virginia then took her stand against the prostration of every guaranty of the Federal compact and the complete overthrow of the terms upon which alone she had acceded to it. That she honestly thought this her enemies concede; that she justly thought, and, so far as the argument of reason is concerned, incontrovertibly thought, it, history will finally determine. The South has not to plead like a culprit before the world. It was the name and not the truth of freedom which was victorious against us. I await with confidence the final verdict, because of an abiding faith that every appearance is to reality as the gourd to the oak.

Virginia stood for the liberation of trade, for free association with the world. Far better than all anti-slavery agitation was this agency

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can, violently if they must. * * * * Have the three branches of this government a right at will to weaken and outweigh the influence respectively secured to each State in this compact by introducing at pleasure new partners, situate beyond the old limits of the United States? * * * The proportion of the political weight of each sovereign State constituting this Union depends upon the number of States which have a voice under the compact."—*Speech of Josiah Quincy, January 14, 1811, on the Bill for the Admission of Louisiana.*

to unbind the fetters of mankind. She took her stand against the blind egotism of the narrow self-sufficiency which would isolate each community from every other and tear asunder all the bands of sympathy wherewith nature joins the populations of the earth; wherewith and whereby nature fortifies that mind of man which is never strong by its single strength. I will not confine this idea by my own poor words, but give it rather in the words of New England, speaking through the lips of the purest champion of her cause—one might say its conscience: "Free trade!" exclaimed Dr. Channing; "this is the plain duty and plain interest of the human race. To level all barriers to free exchange; to cut up the system of restriction, root and branch; to open every court on earth to every province—this is the office of enlightened humanity. To this a free nation should especially pledge itself. Freedom of the seas; freedom of harbors; and intercourse of nations free as the winds—this is not a dream of philanthropists. We are tending towards it, and let us hasten it. Under a wiser and more Christian civilization we shall look back on our present restrictions as we do on the swaddling bands by which in darker times the human body was compressed. The growing freedom of trade is another and glorious illustration of the tendency of our age to universality."

STOOD FOR THE FEDERAL UNION.

Virginia stood for the Federal Union; a union, as the name imports, which is created by treaty and reposes on the terms of that treaty. An involuntary Federal Union—a Federal Union extorted by force is a solecism. Every government, it is said, should contain within itself the means of its own preservation. Therefore, a Federal Union should contain the means of preserving the only basis of federation, the rights of the component States. A Federal Union which could readily be turned into a consolidation would be provided with the means of its own destruction.* A Union, by naming itself Federal, expresses its ligament to be, not coercion, but convention. A Federal Union is the first and noblest agency of that growing force of which, not

*"A union of the States containing such an ingredient seemed to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound."—*Madison.*

universal subjection, but universal emancipation is the dream. The great transition of the latter centuries is the transition from the feudal to the Federal age, and from force to compact—that is, from force to freedom, which is the free dominion of the law—the coercion of ideas instead of the coercion of arms. To convince is to conquer. The flower of hope, which springs eternally, is the hope to change the law of power into the power of law; and in this strife of opposites the first-born son of mediation is Federal Union; the union of choice and affinity in place of constraint; the union of force in place of the union by force. As the tie is willing it is real; as it is real it is strong. It is through federation, not through centralization, that the true synthesis of the people comes.

A FEDERATION OF THE WORLD.

If the day ever comes "when the war-drum shall throb no longer" it will be ushered in, not by the empire, not by the imperial consolidation, but by "the federation of the world." The mighty import of this heaving and throbbing time is that by its constitutions, rearrangements and resources, by the grace of its swift light and ready movement, for man's coerced and driven obedience, there may now be inaugurated his spontaneous energies in willing union. It was for the exalted idea of self-governed freedom, which Virginia had been foremost to proclaim, that she now took up arms and suffered martyrdom.

But if a hostile criticism urge, "Your own involuntary servitude at home was at war with all this fine preachment of willing union," the answer is:

1. It was the condition with which you deliberately made your bargain and received your redundant consideration, which was and still is redundantly retained.

2. The institution of slavery was fastened upon us by others, and very largely by those who seized it as a pretext for war against us. It is not for them to revile us for not solving in a day the tremendous problem which, on a scale so diminutive, consumed more than half a century of their own time. Slavery was the flail in their hand wherewith to beat down freedom. It was constitutional government and the rights of the States; it was the reality of a Federal Union, which they sought "to put in course of ultimate extinction."

They were guilty of what Jefferson called "treason against human hope." Slavery was our mode of dealing with a problem, for whose

presence in our midst our accusers in old England and New England were responsible.

3. Had emancipation been the only thing desired, the economic reasons which had been so successful at the North would not have been wholly idle at the South. The forces which put an end to slavery in Russia and Brazil were not obliged to lose their cunning elsewhere—those irresistible forces of the brain of commerce, out of whose ceaseless throb is nurtured the opinion, which rules at last the world and all the brave empire thereof. By the side of this Titan the Abolitionist was a puny arm which could only misdirect the mightier one and make it mischevious—"dashing with his oar to hasten the cataract, waving with his fan to give speed to the winds." Our accusers dealt with their own problem at their own convenience. What right had they to force us to do otherwise? *

Undoubtedly we were not prepared to exchange the freedom of the white race for the slavery of the black. Undoubtedly we were not prepared for an emancipation which meant the enthronement of the negro.

4. Never was there a great trust so nobly fulfilled as that incurred by the South for the institution of slavery, imposed upon her from the same magnanimous source whence her crucifixion for it also proceeded. If any labor in any land ever more convincingly proclaimed that it was subject to a more enlightened supremacy than force I do not recall it. For four years of war all force was withdrawn from the negro, but his affection, his obedience and his fidelity did not withdraw. A beneficial subordination and no other could have stood this test.

EMBLEMATIC OF THIS CAUSE.

Of this cause the statute this day unveiled is emblematic; and if I have left myself but little time to tell the story of valor, of which it is also an emblem, it is because that story is beyond the reach of

* "There exists a disposition to escape from our own proper duties to undertake the duties of somebody or anybody else. There exists a disposition not to do as our good old catechism teaches us to do—to fulfill our duty in that station to which it has pleased God to call us. No, sir, it is obsolete and worm-eaten. We must insist upon going to take upon ourselves the situation and office of some one else to which it has not pleased God to call us—of the Hindoos and the Otaheitan; of anybody or anything but our own proper business and families."—*Speech of John Randolph in United States Senate.*

controversy. On the 9th of November, 1859, the Howitzer company was organized. It saw service for the first time in the John Brown raid—the real beginning of the war. It seemed then to George Wythe Randolph, the first captain of this glowing strength, that if his mighty ancestor could speak once more from his lofty eminence, he would shout, "to arms!" For the practical interpretation of the Constitution and the Federal Union which it organized, had come to this: That a peaceful village south of the Potomac might be invaded at midnight for the purpose of midnight murder, and the invader be made by legal execution not a murderer but a martyr, so that the bells of Northern churches tolled his requiem as he expired, and in the words of one of his eulogists, "the gallows was made as sacred as the cross." The John Brown raid was the vivid revelation of a spirit which left no alternative between a battle for the compact of the Constitution or its unconditional surrender.

The Richmond Howitzers did not organize to surrender without a blow the heritage of their fathers, and at the tap of the drum the company grew to a battalion. Like Gonsalvo when he pointed to Naples, they preferred to die one foot forward than to secure long life by one foot of retreat. We hear much of "the land of the free and the home of the brave," but the two are one. It is only a "home of the brave" which can be a "land of the free." Only so long as men are brave in the assertion of their rights are they free in the possession of them. The rights which we have now we owe to the fact that we once stood, not languidly, but with clear determination for them—to the respect which is compelled by the courage of conviction.

THE HOWITZER CHAPTER.

It is the Howitzer chapter of this history that we are here to celebrate to-day. Wonderful must it have been to any soldier of the "Old World" to witness the daily picture in that Howitzer camp—officers and men seated around the common camp-fire, as though the difference of rank were nominal and temporal only, and the only real and eternal thing the cause which joined their hearts and hands. It was the picture of what Jefferson called the Roman principle, which esteems it honorable for the general of yesterday to act as a corporal to-day. Every man was a brigadier around the camp-fire, and every man was subject to a discipline of honor more unsparing than the laws of war to every real dereliction. And how absolutely did those

command, just because they never spared themselves! To be first in rank was to be first in danger and side by side in every hardship.

It was on the extreme right at Fredericksburg when Stuart and Pelham, from the force of habit, were leading artillery in what fairly seemed a cavalry charge, that the gallant Utz was torn from his horse and from his life by the shell to which he opposed his invincible breast. This day is his memorial service. And how tenderly, when the pitiless rain had ceased, we bent over the still form of Randolph Fairfax—the offering of our grand old ally in every fight, the Rockbridge artillery—how tenderly we bent over that marble sleep and gazed for the last time on the fair, bright brow of the beautiful boy. How we watched through all that winter, while one, not of the Howitzers, but in authority over us, was sinking, and the very light of learning itself seemed to flicker in the socket as the life of Lewis Coleman put on its spiritual body. It was in the first clench of that long death grip which lasted from the Wilderness to Appomattox that as John Thompson Brown rode to the front of his batteries to secure an advance position, a bullet from the brown brush which hid the enemy's sharpshooters laid him in the dust. The beat of one of the warmest hearts, making a man's breast like a woman's, there ceased, and the bright outlook of a life all aflame with generous and manly hopes had fallen quenched. The sword presented to him by those Howitzers who, under his orders, had fired the first, and over his memory did afterwards fire the last shot in the war, clung to him as he fell. He fell with a harness of honor on him, worthy his father's son.

A FACE WITH A LASTING BRIGHTNESS.

If I wanted a picture of the intrepid calm which knows how to face unmoved a crashing world, there could be found no truer face for it than that of David Watson—a countenance which only seemed to light up in the rage of battle, but which kindled with a lasting brightness in the bloody angle at Spotsylvania Courthouse. And if I sought as a companion piece that bright, joyous valor which meets danger, not as simple duty, but clasps her as bride, whose descent into danger is like the sea-bird's toss upon the waves, I would draw it from Ned McCarthy, down to the hour when his bright day sank with the setting sun, in the fires of Cold Harbor. Peer of any whom I have named, firm with the firmest, cool with the coolest, brave with the bravest, patient, heroic, and magnanimous was Henry Jones.

These were men worthy of renown in any field. Their courage knew no danger. On the restless front of battle they were stars. I count it my greatest pride to have been their humblest follower.

And of that following what shall I say? I will say that I count it the best of all academics, the noblest university. No craven graduates in the firm tuition of God's discipline. The lesson of courage in daily jeopardy; of patience under privation and strain; the pursuit of high aims in disdain of earthly menace or disaster was taught to me, I trust not all in vain, by the Howitzer battalion. The heart to scorn death—nay, the heart to scorn self, the surrender of all for duty—was preached by their detachments from Bethel to Appomattox and from Manassas to Manassas—and then at the last, the highest, the bravest of all courage, the courage which shrinks not from defeat.

NO SILK-AND-SATIN WARRIORS.

They were no warriors of the silk-and-satin kind, who joined their throat of thunder to the grand tones of that epic of wrath. Seasoned veterans, with the faces of boyhood, stood behind the ordnance, which had been drawn from Yorktown to the Chickahominy, and which rang from Gettysburg to Petersburg. Never once were the cannoneers driven from the guns which had been captured for them from the enemy. The strength of conflict was in their sinews, the strength of conviction in their hearts. They moved in obedience to a principle which ruled the whole heart, and wielded the whole strength. They were made by pressure and fire as a diamond is made. As they faced storm after storm they added cubits to their stature. Far beyond all material triumph in building the character of a people is the struggle for that "baptism" which we name "the answer of a good conscience." From this source only comes the fortitude for that unshaken struggle with life's reverses which counts for more than all the exploits of romance. None really, none lastingly conquer who trim their sails or their souls for every breeze and have no permanent chart. "All that pass from this world," said John Foster, "must present themselves as from battle, or be denied to mingle in the eternal joys and triumphs of the conquerors."

BATTLES OF SPIRITUAL VICTORY.

I witnessed that wonderful sight as tried by all the past, four years of battles, which stand forth as scenes of a transfiguration; wherein as the war strain grew more tense, the warrior grew more noble—

battles which were images of spiritual growth and spiritual victory, wherein each in turn registered one more ascendancy of man's higher nature, wherein his ignobility was trampled by his nobility under foot, so that as rank by rank mortality was thinned the ranks of the immortals were recruited. For here soldiers presented themselves like disciples as a living sacrifice on the altar of all they revered. On God's great altar their lives were laid. Their battles were the litanies of heroes. Their valor was consecrated not under fame, but under duty. Their welcome to the foe as day by day he gained on them in numbers, but not renown, stands out for me as the most illustrious portrait of man's spiritual wrestle, wherein he greets a world in arms against him as his appointed angel, the true arena to which his sponsors in baptism devoted him. They steadily ascended on their ladder of pain. It was like the struggle of a strong will in a weak body. As in Angelo's figure, the soul grew as the body wasted. When the only way in which the victorious cause could commend itself to the "consent of the governed" was to "wear out by attrition" all who failed to perceive its beauty; when such a warfare "did like pestilence maintain its hold and wasted down by glorious death that race of natural heroes."

OBEDIENT TO THEIR CAPTAIN.

Our little band shared with their brothers the desolating tempest until it was their glory to stand with the 7,000 of Appomattox. Obedient to their great captain to the last, at his word, and only at his word, did they surrender. They wept as they dismouted their guns. It was still the courage which is loth to yield. When all was lost save honor their roll remained the roll of honor. The surrender of themselves to their great captain and his cause had been their great surrender which swallowed up all other. Of such is the kingdom which is victorious over defeat. It is the panoply which no defeat can pierce. The great souls of sacrifice, wherein civilization hath its root and whereof is its true branch—they truly have their symbol in that bush burning in the desert, ever self-consuming and ever unconsumed. Rightly we make the supreme effort of that war our measure. For if our mind was evil the blows we struck would have betrayed all its evil counsel; and as sheep know their shepherd, so do virtuous actions troop around a virtuous cause. If the heart of the South was the black and barbarous thing her enemies have painted a spear of fire should have discovered a shape so foul. That

heart has been tried in the fire; it has passed through the fire. I would not be guilty, and believe I am not guilty of irreverence when I say that in the midst of the fiery ordeal into which that heart was thrown there was one walking by it in the flames, whose form was as the Son of God. To adhere to success is easy. Constancy under an adverse star is the rare and holy virtue. The standard of steadfast honor has been borne aloft by men, who knew there was for them no other reward than the self-respect which only such fidelity can purchase. The heroic temper of that heart and the army it supplied, in victory and defeat, is a parable of the constancy of the human mind, which does us more good to-day than all our oppressions have done us harm.

THE EMBODIMENT OF THE STORY.

Our embodiment of this story is the work before which we will stand to-day with uncovered heads—and I might add with uncovered hearts. From our own ranks sprang the genius which has created it. Our own fellow-Howitzer is our artist. The companion of our toils preserves them for us. He has translated into temporal bronze the infinite meaning of our struggle and our sorrow; the image of a soul which can arm itself against the executioner of the body; as it were, the free soul in the captive body. The delicate and living lines, the lines of solemn thought and silent sorrow, which unite and converge upon the clear countenance of honor, outline a spirit over which the great calm has come of one who has leared the worst that fate can do. It is the truth which is wrought by action into a unanimity of soul and body, making each a portrait of the other. There is our Howitzer, "his soul well-knit and all his battles won." There he stands, waiting in silence. The breastwork he surmounts he has made his own. He stands upon the rampart which is only built in a people's heart. He who stands there is victor. There he stands, with mute appeal, as if to say: "The self I sacrifice is the lower and transitory self to the higher and eternal." A prayer in bronze supplicates the heavens—that prayer of which it has been written, *qui precari novit premi potest opprimi non potest.* A figure of faith stands upon the pedestal of war. To plant the hopes of reason on the prophesies of the heart, as Leverrier planted himself on the calculations of his science, is faith. To follow the heart's sense of rectitude through doubt and disaster; to stand in the crash which drives virtue to despair; to see the overthrow of hope and all its

leaves of promise trampled like a rebel in the dust, and still not to doubt, not to despair, is faith. In the vast mysteriousness which throws its deep but tender shadow across our way faith fears not. The very darkness is a lamp. On the face of the deep is felt a foothold from an unknown world, and the countenance is kindled by a sun which is not seen.

A STATUE OF THE SOUL'S STRENGTH.

There is a ritual which the inarticulate communion of all natural things repeats—the languages of the leaf and flower; the sweet blossom of spring and the sweeter sorrow of the falling year; the patient returning of the stars; the looks of living and the tears of silent things; the uproar of city and of sea; the gentleness around the clamor, seeming anger of the universe, the sweetness above its storms. We dedicate to-day a statue of the soul and the soul's strength. Kneeling souls requite it with their homage. It is our chapter in the last book of the Iliad of Chivalry. It is our hero on whose tranquil face is graved "the light of duty beautifully done." As we draw aside the veil of the martial form and bared brow of duty, let us also unveil the voice which says: "The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. Thou shalt share in the azure of Heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us."

At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Robinson was liberally applauded, and just before he resumed his seat a number of the veterans arose and heartily congratulated him upon his splendid effort.

Judge Christain then extended an invitation to all the old members of the battalion to be present at the banquet, after which Bishop Randolph, who occupied a seat upon the stage, dismissed the audience with the benediction.

MARCH TO THE GROUNDS.

The Veteran and Military Display—Unveiling Scene.

Immediately upon leaving the Theatre the various organizations commenced forming in line preparatory to the march to "Howitzer Place," and a large crowd assembled on Broad street to see the

parade start. The procession moved about half-past 3 o'clock, and followed the route as printed in the *Dispatch.* Despite the fact that the weather was exceedingly disagreeable and a cold, drizzling rain was falling, the streets along the entire line were crowded with spectators.

A detachment of twenty police under command of Captain E. P. Hulce headed the procession, and after them came Chief-Marshal Henry C. Carter and his staff. Major Carter wore a white sash, and presented a very soldierly appearance as he rode his spirited charger. By his side was Captain E. D. Starke, chief of staff, and behind these two rode the following aids: Hon. George L. Christian, Colonel G. Percy Hawes, Captain E. J. Bosher, and Captain Beauregard Lorraine. The chief of staff and aids wore red sashes.

Next came the First Virginia regiment, with the staff officers at the head of the organization. The popular infantrymen made an excellent showing, and all six companies turned out large numbers of men. Major W. E. Simons, the commandant, and Captain E. M. Crutchfield, the adjutant of the First battalion of artillery, followed after the infantrymen, and behind them came the Howitzer band, and then the other officers of the battalion.

ARTILLERYMEN, OLD AND YOUNG.

The next organization in the procession was the present Howitzer battery, commanded by Captain John A. Hutcheson. Nearly every member of the company was in the line, and the handsome artillerymen, with their soldierly bearing and flashing sabres, made a magnificent display. The cannoneers wore their overcoats and paraded dismounted.

The old warriors of the Howitzer Association followed the young artillerymen and turned out an immense number of veterans. Mr. D. O. Davis commanded the organization, and Messrs. James T. Gray, Thomas Booker and Rev. Mr. Dame bore the flag. Some of the most prominent business men of the city were in this division of the column. Behind the war-time cannoneers followed two carriages containing their invited guests. In one of these sat Messrs. Leigh Robinson, Blythe Moore, and Mayor Ellyson, while the other was occupied by Colonel Shields, Colonel W. E. Cutshaw, and Mr. W. L. White.

The Richmond Light Infantry Blues, commanded by Captain Sol. Cutchins and headed by their splendid band, preceded the veterans of Lee and Pickett camps. The Lee Camp veterans were headed by Colonel A. W. Archer, while Mr. H. A. Wallace commanded the old soldiers of Pickett Camp. The drum-corps of the former organization enlivened this section of the column with their inspiring music.

After the two camps came the staff of the First Virginia regiment of cavalry. The plumed officers in their full-dress uniforms presented a very martial appearance. Colonel W. F. Wickham headed them. Along with these officers rode Colonel John S. Cunningham, a member of the staff of Governor Holt, the Chief Executive of North Carolina.

Next came a platoon of cavalry, composed of the Ashby Light Horse and Stuart Horse Guards. Major H. M. Boykin commanded the troopers.

A CROWD AT THE GROUNDS.

The procession was a splendid one, and the superb military display attracted universal attention. Long before the column reached Howitzer Place the neighborhood was filled with people, who eagerly waited in the rain to see the veil lowered. Men, women and children lined the sidewalks of the streets bounding Howitzer Place, and the windows of all the residences facing the plat were crowded with spectators. The weather, which in the early part of the day had been exceedingly depressing, if anything became more disagreeable than ever when the column halted at the grounds and the rain began to fall quite fast, but the elements failed to dampen the enthusiasm of those who participated in the ceremonies. The members of the Association, animated once more with their old-time martial emotions, entered the enclosed section in which the monument stood, and after them came the veterans of Lee and Pickett Camps. It was a pleasing sight to note the reverential look upon the faces of those who silently gazed at the handsome memorial, which was still shrouded in its white covering. The unpropitious surroundings, the drizzling rain, the wet ground, and the leaden sky were all forgotten in that moment, and all present thought of still darker days and of times when sorrow and hardship drew them still more closely together.

THE UNVEILING SCENE.

In one corner of the plat a large Confederate flag, much the worse for wear, floated against the winter sky and added to the sombre effect of its surroundings. The present battery on reaching the grounds withdrew to the field which adjoins Harrison street on the west, and awaited the signal to fire the salute. All the cavalrymen drew up their horses on the northern side of Howitzer Place, while the infantry forces halted near by. This was the panorama presented to the view of the spectators immediately before the canvas was lowered.

Just before this took place, however, Captain Carlton McCarthy attempted to send up an immense red, white and blue paper balloon. A huge Confederate flag was attached to it, and had the effort been successful the aerial ship would have created the wildest enthusiasm, but unfortunately the balloon, after getting thoroughly inflated, became wet, and could not be set afloat.

The pedestal of the monument, which was not covered, was adorned with several bouquets, and the bright garlands looked exceedingly pretty against the cold, gray stone.

PRAYER BY THE CHAPLAIN.

The unveiling ceremonies, though exceedingly simple, were of the most impressive nature. After all the military and veteran organizations had been assigned to their places, Mr. J. B. Moore commanded silence, and Rev. W. W. Landrum, the chaplain of the present battery, ascended the steps of the pedestal, and in a moment, despite the rain, all heads were uncovered, and all faces bowed in prayer. The minister, in a clear voice, made still more audible by the silence of the assembly, said:

"Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we desire to recognize Thy authority in all our ways. Standing here in the great temple of nature, we, the veterans of the Confederate army and the citizen-soldiers of Virginia, lift up our praises to Thee as the God of nations and the Arbiter of Battles. We cheerfully submit to Thy righteous will in bringing into unsuccessful issue the great struggle for Southern independence, begun so bravely, continued so heroically, and ended with the loss of all save honor. Command Thy blessing upon our

united country, and grant that the States of this Union, North and South, may be hereafter one and inseparable in bonds of indissoluble and perpetual union.

"And now, O Lord, we thank Thee for the nobler past of the States lately forming the Southern Confederacy, for their courage, self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, and all those national characteristics which commanded the admiration of the civilized world. We bless Thee for the precious heritage of glory bequeathed by the South to succeeding generations. And we beseech Thee to cause our beloved section to advance in all just and righteous prosperity. Above all, give unto us loyalty to Thee and to the institutions of sound morality and true religion.

"Accept, most merciful God, this statue, we pray Thee, which we have erected as a memorial of Southern valor and as an object-lesson to inspire our youth with love of country and patriotic deeds. Grant that it may long withstand the war of the elements and the crumbling tooth of time. Grant that generations yet unborn in looking upon this embodiment in bronze of the most exhalted manhood and soldiership may emulate and even surpass the character and conduct of their sires. Bless our aged veterans and all the volunteers. Bless us all. And, finally, when we have fought the fight and won the victory admit us, through the riches of Thy grace, into the eternal home of the soul, there to meet again those who have gone before. 'And Thine shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.' Amen."

THE CORD DRAWN.

Immediately after the prayer Colonel J. C. Shields stepped forward and, removing his hat, took the cord fastened to the veil and slowly drew it until the covering slipped off the beautiful figure. Almost before the spectators realized it the bronze gunner, in all his soldierly dignity, was revealed to the crowd. The calm yet distinguished face of the artilleryman in silence looked towards the east, and seemed almost by his martial air to appeal to every noble emotion of those who looked upon it. A tremendous cry of applause arose, and then the band played "Dixie," while a moment later the roar of the cannon fired by the young artillerymen was heard in the field near by. The ecstacy of the veterans for the next few minutes can hardly be described, and their happiness was supreme.

The battery fired thirteen guns, and then the parade was disbanded.

Hundreds of persons inspected the monument, and as the crowd who witnessed the unveiling numbered several thousand it was nearly dark ere the place was deserted.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEMORIAL.

The memorial consists of a pedestal surmounted by a bronze figure of an artilleryman eight feet in height, and the site is the triangular plat bounded by Grove avenue, Park avenue and Harrison street, which has been dedicated to this use by the City Council and designated as "Howitzer Place." The statue represents the figure of a young man of about twenty years, "No. 1" at the piece.

The face is not of the conventional classic form, but was modelled from a typical face characteristic of our own people. The pedestal is in the classic style, but varies notably from any other work of the kind in the city. It consists of a base, die (bearing the inscription: "To Commemorate the Deeds and Services of the Richmond Howitzers of the Period 1861–1865"), triglyph course, and cap, and is elevated on a mound about three feet high. The whole structure is nine and one-half feet in height, and, including the statue, seventeen and a half feet. On either side of the die there is a bronze medallion eighteen inches in diameter. One reproduces on an enlarged scale the Howitzer badge, with cross cannon and the motto: "*Cita Mors Aut Victoria Læta*, 1859. The other bears the cross, saltire, of a Confederate battle-flag, and is encircled by the legend: "From Bethel to Appomattox."

These medallions were modelled entired by Mr. William L. Sheppard, formerly an officer in the Second company of Richmond Howitzers, and who is well known in the artistic world particularly as an illustrator of books. He also designed and made the drawings for the pedestal. The eight foot bronze is a reproduction by Buberl, a New York sculptor, who modelled the Hill statue, of a statuette modelled by Mr. Sheppard. The upper part of the revetement of an embrasure indicates that the soldier stands on a breastwork, which he has mounted to gaze upon the retiring foe. At his feet the fragments of a shell embedded in the earth speak of a recent engagement and indicate good practice by the enemy.

At night the Howitzers and guests enjoyed a sumptuous banquet at at Belvidere hall, and speeches and anecdotes added to the zest of the occasion.

THE HEROINE OF CONFEDERATE POINT.

AN INTERESTING CONTEMPORANEOUS ACCOUNT OF THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF FORT FISHER, DECEMBER 24th and 25th, 1864.

By the Wife of the Commandant, Colonel William Lamb.

[The patriotism and fortitude which animated and sustained the young matron, whose touching letter is here given, was, as is universally admitted, a typical exemplification of the Southern woman in the late war between the States.—ED.]

In the fall of 1857, a lovely Puritan maiden, still in her teens, was married in Grace church, Providence, Rhode Island, to a Virginia youth, just passed his majority, who brought her to his home in Norfolk, a typical ancestral homestead, where beside the "white folks" there was quite a colony of family servants from the pickaninny just able to crawl to the old grey headed mammy who had nursed "ole massa." She soon became enamoured of her surroundings and charmed with the devotion of her colored maid, whose sole duty it was to wait upon her young missis. When the John Brown raid burst upon the South and her husband was ordered to Harper's Ferry, there was not a more indignant matron in all Virginia, and when at last secession came, the South did not contain a more enthusiastic little rebel.

On the 15th of May, 1862, a few days after the surrender of Norfolk to the Federals, by her father-in-law, then mayor, amid the excitement attending a captured city, her son Willie was born. Cut off from her husband and subjected to the privations and annoyances incident to a subjugated community, her father insisted upon her coming with her children to his home in Providence; but, notwithstanding she was in a luxurious home, with all that parental love could do for her, she preferred to leave all these comforts to share

with her husband the dangers and privations of the South. She vainly tried to persuade Stanton, Secretary of War, to let her and her three children with a nurse return to the South; finally he consented to let her go by flag of truce from Washington to City Point, but without a nurse, and as she was unable to manage three little ones, she left the youngest with his grandparents, and with two others bravely set out for Dixie. The generous outfit of every description which was prepared for the journey and which was carried to the place of embarkation was ruthlessly cast aside by the inspectors on the wharf, and no tears or entreaties or offers of reward by the parents availed to pass anything save a scanty supply of clothing and other necessaries. Arriving in the South, the brave young mother refused the proffer of a beautiful home in Wilmington, the occupancy of the grand old mansion at "Orton," on the Cape Fear river, but insisted upon taking up her abode with her children and their colored nurse in the upper room of a pilot's house, where they lived until the soldiers of the garrison built her a cottage one mile north of Fort Fisher on the Atlantic beach. In both these homes she was occasionally exposed to the shot and shell fired from blockaders at belated blockade runners.

It was a quaint abode, constructed in most primitive style with three rooms around one big chimney, in which North Carolina pine knots supplied heat and light on winter nights. This cottage became historic and was famed for the frugal but tempting meals, which its charming hostess would prepare for her distinguished guests. Besides the many illustrious Confederate Army and Navy officers who were delighted to find this bit of sunshinny civilization on the wild sandy beach, ensconced among the sand dunes and straggling pines and black-jack, many celebrated English naval officers enjoyed its hospitality under assumed names; Roberts, afterwards the renowned Hobart Pasha, who commanded the Turkish navy, Murray, now Admiral Aynsley, long since retired, after having been rapidly promoted for gallantry and meritorious services in the British navy; the brave but unfortunate Burgoyne, who went down in the British iron-clad "*Captain*" in the Bay of Biscay, and the chivalrous Hewitt, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea and was knighted for his services as ambassador to King John of Abyssinia, and who, after commanding the Queen's yacht, died lamented as Admiral Hewitt. Besides these there were many genial and gallant merchant

captains, among them Halpin, who afterwards commanded the "*Great Eastern*" while laying ocean cables, and famous war correspondents, Hon. Francis C. Lawley, M. P., correspondent of the *London Times* and Frank Vizitelli of the *London Illustrated News*, afterwards murdered in the Soudan. Nor must the handsome and plucky Tom Taylor be forgotten, purser of the "*Banshee*" and the "*Night Hawk*," who, by his coolness and daring, escaped with a boat's crew from the hands of the Federals after capture off the fort, and was endeared to the children as the "Santa Claus" of the war.

At first the little Confederate was satisfied with pork and potatoes, corn-bread and rye coffee, with sorgham sweetening, but after the blockade runners made her acquaintance, the impoverished storeroom was soon filled to overflowing, notwithstanding her heavy requisitions on it for the post hospital, the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors always being a subject of her tenderest solicitude and often the hard worked and poorly fed colored hands blessed the little lady of the cottage for a tempting treat.

Full of stirring events were the two years passed in the cottage on Confederate Point. The drowning of Mrs. Rose Greenough, the famous Confederate spy, off Fort Fisher, and the finding of her body, which was tenderly cared for, and the rescue from the waves, half dead, of Professor Holcombe and his restoration, were incidents never to be forgotten. Her fox hunting with horse and hounds, the narrow escapes of friendly vessels, the fights over blockade runners driven ashore, the execution of deserters, and the loss of an infant son, whose little spirit went out with the tide one sad summer night, all contributed to the reality of this romantic life.

When Porter's fleet appeared off Fort Fisher, December, 1864, it was storm bound for several days, and the little family with their household goods were sent across the river to "Orton," before Butler's powder-ship blew up. After the Christmas victory over Porter and Butler, the little heroine insisted upon coming back to her cottage, although her husband had procured a home of refuge in Cumberland county. General Whiting protested against her running the risk, for on dark nights her husband could not leave the fort, but she said, "if the firing became too hot she would run behind the sand hills as she had done before, and come she would."

The fleet reappeared unexpectedly on the night of the 12th of January, 1865. It was a dark night, and when the lights of the fleet

were reported her husband sent a courier to the cottage to instruct her to pack up quickly and be prepared to leave with children and nurse as soon as he could come to bid them good bye. The garrison barge with a trusted crew was stationed at Craig's Landing, near the cottage. After midnight, when all necessary orders were given for the coming attack, the colonel mounted his horse and rode to the cottage, but all was dark and silent. He found the message had been delivered, but his brave wife had been so undisturbed by the news, that she had fallen asleep and no preparations for a retreat had been made. Precious hours had been lost, and as the fleet would soon be shelling the beach, and her husband have to return to the fort, he hurried them into the boat as soon as dressed, with only what could be gathered up hastily, leaving dresses, toys and household articles, to fall into the hands of the foe. Among the articles left was a writing desk, with the following unfinished letter, which after many years had been returned. It is such a touching picture of those old Confederate days that consent has been given to its publication:

"THE COTTAGE," *January 9th, 1865.*

MY OWN DEAR PARENTS:

I know you have been anxious enough about us all, knowing what a terrible bombardment we have had, but I am glad that I can relieve your mind on our behalf and tell you we are all safe and well, through a most merciful and kind providence. God was with us from the first, and our trust was so firm in him that I can truly say that both Will and I "feared no evil."

I stayed in my comfortable little home until the fleet appeared, when I packed up and went across the river to a large but empty house, of which I took possession; a terrible gale came on which delayed the attack for several days, but Saturday it came at last in all its fury; I could see it plainly from where I was, I had very powerful glasses, and sat on a stile out doors all day watching it—an awful but magnificent sight.

I kept up very bravely (*for you know I am brave*, and *would*, if *I thought I could*, whip Porter and Butler myself), until the last gun had ceased and it began to get dark and still. I was overcome at

last and laid my head on the fence and cried for the first and last time during it all. I then got my carriage and rode to a fort near by to learn the news, but my heart failed as I approached it, and I returned to the house and waited a dispatch, which I received about 11 o'clock, saying all was well. I was quite touched with a little incident which occurred during the day; the little ones looked very grave and thoughtful, at last Dick came to me in the midst of the roaring and awful thundering and said: "Mamma, I want to pray to God for my papa." He knelt down and said his little earnest prayer; then jumped up, exclaiming and dancing about: "Oh, sister, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! now *God* will keep care of my papa!"

The shelling was even more terrific on Sunday, and I, not knowing how long it might continue concluded to go to Fayetteville, and started Sunday noon in a small steamer, with the sick and wounded, to Wilmington, where I was obliged to stay for several days in great suspense, not able to get away and not able to hear directly from Will, as the enemy had cut the wires—and then a martyr to all kinds of rumors—one day heard that Will had lost a leg, &c., &c., but I steadfastly made up my mind to give no credit to anything bad. At last, I heard again, that we had driven our persecutors off, and I returned again to the place I went first, and the next day Will came over for me and took me to the fort, which I rode all over on horseback, but we did not move over for nearly a week. The fort was strewn with missiles of all kinds, it seemed a perfect miracle how any escaped, the immense works were literally skinned of their turf, but not injured in the slightest; not a bomb-proof or a magazine—*and there are more than one*—touched; the magazine the enemy thought they had destroyed was only a caisson; the men had very comfortable quarters in the fort—pretty little whitewashed houses—but the shells soon set fire to them, making a large fire and dense smoke, but the works are good for dozens of sieges—plenty of everything; particularly plenty of the greatest essential—*brave hearts.* Our beloved General Whiting was present, but gave up the whole command to Will, to whom he now gives, as is due, the whole credit of building and defending his post, and has urged his promotion to brigadier-general, which will doubtless be received soon, though neither of us really care for it.

We expect the Armada again, and will give him a *warmer* recep-

tion next time. The fort, expecting a longer time of it, was reserving their heaviest fire for nearer quarters. Butler's "gallant troops" came right under one side of the fort, but our grape and canister soon drove them off, and *not* Porter's shell, which did not happen to be falling that way at that time; they left their traces sufficiently next morning.

The "gallant fellow" who stole the horse from the inside the fort, was doubtless so scared he didn't know much *where* he was. The *true* statement of the thing is, that an officer, unauthorized by Will or the general, sent a courier outside the fort with a message to some troops outside, and soon after he left the fort, was attacked and killed by a Yankee sharpshooter hidden under a bridge. The poor body fell and the *horse* was taken, and the flag spoken of, in the same way, was shot from the parapet and blew outside, when it was taken. When any of them see the *inside* of the fort they'll never live to tell the tale.

Ah, mother! you all, at home peacefully, do not know the misery of being driven from home by a miserable, cruel enemy! 'Tis a sad sight to see the sick and aged turned out in the cold to seek a shelter. I cannot speak feelingly because of any experience myself, as God is so good to us, and has so favored us with life, health and means, and my dear, good husband has provided me a comfortable home in the interior, where I can be safe.

Will has worried so much about you, dear mother, thinking you would be so anxious about us. He often exclaims, when reading some of the lying accounts: "How that will worry Ma!"

How is my darling Willie? We do so want to see our boy. I think Will will have to send for him in the spring. Kiss the dear one dozen of times for his father and mother.

Though it was a very unpleasant Christmas to me, still the little ones enjoyed theirs. Will had imported a crowd of toys for them and they are as happy as possible with them.

I have not heard from my dear home since last August, and you can imagine how very anxious I am to hear, particularly of dear sister Ria. Is she with George? Do write me of all the dear ones I love so much. How I would love to see you all, so much, and home!

I forgot to tell you of the casualties in the fight. Ours were only three killed; about sixty wounded; they were all.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Reminiscences of Him as a Professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

SOME OF HIS PECULIARITIES SHOWN.

Rev. J. C. Hiden, His Former Class-mate, Gives New and Interesting Particulars.

[From the Montgomery, Alabama, *Advertiser*, November 27, 1892.]

Stonewall Jackson, as a lieutenant during the Mexican war, and as a "Bellona's Bridegroom" in the late civil war, is reasonably well known to the reading world. The "Life" by Dr. Dabney is in many respects worthy of the illustrious subject as well as the very able and accomplished author. But this "Life," and all other "Lives," are devoted mainly to the task of depicting the Christian warrior, and as this is the role in which Jackson figured most conspicuously before the world at large and in which he was not fully himself, it was natural and proper that the several biographers should concern himself especially with this manifestation of the man.

Still, it is well known that Jackson spent a considerable part of his life as professor of natural philosophy, and of artillery tactics in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington; and it is manifest to the observant reader that this portion of his life has received scant measure at the hands of the biographers.

This, however, is not due to any neglect on the part of these writers, for they must have known that all intelligent readers would be interested to know how Professor Jackson lived; how and what he taught his pupils; what he said and did in the class-room; indeed, anything that would throw any light upon the character and conduct of the man who said so little and did so much.

The simple truth is that there was precious little to tell about this phase of Jackson's life. A biography of a great literary man is apt to be but little more than a review of his work. The biography of a thinker must often be simply an account of his thinking and its

results, and the biography of a teacher, even though he be a great master of his profession, will not often contain much that is very new or very striking to the non-professional reader.

But Jackson's life, as a teacher, was singularly monotonous. He seldom opened his mouth except from absolute necessity. As Dick Taylor said: "If silence is golden, Jackson was a bonanza." He had his text-books, and he prescribed the lessons—fearfully long and desperately hard lessons they were—and at the appointed time he "heard" them, and this was about all of it. Discussions in the class-room were unknown, and even explanations were infrequent, and when they did occur they usually left the matter where they found it. The text was the one great thing which he came to "hear," and we came to "say," if we could, and most of us commonly couldn't, when the said text was *Bartlett's Course of Natural Philosophy*, in three of the toughest volumes that this scribe ever attacked—"Mechanics," "Optics and Acoustics," and "Spherical Astronomy."

Poor Allen! He was my room-mate during my first year (1854–'55), and with L. B. Williams, of Orange; L. W. T. Patton, of Richmond; Peyton Slaughter, of Madison, and myself, made up room No. 13. Where are they now? Williams, Allen and Patton were all of the same class; all occupied the same room; all graduated the same day; were all young lawyers; all colonels of Virginia regiments, and all fell at Gettysburg! And Slaughter had been disabled for life before the sad day on which our room-mates fell.

When I went in the "Third Class" I used to see Allen tugging over "Old Jack's" terrible lessons in Bartlett's Optics, and one day I opened the book and found on the fly-leaf the following stanza, which I suspect was Allen's own:

> "'Tis said that Optics treats of light,
> But oh! believe it not, my lark;
> I've studied it with all my might,
> And still it's left me in the dark."

Major Jackson was perfectly at home in the long, intricate and multitudinous "equations" and other mathematical formulas which make up so large a part of Bartlett's three volumes, and many of the cadets often expressed the belief that none of these ponderous tomes contained an equation or a formula which "Old Jack" could not repeat "by heart."

And yet, with all his minute and accurate acquaintance with the course, there was very little teaching done in that department, unless teaching be understood to mean the prescribing and hearing of lessons. Teaching, in the modern sense of that term, was not Jackson's forte. His silence was phenomenal, and sometimes portentous. He had no turn for explanation, no talent for putting things in various points of view, so as to adapt them to the various mental conditions of his pupils. During the war he was often and highly commended for keeping his plans to himself; but I doubt if he could have explained those plains if he had done his best.

Though I drilled under him for three years, and recited to him daily for a year and a half, I never saw him laugh outright. A very quiet, subdued sort of smile was the nearest thing to laughter that I ever saw him indulge in; and those smiles were very infrequent, and, indeed, occurred only when outrageously ludicrous things took place in his immediate presence.

If Abe Fulkerson put on a collar made to order out of some three-quarters of a yard of linen, and then convulsed the whole class with laughter at the grave but irresistably ludicrous way in which he would wear that unique collar in the class-room, Major Jackson would smile, knowing, as he did, that the collar was the only visible article of a cadet's wearing apparel of which the iron-clad "Regulations" did not rigidly prescribe the form and substance.

If Davidson Penn, a portent of mischief, put on an uncommonly serious face and asked, apparently in good faith, "Major, can a cannon be so bent as to make it shoot around a corner?" the Professor of Artillery would show not the slightest sign of merriment or impatience, but would, after a moment of sober reflection, reply: "Mr. Penn, I reckon hardly." We could never decide whether his gravity on such an occasion was real or assumed, but, if it was assumed, it was certainly well acted.

I have often wondered if Jackson managed to preserve his gravity when he read a certain "excuse" handed him by Hambrick. We had been at artillery drill, and Hambrick, along with the rest of us third-classmen and "plebs," had to perform the rather troublesome duty of pulling the cannon. Jackson had given the command—a favorite one with him and a very abomination to us—L. Timbers and caissons, pass your pieces, trot, march!" Hambrick had failed to "trot" at command, and was accordingly reported by Jackson. The next morning the following excuse was handed in: "Report:

Cadet Hambrick, not trotting at artillery drill. Excuse: I am a natural pacer." If Major Jackson did laugh when he read this document none of us ever found it out, as the paper was probably read in private.

J. C. HIDEN.

Richmond, Va.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, *November 19, 1892.*

EDITOR "ADVERTISER:"

The above, clipped from a recent issue of the Richmond *State*, will doubtless be read with interest by the older graduates of the "West Point of the South," and at the same time serve to recall many interesting and amusing reminiscences of "Old Jack," as he was familiarly called by the cadets.

The three gallant Virginia colonels who so gloriously gave up their young lives at Gettysburg were of the class immediately after mine, and the now eminent Baptist divine, Dr. Hiden, was a "plebe" when I graduated. Many other amusing incidents connected with Jackson's career as a professor might be given to interest the public, and it is hoped that our distinguished educator, Colonel James T. Murfee, with his tenacious memory and graceful pen will soon follow Dr. Hiden's commendable example. We would like to know especially what was Colonel Murfee's scientific answer to "Old Jack's conundrum."

Many of the Colonel's class of 1853 were "called up" by the immortal Jackson and asked why a telegram—then a "telegraphic message" could not be sent from Lexington to Staunton. The immense deposit of iron ore in the immediate neighborhood and other scientific reasons were assigned, to all of which Jackson gave that well-remembered shake of the head, while there was a twinkle in his bright eye and the faintest smile played around the corners of his mouth. Finally, "Old Gabe"—Gabriel Gray, another Baptist minister by the way—was "called up," and in his amusingly peculiar and blunt way, he jerked out the following reply: "I don't know, Major, unless it is because there is no telegraph line between this place and Staunton." During the laugh that followed, Gray stood blushing, while Jackson, with his eyes fixed immovably upon him looked like a statue. As soon as order was restored, to the great amazement and amusement of the whole class, "Old Gabe" not excepted, Jackson, with a stiff military salute and a much more

perceptible smile on his face, replied: "Yes, sir! that is right; you can take your seat, Mr. Gray." This, "Old Jack's conundrum," was the talk of that happy, merry-hearted corps for years afterwards. Little did we "young rascals"—embryo Southern soldiers—then dream that our plain, "big-footed," taciturn, fearless, prayerful, tender-hearted and punctiliously polite "Professor of Natural Philosophy" was to flash so soon, meteor-like, before the world as one of its greatest military heroes, and that so many of us bright, ruddy faced boys, under his matchless leadership, were to go down to death with him under the "Stars and Bars," in defense of "Dixie," the land of fair women and brave men.

JAMES H. LANE.

THE PRIVATE INFANTRYMAN.

The Typical Hero of the South.

[From The *Times-Democrat's* Christmas Edition, 1892.]

The Old South has grand memories and the New South has splendid anticipations. The spirit which moved the Old leads the New South.

It is that spirit which seeks truth through roughest paths and heeds no danger in its pursuit. It is that spirit which warmed the hearts and steeled the nerves to bear the burdens of both the Old and the New South. My ideal hero embraced it with superb unselfishness.

Some would say he should be Robert E. Lee, whose great heart and lofty leadership enchained the everlasting affection of the South.

Some would say he should be Stonewall Jackson, whose magic power so often awakened the wonder of the world.

Some would say he should be Jefferson Davis, whose polished manhood held with unyielding nerve the pearl of Southern pride.

Some would say he was among the hosts of cavalrymen and artillerymen, who flashed their swords and pulled their lanyards in battles often won.

Yes! These are the jewels of the South, and there are honors and memories for them; but I would take away the stars and trimmings and titles, for there was charm and inspiration in them.

I would eliminate, too, the higher grades of service.

The purest spirit, the deepest love, the greatest hero, the noblest manhood, was in the infantry private of the South.

He was reared when the "irrepressible conflict" quickened the pulse of the people. He was inspired by the intellectual gladiators of the South.

He gloried in the heroism of his ancestors, which had won the republic from England.

He shouldered the burden of his convictions, he grasped his musket for his cause, he inhaled the smoke of battle, he felt the sting of bullet, he bled from shot and shell.

He dared to die when he could foresee his unurned ashes scattered on the soil of his enemies.

Where is loftier heroism?

Where is nobler patriotism?

Where is truer manhood?

Where is grander chivalry?

Where a more ideal hero?

For principles, he carried the heaviest cross.

For principles, he courted an unknown grave.

He touched elbows in the unwavering line of charge.

He gained victory with the point of the bayonet.

He dauntlessly rushed over earthworks.

He stood like a "stone wall" on the field.

He was strongest in battle.

He was gentlest in victory.

He was most powerful in the face of menace.

He was tenderest to the captured.

His pride was grand, his bravery exalted, his heroism majestic!

His marvelous simplicity of conduct was consonant with his beauty of heart?

His life in camp was characterized by praiseworthy endurance.

He met his privations with the calmness of a philosopher.

He enjoyed the pastimes of his tent with the guilelessness of a child.

He doted on his faded uniform and jeered at the "slick" silk hat, even on the head of a Confederate congressman.

When the first year of his service had passed he was bright with hope.

Fort Sumter had fallen and Manassas had emblazoned his bayonet with glory!

The second year passed with five hundred and sixty-four battles and engagements, including Shiloh, the seven days' battle, which made the dark waters of the Chickahominy run red, Second Manassas and Fredericksburg, and his prowess was proved to the civilized world.

The third year passed with six hundred and twenty-seven battles and engagements.

It saw his pride at the highest and his hope brightest when, fresh from the victories of Chancellorsville, he invaded the soil of Pennsylvania.

Alas! for human hopes!

Gettysburg turned backward his footsteps and started anxiety in his breast.

How long could these bloody years last?

Surely, not longer than seven, as his ancestors' revolution had cost!

Then the fourth year passed, with seven hundred and seventy-nine battles and engagements.

His anxiety was over.

He saw the inevitable end.

Hope of success was gone.

It was only a question of the days he might be spared before the bullet pierced his heart.

He saw the end before the statesmen in the Capitol at Richmond. He knew overwhelming numbers would crush out the soldiery of the South.

His comrades were falling, and no recruits came to fill their places. He saw the end and felt it in the summer of 1864, but his allegiance to the army, his duty to himself and his family bade him go almost daily to a hopeless slaughter, and often he marched to battle for his personal honor, without the slightest hope for his country's independence.

Can you imagine heroism more sublime than the private infantryman's who held the front lines of the Confederacy during the last half of 1864 and the winter and spring of 1865?

Around Petersburg along the disastrous line of retreat to Appomattox, and even there he shouldered his musket and yielded ready obedience to the order for a charge, until his matchless commander said his duty to his country had been "faithfully performed," and further resistance would be a useless sacrifice.

He had enlisted as a private, he fought as a private, he surrendered as a private, and then he returned to private life to battle for bread. His country was lost, but a dauntless spirit directed him in the evolution to another citizenship. He guided the plow, wielded the axe, and did whatever his hand found to do, with the same unassuming fortitude which marked his career in the army.

He inspired courage in the young. He gave life to the weak, and grappled the new order of things with masterly mind.

Napoleon said: "True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life in whatever shape they may challenge him to combat."

The infantryman not only felt as the illustrious warrior when he uttered this sublime sentiment, but he has demonstrated its truth by rising superior to all the evils of disaster, imbuing his associates with that resolute endurance which made him the breakwater of the Confederacy, and has made the bone and sinew of the progress and prosperity of the New South.

As his is the glory of the past, so his is the strength of the present. Whenever you find him, whether laboring on your streets, building your ships or tilling your fields, pause and lift your hat, for the Confederate private infantryman is the typical hero of the South.

He is entitled to the absolute respect of the grandest in the land. Already many stately granite shafts commemorate our hero leaders, but shall there not be one higher by an hundredfold and a thousand times more beautiful in design than any of these. dedicated to the infantry privates of the South?

Aye! I wish a shaft of burnished gold could lift its head from Virginia's valley, in which sleep the remains of Lee and Jackson, in memory of the private infantrymen of the Confederacy, emblazoning their glory to coming generations, for their heroism is the grandest type of all the thousand bloody fields which heralded Southern valor.

The private infantrymen were lowest in rank, yet highest in their loyalty to the finest sense of honor the human mind can conceive—grandest in humility, greatest in sincerity, purest in purpose; and never can temples of fame enshrine the memory of knightlier souls!

WILLIAM H. STEWART,
Late Lt.-Col. 61st Va. Infantry, C. S. A.,
Portsmouth, Va.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

The Origin and History of This Noble Institution.

THE ROLL OF INMATES.

Some of Its Benefactors—Its Several Buildings—The Management—Legislative Appropriations.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, November 27, 1892.]

In none of her monuments erected since the war, more than in Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, does Virginia teach the reverence she bears those who stood by her in her hour of sorest trial. None of her monuments speak more eloquently of the cause for which so many of the flower of the South laid down their lives; none of them appeal more powerfully to the generation now upon the stage to cherish the memory of the deeds and sacrifices of their fathers.

The Home is now in better condition financially and in respect of accommodations than it has been since its establishment, and to-day is fulfilling its noble mission more thoroughly than it has ever done. But that is not saying that it is compassing its sphere of possible usefulness. The calculation is that within the next quarter of a century most of the youngest of those who served in the Confederate army will have answered the last roll-call and grounded their arms in the citadel of graves. Yet within the next ten or twelve years the numbers whom exposure and wounds will have incapacitated for work will materially increase, and it follows that any further donations to, or enlargement of the facilities of the Home would be in the line of patriotic duty.

HISTORY OF THE HOME.

The inception of the Home and the inception of Lee Camp Confederate Veterans are coeval and their histories run parallel. In March, 1883, seven gentlemen met in this city and informally talked over the matter of raising funds to support a few disabled Confederate veterans whose condition had been brought to their attention.

They decided to put an advertisement in the city papers calling upon all Confederate veterans who felt an interest in the matter to assemble on April the 18th following. To this call thirty-eight men responded, and then and there organized Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans. The purpose for which the camp was organized was to take care of needy ex-Confederate soldiers, and no time was lost in giving this purpose practical shape. Captain Charles U. Williams was elected first commander of the camp.

In May, 1883, a bazaar was held in the armory with Mrs. Lewis N. Webb as manager, assisted by about one hundred other ladies, and Colonel H. C. Jones, N. V. Randolph and Colonel J. B. Purcell as a committee from the camp. This enterprise was kept open for nineteen nights and netted $24,000.

THE HOME OPENED.

On the 12th of November, 1884, the Home property, consisting of thirty-six acres and an old house, was purchased for $14,000, and on January 1, 1885, the institution was opened, the first inmate being a Mississippi man.

Soon thereafter Mr. Robert I. Fleming, of Washington, at a cost of $2,500, enlarged, improved and remodelled the building on the grounds, and gradually handsome and commodious cottages were built and donated to the Home by Major Lewis Ginter, Hon. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, Captain A. G. Babcock, Mr. Mark Downey, Mr. James B. Pace, Mr. W. H. Appleton, of New York, and the children of ex-Governor William Smith. In 1888 the board raised by private subscription from the people of Richmond about $5,000, with which they built and furnished the picturesque and and handsome Home chapel. The additional buildings erected by the board, including the mess hall, stable, &c., and the hospital, which last-named was completed this year, cost $35,000.

SITUATION AND SURROUNDINGS.

The Soldiers' Home is one of the most attractive places about Richmond, and in the summer it is a favorite drive. Located in a grove of original growth, it is, from the road, the picture of restfulness and peace. The cottages and chapel are to the left of the main building as one approaches, and the new hospital to the right, and everything is as neat as a pin. On a nearer inspection, however, the

frowning guns upon the lawn and the maimed and battle-scarred veterans carry one back to anything but a scene of peace. Many of the inmates are totally disabled for work of any sort, and all they can do is to fight their battles over. They staked all on the South's great issue and lost all save life. Those who are able to perform physical labor police the grounds and wait upon the sick in the hospital. The entire premises are regularly inspected twice a week.

Since the establishment of the Home it has cared for 484 veterans. In addition to Virginians there have been on the rolls: From New Jersey, 1; South Carolina, 7; Georgia, 2; West Virginia, 5; District of Columbia, 2; Maryland, 3; North Carolina, 5; Florida, 1; Alabama, 1; Tennessee, 1; Texas, 1, and Mississippi, 1. As may well be imagined, the number of deaths in proportion to the inmates has been very large.

THE PRESENT ROLL.

The present roll embraces one hundred and sixty-six men, and the dates of their admission, their names, and their commands are as follows:

November 22, 1887, William Aldridge, E, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.

March 22, 1890, William J. Atkinson, Second Houston.

July 26, 1890, R. A. Atkinson, A, Home Guards.

October 2, 1890, Luther R. Ashby, A, Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry.

May 13, 1886, Charles W. Bingley, K, Sixth South Carolina Infantry.

August 3, 1886, George Berry, Courtney Battery.

November 10, 1887, Adam Bodell, G, Thirty-third Virginia Infantry.

June 19, 1888, J. G. Baker, I, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

August 11, 1888, Ignatz Brecheisin, Johnson Battery.

August 15, 1888, Quinfree Bradley, E, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.

August 29, 1888, John M. Brumfield, Fayette Artillery.

August 10, 1889, R. S. Baldwin, Hospital service.

July 29, 1892, R. H. Buchanan, C, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

August 19, 1892, Robert Banks, D, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

June 22, 1885, John H. Conley, G, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.

August 8, 1885, Thomas V. Carr, C, First Virginia Infantry.

May 25, 1886, Frank Carr, Confederates States steamer Patrick Henry.

March 3, 1887, P. R. Cunningham, H, Fifty-eight Virginia Infantry.

November 24, 1887, Robert G. Carrington, A, Fourth Virginia Infantry.

October 28, 1888, Charles W. Cooper, S, Fifth Virginia Infantry.

January 8, 1889, Z. T. Curlew, B. Sixty-first Virginia Infantry.

August 7, 1889, I. G. Crews, F, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.

March 14, 1890, John Carhoni, A, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry.

April 29, 1890, W. W. Caldwell, C, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

August 15, 1892, George B. Carrington, D, Nineteenth Virginia Infantry.

May 25, 1886, Andrew J. Dobbs, H, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

March 16, 1887, Charles C. Been, C, Second Virginia Infantry.

February 17, 1888, Andrew Donnally, Greenbrier Cavalry.

December 1, 1891, Thomas Dunn, D, First Virginia Battalion of Infantry.

July 5, 1891, Nat. G. Dickinson, D, Fourteenth Virginia Infantry.

August 27, 1891, C. A. Dupriest, Lunenburg Artillery.

July 18, 1885, W. F. Eads, G, Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry.

July 6, 1888, Joseph Edelin, H, Seventh Virginia Infantry.

August 13, 1889, B. F. Eckles, A, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

March 30, 1892, Luc. W. Edloe, Selden's Battery.

November 3, 1889, W. S. Forester, K, Fifty-fifth Virginia Infantry.

August 9, 1892, J. Ferneyhough, F, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry.

September 24, 1888, Harrison Groves, I, Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry.

July 28, 1890, D. S. Godsey, D, Twenty-first Virginia Infantry.

October 26, 1890, James M. Guest, D, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.

November 22, 1890, William J. Goodwin, B, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.

July 16, 1891, Hobson C. Goodman, Stuart Horse Artillery.

March 16, 1892, L. J. B. Godwin, F, Ninth Virginia Infantry.

June 16, 1892, William P. Green, B, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.

June 3, 1885, Charles A. Henry, C, Twenty-second Virginia Infantry.

December 19, 1888, Wash. S. Heath, Fayette Artillery.

May 7, 1891, James E. Heath, F, Fourteenth Virginia Infantry.
July 28, 1891, Richard Harding, A, Thirty-fifth Virginia Cavalry.
March 14, 1892, Samuel L. Holden, C, First Virginia Cavalry.
July 21, 1892, Alpheus H. Hobbs, K, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.
July 12, 1886, Alvin L. Jude, A, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.
August 3, 1889, Henry Jones, Dance's Battery.
March 23, 1892. Stephen C. James, Purcell Battery.
August 10, 1892, Charles R. Jones, C, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.
November 20, 1885, F. Miaskoski, Able's Florida Battery.
July 5, 1886, L. S. King, H, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.
October 29, 1891, John E. Kennedy, H, Fourteenth Virginia Infantry.
August 26, 1892, Dennis Kelley, D, Fourth Virginia Cavalry.
August 1, 1887, William M. Lawson, H, First Virginia Infantry.
March 7, 1889, William A. Lewis, Grimes's Battery.
August 3, 1889, William T. Lewis, First Company Howitzers.
January 11, 1890, Joseph Landrum, G, Twenty-sixth Virginia Infantry.
January 20, 1890, Robert H. Leadbetter, Rantaub's Battery.
October 14, 1890, Reuben W. Long, Johnson's Battery.
May 11, 1891, Lem. R. Lansford, F, Sixteenth Virginia Infantry.
October 27, 1891, W. S. Sayard, G, First Virginia Infantry.
March 14, 1892, Joseph W. Little, I, Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry.
March 14, 1892, John F. Lay, Confederate Cavalry.
March 16, 1892, John H. Lentz, E, First Virginia Battalion Infantry.
March 18, 1892, J. W. Lawson, B, Second Virginia Cavalry.
August 15, 1892, Austin C. Lipscombe, Fayette Artillery.
August 19, 1892, Robert R. Lewis, Heavy Artillery.
August 24, 1892, Henry D. Logan, Moorman's Horse Artillery.
August 30, 1892, A. B. Lewis, B, Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry.
October 1, 1892, W. H. Lewis, C, Thirty-eighth Virginia Infantry.
October 27, 1892, Robert W. Lilleston, C, Sixth Virginia Infantry.
November 18, 1892, Charles Layton, Confederate States Navy.
August 11, 1886, George T. Mears, H, Sixty-first Virginia Infantry.
December 30, 1887, James McLaren, E, Fifty-sixth Virginia Infantry.

April 3, 1889, Daniel Martin, C, Forty-fourth Virginia Infantry.

July 20, 1889, W. A. Meanley, A, Archer's Battalion of Infantry.

July 20, 1890, John A. McLean, E, Sixty-first Virginia Infantry.

October 1, 1891, S. P. Moseley, E, Twenty-first Virginia Infantry.

November 20, 1891, J. W. Mitchell, I, Forty-eighth Virginia Infantry.

March 9, 1892, George S. Millan, D, Seventeenth Virginia Infantry.

July 16, 1892, John McGowan, C, First Virginia Infantry.

July 20, 1892, Jesse McLain, I, Fifty-eighth Virginia Infantry.

August 5, 1892, Robert McIntire, Pegram's Battery.

September 28, 1892, Jesse S. Markham, Botetourt Battery.

September 28, 1892, J. M. P. Marable, Twentieth Virginia Infantry.

May 23, 1887, S. S. Neale, I, First Virginia Infantry.

June 19, 1887, R. F. Noel, C, Forty-fourth Virginia Infantry.

December 25, 1891, Thomas R. Neale, D, Thirty-sixth Virginia Battalion of Cavalry.

August 11, 1892, Ludwig Noswitz, K, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.

August 25, 1892, Thomas B. Nolan, E, Third Virginia Infantry.

August 19, 1886, William O'Brien, Carter's Battery.

August 27, 1888, J. J. O'Neil, G, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry.

July 18, 1889, W. C. Orbison, A, Sixth Louisiana Infantry.

July 2, 1890, C. W. Ottman, A, Fifth Louisiana Infantry.

June 27, 1892, Walton Obenshain, I, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.

November 11, 1892, Dannis O'Hare, A, Tenth Virginia Battalion of Infantry.

November 23, 1892, John O'Roark, Rice's Battery.

September 22, 1886, James F. Padgett, A, Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry.

November 29, 1888, Charles W. Perkins, Parker's Battery.

July 24, 1889, Patrick Perry, C, Heavy Artillery.

January 30, 1890, E. F. Partram, I, Fourteenth Virginia Infantry.

November 13, 1890, John T. Pegram, Eppes's Company.

November 2, 1891, Thomas W. Pinchback, B, First Virginia Infantry.

November 23, 1892, William E. Perley, A, Nineteenth Virginia Infantry.

November 12, 1891, Patrick Powers, C, First Virginia Battalion of Infantry.

December 10, 1891, M. B. Portiaux, Assistant-Quartermaster.

June 15, 1892, A. J. Perdue, Fayette Artillery.

November 20, 1892, Joel L. Preston, A, Fifty-eighth Virginia Infantry.

September 19, 1889, William H. Quinn, E, Second Virginia Cavalry.

April 10, 1885, C. Roach, Lee Battery.

April 27, 1886, L. D. Robinson, F, Fifth Virginia Cavalry.

May 11, 1886, William Rowles, Johnson's Battery.

September 21, 1886, John Raines, I, Thirtieth Virginia Infantry.

June 24, 1889, Albert G. Robertson, Heavy Artillery.

May 15, 1891, John L. Reid, surgeon Confederate States Army.

December 19, 1891, Samuel Rutherford, B, Thirty-sixth Virginia Infantry.

October 21, 1891, Thomas Rudd, E, Thirty-second Virginia Infantry.

July 29, 1892, John A. Rossen, A, Forty-third Virginia Battalion Cavalry.

July 18, 1885, John Shelton, Pegram's Artillery.

August 25, 1885, Edward Sweeney, D, Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry.

September 15, 1885, F. C. Stainback, A, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

December 9, 1885, Elijah Smith, I, Third Virginia Cavalry.

June 5, 1886, Samuel Stott, A, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

June 27, 1886, F. W. Simmons, F, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.

December 21, 1886, Samuel G. Street, C, Tenth Virginia Battalion Heavy Artillery.

December 21, 1888, A. E. Sergeant, D, Twenty-third Virginia Infantry.

November 23, 1889, T. A. St. Clair, E, Third Virginia Battallion Infantry.

January 18, 1890, Emil Scholl, Letcher Battery.

July 28, 1890, D. W. Stratton, B, Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

October 20, 1890, H. A. Shifflett, Dance's Battery.

November 15, 1890, John W. Satchfield, Pegram's Battery.

October 30, 1891, Nathan L. Smith, A, Fifty-seventh Virginia Infantry.

April 30, 1892, John C. Sutton, Fayette Artillery.

May 26, 1892, P. P. Slaughter, fourth colonel Fifty-sixth Virginia Infantry.

July 16, 1892, W. Brooke Smith, Assistant-Quartermaster.

November 11, 1892, Edward E. Savage, Carter's Battery.

September 21, 1885, W. M. Taliaferro, E, Second Virginia Cavalry.

November 2, 1887, W. B. Taliaferro, H, Fifth Virginia Infantry.

October 15, 1887, Peter Taft, Confederate States Navy.

July 26, 1888, James M. Taylor, D, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

July 25, 1891, Thomas Taylor, E, Forty-seventh Virginia.

June 25, 1882, George N. Trimyer, G, Fifty-fifth Virginia Infantry.

August 19, 1892, E. B. Tucker, D, Fifty-third Virginia Infantry.

January 18, 1888, Joseph M. White, Morris's Artillery.

April 26, 1886, George W. Wynne, C, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

May 18, 1886, H. C. Willis, B, Twenty-fifth North Carolina Infantry.

May 27, 1887, John E. Warthen, D, Fifty-ninth Virginia Infantry.

December 20, 1887, W. R. Williams, C, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

December 29, 1888, T. P. Walden, F, Twenty-fifth Virginia Battalion Cavalry.

September 13, 1889, Edward Williams, Confederate States Navy.

October 25, 1890, E. G. Wall, D, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry.

November 9, 1891, Wilson White, F, Third Virginia Infantry.

November 17, 1891, James W. Wall, C, Thirty-sixth Virginia Infantry.

December 6, 1891, A. W. Winston, C, Seventh Virginia Infantry.

May 28, 1892, W. E. Wilbourne, C, Fifty-third Virginia Infantry.

At the last meeting of the board seven applications were approved, thus filling up all the present available space in the Home. The board, however, hopes in a few months to have accommodations for two hundred and fifty inmates.

THE MANAGEMENT.

The affairs of the Home are administered by a Board of Visitors elected by Lee Camp, to which are added the Governor, the State Treasurer, the Auditor of Public Accounts and the Judge of the Circuit Court of Richmond. The first president of the board was Captain Charles U. Williams, and the first Executive Committee consisted of N. V. Randolph, Colonel J. B. Purcell, and Colonel Henry C. Jones. Captain Williams resigned after serving about a

year, and General Fitzhugh Lee succeeded him. General Lee retired about a year before his term as Governor expired, was succeeded by General John R. Cooke, who served until the time of his death, and the next president was Mr. N. V. Randolph, the incumbent.

The present board is as follows: Major N. V. Randolph, president; Lieutenant-Colonel A. L. Phillips, first vice-president; Major T. A. Brander, second vice-president; James B. Pace (president Planters National Bank), treasurer; Captain J. W. Pegram, secretary; Governor P. W. McKinney, A. W. Harman, Colonel Morton Marye, Judge Beverley R. Wellford, Colonel H. C. Jones, General W. H. Payne, Joseph W. Thomas, Colonel Archer Anderson, Major Lewis Ginter, Captain John Maxwell, Joseph B. McKenney, Judge E. C. Minor, Colonel John Murphy, Colonel J. W. White, James T. Gray, Colonel E. P. Reeve, Colonel Hugh R. Smith, Major W. A. Smoot, Captain Washington Taylor, Colonel J. H. Hume, Portsmouth; Colonel D. M. Lee, Fredericksburg; Captain R. M. Booker, Hampton, Virginia; Colonel Alexander W. Archer.

Executive Committee: Major T. A. Brander, Colonel John Murphy, Joseph W. Thomas.

GENERAL W. R. TERRY.

For some months after the opening of the Home the direct executive officer was Captain James Pollard, the present adjutant. In the latter part of 1885 General William R. Terry was elected superintendent, and has held that position ever since, but on the 8th of November, 1892, owing to physical infirmities, resulting from wounds received during the war, tendered his resignation, to take effect January 1st next. General Terry was one of the most gallant officers in the Confederate army. He was born in Liberty, Virginia, in 1827 and educated at the Virginia Military Institute. At the breaking out of the war he entered the service as captain of cavalry, but was soon thereafter promoted to the colonelcy of the Twenty-fourth Virginia regiment. In May, 1864, he was made a brigadier-general and was assigned to the command of Kemper's brigade, the former commander having been desperately and permanently disabled at Gettysburg.

A GREAT SUFFERER.

After the war General Terry served several terms in the State Senate. He also held the position of the Superintendent of the Penitentiary for some time. He is in the truest sense of the term a battle-scarred veteran, and there is hardly a day of his life that he does not suffer from the effects of his wounds.

The board accepted General Terry's resignation with reluctance, and elected as his successor Captain Charles P. Bigger. This choice is regarded as most fortunate. Captain Bigger was born in this city, and is about fifty-two years of age. He entered the Confederate army at the breaking out of the war, and served gallantly until June, 1864, when, while he was in command of the Richmond Blues, his arm was shattered in an engagement in front of Petersburg and he was relieved. After the war he held for a long time the position of Superintendent of the City Almshouse, in which capacity he displayed great executive ability.

STATE APPROPRIATIONS.

For the first two years of its existence the Home was supported entirely by voluntary contributions and such funds as the board could beg. Then the State came to the relief of the institution, and up to February 12, 1892, the board had received from that source $60,000.

In March last the Legislature passed a bill, the conditions of which were that the State would appropriate to the Home $150 a year for each inmate for a period not exceeding twenty-two years, no annual appropriation to exceed $30,000, and that at the end of the twenty-two years the State was to take possession of the property under a deed from Lee Camp. This arrangement afforded greatly-needed financial relief, and enabled the Home to increase the number of its inmates. Yet, as above stated, there is still a wider field before it if the hands of the board are upheld by further substantial aid.

The labor of those who have managed its affairs has been truly a labor of love and of patriotism, in which, in season and out of season, they have made sacrifices of time and money. Owing to a mistake in the bill above referred to the Home was entirely without revenue for three months and had to incur a debt of $4,000.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

Lord Wolseley's Estimate of the Man and the Soldier.

"I HAVE NEVER ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE SENT YOU WHERE I WAS UNWILLING TO GO MYSELF."

"You Have Been Good Soldiers—You Can be Good Citizens."

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, April 10, 1892.]

The officer of regular troops intrusted with the duty of quickly raising levies for immediate war service is often too prone to think that his one great endeavor should be to "set them up" and so instruct them in drill as to make them look as much like regulars as possible. As a matter of fact, he almost invariably fails to accomplish this aim, and in his well-meant efforts too often robs them of their only good quality—in a military point of view, I mean—the fearless dash and go so often possessed by undisciplined fighting men. Like the well-meaning missionary, who, in persuading the heathen to believe no longer in their idols, robs them of their spiritual faith without being able to induce them to accept christianity in its place, the result is usually disastrous in both cases. The troops, especially the horse, raised by Monmouth during his rebellion, are a very good illustration of what I mean.

General Forrest never into any such error. He had no knowledge of military science nor of military history to teach him how he should act, what objective he should aim at, and what plans he should make to secure it. He was entirely ignorant of what other generals in previous wars had done under very similar circumstances. This was certainly a great misfortune for him, and a serious drawback to his public usefulness. But what he lacked in book lore, was, to a large extent, compensated for by the soundness of his judgment upon all occasions, and by his power of thinking and reasoning with great

rapidity under fire, and under all circumstances of surrounding peril or of great mental or bodily fatigue. Panic found no resting place in that calm brain of his, and no dangers, no risks appalled that dauntless spirit. Inspired with true military instincts, he was, most verily, nature's soldier.

His force was largely composed of wild and reckless men, who all looked to him as their master, their leader, and over whom he had obtained the most complete control. He possessed that rare tact—unlearnable from books—which enabled him not only effectively to control these fiery, turbulent spirits, but to attach them to him personally "with hooks of steel." In him they recognized not only the daring, able and successful leader, but also the commanding officer who would not hesitate to punish with severity when he deemed punishment necessary.

He thoroughly understood the nature and disposition of those he had to deal with, their strong and their weak points, what they could and could not accomplish. He never ventured to hamper their freedom of action by any sort of stiff barrack-yard drill, or to embarrass it by any preconceived notions of what a soldier should look like. They were essentially irregulars by nature, and he never attempted to rob them of that character. They possessed as an inheritance all the best and most valuable fighting qualities of the irregulars, accustomed as they were from boyhood to horses and the use of arms, and brought up with all the devil-may-care, lawless notions of the frontiersman. But the most volcanic spirit among them felt he must bow before the superior iron will of the determined man who led them. There was a something about the dark-grey eye of Forrest which warned his subordinates he was not to be trifled with, and would stand no nonsense from either friend or foe. He was essentially a practical man of action, with a dauntless, fiery soul and heart that knew no fear.

To take my readers through his military career would be to rewrite the history of most of the war in the Southern States of the Confederacy. He was present at the eventful battle of Shiloh, a brilliant secessionist victory one day, a defeat the day after. When General Beauregard's line of battle halted on the evening of Sunday, the 6th of April, in the midst of the Federal camps which had been taken, his troops were thoroughly exhausted, and thought only of obtaining food from the captured supply wagons. Forrest on his own initiative, pushed forward his scouts to watch the enemy's doings

and soon discovered that large Federal reinforcements were being ferried over the Tennessee river.

He at once perceived the gravity of the position, and did all he could to communicate this to his army headquarters, but no one knew where they were. In his search to find them he fell in with the officer commanding an infantry brigade, to whom he said, in his own rough colloquial vernacular: "If the enemy come on us in the morning we shall be whipped like hell." His prophecy was not far wrong, and by Monday night General Beauregard's army was in retreat.

General Sherman pressed the retiring Confederates very hard all Tuesday, the 8th of April; upon one occasion during the day Forrest, with about three hundred and fifty men, keenly watched his opportunity for an offensive return from behind a ridge which afforded his soldiers good protection. The Federal advanced guard of two battalions of cavalry and a regiment of foot, upon reaching the ridge, at once proceeded to attack it with great spirit, but in crossing a little intervening ravine and stream, fell into some confusion. Forrest with his usual quick military perception of such an opening, at once told his bugler to sound the "Charge!" and, pistol in hand, dashed in among the astonished Federals. The effect was instantaneous. The enemy's horsmen fled back panic stricken through the woods, scattering their own infantry, who quickly doubled after them. A scene of the greatest confusion ensued, and Forrest, pursuing for some distance, killed many, and took some seventy prisoners. With his usual hardihood, pushing on well ahead of his men, he soon found himself face to face with the enemy's main body, and under a galling fire from all sides. A ball struck him above the hips, and, hurting his spine, at once benumbed his right leg. His horse, though mortally wounded, still enabled him to bolt for his life through a crowd of the enemy, who shouted: "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" etc. An unerring shot with his revolver, he soon cleared a path for himself, and found once more at least temporary safety among his own men.

It was many weeks before he was again able to take an active part in the war. The following description of this affair by General Sherman will, I think, interest my military readers:

"The enemy's cavalry came down boldly at a charge led by General Forrest in person, breaking through our lines of skirmishers, when the infantry, without cause, threw away their muskets and fled.

The ground was admirably adapted to a defense of infantry against cavalry, being miry and covered with fallen timber. As the regiment of infantry broke, Dickey's cavalry began to discharge their carbines, and fell into disorder."

A couple of months after the battle of Shiloh, Forrest was sent to command a cavalry brigade at Chattanooga, and bidding good by to his old regiment, set out in June, 1862, for this new sphere of action. Within a month of entering upon this new command he had taken Murfreesboro in Tennessee. It was one of the most remarkable achievements of his life. His force consisted of not more than about two thousand badly-armed men on horseback. A five days' march brought him before that place at early dawn—the enemy being in entire ignorance of his presence. Surprised in their camp, and charged in the streets of the town, the place was soon taken. It was Forrest's birthday, and the evening before, when he told his men this, he begged they would celebrate it by their courage. His appeal was not in vain, for they never fought better against greater odds.

After the town had fallen, there remained two camps outside in which the Federals still showed fight. Before setting out to attack them many who did not know Forrest regarded this enterprise as rash and doomed to failure; and now several of his officers urged the propriety of being content with what he had already achieved, and begged him to fall back at once with the stores and prisoners he had taken before his retreat could be interfered with. They little realized the fiery temper or the military genius of their new commander, upon whom they pressed this advice. This was the first time his new force, demoralized by previous failures, had seen him in action. They were not yet infected with the fire which burned within him, and he had not yet had time or opportunity to catch hold of their inauguration or their spirit. They had no enthusiasm for this stranger, nor any great confidence in his ability as a general.

He was, however, determined they should believe in him before the day was out, as his own regiment had long done. His further operations that day showed a rare mixture of military skill and of what is known by our American cousins as "bluff," and led to the surrender of the camps attacked. The general in command and one thousand seven hundred infantry were made prisoners, a vast amount of stores were burned, and four field-guns, six hundred horses, many wagons, and a large quantity of arms, ammunition, clothing and food were taken. It was a brilliant success, and as it was his first great

foray, it at once established his reputation as a partisan and as a daring cavalry leader, to be dreaded by commanders of Federal posts and stations within his sphere of action.

His raids upon the enemy's lines of communication were frequent and most successful. No rivers stopped him, and any detailed accounts of the railways and valuable military stores he destroyed and the fortified posts he captured would alone fill a volume. His pursuit of Colonel Streight's cavalry column for four days and nights in 1863 reads like an exciting novel. It ended in his saving the great arsenal and in the capture of Streight and one thousand seven hundred of his men by the six hundred troopers he then had with him.

He took part in General Bragg's retreat from Tennessee, and one day, being with the tail of the rear guard, an excited old lady rushed from her house and, upbraiding him, urged him to turn round and fight. As he took no notice of her entreaties, she shook her fist at him and cried out: "Oh, you big, cowardly rascal, I only wish old Forrest was here; he'd make you fight!" Such was then the public estimation in which he was held.

But, as we sometimes find in all armies, his commander-in-chief did not agree with this popular opinion of his merits and ability as a soldier; for, later in the autumn, he was superseded by a very inferior man as a cavalry leader. He forthwith resigned his commission; but, instead of accepting his resignation, the central government promoted him to the rank of major-general, and assigned him to the command of North Mississippi and West Tennessee.

There he had to raise, organize, arm and equip an entirely new force. With it he did great things in 1864 against large numbers of well-armed and splendly-equipped Federal cavalry. The cavalry force of about seven thousand men under General Sooy Smith, and belonging to Sherman's army, he completely defeated in a fairly open and prairie country suited for the action of regular cavalry, had either side possessed any. General Sherman officially described Smith's division as composed of "the best and most experienced men in the service." This part of the campaign had been expressly designed by that general with a view to the capture or destruction of Forrest's force. But Smith was no match for his opponent, who out-generaled him, and the result was the reverse of what Sherman had intended and anticipated. Forrest's force during these operations numbered about three thousand men, one-half of whom were raw and badly-armed recruits. General Grant says: "Smith's com-

mand was nearly double that of Forrest, but not equal man to man, for lack of a successful experience, such as Forrest's men had had." And yet they were, as soldiers went in this war, well drilled and commanded by a regular officer, whereas Forrest's men knew little more of drill than their general, who, his friends alleged, could not at any time have drilled a company.

A small brigade of about seven hundred Kentucky infantry was now handed over to him, but having found horses for these foot soldiers they were thenceforward reckoned as "cavalry." His little army now consisted of two weak divisions, with which, in 1864, he took Union City, attacked Paducah, had a most successful engagement at Bolivar, and finally captured Fort Pillow. In these operations he inflicted great loss of men, arms, horses and stores upon his enemy, largely reinforced his own command, and refitted it with captured equipments. Repeated efforts were subsequently made by General Sherman to capture or destroy Forrest's apparently ubiquitous force. He several times drew a great cordon of brigades and divisions round him, but all to no purpose; he defeated some and escaped from others. His hairbreath escapes from capture when thus closely surrounded by numerous bodies of troops, each larger in itself than his whole command, read more like the pages of romance than the history of military events. All through his operations one great secret of his success was his intimate knowledge of the enemy's movements and intentions. His campaigns were made in districts where the inhabitants were heart and soul with him, and it was therefore much easier for him than for the Federal generals to obtain useful information. His system of reconnoissance was admirable, and, for the reason just given, he could venture to push his scouts out in twos and threes to very great distances from headquarters.

One Federal general was removed from his command at Memphis for having failed to do anything against this now redoubtable commander. Shortly after Forrest himself marched into Memphis, and took possession of the newly-appointed Federal general's uniform, which was found in his room. The disgraced general, in vindication of his own conduct, wittily said: "They removed me because I couldn't keep Forrest out of West Tennessee, but my successor couldn't keep him out of his bedroom."*

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* Forrest sent this uniform back to its owner, who, in his turn, sent Forrest some gray cloth and gold lace to make into a Confederate uniform.

It is not my intention to enter here into the much-vexed question of Forrest's dealing with the garrison of Fort Pillow. He reached that place at 9 A. M., the 15th of April, 1864, after a ride of about seventy-two miles since 6 P. M., the previous evening, and having surrounded the place, he duly summoned the commandant to surrender with his garrison as prisoners of war. Negotiations followed, which occupied some time, but led to no result. The signal for assault being then given, the place was quickly taken. There was a heavy loss on both sides, but all things considered, including the intense ill-feeling then existing between the men of Tennessee who fought on one side and those on the other, I do not think the fact that about one-half of the small garrison of a place taken by assault was either killed or wounded evinced any very unusual bloodthirstiness on the part of the assailants. The unexpectedness of this blow, and the heavy loss in killed and wounded it entailed, served much to increase Forrest's reputation as a daring cavalry leader, and to intensify the dread in which his name was held far and near among his enemies.

An officer who knew Forrest well gives me the following description of the force under his command about this time: The two friends had breakfasted together on the every-day food of the negro—corn meal and treacle—as they sat side by side on the bank of the Tennessee to watch Forrest's troops pass over that great river. His command then consisted of about ten thousand mounted men, well provided with blankets, shoes and other equipment, everything being legibly stamped with "U. S.," showing whence he had obtained them. His artillery consisted of sixteen field pieces—also taken from the Northern army—each drawn by eight horses. The train numbered two hundred and fifty wagons, with six mules or horses each, besides fifty four-horse ambulances. He had himself enlisted, equipped, armed, fed, and supplied with ammunition all this force, without any help from his own government. For the two previous years he had drawn absolutely nothing from the quartermasters' or commissariat departments of the Confederate States. Every gun, rifle, wagon and ambulance, and all the clothing, equipment, ammunition and other supplies then with his command he had taken from the Northern armies opposed to him.

His was, indeed, a freebooter's force on a large scale, and his motto was borrowed from the old raiders on the Scottish border: "I shall never want as long as my neighbor has."

His defeat of General Sturgis in June, 1864, was a most remarkable achievement, well worth attention by the military student. He

pursued the enemy from the battle for nigh sixty miles, killing numbers all the way. The battle and this long pursuit were all accomplished in the space of thirty hours. When another Federal general was dispatched to try what he could do against this terrible Southerner, the defeated Sturgis was overheard repeating to himself, as he sat ruminating in his hotel, "It can't be done, sir; it can't be done!" Asked what he meant, the reply was, "They c-a-n-'t whip old Forrest!" General Sherman's report, in cipher, of this battle was: "He (Forrest) whipped Sturgis fair and square, and now I will put him against A. J. Smith and Mower, and let them try their hand."

In these operations Forrest was again badly wounded; but, notwithstanding this misfortune, he took the field once more early the following August. Unable to ride, he followed in a buggy. He struck at Sherman's line of communication, tore up railroads, destroyed bridges and viaducts, captured gunboats, burned transports and many millions of dollars worth of stores and supplies of all sorts. Well justified, indeed, was Sherman when he wrote to Grant in November, 1864: "That devil Forrest was down about Johnsonville, making havoc among the gunboats and transports."

He took part in General Hood's disastrous Nashville campaign, and covered the retreat of that general's army from Columbia. This most trying of duties he discharged with his usual daring, ability and success. No man could have done more than he did with the small force then at his disposal. Throughout the winter of 1864–65 everything looked blacker for the Confederacy day by day, until at last all hope faded away and the end came. It was a gallant struggle from the first, and, as it were, a pitched battle between a plucky boy and a full-grown man. The history of both armies abounds in gallant and chivalrous deeds done by men who fought for their respective convictions and from a sincere love of country. If ever England has to fight for her existence, may the same spirit pervade all classes here as that which influenced the men of the United States, both North and South. May we have at the head of our government as wise and far-seeing a patriot as Mr. Lincoln, and, to lead our mounted troops, as able a leader as General Forrest!

A man of Forrest's characteristics is only possible in a young and partially-settled territory, where English human nature has been able to show its real solid worth, untrammeled by Old World notions of conventionality and propriety—where men do what they deem right, but not because of laws enacted for the benefit and protection of the community, or of policemen kept to enforce those laws in the main-

tenance of order. Acts of cruelty and violence are often perpetrated in a border community, such as that in which Forrest passed his youth. Rough, but, on the whole, fairly even-handed justice is administered, though occasionally the inhabitants take the law into their own hands when the ordinary process of law is deemed too slow in its methods, or those who administer it too weak or too timid to enforce it. But it is a great nursery where the right-minded, able and courageous boy grows into the strong, determined man—into the citizen most suited to the social wants and requirements of the wild and self-willed community he has to live in.

Forrest possessed all the best qualities of the Anglo-American frontiersman. He was a man of great self-confidence, self-reliance and reticence; a man of quick resolved and prompt execution, of inexhaustible resource, and of ready and clever expedients. He had all the best instincts of the soldier, and his natural military genius was balanced by sound judgment. He always knew what he wanted, and consequently there was no weakness or uncertainty in his views or intentions, nor in the orders he gave to have those intentions carried out. There was never any languor in that determined heart, nor weariness in that iron body. Panic and fear flew and hid at his approach, and the sound of his cheer gave courage to the weakest heart. It has always seemed to me that the great distinctive difference between men of action, between the great and insignificant, the strong and the limp, is the possession or the lack of determination, and of the energy necessary to make that determination felt at all times and under all circumstances. No amount of talent will make a two-legged creature a real man without it.

General Joe Johnston, one of the most celebrated of the Confederate leaders, had a very high opinion of Forrest, and regarded him as one of the ablest soldiers whom the war had produced. He is still often referred to in the South as "the greatest revolutionary leader, on the Confederate side. And although I for one cannot indorse that opinion, I feel that he was a heaven-born leader of men. An uneducated slave dealer, he achieved great things during the war, and would, I am sure, have achieved far greater had he been trusted earlier and given the command of armies instead of the weak regiments and brigades which for so long were alone confided to him.

The war over, Forrest at once recognized the necessity of patriotically accepting the fact that the North had won, and that the South must accept whatever terms the humane Mr. Lincoln might dictate. He published an address to the gallent men who had so long fol-

lowed his plume in battle, and who were not only personally devoted to him, but thoroughly believed in him as a skillful and an eminent leader. He reminded his men that the terms granted by Mr. Lincoln were satisfactory, and manifested "a spirit of magnanimity and liberality on the part of the Federal authorities." "Whatever your responsibilities may be to government, to society, or to individuals, meet them like men. The attempt made to establish a separate and independent confederation has failed; but the consciousness of having done your duty faithfully, and to the end, will, in some measure, repay you for the hardships you have undergone." The last paragraph of this famous order was as follows: "I have never on the field of battle sent you where I was unwilling to go myself; nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens."

Forrest had fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew the sword for his country in that fratricidal struggle deserved better of her; and as long as the chivalrous deeds of her sons find poets to describe them and fair women to sing of them, the name of this gallant, though low-born and uneducated general, will be remembered by every Southern State with affection and sincere admiration. A man with such a record needs no ancestry, and his history proves that a general with such a heart and such a military genius as he possessed, can win battles without education.

Like most of the planters who had become soldiers, the end of the war found him financially ruined. But with that pluck and energy which characterized every action of his life, he at once set to work to retrieve his fortune. He went back to his plantation, and from it he extracted enough to keep him from want. He also embarked as a contractor upon some of the railways then being pushed over the Western plains, and although he was never rich again, his gains placed him above poverty.

He died about twelve years after the close of the war, from the effects of the wound near the spine, which he received at the battle of Shiloh. He had been four times wounded, and had had eighteen horses killed and ten others wounded under him during his four years of war service. What a record!

It would be difficult in all history to find a more varied career than his—a man who, from the greatest poverty, without any learning, and by sheer force of character alone, became a great fighting leader of fighting men—a man in whom an extraordinary military instinct

and sound common sense supplied to a very large extent his unfortunate want of military education.

When all the disadvantages under which the South fought are duly considered, it is wonderful what her soldiers achieved. But soldiers who believe in themselves and have absolute faith in their leaders are very difficult to beat in war, where success depends so largely upon the firm inner conviction of military superiority over your enemy. Victories gained over him early in a war engender that feeling of self-confidence which is, in fact, the twin brother of success. Little by little this feeling grew in the force under Forrest, and he knew well how to foster it among the wild and restless spirits who followed him.

"So much the weight of one brave man can do."

His military career teaches us that the genius which makes men great soldiers is not to be measured by any competitive examination in the science or art of war, much less in the ordinary subjects comprised in the education of a gentleman. The reputation of a schoolboy depends greatly upon his knowledge of books, but that of a general upon what he has done when holding independent command in the field. And it is thus we must judge Forrest's claim to military fame. "In war," said Napoleon, "men are nothing; a man is everything." And it would be difficult to find a stronger corroboration of this maxim than is to be found in the history of General Forrest's operations.

WOLSELEY.

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ORATION BY HON. D. B. HILL, AT THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY, CELEBRATED AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 20, 1892.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Times*, May 21, 1892.]

Senator Hill and his party arrived at Charlotte, North Carolina, at 2 o'clock A. M. May 20, 1892. A reception committee, headed by Mayor Robert Brevard, escorted them from the Richmond and Dan-

ville station to the Buford Hotel. After breakfasting Mayor Brevard and the members of the Executive committee called at the hotel and escorted the party to the Central Hotel, from the balcony of which they were to review the parade. Governor Holt was sick and unable to be present.

He deputed the pleasant task of welcoming the guests to Adjutant General James D. Glenn, who received them in the parlors of the Central Hotel, and escorted them to the balcony. Other members of the Governor's staff and of the staff of the Governor of South Carolina were present in full uniform. Senator Hill's appearance on the balcony was greeted with prolonged cheering from the crowd which lined the sidewalks.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession formed at the junction of Tryon and Ninth streets. In the line were the Governor's Guards and Zouaves, of Columbia; the Fayetteville Light Infantry, the Guilford Grays, of Greensboro; the Hornet's Nest Riflemen and Queen City Guards, of Charlotte, and the Iredell Blues, Cabarras Black Boys, Cleveland Guards and Southern Stars, of the Fourth regiment, and holding the last place in the line, the Naval Artillery, of Charlotte. The column moved at 10 o'clock, passing under the massive arch at the intersection of Tryon and Trade streets. It passed the reviewing balcony, and then moved down south Tryon street to a large field, which had been selected for the military manœuvres. When the procession had passed the reviewing stand, Senator Hill and his party were escorted to carriages and driven to the battle-field, where they had an excellent view of a very spirited sham battle. From the battle-field they went to the Auditorium, where an enormous crowd had gathered to hear the senator's speech. The Rev. Edward Mack opened the ceremonies with an invocation. After the reading of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, Senator Hill was introduced.

SENATOR HILL'S ADDRESS.

He said:

To-day, this 20th day of May, in the one hundred and sixteenth year of American Independence, we come to celebrate the one hundred and seventeenth year of North Carolinian independence. We stand upon historic ground! A birthday of liberty! The birthplace of liberty!

Your historians narrate that here the first Declaration of Independence was promulgated.

It is a simple story, and is briefly told.

The patriotic citizens of this county of Mecklenburg, in this grand old State of North Carolina, restless under the yoke of oppression, impatient of the injustice of foreign rule under which they had long suffered, and imbued with the spirit of self-government, assembled together at the court-house over thirteen months before the memorable action of the Continental Congress, with the startling news of the battle of Lexington ringing in their ears, renewing their devotion to the inherent and inalienable rights of man, bravely and solemnly resolved, in substance, that they were a free and independent people, and that the political bands which had bound them to the mother country were dissolved.

It was a sublime and heroic action. It was without an example in the history of the world. What a page in the history of these United States of America!

One of your later statesmen, and among your greatest, the Hon. William A. Graham, whose memory will be ever cherished, and whose name will be ever honored by the sons of North Carolina, has recorded for all time to come, in his centennial and memorial address at Charlotte in 1875, the thrilling story of that immortal deed.

Not only was North Carolina the first colony in which independence was declared, but it is confidently claimed—and history seems to confirm the statement—that here in your State the first blood was spilled in the United States in resistance to the exactions of English rulers, at an engagement between the royal forces and the North Carolina militia, known as "Regulators," so early as the 16th of May, 1771, at the battle of Alamance.

It is not denied that these facts have been questioned. I am well aware that the settled verdicts of history are appealed from in all directions. Historical criticism is making formidable reprisals where the faith of many generations had never wavered. A gentleman in the West questions if the author of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets spelled his name with the correct assortment of letters of the alphabet. Nobody now thinks worse of Bolingbroke for his attainder than of Andrew Johnson for his impeachment. People live and pay taxes who think John Adams was quite right when he coupled Hamilton and Burr as dangers to the republic and its freedom.

The Swiss are told that no such person ever lived among their mountains as William Tell.

And now the historians are not content with saying that Christopher Columbus sought a westward passage to the Island of Japan and the Asiatic mainland, was interrupted by the little archipelago off Florida, made his crew take an affidavit that one could march on foot from Cuba across Asia to Spain, but never landed upon North America nor suspected the existence of the Pacific ocean.

These terrible historic critics go further still, and I will read you what the last of them, Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University, says in this very quadri-centennial year, which we are about to celebrate by the Chicago Fair, upon the death of Christopher Columbus.

"We have seen a pitiable man meet a pitiable death. Hardly a name in the profane history is more august than his. Hardly another character in the world's record has made so little of its opportunities. His discovery was a blunder, his blunder was a new world, the new world is his monument. Its discoverer might have been its father; he proved to be its despoiler. He might have given its young days such a benignity as the world likes to associate with a maker; he left it a legacy of devastation and crime. He might have been an unselfish promotor of geographical science; he proved a rapid seeker for gold and vice-royalty. He might have won converts to the fold of Christ by the kindness of his spirit; he gained the execrations of the good angels. He might, like Las Casas, have rebuked the fiendishness of his contemporaries; he set them an example of perverted belief. The triumph of Barcelona led down to the ignominy of Valladolid, with every step in the degredation palpable and resultant."

Does anything survive in all this wreck of famous reputations?

Yes. There is a tomb at Mount Vernon where one of the mighty dead lies in peace, with honor.

The historians have now done their best and their worst. Thank God, we know at last that the Father of his Country has left to the children and the children's children of this great nation, through all generations, the priceless legacy of a pure, unsullied name. George Washington, John Adams and his son, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison (to name no more)—all these, among the great founders of a mighty State; all these, the first leaders of our still contending

political parties, retain their title to our reverence as to our pride, to our esteem as to our admiration. The whole record of their long, laborious lives has been exposed, upturned, published, and not one syllable of shame.

It is the slander of envious or ambitious rivals which the record has exposed—to their shame. It is the hideous revilings, the ceaseless calumnies of some partisan newspapers, on both sides, which have been shriveled up and burnt away in the glare of modern investigation.

It is the credulity of opposing partisans, sectarians, bigots, which the muse of history now mocks with her wise smile.

Fellow-citizens of North Carolina, fellow-citizens of Mecklenburg, I congratulate you especially that there is something else which the tooth of time has wholly spared.

I congratulate you that after all the researches of their contemporaries, their historians and their critics, here, too, you can hold fast and keep forever undisturbed your veneration for the "gray forefathers of the State," and all your pride in the authentic precursors of American Independence.

Grant for a moment the very uttermost that anybody ever tried to prove to unsettle the verdict of the North Carolina historian.

Has it ever occurred to you to inquire what it amounts to? Nothing at all, or nothing but this—that your forefathers were less than a fortnight later in being still by more than a year in advance of all as the forerunners, the precursors of American Independence.

Which one of the thirteen States, finding such a record as that among its archives, never questioned, undisputable, authentic and contemporaneous, would not regard the Mecklenburg Resolves of the 31st of May as a perfect title to all that was ever claimed for North Carolina's sons as the forerunners of American Independence. Let every other page of your annals perish, and then would not the old Bay State? would not the Empire State? would not the Keystone State? would not old Virginia? if that remaining record belonged to either one of them, instead of belonging, as it does, by an unchallenged title, to the Old North State, proclaim it the very Koh-i-noor among all the jewels of American liberty?

Turn in every light and it blazes with an incomparable lustre.

I lately turned over some few of the leaves of controversy.

I glanced at the famous correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson over the Raleigh Register, in their old age, in their

renewed confidence and mutual regard, just one short lustrum of seven years before "the Colossus of the Revolution" and the author of the Declaration of Independence united to celebrate together on the 4th of July, 1826, by their joint exit from the life of this world and their joint entrance upon the life to come, the semi-centennial anniversary of American Independence.

I looked over Peter Force's American Archives, and turned a page or two of your own State records.

And I found time to read the paper of the all-accomplished President Welling, of the Columbian University, at Washington, upholding as your highest pride the resolves of May 31st.

I was looking to see what emerged from all that dust.

If you will pardon the words of an old song, I was looking to see what "nobody can deny."

And in a discussion of the Mecklenburg Resolves of the eleventh day after the 20th May, I stumbled upon the words "Virtual Independence."

What, then, if you gentlemen of North Carolina please, what, then, would actual independence be?

I appeal to the text.

"All commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the crown to be exercised in these colonies are null and void, and the constitution of each particular colony wholly suspended."

"The provincial congress of each province under the direction of the great Continental Congress invested with all legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of these colonies."

Such was the large, strict logical derivation from the wrong of Parliament; then follows, what?

A temporary grant of power by the inhabitants of this county, to be held and exercised by virtue of their choice.

Is that all? No—"shall hold and exercise their several powers by virtue of the choice, and independent of the crown of Great Britain and former constitution of this province."

The exercise of old or new commissions from the crown to mark an enemy of his country.

Preservation of the peace and administration of justice provided for and the tenure of their office who bore the purse or sat in judgment to be "during the pleasure of their several constituents."

And they who bore the sword of power were bidden to arm and hold "themselves in readiness to execute the commands of the General Congress of this province and this committee."

Such was, indeed, that "clear and logical conception" which the Mecklenburg patriots of 1775 were foremost to form "of the civil status created for the American colonies by the address of both houses of Parliament to the Crown, adopted February 7, 1775, declaring the colony of Massachusetts in a state of 'actual rebellion,'" and constructively passing the same sentence of outlawry on all the other colonies which were giving her aid and comfort.

Fellow-citizens of North Carolina, it is not quite enough to say that the Mecklenburg patriots of 1775 won and wear the unique fame of the precursors of American Independence.

The North Carolina Koh-i-noor blazes from a broader facet with a finer light. The Mecklenburg patriots of 1775 also carried onward the very evangel of Democracy!

I peruse these authentic, unquestioned resolutions, the text undisputed, the record contemporary and continuous and clear, and I care not what went before or came after, for I say, severance from and independence of the parent State are here.

But also every mark of the highest style of self-government is here.

Severance, because of encroachments upon self-government—Independence—resumption of power by the self-governed to the end of its redistribution upon the servants of their choice—the temporary character of the grant affirmed, subject to termination by the termination of its necessity, or by the awaited exercise of authority on the part of the larger social structure to which their union and voluntary differerence were affirmed through the Provincial or the Continental Congress.

Shall we find in the immortal Declaration of Independence, which Jefferson penned, a surer, firmer grasp of government by the people, of the people, for the people, than that?

It will never be found, except by those who could make the mistake which your forefathers never made—the mistaking of Mecklenburg county for North Carolina, the mistaking of North Carolina for the United Colonies of North America.

But the dignity and self-restraint of men capable of self-government, ordering the spirit and the structures of their society, are here.

Nothing for aggression is here, but everything for defense.

But the substantials of self-government were denied, and so "the old order changed, giving place to the new."

They had understood their epoch. They had hewed to the very line, and then they waited for a twelve-month the fateful issue.

But resolute then for self-government they were, at the hazard of their fortunes and their lives.

A long renown to the Mecklenburg Patriots of 1775, the precursors of American Independence!

But a deathless renown to self-respecting, self-governing freemen, capable to rend asunder and destroy that unserviceable body of government which no longer fitly houses and serves the soul of liberty!

This great decision of the Mecklenburg forefathers, I say, bears every mark of the highest style of self-government.

Of pure Democracy there is no finer type.

No orders came thundering down from the seat of centralized power. They conversed with one another and determined their course in this county of Mecklenburg, and then staked the fortunes and the lives of freemen as of less value than their liberty.

Liberty to do what?

Liberty to establish justice and maintain it; liberty to surround and guard their own social order with all their united force; liberty to keep off the encroachments of the officers of government, by keeping in hand the sum and methods of taxation and holding the tenure of the officer at the pleasure of his constituents.

Such is the attitude of freemen. Such is the mind of the Democrat—Democrat in the broadest sense, I mean. And then, what courage of the patriot!

Can you conceive of servility in souls like theirs? Can you conceive of a demagogue making headway in that company?

Let us keep before the eyes of our fellow-countrymen, thronging hither from all lands, this type and style of true Democracy, this type and nobler style of humanity. Is that too proud a claim?

Let us see. I brought with me to this celebration of Mecklenburg county Patriotism, a newspaper printed in the great metropolis called London one hundred and sixteen and a half years after the day and deeds we celebrate. It is the London *Times* of last November 25th. It contains the report of a speech in Birmingham made by the prime minister, an actual ruler of Great Britain to-day. Allow me

to read you one short passage from that speech, in which he discusses some Democratic changes proposed—among them, parish councils. He says:

"I wish to know what they are to do. Parishes are a very strange, a very unequal division of the country. You will find parishes very small and parishes very large. They have no duties so far as I know to perform, and when I am told, 'You ought to give them parish councils in order to make rural life more interesting than it is,' I really cannot admit that the object of representative institutions is to amuse the electors who send representatives to them. If among the many duties the modern State undertakes the duty of amusing the rural population should be included, I should rather recommend a circus or something of that kind. But I am quite certain if you attempt to amuse them by giving them parish councils you will not satisfy the demand you have raised.

I looked for the reply to these gibes of Lord Salisbury by some of the politicians opposed to him, and I found it (and had it copied from the London *Times* of April 21st) in a speech by Sir William Harcourt, who is thought likely to be one day Mr. Gladstone's successor. He said:

"We want to give life, occupation, interest to the villagers. We do not ridicule them and tell them to go to a circus. We want these men to have an interest in and an authority over their own affairs, to have something to fill their minds and hearts on the long, dull, dreary round of weekly labor—something that will give them a sense of security for themselves and their families and not a sense of dependence upon the variable and eleemosynary favors of others, however generous and kind they may be."

I do not know which one of these British statesmen would be thought the more insolent by a Mecklenburg citizen addicted to self-government and capable of it—Sir William Harcourt, with his supercilius sympathy, or Lord Salisbury and his circus and his contempt.

But I ask all critics of the American citizen to compare that stereoscopic figure of the British citizen, seen with one Liberal and one Tory eye.

The Mecklenburg patriots in their parish or county council struck for self-government, instantly resolved to risk poverty, defeat, outlawry, danger, imprisonment and death. Well did they know their undertaking was no holiday affair. It meant privation, bankruptcy, separation from home and friends, protracted military service, sick-

ness, suffering and every peril incident to a hazardous rebellion. Defeat did not dismay them, treachery did not destroy their confidence, jealousies did not divide their councils, blunders did not cast them down and success did not unduly exalt them. They were a plain people—honest, earnest, steadfast and true. They fought for principles and not for spoils; for their country and not for power; for posterity, and not for themselves alone. They contended against the injustice of taxation without due representation, against the inequality of governmental burdens, against the exactions of arbitrary power, against the imposition of standing armies to harrass the people and eat out their substance, against non-resident office-holders, and against the attempt to make the military superior to the civil authority. A holier cause never enlisted the efforts of freemen; a nobler type of freemen never walked this earth.

The circumstances of the Mecklenburg declaration were most extraordinary. There had been no recent conflict upon North Carolina soil; she had no grievances which were not common to all the colonies. Mecklenburg was in a portion of the country remote from the centres of population; there was no immediate prospect of foreign invasion of its territory or actual impending injury to its citizens; it was a period of darkness and uncertainty in which the future could not be predicted; yet this people, without consultation with other localities, and without pledges of assistance from other colonies, relying upon the truth and justice of their cause with "war in each heart and freedom on each brow," unaided and alone set the ball in motion and boldly inaugurated a righteous rebellion, the result of which no one could foretell. The recollection of this chivalric, but perilous undertaking constitutes a source of pride to the State of North Carolina "ever to be cherished, never to be forgotten."

It was a step for which, as yet, neither the State at large nor the Colonial Congress was prepared. It evinced the highest courage and the loftiest patriotism, but it nevertheless seemed to many patriots premature. Resistance to British authority at that time had not assumed anywhere else the form of a demand for separation. Such resistance was elsewhere made as a protest against abuses and as an effort to secure the correction of grievances rather than to establish a new government. Reformation under royal rule was all that had thus far been generally contemplated.

But to this general sentiment of loyalty the citizens of Mecklenburg presented a notable exception. The leading characters are said

to have been ripe for revolution from the very beginning of the difficulties, and the popular sentiment responded in one decisive act, which we this day commemorate. Their decisive and daring action gave to North Carolina the proud distinction, which it has ever since enjoyed, of having been the first of all the colonies to sound the tocsin of revolution and to assert the right of independence.

The same firm determination and high spirit which led to the early pronunciamento of 1775, more than a year in advance of all the other colonies, characterized the conduct of your people during all the dark and stormy days which followed. Lord Cornwallis unwittingly paid your forefathers a compliment when he declared Charlotte to be "the hornet's nest of North Carolina"—a reputation which, I am informed, it has ever since gloriously maintained.

The Mecklenburg declaration was momentous in its consequences, because it was the inception of a successful revolution. It was never retracted. It was unique. It was so startling in its boldness, so grand in it conception, so potent in its influence for the good of mankind, and so securely intrenched in those eternal principles which it concisely embodied, that it stands forth conspicuous as an unprecedented event, a wholly American page in the history of the world's progress. That it largely influenced the subsequent similar action of the united colonies cannot stand in need of proof. It kindled the fires of liberty everwhere. It encouraged the dream and hope of a separate government. It cheered the weak-hearted and the wavering, invigorated the just demands of the people, and quarried the cornerstone of the foundations of all our future greatness.

It is natural that this commemoration should possess a greater interest than any other which you observe. It belongs to your city, your county and your State. It has a peculiar significance to you which no other public event can import. It appeals to your local pride, your social pride, your pride of ancestry, your pride of race.

You go forward from this early May day to the National Fourth of July day as from

> "One happy prologue to the swelling act
> Of the imperial theme."

The great central and important thought of the Mecklenburg declaration was the idea of self-government which is boldly embodied. It was a protest against oppression. It was also a distinct repudiation of the divine right of kings. The wisdom of the con-

victions then embodied in the Mecklenburg assumption of self-government have been vindicated by over a hundred years' successful administration of this Republic. We may safely assert that our form of government is no longer an experiment. This people have demonstrated their capacity to govern themselves. The most intrepid pioneers who, more than a century ago, led the advance in the great struggle for political liberty and self-government, could hardly have anticipated so complete and so large an outcome as that which we behold between the two oceans, the great lakes and the gulf.

The people of North Carolina contributed their full share throughout the whole revolutionary struggle which followed the county and the Colonial Declarations of Independence. The valor of their troops was displayed on every Southern battle-field. The State itself was the constant theatre of important engagements and stirring events. We do not need to be reminded of the achievements at Guilford Courthouse and King's Mountain and other notable and bloody contests, where your citizen soldiers won enduring laurels over England's best disciplined forces. The glorious victory at King's Mountain, occurring as it did at a most gloomy period of the Revolution, when the hopes of patriots had been prostrated and the enemies of America encouraged by the disaster of Camden, turned the tide in the South in favor of the patriot cause as did the victory of Trenton under Washington at the North.

The battle of Guilford Courthouse, where Greene measured swords with Cornwallis, was an important struggle, where great military genius and valor contended for mastery, and where the cause of the whole country seemed to be in jeopardy. The heroism of your forefathers made your soil an uncomfortable abiding place for British soldiers.

But it is unnecessary to repeat in your presence the story of the American Revolution, because you are as familiar with it as household words. Next to the story of the Saviour it is the first one you teach your children to read. It sounds like a romance. It partakes of some of the features of a legend. It is a tale of resistance to unjust exactions; of opposition to a restricted commerce; of the struggle of a brave people of thirteen colonies seeking to be free; of the effort to establish the right of revolution for just cause; of an unequal contest of right against might for seven long years; of numerous bloody battles and serious defeats; of many privations,

hardships and woes; it is the narrative of a cause which produced a Washington to lead its armies; a young Lafayette to bring succor and assistance from across the waters; a Franklin to give counsel; a Jefferson to defend with his voice and pen; it is the account of courage, heroism and fortitude unsurpassed in the annals of time. It tells of an army crossing the Delaware amid snow and ice, and of the retreat of half-starved patriot soldiers with bare feet and bloody tracks; of the capture of Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress;" of the intrepid Putnam's great leap from the rocks; of the famous exploits of "Marion's men;" of the valor of "Mad Anthony Wayne;" of the shameful treason of an Arnold at a critical period of the contest; of the decisive battle at Saratoga in the North and the subsequent surrender of the English army under Cornwallis at Yorktown in the South; of the evacuation of New York; of the final glorious triumph of the Continenal armies; of the recognition of our independence and the establishment of a free republic—this is the epitome of the Revolution.

I am reminded of the fact that this county has another proud claim to distinction. It is the birthplace of Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk, two Presidents of the United States, two leaders of a great political party, two statesmen whose memory the country delights to honor, and whose achievements have reflected credit upon the county and State of their nativity. Truly you live in a most favored portion of our land. It was appropriate that these two great defenders of the rights of the people should have been born at the spot where liberty and independence were first ushered into existence.

The great heritage of freedom which was transmitted to us is is ours—"Ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit." The exercises of this day, besides refreshing our recollection of revolutionary memories and stirring our hearts with patriotic pride, serve a better purpose in impressing upon our minds a sense of the responsibilities and duties of citizenship which devolve upon this generation. The defense and preservation of the free institutions of America are obligations which we cannot escape. The eyes of the world are upon us. For over a century this country has run the glorious race of empire. We are in the lead, but the struggle is still on.

We should not be unmindful of the fact that we are the custodians of a sacred trust. Let us distinguish our discharge of that trust by

the performance of deeds worthy to be remembered, and those which will surely advance the welfare and promote the progress of our common country. Let us not endeavor to win laurels by war. Brighter than any which we can hope to secure in this field have already been gathered by our fathers. Let us make this period an unexampled time of peace, an era of improvement, an age of reason. Let beneficent acts and philanthrophic works abound everywhere. Let us excel in public virtue and private integrity, in the development of our vast resources, in the spread of education, in the promotion of religion, in the advancement of the arts and in the cultivation of a fraternal spirit. Let this be the era of good feeling, of higher national standards, of broader public purposes and larger conception of political duties.

By these noble aims and lofty purposes we shall best promote the cause of good government everywhere and evidence our appreciation of the services and sacrifices of our revolutionary sires and of all the glorious memories which cluster around our early independence days.

SENATOR GRAY'S SPEECH.

When Senator Gray was introduced by Mayor Brevard to read the Declaration of Independence he said that coming to Charlotte as a stranger he felt that he could go away as a friend. [Applause.] He was glad to come into this beautiful State under the auspices of the senator it had so long delighted to honor; who had so gallantly represented the Old North State in the United States Senate. [Applause.] He had heard something, he said, of this great anniversary. As a student he was interested in reading something ahout it and in reading something of the historic doubts which those envious of the honor claimed by a single State had cast upon it; but he would go from Mecklenburg to-day a willing witness of the verity of this historic event. [Prolonged applause.]

The sham-battle had been so delayed that it was 2.30 o'clock when Mayor Brevard called the assemblage in the auditorium to order, and it was 3.30 when Senator Hill finished speaking. His remarks were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

THANKS FOR TWO.

Congressman Alexander, taking the platform at the close, offered the following resolution :

Resolved, That we tender to the Hon. David Bennett Hill, of New York, our thanks for the able, eloquent and patriotic address this day delivered by him, and that our people will hold in lasting remembrance his participation in our celebration of the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Then Senator Ransom offered a resolution of thanks to Senator Gray, which was adopted.

Elias Carr, the Democratic nominee for Governor, was introduced. There were loud cries for Gray, then for Carr, and then for Ransom, but none of them responded, and after giving three cheers for Senator Hill the meeting broke up. Senator Hill held an informal reception on the platform, and then returned to his hotel. Dinner was served at 4 o'clock. At 6.30 o'clock Senator Hill, Senator Gray, General Lathrop and the United Press correspondent left Charlotte on the special car "Neva" for the North.

THE DAY OBSERVED IN RALEIGH.

All the State departments and the banks of the city were closed to-day, being State holiday, in honor of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Governor Holt, who was to have been present at Charlotte to-day on the occasion of the celebration, is quite unwell and confined to his room, and consequently unable to be present.

THE MAN WHO KILLED GENERAL A. P. HILL.

Statement of Mr. Mauk, Who Says He Fired the Fatal Shot.

The Baltimore *American*, of May 29, 1892, in a long article describing how General Hill was killed, reproduces the account of

his courier, Sergeant Tucker,* and also a statement from Corporal John W. Mauk, of Company F, One-Hundred-and-Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, who claims that he fired the fatal shot, and who, at the time, was in company with Private Daniel Wolford, of the same company. Mauk's statement is as follows:

On the morning of the 2d of April, 1865, after the rebel works had been carried in the front, the main portion of the troops deployed to the left inside the enemy's works. A portion of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Army Corps, became separated from the main body, and pushed forward to the railroad and a wagon road, running parallel with each other. Comrade Daniel Wolford and myself, of Company F, One-Hundred-and-Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, reached this point. We came to a saw-mill just across the railroad, and close to it, under a slab-pile near the track, we found some crow-bars, with which we tore up two rails of the track. Previous to this, however, we who were separated from the others saw a wagon-train passing along and advanced, firing on it, expecting to capture it. This accounts for our advancing in this direction. After tearing up the track we went obliquely to the left from the railroad, in the direction of a swamp about a half or three-quarters of a mile from the saw-mill, which we had passed to the right when firing on the train, and going in the direction of the railroad. Here we attempted to cross back on the Corduroy road, which led through the swamp toward a body of our men on the hill near the former line of the rebel works. These men were stragglers who had been lost from their commands, and were making coffee and eating breakfast. Just as we entered the swamp we saw two men on horseback coming from the direction of Petersburg, who had the appearance of officers. They advanced until they came to the men on the hill; they then turned and rode toward us. We had just entered the swamp, when they advanced with cocked revolvers in their hands, which were leveled at us. Seeing a large oak tree close to the road, we took it for protection against any movement they would be likely to make. Seemingly by direction of his superior, one of the rebel officers remained behind. The other advanced with his revolver pointed at us, and demanded our surrender, saying,

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*First published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XI, December, 1883, pages 564–9.

"Surrender, or I will shoot you. A body of troops are advancing on our left (*i. e.*, from the direction of Petersburg), and you will have to surrender, anyway!" The officer still advanced and peremptorily demanded, "Surrender your arms." I said "I could not see it," and said to Comrade Wolford, "Let us shoot them."

We immediately raised our guns and fired, I bringing my man from his saddle.

The other officer, throwing himself forward on the horse's neck, rode off in the direction from which they had come, while the horse of the other followed. We knowing not what was on our flank, and not being able to see in that direction, backed out and went farther down the swamp, and crossed to the men on the hill.

Shortly afterwards I told Comrade Wolford that I would go and see what the officer had with him. I went a short distance, and saw what I took to be a skirmish line advancing. I went back and got part of the men on the hill—perhaps ten or fifteen—and deployed them as skirmishers for self defence. The advancing line came within hailing distance. I ordered them to halt, which they did. Then I said: "Throw up your arms, advance, and give an account of yourselves."

On being questioned they said they had captured some rebel prisoners, and were taking them to the rear. Six or eight were carrying guns and were dressed in our uniform. About that many were without guns, and wore rebel uniforms. I took their word and let them go. Turning round they asked me if a man had been killed near there. I told them I had killed an officer in the swamp. They went off in that direction. I had no suspicions at the time, but afterward thought this was a Confederate ruse to get the body of the man I had just killed. Comrade Wolford and myself shortly after this joined our regiment, and nothing more was thought of the affair until summoned to brigade and corps headquarters to answer questions.

After I had given a statement of the affair General Wright asked me if I knew whom I had killed. I told him that I did not. He said: "You have killed General A. P. Hill, of the Confederate army."

All this occurred on the morning after the rebel works had been carried, on the 2d of April, 1865.

JOHN W. MAUK.

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL

AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, MAY 30, 1892.

With the Oration of General James A. Walker on the Occasion.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, May 31, 1892.]

Richmond is a city of memories and it must also be a city of monuments; monuments which entwine our hearts with the past and pledge us to a patriotic future.

We have now a monument in Oakwood cemetary to the sixteen thousand dead buried there; a granite column (nearly finished) in Marshall Park (Libby Hill) to all of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy; a statue to Stonewall Jackson in the Capitol Square; a granite pyramidal pile to the twelve thousand Confederate dead in Hollywood, and in the same cemetary monuments over the graves of Pickett, Stuart, Maury and others; a statue of Wickham in Monroe Park, and an equestrian statue of Lee at the west end of Franklin street. Our duty in this respect to A. P. Hill is also done, and movements are on foot to do like honor to President Davis and to "Jeb" Stuart.

The people of Richmond gave themselves up on the 30th of May heartily and enthusiastically to the two great events to which the day had been dedicated—the unveiling of the statue of General Ambrose Powell Hill and the Hollywood memorial ceremonies.

The 30th of May, 1892, has passed into history as a date on which the patriotic pulse was regnant. The scenes of the morning fill another tablet to be laid away along with those on which are inscribed the records of the unveiling of the Jackson and Hill statues. The scenes of the afternoon were a repetition in large measure of what has occurred annually for over two decades, but they never lose their freshness, nor can they become less pregnant with a beautiful and touching lesson as time rolls on.

The note of preparation for the actual demonstration began Sunday afternoon. On every train military companies and camps were arriving, and by midnight the man seen on the street who did not have on uniform or wear a badge was the exception.

In the morning companies, camps and veterans unattached began to move to the assembly-grounds as early as 9 o'clock, and by 10 o'clock the whole western section of the city was stir and bustle.

HILL'S FOLLOWERS HERE.

The rumble of artillery, the flash of sabres, the gleam of bayonets, the waving of battle-flags, the tramp of infantry and squadrons of cavalry, the notes of the bugle, and the martial music of the bands made the occasion one intensely inspiring. Marked in the throng by every one were the men who wore the badge of the Thirteenth Virginia, Hill's old regiment. Some of these survivors look even now as if they had not passed middle age, but the majority of them are gray-haired, and have left behind the half-century mile-stone on the road of life.

Another organization whose members attracted special attention wherever they were seen was the Pegram Battalion Association. All the veterans were recipients of general recognition and evoked enthusiastic greeting, but the Thirteenth survivors and the Pegram Battalion survivors were more distinctively noticeable by their badges, and perhaps more prominently associated in the public mind with Hill.

Two focal points of interest before the procession moved were the Mechanics' Institute and the residence of Major Thomas A. Brander, corner of Franklin and Fourth streets. At the former, the headquarters of the Pegram Battalion Association, the aids reported to the chief marshal, and orders were being sent out every few minutes by them. At the latter the ladies who were to occupy seats in carriages assembled, and were assigned by Colonel J. V. Bidgood.

CROWDS ON THE STREETS.

The sidewalks along the route of the procession, from Fifth and Franklin to Richmond College, were lined with people. Certainly there has been no such outpouring of all classes since the unveiling of the Lee monument, and certainly the spirit of the occasion was manifest in every face. The demonstration on the streets was an honor to Hill, an honor to the cause none contributed more than he to make glorious, an honor to Richmond.

The march was a long, hot and dusty one, but those in line, including the veterans, stood to it with splendid steadiness. Many of the latter bore on their bodies the scars of battle, and others were broken in health from exposure in camp or bivouac, but there was about the veteran column something of that grim determination of the days when their dauntless courage, their fortitude, and their disregard for all obstacles that confronted them made the armies of the the Confederacy the admiration of the world.

RESPECT TO GENERAL LEE.

The march was devoid of interest, except repeated cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, until the parade reached the Lee monument. Here the colors were dipped, the infantry came to a carry, and then a reverse, the veterans, the cavalry, and the artillery also saluted, and the bands played dirges. After leaving this point the column broke into a rout step, which was continued to the site of the Hill monument, where the different organizations were assigned positions.

The actual ceremonies of the unveiling occupied about an hour and ten minutes; and, save for the dust, the crowd suffered very little inconvenience, as a delightful breeze was blowing all the time.

MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS.

A Splendid Parade of Military and Veterans Viewed by an Enthusiastic Throng.

There was an unusually large crowd of visitors in the city, and as their numbers were greatly augmented by the military and veterans from various portions of the State, the streets were thronged from early morn till late at night. The hotels were packed, and every train added to the multitude, which seemed to grow as the hours wore on. Broad street, especially in the neghborhood of the Regimental Armory, was literally jammed in the early part of the morning, and for several squares around the thoroughfares were almost blockaded.

Most of the visiting military reached here on Sunday, and as the various organizations arrived they were met at the depots by the local volunteers and escorted to their quarters. Throughout the Sabbath, and even until 9 or 10 o'clock yesterday morning the

armory was like a bee-hive, and hundreds of men were pouring back and forth, while a crowd was constantly in front of the building. Guards were posted at the doors to keep back the public, and these were on duty from early Sunday morning until the troops formed in line yesterday.

The visiting soldier boys were evidently enjoying themselves as much as possible, and before the column moved they could be seen scattered about in every direction.

CROWDS ON THE STREET.

The parade, which was one of the leading features of the day, was the finest display of military and veterans seen in this city since the Lee monument unveiling, and attracted universal attention. Thousands of people lined the streets from the Capitol square, where the various organizations began to fall in, up to the Lee-Monument grounds. The porches and verandas along the route were crowded with pretty girls, who cheered and waved their handkerchiefs to the troops as they passed.

A few minutes after 9 o'clock the formation of the magnificent column was commenced, and the various companies, troops and batteries began falling in. Broad street from Fifth to Ninth, and Marshall from the Armory to Ninth fairly swarmed with soldiery, and the thoroughfares looked as if the city had been besieged by a mighty invading host. The flash of the musketry and the gleaming of the cavalry and artillery sabres were truly an inspiring sight, which was rendered still more imposing by the appearance of the veterans, nearly all of whom wore the Confederate gray. Hundreds of badges with the colors of the Lost Cause were sold upon the streets, and many of these were worn upon the coat lapels of those who marched in the long line.

The arrangements for the formation of the procession had been made with great care and precision, but some little difficulty was experienced in getting the various organizations in exactly the right places. The column was, therefore, a trifle late moving. The order to "forward, march!" was given a few minutes before 11 o'clock. Grace street from Ninth to Fifth, the first part of the route, was literally jammed with men, women, and children, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed when the procession started amidst the strains of inspiring music and the hurrahs of the multitude.

THE POLICE, MARSHAL AND AIDS.

A squad of mounted police under command of Captain E. P. Hulce, of the Third District, rode at the head of the line. The "blue coats" all wore their helmets of gray, and presented an excellent appearance. Behind these came the chief-marshal, General Harry Heth, who wore a buff sash and looked every inch a soldier as he sat erect on his prancing charger. He was followed by Colonel William H. Palmer, his chief of staff, whose sash was white. The aids, all of whom wore red sashes, were as follows: Captain W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg; Colonel W. W. Finney, Sublett's Tavern, Virginia; Lieutenant Beverly H. Selden, Richmond; Captain Stockton Heth, Radford, Virginia; Colonel G. M. Fague, Washington, D. C.; Dr. George Ross, Richmond; Dr. C. W. P. Brock, Richmond; Joseph Bryan, Richmond; Captain R. H. T. Adams, Lynchburg; Colonel J. V. Bidgood, Richmond; Judge E. C. Minor, Richmond; Judge H. W. Flournoy, Richmond; Colonel T. M. R. Talcott, Richmond; Colonel Walter H. Taylor, Norfolk; General G. M. Sorrell, Savannah, Georgia; W. R. Trigg, Richmond; Colonel A. G. Dickinson, New York; Captain W. H. Weisiger, Richmond; Colonel W. E. Tanner, Richmond; G. Powell Hill, Richmond; Colonel Archer Anderson, Richmond; General T. M. Logan, Richmond; Captain Charles U. Williams, Richmond; Colonel R. L. Maury; Richmond; Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin, Richmond; Captain E. P. Reeve, Richmond; Major N. V. Randolph, Richmond; Judge Geo. L. Christian, Richmond; Chas. Selden, Richmond.

Colonel Henry C. Jones, commandant of the First Virginia regiment of Infantry, had charge of all the militia. He was accompanied by the following officers from the brigade staff: Major John H. Dinneen, inspector-general; Major Meriwether Jones, quartermaster; Major M. D. Hoge, Jr., surgeon; and Major William M. Evans, assistant adjutant-general. Captain L. T. Christian and Captain B. B. Walker, of the Second regiment, District of Columbia National Guard, by special request, also acted as members of Colonel Jones's staff, all of whom were mounted.

THE FIRST AT THE HEAD.

The First regiment, which presented a splendid appearance and marched unusually well, headed the infantry forces. Major J. H.

Derbyshire commanded the first battalion and Captain Charles Gasser, the second. The following were the staff officers: Major E. P. Turner, surgeon; Captain D. A. Kuyk, assistant-surgeon; Captain E. A. Shepherd, adjutant; Captain J. R. Tennant, quartermaster; Captain Cyrus Bossieux, commissary; and Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge. The figure of the beloved Presbyterian divine, as he sat erect and soldierly upon his horse, attracted considerable attention. The non-commissioned staff, who marched with drawn swords, were Sergeant-Major R. B. Hickok, Quartermaster-Sergeant P. L. Falkiner, Ordnance-Sergeant H. P. Gray, Commissary-Sergeant J. V. B. Moore, Post-Quartermaster-Sergeant J. S. L. Owen.

The Grays (Company A) were commanded by Captain C. Gray Bossieux, with Lieutenants Garrison and Goode and nine commissioned officers. Thirty-five privates were in line, making a total rank and file of fifty-six men.

Captain Frank Cunningham commanded the Walker Light Guard (Company B), and his commissioned officer was Lieutenant J. J. Haverty. Lieutenant William Russell was assigned to duty as adjutant of the Second battalion. Fifty officers and privates of the company paraded.

Captain Harry Lee Watson, the newly-elected commandant, was at the head of Company C, which paraded thirty-five men. Lieutenant J. B. Patton was the next officer in rank, while Lieutenant J. R. Holstead, the other commissioned officer, was detailed as officer of the guard.

Company D, which was commanded by First-Lieutenant Charles A. Crawford, in the absence of Captain Gasser, who had charge of the Second battallion, turned out fifty-seven men.

Captain E. Leslie Spence, officer of the day, commanded Company E, which paraded thirty-five men. The other officers were Lieutenants J. P. Davis and George R. Fairlamb.

Company F, which paraded thirty-two, was commanded by Captain George Wayne Anderson, with Lieutenants S. J. Doswell and G. P. Shackelford.

The Hospital Corps of the regiment turned out in large numbers. The following were the members in line: Acting-Stewards Flavius Glinn, L. H. Burwell, H. L. Cardoza, G. F. Ferrin, P. E. Gibbs, W. H. Goodliff, Samuel Harris, C. V. Jones, Robert Hardwicke, C. H. Kindervater, H. Kindervater, G. E. Matlock, L. B. Samuels, J. P. Scott, W. R. Smith, C. N. Pugh, J. F. Waller, B. P. T. Wood,

W. H. Parker, Jr., L. B. Reams, R. R. Allen, A. G. Allen, and G. E. Bailey.

The Drum-Corps, an important adjunct of the regiment, paraded in full force, and took no trifling part in the procession, for they made themselves heard in their characteristic way.

THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

A battalion of the Fourth regiment followed the First, and was preceded by an excellent band of twenty pieces. Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Hodges commanded, while Major L. A. Bilisoly acted as surgeon, and Lieutenant B. W. Salomonsky as adjutant. The visiting infantrymen presented a splendid appearance. The following were the companies composing the battalion:

Company B (Norfolk), Captain M. Terrall; three non-commissioned officers and fifteen privates, making a total of nineteen men.

Company D (Hampton), Captain G. W. Hope; First Lieutenant, F. W. Couch; Second Lieutenant, J. W. Tennis. Six non commissioned officers and twenty-three privates, making a total of thirty-three men.

Company E (Portsmouth), Captain R. E. Warren; Second Lieutenant, T. C. Owen. Five non-commissioned officers and twenty privates, making a total of twenty-seven men.

Company G (Petersburg Grays), Captain F. R. Lassiter; Lieutenants R. O. Jones and W. L. McGill, and twenty-five privates, making a total of twenty-eight men, rank and file.

Company K (Portsmouth), Captain J. W. Happer; First Lieutenant, E. W. Owen; Second Lieutenant, J. W. Leigh. Seven non-commissioned officers and twenty-six privates, making a total of thirty-six men.

NATIONAL GUARD AND BLUES.

The Provisional battalion, which was commanded by Captain Sol. Cutchins, was preceded by the Blues' Band, which rendered beautiful music as the procession moved along the route.

Company C, of the District of Columbia National Guard, of Washington, was one of the finest-looking organizations in the command. The officers were Captain George E. Pickett, First-Lieutenant E. D. Smoot, and Second-Lieutenant Underwood. There were twelve non-commissioned officers and thirty-five privates, making a total of fifty men.

The Huntington Rifles, of Newport News, were commanded by Captain G. W. Fitchett and Lieutenants R. G. Hughes and J. E. Williams. Six non-commissioned officers and thirty-six privates were in line, making a total of forty-two men.

The Richmond Light Infantry Blues, under command of Lieutenant Clarence Wyatt, paraded fifty-six men, and appeared in the pink of condition. The other officers were Lieutenant William B. Pizzini, Lieutenant E. T. Baker (surgeon), First-Sergeant George Guy, Orderly-Sergeant Frank Steel, Sergeant G. B. Mountcastle (leader of the band), and La Rue Grove, drum-major. The latter attracted considerable attention by the skilful manner in which he twirled the baton.

THE THIRD REGIMENT BATTALION.

The battalion of the Third regiment was commanded by Captain T. S. Keller, and consisted of the following companies:

Company D (Charlottesville), First Lieutenant, L. F. Roberts; Second Lieutenant, J. N. Marshall. Four non-commissioned officers and thirty-three privates; total, rank and file, forty men.

Company E (Lynchburg), Captain F. Camm; First Lieutenant, T. D. Oglesby; Second Lieutenant, W. J. Seabury; Third Lieutenant, W. S. Faulkner. Seven non-commission officers and twenty-four privates, making a total of thirty-five men.

THE ARTILLERY.

The First Battallion of Artillery, which was the largest body of cannoneers that has paraded the streets of this city for years, presented a magnificent appearance as they marched with even pace along the route.

Major W. E. Simons commanded the artillerymen, and the following were the officers of his staff: Captain W. G. Harvey (adjutant), Major Ed. McCarthy (surgeon), Captain J. E. Phillips, Lieutenants R. L. Vandeventer, E. M. Crutchfield, and H. L. Turner.

It is no disparagement to the visiting cannoneers to say that the Richmond Howitzers presented the finest appearance of all the batteries. They paraded mounted and carried their four guns, limber-chests and caissons. Eighty of the gallant artillerymen were in line, and as they marched in the procession, amid the heavy, rumbling sound of the cannon, there was something truly martial in their

appearance. Captain John A. Hutcheson commanded the Howitzers, and his Lieutenants were W. A. Barratt, T. H. Starke and C. W. McFarlane.

The Grimes Battery, of Portsmouth (Battery C), a recently organized company, vied with the Howitzers in neatness of appearance and soldierly demeanor. They were commanded by Captain George W. McDonald and Lieutenants H. R. Warren and W. K. Gale, and paraded fourteen non-commissioned officers and nineteen privates.

The Lynchburg Blues (Battery D), a well-drilled organization, were commanded by Captain John A. Davis and Lieutenant J. F. Graves, and paraded twelve non-commissioned officers and fourteen privates, making a total of thirty men.

SIX TROOPS OF CAVALRY.

The cavalry regiment was the largest body of military horsemen that has been seen in this city since the war, and it was an inspiring sight to behold the troopers as they proudly marched in the procession. Colonel G. Percy Hawes commanded the regiment, and the following were the members of his staff: Lieutenant-Colonel, W. F. Wickham; Major, W. Kirk Mathews; Major Lewis Wheat, M. D., surgeon; Captain H. M. Boykin, adjutant; Captain A. B. Guigon, commissary; Captain E. D. Hotchkiss, ordnance officer; Captain E. D. McGuire, M. D., assistant surgeon. Non-commissioned staff: Captain E. P. Turner, surgeon of Troop B, Surry county; Sergeant-Major W. B. Marks; Commissary-Sergeant, John C. Small; Quartermaster-Sergeant J. F. Bradley; Ordnance Sergeant, E. S. Hazen.

ORGANIZATIONS IN THE REGIMENT.

Troop A (Stuart Horse Guard), Captain Charles Euker, Lieutenants E. J. Euker and J. R. Branch, eleven non-commissioned officers and twenty-five privates, making a total of thirty-nine.

Troop C (Fitz Lee Troop, Lynchburg), Captain T. J. Ingram, First Lieutenant W. M. Seay, Jr., Second Lieutenant H. W. Baker; nine non-commissioned officers, and twenty-five privates—total thirty-seven.

Troop D (Hanover Troop), Captain W. D. Cardwell, First Lieutenant M. P. Howard, Second Lieutenant Fenton Noland; eleven non-commissioned officers and twenty six privates—total forty.

Troop F (Chesterfield Troop), Captain David Moore, First Lieutenant A. C. Atkinson, Second Lieutenant J. C. Winston; eleven non-commissioned officers, and twenty-six privates; total thirty-eight

Troop F (the Ashby Light Horse) made their first appearance before the public in their new uniforms, and as they passed up Franklin street they were frequently greeted with applause. Captain Edgerton S. Rogers was in command, and the other commissioned officers were Lieutenants George B Pegram and C. H. Rose. There were eleven non-commissioned officers and thirty-six privates in line, making a total of forty-nine men rank and file.

GUESTS IN CARRIAGES.

The military were followed by a long line of carriages containing the distinguished visitors. The following is a list of the guests thus honored: Governor P. W. McKinney, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, Colonel C. S. Venable, General James A. Walker, Dr. J. William Jones, Major T. A. Brander, Captain Thomas Ellett, Captain R. B. Munford, Miss Lucy Lee Hill, Miss Russie Gay, Miss Forsythe, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Saunders, Mrs. Ransom, Miss Thomas, Miss Fannie Hill, Miss Minnie Hill, Mrs. Wiltshire, General Fizhugh Lee, General Dabney H. Maury, Dr. J. B. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Bispham, Mr. John Purcell, Mrs. McKinney, Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Miss Lelia Dimmock, Mrs. J. B. Pace, Mr. McIntosh, Miss McIntosh, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. General Heth, Miss Heth, Mrs. W. H. Palmer, Mrs. E. G. Leigh, Mrs. Frank Christian, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Miss Muns, Mr. William L. Sheppard, Mrs. William L. Sheppard, Miss Jennie Ellett, Miss Styles, General D. A. Weisiger, General C. J. Anderson, Colonel R. Snowden Andrews, General James McDonald, Colonel John Murphy, Mrs. J. W. White, Mrs. Christian, Mrs. Brander, Dr. C. H. Todd, Mrs. R. B. Munford, Mrs. Pickett, Colonel Morton Marye, Mr. R. H. Cardwell, and Colonel F. G. Skinner.

In addition to these there were a number of private carriages in the line.

All of the military, with the exception of one company of infantry, wore their fatigue uniforms and forage caps.

APPLAUSE FOR THE "VETS."

The veteran organizations who followed behind the brightly dressed soldier lads were not less inspiring in appearance, and the aged

warriors came in for a liberal share of applause from the multitudes who thronged the streets.

First in the line marched the Pegram Battalion, who wore large straw hats with red bands, upon which was printed the name of their organization. Over a hundred of the old "rebels" were in the line, and despite the heat of the day and the fatigue of the walk, they showed that they had not forgotten how to march.

Captain John Tyler, the president of the battalion, headed the organizations, and the following gentlemen, who wore red rosettes, were his aides: Captain James W. Pegram, Mr. Joseph M. Fourqurean, Colonel J. B. Purcell, Mr. James T. Ferriter, Mr. John S. Ellett, Major A. R. Courtney, Mr. Frank D. Hill, Major A. W. Garber, Mr. C. A. Robinson, Mr. Corbin Warwick, and Mr. H. Cabell Tabb; Courier, Master James A. Langhorne.

Captain Tyler wore the uniform he used during the war, and also had on a white rosette to mark his rank.

The veterans of this organization proudly carried with them two historic Confederate battle-flags, which plainly showed by their appearance that they had been through the ravages of war. One of the tattered banners was the ensign of the old Pegram Battalion, and the other was the flag of Crenshaw's Battery, which was attached to this command.

Next followed Colonel William P. Smith, commander of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, escorted by the members of his staff, who were all mounted.

Behind these came the members of the Lee Camp on foot, dressed in the beloved Confederate gray, and preceded by their drum corps, which made the air quake with their merry music. Colonel A. W. Archer, their commander, was at their head. At least one hundred and fifty of the gallant old soldiers were in the line. Major Robert Stiles, on a spirited horse, accompanied this command. He was dressed in the little gray jacket he wore during the war, and looked every inch a soldier as he galloped around on his steed.

THE MARYLAND VETERANS.

There was a great hurrah from the Virginia soldiers when the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, of Maryland, headed by the Great Southern Band with about thirty pieces, fell into line behind the Lee Camp veterans at Monroe Park. This

body reached the city at 11 o'clock on a special train, and was under command of General George H. Steuart. The party embraced about one hundred members of the society.

General Steuart's staff consisted of Captain Winfield Peters, Major McHenry Howard, Major N. V. Randolph, and Mr. S. W. Travers. The two latter were kindly designated for this duty by order of General Heth. These staff officers, who were all mounted, rendered very efficient services to General Steuart, and it was through their aid and the kindness of Captain Ellett and Major Brander that the Marylanders, who arrived after the column started, were able to get their position in the line.

Among the prominent Marylanders who were in the party were: Colonel Thomas S. Rhett, State-Treasurer Spencer C. Jones, Rev. William M. Dame, Mr. and Mrs. Stacey P. Bispham and Mrs. James G. Wiltshire (the ladies being the neices of General A. P. Hill), Hugh McWilliams, R. M. Chambers, Colonel J. Thomas Scharf, William J. Scharf, Dr. J. G. Heusler, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Carter and Miss Carter, Captain and Mrs. R. P. H. Staub and two daughters, William J. Biedler, Captain Adolph Elhart, and S. A. Kennedy, passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad.

An interesting incident in connection with the attendance of Generals Heth and Steuart at the unveiling of the monument is the fact that they and General Hill were fellow-cadets at West Point Military Academy. General Heth was senior major-general under Lieutenant-General Hill when the latter was killed.

OTHER HOME VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS.

The veterans of Louisa Camp, under the lead of Commander William Overton, came next, and preceded the members of the old First Virginia regiment, who numbered about fifty men. The latter, who were under the command of Colonel F. H. Langley, wore straw hats with black bands, which contained the name of their organization. The Fort Monroe band came next in the procession, and preceded Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No. 3, of Norfolk, which was headed by Commander Walter F. Irvine. The veterans of this organization numbered about seventy-five, and were beautifully uniformed in the regulation suit of gray. Stonewall Camp, No. 4, of Portsmouth, paraded about twenty-five men, who were headed by Commander R. C. Marshall. R. E. Lee Camp, No. 2, of Alexandria, numbered

about twenty-five men, with William A. Smoot as commander. Captain W. Gordon McCabe commanded the veterans of A. P. Hill Camp, No. 6, of Petersburg, which was one of the largest organizations among the division of old soldiers. The drum-corps of this organization preceded the warriors from the Cockade City, who numbered about one hundred. Maury Camp, No. 2, of Fredericksburg, numbered about forty men, and was commanded by W. B. Goodrick. The veterans of George E. Pickett Camp, No. 2, presented a splendid appearance. They numbered about sixty men, and were headed by Commander Catlett Conway.

A number of other Confederate camps and veteran organizations were in line, and among these were the members of the old Thirteenth Virginia Infantry and the Richmond Light Infantry Blues' Association.

THE SONS OF VETERANS.

Last in the military column came the Sons of Confederate Veterans. R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, of this city, numbered about thirty men, and was under the command of Mr. W. Dean Courtney, while R. E. Lee Camp, No. 2, of Alexandria, which was headed by Mr. U. S. Lambeth, numbered about fifteen men. R. S. Chew Camp, of Fredericksburg, presented a splendid appearance, as fifty-four men paraded, and all of them wore the new uniforms of the organization, which are similar to those of the veteran camps. The officers of the Fredericksburg "Sons" are: James A. Turner, commander; W. H. Merchant, adjutant; J. F. Anderson, first lieutenant; John B. Cox, second lieutenant; F. H. Revere, first sergeant; Thomas Larkin, orderly sergeant. This camp was accompanied by Bowering's Band of twenty-three pieces.

The members of the Board of Aldermen and City Council, who rode in hacks, brought up the rear of the line, which was followed by vehicles of every description, which contained people who were going to the unveiling.

AT THE LEE MONUMENT.

As the soldier boys reached the Lee monument each infantry company came to a "carry," and the parade around the statue was to the strains of a funeral dirge. Upon leaving the immortal Lee in bronze the order to reverse arms was executed. This portion of the

proceedings was exceedingly solemn, and more than one follower of the great chieftain looked up at the life-like picture with tearful eyes.

Just beyond the monument was a large number of covered wagons, containing seats, which were in waiting for the procession. They were provided for the veterans, and at this point those who had become fatigued took seats in these vehicles, riding the remainder of the way to the grounds.

After passing the monument the infantry took the old Hermitage road to the grounds, while the prominent visitors and citizens in carriages, buggies and other vehicles kept on around the new drive.

ARRIVAL AT THE STATUE.

Pen-Picture of an Animated Scene—The Disposition of the Organizations.

For an unveiling demonstration such as that of yesterday there could be no prettier place than the site of the Hill monument and its environments. The precise location of the memorial is at the intersection of two grand avenues and on a broad, level, unwooded and unfenced plateau. As has been stated before, it overlooks the scene of some of General Hill's greatest achievements, and the whole locality is indissolubly associated with his name and his fame.

The ceremonies at the monument were appointed to begin at noon, but, as usual on all such occasions, there were unavoidable delays. Long before the hour named, however, the crowd began to assemble at the grounds, and as far as the eye could reach in every direction the sides of the roadways were lined with vehicles of every description, and the clouds of dust in the distance told of more coming. The monument faces to the South, and just in front of it and across the circular drive around it the grand stand had been erected. The structure, which was set apart for the especially invited guests, the orators, &c., was profusely decorated with Confederate and State flags, and Confederate bunting. Just opposite it, and at the foot of the bastion which supports the base of the monument, there was another stand about five feet square, from which the unveiling cords were to be pulled. This was similarly decorated. At both stands and around the monument were veterans from the Lee Camp Soldiers' Home.

THE MARCHERS IN SIGHT.

The head of the advancing column from the city came in sight at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, and when about a quarter of a

mile from the monument the cavalry broke away in a trot across the field to the southeast, the infantry turning into the same field behind them. The whole movement as viewed from a distance was exceedingly striking and realistic, and, whether so intended or not, had the effect of suggesting an effort on the part of the cavalry to head off the infantry. The artillery then moved forward, the camps closing up the gap, and the former after passing in front of the grand stand moved into the field to the west and unlimbered, and the veterans were massed in front of the grand stand and between it and the monument.

In the meantime the guests in carriages had alighted, the marshal and his aides had picketed their horses, and the stand had rapidly filled up. Among those who occupied seats on it were Governor and Mrs. McKinney; Mrs. Saunders, sister of General Hill; Miss Lucy Lee Hill and Mrs. Russie Gay, daughters of General Hill; Mrs. Forsythe, half-sister of Miss Hill and Mrs. Gay; Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, General Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Alexander Cameron, wife, and two daughters; Mr. Charles Talbott, Mrs. Appleton, J. Ide, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Leigh and son, Colonel W. E. Tanner, Mrs. W. J. White, Mrs. Thomas A. Brander, Mrs. Perkinson, Mrs. Fellows, Mrs. Waddy, Ex-Lieutenant-Governor J. L. Marye, Colonel Fred. Skinner, Dr. C. W. P. Brock, Rev. Dr. Hoge, Mr. Arthur B. Clarke, Mr. Robert H. Whitlock, Mr. Joseph Bryan and family, Colonel Snowden Andrews, Mrs. George E. Pickett, Colonel Thomas N. Carter, General G. M. Sorrell, Dr. George Ross, General Field, Colonel Miles Cary, Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin, Colonel Morton Marye, Hon. R. H. Cardwell, Mr. John V. L. Klapp and others.

AN ANIMATED PICTURE.

While the disposition of the various organizations was being made, the picture from the statue was a most animated and inspiring one. There was a clear sweep for the vision in whichever direction one turned. All over the field to the southeast were groups of cavalry, and paralleling the road in the same direction was a long line of glistening musket-barrels. To the immediate rear, the Hermitage road was bordered by vehicles and citizens. To the immediate rear of these, and made all the more prominent by a background composed of another immense throng in citizen's dress, were the Confederate camps and Sons of Veterans, in their gray uniforms and vari-colored badges. To the left and west the red artillery were stationed; here, there, and everywhere staff officers

were galloping over the fields, and on every side fluttered State colors and Confederate battle-flags. Some of these were new, but not a few were bullet-riddled and blood-and-weather-stained, and had waved over many a victorious field, and were dear in every thread to those who gazed upon them.

THE UNVEILING CEREMONIES.

Major Brander Presides, Dr. Newton Prays, and Dr. Jones Presents the Orator.

When a little before 1 o'clock Major Thomas A. Brander, president of the Hill Monument Association, called the assemblage to order it was estimated that there were some fifteen thousand persons on the grounds, and there was a remarkable hush for such a crowd as Rev. Dr. John B. Newton stepped forward and offered the following prayer:

Almighty God and Heavenly Father, in Thee "we live and move and have our being," and without Thee we can do nothing. Bless us, we pray Thee, in our present work.

Put far from us the spirit of evil, and fill us with Thy grace and heavenly benediction.

May all that we do be to Thy glory and to the honor and welfare of Thy people.

Impart to us the love of Thy truth. Inspire us with high and holy purposes. Make us duly sensible of Thy mercies and humbly submissive to Thy will.

Bless our people everywhere. Give them grateful hearts for all the sacred memories of the past; for all that was true and noble in the lives of those whose names we revere, and whose self-sacrificing devotion to duty we this day commemorate. Comfort all who mourn, strengthen the weak, lift up the fallen, and save the perishing.

We ask all in the name of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

THE ORATOR INTRODUCED.

Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, who entered the Confederate army as a private in the Thirteenth Virginia, General Hill's old regiment, and who is known throughout the length and breath of the Southland for his devotion to the Southern cause and its memories, introduced the orator of the day, General James A. Walker. Dr. Jones said:

Mr. President, Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia,
Soldiers of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

If the personal allusion may be pardoned, I will say that I count myself one of the happiest, if not the happiest, man in all this vast crowd assembled here to-day.

Always happy to meet the men who wore the gray—for if there is one man on earth whom I honor and love above another, it is the true Confederate soldier—I delight to mingle in reunions of the survivors of every army of the Confederacy as they gather from Maryland to Texas.

But it is for me always a peculiar pleasure to attend a Confederate gathering in historic, battle scarred heroic old Richmond, and to mingle with the men who followed Lee and Jackson and Longstreet and Ewell and A. P. Hill [great applause], and "Jeb" Stuart; the men who composed the Army of Northern Virginia, the noblest army of heroic patriots that ever marched under any flag, or fought for any cause, "in all the tide of time."

A HAPPY TASK TO DISCHARGE.

And yet a still greater happiness is mine to-day; for, as I look out on this crowd I see the faces and forms of men by whose side I have marched along the weary road, bivouacked in the pelting storm, or went into the leaden and iron hail of battle—the men of the noble old Thirteenth Virginia regiment and the grand old Third Corps assembled to honor themselves by doing honor to our peerless leader—the brave and accomplished soldier, the chivalric Virginia gentleman, the devoted patriot, the martyr hero of our dying cause, "gallant and glorious Little Powell Hill."

I am only to introduce the fitly-chosen orator of the day, and I shall not, of course, be guilty of the gross impropriety of attempting a speech myself, but I am sure that you will pardon me if I say just this: Richmond is fast becoming the "Monumental City."

Her peerless Washington, surrounded by his compatriots of the Revolution of '76—her Lee—her Jackson—her Wickham—her monument to "the true hero" of the war, the private soldier, now being erected—her monument to "the flower of cavaliers," dashing, glorious Jeb Stuart, which is to be erected in the near future—and the projected grand monument to our noble Christian President, soldier,

statesman, orator, patriot—Jefferson Davis—all these will teach our children's children that these men were not "rebels," and not "traitors," but as true patriots as the world ever saw.

A WORTHY WORK WELL DONE.

But I do not hesitate to declare that none of these monuments have been, or will be, more worthily erected than the one we are to unveil here to-day to A. P. Hill—a worthy comrade of that bright galaxy of leaders which made the name and fame of the Southern Confederacy immortal forever. And now it only remains for me not to introduce, for I shall not presume to do *that* to an audience of Virginians and of Confederate soldiers, but simply to announce the orator of the occasion.

The lieutenant-colonel and intimate friend of A. P. Hill, his successor in command of the old Thirteenth Virginia regiment; the man whose heroic courage and high soldierly qualities attracted the attention of Lee and Jackson, and caused them to select him to command the old "Stonewall" brigade, which he ably led until shot down in the "bloody angle" at Spotsylvania Courthouse; the man who succeeded the gallant and lamented John Pegram, and led Ewell's (Early's) old division around Petersburg and to Appomattox Courthouse; the man who was always at the post of duty, was one of the bravest and best soldiers and most indomitable patriots that the war produced—that man has been fitly chosen to speak of A. P. Hill on this occasion, and it gives me peculiar pleasure to announce the name, General James A. Walker, of Wytheville, Virginia, or if my loved and honored old friend and commander will pardon the liberty, I will announce him by a name more familiar still to his old followers and comrades, "Stonewall Jim Walker," the worthy successor of A. P. Hill and of Stonewall Jackson, the man worthy to voice the feelings and sentiments of his old command concerning their loved leader, A. P. Hill. [Applause.]

Dr. Jones spoke with his usual force and vigor, and throughout the crowd punctuated his sentences with cheers.

GENERAL WALKER'S ORATION.

A Splendid Vindication of the South's Love and Reverence for Her Heroes.

As General Walker came to the front, his shattered and almost useless arm hanging limp at his side, a burst of applause went up

that made the welken ring. He was in splendid voice, and spoke with a feeling that carried the crowd with him from the beginning. He said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the
A. P. Hill Monument Association:

We meet to pay tribute to the memory of a comrade whom we love and admire, and who is worthy the love and admiration of all true Southern hearts.

We come thus together in no spirit of disloyalty to the present, or "to the powers that be," but in a spirit of loyalty to the past, and out of reverence for a great nation which perished in its infancy.

The war between the States has long been over; the most prominent actors in that struggle have passed from the stage of life; the angry passions it engendered have subsided, and with no feelings of animosity towards any living on account of that strife; with hearty acquiescence in the settlement of all vexed questions of government and politics fairly submitted to the arbitrament of the sword and fairly decided by the award, the people of the South accepts the result in all its legitimate bearings and just deductions as become a brave and honorable people, but with no feeling of inferiority; with no craven spirit; with no regrets or professions of sorrow for the past, and with no apologies to offer.

They staked their all upon the uncertain chances of war, and they will stand the hazard of the die.

Though overpowered, they are proud of the record they made—of the valor of their armies; of the patriotism and courage of their women, and of the sufferings they endured in a just cause.

They honor and reverence their chosen leaders and cling to their memories with tender recollections, which neither time nor change can efface.

BROKEN WITH THE STORMS OF STATE.

A few months ago, in the city of New Orleans, the President of the Confederate States of America lay dead—"an old man broken with the storms of State," who for twenty-five years had been proscribed and disfranchised by the government under which he lived; denied the rights of citizenship accorded to his former slaves; without country, without fortune or influence, and by whose life or death no man could hope to be gainer or loser.

No mercenary motives influenced a single individual to mourn for him. And yet the whole Southland, all the sons and daughters of the Confederacy, all their children and their grandchildren, from the gray-haired veteran to the infant of tender years, wept over his bier and mourned with genuine heart-felt sorrow for Jefferson Davis.

Dead, but his spirit breathes;
  Dead, but his heart is ours;
Dead, but his sunny and sad land wreathes
  His crown with tears for flowers.

A statue for his tomb;
  Mould it of marble white;
For wrong, a spectre of death and doom;
  An angel of hope for right.

They mourned for him, not because they grieved for the proud banner which was furled, or for the cause which was lost, but because he had been their President, just and true, in the days of their trial and adversity, and because he had been persecuted for their sakes.

History records no more touching scene than the South weeping at the grave of Jefferson Davis—a scene which touched even the bitterest foes of the sad mourners.

Mr. Ingalls, then United States Senator from the State of Kansas; a man as noted for his hatred of the Southern people as for his brilliant talents, from his place in the Senate chamber said: "He could understand the reverence of the Southern people for Jefferson Davis." "He honored them for their constancy to that *heroic man.*" "Ideas could never be annihilated." "No man was ever converted by being overpowered." "Davis had remained to the end, the immovable type, exponent, and representative of those ideas for which he had staked all and lost all."

Such a tribute was scarcely to have been expected from that source, and seems to have been wrung reluctantly from him by the admiration excited by the spontaneous outpouring of the sorrow of a whole people over the loss of their loved and faithful leader. Had these words been all, spoken by that brilliant but bitter man on that occasion, it would have been better for his future fame and better for the country.

But he said more that was uncalled for and unjust to his fellow-citizens of the South. He said: "The South had not forgiven the North for its supremacy and superiority." "If the South could

hold the purse and the sword it was patriotic." "The Southern people had not accepted the amendments to the Constitution in good faith." "They had their heroes and their anniversaries." "They exalted their leaders above the leaders of the Union cause."

To these charges—that the South has its "heroes and its anniversaries;" that it "exalts its leaders above the leaders of the Union cause"—we plead *guilty;* and we are proud of our guilt. Yes, the South has its heroes and its anniversaries. The State of Virginia has, by solemn enactment of her General Assembly, made the natal day of her illustrious son, Robert E. Lee, a legal holiday, equal in in its observance to the birthday of her other great son, George Washington, the father of his country.

If that be treason, let them make the most of it.

OUR HEROES AND OUR ANNIVERSARIES.

And why shall not the South have its heroes and its anniversaries? The South has its history; its traditions; its wrongs; its ruins; its victories; its defeats; its record of suffering and humiliation; its destruction and, worse still, its reconstruction. She has many cemeteries filled with her own patriotic dead, slain fighting her battles; and she has on her soil, beneath her bright skies, larger, more numerous, and more populous cemeteries, filled with brave men, slain in battle by the hands of her warriors.

Is there nothing worthy the song of the heroic muse in all this?

For four years the Confederate government floated its flag over every State beneath the Southern cross, and the Confederate armies carried their battle-flag in triumph from the Rio Grande almost to the capital of the Keystone State, and spread terror to the Great Lakes. Its little navy showed the strange colors of the new-born nation from the Northern sea to the equator, driving the American merchant marine from the high seas, until scarcely a ship engaged in commerce dared show the Stars and Stripes on the Atlantic ocean.

For four bloody years the Confederacy stood the shock of all the power and resources of the greatest republic on the face of the globe, and fought for independence on more than one hundred battle-fields, and at last, when her armies were worn away by attrition and her means of resistance exhausted, succumbed to "overwhelming numbers and resources."

Vanquished, yet victorious;
Overcome, but not humiliated;
Defeated, but not dismayed.

Was there no heroism in all this? Heroes are not made to order. Deeds make heroes—imperishable deeds, born of virtue, courage, and patriotism. Genius may make men great; power and place may make men famous, but the crown which decks the brow of the true hero is more than genius can give or power and place can bestow.

If Robert E. Lee is not a hero in the highest and best sense of the word, can you point to a name on the pages of history more deserving the title? For four years he successfully led the armies of the Confederacy, proudly, grand, supremely great! In the sublime language of the gifted Senator Hill, of Georgia, "He possessed every virtue of all the other great commanders without their vices."

"He was a foe without hate,
A friend without treachery,
A soldier without cruelty,
And a victim without murmuring."

"He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guilt. He was a Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and as grand in battle as Achilles."

And Stonewall Jackson! is he not a hero every inch from spur to plume? His fame is as bright as sun at the noon-day; as fixed and imperishable as the everlasting mountain peaks of his native State. When his spirit passed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees, the unspotted soul of a Christian hero went to its reward. Who denies that he was a military genius? Who says he was not an unselfish patriot? Who does not admit that he was as pure, as simple, and as free from guile as a little child? Amid the lurid lightnings, fierce passions, and dead thunders of the greatest civil war of modern times, when men's minds were full of evil machinations, and their hearts filled with hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he laid down his life; and yet, strange to tell, not one word of unkindness or reproach assailed his memory. The most implacable

of our foes breathed no word of criticism or charged him with a single act or speech unbecoming a true Christian hero. If Stonewall Jackson was not a hero, then the history of the world, its wars and revolutions, its struggles for country and freedom, never knew a man worthy to wear that title.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER'S VALOR.

I might prolong the list, but will speak here of but one other. His name I do not know, but his deeds of valor I have seen, while his courage, his fortitude, and his unexampled achievements all the world admires. This greatest hero of modern times is the private soldier of the Confederate army, who courageously and nobly did his duty, enduring the hardships and privations of his station without a murmur. He was the equal of the most famous soldiers of ancient or modern times. The Grecian phalanx was not more solid. The three hundred at Thermopylæ were not more devoted. The Roman legion was not more steadfast and courageous. The Old Guard was not more reliable and certain in the hour of danger. The Light brigade was not more daring. Half-clad, half-starved, he endured the greatest fatigues and hardships without repining, and faced the heaviest odds without blanching or faltering.

And is it counted strange that the Southern people cherish the memories of these men? Is it a matter of reproach that they have their heroes and their anniversaries? Is it a matter of surprise that they exalt their leaders above the leaders of the Union cause? Does any reasonable man expect less? Does he expect us to exalt General Grant above General Lee; General Sherman above Stonewall Jackson, or General Sheridan above A. P. Hill? [Great and continued applause.]

Blood is thicker than water. The affections of a brave people cannot be transferred from their own leaders to the leaders of the opposing side any more than water can run up hill by the force of gravity. It is contrary to the law of nature. The Southern people respect and admire the brave men who fought against them, and they feel a patriotic pride in their greatness, but they love their own heroes with a love which surpasses the love of woman. They are "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh," and each atom of the dust of their dead who wore the gray is dearer to them than all the dust of all the brave men who wore the blue.

"For in all the colors that deck the world
Your gray blends not with blue.

"The colors are far apart,
Graves sever them in twain,
The Northern heart and the Southern heart
May beat in peace again.

"But still, till time's last day,
Whatever lips may plight,
The blue is blue, but gray is gray,
Wrong never accords with right."

Loyalty to the Government of the United States does not require disloyalty to our own people or our own traditions. Loyalty to the Union does not require that we should love Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, or canonize Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts. In thus honoring and cherishing the memories of their dead, the Southern people honor themselves and exalt themselves in the estimation of all right-minded people. If they failed to do this, they would deserve and receive the contempt of all brave people. The desire to honor the memory of dead friends is a natural instinct, firmly implanted in the human heart, and is as old as the history of the human race.

Sophocles, in his tragedy of Antigone, tells us that when the daughter of Œdipus was brought before Cleon, King of Thebes, accused of paying the rights of sepulture to her brother, Polynices, slain in combat, declared a traitor, and his funeral rites forbidden under penalty of death, she acknowledged and exulted in the deed. And when asked by the king, "And darest thou, then, to disobey the law?" she bravely and defiantly answered the tyrant thus:

"I had it not from Jove,
Nor the just gods who rule below;
How could I ever think
A mortal law, of power or strength sufficient
To abrogate the unwritten law divine,
Immaculate, eternal, not like these
Of yesterday, but made ere time began.
Shall man persuade me then to violate
Heaven's greatest command, and make the gods my foes?
Believe me King: 'Tis happiness to die:
Without remorse I shall embrace my fate.
But to my brother had I left the rites
Of sepulture unpaid, I then indeed
Had been most wretched.
I cannot live to do a deed more glorious."

GALLANT, CHIVALROUS, NOBLE A. P. HILL.

The people of the South have done no deed more glorious than in doing honor to their heroic dead and in perpetuating their memories in enduring monuments and life-like statues.

Out of their poverty, they have erected monuments to Lee and Jackson, and Albert Sidney Johnston, and A. P. Hill. May the good work go on, until Davis, and Joe. Johnston, Jeb Stuart and Ewell, and many others have received the honor. Let every city, town and county in the South erect monuments to Confederate valor, and thus teach future generations to respect the men who upheld the conquered banner. But though many may worthily receive this honor, there is no name more worthy of a monument than he whose statue we unveil here to-day. Gallant, chivalrous, noble A. P. Hill; the daring, dashing, successful military chieftain; the courteous, knightly, kind-hearted gentleman; the unselfish and sincere friend and the devoted patriot; the officer who rose from the rank of colonel to major-general in the short space of ninety days, and who filled every rank in the Army of Northern Virginia from colonel of a regiment to lieutenant-general in the incredibly brief space of fifteen months; the soldier whose military genius, valor and individuality so impressed itself upon every body of troops he commanded that it became famous for its achievements even in the history of that splendid Army of Northern Virginia.

Wherever the headquarter flag of A. P. Hill floated, whether at the head of a regiment, a brigade, a division, or a corps, in camp or on the battle-field, it floated with a grace and a confidence born of skill, ability and courage, which infused its confidence and courage into the hearts of all who followed it.

It was ever advanced nearest the enemy's lines, ever at the post of danger, always in the thickest of the fight. It floated over more victorious fields, and trailed in the dust of fewer defeats than any flag in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Ambrose Powell Hill was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, in the year 1825, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1842. Owing to ill health, he did not graduate until July, 1847, and was immediately ordered to join his regiment in Mexico as second lieutenant of artillery. He reached his post of duty in front of the City of Mexico in time to participate in several of the closing engagements which opened the gates of the city to the

American troops and placed General Scott in possession of the halls of the Montezumas. For gallant conduct in these affairs he was breveted first lieutenant of artillery, having won his spurs in his first battle.

After the close of the Mexican war, Lieutenant Hill was stationed for several years in Florida, leading a quiet, uneventful life, interspersing the routine duties of garrison life with reading, hunting, and fishing. In 1857 he was detailed for service in the United States Coast-Survey Office, at Washington city, where he remained until the Spring of 1861. In this position, as in all others, Lieutenant Hill was faithful and attentive to his duties, and a great favorite with all his brother officers, as well as in the refined circle of society in which he moved. In the year 1860 he married a sister of the distinguished Confederate general, John H. Morgan.

RESPONDED TO VIRGINIA'S CALL.

And now the young soldier's cup seemed full, with nothing more to be desired. In the enjoyment of domestic felicity, possessed of fortune, surrounded by friends, with every prospect of speedy promotion and advancement in his chosen profession, he had every inducement to side with the Union, and every selfish consideration appealed to him to cast his lot with the government he had served from boyhood, and to remain with the flag he had marched under in foreign lands.

When the year 1861 was ushered in, and he saw State after State withdrawn from the Union, and heard their senators and representatives resign their seats in Congress, and war became inevitable, he was urgently appealed to by his army associates to remain in Washington, and was promised that in the event he remained he would not be required to use his sword against his native State.

But the good Virginia blood which coursed through his veins, and which came to him from revolutionary sires, claiming kindred with the old Culpeper minutemen, acknowledged allegiance to no power save Virginia. And as soon as the secession of his State became a fixed fact he resigned his commission in the army, and bidding farewell to old friends and comrades, reported to duty to Governor Letcher, and was commissioned colonel of Virginia volunteers. Colonel Hill was at once ordered to report to General Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the troops on the upper Potomac, and was assigned to the command of the Thirteenth Virginia Infan-

try, made up of companies from the counties of Orange, Culpeper, Louisa, Hampshire, and Frederick, in Virginia, and one company from Baltimore, Maryland. This regiment was composed of splendid material, and by his training and discipline and from the spirit he infused into its officers and men, it was made equal to the best of the regular troops, and became as well known throughout the Army of Northern Virginia as its first loved commander.

Of this regiment General Lee said: "It is a splendid body of men." General Ewell said: "It is the only regiment in my command that never fails." General Jeb Stuart said: "It always does exactly what I tell it." And General Early said: "They can do more hard fighting and be in better plight afterwards than any troops I ever saw."

From Harper's Ferry to Appomattox this splendid body of men carried the battle-flag of their regiment into every battle fought by Lee and Jackson, and never failed. To the last, the remnant of the regiment was as undaunted, as unwavering, and as ready to respond to the order to *charge* as at the beginning, and when at the surrender they stacked arms in front of a division of the Federal army, and set their faces homeward, they marched off with the swinging gait of Jackson's foot cavalry, cheering for Jefferson Davis and for the Southern Confederacy. Though their first loved commander was then dead on the field of honor, his spirit was still with them. "They were as brave as ever fought beneath knightly plume or on tented field."

The pass at Roncesvalles looked not on a braver or a better band when fell before the opposing lance the harnessed chivalry of Spain.

At the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, when the left of the Confederate line of battle was flanked and driven back in confusion, the Thirteenth remained unshaken, and at the word, sprang forward in the face of the advancing column of the enemy to save a battery of Colonel Snowden Andrew's artillery, left unsupported and in imminent danger of being captured. After saving the battery and checking the enemy's advance they held their ground while almost surrounded, until A. P. Hill's division came to the front, and with his victorious line they assisted in driving back the assailing columns for over a mile, and when night closed the pursuit bivouacked in the very front of the Confederate lines, within a pistol-shot of the enemy's position, and fully a mile in advance of the rest of the division. But, asking pardon for this digression, we return to our subject.

M'CLELLAN'S MOVEMENT CHECKED.

In the spring of 1861 General Joseph E. Johnston, learning that General McClellan was organizing a force on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, about New creek, and threatening his flank, sent A. P. Hill with his own (the Tenth Virginia) and Third Tennessee regiments to Romney in Hampshire county, to observe and check the movement. The task was accomplished by Colonel Hill in a manner to call forth honorable mention, and on his return to the army it was confidently expected by his friends that he would be promoted and assigned to the command of the regiments then under him, but the government at Richmond held that Virginia had already more than her share of brigadiers, and that no more appointments would be made from that State for the time being. That Colonel Hill was disappointed at this there can be no doubt, but he submitted without a murmur, and with his three regiments reported to General Arnold Elzey, of Maryland, who had just been promoted, and whose old regiment, the First Maryland united to Hill's three, was known as the Fourth brigade.

At the battle of First Manassas, Colonel Hill's regiment was not engaged, having been sent to the right flank to strengthen a position supposed to be in need of reinforcements. The loss of this opportunity was another source of disappointment, but during the remainder of the year 1861, which was spent in masterly inactivity—Colonel Hill was untiring in his efforts to drill, discipline and organize the raw recruits of which General Johnston's army was composed, and by his experience, his military education, and his skill as an organizer, he contributed much to lay the foundation for the future success and efficiency of that army.

In March, 1862, Colonel Hill received his long-deferred promotion, and was assigned to the command of Longstreet's old brigade, composed of the First, Seventh, Eleventh and Seventeenth Virginia regiments then at Orange Courthouse, on the march to the Peninsula. During the manœuvres around Yorktown, and on the retreat to the Chickahominy, General Hill was distinguished for his energy and activity, and for the skill with which he handled his brigade.

At the battle of Williamsburg, fought on the 5th of May, 1862, against his old schoolmate and friend, General McClellan, his coolness, courage and skill won the admiration of the army and the

applause of the whole country, and marked him for speedy promotion. In May, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of major-general and given command of the division composed of Pender's and Branch's North Carolina, Archer's Tennessee, Gregg's South Carolina, Field's Virginia, and Thomas' Georgia brigades.

In the army then defending Richmond, Hill's division composed the extreme left, stationed along the left bank of the Chickahominy, opposite Mechanicsville, and was not engaged in the battles of Seven Pines and Savage Station. During the thirty days which elapsed between the promotion of General Hill and the beginning of the Seven-Days' battles around Richmond, he spent his time and gave his best energies to the improvement and discipline of his new command, and with what success he labored, and to what state of efficiency he brought it, let its records speak.

A RECORD OF DAZZLING ACHIEVEMENTS.

The record of the "Light division" of the Army of Northern Virginia, with its brilliant achievements, would fill a volume. Active, vigilant, ever ready, never taken by surprise; swift, dashing, yet steady and unflinching under the most trying circumstances; always in the fight, and ever adding fresh laurels to its crown of victory, and wreathing new chaplets of glory for its commander. Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazer's Farm, Slaughter's Mountain, Second Manassas, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Botteller's Ford, Castleman's Ferry, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, besides many combats and skirmishes of less note—all fought in the short space of eleven months—make a record of dazzling achievements which cannot be surpassed in the annals of warfare.

Time will not permit us to dwell upon these events; but at Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam creek, on the 26th of June, Hill's division began the series of battles known as the Seven Days Around Richmond, and bore the brunt of those bloody affairs. The division fought against heavy odds, strongly posted, and achieved success, but with heavy loss. At Cold Harbor, on the 27th, Hill's division was again hurled against the fortifications of the enemy behind Powhite creek, and for two hours sustained the unequal conflict, being again and again repulsed, and as often renewing the attack, dashing in vain against the impregnable position, until on the far left is heard the roar of musketry and the ringing cheer which announces that the Hero of the Valley and his foot-cavalry have gotten into

position and that the crisis of the day is at hand. Then gathering his decimated but undismayed battalions he hurled them once more against the fortifications with irresistible force and dislodged the enemy.

Speaking of this battle, General Lee said: "Hill's single division fought with the impetuous courage for which that officer and his troops are distinguished."

At Savage Station, on the 29th, the rear of McClellan's retreating column is forced to fight, and here again A. P. Hill's command bore the brunt of the day, suffering heavy loss.

At Slaughter's Mountain, where Jackson first showed General Pope a front view of Confederate troops, A. P. Hill retrieved what threatened to be a lost field.

At Second Manassas the Light division was in the "fore-front of the battle;" and contributed largely to the success of the movements of Jackson's corps.

At Sharpsburg General Hill's march from Harper's Ferry, his timely arrival upon the field, his prompt and vigorous assault upon the victorious columns of McClellan saved the Army of Northern Virginia from a serious disaster.

When Stonewall Jackson fell, the question as to who should be his successor was one anxiously asked by the army and by the country. Great events were at hand, and soon the invasion of the North was to be undertaken. All eyes turned to Generals Ewell and Hill as the most worthy to succeed the immortal commander of the Second corps. The reinforcements sent to the army made it advisable, in the opinion of President Davis and General Lee, to divide the Army of Northern Virginia into three corps, instead of two, and on the recommendation of General Lee, General Ewell and General Hill were, in June, 1863, promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and Hill was assigned to the command of Third corps, composed of the divisions of Heth, Anderson and Pender. From that day until the day of his death Hill was ever by the side of General Lee, his trusted and efficient lieutenant.

FROM GETTYSBURG TO FIVE FORKS.

The necessities and casualties of war called Longstreet and Ewell away from the great chieftain, but Hill was always at his right hand in council and in action. To this larger command General Hill

brought the experience and the prestige of success gained as a division commander. From this time forward the life of A. P. Hill is written in the history of that famous corps, and is too well known to be detailed here.

From Gettysburg, in July, 1863, to Five Forks, in March, 1865, it is a record of unceasing activity, sleepless vigilance, and of great battles. At Gettysburg he met and repulsed the corps of Reynolds and Howard, and captured the town. On the retreat from that disastrous field his corps held the post of honor and danger, in rear and nearest the enemy.

No task which falls to a soldier's lot is more difficult to fill than to cover the retreat of a large army, with its trains and artillery. It requires the most sleepless and untiring vigilance to avoid surprise, the coolest courage to face sudden and unlooked-for emergencies, and the faculty of inspiring dispirited, disheartened, and overtaxed soldiers with confidence and courage. How well General Hill was fitted to perform this difficult task the result proves. The entire army, with all its baggage-trains and artillery, was brought safely across the Potomac, and the pursuing army was not able to deliver one single telling blow to the retreating Confederates.

General Hill's corps, like his old division, was ever in motion, always ready to march at a moment's notice, always in the fight, and always giving a good account of itself.

Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, Jerusalem, Plank-Road, Ream's Station, the Crater, Weldon, Hatcher's Run, Petersburg, and many other combats and affairs speak the deeds of Hill and his brave men.

During the seige of Petersburg, Hill's corps was on the right of the army, which was the exposed flank, and which it was General Grant's constant aim and object to turn in order to cut General Lee's communication with the South, and force him to retreat. To avert repeated efforts to accomplish this cherished design, kept the Third corps in constant motion, while the rest of the army was left in comparative quiet. From July to March, every effort in that direction was met and defeated by General Hill with promptness and without heavy loss on his part. During the campaign of 1864, the Third corps captured from the enemy thirty pieces of artillery, large quantities of small arms and military stores, and more prisoners than it numbered, without the loss of a single gun, and with the loss of but few prisoners. The early spring of 1865 found the Army of North-

ern Virginia reduced to an attenuated skirmish-line, extending from the Chesapeake and Ohio railway on the north of Richmond to the Norfolk and Western railroad on the south of Petersburg, a distance of over thirty miles, and confronted by an enemy more than three times its own numbers. The odds were too great to hope for successful resistance, and when General Grant massed his well-equipped veterans on General Lee's right, in front of Hill's corps, the "beginning of the end" had been reached.

HOW HILL WAS KILLED.

On the morning of the 2d of April the heavy columns of the enemy attacked the centre of Hill's corps, and after a short but sharp engagement broke through his lines and severed the two wings of the command. After this disaster General Hill attempted to force his way through the enemy's pickets in order to put himself in communication with that portion of his command from which he had been cut off.

The attempt was desperate, and those around him sought to dissuade him from making it, but A. P. Hill was never known to shrink from any personal danger when duty called, and, accompanied by a single courier, he galloped along the road which ran in rear and parallel to his lines, encountering and firing his pistol at several of the enemy's stragglers until he came suddenly upon a group of sharpshooters. He advanced and summoned them to surrender, but was answered by a volley which killed him almost instantly, and wounded the courier. As he fell from his horse the only words he spoke were to say to his faithful follower, "Take care of yourself."

Thus ended the life of the noblest type of manhood that nature ever produced. Thus closed the career of one of the most brilliant and accomplished soldiers of modern times. Thus fell the ardent patriot whom his people loved. Thus "died on the field of honor" the commander whom the army idolized. His leading characteristics as a commander were celerity of movement and the ability to march his troops in good order on the shortest notice and in the shortest time. In this respect he resembled and rivalled Stonewall Jackson. Endurance, energy, courage and magnetism were his in a high degree. His soldiers believed in him with an abiding faith, and in the darkest hour his presence was hailed as the harbinger of light and victory. Added to these qualities was his superiority as

tactician, which enabled him to take in the situation of a battle-field at a glance, to do the right thing at the right moment, and seize upon and profit by every blunder of his adversary.

With all his fiery zeal, he was ever mindful of the safety of his men, and never exposed them to useless punishment for his own glory. He understood thoroughly the character of the volunteer troops under his command, and accorded them the respect due to citizen-soldiery, but demanded of them the strictest performance of every military duty and tolerated no flagrant breach of discipline. He looked closely after their rights, their safety and their comfort, often visiting the hospitals to see after his sick and wounded, and gave his personal attention to the workings of every department of the service. He was inexorable in requiring of his staff the strictest attention to their duties. He loved a good soldier, and was his friend, but to the skulker and the coward he was a terror, and the higher the rank of the offender, the more certain and severe the punishment. With his own hands he would tear from the uniform of officers the badges of their rank when found skulking on the battle-field.

SOME OF HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

Like Napoleon at Lodi, he would mingle in the ranks like "a little corporal" when the occasion demanded, and with his own hands help man the guns of the batteries. He was affable and readily approached by the humblest private; but the officer next in rank never forgot when on duty that he was in the presence of his superior.

No commander was ever more considerate of the rights and feelings of those under him, or sustained the authority of his subordinate officers with more firmness and tact.

If a deserving officer committed a blunder or was guilty of an unintentional violation of orders or discipline he would speak to him privately and kindly of his fault, but would never let those under his command know that he had censured the offender.

He was quiet in manner, courteous and polite to all when not aroused, but when justly excited to anger was hard to appease. Punctillious in the observance of all the forms of military etiquette in his intercourse with others, he resented any failure to treat him with due courtesy. This led to an unpleasant difference between General Jackson and himself, which came near depriving the Army of Northern Virginia of the services of A. P. Hill.

The circumstances as related by General Hill were these:

On several occasions General Jackson had given orders in person to General Hill's brigade commanders without his knowledge. This General Hill resented as a breach of courtesy to him and protested against it.

One day while on the march he left the head of his command for a short while, and on his return found the leading brigades had gone into camp. On inquiry he found that General Jackson had given the order to his troops in his absence. Stung by what he considered an affront, and seeing General Jackson and his staff near by, he rode up to him and excitedly said: General Jackson, you have assumed command of my division, here is my sword; I have no use for it." To this General Jackson replied: "Keep your sword General Hill, but consider yourself under arrest."

For several days General Hill remained with his troops, but not in command, and at his own request was allowed to take command in the battle which was fought in a few days, and afterwards remained in command. But the breach thus made was not readily healed, and General Lee interposed to reconcile their differences. He had several interviews with them separately and sought to pour oil on the troubled waters. At length he induced them to meet at his quarters and used every argument to effect a compromise, but each insisted that he was the injured party and refused to yield. To this General Lee replied: "Then let him who thinks he has been injured most prove himself most magnanimous by forgiving most."

This grand appeal was irresistible, and effected a reconciliation which made it possible for the corps and division commanders to serve together in harmony, and with feelings of mutual respect for each other.

THE LAST NAME ON THEIR LIPS.

When Stonewall Jackson was dying, when his senses had ceased to respond to the scenes around him, and his thoughts were with his brave troops, and he was once more in imagination at the head of his invincible corps, he called the name of the commander of the "Light Division" on whom he had never called in vain; and "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action" fell from his dying lips.

And in General Lee's last hours, when his mind reverted to the stirring scenes of his military career, and once more he rode at the

head of his armies, directing their movements he, too, called upon the commander of the Third corps, on whose strength he had so often leaned in the hour of peril, and his last command was "Tell A. P. Hill he must come up."

In personal appearance General Hill was about five feet ten inches high, slightly but perfectly formed, and looked every inch a soldier born to command. His features were regular and his face attractive but not handsome. His every posture and movement was full of grace, and in any dress, however remote from camps, his military bearing and martial step would betray the soldier by birth and by training. He was a splendid horseman and was always well mounted. He was simple in his taste and dressed plainly but neatly, preferring the ease and comfort of his fatigue jacket to his general's uniform with its stars and its wreath. He cared little for the pride and pomp of war, and commonly went attended by a single staff-officer or courier. As has been so well said by another: "In all his career he never advanced a claim or maintained a rivalry. The soul of honor and of generosity, he was ever engaged in representing the merits of others." Of all the Confederate leaders he was the most genial and lovable in his disposition.

And now our task is done, but the memories of the past cluster thick around us, and we could linger on this spot for hours talking with comrades.

> "Of this warrior tried and true,
> Who bore the flag of a nation's trust,
> And fell in a cause, though lost; still just;
> And died for me and you."

Loved comrade, brilliant soldier, chivalrous spirit, true-hearted friend, accomplished gentleman, ardent patriot—Ambrose Powell Hill, we dedicate this monument to thy memory as a feeble token of the love of old comrades and a faint expression of the admiration of the Southern people, for whom you fought and died so bravely.

We hail thee as a hero! worthy of a monument in this historic city by the side of thy great commanders, Lee and Jackson; and fit companion for him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Greater honors than this has no man received, and none greater can any man aspire to.

THE STATUE EXPOSED TO VIEW.

Little Miss Meems Pulls the Cord—Salutes and Cheers—The Lunch.

General Walker occupied about forty-five minutes in delivering his speech. At its conclusion the Maryland Band played a short air, and Master Lewis Walke Brander, son of Major Thomas A. Brander, picked little Virginia Preston Meems up in his arms and carried her from the grand-stand to the unveiling-stand.

It was a pretty picture as he threaded his way through the mass of veterans with the dainty, dark-haired little one clinging to him, her arms around his neck and her soft eyes full of wonder.

Litttle Virginia is a granddaughter of Colonel William H. Palmer, General Hill's chief of staff. On the unveiling-stand had gathered the flag-bearers of the various veteran organizations, and the child in her fluttering white dress was a striking centre-piece to this group.

THE GREAT SCENE.

At 2 o'clock a bugle gave the signal to commence firing. This was answered by a gun loaded and fired by a detail from the Pegram Battalion Association and little Miss Meems pulling the red cords that laced together the canvass. It dropped, exposing the statue to view. For a second there was a dead silence; then cheer after cheer burst from the vast throng, which rang out clear above the guns of the Howitzers on the right and the crash of musketry on the left. The infantry fire opened with a skirmish rattle, but soon came down to steady, well-delivered volleys.

It was not long after the salute had been fired before the order came to fall in, and the return march to the Exposition building was commenced.

THE LUNCH IN THE AFTERNOON.

After the unveiling ceremonies were over the veterans and young infantrymen and cavalrymen fell into line and proceeded to the Exposition Grounds, where a splendid lunch had been prepared under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Lee Camp. The spread was served in the main building, and the interior of this place presented a jolly scene indeed, when the marchers were safely esconced around the festive board. Arms had been staked in long lines,

and men in uniforms of all descriptions entered the great struggle to get to the tables.

The lunch was daintily served without form or ceremony, by a number of ladies, and it would but do them justice to say that the magnificent manner in which they managed the large concourse of hungry soldiers bespoke their proficiency as caterers.

Immediately upon entering the hall the large letters "Richmond Beer" struck the eye of every one, and it was here that the weary, thirsty pedestrian satisfied both these feelings with a few glasses of that well-known beverage, which is made right at home. Not far distant from this place was the lemonade and ice-water stand, which was also a spot of great solace and comfort to the more temperate soldiers.

THE OLD FIRST.

The members of the "Old First" were in a particularly jolly humor, and after refreshing themselves they secured seats, and quite a little time was spent in recounting war incidents.

Not a single drunken man was observed in the Exposition building.

It was a pretty sight when all the militia were in line in the main hall and the column was marching around to the delightful strains of music furnished by the Great Southern Band, of Baltimore.

LUNCH AT LABURNUM.

The beautiful country residence of Mr. Joseph Bryan, "Laburnum," situated just south of the monument, presented in the highest sense a perfect type of Virginia hospitality. Guests to the number of three hundred had been invited in an informal way, including the orator of the day, Chief Marshal General Heth and staff, the Governor of Virginia and staff, General Fitzhugh Lee, General Dabney H. Maury, and other distinguished guests.

A large tented dining-table extended across the spacious and beautiful lawn, and at either end were tents from which was dispensed from the rich and healthful lactilic and cooling cold tea to the more substantial Appollinaris water. Beautiful young ladies from the city and country, friends of the family, and others assisted the gracious host and hostess in their untiring efforts to give substantial comforts to their guests. It was a real old Virginia spread, dispensed in old Virginia style, and one which was not only enjoyed, but one which will not soon be forgotten.

THE ORATOR AND CHIEF MARSHAL.

Brief Sketches of Generals James A. Walker and Harry Heth.

General James A. Walker, the unveiling orator, was born near Mt. Sidney, Augusta county, Virginia, August 27, 1833, and educated at the Virginia Military Institute. On leaving the Institute, where he had a difficulty with Stonewall Jackson, which led to his sending the latter a challenge, he accepted a position in the engineer corps of the Covington and Ohio railway, now the Chesapeake and Ohio, but after eighteen months of service resigned and commenced the study of law under the late Colonel John B. Baldwin. Later he took the law ticket at the University of Virginia. About the year 1855 he removed to Northern Pulaski county, Virginia. He secured a good practice, and in 1865 was elected Commonwealth's attorney of his adopted county. When the war broke out General Walker entered the Confederate army as captain of the Pulaski Guard. Subsequently he commanded the Thirteenth Virginia, and later was made a brigadier-general, and commanded the Stonewall brigade. He was desperately wounded at the Wilderness, but in July, 1864, though still suffering with his wound, returned to the field and served to the end of the war. Nominated in 1868 for Lieutenant-Governor on the Conservative ticket with Withers, which ticket was withdrawn, he was in 1871 elected a member of the House of Delegates. In 1877 he was put on the ticket for Lieutenant-Governor, and was elected. Of late years he has devoted himself almost entirely to his profession. General Walker, or Stonewall Jim Walker, as he is known to the veterans, was one of the most desperate fighters in the Army of Northern Virginia.

THE CHIEF MARSHAL.

General Harry Heth, chief marshal of the parade, was born in this State in 1825, and graduated from West Point in 1845. He was assigned to the Sixth Infantry, became first lieutenant in 1853, adjutant in 1854, and captain in 1855. At the breaking out of the war he promptly resigned his commission in the United States army, and offering his services to his native State, was made a brigadier-general. In May, 1863, he was promoted to major-general, and commanded a division in Hill's corps.

General Heth in war and in peace has been one of the most modest of men, but whenever duty called he has responded. His record as a soldier, Virginia claims as one of her brightest jewels.

HIS CHIEF OF STAFF.

Colonel William H. Palmer, General Heth's chief of staff yesterday, is a native of this city, and one of our most prominent and popular business-men. He entered the Confederate army with the old First Virginia, who still claim him, and rose to the position of General Hill's assistant adjutant-general and chief of staff. He was every inch a soldier, and, like his beloved commander, won every insignia of rank he wore by his gallantry.

FEATURES OF THE CELEBRATION.

Incidents Observed Along the Line of March—Notes About Prominent Visitors.

The parade, which was well managed throughout, while devoid of startling incidents, partook of a great many interesting features. As the soldier boys and veterans proceeded out Franklin street their march was through unbroken chains of spectators, among which the female element predominated in great numbers.

The street on both sides was lined with pretty girls and their gallant beaux, who endeavored apparently to split their throats with cheers, as company after company, camp after camp would pass.

The music of the merry multitude, coupled with that of the several bands in the parade, was enough to make the "old vets" step spryly and toss their hats into the air as they passed the residences of well-known comrades.

MOVING OUT FRANKLIN STREET.

Moving up Grace street from the Capitol Square the procession turned down Fifth and into Franklin. At this corner there were fully two thousand eager spectators, and the cheering they gave was deafening.

When the entire procession had fully got into Franklin street it extended almost from Third street to the Lee monument, and the scene presented was one of gorgeous beauty. The shining barrels of the musketry, the glittering red and blue uniforms, the vari-

colored costumes of the thousands of ladies that terraced the sidewalks, lawns, porticos, and filled the windows of almost every residence, and the flying bunting and flags, coupled with the inspiring music of drums and bands, gave the street such an appearance as it has not had since the unveiling of the Lee statue in 1890.

THE DECORATIONS.

Many residences along the line of march were very beautifully decorated, and from both sides of Franklin street there fluttered thousands of flags and colors, while streamers and drapings of rich bunting were tossed about by the breezes Perhaps the most artistically dressed house on this popular thoroughfare was the Commonwealth Club. From the stately windows of this palatial structure huge flags and streamers of bunting gracefully floated. Among the other most prettily-dressed houses on Franklin street were the "Baltimore Row" and the residences of Messrs. W. L. Royall and J. B. Pace.

The soldier boys were viewed as they passed the Commonwealth Club by about three hundred gentlemen, most of them members of the club. The pretty green lawn was covered.

Only upon one occasion—the unveiling of the Wickham monument—was there ever a larger crowd upon Monroe Square than that which gathered there to witness the great street pageant on yesterday. The pretty green sward was covered with a great multitude of humanity, which embraced hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, equally as many children, while the number of baby-carriages was far greater. There was much cheering from this point, especially when the Marylanders fell into line with the other pedestrians.

THE PRETTY GIRLS CHEERED.

Richmond's girls never looked more beautiful than upon this occasion. It seemed that there were fully fifty thousand on Franklin street alone, besides those in carriages, buggies, and other vehicles, and from the pretty dress of every one fluttered a little *souvenir* badge, which in addition to the enthusiasm evinced by them throughout the day demonstrated the fact that Virginia ladies are patriotic as well as her men. As the great column passed down the street more than one fair belle received cheers from the gay soldiers.

At Fifth and Franklin streets, before the procession started, a spirited horse became unruly and rushed upon the pavement, which was crowded with persons. It was almost a miracle that no one was hurt. The rider had finally to get down and lead his horse away.

Colonel John S. Cunningham, of North Carolina, a member of the staff of Governor Holt, of that State, was among the prominent guests in carriages. He was cheered by friends as the procession went out Franklin.

SUFFER FROM SUNSTROKE.

While on the line of march two infantrymen fell while suffering from sunstroke. The ambulance was summoned, and they were treated and taken away. Owing to the great amount of dust and the hot and oppressive weather it was marvellous that no other sunstroke occurred.

It was remarked by many that Dr. Eddie Baker, lieutenant-surgeon of the Richmond Blues, and commanding officer of the second company, was one of the handsomest soldiers in the parade.

Governor McKinney and Mayor Ellyson, who occupied one of the two carriages which led the procession, were loudly cheered on all sides, and General Fitz Lee was given an almost constant ovation.

Quite a bevy of girls cheered the soldiers on their way out to the unveiling from the switch-back in the Exposition grounds.

The Richmond Light infantry Blues entertained the Washington and Newport News military companies, and as this organization always does, it showed the visitors great hospitality. A wagon filled with "solids and liquids" followed the procession out to the monument, and was there, in the middle of the day, placed at the disposal of the Blues' guests.

OTHER NOTES OF INTEREST.

Among the prominent strangers at the unveiling was Hon. A. P. Rowe, mayor of Fredericksburg, who has just been re-elected for his third term under very unusual circumstances. Mr. Rowe declined to be a candidate for re election, but his administration had been so satisfactory to the citizens of Fredericksburg that, notwithstanding his declination, he was voted for on election-day and elected by a majority of one hundred and eighty eight over two other opponents, both of whom were prominent men.

It is a remarkable fact that not a single one of the numerous old veterans who took part in the parade yesterday became stricken down by the heat, while two of the younger soldiers had to be carried from the line of march in the city ambulance.

There was, to all appearances, less drunkenness on the streets yesterday than has ever been seen here before upon a big public occasion.

By some oversight the newspaper fraternity was greatly inconvenienced at the unveiling yesterday, in that no accommodations had been provided for the reporters, who, in getting up their reports, could only make memorandums while standing upon the backs of the chairs in the grand stand or upon the ground among the jolting, jostling crowd.

Quite a ludicrous feature in the parade was a genuine negro of deepest black, wearing a long linen duster, a white beaver, a bandanna handkerchief, and carrying a Confederate flag in one hand, and a placard in the other, which announced the fact that Washington's old headquarters were at 1916 east Main street.

Colonel M. L. Spotswood, the newly-elected Commonwealth's attorney, who occupied one of the carriages containing prominent citizens, received many ovations as he passed through the multitude that had gathered on Franklin street.

The Commonwealth Club was the most prettily-decorated house on Franklin street.

One of the most delightful features of the unveiling was the music furnished by the Great Southern Band, which organization accompanied the Maryland veterans.

A great many old veterans had to walk from the monument to the Exposition building, where the lunch was served, because the wagons provided for them had gone.

The ambulance was summoned at 5 o'clock to the Exposition Grounds to several soldiers who were suffering from fatigue on account of the long march in the sun. They were treated and turned over to their friends, who carried them to their homes.

The carriage in which governer McKinney was seated, and which headed the line of carriages, was escorted by his staff in full uniform.

General Heth's three couriers were Masters E. V. Williams, L. W. Brander and Thomas W. Brander. They wore blue sashes.

A group of war Howitzers—embracing Major H. C. Carter, Jeter Bosher, J. B. Lambert, Carlton McCarthy, W. H. McCarthy, J. V.

L. McCreery, Charles Poindexter, Major Robert Stiles, and others—marched together in the parade, cheered themselves hoarse, and manfully braved the heat and dust of the long march.

BREAKING RANKS AND LEAVING THE CITY.

Just before the command to "break ranks" was given to the First Virginia regiment at the armory yesterday evening, Colonel Henry C. Jones thanked the soldier boys for their gentlemanly deportment throughout the day, and commended them especially for the military decorum they had observed. He asserted that within the next two years, judging from present prospects, the regiment would be second to no similar organization in the United States.

The visiting millitary companies began to leave the city immediately after the return from the exercises at Hollywood, and at 10 o'clock last night the armories were as quiet as they are when the boys are all off at encampment.

The Monticello Guards, of Charlottesville, were the last infantrymen to take their departure, while the Lynchburg and Surry companies of cavalry were the last of all the organizations to leave the city.

All the visiting militia were loud in the praises of the Richmond soldier boys, and declared that they had a most enjoyable time.

GENERAL HETH ENTERTAINED LAST NIGHT.

General Harry Heth, chief marshal of the parade yesterday, was handsomely entertained by a number of his friends at the Westmoreland Club last night. An elegant supper was served and an evening of real pleasure was had. General Heth was the first president of the Westmoreland, and has hosts of friends who are now prominent members of the club.

A number of the other prominent visitors were guests last night at the Westmoreland and Commonwealth clubs.

THE MARYLANDERS WERE PLEASED.

The Maryland veterans who took part in the unveiling ceremonies were delighted beyond measure with the hospitable reception they received in this city. The visitors from Virginia's sister State reached

the city on a special car at 11 in the morning and left at 6 in the afternoon. They left their coach at Elba and immediately joined in the procession.

When General Fitz Lee saw General Steuart, the commander of the Maryland veterans, with whom he is well acquainted, he exclaimed in his characteristic way: "Well, I declare! I believe that if all of you Maryland fellows were to die except one, that fellow would come down here with a brass band to take part in the unveiling of a Confederate monument."

The visitors, accompanied by their magnificent band, partook of a big banquet in the main hall of the Exposition building, and while here they were introduced to the daughters and neices of General Hill. The Maryland band gave the distinguished Southern ladies a beautiful serenade, which was gracefully acknowledged.

GENERAL DAVID BULLOCK HARRIS, C. S. A.

A Brief Sketch of His Life and Services.

Brigadier-General David Bullock Harris, a descendant of an early settler and planter of Henrico, one of the eight original shires of the Colony of Virginia, was born at Frederick's Hall, Louisa county, Virginia, September 28, 1814. His father, Captain Frederick Harris, served in the war of 1812; was one of the founders of the old Louisa railroad and its first and continuous president until his death. This road became, subsequently, the Virginia Central railroad, and is now known in its extension as the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

David B. Harris, after having enjoyed the advantages of the classical schools of his native county, entered West Point Military Academy July 1, 1829, and was graduated thence July 1, 1833, the seventh in his class of forty-three cadets, which included Generals John G. Barnard, George W. Cullum, Rufus Smith, Edmund Shriver, Alexander E. Shiras, Henry Dupont, Benjamin Alvord, and H. W. Wessell, of the Federal army, and Generals Francis H. Smith and Daniel Ruggles, and Colonels A. C. Myers (Quartermaster-General) and J. Lucius Davis, of the Confederate army. His grade of graduation was most creditable, his age being considered. His drawings in the

Engineering class were deemed by Professor D. H. Mahan as equal to any executed at the celebrated German school at Metz, and they were kept at West Point as studies.

He was appointed brevet second lieutenant First United States Artillery July 1, 1833, and served in the war with the Creek Nation of Indians until March 6, 1834, when he was promoted second lieutenant First Artillery, and March 18, 1834, assigned to duty as Assistant Professor of Engineering at West Point, serving as such until his resignation, August 31, 1835, at the request of his father, and against his own inclinations, which were predominantly for a military life. His resignation was much to the regret of General Winfield Scott, who wrote to his father that he was the most promising young officer in the army. He served as assistant engineer in the construction of the James River and Kanawha canal, 1835–1837, and latterly in some railroad surveys in the mountains of Virginia. In 1835 he joined a relative in large operations in tobacco at Cloverport, Kentucky, meeting with much success financially. He originated the Scrap hogshead, in which a large business has since been done. He visited Europe in 1848, and met in London Miss Eliza L. Knight, who became his wife in 1849. He engaged in farming at his seat, "Woodville," Goochland county, Virginia, from 1845 to 1861, never relinquishing, however, his operations in tobacco at Frederick's Hall and Petersburg. He was also interested in other mercantile ventures. He, like many other Virginians, was not an original Secessionist, and hoped that the impending strife might be averted. The call, however, of President Lincoln for troops from Virginia in 1861 instantaneously decided him, and he tendered his services to the Confederacy. A command was offered him, which, from his long abandonment of military life, he felt a hesitancy in accepting. At the request of General Lee he was assigned to the Engineer corps as captain. He it was, it is said, who placed General Jackson in the position, the stern holding of which gained for him the famed soubriquet of "Stonewall." He planned the fortifications of Centreville and other points, and made, it is said, the most correct map of the battlefield of Manassas extant. Accompanying General Beauregard to the West, he planned the fortification of Island No. 10, Fort Hilton, and Vicksburg. He also accompanied a reconnoitering expedition into Kentucky, sent out by General Bragg. When General Beauregard was ordered to Charleston, by his request, General Harris accompanied him as engineer, and constructed the defences there with such

consummate skill that they withstood all assault, and only fell into the hands of the enemy upon evacuation.

He directed the irresistable armament of Battery Wagner, the defence of which is so thrillingly depicted in the eloquent address of Colonel Twiggs in preceding pages of this volume. He was subsequently sent by General Beauregard to Florida, and after the battle of Ocean Pond (Olustee), drove in the enemy's pickets and established a line of General Finnegan's force. When General Beauregard was called to Petersburg to aid in the vital defence of Richmond, General Harris followed from Florida and began at once the construction of his grand series of fortifications which as Grant facetiously remarked "bottled up Butler." He also planned the defence of Drewry's Bluff and advised the countermining at the Crater, but was not present at the explosion, his services having been called to another point. His services were next solicited at Mobile, but his shattered health, occasioned by his long and arduous service, influenced the War Department to give him a leave of absence to try the effect of home comforts in recruiting his health. The duration of his leave was left to his own discretion as to his ability for service.

On his return to Richmond, still in feeble health, he was ordered by President Davis to proceed at once to Charleston.

The yellow fever prevailed there at the time, and contracting the dread disease General Harris died at Summerville, South Carolina, in less than a week after his arrival there, on October 10, 1864. His remains were subsequently removed to Richmond and interred in Hollywood Cemetery.

He left a wife and eight children; three sons—David, Richard and Alexander Barrett, and five daughters—Frederika (wife of Page Morton, of Richmond, Virginia), Charlotte, Juliana (wife of Judge A. R. Leake, of Goochland county, Virginia), Eliza and Eva Virginia.

Distinguished officers of the late Confederate army have borne the warmest testimony to the merit of General Harris.

General Beauregard wrote: "He was the only officer in his command who never made a mistake; that he always exceeded his most sanguine expectations; that his rank never equalled his true position, and that Charleston and Petersburg should each erect a monument to his memory." General J. F. Gilmer wrote: "His works and courage had never been surpassed, and the country had never known the extent of his services, nor had his qualities of head and

heart been appreciated by those whom he had served so faithfully." General Thomas Jordan wrote: "He was not only a hero but a soldier of the highest mental attainments, and the Confederacy held no man better fitted to command an army." General Fitzhugh Lee wrote: "His reputation was second to none in his native State;" and many others bore like earnest tribute.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF VIRGINIA.

ROSTER OF THE ORGANIZATION.

Camps, Grand Camps and United Confederate Veterans.

The objects of the Confederate Veterans command the noblest instincts of humanity. What they have done and may accomplish is to some extent set forth in preceding pages of this volume. To R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, is due the honor of the establishment of that noble institution and beneficent Soldiers' Home.

The following is the roster of the Grand Camp of Virginia, as constituted for one year by annual meeeting held at Roanoke, Virginia, June 23, 1892:

Grand Commander, Colonel Thomas A. Brander, Richmond, Virginia.

First-Lieutenant Grand Commander, Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg, Virginia.

Second-Lieutenant Grand Commander, Colonel Daniel M. Lee, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Third-Lieutenant Grand Commander, Colonel Thomas Lewis, Roanoke, Virginia.

Quartermaster-General, Major Washington Taylor, Norfolk, Virginia.

Inspector-General, Colonel Charles Syer, Portsmouth, Virginia.

Chaplain-General, Rev. Beverley D. Tucker, Norfolk, Virginia.

Surgeon-General, Dr. R. B. Stover, Richmond, Virginia.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GRAND COMMANDER.

Adjutant-General, Captain Thomas Ellett, Richmond, Virginia.

AIDES-DE-CAMP.

Comrade James N. Stubbs, Wood's X Roads, John R. Cooke Camp, Gloucester county, Virginia.

Comrade J. E. Rockwell, A. P. Hill Camp, Petersburg, Virginia.

Camps Composing the Grand Camp, their Location, Commanders, with Post-Office Address, are as follows:

No. 1. R. E. Lee, No. 1, Richmond, Virginia, T. P. Pollard.

No. 2. Maury, No. 2, Fredericksburg, Virginia, Thomas F. Procter,

No. 3. Pickett-Buchanan, Norfolk, Virginia, Walter F. Irvine.

No. 4. Stonewall, Portsmouth, Virginia, R. C. Marshall.

No. 5. R. E. Lee, No. 2, Alexandria, Virginia, William A. Smoot.

No. 6. A. P. Hill, No. 6, Petersburg, Virginia, W. Gordon McCabe.

No. 7. Clinton-Hatcher, Leesburg, Virginia, E. V. White.

No. 8. Sam. Garland, Lynchburg, Virginia, Kirk Otey.

No. 9. George E. Pickett, Richmond Virginia, R. N. Northen.

No. 10. R. E. Lee, No. 3, Hampton, Virginia, A. S. Segar.

No. 11. Urquhart-Gillette, Courtland, Virginia, L. R. Edwards, Franklin, Virginia.

No. 12. John R. Cooke, West Point, Virginia, H. M. Miller.

No. 13. William Watts, Roanoke, Virginia, S. S. Brooke.

No. 14. John Bowie Strange, Charlottesville, Virginia, J. M. Garnett.

No. 15. Pierre Gibson, No. 15, Culpeper, Virginia, D. A. Grimsley.

No. 16. Callcote-Wrenn, Isle of Wight Courthouse, Virginia, N. F. Young.

No. 17. Ewell, Prince William county, Virginia, H. F. Lynn, Catharpin, Virginia.

No. 18. J. E. B. Stuart, Reams' Station, Virginia, M. A. Moncure.

No. 19. Thornton-Pickett, Farmville, Virginia, S. W. Paulett.

No. 20. Stover, Strasburg, Virginia, Mason Bly, Lebanon, Virginia.

No. 21. J. A. Early, Rocky Mount, Virginia, G. W. Helms.

No. 22. Turner Ashby, Winchester, Virginia, Charles W. McVicar.

No. 23. Magruder-Ewell, Williamsburg, Virginia, T. J. Stubbs.

No. 24. J. E. B. Stuart, Berryville, Clarke county, Virginia, Samuel J. C. Moore.

No. 25. Stonewall Jackson, Staunton, Virginia, Frank B. Berkeley.

No. 26. L. A. Armistead, Boydton, Virginia, Charles Alexander.

No. 27. Louisa, Louisa Courthouse, Virginia, William Kean, Thompson's X Roads, Virginia.

A convention of delegates from the camps of the several Southern States assembled in New Orleans, Louisiana, June 10, 1889, and effected a general organization known as the "United Confederate Veterans," the first article of which Association declares:

"The object and purpose of this organization will be strictly social, literary, historical and benevolent.

It will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the States; to preserve the relics or mementoes of the same; to cherish the ties of friendship that should exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common sufferings and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve the record of the services of every member, and as far as possible, of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity."

The last article provides that neither discussion of political or religious subjects nor any political action shall be permitted in the organization, and any association violating that provision shall forfeit its membership. General John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia, was elected the Commanding-General, and General George Moorman, New Orleans, the Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff of the organization, which offices they still hold.

It is believed that department organizations now exist in nearly, if not every Southern State; that of Virginia has been announced as follows:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, *October 20, 1892.*

CIRCULAR-LETTER, NO. 1:

Major-General Thomas A. Brander having been appointed Commander of the Virginia Division, as per General Order, No. 65, Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, July 25, 1892, assumes command, and has appointed the following staff, confirmed by the General Commanding:

Joseph V. Bidgood, Adjutant-General.
Charles C. Wertenbaker, Inspector-General.
Charles P. Bigger, Quartermaster-General.
Lewis Ginter, Commissary-General.
Dr. James D. Moncure, Surgeon-General.
George L. Christian, Judge-Advocate-General.
H. W. Flournoy, Assistant Judge-Advocate-General.
Aids.—R. O. Marshall, S. W. Paulett, William Kean, Joseph Bryan, W. B. Goolrick, David B. Moore.
Brigadier-Generals.—Theodore S. Garnett, Micajah Woods.
They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

THOMAS A. BRANDER,
Major-General Department of Virginia.

JOSEPH V. BIDGOOD,
Adjutant-General.

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SOUTHERN

Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXI.

EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

RICHMOND, VA.:

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

1893.

WM. ELLIS JONES,
PRINTER,
RICHMOND, VA.

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VII

ERRATA.

Page 75. In fourth line from bottom, in note, read *reached* for *reaceed.*

Page 160. In fourth line in caption for 1892, read 1862.

Page 183. In eleventh line from top, in caption, read Ex-Governor M. *P.* Lowry for M. *F.* Lowry.

6

Southern Historical Society Papers.

Vol. XXI. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1893.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Fourth Official Report of Joseph Jones, M. D., L.L. D., of New Orleans, La., Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, Covering the Period Extending from April 9, 1892, to July, 1893, Rendered at the Fourth Annual Meeting Held at Birmingham, Ala., July 19th and 20th, 1893.

156 WASHINGTON AVENUE,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., *July, 1893.*

Honorable JOHN B. GORDON, *General Commanding United Confederate Veterans, Birmingham, Ala.:*

General,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the results of my labors in behalf of the United Confederate Veterans during the past year—February, 1892, to July, 1893:

The Third Annual Meeting and Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was held in New Orleans, La., April 8th and 9th, 1892, and my labors up to this date were submitted to the General Commanding, and form a portion of the official report of the minutes of the third annual meeting and reunion as reported and published by General George Moorman, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff.

At the third annual reunion in New Orleans, La., 189 organized camps of United Confederate Veterans were represented, and a number of camps have since been organized, bringing up the total number to near 260.

It is to be hoped that the entire South will, at no distant day, be covered by the camps of those Confederate veterans who have survived the casualties of the bloody conflict (1861–1865) and the ravages of time.

It is of great importance that each camp should be thoroughly organized, and its organization placed in permanent form by publication.

The medical officers should be known by, and at all times be accessible to, the individual members of his Camp or Soldiers' Hospital or Home.

The medical officers of the individual camps and organizations should be known to each other and to all the veteran soldiers, in order that every sick and disabled Confederate veteran at home or abroad may at all times and under all circumstances enjoy the skilful and humane attention of our learned and benevolent surgeons.

Upon the last analysis, the great objects of our association are:

1st. The preservation of the story of our heroic struggle, with its victories, defeats, disasters, privations, and sufferings.

2nd. The relief of the sufferings, diseases, and wounds of the veterans of the Confederate army and navy.

These grand results can be accomplished only by thorough organization and generous co-operation.

As we march along the great highway of time our ranks are daily thinned by the darts of death. Since the formation of this union of Confederate veterans Commodore Hunter, General G. T. Beauregard, General E. Kirby Smith, and President Jefferson Davis, our great captains, and a host of brave officers and soldiers have answered the last call.

As the Confederate veterans lay their white and weary hearts on the bosom of the earth that bore them, the hand of no paternal government, with its millions of pensions, relieves their wants, soothes their death-beds, or marks with the historic marble their resting places.

The privilege of supporting the sick and destitute veterans and immortalizing their heroic deeds by the historic marble and bronze is enjoyed alone by their surviving comrades and confederates.

Much may be accomplished by organized efforts, and to the end that order and efficiency may be secured, I, as Surgeon-General U. C. V., addressed, April 7, 1893, the Circular No. 3 to the commander of each individual camp.

From the replies I have consolidated the following table giving information upon the points as requested:

1st. Number of camp.
2d. Location of camp.
3d. Commander of camp.
4th. Medical officer.
5th. Rank of the medical officer in the Confederate army or navy.

6th. Date of commission of the medical officer in the Confederate army or navy.

7th. Number of members of camp.

8th. Number of deaths of veterans since organization of camp.

9th. Number of disabled Confederate veterans.

10th. Number of disabled and indigent Confederate veterans supported by the camp.

11th. Number of widows of Confederate soldiers supported by the camp.

12th. Location and capacity of soldiers' home supported by camp.

Consolidated Report of Camps of United Confederate Veterans, February, 1893, by Joseph Jones, M. D., L.L. D., Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans, 156 Washington Avenue, New Orleans, La.

Camp 1. New Orleans, La.; W. R. Lyman, com'der; med. offi., F. Tormento, surg.; W. P. Brewer, asst. surg., 1864; members, 214; deaths, 24; State Camp Home, Nicholls.

Camp 2. New Orleans, La.; J. B. Vincent, com.; Y. R. LeMonnier, surg.; members, 307; deaths, 170; State Camp Home, Nicholls.

Camp 3. Shreveport, La.; Antho J. Newman, com.; med. offi., Drs. S. C. Egan, surg., J. J. Scott, asst. surg.; members, 55; deaths, 1.

Camp 4. Chattanooga, Tenn., Jos. F. Shipp, com.; med. offi., Y. L. Abernathy; private; members, 122; deaths, 13; Home at Nashville, Tenn.

Camp 5. Knoxville, Tenn.; Col. Frank A. Moss, com.

Camp 6. Alexandria, La.; Gen. Geo. O. Watts, com.; med. offi., Stephen H. Rushing, 1862, major; members, 122; disabled, 10; deaths, 3.

Camp 7. Ruston, La.; Capt. Allen Barksdale, com.; med. offi., R. Roberts, M. D., captain; members, 253; disabled, 13; deaths, 5.

Camp 8. Chicago, Ill.; Capt. Jno. W. White, com.

Camp 9. New Orleans, La.; Wm. Laughlin, com.; med. offi., Joseph Jones, M. D., L.L. D., 1862, surgeon; members, 149; deaths, 6; Camp Nicholls.

Camp 16. Pensacola, Fla.; W. E. Anderson, com.; members, 79; deaths, 18.

Camp 11. Mobile, Ala.; Thos. P. Brewer, com.; med. offi., J. Gray Thomas, 1861, surgeon; members, 225; deaths, 14.

Camp 12. Jackson, Miss.; Col. W. D. Holder, com ; med. offi., Dr. F. L. Fulghan, private; members, 96; deaths, 1.

Camp 13. Brooksville, Fla.; Gen. Jno. C. Davant, com.; med. Offi., J. S. Brunner; captain infantry; members, 56; deaths, 1.

Camp 14. Opelousa, La.; Capt. D. L. Prescott, com.

Camp 15. New Orleans, La.; Col. B. F. Eshleman, com.; med. Offi., Dr. W. P. Brewer, 1864, asst. surg.; members, 251 ; indigent members, 3 ; deaths, 6 ; State Camp Home.

Camp 16. New Orleans, La.; Gen. Jos. Demourelle, com.

Camp 17. Baton Rouge, La.; John McGrath, com.; med. offi., Dr. Thos. Buffington, 1862, major; members, 101 ; disabled, 2 ; deaths, 3.

Camp 18. Plaquemine, La.; Capt. Charles H. Dickinson, com.

Camp 19. Crystal Springs, Miss.; Capt. C. Humphries, com.; med. Offi., R. E. Jones, first lieut.; members, 25; disabled, 2.

Camp 20. Natchez, Miss.; Col. F. J. V. LeCaud, com.; med. offi., L. C. Profield, July, 1862, major: members, 110; disabled, 3; indigent, 1 ; deaths, 9.

Camp 21. Hattensburg, Miss.; Capt. G. D. Hardfield, com.

Camp 22. Fayette, Miss.; Capt. W. L. Stephen, com.; med. offi., A. K. McNair, 1862, captain; members, 23; disabled, 2 ; deaths, 2.

Camp 23. Holly Springs, Miss,; Capt. Jas. F. Fand, com.

Camp 24. Jackson, Miss.; Capt. W. D. Holder, com.

Camp 25. Meridian, Miss.; Capt. W. F. Brown, com.

Camp 26. Edwards, Miss.; Col. W. A. Montgomery, com.; med. offi., E. S. P. Pool ; private; members, 45; disabled, 2.

Camp 27. Columbus, Miss.; Dr. B. A. Vaughan, com.

Camp 28. Memphis, Tenn.; Col. Frazer, com.

Camp 29. Cameron, Texas; Capt. E. S. McIver, com.

Camp 30. Decatur, Texas; Capt. J. E. Simmons, com.; med. offi., Dr. J. Ford; private; members, 285; deaths, 7 ; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 31. Dallas, Texas; Capt. J. D. Thurston, com.; med. offi., Wm. R. Wilson, 1862, surgeon; members, 304; disabled, 6 or 8; indigent, 4 ; deaths, 6; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 32. Vicksburg, Miss.; Capt. D. A. Campbell, com.

Camp 33. Evergreen, La. ; Col. M. M. Ewell, com. ; med. offi., W. P. Buck ; members, 89 ; disabled, 5 ; deaths, 2.

Camp 34. Dalton, Ga.; Capt. A, P. Roberts, com.; med. offi., Dr. J. R. McAfle, May 1, 1862, surgeon ; members, 50 ; disabled, 20 ; deaths, 4.

Camp 35. Nashville, Tenn.; Capt. R. Lin. Cave, com.; med. offi. F. W. Merrin.

Camp 36. Tampa, Fla.; Capt. F. W. Merrin, com.; med. offi., Dr. J. W. Douglas; first lieut. and capt.; members, 150; deaths, 15.

Camp 37. Jackson, Tenn.; Capt. E. S. Mallory, com.

Camp 38. Donaldsonville, La.; Capt. Alexander Porché, com.; med. offi., Dr. Leonce Richard; private; members, 92; disabled, 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 39. Birmingham, Ala.; Gen. F. S. Ferguson, com.

Camp 40. Natchitoches, La.; Capt. J. Alphonse Prudhomme, com.; med. offi., Dr. A. P. Breds; asst. surg.; members, 67; deaths, 3.

Camp 41. Mansfield La.; Charles Schuyler, com.; med. offi., N. P. Revere, May 15, 1862, major; members, 70; disabled, 2; deaths, 4.

Camp 42. McKenzie, Tenn.; Capt. S. A. Mebane, com.; med. offi., Dr. R. D. Givin; surgeon; members, 65; deaths, 3.

Camp 43. Huntsville, Texas; Capt. J. M. Smither, com.

Camp 44. Palestine, Texas; Capt. J. W, Ewing, com.

Camp 45. Terrell, Texas; J. A. Anthony, com.; med. offi., W. H. Monday; 2d lieut.; members, 85; disabled, 10 or 11; deaths, 6.

Camp 46. Knoxville, Tenn.; John F. Horne, com.; med. offi., Dr. W. L. Anderson; private; members, 50; disabled, 15; indigent, 2; deaths, 7.

Camp 47. Titusville, Fla.; Capt. Jos. Pritchard, com.

Camp 48. Tyler, Texas; Capt. Jos. P. Douglas, com.

Camp 49. Woodville, Miss.; J. H. Jones, com.; med. offi., Dr. Jno. Therell; private; members, 18; disabled, 2.

Camp 50. Spring Place, Ga.; Capt. R. E. Wilson, com.

Camp 51. St. George, S. C.

Camp 52. Rosedale, Miss.; F. A. Montgomery, com.; med. offi., Jno. W. Dulaney; private; members, 54.

Camp 53. Palmetto, Fla.; Capt. J. C. Pelot, com.

Camp 54. Orlando, Fla.; Capt. W. H. Jewell, com.

Camp 55. Lewisburg, Tenn.; W. P. Irvine, com.; med. offi., Dr. S. T. Hardison; private; members, 50; disabled, 3; deaths, 3; Home, Nashville, Tenn.

Camp 56. Ocala, Fla.; Capt. J. J. Finley, com.

Camp 57. Dade City, Fla.; Capt. J. B. Johnston, com.

Camp 58. Jacksonville, Fla.; Col. Wm. Baya, com.

Camp 59. Monticello, Fla.; Capt. W. C. Bird, com.

Camp 60. Tangipahoe, La.; Capt. O. P. Amacker, com.

Camp 61. LaGrange, Texas; R. H. Phelpes, com.; med. offi., B. W. Bristow, asst. surg.; members, 35; disabled, 1; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 62. Lake Charles, Fla.; Dr. W. A. Knapp, com.; med. offi., Dr. Jos. Ware, 1862–5, major; members, 150; deaths, 12.

Camp 63. Corpus Christi, Texas; Capt. R. H. Sutherland, com.

Camp 64. Eutaw, Ala.; Capt. Geo. W. Cole, com.

Camp 65. Athens, Texas; D. M. Morgan, com.; med. offi., Thos. Mathews, 1863, 1st. lieut.; members, 265; deaths, 2; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 66. Tampases, Texas; D. C. Thomas, com.; med. offi., Jas. A. Abney; asst. surg.; members, 130; disabled, 20; deaths, 5; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 67. Granburg, Texas; J. A. Formirault, com.; members, 101; deaths, 1; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 68. McAlister, Ind. Ter.; Edward R. Johnson, com.; med. offi.; Louis C. Tremont; 1st. lieut.; members, 172; disabled, 2; indigent, 1.

Camp 69. Abilene, Texas; Col. H. L. Bentley, com.

Camp 70. Paris, Texas; Capt. G. H. Provine, com.

Camp 71. Kingston, Texas; Capt. J. F. Puckett, com.; med. offi., T. B. Spaulding; captain; members, 50; disabled, 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 72. Abilene, Texas.

Camp 73. Wichital Falls, Texas; Capt. C. R. Crockett, com.

Camp 74. Rockwell, Texas; M. S. Austin; members, 94; disabled, 2; deaths, 4.

Camp 75. Beaumond, Texas; Capt. Jeff. Chaisson, com.

Camp 76. Coleman, Texas; H. L. Lewis, com.; med. offi., G. B. Beaumont; private; members, 146; disabled, 1; indigent, 1; deaths, 3, Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 77. Clarksville, Tenn.; Capt. T. H. Smith, com.

Camp 78. Amite City, Texas; Capt. A. P. Richards, com.; med. offi., J. M. Craig, 1862, surgeon; members, 45; disabled, 2.

Camp 79. Merkel, Texas; Capt. J. T. Tucker, com.

Camp 80. Kansas City, Mo.; Jos. W. Mercer, com.

Camp 87. Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Capt. W. S. McLemore, com.

Camp 82. Mt. Enterprise, Texas.; Capt. Thos. Turner, com.

Camp 83. Shelbyville, Texas; Jno. M. Hastings, com.; med. offi., S. M. Thompson, A. M. M. D., 1861'–2, ass't surgeon; members, 177; disabled, 7; indigent, 3; deaths, 6; Home, Nashville, Tenn.

Camp 84. Aiken, S. C.; Capt. B. H. Teague, com.

Camp 85. Dublin, Texas; Gen. J. T. Harris, com.

Camp 86. Seymore, Texas; T. H. Peery, com.; med. offi., Jas. Swindells, 1862, maj. surgeon; members, 30.

Camp 87. Fairfield, Texas; Capt. Geo. T. Bradley, com.

Camp 88. Cleburne, Texas; O. T. Plumer, com.; med. offi., J. R. Keeting, March, 1862, ass't surgeon; members, 49; disabled, 7; deaths, 5.

Camp 89. Bentonville, Ark.; W. S. Henry, com.; med. offi., Dr. T. W. Hurley, March, 1862, surgeon; members, 52; deaths, 1.

Camp 90. Sherman, Texas; J. T. Wilson, com.; med. offi., J. B. Stinson, Feb., 1862, asst. surgeon; members, 200; deaths, 10.

Camp 91. Atlanta, Texas; Capt. J. D. Johnson, com.

Camp 92. Sweetwater, Texas; Capt. W. D. Beall, com.

Camp 93. Montague, Texas; Capt. Bob Bean, com.

Camp 94. Mexia, Texas; Capt. C. L. Watson, com.; med. offi., J. S. L. Tray, M. D.; private; members, 136; disabled, 12; deaths, 10.

Camp 95. Paris, Ky.; Capt. A. T. Forcythe, com.

Camp 96. Harrodsburg, Ky.; Capt. Bush. W. Allen, com.

Camp 97. Versailles, Ky.; Capt. Jos. C. Bailey, com.

Camp 98. Georgetown, Ky.; A. H. Sinclair, com.; members, 31;

Camp 99. Cynthiana, Ky.; D. M. Snyder, com.

Camp 100. Lexington, Ky.; John Boyd, com.; med offi., Dr. Jno. A. Lewins; members (12 Camps), 550; indigent, 6 or 8; deaths, 6.

Camp 101. Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Capt. P. H. Thomas, com.

Camp 102. Narasota, Texas; Capt. W. E. Barry, com.

Camp 103. Austin, Texas; Capt. W. W. Brown, com.

Camp 104. Fernandina, Fla.

Camp 105. Galveston, Texas; Gen. T. N. Waul, com.

Camp 106. Frost, Texas; Capt. Thos. F. Johnson, com.; med. offi., M. M. Mosely, M. D.; private; members, 65; indigent, 2.

Camp 107. Ardmore, Ind. Ter.; Capt. John L. Gault, com.

Camp 108. Waxahachie, Texas; Capt. R. P. Mackey, com.

Camp 109. McKinney, Texas; Capt. T. M. Scott, com.; members, 600; deaths, 10.

Camp 110. Merrick, La.; D. T. Merrick, com.; med. offi., Dr. S. W. Turpin, 1861, captain; members, 22.

Camp 111. Calvert, Texas; Capt. J. H. Dunnan, com.; med. offi., Daniel Parker, 1861, asst. surgeon; members, 235; disabled, 6; indigent. 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 112. Columbus, Texas; Capt. Geo. McCormick, com.

Camp 113. Colorado, Texas; L. H. Weatherly, com.; med offi., J. M. Pearson; members, 37; disabled, 2.

Camp 114. Fayettville, Tenn.; James D. Stillman, com.; med. offi., A. M. Hall, Sept., 1861; members, 113; disabled, 9; indigent, 7; deaths, 1.

Camp 115. Meridian, Texas; Capt. Robt. Donnell, com.

Camp 116. Hamilton, Texas; Capt. W. S. Saxon, com.

Camp 117. Goldthwaite, Texas; Maj. J. E. Martin, com.

Camp 118. Brownwood, Texas; Capt. Carl Vincent, com.

Camp 119. Gainesville, Texas; Capt. J. M. Wright, com.

Camp 120. Mississippi City, Miss.; Eliott Henderson, com.; med. offi., W. F. Spence, M. D.; hosp. steward; members, 60; disabled, 2.

Camp 121. Mt. Pleasant, Texas; Capt. C. L. Dillahuntz, com.

Camp 122. Belton, Texas; Maj. J. G. Whitsitt, com.; med. offi., Dr. G. H. Tend, 1864, surgeon; members, 625; disabled, 18; deaths, 6.

Camp 123. Buffalo Gap, Texas; Capt. Ben. F. Jones, com.

Camp 124. Bryan, Texas; Capt. H. B. Stoddard, com.

Camp 125. Vernon, Texas; Capt. S. E. Hatchett, com.

Camy 126. Ladonia, Texas; Capt. G. W. Blakeney, com.; med. offi., M. D. Drake, 1863, lieut.; members, 125; indigent, 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 127. Graham, Texas; Capt. A. T. Tray, com.

Camp 128. Madisonville, Texas.

Camp 129. Denton, Texas; Capt. Hugh McKenzie, com.

Camp 130. Forney, Texas; Capt. T. M. Daniel, com.; members, 60; disabled, 2; deaths, 4; widows, 2.

Camp 131. Tupelo, Miss.; Gen. Jno. M. Stone, com.; med offi., W. H. Hunter, M. D., 1862, asst. surgeon; members, 100.

Camp 132. Marianna, Fla.; Capt. N. J. Barnes, com.

Camp 133. Canton, Texas; Capt. T. J. Fowler, com.

Camp 134. Franklin, Tenn.; Capt. B. F. Roberts, com.

Camp 135. Gatesville, Texas; Jno. M. Brown, com.; members, 287; disabled 1; deaths, 5.

Camp 136. Hempstead, Tex.; Capt. V. B. Thornton, com.; med. offi., J. H. Morrison; members, 140; deaths, 2.

Camp 137. Clinton, N. C.; R. H Holliday, com.; med. offi., A. M. Lee; asst. surgeon; members, 24; deaths, 1.

Camp 138. Lubbock, Texas; W. D. Crump, com.

Camp 139. Russleville, Ky.; Maj. J. B. Briggs, com.

Camp 140. Quincy, Fla.; R. H. M. Davidson, com.

Camp 141. Crockett, Texas; Enoch Braxson, com.

Camp 142. Caldwell, Texas.

Camp 143. Bolling Green, Ky.; Gen. W. F. Perry, com.

Camp 144. San Antonio, Texas; Jno. S. Ford, com.; members, 80.

Camp 145. Kaufman, Texas; Joseph Huffmaster, com.

Camp 146. Ft. Smith, Ark.; P. T. Deraney, com.

Camp 147. Corsicana, Texas; R. M. Collins, com.

Camp 148. Inverness, Fla.; W. C. Zimmerman, com.; members, 40; Home, Jacksonville, Fla.

Camp 149. Tenford, Fla.; A. M. Thrasher, com.

Camp 150. Lake City, Fla.; Walter R. Moore, com.; med. offi., R. C. Cullen, May, 1861, Major; members, 153; disabled, 6; deaths, 2.

Camp 151. Montgomery, Ala.; Emmet Seibles, com.

Camp 152. Rayville, La.; J. S. Summerlin, com.

Camp 153. Minedla, Texas; J. H. Huffmaster, com.

Camp 154. Roby, Texas; D. Speer, com.

Camp 155. Jasper, Fla.; H. J. Stewart, com.; members, 30.

Camp 156. Gonzalez, Texas; Maj. W. B. Sayers, com.; med. offi., Dr. J. C. Jones, 1861, asst. surgeon; members, 111; disabled 1; deaths, 3.

Camp 157. Bessemer, Ala.; W. R. Jones, com.; med. offi., Shelby C. Carson; private; members, 6; deaths, 2.

Camp 158. Fort Worth, Texas; Gen. W. G. Veal, com.

Camp 159. Atlanta, Ga.; Gen. W. L. Calhorem, com.

Camp 160. Alvarado, Texas.

Camp 161. Tallahasse, Fla.

Camp 162. Newton, N. C.; J. S. Hall, com.

Camp 163. Carthage, Texas; J. R. Bond, com.

Camp 164. Bonham, Texas; J. P. Holmes, com.

Camp 165. Taylor, Texas; Capt. W. Ross, com.; med. offi., A. V. Doak, 1861, brig. surg.; members, 51; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 166. Hillsboro', Texas.

Camp 167. Port Gibson, Miss.; A. K. Jones, com.; med. offi., Lomax Anderson; private; members, 21; disabled, 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 168. Paint Rock, Tex.; W. T. Melton, com.

Camp 169. Weatherford, Texas; B. L. Richly, com.; med. offi., J. R. McKenzie; asst. surg.; members, 30; disabled, 1; deaths, 1.

Camp 170. Sulphur Springs, Texas; R. M. Henderson, com.

Camp 171. Washington, D. C.; Major Albert Akers, com.

Camp 172. Henrietta, Texas; J. S. Martin, com.; med. offi., H. H. Blanchard; deaths, 5.

Camp 173. Tullahoma, Tenn.; J. P. Bennett, com.

Camp 174. Paducah, Ky.; W. G. Bullitt, com.

Camp 175. St. Augustine, Fla.; J. A. Enslow, Jr., com. ; med. offi., Wm. F. Shine, M. D., Sept. 12, 1861, major; members, 24.

Camp 176. Yager City, Miss.; S. D. Robertson, com.

Camp 177. Oklahoma, Okla.; J. W. Johnston, com.; med. offi., A. J. Beale. May, 1862, captain; members, 80; deaths, 3 ; Home, Jacksonville, Fla.

Camp 178. Berwick, La.; M. W. Bateman, com.; members, 31 ; disabled, 1.

Camp 179. Booneville, Miss.; D. T. Beall, com.

Camp 180. Macon, Miss.; H. W. Toote, com.

Camp 181. Richmond, Va.; Gen. Alex. W. Archer, com.

Camp 182. Monroe, La.; W. R. Roberts, com.

Camp 183. Oakley, La.; W. S. Peck, com.

Camp 184. West Point, Va.; H. M. Miller, com.; med. offi., W. C. Nunn, June 1, 1861–5, colonel; members, 41 ; disabled, 1; deaths, 1 ; Home, Richmond, Va.

Camp 185. Campbell, Texas; R. W. Ridley, com.

Camp 186. Winchester, Ky.; B. F. Curtis, com.

Camp 187. Nicolasville, La. ; Geo. B. Taylor, com.; med. offi., Charles Mann; members, 17.

Camp 188. Frankfort, Ky.; A. W. Macklin, com.

Camp 189. Grenada, Miss.; J. W. Young, com.; med. offi., Dr. G. W. Trimbell; 1st lieut.; members, 23; disabled, 3; deaths, 3.

Camp 190. Rolling Fork, Miss.; J. C. Hall, com.

Camp 191. Charleston, Ark.; A. S. Cabell, com.

Camp 192. Centre Point, Ark.

Camp 193. Lake Providence, La.; J. C. Bass, com.

Camp 194. Greenwood, Ark.; Dudley Milburn, com.

Camp 195. Oakville, Texas ; C. C. Cox, com.; members, 24 ; deaths, 1.

Camp 196. Thibodeaux, La.; Maj. S. T. Grisamore, com.; members, 60; diaabled, 2.

Camp 197. Houston, Texas; Will. Lambert, com.; med. offi., R. G. Turner; surgeon; members, 140; disabled, 2; deaths, 2; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 198. Emma, Texas; Jno. W. Murray, com.

Camp 199. Hackett City, Ark.; L. B. Lake, com.

Camp 200. Norment, Tex.; T. J. Johnson, com.

Camp 201. Mt. Sterling, Ark.; Thomas Johnson, com.

Camp 202. Alma, Ark.; James S. Smith, com.

Camp 203. Hope, Ark.; N. W. Stewart, com.

Camp 204. Richmond, Va.; R. N. Northen, com.; med. offi., J. C. Hillsman, 1861, surgeon; members, 148; disabled, 4; indigent, 4; deaths, 6.

Camp 205. Roanoke, Va.; S. S. Brooke, com.

Camp 206. Ringold, Ga.; W. J. Whitsitt, com.; med. offi., Dr. W. S. Bazemore; members, 34; disabled, 4; indigent, 2.

Camp 207. Morrilton, Ark.; W. S. Hanna, com.; med. offi., G. L. Cunningham; asst. surgeon; members, 134; disabled, 7; deaths, 2.

Camp 208. Nashville, Ark.; W. K. Cowling, com.

Camp 209. Vantmen, Ark.; John Allen, com.

Camp 210. Williamsburg, Va.; T. J. Stubbs, com.; med. offi., W. H. Sheild, May, 1861, Maj. and surgeon; members, 46; deaths, 1; widows, 1.

Camp 211. Reams Station, Va.; M. A. Moncure, com.

Camp 212. Concord, Va.; J. T. Willeford, com.

Camp 213. Conway, Ark.; A. R. Witt, com.; J. J. R. Reeves, Sept., 1869, 1st lieut.; members, 117; disabled, 3; deaths, 6; Home, Little Rock, Ark.

Camp 214. Danville, Ky.; E. M. Green, com.

Camp 215. Richmond, Va.; James Tevis, com.

Camp 216. Fayetteville, Ark.; T. M. Gunter, com.

Camp 217. Chifley, Fla.; S. M. Robinson, com.

Camp 218. Greenwood, Miss.; R. M. Williams, com.

Camp 219. Hickory Flat, Miss.; W. A. Crum, com.

Camp 220. Hernando, Miss.; Sam. Powell, com.

Camp 221. Vaiden, Miss.; S. C. Baines, com.; med. offi., Dr. A. J. Sanderson, Feb., 1861, captain; members, 39; deaths, 1.

Camp 222. Waco, Texas; C. L. Johnson, com.

Camp 223. Springville, Ala.; A. W. Woodall, com.

Camp 224. Camden, Miss.; R. Gaillard, com.

Camp 225. Florenceville, Texas; W. C. Agee, com.; med. offi., Isaac H. Brewton, M. D.; private; members, 30; disabled, 4.

Camp 226. Liberty, Miss.; P. R. Brewer, com.

Camp 227. Richmond, Texas; P. E. Pearson, com.; med. offi., S. A. Stone, July, 1862, asst. and post surgeon; members, 29.

Camp 228. Wharton, Texas; I. N. Dennis, com.

Camp 229. Arcadia, La.; James Brice, com.; med. offi., Joseph Atkinson; members, 94; indigent, 1.

Camp 230. Jacksonville, Fla.

Camp 231. Commerce, Texas; G. G. Lindsey, com.

Camp 232. Flemmingsburg, Ky.; Wm. Stanley, com.

Camp 233. Augusta, Ky.; Jno. S. Bradley, com.; members, 6.

Camp 234. Cooper, Texas; Geo. W. Jones, com.

Camp 235. Brookhaven, Miss.; J. A. Haskins, com.

Camp 236. Auburn, Ala.; O. D. Smith, com.; med. offi., J. H. Drake; private; members, 40.

Camp 237. Shelbyville, Ky.; Dr. W. F. Beard, com.; med offi., Dr. W. F. Beard, Nov. 21, 1862, surgeon; members, 12.

Camp 238. Greenville, Miss.; Gen. S. W. Ferguson, com.; med. offi., D. C. Montgomery, M. D., 1862, surgeon; members, 70.

Camp 239. Benham, Texas; D. C. Giddings, com.

Camp 240. Winchester, Va.; W. McVicar, com.

Camp 241. Hopkinsville, Ky.; Nat. Garther, com.

Camp 242. Cuero, Texas; V. Weldon, com.; med. offi., Dr. Alexander Irvin; surgeon; members, 89.

Camp 243. Brazonie, Texas; Wm. Fort Smith, com.; med. offi., R. R. Porter; private; members, 36.

Camp 244. Dodelo, Fla.; J. F. Highsmith, com.

Camp 245. Memphis, Texas; F. M. Murray, com.

Camp 246. Talladega, Ala.

Camp 247. Hope Villa P. O., La.; Joseph Gonzales, com.

Camp 248. Hallettsburg, Texas; Volney Ellis, com.

Camp 251. Emminence, Ky.; W. L. Crabb, com.; members, 7.

Circular No. 3, with the necessary carefully-directed envelopes for their return to the Surgeon General's office in New Orleans, were directed to 251 registered Camps of United Confederate Veterans on the 8th of April, 1893, and subsequently, and in many cases a second circular was sent to the Camps from which no reply had been received.

Up to the 10th of June, 1893, only 100 had replied, and returned Circular No. 3 duly filled with the required data. These 100 Camps represented a little less than 10,000; or more accurately, 9,822 Confederate veterans. Each Camp contained on an average about 100; or more accurately, 98 Confederate veterans.

If each of the 251 Camps now registered and to whom Circular No. 3 was addressed contained on an average 100 veterans, then the total strength of the United Confederate Veterans would be about 25,000. We have reason to believe that a much larger army of sur-

viving Confederate veterans is to be found in the States, North and South.

The reports of 100 Camps show only 270 disabled Confederate veterans, or less than 3 per cent. of the total number attached to these Camps.

During the period which has elapsed since the formation of these Camps the number of deaths reported was 471, or less than 5 per cent. of the total number

The disabled and indigent soldiers as well as the indigent widows of the Confederate soldiers supported by the individual Camps amount to an insignificant number.

These statistics are interesting in indicating the independence and substantial thrift and prosperity of the Confederate veterans throughout the South. They have clear consciences, and are able to maintain their wives and children, and pay the enormous taxes imposed by the pensions of their conquerors, and at the same time to do fitting reverence to their distinguished dead and to erect noble monuments to their beloved chieftains.

We note an absence of a proper number of medical officers in many of the Camps, and urge their immediate election or appointment by the individual Camps.

We would suggest the election by each Camp or organization of one surgeon with the rank of major, and two assistant surgeons with the rank respectfully of captain. The officers thus elected to the individual Camps should hold office through life, or as long as they may be willing to yield their gratuitous and gracious services to the sick, disabled and destitute Confederate veterans, subject to removal only for due cause.

The surgeons and assistant surgeons elected, chosen, or appointed by the individual Camps should be duly commissioned by the General Commanding, and should constitute the permanent standing medical corps of the United Confederate Veterans.

Each Camp should preserve a hospital register of all the sick and wounded treated, giving full particulars of all wounds or injuries, however or wherever received, and with the detailed statement of the Confederate veteran, of the circumstances of the battles and skirmishes in which said wounds were received.

Each surgeon in charge of a Camp or Soldiers' Home should prepare and present an annual report relative to the sick and disabled veterans to the surgeon-general.

The consolidated reports, of the labors of the Medical Corps, thus

constituted should be submitted by the Surgeon-General, in his Annual Reports to the United Confederate Veterans.

We also urge upon the United Confederate Veterans, assembled at this the Fourth Annual Reunion, the necessity of conferring upon the Surgeon-General, the power to effect a thorough and permanent organization of the Medical Department, by approving and confirming his efforts in behalf of the United Confederate Veterans, and by conferring upon him the power of appointing one or more Medical Officers, Medical Directors, and Medical Inspectors, with the rank of Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel in each of the following Southern States—namely:

Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Misissippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

The Surgeon-General should be clothed with power to fill vacancies on his staff, and to apportion to each staff officer such inspections and medical duties as he may deem best for the relief of the suffering, and the advancement of the hygienic and sanitary interests of the Confederate Veterans.

Each Camp or Soldiers' Home should preserve—

1st. Roster of its officers and members, giving names, nature, and place of service; date of commissions in the Confederate Army or Navy; nature of wound, and date and circumstance of reception.

2d. Hospital Register, containing names and description of sick, and injuries and results of all post mortem examinations, and a record of all deaths and their causes.

The discharge of difficult, responsible, and persistent duties, appertaining to honorary positions without pay, must rest upon the patriotic interest of the officer, whose highest reward must be sought in the approval of his comrades and the satisfaction in being used as an instrument for the relief of human suffering.

Permanency appears to be essential to the success of labors relating to the relief of the wants and sufferings of men, and the gatherings and preservation of important statistics illustrating the extent and nature of the sufferings and losses by battle and disease of the Confederate soldiers.

With great respect and high esteem, I have the honor, General, to remain,

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D. LL. D.,
Surgeon-General, United Confederate Veterans.

MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Address by Major Robert Stiles, at the Dedication, June 7, 1893.

Surviving Comrades of the Confederate Armies, Citizen Soldiers of Virginia, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On the outskirts of the historic capital city of Virginia, between it and the great battle-fields, out of the midst of 16,000 graves, rises a simple granite shaft with this inscription:

"The epitaph of the Soldier who falls with his Country is written in the hearts of those who love the Right and honor the Brave."

To-day, in this silent camp, we unveil another sentinel stone, bearing this legend:

"Fate denied them Victory, but clothed them with glorious Immortality."

Both these monuments memorialize defeat, but what witness do they bear? What do they declare? Against what do they protest? What is their deepest significance?

The Oakwood monument reminds us that the brave may fall, the right may fail. This shaft, the silent orator of this occasion, claims glory for the vanquished, immortality of glory for the brave who have fallen in a cause that is lost. The one challenges that basest and most debasing of falsehoods, "Success is the test of merit." The other denies that darkest and most depressing of creeds, "Success is the measure of fame." Both are noble protests—the very marrow of true manhood. They do honor to human nature; they nerve it with indomitable valor for the batttle of life. It is much to know that the victor does not always wear the laurel, nor the vanquished the chain. It is more to feel that the chain may be more glorious than the laurel.

By the verdict of history, the Persian monarch who carried the Pass of Thermopylæ has fallen before Leonidas and his Spartans who fell in defence of it. Who now ranks Scipio above Hannibal, or Wellington above Napoleon? How many of you can so much as name the general who drove the great Corsican out of Russia?

The world no longer measures men or principles by apparent or immediate results. Many a noble chapter of purely human story has contributed to this uplifting; but, in highest development, this revolt against the tyranny of results, this emancipation from the worship of success, this soul-homage of the absolute right, are Christian faiths, born of Gethsemane and Calvary—the Cross and the Sepulchre.

Thirty years have passed since the bodies of these men returned to dust and their spirits returned to God who gave them. Standing here to-day, a survivor of the mighty conflict in which they fell, and looking backward over the heads of a generation knowing neither those days nor these men, I have an admission to make, which I do without grudging.

The world has been more just to the Confederate soldier; that is, it has been quicker to do him justice, than I, for one, anticipated. Who, to-day, vapors or hisses about "making treason odious," or "burying traitors in oblivion?" On the contrary, to the honor of our late enemies, the people of the Northern States, be it said, that to-day, many, if not most of them, accord honor, admiration—glory, if you please—to the dead or living soldier of the Confederacy who is worthy to receive them, as readily perhaps, and in as full measure, as to his gallant foe who fought or fell upon the Union side.

What has wrought this great change?

Mainly two things——and

First:

SOUNDER VIEWS AS TO THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

Time was when men spoke of slavery as the cause of the war, or the determination of one section to dominate the Union. To-day intelligent citizens generally recognize as the real cause of the war an irreconcilable difference as to the construction of a written instrument, and the rights of the sovereign and independent States which ratified it. Candid men of all sections and all parties to-day admit that this difference of opinion was not only honest, but intelligent; that the question involved was, and is, one upon which men of equal intelligence might, and did, and do, honestly differ. May I be pardoned for advancing yet one step, and suggesting that there is at least a vague impression, in the minds of the majority of intelligent men the country over that, upon the great and burning question that divided us, the weight of the argument was with the South.

Let me not be misunderstood.

I am not here to deny that, by the war, in the words of a great thinker and writer of the North, "a result and settlement were come by, which few now regret and none resist." I am not here to suggest that, in the course of history, Omniscient and Almighty God has blundered. But I am here to insist and to remind you, in the words of the same great writer, that "possibly" the question that divided us "was one of those many questions that arise in history that cannot be answered unanimously by the intellect or reason or conscience of erring, finite man. Appeal must be had to force. Offences must needs come."

I cannot forbear quoting at length from this truly monumental oration, delivered on the field of Gettysburg, on the 3d day of July, 1888, by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, younger brother of the famous Henry Ward, at the dedication of a monument to the "Brooklyn Phalanx," Sixty-seventh Regiment New York Volunteers. My only regret is that it would not be altogether seemly for me to give you the address entire, substituting it in place of my own feeble utterances. While I read, do you marvel at and admire the audacious grasp of intellect, the dauntless courage of heart, the majestic elevation of soul, which could, upon such an occasion, in such presence, and amid such surroundings, so handle this great theme, surpassing even the balanced view of the historian a century hence, and attaining almost the absolute impartiality of the disembodied spirit clean escaped from the distorting atmosphere and relations of earth.

Says Mr. Beecher:

"The facts recited shall be as colorless as the items of a book-keeper's balance-sheet.

"In 1776, thirteen colonies, by their representatives in Congress or convention, called 'God to witness the rectitude of our (their) intentions,' and declared themselves 'free and independent States.'

"In 1787, these free and independent States proposed a 'more perfect Union' in the name of the people. 'We, the people,' they said in their preamble to the proposed Constitution. But:

"In the last article, of the same Constitution, we read of 'the States ratifying the same' as establishing the Constitution between the States so ratifying.

"In 1788, by June, the States had so ratified the Constitution; and in 1789, an orderly Constitutional Government came into power, George Washington its executive.

"In 1860–'61, four of these very States that had formed the Union, with seven other States that had been added, assumed to 'retrace' their steps, and cease to be members of the Union. They formed or had come into the Union freely, voluntarily; they proposed to go out by the same door.

"Their reasons for this step need not be stated here and now. One thing at a time.

"A grave question of law and duty arose, deeper than the Constitution itself—viz:

"Has a State that has once ratified the Federal Constitution and formed or come into the Union, a right to retrace her steps, and go out and apart, and be, as she was originally, free and independent?

"Where shall, where could, citizens look or listen for an answer to this question—conclusive, authoritative?

"For more than thirty years political doctrine and controversy had flamed around this question until the masses of population came unconsciously to a welding heat, and a local unity of sentiment upon one side and the other. Hot and united, the people were ready to act; and they acted.

"Eleven States, acting in an orderly manner, by conventions lawfully called, retraced their steps with accuracy, and supposed themselves to have become once more free and independent.

"They went on accordlngly. The old partnership dissolved, they offered to 'divide the effects by negotiation.'

"Now it happened that certain ports, custom-houses, post-offices, and other real estate, lay within the bounds of these States, that supposed themselves once more free and independent. Real estate cannot be moved off. The soil remains in its place. It must be given over to the State within whose bounds it lies or stands. The United States officers must cease from function, surrender office, title, keys and cash.

"This logical demand was made, refused, enforced by arms, resisted, and a great civil war began."

Then, speaking for those graves and for these, as I, in his great name and stead, now speak for these graves and for those, Mr. Beecher continued:

"It is not known what those dead men think of the battle of Gettysburg, at whose cost it was fought.

"From out of bodies, shot, shattered, bloody, battered, the souls

of men went forth mid dust and smoke and thunder to learn the lessons and the language of the dead. For three days their solemn exodus lasted along the paths of mystery.

"What salute or countersign these soldiers exchanged; what conference or controversy they set up; or with what awe and curiosity they moved along to meet their destiny, we may not say, we do not know.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"These, my countrymen, untimely dead, be soldiers all who did their duty. At call of magistrate, they took up arms; these to quell insurrection, these to repel invasion—all obediently and with courage. Thy judgments, O God, are true and righteous altogether. Let it be unto Thy servants according to the sincerity of their purpose, the courage of their endeavor, the multitude of Thy compassions and the bounty of Thy grace. The judgment of God has not yet been published."

Can we rise to this sublime height, the colorless empyrean from which this great thinker looks down upon the great struggle; or shall we publish our feeble, partial judgment, while the Omniscient "Judge of all the earth" withholds His?

One protest must be entered.

This man was victor; I was vanished. This man, or the regiment whose deeds he commemorates, was invader; I was invaded. As he himself says: "At call of magistrate they took up arms—these to quell insurrection, these to repel invasion."

Halt! "Invasion?" Yes. "Insurrection?" How? Against what?

"*These to quell insurrection—these to repel invasion.*"

Mr. Beecher probably intended by these phrases merely to indicate the conflicting views of the combatants; yet it is none the less important to note that the first phrase proclaims a theory, as to which men may honestly differ—the second recites a fact, which no man can honestly question.

"*These to quell insurrection!*"

Can our "book-keeper" intend to discredit the "items" entered by his own hand upon his "balance-sheet." "Free and independent States, * * proposing, * * establishing, * * ratifying * * a more perfect union, * * forming or coming into this Union freely, voluntarily * * proposing to go out by the same door, * *

acting in an orderly manner, by conventions lawfully called, retracing their steps with accuracy, * * the old partnership dissolved, offering to divide the effects by negotiation."

All this he recites. He does not, as he might have done, explain further that the phrase, "We, the people of the United States," in whose name the Constitution was ordained, was originally written, "We, the people of Massachusetts, Connecticut," &c., all the States ratifying being named *seriatim;* and that the change was made, for the sake of brevity and convenience, by the committee on style and language, who probably had no purpose and certainly had no power to change the meaning and construction of the instrument, by any change of its phraseology.

Nor does he mention the additional significant fact that the words, "United States" are so written in the original draft of the Declaration as to render it well nigh inconceivable that the signers regarded them as the baptismal name of a new Nation, and well nigh certain that they regarded the phrase rather as descriptive of the then condition of the pre-existing States; the adjective "united" beginning with a small "u," and the substantive "States," with a capital "S."

"*These—to repel invasion.*"

There is a naked simplicity and sincerity of right in the man who defends his hearth-stone, which does not belong to him who invades it. Let it never be forgotten that this God-implanted, spontaneous, irrepressible right was on our side in the late war, and that it tore away from their quiet studies here, and hurried to the front, largely over one-half of the 604 students at this institution in the spring of '61; while there joined the first army of invasion, but 73 out of the 896 students on the roll of great Harvard the same year. It gave to the Confederate service, from '61 to '65, more than 2,000 men of our University, of whom it buried in soldiers's graves more than 400—while but 1,040 Harvard men served in the armies and navies of the United States during the four years of the war, and only 155 of these lost their lives in the service.* It carried with us, heart and soul, the

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*Figures taken from catalogues of the two institutions for 1860-'61, Prof. Schele's Historical Catalogue of Students of the University of Virginia, a careful statement by Prof. (Col.) Chas. S. Venable, of the same institution, and Francis H. Brown's "Roll of Students of Harvard University who served in the Army or Navy of the United States during the War of the Rebellion," prepared by order of the corporation.

members of a great political party which did not accept the "States' Rights" theory of the Constitution, nor believe in the "extra Constitutional" and "reserved" right of secession. It gave "Old Jubal" Early, and others like him, to the Army of Northern Virginia; and was even the make-weight that gave Virginia herself to the Southern Confederacy. It impelled to the Northern frontier of our invaded States the flower of our native manhood, while the invader hurled upon us, in overwhelming masses, hirelings from beyond the sea, knowing neither our language nor our institutions, and mercenary wretches bought like cattle in the shambles, under the gigantic "*bounty system*," a scheme originally devised with the view of purchasing the exemption from military service of men supposed to be worth more at home, but which finally offered accumulated bribes so alluring that even the stay-at-homes rushed to the front to secure them.

Near the close of the great conflict I was standing on the roadside, not far from the city of Petersburg, a prisoner of war, and very near General Custis Lee, both of us having been captured in the battle of Sailor's Creek. We were watching the march of the never-ending columns of Grant's infantry. The very earth seemed shaking with their ceaseless tramp. Suddenly, a general officer, whose name and appearance I distinctly recall, left the column and riding up to us, dismounted and greeted General Lee with effusion. They had been classmates, I think, at West Point.

When the first salutations and inquiries had been exchanged the Federal officer, calling Lee's attention to the command just then passing, said with evident pride: "General, these are my men. Superb soldiers, you see. There's a great difference between your experience and ours in this respect. The best part of your people volunteered early, brought out by patriotism, enthusiasm, and that sort of thing. The best part of our people have just come out, brought out by the heavy bounties."

No bitter fling is intended by the recital of this incident. It but accentuates strongly the distinction between invaders and invaded. No one of us questions for a moment that there were thousands of brave men in the Federal army who entered it impelled by a lofty sense of duty—the duty, as they regarded it, of preserving the Union formed by the fathers and cemented by their blood. For all these, with all our heart and soul, we lift to heaven the noble prayer of Mr. Beecher's matchless oration: "Thy judgments, O God, are true and

righteous altogether. Let it be unto Thy servants according to the sincerity of their purpose, the courage of their endeavor, the multitude of Thy compassions, and the bounty of Thy grace."

Second.

THE CHARACTERS OF LEE AND JACKSON

have contributed more, perhaps, than any and all other influences to a just appreciation of the Southern cause and the Southern soldier by the world at large. We refer not so much to their fame as generals as to their character as men.

The South has learned to appreciate in some adequate measure the inspiring and regenerating influence of two such exemplars upon her rising generation; but has she taken note of the measureless debt of gratitude she owes these peerless sons, for the impression their ineffable purity and piety and consecration have made upon the outside world, and the world's estimate of the cause these heroes represented and the soldiery they led? Who could recklessly condemn the cause to which Robert Lee gave his sword and Stonewall Jackson his life? Who can fail to honor soldiers who fought or fell where Lee and Jackson led?

It is impressive to note how these two men and these two names stand related to each other and to the Confederate cause. Each preeminent, yet without rivalry; the entire nature of each a contrast to, and yet the complement of, the other. If a single name be selected to represent us and our soldiery, it is "Lee," because of the matchless perfection of his character and his supreme command. If two be mentioned, they are "Lee and Jackson." If a triumvirate, these are two of the three, whoever be the third. If a list be named, they head the list. Who that ever saw the two together but felt his being stirred as never by any other sight.

It was at Savage Station, Monday morning, June 30, 1862. I had retired a little from the line, and was half reclining at the foot of a huge pine that stood on the edge of the Williamsburg road. Hearing the jingle of cavalry accoutrements toward the Chickahominy, I looked up and saw a large mounted escort, and, riding considerably in advance and already close upon me, a solitary horseman, whom I instantly recognized as the great wizard of the marvellous "Valley Campaign," which had so thrilled the army and the country.

Jackson and the little sorrel stopped in the middle of the road, probably not fifty feet off, while his staff halted perhaps a hundred

and fifty yards or more in his rear. He sat stark and stiff in the saddle. Horse and rider appeared worn down to the lowest point of flesh consistent with effective service. His hair, skin, eyes, and clothes were all one neutral dust tint, and his badges of rank so dulled and tarnished as to be scarcely perceptible. The "mangy little cadet cap" was pulled so low in front that the visor just cut the glint of his eye-balls.

A ghastly scene was spread just across the road hard by. The Seventeenth and Twenty-first Mississippi, of Barksdale's brigade, had been ordered into the woods about dusk the evening before, and told not to fire into the first line they met; but the poor fellows ran into a Federal brigade, and were shocked and staggered by a deadly volley. Splendid soldiers that they were, they obeyed orders, held their own fire, laid down and took the enemy's. Almost every man struck was killed, and every man killed was shot through the brain. Their comrades had gone into the woods as soon as it was light, brought out the bodies and laid them in rows, with hands crossed upon their breasts, but eyes wide-staring. A sickly summer rain had fallen in the night, and the faces of the dead were bleached with more than death's pallor. Every eye-ball was strained upward toward the spot where the bullet had crashed through the skull, and every forehead stained with ooze and trickle of blood. Men were passing through the silent lines, bending low, seeking in the distorted faces to identify their friends.

Jackson glanced a moment toward this scene. Not a muscle quivered. "Eyes front!" and he resumed his steady gaze down the road toward Richmond. He was the ideal of concentration—imperturbable, resistless. I remember feeling that, if he were not a very good man he would be a very bad one. By a ludicrous turn of the association of ideas, the old darkey minister's illustration of faith flashed through my brain—"Bredren, if de Lord tell me to jump through a *stone wall*, I's gwine to jump at it; jumpin' at it 'longs to me, goin' through it 'longs to God." The man before me would have jumped at anything the Lord told him to jump through.

A moment later and his gaze was rewarded. A magnificent staff approached from the direction of Richmond, and riding at its head, superbly mounted, a prince, aye, a demi-god. At that time General Lee was one of the handsomest of men, especially on horseback, and that morning every detail of the dress and equipment of himself and horse was absolute perfection. When he recognized Jackson he rode forward with a courier, his staff halting. As he gracefully

dismounted, handing his bridle rein to his attendant, and advanced, drawing the gauntlet from his right hand, Jackson flung himself off his horse and advanced to meet him, little sorrel trotting back to the staff, where a courier secured him.

The two generals greeted each other warmly, but wasted no time upon the greeting. They stood facing each other, some thirty feet from where I lay, Lee's left side and back toward me, Jackson's right and front. He began talking in a jerky, impetuous way, meanwhile drawing a diagram on the ground with the toe of his right boot. He traced two sides of a triangle with promptness and decision; then, starting at the end of the second line, began to draw a third projected toward the first. This line he traced slowly and with hesitation, alternately looking up at Lee's face and down at his diagram, meanwhile talking earnestly; and when at last the third line crossed the first and the triangle was complete, he raised his foot and stamped it down with emphasis, saying, "We've *got* him." Then instantly signalled for his horse, and when he came, vaulted awkwarkly into the saddle, and was gone.

Lee looked after him a moment, the courier brought his horse, he mounted, and he and his staff rode away.

The third line was never drawn—so we never "got" McClellan.

I question if any other man witnessed this interview: certainly no other was as near the two generals. At times I could hear their words, though they were uttered, for the most part, in the low tones of close and earnest conference. As the two faced each other, except that the difference in height was not great, the contrast between them could not have been more striking in feature, figure, dress, voice, style, bearing, manner—everything, in short, that expressed the essential being of the men. It was the Cavalier and the Puritan in intensest embodiment. These two great roots and stocks of British manhood had borne each its consummate flower, in the rank soil of the New World.

LEE.

The most eloquent tongues and pens of two continents have labored to present, with fitting eulogy, the character and career of the great Cavalier, who is to-day recognized, the world over—as the representative of the soldiery of the South. Not only is it true of him that he uniformly acted from the highest motive presented to his soul—but, so impressive and all-compelling was the majesty of his virtue, that it is doubtful whether any one ever questioned this. It

is perhaps not too much to say, that the common consensus of Christendom—friend and foe and neutral—ranks him as one of the greatest captains of the ages, and attributes to him more of the noblest virtues and powers, with less of the ordinary weakness and littleness, of humanity, than to any other representative man in history.

Indeed, if commissioned to select a man to represent the race, in a congress of universal being, whither would you turn to find a loftier representative than Robert Edward Lee?

JACKSON.

What now of our marvellous Round-head?

This certainly, that the world believes in his intense religion and his supreme genius for war, and receives every fresh revelation of him, with something of the profound and eager interest that attaches to the abnormal and the miraculous. In explaining the apparent presumption of this humble contribution, I cannot avoid the egotism of a personal explanation.

Probably no two general officers in the Confederate service knew more of the inner being of Stonewall Jackson and his characteristics as a soldier, than General D. H. Hill and General Ewell—the former his brother-in-law, the latter his trusted lieutenant. It was my privilege to be honored with the personal friendship of both these officers—General Hill early in the war, General Ewell later. Both talked freely with me of Jackson, and I eagerly absorbed from both all I could concerning him.

General Hill, during the winter of '61–'2, frequently expressed to me his unbounded confidence in Jackson's unbounded genius, and predicted that, if the war should last six years, and Jackson live so long, he would be in supreme command.

Dear, queer, chivalric, lovable "Dick Ewell" first worshipped Stonewall Jackson, and then Stonewall Jackson's God. With his own lips he told me, what is related with slight variation in Mrs. Jackson's life of her husband, that the first religious impression of which he was ever conscious took the form of a desire to get hold of the wondrous power which inspired his great commander, after prayer. Elymas the sorcerer, Simon Magus, if you please—but dear old Dick's simony led him up to "pure and undefiled religion." Ewell used to say the secret of Jackson's success as a soldier lay in his emphasis of the maxim, "Time is everything in war"—more than numbers, preparation, armament—more even than all these and all else.

I am satisfied this is but part of the secret.

My father was a minister of the gospel, but possessed strong military instincts, and would have made a superb soldier. He was a sort of chaplain-general in the Army of Northern Virginia; and spent much of his time and did much of his work in the lightning corps of Jackson. Being an intense christian and an intense Calvinist, he and Jackson became warm friends, and he was much at headquarters, even in the general's tent.

I distinctly recall his saying, "If required to state wherein Jackson differed most from other men, and wherein lay the great secret of his power, I should say—he *came nearer putting God in God's place* than any other human soul I ever met."

The statement is as strongly characteristic of my father in form, as I believe it to be of Stonewall Jackson in spirit. This is what the world roughly termed his "fatalism,"—but it is also what inspired and impowered his life with a sense of divine mission and divine support, solemnized it with a sense of infinite responsibility, and steadied it by complete dependence upon Divine Providence and entire submission to the divine decrees.

When Jackson hurled his columns against his enemies, it was in the strength of "The God of armies and of battles," and the war cry of his soul was "The Lord! The Lord! strong and mighty:—The Lord! The Lord! mighty in battle." While the cannon thundered and the battle smoke hung low, and the result trembled in the balance, his confident reliance was "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." When victory perched upon his banners and the day was ours, his shout of triumph ever rose, "Now glory to the Lord of Hosts."

An incident related by my father strikingly exhibits the connection between this religious or sentimental basis of his military system, and the theoretical and practical development of it. The details are not very distinct; but, as I now remember, Jackson was present at an informal military conference, probably not at his own headquarters. My father, observing the council from a little distance, noticed that, as soon as Jackson had uttered a very few words, his head dropped upon his breast, and he evidently slept. He was several times appealed to, and each time had to be wakened. After the conference had broken up, an explanation of his singular conduct being asked, his reply not only illustrates and enforces what has just been said, but presents a powerful photograph of this unique being, and his own statement of the fundamental proposition of his theory of war.

The entire recital was so remarkable that it made an indelible impression upon me, and I am confident of substantial if not verbal accuracy in the reproduction of it. Jackson replied—

"I always have one single, simple opinion, Doctor, and that is to attack the enemy wherever we find him. God has not endowed me with the power of impressing my views upon other people, and when I have stated them, I have done all I can for the conference. Besides, I am not then in charge of the troops. For the time, that responsibility is on the second in command, and I can go to sleep with a free mind, a thing I cannot often do."

Strange, solitary soul; called into council with others it sinks quietly to rest, because for once absolutely free from responsibility. Having nothing it can give, others have nothing it can get. His only councils are held with "The Wonderful" and only "Counsellor," "in the secret place of the Most High," and when he emerges thence to execute "what God hath showed him in the mount," his wisdom confounds his adversaries and his might overwhelms them.

Glance for a moment at his Valley campaign. It is enough to say of my figures that they are those of Col. William Allan, who, if he had lived, would have been the historian of our war.

The entire force under Jackson at no time exceeded 17,000 men, it varied from 4,500 to 17,000—while the aggregate of the forces operating against him varied from 25,000 to 60,000. Take, as your major premiss, this enormous disparity in numbers—as your minor premiss, the incontrovertible, historic fact that, in every one of his battles (with the single exception of Kernstown), he outnumbered his adversary on the actual field of combat. What must be your conclusion? If, as Napoleon said, "war is rapid and skillful concentration," then Stonewall Jackson is the genius of war.

Take another element. It is almost too familiar to deserve mention, that the forced marches of his "foot cavalry" generally put him at the point of attack before his enemy was prepared to receive him; but, rapid marching alone furnishes no adequate explanation of the consternation of surprise, the mingled phrenzy and paralysis of amazement, with which his attacks were sometimes received. The explanation lies in a single statement—whenever circumstances admitted of it *he attacked with the head of his column*, he fired the first musket that got upon the ground.

After such study as I have been able to give the matter, I am in-

clined to believe this feature more essentially characteristic of his military system, and more the secret of his success than any other single element. Obviously, there is amazing audacity in it, and, except under the guidance of genius, amazing peril as well; but, thus directed, incalculable and resistless power.

The fundamental maxim of war requires that the column should be fully up, on the ground and deployed into line, before the attack begins. With a column of from ten to fifteen thousand men, in our broken and wooded country, this would probably require and consume say from two to four hours, which are hours of warning and preparation to your adversary. Jacksons's tactics often annihiliated these hours—simply snatched them away from his opponent. Knowing where Jackson was a given time before, it was a safe and sure calculation that, the muskets that rudely broke the quiet of the Federal camp or the order of the Federal march could not be his. In accordance with the rules of war, being at Strasburg last night at dark, he simply could not be here at daylight this morning. Tested by these rules he is not here, and yet he is actually here, in overwhelming force and devastating fury. The first result is surprise amounting to stupefaction—the second, that impression prominent in the official reports of his defeated opponents—"The rebels were constantly and heavily reinforced all through the engagement." No, no! Banks, Milroy, Fremont—it was only "old Jack's" long column, electrified by the volleys that startled you from your blankets, and double quicking up into line and into battle.

Now, then, let us formulate Jackson's system of war.

1st. The religious or subjective basis. Intense realization of the sovereignty of God, with its normal effect upon the powers of his soul and the habits of his life.

2d. Ceaseless, aggressive activity, keeping the fighting fibre of his men from fatty degeneration, and keeping his opponents in a state of nervous alarm and dread.

3d. Celerity of movement—under the guidance of supreme military genius—resulting in rapid and victorious concentration of his own forces and fatal surprise to his foes.

4th. Attack with the head of his column, accentuating the consternation of his adversaries, and following up his first advantage with constantly augmenting force.

THE MEN LEE AND JACKSON LED, AND THE LIFE THEY LIVED.

Most of us were not men. We were smooth-faced boys. Eternal boyhood has passed upon some of us. The rest of us have grown old—how old we would realize, if, from one of these graves, a comrade of the long ago could rise and take his place among us.

When we put on our gray jackets and left home, the boys we knew and loved were leaving too—each of us blessed and kissed by mother, and speeded by the prayers and benedictions of the parish minister and the church, and of every one that represented anything in the community worth living for or dying for. When we reached the army, by the time we settled into soldiers, we found ourselves blindly following the lead of one of greater and better than any other we had ever known—and we all felt that, with us was Right, before us was Duty, behind us was Home.

The world has said great things of us, and some of them must be true, for Lee himself has said them too. We are not troubled about our reputation. Some of us are where we can never lose it; others have not always lived worthy of it, but when heart and hope sink, because self respect is given away, we look back to what we were and what we did—despair is routed, and we raise our heads once more.

And what were we—what did we, in those days? Shallow-pated fools—Nineteenth century fools—sneer at the life of the soldier. We know better. From the midst of the life about us to-day—the life of craft and guile and rottenness, of money-loving and money-getting—the life of push and drive and clutch and scrape for wealth, aye for bread—the hum-drum, dead-level, feeble, shallow, selfish life you live to-day—look back upon your soldier life. Gaze upon it, in the hallowing light of the past. The look will do you good, through and through. One thing at least is clear. If there is any part or portion of your life, in which you were where you should have been and did what you should have done—it is the great Olympiad of '61 to '65, when you followed Joe Johnson and Robert Lee.

And what a life that following opened to us. Every experience, every effort, every emotion, was deep with all its depth, and strong with all its strength, and strained the soul. Its perils and its sufferings, its heroism and its devotion—its pathos, its terror, its enthusiasm, its triumphs—all these were ecstacies and agonies, were earthquakes and tempests, compared with which the experiences of our life to-day are trite and tame indeed.

You who witnessed the spring-burst of battle at Chancellorsville or the Wilderness, or red battle's high and splendid noon at Manassas or Gettysburg—tell me! what have you felt or looked on since, that is not pitifully small in comparison. If, on such a field, you chanced to see Robert Lee ride, with uncovered head, along the front of one of his old fighting divisions, to you surely I need not enlarge upon the thrilling inspirations in the life of the Confederate soldier.

A single scene from this room of memory's picture gallery.

We had been ordered out of Fredericksburg. Burnside's great siege guns were belching forth death and ruin upon the old town, from the Stafford heights. Barksdale's Mississippians had been hospitably received by the inhabitants, and their blood was up in their defense. The Twenty-first Mississippi was the last regiment to leave the city. The last detachment was under the command of Lane Brandon, my *quondum* classmate at Yale. In skirmishing with the head of the Federal column—led, I think, by the Twentieth Massachusetts—Brandon captured a few prisoners, and learned that the advance company was commanded by Abbott, who had been his chum at Harvard Law School, when the war began.

He lost his head completely. He refused to retire before Abbott. He fought him fiercely, and was actually driving him back. In this he was violating orders, and breaking our plan of battle. He was put under arrest, and his subaltern brought the command out of town.

Buck Denman, a Mississippi bear hunter and a superb specimen of manhood, was color-sergeant of the Twenty-first and a member of Brandon's company. He was tall and straight, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, had an eye like an eagle and a voice like a bull of Bashan, and was full of pluck and power as a panther. He was rough as a bear in manner, but withal, a noble, tender-hearted fellow, and a splendid soldier.

The enemy finding the way now clear, were coming up the street, full company front, with flags flying and bands playing, while the great shells from the siege guns were bursting over their heads and dashing their hurtling fragments after our retreating skirmishers.

Buck was behind the corner of a house, taking sight for a last shot. Just as his finger trembled on the trigger, a little three-year-old, fair-haired baby-girl toddled out of an alley, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, and gave chase to a big shell that was rolling lazily along the pavement, she clapping her little hands and the dog snap-

ping and barking furiously at the shell. Buck's hand dropped from the trigger. He dashed it across his eyes to dispel the mist and make sure he hadn't passed over the river and wasn't seeing his own baby-girl in a vision. No, there is the baby, amid the hell of shot and shell, and here come the Yankees. A moment, and he has grounded his gun, dashed out into the storm, swept his great right arm around the baby, gained cover again, and, baby clasped to his breast and musket trailed in his left hand, is trotting after the boys up to Marye's heights.

And there, behind that historic stone wall and in the lines hard by, all those hours and days of terror, was that baby kept; her fierce nurses taking turns patting her, while the storm of battle raged and shrieked—and, at night, wrestling with each other for the boon and benediction of her quiet breathing under their blankets. Never was baby so tended and cared for. They scoured the country side for milk, and conjured up their best skill to prepare dainty viands for her little ladyship.

When the struggle was over and the enemy had withdrawn to his strongholds across the river and Barksdale was ordered to reoccupy the town, the Twenty-first Mississippi, having held the post of danger in the rear, was given the place of honor in the van and led the column. There was a long halt, the brigade and regimental staff hurrying to and fro. The regimental colors could not be found.

Denman stood about the middle of the regiment, baby in arms. Suddenly he sprang to the front. Swinging her aloft above his head, her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, he shouted, "Forward Twenty-first, here are your colors"—and, without further order, off started the brigade toward the town, yelling as only Barksdale's men could yell. They were passing through a street fearfully shattered by the enemy's fire, and were shouting their very souls out; but—let Buck himself describe the last scene in the drama:

"I was holding the baby high, Adjutant, with both arms, when, above all the racket, I heard a woman's scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico, and she fainted on my breast. I caught her before she fell, and laying her down gently, put her baby on her bosom. She was most the prettiest thing I ever looked at, and her eyes were shut,—and—and—I hope God'll forgive me, but I kissed her just once."

"And what shall we more say, for the time would fail us" to illustrate all the noble features of the soldier life. There is however one,

perhaps specially characteristic of our Confederate struggle, of which I desire to speak with emphasis, because, as I believe, there has never been any just or general appreciation of it, and the little there was seems to be fading away.

I refer to the more than human heroism of the private soldiers of our armies who remainded faithful under *the unspeakable pressure of letters and messages revealing suffering, starvation and despair, at home.*

The men who felt this strain most were husbands of young wives and fathers of young chileren, whom they had supported by their labor, manual or mental. As the lines of public communication in the Confederacy were more and more broken and destroyed, the situation of such families became more desperate, and their appeals more and more piteous, to their only earthly helpers, who were far, far away filling their places in "the thin gray line." Meanwhile the enemy sent secretly into our camps, often by our own pickets, circulars offering our men indefinite parole, with free transportation to their homes.

If ever there was such a thing as a "conflict of duties," that conflict was presented to these men. If ever the strain of such a conflict was great enough to unsettle a man's reason and break a man's heart-strings, these men were subjected to that strain. I cannot express to you the intensity of my feeling on this subject. I cannot reveal to you the unutterable revelations of this anguish, which have been made to these ears and these eyes.

Ask any Confederate officer who commanded troops in the latter part of the war and who was loved and trusted by his men. He will tell you of letters which it would have seared your very eye balls to read, but that they could not be read without bedewing and bedimming tears—letters marked oftimes by the pathos which labored and imperfect penmanship imparts, and always by the power which agony inspires—letters in which a wife and mother, crazed by her starving children's cries for bread, demanded of a husband and father to choose between his God—imposed obligations to her and to them, and his allegiance to his country, his duty as a soldier—declared, that, if the stronger party prove recreant to the marriage vow, the weaker should no longer be bound by it—that if he come not at once, he need never come—that she will never see him more, never recognize him again as the husband of her heart or the father of her children.

Many a noble officer, reading such a letter with a poor fellow of his command, at night fall, has realized how inadequate and powerless was the best sympathy and advice and comfort he could give, and when at next morning's roll call, that man failed to answer to his name, has felt far more of pity than of condemnation. Soldiers would not prevent the departure of a comrade who was known to have received such a letter. Officers of court martials, compelled by sense of duty to order the execution as a deserter of a man absent without leave under such circumstances, have confessed to me, with awful emphasis, that they shuddered, as if accessories before the fact to *murder*. Nay more—when a man stood upright under such a strain, and, thereafter, his life a living death, yet steadfast trod its hateful round of camp and march and battle, it was even a relief to his commanding officer, when the foeman's merciful bullet let the agonized spirit out of the miserable body, to see his arms fly up wildly, and to catch, as it were, his death cry—"Thank God! *this hell* is past."

During the winter of '64–'5, two or three of General Alexander's field officers, First Corps Artillery, A. N. V., were sent to Chaffin's Bluff, for the purpose of toning up the garrison there, which had been demoralized by the disaster at Fort Harrison, the capture of their commanding officer and other untoward incidents. The morale of the men had decidedly improved before the final crash came, but that was enough to try the mettle even of the best troops in the highest condition. The men of the fleet and of the James river defenses were ordered to leave the river about midnight of the 2d of April, exploding magazines and ironclads, and joining the Army of Northern Virginia on its retreat. The troops at Chaffin's, having been long in garrison, and rightly deeming this the beginning of the end, were greatly shaken by the orders, and the sublime terrors of that fearful night certainly did nothing to steady them.

The explosions began just as we got across the river. When the magazines at Chaffin's and Drury's Bluffs went off, the solid earth shuddered convulsively; but, as the iron-clads—one after another—exploded, it seemed as if the very dome of heaven would be shattered down upon us. Earth and air and the black sky glared in the lurid light. Columns and towers and pinnacles of flame shot upward to an amazing height, from which, on all sides, the ignited shell flew on arcs of fire and burst as if bombarding heaven. I distinctly remember feeling that, after this, I could never more be startled—no, not by the catastrophes of the last Great Day.

I walked in rear of the battalion to prevent straggling, and, as the successive flashes illumined the cimmerian darkness, the blanched faces and staring eyes turned backward upon me spoke volumes of nervous demoralization. I felt that a hare might shatter the column.

We halted at daylight at a country cross-road in Chesterfield to allow other bodies of troops to pass, the bulk of my men lying down and falling asleep in a grove; but, seeing others about a well in the yard of a farm house over the way, I deemed it best to go there to see that nothing was unnecessarily disturbed.

I sat in the porch, where were also sitting an old couple evidently the joint head of the establishment, and a young woman dressed in black, apparently their daughter, and, as I soon learned, a soldier's widow. My coat was badly torn, and the young woman kindly offering to mend it, I thanked her, and, taking it off, handed it to her. While we were chatting, and groups of men sitting on the steps and lying about the yard, the door of the house opened and another young woman appeared. She was almost beautiful, was plainly but neatly dressed, and had her hat on. She had evidently been weeping, and her face was deadly pale. Turning to the old lady as she came out, she said, cutting her words off short: "Mother, tell him if he passes by here, he is no husband of mine," and turned again to leave the porch. I rose, and placing myself directly in front of her, extended my arm to prevent her escape. She drew back with surprise and indignation. The men were alert on the instant, and battle was joined.

"What do you mean, sir?" she cried.

"I mean, madam," I replied, "that you are sending your husband word to desert, and that I cannot permit you to do this in the presence of my men."

"Indeed! and who asked your permission, sir? And pray, sir, is he your husband or mine?"

"He is your husband, madam, but these are my soldiers. They and I belong to the same army with your husband, and I cannot suffer you or anyone, unchallenged, to send such a demoralizing message in their hearing."

"Army! do you call this mob of retreating cowards an army? Soldiers! if you are soldiers, why don't you stand and fight the savage wolves that are coming upon us defenceless women and children?"

"We don't stand and fight, madam, because we are soldiers, and have to obey orders; but, if the enemy should appear on that hill this

moment, I think you would find that these men are soldiers, and willing to die in defence of women and children."

"Quite a fine speech, sir, but rather cheap to utter, since you very well know the Yankees are not here, and won't be till you've had time to get your precious carcasses out of the way. Besides, sir, this thing is over, and has been for some time. The government has now actually run off, bag and baggage—the Lord knows where—and there is no longer any government or any country for my husband to owe allegiance to. He does owe allegiance to me, and to his starving children, and if he doesn't observe this allegiance now, when *I* need *him*, he needn't attempt it hereafter, when *he* wants *me*."

The woman was quick as a flash and cold as steel. She was getting the better of me. She saw it, I felt it, and, worst of all, the men saw and felt it, too, and had gathered thick, and pressed up close, all around the porch. There must have been a hundred or more of them, all eagerly listening and evidently leaning strongly to the woman's side.

This would never do.

I tried every avenue of approach to that woman's heart. It was either congealed by suffering, or else it was encased in adamant. She had paried every thrust, repelled every advance, and was now standing defiant, with her arms folded across her breast, rather courting further attack. I was desperate, and, with the nonchalance of pure desperation—no stroke of genius—I asked the soldier-question:

"What command does your husband belong to?"

She started a little, and there was a slight trace of color in her face, as she replied, with a slight tone of pride in her voice.

"He belongs to the Stonewall Brigade, sir." *

I felt, rather than thought it—but, had I really found her heart? We would see.

"When did he join it?"

A little deeper flush, a little stronger emphasis of pride.

"He joined it in the spring of '61, sir."

Yes, I was sure of it now. Her eyes had gazed straight into mine—her head inclined and her eye-lids drooped a little now, and

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*The Stonewall Brigade was, of course, not so named until after the first battle of Manassas, and it did not exist as an organization after May, 1864; but men who had at any time belonged to one of the regiments that composed it, ever after claimed membership in the brigade. Among soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, and yet more among their families and friends, once of "The Stonewall Brigade," always of that immortal corps.

there was something in her face that was not pain and was not fight. So I let myself out a little, and turning to the men, said:

"Men, if her husband joined the Stonewall Brigade in '61, and has been in the army ever since, I reckon he's a good soldier."

I turned to look at her. It was all over. Her wifehood had conquered. She had not been addressed this time, yet she answered instantly, with head raised high, face flushing, eyes flashing.

"General Lee hasn't a better in his army."

As she uttered these words, she put her hand in her bosom, and drawing out a folded paper, extended it toward me, saying:

"If you doubt it, look at that."

Before her hand reached mine, she drew it back, seeming to have changed her mind—but I caught her wrist, and, without much resistance on her part, possessed myself of the paper. It had been much thumbed and was much worn. It was hardly legible, but I made it out. Again I turned to the men.

"Take your hats off, boys, I want you to hear this with uncovered heads"—and then I read an endorsement on an application for furlough, in which General Lee himself had signed a recommendation of this woman's husband for a furlough of special length, on account of special gallantry in battle.

During the reading of this paper, the woman was transfigured, glorified. No Madonna of old master was ever more sweetly radiant with all that appeals to what is best and holiest in man. Her bosom rose and fell with deep, quiet sighs—her eyes rained gentle, happy tears.

The men felt it all—*all.* They were all gazing upon her, but the dross was clean purified out of them. There was not, upon any one of their faces, an expression that would have brought a blush to the cheek of the purest womanhood on earth. I turned once more to the soldier's wife:

"This little paper is your most precious jewel, isn't it?"

"It is."

"And the love of him whose manly courage and devotion won this tribute is the best blessing God ever gave you—isn't it?"

"It is."

"And yet, for the brief ecstacy of one kiss, you would disgrace this hero husband of yours, stain all his noble reputation, and turn

this priceless little paper to bitterness; for, the rear-guard would hunt him from his own cottage, in half an hour, a deserter and a coward."

Not a sound could be heard save her hurried breathing. The rest of us held even our breath.

Suddenly, with a gasp of recovered consciousness, she snatched the paper from my hand, put it back hurriedly in her bosom, and, turning once more to her mother, said:

"Mother, tell him not to come."

I stepped aside at once. She left the porch, glided down the path to the gate, crossed the road, surmounted the fence with easy grace, climbed the hill, and, as she disappeared in the weedy pathway, I caught up my hat and said:

"Now men, give her three cheers."

Such cheers! O, God! shall I ever again hear a cheer which bears a man's whole soul in it?

I could have hurled that battalion against an embattled world.

Comrades, we are about to unveil a monument to "The Confederate Dead," but one interesting feature of this occasion is its tender association with a Confederate, thank God, yet living.

When little Sallie Baker shall draw aside yonder veil and reveal the noble figure behind it her act will also serve to recall the pathetic figure of the hero father to whose superb gallantry she owes her distinguished part in the ceremonies of this hour—comrade *James B. Baker*, a soldier who never faltered till he fell, and who has borne his wounds as bravely as he had worn his sword.

And now, we leave this holy acre, we close this holy hour. We turn again to what we call "*Life*"; we leave these gallant brothers whom we call "*Dead.*" Yes, leave them here in silence, and with God.

God will distill the gentlest dews of heaven upon these flowers He will direct the mildest stars of heaven upon these graves. God and his angels will guard their repose until the roses bloom again, then we will return, renewing our flowers and our faith.

ADDRESS OF GEN. R. E. COLSTON.

Before the Ladies' Memorial Association, at Wilmington, N. C., May 10, 1870.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

This address was delivered nearly twenty-four years ago when military rule and carpet-bag governments were still prevailing over the South, causing more bitter feeling than even the war itself. Since then, almost a quarter of a century has elapsed and has taught salutary lessons.

We had already appreciated the value of the Northern soldiers, and we now understand the motives which impelled them to war from their point of view, motives just as honest, patriotic, and noble as ours.

Prejudices on both sides have melted away, and there are now no better friends than those who fought each other in the blue and gray. Mr. Beecher's prophecy proved conspicuously false, and all the Southern land is now dotted with monuments, growing more numerous each year, erected to the memory of her fallen heroes.

Peace has made us, in many respects, the most powerful nation in the world, and the most prosperous. We got rid of the incubus of slavery, which we would not otherwise have shaken off in more than a century.

We shall always cherish the memories of our struggle, which was inevitable, and in which we acted our part honorably and gloriously; and now, looking to the future and realizing the magnificent destiny placed before us and our children as one people, with one country and one flag, we accept the verdict of Fate and say: It is well!

R. E. COLSTON. *

Washington, Dec. 25th, 1893.

Ladies of the Memorial Association and Fellow-Citizens:

A beneficent Providence has mercifully decreed that Time shall be the great healer and consoler of almost every form of human woe. Five years ago our land was still reeling with the calamities

* The accomplished gentleman and soldier, the author of this address, is to-day stretched upon a bed of pain, where he faces the inroads of disease, and the approach of the last enemy, with a gentle chivalry and heroic firmness, which might put to the blush many a famous victory. In the service of Longstreet and Jackson, of Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee, he shared all that the New World can teach of battle and danger. In the service of the Khedive and in the deserts of Africa, he shared the suffering of the Old World, and now bears it as his cross. The injuries of earth have only taught forgiveness to his lips. From a crucified body comes only the message of good will to man; and the sermon of peace on earth is the legacy of his life of war. On no day more appropriately than Christmas day could this latest missive receive his seal and superscription.

L. R.

of war. The blood was hardly dry upon the battle-fields, the dead were not yet all buried, the smouldering ruins were still smoking, and the echoes of the closing cannonades had hardly ceased to resound in our ears. All was desolation in the present—doubt and fear for the future. So sudden and so complete had been our fall that we lay stunned beneath the crushing blow, with no strength but to suffer, no energy but to despair!

But time rolled on and brought healing upon his wings. The ruined homesteads have been rebuilt. The ploughshare has turned up the soil enriched by the slaughter of war. The luxuriant grass has covered up the graves of the fallen. Some years more and a few slight ridges in the plain, a few mutilated trunks in the forest, will alone mark the spot where rose the bristling fortifications and the red-mouthed artillery shot out its thunders.

And not in the material world alone has the gentle hand of time closed the gaping wounds of war. It has also poured its balm in our sorrowing hearts. It has soothed the agony of recent bereavement and defeat; it has showed us that we have still a country to live for—a country which, if we cannot, as we once fondly hoped, raise to power and proud independence, we can still love and render prosperous by the arts of peace, as we made her illustrious, even in defeat, by the fortitude of our struggle. And now, though many bitter things are still to be endured and the regrets for what *might* have been, can never cease to exist, yet the light of hope shines brighter and brighter before our eyes, and speaks to us of better days in the future.

But with time and returning prosperity come also the waters of oblivion, whose rising tide threatens to engulf all the vestiges of the past. Here and there a stricken heart, wounded to its inmost core, and alone knowing its own bitterness, will cherish its sacred grief until time itself shall be no more. But without a proper effort on our part there is danger that the corroding cares of the present and the absorbing exertions for existence may make us or our descendants forget the rightfulness of our cause, and the heroic martyrs who fell in its defence.

And beside all this, upon their fate and history lies there not the blight of failure and defeat?

Those who fall in the arms of victory and success need no monuments to preserve their memories. The continued existence and prosperity of their country are sufficient epitaphs, and their names can never be forgotten. But how shall those be remembered who failed? It is their enemies who write their history—painting it with

their own colors—distorting it with their calumnies, their prejudices, and their passions, and it is this one-sided version of the conquerors that the world at large accept as the truth, for in history as in the present, "*Vœ Victis!*"—woe to the conquered!

It is true that when we, the actors in the late contest, shall be sleeping in our graves little will it matter to us what the world may think of us or our motives. But methinks that we could hardly rest in peace, even in the tomb, should our descendants misjudge or condemn us. And yet, is there no possibility of this? They will be told that their fathers were oligarchs, aristocrats, slave drivers, rebels, traitors, who, to perpetuate the monstrous sin of human slavery, tried to throttle out the life of the nation, and to rend asunder the government founded by Washington; that they raised parricidal hands against the sacred ark of the Constitution; that they were the unprovoked aggressors, and struck the first sacrilegious blow against the Union and the flag of their country.

What if this be but false cant and calumny? Constant repetition will give it something of the authority of truth. We cannot doubt it. Our descendants will see these slanders repeated in Northern and probably in European publications—perhaps even in the very text-books of their schools (for unfortunately we Southerners write too little), and they may be compelled, like ourselves, to look abroad for their intellectual nutriment. It is true that our own immediate sons and daughters will not believe these falsifications of history, but perchance *their* children or grandchildren may believe them. And those who are still our enemies after five years of peace, rely confidently upon this result. A so-called minister of the Prince of Peace, but whose early and persistent advocacy of war and bloodshed prove that he obtained his commission from a very opposite quarter, has dared to say that "in a few years the relatives of those Southern men who fell in our struggle will be ashamed to be seen standing by the side of their dishonored graves." And he who said this, mark you, is no obscure driveller, but, on the contrary, one of the highest representative men of the North; one whom they delight to honor. No less a personage than the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who tendered his church as a shooting-gallery for bandits to acquire skill to murder Southern men in Kansas—Beecher, the abettor and panegyrist of John Brown, the chief of those bandits—Beecher, the burning and shining light of the Northern Church, whose utterances attract thousands every Sabbath. He says that in a few years the Southern

people will be ashamed to stand by the dishonored graves of their fallen champions.

Fellow Southerners, whose teachings and influence can accomplish more than all other agencies combined to hurl back this foul slander in the teeth of that reverend liar? Who can best guard our posterity from the corrupting venom of falsehood? Who can so implant the right and justice of our lost cause into their souls as to prevail over all the calumnies of our detractors?

Your hearts reply like mine, "It is the noble, patriotic, unwavering women of the South." Yes, let me repeat this last epithet, for it belongs peculiar to them. *Unwavering*, true to the right, true to the South, in the past and in the present, as they will be in the future. This is neither the time nor the place for vapid compliments or fulsome eulogy, and I speak only "the words of truth and soberness," as all of you will testify. We would be baser than the brutes that perish could we forget what the women of the South did to promote the success of our efforts. By night and by day they labored with diligent hands to supply the deficiencies of the government. They nursed the sick and wounded; they bore sorrows and privations of every kind without a murmur. What they suffered no tongue, no pen can ever express. Yet they never faltered; they never gave up, and they continued to cheer the sinking hearts of their defenders, and to hope against all hope, even when all was over. And see how nobly they have kept their faith. While some men who once did gallant service in the Southern armies have, alas, turned false for filthy lucre, where are the renegades among Southern women? Even we who have preserved our truth unstained, have we not grown colder and more forgetful? Had it depended upon us alone, is there not much reason to fear that our brothers' bones would still lie unheeded where they fell? Not that we have grown indifferent or estranged, but the claims of the living and the anxieties of misfortune have absorbed our attention. It is these blessed Southern women, whose tender hearts never forget, that deserve the credit of all that has been done among us to preserve from destruction the remains of our brave comrades. Unwearied by all their labors and self-sacrifice during four years of war, they were, like Mary, the first at the graves of their beloved dead. Therefore, to them we may safely entrust the holy ark of our Southern faith. Yes, it is for you, wives, mothers, daughters of the South—it is for you far more than for us, to fashion the hearts and thoughts of our children. We have neither the time nor the aptitude that you possess for training the infant mind from

the beginning and inclining the twig the way the tree should grow. You are now, or will be some day, the mothers of future generations. See that you transmit to them the traditions and memories of our cause, and of our glorious, if unsuccessful, struggle, that they may in their turn transmit them unchanged to those who succeed them. And let them learn from you that although the same inscrutable Providence that once permitted the Grecian cross to go down before the Moslem crescent has decreed that we should yield to Northern supremacy, and that we should fail in our endeavor, yet, for all that, *we were right.*

And this points to another great lesson to be instilled into their minds.

The worship of success, no matter how achieved, is but too universal in the world. In the North it is the great idol of the day. Generals whose luck it was to come upon the stage when they could oppose to the exhausted remnants of the South the unlimited resources of the North, have been magnified into demi-gods, and receive the daily adorations of the multitude. So far does this idolatry blind the Northern people that they cannot understand our lack of admiration for the men whose ruthless course deluged our land with blood, and whose tracks were marked by the ashes of our desolate homes. Still less can they comprehend the love, veneration, and enthusiasm that we still continue to feel for our own unsuccessful leaders. The events of the last ten years have impressed upon the Northern mind that failure is ignominious, and that success, no matter how iniquitous, is the only criterion of right.

It is for you, Southern matrons, to guard your cherished ones against this foul idolatry, and to teach them a nobler and a higher moral. It is for you to bring the youth of our land to these consecrated mounds, and to engrave in their candid souls the true story of our wrongs, our motives, and our deeds. Tell them in those tender and eloquent words that you know so well how to use ; tell them that those who lie here entombed were neither traitors nor rebels, and that those absurd epithets are but the ravings of malignant folly when applied to men who claimed nothing but their right under the Constitution of their fathers—the right of self-government. Tell them how we exhausted every honorable means to avoid the terrible arbitrament of war, asking only to be let alone, and tendering alliance, friendship, free navigation—everything reasonable and magnanimous—to obtain an amicable settlement. Tell them how, when driven to draw the sword, we fought the mercenaries of all the world until,

overpowered by tenfold numbers, we fell; but, like Leonidas and his Spartans of old, fell so heroically that our defeat was more glorious than victory.

Then from so sublime a theme teach our children a no less sublime lesson. Bid them honor the right, just because it *is* the right. Honor it when its defenders have gained the rich prize of success. Honor it still more when they are languishing in the dungeons of oppression, or lying in bloody graves, like the martyrs we celebrate to-day. And bid them remember that no triumph however brilliant can ever change the wrong into the right. Next to their duty to God, teach your offspring to love their native Southern land all the more tenderly for its calamities, and to cherish the memories of their fathers all the more preciously becaue they battled for the right and went down in the unequal strife. And should their youthful hearts wonder at the triumph of force over justice, teach them that the ways of Providence are mysterious, and not like our ways. For a time the wicked may flourish like a green bay tree, but he shall not endure forever; and far better is it to suffer with the righteous than to rejoice with the unjust. Sooner or later, in some mysterious way that we cannot now perceive—in their own day, perhaps, if not in ours—the truth of our principles will be recognized. Meanwhile, bid them scorn "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may folfollow fawning." Let the satraps of tyranny ride in state like Haman; but let us and our descendants be the Mordecais at the gate, refusing to do reverence to those who represent nothing but the triumph of might over right. Yet, while clinging to our principles and vindicating the righteousness of our motives, let our children learn also the Christian lessons of forgiveness. God forbid that the bitterness of our times should be perpetuated from generation to generation! God forbid, above all, that this land should ever be drenched again with the blood of contending armies, speaking the same language and springing from a kindred race. On the contrary, may He grant that the causes of strife, being at last all extinct, peace and harmony may prevail, and make this land in truth, and not merely in name, the asylum of human liberty!

It is in order that these noble lessons may be deeply engraved in the hearts of our people, that throughout the South the Memorial Associations of our generous-hearted ladies are calling us together this day from every town and village in the land to the cemeteries wherein their pious care has collected the precious remains of our fallen brothers. And it is peculiarly appropriate that this, the 10th

day of May, should have been selected by almost unanimous consent as the great memorial day of the South. For it was on this day seven years ago that the greatest and most illustrious of our dead fellow-soldiers yielded up his spirit to his Maker, and left his country to mourn the irreparable loss of STONEWALL JACKSON!

To-day all nature smiles genially around us. The forest and the field lie all glowing beneath the spring sunlight. The gentle breeze that fans our brows brings naught but the perfumes of sweet flowers and the songs of joyous birds. In this tranquil and beauteous resting-place of the dead all speaks of calmness and peace. The busy hum of the distant city scarce penetrates this placid retreat, while the mellow sounds of the church bells faintly ring in melancholy chimes, like a sad, yet soothing requiem.

But seven years ago this day!

Shall I retrace before your eyes the picture that memory brings to mind?

A scrubby growth of dwarf oaks, so dense as to be almost impenetrable, blasted and scorched by the fires kindled by bursting shells, and still concealing within its gloomy depths the half calcined corpses of those hapless wounded too feeble to escape the fearful conflagration. As far as the eye can reach nothing to be seen but that dreary region of the Wilderness in which nature herself looks frowning, even in the jocund days of spring. Blackened ruins, tottering chimneys, crumbling fortifications and shattered cannon-wheels alone mark the site where once stood the quiet hamlet of Chancellorsville. Trees riven and shorn a few feet about the ground as if by some gigantic scythe, bushes showing in every twig the fractures caused by some monstrous hail exhibit the terrible traces of artillery and musketry. No sweet perfumes of spring flowers here. To that peculiar acrid smell of the battle-field, never to be forgotten or mistaken by those who have once breathed it; to that mingled odor of burning leaves, fresh blood, and powder smoke has succeeded the far more repulsive scent of corruption and decay. The whole atmosphere is reeking with the putrid emanations from hundreds of dead horses and from thousands of shallow graves; for, as we ride this Sunday morning over that wasted battle-field of a week ago, at every step we see the skeleton hands and feet washed out by the recent rains and already blackened and fleshless. And for fitting music in this Golgotha, not the tuneful song of summer birds, but the pestiferous humming of carrion flies. Not the pensive sound of holy bells on this Sabbath morning, but the sullen roar of the still unextin-

guished forest, and the irregular crash of bursting shells as the flames reach and explode them.

Such I remember this day seven years ago, on the banks of the Rappahannock, on the desolate field of the great battle.

And yet, you remember, comrades—for some of you are present here to-day who were with me there—you well remember that our veterans, inured to all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, were enjoying the temporary rest after the fierce conflict. Our dead had been buried, our wounded transported to more remote hospitals. Our hopes were buoyant, for though our great leader was prostrated for the present by his wounds, we all looked forward to a time not far distant when he would again lead us to other victories, which would at last bring blessed peace to the land. In the camps of the division when evening came the usual song and jest were heard as before, exhibiting that careless gaiety so gratifying to behold, as indicating a cheerful readiness for all emergencies. Thus it was up to that Sunday, the 10th of May, seven years ago.

The sun rose cloudless on that Sabbath morning—obscured only by the smoke of the still smouldering woods. In most of our camps services were held by the chaplains, and attended by the troops in more than usual numbers. None but the Omniscient can tell what prayers arose that day—many from hearts and lips unused to pray for themselves—on behalf of the beloved chieftain who, at that very moment, was descending into the shadow of the dark valley. But death, which he had so often looked in the face, had no terrors for him. Both for this world and the next he had fought the good fight, he had won the victory; and when in the supreme hour his soul beheld the weird river of death, his last words were: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the trees." One minute more and the cold stream was passed, and he rests forever under those heavenly trees whose leaves are for the healing of nations.

Ah! my countrymen, could you have seen and felt as I did, the sudden change in those camps of the Wilderness, when the dread announcement came that evening, "Jackson is dead!" it would be a memory never to be effaced from your hearts. The sounds of merriment died away as if the Angel of Death himself had flapped his muffled wings over the troops. A silence profound, mournful, stifling and oppressive as a funeral pall succeeded to the voices of cheerfulness, and many were the veterans who had followed him from Harper's Ferry to Manassas, from Winchester to Port Republic, from Cold Harbor to Fredericksburg, whose bronzed cheeks were now wet

with burning tears, and whose dauntless breasts were heaving with uncontrollable sobs. Alas, the star of our fortunes set when he fell, and thenceforth "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster," until our meteor flag, conquered, but still spotless and glorious, went down forever!

On this sad anniversary day let us therefore remember him, and with him all our slain brothers in arms, of whom he is the noblest representative.

But how shall we, how *can* we do sufficient honor to their memories? We look in vain around us this day for a stately structure to commemorate their names. Nothing meets our eyes, nothing but—

> "A simple sodded mound of earth,
> Without a line above it;
> With only fragrant votive flowers
> To show that any love it!"

Imperial Rome, rich in the spoils of a world, could eternize in marble and in bronze the triumphs of her legions; and the columns of Trajanus and Antonine, the arches of Titus and Severus, are still standing to-day to rescue from oblivion the proud names of her Cæsars. Greece, radiant with the prodigality of genius, crystalizes the glories of her past ages in the unrivaled outlines of the Parthenon, while nature itself endows her with the imperishable monuments of Thermopylæ and Salamis.

But, alas! not for us, the despoiled sons of the war-wasted South, to build such memorials to our lamented dead. Not for us to dedicate the "storied urn or animated bust." Yet, let us not despond if adversity still forbids us to erect proud mausoleums to our fallen heroes. The day will come, doubt it not, when returning prosperity will enable us to do this. But meanwhile there are other monuments, "not made with hands," yet more lasting than brass, whose foundations it is our present duty to sink so deep that they may endure forever. They are those traditions and sentiments which live eternal in the hearts of a nation, and become interwoven with its very existence.

The Israelite, descended from God's chosen people, needs no lofty pile to remind him of his deliverance from Egyptian bondage, so long as the Passover remains to him as a perennial memento of Exodus. His simple observance of his anniversary day has outlived Solomon's magnificent temple, merely because, though conquered,

dispersed, persecuted, banished, nothing has ever made him forget or neglect the tradition of his race.

Well, my fellow-citizens, oppressed and impoverished as we are, it is in our power to establish for ourselves and our posterity forever as unfading and significant a memorial. Let this day become the national Holy day of the South. Let it be celebrated each returning year by the prayers of the church for the prosperity of the land for which these martyrs gave their lives, and by the tribute of praise paid by eloquent lips. Let young and old repair to these consecrated graves to decorate them with the graceful floral offerings of spring. Let these pious and touching ceremonies be so engrafted upon our nation's customs that when our descendants shall ask, like the Hebrew children of old, "What mean ye by this service?" they shall be answered: "In memory of those devoted men who fought and died to secure to our land the blessings of liberty and self-government." Let these solemn observances be sacredly transmitted from generation to generation, and they will remain a monument in the hearts of our posterity which shall endure as long as our language and our race—long after the proudest trophies erected to the triumphs of our adversaries shall have crumbled into dust.

And full well do they, whose hallowed dust lies entombed under our feet, deserve all the respect and veneration we can render to their memories. Those whose scattered remains have been collected here by our Memorial Association belonged mainly to the rank and file of the Confederate armies. Ah! whenever I think of them, the suffering and devoted soldiers of our army, my heart swells with tender and mournful emotions. I have lived with them and known them so well.

It was my fortune during the war to command, at various times, troops from no less than nine States of our late Confederacy, and in all of them, I recognized the same noble characteristics. So intrepid in danger, and yet so gentle, so obedient to those who know how to command them—so patriotic, so constant and enduring under hardships that can never be adequately described; and I feel a just pride in being able to say that, although always strict in my discipline, never was a single one of our valiant soldiers subjected by any order of mine to a cruel or degrading punishment. Yes, while yielding heartily the full meed of glory due to those chiefs whose genius crowned our arms with so many splendid victories, and to that illustrious body of gallant officers whose position and education made it their duty to command, as it was the duty of others to obey, I

believe that the rank and file of our troops were, as a mass, the real martyrs of our cause. The world will never know, never appreciate what they underwent for the vindication of their country. To all the unspeakable calamities which inevitably follow in the bloody footsteps of war, were added all those evils resulting from our peculiar position. Cut off from all the world, they daily felt the want of all the necessaries of life. The want of shoes, when the continual marches tore their bleeding feet; the want of warm clothing, when the pitiless blasts and the driving rains pierced them to the bone; the want of medicine, when the wounds and the diseases of army life stretched them upon the hard hospital bed—nay, more than this, the want of needful food to enable them to support the exhausting fatigues of war. Yes, fellow Southerners, the world will not credit, and even our own posterity. perhaps, will deem an exaggeration what is but the literal fact, as you well know, you that were there. Yes, for more than two long and weary years the Confederate army, as a whole, never knew what it was to have enough to eat. As early as the winter of '63, the Confederate ration was reduced to less than one-third of that of our enemies, which experience had proved to be necessary to support soldiers in the field. Where is another example in all history of an army, neither clothed nor paid, nor more than half fed—always unsatisfied, always hungering for bread enough, and yet keeping together and battling for more than two lingering years of such unparalleled privations. And remember how those starving, ragged, barefooted privates marched and toiled and fought, through the burning suns of summer—through the frozen blasts of winter—fought until over-powered by irresistible odds, having lost their best blood and the most of their brothers, they yielded at last, less to numbers than to famine, but saving bright and unstained from the fearful ruin their sacred honor, the honor of the Southern land.

And who, then, were they, these humble privates, these anonymous heroes, who were content to die unknown, expecting neither reward nor fame? Most of them possessed neither lands nor slaves, nor anything worth the risk of their lives. But they thought not of this. They gave their lives for their country, their principles, their sacred right to self-government, inherited from the founders of the Republic. Politicians may have been incapable or corrupt—commanders intemperate or incompetent—but let us never forget it, the rank and file, when properly led, never failed to do their whole duty as long as human nature could endure, with a heroism that has

never been equalled. Gallant knights they were, Nature's own true noblemen, though coarse might be their garb, and uncouth their exterior—

"Brave knights, and true as ever drew
Their swords with knightly Roland,
Or died at Sobieski's side
For love of martyr'd Poland,
Or knelt with Cromwell's Ironsides
Or bled with great Gustavus,
Or on the plains of Austerlitz
Breathed out their dying aves?"

Comrades of those glorious days, our ranks are forever broken, and the splendid regiments whose martial array once gladdened our eyes and our hearts, shall never answer again but to the roll call of the last day, when the trumpet of resurrection shall sound the reveille of the dead!

"They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle."

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Honor guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Lightly rest the sods upon their heroic breasts! Green forever be the mound over their sacred remains! Let the sun at morn and eve kiss lovingly its crest; let the gentle dews of heaven drop tenderly upon it! Let the flowers of the earth and the birds of the air embellish it with their sweetest odors and most melodious sounds, and let pure hands and loving hearts watch over it with jealous care, for—

"If chanted praise,
With all the world to listen;
If pride, that swells all Southern souls,
If comrades' tears that glisten;
If pilgrims' shrining love, if grief
That naught can sooth or sever,
If these can consecrate—this spot
Is sacred ground forever!"

[From the Staunton, Va., *Vindicator*, March 3, 1893.]

THE MUSTER ROLL

Of Company D of the Fifth Virginia Regiment, of the Stonewall Brigade.

In the early part of the spring of the year 1860 a volunteer infantry company was formed at Middlebrook in this county (Augusta), which organized under the name of "Southern Guards," as follows:

Captain, H. J. Williams, now living at Greenville.
First Lieutenant, W. C. McKemy, died since the war.
Second Lieutenant, W. H. Randolph, killed at Richmond, 1862.
Third Lieutenant, S. M. Helms, living at Steele's Tavern.

SERGEANTS.

S. F. Carson, died since the war.
J. B. McCutchan, living at Middlebrook.
G. S. Boon, living at Staunton.
John W. Gabbert, killed at Cedar Mountain, 1862.
John H. Wright, killed at Fort Steadman.

CORPORALS.

C. C. Cochran, killed at Chancellorsville, 1863.
John H. Zimmerman, died prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1864.
Matthias Fix, living at Middlebrook.
James Gabbert, killed at Second Manassas.

PRIVATES.

Arehart, William, living at Brownsburg.
Arehart, H. C., died of disease, August, 1861.
Almarode, George S.
Berry, John R., died since the war.
Baylor, Charles W., living at Middlebrook.
Baylor, George, killed at Cedar Mountain, 1862.
Beard, John W., living at Moffett's Creek.
Beard, William S., living at Riverside, Va.
Bartley, John F., living.
Buchanan, John W., living in Nelson county.
Buchanan, George W., killed by lightning since the war.

Brubeck, John, killed at Port Republic, 1862.
Blakemore, John R., killed at Second Manassas, 1862.
Baker, John, died of disease, 1863.
Craig, Alex. S., died of disease, 1861.
Carroll, Frank, living at Zack, Va.
Clemmer, John C., died prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1864.
Clemmer, George L., died since the war.
Carson, William, living at Middlebrook.
Dunlap, John C., died in Georgia since the war.
Gay, A. H., died prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1865.
Gladwell, P. F., killed at Port Republic, 1862.
Hanger, D. C., living at Spotswood.
Harlow, Samuel, living in Missouri.
Harlow, Nicholas, living at Rockbridge Baths.
Hupp, B. F., killed at Cedar Creek, 1864.
Kerr, R. Bruce, died in Georgia since the war.
Lotts, Cyrus, killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse, 1864.
McCutchan, J. R., living at Middlebrook.
McGuffin, Charles W., died since the war.
McManamy, James, living at Middlebrook.
McKemy, John C., killed at Buford's Station.
Miller, David F., living at Moffett's Creek.
Manley, Berry, living at Middlebrook.
Payne, James, killed at Kernstown, 1862.
Risk, John H., died in Indiana since the war.
Runnels, Samuel H., died of disease, October 21, 1863.
Smiley, Thomas M., living at Moffett's Creek.
Snyder, James, living at Middlebrook.
Smith, Mordecai, living in Indiana.
Spitler, David, died prisoner at Point Lookout.
Waid, John W., living in Jersey City, N. J.
Waid, William S., died in Indiana since the war.

The company was mustered into the service of Virginia at Staunton, April 17, 1861; proceeding at once to Harper's Ferry, was assigned to the Fifth Virginia Infantry, and known thereafter as Company D.

The following names were added to the roll of the company during the summer of 1861 :

Hansbarger, A. H., April 20, transferred to Company I.
Beard, Samuel, May 23, killed at Kernstown, 1862.

Lucas, Samuel, May 23, killed at Mine Run, 1863.
Kerr, R. O., May 23, living at Flatonia, Texas.
Wiseman, W. F., May 25, living at Spotswood.
Beard, James E., August 3, Middlebrook.
Bartley, V. C., August 3, living at Greenville.
Bartley, H. B., August 3, living in Amherst county, Va.
Buchanan, B. F., August 3, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.
Golladay, W. S., August 3, living in Kansas.
Lotts, Samuel, August 3, living at Moffett's Creek.
Lucas, John H., August 3, died a prisoner at Elmira, 1864.
Montgomery, John, August 3, died of disease, September, 1861.
Palmer, Jacob, August 3, died a prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1864.
Smith, George A., August 3, living at Martinsburg, W. Va.
Wright, James A., August 3, killed by Indians, 1875.

During the year 1862, and thereafter to close of war, the company was added to by recruits, as follows, according to date of enlistment:

Anderson, Henry, March 18, 1862, died April, 1862.
Bartley, Woodson M., March 18, 1862, living at Pond Gap.
Bolen, James, March 18, 1862, died since the war.
Bosserman, A., March 18, 1862, died in spring of 1862.
Bashaw, William, March 18, 1862, died in spring of 1862.
Black, Joseph M., March 18, 1862, killed on Chesapeake and Ohio railway since the war.
Black, David A., March 18, 1862, living at Smithton, Mo.
Black, Frank, March 18, 1862, died in hospital, September, 1862.
Clemmer, Henry C., March 18, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.
Hanger, Jacob, March 18, 1862, living at Santa Fe, Mo.
Lotts, George, March 18, 1862, died prisoner at Fort Delaware.
Lotts, John, March 18, 1862, living at Spotswood.
Zimmerman, D. B., March 18, 1862, died since the war.
Beard, James T., March 21, 1862, living at Clinton, Mo.
Beard, Thomas, March 21, 1862, died since the war.
Beard, David W., March 21, 1862, living at Alone Mills, Va.
Brown, Stuart S., March 21, 1862, died prisoner at Fort Delaware, February, 1865.
Brubeck, David F., March 21, 1862, died prisoner at Fort Delaware, August, 1864.
Bowers, John, March 21, 1862, killed at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.

Bowers, Philip, March 21, 1862, killed at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862.
Clayton, John, March 21, 1862, died summer of 1862.
Clayton, Thomas A., March 21, 1862, died since the war.
Clayton, William, March 21, 1862, died since the war.
Crist, Ezra T., March 21, 1862, living at Middlebrook.
Cale, William, March 21, 1862, living at Spotswood.
Fulton, William H., March 21, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.
Furr, James H., March 21, 1862, living at Staunton.
Huppman, Lewis V., March 21, 1862, living at Parnassus.
Hite, John N., March 21, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.
Hite, Samuel P., March 21, 1862, living at Staunton.
Lessly, James A., March 21, 1862, living at Buffalo Gap.
Lockridge, James, March 21, 1862, died in April, 1862.
Lucas George, March 21, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.
Lucas James, March 21, 1862, killed at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.
McCutchan, James Z., March 21, 1862, living at Sangersville.
McCutchan, Judson O., March 21, 1862, living at Middlebrook.
McCutchan, William, March 21, 1862, died in hospital, 1862.
McClung, William H., March 21, 1862, killed at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.
Moyers, John H., March 21, 1862, living at Parnassus.
Pence, Emanuel, March 21, 1862, living in Rockingham county, Virginia.
Payne, Thomas F., March 21, 1862, died since the war.
Rosen, John M., March 21, 1862, died since the war.
Rosen, John, March 21, 1862, died in June, 1862.
Rosen, George, March 21, 1862, living at Middlebrook.
Rosen, William H., March 21, 1862, living at Staunton.
Runkle, Jacob, March 21, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.
Rippetoe, Carlisle, March 21, 1862, killed at Second Manassas, August 30, 1862.
Smiley, John P., March 21, 1862, living at Middlebrook.
Sillings, W. H. H., March 21, 1862, died a prisoner at Camp Chase, 1865.
Snyder, Samuel, March 21, 1862, died in hospital.
Swartzel, H. S., March 21, 1862, living in Missouri.
Thompson, James W., March 21, 1862, died since the war.
Wright, William A., March 21, 1862, living in Kansas.

Waid, John B., March 21, 1862, died since the war.
Waskey, Rufus L., March 21, 1862, living at Sandyville, W. Va.
Weaver, John C., March 21, 1862, died a prisoner at Fort Delaware, April 5, 1865.
Whitlock, John N., March 21, 1862, living at Staunton.
Willson, John A., March 21, 1862, killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Woodward, A., March 21, 1862, died in spring, 1862.
Wiseman, Henry L., March 21, 1862, died since the war, June, 1875.
Wiseman, Robert, March 21, 1862, living at Buena Vista, Va.
Young, James B., March 21, 1862, living at Mint Spring.
Young, William N., March 21, 1862, died since the war, March, 1884.
Berry, James B., April 29, 1862, killed at Port Republic, June 9, 1862.
Carson, Robert, April 29, 1862, died since the war, January 19, 1893.
Hasher, J. F., April 29, 1862, died summer, 1863.
Wright, Henry, April 29, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.
Brubeck, James L., July 30, 1862, living in Albemarle county.
Wiseman, Henry B., October 17, 1862, living in Cannelton, W. Va.
Wiseman, John, March 15, 1863, living in Augusta county.
McCutchan, Frank, March 23, 1863, living in Rogersville, Tenn.
Runkle, Christopher, March 25, 1863, living at Moffett's Creek.
Weaver, John W., April 30, 1863, living at Middlebrook.
Buchanan, William, April 30, 1863, died in hospital.
Fix, Henry, September 30, 1863, living at Moffett's Creek.
Fix, John, September 30, 1863, living at Moffett's Creek.
Beard, William, November 18, 1863, died in hospital, March, 1864.
Rowe, William, November 18, 1863, died in hospital.
Talley, John, November 18, 1864, died prisoner Fort Delaware, August 27, 1864.
Johan, Leander, December 10, 1863, killed in Tennessee since war.
Schall, Adam, December 10, 1863, supposed to have been killed September 19, 1864.
Argenbright, Luther, January 20, 1864, killed at Spotsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864.
Bosserman, William, January 20, 1864, living in Augusta county.

McClelland, William H., January 24, 1864, living at Middlebrook.
Hanger, Enos B., April 1, 1864, killed at Spotsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864.
Smiley, William A., May 17, 1864, killed at Monocacy, Md., July 9, 1864.
Baylor, Addison W., July 11, 1864, living at Churchville.
Zimmerman, William H., July 11, 1864, died since the war.
Swartzell, H. T., July 18, 1864, living at Middlebrook.
Rosen, Thomas M., August 22, 1864, living at Zack, Va.
Berry, Charles G., October 18, 1864, living at Moffett's Creek.
Bell, C. Jackson, October 18, 1864, living at Raphine.
Brown, James C., October 18, 1864, died of disease, 1865.
Cale, William W., October 18, 1864, died since the war.
Callison, James H., October 18, 1864, died since the war.
Carson, John H., October 18, 1864, died December 25, 1892.
Cochran, John, October 18, 1864, died since the war.
Cook, George L., October 18, 1864, living in Georgia.
Dunlap, James C., October 18, 1864, living at Middlebrook.
Dull, John P., October 18, 1864, killed at Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865.
Hamilton, John G., October 18, 1864, living in Chicago, Ill.
Lucas, William, October 18, 1864, living at Moffett's Creek.
McCormick, N. D., October 18, 1864, living at Spotswood.
Ramsey, James, October 18, 1864, killed at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.
Shultz, Henry, October 18, 1864, living at Greenville.
Talley, William H., October 18, 1864, died in 1865.
Rush, John H., October 19, 1864, living at Steele's Tavern.
Williams, James E., died 1865.

I have thus given a complete roster of Company D, Fifth Virginia Infantry. One or two names may have been omitted of those who were enlisted during the last days of the struggle, but in the main, every enrolled soldier's name appears here. Some, however, spent but a short time in active duty, having been detailed for less dangerour service, others (I am happy to say, but few) deserted.

I would be remiss in duty if I failed to mention the names of Dr. William S. McChesney, the surgeon of the company before being called into service; M. W. D. Hogshead, our orderly sergeant, who was transferred to quartermaster's duty upon our arrival at Harper's

Ferry (both dead), and W. B. McChesney and W. E. Craig, of Staunton, who were attached to the company as markers, neither of whom, however, was mustered into service.

Memory recalls many interesting incidents connected with quite a number of these old comrades, but space will not here permit narration.

In recapitulation, the number enrolled from beginning to end, rank and file, was 180, twenty-nine of whom were killed in battle, twenty died of disease in Southern hospitals or at their homes, thirteen died of disease while prisoners of war, making a total of sixty-two. Since the close of the war thirty have died, and of these four, were violent deaths. Eighty-eight are still living, scattered from the far sunny South to the frozen North. There were in the company during 1861, seventy-two; of these (which are included in recapitulation above) sixteen were killed in battle, five died in Southern hospitals and six in Northern prisons, a total of twenty-seven, a few more than one-third of the whole. Eleven of these volunteer comrades have died since the war, leaving thirty-four living. Many changes took place during the four years of service, both among commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and very many of those whose names appear as privates arose, some to the dignity of commissioned and others to that of non-commissioned officers.

Company D participated in the battles of Falling Waters, July 2, 1861; Manassas, July 21, 1861; Kernstown, March 23, 1862; Winchester (Bank's defeat), May 25, 1862; Port Republic, June 9, 1862; Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Second Manassas, August 28, 29 and 30, 1862; Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862; Antietam, September 17, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; Winchester (Milroy's defeat), June 13, 1863; Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; Mine Run, November 7, 1863; Wilderness, May 5 and 6, 1864; Spotsylvania C. H., May 12 and 18, 1864; Haw's Shop, May 30, 1864; Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; Monocacy Bridge, July 8, 1864; Winchester (Early's defeat), September 19, 1864; Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864; Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865; Five Forks and Petersburg, April 1 and 2, 1865; Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865; High Bridge, April 7, 1865; Appomattox Station, April 8, 1865; surrendered Appomattox C. H., April 9, 1865.

After the disaster at Spotsylvania C. H., the Fifth regiment was little more in size than a full company, and Company D was proportionally small, so that at the surrender, owing to casualties of severe service, but three were present to ground arms—to-wit: Lieutenant C. W. Baylor, Sergeant Frank McCutchan and private C. G. Berry. On the morning of the surrender the regiment formed as a company numbered but fifty-one men, rank and file.

The loss of the Fifth regiment at the battle of Cedar Mountain was three killed and seventeen wounded, of this loss Company D sustained one-third, as three of our comrades were killed and four wounded.

The following abstract of General Order from headquarters, giving history of campaign of 1862, may be of general interest to all soldiers of the Stonewall Brigade: "During the year 1862, the Stonewall Brigade lost 1220 men in killed and wounded, no record of those that died of disease; Fifth regiment lost 400, almost one-third of entire loss. We marched 1500 miles, encountering the snow and ice of the mountains of Hampshire and Morgan counties; the miasma of summers in the swamps of Henrico and Hanover. The brigade at the beginning of 1863 numbering but 1200 muskets."

T. M. SMILEY,
Orderly Sergeant, Co. D, Fifth Va. Infantry, Stonewall Brigade.

LAST DAYS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

An Address Delivered by Hon. THOMAS G. JONES, Governor of Alabama, before the Virginia Division of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia at the Annual Meeting, Richmond, Va., October 12th, 1893.

The President, Hon. George L. Christian, having called the meeting to order, in glowing terms, introduced the orator.

Governor Jones, after appropriately acknowledging the kind introduction of the chairman, said:

Posterity will admit, as Greeley does in his "American Conflict," that the Confederacy had no alternative to staying its arm at Sumter but "its own dissolution." The smoke in Charleston harbor had hardly cleared away before there arose in sight of the world the heroic figure of the Army of Northern Virginia. Many have questioned its cause, but none have ever doubted it.

Washington and Richmond are about 120 miles apart; and in assault or defence of these cities each section put forth its mightiest effort. The first army marched out from Washington for Richmond in 1861, and the Army of Northern Virginia routed it at Manassas.

In 1862 it repelled the mighty army of invasion which came in sight of the spires of Richmond; defeated it and another army, a second time, on the plains of Manassas; baffled or beat other armies at Winchester, Cross-Keys and Port Republic; advancing northward captured Harper's Ferry with 11,000 prisoners; fought a drawn battle in Maryland, and hurled back a mighty foe at Fredericksburg.

In 1863 it defeated "the finest army on the planet" at Chancellorsville, and leaping northward carried its standard into Pennsylvania, where it failed to drive the foe from the heights of Gettysburg, and then returning to its own soil, again threw the hostile army back on Washington, and yet again balked invasion at Mine-Run. During that year it allowed no invading army to approach at any time within five days' march of its capital.

In 1864 it hurled back one column at Bermuda Hundreds, another at New Market, still another at Lynchburg; won victory at Kernstown and Monocacy, and assailed the outer walls of Washington. With the main invading army, under its sturdiest leader, it sought and nearly succeeded in a death grapple in the Wilderness; repeatedly repulsed it with frightful loss at Spotsylvania; won another Fredericksburg at Cold Harbor; repelled with awful slaughter all attacks in front of Petersburg; and for ten long months defended two cities twenty-two miles apart, until the thin line, worn by attrition and starvation, was broken through at last.

Four awful years passed before the armies which started from Washington, trod the streets of Richmond; and in each of those years the Army of Northern Virginia startled Washington with the roll of its drum, or fought battles for its possession north of the Potomac.

The last hours of such an army have not received that consideration from the historian which they deserve. Knowing it will prove of interest to the survivors of that glorious army, and that perchance something I may say may serve to direct abler minds and pens to this rich epoch in its history, I venture to address my comrades tonight on "The last days of the Army of Northern Virginia."

It is impossible, of course, in the scope or compass of such a paper, to give in detail the history of the events which forced the

evacuation of Richmond, or to describe, except in the simplest way, the movements of the army from Petersburg to Appomattox. I shall not be able even to mention all the actions on the retreat or to describe many of its noted scenes or to recall many heroic feats of arms, or to attempt, were I worthy to pronounce it, any eulogy upon its great commander.

THE STRENGTH OF THE CONTENDING ARMIES.

The odds against which the army contended, both moral and physical, are not comprehended even now by many who took part in the struggle. It is material, therefore, to consider the strength and conditions of the two armies at the commencement of the operations which ended at Appomattox.

The exact strength of the contending armies at the opening of hostilities, March 25, 1865, is a matter of some dispute. The morning reports and field returns of the two armies, however, give data from which the strength of each can be determined with substantial accuracy.

Major General Humphreys, at one time chief of staff to General Meade, and afterwards a corps commander in his army, a writer of great ability and fairness, states that the total effective of Lee's army on the 25th day of March, 1865, was infantry 46,000, field artillery 5,000, and cavalry 6,000, making a total of not less than 57,000 officers and men. He appears to reach these figures on the assumption that Wise's brigade, 2,000 strong, was not included in the reports of Anderson's corps, and that Rosser's cavalry was also omitted from the last morning returns of the Department of Northern Virginia of February 20, 1865. Not having the returns before me for inspection, it is impossible to determine whether the assumption is well founded.*

The last morning report of the Department of Northern Virginia was made February 20, 1865, and included not only the troops around Petersburg and Richmond, but those in the Valley and guarding bridges and railroads in the department, and other unattached

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* Colonel Taylor, in "Four Years with General Lee," speaks of the morning return of February 28, 1865, while Humphreys and other Northern writers speak of the return of February 20, 1865, as being the "last morning report of the A. N. V. on file in the War Department." All evidently refer to the same report since the figures in each are the same.

commands, and gives a total present for duty in the entire department of 59,093 men; 5,169 of the number thus reported were stationed either in the Valley or on the railroad defences, leaving the total present of 53,924 on the Richmond and Petersburg lines on February 20, 1865. To this should be added the command of General Ewell, who had about 2,760 infantry in the Department of Richmond, under General Custis Lee, and the Naval battalion under Commodore Tucker. Including these in the total of the troops immediately around Richmond and Petersburg, General Lee's present for duty on the 20th of February, 1865, would amount to 57,000, in round numbers, of all branches of the service. If we deduct from this number the 6,041 cavalry and 5,392 artillery, it would give Lee, six weeks before the final operations began, 45,567 muskets for the defence of his entire line of thirty-seven miles from right to left. Of the cavalry present, 2,500 were dismounted for lack of horses, and the horses of the remainder were hardly fit for use owing to the arduous service, the effects of the hard winter, and the scarcity of forage.

Between the 20th of February and the 1st of April, 1865, owing to the gloomy outlook of the cause, and the great suffering of the men and their families at home, the desertions from Lee's army, according to the statement of his adjutant general, amounted to about 3,000. In the attack on Hare's Hill, on March 25th, the Confederate loss in killed, wounded, and missing was about 3,500, to which should be added the loss on other parts of the line of about 1,000 men, so that on the morning of the 29th of March, when Grant commenced his final movement, and every available infantryman was in line, Lee could muster a little over 38,000 muskets to withstand the attack.*

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*My estimate of the number of muskets available to Lee at the commencement of final operations, after deducting the losses by desertion between that time and February 20, 1865, and the casualities of March 25th, is a little less than Colonel Taylor gives him a month earlier before these casualities occurred. He says: "It will be seen on February 28, 1865, General Lee had available 39,879 muskets." I reach my estimate by including the number of troops under Custis Lee and the Naval batalion, which are not borne on the last morning report of the A. N. V. of February 20, 1865, and accept, though it may be erroneously, the conclusion of Humphreys that Wise's brigade is not included in these returns. Colonel Taylor may be right, and my estimate be erroneous. My purpose in accepting the figures of Humphreys is to show the disparity of numbers, even conceding all reputable claims of our strength by writers on the other side.

This estimate is substantially that of Swinton, another very careful Northern writer, who states that at this time, "from his left northeast of Richmond to his right beyond Petersburg as far as Hatcher's Run, there were thirty-five miles of breastworks which it behooved Lee to guard, and all the force remaining to him was 37,000 muskets and a small body of broken down horse."

Mr. Stanton, Federal Secretary of War, reported that General Grant had available on the 1st of March, 1865, in the armies of Meade, Ord and Sheridan, an available total of all arms of 162,239. General Humphreys argues that this report does not correctly state the "available force present for duty," because it includes not only the "officers and enlisted men of every branch of the service present for duty, but all those on extra or detail duty, as well as in arrest or confinement." He claims that the available strength of the Army of the Potomac on the 1st of March, 1865, by this method of return, is increased by 16,000, or an addition of about one-eighth to its real fighting strength. Making this deduction from the total effective of 162,239 reported by the Secretary of War and based on the return from those armies, we would have a total of Grant's effective men, according to General Humphreys' method of computation, of 146,239.* General Humphreys, taking the morning reports of March 31, 1865, of men "present for duty, equipped" (which he states is meant to represent the effective force, or total number of men available for line of battle, and excluding all non-combatants, sick, etc.), gives the effective fighting strength of the Army of the Potomac at 69,000 infantry and 6,000 field artillery; that of the Army of the James at 32,000 infantry, 3,000 field artillery and 1,700 cavalry under McKenzie, and Sheridan's enlisted men, exclusive of officers of the cavalry, at 13,000—a total in round numbers of 124,700 men, according to General Humphreys.

Badeau, "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant," Vol. III, p. 438, states:

"On the 25th of March, 1865, Lee had still 70,000 effective men in the lines at Richmond and Petersburg, while the armies of the Potomac and the James and Sheridan's cavalry, constituting Grant's immediate command, numbered 111,000 soldiers."

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*At this time Sheridan's cavalry had not joined Grant, and the return probably included troops at Norfolk and Fortress Monroe.

In an elaborate note on page 439 he assails Colonel Taylor's statement in "Four Years with General Lee," that Lee had at that time only 39,879 available muskets for the defence of the Richmond and Petersburg lines, and endeavors to support his (Badeau's) statement of Lee's effective strength by a remarkably vulnerable argument.

Badeau writes as if he thought Lee's return of February 20, 1865, included only the troops stationed in and around the Richmond and Petersburg lines. The return is copied in Badeau's work, and he comments upon it and analyzes it. That return, which was before his eyes when he wrote it, shows on its face that it included not only Lee's troops stationed around Richmond and Petersburg, but the troops as well of Early stationed in the Valley and then numbering 3,105 enlisted men, and also the troops under Walker on the railroad defences, numbering 1,414 enlisted men, and unattached commands numbering 504 enlisted men. Badeau assumes, indeed asserts, that the troops in the Valley and those on the Richmond and Danville defences were used in the final defence of the Richmond and Petersburg lines. Was he so ignorant of events of which he writes that he did not know that over half of Early's little force in the Valley included in that return was either killed, wounded or captured in battle near Waynesboro, Va., with Sheridan's cavalry on March 2, 1865? Those who escaped were disorganized, and when reorganized the greater part of them remained in the Valley—not over a fifth of the force, if that much, ever reached Lee. The troops on the Richmond and Danville railroad, the integrity of which line of supply was so vital to Lee, and then so heavily threatened, were, of course, not available to guard the Petersburg lines.

Badeau's method of arriving at Lee's effective strength on the 25th of March, 1865, is, indeed, remarkable throughout. He cites Lee's return of February 20, 1865, which, as we have seen, included not only Lee's troops around Richmond and Petersburg, but those in the Valley and on the railroad defences and some unattached commands, and says that for the "Army of Northern Virginia alone" the return shows 59,094 men present for duty, and an aggregate of 73,349. He then nearly doubles Ewell's effective strength (which, it seems, was not included in Lee's return of February 20, 1865), and adding that to the aggregate already reported, gives Lee an aggregate of 78,433 on March 25, 1865, exclusive of the naval battalion and some horse guards or local reserves. From this aggregate, in

which are included all the sick, all the officers and men "on extra or daily duty," and all the officers and men in arrest in Lee's army, Badeau subtracts only 8,433 for men not available for line of battle duty, and asserts that the residue of 70,000 is Lee's effective fighting strength!

The very return, on which Badeau bases his argument, shows that Lee, at that very time, had 5,330 officers and enlisted men sick, and 7,179 enlisted men detailed in the various staff departments, and 830 men in arrest—a total of 13,728 soldiers, as Badeau himself estimates the number—who are never counted anywhere in ascertaining the line of battle strength of any army, except when Badeau estimate Lee's effectives. Substract this number, 13,728, from 78,433, the aggregate Badeau ascribes to Lee, and Lee would have only 64,705 effectives, including the 5,169 effectives stationed in the Valley and on the railroad defences. These latter, we have seen, were not and could not be present at the final assault on the lines. If we deduct them (Badeau's own figures) after allowing an exaggeration of Ewell's effectives, would give Lee only 58,906 effectives on March 25, 1865.

In volume 3, page 686, of the work, Badeau gives an official table, from the Adjutant-General's office, "of the strength of the forces under General Grant operating against Richmond from March, 1864, to April, 1865, inclusive." From the official record it appears that in March, 1865, Grant had: "Present for duty—officers, 5,288; enlisted men, 123,225; on extra or daily duty, officers, 1,060; enlisted men, 19,731; sick, officers, 77; enlisted men, 5,214; in arrest, officers, 77; enlisted men, 510"—a grand aggregate of 155,254, around Petersburg and Richmond. If we apply Badeau's rule for estimating Lee's effective strength, by deducting a little over one-eighth from this aggregate of 155,254 for men not available for line of battle duty, and treat the residue as Grant's effective force, it would give him over 135,000 effectives. If we deduct from Grant's aggregate, all of his sick, extra duty men and those in arrest (which is generally considered a fair test of the fighting strength) it would give him 123,225 effectives on March 25, 1865. Badeau shrank from applying this test, which he used to ascertain Lee's effectives, because it would show that Grant had at least 24,000 more men than Badeau gives him. He does even worse. Grant's own returns, as we have seen, show that Grant had at this time (after excluding all sick, extra

duty men and those in arrest, which amount to 31,996 men) 123,255 effective enlisted men. Badeau, without so much as suggesting a reason for it, arbitrarily cuts Grant's effective strength down 12,000 below what his own returns show it to be, and puts his effective strength at "110,000 soldiers." Evidently Badeau felt that his method of arriving at Lee's effective strength, which was so different from that employed to ascertain Grant's, needed some bolstering up besides the figures he gave, and, he endeavors to support it by the bold assertion that the "rebels habitually put into battle nearly all" of the extra duty men. If the "rebels" could do this, it is fair to presume that Grant did it also. But it is impossible to use the bulk of the extra duty men in battle, as any experienced soldier knows. General Humphreys' "Virginia Campaign, 1864-'65," page 409, speaking of such a claim, says:

"The column present for duty equipped," is intended to give the number of enlisted men that form the fighting force of the army, together with those that may be made available for it, such as the provost guard; but does not include those on extra or daily duty who form no part of this force, *and are not available for it.*"

All the military glory in the late conflict cannot be awarded to either side, and there is enough for both. Whatever feats in arms either accomplished are now the common heritage of the American people. Where numbers are material in proving the prowess of either army; writers, and especially soldiers who fought in either army, should seek to get the facts as they existed and fairly apply the same methods to both armies for arriving at the truth.

It is little to be wondered at that the statements of Badeau as to the numbers of either army, when he uses such methods to ascertain them, are generally considered as little authority by writers on both sides.

It is an indisputable historical truth that Grant's army outnumbered Lee's nearly three to one on the morning of April 1, 1865.

CONDITION OF THE TWO ARMIES.

But comparison of numbers merely cannot give any true conception of the disparity between the two armies. What the Army of Northern Virginia fought in front, the world knows. What mighty obstacles fought it in the rear, the world will never know until the Confederate archives are all laid bare.

One of the greatest of philosophers has said that "in war the moral is to the physical as three to one," and when this element is considered, the disparity in numbers and equipment between the two armies shrinks into insignificance, in determining the odds against which the Army of Northern Virginia fought.

It is no vain boast or impeachment of the courage of the Army of the Potomac to declare that the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, standing on their own soil and in defence of their own capital, man for man, were superior to their opponents. But aside from the skill and courage of the officers and men, devotion to their cause, profound faith and love for their commander, and a proud record of glory in arms which none ever surpassed, the Army of Northern Virginia was at that time at a fearful disadvantage compared with the Army of the Potomac, not only in numbers and equipment, but in nearly all conditions and circumstances that fight with the soldier and give power and soul to armies.

The winter of 1864–5 was one of marked severity, making duty of any kind very arduous. The clothing of the Confederate troops, which at best was hardly sufficient, had become threadbare and tattered, and they were often without shoes. Their food during this period consisted chiefly of corn bread, for there was little meat of any kind. Most of the bacon issued to the troops had been imported through Wilmington and other ports. The capture of these places cut off this source of supply, and when the supply on hand was exhausted little could be obtained elsewhere; for the meat in the country was about exhausted and the railroad facilities for hauling it were miserable. Medicines of the simplest kind were extremely scarce; and coffee, tea and sugar were generally rarities even in the hospital. Now and then the commissary department secured some peas and potatoes and sometimes fresh beef; and on this supply the army existed rather than lived during the winter of 1865. A soldier who received a quarter of a pound of bacon, often rancid, and a pound of flour for a day's ration considered himself most fortunate. The effect of this exposure and suffering upon the health of Lee's men, as compared with Grant's, is strongly presented by the sickness in the two armies, as shown by their respective sick lists. Lee's return of February 20, 1865, gives 5,330 sick out of an aggregate of 73,349, while Grant's returns about the same time show a sick list of 5,360 out of

an aggregate of 155,224, or more than double the sickness in proportion in Lee's army than in Grant's.

General Lee himself gives a vivid and sad picture of the suffering of his army at this time in a dispatch to the Secretary of War. Under date of 8th February, 1865, he says:

"Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, the troops had to be maintained in line of battle, having been in the same condition two previous days and nights. I regret to be compelled to state that under these circumstances, heightened by the assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days, and all are suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold and rain. Their physical strength, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment. Our cavalry has to be dispersed for want of forage. Taking these facts, in connection with the paucity of numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

About the same time he notified the War Department that "the cavalry and artillery are scattered for want of forage, and the amunition trains are absent in North Carolina and Virginia collecting provisions," and adds, "you see to what straits we are reduced, but I trust to work out."

In a secret session of the Confederate Congress about that time the condition of the Confederate commissariat was given as follows: (1) There was not enough meat in the Southern Confederacy for the armies it had in the field; (2) there was not in Virginia either meat or bread enough for the armies within her limits; (3) the supply of bread for those armies to be obtained from other places depended absolutely upon keeping open the railroad connections to the South; (4) the meat must be obtained from abroad through seaport towns; (5) the transportation was not now adequate, from whatever cause, to meet the necessary demands of the service; (6) the supply of fresh meat to General Lee's army was precarious, and if the army fell back from Richmond and Petersburg, there was every probability that it would cease altogether.

It might have been added that the track and rolling-stock of the railroads entering Richmond and Petersburg and their connections were so worn that they could hardly do more than haul from day to day the necessary supplies of food and military stores to keep Lee's army in readiness for the field, much less supply the wants of the

population of Richmond and Petersburg. These roads were likely to be interrupted at any time by the floods or cut by cavalry raids. The accumulation of supplies for a few days ahead was an impossibility.*

The James river, on the contrary, furnished Grant a line of communication and a mode of supply which could not be cut by raids or disturbed except by ships. One gunboat on the river could defy all Lee's efforts to interrupt navigation. A wonderful merchant marine transported on the broad bosom of the river all that wealth could obtain from every quarter of the globe to add to Grant's magazines; while it floated a powerful navy which not only protected his line of communication and depot of supplies at City Point, but could join at pleasure in assaults on Lee's lines near Drewry's Bluff. So great were the mechanical appliances at Grant's command that we often heard the whistle of his locomotives on a military railroad which followed within half a day in the track of his columns. So great was the dearth of the necessaries of life among Lee's troops at this same time, that we find him writing an earnest letter to the Secretary of War in regard to procuring material with which the soldiers could make soap, for want of which there was much suffering.

Sherman's march to the sea, with its wide swath of destruction, had isolated the Army of Northern Virginia from the rest of the Confederacy and shut out even news from home from thousands of soldiers in its ranks. Hood's army had been driven from Atlanta and had battered itself to pieces in vain valor at Franklin, and then suffered rout at Nashville. Wilmington, Savannah and Charleston had fallen. The forlorn hope which Early had so long and gallantly led in the Valley of Virginia, had at last been driven from that land of historic memories. There was little of hope to sustain or cheer the grim veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia who starved and froze in the trenches as the foe in front, whom he still beat back, fired shotted salutes into his lines to tell of victories won in other quarters.†

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* As early as June 26th General Lee wrote President Davis stating, "I am less uneasy about holding our position than about our ability to procure supplies for the army." On the 22d July, 1864, he wrote the War Department "Our supply of corn is exhausted to-day, and I am informed that the small reserve in Richmond is consumed."

† Such salutes were fired in honor of the victories at Atlanta, Winchester, Cedar Creek, Nashville, and the capture of Charleston and Savannah, and the fall of Fort Fisher.

Grant's soldiers suffered for nothing which money or the ingenuity of man could supply, and had constant communication with homes, far from the track of war, where the munificence of a powerful government protected their families from want. They saw the circle of the hunt drawing closer around the Army of Northern Virginia, and, conscious of the weight of numbers, had already caught the glow of victory and looked to the coming campaign, buoyed by the hope that it would crown their labors and sacrifices with glory in arms and victorious peace.

In the other army, thinner and thinner grew its scant battalions, and wider and wider they were stretched to guard their long lines. Cold and hunger struck them down in the trenches, while from the desolate track of triumphant armies in their rear came the cries of starving and unprotected homes. From other fields, quickly succeeding each other, came the resounding crash of blows that shattered the fabric of the Confederacy all around them, save where their bayonets still upheld it. Misery sought the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia by every avenue through which the heart of man can be reached.

The coming campaign would only bring new and more powerful foes upon its track, while it was yet too weak to drive off the old foe in front. Even lion-hearted courage and resolve could not shut out the thought from some that all they could give of life or blood might not ward off disaster. To the reflecting Confederate, the end, with all its attending miseries, indeed seemed not far off, and the strain upon the morale of an army of less sterner stuff, would have shriveled its strength and melted it away before the shock came. And this is the crowning glory of that army, that it neither faltered nor shrank even in the shadow of fate itself. Hope was well-nigh hopeless. Duty and honor and the God-like bearing of its grey-haired chief alone sustained the Army of Northern Virginia during this long and desolate winter and spring. If the fickle and varying fortunes of war could not bring deliverance in the coming campaign, that army still believed it might at least wring other terms of peace than surrender at discretion. It calmly awaited the issue, and contemplated surrender only as the heroic Poniatowski, when he declared to those about him: "Now, gentlemen, it becomes us to die with honor."

About the middle of March Sherman had established his large army about Goldsboro, North Carolina, some 145 miles south of

Petersburg, and in the latter part of the month came to City Point, where he conferred with Grant. Sherman would be ready as soon as spring hardened the roads, to join his army with Grant's and make a combined attack on Lee, or he could act independently on Lee's line of communication at Burkeville Junction. One of these things he was sure to do. Johnston's small army could do no more than impede Sherman's march. Lee was too weak to drive Grant from his front, and to remain where he was was to give his only line of retreat and supply to Sherman, and thus to be ground to pieces between the upper and nether mill-stones of his adversaries. The only hope was to leave the Petersburg lines, unite with Johnston, and strike a decisive blow at Sherman before Grant could come to his assistance. This, of course, involved the evacuation of the Confederate capital, an event which Lee had long foreseen and advised. For some reason the authorities at Richmond determined to postpone its abandonment to the last. Whether the Confederacy, under the circumstances, could have survived, at any time during the last two years of the war, the loss of Richmond, with the tremendous political and military consequences which must follow, is a question upon which it is now idle to speculate.

BATTLE OF HARE'S HILL, OR FORT STEADMAN.

General Lee resolved to try a bold stroke to revive the failing fortunes of the Confederacy. His design was, if possible, to destroy Grant's left wing, or failing in that, to make him so contract his left as not to embarrass the passage of the Confederate column South on its way to join Johnston's army near Greensboro. He resolved to attack Grant's line at Fort Steadman, which was near the Appomattox, about two miles distant from Petersburg. Here the works of the two armies were about 150 yards apart, and the picket lines less than one-half that distance. This point gained, it was believed it would be easy to seize three forts on high ground that commanded Fort Steadman and the enemy's retrenchments on the right and left of it, and thus have a vantage ground from which to destroy Grant's left wing. Three columns of infantry were to follow the assaulting party and capture these forts, and a division of infantry moving by its flank was to follow the storming columns, and when halted and fronted was to move down Grant's lines to his left, being successfully joined by the troops in Lee's trenches as their fronts were cleared.

A brigade of cavalry was held in readiness to cut through the gap at Steadman, destroy the telegraph lines and the pontoon bridges over the Appomattox and spread demoralization in the rear of the lines. General Gordon was selected to command the attack, and there were put under his orders, in addition to his own corps, a portion of Hill's, and a small brigade, or detachment of cavalry; a division from Longstreet was also to report to him. From the best information now available, the troops put under Gordon's orders amounted to about 14,000 men.

About 5 o'clock on the morning of the 25th of March, the picket-guard and picket line in our front were quietly seized almost without the firing of a gun, and the storming columns broke the main line between batteries nine and ten, and turning to the right and the left gained battery ten, overpowered the garrison at Fort Steadman, capturing the greater part of it, and turned its artillery and that in battery ten against the enemy. Batteries eleven and twelve were also captured. Some of our troops reached the military railroad and telegraph about a mile and a half in rear of Fort Steadman, but the commander of one of the storming columns was wounded, and the guide of another column lost his way. The forts to be attacked were found to be of different character than at first supposed, and required a change of disposition for proper attack The result was that the attacks upon the three forts were disjointed, and although gallantly made were repulsed with loss. Owing to the breaking down of the railroad, or other cause, the troops from Longstreet did not arrive on the field in time. Waiting for them delayed the attack nearly an hour, so that when made the plan of operation against these forts could not be executed before daylight, as had been intended.

The enemy after the first alarm and surprise quickly concentrated, and in an hour or so our troops were driven into Fort Steadman—Hare's Hill as it is called in the Confederate accounts—and the space immediately around it, although they had handsomely repulsed several of the first attempts to drive them from the captured works.* In this last position they were subjected to a pittiless

*In a short time, probably less than an hour after the first alarm was given General Tidball, commanding the artillery of the Ninth corps, concentrated a number of field pieces on the hills in rear of Fort Steadman, about midway between it and Meade's Station, and opened a very savage

cross-fire of artillery and small arms to which they could not effectually reply. The situation of the troops who had entered the Union lines was now desperate. General Lee, who watched the battle near Cemetery Heights, concurred with Gordon that the troops must be speedily withdrawn, and the latter dispatched a staff officer to the different commanders to direct their men to run back in squads and get into the Confederate lines as best they could. This was effected without any counter attack in front of Steadman. The Confederate loss in this battle was nearly 3,500, and the enemy's a little over 1,000. General Gordon captured and brought back 560 men, including Brigadier General McLaughlin, and two Coehorn mortars. Thus failed a brilliant stroke which promised great results. The troops had fought with vigor and determination, and the failure of the attack was due to untoward circumstances or chance, which cannot always be guarded against in war.

THE BEHAVIOR OF THE TROOPS.

A Northern and a Southern writer both take a different view of the conduct of the troops here and assert that it demonstrated a loss of their old time fire and vigor, and that they could no longer be depended upon for vigorous offensive movement.* These opinions are

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fire. Hartranft's division which lay in reserve, the greater portion not being more than a mile and a half in rear of Steadman, was promptly marched to the rescue, and General Hartranft, using the first troops which came up, made at great sacrifice two attacks on our troops outside the fort, to delay their deployment He was repulsed in these with heavy loss, but the effort was worth all it cost. It was Tidball's fire, Hartranft's attacks and the cross-fire of Haskell and McGilery, which prevented the timely deployment of the Confederate troops, after Fort Steadman fell, and not any lack of spirit of our men.

*Such an assertion would never have been made by any one who witnessed the bearing of the men while under fire or the conduct of the large portion of the troops on that bleak March night, as they tramped after midnight through the tombstones and graves of "the cemetery" to take position and await the order of assault. The darkness was little relieved by moon or stars. The hum of voices in this city of the dead was low, and the movement of armed bodies through it almost as noiseless and shadowy as the flitting of ghosts, while the strokes of the neighboring clocks sounded on the still night air like the tolling of funeral bells. Here were seen men tying or pinning large strips of white cloth over their breasts and shoulders, much resembling the sashes pall-bearers sometimes wear, to enable the as-

superficial, and based upon the erroneous accounts which at first appeared and were generally accepted as true, because the latter and better information was not gathered, but actually lost sight of in the succession of disasters of greater magnitude during the next fortnight.

Gordon carried into the enemy's lines not over 8,000 troops. Those ordered from Longstreet did not arrive, the cavalry remained in its position near the old gas works, and a portion of Gordon's men remained in his lines to await the time when, their fronts being uncovered, they could move to the attack. The troops engaged lost over 1,000 in killed and wounded—more than one-ninth their numbers. They were more than "decimated," a term often used before our late war to describe fearful losses. True, nearly 2,000 unwounded men surrendered in the trenches, when retaken in the final countercharge, made about three hours after the Confederates took Fort Steadman. The space actually captured from the enemy at this point did not give sufficient room for the deployment of all the troops who entered the enemy's works, to avail themselves of the expected success of three assaulting columns. While waiting the result of the attacks on Fort Haskell and Fort McGilvry, and after these were repulsed, as well as during the several assaults made by the enemy to retake the captured lines held by the Confederates, the greater portion of Gordon's men were confined in a restricted space, and to escape the pitiless enfilading fire of cannon, mortars and small arms which swept, not only the flanks, but both sides of the captured works, had often to seek cover in the rear of these works, or the side nearest the enemy, because the original front or side nearest the Confederate lines was literally torn up by the enemy's shot and shell. During the greater part of the three hours elapsing between the capture and recapture of Steadman, these troops had been under this heavy fire, from which they could not find shelter and to which they could not effectively reply, and were all the while obedient to orders

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saulting columns to distinguish friend from foe when the enemy's works were entered. Those who thus arrayed themselves at midnight, in a graveyard, to prepare for assault, could not fail to be reminded by the solemn and wierd scene of death. The surroundings were indeed befitting a plunge into black death itself; yet none faltered or left the ranks, and the men were as cheerful as if waiting to return to their warm winter quarters. They never lost heart or courage, and were always equal to the offensive, and were still capable of anything.

and displaying the most unflinching courage.* Their conduct was indeed splendid. Their situation, as we have seen, became so distressing that the officers were ordered to make their men run out of the works in squads, and get back into their own lines as best they could. It required considerable time to communicate the order from the several division headquarters down to the men through their respective brigade and regimental commanders. In several instances, staff officers bearing these orders were shot down, and the orders were not communicated and had to be repeated. The smoke and noise of the artillery, mortars and small arms, whose fire was concentrated on the few acres around Steadman occupied by the Confederate troops, was so great that it was difficult either to see or to hear at any distance. Many of the captured troops undoubtedly never received the order, and fought the enemy in front, not knowing that their comrades had left until they received a fire from the flank and rear, which cut off flight and forced surrender. Most of the commands, however, had received the order before the countercharge began, and it burst upon the Confederates just as their line of battle, in several places, was leaving the captured works, and had turned their backs upon the enemy to regain our own retrenchments. Under these circumstances, the number taken prisoners was not exceptionally large compared to the number engaged, and it does not at all sustain the verdict that the troops did not fight well, or that their morale had been so impaired that they could no longer be relied on for offensive movements.

GRANT'S COUNTER MOVEMENT.

General Meade thinking the Confederate line, owing to the concentration at Steadman, must be weak on our right, furiously attacked the Confederate lines at several places, but with the exception of the capture of an entrenched picket line in front of General Wright's corps met with little success. Our loss in these affairs was about one thousand, and the enemy's is believed to be about the same.

The situation of the Confederate army was now indeed disheart-

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* General Lee, in a dispatch sent to the Secretary of War at 11.20 P. M. that day, says: "All the troops engaged, including two brigades under Brigadier General Ransom, behaved most handsomely. The conduct of the sharpshooters of Gordon's corps, who led the assault, deserves the highest commendation."

ening, for Grant could leave as strong a force as Lee had, in Grant's works, which were stronger than Lee's, and thus hold or contain Lee within his own lines, and be free to use twice Lee's numbers in the unfortified country upon his flank. To meet such a disposition of Grant's troops, which was sure to be made, Lee's only resource was to strip his already threadbare lines, leaving them to be held by thin skirmish line, and form a column with the remainder of his troops with which to strike at the enemy's flanking columns. Grant, indeed, had already issued preparatory orders for a general movement upon Lee's right the day before the attack upon Fort Steadman.

At this time General Hill held the right of Lee's line from Hatcher's Run to Battery Gregg. The Second corps, Gordon's troops, held from Battery Gregg to the Appomattox river, while Longstreet occupied the trenches north of the Appomattox to the extreme left on White Oak swamp. From right to left the Confederate line of works was about thirty-seven miles in length.*

On the 28th March Sheridan was ordered to move next day with his 13,000 cavalry towards Dinwiddie Court House, attack the rear and right of Lee, if practicable, while the Second and Fifth corps, 35,000 strong together, guarded the interval between Sheridan and left of Grant's line. After this, Sheridan was instructed to cut loose and push for the Danville road, and act as circumstances might require. The Second and Fifth corps, Humphreys' and Warren's, were at the same time instructed to press close up to the Confederate lines, so as to keep the defending force with them and also to reach around and attack its flank if possible. General Ord, commanding the Army of the James, taking half of his army from the north side of the river, in all about 19,000 men, made a secret march on the night of the 27th and took position in the rear of the Second corps, relieving it from its position in the trenches. The Sixth corps, under General Wright, numbering over 19,000 men, and the Ninth corps, under General Parke, of about the same strength, remained

*Humphreys says, page 310: "In the spring of 1865, when these works were completed, the Confederate entrenchments were thirty-seven miles in length from the White Oak swamp on their left to the Claiborne road crossing of Hatcher's Run on their right. This length is not measured along the irregularities of the general line of intrenchments, much less those of the parapet lines."

in the trenches south of Petersburg, with instructions to assault if they found the force in their front greatly weakened, or if more advantageous for Parke to extend so as to allow the Sixth corps to be withdrawn to join in the turning movement. A heavy rain fell on the night of the 29th, which greatly embarrassed the movements of both armies.

ACTIONS ON WHITE OAK ROAD AND AT DINWIDDIE.

Lee early divining the purpose of the enemy, sent General Anderson with Bushrod Johnson's division and Wise's brigade, to the extreme right of his entrenchments along the White Oak road, on the morning of the 29th, and Pickett's division, which had been relieved from the Bermuda Hundreds by Mahone, was transferred to the same point about day-light on the 30th. General Hill, commanding the Confederate corps on the right, stretched his lines still thinner so as to add to the force confronting Humphreys and Warren. General Lee ordered Fitz Lee's cavalry to Five Forks, and they arrived in the vicinity of Sutherland's station on the night of the 29th, the object of the concentration being to attack Sheridan and drive him back. Pickett's division was about 3,600 strong; Johnston's, 3,000; the cavalry of the two Lee's, about 4,000—making, with some other troops, a total of about 13,000 for the moveable column with which Lee hoped to strike some weak place in Grant's armor and crush his flanking force as he had so often done before.* These forces of Lee were concentrated at Five Forks on the evening of the 30th of March. General Lee struck the exposed flank of the Fifth corps and drove back two of its divisions with the brigades of McGowan, Gracie, Hunton and Wise, but the ground was wooded, and the third division of Warren's corps coming to his assistance, the retreat of his other two divisions was stopped, while an attack by Humphrey on the left of Wise's brigade, which was the extreme left of the Confederate attacking force, compelled the retirement of the Confederate force to their intrenchments.

Foiled in the attempt to destroy the Fifth corps, and paucity of num-

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*This is the best estimate I can make with the data at hand. One of Pickett's brigades had not reaceed him, and Anderson's whole division was not present. Of the cavalry reported February 20, 1865, a large number were dismounted. General Pickett estimates the total force as considerably less than stated in the text.

bers constraining him to be cautious, Lee next attempted the destruction of Sheridan's force, which was widely separated from the Federal infantry. Sheridan, appreciating the value of Five Forks, had temporarily taken possession of it while the Confederate infantry had been engaged with Warren, but Lee moved Pickett and Bushrod Johnson over the White Oak road to Five Forks and drove the Federal Cavalry in disorder on Dinwiddie Courthouse, and isolated a portion of the force from Sheridan's main line at Dinwiddie. The Confederate infantry and cavalry then assailed Sheridan's main body at Dinwiddie Courthouse and handled it severely. There is much ground for believing, as the Confederates claim, that night probably prevented the destruction of this force.

FIVE FORKS AND PETERSBURG LINES.

Grant, on learning the situation, was very anxious about Sheridan, and subordinated all his movements to his relief. About midnight on the 31st, Pickett's position being isolated, all the troops which had been operating against Sheridan were withdrawn to Five Forks by General Lee. Sheridan followed with the fifth corps and the cavalry under his command, and about 3 o'clock in the evening of April 1st, masking the movement of the infantry by his cavalry, succeeded in getting the fifth corps in on the left of the Confederate works, and, in spite of the efforts of officers and men, almost surrounded and routed the greater portion of Pickett's and Johnson's troops, which vainly endeavored to change front to meet his attack. The Confederate loss in this action was not less than 4,700.* The fragments of Pickett's command, with some troops sent by General Lee to cover their retreat, took position at Sutherland station. The Confederate force in the trenches in the Petersburg lines was now a mere picket line, the men being from five to seven yards apart, and at dawn on Sunday, the 2d, Grant ordered Parke, Wright and Ord to assault. With the exception of three places in front of Petersburg, Gordon held his lines, but the sixth and second corps brushed through the cob-web force in front of them and swept up and down the Confederate lines from Hatcher's Run to the inner lines around Petersburg. At this time General Hill, who had been at Lee's headquarters, per-

* Colonel Taylor states it 1,300 more. See discussion further on under head "Numbers, Losses," &c., and note, as to number captured there.

ceiving the commotion in his lines and not knowing the extent of the disaster, rode forward and was shot dead by some of the enemy's skirmishers, who preceded an advance which was then bearing in the direction of the Turnbull house, where General Lee had his headquarters. Thus fell, at a time when most needed, an heroic soldier, whose name is honored wherever the Army of Northern Virginia is known. At Battery Gregg, held by a mixed command, mainly Mississippians, about 250 strong, Ord's forces were detained an hour, and though he threw overwhelming numbers against the fort, it did not surrender until its 250 defenders had been reduced to thirty, and inflicted a loss of nearly 800 upon their assailants. This delay gave time to arrange for the defence of the inner line.

For some reason Longstreet did not perceive the weakening of the force in his front at the time of Ord's withdrawal, and hence had not moved over to the south side of the river as instructed in that event, but about 10 A. M., on April 2d, some of his brigades reached Petersburg, and with these an attack was made upon the Ninth corps, which, together with these Gordon made to recapture a part of his line, were so fierce that the garrison from City Point had to be ordered up. The Confederate forces now held the line from Richmond to Petersburg, and in that city, and an inner line, the right of which rested upon the Appomattox. In this position it was able to resist all attacks until darkness came to its relief.

ORDERS FOR THE RETREAT.

When the Confederate lines were carried, orders were given for the evacuation of Richmond and the concentration of the army at Amelia Courthouse. General Anderson was directed to move up along the Appomattox to Amelia Courthouse, and he was joined on the road by the remnants of Pickett's command and some troops of Hill's corps, under General Cooke, who handsomely repelled with severe loss two attacks on him near Sutherlin's Station by General Miles; but Miles was reinforced, and by a third attack succeeded in forcing these troops from the field in some confusion. The rear was covered by Fitz Lee, whose cavalry had done brilliant service in the action at Five Forks, and in stemming the pursuit undertaken by Sheridan's cavalry after the Confederate infantry had broken.

THE MORALE OF THE TROOPS.

The troops who left the Petersburg lines on the retreat with Lee were of no ordinary mould. Each was a veteran of years of terrible war and trial, the survivor of many a bloody battle. They had experienced victories without undue elation, and bore disaster and suffering without being cast down. They remained with their colors when the faint-hearted and selfish fell by the way-side, because of a deep conviction of the justice and necessity of their cause, and were sustained by a high sense of duty and personal pride which scorned discharge unless it came through victory or by death or wounds. The larger portion of them had an abiding faith, amounting almost to fanaticism, that the God of Battles would, in the end, send their cause safe deliverance, and they followed Lee with an almost child-like faith, which set no bounds to his genius and power of achievement. They did not doubt that he would unite with Johnston and destroy Sherman and then turn on Grant; or else take up a new line and hold Grant at bay until the country in the rear rallied and gave Lee power to resume the offensive. The power of the South to indefinitely prolong the struggle by partisan war if its main armies were compelled to disperse, was a belief fostered by the traditions of the Revolution, and largely pervaded the ranks. It was a general thought among these men that long continued resistance, and the burdens it would entail upon the invader, as well as the blows of Confederate arms, would finally wring recognition and peace from the United States. Such was the frame of mind of most of these men as they turned their backs upon the Confederate capital; and while they were too intelligent not to appreciate the extent of the disaster, they entered upon the retreat with good heart and undoubted morale. The men had been so long cooped up in the trenches that their march into the open fields and woods on the night of April 2d was as exhilarating to them as cool breezes and sunlight to one long confined in the close air of a dark dungeon. These things explain the almost bouyant spirit of Lee's troops on that fateful night. The belief that the retreat would possibly end in surrender entered the minds of few. While the final result would probably not have been altered if Lee had made a junction with Johnston, it is certain if there had been food to sustain the bodies of these men their unquenched courage would have written a different history for the retreat from the Petersburg lines.

MOVEMENTS TO APRIL FIFTH.

Longstreet crossed the Appomattox at Pocahontas bridge and moved along the north side of the river, intending to recross at Bevil's bridge, but that being out of repair, used the pontoon at Goode's bridge. Gordon taking the Hickory road, recrossed at Goode's bridge, and Kershaw's and Custis Lee's divisions, comprising Ewell's command at Richmond, crossed the James at Richmond and moving on the Genito road followed by Gary's cavalry, crossed the Appomattox on the Danville railroad bridge. Grant sent Sheridan and the Fifth corps to move on the south side of the river, to follow Lee's army and strike the Danville road between its crossing of the Appomattox and the crossing of the Lynchburg road at Burkeville Junction. General Meade himself, with the Second and Sixth corps, followed with the same general instructions, and Ord's command was ordered to move along the south side of the railroad to Burkeville Junction, followed by the Ninth corps.

It will be seen that the Fifth infantry corps and Sheridan's cavalry, on the morning of the 3d, were in position to cut off Lee's retreat by the south bank of the Appomattox.

Longstreet reached Amelia Courthouse on the afternoon of the 4th. Gordon's command was three or four miles distant, and Mahone's division was still near Goode's Bridge. Ewell's command arrived about 12 o'clock, and Anderson and Fitz Lee's cavalry on the morning of the 5th. For some reason the expected supplies at Amelia were not there, and hunger and fatigue told fearfully upon the men who had had but one ration since the retreat commenced. In order to obtain food foraging parties were sent out, and Lee was detained at Amelia on the 4th, and a large part of the 5th of April. Thus precious time was lost and the last opportunity to strike at Grant's widely scattered pursuing columns. Meanwhile, Sheridan, on the afternoon of the 4th, had struck the Danville road at Jetersville, seven miles southwest of Amelia Courthouse, and entrenched. Lee's infantry at this time did not amount to 25,000 fighting men, and as Sheridan's cavalry was entrenched at Jetersville and had been reinforced by the Fifth corps, it equalled, if it did not exceed Lee's whole army, and Lee, who had advanced towards Jetersville on the afternoon of the 5th with the view of attacking Sheridan, if he had not been too heavily reinforced by infantry, had no alternative but to

attempt to march around him. Lee still hoped that by a vigorous night march westward, he might get far enough in advance to reach Lynchburg, by passing through Deatonsville, Rice's Station and Farmville, and perhaps get to Danville.

NO FOOD AT AMELIA.—TRIALS OF THE RETREAT.

The disappointment at not finding the expected supplies at Amelia threw a great damper upon the spirits of the famishing troops; but they did not quail, but only girded their loins the tighter to meet the fearful ordeal ahead of them. When the army moved, after the inevitable halt at Amelia, it was to pass through a circle of fire. An immense amount of war material had accumulated at Richmond and Petersburg, and if the army was to have another campaign much of it must be transported in wagons; for the Confederates had no other supplies, and without them the army was lost. The country roads on which these trains must move were narrow, rough and softened by the heavy spring rains. Every rivulet had swollen into a stream, and every little creek needed to be bridged. The immense caravan of wheels converted every depression in the roads into a hole, and turned the roads into a perfect sea of mud through which the supply trains and ammunition wagons, artillery and ambulances struggled on to reach dry land beyond, almost as vainly as Pharoah's army in the Red Sea. Although the train moved on different roads and the wagons were driven two and three abreast wherever practicable, they were often longer than the line of the troops which marched on their flank for their protection.* A formidable cavalry force swarmed upon the flanks and sometimes the front and rear was attacked by infantry. The shield of protection for these trains, which the marching troops could afford was thin indeed, and constant thrusts at it by the cavalry soon exposed its weak points. Through these the cavalry charged, spreading death and dismay among the sick and wounded and helpless throngs which accompanied the trains.† Many

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*Sheridan's cavalry, including McKenzie, numbered over 15,000 effective officers and men on 29th March. This force made more than three times the number of effective Confederate cavalry at that time.

†Humphreys says (page 375): "The roads were very heavy owing to the copious rains, and in fact were *nearly impassible* for wagon trains." The horses and mules were in very low condition from the winter's exposure and scant provender, and, having little forage on the retreat, were con-

times the first warnings the infantry had of these dashes was the explosion of ammunition and the smoke of burning wagons. The rear guard resisted to the last from every advantageous hill and every coign of vantage to gain time for the balky trains to move on. Often it was driven from position while the long trains were not yet out of sight, and the enemy's batteries thundered forth destruction into the trains which, spread out for miles in the road, presented a tempting mark at which not a shot could be thrown in vain. During the last days of the retreat, attack came from every quarter, and the days and nights alike were spent in marching and fighting. There was not time or opportunity for sleep, and of food there was none. Suspense, despair, exposure, famine and want of sleep caused many whose weak bodies could not sustain their dauntless souls to lie down on the roadside to await the coming of death. Many were not strong enough to carry their muskets and placed them in the wagon trains while they marched beside them, hoping that food and rest, when these could be obtained, would again enable them to bear arms.

On the morning of the 6th the Army of the Potomac, which had been mainly concentrated at Jetersville, moved northward to Amelia Courthouse to give battle to Lee, but he had passed, as we have seen, on the night before on the Deatonsville road. Humphrey's second corps was ordered to move on the Deatonsville road, and the fifth and sixth corps in parallel directions on the right and left. The Army of the James, under Ord, had in the meantime reached Burkeville, and on the 6th General Ord was directed towards Farmville. Meade discovered Lee's withdrawal from Amelia before reaching that point, and made new dispositions for pursuit. The second corps soon came up with Gordon in the rear, and a sharp, running fight commenced with Gordon's corps, which continued nearly all day. An obstinate stand was made at Sailor's Creek, but the numbers of the enemy enabled them to turn Gordon's position and take some high ground commanding it, and just at nightfall his position was

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stantly falling in harness from exhaustion and weakness. There was almost sure to be a serious delay from this cause whenever the trains reached a steep hill or a muddy lane. Horses and men alike, in the last days of the retreat, fell from exhaustion and misery and perished on the road-side. With them were often mingled dead and dying soldiers who fell in attempting to defend the trains against cavalry, which dashed in to attack wherever the wagons moved without heavy escort.

carried with a loss of a battery, several hundred prisoners and hundreds of wagons, which had become blocked up at the crossing of the creek near Perkinson's Mill. The Sixth corps, meantime, had come up with Ewell, and while the cavalry detained it in the rear and on the flank, it was attacked and surrounded by the sixth corps and, after one of the most gallant fights of the war, compelled to surrender. Ewell had about 9,000 men all told, and about 6,000 of these were killed, wounded or captured, including General Ewell and five other general officers made prisoners. General Read, of Ord's staff, with Colonel Washburn and a force of eighty cavalry and about 500 infantry, had been sent to destroy the high bridge, but they were intercepted about mid-day on the 6th by Rosser and Munford, and after a severe fight, in which Read and Washburn were killed and a number of the men also, the remainder surrendered.

Gordon's command reached this side of High Bridge, near Farmville, that night. Longstreet, whose command had halted all that day at Rice's Station to enable the other corps to unite with them, marched that night on Farmville, and on the morning of the 7th, moved out on the road, passing through Appomattox Courthouse and Lynchburg. Here rations were issued for the first time since the 2d April.* Gordon's troops and Mahone's crossed the High Bridge on the morning of the 7th. The Second Corps (Humphrey's) followed hard behind Gordon. Four miles north of Farmville, General Lee, being hotly pressed, chose a favorable position covering the stage and plank roads to Lynchburg, threw up temporary breastworks, and brought batteries in position. Humphreys attacked, but was repulsed with considerable loss. Sheridan that day sent his cavalry to Prince Edward Courthouse, with the exception of one division, which was sent to Farmville. On the night of the 7th, Lee marched nearly all night, and was followed by the Second and Sixth Corps of the army of the Potomac up the north bank of the Appomattox, while Sheridan, followed by Ord and the Fifth Corps, advanced by the south bank and struck Appomattox Station on the Lynchburg road.

On the evening of the 8th, Lee's advance was in the vicinity of Appomattox Courthouse, and there was reason to fear that the

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*The advance of the enemy was so close that the wagons could not be held long enough to supply many of the troops.

enemy's formidable cavalry force would reach it first and intervene between Lee and Lynchburg road, which was the only outlet left the Confederate commander. Longstreet's command was in the rear, closely pressed by Meade's army. Between Longstreet and Gordon was an innumerable caravan of wagons, artillery, disabled and unarmed men.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

Near dusk on the 8th of April, Sheridan's cavalry, on the outskirts of Appomattox Courthouse, captured several pieces of artillery, which were moving without escort ahead of the army, on the road to Lynchburg, and several train loads of supplies sent to feed Lee's army. Our infantry was not yet up, and worn and scattered as the troops were after a long march, it was impossible to concentrate sufficient force to attack that night.* Whatever was in front must be driven in the morning, for our army was now on the narrow strip of country between the Appomattox and James rivers, and the road to Lynchburg was the only line of retreat.

Lee resolved to cut through Sheridan's force, and Gordon, who had for several days covered the rear, was ordered to the front to head the movement. All that remained of the old Second corps and of Ewell and Anderson's troops were sent to him. Mahone was to move on the left of our line of march, protecting it and the trains. Colonel Thomas H. Carter, with a number of his best guns, was to support the attack of Gordon, while Fitzhugh Lee, who had been recently assigned to the command of all the cavalry, was to move with the cavalry on the infantry right. Longstreet was to protect the wagon train and hold back the enemy in the rear. The column of attack thus made up to cut through Sheridan consisted of about 2,500 muskets and about 2,200 cavalry. Upon this force depended the salvation of the army.†

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*General Lindsay Walker's artillery was attacked on the evening of the 8th near Appomattox Station, but the attack was repulsed. Some of the enemy's cavalry dashed in that same evening near the Courthouse, but were held in check by some of our cavalry.

† General Humphreys, who compiles the figures from official records, states the number of cavalry paroled at Appomattox at 1,786. Long makes it about 200 less. The estimate above gives about 400 more. The cavalry cut through on the 9th, and some of them left for their homes, after it was

The tired Confederates sank down to rest just as they halted. The troops had neither food nor sleep, and were too weak and weary to build fires.

THE ATTEMPT TO CUT OUT.

About half-past 5 on Sunday, April 9th, Gordon, who had formed his command nearly a half a mile from the Courthouse, advanced his line. A proud array it was, although the men were so worn, jaded and famished that many could hardly carry their muskets. Divisions had dwindled to the number of full regiments, and regiments and companies were represented by a few files of men; but the colors of nearly all of the organizations remained.*

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known the army had surrendered, without waiting to be paroled with their commands when General Fitz Lee surrendered the cavalry a short time afterwards. General Robert E. Lee, in his letter announcing the surrender to President Davis, says: "I have no accurate report of the cavalry, but believe it did not exceed 2,100 effective men." Hence, I have felt justified in estimating the number participating in the action on the morning of April 9th, as greater than the number paroled.

"Gordon's Corps" at Appomattox included the old Second corps and what was left of Anderson and Ewell's commands, and surrendered 6,773 enlisted men, including the detailed men of all the various organizations composing the corps, such as teamsters, ordnance, ambulance drivers, etc. The detailed men amounted to at least 1,500, for we had not only the usual proportion for the force present, but considerably more, since the detailed men of Ewell and Anderson's forces, which were so terribly handled at Sailor's Creek, were not captured in the same proportion as its fighting strength. Deducting the number of detailed men, who are not available for line of battle duty, would give Gordon about 5,000 infantry men. Over half of these were too weak to bear their muskets and forty rounds of ammunition. The strength of the infantry under Gordon in the attack is therefore placed at "about 2,500," which corresponds with the recollection of General Gordon and other officers at the time.

* That this statement is not an exaggeration becomes quite evident when we take the number paroled and bear in mind that it includes the detailed men, and that over half the infantry were too weak to bear arms on the morning of April 9th. The Second corps, composed of the divisions of Grimes, Early and Gordon, paroled 4,456 enlisted men, exclusive of provost guard, &c., their numbers being respectively 1,727, 1,117 and 1,612. Deducting sixty per cent. of this number for detailed men, not available for battle, and the proportion of men who were physically unable to bear arms, these *divisions* were represented in the column of attack about as

The sharp skirmish fire soon grew into a furious and heavy volume of musketry. The ever faithful Carter joined in with his deep-toned guns. The cavalry on our right pressed forward at a gallop, and wild and fierce shouts resounded throughout the heavens. As the sun drove away that Sunday morning mist, it looked down upon a scene that will forevermore thrill Southern hearts. In a steady line, sustained on the left by artillery, which flamed forth at every step, with cavalry charging fiercely on the right, the Confederate line of battle, scarlet almost from the array of battle flags floating over it, went forth to death, driving before it masses of blue cavalry and artillery.* Spring was just budding forth, and the morning sun glistening from budding leaf and tree, shed a halo about the red battle flags with the starry cross, as if nature would smile on the nation that was dying there. We pressed on and beyond the Courthouse. Fitz Lee and his cavalry rode unmolested on the Lynchburg road, but Gordon's infantry was impeded by a desperate resistance. Gordon's men captured a battery, and still pressed on. It was too late. The "infantry under Ord," nearly 30,000 strong, now filed across our pathway, throwing out batteries from every knoll, and rapidly advanced lines of infantry against us.† Gordon could not withstand what was in front, and to stop to resist it, would be to involve his flank and rear in clouds of enemies. Slowly this glorious color guard of the "Army of Northern Virginia" retraced its steps to Appomattox Courthouse, bringing with it prisoners and captured

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follows: Grimes', 688 muskets; Early's, 444; Gordon's, 644,—none of them having more than the strength of a full regiment. In the Second corps alone some sixty-four regimental organizations were represented, and, as the figures show, they did not average thirty muskets in line. The showing in the cavalry was about the same. While the corps lost some flags in battle, and frequently when regiments became exceedingly small they did not carry their colors in line, yet the number of colors carried that day, including those of Anderson's troops, was out of all proportion to the number of men, and made the line appear "almost scarlet."

*Sheridan says his cavalry fell back slowly in accordance with orders. Ord says: "In spite of Sheridan's attempt the cavalry was falling back in confusion before Lee's infantry." Crook says: "The cavalry was forced to retire by overwhelming numbers until relieved by infantry, when we reorganized." Merritt and Custer say the same thing.

†General Ord thinks his advance was made about 10 o'clock. It was however, a few minutes after 9 o'clock.

artillery. The probable success of Gordon's movement and what was to be done in event of failure, had been the subject of discussion between General Lee and his corps commanders. While Gordon was falling back he received a notification from General Lee that he had sent a flag through the lines to seek an interview with General Grant, and Gordon thereupon sent flags which Sheridan and Ord received asking a cessation of hostilities in his front until the meeting could be had.

While this was going on, Longstreet had been closely pressed by the troops in rear, and flags of truce were also sent out from his lines requesting a cessation of hostilities on General Meade's front.

Lee's last prop had fallen from under him when Gordon was driven back, and surrender was all that was left. It is not practical within the limits of an address like this to describe all the events connected with the surrender. Its minutest incidents have already passed into history, which has long since exploded the stories of the "famous apple tree," and the tender by Lee of his sword and Grant's refusal to receive it.

Whether he fought with the defeated, or the victorious army, no American citizen can forget that Grant was generous in the hour of victory, and "displayed the delicacy of a great soul," in dealing with his former foes, nor that Lee, on that fateful day, showed how "sublime it is to suffer and grow strong," and gave to the world an example of greatness in the hour of adversity that honors the American name forever more. I will not attempt to describe what ensued on Lee's return to his own lines when it was known that all was over. No pen or tongue can tell what he and the men who crowded around him felt, or picture the scene as he turned to leave them to go to his tent. Never before had unsuccessful leader received such homage from his surrendered legions, or more respect from his foes.

Grant's army made other captures here which are often forgotten. In the actions on the Petersburg lines, the affair near the High Bridge in which Read's force was destroyed, and that in which General Gregg was captured, and in other combats in the retreat, Lee's army had plucked from its pursuers, and safely guarded to Appomattox over fourteen hundred prisoners, including a battery of artillery and a Brigadier General of calvary. These prisoners of the Army of Northern Virginia were, of course, freed by its surrender. The

number of casualties in Grant's army, from the commencement of the final movement to the surrender, which, according to official reports, amounted to 9,994 officers and men—or near one-fourth of the Confederate strength at the beginning of the final struggle—bears striking testimony to the high courage of the retreating army. Its heroic endeavors are made still more conspicuous by the fact that the Army of Northern Virginia, encumbered as it was with immense trains, moving over bad country roads, perishing from exposure and lack of food, and fighting daily a vastly superior force, marched, on the routes taken by it, in the six days from the night of April 2d to the morning of the 9th, over eighty-five miles, or an average of about fourteen miles a day. Such marches of an army of its size, under such circumstances, have few, if any, parallels in military annals.

On the 10th of April officers made out muster-rolls of their commands in duplicate, and then signed and gave them paroles, on printed blanks, which had been struck off by the force of printers gathered up from the headquarters of the various Federal Corps commanders. The Confederate troops then marched, brigade at a time, past an equal number of Federal troops, commanded, if my memory is not at fault, by General Chamberlain, and stacked arms and banners. The Federal troops often presented arms to their foes, and uniformly treated them with the utmost respect. With this simple ceremony the surrender was over.

NUMBERS—LOSSES—WHAT THEY PROVE.

Lee's army, as will be remembered, numbered not over fifty thousand men of all arms when Grant commenced operations on the 29th of March. Lee lost in killed, wounded, captured, and stragglers at least seven thousand men in the battle at Five Forks, and the encounters at other places on the 30th and 31st March, and the general assault on the lines on the morning of April 2d cost Lee, from the same causes, at least seven thousand more; so that he had only thirty-six thousand men of all arms for duty, including 2,500 dismounted cavalry, the artillery and the mounted cavalry, Ewell's command and the naval battalion, on the night of April 2d, or morning of the 3d, to take upon the retreat. He left the Petersburg line with about 26,000 infantry.

In the desperate fighting of April 6th, when Ewell and Anderson's commands were captured, and when Gordon, after engaging in a

running fight for nearly fourteen miles, was driven across Sailor's Creek, Lee lost about eight thousand men, including stragglers, who were not captured. The cavalry was constantly fighting for the protection of the wagon trains, and so was a portion of the infantry after the army left Amelia Courthouse. There was also the action at Sutherland's Station, April 2d; that at High Bridge, in which Reid's force was captured, and the fighting around Farmville, including the repulse of Humphreys, the affair in which General Gregg was captured, and also the action on the 9th at the Courthouse. The losses in all the actions which took place after the retreat was begun amounted to at least 12,000 men, and subtracting that number from the force with which Lee left the Petersburg lines, would leave about 24,000 men of all arms to be accounted for at Appomattox, exclusive for the force for Richmond and Danville defences of about 1,400 men. Some of this force joined Lee on the retreat and accompanied him to Appomattox, and if all are properly included in the number of troops to be accounted for there, it would make the total number 25,400. The total number surrendered at Appomattox, according to General Humphreys, was 28,536, and according to the figures furnished from the Adjutant General's office, 27,416. This excess of between two and three thousand above the fighting force which the returns would give Lee, is accounted for by the fact that detailed men in the medical, ordnance, quartermaster, subsistence, engineer, and provost departments of Lee's own army, who were not included in his line of battle strength, and some of the men detailed in the arsenals and various departments at Richmond who took part in the retreat, were also paroled at Appomattox. Any one conversant with the proportion that such details bear to the aggregate strength of an army will readily admit that this is a moderate estimate for the number of these non-combatants.

These facts and figures effectually dispute the assertions which are sought to be palmed off as the truth of history that Lee's army melted away along the retreat by regiments, and scattered to their homes in advance of their pursuers.

The fact, so well known to numbers of the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, that Lee had not quite eight thousand organized infantry with arms in their hands on the morning of April 9th, has been disputed or doubted by Northern writers, but its correctness is susceptible of most convincing proof. It will be remembered

that in the last return of Lee's army 5,155 were artillery and 5,700 were cavalry. Owing to the fact that nearly one-half of the cavalry were dismounted, and remembering their losses in the actions in which they were engaged up to the 9th, it is safe to estimate Lee's effective cavalry at between two thousand and twenty-two hundred. This exceeds the number paroled, but Fitz Lee's cavalry cut through on the morning of the 9th, and a portion left for their homes, after learning of the surrender, without waiting to be paroled when the cavalry surrendered shortly afterwards. Two thousand five hundred and eighty-six artillerymen were paroled. The cavalry and artillery on the morning of the 9th, therefore, numbered about forty-seven hundred men. As the number of troops with which Lee started on the retreat was 36,000, of all arms, and the losses were 12,000, it would leave Lee, 24,000 of his line of battle strength of all arms on the day of the surrender. Deduct from this number forty-seven hundred for artillery and cavalry, and it would give Lee 19,300, or if we include Walker's command, 20,700 infantry on the morning of the surrender. Is it any wonder that more than half of this number had not the strength to bear their muskets? It must be remembered, also, that the greater portion of Lee's troops had been fighting and marching, during most miserable weather, since the 25th day of March, and that the whole of his force had been marching and fighting every day since the 1st day of April, and that during this trying period the troops had been without sufficient food most of the time, and for the last five days without food of any kind, sustaining themselves on leaves and twigs of the budding vegetation and a few ears of Indian corn left in the fields when the crops were gathered. This continuous exposure, fatigue, loss of sleep, and hunger, and the mental strain which the troops underwent, told fearfully upon them, and thousands of the infantry, whose courage was unquenched, were too weak to bear their muskets, and had either to place them in the wagons or abandon them on the wayside. So it was that over half of them were too weak to bear arms on the morning of the 9th, and Lee could then muster not quite eight thousand organized infantry with arms in their hands, for the operations on the front, flanks and rear of his army, while Gordon and Fitz Lee attempted to cut out. General Lee, in his report to President Davis of the surrender, says: "On the morning of the 9th, according to the reports of the ordinance officers, there were 7,892 organized infantry

with arms, with an average of seventy-five rounds of ammunition per man." * The wonder, under all the circumstances, is not that he had so few, but that he had so many muskets in line.

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* Humphreys does not deny the statement or attempt to refute it. He remarks, if the statement is true many of the infantry must have thrown away their muskets after the surrender became known. If documentary evidence existed as to the number of men surrendered with arms in their hands at Appomattox, a writer of Humphreys' ability and great research, who had the aid of the War Department in making his investigation, would surely have found the evidence and cited it.

Publications as to the number of armed men Lee surrendered, as will be seen from the extract below, had come to General Grant's attention. He does not attempt to refute or deny them. He says: "When Lee finally surrendered at Appomattox there were only 28,356 officers and men left to be paroled, *and many of these were without arms.* It was probably this latter fact [that many were without arms] which gave rise to the statement sometimes made, North and South, that Lee surrendered a smaller number of men than what the official figures show."—Memoirs, Vol. II, p. 500.

Badeau, however, attempts to be equal to the emergency. In a note of singular venom and malignity for a soldier writing fifteen years after the close of the war, he says:

"Every rebel who has written about Appomattox, declares that only 8,000 of those who surrendered bore arms—a statement which would not be creditable to them if true. But as every rebel who was at Appomattox was himself a prisoner, the assertion is worthless. The fact is that 22,633 small arms were surrendered; and Lee did not carry many extra muskets around on wagons during the retreat from Petersburg." Vol. III, p. 624.

One would infer from this paragraph that there were official reports showing the number of small arms surrendered *at* Appomattox. If any such exist they have not yet been found, and the documentary evidence to which Badeau refers, so far from disputing the Confederate statements, tends strongly to confirm them. Badeau, Vol. III, p. 714 of his work, publishes the following:

"STATEMENT OF CANNON AND SMALL ARMS SURRENDERED TO THE UNITED STATES FROM APRIL 8TH TO DECEMBER 30TH, 1865.

April 11, 1865, Army of the James—Cannon, 263; small arms, 11,000. Lee's army.

May 31, 1865, Army of the Potomac—Cannon, 251; small arms, 22,633. Lee's army.

* * * [Here follow other places outside Virginia.]

The records of the ordnance office do not show from what General the surrendered arms, etc., were received, except in the case of Johnston's

It will be noticed that the estimate of Lee's losses from the 29th of March to April 9th exceeds the number of prisoners which official

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army to General Sherman. Ordnance Office, War Department, December 30, 1880."

The Army of the James and the Army of the Potomac were both under Grant in all his final movements and at Appomattox. There was little fighting or even skirmishing on the 8th of April, and no captures. The surrender took place next day, and it ended the war. Neither of these armies took part in any more fighting, and hence could not make any captures of arms after the 9th. It is inevitable, if these reports cover arms actually captured between the 8th of April and their respective dates, April 11th, May 31st, 1865 [instead of arms gathered up at Appomattox and other places in Virginia by ordinance officers of those armies between those dates] that the captures were made at Appomattox, and on the day before—since there was no other time or place when captures could be made between those dates. The "statement" covers the cannon and small arms; and if, as Badeau assumes, it proves the number of small arms surrendered at Appomattox, it equally proves the number of "cannon" surrendered. On Badeau's theory, the statement on its face shows that 514 cannon and 32,633 small arms were surrendered at Appomattox. I have omitted from this statement the number of cannon reported September 12, 1865, as surrendered at "Richmond and Petersburg," because the report does not include any small arms, and even Badeau would hardly contend that it referred to cannon captured at Appomattox.

Why should Badeau reject one of the returns, instead of taking both? If his version is correct, that the report covers arms actually captured after April 8th, he is certainly bound to take the report of April 11th, as showing a part of the small arms surrendered at Appomattox, for between those dates the army of the James had been nowhere except at Appomattox and its vicinity; and there can be no reason for not adding that number to the small arms shown in the report of May 31st. Why he does not include the number in both reports, but rejects the first and takes the second, we will see presently.

There are certain well-known historical facts which even Badeau cannot dispute. Lee at no one time during the existence of the Army of Northern Virginia, had as many as 514 pieces of field artillery. That number is about double the highest number he ever had. It is twice the number Lee had at the opening of hostilities, in the Wilderness in May, 1864, or in March, 1865, when grant began his final operations. Besides, Lee lost some field pieces at Five Forks, when the Petersburg lines were swept to Hatcher's Run, at Sailor's Creek and other places on the retreat, to say nothing of the number of pieces dismantled and destroyed by Lee's order on the retreat, and those sent on ahead of the army. Lee himself reported to President Davis

records show Grant captured during that period by nearly 7,000 men. Grant, in his Memoirs, states the number at 19,132, and the

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that he had only sixty-three field pieces at Appomattox. It is preposterous, therefore, to ask anybody to believe that Lee surrendered at Appomattox more field pieces than he had when he left Petersburg and twice as many as his army ever had. So, if it is proper construction that these two reports are intended to give the number of "cannon" captured at Appomattox, it is proved by undisputable historical evidence, that they are monstrously false, as to the number of "cannon" at least.

How stands the case as to the 32,633 small arms reported, if Badeau's version is correct and "Lee did not carry many extra muskets in wagons?" All these small arms, on Badeau's idea, must also have been captured at Appomattox, for, as we have seen, there was no other place between the 8th of April and the dates of the reports where any captures could be made by either Meade's or Ord's army. If these small arms were captured at Appomattox, how did they get there? Lee surrendered only 28,536 officers and men at Appomattox. Of this number at least 5,500 were officers and detailed men, teamsters, etc., who did not carry muskets. This left only 23,000 men to bring 32,000 muskets to Appomattox, if every soldier whose duty it was to bear arms had been able to do so. It is not pretended that any of the infantry carried two muskets, or denied that many were unable to carry one. The 9,000 excess of muskets, if both reports are included in getting the number of small arms, is what disturbed Badeau; and he illogically rejects one report, and then takes the other solely because the number of small arms the latter reports will not exceed the whole number of officers and men captured at Appomattox.

There is much reason for believing that the report of April 11th, the date when the last of Lee's troops stacked arms before Ord's men, and which, if Badeau's version is correct, could not possibly have included small arms captured elsewhere, gives the number of small arms surrendered by Lee's troops at Appomattox Courthouse, and that it is, perhaps, slightly in excess of the number of both cavalry and infantry who bore arms on the morning of the 9th of April.

Ord's troops, the Army of the James, arrested our progress beyond the Courthouse on the morning of the 9th, and were in the immediate vicinity of the Courthouse, where our troops stacked arms before some of his, after the paroles were made out. General Gibbon, one of Ord's corps commanders, was the ranking officer charged with seeing to the formal surrender. Ord's ordnance officers quite naturally received the stacked muskets and the small arms of the cavalry, and reported them as surrendered to that army, and also included in their captures of "cannon," field pieces taken by his troops on the retreat, and siege pieces on the part of the entrenchments taken by Weitzel, his other corps commander; who entered Richmond.

records of the Adjutant-General's office give the same figures. The difference in number must consist in the killed and the "missing"

Meade's infantry was in our rear at Appomattox, over three miles from the Courthouse. His ordnance officers doubtless gathered from the trains which were nearest his troops all small arms found in the wagons which remained to us. In the short interval elapsing between the retreat and the hour when orders were given for it, the ordnance officers gathered up some muskets of the sick and wounded about Petersburg and put them in wagons which started with the trains; and after leaving Amelia many of the exhausted infantry, rather than abandon their arms, put them in the wagons. It is true that hundreds and hundreds of these wagons were captured or destroyed in the retreat at Sailor's Creek, Painesville and Farmville, but it is probable that a few of these wagons reached Appomattox, and, therefore, that some small arms were taken from the wagons there. Meade's corps had made large captures of men with arms in their hands when the Petersburg lines were broken and at Five Forks and at Sailor's Creek. His ordnance officers gleaned these battle-fields, and cared for the arms. His provost marshals, after his return from Appomattox, required citizens who had arms to turn them over. The aggregate of all the arms thus obtained was naturally reported by Meade's ordnance officers as surrendered to his army; and they as naturally included in the number of "cannon" not only field pieces taken at Appomattox and on the retreat, but heavy artillery on the part of the line captured by Meade's troops.

It is quite plain, therefore, that these reports of the ordnance officers, cited by Badeau, were intended to give the number of small arms and "cannon" which came into their hands between the 8th of April and the date of the making of these reports, without any reference to the particular place or the number at such place where the "cannon" and small arms were actually captured. In no other way can their truth be maintained or the large numbers of "cannon" and small arms reported captured accounted for. If there could be any doubt about this, General Grant himself makes it plain. In his Memoirs, Vol. II, p. 500, he speaks as a matter "of official record" of prisoners captured "between March 29th and the date of surrender," and then says "the same record shows the number of cannon, *including those at Appomattox*, to have been 689, between the dates named." This is the exact number of "cannon" included in those reports given in the official statement which Badeau relies on—to-wit: 263,251 and 175—total, 689.

All in all, these two reports of captured small arms, in view of the well-known facts referred to, go strongly to prove that the number of infantry surrendered, with arms in their hands, was as about as stated by Confederate writers, and, more important than all, by General Robert E. Lee himself.

Badeau, evidently much worried by this statement, assails it in another note, Volume III., page 607. He says Lee, when asked by Grant the

who were not captured, since the wounded, as well as the unwounded, who fell into the enemy's hands, were enumerated among the prisoners.

As to the battle of Five Forks I have adopted Colonel Taylor's estimate, although it is greater by far than developed by the subsequent proof in the Warren Court of Inquiry, where everything connected with that battle was elaborately investigated.* The official reports show that not over 4,500 prisoners were captured there, and that our killed and wounded were about 1,200. Nevertheless, a number of men were without rations, and lost their way in the darkness and the demoralization of the rout, and were prevented by the subsequent movement of the armies from rejoining their commands, if they desired to do so. Judging by the strength of their commands next day, and sifting contemporaneous accounts, it is safe to say that 1,300 men above those killed, wounded and captured, were lost to Lee as the result of that battle. The same observations apply with like force to the losses at places where the trenches around Petersburg were carried at the break of day, and in the rout at Sailors Creek, after Gordon's persistent stand there just at dusk on April 6th, and when Ewell's and Anderson's forces were captured. Our losses there can be fairly put at more than the number of killed,

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number of rations needed for his army, replied that he could not tell—among other reasons—because no returns "had been made for several days." Yet Badeau goes on to say "in spite of this statement of his chief," Taylor speaks of the men "who, in line of battle on the 9th day of April, 1865, were reported present for duty." But Lee did not say that no returns had been *made*. General Porter, of Grant's staff, gives Lee's exact words: "I have not *seen* any *returns for several days.*" This conversation took place on the 9th. On the 12th, three days later, Lee had evidently seen returns, for on that day he wrote his official report of the surrender, in which he says, "according to the reports of the ordnance officers, there were 7,892 organized infantry with arms," &c. Ordnance officers were required to issue a full supply of ammunition to the infantry before the line advanced on the 9th, and this is probably the time when they ascertained the number of men needing it (men with arms in their hands) upon which were based the reports of which General Lee speaks. This is quite a different report from the returns of the strength of the commands which comes through the Adjutant-General's, and not through the Ordnance Department.

* It seems both the Cavalry Corps and Warren's, in some instances claimed the capture of the same prisoners, and the official reports of both corps therefore show a much larger number of prisoners than were actually taken.

wounded and captured reported by the enemy, for they do not include stragglers who did not fall into their hands, but failed to join their commands. What is the number of Lee's killed, which must be deducted from the excess above the number captured to ascertain the number of these absentees from other causes than death, captivity or wounds? Grant's losses in the final operations were 9,994 officers and men, of whom about 2,000 were killed. The Confederate loss in killed was somewhat greater. At Five Forks, at several places on the lines, and at Sailors Creek, the Confederates retreated under fire, after being defeated in battle, and sometimes in great disorder, and their losses were greater than their assailants. Grant's troops, however, fell back under fire in Warren's fight, so did Sheridan's towards Dinwiddie. Grant's troops were repulsed at several places on the lines, gained costly success at Battery Gregg,* and made unsuccessful attacks on field breastworks at Sutherland's Station, and when Humphreys attacked Lee near Farmville. In these actions Grant's losses were considerably greater than Lee's. Upon the whole, it is a fair estimate that Lee's losses in killed during these operations did not exceed 2,500. Deduct this number, and we have 4,500 as the whole number of absentees who were lost to Lee from the beginning to the end of the operations, from any other cause than death, wounds or captivity. Of this number of absentees, as we have seen, fully 2,500 were lost to Lee at Five Forks and on the lines on April 2d, and never started on the retreat. The remainder, 2,000, dropped out of ranks between Amelia Courthouse, where the great suffering for food began, and Appomattox Courthouse. The number of all these absentees, under the adverse circumstances, would be far from proving that the army was melting away. As to most of these absentees, their straggling or absence from their colors proves rather weakness of body than waning fealty to their cause. The fact that only two thousand of them succumbed to despair, famine, or temptation to abandon their colors, on that long march to Appomattox, after nearly two weeks of continuous battle and terrible suffering, affords sublime testimony to the heroic courage and fortitude of that other 34,000 fighting men who started on that memorable retreat, and none of whom was absent at the end, save the killed, wounded and captured in battle.

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*Grant lost 714 men at Battery Gregg.

GRANDEUR OF LEE.

In no part of his life did the grandeur of Lee shine more conspicuously than now He was the same grave, calm Commander-in-Chief; the same loveable tender man as in the days of power and triumph. The troops who were wont to watch his countenance to catch, if possible, an index of what was passing in his mind saw nothing there which indicated despair. It was to this bearing of their commander that, in a large degree, may be attributed the heroic efforts which the Army of Northern Virginia made, even to the last, to shake itself free from the toils of its mighty pursuers. I well remember on the day after Sailor's Creek, riding by some troops drawn up in line and momentarily expecting to advance upon the enemy, who were discussing the truth of the report that Ewell's corp had been captured there, and how a private produced conviction of the falsity of the news by indignantly asking: "Didn't you see Mars Bob when he rode by just now? Did he look like Ewell's corps had been captured?"

At times on this retreat his bearing towards young officers who came about him assumed a cheerfulness that almost amounted to playfulness. To an officer sent by a corps commander to ask at what point General Lee wished it to camp that night, he replied, "Tell him to march them to the Virginia Line." When the officer expressed surprise and asked how far it was, the General pleasantly remarked, "Well, then, tell him to march as far as he can." On another occasion General Lee was enquiring for a place called the "Stone Chimneys" on his map, and was told by a young officer who had been reared in the neighborhood that the place where they then were must be the one marked upon the map, for he remembered distinctly when the chimneys were built. General Lee, who evidently did not share the officer's confidence as to the locality, pleasantly remarked: "I was waiting for the guide to come up that we might ascertain from him, but I suppose we had as well go on. If you remember when the chimneys were built, this is not the place. The stone chimneys mentioned in this map were built before you were."

Near Farmville he sat for some time on his horse near a section of Chamberlayne's battery, which, on the brow of the hill, was shelling the enemy, and gazed intently through his glasses at their move-

ments. He was quite exposed. Receiving a report from a staff officer, General Lee gave him a message in reply, and as he started off said to him: "You rode up on the wrong side of the hill and unnecessarily exposed yourself. Why did you not come up on the other side?" The officer said he was ashamed to shelter himself when his commander was so exposed. General Lee remarked to him quite sharply: "It is my duty to be here; I must see. Your duty does not require you to see, or to expose yourself when there is no occasion for it. Ride back the way I tell you."

Near Goode's Bridge he astonished a young staff officer, after receiving a message sent by him, by looking quite fixedly at him and asking if "those people surprised your command this morning?" The officer was taken aback at the question, for he had just made a report from his commander that the troops were in good order, and asked directions for their disposition. He replied no, and asked if any such report had come to him. General Lee replied that he had received no such report, but that "judging from appearances something urgent must have prevented you young men about headquarters from making your toilets this morning," and he thought it possible that the command might have been surprised. At the same time he pointed to the officer's new cavalry boots, the leg of one being outside of the pants, while on the other the leather was half stuffed inside the pants, making that leg somewhat resemble a huge misshapen bologna sausage. The young officer had not observed this until his attention was called to it, and his face turned blood-red at the rebuke, and he could not conceal his mortification as he saluted and started to return.

General Lee then called him back and said he intended only to caution him as to the duty of officers, especially those who were near the persons of high commanders, to avoid anything on a retreat which might look like demoralization; that he knew he was a good soldier, and he must not take his caution so much to heart. So self-contained and so considerate was this great man of the feelings of others that he paused in the trying moments, when the destiny of a Nation and the fate of a retreating army were engrossing all his care, to soothe the wounded feelings of a young subaltern.

When one of the columns was some distance from Amelia Springs, two men, young and handsome, well mounted and dressed as Confederate officers, joined the troops, and rode some distance with them.

Their actions excited suspicion, and they were arrested and searched. On one of them was found a dispatch from Sheridan to Grant. The two men then confessed that they were scouts and spies for Sheridan.

A staff officer was directed to carry the dispatch to General Lee, and also to ask "what disposition to make of the spies," who now momentarily expected to be led out to execution. General Lee was found late that night, at his headquarters near Amelia Springs, and the dispatch and message delivered. He inquired briefly of the circumstances of the arrest of the two men, and whether any information other than that sent him had been extracted from them. Being answered, he turned to give instructions to some other officers, telling the staff officer to wait, he would give him his answer presently. When he had finished giving his instructions to other officers who were waiting, he again turned to the staff officer as if about to speak to him, but remained silent for more than a minute when he said: "Tell the general the lives of so many of our own men are at stake that all my thoughts now must be given to disposing of them. Let him keep the prisoners until he hears further from me." At the time it did not occur to the officer, though it did shortly afterwards, when the surrender freed these spies of their peril, that General Lee was thinking, while he paused, that a few hours would decide the fate of his army, and that if the army were lost, the execution of the men would be useless, and debating in his own mind whether, under the circumstances, duty forbade his showing pity for his captives, and giving them a chance for their lives, by delaying a decision which, if made then, would, according to all the laws of war, inevitably doom them to death.

REASONS FOR HOPING SUCCESS.

There are some who teach the children sprung from the loins of the Confederate soldier that it was folly to nurse the hope that the men of 1861 could maintain their undertaking. Their convictions of honor and duty left them no alternative; but were it otherwise, can it be matter of reproach that they bared their own breasts to the storm rather than bequeath the battle to their children?

The falsity of the so-called maxim, that "God favors the heaviest battalions," was signally illustrated by Napoleon throughout the greater part of his marvelous career. Charles XII of Sweden set it at naught. Frederick the Great won victory in spite of it, in the

Seven Years War against nearly all Europe. Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar in ancient days taught that numbers did not necessarily win battles.

The thought ignores Providence, and forgets the influences of moral forces in the work of war. All history sustains the profound philosopher, who declared that other maxim, "In war the moral is to the physical as three to one," and that maxim fights for the invaded against the invader.

The history of Western Europe did not allow the conclusion that it would respect the thin blockade which prevented the exchange of our great products in the markets of the world, and kept from us money, supplies and munitions which could not be had at home.

There was reasonable hope, if the contest long continued, that the interests and rivalries of the outside world would raise up allies for us, as in the Revolution of our fathers.*

History taught that critical periods always arise in such a struggle, when military disaster or great sacrifice paralyze a representative government in carrying on a long war of invasion.†

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* The seizure of Mason and Slidell from an English vessel on the high seas, and the irritations and complications growing out of the French occupation of Mexico, came near involving the United States in conflict with those powers. The thin, almost "paper" blockades, maintained for a time on parts of the Southern coast, afforded constant provocations of trouble with the outside world, and so also of questions with foreign powers, which recognized the Confederate States as "belligerents," as to allowing our privateers to remain in their ports, the sale of the ships, munitions of war, &c., &c., as where the Wachusetts attacked and captured the privateer Florida in the Brazilian port of Bahia.

† Such crises more than once threatened to bring invasion to a halt, during the last two years of the war.

In 1863 there was intense opposition to the draft and the methods of President Lincoln's administration, both in the East and in the West. The terrible draft riots in New York city occurred while Meade was yet about Gettysburg. Had he been defeated there, the Government would have been compelled to call back its invading columns to enable it to maintain itself at home and save its capital. Such a result, a practical defensive, in the third year of the war, would have so greatly impaired, if not destroyed, the credit of the Government, and so strengthened the opposition at home, that it would have been impossible to fill the depleted armies, or successfully prosecute further invasion.

Another still more critical period arose in the latter part of the summer

Frederick the Great said that "an army, like a serpent, moves on its belly," and it was a rule of Cæsar's, in conducting invasions, that

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of 1864. In the spring of that year the Confederates had crushed an invading force in Florida, and practically ended the seige of Charleston. Banks had been defeated with great loss in his Red river campaign, and Sherman, after the defeat of his cavalry, compelled to fall back from his attempted invasion of Mississippi, and Hoke had captured Plymouth, and expelled the enemy from North Carolina, while the Confederates had met with no corresponding back-sets.

Sherman had penetrated near Atlanta, but with considerable loss, and his ability to either capture the city or destroy Johnston's army was doubted, while few thought he could long maintain himself so far inland, and many believed he must finally retreat, which he could not do without great disaster. Grant had sustained fearful losses in the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania, at Cold Harbor, in assaults on Petersburg, and at the Mine explosion. The Confederates still holding Grant at arm's length before Richmond, had invaded Maryland, and thrown an army up to the very walls of Washington, driven Hunter from Lynchburg, defeated Seigel in the Valley, and bottled up Butler at Bermuda Hundreds.

To the popular conception of the North, the invading armies appeared at this time as far, if not farther, from accomplishing their task than in 1862, and there was great and almost universal despondency as to the final result of the war in the Northern mind. The depreciation of the currency was very great, and the strain of the war also added to the general feeling of despair. The Confederate cruisers had destroyed the United States merchant marine and practically driven it from the high seas. To cap it all, came another of the interminable succession of drafts, demanding half a million more men to fill up the depleted armies, which still further fed public discontent and aroused most bitter opposition to further war of invasion.

Halleck, who was then Chief of Staff at Washington, writes Grant that alarming combinations were forming in several Northern States to resist the draft. He says: "The draft must be enforced, for otherwise the army can not be kept up, but to enforce it may require the withdrawal of a considerable number of troops from the field. I call your attention to it now that you may make your arrangements accordingly." "Are not appearances such that we 'ought to take in sail, and *prepare for a storm.*'" Grant, on the 15th day of August, replies that the loyal governors must enforce the draft with their militia. "If we are to draw troops from the field to keep the loyal States in harness, it will prove difficult to suppress the rebellion in the disloyal States. My withdrawal from the James *would ensure the defeat of Sherman.*" A week before Grant had written Sherman about reinforcing him, concurring in the latter's view "about showing no despondency," and expressing the opinion, "we must win, *if not defeated at home.*" At that

"war must support war." In a thinly settled country like ours, war could not be made to support war; since under such conditions "concentration starves itself." The offensive power of an army is gone at a long distance from its source of supply; and the necessity of maintaining long lines of communication often causes the retreat of the invader, though the invaded flees before him.

The character and expanse of country through which the invading armies must operate was, up to that time, a justification of the belief that the conquest of the South was impossible.

In the Revolution, England generally controlled the sea-board, but the river breezes were fitful and unsafe motive power for her sail vessels on our rivers, and she could not maintain depots of supplies for any large force, at any distance from the sea. It was not thought possible, under the art of war as known in 1861, that steam vessels could maintain inland navigation for any distance, in the face of

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time, probably, a majority of the voters at the North felt that war as a means of saving the Union was a failure, and the morale of the armies in the field were affected by the action of this opinion from their homes. Grant says, Memoirs, Volume II, page 167, "Anything that could have prolonged the war a year beyond the time it did fairly close, would probably have exhausted the North to such an extent that they might then have abandoned the contest, and agreed to a separation."

All sources show that at this time there was great danger of a complete collapse of the war spirit of the North, and if the military successes at Atlanta and Winchester and Cedar Creek in September and October had not opportunely come to Mr. Lincoln's rescue just before the presidential election of November following, the "Peace Party" would have prevailed. Indeed, even after the fall of Atlanta, if Early, whose army had so nearly crushed Sheridan's on the 19th of October, had been able to finish the work, and to again invade Maryland and bring his army before Washington, it needs no seer to predict its effect on the Northern mind, or the change it would have produced in the presidential election. As it was over a million and a half of voters at the North expressed their dissatisfaction at the conduct of the war, and a desire in preference to save the Union by negotiations.

It admits of little doubt, if Sherman had been held off at Atlanta as Grant was at Richmond, and Early had been able to maintain his hold of the Valley, until after November 6th, that the public opinion at the North would have destroyed the power of the government to continue a war of invasion. On such slender threads depend the fate of nations, and the chances of war give rise to many of them in a long contest such as ours was.

modern shore batteries, or that railroads could be effectually operated through hostile country.

At last it was the power of the iron-clad steamer and the successful use of the railroad in maintaining long lines of communication—the first then unknown, and the latter then untested in war—combined with the control of the seaboard, which under Providence compassed our overthrow. Without the iron-clad steamer, Grant could not have brought or subsisted his army before Vicksburg. The historic ten months' seige, which resulted in the fall of Richmond, would not have been written. The march to the sea and through the Carolinas could never have been undertaken if a hostile navy had not controlled the coast. Without the railroad Sherman could not have reached Atlanta, nor Rosencrans have obtained a foothold at Chattanooga.

Who so impeaches the wisdom of our countrymen for engaging in unequal war, "may equally denounce Hancock and Adams and Washington and Jefferson, who declared the infant colonies independent States, and defied the power of the greatest military government then on the globe."

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER OF THE A. N. V.

Who that looked on the private soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia can ever forget his bright face, his tattered jacket, and crownless hat—his jests, which tickled the very ribs of death—his weary marches in cold and heat and storm—his pangs of hunger, his parching fevers, his wounds—his passing away in woods or roadside when the weak body freed the dauntless soul—his bare feet tracking the rugged fields of Virginia and Maryland and Pennsylvania, sometimes with stains like those that reddened the snow at Valley Forge—his clinging to his colors while wife and child at home clutched at his courage with cries for bread—his hope and faith and patience to the end—his love of home—deference to woman and trust in God—his courage, which sounded all the depths and shoals of misfortune, and for a time throttled fate itself—or the ringing yell of his onset, his battle anthem for native land, rising Heavenwards above the roar of an hundred stormy fields.

Who can forget his homeward march, after the end came, unstained by violence or wrong, and how the paroled prisoner became the citizen who won the admiration and wonder of the world? Let

us emulate his example; and if misfortune or disaster bear us down, let us draw inspiration, as he did, from the sublime faith and fortitude of Lee, in the darkest hour of his life, and "trust to work out."

At the close of the address, Colonel Richard L. Maury offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be tendered Governor Thomas G. Jones, of Alabama, for his able address on "The Last Days of the Army of Northern Virginia," and that a copy of same be requested for publication and the archives of the Association.

Adopted unanimously.

Major Thomas A. Brander moved that a committee of five be appointed to propose the names of the officers and the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. Adopted; and the following gentlemen were appointed: Thomas A. Brander, E. C. Minor, William Kean, Charles E. Morgan and A. W. Garber.

OTHER ADDRESSES.

In response to calls, Captain W. Gordon McCabe responded in a brief but beautiful address.

By this time the committee returned, and reported the names of the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year, and the report was unanimously agreed to:

President—Judge George L. Christian.
First Vice-President—Judge T. S. Garnett.
Second Vice-President—General Thomas L. Rosser.
Third Vice-President—Hon. R. T. Barton.
Secretary—Captain Thomas Ellett.
Treasurer—Private Robert J. Bosher.
Executive Committee—Colonel W. E. Cutshaw (chairman), Private J. T. Gray, Captain E. P. Reeve, Captain John Cussons, and Captain W. Gordon McCabe.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Star*, December 7, 1893.]

THE FIRST VIRGINIA INFANTRY IN THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN.

Reminiscences of Sergeant Charles T. Loehr.

The following graphic paper was read before Pickett Camp of Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, Virginia, on the night of Monday, December 4, 1893:

Comrades of Pickett Camp:

In referring to the campaign on the Peninsula a few preliminary remarks may not be amiss.

After the battle of Bull Run Johnston's army remained inactive in front of Washington. Instead of gaining in numbers and efficiency it was sadly depleted by details and discharges for the War Department. It cannot be denied that both Johnston and Beauregard urged the Confederate authorities to concentrate the whole Confederate force for an aggressive move, but the President and his advisers thought otherwise, and the army was condemned to inactivity when the chances for success were almost certain. Meanwhile, as the months passed away, the Federal authorities were not idle. A large army was placed in the field under the able management of General McClellan. More than 150,000 were ready to pounce down on the Confederate force at Centreville, which had been reduced to less than 40,000 by the policy of the Confederate Government.

In March, 1862, the Northern army was in readiness to move. Johnston, unable to oppose the overwhelming numbers, did the best he could under the circumstances, retreated to the Rappahannock. McClellan, instead of following the Confederates, concluded to transfer this army to Fortress Monroe and push "on to Richmond" from the Peninsula.

April 3d we left Orange Courthouse; after a very fatiguing march through mud knee deep, during a continued rain, snow, and hail storm, we reached Louisa Courthouse on the 7th. The 12th found us encamped at Young's mill-pond, near this city; that is, the

camp was there, but most of us spent our time in meeting and greeting our friends in Richmond.

On the 16th we marched through the city, embarked on the steamer Glen Cove, which landed us at King's Mill wharf early on the morning of the 17th.

During our halt near the wharf I saw General Joseph E. Johnston. He was talking to a wounded soldier lying on a stretcher. The remarks he made were about picket firing, which the General said he did not approve ; that the loss of life and comfort of the men did not compensate for damage inflicted to the enemy. In the evening we marched to the rear of the line near Wynn's Mill in a thick piece of woods. The next day we were placed in the trenches, where we stayed most of the time. These works we found were of great strength ; covered ways and ditches ran to them from all directions, and the men were kept busy to make them still stronger. Here we lay in the muddy ditches, in which some rude shelters or bomb-proofs had been erected. In these we huddled up during night and day, trying to keep out of the wet, as it rained most of the time. Water for washing purposes was not to be had, and therefore it was not long before vermin, generally known as graybacks, appeared to add to our discomfort.

A considerable amount of artillery ammunition was wasted between the lines, and further to the right the sharpshooters made things lively. On the 16th the enemy, some Vermont troops, charged the lines just to the right of our position, and on visiting this part of the line, which was somewhat dangerous from the enemy's sharpshooters, many of the dead left by the enemy in his retreat could still be seen in the swamp just in front of the works.

In the rear of our lines were the log cabins erected by Magruder's men during the winter. During a heavy rain our boys would make use of them as shelter. On one occasion a number of my company were making themselves comfortable when Colonel Williams ordered us out, saying it was dangerous, as the enemy would shell us. I and most of us had hardly gotten out when sure enough a shell penetrated the log just over the entrance of the cabin and burst, killing Corporal E. M. Ferneyhough and wounding private M. F. Wingfield, who was fortunate to come out with his eyes only blackened by splinters. Corporal Ferneyhough was one of our best and most daring comrades, and we sadly regretted his loss.

On the 26th of April there was a great time in camp. We were there in the rear—in reserve, as it was called. The reorganization and election of officers was the subject. Having enlisted for one year, our time expired on the 21st of that month, but there was little ceremony wasted by the Confederate Government as to our right of being discharged. We were permitted to reorganize. This appears to have been about the only favor extended. We, of course, realized that if we should pack our knapsacks and leave, the war would end then and there. Therefore there was nothing to be done but to hold on and follow the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of the Confederacy.

The fears of General Johnston that this line could not be held now became more and more apparent. The enemy brought up his siege train. Over 100 heavy guns and mortars were ready to hurl destruction into our lines. This was more than we could stand, so, after everything had been carefully prepared by General McClellan, General Johnston concluded it best and safest to retire to the capital of the South, then concentrate the Confederate forces, and try to regain the lost ground, which he could not hold with any prospect of success.

On the evening of May 3d the evacuation of the Yorktown lines commenced, leaving the trenches during the early part of the night. We marched about four or five miles toward the rear near an old church, where a halt was made for a few hours, during which time the evacuation of Yorktown was completed. Ammunition and ordnance were blown up, and the guns which could not be removed were spiked. The noise could be heard for miles. Continuing our march, we reached Williamsburg and halted near the asylum on the morning of the 4th. The enemy, on finding out that his front was clear, followed close behind, catching up with our rear guard. It resulted in a heavy skirmish, in which the enemy was driven back with loss. The morning of the 5th opened wet and dreary. Our division (Longstreet's) was to hold the enemy in check while the rest of our army was on its way toward Richmond.

Early in the morning, skirmishing commenced east of Williamsburg. About 10 o'clock orders came for us to fall in, and the brigade commanded by General A. P. Hill, consisting of ours the First, about 195 muskets, the Seventh, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Virginia regiments, turned its face eastward towards the advancing Federal lines.

Marching through the old capital of Virginia, we left our baggage at one of the private residences, and halted in the rear, and to the right of Fort Magruder, which was occupied by the Richmond Fayette artillery and two guns of the Richmond Howitzers, who were subjected to hot fire from the enemy's guns, loosing a great many men, but holding on to their position, from which the enemy was unable to silence or drive them. After forming in line of battle and halting awhile we were ordered forward into the woods, to the right, where the battle was then raging. Soon after we reached the position, as the regiment became engaged, they got separated, and each regiment, so to say, fought on its own hook. We were ordered to support the Nineteenth Mississippl regiment, which was being forced back by the enemy. Before we could reach them some of the companies broke and ran through our ranks, closely pursued by the enemy, who, getting into the felled timber or abattis, was in turn charged by our regiment and driven off in great confusion. Following them through the felled timber, we came out right into a six-gun battery, which we captured, together with a large United States battle flag, also a small brigade guide flag. It was of blue silk with a golden 3 embroidered thereon. This we carried with us to Richmond. An aide of General Longstreet now came up and requested Colonel Williams to make a detail of 100 men to carry off the guns. This Colonel Williams was unable to do, as he could not spare that force. Subsequently a detail was made from the Nineteenth Virginia regiment, and the guns were safely carried off.

From the point where we struck the battery we charged across an open field into another piece of woods. While halting in the edge of the woods, we observed several lines of the enemy passing between us and our line which was in the felled timber. At first we thought they were some of our men until we were fired upon by them. We then fell back into the fallen timber a short distance in rear of where we captured the battery; but now, the enemy having been reinforced, they swarmed all around us. The bullets seem to come from all directions. We lost a good many men, Colonel L. B. Williams was badly wounded, and the command was turned over to Major W. H. Palmer. Most of our muskets had become useless from the continued rain, and our ammunition was nearly all expended, but by supplying ourselves with the enemy's muskets and ammunition, which was abundantly scattered about, the fight was continued

until dark, when the regiment, or what was left of it, retired from the field as stated. It had been raining all day, the woods were full of dead and wounded Federals and Confederates. We could have captured hundreds of the enemy who appeared to be lost in those woods, but we only gave them the direction to our rear.

Whether they went there or not, it mattered little to us, we were too much worn out to attend to this part of the programme. The regiment lost many good and true men. Among the killed we name: Corporal Charles D. Beale, Privates Jordan and P. Moss, of Company B; Private Pat. Keeting, Company C; Private George Logan, Company D; Sergeant C. C. Fowlks, Company G; Private Ro. D. Swords, Company H, and Private John G. Grammer, Company I.

Towards the close of the day I was ordered by Major Palmer to communicate our position to a North Carolina regiment, which was towards the right of our position. Just after reaching this regiment and delivering my instructions to the colonel, the enemy made a fierce attack on this regiment. The men were lying behind the trees, and as they commenced to fire their muskets some of the bullets would come out with a stream of fire, then fall to the ground, the powder having become soaked. However, the enemy was driven off and I started for my command. It was then getting quite dark. Seeing a line of men in my front I thought I could recognize some of my company, but after calling to them and getting closer I found myself within the enemy's line. To turn around and start off in another direction was the next thing. In doing so I was saluted by the Federals with a shower of balls, but I got away, continuing my solitary retreat among the dead and dying in the dark woods, not knowing where to go. I was aroused by hearing some one call out: "Here goes one; shoot him." I now gave myself up for lost. Not knowing what to do and being completely worn out, I shouted back toward the voice, "Don't shoot, I surrender." Then came the query, "What regiment is yours?" To my answer the First Virginia, I was informed that I had come into the line of the Second Mississippi battalion; that the First had passed through them for the rear some time previous. I then started towards the town, coming out in the open field in front of Fort Magruder. Our artillery was hard at work sending its iron messengers towards the Federal lines. I had to cross the field just in front of the batteries, and I tried to do it quickly, but the soft mud was too much for me; so as gun after gun was fired, I

had to lay flat down and let the shot pass over before I could get further. Finally I reached the road, and a short walk brought me to the town. Here every house was filled with wounded, and men who, like myself, were in quest of a dry spot. It was not till I reached the western end of the town that I found shelter. Hearing the voices of some of the members of my company who had taken possession of a vacant building, I was soon among them, and by a rousing fire we spent the night after the battle. When we got up in the morning we found the last of our army were leaving, while the enemy was charging Fort Magruder where not a man was left to oppose them. Gathering our baggage we also turned our faces toward the West, leaving behind us our colonel and several others too badly wounded to stand the march.

The roads were simply bottomless. Wagons, guns, horses, and even men got stuck in the mire, and it was only with great exertion that they could be liberated. Some of the guns and wagons, however, were left in the mud. That night we reached Burnt Ordinary, and the 7th of May found us near the Chickahominy river, where we formed a line of battle; got something to eat, which was the first food furnished us since leaving Williamsburg. On the 9th, we reached Long Bridge, which we crossed on the 15th. During the night we stopped on the side of the road, and a fearful rain-storm came up, nearly drowning us. The next day we again reached the neighborhood of Home, Sweet Home.

General A. P. Hill, in his report of the battle of Williamsburg, mentioned the capture of the battery and the flag having for its inscription: "To Hell or Richmond," saying that Colonel Williams fell severely wounded about 6 o'clock P. M., when the command devolved on Major W. H. Palmer, who, though slightly wounded himself, held every position they had taken until directed to fall back after dark. Captain James Mitchell received the swords of two officers. Cadet Thomas H. Mercer was commended for coolness and daring. Corporal Leigh M. Blanton, though wounded in the head, refused assistance, and himself captured General Patterson's carpet-sack, with his commission, and took two prisoners to the rear.

The list of casualties of A. P. Hill's is stated as follows:

First Virginia—Killed, 11; wounded, 29; missing, 1—total, 41.
Seventh Virginia—Killed, 12; wounded, 64; missing, 0—total, 76.

Eleventh Virginia—Killed, 25; wounded, 105; missing, 3—total, 133.

Seventeenth Virginia—Killed, 14; wounded, 47; missing, 10—total, 71.

Grand totals—Killed, 62; wounded, 245; missing, 14—total, 321.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

On the Life and Character of Lieut.-General D. H. Hill,

Before the Ladies' Memorial Association, at Raleigh, N. C., May 10, 1893, by Hon. A. C. Avery, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Comrades, Gentlemen:

Measured by the average length of human life, almost a generation has passed away since the tocsin of war was sounded thirty years ago and aroused in conservative old North Carolina such a *furor* of excitement as no pen can portray and no tongue describe. As years have rolled by the reaper has gathered and the angels have garnered the ripened sheaves. One by one the spirits of our old heroes have passed over the river to again rally around their sainted leaders, Lee, Jackson and Hill, and join them in endless pæans to the Prince of Peace for achieving the most sublime of all great victories. Twenty years ago the space allotted to the soldiers at these annual gatherings was filled for the most part by comrades rejoicing in the exuberant vigor of young manhood. The eye of your orator searches in vain to-day among the silvered heads, that fill the space allotted to the old soldiers, for the manly forms of those friends of his boyhood and comrades of his young manhood, Basil Manly, Richard Badger, Phil. Sasser and James McKimmon, true and tried soldiers, who were as conspicuous for their courage in the hour of danger as for their loyalty to the sacred memories of the past when our banner had been forever furled.

These object lessons constrain those of us who are now distinctively known as old veterans, to remember that the mention of the stirring days of sixty-one reminds the majority of this audience of no such vivid scenes as pass in review before the imaginations of the old soldier and the wives, sisters and daughters, whose hands in all these years have trimmed the turf, and whose tears have moistened the immortelles that cover the resting places of our loved and honored dead.

Seven States South of us had solemnly asserted their right under the Constitution to sever their connection with the Federal Union, and had, through their representatives in convention, established the provisional government of the new Confederacy, with Montgomery, Alabama, as its capital city. But North Carolina, with characteristic conservatism, still clung to the federative union of States, which was conceived in the patriotic resolves of Mecklenburg, and ultimately established by the timely strategy and heroic valor of her volunteer troops at Kings Mountain and Guilford Courthouse. In 1789 she had awaited further assurance and guarranty that her rights as a sovereign State would be respected and protected before she would agree to enter into the more perfect union then formed. In 1861, she adhered to that union, and stood under the ægis of the old flag till those in whose custody the political revolution of the previous year had placed it, had already broken the compact, and attempted the subjugation of her sister States.

The defiant answer of Governor Ellis to Lincoln's demand for North Carolina's quota of Federal soldiers, and his prompt call for volunteers to support our kindred and man our forts, went to the people on the wings of the wind. Telegrams, trains, single engines, pony express and runners were so effectually employed as to reach every precinct and every hamlet in three or four days. South Carolina had been invaded, and every voice demanded that the invader should be resisted to the death. The response of the clan to the bearer of Vich Alpine's bloody croslet was not more ready, nor supported by a more determined courage than was that of the brave sons of our grand old State to the call of her chosen chief. In a little while drums were beating, bands were playing, girls were singing, boys were shouting, flags were flying, orators were appealing, and stalwart men were weeping. But behind all this the firm resolve of the volunteer to do or die found an echo even in the heart of the

wife and mother. The widow, without a murmur, committed her only boy to the keeping of the orphan's God, as she proudly imprinted a parting kiss upon his brow, while the woe of the bride was tempered with that admiration which is the tribute of beauty to bravery, as she gave a last embrace to one to whom she had but yesterday plighted her faith. The stately Southern dames and the petted damsels, whose soft hands had seldom plied needle before, found their greatest pleasure then in deftly working upon caps, haversacks and knapsacks, as at a later day in cutting and stitching the coarse clothing intended for our brave boys.

The organized bodies of citizen soldiery from all parts of the State, such as the Rowland Rifles, the Wilmington Light Infantry and the Oak City Guards were sent hastily to the unoccupied forts on our coast. As the other companies thus hurriedly equipped, rushed to the capitol to tender their services, all eyes were turned to an adopted son of the State, whose education at West Point and brilliant career in Mexico, had placed him easily at the head of her citizen soldiery—and Daniel Harvey Hill was called to the command of her first camp of instruction.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

He was born in York District in the State of South Carolina on the 21st of July, 1821. He traced his descent neither from the Cavaliers of England nor from the Huguenots of France, but from the sturdy sons of liberty-loving Scotland, who migrated to the north of Ireland and ultimately planted colonies in Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, where they educated, elevated and dominated the people with whom they came in contact. His paternal grandfather, William Hill, a native of Ireland, had landed in Pennsylvania, and moving South with the stream of Scotch-Irish that populated the valley of Virginia and Western North Carolina, built, with Colonel Hayne as his partner, in 1770, an iron foundry in York District, which within the next decade was the only point south of Virginia where cannons were cast for the use of the colonial armies. He was colonel of a regiment in Sumpter's brigade, and fought gallantly under him in many engagements. While Colonel Hill was confined to his home by a wound received in battle, a detachment was sent from the British force at Charleston to destroy his foundry, and he barely escaped with his life by hiding under a large

log and covering himself with leaves. When the battle of King's Mountain was fought, Colonel Hill's command had been disbanded, but he went to the field as a volunteer, and was honored by being invited to the council held by Campbell, Sevier, McDowell, and other distinguished regimental commanders, to determine the plan of attack. He made a number of suggestions that were adopted and proved the value of his opinion as a soldier. For twenty years after the war Colonel Hill was the trusted representative of his district in the State Senate of South Carolina, and was the intimate friend of Patrick Calhoun, the father of the great statesman and orator, John C. Calhoun. General Hill's mother was Nancy Cabeen, the daughter of Thomas Cabeen, a native Scotchman, who was Sumpter's trusted scout and "the bravest man in his command," as the General himself often declared. Two uncles of General Hill were soldiers in the second war with England, and one of them was the adjutant of Colonel Arthur P. Hayne's regiment. Solomon Hill, his father, died when his son Harvey was but four years old, leaving him with four other children to be reared by a mother who was noted for her piety, culture, common sense and devotion to her children. Like all Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the old school, she exacted of her sons the most rigid observance of the Sabbath. Dr. John Hill, a somewhat wayward brother of General Hill, often declared, after he had reached middle age, that during his boyhood he always "took the blues on Thursday morning because Sunday was coming." The boys were required, each in his turn, to select and read a morning prayer when the family assembled for breakfast. Some of General Hill's heartiest laughs were provoked by the recollection of the ludicrous mistakes made by this little brother in his efforts to find and read the shortest petition in the book without regard to its fitness for the occasion.

Sprung from a race of soldiers by the paternal as well as the maternal line, it is not strange that the earliest ambition of D. H. Hill led him to seek for a place at West Point and to look forward to a military career. Under the rigid physical examination now prescribed for an applicant, he would have been rejected without hesitation. He entered the institution in 1838, and but for feeble health, would have pressed to the very front of a class of which Generals Longstreet, A. P. Stewart, G. W. Smith, R. H. Anderson and Van

Dorn of the Confederate, and Rosecranz, Pope, Sikes, Doubleday, Stone and Reynolds of the Federal army were members.

MEXICAN WAR.

Graduating in 1842, he was still a second lieutenant when he was ordered with his command into active service in Mexico in August, 1845. During the three succeeding years he participated in nearly every battle fought by our forces under the command of either Scott or Taylor, and always attracted the notice of his superior officers by his conspicuous courage. He soon rose to the rank of first lieutenant, and for gallant conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco, was breveted captain. At Chapultepec he volunteered with the storming party, and so distinguished himself among the scores of brave men who participated with him in that desperate assault as to win for himself a second brevet as major. He was one of the six officers in the whole force employed in Mexico who were twice breveted for meritorious service upon the field. Animosity, envy and a disposition to indulge in carping criticism have led to many unjust reflections upon General Hill, but the most unscrupulous of his detractors never questioned his courage or his integrity. When the legislature of his native State provided by law that three swords should be awarded to the three bravest of her soldiers who had survived the war with Mexico, many letters and testimonials from the officers of the old army were voluntarily sent to the Chief Executive, naming D. H. Hill as among the bravest soldiers in the army of the United States. Among the few of these testimonials still extant is the letter from the gallant Bee, who, in exclaiming a moment before he fell at Manassas, "There stands Jackson like a stonewall," gave to the great leader the pet name by which his soldiers called him and the world knows him, and thereby made himself immortal as its author. The letter, addressed to General Dunavant on the 26th of October, 1856, is as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure to add my mite of praise to that which has already been given to Mr. Hill by his military superiors. I had the pleasure of knowing him intimately and serving with him in the storming party detailed from Twigg's division for the attack on Chepultepec. I can bear full testimony to his gallantry and to his ardent desire to do his duty well. In addition, I can testify to his State

pride, evinced in his going up under a heavy fire to congratulate and praise a member of the Palmetto regiment, who was behaving under fire most gallantly. For his services on that day he received honorable mention from his immediate commanders and also from Colonel McGruder, commanding a light battery, which battery Lieutenant Hill offered to support when it was menaced by a body of Mexican lancers. He received the brevet appointment of major, and was considered a loss to the service when he resigned.

"Your obedient servant,

"BERNARD BEE,

"*Captain U. S. Army.*"

From the scores of her surviving heroes of the Palmetto regiment and in the regular army the committee appointed by the State authorities selected Hill to receive one of the three swords awarded, and it is still preserved by his family.

After the close of the late war a Federal soldier wrote to General Joseph E. Johnston asking the name of a Confederate officer who, on the right of our army at Seven Pines, had made himself most conspicuous for his daring and indifference to danger. The only mark of distinction which he could give General Johnston was that he thought the officer rode a white horse. General Johnston replied that he supposed the officer referred to must have been General D. H. Hill. In writing to General Hill about the matter, General Johnston said: "I drew my conclusion that your horse might very well have been taken for white, and that no man was more likely to expose himself than you. Do you know that in Mexico the young officers called you the bravest man in the army?"

MARRIAGE AND LIFE AS TEACHER.

When the war with Mexico ended Major Hill resigned his place in the army to accept the professorship of mathematics in Washington College, at Lexington, Va. Before assuming the duties of that place he was happily married, November 2, 1852, to Isabella, oldest daughter of Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, and grand-daughter of General Joseph Graham, who was a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, and the father of Governor William A. Graham. Six years later he was invited to take the same professorship at Davidson College, where for five years he was looked upon as the leading spirit amongst a corps of able and learned professors.

D. H. Hill was not a politician in the sense of aspiring to office or attempting to mould public opinion; but when he saw that the leaders of the North had determined that no Southerner should be allowed to take his slaves to the territory wrested from Mexico by the blood and treasure of the South as well as the North, he believed that the irrepressible conflict which Seward declared at a later day was being waged had then begun, and would be settled only upon the bloody field of battle and after a prolonged, sanguinary and doubtful struggle.

Fully persuaded that the inevitable conflict was near at hand, and that it was his solemn duty to prepare the rising generation of his adopted State to meet it, he, in 1859, gave up his pleasant home and his congenial duties at Davidson College for those of commandant and manager of the Military Institute at Charlotte.

He harbored no unkind thought of the noble men and women of the North who held opinions different from his own. He respected even the honest fanatic, who fairly and openly contended for his convictions; but he hated cant and hypocrisy, despised duplicity and dishonesty, and leveled at them his most effective weapons—ridicule and sarcasm. For that portion of our Northern brethren who came to the South to drive hard bargains with our people and cheat them by false pretences, he felt and expressed the most sovereign contempt. For the men of the North who coveted the wealth of the Southern planter, and the women who envied their Southern sisters because of the ease and leisure incident to the ownership of slaves, he made no attempt to conceal his hatred and disgust.

Major Hill brought with him to Raleigh his three professors, Lee, Lane and McKinney, two of whom fell later at the head of North Carolina regiments, and one of whom was the successor of the noble Branch as the commander of one of our best and bravest brigades. He also brought with him almost the whole corps of cadets, whose services proved invaluable as drill-masters of the ten thousand volunteers then in the camp of instruction of which Hill took charge. For his services in the camp of instruction, General Hill was allowed to select twelve companies to compose the first regiment of volunteers. The officers of these companies were all leading and influential citizens, and the rank and file were among the first young men in the State in intelligence, wealth and social position. The service of six months proved a training-school for that splendid body of

volunteers, that ultimately placed them at the head of companies, regiments, brigades and divisions. Among its originial officers were Major-General Hoke, Brigadier-Generals Lane and Lewis, Colonels Avery, Bridgers, Hardy, W. W. McDowell, J. C. S. McDowell, Starr, Pemberton, Fuller, and a score of others, while a number from the rank and file fell at the head of both companies and regiments at later stages of the struggle.

In the outset of this discussion of the career of D. H. Hill as a Confederate soldier, I lay down and propose to maintain the proposition that from the time when he fought the first fight of the war with North Carolina soldiers on Virginia soil till the day he led the last attacking column of Confederates east of the Mississippi and checked Sherman's advance at Bentonsville, whatever may have been the general result of any engagement, the command of General D. H. Hill was never found when the firing ceased at night in the rear of the position it occupied when the signal of attack sounded in the morning. Apparently reckless in the exposure of his own person, no officer in our armies was more anxious about the health, happiness and safety of his soldiers. His theory was that spades were instruments of defensive, bayonets of offensive warfare, and whether the emergency demanded the use of the one or the other, it was to be done with "might and main." When his cadets had asked him whether they should join South Carolina regiments before their own State seceded, he had prophesied that the war would soon begin and would continue long enough to give every Southerner an opportunity to display his manhood. He rested his hope of success upon the belief that every son of the South would rush to the rescue; that our armies would be supplied by the labor of our slaves, and that we would thus be enabled to throw a force into the field sufficient to meet every Northern man who would tender his services to the Federal Government. Two important elements were wanting as a basis of his calculations—the Southern loyalist and the foreign substitute. When, therefore, General D. H. Hill reported to Colonel J. B. McGruder, then in charge of the Peninsula, and was assigned to the command of the defences of Yorktown, he realized, in a measure at least, the magnitude of the coming contest.

It has been said that a man who is himself born to command is quick to perceive in others the qualities that fit them for leadership. Colonel Hill seemed almost intuitively to descry in the ranks the

coolness, courage, judgment and power of prompt decision which others recognized in his favorites after they had led brigades and divisions to victory. On assuming command at Yorktown he soon discovered that the cavalry, which he looked upon as the "eye and the ear of the army," was inefficient, because the force was composed of a number of detached companies without a trained or efficient commander. In this emergency an officer of the old army, who had been commissioned lieutenant in the regular army of the Confederate States, reported for duty. Marking him as a man of promise, Colonel Hill at once caused an order to be issued placing "Major John B. Hood" in command of all the cavalry, and waited for the War Department to ratify the promotion and thus protect him in practicing a pardonable ruse on the volunteers. That officer ultimately succeeded Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill as the commander of a corps, and was still later placed in charge of the army of Tennessee. The Providence that has provided homes for his orphan children will in its own good time bring to light all the facts, and then John B. Hood will stand vindicated before the world as one of the best and bravest of all our leaders. It was this same gift that enabled General Hill to select from the lieutenants of his regiment Robert F. Hoke to be made major of his regiment over ten competent captains. It was this intuitive perception of persistent pluck, dash and coolness that prompted him to love and honor George B. Anderson, William R. Cox, Bryan Grimes, Stephen D. Ramseur and Robert D. Johnston, and led him later to urge the advancement of Gordon, Colquitt and Doles, of Georgia. In June, 1861 (a few days after the fight at Bethel), in a letter to his wife he said of Stonewall Jackson, then a colonel in command of a brigade, "I see that Jackson has had an engagement and taken many prisoners. I have predicted all along that Colonel Jackson would have a prominent place in the war."

BATTLE OF BETHEL.

On the 6th of June, 1861, Colonel Hill, then at Yorktown, was ordered to make a reconnoissance in force in the direction of Fortress Monroe, and moved down with his own regiment and four companies of Richmond Howitzers, under the command of Major G. W. Randolph (afterwards Secretary of War) to Little Bethel Church. Receiving information that Butler's forces were preparing to move up the Peninsula, Colonel Hill fell back to Big Bethel Church, where,

with a small branch of Black river on his front and right flank and an almost impenetrable forest on his left, he used twenty-five spades and several hundreds of bayonets during the night in making an enclosed work. Ben. Butler had started 5,000 men in three columns, with the confident expectation that two of the detachments would travel by roads passing north and south of the position at Little Bethel, and form a junction two or three miles in rear of it, where the roads traveled by the two came together, while Duryea's regiment of Zouaves would engage Hill in front till the other columns should unite, and then press him in the rear in his expected retreat. Two of the detachments mistook each other in the night, and engaged in a skirmish, in which two men were killed and eight wounded. The Zouaves, instead of "following immediately upon the heels" of the fugitive rebels, as contemplated by Butler, turned back, and fled precipitately on hearing the firing in front of their own reserve line.

On the next day they again moved forward and attacked the force at Big Bethel, Colonel McGruder having meantime arrived with Cary's battalion of infantry. The whole force engaged on the Confederate side was 800 North Carolinians and 400 Virginians; on the Federal, 3,500, with 1,500 to 2,500 in reserve. After preliminary skirmishing for about two hours, and an attack that lasted two and a half hours longer, the enemy retreated in great confusion, with a loss of probably 50 killed and 300 wounded, and were so hotly pursued by our cavalry that they scattered guns, haversacks and knapsacks till they crossed a bridge and stopped the pursuit by destroying it. The names of no soldiers of North Carolina should be inscribed in a more prominent place on the monument to be erected to her heroic dead than those of Henry L. Wyatt, the first offering of the South to the Lost Cause, and his three comrades, who rushed forward in a hail of shot and shell to destroy a house where the sharpshooters of the enemy had taken shelter. Judging of its importance by the numbers engaged and the losses on both sides, the battle of Bethel scarcely rose above the dignity of a skirmish; yet few events in the early history of the war had a more important influence upon the contests of the following year. The splendid bearing of our soldiers sent a thrill of pride to every Southern heart, and when the first battle of Manassas was fought, less than a month later, our soldiers moved forward in the confidence that Southern

pluck would again prevail over a foe that had shown so little dash and confidence in this encounter.

There was on the Federal side at least one stout leader, who displayed the spirit of a hero. When Major Theodore Winthrop fell within fifteen feet of our line, bravely leading a regiment in the charge, even a generous foe felt that he was worthy to bear the name of the two Winthrops by whose courage and judgment Americans had first gained a foothold in this country.

COMMITTED EVERYTHING TO GOD.

To know D. H. Hill as the soldier of iron nerve, who rode unmoved in showers of shot and shell, or rebuked in scathing terms a laggard or deserter, was to understand nothing of his true nature. When the battle of Bethel was over and others were feasting or carousing, Hill had fallen upon his knees and was returning thanks to Almighty God who, he believed, directed the course of every deadly missile hurled by the enemy with the same unerring certainty that ordered the movements of the multitudes of worlds in the universe, and into whose keeping he daily committed himself, his wife and little ones, his staff and his soldiers with the calm reliance of a child, that as a kind father he would provide what was best for him and them.

On the day after the fight at Bethel he wrote his wife: "I have to thank God for a great and decided victory and that I escaped with a slight contusion on the knee. * * It is a little singular that my first battle in this war should be at Bethel where I was baptized and worshipped till I was sixteen years old, the church of my mother. Was she not a guardian spirit in the battle, averting ball and shell? Oh God, give me gratitude to Thee, and may we never dishonor Thee by weak faith!" Still later he wrote his wife: "I look for a battle about the first of October. Pray for me that I may be well. (He was then in delicate health.) * * We are in the hands of God, and as safe on the battlefield as anywhere else. We will be exposed to a heavy fire, but the arm of God is mightier than the artillery of the enemy."

After the battle Governor Ellis issued a commission of Brigadier General to him, as Governor Letcher had done at an earlier date in the case of Jackson, but President Davis delayed giving him the appointment till September, 1861. The response to a letter from his

wife written during this interval, in which she complained of the delay, shows how little the outer world understood his character or his motives. "You must not be concerned about my commission (he wrote). I feel too distrustful of my own skill, coolness and judgment. I have never coveted and always avoided positions of trust and responsibility. The offices that I have held have not been of my seeking."

ASSIGNED TO COMMAND IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Upon receiving his commission as a brigadier in September, 1861, the first work assigned to him was the command of the coast of North Carolina with the duty, as far as possible, of constructing fortifications wherever necessary. Hopeless as was the task assigned General Hill, he brought all of his energies to bear upon it, and during the few months that he remained in North Carolina did so much to strengthen our forts and improve the discipline and spirit of the troops that the public men of the State asked for his return in every time of peril, until it became the custom of the General Commanding to send him to his department south of the James when all was quiet on the Potomac, and recall him to the command of his division in the field when active operations were resumed.

ORDERED TO NORTHERN VIRGINIA—FRIENDSHIP FOR GEN. STONE.

His first connection with the army of Northern Virginia was when, early in December, 1861, he was ordered to report to General Johnston at Manassas, and was assigned to command at Leesburg on the left of the line. While he was stationed there an incident occurred which evinced the strength and warmth of General Hill's affection for his early friends, even in the Federal army. General Stone was in charge of the force on the opposite side of the river, and after writing an official letter sent under flag of truce, General Hill appended a postscript to the effect that, if the fortunes of war should place his old academy chum in his custody, he should feel more inclined to take him into his own tent than to consign him to prison. This led to the interchange of several kind messages appended to similar communications. Unfortunately Stone was a pronounced Democrat, and, like McClellan, was unwilling to recant or repent. Seizing upon this excuse Stanton arrested him on a charge of disloyalty and gave him no opportunity to vindicate himself till the close

of the war, when he resigned and spent his last days in command of the army of the Khedive of Egypt.

On the night of the battle of Gaines' Mill, Major Clitz and General Reynolds, old army comrades of General Hill, were brought as prisoners to his quarters. He received both very kindly and sent for a surgeon to dress Major Clitz's wound, while he comforted Reynolds, who was mortified at being caught asleep, by reminding him that his gallant conduct in Mexico and on the border would protect his good name from a shade of suspicion. Both were placed in an ambulance, paroled to report to General Winder at Richmond, and furnished with the address of a friend of General Hill's who would honor their drafts for money. These incidents are reproduced because they bring to view traits of General Hill's character of which the world generally knows so little, his warm sympathy for suffering and his lasting and unswerving fidelity to his friends.

WILLIAMSBURG.

From the moment when Johnson placed Hill, then a Major-General, at the head of a division in March, 1862, till the last shock of arms at Bentonsville, Hill's position on every march and in every battle, with scarcely a single exception, was the post of danger and honor. His was the first division of Johnston's army to enter Yorktown and the last to leave it and pass with his command through the reserve line. When the vanguard of the enemy, led by Hancock, rushed upon our rear at Williamsburg, it was Basil C. Manly, of Ramseur's Battery, who, seeing that a section of the enemy's light artillery might beat him in the race to occupy an earthwork midway between the two, unlimbered on the way and by a well directed shot disabled the enemy in transitu, and quick as thought limbered up again, and ran into the fortifications. It was the regiment of Duncan K. McRae, of D. H. Hill's division, that extorted from the generous and gallant Hancock that memorable declaration, "The Fifth North Carolina and Twenty-fourth Virginia deserve to have the word *immortal* inscribed on their banners." It was this charge which Early describes as "an attack upon the vastly superior forces of the enemy, which, for its gallantry, is unsurpassed in the annals of warfare."

SEVEN PINES.

When McClellan moved his army over Bottom's bridge, threw a

heavy column across the Chickahominy and extended his line towards the north of Richmond, General R. E. Lee was then acting as advisory commander of all of the armies of the Confederacy. He concurred with Mr. Davis in the opinion that McClellan should be attacked on the other side of the Chickahominy before he matured his preparations for a seige of Richmond (1 Rise and Fall, p. 120). When General Lee communicated their views to General Johnston, he told General Lee that his plan was to send A. P. Hill to the right and rear of the enemy, and G. W. Smith to the left flank, with orders to make simultaneous attacks for the purpose of doubling up the army, and sending Longstreet to cross at Mechanicsville bridge and attack him in front. McClellan's line on his right was not then well fortified, and the general disposition of the Federal forces was more favorable for a Confederate advance than a month later, when General Lee concentrated a heavy force on the left and turned it. After McDowell's movement to Hanover Courthouse, when his vanguard was checked by Branch, the blows stricken by Jackson in such rapid succession in the Valley had excited apprehension so grave in the mind of Mr. Lincoln that despite McClellan's protest, he ordered the withdrawal of that command to Fredericksburg for the protection of Washington City. For reasons that were unsatisfactory to the President, General Johnston, after marching and counter-marching G. W. Smith's and Longstreet's divisions, abandoned his first plan of operations, and ordered the troops to assume substantially their original positions. President Davis, in his work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," takes the ground that, after waiting a week and giving McClellan the opportunity to fortify, operations should have been delayed another day till the Chickahominy had risen high enough to sweep away the bridges and till Huger had had time to move up his artillery from his position near Richmond.

The popular impression that the bridges across the Chickahominy had already been swept away when the fight at Seven Pines began on the 30th of May, 1861, is totally unfounded. The corps of Heintzelman and Keyes were then south, and that of Sumner north of the Chickahominy. The plan outlined by General Johnston was, briefly, that Huger should move from his camp, near Richmond, early on that morning down the Charles City road and vigorously attack the enemy's right, and Longstreet and Hill moving on the same road should attack the center and left of the force south of the bridge,

while G. W. Smith's corps should advance on the Nine Mile road, and turn the left of Heintzelman and Keyes *if Sumner should not have arrived*, or engage and prevent the junction of his with the other corps, if he should cross. Longstreet and Hill were in position to attack at an early hour, but waited till ten o'clock for the arrival of Huger, whose division, except two regiments of Rodes (which created a diversion by vigorous attack on the right), did not arrive in time to participate in the action. Our failure to destroy an enemy who, by a concerted movement in the forenoon, would have been utterly routed and driven from the field or captured, was, as is universally conceded, one of the most palpable blunders of the war, but the question, upon whose shoulders the blame rests, still confronts us. No engagement of the war has given rise to more acrimonious censure and crimination than Seven Pines. Mr. Davis, General Johnston, General Longstreet, General Smith, and General Huger have, each in turn, discussed the conduct of both the active and passive leaders of that memorable day.

The future historians who shall make up for posterity their verdict upon the controverted points as to the battle of Seven Pines, will find one fact admitted by all of the disputants: that D. H. Hill was the hero of the occasion, and with his own gallant division, aided by two of Longstreet's brigades, drove the enemy in confusion from the breastworks and turned their own guns upon them as they retreated. Longstreet, who was in command on the right, generously said in his report: "The conduct of the attack was left entirely to Major-General Hill. The success of the affair is sufficient evidence of his ability, courage and skill." Commenting upon the language of Longstreet, President Davis said: "This tribute to General Hill was no more than has been accorded to him by others who knew of his services on that day, and was in keeping with the determined courage, vigilance and daring exhibited by him on other fields."

General Johnston's language was not less unequivocal in according to Hill the credit of making a very gallant and the only successful attack upon the enemy's works, when he said in his report: "The principal attack was made by Major-General Longstreet with his own and Major-General D. H. Hill's division—the latter mostly in advance. Hill's brave troops, admirably commanded and most gallantly led, forced their way through the abattis which formed the enemy's external defences and stormed their entrenchments by a

most determined and irresistible rush. Such was the manner in which the enemy's first line was carried. The operation was repeated with the same gallantry and success as our troops pursued their victorious career through the enemy's successive camps and entrenchments. At each new position they encountered fresh troops and reinforcements brought from the rear. Thus they had to repel repeated efforts to retake works which they had carried, but their advance was never successfully resisted."

LEE ASSUMES COMMAND—SEVEN DAYS' BATTLE.

On the 31st of May, 1862, General R. E. Lee was assigned to the command of the army in place of General Johnston, who had been painfully wounded on the previous day, and immediately addressed himself to the arduous task of preparing for the decisive encounter, which could not be long delayed. His "exhibition of grand administrative talent and indomitable energy in bringing up that army in so short a time to that state of discipline which maintained aggregation during those terrible seven days' fight around Richmond" (says Colonel Chilton) was "his greatest achievement."

The order of battle in the memorable seven days' fight required A. P. Hill, when Jackson should pass down in rear of Mechanicsville, to cross at Meadow bridge and drive the enemy so as to enable D. H. Hill to pass over the bridge at that village.

MECHANICSVILLE.

In obedience to messages from General Lee and President Davis, General Hill, after crossing, went forward with the brigade of Brigadier-General Ripley to co-operate with the division of General A. P. Hill. At the request of Brigadier-General Pender, Hill directed Ripley just at dark to act in concert with that dashing officer in the effort to turn the enemy's position at Ellerson's Mill and drive him from it.

The desperate charge across an open field in the face of a murderous fire, in which that brave soldier and noble man, Colonel Montford S. Stokes, of the First North Carolina regiment, fell mortally wounded, was neither planned by General Hill nor executed under his directions. (Official Records, Series 1, Volume XI, Part 2, page 623.) The suggestion that General Hill deliberately and unnecessarily rushed those gallant men into danger is unfounded and unjust.

The galling fire that had broken Pender's left called for immediate action, and in the hurry of the moment it became necessary to develop the strength of the enemy's position by assault instead of reconnoissance, but under the orders of General Lee and the President, not of General Hill.

GAINES' MILL.

When, on the second day, Jackson had effected a junction with Lee, Hill was selected to relieve his tired troops by passing rapidly to his left and turning the extreme right of the enemy. A. P. Hill, Longstreet, Whiting and Jackson had successively moved upon the double lines of infantry and artillery posted on a range of hills behind Powhite creek from the McGehee to the Gaines house. The approach of the attacking columns of A. P. Hill and Whiting was in part over a plain about 400 yards wide, and was embarrassed by abattis and ditches in front of the first line. The struggle along the front of these divisions and that of Longstreet had become doubtful, and almost desperate, when the troops of Jackson and Hill created a diversion by engaging the extreme right of the enemy. The first of the lines of entrenchments had been taken, and Longstreet, Hood, Laws and other brave leaders, were moving on the last stronghold in the enemy's center, when the victorious shouts of Garland's and G. B. Anderson's brigade of Hill's division were followed by the rapid retreat of the enemy, and the surrender first of the ridge at the McGehee house and then of their whole line. Thus did it fall to the lot of Hill once more to strike a decisive blow at a critical moment. But claiming for him this distinction among a host of heroic commanders, it is proper that I should rely on the evidence of the lamented Garland, who sealed his devotion to the cause with his heart's blood at South Mountain, and the corroborating accounts of Hill's superiors from Jackson to President Davis, not upon my own assertion.

"The effect of our appearance at this opportune moment upon the enemy's flank, cheering and charging (said Garland in his report), decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke and retreated, made a second stand, which induced my immediate command to halt under cover of the roadside and return the fire, when charging forward again we broke and scattered them in every direction." This discomfiture uncovered the left of the fortified line, and left no obstacle

between Hill and the McGehee house. (Series 1, Volume XI, Part 2, page 626 of Official Records.)

General Jackson's language is not less unmistakable: "Again pressing forward the Federals again fell back, but only to select a position for more obstinate defence, when at dark—under the pressure of our batteries, which had then begun to play with marked effect upon the left, of other concurring events of the field and *of the bold and dashing charge of General Hill's infantry*, in which the troops of General C. S. Winder joined—the enemy yielded the field and fled in confusion. Of the part taken by Hill, General Lee said in his report (Series 1, Volume XI, Part 2, page 493, Official Records): "D. H. Hill charged across the open ground in his front, one of his regiments having first bravely carried a battery whose fire enfiladed his advance. *Gallantly supported by the troops on his right*, who pressed forward with unfaltering resolution, *he reached the crest of the ridge* (above the McGehee house), and after a sanguinary struggle *broke the enemy's line*, captured several of his batteries and *drove him in confusion towards the Chickahominy until darkness rendered further pursuit impossible.*" As Mr. Davis (2 Rise and Fall, C. G., page 138) adopts the exact language of General Lee, it is needless to reproduce it a second time. General McClellan refers to the report of Fitz John Porter, who was in command, for a detailed account of the affair at Gaines' Mill. Porter admits that the withdrawal of his line was caused by the retreat on his right, but insists that the demoralization was due entirely to the stampede of the Federal cavalry, who were mistaken, as they fell back on the infantry line, for rebels. More candid or better informed than General Porter, the French Princes, who served on his staff on that day, admit that the charge of Hill and the discomfiture of the enemy's right necessitated the abandonment of their line of entrenchments. If to double the right flank of an army suddenly back so as to expose to an enfilade the flank of his last and strongest line of entrenchments is to make his position untenable, then Hill's charge was indeed decisive of the struggle at Gaines' Mill.

Crossing the Chickahominy on the night of the 29th in the advance of Jackson's corps, D. H. Hill passed Savage Station where he took 1,000 prisoners, exclusive of 3,000 in and connected with the Federal hospital. The progress of Jackson was arrested by obstructions and the stubborn resistance at White Oak swamps, and he failed to effect a junction with Longstreet till after the fight at Frasier's farm.

MALVERN HILL.

D. H. Hill was again the first to reach and occupy the position which he was ordered to assume preparatory to a general advance on Malvern Hill. The other parts of the line were not formed till a much later hour in the day. General Lee says in his report of the battle (Series 1, Volume XI, Part 2, page 496 of Official Records): "Orders were issued for a general advance at a given signal, but the causes referred to prevented a proper concert of action among the troops. D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming numbers and numerous batteries of the enemy. Hill was therefore compelled to abandon a part of the ground he had gained after suffering severe loss and inflicting heavy damage upon the enemy."

Prompt, vigilant and obedient, he was always at his post at the appointed hour, and with the true conception of soldierly duty moved upon order or signal of his superiors without waiting to count the cost. At Malvern Hill, as at Seven Pines, he charged the enemy under orders from the Commanding General. The persistent pluck of his brave men, developed to the highest degree by his own unequalled coolness and courage, enabled him again to take and hold much of the enemy's outer line till after the last gun was fired.

When Pope had twice been punished by Jackson and driven back upon the supposed stronghold at Manassas, the transfer of troops from the Federal army on the Peninsula made it necessary for General Lee to move with the bulk of his army to the support of his dashing lieutenant, who had already twice defeated an enemy much stronger numerically than himself. D. H. Hill, recalled from the command of his department south of the James, including his own State, and placed at the head of his old division, was ordered to watch and check the movements of McDowell's command, which was still occupying Fredericksburg, and consequently took no part in the second battle of Manassas.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Crossing over the Potomac with Longstreet to Fredericktown, Md., when our forces moved from that point south, General Hill was

ordered to occupy and hold a pass in the South Mountains, which, if gained by McClellan, would have enabled him to relieve Harper's Ferry and possibly to prevent the junction of our scattered army and destroy the divisions in detail, or drive them precipitately south of the Potomac with great loss of artillery and transportation.

General Lee's object in crossing the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, afterwards avowed (Series 1, Vol. XIX, part 1, page 145), was to induce the enemy, by threatening Washington and Baltimore, to evacuate Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, to establish his own line of communication through the Valley, and then by advancing towards Pennsylvania to draw the enemy away from his own base of supplies. General Lee had not contemplated making a stand at South Mountain—probably not at Sharpsburg, or at any point north of the Potomac. But the continued occupation of Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry made it necessary to move directly upon the former place and to invest the latter, where both garrisons ultimately united. In consequence of the delay in reducing the garrison it became essential to the safety of Lee's army that McClellan's entire force should be held in check for a whole day at the pass in the South Mountains by Hill's depleted division, now numbering only 4,000, as a glance at the map with a knowledge of the disposition of Lee's different divisions will show.

Longstreet with his whole force, estimated at 4,000, was at Hagerstown, while Jackson had disposed his own command, including McLaws' and A. P. Hill's divisions, either with a view to an attack on Harper's Ferry or to cutting off the retreat of the force occupying it. Three days later McClellan, according to his own report, advanced to the attack at Sharpsburg with 87,000 men. Of this vast army probably 33,000 were in the force actually engaged in the assault upon the little Spartan band of D. H. Hill for five hours without cessation before Longstreet's advance brigade arrived at 3:30, and was followed by others coming up from that time till dark. The late Justice Ruffin, the Colonel of the Thirteenth North Carolina, standing by the side of the gallant Garland when he was instantly killed, discovered a moment later that the other regiments of the brigade had retired, leaving his command surrounded by the enemy. Facing to the rear in an instant, he ordered his regiment to charge, and embarrassed by a painful wound, performed the desperate feat of cutting his way through the serried ranks of the enemy. A few moments

later that gallant officer was astonished to hear his intrepid commander express his delight at the discovery that McClellan's whole army was approaching his front. (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 564.) The explanation afterwards given was one that could have been safely disclosed only to a kindred spirit, such as Ruffin had shown himself to be. Hill then said that he had at first feared the movement upon his front was a feint, and that the main body of the enemy had passed through another gap, and might be thrown between Jackson and Lee. The situation was still further embarrassed by the fact that General Stuart had at daylight in the morning withdrawn his command, except the single regiment of Rosser, which afterwards did its duty so nobly, under the impression that but a small force was in General Hill's front.

It was "with the stern joy" of an intrepid warrior waiting for the coming contest, that from an elevated pinnacle of the mountain he saw the four advance corps of the grand army of the Potomac, one of which was forming at the foot of the mountain. The hour and the man had met when Lee entrusted to Hill the duty of holding the approach against that army with his little band of 4,000. From Seven Pines to Malvern Hill they had never turned their backs upon the foe. They believed that their leader would require them to endure no sacrifice or face no danger that was not demanded by the inevitable exigencies of the situation. With God's help, Hill determined to save the army, as his chief ordered him to do at any sacrifice, and, if the emergency had demanded his own life, he would have met death, not as the degree of fate, but as the Providence of God, who had brought him face to face with a desperate duty. Captain Seaton Gales, the gallant Adjutant-General of George B. Anderson, on that memorable day, has summarized the important results of this battle so clearly that I prefer to reproduce his language rather than use an extract from report of history, or to make a vain attempt to improve upon it myself.

Of this battle "it may be safely said that in its consequences, in the accomplishments of pre-determined objects, and in the skilful disposition of small numbers to oppose overwhelming odds, it is without a parallel in the war. The division, unaided until a late hour in the afternoon, held in check the greater portion of McClellan's vast army, endeavoring with battering-ram impetus to force its way through the narrow gap, and thereby afforded time for the concen-

tration of our various corps dispersed in strategic directions in season for the bloody issue at Sharpsburg."

THE LOST ORDER.

Imbued with an earnest devotion to the cause, which rose on occasion to the height of enthusiasm, Hill did not hesitate to denounce, in unmeasured terms, those who evaded duty in our armies, when the conditions were such as to plainly demand the active service of every able-bodied son of the South. One of his random shots at the bomb-proofs of the Confederacy wounded a gentleman who, having done nothing in the war worthy to be written, determined to write something in the vain hope that it would be read by future generations. Prompted by petty revenge, he recklessly asserted that General D. H. Hill had thrown a copy of a general order upon the ground in his camp at Frederick City, which, being afterwards picked up and handed to McClellan, gave him an idea of the movements and location of the different portions of Lee's army.

If this order had been literally carried out, it will appear, from an inspection of its contents, that on the day when McClellan attacked Hill, at South Mountain, he had reason to believe, and must have thought that Longstreet was occupying the mountains, supported by Hill. But we are not left to conjecture on that subject. McClellan wrote General Franklin from Frederick City on the 14th, just after he had read the "Lost Order" (Series 1, Volume XIX, part 1, page 45, of Official Records), that Longstreet was to move to Boonsborough and there halt with D. H. Hill, and directed Franklin to make his dispositions with an eye both to the relief of the garrison at Harper's Ferry and the capture of Longstreet and Hill. The plan outlined in the letter is predicated upon the supposition that Longstreet and Hill were together, and constituted the main body of an army, which he estimated in another report to General Halleck at 120,000. If it were not manifest from this letter that McClellan was misled by the order, and his opinion corroborated by the skilful disposition of Hill's troops (see 2 Battles and Leaders of Civil War, pages 559 to 581), his report proves, beyond all question, that he thought the force in his front was 30,000 strong, composed of Hill's division, 15,000, with Longstreet's and a portion of Jackson's command. (Report of McClellan, Series 1, Volume XIX, part 1, page 55, of Official Records.) The skill of Hill, then, and the order com-

bined to mislead McClellan by causing him to overestimate our strength, and the cautious and dilatory movement, which gave Longstreet time to come up in the afternoon, enabled Hill to escape with his little band, leaving the whole army of the Potomac deployed before him.

The order issued by Lee and sent out from army headquarters was as follows (Series 1, Volume XIX, part 2, page 603):

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 9, 1862.

Special Orders, No. 191.

I. The citizens of Fredericktown being unwilling, while overrun by members of this army, to open their stores, in order to give them confidence, and to secure to officers and men purchasing supplies for benefit of this command, all officers and men of this army are strictly prohibited from visiting Fredericktown, except on business, in which case they will bear evidence of this in writing from division commanders. The Provost Marshal in Fredericktown will see that his guard rigidly enforces this order.

II. Major Taylor will proceed to Leesburg, Virginia, and arrange for transportation of the sick and those unable to walk to Winchester, securing the transportation of the country for this purpose. The route between this and Culpeper Courthouse east of the mountains being unsafe will no longer be traversed. Those on the way to this army already across the river will move up promptly, all others will proceed to Winchester collectively and under command of officers, at which point, being the general depot of the army, its movements will be known and instructions given by commanding officers regulating further movements.

III. The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route to Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday morning take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, capture such of them as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

IV. General Longstreet's command will pursue the main road as far as Boonsborough, where it will halt, with reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army.

V. General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet. On reaching Middletown will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

VI. General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of the Loudoun Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, Key's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and Jackson, and intercept retreat of the enemy.

VII. General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance and supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

VIII. General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry, will cover the route of the army, bringing up all the stragglers that may have been left behind.

IX. The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown.

X. Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

By command of General R. E. Lee.

R. H. Chilton,
Assistant Adjutant General.

On page 42, Part 1, Volume XIX, Series 1 of Official Records, McClellan says: "The following is a copy of the order referred to":

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
September 9, 1862.

Special Orders No. 191.

The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route to Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient

point, and by Friday night, take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsborough, where it will halt with reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army.

General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet. On reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

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General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance, supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown.

Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

By command of General R. E. Lee.

R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

If Pollard's malignant charge, made to detract from the honor and glory of an achievement so brilliantly executed and so fruitful of benefit to the cause, were not shown by the most direct proof from the most honorable men to be false and unfounded, the marked dis-

crepancy between the order published in the Official Records as No. 191, copied from General Lee's book of general orders, and that which McClellan declared in his report to be a *copy* of the order sent by him to Washington, suggests to a legal mind a solution of the dispute which corroborates in the strongest possible manner the sworn testimony of Major James W. Ratchford, Adjutant-General of Hills's division, that the custody of such papers was a part of his exclusive duty at that time, and that no such order was delivered to him with the solemn statement of General Hill that he never saw or read a copy of the order in question, except one purporting to have been sent through General Jackson, to whose corps he was attached when it was issued, and which he still preserved among his private papers in 1886. It will be observed that the first of the two paragraphs, omitted in what purports to be the copy of the order that fell into the possession of the enemy, forbade the troops stationed around Frederick City from entering that town without permission, and the second directed that the sick and disabled of the army should be removed to Winchester. Halleck's correspondence with McClellan on the same day, September 13, 1862 (Official Records, Series 1, Volume XIX, Part 1, page 41), evinces the greatest apprehension that the movement of the army was aimed at Washington city, and the demonstrations higher up the Potomac were intended to distract attention from the real design. Was it not more important that the chief officer of all the armies should know that Lee's sick and disabled soldiers were to be moved to Winchester as the "general depot of the army," and that all recruits returning, or coming for the first time to the army were to rendezvous at Winchester, than to learn from the last paragraph of the copy sent him that Lee's troops were to habitually carry in their regimental wagons axes to cut wood, &c.? The second paragraph seemed plainly to indicate that Lee's purpose was what he afterwards declared in his report to have been his plan—to establish his base of operations by way of the valley of Virginia and invade or threaten Pennsylvania, not Washington, after taking Harper's Ferry. (Official Records, Series 1, Volume XIX, Part 1, page 145.) This was McClellan's own idea of Lee's design, and if he could have convinced Halleck of the correctness of his views, there would have been no reason for further hesitation about weakening the garrison of the Capital City to swell the effective force in the field. McClellan did not get the whole order and omit a portion of

it in his correspondence at the time because it tended to sustain his view against Halleck. He did not send his chief the full copy of his order, and omit his report, written after his removal from command, a section which proved that he (not Halleck) had divined Lee's purpose from the beginning. The two paragraphs would not have been omitted in a copy intended for Hill, because it was Hill's troops that at the time were stationed nearest to Frederick City, and were prohibited from entering it. It is evident that General Lee must have sent the whole order to Hill, therefore, and it is equally manifest that McClellan had every reason for inserting a full copy in his report if he received it.

The explanation which readily suggests itself, therefore, is that the original draft of the order contained only the portion beginning with the third section, and was signed in that shape by Colonel Chilton, but was afterwards modified so as to prefix the two first paragraphs before it was issued. "*The lost order*" was found by an Indiana soldier wrapped around three cigars. (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 603.) The first paper drawn would have become useless after the material additions made to it, and might well have been wrapped around cigars by some one at General Lee's headquarters with the purpose of using it to light them, and then lost before cigars or paper were disposed of as intended. It will be more readily believed that a clerk or assistant in the office at army headquarters might have been guilty of carelessness than that Ratchford swore, and Hill told, a falsehood. If their positive statements are believed, but the one order addressed as though sent through General Jackson's headquarters was received by General Hill. When Lee and Hill were encamped in sight of each other near Fredericktown, and General Lee was then and afterwards (as at South Mountain) habitually sending orders direct to General Hill, it does not seem probable that Lee, whose forte was the power of readily mobilizing his army, would have tolerated such circumlocution as making one courier ride across the Potomac to Jackson with an order, which was to be sent back by another messenger to a camp in sight of its starting point on the next day. It would have been a fair compromise between extreme official courtesy and that common sense which always characterized the conduct of our great leaders, if he had recognized General Jackson's authority by addressing the order as though transmitted through him, whlle conforming his conduct to the con-

ditions which demanded that Hill should know at the earliest possible moment of his proposed plan of operation, and of the prohibition applying to his own and Longstreet's divisions only against entering the neighboring town without a permit from division headquarters, by ordering its delivery direct to him.

The direct testimony bearing upon the dispute in reference to the lost order was the sworn statement of Major James W. Ratchford, Adjutant-General, that but the single copy of the order reached him, which was preserved by General Hill till his death, and the solemn statement of Hill that he himself received no other copy. Leaving out of view the difference between the original paper recorded in Lee's book and the supposed copy delivered to McClellan, there is nothing to contradict the testimony of one of the bravest and truest officers in the army of Virginia and the word of D. H. Hill. The attention of these two officers had been called to the loss of the paper within a few months after it passed into McClellan's hands, when all that had occurred in Maryland was still fresh in their memories, and they then made the same statement that the one reiterates to-day and the other published in 1886. Lee himself charged no particular person with the loss of the dispatch. While he possibly magnified (says Longstreet in his article in the *Century Magazine*) its effect upon the Maryland campaign, he was inclined to attribute its loss to the fault of a courier. (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 674.) In his report of the operations in Maryland, he said (Official Records, Series 1, Vol. XIX, part 1, page 145): "The small command of General Hill repelled repeated assaults of the Federal army and held it in check for five hours." The only contradicting testimony comes from Major Taylor, of General Lee's staff, and being negative in its character, is not entitled to the weight that should be attached to the positive evidence of gentlemen of equal reputation for veracity. The substance of his statement is, that it was his habit during that campaign to send such orders directly to the headquarters of Hill's division as well as through Jackson to Hill. But he neither recalls the fact of sending the particular paper in question, nor names any officer or courier who attests its actual delivery. Admitting the high character of Taylor, as well as Ratchford, the verdict of history, under the most familiar rules of evidence, must unquestionably acquit Hill of negligence, and accord to him the high honor of saving the army of Lee by his strategy, coolness and courage.

SHARPSBURG.

At Sharpsburg, the last, as in every previous engagement, in which D. H. Hill participated with that army, no figure was more conspicuous and no line firmer than his. As usual he was the first to open and the last to quit the fight. General Lee said in his report (Series 1, Vol. XIX, part 1, pages 249, 250): "The attack on our left was speedily followed by one in heavy force on the centre. This was met by part of Walker's division and the brigades of G. B. Anderson and Rodes, of D. H. Hill's command, assisted by a few pieces of artillery. The enemy were repulsed and retired behind the crest of a hill, from which they kept up a desultory fire. At this time, by a mistake of orders, General Rodes' brigade was withdrawn from its position during the temporary absence of that officer at another part of the field. The enemy immediately passed through the gap thus created, and G. B. Anderson's brigade was broken and retired, General Anderson himself being mortally wounded. * * * The heavy masses of the enemy again moved forward, being opposed by only four pieces of artillery, supported by a few hundred men belonging to different brigades, rallied by General D. H. Hill and other officers, and parts of Walker's and R. H. Anderson's commands, Colonel Cooke, of the Twenty-seventh North Carolina regiment, of Walker's brigade, standing boldly in line without a cartridge." At this critical moment, when the enemy was advancing on Cooke, says General Longstreet, "A shot came across the Federal front plowing the ground in a parallel line, then another and another, each nearer and nearer their line. This enfilade fire was from a battery on D. H. Hill's line, and it soon beat back the attacking column." (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 670.)

On the right General Lee was stationed in person, and with Toombs' brigade (says General Longstreet) held the enemy in check till A. P. Hill's division rushed to the rescue with Pender on the right and Branch on the left of his line, and aided by well-directed shots from a battery planted by D. H. Hill on his front, drove them back in confusion. (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 670.) Generals Lee, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill concluded during a short suspension of musketry fire to reconnoiter the position of the enemy from the crest of a ridge in front of the Confederate line, which was formed behind a fence. Lee and Longstreet, giving Gen-

eral Hill a sufficiently wide berth, went out on foot, while Hill rode. In a few moments, says Longstreet, he was making vain and rather ludicrous efforts to dismount from the third horse killed under him in that engagement, the legs of the animal having been cut off at the knees by a cannon ball. When Major Ratchford, who himself was never known to quail in the face of the foe, but whose affection for his friend was unbounded, said to him on this occasion: "General, why do you expose yourself so recklessly? Do you never feel the sensation of fear?" General Hill replied that he would never require his men to go where he did not know the ground or would not go himself, and that he had no fear of death, if he met it in the line of duty. His friend then inquired if he would not rather live than die. "Oh, yes," said General Hill, "when I think of my wife and babies I would; but God will take care of them if he allows anything to happen to me."

When, in November, 1862, Hill's division was ordered to take the lead in the march to Fredericksburg to meet Hooper, a large number of his men had been barefooted since the return of the army from Maryland, yet he accomplished the unusual feat of marching two hundred miles in twenty days without leaving on the way a single straggler. One of the remarkable features of the battle of December 13, 1862, near Fredericksburg, which followed this sudden transfer of the seat of war, was the fact that D. H. Hill's division, Jubal A. Early's and most of John B. Hood's, were in the reserve line. It was evidence of an easy victory, that the services of three such fighting men were not needed in front.

ADVANCE ON WASHINGTON, N. C., AND DEFENCE OF RICHMOND.

In February, 1863, Hill bade a final adieu to his old division, when he was ordered to assume command in the state of North Carolina. Before the campaign opened in the following spring, Hill had made a demonstration against Newbern, followed by an advance upon Washington in this state, which would have resulted in the capture of the latter place, but for Lee's order to send a portion of his command to Virginia.

Later in the spring of 1863 Hill was ordered to remove his headquarters to Petersburg, and placed in command of the department extending from the James to the Cape Fear. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania, the citizens of Richmond and the heads of the various

departments became greatly alarmed for the safety of the place. The officers in charge of the defences of the city and of the Peninsula had failed to inspire confidence in their vigilance, efficiency or capacity. When the troops of Dix began to move up the Peninsula from Yorktown and West Point, General Hill was ordered by the President to transfer all available troops from the south of the James and assume command of the forces gathered for the defence of the capital city. With the brigades of Cooke and M. W. Ransom, and a few other regiments, General Hill met the army of Dix near Bottom's Bridge, drove them back without serious difficulty in the direction of West Point, and in two or three days restored perfect confidence on the part of the panic-stricken people of the city.

JOINS THE WESTERN ARMY—CHICKAMAUGA.

About the 10th of July, 1863, President Davis called at General Hill's quarters three miles east of Richmond, and after many kind and complimentary comments upon his conduct as an officer during the preceding year, informed him that he was appointed a Lieutenant-General, and would be ordered to report forthwith to General Joseph E. Johnston, near Vicksburg, Mississippi. Orders having been issued accordingly, on the 13th of July General Hill with his staff set out immediately for his new field. When he reached his home in Charlotte he was notified that his destination had been changed, and he would report for duty to General Braxton Bragg at Chattanooga.

Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill found the army of Bragg encamped along the Tennessee river in and around the small town which has since assumed the proportions of a city. Colonel Archer Anderson, chief of Hill's staff, in his able address upon the battle of Chickamauga, says: "The corps of Hardee had lately gained as a commander a stern and dauntless soldier from the Army of Northern Virginia in D. H. Hill, whose vigor, coolness and unconquerable pertinacity in fight had already stamped him as a leader of heroic temper. Of the religious school of Stonewall Jackson, his earnest convictions never chilled his ardor for battle, and, in another age, he would have been worthy to charge with Cromwell at Dunbar with the cry, 'Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered.'"

Hill received from Bragg the warm welcome of a comrade who had seen his metal tried on the hard-fought fields of Mexico. Not less cordial was the greeting of his old class-mate, A. P. Stewart, and

of the plucky Pat. Cleburne, who seemed from the first to feel that he had found a soldier-affinity in the congenial spirit of Hill. When at last the scattered hosts had concentrated and confronted each other on the Chickamauga, it was not till after the night of the first day that Bragg made public his purpose to give the entire management of the right wing to Polk and the control of the left to Longstreet. If the enemy's left under the stalwart Thomas could be driven from the Lafayette road, the communication with Chattanooga would be cut off and the retreat and ruin of the enemy inevitable. To accomplish this end Bragg seemed more intent on hurried, than concentrated effort. That grand man, officer and statesman, John C. Breckinridge, at his own request was allowed to take the extreme right, flanked by Forrest and supported in this forward movement by Cleburne on the left. Stewart, having been transferred to Buckner, these two divisions constituted Hill's corps. In rear of the line from which Breckinridge and Cleburne moved to the attack, at nine in the morning, on the last decisive day, was the corps of the old veteran known as "Fighting Bill" Walker, and as eager for the fray as a school-boy for frolic. His command was composed of his own and Liddell's divisions, embracing six brigades led by such dashing soldiers as Ector, Gist and Walthall. But the first lesson learned by a staff officer, who went from the east to the west, was that even an old war-horse like Walker dared not to fire a gun or move an inch, acting upon his own best judgment, without an order brought with due formality through all of the regular channels. The Virginia Brigadier struck his blows where opportunity offered, and reported to his superior that he was striking. The western Brigadier lost his opportunity to strike, waiting for permission to do so. Still, behind Walker stood Frank Cheatham with his splendid division, like their leader, chafing under restraint.

Such were the dispositions in Hill's rear when the impetuous charge of Breckinridge's two right brigades broke the left of Thomas and crossed the fateful road. With 2,000 infantry and a battery of artillery Breckinridge swung his line around at a right angle to that of the enemy and started to sweep down upon their flank; but the left of Breckinridge had encountered an earthwork, as had Cleburne's whole line, and their western foe standing firm, one or two brigades gave way. Another advancing line to fill the gap and the day would be won before noon, and the enemy driven across the Tennessee or

captured before night. In vain might Hill plead or Walker swear, when no orders came and no chief could be found to give them. Chafed and disappointed the grand Kentuckian found himself for want of support at last exposed to destruction or capture, and slowly and stubbornly both he and Cleburne fell back and reformed, but much nearer to the enemy than the line from which they advanced. Scarcely had the decimated forces of Hill reformed, when, all too late, Walker went forward with another single line, to be hurled back by the fresh troops that the enemy was rapidly massing on his left to meet the design now developed by our ill-managed movement. Cheatham, meanwhile, was not allowed to budge an inch or fire a gun. Thus was the plan frustrated and the attacking force driven back and cut to pieces in detail for want of a present, active-moving head to strike with the two arms of the right wing at one time. The fierce onslaught of Hill failed, as did the no-less impetuous charge of Walker, because as a chain is no stronger than its most defective link, so, a single advancing line is no stouter than its weakest point.

The splendid conduct of our troops on our right and the dread inspired by Breckinridge's bold charge of the morning, bore fruit, however, in a way entirely unexpected, when it led the enemy to mass so much of his force behind Thomas. This was the occupation of the enemy while Hill and Forrest were riding up and down in front of our line and drawing the fire of the enemy upon the young troop who followed at their heels, and when there was a temporary lull in front of Longtreet on the left and left center.

At last the thunder of artillery and the roar of musketry again burst upon us from along the whole front of the Virginia Lieutenant, while Hill in vain sent messenger after messenger to beg that three lines be formed and a general advance ordered on the right as well as on the left. Just before night General Polk permitted Hill to take charge of the forward movement of the three lines, Walker in front, his own corps composing the second and Cheatham the third. The advance of our attacking column on the left, before that time steady, now became impetuous, and with a momentary wavering of a brigade on the right, we rushed over the breastworks of Thomas and caught 5,000 prisoners in the angle, where Longstreet and Hill met, as they had on many hard-fought fields before, to discuss the events of that day and prepare, as they had hoped, for a still more eventful one that was to follow. But a short time had elapsed when they were

joined by Forrest, impatient for orders to pursue the flying foe. When some hours had been passed in the vain effort to learn where the headquarters of the commanding general were located, Longstreet and Hill agreed to divide the responsibility of ordering the immediate pursuit by Forrest, with an assurance that they would ask the privilege of pushing forward to his support at early dawn.

Unable by the most diligent inquiry to open communication with Bragg till the next afternoon, they failed to secure for Forrest the infantry support that would have swept the single division of Thomas out of the gap on Missionary Ridge, or flanked and captured it, without another obstruction in the road to Chattanooga and on to Nashville. Such might have been the fruits of our victory, which, being lost by delay, the last hope of the tottering Confederacy to regain the prestige and restore the confidence lost at Gettysburg and Vicksburg was gone forever.

THE PETITION FOR BRAGG'S REMOVAL.

Scattered along the face of Missionary Ridge, waiting for the enemy to make Chattanooga impregnable, and then uniting the forces of Grant and Sherman with the reorganized army of Thomas to overwhelm them, were the disheartened Confederates, daily growing weaker from the desertion of men whose homes were exposed to devastation by the Federals.

It was at this juncture that Buckner drew, and Polk, Longstreet, Hill, Buckner, Cleburne, Cheatham, Brown and other Generals signed and sent to the President a petition stating that the Commanding-General had lost the confidence of the army, and asking that he be transferred to another command and replaced by a more acceptable leader. Hill was the last of the Lieutenant-Generals consulted, but, unfortunately for his future, his headquarters were located at a central point on the line, and the paper was left there to be signed. Cheatham and Cleburne met at that point and put their names to the paper at the same time. After the battle of Murfreesboro, Bragg had addressed letters to the chiefs of divisions in his army, asking whether he retained the confidence of the troops, and intimating a willingness to resign if he had lost it. Breckinridge, Cleburne and one or two others promply answered that they thought he could no longer be useful in the position he occupied. The correspondence led to an open breach between Bragg and Breckin-

ridge and a newspaper controversy, in which each charged upon the other the responsibility of our failure at Murfreesboro. General Breckinridge, in a conversation with the speaker, stated that his reason for declining to sign the paper was that his opinion of the Commanding-General was known, and, as their relations were already unfriendly, his motives might be misconstrued.

No better illustration of the prevailing opinion among the higher officers, as well as the rank and file of the army, in reference to the efficiency of the Commanding General can be given than the substance of a conversation between Cheatham and Cleburne as they joined in a social glass after signing the petition. "Here are my congratulations upon your recovery from your bad cold," said Cleburne. "I have had no bad cold," said Cheatham. "Let me tell you an old fable," replied Cleburne. "The report had been circulated among the beasts of the forest that the lion had a bad breath, whereupon, as king, the lion summoned all to appear, and admitted them to his presence one by one. As each would answer upon smelling his breath that it was bad, the lion would devour him. When at length the fox was brought in, he replied to the question that he had a bad cold, and escaped. You had a bad cold when you wrote Bragg, after the battle of Murfreesboro, that you didn't know whether he still retained the confidence of the army. You have at last recovered."

Hill cherished no unkind feeling toward Bragg, and at the time reluctantly reached the conclusion that it was his duty to join his comrades in urging his removal, hoping that it might still be within the range of possibility to find a leader like Jackson, who could overcome superior numbers by vigilance, celerity and strategy.

Mr. Davis was induced to believe that Hill was the originator and most active promoter of the plan to get rid of Bragg as a chief, and both the President and General Bragg determined to visit the whole sin of the insubordination of inferior officers of that army on him. His name was not sent to the Senate for confirmation as Lieutenant-General, and the repeated efforts of Johnston, backed by many of his subordinates, to have Hill returned to the command of a corps, were refused up to the last campaign of Johnston in North Carolina. In response to repeated demands made upon Bragg and the Adjutant for a court of inquiry to report upon any charge or criticism that

the latter might make, Hill at last received the answer that there were no charges to be investigated.

But it is due to the memory of General Hill that the world should know how thoroughly he retained the confidence, respect and admiration of the officers and men of the army, which Bragg left after the next fight, never to rejoin till he found Hill on the soil of his own State, leading its reduced regiments in their last forlorn charge against their old foe.

The following letters, for which he did not ask, but which he treasured as testimonials of his relations to his troops to the day of his death, are submitted for the first time for the vindication of his memory against the suspicion of negligence, inefficiency, incompetency or infidelity to his trust as commander of a corps:

HEADQUARTERS CLEBURNE'S DIVISION,
MISSION-RIDGE, October 9, 1863.

General,—In your departure from the army of Tennessee, allow me to offer you my grateful acknowledgments for the uniform kindness that has characterized all your official intercourse with my division. Allow me also to express to you the sincere regard and high confidence with which, in so short a time, you succeeded in inspiring both myself and, I believe, every officer and man in my command.

It gives me pleasure to add that now, though your connection with this army has ended, you still retain undiminished the love, respect and confidence of Cleburne's division.

Respectfully your friend,

P. R. CLEBURNE,
Major-General.

Dear General,—I have just learned officially that you have been relieved from command in this army, and ordered to report to Richmond.

I cannot see you go away without sending you, in an unofficial and friendly note, the expression of my sincere regret at out separation. It has the merit of at least being disinterested. I saw you for the first time on my way to this army from Mississippi, when my division became a part of your corps, and I have had more than one

occasion to express my admiration for your fidelity to duty, your soldierly qualities and your extraordinary courage on the field.

It may gratify you to know the opinion of one of your subordinates, and to be assured that, in his opinion, they are shared by his division. I am, General,

Very truly your friend,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
October 15, 1863.

My Dear General,—Your note of to-day is received. I am surprised and grieved to learn that you have been relieved from duty with this army. We have stood side by side in so many severely contested battle-fields that I have learned to lean upon you with great confidence.

I hope and trust that you may find some other position where your services may be as useful as they can be here. * * *

Very truly and sincerely yours,

J. LONGSTREET.

HEADQUARTERS CLAYTON'S BRIGADE,
NEAR CHATTANOOGA, November 3, 1863.

Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill,—Returning to my command a few days ago, I regretted to learn that you had left the command of our corps, and that I had not the opportunity of telling you farewell.

I have been in the military service since the 6th of February, 1861, and I have never been under a commander to whom I and my command formed so strong an attachment in so short a space of time. In the camp *we* were not afraid to approach you, and on the field *you* were not afraid to approach us and even go beyond us. This feeling was universal among privates as well as officers, and to a greater degree than I have ever known towards anyone, except, perhaps, General Stuart. Those who have been in the military service and been *frozen to death* by a different class of officers alone, know how fully to appreciate this.

Your friend and obedient servant,

[Signed] H. D. CLAYTON.

HEADQUARTERS POLK'S BRIGADE,
October 16, 1863.

General,—In behalf of myself and brigade, allow me to express to you our high appreciation of your uniform kindness in all of your official intercourse with us, and to say to you that although you have not been long with us, you have gained our love, confidence and respect. And that it was with great regret that we heard of your being taken away from us. And in being so taken away, our confidence in you as a soldier, gentleman and patriot has not been in the least diminished. We part with you, General, with the greatest regret, and hope some new field may be given you for the display of that generalship that led us to victory at Chickamauga.

Respectfully your friend,

[Signed] L. E. POLK, *Brigadier-General.*

HEADQUARTERS LOWRY'S BRIGADE,
MISSION RIDGE, October 16, 1863.

Dear General,—Paragraph 2, Special Order No. 33, from Army Headquarters, relieving you from duty in this department, has just been received by me. I take this opportunity to express to you my deep regret at this change. So far as I have heard an expression from the officers and men of this corps, your service with us has been *most satisfactory.* In the camp and on the march your orders were received and obeyed with the most cordial approval and with the greatest pleasure. The warm devotion that has been created in so short a time will not die while memory lives. In behalf of my brigade, permit me to express our regret on account of your separation from us, and the kindest wishes for your prosperity and happiness. For myself, the memories of our short acquaintance will be warmly cherished in a devoted heart of friendship, and the guidance and protection of the unseen hand invoked on you wherever your lot may be cast.

May the glory of victorious fields form a wreath around your name in all time to come, and the memory of your deeds of gallantry and patriotism be cherished in the hearts of a grateful and free people.

Respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

[Signed,] M. P. LOWRY,
Brigadier General.

(Since Governor of Mississippi.)

Long after the war General J. E. Johnston addressed the following letter to General Hill, from which it will appear that the influence of Bragg, who was at the elbow of the President as his military adviser, was still omnipotent after he was transferred from the West to Richmond :

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 22, 1887.

General D. H. HILL :

Dear General,—Your conduct at Yorktown and at Seven Pines gave me an opinion (of you) which made me wish for your assistance in every subsequent command that I had during the war. When commanding the Army of Tennessee I applied for your assignment to a vacancy. * *

Yours very truly, J. E. JOHNSTON.

It is but just to President Davis, as well as to General Hill, to state that there was good reason to believe that the former, in his last days, became convinced that General Hill was not the author of the petition, or the principal promoter of the plan for Bragg's removal, and that it dawned upon the great chieftain that the retention of Bragg was the one mistake of his own marvellous administration of the government of the Confederacy. When Johnston and others criticised the President, General Hill, then editing a magazine that was read by every Confederate, indignantly refused to utter one reproachful word, even in his own vindication, because, as he said, the time-servers who had turned their backs on the Lost Cause were making him the scapegoat to bear the supposed sin of a nation.

RETREAT BEFORE SHERMAN—LAST CHARGE AT BENTONSVILLE.

Misjudged, deprived of command and made to stand inactive in the midst of the stirring scenes of the last days of the Confederacy, Hill was not a man to sulk in his tent. Volunteering successively on the staff of his old friends, Beauregard and Hoke, who appreciated his advice and assistance, he showed himself ever ready to serve the cause in any capacity.

The repeated and urgent requests of both Johnston and Beauregard that Hill should be restored to command, resulted at last in his assignment to duty at Charleston, from which place he fell back with our forces to Augusta.

When the remnant of the grand army of Tennessee reached Augusta in charge of General Stevenson, Johnston ordered Hill to assume command and move in front of the vast and victorious hosts of Sherman. The greeting given him by the little bands of the old legions of Cleburne and Breckinridge now left, was a fitting tribute to an old commander whom they loved and admired. Hoping against hope, Hill was the leader above all others to infuse new spirit into the forlorn band devoted to this desperate duty. At every stream and on every eminence in his native State he disputed the ground with Sherman's vanguard till he developed a force that made it madness to contend further. Hill's reputation as a soldier depends in nowise upon successful running. This final retreat was the first and last in which he took a leading part. When once more his foot was planted upon the soil of North Carolina, it was eminently fitting that he who heard the first victorious shouts of her first regiment in the first fight in Virginia, should lead her brave sons in the last charge of the grand army of the great west within her own borders. Again, as in the last onset of Cox at Appomattox, North Carolina soldiers stood the highest test of the hero by facing danger in a gallant charge when they knew that all hope of success was gone forever.

LAST YEARS—TRUE CHARACTER.

The last years of General Hill's life were devoted to journalism and to teaching. As the editor of *The Land We Love*, and subsequently of *The Southern Home*, he wielded a trenchant pen, and was a potent factor in putting down the *post-bellum* statesmen who proposed to relegate to the shades of private life the heroes and leaders of the Lost Cause. As a teacher, he soon placed himself in touch with his pupils and won their love and confidence, as he did that of the soldiers led by him to battle.

His opinions, whether upon political, religious or scientific subjects, were always the result of thought and study, and were expressed in terse and clear language. As a Christian he constantly recurred to the cardinal doctrines of Christ's divinity and His complete atonement. He wrote two religious works, which evince at once his grace and force as a writer, and his unbounded trust in these fundamental truths. The subject of the one was "The Sermon on the Mount;" of the other, "The Crucifixion."

Unmoved in the presence of danger, schooled to hide his emotion for suffering in the critical time of battle, and forced by a sense of duty to show his bitter scorn for cowardice and treachery, it was the exclusive privilege of his family, his staff and his closest friends to fathom the depths of his true nature. The soldiers who saw him on camp or field could as little conceive of the humble Christian who, in the long hours of the night, plead with his God to spare their lives and save their souls, as they could of the affectionate father, the loving husband, the sympathizing friend and the bountiful benefactor of the poor and helpless, known only to the favored few. A writer who, in his last days, was admitted to the inner circle of his friends, has so beautifully expressed his idea of his true character that I cannot do better than reproduce it as not an overdrawn picture from the standpoint of one who served on his staff, had free access to his home circle, and observed and studied his motives and conduct:

"Fancy a man in whom the grim determination of a veteran warrior is united to a gentle tenderness of manner which would not be inappropriate to the most womanly of women; * * * affix a pair of eyes that possess the most indisputably honest and kindly expression; animate him with a mind clear, deep and comprehensive, and imbued with a humor as rich as it is deep and effective; infuse man and mind with a soul which in its lofty views compels subordination of the material to the spiritual, and holds a supreme trust in the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty—is zealous in the discharge of duty, and looks with scorn on all that is mean and sinful. Add to all these a carriage that is indomitable, and a love of truth and honor which is sublime, and you have the earthly embodiment of D. H. Hill."

[From the Moutgomery, Ala., *Daily Advertiser*, April 15, 1893.]

WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY,

The Sincere and Unfaltering Advocate of Southern Rights.

His Eventful Career as Sketched by Hon. Anthony W. Dillard.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, April 12, 1893.

Editor Advertiser:

No man in the South contributed so much as did William L. Yancey towards working up the people of the South to the determination to secede from the Union, in order to withdraw slavery from the possible unfriendly action of the United States. Mr. Yancey, during this time, enjoyed none of the prestige of official position—he was the editor of a newspaper, and, therefore, able to scatter his opinions on the wings of the wind; he was a private citizen, a lawyer engaged in practicing his profession, and was in quite moderate circumstances in regard to fortune. Nor was his location in Montgomery of a character to draw to him the leading men of the South, nor to afford peculiar facilities for the propagation of his opinions. Montgomery was not at all a political centre, to which politicians flocked for consultation and comparison of opinions. Nor was it a Pharos, whence political light was flashed out over the South, with electric speed.

Mr. Yancey had held few public offices, having served two sessions in the State Legislature and one term in Congress, in the forties, and he had never afterwards seemed solicitous to hold public offices—certainly, he took no open and active steps to obtain a nomination for any position, nor gave his friends encouragement to press his name. But it must not be inferred from what has been stated, that he was, in the smallest degree, a disappointed and soured office-seeker.

Nor was Mr. Yancey politically strong and popular in Alabama. The nullification battle in 1832 had divided the Alabama Democracy into Jackson Democrats and Calhoun Democrats. The former being

the strongest, numerically, had not only dominated the party, but had ostracised the adherents of Calhoun, without resorting to a public excommunication of them. In 1832, Mr. Yancey, scarcely more than adolescent, had edited a Jackson newspaper in South Carolina and manfully opposed the nullification doctrines of Calhoun and Hayne, although he never wavered in his adherence to the right of a State to secede from the Union. When he removed to Alabama, he became identified in his new home with the Calhoun wing of the Democracy, many of the members of which were originally from South Carolina, and had been there personally known to him.

In 1848, Mr. Yancey was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, and strongly denounced the sentiments and views of General Cass's "Nicholson letter," as well as the platform adopted by the Convention, and endeavored to substitute therefor some resolutions draughted by him, and adopted by the State Democratic Convention of Alabama in the January previous to the meeting of the Baltimore Convention. He refused to support General Cass for the Presidency, and gave his support to George M. Troup, of Georgia, and John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, who had been nominated by the more ultra Southern Democrats. This line of conduct on the part of Mr. Yancey, naturally gave great offence to the Jackson Democrats, and led to his abstaining from all participation in Democratic primaries and conventions for a considerable time, though he declined to unite with the Whig party. In 1856, he warmly supported Mr. Buchanan as Democratic elector for the State at large, canvassed the State, making a speech in every county, in consequence of which he regained his standing in the Democratic party.

In 1858, Mr. Yancey commenced, with insistence, the war on the territorial views avowed by Judge Stephen A. Douglass, and demanded that so long as a territory remained in a state of pupilage, Congress should itself pass all laws necessary for the protection of slavery in such territory, in case the territorial legislature failed to do so. He contended that non-action on the part of the territorial legislature, on the subject of slavery would amount to leaving it in an unprotected condition, which would, practically, exclude it from the new territories then opening up. Mr. Yancey proclaimed himself to be in favor of re-opening the African slave trade, with the view of so cheapening the price of slaves as that every white man in the South could purchase one or more slaves, at an insignificant cost,

and thereby be relieved from having to perform manual labor himself. It was also in the year 1858, that Mr. Yancey unfolded in his "Slaughter letter," the program of operations, which being subsequently pursued, "precipitated the Cotton States into revolution" in the early part of the year 1861. The legislatures in over half the slave States, were induced in 1858-'9 to pass a solemn resolution to the effect, that the election of a Republican to the presidency would amount to a virtual dissolution of the Union, and would be a declaration of a war of extermination against slavery, which would warrant and render necessary the withdrawal of such State from the Union. These resolutions made it the duty of the Governor, within a specified time after the election of a Republican to the presidency, to issue his proclamation for the election of delegates to a State convention, to make arrangement for the secession of the State from the Union. Observe, all these matters were arranged and resolved upon long before Mr. Lincoln was even nominated—the train was laid with great care, before a Republican was chosen president, and after Mr. Lincoln was elected, nothing was required but to fire this train—a comparatively easy matter, as the event showed.

But for John Brown's insane attack upon Harper's Ferry, it is very questionable whether any of the Southern States could have been screwed up and egged on to seceding, purely because of the election of Mr. Lincoln. They would have waited for some overt attack to be made on slavery, which would not have happened during Mr. Lincoln's term, as he would have conformed to and respected the platform upon which he had been elected, which exactly coincided with his individual opinions quoad the constitutional competency of the general government to interfere with slavery in the States where it already existed. The Chicago platform expressly denied the existence of any such right under the Constitution.

But the raid of John Brown on Virginia soil, with the avowed intent and purpose of exciting the slaves to insurrection, made a profound impression on the Southern people. They interpreted it as an indication of the feeling and temper of the Republican party towards slavery, and as a foreshadowing of what would occur, whenever the Federal government should pass into the charge of the Republican party.

The Southern people can only be judged fairly, by looking at matters as they appeared, when viewed from their standpoint; their

apprehensions and forebodings, whether well or ill grounded, were sincerely felt and entertained. There was no hostility, or disloyalty entertained to the Union *per se*, by the Southern people—this fact ought never to be lost sight of.

In all of the Gulf States, with the exception of Louisiana, the State Democratic conventions had instructed their delegates to withdraw from the Charleston Convention in default of the insertion of a clause in the platform pledging Federal protection to slavery in the territories by appropriate legislation. The battle was thus transferred to the floor of the Charleston convention. Mr. Yancey was himself a delegate, and opened the campaign two days in advance of the day fixed for the meeting of the National Convention. The plan was to induce the delegates from all the Southern States, and failing in that, to get as many as possible, to secede from the convention, and in pursuance of this plan meetings of Southern delegates, exclusively, were held on the Friday and Saturday nights preceding the National Convention. This writer was present at these meetings, not from sympathy, however, but as a spectator of the play. Mr. Yancey declined to speak, declaring he desired to hear the other delegates express their sentiments. A delegate from Virginia observed that the absence of even a single delegate from the North at these meetings had an ominous look to him; it seemed to prefigure the disruption both of the Democracy and the Union. The National Convention of the party would convene within forty-eight hours—it was intended for friendly conference—for consultation, for a comparison of opinions, in the spirit of brotherhood, with the view of harmonizing differences. He had no doubt an adjustment could be reached by mutual concessions—at any rate, it ought to be tried. He declined to take any part in these meetings of Southern delegates exclusively, or to be bound by its action.

The speeches made in these meetings were violent and inflammatory, abounding in denunciations of the Northern Democrats as time-servers and shufflers, and representing the Republicans as being determined to wipe out slavery, even if they had to resort to servile insurrection. I remember that John Milton, a delegate from Florida (he was chosen Governor in 1862, but died in 1864), said, "His plan was for Southern men to take the Constitution in one hand and a musket in the other, and to march to Fanueil Hall in Boston, demand their constitutional rights, and if they were not granted, to go to

work at once with their muskets and never stop till their constitutional rights were granted to them." His speech was applauded to the echo.

When the National Convention met on the following Monday the delegates from Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina had come to an agreement to withdraw if the platform did not embrace the clause respecting slavery demanded by the South.

There was a most bitter opposition to the nomination of Judge Douglass. President Buchanan encouraged and supported this opposition by personal and official influence. John Slidell was not a delegate to the convention, still, he was personally present in Charleston for the purpose of working the wires to defeat Douglass, an art in which natural cunning and long practice had made him very proficient. The selection of Caleb Cushing for president of the convention was a serious blow to Douglass. There was a bitter fight between the rival delegations from New York—one headed by Fernando Wood the other by Dean Richmond, but the latter were admitted to seats. Ultra Southern delegates supported Wood.

When the Committee on Resolutions made their report, there was a majority and a minority report, and this was the signal for battle. George E. Pugh, ex-Governor Paine of Ohio, C. L. Vallandigham and Congressman Richardson of Illinois, were the leading speakers for the majority report. The speeches of Pugh and Vallandigham were able, eloquent and impressive. W. L. Yancey was, practically, the only speaker for the minority report. He was listened to by an audience of 5,000 with undivided and breathless attention—literally speaking, one could have heard a pin fall, so profound was the stillness. He indulged in no invectives against the Northern Democrats; not the faintest expression that could be tortured into hostility to the Union fell from his lips—but his speech was impassioned, eloquent and impressive. No man was freer from bombast, sophomoric declamation and pompous rhetoric than Mr. Yancey. He never was at a loss for a word, and the proper word always came. Mr. Yancey was a born orator, and had no equal in the South before a popular audience. His voice was sweet and round, his articulation very clear and distinct—every word could be heard—and both his looks and manner were impressive and captivating. It was a treat to hear him relate an anecdote in his speeches.

When the platform was finally disposed of by the adoption of the majority report, the scene that ensued was mournfully dramatic. The chairman of the delegation from Alabama arose read his protest against the platform and announced the withdrawal of the delegation. As it retired there was applause from the delegates who were soon to withdraw. The Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas and South Carolina delegations read protests and withdrew in succession from the convention. Then scattering delegates from other Southern States withdrew, sometimes leaving only one or two delegates in their seats.

The scene was a sad and portentous one to me. To my mind it was the prelude to the "bloody sweat and agony" of the war that followed not many months afterward. The writer had determined to disobey instructions and to retain his seat in the convention and vote for Douglass, but when he mentioned the matter to his particular friend, ex-Governor Winston, older and more experienced than this writer, he insisted I should also retire in order not to injure his political prospects, to which I consented against my own judgment.

The breach was never closed. Two Presidential tickets were placed in the field—Douglass and Johnson, and Breckinridge and Lane. The Whigs also nominated a ticket.

It was perfectly clear that, with the opposition to Mr. Lincoln divided among three candidates, he was certain to carry nearly every non-slaveholding State, and to be elected, and this state of things drew to him the floating vote composed of men whose only aim is to vote for the winning ticket.

Mr. Yancey supported Breckinridge and Lane with enthusiasm, speaking in most of the Northern cities, and in nearly every Southern State. The election of Mr. Lincoln was followed by the putting into execution in the Southern States of the pre-arranged programs. State conventions were called, and elections ordered for delegates. Alabama passed the ordinance of secession January 11th, 1861—just a few days after South Carolina had led off. Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas pretty soon followed. They agreed to form a provisional government with Montgomery as the capital. The forts and arms were seized in these seceded States wherever they were able to get possession of them. They apprehended no resistance or coercion from President Buchanan, and were anxious to get possession of the forts and arsenals with their contents, and to

organize a government prior to the induction of Mr. Lincoln into office. Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia seceded in the spring of 1861.

Mr. Yancey never believed secession would be followed by war. Peaceable secession was the cuckoo song. It was the universal belief in the South that there would be no war. Here and there, Southern men were encountered, who predicted war, but they were branded as "submissionists," and suspected of disloyalty to the South. This disbelief as to war was shared by Jefferson Davis and his cabinet, and the result was, hardly any preparations for war was made before the inauguration of Lincoln in the purchase of cannon, muskets, lead, powder, ships, etc. A large proportion of the cotton crop grown in 1860, was still on hand in the South, which could have been shipped to Europe, and used in the purchase of arms and ammunitions. But none apprehended war, and so preparations were scant.

While Mr. Yancey contributed more than any other individual to launch secession, he cut no great figure afterward. In the Alabama State convention, he was defeated as a delegate to the provisional congress, through a combination of the friends of other aspirants. There was a great jealousy of Mr. Yancey, on account of his superior eloquence and his influence in bringing about secession, and this ignoble feeling manifested itself in attempts to retire him to private life. Jefferson Davis appointed him one of the commissioners to England to negotiate a treaty recognizing the Confederate States, but seeing this could not be accomplished, he returned by way of Mexico, and made his way overland to Montgomery. On his return, he was much disheartened by the aspect of affairs. In the winter of 1862–'3, he was elected a senator in the Confederate Senate, and took his seat. My impression is he somewhat antagonized Jefferson Davis' administration—he thought militaryism was too much overslaughing the civil authority in the South—at least he expressed himself in that way in a letter written to this writer in the spring of 1864, from Richmond. In the then situation of the South, the military authority needed to be strengthened. A Danton was needed to procure a decree for a levy en masse in the South—for placing negroes in the army, and for converting the South into a camp. A cold, stern, unyielding dictatorship was required, but Jefferson Davis was not the man for such a dictator. Clearly, Mr. Yancey was

wrong in deprecating the predominence of militaryism over the civil authority. The South should have been converted into a camp.

Mr. Yancey died prior to the close of the war, and it was thought, from the effects of a blow on the head from an ink stand hurled at him by Ben Hill, of Georgia, in the Confederate Senate chamber in retaliation for something Yancey had uttered in a speech. He lived long enough to realize that secession was a failure, and this was gall and wormwood to him.

I have remarked the prevalent belief among the Southern people, that secession would not be followed by war, and that Mr. Yancey shared such belief. But for the Confederates firing on Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, the probability is there would never have been a war, and but for the war, the Southern people would have sickened of secession, undone all the secession work, and returned to the Union, as the prodigal returned to his father's house. As to the firing on Fort Sumter, ex-United States Senator Jere Clemens stated in a public letter, that he was in the office of the Secretary of War, in Montgomery, two days before fire was opened on Fort Sumter, when Mr. Gilchrist, of Lowndes county, Alabama, a very hot-headed secessionist, came into the office and censured General L. P. Walker, the Secretary of War, for not having precipitated a war, declaring the people were already beginning to repent of secession, and would be back in the Union at the end of a year, unless the breach was made wider by an act of war, and urged him to order fire to be opened on Fort Sumter without delay. Whether this statement be true or false, the firing on Fort Sumter appeared at the time to have been without any adequate provocation, and to have been the outcome of a hasty and ill-advised resolution. It opened the war. It fired the heart of the North, as it never was fired before, enthusiastic patriotism flashed forth with amazing spontaneity—men, who had opposed the election of Mr. Lincoln—men, who were opposed to the coercion of the seceding States were indignant at the firing on the flag of the United States and eager for putting down the rebellion by force of arms. The South begun the war by opening fire on Fort Sumter at a time when she should have used every effort within her power to postpone the appeal to the sword. That was the deliberate and matured opinion of Mr. Yancey, notwithstanding he was regarded as a hotspur, void of rationality and prudence. The late Colonel A. G. Horn, who was secretary of the Alabama State Convention which

passed the ordinance of secession, and of which Mr. Yancey was a member, informed me that towards the close of its session Mr. Yancey delivered a speech in secret session, of two hours' duration, in which he contrasted the available resources of the United States and the Confederate States for war, and insisted that the latter should avoid war as long as possible, since war would be disastrous to them, in their then unprepared condition. Should the United States march an invading army into the South, with the intention of conquering the South, that step would have the effect of completely harmonizing and uniting the Southern people in every Southern State into a compact mass, and it would likewise sow fatal divisions in the people of the United States, inasmuch as the Democrats and Whigs of the North, reinforced by a large proportion of capitalists and merchants, would boldly denounce such a step. The final success of the Confederacy depended on the studious avoidance of war with the United States, and in leaving the United States to become the aggressor by invading Southern homes and firesides, in case she must have a war.

Of the purity and unselfishness of Mr. Yancey's motives, there can be but one opinion by such as knew him. No thought of self-aggrandizement ever entered into his thoughts. He never was an office-seeker. He led the secession movement. Many others advocated it in order to win popularity; others espoused it from a craven fear of popular wrath. Yancey in 1858 regarded secession not only as inevitable, but felt it was his duty to prepare the Southern people for taking the plunge. The result attests the truth of the saying that "Man proposes, but God disposes," since the very step taken to perpetuate slavery led to its extinction.

Out of the 600 delegates in the Charleston Convention of 1860, thirty-one years ago, not more than a dozen are left on the stage of life.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, February 19, 1893.]

THE BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM,

June 29th, 1892. The Part Taken Therein by Louisiana Troops.

A Paper Read Before the Louisiana Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, February 18, 1893, by Captain John W. T. Leech, Company C, Fourteenth Regiment, Louisiana Infantry, Confederate States Army.

Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia:

In writing of the thrilling events which took place around the city of Richmond in 1862, you will bear in mind that thirty-one years have rolled by and that a man's memory, however good, must necessarily have forgotten many things which would prove very interesting if they could be recalled.

But the truth of the matter is, I am growing old, and those scenes are rapidly fading away. I wore the gray then, and as the battle of life progresses I am wearing more gray, and this will continue on until that arch enemy of mankind will flank me out of every position and compel a final surrender.

Comrades, in commencing this narration it is proper to inform you what command I belonged to. I had the honor to command company C, Fourteenth Louisiana regiment. This regiment belonged to General Roger A. Pryor's brigade, composed of the Fourteenth Alabama, Second Florida, Fourteenth Louisiana, St. Paul's Battalion and Louisiana Zouaves, consolidated, Third Virginia and the Donaldsonville Artillery.

We belonged to Major-General James Longstreet's division, which was composed of the following brigades: Kemper's, Anderson's, Pickett's, Wilcox's, Pryor's and Featherston's.

On the morning of the 28th of June, just after the battle of Gaines' Mill, I was standing on one of the hills near by, with a group of men,

and, looking southward, we could plainly see a large balloon which the enemy had sent up for the purpose of reconnoitering, and I heard General Pryor remark, "I am afraid those devils will get into Richmond in spite of all we can do."

In a little while troops were pressed forward to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, and it was soon discovered that he had retreated across the Chickahominy and destroyed the bridges, but as he might yet give battle to preserve his communication, some cavalry and Ewell's division was sent to seize the York River railroad.

During the afternoon clouds of dust showed plainly that the Yankee army was in motion, and, judging by the roads he had taken, it was soon discovered that McClellan was making his way to the James.

Our divisions followed on down the Chickahominy, and on Sunday morning it was ascertained that the enemy had abandoned his fortifications and was in full retreat toward his gunboats on the James river.

To Generals Magruder and Huger had been assigned the important duty of watching the enemy, and to cut off or press his retreat.

The result of the battle of Gaines' Mill was to force McClellan out of all his strong positions north of the Chickahominy, and, with his communications cut off on the Pamunkey river and confronted by our forces on the south side of the Chickahominy, it was supposed that he would be forced into a capitulation.

But the enemy had been imperfectly matched at a conjuncture the most critical in all the seven days' battles around Richmond, when liberty hovered o'er us and seemed ready to perch upon the Confederate banners, these generals signally failed to perform the duty assigned them.

On the morning of the 29th of June, Magruder and Huger were attacked, but they drove the enemy down the roads and through the woods, passed their breastworks, and found them deserted, and, instead of profiting by this discovery and commencing the pursuit, these generals allowed the foe to pass across their front, instead of piercing his line of retreat by advancing down the Nine-mile road and the Williamsburg road, which would have cut the forces of the enemy into so many fragments.

On the same day, June 29, our division and that of A. P. Hill's were ordered to recross the Chickahominy at New Bridge and move by the Darbytown and Longbridge roads to intercept the retreat.

Huger was sent down the Charles City road and Magruder down the Williamsburg road.

The scenes in McClellan's army at this time must have been such as would have appalled the stoutest hearts.

The historian says McClellan's advance column had already been swallowed in the maw of the dreary forest. It swept on fast and furious. Pioneer bands rushed along in front, clearing and repairing the single road; reconnoissance officers were seeking new routes for a haven of rest and safety. The Confederates were in the rear, pressing on with fearful power; and there was yet an expectation that Jackson's flank movement might cut off the retreat. Moments seemed hours. Back and forth dashed hot riders. Caravans of wagons, artillery, horsemen, soldiers, camp-followers, pressed through the narrow road, and at intervals swept onward like an avalanche.

The trace of agony was on the face of the commander, and the soldiers who carried muskets in their hands could perceive it.

Presently the dull boom of a cannon and its echoing shell fell grimly upon the ear, and an ominous roar behind told the enemy that his rear was attacked.

Magruder had struck the enemy's rear, but Jackson was so delayed in reconstructing the Grapevine bridge that he was unable to get up in time to participate.

On the march down the Darbytown road our division was joined by President Davis and staff, and, together with our general officers, made a body of such fine-looking men that I will never forget the picture.

I ought to describe some of the scenes on these marches, but it would detain you too long; in almost any direction you might look you could see large columns of smoke, showing that the enemy was destroying his quartermaster and commissary stores, and, not satisfied with that, burning up farm-houses, barns, haystacks, fences—everything that would burn, all through pure spite.

The fields over which we passed were strewn with all sorts of military accoutrements, guns and swords thrown away, abandoned wagons, ambulances, and all sorts of things that belong to an army.

On the evening of the 29th, just before sundown, we were allowed to go into camp to get a little rest. In a short time the whole field was covered with camp-fires, men frying meat, baking bread, making coffee—sure enough coffee, for we had captured it from the enemy.

Presently I heard some one call me, and turning to see who it was, I beheld the new moon over my left shoulder and no silver in my left pocket. I remarked to Lieutenant Scott, for it was he who had called me, "That is a very bad sign."

"Oh, look here, Captain, you don't tell me that you believe in signs?"

"Yes, I do, Scott, and what's more, I believe in destiny; if a man's born to be hanged, he will never be drowned."

"Well," said he, "come over here, I want to read the articles of war to you."

"Read what?" said I, "you had better be reading your Bible."

"Well," said he, "come around here," meaning around a big tree.

I saw him point something black at the moon and, handing it to me, he said: "Take this telescope and see if there are any spots on the moon; let us know what the augurs have to say."

I took it and, after taking a good look, I told him that I did not see any spots, but I certainly saw bubbles. After this I felt considerably better.

Alas, poor Scott, at the next roll-call one of my lieutenants stepped to the front, saluted and answered for him, "Dead on the field of honor."

The night in this camp was spent in little cat naps, for I was a very feverish man. I knew that on the morrow there would be bloody work to do, so I was glad when reveille sounded.

In a little while the troops were on the march again, winding around the hills, crossing over the fields, maneuvering for good positions.

About noon our advance troops came upon the enemy at Frazier's farm. They had mustered their troops here determined to make a stand, so the balance of the flying army could get away. They occupied all the surrounding hills, and had them bristling with artillery—in fact had every advantage.

About 3 o'clock the battle opened with artillery. Whilst this was going on our brigade was lying down in the woods, bordering an old field. Skirmishers had been sent out, and I had gone a short distance out in front, when presently General Pryor and two of his staff rode up, and dismounting, said they would go out to the skirmish line. Just at this time George Zerr, of Company C, was up in a cherry tree enjoying himself. In a few moments I heard the boom of a gun, the scream of a shell, and off went the top of the cherry tree, and down came George on the run.

In a moment there was another shell, and this one burst in the midst of Company C, Fourteenth Louisiana regiment, killing two men, James Kelly and James Baker, and wounding two or three others. Presently another, and off goes a leg of General Pryor's mare; at the same moment he came up and one of his staff remarked: "You may as well shoot her." "Oh, no," said General Pryor, "I can't do that, you must do it." In a moment more he put a ball between her eyes, and stopped the pain.

It was now four o'clock, and General Pryor received orders to advance his brigade into the fight.

As we advanced we discovered that the brigade on our right had been repulsed, and the enemy was making it very warm for us in our front and on our flanks. Nevertheless, we were ordered to charge the enemy, and our regiment moved boldly forward through an open field.

The enemy now opened upon us with renewed vigor, and as we further advanced our left became more exposed to an enfilading fire that compelled us to fall back again to the edge of the woods.

In this charge several officers and men were killed and wounded, and our color-bearer, James McCann, was killed.

We held this line until nightfall, momentarily expecting the forces of Magruder to make their appearance on our left, when we expected to outflank the enemy and drive him into the Chickahominy.

Whilst we were holding this line there was music in the air; the boom of artillery, the bursting of shell and the roar of musketry made music, the kind a soldier likes to hear when he is fighting in a just cause.

At a critical moment in the battle the Donaldsonville Artillery came up on our right, and in a few moments made things very lively in the enemy's lines.

Late in the evening our brigade was relieved by General Gregg, but just before his arrival I received a severe wound which put me out of the fight.

Our troops held the line, and during the night the enemy retreated.

At the close of the struggle the field was covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. Many prisoners, including a general of division, were captured, several batteries and thousands of small arms. If the other commands could have co-operated the enemy would have been completely routed.

Guns and caissons captured at Frazier's Farm: Seven 12-pounder

Napoleon guns, one 12-pounder field howitzer, six 10-pounder rifle Parrots, two 20-pounder rifle Parrots, one 10-pounder rifle Parrot, one 24-pounder field howitzer, one 12-pounder caisson, one 10-pounder caisson, one 6-pounder caisson, one 10-pounder Parrot caisson, one 12-pounder Parrot caisson, one 24-pounder Parrot caisson, one 10-pounder Parrot caisson, one 12-pounder Parrot caisson, and thousands of small arms.

This is a pretty good showing, and it looks as if there had been some desperate fighting on that battlefield.

General Longstreet in his report says: "The odds against us on this field were probably greater than on any other."

Comrades, a few words more and I will close. I am proud of the old Fourteenth, and justly so; it was as good a regiment as ever struck a blow for Dixie.

Comrades, I will name six regiments that met with the greatest number of casualties in the seven days' battles around Richmond:

Killed, wounded and missing: The Twentieth North Carolina, Garland's Brigade, 380; Forty-fourth Georgia, Ripley's Brigade, 335; Fourteenth Alabama, Pryor's Brigade, 335; Nineteenth Mississippi, Featherston's Brigade, 325; Fourth Texas, Hood's Brigade, 253; Fourteenth Louisiana, Pryor's Brigade, 243.

After thanking Comrade Leech for his interesting paper, the meeting adjourned.

[From the Atlanta *Constitution*, November, 1893.]

THE SHENANDOAH.

Her Exploits in the Pacific Ocean, After the Struggle of 1861–'5 Had Closed.

Dr. F. J. McNulty, of 706 Huntington avenue, Boston, was one of the officers of the Confederate warship Shenandoah, which, on the 5th of November, 1865, flung to the breeze for the last time the Stars and Bars.

Asked by the writer of this article to relate the story of the cruise of the Shenandoah and of the last wave of the Southern flag a few days since, the Doctor told this thrilling tale of the last terror of the

seas, whose track was marked by a line of fire around the earth, from the tropics to the Arctic, while she gave the whaling marine of the United States its fatal blow :

"On the evening of the 8th day of October, 1864," said he, "there met on Princesses dock, Liverpool, twenty-seven men. They were nearly unacquainted with each other, and knew nothing of their destination. All were officers of the Confederate navy, by commission or warrant, and each had his distinct order to report to this place at the same hour. My commission was that of assistant surgeon. A tug was waiting, and we were hurried upon its deck with great haste. In the stream lay the steam blockade-runner Laurel. In the shortest time imaginable we were hustled on board this craft, and were steaming down the stream. At the same hour, casting off her lines from her London dock, and moving down the Thames, with her grim dogs of war concealed between her decks, ostensibly a merchantman, and bound for Bombay, sailed the English ship Sea King. One week later the ships met in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira. But the captain of the port ordering us out of his waters in the name of his Sovereign of Portugal, we raised anchor and found an offing beside the three great Desertas, massive rocks that rise out of the blue bosom of the Atlantic. Here the ships were lashed together, and the Sea King received from the Laural, which was loaded deep, arms, ordnance, and coal sufficient for an extended voyage of a man-of-war.

"This done the crews of both vessels were ordered on board the Sea King, when James I. Waddell, going down into her cabin, soon reappeared on deck clad in full uniform and bearing the side arms of a Confederate naval captain. Holding his commission for such office in his hand he read it to the assembled crews, and closed in a brief address, declaring that this ship, late the Sea King, of England, should now and forever be known as the Confederate States warship Shenandoah ; that her object should be to prey upon and destroy the commerce of the United States, and that all of either crew, the Laurel's or the Sea King's, who wished to enlist their lives and services in the defence of the Confederate cause on board this ship might now do so.

"Jack shifted his quid, put his hands deeper than ever in his pockets, and thought long at this sudden turn in events. He finally shook his head. Some few asked what about bounty? Not being

satisfactorily answered, but very few responded. It was too hazardous an undertaking, with no inducement of gain. Besides, too, the Alabama had gone down before the guns of the Kearsage, and this Shenandoah would now be the only bird left upon the water for the Federals to wing.

SALUTES FIRED.

"Immediately after this the lashings were cast off and guns of salute in parting fired by the two vessels. The Laurel turned her prow to England and we to the south seas. Never before was a ship beset by difficulties apparently so insurmountable. Demanding a complement of 160 men, we bore away that day a ship-of-war with forty-seven men all told. Although liable at any hour to meet the challenge shot of the enemy, we entered upon our duties without fear. There was work for every man to do, and every man put his heart in his task. Boxes, trunks, casks of beef and bread, coal and ordnance, lay promiscuous about deck and below. Then, when after days of toil and with blistered hands all was stored properly below, and while the carpenter and his mates cut port holes for the guns, the captain took his trick at the wheels, and the officers and men, regardless of rank, barefooted and with trousers rolled up, scrubbed and holystoned decks. Yet in that strangely gathered body of men were some of the best blood of the South. Historic names were there. Lieutenant Lee, son of Admiral Lee, commandant of the Philadelphia navy-yard at the opening of the war, and nephew of General Robert E. Lee, was our third lieutenant, and had seen service on the Georgia and Florida. Our chief engineer and paymaster were from the Alabama, and every commissioned officer was a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and had seen previous service. But all felt the necessity of the hour, and lieutenant, assistant surgeon, boatswain, and foremost hands, of whom there were but seven in all, kept watch and watch. But at length everything was put in shipshape, halyards coiled, and decks made shining. We were then all called aft, officers and men, to 'splice the main brace,' a nautical proceeding much inveighed against by John B. Gough, Neal Dow, and other reformers.

"The Shenandoah was built of teak, an Indian wood. She had quarter-inch iron plating, as well as iron knees and stanchions. Of 1,160 tons, English register, 320 feet in length, and 32 in breadth, her average speed was thirteen knots, though, when entirely under sail,

with propeller unshipped and sails up, she often outdid this. At one time sailing down the Indian ocean, she made for four consecutive hours the high average rate of eighteen knots.

FIRST VISITORS.

"The morning of October 29th was clear and bright, and was made memorable by our first visitors on board. The stranger showed chase, but quickly changed his mind when a hustling shot across his bows said, 'Do come and see us,' the first of fifty pressing invitations. Of this vessel's complement of ten men, eight joined our crew. I will not stop to enumerate in detail," said Dr. McNulty, who was here interrupted by the writer, "but rise to indignantly deny as a base lie that Captain Waddell ever put a man in irons because he would not join our ship! James I. Waddell was a gentleman, and would never stoop to such conduct. Certainly there must be discipline on board ship, and at times when there were too many prisoners we had to see that they did not rise and take possession of the vessel."

He then resumed his narrative: "After our first capture, sailing steadily to the south seas, and destroying a ship nearly every other day, on the evening of November 15th we were on the equator. Here his most saline and anciently-enthroned majesty came on board and brought with him his numerous retinue, and the ceremony of becoming naturalized citizens of the deep had to be submitted to, many of the officers, including the assistant surgeon, undergoing the tonsorial brushing up of old Neptune. In those warm southern waters, with a clear sky and little to do, our quota of men was now nearly made up—the hours seemed like links of sunshine. In the enchantment of the bright dream one would forget at times that our occupation was less than peace. Then suddenly a sail would be descried, and all would be bustle; top sails would be shaken out, and, forging ahead, our guns would ring out the iron voice of war. The lowering of a flag and transferring of a crew would follow, and then in a sacrificial flame would go up to the blue sky one more of the enemy's ships, leaving a blot in the memory of an otherwise cloudless tropical day.

"One day we overhauled a New Bedford whaler attached to a whale. It was the case of the big fish eating up the little one, and we were the largest in that pond just then. So the whaling barque

Edward, of New Bedford, went up in flame and smoke. Christmas-day saw us flying before a twelve-knot breeze under a cloudless sky.

"Surprising latitudes these to a landsman, who, when from days to days, finds himself going before a sweeping gale without one cloud to be seen, naturally asks: Where does the wind come from? On the 27th of December we came in the harbor of the Island of Tristan de Acunha, the principal of a group of islands in the South Atlantic. In its seventeen families nearly all the principal nations are represented. Here we landed our prisoners, and left them a three-months' supply of provisions. Fortunately for us, we made a short stop at this island, for afterwards, when in Europe, we were told that just twelve hours after we had left the harbor the United States man-of-war Iroquoise steamed in, and hurriedly taking on board the prisoners, weighed anchor and stood for Cape Town, a favorite rendezvous of the Alabama. Happily, we were bound for Melbourne, and did not stand near the Cape in doubling it. Two days later the little island of St. Paul, about four miles in extent, and rising in beautiful plateaus, swelled up before us, and the weather being calm, we laid-to outside its harbor. Entering its basin in a yawl, we found that the waters must be over an extinct crater, as they were hot enough to boil penguin eggs. These birds rose like clouds before us. Here we found, to our surprise, three Frenchmen. They were employed curing fish, while their vessel was off for another catch. Besides their rude quarters, we were taken to visit the residence of the owner of the island, who lived in France, and were astonished to find here, afar from all the world, apartments displaying all that luxury, wealth and culture suggested, including a library of nearly 1,000 volumes. No bolt held or key unlocked this; it was all as open as the Garden of Eden to our first parents. On our departure the hospitable Frenchmen presented us with a supply of cured fish and half a barrel of penguin eggs.

THE RUSE FAILED.

"Two days later we fell in with and gave chase to the bark Delphine, of Searsport, Me. The captain, a plucky fellow, showed high heels for some time, and not until the third solid shot almost cut away his fore rigging did he come to. He told the boarding officer that his wife was ill, and could not be removed. This necessitated a visit from the ship's assistant surgeon, who found as plump and

healthy a specimen of the sex as the Pine-Tree State ever produced. Laughing heartily, when asked if she were ill, she said 'No.' She was a brave, cultivated woman, and I was real sorry that the ruse failed, as I wanted to see the ship spared. She was now ordered to gather her effects, which, excepting her piano, were taken to the Shenandoah, where Captain Waddell gave up one of his cabins to Captain and Mrs. Nichols, late of the bark Delphine.

"We were now nearing the coast of Australia, and on the 25th day January, 1865, entered the port of Melbourne. Never was conquering flag at peak hailed with such honors as were given us upon that bright, tropical morning. Steamer, tug-boat, yacht—all Melbourne, in fact, with its 180,000 souls, seemed to have outdone itself in welcome to the Confederates. Flags dipped, cannon boomed, and men in long thousands cheered as we moved slowly up the channel and dropped anchor. The telegraph had told of our coming from down the coast, where we had been sighted with Confederate flag flying, and the English papers had said that the great Semmes was on board. Evidently the heart of colonial Britain was in our cause.

"An official note sent to Sir Charles Darling, governor of the colony, asking leave to take coal and make repairs, brought a letter granting the privilege, with the wish, however, that we do so as quickly as possible. But upon examination it was found that four weeks would be required for the repairs, and that the ship must be dry-docked, and to do this the government slip must be used. Here was a dilemma for the Governor. The United States consul was demanding of him that we be ordered out of the harbor, and we, as recognized belligerants, were demanding to stay. He 'darst' and he 'darsn't,' as the gamins say. At length he reluctantly yielded leave for full repairs. Now another trouble arose. Two questionable men were thought to be on board the Shenandoah, and were wanted by the Governor. His police came with a search warrant, but were indignantly refused permission to come on board by Captain Waddell, who declared in a note to the Governor that a ship-of-war was, as a nation's own territory, inviolable. The Governor replied by placing a battalion of militia on the wharf, when Captain Waddell gave four hours to the Governor to take away the troops, or he and his crew would leave the ship and call for the vengeance of his Government. In less than the given time the troops were removed.

"Excepting this unpleasantness, our stay in Melbourne was one round of pleasure and honors. We were given free rides on the railroads to any point. From commander down to grayback, all had their free passes. The wealthiest club in Melbourne elected us honorary members. Barry Sullivan, then playing Othello, gave us an especial night, when, with true British gusto, the flaring bills read: 'Under the distinguished patronage of the officers of the Confederate Steamship Shenandoah.' There we looked down upon an auditorium packed to suffocation as we sat in the royal box. One hundred miles away, at Ballarat, a red-letter day was set apart for our reception. Only seven of us could attend. The entire town came out to greet us, and across the main street on a triumphal arch of flowers were the letters in garland: 'Welcome to Ballarat.'

VISITORS.

"At length the ship came off the ways, and two days were given to receive visitors, during which time thousands availed themselves of the opportunity. At length, on the 28th of February, we put to sea, with our full complement of men, and on the 1st of April, entered the harbor of Ascension Island. Here, in this little, almost land-locked harbor, were four whalers, and after the bare-legged king of the island had condescended to say where he wished them sunk, so as not to destroy good anchorage in his harbor, we set fire and scuttled the fleet. Great events were going on then at home, but we were oblivious of their occurrence. After staying at Ascension Island eleven days, we hove our anchor, and started for the coast of Japan. As we neared the coast, thousands of robins came on deck, and, falling exhausted from the rigging, were picked up in buckets full, and proved a great change for salt horse.

OFF KAMTCHATKA.

"With prow to the north, we found ourselves on the 27th of May in the Okhotsk sea, off the coast of Kamtchatka. Here we destroyed the ship Abigail, of New Bedford. We found ourselves one day after a fog had cleared in a field of ice. As far as the eye could range on every side extended the ice floe. It was five feet thick on our port side, while on our starboard, it rose up on a level with our sails, that, frozen from the drizzling of the night before, laid like boards across the masts. The floe was moving, and we were moved

in its vise-like clasp. It grated against the frail timbers that now only stood between us and death, as if envious that its realms had been invaded, and wanting to reach with its cold grasp the intruder. Lips unused to prayer, now sent up a supplication. Added to all, as if to mock our miseries, a group of walruses climbed clumsily out of the sea, and began disporting themselves so near that we could almost touch them. Gradually, as hope began to sink, the sun slowly came upon the scene. Though low in the north, it brought hope and warmth. The long, cold northern day that knows no sunset was upon us with its low, mocking noon. The sails began to lose their rigged bend, the ice loosened, and we forged ahead. Then, lowering our propeller in the wake thus made, we pushed sternwise out of the terrible ice floe.

FOLLOWING THE WHALER.

"We had now enough of floe ice; our errand was not that of a Franklin or a Kane, but to follow wherever the hardy whaler went. We sailed into Behring Sea and chasing a bark which proved to be the Robert Downs, an Englishman with a Russian flag flying, he answered to the call that he was the Prince Petropoliski bound for a cruise. Our boatswain, a broad Milesian, with a touch of Sclay upon his tongue, was our spokesman, therefore it was easy to imagine how this unpronounceable name must have sounded through the trumpet from such an anti-Russian source.

"On the 18th of June we made St. Lawrence Island, and its Esquimaux inhabitants came out to trade with us. They brought out walrus tusks and fur, which we declined to barter for. The cook, however, brought from the galley a slush bucket of odds and ends of grease and food, and our little stunted friends squatted upon the deck in silence, and dug deeply with their hands into the mixed viands. A pound of tallow candles to each served as dessert, and when the king's meal to an Esquimaux was at an end they departed with full hearts and stomachs.

On the 27th June, after destroying much shipping in Behring Sea, we captured the Susan Abigail, twenty-eight days from San Francisco. Then, for the first time, we heard that the war was over. But as the captain could show no proof, not even a newspaper, we set it down as a smart Yankee trick, thought of to save his ship.

"On the 5th of July occurred our greatest day's work—perhaps

the greatest destruction ever served upon an enemy in a single day by one ship. The morning came heavy and thick with fog. Suddenly across our bows swept something; in the fog we thought we could outline a ship. A gun brought to a bark. Soon her flaming form broke upon the fog and told her fate. She had nearly run us down in the thickness of the weather. The fog now rising disclosed a wide bay or roadstead in which were anchored with their sails half furled a large fleet of whaling vessels of every rig. They were mostly from New Bedford. Before entering upon our work we counted them; there were eleven. Soon the work of demand, surrender, debarkation, and conflagration began. Two were saved and bonded to take home the other crews. Then followed the torch and auger. Never before had these far latitudes beheld such a dread scene of devastation as this, as ship after ship went up in flame. We had been ordered to wipe out the whaling marine of the enemy; and now, after the government that had so ordered had been itself destroyed, we, unwittingly, were dealing the enemy our hardest blows—not our enemy, if we knew the facts, and we were making of ourselves the enemy of mankind.

GOING SOUTH.

Re-entering the Arctic seas, we cruised some days without success. Then turning back to Behring Sea, we pointed our prow to the South. The 2d day of August was clear and bright, and the sea smooth. The cry of "a sail!" brought all minds to attention. But, alas! it was not to revive the old scenes. The Shenandoah had done her last work, and the now oncoming craft was to bring to us tidings of consternation and despair. She showed the English flag, but this to us was a small matter. Half our prizes had done this. Her double top-sail yards (a Yankee rig) were thought sufficient identity. She proved, however, to be the English ship Barracoutta, two days out from San Francisco. Her captain informed our boarding officer that the war was over, and produced New York and San Francisco papers, telling us for the first time of the great and closing scenes of the fearful drama; the surrender of Lee; the capture of Richmond; the assassination of Lincoln, and the final collapse of the Confederacy. Quick as thought, Captain Waddell now swung his guns between decks, closed the port holes, and the Shenandoah was again a craft of peace. A council of officers was now held to decide what

course to pursue. The opinion of each was asked and given. Some were in favor of sailing to Melbourne; others for Valparaiso, or New Zealand. Captain Waddell, although in the minority, decided in favor of Liverpool. We had no flag and no country, but we had sailed from England, and to England we would now return. We were not aware that from one of the bonded ships which we had sent to San Francisco with the crews of herself and others had gone the word by telegraph to Washington of our depredations, and that President Johnson had issued a proclamation of outlawry against us.

ALTERED CONDITION.

The crew of the Shenandoah were now all called aft, and Captain Waddell, in a brief address, told them of our altered condition, and of his decision to sail to Liverpool. The men gave three cheers to their commander, and pressed forward to their duties with a will, while the ship's prow was pointed to Cape Horn. On our way we sighted many ships; some nearing us would send up signals, but would receive no answer. We had lost our voice and manners with our occupation, and all we thought of now was to get to the other side of this terrestrial globe as soon as possible. We had but seven days' coal supply, and must husband this for an emergency. It came in rounding Cape Horn, when we were obliged by stress of weather to fall upon its use. We now laid our course for our destination, and every day was closing in the miles that separated us from our fate. How far the world had gone in the last few months we did not know. We had been beyond its pale. And now, wanderers without a home, we had not even that which usually follows successful privateering—money, for we had sailed against the flag of the United States, not to plunder its citizens, but to destroy its commerce. We were imbued with no grasping thoughts of wealth. The success of our cause was what we had sailed for, and now that we had no cause, we were poor indeed. What we had done was all under the open mandate of honorable warfare, recognized as such by the oldest and most powerful of the maritime and naval nations, when she declared we were belligerents, thus recognizing that the flag we bore was a national flag. But, on the other hand, we knew the United States had never recognized the Southern States to be in secession, and, inasmuch as we were unsuccessful, we could hardly know what to expect. But the vastness of the movement, greater in extent and completion of

design than anything in history, embodying within itself millions of men who had sprung full armed and as in one step to war, was beyond the pale of international or of national precedent.

THE LOST CAUSE.

"Then, too, we felt something must be expected of the great nation that had allowed its people to enter heart and soul into our cause. Would she stand by us now in our day of trial? These were our varying thoughts and hopes against the uncertain future, when on the 5th of November land was descried. Up from the water rose the Welsh hills. Distance lending her charm to their purpling heather, smoothed down their rough exterior as they rose from the water, bright in the autumn sunlight. Now the clear headlands of the Anglesey, rising high out of St. George's channel, stood more near, and a pilot swept alongside. He asked us to show our flag. We say we have no flag. Then answers the servant of the nations, 'Cannot go on board your ship.' A hurried consultation—an anxious exchange of inquiring looks—what shall we do now—we have but one flag—shall we raise it? It was the flag to which we had sworn allegiance. Shall we lift it once more to the breeze, in defiance of the world—if needs be—and, defying all, be constant to that cause which we had sworn to maintain until we knew there was no Confederacy, and that ours, in truth, was a lost cause? 'We will,' say all hearts with one 'acclaim.' 'And let this pilot, or any other refuse to recognize us if they will.' Then, for the last time, was brought up from its treasured place below, the sacred banner of the fair South, to wave its last defiant wave, and flap its last ensanguined flap against the winds of fate, before going forever upon the page of history. Out upon the free day it flashed, and the far shores of England seemed to answer its brave appeal—that the banner that had led 1,000,000 men to many victorious battles should now have one more and final recognition, should once more be recognized a flag among the flags of nations. The grim old sea-dog, tossing his boat at stern, beholds go up the outlawed banner! He sees it floating in the wild, free air, and anticipates his England's decision that it shall be recognized for this one last time. He calls for a line, swings himself over the old war-ship's side, and up the noble Mersey, thirteen months after the departure from the Thames, and just six months,

lacking four days, after the war ended, sailed the Confederate ship-of-war, Shenandoah."

TURNED OVER.

"Half way up the river a fleet of English men-of-war lay anchored in the channel. The pilot was directed to bring his vessel alongside the flagship—Her Majesty's frigate Donegal, Captain Painter. Surrendering to that officer, Captain Waddell immediately dispatched a note to Earl Russell, at that time Premier, stating his situation; that at the close of the hostilities he was engaged in open war far away from any means of communication with the world, and that as soon as he was informed of the tide of events he had headed his ship for England; that it would have been imprudent for him to have sailed for a United States port, having only a newspaper report of the close of hostilities. Uncertain what to do, he had sailed for England. He did not feel that he could destroy his ship, or give her over to any nation but to the United States, into whose hands, by the fortune of war, all property of the late Confederacy had fallen. He had sought for light in the books at his command, but could find none. History, he thought, left him no precedent. Three days of intense suspense followed, when we were informed that all who answered to the question, 'What nationality?' and should answer 'Southerner,' should be entitled to leave the ship. Of course, all answered, as they were instructed, and officers and crew parted as they had met on that Liverpool dock thirteen months before.

"The ship was turned over to the United States Consul, at Liverpool, who tried to send her to America, but she refused. Three days out she encountered a heavy storm, and returned in a battered condition. After some months lying elephant-like on the hands of the American Government, she was sold at auction to the Sultan of Zanzibar, who used her as a pleasure craft. But some years later, as if disgusted with a life of such ignoble ease, she suddenly foundered with all on board.

"Such is the history of the Shenandoah and her historic cruise. She had in her short career circumnavigated the globe, had printed the memory of the Stars and Bars upon every sea, and, from sunland never changing tropic skies to the fair Arctic zone, the boom of her gun had commanded the marine of her enemy to surrender.

JAMES RILEY.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, January 2, 1894.]

A DESPERATE DASH.

Capture and Reoccupation of the Howlett House in 1864.

The Gallant Achievement of Colonel Morrison* and Captain Hudgin and Their Commands Without Any Orders.

On the 16th day of June, 1864, when Grant's flank movement across the James river threatened Petersburg, and it was found necessary to send forces to defend that city, which was in imminent peril from an attack on the east, Confederate troops were withdrawn from General Butler's front, on the Bermuda Hundreds line, and hurried across the Appomattox to foil the Federal forces. The exigencies of the occasion were so urgent and unexpected, that no troops could be mustered immediately to replace those sent from the north of the Appomattox river to defend Petersburg, and for a short time the entire line of defence—reaching from Howlett's house, on the James river, to the Appomattox—was left exposed and defenceless. To fill this gap and reoccupy the deserted works, as above described, Pickett's Division, in General R. H. Anderson's Corps, was hastened to the south side of James river, and advanced down the turnpike towards Chester station and Petersburg, with orders to push back the enemy when found, so as to occupy and hold the line in Butler's front, if possible, without bringing on an engagement.

When Corse's Brigade, of Pickett's Division, had reached a point on the pike between Chester station and Bermuda Hundreds, and nearly opposite to the Howlett House, on James river, a halt was made, and an order given for a skirmish line to be thrown out on the east of the pike, and to advance almost at right angles with it towards the river. The Fifteenth Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel E. M. Morrison, was detailed for that service, but his regiment being a small one, at that time depleted from long and active service, Company F, of the Thirtieth Virginia Infantry, commanded by Captain

*"R. H.," in the *Dispatch* of Jan. 14, 1894, whilst admitting that the account is "full and accurate in the main," claims that "Captain J. D. Waid of the Hanover Grays commanded the skirmish line 'on that occasion,' and not Colonel Morrison who was absent and did not take command until the following morning."—ED.

J. M. Hudgin (sharpshooters), was ordered to report to Colonel Morrison, who, though not actually present when the order was given to his regiment, rode up in time to assume command as it, with Company F on the left, was being deployed preparatory to an advance. The instructions given to Colonel Morrison were to move forward and locate the enemy, who were reported as coming in heavy forces from the Bermuda Hundreds line of fortifications towards the Richmond and Petersburg pike and railroad.

PROMPT AND CAUTIOUS.

The orders given to Colonel Morrison and Captain Hudgin were to move cautiously but promptly in the direction of the enemy, veering towards the river flank, so as to prevent a surprise in that direction, and when the enemy were found to halt and report back to General Corse without engaging them, if it could be avoided.

This precaution was thought necessary, no doubt, because the enemy were known to be in heavy force at the Bermuda Hundreds, and a severe battle at that time and place might seriously interfere with the movements of Confederate troops that were hurrying to the defence of Petersburg along the pike and railroad.

The space between the pike and James river over which Morrison's men had to advance was broken surface, and heavily wooded most of the way.

To prevent surprise and disaster, therefore, it was thought best to move as quickly as possible (though slow at best), and at the same time to be very cautious and guarded. To locate the enemy, but not to attack them, was the object of this movement, and as soon as their position was definitely ascertained Colonel Morrison was to report back to General Corse in the rear.

Under these directions Colonel Morrison's little command was ordered to advance, and after he and Captain Hudgin had carefully instructed the officers and men what was the object of the movement, for each and all had to know and understand how important it was to be very vigilant and wily in the execution of the manœuvre, the movement commenced. As well as I can remember now, the sun was between one and two hours high when the command started. At intervals it was so rolling and broken that the whole line was frequently retarded by tangled brush, undergrowth, and briars that

stood in the way, and particularly was this the case in the centre and on the left of the line as it neared the river.

Under such hindrances and embarrassments the little band of skirmishers moved forward to hunt the enemy, far in advance of the main army, that lay back towards the turnpike, awaiting information as to where the Federal forces were to be found.

THE ENEMY IN FORCE.

Just before sunset, as the skirmish line approached the river and Howlett House line of entrenchments, that had been recently evacuated by General Beauregard's forces, the enemy were found in force. They had advanced some little distance over the Confederate works, and had located themselves a few hundred yards in front of them, and most of the troops had stacked arms, and many were in a reclining and careless position—not expecting an attack.

The Confederate reconnoissance had up to this time been so successfully executed that no discovery had been made by the Federals that the Confederates were upon them. When this was accomplished and a halt made, Colonel Morrison passed to the left of the line and interviewed Captain Hudgin, whose line rested on the river, to know if his left flank was safe from surprise. It was then near sunset. The main line of Corse's brigade was nearly if not quite a mile away in the rear. Before communication could be had with General Corse it would be dark, and the Federal forces could in all probability discover the Confederate position and attack it. Our force was weak and far from support. The other force was strong and close to breastworks.

While Colonel Morrison and Captain Hudgin were in conference as to what should be done, many of the officers and men importuned them to make an immediate attack. The sun was dropping behind the hills. It was too late to get support from the rear; besides, it would take a strong force a long time to move in line of battle through the woods over broken ground to the point of attack. There was no time for long deliberation. Any moment the Confederate position might be discovered and preparations made not only to repel an assault, but to completely overwhelm and gobble up the little "army of observation."

A DESPERATE DASH.

Under all the circumstances it was thought best by Colonel Morri-

son and Captain Hudgin to go forward and make a bold and aggressive movement before discovery was made of Morrison's position, and to take the chances of success despite existing orders. It was a desperate dash against desperate odds; it was a rush for victory against orders; it was a crash for country regardless of censure or consequences.

Quickly the word went down the line, "Prepare for fight." A moment more the rebel yell rang out on the evening air, followed by the rattling roll of musketry. Morrison, Hudgin, and the brave officers of the Fifteenth regiment led the charge, and for fifteen or twenty minutes the battle raged.

Thin woods and open fields lay between the assailants and the breastworks a distance of some 500 or 600 yards, so that if the Federals sheltered behind the fortifications in their rear almost certain destruction awaited the thin and slender line of Confederates that ventured to attack a full line of battle, though the former, it is true, were unprepared for attack.

As the men rushed forward to the assault it was indeed a moment of intense and awful anxiety.

Will the Federals flee behind their own breastworks about half a mile away, or will they rally behind the Confederate works in their immediate rear and stay the skirmish-line as it advances? The latter seemed most reasonable and rational, because they had numbers and arms and position to secure success. Cool courage on the part of the Federals would have enabled them to kill and capture every man in Morrison's command.

There was no time for timid men to think. It was short, sharp and decisive work. The enemy was surprised and demoralized at such a desperate venture.

FLED IN CONFUSION.

They fired a volley as a parting shot, but they fled in confusion. The boys in gray rushed after them like demons and drove them over the works, across the fields, and back into the Butler fortifications at Bermuda Hundreds.

By twilight Morrison and Hudgin walked the heavy earthworks in apparent serenity, but with profoundly anxious hearts and apprehensions. They knew they had only a thin line of skirmishers to guard this important strategic position on the James.

The men were posted at long intervals in the trenches, and a few pickets placed in front of and on top of the works to prevent surprise and disaster.

Men and officers saw and appreciated at a glance the great advantage gained by opportune movement, and they resolved instinctively to defend and hold the Howlett-House fortifications to the death, if necessary, until reinforcements came.

All kept guard that night because the force was too weak and scattered for any to sleep.

Word was sent back to General Corse that his "disobedient boys" were in the Howlett-House entrenchments. He was slow to believe it, and only when he came in person with his command next morning could he realize what a clever swoop had been made by a handful of bold, dashing fellows of rebel proclivities.

General Corse didn't reprimand the boys at all for flagrant violation of orders. Perhaps he forgot to do so.

By the way, there were not many better men or braver officers in the Army of Northern Virginia than M. D. Corse, of Alexandria, and his soldiors admired and loved him with a sort of filial affection. They had several nick-names for him.

IMPORTANT ADVANTAGE.

Now, that achievement has never been properly noticed in print, in my judgment, so far as the men and officers engaged in it were concerned, because it secured without much bloodshed a most important advantage to Lee's army on the James. It established the Confederate line at Howlett's House were elaborate earthworks for infantry, artillery, and heavy siege-guns were erected for the defence of Richmond. It was one of the strongest positions on the river to guard against naval approaches, and it was afterwards constructed into a fort (Howlett House battery), with heavy guns to keep the enemy's iron-clads at bay.

I cannot recall all of the officers of the Fifteenth Regiment that took part in this adventure, but I do remember Major Hammett Clarke, Captains Allen M. Lyon, M. W. Hazlewood, J. M. Gunn, G. H. Charters, J. C. Govers, John Vannerson; Lieutenants A. L. Phillips, J. K. Fussell, A. L. Lumsden, E. M. Dunnavant, W. L. Smith, Peter Bowles, B. B. Bumpass, P. H. Hall, John Dansie, ——

Parsley, and others, all of whom were from Richmond and its vicinity.

SECURED THE KEY.

The next day the Confederate troops extended the line to the Appomattox river, but not without sharp fighting and some severe losses of men and officers. The lodgment at Howlett's, however, as heretofore described, had secured the key to the situation, and this enabled the Confederates to force back Butler into his entrenchment all along the line, where he was kept closely shut up until the lines were finally evacuated in 1865.

Failure on the part of the Fifteenth Regiment to drive back the enemy at Howlett's and hold that position, as it did, on the evening of the 16th of June, might have worked disastrous consequences to the Confederates the next day, for the position was a strong one, and well fortified. It was flanked by the river, with precipitous banks, and could be guarded by Federal gun-boats, so that it would have been well nigh impregnable if properly defended by brave and adequate forces. Butler could have placed these there in a few hours. McCabe's history and the orders issued by General Lee at the time will throw interesting light on this important transaction.

BEAUREGARD'S RESPONSIBILITY.

McCabe's History of Lee and His Campaigns, page 508, says "General Lee had ordered General Beauregard not to evacuate his line until Anderson's Corps, then moving from Richmond, should relieve him," but as the demand for troops at Petersburg was so urgent, and there was no prospect that Anderson would get up in time, General Beauregard assumed the responsibility of withdrawing his command into Petersburg. Butler then taking advantage of this withdrawal, occupied the Confederate works.

* * * * * * * * *

"General Lee did not wish to bring on an engagement at this point, and sent word to Pickett to halt. These orders were transmitted to the troops, but were of no avail. Pickett's men dashed on in spite of the efforts of their officers to stop them, and in a fierce, impetuous charge, drove Butler back into his own works, and re-established Beauregard's line."

These achievements drew out two complimentary orders from Gen-

eral Lee, of the 17th of June, 1864, that go very far to explain this transaction, and these orders reflect imperishable honor on the dash and gallantry of Pickett's Division. (See McCabe's History, pages 508 and 509.

A HOWLETT-HOUSE SURVIVOR.

[From the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal-Advance*, April 27, 1893.]

THE DEFENDERS OF VICKSBURG.

A Monument to Their Memory Unveiled at Vicksburg, Mississippi, April 25, 1893.

Exercises on the Occasion, With Addresses by Lieut.-General Stephen D. Lee, and Ex-Governor M. F. Lowry.

While the South was still bleeding and impoverished, and at a time when the horrors of war were still fresh in the memories of all, the patriotic women of Vicksburg organized the Confederate Cemetery Association, and securing a large and beautiful plat in the city cemetery, northeast of the city, began removing the remains of such of their gallant defenders as had fallen during the siege to this hallowed place of interment. This work was continued for years, in fact, is still in progress, for whenever the relics of a departed soldier are found they are taken from the place where they were hastily interred and laid to rest among the thousands of comrades already sleeping there.

At the same time this noble sisterhood formed the design of erecting a fitting monument to the dead, a design which was cherished for many years, money was slowly accumulated, as could be spared from more pressing necessities, and last spring the association let the contract. This was secured by the Hill City Marble Works, whose design for the structure was also accepted. A few months later the corner-stone was laid by the Masonic order of the State in the presence of a great assemblage.

The execution of the association's order was a work of some magnitude, and progressed slowly. It was necessary to have the statue carved in Italy, which caused some delay, and, moreover, the designer, Mr. A. A. Menezes, regarded the work as his masterpiece, and was desirous of having it as perfect as possible. The new year, therefore, was well advanced before the work was done and the finished monument placed on the site, a tribute to the Southern men who defended the city through those terrible days of siege, erected by the women who saw their heroism, and who had fed them when hungry, nursed them in sickness and when wounded, and, in many instances, closed their eyes when death had claimed them. Together they had borne the horrors of the siege, even more horrible, perhaps, to the non-combatant than to the soldier; for both shared the same privations, and neither age nor sex was safe from the iron shower that poured down, night and day, into the beleagured city. Having done what they could to comfort them while living, and having mourned them dead, the latest care of these devoted women was to adorn the last resting place of those who wore the gray.

Preparations for the event had long been in progress. Major-General S. D. Lee, by request, issued a general order inviting all Confederate veterans to attend. Special rates were obtained from railroads and steamboats. Distinguished speakers were secured to address the audience, and numerous committees gave their attention for weeks to the details that make success.

The result abundantly justified these patriotic efforts, the attendance being gratifyingly large and the enthusiasm displayed immeasurable. The program was singularly appropriate, and no ceremonies could have been more impressive. A large and brilliant assemblage, able and popular speakers, a considerable military display, one of the finest bands of music in the South and a large and thoroughly trained choir—all lent their aid to render the event a memorable one.

At noon, by special invitation of the ladies, the veterans and the visiting military assembled in the rotunda of the Vicksburg Hotel, where a collation, spread for a thousand guests, awaited them. This was a very happy feature of the program, and was served by the ladies, who were assiduous in attention to their guests.

It was fully 3 P. M. before the procession was formed, and the march to the cemetery, a mile and a half distant, was commenced.

The Monument.

Description of the Shaft that Commemorates Southern Valor.

The body of the monument is of white Italian marble, adorned with four reversed cannon, and as many piles of balls of Tennessee marble. The statue of a Confederate soldier which crowns its summit was carved at Carrara, Italy, and is singularly life-like in pose and feature. The hands rest on the old familiar rifle; the head is bent forward; the feet are placed somewhat apart, as if firmly planted on rugged surface. It is a typical figure, and such a one as might have been seen on a thousand battle-fields during the war. The statue faces the South.

On the disc of the monument appears the following inscription:

Front—In memory of the men from all States of the South who fell in defence of Vicksburg during a siege of forty-seven days—May 18 to July 3, 1863—a defence unsurpassed in the annals of war for heroism, endurance of hardships and patriotic devotion.

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay,
Whether unknown or known to fame,
They died, and they wore the gray.

Right—

Here rest some few of those who, vainly brave,
Died for the land they loved, but could not save.

Left—

Our dead are mourned forever!
Through all the future ages, in history and in story,
Their fame shall shine, their name shall twine; they need no greater glory.
Tenderly fall our tears over their lifeless clay:
Here lie the dead who fought and bled and fell in garbs of gray.
Ours the fate of the vanished, whose heartaches never cease.
Ours regrets and tears; theirs the eternal peace.

Before the Unveiling.

Assembled Veterans Entertained—March to the Monument.

The morning dawned cloudy and threatening, A heavy shower fell, but the storm center soon passed away. Visitors had arrived in large numbers during the previous night, among them General S. D.

Lee and S. W. Ferguson, with several delegations of veterans. The Jeff Davis Volunteers also arrived from Fayette and met a hearty welcome. To-day two trains from Jackson and Meridian brought large accessions to the gathering, which was additionally recruited by large arrivals by steamers from Natchez, Greenville and points along the river. The day having been declared a holiday, the entire population of the city was out to receive the visitors, and the streets were thronged.

Ex-Governor Lowry, State Treasurer Evans and Auditor Stone, arrived by the early train from Jackson, and were received with a salute by the artillery, and with unbounded enthusiasm, both being very popular here.

During the morning the survivors of the First Mississippi Artillery held an interesting meeting, and there were many other events of a similar nature.

At noon the visiting veterans assembled at the Vicksburg Hotel for luncheon. The beautiful rotunda had been draped with flags and bunting, and adorned with a wealth of flowers. Tables were spread over its entire extent, and 600 persons were provided for simultaneously.

THE GENEROUS LADIES.

Nothing more creditable to the hospitality of Vicksburg ladies was ever seen than this spontaneous offering to the heroes of the war. Fifty lovely girls, the daughters of veterans, served the veterans, and besides many matrons officiated. In the center of the rotunda a cross-shaped table was surrounded by the more distinguished guests.

It was 2 P. M., and the feast was over when the signal was given to form the procession, and the marshal and his aides began their arduous duties. Finally, the procession was formed and took up its march to the cemetery, a mile and a half away. It was the largest and most impressive scene witnessed here in many years. Some of the veteran organizations carried their old battle-flags, conspicuous among them being that of Swett's battery, which only yesterday draped the casket of the gallant Pegram. In the procession, on a float draped with flags and bunting, rode fifteen beautiful girls, representing the Southern States. After a tedious march the Confederate Cemetery was reached, and breaking ranks, the procession gathered around the monument. The assemblage was immense, and there were few vacant spots to be seen anywhere.

The Exercises Begin.

Rev. Father Picherit, a Veteran, Delivers the Prayer.

Suddenly the hum of voices ceased, and mounting the rostrum, the Rev Father H. A. Picherit, himself a veteran and chaplain of a Confederate regiment throughout the war, delivered the following prayer:

Almighty God, master of life and death. I thank thee that, in thy mercy, thou hast permitted me to live long enough to see this day! And here, on the banks of the mighty Mississippi, above which bold Vicksburg lifts her haughty brow to catch the sun's first rays or the shower's first kiss; a city consecrated by the blood of the martyred dead whose ashes make sacred our country to the God of Liberty; for so many weary months the battlefield of the fiercest conflicts; ennobled by her historical recollections, and so often reddened by the blood of our brothers who fought for her freedom and died for her glory; I bless thee, O Lord, that I can once more meet my comrades and pay a last tribute of honor and gratitude to the Confederate soldiers who lie buried in this holy spot!

May my right hand lose its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if ever I forget thee, Historic City, that hast gathered into thy motherly bosom the sacred bones of my brothers and guardest the precious dust of my people! City of martyrs and heroes, land of chivalry, be thou ever happy and prosperous!

I praise thee, O, God of might, and I thank thee for the exalted patriotism which thou didst infuse into the hearts and souls of our gallant soldiers, the bravest of the brave, who threw themselves fearlessly between the enemy and our women and children, determined not to surrender nor retreat! Dear departed comrades, well did you redeem your pledge with the forfeit of your lives, falling, the chosen sacrifice of Vicksburg's freedom!

I pray thee, O God, grant that our children may never lose the memory of these our city's defenders, a nobler band than the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae. For us they shed their blood, for our constitutional rights they poured out their lives! Noble band of martyrs, your souls went out in the cause of our city and of our country! You may be without a name in the world, but each of you has a place from which no one can ever dislodge you: the heart of a grateful Vicksburg!

I pray thee, O God, to bless the declining years of the old Con-

federate soldiers, many of them still bearing the scars of hard-fought battles, who, holding with the majority of American people the doctrine of State sovereignty, committed no treason, being guilty of no rebellion, who yielded only to superior numbers and resources, beaten but not disgraced, proving themselves in war and defeat what they are—real Americans! May their deeds of valor be ever held as the most precious inheritance of our reunited country!

I thank thee, O God, who teaches mercy and forgiveness, that thou hast given us, the survivors of a just though lost cause, greatness of mind and generosity of heart—such as to enable us to fold tenderly in the bosom of our consecrated soil the mortal remains of our conquerors, who now lie side by side with our conquered fathers and sons, the Mississippi river chanting a peaceful though solemn requiem over both.

Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel the blue,
  Under the willow the gray.

I thank thee, O God of might, that thou hast also given us the grace and the strength, if not to forget, at least to forgive the wrongs done to us! I bless the God of peace for that boon, that in brotherly love we now clasp each other's hands across the dark chasm of an unfortunate past, and the same dear old flag floats over our heads, Confederates and Federals paying a common homage to its sacred folds! I thank the God of mercy that his holy angels have stolen the bitterness of defeat from the vanquished and the memory of victory from the conquerors!

I pray thee, O Almighty God, who, through Jesus Christ, hast revealed thy glory to all nations to preserve forever the unity of our country! I pray thee, O God of wisdom and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered and laws enacted, assist, with thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude, our beloved President Cleveland, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to the people over whom he presides. May the light of thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, and may perpetuate the blessings of equal liberty!

Finally, I pray thee, O God of goodness, bless, oh bless with a bountiful hand the patriotic and devoted women of Vicksburg, who,

with fearless courage, braved the dangers and sufferings of our immortal siege, shared their crumb of bread with the starving soldiers, with imploring looks and cheerful words strengthened their enfeebled arms and nerved them to deeds of heroism unparalleled in history; and who, now at last, after years of perseverance and toil, have succeeded in erecting this beautiful monument to the memory of our comrades who laid down their lives in defense of their honor and of their liberty!

To the God of the fearless and free I dedicate this monument. May its marble statue of a private soldier speak, to endless generations, of the patriotism of Vicksburg women, and the heroism of the men who died for us that we might be free! Amen.

General S. D. Lee's Address.

A Splendid Tribute Paid to the Defenders of Vicksburg.

An involuntary burst of applause followed Father Picherit's impassioned deliverance and had scarcely subsided when General S. D. Lee, the hero of Chickasaw Bayou, was presented to the audience, amid cheers which made the hills ring again. His address, which was frequently interrupted by cheering, occupied about half an hour, and was as follows:

My Friends: It is with pride and pleasure we meet to-day in your city!

Already there are two Vicksburgs—the busy commercial center of the present—and the "heroic city" of the past.

Charleston! Vicksburg! Richmond! These three are the immortal cities of the South. The deeds of daring, of heroism and disaster, that were such every day occurrences in the "sixties," are crystalized into history, and even we, the survivors, can see the halo of glory that environs them.

There is many a veteran here to-day that wore a gray jacket and carried a musket in the trenches, and can point out just where this comrade fell or where that assault was made. I was here myself, and can recall with the feeling of an eye witness all that occurred in those days. It seems almost a dream, in this calm sunlight, that once these hills were covered with trenches and campfires; that the air resounded with the call of the bugle and the roll of the drum;

of the sharpshooter. Where is the dark cloud of blue uniforms that that night and day we heard the boom of the cannon and the crack fringed the horizon like a cloud of ill omen—75,000 men encircling the city? And where are the 20,000 gray uniforms that resisted? The gunboats that thundered by the batteries—the mortars that lit up the darkness with fiery meteors? Seventeen thousand Federals rest in yonder National Cemetery. Who can find the unknown graves where the Confederates rest in the trenches? This is holy ground—every hero laid down his life conscientiously as a sacred duty. We, the survivors, and this glorious assembly, meet to-day to unveil a monument in their honor, to commemorate the invincible courage with which they endured hardships into danger and death. Nobler men never drew breath than those whom the green grass covers from sight. Memory recalls those stirring scenes to the survivors of those bloody days. Many here recollect Baker's Creek, Port Gibson, and Chickasaw Bayou. And how the circle narrowed around us, until the entire force was entrenched in the city of Vicksburg. Then began the siege that gave her hills a world-wide fame, which will go ringing down the ages. For forty-seven days and nights the Confederates lay in the trenches, slowly starving on scanty rations that diminished with no hope of replenishing; when shot and shell were poured into the doomed city, and our ammunition was giving out, and no more to be had; when the slain were buried where they fell, and no reinforcements to take their places.

WAR TIMES RECALLED.

July 4th, 1863—nearly thirty years ago. Can you realize it? We, their comrades, were then young, ambitious, anxious for glory and promotion. Now gray hairs crown our heads, and we scan these scenes with calmer pulses. All we recall is gone—vanished utterly! We stand again upon the soil of Vicksburg, glorious in her past and present. Once she was a wealthy commercial centre—noted for refinement and cultivation, wealth and hospitality—a queen enthroned upon the hills. Now, ennobled by her misfortunes, almost destroyed by shot and shell, scarred by battle, she stands the "heroic city" of the South. Shattered almost to extinction, see how she has revived. Energy and brains have more than restored her former glory. She gave herself a willing sacrifice on the altar of her country. She has risen from her ruins again a queen. Suppose we

refresh our memories by glancing over the records of those days; let us look back to May 1, 1862.

The Confederacy was appalled to hear that the great fleet under Farragut and the large army under Butler had entered the Mississippi river at the mouth; had reduced Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and had arrived at New Orleans, and taken possession of the defenseless city. The Mississippi, which split the Confederacy in twain, was open to them as far up as Memphis and Fort Pillow—the only two points left held by the Confederates. Vicksburg on the hills at once loomed up as the only defensible point between Memphis and New Orleans, but no garrison was there, no forts, but few defenses of any kind, save the high bluffs and hills. A few regiments were hurried there on receiving news of the fall of New Orleans, as also heavy guns and ammunition. They had scarce arrived there, and had not exceeding six batteries mounted, when the Federal fleet and transports made their appearance, on the 18th day of May.

Three mighty efforts were made by the United States government to capture Vicksburg. This was the beginning of the first attempt. The fleet and flotilla consisted of the sloops of war, gunboats and mortar-boats, which had captured the strong forts at the mouth of the river, and numbered thirty-five vessels, including eighteen or nineteen mortar-boats for throwing shells, and transports bearing an army of 3,000 men. And, as if to add to the calamities of the Confederates, Fort Pillow and Memphis also fell soon after their arrival below Vicksburg, and the entire Mississippi gunboat squadron from the upper river began to arrive, consisting of ironclads, wooden gunboats, mortar-boats, rams and other vessels, making in the aggregate, above and below the city, near 200 heavy guns on the water. The few regiments and batteries at Vicksburg were not reinforced until about June 28th, when General Van Dorn arrived with General Breckinridge's division.

CRITICAL PERIOD.

Previous to his arrival, which was the most critical period in the history of the city, General M. L. Smith, the accomplished soldier and engineer, did all that mortal man could do with the means at his disposal, but he had little with which to do anything. From the 18th of May to the 18th of July, two months, these two grand naval squadrons almost uninterruptedly bombarded and shelled the apparently doomed city. On June 28th, a supreme effort was made to take the city. The

sloops of war and other vessels steamed up near the city, and, in its front, delivering broadside after broadside in quick succession of shot, shell and grape, depending upon their distance; Farragut passing above the city with eight vessels, the few Confederate batteries replying, and the sharp-shooters along the banks keeping up an incessant fusillade. The scene on this occasion was grand beyond description, lasting two hours; the roar of cannon was continuous and deafening. Loud explosions shook the city to its foundation. Shot and shell went hissing and tearing through the trees and walls, scattering fragments far and wide in their terrible flight. Men, women and children rushed into the streets; and amid the crash of falling houses, left the city for the country for safety.

Again, on July 15th occurred one of the most brilliant naval feats recorded in the annals of naval warfare. The Confederate iron-clad gunboat Arkansas, commanded by Capt. Isaac N. Brown, ran out of the mouth of the Yazoo river and single-handed attacked the whole Federal fleet, including Farragut's squadron of eight vessels and Admiral Davies' gunboat fleet of twelve vessels, nearly every one of which carried heavier metal. The very audacity of the exploit confounded the fleet. The Arkansas fought and butted its way through all the vessels under one of the most concentrated cannonades ever centered on a single vessel, and drew up at the wharf at Vicksburg under protection of its batteries, having lost one-half its crew. This brilliant act capped the climax, and necessitated immediate action on the part of the two fleets, above and below the city. At dark on the same day the vessels of Farragut's fleet, eight vessels, which had passed up the river on the 28th of June, began their descent to strengthen the fleet south of the city. Again the cannonade was deafening and continuous, and these vessels in a passing of one hour poured broadside after broadside into the city and into the single Confederate gunboat at the wharf. This time, however, the broadside of the Arkansas supplemented the land batteries. On July 18th two of the Federal vessels steamed down the river to the Arkansas in front of the city and tried to cut her out or destroy her. It was a most gallant attempt, but failed, one of the attacking vessels being sunk.

This closed the first attempt to take Vicksburg, and the fleets disappeared July 26th for some time. Singular to say, only seven Confederates were killed and fifteen wounded, and one lady killed (Mrs. Gamble), during the whole attack.

TO THE GLORY OF VICKSBURG.

Let it now be recorded, to the glory of the citizens of Vicksburg, that when the Federal vessels hove in sight on the 18th day of May, 1862, that without exception, men and women, old and young, rich and poor, with one voice said: "The city must be defended, even if all our houses and property are destroyed." This decision and this spirit lasted to the end, July 4, 1863, when the city fell. The ladies and their families who remained in the city during this terrible ordeal lived most of the times in holes or openings dug in the hills, known as rat holes, near their houses, and never was a murmur heard from one of them or a complaint of a hardship.

The second attempt was a more formidable one, and began in November, 1862. This time an army of 35,000 men, accompanied by the Mississippi gunboat squadron, attempted to take the city unprepared, and by a dash down the river from Memphis, while General Grant, at Oxford, Miss., with 50,000 men, confronted the Confederate army of only 21,000 effective men at Grenada. He caused General Sherman to organize his army at Memphis and move down the Mississippi river to Vicksburg, leaving Memphis about the 18th of December, 1862. These two large armies were to act in conjunction, Grant moving down what is known as the Illinois Central railroad, and attacking the Confederate army in his immediate presence, so no reinforcements could be sent to the relief of Vicksburg, while Sherman was to go in boats with his army, and land and take the city before its small garrison could be reinforced. The gunboat fleet which accompanied the transports bearing Sherman's army, and including them, made up the large number of about 120 river boats.

It looked as if the city could not escape this time, as these two large armies moved from different directions, co-operating with each other, and toward Vicksburg as the objective point. But the compaign was a short and decisive one, and both movements were defeated. Before Sherman started the Confederate cavalry, under General Forest, about December 11th, destroyed sixty miles of railroad between Jackson, Tenn., and Columbus, Ky., and soon after Sherman left Memphis the Confederate cavalry, under General Van Dorn, dashed around the flank of Grant's army, attacked and seized his depot of supplies for his army at Holly Springs, burned them up or utterly

destroyed them (December 20th), necessitating the falling back of Grant's army to Memphis for supplies.

SHERMAN APPEARS.

Sherman appeared in the Yazoo river on Christmas day, his transports, guarded front, flank and rear by Porter's gunboat fleet, disembarked his army on the banks of the Yazoo at the mouth of Chickasaw Bayou, eight miles from Vicksburg. When he landed General Smith did not have 5,000 effective men in the city, including the troops manning the heavy batteries. The infantry brigade, 2,500 men, protecting the batteries, was at once pushed out of the city to confront Sherman's army of 33,000 men and sixty guns, covering a line of thirteen miles, between the city and Snyder's Bluff, on the Yazoo river, where not a spade full of dirt had been thrown, nor were there fortifications of any kind, except at Snyder's Bluff.

By the morning of the 27th, three infantry brigades had arrived to assist in defending the city, and were moved out to cover the ground from the race course to Chickasaw Bayou. No others arrived till December 29th. The bayous and low lands where Sherman was operating presented great obstacles to his progress, but on December 29th he attacked the Confederates, the main attack being delivered at Chickasaw Bayou, six miles from Vicksburg, by two of his divisions numbering 20,000 men. This attack was signally repulsed by one Confederate brigade and eight light guns, with a loss to Sherman of 1,439 killed, wounded and missing, and seven stands of colors. This single trial decided the second attempt, as Sherman imagined he saw the bluff's fortifications, where none existed, but really only a few rifle pits hurriedly thrown up by the troops after arrival on the ground.

He re-embarked his army on his transports, and disappeared from before Vicksburg about the 3d of January, 1863. His loss in the several days' fighting was 2,200 men killed, wounded and missing, and a loss to the Confederates of less than 200.

The third and successful attempt to take the city was at once inaugurated by General Grant himself, who, early in January, 1863, moved part of his army which had been in the vicinity of Oxford (but had fallen back from Oxford to Memphis), down the Mississippi river, and uniting with Sherman's army, landed at Young's Point on the Louisiana side, not far above Vicksburg. These two united armies numbered 50,491 effective men, as shown by the returns, and

at the surrender of the city was about 75,669 men. Co-operating with Grant's army was the Mississippi river gunboat fleet under Admiral Porter, which with the transports and supply boats must have numbered 200 vessels—one of the grandest armies and flotillas combined that the world had ever seen. To this powerful military and naval force the Confederate Government could only oppose about 22,000 effective men at and in the vicinity of Vicksburg, with about thirty-seven siege guns in position on the river front. This is all the Confederates had till after grant landed in the vicinity of Port Gibson on the Mississippi side.

GRANT GROPED TO SUCCESS.

Grant with his great army and flotilla groped to success through many failures. He realized that Vicksburg could not be taken by gunboats or any armament on water. He attempted for several months to reach the high lands above the city with boats through Steele's Bayou, Deer Creek, Yazoo Pass, Coldwater and Tallahatchie rivers, and other bayous in the Yazoo Delta, and failed. He then tried cutting a canal opposite and below Vicksburg on the Louisiana side, so as to reach the high lands below Vicksburg with his boats. He failed in this also. He then adopted the bold plan of running gunboats and transports by the batteries of Vicksburg April 16th and 22d, and moved his great army down the river on the Louisiana side, and rapidly crossed it over opposite Port Gibson with the boats which had run by the batteries. After doing this he displayed good and bold generalship. General Pemberton was not prepared for this movement, and Grant soon ran over a small division of Confederate troops near Bayou Pierre under General Bowan, and marched a compact army of 50,000 men to Jackson, fifty miles east of Vicksburg, defeated and drove off about 6,000 men collected there to reinforce General Pemberton, under General Johnston, destroyed the railrords, and then turned and marched directly towards Vicksburg. General Pemberton only had the garrison of Vicksburg to operate against Grant after he crossed. He could only take 20,000 effectives out of the city to fight a battle, and the alternative was presented to him of either giving up the city, or taking the chances of fighting a battle with the greatest odds against him in the open field. He determined to take those chances, but the rapid and bold movements of Grant, after landing, really prevented a union of Pember-

ton's forces and the small reinforcements being collected by General Johnson, distant about fifty miles, with Grant's army virtually between them. Grant's movements were more rapid and decisive than those of the Confederate generals.

Pemberton marched his army to Edwards Depot, with his total effective force of 17,000 men, after leaving two small divisions in the city for its protection against a force operating on the Yazoo river. Pemberton was embarrassed by having no cavalry to observe and report movements of Grant's army. During all this time the rest of Grant's army continued to cross the river and join him from the Louisiana side. He came upon Pemberton unexpectedly near Baker's Creek, on May 16th, where his army had started to attack a column of Grant's at Dillon's, and at once overwhelmed and defeated him, and drove him into Vicksburg, inflicting considerable loss of men and material, appearing before the entrenchments of the city May 18th. He attempted to take the city by assaulting the entrenchments on two occasions immediately after his arrival, the most formidable assault being on May 22d; Admiral Porter's fleet on the river and Grant's field batteries preceded the assault by a cannonade of several hours. He was signally repulsed on both occasions with a loss of 4,000 men.

THE MEMORABLE SIEGE.

Then began the memorable siege of Vicksburg, lasting forty-seven days and nights, and which terminated by the surrender of the city July 4th, Grant's army being gradually reinforced by the arrival of four full divisions, from 50,000 to 75,000 men, and encircling the city on land side with about 220 guns in position. On the river front was Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats and mortar-boats, virtually surrounding the city with a sheet of bayonets and fire.

In the doomed city were 17,000 effective Confederatetroops, every man being in the trenches and at the guns, with one small reserve brigade to move from one endangered point to the other. General Johnston was at Jackson, fifty miles off, slowly collecting a small army of 25,000 men from Confederate armies pressed elsewhere, with which he hoped to relieve Pemberton, but which he knew he could not do. His force and Pemberton's, could they have been united just before the surrender, would not have exceeded 40,000 men, but Grant, with 75,000 was between them.

During the long siege Porter's fleet showered into the city day and night the largest shot known in modern warfare. Small rifle guns were in deep pits opposite the city, firing down the streets from the Louisiana side upon every one who was visible. The entrenched army on the land side, exposed to the continuous fire day and night of Grant's besieging infantry and artillery, their ranks being constantly thinned by shot and shell, not a man to spare from his place in the trenches, exposed to the burning sun and drenching rains and heavy dews, without shelter and rations—first reduced to one-half and then to one-quarter, and lastly to eating mule meat, growing less and less every day. Not even the size of a hand could be exposed without drawing the fire of many sharpshooters on either side.

As the siege advanced, sickness began to make its inroads, and finally, July 4th, the men being utterly worn out and exhaused, and sick from improper food and cramped position in the trenches, 8,000 men being on the sick report, the city surrendered. Twenty-nine thousand men were paroled, but of this number those in the trenches were scarcely fit for duty. Large numbers were quartermaster, commissary and hospital employees and attaches of the army.

The losses in this campaign, from General Grant's landing on the Mississippi side to the day before surrender, were 9,362 Federals, killed, wounded and missing, (Federals killed 1,514), and 9,059 Confederates, (killed 1,260).

VANQUISHED BY STARVATION.

Vanquished by starvation and overwhelming odds, both on land and water, reduced to a handful of men for duty, with scarce a supply of ammunition, the city was surrendered. No men ever failed more nobly. The press of England, prejudiced as it was against slave owners, loudly applauded the endurance and heroism of the defence, placing it equal to any siege in history, and never surpassed in the heroism of its defenders.

My friends, the Confederates not only fought the people of the Northern States, but the Federals had the world to back them. The sentiment of Europe was against slavery, and as a consequence "hands off" was the motto of the great powers, who might have recognized the Confederacy. The blockade of our coast by nearly 600 armed vessels, and the gunboats in every river, had an untold power of deprivation ; withheld everything—food, clothes, ammuni-

tion, arms, and medical supplies. The Confederates had an army in front and rear, and an exhaustion of all supplies to contend with, and odds in proportion of 2,778,404 enlisted men as against our 600,000 enlisted men, as admitted by the record. No human mind can tell what additional supplement was given in favor of the odds against the Confederacy by the blockading of vessels along the coast from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and the gunboat fleets in the rivers, running into the heart of the seceded States, for only a few vessels and gunboats (a drop in the bucket), could oppose the Union armament afloat.

A patriotism and heroism that could stand for years against such odds, that could stand cold and hunger, and was always ragged and shoeless, was hard to conquer. We dared the experiment of making a nation. Do you wonder that the Confederacy failed? Read for yourselves the war records now being honestly and fairly published by our government. Read for yourselves the statistics of the pension bureau.

The "private soldier" needs no other monument than his record. The Confederate armies failed, but they accomplished incredible results. With such tremendous odds on land and water, they kept back for four long years the invading armies, and disputed, almost foot by foot, territory as it was yielded, fighting on over 2,000 battle-fields, and losing in the mighty struggle 325,000 men, over half of those they had enlisted against their opponents. They left ten per cent. actually engaged in battle slain on the field, as against five per cent. of the Federals, slain in battle opposing them; and when the final collapse came, the Federals gave terms, "of men willing to quit," and conceding an admiration for valor, of which they, as brothers, were proud.

THE SOUTH'S HONOR UNTARNISHED.

We are here to-day to unveil a monument erected by our lovely women of Vicksburg to those worthy of commemoration. It is a loyalty to our past that welds us together. A knowledge of having passed through a "fiery furnace," with honor untarnished, makes us uncover our heads with a reverence to a people who sacrificed so much to create a nation that perished in its infancy. How can the South forget, when her destruction and her ruins are ever before her eyes? When on the hillsides rest the cemeteries filled with loved

ones from every hearthstone? Is there a single family that did not lose one member? How few there are that lost only one.

> "The gray blends not with the blue,
> Graves sever them in twain."

A grateful government has collected the bones of her soldiers, and placed them in splendid national cemeteries; 275,000 of 359,528 men who died for it, lie buried beneath the sod of the South. I honor a people who have thus honored those who died for them. But while this is the case, the comrades and descendants of those who fell on the Confederate side of the "War between the States," would be cravens if they forgot the tender memories of the dead and buried past. Who can forget that?

> "The folded flag is stainless still, the broken sword is bright.
> No blot is on thy record found, no treason soils thy fame."

Macaulay, the historian, says: "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestry, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

My friends, it is a duty to preserve the record and honor of such sacrifices, such privations, such patriotism, such endurance of hardship. This is why we raise monuments to our honored dead. While we live, nothing is needed to keep alive the memories of our comrades who fell on the field of battle, but we wish to make our lost cause consecrated forever to the hearts of our descendants. We wish to hand down to our posterity a feeling of reverence for their heroic forefathers, who risked their lives and lost their fortunes for their country. Defeat and poverty cannot check our homage to their memory. And we unveil a monument this day which commemorates their valor. But this is not all. If I had my way, on the cornerstone would be an inscription to remind all who see it, that its erection was due to the energy and devotion of the lovely women of Vicksburg. They, and all of our Southern women, cannot be too highly honored; the greatest patriots of the war were those who carried on the silent struggle at home; their endurance, their endeavors was the vital spirit of the Confederacy. Great as were the privations of the soldiers in the field, theirs were greater at home. They had none of the excitement, all of the anxiety.

THE NOBLE WOMEN.

Wives, with their husbands and sons in the army, girls with their lovers, suffered all the agonies of apprehension, the calmer waiting for calamity, which might come at any moment, of which the soldiers knew nothing.

Who was it that ran the plantations and farms to make bread and meat for the soldiers in the field? Who nursed the wounded! Who denied themselves gladly to help the cause? Every gray jacket was a hero in their eyes; it was a passport into every house, and the best was his by right. Hands unused to toil were put to knitting socks and weaving cloth "for the soldiers." Everything was the "soldiers"—for once the men ruled the roost.

They were the inspiration of valor; the soldiers were fighting for them. To be worthy of such women was enough to inspire the most sluggish to deeds of heroism. In truth, a coward would have had a hard time with the Yankees before him and the women behind him.

The noble women were the genius of the cause, of its consecration to liberty.

And since the war they have borne defeat and humiliation nobly. They have encouraged and helped with unflinched courage; but for them the South might have sunk under depressing disasters. With such women to live for, even poverty and reconstruction could be endured.

All honor to the women of the South, past and present—our mothers, our wives, our daughters—God bless them. God bless those here to-day, for it is mainly to their efforts that the shaft before us has been erected. Too much cannot be said in their praise. Where so many deserve it, it is invidious to call the names of any. Let me make an exception of one so advanced in age and honors as Mrs. Eggleston. She was one of the Mothers of the Confederacy, who had sons and grandsons in the army. She was one of the first presidents of this association. Much is due to the lamented Mrs. Wright, who cared for the neglected state of the graves, and had headboards put up. And to the present president, Mrs. Stevens, who has carried on the work to completion. All honor to the ladies of Vicksburg! Those who have nobly contributed their united efforts. We unveil it before them, and leave it in their hands, to keep for posterity.

The Unveiling.

Grandchildren of Mrs. Wright, Draw the Drapery from the Monument.

When General Lee closed, Master Allen Wright and little Elmira Wright, the beautiful grandchildren of the deceased president of the association, Mrs. E. D. Wright, unveiled the monument, which was immediately saluted by the guns of the Warren Light Artillery and by repeated cheers, hardly less loud.

Major W. T. Walthall, as proxy for Miss Sallie M. Adams, daughter of the late General Wirt Adams, who was unavoidably absent, then read the following poem, written for the ceremony by J. E. Battaile:

Shades of our heroes dead,
  Sleeping in glory,
Here, where your blood was shed,
  Carve we your story!
Marble must sink in dust,
  Fame lives forever.
Though your true blades be rust,
  Forget we? Never!

Yon sculptured sentinel
  Watches your sleeping.
Tells how you fought and fell,
  Loyally keeping
Life's trust. You met death's hour
  Stern and undaunted.
Ours 'tis to nurse the flower
  Your valor planted.

Here, 'neath the giant hills,
  Rest warriors, rest ye!
Lulled by the murm'ring rills,
  None shall molest ye!
Fanned by our south wind's breath,
  Sleep, soldiers weary!
Yours was no fameless death,
  Darksome and dreary.

Sleep well! The strife is past;
  No war-drum's rattle
Breaks forth, nor bugle's blast.
  Hushed is the battle.
Wrapt in your native earth,
  Sweet be your slumber!
When shall we match your worth?
  When your deeds number?

Strewn be this sacred sod,
  Soldier's fit pillow.
Whence your souls sprang to God,
  With sorrow's willow!
Many a youth shall bring
  Many a maiden,
Tribute of balmy spring
  Here, flower-laden.

Sleep on, but not for aye!
  Should war's red chalice
Dash out its gory spray
  Over our valleys,
Come! In the battle's crest
  Flash your proud lances,
Lead where our bravest, best
  Column advances!

The beautiful memorial service of Vicksburg Camp, Confederate Veterans, preluded by music by the band, was then read by the camp's chaplain, Rev. Nowell Logan, the responses being recited at the same time by the veterans with grand effect. A chorus of fifty singers rendered the hymn used in this service. At its close thirty lovely little flower girls led the way to decorate the graves. "The Bivouac of the Dead" was then recited by Mr. John McQuade, with dramatic fervor and eloquence. The band played another national air, and the Weaver Light Artillery fired a second salute.

At this point in the proceedings indications of a storm became so threatening that the conclusion of the program was adjourned until 8 o'clock at the Opera House.

Ex-Governor Lowry's Address.

Touchingly He Dwells Upon the Cause for Which the South Fought.

Here another large audience assembled, and ex-Governor Lowry delivered the oration of the day, with one of the finest efforts that has distinguished his career as a public speaker. He spoke in part as follows:

Comrades, Ladies and Fellow Citizens.—I accept the invitation to address you to-day, for Vicksburg could make no request of me to which I would not endeavor to respond, and for the further reason that I desired to be present on this interesting occasion, as it affords the opportunity of meeting old and valued comrades, and participate in paying a deserved tribute to our fallen heroes, who gave up their lives in defense of the Southern cause in this heroic and historic city. I cannot imagine anything more gratifying, more in keeping with the fitness of things, a truer index to the human heart than for Southern soldiers to meet together annually, grasp hands, and talk over scenes that have a green place in the heart of every veteran.

GRANT'S TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATES.

True it is that we failed to establish a separate nationality, but the greatness of our effort drew from the great military captain of the Union forces this merited tribute: "Hope for perpetual peace and harmony with the enemy from whom, however mistaken, the cause drew forth such herculean deeds of valor." Well, could General Grant have voiced this truth? At Columbus, Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, the Wilderness, and on these historic hills, he witnessed the high bearing and valor of Southern soldiers. It was so in the contest for the nation's birth. Washington commanded the forces of the struggling colonies against Great Britain, and, although the conflict was protracted, the great Master of the Universe blessed the gifted Virginian and his decimated army, and enabled them to usher into existence a new-born nation, the United States. Fresh from the fields of victory, inspired with lofty patriotism, they sought to organize and put into operation what was destined to become a powerful nation. The struggle between the States was gigantic, the devotion to the cause, the marshal powers of its followers, the uncomplaining sacri-

fices made by men and women, stand unsurpassed in the world's history, and, to add to the grandeur, the Confederate soldier, after the restoration of peace and during the transition state, maintained his self-respect, and is honored by every civilized nation under the sun, and by none more than by his gallant adversary who met him on the field of strife.

The memorable seige of Vicksburg will be read by generations to come, and the memories of those who fell in defense and who for forty-seven days held at bay many times their number, and again and again repulsed them, will be perpetuated, and neither blind partisanship nor sectional prejudice can cloud the grandeur of the heroic defence.

A TRIBUTE TO DAVIS.

Nearly sixty years have passed since a young man had served his country on its Western frontier, and for eight years was a student and recluse. These years were devoted to the study of history and the science of government, and after careful preparation for a life of action, he leaped into the arena, "Like Pallas, from the brain of Jove full armed." He succeeded to the National House of Representatives, resigned to accept the command of a Mississippi regiment in a foreign land, which added new honors and greener laurels to a Mexican soldier. He was afterward commissioned to the Senate, and later as chief of the War Department of the nation, and again to the Senate, where he was the peer of the oldest and proudest, where he remained until 1861, when, in a speech worthy of its author, he bade the Senate of the United States a final adieu, and in the following autumn was, with great unanimity, chosen President of the Confederate States. Thus your neighbor, countryman and fellow citizen, Jefferson Davis, became the chief of the Confederate cause, and for four weary years, with less than 600,000 men, battled against 3,000,000, and Vicksburg against like odds made a defence worthy of the cause and its principles—principles that underlie governments, that proclaim the doctrine that freemen have a right to choose their own form of government, and be sustained in their choice by the fundamental law. The forms that sleep in the little mounds upon which our fair countrywomen to-day scatter rare and fragrant flowers, lived when dark clouds overshadowed the Confederate sky, and they stood firmly and unflinchingly by their colors, and died with arms in their hands, facing the enemy, exhibiting a love of liberty, devotion to the cause and a

dauntless courage unsurpassed in the annals of war, either in ancient or modern times.

PASSING OF THE VETERANS.

Comrades: The years that remain to us are fast fleeting away, and the curtain of time descends upon the participants in that tremendous and unequal struggle. The last great leader has but lately answered to the final roll call. Like the leaves of autumn, the old veterans are silently dropping by the wayside, but as the buds of spring are put forth in new vigor, so the memory of their valor will be transmitted to posterity. We have assembled in the performance of a sad but sweet duty.

In conclusion, I might be allowed to say that if it were possible that the heroes, whose memories we honor to-day, and who fell in defence of this city, could be resurrected and brought to life, they would look with amazement at its restoration from the ordeal through which it passed, with its now enterprising, intelligent and progressive population, its bright hopes and possibilities.

The Closing Exercises.

A Beautiful Poem by Mrs. Montgomery is Recited.

More music was followed by a beautiful poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Elizabeth R. Montgomery, and recited with perfect modulation by Miss Lillie Hicks. The poem was as follows:

This stone shall be a witness,
  As Joshua said of old,
Lest ye deny your faith! It stands
A monument 'fore all the lands,
  A hallowed one, and bold.

Not trait'rous hands have raised it,
  But loyal hearts and true
To those who fought a val'rous fight
For us and native home and right,
  The gray against the blue.

The conflict's o'er, the grass has greened
  Above the battle scars,
And bravest victors help to lay
Above the vanquished flowers to-day,
  Under the stripes and stars.

They loved us and laid down their lives,
  What greater can men do?
This sentiment marble, reared with tears,
Shall tell to all the future years
  They died for me and you.

Vibrating with the morning's beams
  'Twill speak, in plaintive tone,
As Memnon's statue thrilled of old,
A witness if our hearts are cold,
Or we've unthankful grown.

A symbol 'tis of love to wreathe
  With blossoms ev'ry spring.
An inspiration, for all high
And noble aims, to live and die
  This monument shall bring.

A grand anthem by the chorus closed the ceremonies, and was followed by the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Nowell Logan.

It was a glorious day for Vicksburg, one unmarred by any unpleasant incidents. Many of the visitors have already departed, and most of them will leave by the trains to-night.

[From the Philadelphia *Times*, February 11, 1893.]

A RIDE FOR STONEWALL.

A Confederate Officer's Wonderful Record in Bank's Year.

Over the Blue Ridge by Night—How the Order by Which Jackson and Ewell Concentrated in the Campaign of 1862 was Carried Through Night and Rain by a Boy Lieutenant.

The battle of Kernstown was fought on March 23, 1862, and for the only time in his military career General Jackson was beaten. True, he contended against heavy odds, accomplished his purpose of retaining Banks and his army in the Valley, and was thanked by a resolution of the Confederate Congress, but the fact remains, his marvelous record contains this one defeat.

The army returned to its former camp, south of Mount Jackson, and near Rude's Hill. I was a young and still younger looking second lieutenant in the Second Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. One raw, cold day near the middle of April, I was ordered to report at once at headquarters for special duty.

At army headquarters I was introduced to General Jackson, who received me with his characteristic politeness, and few words. After dinner he withdrew to his room, and I saw no more of him that day.

For several days I was engaged with Colonel Baylor, arranging the conscripted militia and assigning them to old regiments.

On April 17th, General Banks advanced, and General Jackson broke camp, and moved further up the Valley. I was left behind with the cavalry.

A MESSAGE FOR GENERAL EWELL.

The next day we reached Harrisonburg, and about the time of setting sun, General Jackson called for me. The heavens were covered with black clouds, and the rain was descending in torrents. The General handed me a paper from under his rubber cape, and requested me to take it to General Ewell. Surprised to hear that Ewell was in the vicinity, I innocently asked where I would find him? He quietly replied that he was on the other side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, somewhere near Culpeper Courthouse, and while my heart stood still with amazement, he told me the contents of the paper, and added that as it was very important, he did not care to send it by a courier, and wanted it delivered by daylight in the morning.

For a moment I was stampeded, paralyzed. I had never been over a foot of the intervening country, had only a vague idea that Culpeper was somewhere beyond the mountains, but how to get there I could not imagine. And then night was upon us, it was raining like the deluge, and I had already ridden to and fro that day about twenty-five miles. But a young man soon rallies, and I quickly pulled myself together. I was being weighed in the balance, right there, and I determined to throw all my weight in the scales.

"General, I will start at once if I can get a horse."

"Take my mare," said generous Kidder Meade, of the staff, "and strike for Stanardsville first."

RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

As I rode away on Meade's beautiful dun mare the voice of the

General followed me—"A successful and pleasant ride." It was kindly meant, but it sounded strangely, like sarcasm. Forward I went into the mud and into the night, every minute growing darker and wetter. All weariness was gone, and I felt as fresh as my mettled horse. In a little while I was rounding the base of the Massanutten mountain, where it breaks as abruptly down into the valley as it rises from it at Strasburg. The towering mass only horrified the night. Then on through McGaheysville and across the south fork of the Shenandoah to Conrad's store. Here, as I approached the Blue Ridge, I felt almost helpless in the impenetrable stormy night. I stopped to make some inquiries, and procured a small bottle of whiskey for an emergency. Then into and up the black mountain. Vision was hopeless, but fortunately the road was solid and fairly good, and my horse could keep to it. I could reach out and feel her neck and ears, but could not see them. My speed was necessarily slackened, not only because a horse cannot climb a mountain like a goat, but safety required some caution. At times I heard the water rush under us and across the road and tumble in torrents so far down below that I knew we were traveling along perilous edges. The ascent seemed very steep and very long. At last we reached the summit of Swift Run Gap. It was from this summit and through this gap that Governor Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, in 1716, obtained the white man's first view of the Valley of the Shenandoah. From the same point of view I did not partake of their enchantment.

But just here I met a knight of a less romantic order. He was a belated, drowsy, bedraggled courier, plodding his way from Ewell to Jackson. From him I extracted some useful information as to my route, and in return gave him a pull at my flask. It was vile stuff, but as he seemed to like it I gave him the bottle and left him on the summit.

ON THE WRONG ROAD.

The descent was quicker, and I soon went plunging into Stanardsville, having done thirty-seven miles on that blooded mare. Here I tried to get another horse, but failed. My efforts cost me half an hour, and then I moved on. Anxiety for my noble beast added another horror to the night. Just out of Stanardsville the road forked in the middle of a broad and shallow stream, and, of course, I took the wrong one. A half mile beyond I aroused the inmates of a cabin

and learned my mistake. Retracing my steps, I found the right road, and was soon in front of a white farm-house. A few well-directed shouts brought an astonished masculine head out of an upper window. I appealed to him for a horse. I fancied I saw him smile satirically as he declined, but he politely urged me to dismount and "come in out of the wet." I then knew I must play trumps and said plaintively, "My dear friend, I am an officer of Stonewall Jackson's staff, carrying an important message, and I must have a fresh horse."

"The devil!" was all the response I had, and down went the window. But immediately I heard again at the back of the house, with rising inflection, "Saul, Saul, I say Saul—drat that sleepy nigger—there you are—run, you wooly head, bring out the big black mare, and be quick about it." He soon appeared with Saul and the horse and a lantern, and helped to exchange the saddle and bridle. As I climbed from the fence on the mare and rode away he threw the light of the lantern on my face, and said, in a tender voice: "Good luck, for I have a boy, may be about your age, with Stonewall Jackson."

My new beast was as tall as a dromedary, and as I steered her through the deep mud she seemed to plough it like a gunboat and knew just as little about a riding bridle. Madison Courthouse was fifteen miles from Stanardsville, and by the time we reached it she was worn out. There, fortunately, was a courier station, and I exchanged her for a little gray horse. Clattering through the streets of that slumbering town I was soon in the open country and on another deep mud road. Suddenly my horse slipped, gave a groan and was down, and I rolled off into the mire. I jumped up and asked him to do the same, but he never moved and was apparently dead. Taking off the saddle, I stood by the roadside in hopeless bewilderment. I looked about me and could see no habitation, no light—nothing. Just then a little imp jumped into the road on the opposite side with a "Good Lordy, what's dat?" Explanations followed. He was on his way to town for the doctor "for ole missus." He said it was "a mile or mo' from town around de road, but cutabias 'cross de fiel's not more'n half a mile—not dat." I bribed him with a dollar to hurry to the tavern and tell them to send me another horse, and he disappeared like a rabbit in the dark.

I sat upon the fence and waited. The rain was pouring down, I was covered with mud and water, my little horse gave no sign of life, the night was waning, and my spirits were sinking rapidly. But the

little darkey came, the forerunner of another white horse, which soon made its appearance. I was soon mounted, and as my little black angel received the dollar and let go my bridle he cried: "Golly, I mos' forgot, I mus' run back after de doctor!"

ARRIVAL AT CULPEPER COURTHOUSE.

After nine miles more of spurring and splashing I ran into James City, where I changed to a tall, gaunt roan that carried me valiantly the eleven miles to Culpeper Courthouse. As I approached the town there was a suspicion of light in the direction of dawn, and the rain had partially worn itself out. In all directions I heard the drums of an early reveille and encountered a group of horsemen sitting on their horses in the gloaming. I found it was General Dick Taylor and his staff of Ewell's command. Learning that he was ordered to march, and evidently in the wrong direction, I suggested to him that he should not move until he heard from General Ewell, who, he said, was encamped beyond Brandy Station. One of the staff kindly offered me a fresh horse, and General Taylor ordered a courier to lead the way and "ride like the devil." This the courier did, and so did I, but as I had been doing that thing all night it was no novelty to me. We rushed along like a pair of John Gilpins, and as it never seemed to occur to my guide that I might be nearly worn out I didn't mention it.

But we soon made the six miles to Brandy Station. After several miles more we drew rein at the General's quarters, just as I was beginning to be exhausted beyond endurance. The General was just up, and I dismounted and handed him the crumpled and saturated dispatch. He read it, and quickly turning to me he said: "You don't say—" But the sentence was not finished. Seeing me totter and about to fall, he caught me, led me to a cot and laid me there; and then the dear, rough old soldier made the air blue with orders for brandy and coffee and breakfast—not for himself, but for me.

JACKSON'S COOL RECEPTION.

My ride was done, and nature asserted itself by reaction and exhaustion. In less than twenty hours I had ridden about 105 miles, and since I left General Jackson I had passed around the Massanutten, over the Blue Ridge, and through rain and mud and impenetra-

ble night, had been on the strain of a cavalry charge for more than eighty miles.

When I revived and had something to eat and drink, the General sent me in his ambulance to Culpeper Courthouse, where I went to bed in a hotel. There I remained for twenty-four hours, and began to retrace my steps to the Valley of Virginia. It was a weary ride, taking up my horses as I went, and at 10 o'clock the second night I rode up to General Jackson's headquarters, near Conrad's Store. It had not ceased to rain for an hour since I left, and except when in bed I had been clad in soaking garments from start to finish.

I went into General Jackson's room to report. It was empty of furniture, and on the hearth were some dying coals of a wood fire. He was lying on the floor, upon a thin mattress, wrapped in a blanket and asleep. I awoke him and made my report. He listened politely, and then with "Very good; you did get there in time; good night!" he turned over to sleep and I left the room. I will not attempt to describe my chagrin and indignation at this cool reception. I felt that my ride had been a blank failure. Refusing to be comforted by the staff, who knew the General better, I threw off my heavy, soggy clothes and retired in grievous disappointment to an uncomfortable bed. But after awhile tired nature and youth took possession of me and I slept soundly.

APPOINTED ON JACKSON'S STAFF.

The next morning the General sent for me. He was alone, sitting on a camp-stool gazing into the fire. He arose, holding in his hand a dispatch, which he said he had just received from General Ewell, and then remarked: "Mr. Douglas, Colonel Baylor leaves me today to take command of the Stonewall Brigade, and I want to assign you to duty as assistant inspector-general on my staff." What I said of thanks I cannot remember, but pride and gratification healed all my wounds, and thus I entered the military family of Stonewall Jackson.

The dispatch I had carried from General Jackson that night was the order to General Ewell to put his division in motion toward Swift Run Gap, and be ready to unite with the Army of the Valley west of the Blue Ridge. Under that order was made the initial move in that great game of war in which Jackson, sweeping down the valleys of Virginia from behind the Massanutten, drove every-

thing before him to the banks of the Potomac, and thundered at Harper's Ferry until the threats seemed to jar the Capitol at Washington, and then by fighting, confusing, defeating, or eluding the armies of Banks, McDowell, Fremont, and Shields, he marched back again, laden with spoils, and at Cross Keys and Port Republic closed the campaign "with a clap of thunder."

H. KYD DOUGLAS.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, March 19, 1893.]

"MUSIC AND WORDS OF DIXIE."

Dan Emmett its Author and New York the Place of Its Production.*

13 PLEASANT STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD., March 11, 1893.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I see by your issue of March 5th a question has arisen with regard to the authorship (music and words) of "Dixie." I think I can give you "a straight tip." With regard to Albert Pike's authorship—he was too noble a gentleman to have claimed anything that did not belong to him. When it was written he was practicing law in Arkansas, not in Memphis. As for Captain Mentor and his band composing it at the levee on the Mississippi, that is still more absurd. Mrs. Charles T. White, widow of Charlie White, my life-long friend, is correct.

I will give you now the full particulars as I have received them from Dan Emmett himself and my own recollections.

A "WALK-AROUND."

"Dixie."—It was Saturday night in 1859, when Dan Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels in New York. Bryant came to Emmett and said: "Dan, can't you get us up a walk-around? I want something new and lively for Monday night." At that date

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* This statement was substantially confirmed by Kit Clarke, the veteran minstrel manager, in the New York *Dramatic News*, May, 1893, and by others in other journals —ED.

all minstrel shows used to wind up with a "walk-around." The demand for them was constant, and Emmett was the composer of all the "walk-arounds" of Bryant's band. Emmett of course went to work, but he had done so much in that line that nothing at first satisfactory to him presented itself. At last he hit upon the first two bars, and any composer can tell how good a start that is in the manufacture of a tune. By Sunday afternoon he had the words, commencing: "I wish I was in Dixie." This colloquial expression was not, as most people suppose, a Southern phrase, but first appeared among the circus people of the North. In early fall, when nipping frosts would overtake the tented wanderers, the boys would think of the genial warmth of that section for which they were heading, and the common expression would be, "Well, I wish I was down in Dixie."

BECAME THE RAGE.

This gave the catch line; the rest of the song was original. On Monday morning the song was rehearsed and highly commended, and at night a crowded house caught up the refrain and half the audience went home whistling "Dixie." Bryant gave Emmett $5 for his work. The song became the rage, and "Newcombe's," "Buckley's," and other minstrel bands paid Emmett $5 for the privilege of using it. Mr. Werlean, of New Orleans, wrote to Emmett to secure the copyright, but, without waiting for an answer, published it with the words by Mr. Peters, of New York. He afterwards secured the copyright from Emmett and gave him $600. But Werlean sold thousands of copies without giving Dan a nickel. Not only was Emmett robbed of the profit of his songs, but its authorship was disputed. Will F. Hays claimed it as his own.

REAPED NO BENEFIT.

Pond brought the matter before a musical publishers' convention and settled the question of authorship; but Dan reaped no benefit from this tardy justice. Emmett got into trouble about his song during the war. It was considered a rebel song, and a sapient Maine editor declared Dan to be a "Secesh," and that he should be treated as one, although "Dixie" was written two years before the commencement of the war, and as originally written there was not a line that could be charged with any political bearing. The crowning popu-

larity of this well-known ditty was secured in New Orleans in the spring of 1861, when Mrs John Wood played an engagement at the Varieties Theatre. "Pocahontas," by John Brougham, was the attraction, and in the last scene a zouave march was introduced. Carlo Patti, brother of Adalina Patti, was the leader of the orchestra. At the rehearsal Carlo was at a loss as to what air to appropriate.

CROWNING TRIUMPH.

Trying several, he finally hit upon "Dixie." Tom McDonough shouted: "That will do—the very thing; play it to-night." Mrs. John Wood, Mark Smith, Loffingwell, and John Owens were delighted. Night came, the Zouaves marched on, led by Miss Susan Denin, singing "I wish I was in Dixie." The audience became wild with delight and seven *encores* were demanded. Soon after the war broke out. The Washington Artillery had the tune arranged for a quickstep by Romoe Meneri. The saloons, the parlors, the streets rang with the "Dixie" air, and "Dixie" became to the South what the "Marsellaise" is to France.

OTHER AUTHORITIES.

Now, to support what I state: Niel Bryant is now in Washington holding some government office; he ought to be able to back up what I say, as he was a member of his brother's company when it was first produced, and Colonel Alston Brown, of New York, is generally considered authority in all matters pertaining to the history of the show world in the United States. Dan Emmett is a native of Ohio and is of German descent. I, together with R. M. Hooley, got him up a benefit in Chicago. John McCullough, Joe Emmett, and a host of volunteers appeared at a matinee, the result of which was over a thousand dollars. I do not credit that Dan is cutting wood, as he is an excellent fiddler and generally makes a living in that vocation. He is a very careful man and never was under the undue influence of liquor in his life.

DR. G. A. KANE.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, October 1, 1893.]

BATTLE ECHOES FROM SHILOH.

Misty Traditions That Fade Before the Lights of History.

Veterans Who Fight Their Battles Over Again at Jolly Reunions—The Narrative Northern and the Narrative Southern—Battery A, of the Chicago Light Artillery, and the Fifth Company of the Washington Artillery, of Louisiana.

The *Picayune* of Sunday, September 17, 1893, under the heading of "The Northern Narrative," published an extract from the Chicago *Evening Post*, giving an account of the annual reunion of the Chicago Light Artillery, Battery A, First Illinois Artillery.

As at all reunions of old soldiers, a high old time was had, and battles were fought over and discussed with infinite enjoyment.

On this occasion, it appears, the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, came in for a good share of remembrance, for the account says:

"'The boys' have plenty to talk about as they get to recalling old times. They discussed their famous duel with the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, fought at the battle of Shiloh. The challenge to the duel had been sent at the beginning of the war, when the Chicago battery was stationed near Cairo for the purpose of stopping boats on the river that they might be searched for contraband goods. The New Orleans battery took exception at this and forwarded the challenge, which was promptly accepted by the Chicagoans, although events happening immedietely after made it impossible to name the time and place.

"It was not until April 6 or 7, 1862, that the two batteries met. The Chicago battery was on the edge of a field behind a rail fence when the New Orleans battery galloped onto the field. The Chicago boys thought that was as good a time for the duel as any, so they promptly opened fire and drove the New Orleans battery out of the field. That was only the beginning of the duel, however. The two

batteries were pitted against each other at several other places in the course of the battle and the Chicagoans were the victors. Between the two batteries, whenever they got within range of each other, it was a duel pure and simple, the result of a challenge properly sent and accepted.

"The Chicago Light Artillery was in many notable battles during the war. It was organized under the militia laws of Illinois soon after Chicago was incorporated as a city, and was called in service by Governor Richard Yates in response to the first call for troops by President Lincoln. Inside of twenty-four hours all vacancies in the battery were filled by volunteers, and it was at once sent to Cairo under the command of Captain James Smith. It was stationed on the Mississippi river near Cairo for five months, and put in all the spare time it had, perfecting its drill.

"September 6, 1861, the battery went to Paducah, Ky., with General Grant's forces, and took part in his operations around Columbus and Belmont. Later it played a part in the attack on Fort Donelson, one man being wounded there. March 26, 1862, the battery moved to Pittsburg Landing, and was in the thick of the fight at Shiloh. Here it had its duel with the New Orleans battery, and suffered its first losses. Before it was really in the fight it had lost one man and two horses. By afternoon several more had gone to join their comrade, and when the battery, then almost surrounded, was ordered to the rear, there were neither enough men nor horses for two of the guns, and assistance had to be secured from the other gun squads to get them off the field. One of them had only one horse left and he refused to move until a ball struck him in the tail. Lieutenant P. P. Wood was in command of the battery at this time, Captain Smith having been sent home sick.

"The battery was again in the thick of the fight the next day, although the first day it had lost four men killed outright, twenty-six wounded, many of them mortally, and forty-eight horses killed. General W. T. Sherman, in his 'Memoirs,' refers to the excellent service rendered by the battery in the second day's fighting, when it covered an advance made by his troops that resulted in victory.

"The battery then went to Bolivar, Tennessee, and from there to Memphis, where it remained until November 26, 1862. In December of that year it took part in the Chickasaw bayou fight, and then went with General McClernand to Arkansas Post, where it was in a

two days' battle. It lay in camp most of the winter, opposite Vicksburg. In the spring it took part in the operations around that city, being in two charges. After the surrender of Vicksburg the battery was sent to Jackson, where it stayed until that city was evacuated. It took part in the fight at Missionary Ridge in the fall, and followed General Bragg until he took refuge in Dalton, Ga., and later took up winter quarters in Larkinville, Ga. It took part in the campaign in Georgia the following year, 1864, and lost all of its guns. A charge was made and two of them were recaptured, but the rebels retreated, taking the other four with them. After the evacuation of Atlanta the battery was reorganized and moved back to Nashville, and then to Chattanooga, where it remained until June, 1865, when it was ordered home and mustered out of service."

However willing veterans may be to make allowances for statements of "the boys" in their moments of jollification, and however flattering it may be for the Washington Artillery to have encounters with it considered as worthy of fame, its survivors, in justice to themselves and to the truth of history, are compelled to confess utter ignorance of any such challenge and duel with the Chicago Light Artillery, Company A, at Shiloh.

The Fifth Company of the battalion was the only one with which the duel could have occurred, the honor of upholding the name and reputation of the command on the battle fields of the west having fallen to its lot. None of its survivors ever heard of, and none of its records can show, any such episode.

It was never the habit of the Washington Artillery to issue bombastic challenges; its motto, "Try Us," was a standing one. Yet it never flaunted it outside of the battle field, but there, in no unmeaning tones, it proclaimed it to all comers, from the muzzle of its guns.

Very likely, at Shiloh, the Fifth Company exchanged shots, or was pitted against the Chicago Light Artillery; but it was altogether the result of chance. The Federal battery was attached to W. H. Wallace's division, that was brought up to the assistance of Prentiss' division, after the first onslaught of the Confederate lines. Wallace formed to the right of Prentiss and was crushed along with him, and lost his life in the rout of his troops, part of which surrendered with Prentiss' division.

The Fifth company was attached to Patton Anderson's brigade, of Ruggles' division, Bragg's corps, and fought most of the day on

the Confederate left centre, opposite to, or on the right flank of Wallace and Prentiss. The battery was moved to different points between the center and the left, as the battle shifted, but it never moved unless by order of the general with whom it fought. During the two days of battle, it was never silenced, driven back or compelled to shift its position by any artillery fire. Its progress was ever forward, though at times it was long and stubbornly delayed. When night fell on the first day, in full efficiency, it was about to ascend the last ridge overlooking Pittsburg landing and the river.

Its long list of casualties at Shiloh showed not a single one from artillery projectiles. Its twenty-seven men killed and wounded and thirty dead and disabled horses had all been struck by minnie balls, and its carriages and wheel-spokes were riddled by them only. Its guns had in every instance been run within close of the Federal infantry, and its canister had been twice exhausted in these encounters, where camps had to be cleared of foes by tearing to shreds with canister the tents they lurked behind. "Its cannoneers on several occasions stood to their pieces under the most deadly fire, when there was no support at hand, and when to have retired would have left that part of the field to the enemy," said General Patton Anderson, in his report.

This determination to stay where planted almost cost the Fifth company three of its pieces on Monday morning on the Confederate right, in a position immediately to the left of Chalmer's brigade, where the battery had its first encounter that day. After two lively artillery engagements, and after driving back the Federal infantry, the battery was advanced in another position to within one hundred yards of a thick woods, and opened fire on the concealed foe. From this cover he sprang suddenly, in a heavy mass, rushing with irresistible impetus to within twenty yards of the pieces. In this imminent peril the supports of the company became flurried, and poured through the battery from its rear, an unexpected and murderous fire, as deadly to men and horses as that which came from the front. A hurried withdrawal left, for a while, standing unmanned between the contending lines three of the guns that had lost their horses by the fire from the rear. But the enemy never reached them; for the Crescent regiment, First Missouri and First Arkansas soon drove him back and out of his cover in the woods.

The cannoneers returned, then manned their pieces and retired

them, when the general retreat of the Confederate forces was ordered. One sergeant killed, one lieutenant and six men wounded, with twenty horses killed and disabled, gave evidence of the closeness and desperation of this encounter. It was the only approach to a disaster the Fifth Company had on Shiloh's bloody field.

The troops it then fought were of Nelson's fresh division, and no doubt in the engagements of that day it exchanged shots with Mendenhall's battery, Fourth United States Artillery, with Terrill's battery, Fifth United States Artillery, and possibly with Bartlett's Battery G, First Ohio Light Artillery, all attached to that division.

The same tenacity and desperation marked the Fifth Company's career until the end ; no danger could move it, and no disaster could dismay it.

In one of its last engagements in the field, during Hood's Tennessee campaign, it displayed these qualities most strikingly. At Overall's creek, near Murfreesboro, near a block house at the railroad crossing and Nashville pike, it found itself contending unsupported against the foe—a brigade of infantry, with artillery in its front, a regiment of cavalry charging its left flank. The infantry was driven back, their artillery silenced, and the cavalry given such a reception with canister that the saddles of its first squadron were emptied, and the riderless horses, in line of battle, kept on with the charge, passing like a whirlwind through the intervals of the battery, to be captured in the rear. The horses of the second squadron received the canister that had passed over the first, and more, and after the passage of the first squadron were disclosed in utter confusion. The regiment was then driven off with schrapnel.

Firing, retiring by sections, the battery now withdrew, keeping the infantry in front at bay until it met the supports that should have stood by it. One killed and four wounded were its casualties in this encounter, out of which it came with some thirty captured horses. The troops it fought were of Rousseau's Division, the cavalry an Indiana regiment.

But once during the war did the Fifth Company have with an adversary any interchange of wishes to meet each other on the field of battle. It was at Mumfordsville, where Bragg captured the place with 4,000 of the enemy. As the prisoners, disarmed and paroled, passed the Fifth Company on their way to Buel under flag of truce, the column halted near the battery, and a splendid-looking young

officer of artillery inquired what battery it was. When told, he said he had heard of it, and was very anxious that his battery should meet it on the battle-field. He was told the Fifth Company hoped to have that pleasure some day, and would give his battery their best attention. He gave his name as Lieutenant F. A. Mason, Thirteenth Indiana Battery, and chatted pleasantly until the column moved on. His battery seemed to have acted in Kentucky and Tennessee exclusively during the war, for it was often inquired after on many battle-fields, but, unless unknowingly in Hood's Tennessee campaign, it was never met.

The Fifth Company's experience led it to be extremely careful in claiming victories over special batteries of the enemy. At a distance there is no telling what compels your adversary to cease firing, to shift his position or to retire. It may be the fire of skirmishers, or of a line of battle, a flank fire, or the engagement may have been terminated by superior orders.

Unless one battery occupies the ground of the other, and finds evidences of disaster, it is impossible for it to claim a victory with any certainty.

In a broken and thickly-wooded country, like the field of Shiloh, it was very difficult to see the effects of the artillery shots, or to know what battery you were fighting, unless you blew up some of its limbers or caissons, dismounted its guns or captured its men.

No such disaster befell the Fifth Company on that field, and "the boys" of the Chicago Light Artillery, Company A, since Shiloh, have been exulting in imaginary victories over the Washington Artillery of New Orleans.

And they are not the only ones. In publications about this battle, other Federal batteries have been credited with similar victories, and with no better foundation in fact. Among these are the McAllister's First Illinois Light Artillery, Company D, Thompson's Ninth Indiana Battery, Thurster's and Bulle's Battery I, First Missouri Artillery; all good batteries, and worthy of any foeman's steel.

On other fields of the West also, the honor of vanquishing the Fifth Company has been claimed by several batteries. The disabling of the company's eight inch Columbiad, the Lady Slocomb, at Spanish Fort, is still a matter of controversy between Mack's (Black Horse Battery) Eighteenth New York and Hendrick's Battery L, First Indiana Artillery.

During the terrific bombardment on the evening of the ninth day of the siege, April 4, 1865, this gun was pointing towards the Indiana Battery, when struck on the right trunion from behind by a twenty-pound parrot shot, which must have come from Mack's Battery, that was on our right rear as the gun stood. About the same time another shot from the direction of the Indiana Battery, passing under the gun, between the cheeks of the carriage, shattered the elevating screw. The gun was thus doubly disabled. Fortunately an iron handspike had been run under its breech, resting on the cheeks of the carriage, and the gun was thus kept in place, horizontal, menacingly deceiving the enemy as to its condition. The work around it was almost leveled by the terrible concentrated fire poured into its position, for though the fore-mentioned batteries, by continual exchange of shots with it, were more likely to have an accurate aim, they were joined on this occasion by every battery within reach of this devoted gun. Since the beginning of the seige the Lady Slocomb had been a terror to them all.

With a broken trunion, the gun had to be dismounted. This was done that night, and the night after another Columbiad was mounted in its place. More than twenty-five years after the Lady Slocomb was found, where it had been thrown from its carriage by the Fifth Company.

Most of the artillery companies in the fort were relieved during the siege, but the Fifth Company declined to take advantage of an offer to that effect from General D. H. Maury, claiming the honor of fighting out to the end, and so it did. On the night of the evacuation it was the last to spike its guns, being instructed by General R. L. Gibson to fight them to the last should the enemy discover the retreat and assault before it was accomplished. It passed out into the sea marsh among the very last that left the fort. Two killed and eleven wounded marked its devotion to duty in its last fight. On the many battlefields it saw the Fifth Company encountered most of the famous Federal batteries in their western armies. It has sustained very lively recollections of stubborn contests at Perryville, with Loomis' First Battery Michigan Light Artillery, and with Simonson's Fifth Indiana Battery. The men of Loomis' Battery captured at Chickamauga inquired after the "White Horse Battery," as the Fifth Company was designated by the foe during Bragg's Kentucky campaign. Within full view of each other on hillsides, with open fields and

orchards between, results could be seen, and at Perryville the Fifth Company moved steadily forward, noting in the course of the protracted contest the explosion of limber chests in its antagonist's position and the repeated shifting and falling back of their batteries. It kept up firing until well after night had come, having orders to fire the last shot. Its expenditure of ammunition was 758 rounds, its casualties one man killed and five wounded, with ten horses killed or disabled. Loomis reported one killed and six wounded, and Simonson two killed and thirteen wounded. The Fifth Company will never forget its tussle with Bridges' Battery, First Illinois Light Artillery, at Glass Mills, and with Schultz's Battery M, First Ohio Light Artillery, at Glass Mills, on the first day of Chickamauga. This was a pure and simple artillery duel, for its seven killed and six wounded and ten slaughtered horses, at this point, were all struck by artillery shots. Rushed into position under fire, across the Chickamauga river, the company had one lieutenant and several men killed before it could come into action. Its horses killed in the ford blocked the way and halted the column under a most accurate and intense fire. Bridges' guns slackened, however, sensibly, after the Fifth Company got their pieces well into play, and gradually they ceased altogether after an hour's contest.

During this lull the Fifth Company moved its guns by hand to the front fully 100 yards, when another battery (Schultz's) was seen coming into position, where had stood Bridges'. Three guns of Cobb's Kentucky Battery re enforced the Fifth Company in the woods on its right, and soon a fire more terrific than ever raged between the combined batteries on each side. After half an hour of this contest, upon repeated orders of General Breckinridge to retire the guns and join his column that was again on the move to the right, the Fifth Company limbered its guns under fire, recrossed the ford, and took its position in the column that was marching out and giving way to Wheeler's division of cavalry.

In this encounter one solid shot of the enemy killed three of the Fifth Company's drivers, passing clear through each of them as they sat on their horses. The advantage of position here was in favor of Bridges' Battery. It occupied higher ground, sloping through fields down to the fords, in front of which the Fifth Company stood in an open space, just wide enough for its battery front of four guns. The rifle section had not been crossed, but had remained on the other

bank on elevated ground, some distance to the left of the ford. Encased in this open space by woods on three sides, the battery formed a splendid target, and with a plunging fire and better view of his shots, Bridges could not fail to inflict great damage on his adversary. However, he also suffered severely. A caisson was seen to explode in his battery, and his official report gives two men killed, nine wounded, and twelve horses killed, as his losses at this spot. Schultz's loss, if any, is not known.

In its first engagement the next morning, on Bragg's extreme right, the Fifth Company struck Bridges' Battery again. Like itself, it had been thrown during the night from one extremity of the line to the other. This time the contest was not so long, and more decisive. Bridges met with a great disaster—he lost two guns and thirty-four horses; his first lieutenant and three men killed, and seven men wounded, so says his official report. The Fifth Company advanced over his ground, found the body of his lieutenant, examined his guns, refitted from their equipments and ammunition, and hitched up to its guns those of his horses that were found serviceable. A gallant battery it was that there was overwhelmed in the blow that Breckinridge struck Thomas's left flank on that morning.

But the Fifth Company was soon to be severely tried also. When came the recoil of Adams' Louisiana Brigade from that point it reached 500 yards in Thomas' rear, when Beatty and Stanley beat it back reduced to shreds, the little Fifth Company was called upon to show the best mettle it could command. Behind its guns rallied the remnants of Adams' Brigade; behind it formed the lines of Liddell to stem the overwhelming pressure of the foe, and until the line was made strong enough to advance, the Fifth Company held the ground as ordered by Breckinridge, unmindful of enormous opposing guns, devoting its canister and shots alone to the enemy's infantry, hurling it back as it charged time and again. Six men killed and fourteen wounded, with ten slaughtered horses, and Graves, the battalion major, lay around its guns when it ceased firing to let Liddell pass to the front in a charge that drove the foe back to where Breckinridge had pushed before. Then, with crippled carriages bearing its dead and wounded, the Fifth Company was withdrawn to where Bridges' captured guns stood, and stripped them and others to be fit, and soon it reported back to enter the fray again.

Many other episodes at Jackson, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ken-

nesaw Ridge and other fields might be added to exemplify the Fifth Company's mode of fighting, but the above instances are deemed sufficient.

The Washington Artillery always found pleasure in according praise and doing honor to its gallant adversaries, and on many battlefields it stood in admiration of their deeds and daring. Its survivors, while denying the correctness of the challenge and duel story, want no better evidence of the gallantry and stubborn fighting qualities of the Chicago Light Artillery, Company A, than the roll of its casualties at Shiloh—four killed and twenty-six wounded. Their admiration is won by any adversary that contests a field, either against them or others, to the extent of such a loss.

J. A. CHALARON,

Senior Surviving Officer, Fifth Company, Battalion Washington Artillery, of New Orleans.

[From the Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, July 23, 1892.]

HOW ASHBY WAS KILLED.

A Correspondent Reviews the Fighting before the Battle of Cross Keys.

To the Editor of The Times:

The following is an extract from a telegraphic dispatch dated Salem, N. J., and published in your issue of June 27:

"Frederick Trullender, proprietor of the machine works of this city, died to-day after a long illness. He was a veteran of the late war, being a member of Company E, First New Jersey Cavalry, and served until the close of the war. The deceased had always maintained that it was he who shot Colonel Ashby, of the famous Confederate Black Horse Cavalry, in a skirmish preceding the battle at Cross Keys, Virginia, in 1862. The deceased was on picket duty and shot at a rebel officer, but he did not know it was Colonel Ashby until the next day, when our forces received news that he had been shot and killed. Trullender's story is well authenticated, being vouched for by many members of the First New Jersey Cavalry."

I was a participant in the fight which cost the life of the noble Colonel Turner Ashby, the Bayard of the South, and as you have for years taken great pains to give to the world facts concerning important events that transpired during our great civil war, I wish to correct the false impression the publication of this dispatch might convey to the minds of many who have doubtless read it.

I said I was a participant in the fight that cost Colonel Ashby his life—yes, I was close to him when he fell, and I will as briefly as possible narrate the circumstances that led to the sad event.

During Jackson's retreat from Fremont, for some days before the Confederates reached Harrisonburg, their rear guard under Ashby, was closely pressed by a body of Federal cavalry and numerous skirmishes ensued. Ashby was heard to express his admiration for the bold trooper who showed so much audacity, and hoped the time would come when he could make a closer acquaintance. In this he was gratified, and that acquaintance indirectly cost him his life.

On the 5th of June, 1862, Jackson's army diverged from the Valley turnpike a short distance from Harrisonburg, and took the road leading to Port Republic. About two miles from the town the troops went into bivouac. On the morning of the 6th, the command moved on toward Port Republic, the enemy's cavalry videttes firing an occasional harmless shot at long range at Ashby's rear guard. The troops had proceeded some miles, and, while resting by the roadside, Ashby was much surprised to find the Federal cavalry upon him. However, the surprise did not last long, and it is a question whether the surprise was not mutual, but calling upon his followers, Ashby attacked the Federals so vigorously as to put them to rout, and, in the pursuit which followed, their commander, a Colonel Sir Percy Wyndham, an English soldier of fortune, and a large number of his troopers were captured. It proved to be the First New Jersey Cavalry. The pursuit by Ashby continued until the survivors reached the main body of Fremont's army.

In withdrawing from this pursuit Ashby perceived some distance off to the right a body of Federal infantry in bivouac without any supports near at hand. He conceived the idea of surprising and capturing this comparatively small force, and called upon General Ewell for two infantry regiments with which to accomplish his purpose. This General Ewell reluctantly granted, but so fearful was he that disaster would overtake the expedition that he accompanied it

himself. The First Maryland and the Fifty-eighth Virginia regiments were given to Ashby, when, retracing the road for some distance over which he had pursued the New Jersey cavalry, he struck into the woods to the right. Detaching two companies of the First Maryland, he led the advance with them, and in a short time came upon the Federal infantry, when an unexpectedly stubborn engagement ensued. The enemy fought with the most determined gallantry, despite the fact that the Fifty-eighth Virginia was sent to Ashby's support, and it was not until the remaining companies of the First Maryland made a desperate charge that what was left of this gallant band sought safety in flight. The fighting had been at very short range, and while it lasted was fast and furious. Ashby's horse was shot under him at the first fire, and a few minutes after he fell dead from a ball through the body.

After the engagement it was discovered that we had encountered the celebrated Pennsylvania Bucktails, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, afterward a celebrated brigade commander. Kane and Captain Fred Taylor, afterward killed at Gettysburg, in command of the Bucktails, were wounded and prisoners in our hands.

This engagement occurred about 6 o'clock on the evening of June 6th, some hours after Ashby's encounter with Wyndham, and under no possibility could any of the First New Jersey cavalry have been in the fight. They had been completely done for some hours previous to that time, and the remnant of the regiment had taken an entirely different direction in their precipitate flight. No, the noble, chivalrous Turner Ashby died at the hands of a member of the Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment.

W. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Late Major Maryland Infantry, C. S. A.

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* publishes an interview with a Mr. W. C. West, which is headed, "The Last Shot of the War." The gist of the interview is as follows:

"I know that the late General Kirby Smith fired the last shot in defence of the Confederate flag. I participated in the matter referred to—on the Federal side—which was fought at Palmetto Ranch, Resca Chica, Texas, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, May 13, 1865. On the day of the battle General Smith had retreated to the Texas line, with a force of 600 cavalry and some light artillery. Colonel Barrett,

of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry, assisted by four companies of the Sixty-second United States Colored Infantry, attacked the Confederates. The result was a defeat for the Union forces, and the last battle was not a victory for the Union, as has been generally reported. Colonel Barrett could not rout the Confederate cavalry, protected as they were by six-pounders, and they were compelled to retreat to the cover of the siege guns, which were at Brazos Santiago."

This interview is reprinted in the Montgomery *Advertiser* in May, 1893, and other Southern papers, and is apt, therefore, to go the rounds unquestioned. Mr. West does not assert that he saw General Smith fire the "last shot," but he knows it. Unfortuately for that knowledge he is mistaken, for the reason that General Smith was not in that battle. The Confederate forces were under command of General James E. Slaughter, who was postmaster at Mobile a few years ago, and now lives in Washington. General Slaughter has always claimed that he fought the last battle of the war. He says of it:

"I commanded at the last battle, and captured as many Federals as I had Confederate soldiers. I had heard of General Lee's surrender and did not want to fight, but as the enemy advanced upon my forces I attacked and routed them. After the battle I told my prisoners they were at liberty to return to Brazos, Santiago, or go with me to Brownsville, and they elected to accompany me. I had regular rolls made of my prisoners, and sent them back on a steamer. I really did not consider them as captives, as we passed a very pleasant time together."

General Slaughter claimed, moreover, that when the fighting was all done, every command but his had surrendered, and he had no superior officer and no government. He was for the time being an absolute monarch—lord of all he surveyed. He learned that General Smith had surrendered on May 26, 1865, but his situation was such that there was no one to whom to surrender; and, besides, he had on hand a large body of Federal prisoners, the number being equal to his own force. The locality and the circumstances forbade disbandment, and so he held his forces together for a week or more, until opportunity offered for laying down his arms at Brownsville, Texas. At that time he issued the following order:

"Soldiers, the war is over. Go home and try and make as good citizens as you have soldiers. And do more. I hope that the result will prove that our enemies were right and we were wrong."

"THE BLOODY ANGLE."

The Confederate Disaster at Spotsylvania Court-House, May 12, 1864, by which the "Stonewall Brigade" was annihilated.

"GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR."

Accounts by General James A. Walker, Colonel Thomas H. Carter, Lieutenant Wm. S. Archer, Rev. M. S. Stringfellow and Major D. W. Anderson.

The following communications appeared in the Richmond *Times*, on February 5th, 12th, 26th, March 5th, and April 2nd, 1893, respectively. An extract from an editorial upon the communication of General Walker is a pertinent comment:

"One statement in General Walker's paper fails to do full justice to that immortal army which General Lee commanded in that glorious campaign. He says that Grant crossed the Rapidan on the 4th of May with 141,000 men, and that General Lee had opposed to him 64,000. We know with definite certainty that Grant had many more than 141,000, and, while it cannot be demonstrated with mathematical certainty that General Lee had much fewer than 64,000, it can be with moral certainty.

"The Thirty-sixth volume of series I, part 3, of the 'Rebellion Record,' at page 426, gives the numbers that Grant had present for duty on the morning of May 31, 1864, after all the fighting of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania was over. This is the official record of the War Department at Washington. It states that he had present for duty on the morning of May 31st, 129,620 men. What seems to be the most reliable account of his losses between May 4th and 31st is that of Captain Phisterer, an officer of the regular army, in his 'statistical record.' He places his losses between those days at 66,171. Now, if this be added to those present for duty we have for Grant on May 4th a grand total of 195,791 men. This of course

includes the Ninth corps under Burnside, and the reinforcements that joined him on the way in the Wilderness. But all those were under his immediate command when he commenced the movement, and he could have had them all present for duty and in position on May 4th, if he had seen how he could have used them. They are therefore chargeable to him as troops present for action on that day.

"But this is not all. Butler, under his command, had on the lower James 36,950 more (2d, page 427), so, that Grant commenced his move, commanding, in the field, 232,731 men. What had General Lee to oppose to this vast host? General Early has proved to a moral demonstration in the *Southern Historical Papers* for July, 1876, that General Lee had on the Rapidan less than 50,000 men. The volume of the 'Rebellion Record' that we have quoted from contains a letter from General Beauregard to President Davis, giving the number with which he opposed Butler, and they were 14,530 men. So, that 64,530 Confederates were all that successfully opposed this vast host of 232,731 men throughout that long and bloody summer, in which they killed and wounded more men than all of themselves combined."

GENERAL JAMES A. WALKER'S ACCOUNT.

When I was in Richmond at the unveiling of the A. P. Hill statue in May last, while fighting my battles over with old comrades, the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse came up, and the statements contained in this letter were made by me, and seemed to be news to the other gentlemen present, and I promised I would write them for publication as soon as I could find time to do so.

After much delay I have written what follows, giving the occurrences related as they appeared to the restricted vision of an eyewitness. There was doubtless much that occurred very near me that I did not see, but what I did see is indelibly written on my memory.

A little retrospection will not be amiss before speaking of that day's work. It will be remembered that the Army of Northern Virginia, having defeated McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker, met its first check at the hands of General Meade, a Virginian, at Gettysburg. The Federal Government then brought General Grant from the West, flushed with victory, to command the largest and best equipped army ever gathered on American soil. Its appointed task was to destroy the army of General Lee and capture

the Capital of the Confederate States. To accomplish this cherished object, the new commander was promised all the men, the means and the munitions of war he should ask for.

On the 4th of May, 1863, when General Grant crossed the Rapidan river, his whole force amounted to 141,000 men, while that of General Lee amounted to 64,000, the odds being over two and a-quarter to one.

Any other commander except Robert E. Lee would have felt it prudent to retire before such odds, and watch for opportunities to strike his antagonist at exposed points, and select and fortify a strong position near Richmond. But General Lee was as bold and daring as he was skillful and prudent, and he knew the men he commanded were equal to any task that mortals could accomplish, and that they relied on him with unquestioning faith. They believed that whatever General Lee did was the very best that could be done; and they believed that whatever he set before them to do they could and they would do.

General Lee knew that with such men, the veterans of three years' experience, he could confidentially calculate on defeating an army of more than two and one-fourth to one.

As soon as he learned that his adversary had crossed the river he broke his camp around Orange Courthouse and advanced into the Wilderness, and on the 5th gave battle to the enemy as soon as he came up with him, and General Grant, instead of following a retreating foe, found himself compelled to halt, concentrate his vast army, and deliver battle before he had crossed the river thirty-six hours.

After two days hard fighting, General Grant was no nearer Richmond than when it began, and he gave up the task of driving General Lee before him, and of defeating him in a pitched battle.

The 7th of May was passed in comparative quiet, the Confederates confidently awaiting the expected attack, which never came.

The two armies then rested about seventy-five miles northwest of Richmond, with the Confederate right and the Federal left flank nearest to Richmond, which lay to the southwest.

It will be seen that by moving by his left flank General Grant could pass around General Lee's right and place his army between his adversary and the Confederate capital.

On the afternoon and night of the 7th, General Grant began his first flank movement, and withdrew from the front of his adversary, and

attempted, by a secret and quiet movement, to pass around General Lee's right flank under cover of darkness, and get between General Lee's army and Richmond. It will readily be seen that General Grant had a longer line to traverse to reach any point between his antagonist and Richmond than General Lee had to reach the same point. In military phrase, General Lee operated on the inner and shorter line, while Grant had the outer and longer line. But this advantage for the Confederate commander was counterbalanced by the fact that General Grant, by covering his movement with his cavalry and thin lines of infantry pressed close to the lines of his foes, and making the demonstrations as if an attack was imminent, could withdraw the great bulk of his army from the front, and get several hours the start before his real designs could be fathomed.

When General Grant, on the 7th day of May, began his flank movement his objective point was Spotsylvania Courthouse, which would place him in rear of Lee's right flank. General Lee on the night of the 7th discovered Grant's movement, and at once began to bring up his infantry by forced marches to support Stuart's cavalry, which was already in front of the marching columns of blue, making, as they always did, a gallant fight to delay them until the infantry came up. The division of General Anderson, of Hill's corps, reached the Courthouse on the morning of the 8th, and almost at the same moment the vanguard of the Federal army came upon the ground. The advance guards of the two armies at once grappled, and the Confederates drove back the enemy and seized upon the strategic points to hold them for the battle-ground.

While these advance guards were thus confronting each other at Spotsylvania Courthouse on the morning of the 8th, the remainder of the two armies, stretched back for ten miles, were hurrying up as fast as forced marches could bring them, and as division after division of the Federal army arrived it would swing round the left of their line as a pivot and form on the left of the troops already in line, while the Confederates would swing round the right flank and form on the right of their line.

Thus all that beautiful spring day the hostile armies were wheeling into line, and all day fierce combats and bloody skirmishes were going on between detachments and divisions as they struggled for coveted positions.

The artillery on either side as it came up would seize upon the

heights, and quickly unlimbering, would salute the new arrivals with the thunder of the guns and the screeching and bursting sounds of shot and shell. It was a grand game of war played by two gallant armies, led by the two great Generals with consummate skill and ability.

It was late in the afternoon of the 8th when Johnson's division, of Ewell's corps arrived on the field, and the enemy was pressing our men hotly and lapping over their right flank as we came up.

I then had the honor to command the Stonewall Brigade of Johnson's division, and when our corps commander, glorious old General Ewell, rode out to meet us, and commanded us to move up at double quick, the model men of that brave brigade, notwithstanding their forced march of sixteen or eighteen hours had nearly exhausted their physical strength, responded with a yell, and amid the bursting of the enemy's shell and the whistling of the deadly minie balls, dashed into line and checked the advance of the enemy. This brigade was the first of the division to get into line, and formed immediately on the right of that splendid North Carolinian, General Ramseur, who fell at Winchester the same year, and whose gallant Tar Heels were as true as steel, and shed lustre on the Confederate armies on many a battle field.

The other brigades of the division came up and formed in rapid succession under the enemy's fire in the following order: On the right of the Stonewall Brigade was the Louisiana brigade, commanded by General Harry Hays, than whom no braver, knightlier soldier ever drew sword. His command on the 5th had formed two brigades, but on that day General Stafford, one of the bravest and best men I ever knew, was killed at the head of his men, and his brigade had been consolidated with that of Hays. On the right of Hays came J. M. Jones' brigade, commanded by Colonel Witcher, their brave leader having also fallen in battle at the same time General Stafford was killed. On the right of the Louisianans came the brigade of George H. Steuart. The position thus taken by Johnson's division was such as the fortune of battle gave it. It was determined for us by the enemy, more than by our own choosing, and formed a sharp salient not far from the right of Jones' brigade. I have frequently heard the Confederate engineers censured for allowing this salient in the lines, but as I have shown already they had nothing to do with forming the line, and as I will show hereafter, it

had nothing to do with the disaster which happened to Johnson's division on the 12th.

Soon after the division was in line, night came on, and skirmishers were thrown out and quiet reigned, but it was the hush which precedes the tornado. Tired and worn out as the soldiers were there was no rest for them that night.

The greater part of the line of the division was along the outer edge (the edge next to the enemy) of a body of fine oak timber. As soon as night put an end to the combat, axes, picks and shovels were sent for, and along the whole line through the night the men worked like beavers, and the crash of falling trees, the ring of axes, and the sound of the spade and shovel were heard. Trees were felled and piled upon each other, and a ditch dug behind them with the earth out of it thrown against the logs. The limbs and tops of the trees as cut off from the trunks were used to form abattis, by placing them in front of the breastworks with the sharpened points towards the enemy.

By daylight next morning a very formidable line of fortifications frowned upon the foe, and our troops rested quietly and confident of victory, should the enemy attack them. Between the morning of the 9th and the morning of the 12th, this line of breastworks was much strengthened, and became one of the very best lines of temporary field works I ever saw. It was apparently impregnable. Just behind the intrenched line of infantry, artillery was placed at the most eligible points, to sweep the approaching enemy with shot and shell and cannister.

A description of the ground in front of the Confederate troops at this point will serve to explain the situation more fully.

Just in front of Ramseur's position there was a cleared and open space for two or three hundred yards. Then came a dense forest of pine timber with the limbs hanging down to the ground, shutting off all view of the interior.

The enemy's skirmishers occupied the edge of the forest, nearest Ramseur's line, and kept up a spirited fire at short range, which compelled his men to keep close behind their breastworks. On Ramseur's right, in front of the Stonewall brigade, the pine forest was much less dense, and did not approach so near our line, while our skirmishers were pushed into the timber, and the enemy's skirmishers were kept at a safe distance. Opposite the right of the Stonewall brigade the timber which came so close to their front ter-

minated or gave out, and in front of the Louisiana brigade and Jones' brigade there was a broad plateau; an old field without timber or obstruction of any kind extending for six or eight hundred yards. Then the ground descended into a rather deep hollow or ravine covered with oak timber, which belt of timber extended much further beyond, and was filled with the enemy's troops. The skirmishers from Hays' and Jones' brigade were posted in this timbered ravine, one thousand yards in front of the breastworks.

All day on the 9th we were left in quiet, and on the 10th nothing excited suspicion until after the hour of noon, when the enemy's skirmishers in the edge of the pine forest in front of Ramseur became particularly active and spiteful, and muffled sounds began to issue from the unseen recesses of the wood, which were suspicious, and it was believed that the enemy was massing there for an attack. This was reduced to a certainty later in the afternoon, when in an instant a column of the enemy rushed out from among the pines and dashed swiftly across the intervening space between them and Ramseur. Ramseur's men were ready, and poured a deadly volley into them, but the blue lines did not falter, and before our men could reload they were on the works. Our men used the bayonets, but were driven back, and the blue coats, with three cheers and a tiger given in regular hip! hip! hurrah! style, moved on in pursuit. The two regiments on the left of the Stonewall Brigade had poured an oblique fire on foe as they advanced, and after the works were carried were drawn back and formed at right angles to the breastworks, from which position they delivered a murderous fire into the flank of the enemy after they crossed the line.

The triumph of the victors was of short duration, for soon Ramseur's retiring line was reinforced, and in turn the enemy was driven back pell mell at a double-quick, and as they recrossed our works and the open space to seek the friendly gloom of the pine forest they had a few moments before left in such gallant array, they were shot down until the ground was covered with their dead and wounded. Ramseur's lines were restored, and there were no further demonstrations on the 10th or 11th. The night of the 11th was damp and misty, with a dense fog resting on the ground.

During the night it was reported to General Lee that the enemy was again withdrawing from his front, and preparing to make another flank movement. To meet this the artillery was at once withdrawn

from the front and placed in readiness to march at early dawn. Only two guns of Carrington's Battery were left to support Johnson's division.

Before it became light enough to distinguish objects, the rapid firing of our skirmishers in the wooded ravine in front of the centre of Johnson's line gave notice that the enemy was advancing, and the heavy tramp of a large body of infantry and the sharp words of command could be distinctly heard. Very soon our skirmishers came falling back, firing as they came, and announced what we already knew, that a heavy column was advancing to the attack. Our men were all up and ready for them with their muskets cocked, peering through the gloom for the first glimpse of their foes. For several moments, which seemed very much longer to the anxious and expectant Confederates, no enemy came in sight; but the tramp of armed men drew nearer, and the commands of their officers sounded more distinctly.

The enemy, consisting of Hancock's corps, formed in columns of brigades, had emerged from the ravine and advanced about one-third of the way across the open plateau before they could be seen, or could themselves see our works on account of the fog. All at once the slowly-lifting fog showed them our heavily fortified position, some four or five hundred yards in their front. At this expected but unwelcome sight the advancing columns paused and wavered and hesitated, and seemed to refuse the task before them. Their mounted officers rode in front and urged them on, while many officers on foot and horseback shouted: "Forward! men, forward!" and repeated the words again and again. Then the moment for the Confederate fire had come, and the men, rising to full height leveled their trusty muskets deliberately at the halting column, with a practiced aim which would have carried havoc into their ranks. But the searching damp had disarmed them, and instead of the leaping line of fire and the sharp crack of the muskets came the pop! pop! pop! of exploding caps as the hammer fell upon them. Their powder was damp, and with their muzzle-loading muskets there was no help for them. A few, very few, pieces fired clear; but fresh caps on most of them only produced another failure. A muzzle-loading musket with damp powder behind the ball is as useless to a soldier in an emergency like that as a walking-cane.

As the enemy received no fire from our lines they took heart and

again moved forward with rapid strides. On they came unopposed, and in few moments had torn our well-constructed abattis away and were over our works taking prisoners of our unarmed troops.

I saw officers ride up to the lines and step from their stirrups on to our breastworks without harm to themselves or to their horses.

This statement as to the failure of the muskets of our men to fire is true as to that portion of our line between the Stonewall Brigade and the salient, which was as far as my vision extended, but I have been informed by officers of Jones' Brigade that the right of that brigade had been more careful or more fortunate, and their muskets were in good order, and that the enemy was repulsed in front of that portion of our lines with great loss, and that they held their position until the enemy's troops, who had crossed to their left, had swung round in the rear and came up behind our lines.

I speak advisedly when I say that if the muskets of our men had been serviceable they would never had gotten within three hundred yards of our line. One well-directed volley, such as our men knew so well how to give, delivered at the moment the line wavered and halted, would have thrown them into confusion, and made their future movements too slow and dispirited to render success in such a charge possible. Such attacks must be made with dash, rapidity and united effort to ensure success.

I had peculiar opportunities for witnessing this assault, because the enemy on this occasion, as in their attack on Ramseur on the 10th, did not attack the Stonewall Brigade at all, but attacked immediately on their right, directly in front of Jones' Virginia and Hays' Louisiana Brigades, and with perfect safety and without a shot coming in any direction, I stood upon the breastworks in front of the right regiment of my brigade and witnessed it all.

As soon as the enemy began to cross our works the right regiment of my brigade, the Fourth Virginia, then commanded by the brave Colonel (afterwards General) William Terry, was formed at right angles to the works, so as to fire down the inside of our line. I was very soon wounded and left the battle-field, and what happened afterwards is only known to me as to others, as history relates it.

The dreadful carnage on both sides, in that salient which gave to it the name of the "Bloody Angle;" the touching incident of the devotion of General Lee's soldiers to his person; when the old hero, in the midst of the heaviest fire, and when his troops were being pressed

back, rode to the front of one of his brigades just ready to go into the fight, and offered to lead it in the charge. How his brave boys refused to follow him, shouting with tears in their eyes: "General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear! We will go forward, but General Lee must go to the rear!" Until some of the men firmly, but respectfully, laid their hands upon the bridle of his horse and turned his head to the rear. Then the old hero raised his hat in his peculiar dignified way, and rode slowly back, while the brigade went forward with more dash and courage than ever before, because they had commanded "Mars Bob," and he had obeyed their command.

It was in this bloody angle that an oak tree, as large around as a man's body, was cut down by minie balls alone, and its trunk can now be seen in the war office at Washington city.

I have spoken of this charge of Hancock's corps, because it has been ignorantly charged that our troops were taken by surprise.

There may have been some want of care on the part of the troops and their officers in not keeping their powder dry, and had it been a rainy night, they would have taken greater precautions, and the disaster would never have occurred.

As an illustration of the dangers and the casualties of the campaign of 1864, it is only necessary to take Johnson's division as a sample. That division had been recruited and reorganized during the preceding winter, and went into the campaign with a major-general, four brigadier-generals, and a full complement of field and company officers. Its rank and file was composed of about 6,000 men. On the 5th and 6th of May, two of its brigade commanders were killed, and about one-half of its field officers, and about one-third of the men were killed or wounded. After the 6th of May it was increased by the addition of Hays' brigade, about 800 strong. On the 12th two more of its brigade commanders were wounded, and the one remaining, with the division commander, was captured. Of the rank and file nearly all in line on that day were killed, wounded or captured. The whole remnant of the 6,000 was formed into one small brigade, and a colonel promoted to command it.

A fact not generally known, is that on the 12th of May, 1864, the famous Stonewall brigade, which had won renown on so many battle-fields, ceased to exist as a separate organization, and the few remaining members, not above two hundred in all, with the other fragments

of Johnson's division, were incorporated into a single brigade, called Terry's brigade.

The official designation of Stonewall brigade was not given to that body of men until after the death of its General, Paxton, at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863. Prior to that it had been known either by its number, or the name of its commander.

When Stonewall Jackson was its commander in 1861, it was called the First Virginia brigade. After General Jackson was promoted to major-general in October, 1861, it was commanded by General Garnett, and was called Garnett's brigade. General Garnett, having incurred General Jackson's displeasure at Kernstown, was relieved of command, but afterwards fell at Gettysburg, leading his brigade in the charge of Pickett's division.

After Garnett, General Winder commanded the brigade for about four months, until he was killed at Slaughter's mountain. While he commanded it, it was called Winder's brigade. When the gallant Winder fell, General Jackson had Major Paxton, of his staff, promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of Winder's brigade; and it was called Paxton's brigade until he was killed at Chancellorsville in May, 1863.

Then I was assigned to its command, and for a few weeks only it was known as Walker's brigade; when, by authority of the Secretary of War, it received the official designation of Stonewall brigade, by which it had been unofficially known in the army before, and which name it had received on the plains of Manassas on the 21st of July, 1861, when the brave Bee pointed to the First Virginia brigade, under command of General Jackson, and said to his brave men, retiring, before overwhelming odds: "There stands Jackson and his Virginians like a stone wall." The compliment was paid to the brigade for its gallant stand as much as to its commander.

On the 12th of May, 1864, in the Bloody Angle, the old brigade was annihilated, and its name faded from the rolls of the Army of Northern Virginia, but it will ever live on the rolls of fame, and history will record its deeds of glory.

JAMES A. WALKER.

COLONEL THOMAS H. CARTER'S LETTER.

Editor of the Times:

I have read with interest in your Sunday's paper General James A. Walker's account of the capture of General Edward Johnson's division in the salient, near Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, and also the editorial on the subject in your issue of February 7th.

General Walker's record for splendid courage, as well as his whole career as a soldier, is well established and known in the Army of Northern Virginia, and is a guarantee of the correctness of his account of the battle as he saw it.

While, however, the damp ammunition of the infantry may have prevented a successful resistance against the attack of Hancock, the chief cause of the capture of the division was the absence of the artillery from the line, the removal of which had been ordered and carried out on the afternoon of May 11th.

This reason General Johnson always asserted with emphasis and feeling; he justly and indignantly denied to the end of his life the statement in some current accounts, and in one history, that he was surprised on this occasion.

The salient projected far in advance of the general direction of the line of battle. General Walker's description of the woods and ground around and works forming it is excellent.

Speaking in a general way, the whole projection, called the salient, may be likened to an irregularly-shaped horseshoe, with heels turned out, a mile or more around and a half mile across the heels. It was a wretchedly defective line, in a military sense, its adoption having been brought about as described by General Walker. It was only kept because of the work done upon it, and the belief that our troops, entrenched, could never be driven out.

So defective was it that in the battle of the 10th in order to confront that onset I had to transfer the guns and caissons from the inside and right of the toe of the horseshoe to the corresponding positions outside of the works, with our backs to the enemy at that point, fortunately not there in sight. But the breastworks were good of the kind, and much of the ground in front was sufficiently open to see for a short distance the enemy's lines, when charging, and had the artillery been in place the line could not have been carried.

One of my battalions of artillery in command of Major R. C. M. Page, occupied the toe and the right of the salient. It was withdrawn the afternoon of May 11th by order of General Long, chief of artillery, second corps (Ewell's), who was doubtless acting under orders, and who said the cavalry had reported the renewal of the flank movement towards Richmond by the enemy.

The object of the withdrawal of the artillery was to prevent the disclosure of our expected movement that night.

General Johnson protested at the time against the withdrawal of the artillery, saying he had been along his front and had seen no indication of a movement of the enemy.

I told him we greatly preferred to remain, the breastworks were built, we would be in place and, supported by infantry, absolutely impregnable against successful assault, but must, of course, obey orders. The battalion was taken to the rear, and went into bivouac.

The night was dark, murky and dripping. About 1 o'clock sounds of troops marching, counter-marching, halting and chopping bushes in front of the salient were reported to General Johnson. He at once dispatched a courier to General Ewell, reporting these facts, and asking the return of the artillery. This courier lost much time in finding General Ewell's and General Long's headquarters. Failing to return in time, General Johnson sent off another courier, with more urgent calls for the artillery.

I was sleeping close by General Long's headquarters, and one of the couriers finally reached him. The order was quickly sent me to be in position by daybreak. Striking a light, I indorsed on the order that it was then twenty minutes to daybreak, and the men all asleep, but the artillery would be in place as soon as possible.

All too quickly it dashed out in the mud and darkness, the battery of my brother, Captain William Page Carter, in the lead, by turn, that morning. Most of this battalion reached the salient point just in time to be captured, before being unlimbered and placed in battery, the enemy pouring over the breastworks in rear of them. Only one gun of Captain Carter's battery unlimbered in the very apex of the salient, and fired a single shot, when he, in person, helping to load the gun, heard behind him the order, "Stop firing that gun."

Turning his head, he saw within a few yards of him a large number of blue-coats, with muskets leveled at him and his men. He

shouted to the officer, "Don't shoot my men," and, of course, was compelled at once to surrender.

Captain Carter reports General Johnson limping up and down on top the breastworks, not deigning to protect himself, with stick in hand, from his wound at Alleghany, his clothes torn, encouraging his men in every way, by word and deed.

General Hancock said to General Harry Heth after the war that the attack on the salient was an accident, due to the location of a white house in front of it, which afforded a conspicuous object for the centre of his lines of battle for attack, and that he was not aware of the existence of a salient.

He furthermore said that he had 30,000 troops, in five or six lines of battle, and could have carried the salient, even had the artillery been in place.

The salient was a weak position, affording a divergent, instead of a convergent fire, and General Hancock believed, of course, what he said, for he was a gallant soldier and a gentleman, and the stoutest fighter of all the corps commanders we had to encounter during the war, his attacks always meaning heavy pounding from start to finish, but he is mistaken in this conjecture.

It would be a sufficient reply to say that neither he nor anyone else ever saw, during the war, a good line of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, properly supported by infantry in breastworks, with open front, carried by direct front assault, and the production of a single instance during the war may be safely challenged.

It matters not as to the five or six lines of battle in column of attack. When the front lines go down those in rear are not so eager to come along, the moral effect being as to the physical, several (or more) to one.

In further reply to General Hancock's surmise, it should be stated that notwithstanding his success at first, his attacking column never reached half way to the heels of the horse shoe salient.

Some soldiers seem disposed to think arillery is "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

True, it cannot take the place of infantry. Infantry is the bulwark of every army of every age. Men with muskets can scale heights, descend depths, pierce thickets, and, numbered by thousands, can go anywhere and fill the air with deadly missiles. Artillery is a dependent auxiliary, defenseless except under proper conditions, but

massed in long line with open ground ahead is impregnable against front assault.

Skeptics would be disabused had they seen McClellan's sixty guns at Malvern Hill's plateau, repulse time and again, the flower of our infantry—the finest, in my belief, the world has ever seen.

I fully concur in the views you express in the editorial of the 7th of February, as to the superiority of the Southern soldier over the Northern. To an ordinary intelligence an enlistment of 700,000 men, all told, half fed, half clothed, practically unpaid and poorly furnished in all appointments of war, holding at bay for four years an enlistment of 2,700,000 men, with above conditions exactly reversed, ought to furnish mathematical demonstration of the superiority of the Southern soldier over the Northern. The philosophic reasons for this fact are not so easy to fathom.

I have written the above to throw some additional light on a disaster which was not well understood in current accounts, and which was always a source of irritation to General Johnson.

There was no sturdier, truer, braver division commander than General Edward Johnson, commonly known as "Old Alleghany.

THOMAS H. CARTER.

LETTER OF LIEUTENANT W. S. ARCHER.

Editor of The Times:

As I served throughout the war in the brigade which held the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania, and it has most unjustly been held responsible for the disaster there, I would like to add one statement to what has already been said, which I think has an important bearing on the result.

I do not remember accurately the points of the compass, but will assume that the general direction of the main line of works was up to the salient from south to north. At the salient the line curved sharply to the right and rear, running, I think, almost east. Now the picket line did not conform to the direction of the main line. On the contrary, it continued its northerly course for more than a thousand yards beyond the angle and then turned to the right and rear. Drawing a line due west from the angle you would strike a skirmish line at about three hundred yards. A line drawn from the

same point in a northwesterly direction would not reach the skirmish line under one thousand yards.

The attack came from the west and northwest. It is necessary to bear all this in mind to understand what followed. The "Bloody Angle" was held by the Second Brigade, Colonel Witcher, of General Edward Johnson's division. The Forty-second Virginia Regiment, of this brigade, held the skirmish line during the day and night of the 11th of May. At daybreak on the morning of the 12th, the Forty-eighth regiment, to which I was attached, was taken out of the salient, marched to the front and deployed to relieve the Forty-second.

It was just at this time, and whilst both regiments were extended in skirmish order, that the cheering of the charging columns of the enemy was heard, and although they were evidently close to us, none could be seen on account of a dense fog which enveloped everything. Nearly the whole of the two regiments were forced from their direct line of retreat and compelled to make a detour, or else stand the chance of running into the enemy, whose columns of attack to our left when first started were several hundred yards nearer the angle than we were. Many men kept an easterly course to avoid the fire from our own men, who, whilst they could see nothing, could hear the cheering, and were simply firing into the fog, and rejoined their commands later in the day. Many others, myself among the number, after making a detour, reached the lines where they were held by the Third brigade, General Steuart. Only a very small number re entered the angle, where all of us should have been. On crossing the works, I started up the line towards the salient, but before reaching it the enemy could be seen directly in front and about seventy yards off the line where they had halted, and one good volley would have sent the whole, helter-skelter to the rear. But it was not to be. And I can testify from personal observation as to the truth of General Walker's statement.

The fire of Steuart's men in line of battte did not have the force of a hotly-contested skirmish. The penetrating mist which had been falling all night had wet the powder in the tubes, and the guns could not be fired. A sergeant of my regiment, who was with me, directed my attention to the angle. About forty yards away the enemy could be seen pouring over the works, and the artillery galloping into the salient. I saw the single gun mentioned by Colonel Carter unlim-

bered and fired, and the battle lost, with many prisoners, for, although the battle raged around this angle all day and until 10 o'clock at night, we never drove them out, and they never gained an inch more.

This grievous loss was the result of a combination of unfortunate circumstances which sometimes happen wherever war is waged. These were: First, the falling mist, which rendered so many muskets unserviceable. Second, all the space in the salient occupied by the artillery and all that occupied by the Forty-eighth regiment was vacant, with neither musket nor cannon in it to fire a shot, and the enemy simply walked over the works without hindrance. The Forty-eighth, it is true, was a small regiment, for on the 5th of May more than one-half the men present, with the colors, had fallen in the gloomy depths of the Wilderness. There were enough left, however, to have held the salient if they had been in it with dry powder.

W. S. ARCHER,
Lieutenant Forty-eighth Virginia Regiment.

REV. M. S. STRINGFELLOW'S ACCOUNT.

RACCOON FORD, CULPEPER COUNTY, VA.,
February 20, 1893.

Editor of The Times:

I have been very much interested in two articles which have recently appeared in your paper over the signatures of General James A. Walker and Colonel Thomas H. Carter, relating to the battle of the 12th of May, at Spotsylvania Courthouse. I feel some hesitancy in coming before the public after such men as the two above-mentioned, but as I feel that it is a duty we owe to our cause and ourselves to throw all the light we can upon so important an event, I will hazard a statement as to what followed the capture of Johnson's line. Being simply an old soldier and entirely unknown to you and the public, I will take the liberty of referring you to General James A. Walker himself as to my reliability. I have not the slightest doubt that had Colonel Carter's guns been in position, a very different story would have been told. I have seen the Colonel's boys handle their guns more than once, and I know he is making no idle boast. What I shall say is in substance what I have written in a series of sketches

under the title of "My Experience as a Sharpshooter, and Other War Sketches." I don't know of your rules, but I shall reserve the privilege of using this material in the way I have just mentioned.

During the operations around Spotsylvania Courthouse, General John B. Gordon had command of Evans' Georgia brigade and Pegram's Virginia brigade. As a member of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, I was attached to Pegram's brigade. We were in reserve. To be in reserve at a time like that implied two things—confidence upon the part of our commander, and hard work upon the part of the men. In neither case was there disappointment.

The evening of the 11th closed in dark and chilly. We were made more uncomfortable by the fact that orders came around for "no fires." So, rolling up in our oil cloths, we were soon dreaming, perhaps, that the "Cruel war was over." The gray dawn of the morning of the 12th found us standing at attention. Some time since I read an account of the battle of the 12th of May, written by a Northern officer. In this account he said that they were told that a blow would be struck which would end the war. Nothing was said by our officers, but there was a nameless something in the air which told each man that a crisis was at hand. Orders were given in low tones. The dim, shadowy outlines of the different commands as they took their positions under the sombre shades of the pines, gave a weird effect to the scene.

Just as the day began to streak the East, we heard a rapid firing on our extreme left. In a short time a courier dashed up to General Gordon with an order. "Attention! Left face, forward! Double quick!" passed up our lines, and we were off on a run. Troops in reserve had to have what the horse jockeys call "good bottom." At that time we were in good order for a run. Not a fat man in our ranks. A quarter of a pound of meat and a pint of unsifted meal, with hard work, was our formula for reducing flesh. On this occasion, we demonstrated that the old saying, "a lean dog for a long chase," was a correct theory. How far we went, I am unable to say, but it was to General Lee's extreme left. Just as we arrived on a run, we saw our boys, Hood's Texas, I think, recapturing works which the enemy had gained temporary possession of. We had scarcely time to draw a long breath before another courier dashed up to General Gordon, when the command came quickly, "About face! forward! double quick!" Back over our tracks we sped, covering the

whole distance at a run. The men needed no urging, for we all felt that there must be some urgent need. General Gordon, accompanied by a young man, who was detailed from my old company (A) at division headquarters as a courier, went ahead.

This young man told me afterwards that when General Gordon reached General Lee he reined his horse back on his haunches, throwing his hand to his cap, he saluted General Lee, and said: "What do you want me to do, General?" General Gordon was then, he said, the most superb looking soldier he ever saw. During our absence, as we afterwards learned, the enemy had broken over our lines, capturing the greater part of General Edward Johnson's division. It was to retake and re-establish this line we had been sent for.

When we, the reserve, I mean, arrived, General Lee was seated upon Traveler, engaged in conversation with General Gordon. Our brigade came up on a run and went through the manœuvre of "on the right by file into line," by which we changed front, facing towards Spotsylvania Courthouse. As the boys came up the General could read the same question in all their eyes which General Gordon had asked. The General was in great danger, for we were under a lively fire as we formed. I saw the dust fly from General Gordon's coat, just above his sword belt. Checking his horse, he threw his hand to his back. He seemed satisfied that it was only a little darning for Mrs. Gordon, who was always in reach, and spurred on down the line. I passed in a few feet of General Lee; he was perfectly calm. No one would ever have dreamed that General Grant held probably half a mile of his works. It was just then the circumstance occurred which has given rise to some controversy. I allude to General Lee's being turned back. What has caused some confusion has been the fact that almost the same identical thing happened twice during that campaign. In the first instance, General Lee wanted to lead the Texans, when they turned him back. On this occasion General Lee took his position on the right of our brigade, with the evident intention of leading it into action. General Gordon told the General he must go back and said: "These are Virginians, and they are going to do their duty," appealing to the men at the same time. All who heard him responded that he must go back, and they would do what he wanted done.

It took less time to form that line than it has taken me to tell it.

When rising in his stirrups, General Gordon gave the command, "Forward! Guide right!"

Those two brigades had a herculean task ahead of them. Thirty thousand troops, flushed with victory, held formidable works. The brigades possibly at that time, for they had already lost heavily since the campaign opened, not more than ten thousand strong, were about to grapple with this force. To General Lee's practiced eye it must have seemed a forlorn hope. How they acquitted themselves the sequel will show.

Immediately in front of our brigade was a dense growth of old field pines. When the order came to move forward, our boys stepped briskly to the front in perfect order, and were soon lost to view in the pine thicket. It was not until we had emerged from the thicket, on the opposite side from us, that we saw the enemy. To make our position plainer, I will here state that we were moving in a somewhat oblique line to a line of works which were under construction, and extended from heel to heel of the horseshoe, which contained the works Johnson had lost; in other words it was a simple straightening of our line of battle, throwing off the horseshoe. As we emerged from the pines we came suddenly upon this inner line, and which was heavily manned by the enemy. I don't think I exaggerate when I say that the enemy poured a volley into our faces at not over twenty yards. It was then, and not till then, that the "rebel yell" rose wild and clear upon the morning air. It makes my blood jump quicker as I recall that scene. Never pausing a second, our boys mounted the works. In a moment the blue and the gray were mixed in a dense struggling mass. What must have been General Lee's feelings then, as he heard the crashing volley of the enemy, the wild cheer of his boys, and then comparative silence, for the boys were too busy to yell? Soon his practiced ear could detect a receding fire, as the enemy broke in confusion and were driven across the line of the horseshoe, towards Spotsylvania. Here they followed the line of Johnson's work towards the famous "Bloody Angle," our boys in hot pursuit.

As we advanced up a long slope, the ground gradually rising towards the "bloody angle," we discovered a dense mass of the enemy formed behind a worm fence, which struck Johnson's works at right angles. Somebody got it into his head that they had surrendered, and officers dashed in amongst our men yelling, "Cease firing, they

have surrendered." After some time the firing ceased, but our men continued to advance, every man with his gun cocked and ready to bring it to his shoulder. I was reminded of a big bird hunt. We were now, I think, in forty yards of the mass I speak of, when a shot came from their lines. As quick as thought our boys blazed away, and raising a yell dashed at them. In another moment the blue and the gray became a dense, surging mass. The fighting here was desperate. Pistols, guns, bayonets, swords, all came into play. A lieutenant of the Fifty-second Virginia was just to my right, almost touching me. I saw him put his hand upon a Yankee's shoulder, ordering him to surrender. The Yankee jerked away, and making a half turn, drove his bayonet through the lieutenant's body, killing him instantly. I had a loaded revolver in my hand, and I emptied it, in many instances close enough to burn their clothing. I recollect thinking during that fight of a remark Murat was credited with making, that he had been in a hundred battles and did not know whether he had ever killed a man. I saw then how that might easily happen. When so many bullets are flying it is impossible to say which did the work, and I am glad I did not know. The enemy broke again, retreating in the direction of the angle. We were now, I think, probably about 150 yards from it, when we became aware of a heavy fire from Johnson's old works, and discovered that they were heavily manned by the enemy. Turning from the pursuit of the mass in front of us we charged the works, which were now to our left, killing, wounding and capturing everything in them.

At this juncture of affairs I am satisfied I was in less than fifty steps of the angle, and I am perfectly certain I could have gone to the angle without encountering an enemy. The officer commanding our brigade that day was, I think, Colonel Casey, of Bedford. Finding that our pursuit of the enemy had separated our brigade from the Georgians, he ordered us to close to the right. In doing so, we increased the distance between our left and the angle to probably a hundred, or possibly one hundred and fifty yards. Not long after this movement, about half an hour, I think, a large number of the enemy made their appearance to our left and rear. Running through the entire length of the horse shoe, from toe to heel, was a skirt of timber. Under cover of this the enemy had crossed over at the angle, and passed down the centre about one hundred yards, coming out so as to strike our left. As they made their appearance, a part

of our left swung back from the works so as to front the advancing enemy. A small party of us, on the extreme left, thought they were a party cut off, and were coming in to surrender. We were so sure of it that we stood our ground until they came in ten steps of us. The foremost man was an Irishman. He had a cap in one hand and his musket in the other. When he reached the point I have just mentioned, he called out, "Surrinder!" We soon saw our mistake; one of our party quickly threw his gun to his shoulder, fired at the Irishman and missed him; the Irishman threw his gun up, but before he could fire, another one of our party fired, killing him. We were too close to run, and knew that our men would open, and we would be between two fires. So we dropped flat on the ground, the enemy passing by, and over us—just then our left opened on them, and they came back pell-mell, and as they passed us going back our party jumped up, and gave them a parting shot. It was a close call for us. Had our left given back, we would have gone on to reinforce Johnson's party. This party of the enemy retreated, and crossed the works at the angle. From that time out, during the entire day, neither side occupied the space between our left and the angle. About this time Colonel Casey directed me to go in search of General Gordon, or some officer on Lee's staff, and directed me to explain the situation, and ask for reinforcements to fill the vacant space on our left.

I started along the line of works and went towards Spotsylvania Courthouse. As I approached the part of our line which was occupied by the Georgians, I noticed that they were all down behind the works, and as I advanced towards them they motioned to me to get down. I couldn't understand what they meant, until all at once I discovered a line of the enemy lying flat in a tall growth of broomsedge, which covered an old field in front of the Georgians . Balaam when he saw the angel standing in his way with the flaming sword was not more astonished than I was. The first thought which passed through my mind was why on earth couldn't I see those fellows? They were so close I could almost distinguish one face from another, and why they didn't shoot me is a mystery, unless they thought I wasn't worth the ammunition. Under the circumstances I was very willing to overlook the slight. It has been said that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." This was an exception to that rule. Ignorance was undoubtedly bliss in this case, but it would

have been very far from folly to have been wise. It took me very little while to disappear behind the works. I was now in a dilemma. I couldn't stay there, and after seeing what was out in the sedge I did not relish the idea of again taking the chances. After creeping along the works for some distance I found a place where the ground sloped back from them. Here, by lying flat and working along snake fashion I could keep out of sight until I reached the skirt of timber alluded to above, when I made good time. Soon after leaving the Georgians I heard cheering and heavy firing. I think the enemy tried to break over the Georgians, and were driven back. After accomplishing what I was sent for I returned to my position on the left of our brigade. During the entire day there was an incessant fire on us, both from infantry and artillery. With the exception of the ground just at the angle the enemy had been driven out of Johnson's entire line. The tree which General Walker alludes to was but a few steps from us.

The fire from the Angle annoyed us all day. A party of us went to our commanding officers and volunteered to take it. Our plan was to crawl from one traverse to another (they being from fifteen to twenty steps apart all the way from our left to the angle) until we got up to the enemy. He declined, however, thinking it not worth the risk. I feel sure it could have been done.

In giving my account of this day's work I have not mentioned anything except our own operations, the Georgians being out of sight, but that they did their share I have not the slightest doubt. For they could always be depended upon to do as much as any command in our service. Night closed one of the most disagreeable days I ever spent. As soon as it was dark we were taken from the horseshoe, and placed in the line I spoke of from heel to heel. The next day was quiet. Toward evening General Ewell came to us with a paper (from Washington) with a full account of the battle of the 12th. Although nearly a third of a century ago, the press was alive, and wielded such an influence in the great war that the question as to "which is the most powerful the pen or the sword?" is as far from settlement as ever. The general read us the Northern account, in which the army correspondent paid us, I think, a merited compliment when he said: "The fighting of the Rebels was simply splendid." "But, boys, you ought to hear what General Lee says about you," said the old general. Of course, we all besieged him to tell us, but

he rode off laughing, and said: "It would make you too vain." He never told us, but we felt sure it was something good, and, if possible, we were more willing than ever to do just what Marse Robert wanted done.

I have written more then I intended, but I suppose you know when an old soldier gets to fighting his battles over, he is hard to stop.

Yours, &c.,

M. S. STRINGFELLOW,
Co. A. Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, C. S. A.

MAJOR D. W. ANDERSON'S RELATION.

Editor of The Times:

Will you allow another "Old Reb" space in your valuable paper to say a word or two about the "Bloody Angle," in addition to what has been said by General J. A. Walker and others?

I claim the right to be heard on the grounds—first, that I belonged to the Second (Jones') brigade, General Edward Johnson's division, and was present for duty on the 12th of May, 1864; second, on the eve of the preceding day, the 11th of May, I was detailed by order of General Johnson, with a number of men (General Jones having been killed, as stated by General Walker, and Colonel Witcher with his, the Twenty-first regiment, being detached to take charge of some strategic point) to serve as "field officer of the day," on that part of our lines occupied by Jones's brigade, with orders to place a sentinel on the works every ten paces, and to tell the regimental commanders to allow their men "to sleep on their arms," the sentinels to give the alarm if the enemy advanced. One who has not been a soldier, with the responsibility of such a position, can scarcely appreciate its character. But with the true soldier it was the crushing weight of eleven great States, with their millions of women and children in their quiet homes, as well as the safety of an army that stood as a "wall of brass," in the defence of the God-given right of local self-government. Such was the sense of my responsibility on the night of the 11th of May, 1864. I dared not close my eyes to sleep, but, standing there upon the border of my country, amid the gloom of that dark, misty night, could hear the drums of possibly a hundred regiments thundering "Yankee Doodle," mingled with

the notes of apparently more than double that number of trombones to drown the noise of the moving columns of the enemy concentrating in front of the "Bloody Angle."

Third. I was within a few paces of General Johnson when we were captured; was with him during the entire time of our imprisonment; was exchanged at the same time, and returned with him to Richmond. I, therefore, had abundant opportunity to talk with General Johnson, which we did often, over the disaster of May 12th, and from General Johnson's lips, as well as from my own personal knowledge, I am prepared to confirm General Walker's opinion that neither General Johnson nor his men were surprised at the attack at the time it was made; but, on the contrary, I am quite sure, so far as Jones' brigade was concerned, all of us were expecting it.

I will state two facts, which I think will settle that point: While on duty as "officer of the day," as before stated, on the night of the 11th, the enemy became very active, and paraded all the bands and drum corps at their command, making the hills and dales resound with their music from 10 o'clock on the 11th till about 4 A. M. of the 12th, when all became quiet. At this time Captain W. H. Clary, then on General Johnson's staff, came to me with orders from General Johnson, directing me to see the regiment commanders and tell them to wake up their men and have them in the trenches, and to see that their guns were in good order.

That order was promptly obeyed by Jones' brigade. I suppose that the same orders were given to the other brigades in the division. Of one thing I am sure, however, and that is, that not one of the enemy came over the lines held by the Second (Jones') brigade till after we had surrendered to overwhelming numbers, who had turned our left by crossing our works beyond the salient in question, which threw them immediately on our left and rear.

The left of Jones' brigade rested immediately at the salient, with the entire brigade to the right of it. And just here I hope that General Walker will pardon me for saying that he made a slight mistake when he places the salient "not far from the right of Jones' brigade." Then again, General Walker says: "This statement as to the failure of the muskets of our men to fire is true, as to that portion of our line between the Stonewall brigade and the salient, which was, as far as my (his) vision extended; but I have been informed by officers of Jones' brigade that the right of that brigade had been more careful

or more fortunate, and that their muskets were in good order, and that the enemy was repulsed in front of that portion of our line," &c.

Now, I insist that Jones' entire brigade was beyond the salient from General Walker's standpoint, and hence beyond the range of his vision, according to his statement, and I will take the responsibility to say that what was true of the right of that brigade was true of the whole of that portion that was in the lines that morning—three regiments being absent, the Twenty-first, under Colonel Witcher, already alluded to, and the Forty-second and Forty-eighth, on picket, as I suppose, stated by Lieutenant Archer.

Deploring, as I did, the absence of the artillery, I asked General Johnson why it was. This was his reply: "I knew that the artillery had been removed, and ascertaining that the enemy was very active in my front, I sent a messenger to General Ewell during the night, telling him of the removal of the artillery, but by whose orders I did not know, and requesting him to order it back, as the enemy was very active in front, and that we would be sure to have an attack early next morning." General Ewell sent the reply: "The artillery has been ordered back, and will be in position by 2 o'clock." Then he added: "If the artillery had been in position we would have destroyed that army." That did not indicate a surprise on Johnson's part, I am sure. I had supposed it possible, at least, that the Louisiana Brigade had been "caught napping" that morning, and did not know otherwise till I read General Walker's article, for the reason that the left flank of my own (Jones') Brigade was turned, and I was told by members of the Stonewall (Walker's) Brigade that the enemy turned their right. I am glad the General explains—"wet powder"—but what a pity! After surrendering we sat down in the trenches a few minutes, then the enemy began pouring over our works in heavy columns, and we were ordered to go to the rear.

I hesitated to take such a leap into the dark blue mass of human beings then before me, a closed column of about four hundred yards front and half a mile deep, thick as men could walk, pressing forward with rapid strides to support those more advanced. Such was the sight that met my gaze when I mounted the works for my "on to Fort Delaware march." I could but exclaim, "Oh, for a few rounds from Colonel Nelson's guns! What a target from the position they held on yesterday!"

All Yankeedom concentrated with a big "on to Richmond move."

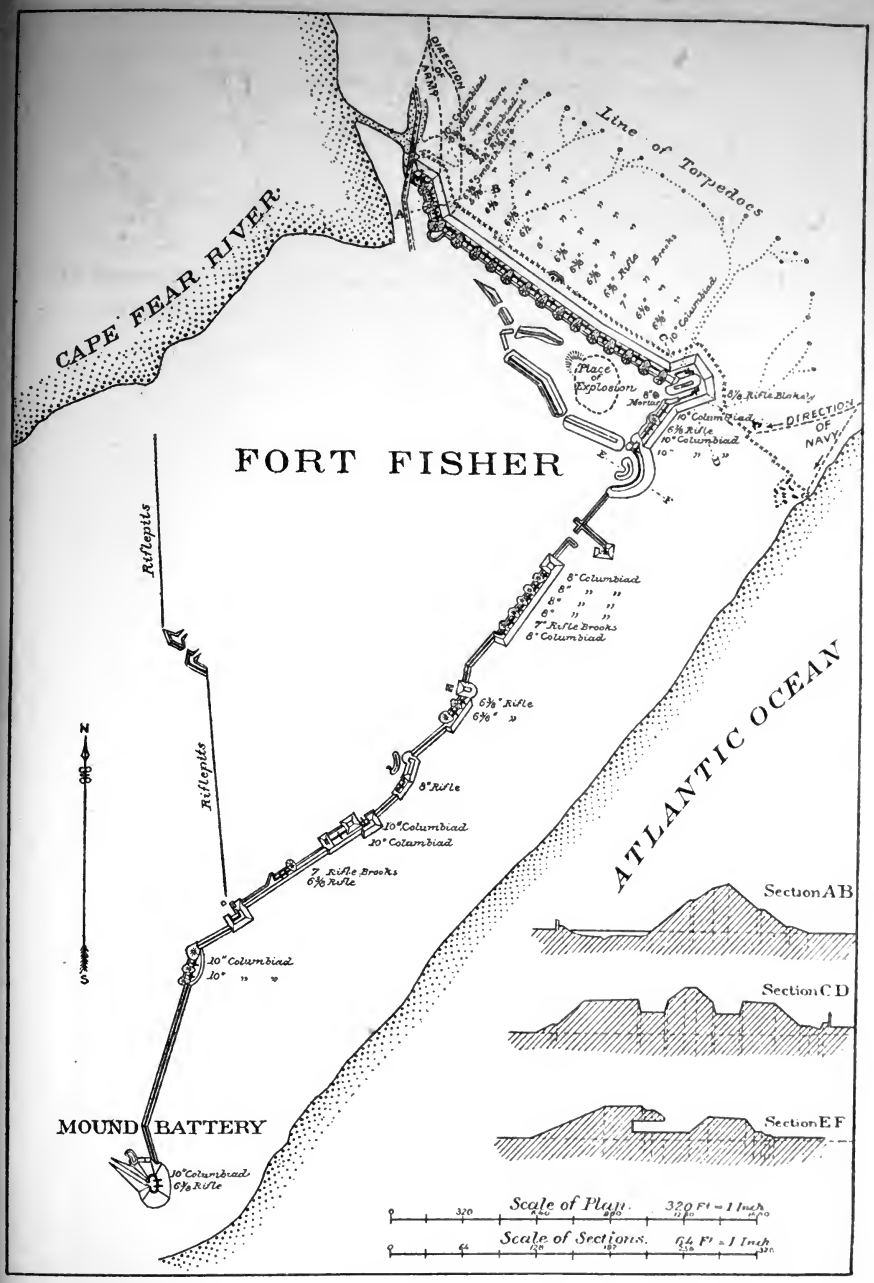
Good heavens! where did they come from? Such were my thoughts as we pressed our way through their centre. We were marched back some two or more miles to Provost Marshal General Patrick's headquarters, and there I met with a young man, a lieutenant on General Patrick's staff, who, saluting me, said: "Well, General, we got a few of you this morning." I replied, "Yes; but, as the Yankee said when selling his razor strops, there are plenty more of the same sort left." He remarked again, rather boastingly, "We charged you with but 45,000 this morning."

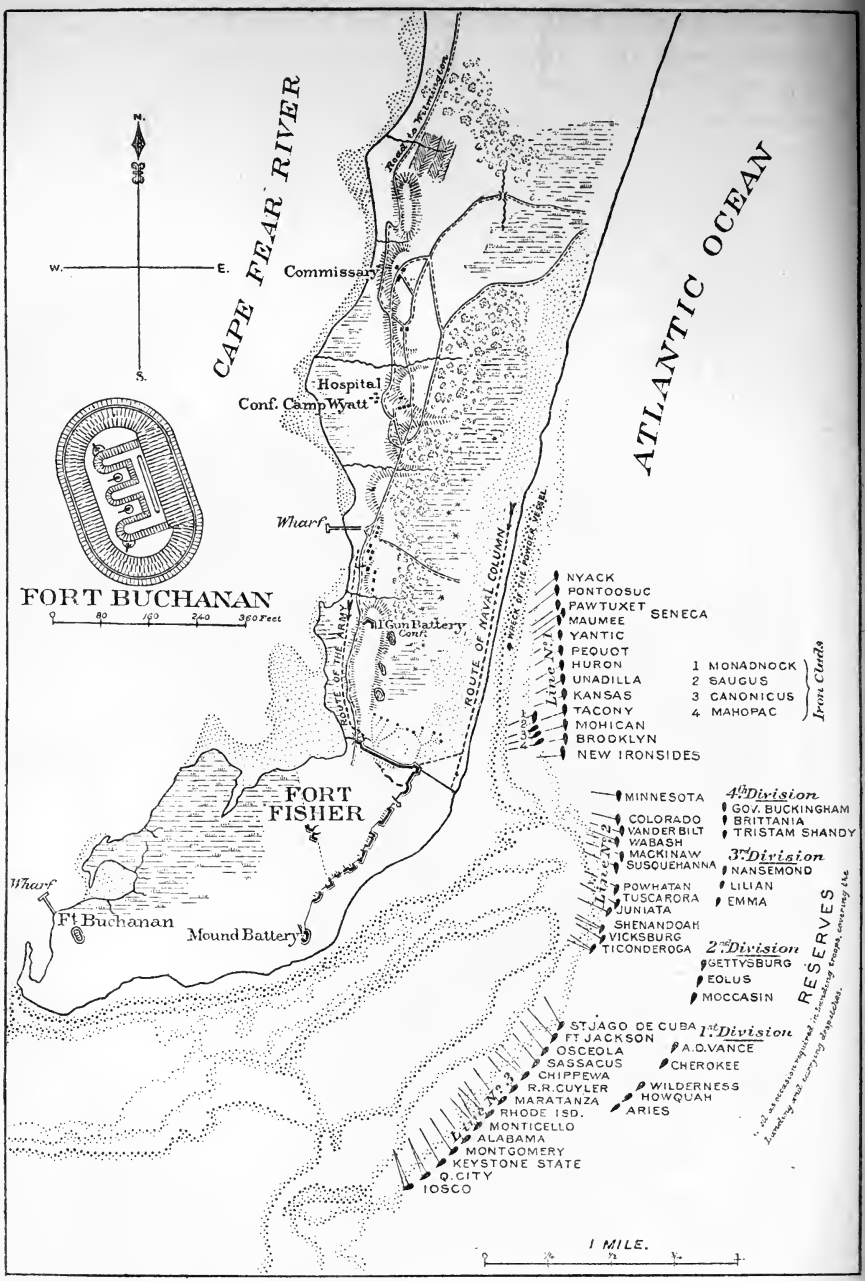
I suppose he alluded to the assaulting column, that had nearly passed over our works before I left, for I am quite sure there were at least 100,000 in the column through which I passed in crossing the plateau in front of Jones' and the Louisiana brigades, described by General Walker.

D. W. ANDERSON,

Major Forty-fourth Virginia Regiment,
Jones' Brigade, Johnson's Division.

Scottsville, Albemarle county, Va.


CAPE FEAR RIVER
FORT FISHER
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MOUND BATTERY
Line of Torpedoes
DIRECTION OF ARMY
DIRECTION OF NAVY
Place of Explosion
Riflepits
Riflepits
N
S
Section AB
Section CD
Section EF
Scale of Plan. 320 Ft = 1 Inch
Scale of Sections. 64 Ft = 1 Inch


CAPE FEAR RIVER
ATLANTIC OCEAN
N.
W.
E.
S.
Commissary
Hospital
Conf. Camp Wyatt
Wharf
FORT BUCHANAN
0 80 160 240 350 Feet
11 Gun Battery Confd
ROUTE OF THE LINE
ROUTE OF NAVAL COLUMN
WRECK OF THE POWDER VESSEL
FORT FISHER
Wharf
Ft Buchanan
Mound Battery
NYACK
PONTOOSUC
PAWTUXET
MAUMEE
YANTIC
PEQUOT
HURON
UNADILLA
KANSAS
TACONY
MOHICAN
BROOKLYN
NEW IRONSIDES
SENECA
Line No. 1
1 MONADNOCK
2 SAUGUS
3 CANONICUS
4 MAHOPAC
Iron Clads
MINNESOTA
COLORADO
VANDERBILT
WABASH
MACKINAW
SUSQUEHANNA
POWHATAN
TUSCARORA
JUNIATA
SHENANDOAH
VICKSBURG
TICONDEROGA
Line No. 2
4th Division
GOV. BUCKINGHAM
BRITTANIA
TRISTAM SHANDY
3rd Division
NANSEMOND
LILIAN
EMMA
2nd Division
GETTYSBURG
EOLUS
MOCCASIN
RESERVES
ST JAGO DE CUBA
FT JACKSON
OSCEOLA
SASSACUS
CHIPPEWA
R.R. CUYLER
MARATANZA
RHODE ISD.
MONTICELLO
ALABAMA
MONTGOMERY
KEYSTONE STATE
Q. CITY
IOSCO
Line No. 3
1st Division
A.D. VANCE
CHEROKEE
WILDERNESS
HOWQUAH
ARIES
1 MILE.

[From the Wilmington, N. C., *Weekly Messenger*, June 22, 1893]

FORT FISHER.

The Battles Fought There in 1864 and '65.

An Interesting Address by Colonel William Lamb, of Norfolk, Virginia, Written at the Request of Cape Fear Camp, United Confederate Veterans, of Wilmington—The Truth of History Graphically Told.

Colonel William Lamb, of Norfolk, Virginia, commandant of Fort Fisher during the terrific bombardment there during the civil war, read his address on Fort Fisher last week at the Young Men's Christian Association auditorium to a large and appreciative audience. He came here at the invitation of Cape Fear Camp, No. 254, United Confederate Veterans, and his address is the beginning of a series to be given under the auspices of that Camp.

On the platform with Colonel Lamb were Major James Reilly, one of the heroes of Fort Fisher, Colonel William L. DeRosset, Mr. James C. Stevenson, and the Hon. Alfred M. Waddell. The pleasant task of introducing Colonel Lamb was assigned to Colonel Waddell, and he did so in a few eloquent words. Colonel Waddell thanked the audience for their presence, saying that their attendance was taken as granted that they were in sympathy with the Cape Fear Camp, in having Colonel Lamb here, which was to record the truth of history about the battles of Fort Fisher. These battles he pronounced the most terrific bombardment known to the world up to this time. He said it was universally admitted that the storming of Fort Fisher was the greatest artillery fight in the world's history, and he had once so stated in a speech he had made before a Grand Army Post up North. Up to 1861, the storming of Sebastopol had been the greatest, but he had heard from the lips of an Englishman, who was at Sebastopol, and who was also at Fort Fisher during the battles, that the storming of Sebastopol was absolutely mere child's play in comparison with the storming of Fort Fisher. He had talked with Admiral Porter, of the Federal side, and with other Federal general officers who had

participated in the battles of Fort Fisher, and particularly with General N. M. Curtis, the gallant Federal general who led the land attack, and who was shot seven times and lost an eye in the last battle, and they agreed that it is conceded to be the most terrific artillery battle in the world's history.

In presenting Colonel Lamb, Colonel Waddell said we have one with us who commanded Fort Fisher in the great battles, and in defence of which he fell, desperately wounded—a gallant officer who was once a resident of Wilmington, and whose memory would never be forgotten.

Colonel Lamb was received with warm applause, and after a few introductory remarks he delivered the admirable address to be found in full in this morning's *Messenger.*

He began his remarks with, "Mr. Chairman and Comrades of Cape Fear Camp, United Confederate Veterans," and remarked that he had come to Wilmington in the autumn of 1861, and brought with him the little heroine* who came to share his fortunes of the war. After he had spoken about how hospitably he and his wife were received by the people of Wilmington, he entered upon the address that the reader can find elsewhere. He was generously applauded throughout, and there was very hearty applause when he alluded to our esteemed citizen, Major James Reilly. Colonel Lamb's exordium was very eloquent, and although the address was lengthy, the audi- the audience was disappointed when he concluded.

In his address Colonel Lamb alluded to his visit to the old fort yesterday. He and his daughter, Miss Madge, and his son, Harry Whiting, accompanied by Major James Reilly, Colonel Wm. L. DeRosset, Colonel John D. Taylor, Mr. James C. Stevenson, Mr. W. M. Cumming, Mr. John W. Reilly and T. W. Clawson, of the *Messenger*, went down to Fort Fisher yesterday morning. The party took the steamer Clarence at 9:30 A. M , and returned to the city last evening shortly after 6 P. M.

The party took a trip over the old fort, but little of it now remains except the profile. The land face is completely effaced by the ocean and the elements, but enough of the battery elevations yet remain for them to be correctly pointed out by those familiar with them.

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* See pages 301–306 of Volume XX, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, where, under the caption of ' The Heroine of Confederate Point," is printed what Mrs. Lamb touchingly experienced.—Ed.

Battery Bolles, the first part of the fortifications built, was identified as the second knoll north of what was known as the "Mound Battery." The "Mound," which was sixty feet in height, still remains, but as it was merely a heap of sand it has been blown down to about twenty-five or thirty feet in height. "The Pulpit" was also recognizable, but no magazine or bomb-proof could be seen. The party picked up some pieces of shell and bullets, but even these relics, once so plentiful, have nearly all disappeared. The fact is, the historic old fortress is overgrown with a dense growth of bushes in many places, and blackberries are ripening and daisies are growing where carnage once held sway.

THE ADDRESS.

About noon, on the 4th day of July, 1862, while in command of Fort St. Philip, near Orton, on the Cape Fear river, I received a most unexpected order to proceed to Fort Fisher, and take command. I went immediately, assumed command, and before sunset of that day, had thoroughly inspected the works. They then consisted of—first, a recently erected work, with two guns, called Shepherd's Battery. It was on the extreme left, and faced the sea, its rear being close to the river shore. Next, towards the sea, came a quadrilateral field work, known as Fort Fisher. It was a small work, part of it constructed of perishable sand bags, and its longest face was about one hundred yards. Out of its half dozen large guns, only the two eight-inch Columbiads were suitable for seacoast defence. One of the Federal frigates could have obliterated it with a few broadsides. Next to this on its right, facing the sea and opposite the bar, came a very handsome and creditable casemated battery of four eight-inch Columbiads, called after Captain Meade. It was constructed of turfed sand over a heavy timber frame-work, the embrasures of palmetto. Colonel Fremont has informed me since the war that he designed this work. A one-gun battery stood to the right of this, well out on the seashore. It was called Cumberland's battery, and contained a long-ranged rifle gun, the only piece of modern ordinance on Confederate Point. (This gun exploded subsequently when fired at a blockader, without loss of life, and was replaced with a ten-inch Columbiad.) To the right and rear of this and some two hundred yards apart, were two batteries, each having two barbette guns of moderate calibre,

one called Bolles and the other I called Hedrick Battery, after the former gallant commander of the fort. There was besides these batteries a large commissary bomb proof. There were only seventeen guns of respectable calibre, including thirty-two pounders. There was on Zeke's Island a small two-gun battery, subsequently washed away by the sea. I thought, on assuming command, and experience afterwards demonstrated, that as a defence of New Inlet against a Federal fleet, our works amounted to nothing.

I determined at once to build a work of such magnitude that it could withstand the heaviest fire of any guns in the American navy. I had seen the effect of eleven-inch shell, and had read about the force of the fifteen-inch shell, and believed that their penetrating power was well ascertained, and could be provided against. I obtained permission of Major-General French, who had placed me in command of Confederate Point, to commence such a fortification, although he did not altogether concur with me as to the value of elevated batteries, nor the necessity of such unprecedently heavy works. Shortly after obtaining permission, I commenced the new Fort Fisher, and from that time, the summer of 1862, until the morning of 24th of December, 1864, I never ceased to work, sometimes working on Sunday when rumors of an attack reached me, having at times over one thousand men, white and colored, hard at work. In the construction of the mound on the extreme right of the seaface, which occupied six months, two inclined railways, worked by steam, supplemented the labor of men. Although Fort Fisher was far from completed when attacked by the Federal fleet, it was the largest seacoast fortification in the Confederate States. The plans were my own, and as the work progressed were approved by French, Raines, Longstreet, Beauregard and Whiting. It was styled by Federal engineers after the capture, the Malakoff of the South. It was built solely with the view of resisting the fire of a fleet, and it stood uninjured, except as to armament, two of the fiercest bombardments the world has ever witnessed.

The morning after I took command of the fort, I noticed a blockader lying a little over a mile from the bar, not two miles from the works. I asked if she was not unusually close in, and was answered no. I then remarked that she could have thrown a shot into the fort without warning, and was informed that the enemy sometimes fired on our working parties unexpectedly and drove them from their work,

and that the fort never fired on the enemy unless they fired first. I replied that it should never occur again, and ordering a detachment to man the rifle in the Cumberland battery, opened fire on the blockader. The astonished enemy slipped his cable and retreated as fast as possible, and from that day to the final attack no blockader anchored within range of our guns, and no working party was ever molested, not even when hundreds were congregated together in constructing the mound.

When the Federal fleet appeared off the fort in December, 1864, I had built two faces to the works; these were two thousand five hundred and eighty yards long, or about one and a half miles. The land face mounted twenty of the heaviest sea-coast guns, and was 682 yards long; the sea face with twenty-four equally heavy guns (including a 170-pounder Blakeley rifle and 130-pounder Armstrong rifle, both imported from England) was 1,898 yards in length.

The land face commenced about 100 feet from the river with a half bastion, originally Shepherd's Battery, which I had doubled in strength, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. There was no moat with scarp and counter scarp, so essential for defence against storming parties, the shifting sands rendering its construction impossible with the material available. The outer slope was twenty feet high from the berme to the top of the parapet, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was sodded with marsh grass, which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than twenty-five feet thick, with an inclination of only one foot. The revetment was five feet nine inches high from the floor of the gun chambers, and these were some twelve feet or more from the interior plane. The guns were all mounted in barbette on Columbiad carriages; there was not a single casemated gun in the fort. Experience had taught that casemates of timber and sand bags were a delusion and a snare against heavy projectiles; and there was no iron to construct others with. Between the gun chambers, containing one or two guns each, there were heavy traverses, exceeding in size any heretofore constructed, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet on the parapet, and were twelve feet or more in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. The gun chambers were reached from the rear by steps. In each traverse was an alternate magazine or bomb-proof, the latter venti-

lated by an air chamber. Passage ways penetrated the traverses in the interior of the work forming additional bomb-proofs for the reliefs for the guns.

The sea face for 100 yards from the northeast bastion was of the same massive character as the land face. A crescent battery built for four casemated guns joined this. It had been originally constructed of palmetto logs and tarred sand bags and sand revetted with sod; but the logs had decayed and it was converted into a hospital bomb-proof. In its rear a heavy curtain was thrown up to protect the chambers from fragments of shells. From this bomb-proof a series of batteries extended for three-quarters of a mile along the sea, connected by an infantry curtain. These batteries had heavy traverses, but were not more than ten or twelve feet high to the top of the parapets and were built for richochet firing. On this line was a bomb-proof electric battery connected with a system of submarine torpedoes. Further along, where the channel ran close to the beach, inside the bar, a mound battery, sixty feet high was erected, with two heavy guns, which had a plunging fire on the channel; this was connected with the battery north of it by a light curtain. Following the line of the works it was over one mile from the mound to the redan at the angle of the sea and the land faces. From the mound for nearly a mile to the end of the point was a level sand plain, scarcely three feet above high tide, and much of it was submerged during gales. At the point was battery Buchanan with four guns, in the shape of an ellipse, commanding the Inlet, its two eleven-inch guns covering the approach by land.

It was constructed after a plan furnished me by Reddin Pittman, an accomplished young engineer officer from Edgecombe county, and, for its purpose, was perfect in design. I remember when he gave me the plan he had named it "Augusta Battery," after his sweetheart, but General Whiting wishing to compliment the gallant hero of Mobile, directed me to call it Battery Buchanan. When completed it was garrisoned by a detachment from the Confederate States Navy. An advanced redoubt with a twenty-four pounder was added after the repulse of Butler and Porter, Christmas, 1864. A wharf for large steamers was in close proximity to this work. Battery Buchanan was a citadel to which an overpowered garrison might retreat and with proper transportation might be carried off at night, and to which reinforcements could be safely sent under the cover of darkness.

Returning to the land face or northern front of Fort Fisher, as a defense against infantry, there was a system of subterra torpedoes extending across the peninsula five to six hundred feet from the land face, and so disconnected that the explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berme of the work, extending from river bank to seashore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the centre, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally port, from which two Napoleons were run out as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge, the entrance of the river road into the fort; commanding this bridge was a Napoleon gun. There were three mortars in the rear of the land face.

Having described Fort Fisher as I found it on the 4th of July, 1862, and as it was on the eve of the great battles, I will now take a cursory glance of events on Confederate Point during these two and a half years. Just previous to my going there the British steamer "Modern Greece," laden with provisions, clothing, liquors, and four pieces of artillery, with ammunition, attempted to run into New Inlet. Her draft being too great to enter, the commander of the fort, fearing capture, sunk her outside the bar and proceeded to save her cargo. I completed this work, rescuing four twelve-pounder Whitworth rifle guns, which afterwards bore a conspicuous part in the operations of the war, not only in my command but elsewhere. They were the longest range guns then constructed, throwing a shot five miles when at an angle of twenty-five degrees. After mounting them, the blockaders were obliged to move their anchorage still further from the fort.

Blockade-running into Wilmington had just commenced. It was first carried on by any light draft sea-going steamer that could be procured and even by small sailing craft, but this was of short duration. The blockade became so effective that to run it successfully was quite a science. The fastest steamers were built for the purpose, side-wheelers or double screws, long, low and narrow, usually nine times as long as wide, and from four hundred to seven hundred tons burthen. They were all painted a light gray, making them as nearly invisible as possible; light lower masts without yards, with a small lookout on the foremast. Funnels could be lowered close to the deck in case of need and when possible smokeless coal was used. No light was permitted to be visible. No animal likely to make a

noise was allowed on board, the only exception to the rule being a splendid Arabian steed brought in for President Davis. No precaution was omitted to prevent discovery. During my stay on Confederate Point at least one hundred different steamers were engaged in running the blockade in the Cape Fear river, and very few were captured before making one round trip. The squadron off Wilmington reported sixty-five steam blockade runners captured or destroyed during the war. The most skillful sailors were secured as commanders, and Confederate and British naval officers were engaged when practicable, the latter being on leave under assumed names. One thousand pounds sterling was paid to a captain for a successful trip. The pilots, who were most essential to success, received as high as £750 for the round trip. It was usual to pay half the sum in advance. The most fortunate of the commanders of my acquaintance was Captain John N. Wilkinson, of the Confederate States Navy, who in ten months made twenty-one trips in the British side-wheel steamer "Giraffe," which was purchased by the Confederate Government and named the R. E. Lee. Captain Roberts, whose real name was Hon. Augustus C. Hobart Hampden, and who afterwards as Hobart Pasha commanded the Turkish Navy until his death, was also most successful, running the "Don" between Nassau and Wilmington, with the regularity of a packet boat. Captain Murray, who was C. Murray Aynsley, now a retired admiral in the British Navy, and who received rapid promotion for distinguished and gallant service from the government, after our war, was not only successful, but forced to show more skill and pluck than the others, having to run the gauntlet of the blockade squadron by daylight on two occasions, receiving shot in his vessel each time.

As blockade-running was of such vital interest to the Southern cause, I did everything to foster it, and New Inlet, protected by Fort Fisher, became the most popular entrance to the South. Wilmington was the last gateway closed, and during the last year that I commanded the fort, there was scarcely a dark night that I was not called upon the ramparts to admit a friendly vessel. Had I time I would dwell on some of the many interesting events in blockade running at Fort Fisher, but it is quite impossible in the limit necessarily put upon this narrative. The running through the squadron and safely over the bar in daylight of the powder-laden "Cornubia," in 1862, and the "A. D. Vance," with a party of ladies and Dr. Hoge, of

Richmond, with Bibles for the soldiers, in 1864 (the latter steamer rescued by a timely shot from a ten-inch Columbiad in the fort), were incidents never to be forgotten. The recapture of the "Kate of London" and the "Nighthawk," the wreck of the "Condor" under the guns of the fort, and the sad drowning of Mrs. Greenhough, the famous Confederate spy, the fights over the "Venus" and the "Hebe" on the beach of Masonboro Sound, where one of the garrison was killed and a Whitworth gun captured from a detachment of men guarding the wrecks August 23, 1863, by the United States frigate "Minnesota," carrying forty-four guns, which came close to shore and rendered a retreat with the guns impossible, were thrilling events in our camp life.

We had a visit from President Davis; he landed at the end of the point and rode on horseback with General Whiting to the mound. As soon as he reached the top, giving him a complete view of the works, the sea-face guns being manned for the purpose, gave him the Presidential salute of twenty-one guns. We doubt whether many of the forts in the South could claim the distinction of having fired such salute. I would mention in this connection, that I never failed on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-second of February to fire at noon the national salutes of thirteen guns, although not required to do so by the Confederate States army regulations.

I shall never forget a most interesting discussion between the President and General Whiting, at my headquarters, in regard to their preference as to the mode of trial they would prefer; the President preferring the usual trial by jury, whilst General Whiting preferred the courtmartial.

Among the saddest events which occurred previous to the battles, were the execution of deserters. On one occasion one soldier was shot, and on another, two were executed at the same time. It is a solemn sight to see a command drawn up to witness the death of fellow-soldiers, and it is always made as impressive as possible as a warning against desertion. The condemned ride to the stake upon their coffins, the band playing the dead march, are blindfolded when shot, and are usually tied to the stake unless they request otherwise. The weapons are loaded by the ordnance sergeant, one with a blank cartridge, so that no soldier detailed is positive that his gun is loaded with a ball when he fires.

The three shot at Fort Fisher had been farmers, and were married,

and doubtlesss the condition of their families at home had much to do with their crime. They had not deserted from my command, but when captured, their companies were stationed at Fort Fisher, and it was my painful duty to see the sentences of the courts-martial enforced. They all died fearlessly.

Monday, October 24th, 1864, was a day of excitement on Confederate Point. Information was received that Fort Fisher was to be attacked, and Porter was to command the fleet. Intelligence was also received through an anonymous letter at headquarters at Wilmington that our men were expected to spike the guns, cut telegraph wires and pilot the enemy to the city. This was conveyed to me confidentially, but I repudiated it so far as my garrison was concerned, having implicit faith in their loyalty, and subsequent events sustained my convictions. The same day General Braxton Bragg assumed command of the defences of Wilmington, superseding, but not removing, General Whiting, who remained second in command. This was a bitter disappointment to my command, who felt that no one was so capable of defending the Cape Fear as the brilliant officer who had given so much of his time and ability for its defence. When a few days after, a Virginia paper announced, "Braxton Bragg has been ordered to Wilmington, goodbye Wilmington," to many, it seemed as prophetic as the wizard's warning to Lochiel on the eve of the battle of "Culloden." I did not so regard it, but was as sanguine of success as that unfortunate Highland chieftain. The patriotic Whiting showed no feeling at being superseded, but went to work with redoubled energy to prepare for the impending attack. He visited Confederate Point repeatedly, riding over the ground with me and selecting points for batteries and covered ways, so as to keep up communication after the arrival of the enemy, between the fort and the entrenched camp which I commenced constructing at Sugar Loaf. He pointed out to me where the enemy would land on the beach beyond the range of our guns, and on both occasions the enemy landed at that place without opposition, although Whiting had prepared ample shelter for troops to seriously retard if not prevent a landing. It seems incomprehensible that General Bragg should have allowed the Federal troops on both attacks to have made a frolic of their landing on the soil of North Carolina. Six thousand soldiers from Lee's army within call, and not one sent to meet the invader and drive him from the shore. Sub-

terra batteries were planted in front of the Fort and a strong palisade line erected from river to sea. A number of heavy rifles and columbiads were put on the land and sea faces to strengthen Fort Fisher and the armament of Battery Buchanan was completed. In the sixty days before the attack, our threatened works were so materially strengthened that we felt with proper co-operation on the part of the army under Whiting we would certainly defeat the enemy. On the morning of December 20th, the expected fleet was seen off Fort Fisher, hulls down. A stiff gale was blowing from the northeast. Only half of my garrison, five companies of the Thirty-sixth North Carolina, were with me, the other half having been sent to Georgia under the gallant Major James M. Stevenson to assist in resisting Sherman's advance to the sea. My effective force was not over 500. I immediately sent the slaves who were at work on the defences, to town, and put everything in readiness for action, expecting the fleet in at high tide. General Whiting paid me a short visit, and promised to send reinforcements. Commodore Pinkney was with him, and gravely informed me that the heavy frigates would drive my men from the guns on the sea face with a few broadsides of grape and canister. I respectfully disagreed with him. The gale increased in severity and continued through the night. The fleet remained at their anchorage during the 21st, the wind shifting to the southwest. During the day a detachment of three officers and twenty-five sailors of the Confederate States Navy reported. During the next day the fleet remained at anchor, their hulls still below the horizon. General Hebert, my immediate commander, also visited me; he was very blue, having really no men to spare from the reduced garrison of the other forts. On the 23d there was no demonstration by the enemy, but I was reinforced by Major James Reilly with two companies of his regiment, the Tenth, 110 men, and a company of the Thirteenth North Carolina Battery, 115 strong, and the Seventh Battalion Junior Reserves, boys between sixteen and eighteen years of age, 140 in number, making a total in the Fort of 900 men and boys. The new arrivals were assigned the quarters of the absent companies, and the regulars among them were soon at home. The old garrison had ceased to speculate on the impending attack, and in the evening hours before taps a visitor among them would never have supposed a battle was imminent. The violin and accordeon could be heard from different groups, and a quartette was singing "Lorenо," "My Maryland,"

and other camp-fire melodies. The usual games were being played around the tallow dips with as much zest as if a more serious game were not impending; here and there a few were reading their Bibles before retiring, but only such as were accustomed to end the day in such devotions. The formidable fleet had no terror for these stout hearts. The regulars who had come from the other forts were naturally discussing the situation, and after their comparative inactivity seemed pleased with the opportunity to see some active service in behalf of the cause. The brave little boys, torn from their firesides by the cruel necessities of the struggle, were as bright and manly as if anticipating a parade. They should never have been called out for service; it was robbing the cradle.

What nobler women can be found in all history than the matrons of the Old North State, who, with their prayers and tears, sent forth their darlings in a cause they believed to be right, and in the defence of their homes? Self-sacrificing courage seems indigenous to North Carolina. No breast is too tender for this heroic virtue. Since the ten-year-old son of the Regulator begged the tyrant Tryon, after the battle of the Alamance, to hang him and let his father live, lest his mother die and the children perish, even the boys of this sturdy Commonwealth have been ever ready to rally in her defence. The first life-blood that stained the sands of Confederate Point was from one of these youthful patriots.

The sun set in a cloudless sky on December 23d, and with its parting rays the gale subsided. At midnight the blockade runner "Little Hattie" came in, and Captain Lebby came ashore to report his narrow escape from capture. He had passed safely through the formidable fleet, and thought he had been followed in by one of the enemy's ships, but she had not molested him. He was about leaving when the officer of the day reported a vessel on fire up the beach about a mile from the fort. I went on the ramparts and saw what looked like a blockade runner on fire. Captain Lebby thought it must be the "Agnes Fry," which steamer had left Nassau with him for Wilmington, and I so telegraphed General Whiting. I watched the burning vessel for half an hour, and ordered the mounted pickets to be careful not to fire on any approaching boats. I had a good opportunity to note the position of the vessel, and considered her a mile from the fort. General Butler, some years after the war, informed me that the wreck was found and her exact position known,

but I think the remains of the "Modern Greece" were mistaken for her, and that nothing was left of this vessel. Returning to my quarters, I laid down on my lounge to get a rest before the anticipated engagement next day, but I had hardly lain down before I felt a gentle rocking of the small brick house (formerly the light keeper's), which I would have attributed to imagination or to vertigo, but it was instantly followed by an explosion, sounding very little louder than the report of a ten-inch Columbiad. The corporal of the guard was called for in every direction by the sentinels, and the officer of the day reported the blowing up of the magazine of the vessel which had been on fire. I telegraphed General Whiting, at Wilmington, of the explosion, and retired to rest. In the morning the explosion was the subject of conversation among the officers, and some had not even been aroused by the commotion it created. I thought so little of it that the only entry I made in my diary was "a blockader got aground near the fort, set fire to herself, and blew up." I was surprised to learn from prisoners captured Christmas night that the explosion was that of a great floating magazine, the steamer Louisiana, with more than 250 tons of powder, intended to demolish the work and paralyze the garrison. The vessel was doubtless afloat when the explosion occurred, or the result might have been very serious. The shock was distinctly felt in Wilmington.

Saturday, December 24th, was one of those perfect winter days that are occasionally experienced in the latitude of the Cape Fear. The gale, which had backed around from the northeast to the southwest, had subsided the day before, and was followed by a dead calm. The air was balmy for winter, and the sun shone with almost Indian summer warmth, and the deep blue sea was as calm as a lake and broke lazily on the bar and beach.

A grander sight than the approach of Porter's formidable Armada towards the fort was never witnessed on our coast. With the rising sun out of old ocean there came upon the horizion one after another, the vessels of the fleet, the grand frigates leading the van, followed by the iron-clads. More than fifty men-of-war headed for the Confederate stronghold. At 9 o'clock the men were beat to quarters, and silently the detachments stood by their guns. On the vessels came, growing larger and more imposing as the distance lessened between them and the resolute men who had rallied to defend their homes. The "Minnesota," "Colorado," and "Wabash" came

grandly on, floating fortresses, each mounting more guns than all the batteries on the land, and the two first combined carrying more shot and shell than all the magazines in the fort contained. From the left salient to the mound Fort Fisher had forty-four guns, and not over 3,600 shot and shell, exclusive of grape and shrapnel. The Armstrong gun had only one dozen rounds of fixed ammunition, and no other projectile could be used in its delicate groves. The order was given to fire no shot until the Columbiad at headquarters fired, and that each gun that bore on a vessel should be fired every thirty minutes, and not oftener except by special order, unless an attempt was made to cross the bar, when every gun bearing on it should be fired as rapidly as accuracy would permit, the smooth bores at richochette.

Before coming within range, the wooden ships slowed down and the great ironsides and three monitors slowly forged ahead, coming within less than a mile of the northeast salient, the other ships taking position to the right and left, the line extending more than a mile. As the ironside took her position she ran out her starboard guns, a flash was seen from the forward one, then a puff of white smoke, a deep boom was heard and over our heads came an eleven inch shell, which I saw distinctly in its passage towards our flag staff, past which it exploded harmlessly with a sharp report. The signal gun had been trailed to bear on an approaching frigate, and as I gave the command the landyard was jerked, and a ten-inch shot went bowling along, richochetted, and bounded through the smoke-stack of the "Susquehanna."

This was the commencement of the most terrific bombardment from the fleet which war had ever witnessed. Ship after ship discharged its broadsides, every description of deadly missile, from a three-inch rifle bolt to a fifteen-inch shell, flying wildly into and over the fort, until the garrison flagstaff was shattered. Most of the firing seemed directed towards it, and as it stood in the centre of the parade, all these bolts fell harmless as to human life, many of the shells, especially the rifle shots, going over the fort and into the river in the rear. The dead calm, which prevailed in nature, caused thesmoke to hang around the hulls of the vessels, so enveloping them as to prevent the effect of the shots our gunners were allowed to fire from being seen. It was two hours after the bombardment commenced before the flag was shot away, and in that time, although thousands of shot and shell

were hurled at us, I had heard of no casualty in the works. For these two hours I had remained on the parapet of the sea face watching intently for any effort to cross the bar, and in all that time, only one shell had exploded near enough to endanger my life. In the rear of the flag staff the wooden quarters of the garrison were situated, and these were soon set on fire by the bursting shells and more than one-half of them were consumed. The day being balmy, most of the men had left their overcoats and blankets in their bunks, and these were consumed. There was quite a quantity of naval stores, tar and pitch near these quarters, and they took fire and made an imposing bonfire in sympathy with the occasion.

As soon as the garrison flag was shot away, finding the shaft so split and shivered that it could not be raised, I sent word to Captain Munn to raise the flag on the mound. It seems that the halyards had got unreeved and it was necessary to climb the staff to fasten the flag. Private Christopher C. Bland, of Company K, Thirty-six North Carolina regiment, volunteered for the service, and climbed the staff under heavy fire and secured the battle flag to the masthead. At once a terrific fire was poured on the mound, and the lower end of the flag having been cut loose, again, that heroic soldier repeated the daring act, amid the cheers of the garrison, and securely fastened the flag where it floated in triumph, although torn and rent by fragments of shell, until the victory was won. While this was being done, I went to the left salient and planted a company battle flag on the extreme left. My two hours' experience had taught me that the fleet would concentrate a heavy fire on it, and I wanted to put it where it would do the most good by causing the least harm.

For five hours this tremendous hail of shot and shell was poured upon the devoted works, but with little effect. At 5:30 P. M. the fleet withdrew.

The fleet, to our surprise, made no effort to cross the bar and run by our guns. One vessel inside would have ended the fight. Our guns and work would have been taken in reverse. The fort was built to prevent the passage of the bar, and remembering Mobile and New Orleans, we did not regard the battle as seriously begun until the American navy, with its accustomed dash, attempted the passage of the fort. It was this that made me reserve my fire, for nothing tempted me to waste my short supply of ammunition, not even the glory of sinking one of the hostile fleet. I rigidly carried out the

thirty-minute rule, except when some vessel would be unusually impudent and spiteful, and I would personally direct several guns to bear on her and fire until she had apparently received a merited punishment. During the whole day, in answer to at least 10,000 shots, I only fired 672 projectiles. It was this deliberation which gave the fleet the false idea that they had silenced our guns, and the fact that on this day I took care to fire the last shot as they were withdrawing, did not disabuse their minds of this erroneous idea. Not a detachment was driven from a gun chamber.

In the first day's fight I had about one-half of the quarters burned, three gun carriages disabled, a light artillery caisson exploded, large quantities of the earthwork torn and plowed up, with some revetments broken and splintered, but not a single bomb-proof or a magazine injured. Only twenty-three men wounded—one mortally, three seriously, and nineteen slightly.

Never since the invention of gunpowder was there so much of it harmlessly expended as in the first day's attack on Fort Fisher. All was quiet during the night, but next morning, Christmas Day, about 10 o'clock, the great fleet again moved in towards the fort, being reinforced by another monitor and some additional wooden ships of war. At half-past 10 o'clock the Ironsides opened and the fleet commenced an incessant bombardment, if possible more noisy and furious than that of the preceding day. About 2 o'clock several of the frigates came up to the bar and lowered boats, apparently to sound the entrance, but a heavy fire was immediately directed against them and they were promptly driven out. At 3:30 a very gallant attempt was made by a number of barges to sound the Carolina shoals, south of the mound. A few shots from Battery Buchanan, the naval battery in my command, first cut the flag from a barge and then cut the barge in two, causing the remainder after rescuing their comrades to retreat rapidly.

My two seven-inch Brooke rifles both exploded in the afternoon of this day. Being manned by a detachment of sailors and situated opposite to the bar, I had given the officer in charge discretion to fire upon the vessels which had approached the bar, and his fire had been more rapid than from any other guns, and with the disastrous result of explosion, which unfortunately wounded a number of men.

Strange as it may appear, no attempt to pass the fort was made by any of the fleet, and none except the armored vessels came within a

mile of our heaviest guns. Whether the smoke obscured the fort or the gunners were untrained, it is equally hard to account for the wild firing of these two days. If they had tried to miss the guns on the sea face they could not have succeeded better, no gun or carriage on that face being injured by the fire of the fleet; the only guns disabled being the two Brooke rifles which exploded. All the disabled guns were on the land face, which was enfiladed by the fleet as well as subjected to the direct fire of the armored ships, which came within a half mile of the fort. With the exception of the Brooke battery and some special firing on some vessels, the firing of the fort was slower and more deliberate than on the previous day, only 600 shot and shell being expended. The temptation to concentrate the whole of the available fire of the fort on a single frigate and drive her out and destroy her was very great, as I found that the garrison were disappointed at having no such trophy for the first day's engagement, but I had a limited supply of ammunition and did not know when it could be replenished. Already, on the first day, I had expended nearly one-sixth of my supplies in merely keeping the men in heart by an occasional shot. I could easily have fired every shot and shell away the first day. Admiral Porter expended nearly all of his ammunition in the two days' bombardment. The Minnesota fired 1,982 shots and the Colorado 1,569 shots, a total for these two frigates of 3,551, about as many as we had in all the batteries of Fort Fisher. On both days I fired the last gun to let our naval visitors know that we had another shot left in the locker. In the bombardment of the second day the most of the remaining quarters were destroyed, more of the earthworks were displaced, but none seriously damaged, and five guns were disabled by the enemy. The greatest penetration noticed (from fifteen-inch shell) was five feet perpendicularly. During the day a large fleet of transports were seen up the beach, and the enemy landed a large force at Battery Anderson, three miles up the beach.

At half-past 4 P. M., sharpshooters were seen on our left flank, and they fired upon our gunners from the old quarters across the causeway and killed a young courier, who had been, without my knowledge, sent out of the fort, and captured his horse. I had two pieces of artillery run out of the sally port, and a few discharges of canister stopped the annoyance. At this time, on the 25th, my effective force had been increased to 921 regulars and 450 junior reserves, total 1,371.

At 5:30 P. M. a most furious enfilading fire against the land face and palisade line commenced—certainly never surpassed in warfare—130 shot and shell per minute—more than two every second. I ordered my men to protect themselves behind the traverses, and removed all extra men from the chambers, with the order, the moment the firing stopped to rally to the ramparts without further orders.

As soon as this fire commenced I saw a heavy line of skirmishers advancing on our works. Just as the naval fire ceased the guns were manned, and I opened with grape and canister, and as it was becoming too dark to see the advance from the ramparts, threw 800 men and boys behind the palisades, which had been scarcely injured. I never shall forget the gallant youths whom I rallied that night to meet the enemy. I had ordered all to man the parapets as soon as the naval fire ceased, as I supposed it would be followed by an assault. I thought the junior reserves were coming up too slowly, and I called out rather impatiently, "Don't be cowards, boys," when one manly little officer rushed over the work, followed by his companions, shouting, "We are no cowards, Colonel," and manned the palisades. I ordered them not to fire until the enemy were within a few feet of the palisades, but the whistle of bullets from Butler's skirmish line so excited them that in spite of my orders they kept up a fusilade until the enemy retired.

I was determined to meet the enemy at the palisade, feeling confident the few who would reach it would easily be captured or repulsed. I had the land guns, heavy and light, manned, with orders to fire grape and cannister whenever they saw an advance in force, and the operators stood ready upon my order to explode some of the subterra torpedoes. I stood upon the parapet to the left of the centre sally port, after giving directions in person to the officers on the land front. The fleet had ceased, except an occasional shell from the ironclads down this face. The Federal sharpshooters were firing wildly in the darkness at our ramparts, but the bullets which were few and far between, went harmlessly over our heads. My plan was to open with grape and canister on the assaulting column, and when its front reached the palisade, to open the infantry fire, and explode a line of torpedoes in their rear to stop the reinforcing line. I am confident that this would have resulted in a repulse of the main body and the capture of the first line. But Butler, with wise discretion, determined not to assault. There were not enough Federal troops landed to

have stormed our palisade that Christmas night. If the assaulting column could have reached the comparatively uninjured palisades through the fire of cannister and grape, the explosion and infantry fire would have resulted in their capture or destruction. My only uneasiness was from a boat attack in the rear, between the mound and battery Buchanan, where a thousand sailors and marines could have landed with little opposition at that time, and attacked us in the rear. About 3 o'clock A. M., it was reported that such an advance was being made, and I sent Major Reilly, with two companies, to repulse them, following shortly after in person with a third company to reinforce him. A heavy rain and windstorm had arisen at midnight, and if such a movement was contemplated, it was abandoned. Two prisoners from the One Hundred and Forty-second New York were captured in our front at night, and next morning a number of new graves were seen on the beach, and an officer's sword and some small arms were found. Our casualties for the second day were: killed, 3; wounded, mortally, 2; severely, 7; slightly, 26. Total for the two days, 3 killed and 61 wounded.

Just before the close of the first day's bombardment, General Whiting and staff came into the fort and remained until the enemy departed. His presence was encouraging to the officers and men, who were devoted to him, and his disregard of danger inspired the men with courage to stand by their guns under the terrific fire of the fleet.

It is remarkable what a mistaken idea Admiral Porter and many of the commanders in his fleet had of the condition of the fort after the first attack. They claimed to have silenced the guns of the fort and that a few hundred men could have taken it on Christmas night. Captain Alden, of the "Brooklyn," voiced this impression when, in his official report, he said:

"The rebels I am satisfied considered from the moment that our troops obtained a footing on the shore, the work (battered as it was) was untenable and were merely waiting for some one to come and take it," and that if the troops had not been recalled "they would have been in it before dark and in quiet possession without firing a shot."

I know that they could not have captured Fort Fisher, and I agree with General Whiting, that but for the supineness of General Bragg, the 3,500 men who were landed would have been captured on Christmas night, and it is incomprehensible why he should have allowed the 700

demoralized troops who were forced to remain on the beach on the night of the 26th of December to escape unmolested.

General Butler was severely criticised and retired from active service, because he failed to capture the works. For this he had himself to blame to a great extent. On the evening of December 25th, without waiting for official reports, he listened to camp gossip and wrote as follows to Admiral Porter: "General Weitzel advanced his skirmish line within fifty yards of the Fort, while the garrison was kept in their bomb-proofs by the fire of the navy, and so closely that three or four men of the picket line ventured upon the parapet and through the sally port of the work, capturing a horse which they brought off, killing the orderly, who was a bearer of a dispatch from the Chief of Artillery of General Whiting, to bring a light battery within the fort, and also brought away from the parapet the flag of the fort."

This absurd statement was sent North, has been given a lodgment in current history, and is repeated in General Grant's "Memoirs," although General Butler corrected the error in his official report. No Federal soldier entered Fort Fisher during this attack except as a prisoner. The courier was sent out of the fort without my knowledge; was killed and his horse captured within the enemy's lines The flag captured was a company flag which I had placed on the extreme left of the work, and it was carried away and thrown off the parapet by an enfilading shot from the navy.

The garrison of Fort Fisher was composed altogether of North Carolinians. After the repulse of the enemy, although some important guns were destroyed by the bombardment and by the explosion, very little was done to repair damages. Requisitions were made for additional ammunition, especially for hand grenades to repulse assault, but it was impossible to obtain what was needed. Application was made for the placing of marine torpedoes where the ironclads had anchored and whither they returned, but no such provision was made. Although it was known that the fleet would return, General Bragg withdrew the supporting army from Sugar Loaf and marched it to a camp sixteen miles distant, and there had a grand review. The fort was not even advised of the approach of the fleet, but its arrival was reported from Fort Fisher to headquarters in Wilmington.

At night, on January 12, 1865, I saw from the ramparts of the fort the lights of the great armada, as one after another appeared above

the horizon. I commenced at once to prepare for action. I had in the works but 800 men, the Thirty-sixth North Carolina regiment, at least 100 of whom were unfit for duty. Daylight disclosed the return of the most formidable fleet that ever floated on the sea, supplemented by transports carrying 8,500 men, and soon there rained upon fort and beach a storm of shot and shell which caused both earth and sea to tremble.

I had telegraphed for reinforcements and during the day and night following, about 700 men arrived, companies of North Carolina, light and heavy artillery, and a detachment of fifty sailors and marines of the Confederate States Navy, giving me 1,500 all told up to the morning of January 15th, including sick and slightly wounded. Friday the 13th, in the midst of the bombardment, General Whiting and his staff arrived. They walked from Battery Buchanan, and the General came to me and said, "Lamb, my boy, I have come to share your fate. You and your garrison are to be sacrificed." I replied, "Don't say so, General; we shall certainly whip the enemy again." He then told me that when he left Wilmington General Bragg was hastily removing his stores and ammunition, and was looking for a place to fall back upon. I offered him the command which he refused, saying he would counsel and advise, but leave me to conduct the defense.

In the former bombardment the fire of the fleet had been diffuse, at least one-third of the missiles fell in the river beyond the fort, but now the fire was concentrated, the object being the destruction of the land face by enfilade and direct fire. When attacked in December I had for the forty-four guns and three mortars in the works, about 3,600 shot and shell, and in that fight we had fired 1,272 shot and shell, leaving about 2,328, exclusive of grape and shrapnell, to resist the assaults by sea and land.

The same slow and deliberate firing was ordered as in the previous battle, as no attempt was made by the ships to run past the fort and into the river. Occasionally a vessel would come close in towards the bar, when the guns of the several batteries would be concentrated upon her and she would quickly withdraw before being seriously injured. All day and night on the 13th and 14th of January the fleet kept up a ceaseless and terrific bombardment. It was impossible to repair damages on the land face at night, for the ironsides and monitors bowled their eleven and fifteen-inch shells along its parapet, scatter-

ing shrapnel in the darkness. No meals could be prepared for the exhausted garrison; we could scarcely bury our dead without fresh casualties. Fully 200 of my men had been killed and wounded in the first two days of the fight. Not more than three or four of my land guns were serviceable. The Federal army had been slowly approaching on the river side during the day, but they were so covered by the river bank that we could only surmise their number. They had passed my cottage at Craig's landing, and occupied the redoubt about half a mile from our left salient. We fired occasionally at their approaching columns, but at fearful cost, as it drew upon the gunners the fury of the fleet. Early in the afternoon of the 14th I saw the "Isaac Wells," a steam transport loaded with stores, approach Craig's landing, which was in the enemy's lines. We fired at her to warn her off, but on she came, falling an easy captive to the foe. The Confederate steamer Chickamauga seeing her stupid surrender fired into and sunk her. This incident gave me the first intimation that General Bragg was shamefully ignorant of and indifferent to the situation of affairs.

From the conformation of the Cape Fear river, General Bragg could have passed safely from his headquarters at Sugar Loaf towards Smithville, and with a field glass have seen everything transpiring on the beach and in the fort, and in person or through an aide, with the steamers at his command, could have watched every movement of the enemy, and yet thirty-six hours after the battle had begun, and long after Craig's Landing had been in the possession of the enemy, he sends into the enemy's lines a steamer filled with needed stores that could have gone at night to Battery Buchanan unseen, and in the day with comparative safety. There was a telegraphic and signal communication between Fort Fisher and Bragg's headquarters, and I got General Whiting to telegraph him to attack the enemy under cover of night when the fleet could not co-operate, and that we would do the same from the fort, and as our combined force nearly equalled them in numbers, and my garrison was familiar with the beach at night, we could capture a portion if not the whole of the force. Strange to say, no response of any kind came. I had ten companies ready for a sortie, and threw out skirmishers who discovered the position of the enemy in our front.

We waited in vain for General Bragg to avail himself of this opportunity to demoralize if not capture the beseiging forces, and just before daylight our skirmishers returned to the fort.

On the morning of the 15th, the fleet, which had not ceased firing during the night, redoubled its fire on the land face. The sea was smooth, and the navy having become accurate from practice, by noon had destroyed every gun on that face except one Columbiad, which was somewhat protected by the angle formed by the northeast salient. The palisade had been practically destroyed as a defensive line and was so torn up that it actually afforded cover for the assailants. The harvest of wounded and dead was hourly increasing, and at that time I had not 1,200 effective men to defend the long line of works. The enemy were now preparing to assault, their skirmish lines were digging rifle pits close to our torpedo lines on the left, and their columns on the river shore were massing for the attack, while sharpshooters were firing upon every head that showed itself upon our front. Despite the imminent danger to the gunners, I ordered the two Napoleons at the central sally port and the Napoleon on the left to fire grape and canister upon the advancing skirmish line. They fearlessly obeyed, but at a sad sacrifice in killed and wounded. At the same time on the ocean side a column of sailors and marines, two thousand strong, were approaching, throwing up slight trenches to protect their advance. On these, we brought to bear our single heavy gun on the land face and the two guns on the mound.

Shortly after noon, General Bragg sent Hagood's South Carolina brigade, consisting of four regiments and one battalion, about one thousand strong, under Colonel Graham, from Sugar Loaf by the river to reinforce the fort, landing them near Battery Buchanan. The fleet, seeing the steamer landing troops, directed a portion of their fire towards her, and although she was not struck and we believe no casualties occured, after landing a portion of the men (two of the regiments) ingloriously steamed off with the remainder. Never was there a more stupid blunder committed by a commanding general. If this fresh brigade had been sent to this point the night before, they could have reached the fort unobserved, could have been protected until needed, and could have easily repulsed the assault by the army on our left; but landed in view of the fleet they had to double quick over an open beach to the mound under a heavy fire. When they reached the fort, 350 in number, they were out of breath, disorganized, and more or less demoralized. They reached our front about thirty minutes before the attacking columns came like avalanches on our right and left. I sent them into an old commissary bomb-proof to recover breath.

My headquarters during the fight were at the Pulpit battery on the sea face, 100 yards from the northeast salient, which commanded the best view of the works and their approaches by sea and land. At 2:30, as I was returning from another battery, one of my lookouts called to me. "Colonel, the enemy are about to charge." I informed General Whiting, who was near, and at my request he immediately telegraphed General Bragg at Sugar Loaf as follows:

"The enemy are about to assault; they outnumber us heavily. We are just manning our parapets. Fleet have extended down the sea front side and are firing very heavily. Enemy on the beach in front of us in very heavy force, not more than 700 yards from us. Nearly all land guns disabled. Attack! Attack! It is all I can say, and all you can do."

I passed hurriedly down in rear of the land face and through the galleries, and although the fire of the fleet was still terrific, I knew it would soon cease, and I ordered additional sharpshooters to the gun chambers to pick off the officers in the assaulting columns, and directed the battery commanders to rush with their men upon the parapets as soon as the firing stopped and drive the assailants back. I determined to allow the assailants to reach the berme of the work before exploding a line of torpedoes, believing it would enable us to kill or capture their first line, while destroying or demoralizing their supports.

I had not reached headquarters when the naval bombardment ceased, and instantly the steam whistles of the vast fleet sounded a charge. It was a soul-stirring signal both to the beseigers and the beseiged.

I ordered my aide, Captain Charles H. Blocker, to double-quick the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth South Carolina to reinforce Major Reilly, who was in command of the left, while I rallied to the right of the land face some 500 of the garrison, placing the larger portion of them on top of the parapet of and adjoining the northeast salient. There were at least 250 men defending the left, and with the 350 South Carolinians ordered there and the Napoleon and torpedoes, I had no fears about the successful defense of that portion of the work.

The assaulting line on the right, consisting of 2,000 sailors and marines, was directed at the northeast salient at the intersection of the land and sea faces, and the greater proportion had flanked the torpedoes by keeping close to the sea. Ordering the two Napoleons

at the sally port to join the Columbiad in pouring grape and canister into their ranks, I held in reserve the infantry fire. Whiting stood upon the parapet inspiring those around him. The sailors and marines reached the berme and some sprang up the slope, but a murderous fire greeted them and swept them down. Volley after volley was poured into their faltering ranks by cool, determined men, and in half an hour several hundred dead and wounded lay at the foot of the bastion. The heroic bravery of their officers, twenty-one of whom were killed and wounded, could not restrain the men from panic and retreat, and with small loss to ourselves, we witnessed what had never been seen before, a disorderly rout of American sailors and marines. But it was a Pyrrhus victory. That magnificent charge of the American navy upon the centre of our works, enabled the army to effect a lodgment on our left with comparatively small loss.

As our shouts of triumph went up at the retreat of the naval forces, I turned to look at our left and saw, to my amazement, several Federal battle flags upon our ramparts. General Whiting saw them at the same moment, and calling on those around him to pull down those flags and drive the enemy from the works, rushed towards them, followed by the men on the parapet. It was in this charge that the fearless Lieutenant Williford was slain.

In order to make an immediate reconnoissance of the position of the enemy, I rushed through the sally port and outside the work, and witnessed a fierce hand to hand conflict for the possession of the fourth gun chamber from the left bastion. The men, led by the fearless Whiting, had driven the standard-bearer from the top of the traverse and the enemy from the parapet in front. They had recovered one gun chamber with great slaughter, and on the parapet and on the long traverse of the next gun chamber the contestants were savagely firing into each others faces, and in some cases clubbing with their guns, being too close to load and fire. Whiting was quickly wounded by two shots, and had to be carried to the hospital. I saw that my men were not only exposed to the fire from the front, but to a galling infantry fire from the left salient which had been captured. I saw the enemy pouring in by the river road apparently without resistance. I doubt if ever before the commander of a work went outside and looked upon the conflict for its possession, but from the construction of the fort it was absolutely necessary for me to do so in order to quickly comprehend the position of affairs, and I was

concealed from that portion of the army not too hotly engaged to notice me, by remnants of the palisade. Ordering Captain Adams, who was at the entrance of the sally port, to turn his Napoleons on the column moving into the fort, I re-entered the work and rallying the men, placed them behind every cover that could be found, and poured at close range a deadlier fire into the flank of the enemy occupying the gun chambers and traverses than they were able to deliver upon my men from the left salient.

While thus engaged I was informed by my aide, Captain Blocker, that the South Carolinians had failed to obey my order, although their officers pleaded with them, and only a few had followed their flag and gone to the front; that the assaulting column had made two charges upon the extreme left, and had been repulsed; that the torpedo wires had been destroyed by the fire of the fleet, and the electrician had tried in vain to execute my orders to explode the mines when the enemy reached the foot of the works; that driven from the extreme left, the enemy had found a weak defence between the left bastion and the sally port in their third charge, and had gained the parapet, and capturing two gun chambers, had attacked the force on the left on their flank simultaneously with a direct charge of another brigade, and that our men, after great slaughter, had been compelled to surrender just as we had repulsed the naval column; that to add to the discomfiture of the Confederates, as soon as the Federal battle flags appeared on the ramparts Battery Buchanan had opened with its two heavy guns on the left of the work, killing and wounding friend and foe alike. This was rather disheartening, but I replied if we could hold the enemy in check until dark, I could drive them out, and I sent a telegram by him to General Bragg, imploring him to attack, and that I could still save the fort.

While I shall ever believe, that if my order to man the parapet had been obeyed all along the line on the left, the assaulting column would have been repulsed until I could have reinforced my men, and I would have been able to hold the fort on that fatal Sunday afternoon, yet General Bragg in his official report does gross injustice when he says: "The army column preceded by a single regiment approached along the river and entered the work on that flank almost unopposed." General Terry says in his report that one hundred sharpshooters with Spencer repeating carbines were sent forward to within seventy-five yards of the work and dug pits for their

shelter, and "as soon as this movement commenced, the parapet of the fort was manned and the enemy's fire both musketry and artillery opened." The assaulting column consisted not of a regiment, but of Curtis' brigade, supported closely by two other brigades, a total of not less than 5,000 troops.

The enemy were unable to enter by the river road, and some of the most desperate fighting done in the work was in the space between the left bastion and the river shore.

Judge Z. F. Fulmore, of Austin, Texas, who proved himself a young hero in the fight, wrote me in 1883: "Company D, First battalion North Carolina Artillery, Captain McCormic, was the company in the extreme left of the fort, occupyiug the space on both sides of the Napoleon, and although protected only by a shallow ditch and the remnants of a palisade, successfully repulsed every charge made by Curtis' brigade in front, and compelled the charging columns to abandon this usually travelled but unprotected entrance to the fort and to go off to the right, to climb the high parapets in order to get into the fort, some fifty yards to the right and back of us. The portion of Company D, which was stationed to the right of the Napoleon saw the breaking of our lines to the right in time to retreat behind the parapet, but that portion of the company on the left some fifteen or twenty in number, stood their ground until Pennybacker's charging columns commenced their slaughter from the rear. Four of this company were killed at the Napoleon. There was another piece, however, a Parrott gun, just on the edge of the river which we used once or twice very effectively in blowing to atoms a bridge on the main road into the fort, some two hundred feet in the front of the gate. At the first charge the boys at the Napoleon made a shot which cleared that road and caused many to take refuge under that bridge, and I was told by the officers in charge of us after our capture, that the destruction of that bridge impressed the Federals that its was one of the many mines exploded and to be exploded under them, and the officers couldn't charge the soldiers any further down that road on account of it. On the afternoon of the day of the last fight my recollection is that there were eleven men killed and seventeen wounded in Company B, during the three charges, and if successfully defending the most defenceless spot in all Fort Fisher against Curtis' brigade and only surrendering after being completely surrounded by another brigade, isn't pretty good evidence of true soldiery, I would be glad to see a specimen of it."

Judge Fulmore did not mention that before his company took charge of this Napoleon the original detachment from Adams' battery had lost three of its gunners killed and two seriously wounded, not leaving men enough to man it. Seven men killed at one field piece by sharpshooters in thirty minutes, and many wounded, and the gun not surrendered until after surrounded by a brigade, should have paralyzed the arm of that North Carolinian who, in the "Last ninety days of the war," said "that no resistance was made, and the conduct of the garrison had been disgraceful." A number of those who were captured on the left have told me that when they were marched out of the fort as prisoners, they saw their front thickly strewn with dead and wounded Federals.

General N. M. Curtis, the fearless hero who lead the assaulting columns of the army, informed me in 1888, that he saw a portion of the parapet joining the left salient unmanned, and it was at this point he succeeded in making a lodgment, and that if he had been stoutly resisted from the top of the parapet he could not have then succeeded. The guns immediately to the right of Shepherd's battery were manned by some of my bravest officers and men, but the fatal mistake of the commander was fighting from behind the revetment instead of from the top of the parapet, as ordered. Only two of the men mounted the parapet, and they were instantly shot down. One was Bob Harvey, a recklessly brave boy, the last male member of an old family of Bladen county. I have been unable to learn the name of his heroic companion. From behind the revetments these gallant men poured a destructive fire on the assailants as they reached the parapet, and the enemy fell thick and fast in their front, but they were too few to load and fire in time to stop the ever increasing column, and soon the assailants were firing down upon them, and they were forced to surrender, although refusing at first to do so. Had they been on top of the parapet they could have used their bayonets or clubbed their guns, and thus delayed a lodgment until reinforcements came.

In justice to Major Reilly and the officers on the left, it must be remembered that it is usual, in the defense of a fort and breastworks, to cover the men and fire upon the assailants from behind the works, but Fort Fisher was built to stand a naval bombardment, and the magnitude of the work and great width of parapet gave opportunity for an assaulting column to protect itself under cover of its outer slope, and I knew that my only hope of repelling greatly superior

numbers was to man the palisades, as in the first battle, or in their absence, being destroyed by the fleet, to man the top of the parapet and fire down upon the assaulting columns.

Notwithstanding the capture of a portion of the work and several hundred of the garrison, the Confederates were still undaunted, and seemed determined to recover the captured salient and gun chambers. We had retaken one of these in the charge led by Whiting, and since we had opened on their flank, we had shot down their standard bearers, and the Federal battle-flags had disappeared from our ramparts; we had become assailants and the enemy were on the defensive, and I felt confident that we would soon drive them out of the fort. Just as the tide of battle seemed to have turned in our favor, the remorseless fleet came to the rescue of the faltering Federals. Suddenly the bombardment, which had been confined to the sea face during the assaults, turned again on our land front, and with deadly precision. The iron-clads and frigates drove in our two Napoleons, killing and wounding nearly all the men at these guns, which had been doing effective service at the entrance to the sally port. They swept the recaptured gun chamber of its defenders, and their 11 and 15-inch shells rolled down into the interior of the work, carrying death and destruction in their pathways. They drove from the parapets in front of the enemy all of my men except those so near that to have fired on them would have been slaughter to their own troops.

Nor was this all. We had now to contend with a column advancing around the rear of the left bastion by the river into the interior plane of the fort. It moved slowly and cautiously, apparently in column of companies and in close order. I met it with an effective infantry fire, my men using the remains of an old work as a breastwork, and taking advantage of every object that would offer cover, for we were now greatly outnumbered. The fire was so unexpected and so destructive, combined with the shells from Battery Buchanan, on the massed columns of the Federals, that they halted, when a quick advance would have overwhelmed us. Giving orders to dispute stubbornly any advance, I went rapidly down the seaface, and turned the two mound guns and two Columbiads on this column in the fort. Unfortunately these were the only ones available. I brought back with me to the front every man except a single detachment for each gun. On my return I found the fighting still con-

tinuing over the same traverse for the possession of the gun chamber, despite the fire of the fleet. As the men would fall, others would take their places. It was a soldiers fight at that point, for there could be no organization; the officers on both sides were loading and firing with their men. If there ever was a longer or more desperate hand-to-hand fight during the war, I have never heard of it. The Federal column inside had not advanced a foot, and seemed demoralized by the fire of the artillery and the determined resistance of the garrison. More than a hundred of my men had come with me, and I threw them in front with those already engaged. Going to the South Carolinians, who were in a position to flank the enemy, I appealed to them to rally and help save the fort. I went to the sally port and had Adams' two Napoleons brought out and manned, and opened on the enemy. I went along the galleries and begged the sick and slightly wounded to come out and make one supreme effort to dislodge the enemy; as I passed through portions of the work, the scene was indescribably horrible. Great cannon broken in two, their carriages wrecked, and among their ruins the mutilated bodies of my dead and dying comrades. Still no tidings from Bragg. The enemy's advance had ceased entirely, protected by the fleet they still held the parapet and gun chambers on the left, but their massed columns refused to move, while those in the rear, near the river, commenced entrenching against any assault from us. I believed a determined assault with the bayonet would drive them out. I had sent word to our gunners not to fire on our men if we become closely engaged with the enemy. The head of the column was not over a hundred feet from the portion of our breastwork where I stood, and I could see their faces distinctly, while my men were falling on either side of me.

I passed quickly down the rear of the line, and asked officers and men if they would follow me. They all responded fearlessly that they would. I returned to my position, and giving the order "charge bayonets," sprang upon the breastwork, waved my sword, and, as I gave the command, "forward, double quick, march!" fell on my knees, a rifle ball having entered my hip. The brave Lieutenant Daniel R. Perry fell mortally wounded by my side. We were met by a heavy volley aimed too high to be very effective, but our column wavered and fell back behind the breastworks. A soldier raised me up, and I turned the command over to Captain Munn, who was

near me, and told him to keep the enemy in check, and that as soon as my wound was bandaged I would return. Before reaching the hospital I was so weak from the loss of blood that I realized I could never lead my men again. In the hospital I met General Whiting, suffering uncomplainingly from his wounds. He told me that General Bragg had ignored his presence in the fort, and had not noticed his messages.

Perceiving the fire of the garrison had slackened, I sent my adjutant, John N. Kelly, for Major James Reilly, next in command (Major Stevenson, who died shortly after in prison, being too ill for duty). Reilly came and promised me that he would continue the fight as long as it was possible, and nobly did he keep his promise. I again sent a message to Bragg begging him to come to the rescue.

Shortly after my fall the Federals made an advance and capturing several more of the gun chambers, reached the sally-port. The column in the work advanced and was rapidly gaining ground when Major Reilly, rallying the men, including the South Carolinians, drove them back with heavy loss. About 8 o'clock my aide came to me and said the supply of ammunition was exhausted, and that Chaplain McKinnon and others had gathered all from the dead and wounded and distributed it; that the enemy had possession of nearly all the land face, and it was impossible to hold out much longer, and suggested that it would be wise to surrender, as a further struggle would be a useless sacrifice of life. I replied that while I lived I would not surrender, as Bragg would surely come to our rescue in time to save us. General Whiting declared if I died he would assume command and would not surrender.

I have been blamed for unnecessarily prolonging the fight, but when it is remembered that I had promised the noble women of Wilmington who had visited the fort after our Christmas victory that their homes should be protected by my garrison, and that General Lee had sent word that if the fort fell he could not maintain his army (and that meant the loss of our cause), is it to be wondered that I felt it my sacred duty, even after I was shot down, to appeal to officers and men to fight in defence of the last gateway to the South, as long as there was a ray of hope?

I had a right to believe that the troops which General Lee sent to our assistance would rescue us, and if Bragg had ordered Hoke to assault with his division late that afternoon we would have recovered

the works. I have positive information that so determined was our resistance that General Terry sent word to General Ames, commanding the three brigades assaulting us, to make one more effort and if unsuccessful to retire. General Abbott, who commanded a brigade, and who lived in North Carolina after the war, told Captain Braddy that at one time during our fight only one colored brigade held Bragg's army in check, and they were so demoralized that five hundred veteran troops could have captured them. But an all-wise Providence decreed that our gallant garrison should be overwhelmed.

In less than an hour after I refused to surrender, a fourth brigade (three were already in the fort) entered the sally-port and swept the defenders from the remainder of the land face. Major Reilly had General Whiting and myself hurriedly removed on stretchers to Battery Buchanan, where he proposed to cover his retreat. When we left the hospital the men were fighting over the adjoining traverse, and the spent balls fell like hail-stones around us. The remnant of the garrison then fell back in an orderly retreat along the sea face, the rear guard keeping the enemy engaged as they advanced slowly and cautiously in the darkness as far as the Mound Battery, where they halted. Some of the men, cut off from the main body, had to retreat as best they could over the river marsh, while some few unarmed artillerists barely eluded the enemy by following the seashore.

When we reached Battery Buchanan there was a mile of level beach between us and our pursuers, swept by two eleven-inch guns and a twenty-four pounder, and in close proximity to the battery, a commodious wharf where transports could have come at night in safety to carry us off.

We expected with this battery to cover the retreat of our troops, but we found the guns spiked and every means of transportion taken by Captain R. F. Chapman, of our navy, who, following the example of General Bragg, had abandoned us to our fate. The enemy threw a heavy skirmish line and sent their Fourth Brigade to Battery Buchanan, where it arrived about 10 P. M., and received the surrender of the garrison from Major James H. Hill and Lieutenant George D. Parker. Some fifteen minutes before the surrender, while lying on a stretcher near General Whiting, outside of the battery, witnessing the grand pyrotechnic display of the fleet over the capture of Fort Fisher, I was accosted by General A. H. Colquitt, who had been ordered to the fort to take command. I had a few minutes hurried

conversation with him, informed him of the assault, of the early loss of a portion of the work and garrison, and that when I fell it had for a time demoralized the men, but that the enemy were demoralized by our unexpected resistance, and I assured him that if Bragg would even then attack, a fresh brigade landed at Battery Buchanan could retake the work. It was suggested that the General should take me with him, as I was probably fatally wounded, but I refused to leave, wishing to share the fate of my garrison, and desiring that my precious wife, anxiously awaiting tidings across the river, where she had watched the battle, should not be alarmed, spoke lightly of my wound. I asked him to carry General Whiting to a place of safety, as he came a volunteer to the fort. Just then the near approach of the enemy was reported and Colquitt made a precipitate retreat, leaving our beloved Whiting a captive, to die in a Northern prison.

One more distressing scene remains to be chronicled. The next morning after sunrise a frightful explosion occurred. My large reserve magazine, which my ordnance officer, Captain J. C. Little, informed me contained some 13,000 pounds of powder, blew up, killing and wounding more than a hundred of the enemy and some of my own wounded officers and men. It was an artificial mound, covered with luxuriant turf, a most inviting bivouac for wearied soldiers. Upon it were resting Colonel Alden's Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York regiment, and in its galleries were some of my suffering soldiers. Two sailors from the fleet, stupified with liquor, looking for plunder, were seen to enter the structure with lights, and a few minutes after the explosion occurred. The telegraph wires, between a bomb-proof near this magazine across the river to Battery Lamb, gave rise to the impression that the Confederates had caused the explosion, but an official investigation traced it to these drunken sailors.

So stoutly did our works resist the 50,000 shot and shell thrown against them in the two bombardments, that not a magazine or bomb-proof was injured, and after the land armament with palisades and torpedoes had been destroyed, no assault could have succeeded in the presence of Bragg's force, had it been under a competent officer. Had there been no fleet to assist the army at Fort Fisher, the Federal infantry could not have assaulted it until its land defences had been destroyed by gradual approaches.

For the first time in the history of sieges, the land defences of the work were destroyed, not by any act of the besieging party, which

looked on in safety, but by the concentrated fire, direct and enfilading, of an immense fleet, poured upon them for three days and two nights without intermission until the guns were dismounted, torpedo wires cut, palisades breached, so that they afforded cover for assailants, and the slopes of the work rendered practicable for assault.

I had half of a mile of land face and one mile of sea face to defend with 1,900 men, for that is all I had from first to last, in the last battle. I have in my possession papers to prove this statement. I know every company present and its strength. This number included the killed, wounded and sick. If the Federal reports claim that our killed, wounded and prisoners showed more, it is because they credited my force with those captured outside the works, who were never under my command. To capture Fort Fisher the enemy lost, by their own statement, 1,445 killed, wounded and missing. Nineteen hundred Confederates with forty-four guns, contended against 10,000 men on shore and 600 heavy guns afloat, killing and wounding almost as many of the enemy as there were soldiers in the fort, and not surrendering until the last shot was expended.

When I recall this magnificent struggle, unsurpassed in ancient and modern warfare, and remember the devoted patriotism and heroic courage of my garrison, I feel proud to know that I have North Carolina blood coursing through my veins, and I confidently believe that the time will come in the Old North State, when her people will regard the defence of Fort Fisher as the grandest event in her historic past.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 5, 1893.]

THE SHIP TENNESSEE.

A Description of the Conflict in Mobile Bay.

One of the Men Who Was Aboard the Vessel Tells of Her Surrender and the Reason Why.

As those who actively participated in the late war between the States of the American Union are rapidly passing away, it is the duty of the living eye-witnesses of the bloody drama to see to it that

the names of their comrades, who fell on the losing side, are not transmitted to history as rebels and traitors, but as patriots as true as the world ever saw, earnestly engaged in the defence of the right, "as God had given them to see the right."

Great as was the disparity of numbers between the Federal and Confederate armies, between the navies it was far greater, if, indeed, we had anything worthy of the name; still a Confederate victory in Hampton Roads revolutionized the navies of the world, while in the fight on the Tennessee we suffered a defeat, Farragut might best describe in the language of Pyrrhus at his first encounter with the Romans: "another such victory would cost him his army."

On the point of a narrow sand promontory of some little elevation, which juts far in between Mobile Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, stands Fort Morgan, commanding the eastern or main channel of the entrance to the Bay, five miles to the southwest. Fort Gaines guards the western entrance, only navigable for small vessels. Outside the fort, Farragut, with a numerous fleet, menaced an attack. Torpedoes and other obstructions were placed in the channel, leaving a narrow entrance for blockade runners. Fort Morgan was garrisoned by about four hundred men, under the command of General Richard L. ("Ramrod") Page. The Confederate naval squadron, consisting of the ironclad Tennessee, with four small wooden vessels, under the command of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, were anchored in the lower Bay.

At early dawn on the morning of the 5th of August, 1863, the officer on watch reported the Federal fleet with steam up, heading for the fort. All hands were called to quarters, and orders given to prepare the ship for action.

Now, sanding the decks to catch the blood yet unspilled was not a very assuring procedure, in view of the tremendous odds which confronted us. The Tennessee was a screw propeller, and went into commission with about one hundred men, a company of marines with the following officers: Franklin Buchanan, Admiral; James W. Johnston, Virginia, Captain; William L. Bradford, Alabama, Executive officer; Wharton and Benton, of Tennessee and Kentucky, First and Second Lieutenants; Perrin, of Louisiana, Master; Sinning, Chief Engineer; D. G. Raney, Marine Officer, of Florida; Conrad and Bowles, Surgeon and Assistant, of Virginia.

Her battery consisted of ten-inch rifle Brooke guns, two fore and aft, three broadside, eight in all; her armor was six inches of iron

over fourteen inches of solid timber, held together with two-inch iron bolts.

She was constructed something after the order of the old Merrimac, but much stronger; her sharp iron prow would have been formidable as a ram, but she lacked speed for this purpose. Her port-holes were protected by heavy iron shutters, which proved a disadvantage in the fight.

The Federal fleet moved up majestically in single file. It was a sublime spectacle, "but distance lends enchantment to the view." It was at once perceived that Farragut had received large accessions to his force during the night, among which were three double turreted ironclad monitors, one of which formed the van. Suddenly a white cloud of smoke enveloped the front, and roar of artillery begins, the fleet pouring broadside after broadside into the fort as they pass in. The iron monitor Tecumseh, just in advance of the flagship Hartford, as it is entering the channel, strikes a torpedo, and sinks in a few minutes. The whole crew, one hundred and thirty, except four, are drowned.

This caused the fleet to halt, and just here Farragut's biographer Mr. Lossing, says he prayed for divine guidance, whether he should proceed or not. Being answered in the affirmative, he gave the order to advance. I don't know about the prayer; it was short, but the poor fellows on the Tecumseh did not have time to say that much. As they came inside the Bay our guns opened on them, and our little wooden ships fought gallantly, but were soon disabled and captured. But one escaped ingloriously like the Spartan at Thermopylæ, to tell the tale. We had now to fight the whole fleet single handed. They poured their shot thick and heavy upon us at short range, but with little effect, while our guns played havoc on their wooden ships. After a severe engagement of thirty minutes or more, a strange thing was seen; a whole Federal fleet, consisting of the strongest vessels in the navy, manned by the best men in the service, retreating before one single ship. They ran up the Bay beyond reach of our guns, and anchored. We held the field. The admiral ordered the men to have breakfast. As soon as this was over the crew was mustered on deck. He mounted a gun-carriage and addressed them in a stirring speech. As he closed in the language of Nelson at Trafalgar in "The country expects every man to do his duty," with a wild huzza the men rushed to their guns. As we bore down upon them under a

full head of steam they seemed to be greatly astonished. "There was rushing to and fro and signaling in hot haste." But there were brave men on those ships, and they were getting ready to receive us. Farragut, himself a Southerner, as were Jenkins and Jouett.

We dashed in among them, but they were too fleet for us. We could not use the ship as a ram, but a fight with heavy artillery was precipitated, which beggarded discription. "Then was the noise of conflict, arms upon armor, clashing, brayed horrible discord." Suddenly the firing ceases, we come in collision with something. The ship is gradually being upset, everything movable gravitates to one side. It seems as if we are about to suffer the fate of the Royal George, but after a few violent oscillations the ship comes to an equilibrium, and the fight goes on. This was occasioned by one of the enemy's ships, the Monongahela, trying to run over and sink us, which it very nearly succeeded in doing. Under the incessant storm of ponderous missiles hurled upon us at close range, every joint and rib in the ship seemed to quiver and shake. A messenger comes to inform us that the Admiral is wounded; he is brought on the berth deck and placed on a mattress. We find that he has suffered a fracture of the leg. He had a similar wound in the Merrimac fight. In a short time a messenger comes from Captain Johnston, saying the ship is disabled, and he thinks we had better surrender. The old Admiral rouses up, sparks seem to flash from his eyes, he brings his clenched fist down on the deck: "Go back and tell Captain Johnston to fight the ship to the very last man." Soon the Captain came himself and told the Admiral the ship would be sunk in five minutes if we did not surrender. He replied, sadly: "I leave the whole matter to you, Captain Johnston." The Captain then tied his white handkerchief to the ramrod of a musket, and pushed it up through the hatchway. Unfortunately the noise was so great that the order to cease firing had not been understood, and one of our guns fired after the white flag had been raised.

The Federal officer who came aboard to receive the surrender of the ship demanded why this had been done, and talked of taking summary vengeance on us, but Captain Johnston's explanation seemed to satisfy him.

Mr. Forrest, of Virginia, master's mate, learning that the ship was about to surrender, ran down and begged the Admiral to give him his sword. He did not want Farragut to have it. He made no reply,

but Mr. Forrest unbuckled the sword and threw it out of the port-hole. All that desperate valor could accomplish had been done, "we surrendered to overwhelming numbers and resources." The ship was a complete wreck. Our loss, however, was slight. The Federal loss was very heavy. As soon as Faragut heard that the Admiral was wounded he sent his fleet surgeon aboard, offering assistance. This was very kind of him. Indeed, they accorded us generous treatment as foemen worthy of their steel, and soon the Blue and the Gray were fraternizing in the most friendly manner.

The transition from hard-tack and Confederate coffee to three courses at a meal, supplemented with wine, on the elegant quarters of the Hartford and the Richmond, was something phenomenal. I had formed quite a favorable opinion of Federal hospitality until I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Sheridan and his troopers, near the close of the war. These marched me and starved me until I became so thin and shadowy, I escaped at night unobserved through the guards.

Admiral Buchanan united with Farragut in a petition to General Page at Fort Morgan, to allow a ship to pass out with Federal and Confederate wounded to Pensacola, Florida, where they could be made more comfortable. To this he assented. All the wounded having been transferred to the United States steamer Metacomet, on the morning of the 6th of August, we sailed for Pensacola with a full cargo of mutilated and suffering humanity.

R. C. BOWLES.

Kent's Store, Virginia.

[From the Louisville, Ky., *Courier-Journal*, January 9, 1894.]

A MODERN HORATIUS.

Defence of a Bridge by One Confederate Against an Attack by Forty Federals.

He Kills Three and Wounds Eight of His Assailants After Losing a Hand.

[This article has been received from a distinguished Confederate officer. If the account may be questioned, let it be disproved.—ED.]

[Correspondence of the *Courier-Journal.*]

BRISTOL, TENN., January 7, 1894.

I had an interview yesterday with a man who performed an act of

heroism during the civil war, of equally cool courage, and under circumstances of far greater personal danger, than that for which Horatious Cocles has been celebrated in song and story for more than 2,000 years, for the soldiers of Lars Porsenna were not armed with modern guns, as were the assailants of this Nineteenth century hero—neither was he equipped with shield and coat of mail, as was the brave defender of the bridge across the Tiber.

James Keelin was a member of a battalion of Confederate cavalry, known as "Thomas' Legion," which was afterward, I believe, merged into a reglment commanded by Colonel Love. The "Legion" was composed of hardy mountaineers from Western North Carolina, and was attached to the brigade commanded by General "Mudwall" Jackson (so called to distinguish him from the immortal "Stonewall," and possibly for some other reasons). Keelin was only an ordinary private soldier, without any education, and his military training consisted chiefly in being firmly impressed with the fact that his first duty was to "obey orders."

In November, 1862, Keelin was detailed with some six or eight others of his command to guard the bridge at Strawberry Plains, Tennessee, which was threatened by raiding parties of Brownlow's "Tennessee Federals." On the 6th of November, all the guard was withdrawn except Keelin and one other, and the extra guns they had were taken away by the recruiting officer at Strawberry Plains. This information was doubtless conveyed to Brownlow's troops, for on the 8th, at the dark hour of midnight, a party of Federal raiders, numbering forty men, appeared near the bridge with the evident intention of attacking and setting fire to the structure.

As soon as he saw the armed force making for the bridge, Keelin's companion in arms fled in the opposite direction, carrying his gun with him, leaving Keelin alone with a single gun and a big knife of the "Arkansaw Toothpick" variety, to defend the bridge as best he might. As hopeless as the task appeared, Keelin bravely determined to stand to his post despite the tremendous odds against him, and do his best to keep the enemy from burning the bridge. He posted himself on the top of a bank underneath the bridge and awaited the attack. He held his gun at a "ready," and when one of the party advanced with a lighted torch, prepared to climb up to the woodwork of the bridge, Keelin shot him dead in his tracks. The survivors fired a volley at the solitary guard, and with a wild yell made a rush

for the bank. Though Keelin was wounded three times by the volley—in the hip, where he still carries a bullet, in the left arm and in the side—he bravely stood his ground; and not having time to reload his muzzle-loading musket, he drew his big knife and awaited the onset. Fortunately for him the assent was narrow, and the attacking party could only climb up the steep bank one or two at a time. With his knife he slew two more of the invaders and wounded six others, hurling them gashed and bleeding down the embankment. Once he stumbled while aiming a blow at one of the party, and before he could recover a big fellow made a vicious stroke at him with a heavy knife. He threw up his left arm to ward off the blow from his head, and the blow severed his hand at the wrist, besides inflicting an ugly gash upon the scalp. He also received a dangerous cut in the neck, and another on the right hand.

With all these gaping and bleeding wounds the brave fellow stood his ground, fighting with the courage of a Bayard, and held the whole attacking party at bay. At last, Bill Pickens, the lieutenant who was commanding the Federals, seeing so many of his men fall before the invincible arm of the brave Confederate, called out with an oath: "Let me up there, boys, I'll fix the d–n rebel!" But when he rushed up the bank he was confronted by the same weapon, gory with the blood of his subordinates, and, after receiving two vicious cuts, he too retired, calling off his men. They left the place hastily, leaving their three dead companions on the ground, but carrying off their wounded. They thought that a force of Confederates was encamped a mile or so up the river, and probably expected them to be attracted to the scene by the sound of the firing.

Keelin, desperately wounded as he was, remained at his post until relieved. He bound up the bleeding stump of his arm, and staunched the blood of his half-dozen other wounds as best he could, receiving no medical attention till after daylight next morning. After he recovered from his wounds, he continued to serve in the army to the end of the war, notwithstanding the loss of his left hand. He is now an old man, far on the shady side of sixty, and lives by the fruits of his daily toil in a little cabin in West Bristol. He is modest and retiring in disposition, and comparatively few people in this city, where he has resided for a number of years, have ever seen him or heard the wonderful story of which he is the hero. There are several persons here, however, who are familiar with the incident, and from an

old Confederate, who was in the vicinity when the fight occurred, the *Courier-Journal* correspondent heard the story before seeking an interview with Mr. Keelin.

When asked why he did not run away with his companion when he saw the overwhelming force of the enemy, he modestly replied that he had been put there to defend the bridge, and save it from destruction if he could, and he did not think it right to give it up without at least making some show of fight for it; and when he got into it, "there was no way to get out except to fight out," as he put it. He seemed to have very little idea that his deed deserves to rank with the bravest in the records of mankind. He does not complain of his lot, but wends his quiet way unnoticed and almost unknown. He deserves a pension, both from his native State and from the railroad company, whose property he so bravely defended.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, April 9, 1893.]

GENERAL R. F. HOKE'S LAST ADDRESS

To His Division Near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

As the 9th will be the anniversary of Lee's surrender, it will be in order to publish everything of historical interest pertaining to the closing scenes of the "war between the States." I enclose you the farewell address of General R. F. Hoke, a gallant North Carolinian, and an uncle of the Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith, of whom the Northern papers wished to know something a short time since. General Lee sent General Hoke, with his division, to relieve Pickett's division, near Plymouth, N. C., where he (Hoke) covered himself with glory by storming the Federal works, and capturing almost three thousand prisoners. His gallant division took part in the battle of Brentonsville, under Joe Johnston, and distinguished themselves as they had done before on so many sanguinary fields in Virginia. The address is as follows:

R. S. B.

Findowrie, N. C.

HEADQUARTERS OF HOKE'S DIVISION,
Near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

Soldiers of my Division:

On the eve of a long, perhaps a final separation, I address to you the last sad words of parting.

The fortunes of war have turned the scale against us. The proud banners, which you have waved so gloriously over many a field, are to be furled at last. But they are not disgraced, my comrades. Your indomitable courage, your heroic fortitude, your patience under sufferings, have surrounded them with a halo which future years can never dim. History will bear witness to your valor, and succeeding generations will point with admiration to your grand struggle for constitutional freedom.

Soldiers, your past is full of glory, Treasure it in your hearts. Remember each gory battle-field, each day of victory, each bleeding comrade!

Think, then, of your home.

> "Freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

You have yielded to overwhelming forces, not to superior valor. You are paroled prisoners, not slaves. The love of liberty which led you into the contest burns as brightly in your hearts as ever. Cherish it. Associate it with the history of the past. Transmit it to your children. Teach them the rights of freedom, and teach them to maintain them. Teach them the proudest day in all your career was that on which you enlisted as Southern soldiers, entering that holy brotherhood whose ties are now sealed by the blood of your compatriots who have fallen, and whose history is coeval with the brilliant record of the past four years.

Soldiers, amid the imperishable laurels that surround your brows, no brighter leaf adorns them than your connection with the late Army of Northern Virginia!

The star that shone with splendor over its oft-repeated fields of victory, over the two deadly struggles of Manassas Plains, over Richmond, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg, has sent its rays and been reflected where true courage is admired, or wherever freedom

has a friend. That star has set in blood, but yet in glory. That army is now of the past. The banners trail, but not with ignominy. No stain blots their escutcheons. No blush can tinge your cheeks, as you proudly announce that you have a part in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia.

My comrades, we have borne together the same hardships; we have shared the same dangers; we have rejoiced over the same victories. Your trials, your patience have excited sympathy and admiration, and I have borne willing witness to your bravery, and it is with a heart full of grateful emotions for your services and ready obedience that I take leave of you. May the future of each one be as happy as your past career has been brilliant, and may no cloud ever dim the brightness of your fame. The past rises before me in its illimitable grandeur. Its memories are part of the life of each one of us. But it is all over now. Yet, though the sad dark veil of defeat is over us, fear not the future, but meet it with manly hearts. You carry to your homes the heartfelt wishes of your General for your prosperity. My comrades, farewell!

R. F. HOKE, *Major General.*

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, July 2, 1893.]

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL CLEBURNE.

COMANCHE, TEXAS, June 12, 1893.

Editor of The Picayune:

I send you a few incidents of the life of General Pat. Cleburne, which I have never seen in print, and which may be of interest to your many readers and the members of his old division. General Cleburne was a gallant soldier, a hard fighter, always kind and courteous to his men, who almost worshipped him, and who believed "old Pat" could whip all creation.

In the fall of 1864, Cleburne's division was thrown with a portion of the army across the Coosa river, above Rome, Ga., and started across the mountains of North Georgia to the railroad leading to Atlanta. We were cut off from our supply trains, and had to live

off the country through which we passed. Apples, chestnuts, and persimmons were plenty, so we did pretty well. Strict orders had been issued that we must not depredate upon private property. One morning on leaving camp, General Granbury's brigade led the column. I was badly crippled from sore feet and could not keep up with the command, so, on this particular morning, had special permission to march at the head of the brigade. I was trudging along the best I could just in the rear of General Granbury's horse, when I saw down the road General Cleburne sittting on the top of a rail fence smoking a cob pipe. Below, on the ground, were five or six bushels of fine red apples. Near by stood one or two of his aids; also five or six "web-foot" soldiers, who looked as mean as they well could look. As we drew near, General Granbury saluted General Cleburne, who in his turn said: "General Granbury, I am peddling apples to-day." General Granbury said: "How are you selling them, General?" General Cleburne replied: "These gentlemen (pointing to the web-feet, who had stolen the apples) have been very kind. They have gathered the apples for me and charged nothing. I will give them to you and your men. Now, you get down and take an apple, and have each of your men pass by and take one—only one, mind—until they are all gone." This was done. In the meantime, the boys were hurrahing for old Pat. When the apples gave out, General Cleburne made each man who had stolen the apples carry a rail for a mile or two. Old Pat enjoyed the thing as much as did his men.

On this same raid we struck the railroad leading to Atlanta, and orders were given to destroy the same. One evening General Cleburne ordered Granbury's Brigade out to help do the work. We were strung along the track as near together as we well could stand. General Cleburne then got out in front and said: "Attention, men! When I say ready, let every man stoop down, take hold of the rails, and when I say 'heave ho,' let every man lift all he can and turn the rails and cross-ties over." When the command was given by old Pat, a thousand men or more bent their backs and took hold of the iron; then came the command, "heave ho!" With a yell up we came with rails and cross-ties, and over they went. The ties were then knocked loose, rails taken apart, cross-ties piled up and fired, and on them was placed the iron which, when red hot, was bent in all kinds of shapes. Some of the iron was bent around the trees. We

worked a good part of the night destroying the road, which did but little good, however, as the boys in blue soon fixed it up again.

During the campaign around Atlanta our company was out on picket. Just before we were relieved in the morning our company killed a fat cow, and we managed to bring a quarter into camp. As we were expecting to move at any time, we cut up the beef in chunks, built a scaffold and spread the meat on it, then built a fire and were cooking it so we could take it with us. We were all busy working at it when one of the company looked up and saw old Pat coming down the line on a tour of inspection. We had no time to hide the beef, and knew we were in for it. One of the company stepped out and saluted the General, and said: "General, we have some nice, fat beef cooking, and it is about done; come and eat dinner with us." "Well," he replied, "it does smell good. I believe I will." He sat down on a log, one of the boys took a nice piece of beef from the fire, another hunted a pone of corn bread and handed it to him. The General ate quite heartily, thanked us for the dinner, took out his cob pipe, filled it and began to smoke, chatting pleasantly with us, asking what we thought of our position, and if we thought we could whip the fight, if we had one, and then passed on down the line, while we cheered him. How could we help admiring him? Had he lived and the war continued, he was bound to have risen to great distinction as an officer. He and General Granbury were killed near the breastworks at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, and the Confederacy lost two of her best officers.

T. O. MOORE,

Company F, Seventh Texas Volunteer Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, November 5, 1893.]

THE OFFICER WHO RODE THE GRAY HORSE.

A Stirring Episode in the Story of Confederate Valor.

How Major C. L. Jackson Won the Praise of His Gallant Foe by His Bravery in Battle.

Out of the musty records of the past, from time to time, there springs to light some hidden treasure or letter, that brings back in

all its olden glory the chivalry and daring of the brave heroes of the Confederacy. The number of these precious, yet personal souvenirs, that are hidden away in the hearts and homes of the Southland, will never, perhaps, be known, as they have a personal and sacred value that seems too holy for the possessors to wish to parade them before the public, however important a bearing they may have upon the history of that memorable epoch.

In an old scrap-book in New Orleans, the property of Mrs. Fred N. Ogden, the widow of the late lamented General Fred N. Ogden, the writer recently came across an interesting series of autograph letters from noted generals of the Confederacy, that will one day possess a value the reader little dreams of now. Mrs. Ogden is a sister of the late Major C. L. Jackson, one of the youngest and bravest cavalry officers who ever mounted a steed, and drew his sword in behalf of the Southern cause. Major Jackson was a citizen of Vicksburg, and was among the first of the brave Mississippians who joined the army of the Potomac, and whose high courage became conspicuous. At Farmington, Corinth, The Hatchie, Chickasaw Bluffs and Greenwood, he exhibited the daring bravery for which he was so remarkable. But it was at Drainesville that his conduct was so distinguished as to draw expressions of admiration even from the enemy. The battle of Drainesville was one of the most hotly contested of the civil war. The Southern troops were in command of that brave Rupert of the Confederacy, General J. E. B. Stuart, Colonel Jackson was not a member of his command, but a staff officer of the brigade commanded by General Sam Jones.

He was on his way to join his regiment, when, passing through Drainesville, he saw the terrible battle in progress, and, without reporting to General Stuart, he immediately threw himself into the thickest of the fight, and the gray horse which he rode and its gallant rider were everywhere conspicuous in the midst of shot and shell. After the battle was over he proceeded quietly to camp Centreville, where General Jones had his headquarters.

That same evening, however, a courier came from the Federal camp, bearing the following message, written hurriedly in pencil and on a rough scrap of paper, to General Stuart:

" Captain Thomas L. Kane, brother of the late arctic explorer, Dr. Kane, and son of Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, commander of the

regiment of northern Pennsylvania, sends his compliments to the commander of the Southern forces this afternoon, and desires to speak in terms of commendation and praise of the gallant conduct of the officer who rode the gray horse."

Fairfax County, Va., December 20, 1861.

This old letter, faded and worn, is preserved in Mrs. Ogden's scrap-book, and appended to it are the following two interesting autograph letters from two of the greatest leaders of the Southern hosts:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND CAVALRY,
CAMP AT CENTREVILLE, January 10, 1862.

Major C. L. Jackson, C. S. A. and A. C.:

My Dear Sir,—General Stuart has sent to me the accompanying note to be delivered to you. As I had not the honor of commanding the only regiment of my brigade engaged in the affair at Drainesville, I am glad that I was so gallantly represented by an officer of my staff—the rider of the gray horse. I cordially join with General Stuart in hoping that you may long be spared to the service and the cause, and when opportunity again offers, that our enemies may have cause to admire the gallantry of the officer who rode the gray horse at Drainesville.

Very faithfully yours,

SAM JONES, *Brigadier General.*

General Stuart's letter is written in the firm and flowing hand which characterized the great cavalry officer, and reads as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
CAMP QUI VIVE, January 10, 1862.

"*To Lieutenant C. L. Jackson, C. S. A. Aid-de-Camp to Brigadier-General Sam Jones, and Volunteer Aid to General Stuart at Drainesville:*

"Sir,—I have the pleasure to enclose herewith a note which was sent to me by Colonel Kane, who commanded a regiment of Federals at Drainesville, on the 20th ult. From what I saw myself of your gallantry on that day, together with diligent inquiry into the matter, I am satisfied that you are 'the officer who rode the gray horse.' Such a testimonial from an enemy must be very gratifying

to you and your friends, and I trust you will be spared to impress many more such Yankee colonels with the prowess of the gray horse's rider.

"Fully concurring, on this one point concerning the battle of Drainesville, with Colonel Kane, I am,

Most respectfully and truly yours,

J. E. B. STUART,
Brigadier-General."

Major Jackson lost his life in an engagement at Bladen Springs, Ala., and in 1863 his obituary, written by General Dabney H. Maury, tells his heroic deeds. The original autograph copy is pasted side by side with these noble testimonials in Mrs. Ogden's scrapbook. Like him, the other actors in this pretty side drama of the Confederacy, have joined the hosts in the eternal camping-grounds, but these letters remain as a refreshing insight into the private camp life of the great Civil War, and an evidence of the individual generosity which actuated a foe who knew what heroism in a soldier meant, and were not so narrow and sectional as to fail to recognize it.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 16, 1893.]

THE GOLD AND SILVER IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES TREASURY.

What Became of It.

The Account of Captain William H. Parker, Confederate States Navy, Who Had It in Charge in Its Transportation South.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

So many incorrect statements have appeared in the public prints from time to time concerning the preservation and disposition of the Confederate treasure, that a true and circumstantial account of *where it was* from April 2, 1865, to May 2, 1865, may prove interesting to the public.

I was an officer of the United States Navy from 1841 to 1861. In the latter year I entered the Confederate Navy as lieutenant.

During the years 1863–'64–'65 I was the superintendent of the Confederate States Naval Academy. The steamer Patrick Henry was the school-ship and the seat of the academy. On the 1st day of April, 1865, we were lying at a wharf on the James river between Richmond and Powhatan. We had on board some sixty midshipmen and a full corps of professors. The midshipmen were well drilled in infantry tactics, and all of the professors save one had served in the army or navy.

On Sunday, April 2, 1865, I received about noon a dispatch from Hon. S. K. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, to the following effect: "Have the corps of midshipmen, with the proper officers, at the Danville depot to-day at 6 P. M.; the commanding officer to report to the Quartermaster-General of the army."

Upon calling at the Navy Department I learned that the city was to be evacuated immediately, and that the services of the corps were required to take charge of and guard the Confederate treasure.

Accordingly at 6 o'clock I was at the depot with all my officers and men—perhaps something over one hundred, all told—and was then put in charge of a train of cars, on which was packed the Confederate treasure, and the money belonging to the banks of Richmond.

ABOUT HALF A MILLION.

I will here remark that neither the Secretary of the Treasury, nor the Treasurer were with the treasure. The senior officer of the Treasury present was a cashier, and he informed me, to the best of my recollection, that there was about $500,000 in gold, silver, and bullion. I saw the boxes containing it, many times in the weary thirty days I had it under my protection, but I never saw the coin.

Sometime in the evening the President, his Cabinet and other officials left the depot for Danville. The train was well packed. General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, however, did not start with the President. He remained with me at the depot until I got off, which was not until somewhere near midnight. The General went out of the city on horseback.

Our train being heavily loaded and crowded with passengers—even the roofs and platform-steps occupied—went very slowly. How we got by Amelia Courthouse without falling in with Sheridan's men,

has been a mystery to me to this day. We were unconscious of our danger, however, and took matters philosophically. Monday, April 3d, in the afternoon, we arrived at Danville, where we found the President and his Cabinet, save General Breckenridge, who came in on Wednesday. On Monday night Admiral Semmes arrived with the officers and men of the James River squadron. His was the last train out of Richmond.

We did not unpack the treasure from the cars at Danville. Some, I believe, was taken for the use of the government, and, I suspect, was paid out to General Johnston's men after the surrender, but the main portion of the money remained with me. The midshipmen bivouacked near the train.

IN THE MINT.

About the 6th of April, I received orders from Mr. Mallory to convey the treasure to Charlotte, N. C., and deposit it in the mint. Somewhere about the 8th, we arrived at Charlotte. I deposited the money-boxes in the mint, took a receipt from the proper officials, and supposed that my connection with it was at an end. Upon attempting to telegraph back to Mr. Mallory for further orders, however, I found that Salisbury was in the hands of the enemy—General Stoneman's men, I think.

The enemy being between me and the President (at least such was the report at the time, though I am not sure now that it was so), and the probability being that he would immediately push for Charlotte, it became necessary to remove the money. I determined, on my own responsibility, to convey it to Macon, Ga.

Mrs. President Davis and family were in town. They had left Richmond a week before the evacuation. I called upon her, represented the danger of capture, and persuaded her to put herself under our protection. A company of uniformed men, under Captain Tabb, volunteered to accompany me. These men were attached to the navy-yard in Charlotte. Most of them belonged to the game little town of Portsmouth, Va., and a better set of men never shouldered a musket. They were as true as steel.

Having laid in, from the naval storehouse, large quantities of coffee, sugar, bacon, and flour, we started in the cars with the treasure and arrived at Chester, S. C. This was, I think, about the 12th of April.

FORMED A TRAIN.

We here packed the money and papers in wagons and formed a train. We started the same day for Newberry, S. C. Mrs. Davis and family were provided by General Preston with an ambulance. Several ladies in our party—wives of officers—were in army wagons; the rest of the command were on foot, myself included.

The first night we encamped at a crossroads "meeting-house." I here published orders regulating our march, and made every man carry a musket. The Treasury clerks, bank officers, and others made up a third company, and we mustered some one hundred and fifty fighting men. Supposing that General Stoneman would follow, we held ourselves ready to repel an attack by day and night.

At sunset of the second day we went into camp about thirty miles from Newberry, S. C., and breaking camp very early the next morning, we crossed the beautiful Broad river on a pontoon bridge at noon, and about 4 P. M. arrived at Newberry. The quartermaster immediately prepared a train of cars, and we started for Abbeville, S. C., as soon as the treasure could be transferred.

ALWAYS AHEAD.

On the march across the state of South Carolina we never permitted a traveler to go in advance of us, and we were not on a line of telegraphic communication; yet, singular to say, the news that we had the Confederate money was always ahead of us. [See Sir Walter Scott's remark on this point in "Old Mortality."] We arrived at Abbeville at midnight, and passed the remainder of the night in the cars. Mrs. Davis and family here left me and went to the house of the Hon. Mr. Burt, a former member of Congress. In the morning we formed a wagon train and started for Washington, Georgia. The news we got at different places along the route was bad; "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster." We "lightened ship" as we went along—throwing away books, stationery, and perhaps Confederate money. One could have traced us by these marks, and have formed an idea of the character of the news we were receiving.

From Abbeville to Washington is about forty miles, and we made a two days' march of it. The first day we crossed the Savannah river about 2 P. M. and went into camp. The next day we arrived

at Washington. Here we learned that General Wilson, United States army, with 10,000 cavalry, had captured Macon, and was on his way north.

After a day's deliberation and a consultation with some of the citizens of Washington, I determined to go to Augusta.

HEARD OF THE SURRENDER.

On the 18th of April, or thereabouts, we left in the train, and at the junction, while we were waiting for the western train to pass, we heard of General Lee's surrender. This we did not at the time credit. We arrived at Augusta in due time, and I made my report to General D. B. Fry, the commanding general. General Fry informed me he could offer no protection, as he had few troops, and was expecting to surrender to General Wilson as soon as he appeared with his cavalry. However, Generals Johnston and Sherman had just declared an armistice, and that gave us a breathing spell. The money remained in the cars, and the midshipman and the Charlotte company lived in the depot. While in Augusta, and afterwards, I was frequently advised by officious persons to divide the money among the Confederates, as the war was over, and it would otherwise fall into the hands of the Federal troops.

The answer to this was that the war was *not* over as long as General Johnston held out, and that the money would be held intact until we met President Davis.

DECLINED TO DISBAND.

While waiting in Augusta I received a telegraphic dispatch from Mr. Mallory directing me to disband my command; but under the circumstances I declined to do so.

On the 20th of April, General Fry notified me that the armistice would end the next day, and he advised me to "move on." I decided to retrace my steps, thinking it more than probable that President Davis would hear of Mrs. Davis being left in Abbeville. Accordingly we left Augusta on the 23d, arrived at Washington the same day, formed a train again, and started for Abbeville. On the way we met Mrs. President Davis and family, escorted by Col. Burton N. Harrison, the President's private secretary. I have forgotten where they said they were going, if they told me.

THREATS MADE TO SEIZE IT.

Upon our arrival at Abbeville, which was, I think, about the 28th, we stored the treasure in an empty warehouse and placed a guard over it. The town was full of paroled men from General Lee's army. Threats were made by these men to seize the money, but the guard remained firm. On the night of May 1st I was aroused by the officer commanding the patrol, and told that "the Yankees were coming." We transferred the treasure to the train of cars which I had ordered to be kept ready with steam up, intending to run to Newberry.

Just at daybreak, as we were ready to start, we saw some horsemen descending the hills, and upon sending out scouts learned that they were the advance guard of President Davis.

About 10 A. M., May 2, 1865, President Davis and his Cabinet (save Messrs. Trenholm and Davis) rode in. They were escorted by four skeleton brigades of cavalry—not more than one thousand badly-armed men in all. These brigades were, I think, Duke's, Dibrell's, Vaughan's, and Ferguson's. The train was a long one. There were many brigadier-generals present—General Bragg among them—and wagons innumerable.

TURNED OVER TO GENERAL DUKE.

I had several interviews with President Davis and found him calm and composed, and resolute to a degree. As soon as I saw Mr. Mallory he directed me to deliver the treasure to General Basil Duke, and disband my command. I went to the depot, and there, in the presence of my command, transferred it accordingly. General Duke was on horseback, and no papers passed. The Charlotte company immediately started for home, accompanied by our best wishes. I have a dim recollection that a keg of cents was presented to Captain Tabb for distribution among his men, and that the magnificent present was indignantly declined.

The treasure was delivered to General Duke *intact* so far as I know, though some of it was taken at Danville *by authority*. It had been guarded by the Confederate midshipmen for thirty days, and preserved by them. In my opinion this is what no other organization could have done in those days.

A GALLANT CORPS.

And here I must pay a tribute to these young men—many of them mere lads—who stood by me for so many anxious days. Their training and discipline showed itself conspicuously during that time. During the march across South Carolina, footsore and ragged as they had become by that time, no murmur escaped them, and they never faltered. I am sure that Mr. Davis and Mr. Mallory, if they were alive, would testify to the fact that when they saw the corps in Abbeville, way-worn and weary after its long march, it presented the same undaunted front as when it left Richmond. They were staunch to the last, and verified the adage that "blood will tell."

The officers with me at this time were Captain Rochelle, Surgeon Garrelson, Paymaster Wheliss, and Lieutenants Peek, McGuire, Sanxay, and Armistead. Lieutenants Peek, McGuire, and Armistead are living, and will testify to the truth of the above narrative.

Immediately after turning the money over to General Duke I disbanded my command. And here ends my personal knowledge of the Confederate treasure.

WHAT BECAME OF THE MONEY.

On the evening of May 2d, the President and troops started for Washington, Ga. The next day the cavalry insisted upon having some of the money (so it is stated), and General Breckenridge, with the consent of the President, I believe, paid out to them $100,000. At least, that is the sum I have seen stated. I know nothing of it myself. It was a wise proceeding on the part of the General, and it enabled the poor, worn-out men to reach their homes.

ITS DISPOSITION.

The remainder of the treasure was carried to Washington, Ga. Here Captain M. H. Clark was appointed assistant treasurer, and in a frank and manly letter to the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, for December, 1881, he tells of the disposition of a portion of the money. Some $40,000, he says, was intrusted to two naval officers for a special purpose—to take to England, probably—but I happen to know that this was not done, and this money was never accounted

for, and moderate sums were paid to various officers, whose vouchers he produces. Thus, it seems, he paid $1,500 to two of the President's aids, and the same amount to my command. That is, he gave us who had preserved the treasure for thirty days the same amount he gave to each of the aids. I do not know who ordered this distribution, but we were very glad to get it, as we were far from home and penniless. It gave us each twenty days' pay.

NEVER ACCOUNTED FOR.

In my opinion a good deal of the money was never accounted for, and there remains what sailors call a "Flemish account" of it.

[Some of the above is transcribed with the kind permission of the Messrs. Scribner from my "Recollections of a Naval Officer." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1883.]

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

Several years ago I read in the papers an account of a box being left with a widow lady who lived, in 1865, near the pontoon bridge across the Savannah river. It was to this effect: The lady stated that on May 3, 1865, a party of gentlemen on their way from Abbeville to Washington, Ga., stopped at her house, and were a long time in consultation in her parlor. These gentlemen were Mr. Davis and his Cabinet beyond a doubt. Upon leaving, they gave the lady a box, which, they stated, was too heavy to take with them. After they were gone the lady opened the box, and found it to be full of jewelry. Somewhat embarrassad with so valuable a gift, the lady sent for her minister (a Baptist) and told him the circumstances. By his advice, she buried the box in her garden secretly at night. A few days after, an officer rode up to the house, inquired about the box, and said he had been sent back for it. The lady delivered it up. and the man went off.

Now, I believe this story to be true in every respect, and I furthermore believe that the box contained the jewelry which had been contributed by patriotic Confederate ladies. The idea had been suggested some time in 1864, but was never fully carried out. Nevertheless, some ladies sacrificed their jewels, as I have reason to know.

As for the man who carried off the box, whether he was really sent back for it or was a despicable thief, will probably never be known,

but to say the least, his action was, as our Scotch friends say, "vara suspeecious."

CAPTURE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Mr. Davis was captured on the morning of May 9th, just a week after my interview with him at Abbeville. There were with him at the time Mrs. Davis and three children; Miss Howell, her sister; Mr. Reagan, Postmaster-General; Colonels Johnston, Lubbock, and Wood, volunteer aids; Mr. Burton Harrison, secretary, and, I think, a Mr. Barnwell, of South Carolina. There may have been others, but I do not know. Of these, all were captured save only Mr. Barnwell.

It is not my intention to write of this affair, as I was not present, and besides, Colonels Johnston and Lubbock, Judge Reagan, and others have written full accounts of it. I only intend to tell of the escape of my old friend and comrade, John Taylor Wood, as I had it from his lips only a few months ago in Richmond. It has never appeared in print, and I am only sorry I cannot put it in the graphic language of Wood himself.

But this is what he told me, as well as I recollect:

COLONEL WOOD'S ESCAPE.

The party was captured just before daybreak on the 9th of May. Wood was placed in charge of a Dutchman, who spoke no English. While the rest of the Federal troops were busy in securing their prisoners and plundering the camp, Wood held a $20 gold piece (the universal interpreter) to his guard, and signified his desire to escape. The Dutchman held up *two* fingers and nodded. Wood gave him $40 in gold, and stole off to a field, where he laid down among some brushwood. The Federals (under a Colonel Pritchett, I think), having finished their preparations, marched off without missing Colonel Wood.

STARTED FOR FLORIDA.

After they were out of sight, Wood arose and found a broken-down horse, which had been left behind. He also found an old bridle, and mounting the nag, he started for Florida. I have forgotten his adventures, but somewhere on the route he fell in with

Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, and General Breckinridge, Secretary of War. Benjamin and Breckinridge owed their escape to Wood, for Wood was an old naval officer and a thorough seaman. On the coast of Florida they bought a row-boat, and in company of a few others they rowed down the coast, intending either to cross to Cuba or the Bahamas.

A CLOSE CALL.

Landing one day for water and to dig clams they saw a Federal gunboat coming up the coast. Wood mentioned as an evidence of the close watch the United States vessels were keeping, that as soon as the gunboat got abreast of them she stopped and lowered a boat. Thinking it best to put a bold face on the matter, Wood took a couple of men and rowed out to meet the man-of-war's boat. The officer asked who they were. They replied: "Paroled soldiers from Lee's army, making their way home." The officer demanded their paroles, and was told the men on shore had them. It was a long distance to pull, and the officer decided to return to his ship for orders. As he pulled away Wood cried to him: "Do you want to buy any clams?"

Upon the return of the boat she was hoisted up, the gunboat proceeded on her way, and our friends "saw her no more." Proceeding on her way to the southward, the party next fell in with a sail-boat, in which were three sailors, deserters from United States vessels at Key West, trying to make their way to Savannah. Wood and party took their boat, as she was a seaworthy craft, put the sailors in the row-boat, and gave them sailing directions for Savannah.

Wood then took the helm and steered for Cuba. In a squall that night he was knocked overboard. There was but one man in the boat who knew anything at all about managing her, and it looked black for him. Fortunately he caught the main sheet, which was trailing overboard, and was hauled in. It was providential, for upon Wood depended the safety of the entire party.

After suffering much from hunger and thirst they arrived at Matanzas (I think) and were kindly cared for by the Spanish authorities, from whom they received most respectful attention as soon as they made themselves known.

WILLIAM H. PARKER.

Richmond, Va.

[From The New Orleans *Picayune*, October 22, 1893.]

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

Some Letters Written By Him That Have Never Before Been Published.

Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk at Cassville.

The recent appearance of Hughes' "Life of General Joseph E. Johnston," and the announcement of the placing in the hands of the printers of a "Life of General Leonidas Polk," by his son, Dr. William Polk, were the subject of a conversation recently among a few veterans of the Army of the Tennessee, and some facts were mentioned that are deemed of sufficient interest to be placed on record through the columns of your valued paper.

To those who participated in the memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, under Joe Johnston, and the failure to give battle at Cassville, is a most fertile source of discussion and of regret. And this was the point of conversation on which the group of talkers lingered the longest.

The enthusiasm that swept through the army, when the announcement was made that it had reached the chosen battle-field, possessed anew the hearts of these old veterans; the cheers that went up from each command as "Old Joe's" ringing battle order was read to the troops reverberated again in their ears; the embers of their deep emotions of elation and disgust that so rapidly succeeded each other on that eventful day burned afresh within them for a while.

And naturally the oft-debated question of the amount of blame attaching to General Johnston's subordinates for this failure to fight came up as of old, and the measure of it, if any, appertaining to General Polk was stated as follows by one of the group: Major Douglas West, who was adjutant-general, attended General Polk on the night of the conference, where Johnston felt compelled to forego the battle and retreat across the Etowah river.

He said that, after Polk's Corps had taken the position assigned to it on the left of Hood's Corps, and in the rear of Cassville, General S. G. French, one of the division generals of the corps, sent a report to General Polk that his position was enfiladed, and that he could not hold it.

General Polk thereupon sent his inspector general, Colonel Sevier, to ascertain about it ; this officer reported back that, in his opinion, General French was warranted in his apprehension.

General Polk requested Colonel Sevier to proceed to General Johnston's headquarters and place the facts before him, which this officer did. General Johnston was loath to believe in the impossibility of holding that part of the line, for, though exposed, it could be made tenable by building traverses and retiring the troops some little to the rear. He instructed Colonel Sevier to have General French build traverses ; this General considered them useless, and persisted in his inability to hold his position.

Colonel Sevier reporting this back to General Polk, in the absence of Captain Walter J. Morris, engineer officer of General Polk's corps (off on some duty), the General sent Major Douglas West to the position of General French's division to have his opinion also, and to have him talk over the situation with this General. When Major West reached there, there was no firing from the enemy, and he could not form an opinion in that way. He, however, conversed with General French on the subject, and returned, reporting General French as highly wrought up about the exposure of his division. General Polk then sent Major West to General Johnston to state the result of his visit to General French's position, and General Johnston reiterated his opinion about the feasibility of holding the position with the use of traverses.

Upon reporting back the remarks of General Johnston, Major West found that Captain Morris had reached General Polk's headquarters, and the captain, in turn, was sent to French's position to make a thorough survey and report of it. He made a very thorough one, and reported the position as very exposed for the defensive, but as admirable for the offensive. General Polk, since the first report from General French, appeared much annoyed at this unexpected weakness in his line, which, from the pertinacity of General French, was growing into an obstacle to the impending battle, for which General Polk shared the enthusiasm and confidence of the troops.

That evening about sunset General Hood rode up to General Polk's headquarters, with Major General French, and, at his suggestion, General Johnston was asked to meet the three Lieutenant Generals at Polk's headquarters for the purpose of consulting that night on the situation. At the appointed hour Generals Johnston, Hood and Polk met at the latter's headquarters. General Hardee was not present, he not having been found in time, after dilligent search. General Hood arrived at the rendezvous, accompanied by General French, whose division rested upon his left in the line of battle. General Polk had not asked General French, who was of his corps, to be present at headquarters for the occasion, and General Hood's action in bringing him was altogether gratuitous. Upon arriving with French, General Hood excused his action by stating that he considered the situation so vital to himself and French that he had taken the liberty to ask General French to come with him to the conference. After awaiting General Hardee's arrival for a good while, Generals Johnston, Polk, and Hood retired to the rough cabin-house, where Polk had established his headquarters, and General French and the staff officers of the different generals remained outside beyond earshot.

It was past midnight when the meeting broke up, and the Generals stepped out and called their escorts and attending staff.

General Polk immediately instructed Major West to issue orders to his division generals to move as soon as guides would be furnished them. Captain Morris was ordered to procure these immediately. General Polk communicated detailed instructions, but appeared deeply absorbed. In silence everything was carried out, and the corps had taken up the march, and moved some distance before Major West was aware that the army was in retreat. He had been by the General's side, or close in the rear of him, from the moment of the termination of the conference, and the General had not spoken about it. Thus they had ridden a good while, the Major, respecting the General's silent mood, had not thought proper to inquire about the destination of the column. An officer of General Hardee's staff, Captain Thomas H. Hunt, was the first to inform Major West that the army was retreating, because General Polk, at the conference, had insisted that he could not hold his position in the line of battle selected by Johnston. Stung by this statement, Major West denied it emphatically, and, as his informant insisted on its correctness, Major West rode up to General Polk, and asked him where the

column was marching to? General Polk said they were retreating to beyond the Etowah river. Major West then told him of the report that had reached him, and asked him if he was the cause of the abandonment of the intended battle at Cassville? General Polk asked who had made the statement, and, when told that it was a staff officer of General Hardee, who also had added that said impression prevailed along the column, and, Major West asking that he be authorized to deny the report, General Polk was silent for a moment, and then said to Major West: "To-morrow everything will be made as clear as day."

General Polk never again spoke of this matter to the Major, although with him day and night during that long and terrible campaign, in which he lost his life at Pine mountain, on the 14th day of July, 1864. But the impression left upon his staff officers was that the failure to keep battle at Cassville was not due to any representations made by General Polk, but the objections made by Lieutenant-General Hood, the left of whose line joined French's division.

General Polk had so little confidence in the representations of the weakness of the line at the point referred to, that he did not go there in person. But for General Hood's invitation, Major-General French would not have been called to the conference, and consequently, when General Hood urged the untenability of his line, and supported it by bringing one of Polk's division commanders, French, to confirm him (although Polk's other division commanders, Loring and Walthall, offered no objection), and in the absence of Lieutenant-General Hardee, General Polk could only reply upon the report of his chief topographical engineer, Captain Morris, and Major-General French, and sustain Lieutenant-General Hood in his opinion that the line could not be held after an attack.

General Polk was too noble and patriotic to care for his personal fame, and made no effort during his life to put himself properly on record for his connection with the abandonment of the line at Cassville, for he was always ready to give battle, or to take any responsibilities of his position. He fought for his cause, not for his reputation.

Another of this group of old veterans had been of Hardee's corps on that occasion. He recounted that his battery had been assigned by "Old Joe" to an important post on Hardee's line, the angle at which the left flank deflected back. Vividly he described his posi-

tion—the knoll upon which his guns were planted, the open fields around, that gave promise of great slaughter of the foe when he undertook to carry the point. This prospect and the pride arising from the very danger of their post, stimulated the men in their labors of entrenching, which was necessary at this end of the line of battle, where there were none of the natural advantages the troops of Polk and Hood derived from the hills on which they were posted. But all worked with an energy that arose to enthusiasm, for confidence in "Old Joe," confidence in the "old reliable," and confidence in themselves, inspired the men of this company, as it did those of the whole corps. The redoubt was nearly completed, when, about two o'clock in the morning, Captain Sid. Hardee, of General Hardee's staff, rode up and ordered the work to cease, and the battery made ready to move. This officer then stated that the intention to fight a battle there was abandoned; that Polk and Hood had insisted that they could not hold their position of the line. He added that General Hardee had objected to the retreat, and had offered to change positions with either of the other corps rather than forego giving battle.

In deep disappointment and disgust, Hardee's men moved off, blaming Polk and Hood for compelling the abandonment of a field which seemed to be pregnant with a glorious victory.

The impressions of that night had remained ineffaceable, and the unfought battle had been a deep source of regret during the war, and of deep interest since. So much so since that it had led to a correspondence between one of the officers of the company and General Johnston.

The allusion to this correspondence naturally brought about the production of the following original letters of General Johnston on this and other war matters, which are now for the first time put in print, and which will be deposited in the archives of the Louisiana Historical Association by

"ONE OF HARDEE'S CORPS."

SAVANNAH, GA., June 19. 1874.

DEAR SIR—The only approach to criticism of General Lee by me, I believe, is that you will find on page 62, of "Johnston's Narrative."

There, in defending myself against accusations of not taking Washington and conquering the United States, after the battle of Manassas,

I pointed to General Lee's two unsuccessful invasions as proof that I could not succeed in such warfare, and evidence that the Confederacy was too weak for it. Certainly, that was neither criticism nor condemnation. It was simply saying that General Lee's failures proved the weakness of the Confederacy. That where he failed, I could not be expected to succeed.

Yours truly,

[Signed] J. E. JOHNSTON.

To Charles G. Johnson, Esq.

SAVANNAH, GA., June 19, 1874.

Charles G. Johnson, Esq:

MY DEAR SIR—I have attempted the sketch you asked for in your friendly note of the 16th. I assure you that the evidences of your friendship are in the highest degree gratifying; for I love of all things the favorable opinion and friendly feelings of the class to which you belong—the men with whom I stood in battle.

Excuse this very rough sketch.* It is more than thirty years since my last effort of the kind.

The part of Hardee's left thrown back, is Bate's division. I think your battery was near the angle.

In the map in the book, the "country road," east of Cassville, is omitted. It is necessary to the understanding of the intended offensive movement.

The position sketched was taken in the afternoon for defence, the attack was intended near noon—when Sherman was at Kingston, and Hardee near it. For it, Hood was to march by his right flank on the country road, east of and parallel to that to Adairsville. When his rear was opposite A, Polk was to move towards Adairsville, in order of battle, until he met the enemy, when he became engaged, Hood was to face to the left and take the Federals in flank. Before the time came to order General Polk forward, General Hood, moving towards Adairsville on the country road, upon a wild report, turned back, and formed his corps on the line marked B. This frustrated the design of attacking, and put us on the defensive.

In the discussion at night between Generals Hood, Polk and myself, the question was only of holding the position sketched. The

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* The diagram was given in the *Picayune*.

plan of attacking had been frustrated by General Hood. Our opportunity to attack was when the Federal army was divided—a part at Kingston, another part on the road from Adairsville.

To attack Sherman's concentrated army would have been inexpressibly absurd. General Hood expressed no such idea at the time. To postpone the attack from the afternoon, when the Federals were entrenching, until the next morning, when they were entrenched, would have been stupid.

Very truly yours,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

SAVANNAH, GA., June 30, 1875.

To J. A. Chalaron, Esq., Chairman, etc.:

MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 25th and inclosures are just received. I regret very much not to have the means of contributing to your interesting object. The records of the army belonged to it, of course, and, I apprehend were lost, or greatly reduced, by the march into and out of Tennessee in the last days of 1864. All that was then saved is now in possession of Colonel Kinloch Falconer, of Holly Springs, Miss. You may remember him as assistant-adjutant-general of the army. I have just written to request him to give you any information contained in his records. General Bragg's arrangement of the artillery of Tennessee was a reserve of six or eight batteries under a lieutenant-colonel, and a distribution of the remainder—a battery brigade. In the early spring of 1864, it was more completely organized into a reserve of three or four battalions, under a brigadier-general, and into regiments—one for each corps.

I wish very much that the application for service with me, made by the company March 4, 1865, had been received, for I should have had a very great pleasure ten years sooner, that of knowing that one of the truest and bravest bodies of Confederate troops with which I served in trying times, gave me the confidence it inspired in all those who ever commanded it. Nothing that I have read in the last ten years has touched my heart like the copy of that application. Such proofs of favorable opinion and friendly feeling of the best class of our countrymen is rich compensation to an old man, for the sacrifice of the results of the labors of a life-time.

Begging you to assure the Fifth Company of the Washington Artillery of my remembrance of their admirable service in 1863 and 1864, in Mississippi and Georgia, and thanking you earnestly for the very agreeable terms of your letter, I am very truly yours,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

Can you send me a copy of Captain Johnson's account of the capture of the Federal fort in Mill Creek Gap in the fall of 1864?

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, January 7, 1894.]

THE CAREER OF LEONIDAS POLK.

The Soldier Who Abandoned the Army for the Church,

And Became a General When the War Between the States Broke Out, Earning a Reputation for Gallantry Which Survives Hostile Criticism An Interesting Figure in American History.

The New York *Tribune*, eminently a Northern journal, in a review of Dr. William M. Polk's book on "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," says: In the far future, when the affairs of the present century may be viewed with philosophical indifference, it will perhaps occur to some student of mankind that the career of Leonidas Polk was of significance in the history of civilization. Such a student will be reminded that only certain periods have been marked by the appearance, as warriors, of men of rank in any religious system. In Europe this phenomenon has hardly been observed since the close of the Middle Ages, and the tendency there of the Nineteenth century has been such as to give characteristic value to the case of Pius IX, who left a military career for the church. But if the coming philosopher should deem the example of Polk sufficient to put the civilization of the American slave States on a level with that of the mediæval chivalric period, he should nevertheless not be allowed to overlook the fact that the bishop who became a general had earlier turned from military life to become a priest. Thus, if he resembled the bishops of feudal times in his old age, he was in youth as complete a symbol of modern tendencies as the Pope whose name has been cited. In

fact, he was more—for the physical reasons which affected the choice of a career for Pius would in Polk's case have prevented him from taking orders. His life as a rector was interrupted by ill-health, and everything went to show that his physical well-being required activity out of doors. In putting aside the ambitions of a soldier he not only did violence to his own preferences, but to a family tradition which was exceptionally strong, both his father and grandfather having served with distinction in the war of independence. The present generation of Americans can perhaps hardly realize how much nearer the European ideal in force and tenacity family tradition was a century ago than it is now in this country. America was then just out of colonial leading strings. She had barely begun to diverge from habits which under previous conditions she would only too gladly have strengthened and perpetuated. When Leonidas Polk, after completing an honorable course of study at West Point, decided to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he gave his father a shock of surprise such as he could have given him in no other way.

Dr. Polk gives a deeply interesting narrative of the incidents which attended his father's conversion. It came about through the influence of a new chaplain at West Point, McIlvaine, later the eloquent bishop of Ohio. The professors and cadets who had idled their way as best they could through sermon-time in other days listened with open-eyed interest to a preacher who had a message, and who knew how to delivor it. Polk—tall, handsome, a soldier by heredity not less than by education—was the first to yield. When he knelt for the first time in chapel to take a courageous part in the service, his act was the beginning of what seemed almost like a religious revolution at the post. Other young men followed his example, and in nearly every case they were prompted by his zeal. Dr. Polk suggested that his father had been skeptical in early youth, but there seemed to have been no doubts of a stubborn sort. What happened was that the soldierly instincts and training of the young cadet were turned to a new purpose. He realized in himself the favorite figure of speech about the soldier of the cross. He troubled himself little about difficult questions. What he looked for from the time when he decided to enter the ministry was orders. At the Theological Seminary in Alexandria he gained only a smattering of Greek and Hebrew, little insight into speculative problems, and no philosophy.

His health soon broke down in the ministry. An interval of foreign

travel was followed by years in which Polk was as much a farmer as a clergyman. Then came the appointment as missionary bishop of the Southwest, and later the care of the diocese of Louisiana. These not only satisfied his religious aspirations, but met the physical necessity for a life in the open air. His field of labor was almost boundless, and his travels were incessant. But his diocesan tasks are of interest here mainly because at the outset they included territory which was not a part of the United States. Churchmen, and doubtless others, will remember the position assumed by Bishop Polk at the time of Louisiana's secession respecting the relations of his diocese to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. He held that the constitution of the Church limited it to the boundaries of the nation. If by any accident the nation lost control of any region, the churchmen of that region became independent of the Church as a national body. In the light of such a declaration, one recalls with glee the fact that Polk's first jurisdiction as a bishop included the Republic of Texas. In his episcopal visits he went into a foreign country perhaps, annually; yet it probably never occurred to him that he passed on these occasions beyond the pale of the Church to which he owed allegiance. Subsequent events made his distinction in one case as futile as it would have been in the other; though, as Dr. Polk points out, if the States in rebellion had achieved their independence, the division in the Episcopal Church, North and South, would have been a practical fact, whatever method canon lawyers might have taken to account for or to ignore it. The Bishop's haste and eagerness, however, to make his point, doubtless did as much as anything to fix upon him the accusation which his biographer deeply resents, that "he was one of those who were said to be plotting the dissolution of the Union." The absorbing interests of his growing diocese, and particularly the effort to carry out the plans which he had studied for years for a great university, are indicated as occupations vast enough even for a man of Bishop Polk's activity. Americans, as time proceeds, will perhaps be less and less certain as to the deliberate purpose of any man, or any group of men, to bring on the civil war. In the light of what happened afterwards, Bishop Polk's own letter to President Buchanan on the right of peaceable secession reads almost like a missive from one distraught, but unquestionably it expressed the hope of many Southern men of intelligence. The mere supposition that Buchanan could change the purposes which were forming in the

minds of the people was perhaps not the least fatuous element in the letter.

Enthusiastic as the bishop was in the cause of secession, his thoughts were turned to active participation in the conflict by an incident from which he and his family alone were sufferers. When war became a certainty he removed his wife and children from New Orleans to a house at Sewanee, Tennessee, on the lands where he had hoped to raise his proposed university, and they were barely settled before the house was burned over their heads. "He never doubted," says his biographer, "that the outrage was prompted by political animosity. From that day forward he considered the war against the South not so much as an international war of aggression and conquest, but rather as a war of spoliation, incendiarism, outrage, and assassination, which every man who recognized the first law of nature was bound in duty to resist, with whatever powers of head or hand he had received." In the very words which Dr. Polk has here chosen can be felt something of the exaggeration characteristic of the war period. The bishop himself wrote: "I am satisfied that it was the work of an incendiary, and that it was prompted by the spirit of black Republican hate." Yet, so far as evidence of incendiarism goes, these volumes are so void of it as to suggest the need of a monograph carefully treating the question whether that fire which converted a bishop into a general was not accidental after all. But this wrathful beginning was not followed by hasty acts. The bishop deliberated long before taking up the sword; and when he did take it up he did so with the express determination of laying it down as soon as possible. His letters of resignation to Jefferson Davis were frequent, especially in the early part of the war. They were not accepted, but they had the effect which indecisive conduct on the part of a military leader always has. They raised a feeling of distrust. If this was not exemplified in words, it certainly was in the acts of the Confederate government, so-called. Polk was practically the creator of what was styled "the Army of Mississippi." One must suppose when he named the men in succession under whom he wished to serve, or in whose favor he wished to retire from military service, that his alternative was his own supremacy in the department assigned to him. He wanted Albert Sydney Johnston, and Davis sent him Beauregard. He urged the merits of Joseph E. Johnston, and was saddled with Bragg. Beauregard came upon him as a sort

of calamity after the battle of Belmont, Missouri, and after he had industriously fortified Columbus, Kentucky. It is easy to read in Polk's letter, as given in these volumes, that his chagrin was deep when Columbus was evacuated. But this was only the beginning of his troubles as a division commander.

An effort was made to hold him responsible for the result of the battle of Shiloh. His biographer is convinced that the entire Union army could have been captured at the end of the first day's fighting. He points out that the battle should have been fought a day earlier than it was in any case, and that with becoming promptness the Federal army could have been taken utterly by surprise. The failure to accomplish these things as fully as was hoped, he attributes to the illness of Beauregard, and to the delays which Bragg experienced in getting up troops who were unaccustomed to marching. Later came the campaign which culminated with the battle of Perryville. All through this campaign, he maintains, Bragg handled his army in accordance with his mental impressions as to what Buell, the Federal commander, ought to be doing; and not in the light of information constantly pressed upon him from the front. The result was that Polk, as his biographer estimates, had to fight 58,000 men with 16,000, while Bragg gathered 36,000 men in the direction of Frankfort, Kentucky, to oppose a mere detachment of Buell's army, amounting to 12,000 men. After the battle of Chickamauga, Dr. Polk insists that it took Bragg so long to learn that his army was victorious as to make the triumph—which had cost the loss of one man out of every three—utterly useless. The elder Polk himself described Bragg's conduct as weak, and added an epigram—he had a taste for neat phrases—to the effect that there were times when weakness was wickedness. Subsequently, his wish for the appointment of Joseph E. Johnston as commander was gratified. But the possibility of retrieving past errors or misfortunes had gone by, and in the last scene of all, when Polk fell on Kenesaw, the manner of his death was such as he might have deliberately sought. Consciously or unconsciously he seems to have challenged the fate that came to him. "General Polk," writes his son, "walked to the crest of the hill and, entirely exposed, turned himself around, as if to take a farewell view. Folding his arms across his breast, he stood intently gazing on the scene below. While he thus stood a cannon shot crashed through his breast, and, opening a wide door, let free that indomitable spirit."

Polk will always be an interesting figure in American history, not so much for what he did as for the contrasts in his career. The volumes in hand, if not impartial, are at least decorous in form, harsh judgments being generally tempered by some words of kindness. The illustrations comprise several portraits of Polk as bishop and general, and numerous charts or tracings of the battles and campaigns in which he was engaged.

THE EXECUTION OF DR. DAVID MINTON WRIGHT

By the Federal Authorities, at Norfolk, Virginia, October 23, 1862.

[Among the tragic events of the late war between the States, none enlists deeper sympathy and will be permanently more harrowing, than the ignominious fate of Dr. David Minton Wright, of Norfolk, Virginia. His was a character cast in the noblest mould, and animated by the most generous impulses.

A friend bears touching testimony to his qualities of mind and heart.

Whilst hostilities were impending, "although devoted to the South, he deprecated the war, expressed his love for the Union, and hoped the wisdom and patriotism of the nation would assert themselves before an issue was irretrievably made between its sections. In a word, he spoke as a patriot, and not as a politician, giving expression to the most liberal and fraternal sentiments, and exhibiting that his position was altogether conservative." *

As civil law had been established by the Federal authorities in Norfolk, it was expected that justice by civil trial would have been conceded Dr. Wright. The services of Hon. Reverdy Johnson for his defence were secured, and an appeal was made to President Lincoln for the grace, but it was denied. "A trial by court-martial was immediately held; no extenuating circumstances were admitted, and the simple fact that an officer of the army had been slain by a rebel sympathizer outweighed all other considerations, and this good

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*"A Doctor's Experiences in Three Continents," by Edward Warren-Bey, M. D., C. M., LL. D., page 191.

man, who had never entertained an unkind thought toward a human being, and who had only fired as a last resort when his life was in jeopardy, was condemned to die the death of a felon, and was actually hung, despite the entreaties of his wife and children, the appeals of his friends, and the protests of the Confederate authorities." Thus died "a gentleman, a Christian, and a hero.*"

The deplorable circumstances which caused the visitation of extreme penalty on an involuntary agent, were presented by a distinguished physician of Norfolk, Dr. L. B. Anderson, well known throughout the State, in the *Landmark* of December 31, 1892. This account is republished with a slight emendation, which is noted.]

On the 10th of May, 1862, a report reached the officials of Norfolk that General Wool, of the Northern army, was advancing upon the city from the direction of Hampton Roads at the head of 8,000 troops. It seems that the advance upon the city was designed to have been via the Indian Poll bridge and Church street, But when the enemy approached the bridge a squad of Confederates, who, seeing the dust raised by them, halted at the northern end and opened fire with two pieces of small artillery.

Their speedy disappearance, and the piles of knapsacks, blankets, and other superfluous incumbrances, fully attested the consternation with which they received the Confederate salutation. They deflected their march and moved on until they intersected the Princess Anne road, a distance of seventeen miles, and approached the city from that direction. In the meantime the city officials had held a meeting and drawn up the terms of surrender, and deputed Mayor Lamb, the father of our present Colonel William Lamb, Mr. J. B. Whitehead, Mr. Charles H. Rowland, Mr. George W. Camp, and Captain James Cornick, to proceed to meet General Wool beyond the city limits, and arrange the terms of surrender. They went out in two carriages just beyond a little bridge across Princess Anne avenue, a short distance beyond Chapel street, which was the eastern boundary of the city. Here they raised a white handkerchief on a pole, and awaited the approach of the Federals.

In a short time a squad of videttes rode up, who were informed that these gentlemen were city officials and desired to see General Wool. They immediately retraced their steps, and shortly after, the

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* *Ibid, page 192.*

General, accompanied by a company of horse and other officials, made their appearance. After the usual salutations, General Wool, his legal adviser, and the Norfolk officials entered a small wooden house, still standing on the northern side of the avenue just beyond the bridge. The terms of surrender drawn up by the City Council, which, in brief, were a surrender of all public property, with an assurance that persons and private property should be respected and protected by the Federal officials, were now submitted to General Wool. When this was done, the legal adviser essayed to speak, when General Wool waved his hand and stopped him. He then accepted the proposed terms, and with some of his officers entered the carriages with the Norfolk deputation, and rode down to the City Hall to confer with the Council. During the passage of the city and Federal officials through the city, the hypocritical demonstration of a few low whites and the wild, unbridled exultation of the negroes were indescribable.

During the administration of General Wool, a noble old army officer and a gentleman, the terms of the surrender were respected, and persons and property were rigidly protected. Remaining but a short time, he left General Veille in command, whose department was soon placed under the supervision of General Ben. Butler. From this time onward private houses were searched, valuable private property seized, boxed up and shipped North. While now and then a considerate and unselfish officer would hold the reins of government, frequently the controlling power was in the hands of a cruel, niggardly despot, who not only annoyed, irritated and harrassed the people beyond measure, but often as many as three Federal soldiers were seen at a time suspended by their thumbs, so as barely to touch the head of the barrel on which they were presumed to stand with their toes, and being kept in this position bareheaded for hours in the greatest agony.

To submit quietly to the authority of such a man, and bear with patience the petty annoyances to which they were constantly and unreasonably subjected, was truly annoying to every Virginian freeman. But when General Butler sent over negro troops who took possession of the sidewalks and rudely thrust both ladies and gentlemen from their way, the feeling of indignation and irritation was almost unbearable. It was during the first of these parades of negro troops on the sidewalk that the following memorable scene occurred:

As Dr. David Minton Wright, of the city of Norfolk, was walking up Main street on the afternoon of July the 11th, 1862; just as he reached a point opposite the store of Foster & Moore, now occupied by S. Frank & Son, No. 156, he met a column of negro troops, commanded by a white lieutenant by the name of Sanborn. As they completely filled the sidewalk, everybody, old and young, little and big, ladies and gentlemen, were compelled to yield to their arrogant usurpation, and surrender, for the first time in the history of Norfolk, to a military satrap and his sable soldiers, an avenue, which had always been assigned to civil pedestrians.

"The poor Doctor, in the excitement of the moment as it passed him for the first time, exclaimed, 'How dastardly!' and, the officer hearing the remark, turned upon him with his drawn sword. At this critical moment, a friend thrust a pistol in his hand." *

The Doctor, holding the pistol behind him, warned Sanborn to "stand off." Disregarding the warning, Sanborn continued to advance, when Dr. Wright fired the shot, taking effect in Sanborn's left hand. The latter still advancing and "persisting (as Dr. Wright stated) in having a gentleman arrested by his negro troops," he fired again, the ball taking effect in a vital part. They then clinched, Sanborn struggling to get possession of the pistol, which Dr. Wright retained, "and, had it pointed at his breast, could have killed him instantly, but did not fire again, though negro bayonets were within four feet of his breast." So soon as they ceased to struggle, Lieutenant Sanborn, weak and faint, "went into the store of Foster & Moore and immediately expired." The Provost guard then arrested and conducted "Dr. Wright before Major Bovey, who committed him to jail to await trial."

The above succinct account of this tragical affair, which has been derived from a close analysis of the testimony given by the leading witnesses, harmonizes with the account of Dr. Wright himself, and, I believe, constitutes the only rational and reliable portraiture of the whole transaction which has ever been given to the public. Who was Dr. Wright?

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*The account of Dr. Anderson is here slightly amended, upon the authority of Dr. Edward Warren-Bey, ("A Doctor's Experiences in Three Continents," page 192) and of members of Dr. Wright's family. Dr. Wright had never carried firearms, insisting that no one should go prepared to take the life of another.

Dr. David Minton Wright was born in Nansemond county, Virginia, in the year of our Lord 1809. After his preliminary education was sufficiently advanced he was sent to the military school of Captain Patrick, in Middletown, Connecticut. After completing the usual course here, he returned home and then entered the office of Dr. William Warren, of Edenton, North Carolina, the father of Dr. Edward Warren (Bey), now of Paris. After prosecuting his studies for some time under the tutorage of Dr. Warren he repaired to Philadelphia, where he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania as doctor of medicine about the year 1833. After his graduation he remained for a time in attendance upon the hospitals. Returning to Edenton, North Carolina, he settled there and commenced the practice of medicine. During the early years of his sojourn in his new home he united with his preceptor in the practice of medicine, and continued in association with him for eighteen years.

Two years after he settled in Edenton, he was united in marriage with Miss Penelope Creecy, of whom we will speak more particularly hereafter. After having prosecuted his professional labors, as previously stated, for many years with increasing reputation and success in the town of Edenton, North Carolina, he determined to remove with his large family to Norfolk, Virginia. So in 1854, he located in this city, and soon secured a large and lucrative practice. The next year, 1855, the yellow fever visited the city, and, though he had a large family, both of children and servants, not one of them left the city.

The Doctor threw himself into the great work, which suffering humanity so imperatively demanded of him, with such *abandon* and zeal that he quite early in the progress of the fever fell a victim to its ravages. But the kind nursing of his loving companion, his indomitable will, and the skill of his physicians, in the providence of God, brought him safely through.

After the fever was over, a meeting of the surviving physicians was held to give some expression of their feelings and judgment in regard to their fallen comrades. Dr. Wright was chosen chairman of the meeting, and delivered a most chaste and beautiful address, pronouncing most feeling and impressive eulogies upon all of his martyred comrades. From that time till the opening of the war, Dr. Wright continued the practice of his profession with zeal, energy and success. At the time the Federal troops entered the city, Dr. Wright

and family occupied the house where the Citizens' Bank now stands, opposite the Atlantic Hotel. It was here he lived when Sanborn and his negro troops swept down the northern sidewalk of Main street. It was here, on the 11th day of July, 1862, he celebrated his wedding day, and from thence he went to the store of Foster & Moore, where the active duties of life and his professional career closed forever.

After being remanded to jail, the Federal authorities proceeded to organize a court martial for his trial. It assembled in the custom-house, and for eight days the Doctor, with clanking chains around his wrists and ankles, was carried to the place of trial and compelled to walk up and down the stone steps in the sight of his sympathizing friends. On one occasion as he hobbled out into the porch, some thirty or forty of his acquaintances happened to be standing on the opposite side of the street, when, on seeing him, they simultaneously raised their hats and bowed to him. He immediately raised his fettered hands, lifted his hat, and bowed his head in grateful recognition of their cordial salutation.

While in prison he addressed the following note to his beloved wife:

"I am to be tried by a military commission to-day or to-morrow. I suppose the verdict will be the same as that of the provost marshal, made before he had examined the first witness. Should it be so, let us, while we hope and pray for the best, try to prepare for the worst. To this end I shall pray continually. I wish also to avail myself of the benefits of baptism and the communion. I regret very much having so long deferred this, but you know my feelings and views on the subject. My dear wife, all things must have an end, so to our happiness. Oh! how blest we have been! Blest in mutual love and admiration; blest in congeniality of tastes and sentiments; blest in a store of early memories and associations; blest, oh! how blest, in our dear ones; blest in friends, blest in the confidence and respect of all; blest in health, blest in the means of support, blest in the prospect before us. It was too bright to last, and I have always felt it would terminate by some accident to myself."

In several of his letters he expresses the most affectionate regard for and confidence in his wife and the warmest love for his children.

His wife and friends seem to have exhausted every resource to save him. On one occasion, as reported in the *Old Dominion* newspaper, when Mrs. Wright visited General Foster at Old Point, she carried

one of her little daughters with her, and during the interview the little one climbed upon the knee of the General, and looking wistfully into his face said, "save my father, won't you?" The appeal touched his heart and he wept. On another occasion one of the little boys went to Lieutenant Roberts and most earnestly addressing him, said: "Can I not die for my father?"

Another incident occurred just before the execution, which reflects great credit upon the devoted daughter, who planned and so successfully executed her part of the programme. Having heard it related by many, but always with some variation, I give it is it appeared in the *Old Dominion* three days after it happened.

"ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE."

"The Doctor made a bold attempt to escape from incarceration and its consequences last Wednesday night. Few can penetrate the deep sagacity or subvert the determination of woman. Seeing the desperate circumstances of her father, Miss Penelope, the eldest daughter of Dr. Wright, resorted to an expedient that, in most cases, would result in perfect success, but the readily observed disproportion of the Doctor and his daughter foiled her most sanguine expectations. It has long been the custom of the family to visit the Doctor every evening, and that evening Miss Penelope came as usual, but soon after entering the cell, the light generally used by the Doctor on such occasions was extinguished, which aroused the suspicion of Lieutenant Cook, who has special charge, and he placed a detective fronting the door to watch their movements. But there is no penetrating the mystery of an intelligent woman's deliberate purpose.

"Although the eye of the detective apparently scanned the cell's interior, she managed, in the shadow, to transfer to the Doctor the guise of woman, and so to veil and otherwise conceal his person that in passing through the building there was no recognition, until one of the turnkeys, named Garrison, after he had got out of and some fifty yards from the prison, suggested that that lady was very tall for Dr. Wright's daughter. Lieutenant Cook immediately hurried after the figure, lifted the veil, and discovered the person of the Doctor. He exhibited but little embarrassment, simply observing to the Lieutenant 'that desperate means were pardoned under desperate circumstances,' and, turning, walked back to his cell as uncere-

moniously as if nothing unusual had occurred. Entering, the daughter was found reclining upon the bed, boots on and protruding from the covering—the Doctor's style. She was as much surprised as she was disappointed at the apprehension of her father and the thwarting of her deep-laid scheme."

Another very interesting and remarkable event occurred in the jail during the Doctor's confinement, viz: the marriage of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth M., and Mr. William Henry Talbott. These parties were engaged to be married, and the Doctor wished to witness the marriage ceremony, and hence petitioned the authorities to permit its consummation in the prison, which was granted, and Saturday before the execution, the affianced, with some thirty invited guests, assembled in the office of the prison, and the Doctor "gave away his daughter," the ceremony being performed by a Methodist United States chaplain from Fort Monroe.

The afternoon of the day preceding the closing scene, the Lord's Supper was administered to Dr. Wright in the presence of his family, three or four friends, and a few other spectators, by the Revs. Messrs. Rodman of Christ Church, and Okeson of St. Paul's. The last separation between the Doctor and his family is said to have been most solemn and affecting. It was done. The faithful Mr. Rodman seems to have lingered near to administer the consolations of the Gospel. Morning came. A deeply interesting interview was held between the Doctor and his spiritual adviser. Mr. Rodman then left him for a time.

The day of execution had come, dark clouds obscured the heavens, the city of Norfolk was enshrouded in gloom. Many, very many left early in the day, and sought secluded places of refuge in the country. Many buried themselves in the deepest recesses of their homes with blinds, curtains and doors securely closed.

And while, as we will presently learn from Mr. Rodman, the soulless blacks, and senseless, vulgar whites, thronged Church street as the cortege passed to the Federal gibbet, with the exception of some of his poor patients, who wished to take a last look at their loved and kind physician, who gazed at him as he passed along, and who, so soon as he acknowledged their salutation, burst into tears and ladened the air with their cries and wails—with these exceptions, all of Norfolk had settled into the deepest gloom, only equalled by the darkest hours of the great scourge in 1855,—while Nature, as if in full sym-

pathy with the people, had drawn her sable curtain over the eye of day, that an act which has found a parallel only in the judicial murder of the man of Andersonville, or the woman of Washington, soon after the fall of the Confederacy, might be shut out from her vision forever.

Mr. Rodman returned, while yet it was early, and thus describes the few remaining hours: During the few hours that intervened before morning (I have gone back a little to bring up the connection), he said but little. He said he hoped he had maintained his composure during the presence of his family, and I told him he had astonished me by his remarkable self-possession. He spoke of his wife and children in the most tender and affectionate manner. And once or twice he seemed to be suffering intensely, and remarked, "My brain reels," but he soon recovered his composure. As to the future, he said he had no fears, for he felt assured his family would be provided for, and that God would raise up friends for them; for himself, he placed his trust in God's mercy for pardon and acceptance, through the merits of his Saviour; he frequently expressed his gratitude to me for my visits to him. I left for a short time in the morning, and on going back with the Rev. Messrs. Parkman, Okeson and Hubard, he mentioned, as we entered his cell, "You find me, gentlemen, putting my little house in order," while he was putting some little things in a box.

As the time for his departure drew nigh we knelt in prayer. Just before leaving he took a long lingering look around the walls of the cell, which had been to him "the house of God and the gate of Heaven." Then he called to his fellow prisoners, many of them by name, and bade them all an affectionate farewell. On reaching the street he asked permission to look into his coffin, which was in the hearse before the door of the jail. The top was taken off, and he stood for some minutes and looked fondly at the daguerreotypes of his wife and children, which he had directed to be hung up around the inside of the coffin.

As he stepped back to the sidewalk, he remarked to me: "I think there is nothing improper in that." Then he saw a man standing on the steps of the jail, who had been editor of the *Old Dominion*, and had written most bitter and untruthful articles about him. "There is a man," said he, "to whom I want to speak." He advanced towards him, extending his hand, and the editor slunk back. "Isn't this

Mr. —— ?" asked the doctor. The editor mentioned his name. "I thought so, said the doctor, I wanted to speak to you and shake your hand." I thought it was the most Christ-like forgiveness of injuries I had ever witnessed.

All the way out of the city the streets were filled with an idle crowd, many of whom, however, were mourners. The windows of the houses on both sides of the streets were filled with women and children, among whom he recognized many of his patients, and, as they caught sight of him, they would break out into wailing and rush away, and the air was loaded with their bitter cries. He was constantly bowing to these, his old friends, and remarked to me: "It is just as well that my mind is occupied in this way." Several times I repeated to him texts of Scripture and verses of hymns, as they occurred to me, among others the 157th. He asked me to repeat the second verse, "Brought safely by Thy hand thus far," &c. He repeated afterwards the last verse of the fifty-first hymn, "My life's bright remnant all be Thine," &c.

He asked the officer, who was in the carriage with us, if his body was to be given up to his friends for burial from the church. The officer said he had no such instructions. I told him that the Provost Marshal had, the night before, assured me that this request should be complied with. He seemed grieved that it was not to be so, and said he desired that the prayers of the church should be said over his body in the church. I assured him I would see the General, and had no doubt he would order compliance with his request. This seemed to satisfy him. It was very touching to hear him, after a few moments silence, repeat, as if to himself, the names of his children.

And now, the time of his departure was near at hand. He took leave of his clerical friends, embracing each one of us most affectionately. He begged me to take an interest in his children, and sent three kisses to his heart-broken wife. I offered a short prayer. He, himself, afterwards knelt down and repeated the first three sentences of the Litany and the Lord's Prayer. (The cap was drawn over his face; he asked if he must give notice; "all's well," was uttered; the drop fell; there was no struggle), and then his soul returned to the God who gave it.

"His friends soon came out from the city, and the remains were brought in and deposited in Christ church. (Freemason and Cumberland streets were so packed with negroes, who gloated over the

scene like hungry vultures over a carcass, that the Federal horsemen, with sabres drawn, had to open a way for the hearse.) The members of the medical profession kept watch from this time till the funeral. Hundreds of his patients and friends came into the church to show their respect for his memory, and to drop a tear on his coffin. They kept coming all the next day, till the time for the funeral, though it was raining very hard. They brought wreathes and bouquets and crosses and crowns in such profusion, that the coffin was completely covered, sides and ends, as well as the top—loving hands tacking them on.

"At the funeral the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and thousands followed his remains to their last resting place. Thus passed from earth one of the truest, noblest men I have ever known—one of the few of whom the world is not worthy."

Mrs. Wright and her desolated family soon passed into the Confederate lines. The Hon. Richard H. Baker, Jr., then representing Norfolk in the General Assembly of Virginia, offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the arrival within Confederate lines of the distressed family of the deceased, establishes beyond question the newspaper announcement of the execution by Federal authorities, in obedience to the sentence of a military commission, of Dr. David M. Wright, in the city of Norfolk, on the 23d day of October, 1862; and whereas, it is fit and proper that Virginia should place upon permanent record her high appreciation of a son whose courage, zeal and devotion marked with blood the first effort to establish upon her soil an equality of races, and introduce into our midst the levelling dogmas of a false and pretended civilization; be it

"*Resolved* (by the General Assembly of Virginia): 1. That in the death of Dr. Wright this Commonwealth recognizes another addition to the long and illustrious catalogue of martyrs, whose stern inflexible devotion to liberty have rendered historic the history of the people of the present struggle.

"2. That, as the proudest tribute which Virginia can offer to his memory, she would earnestly invoke her children, whether in or beyond the enemy's lines, to imitate his example and emulate his high resolve.

"3. That the Governor of the State be requested to transmit a copy of this preamble and these resolutions to the family of the deceased,

together with assurances of the sincere sympathy of the General Assembly."

From every available source of information I have sought materials for this portraiture of Dr. David Minton Wright as a student, a physician, a husband, a father, a citizen, a patriot, a hero, a Christian, and a martyr. And having impartially analyzed his character as it was developed in all these relations, I am not surprised that many members of the circle and society in which he moved have for him words of the highest commendation and of sincerest praise.

Rest, our most worthy compatriot and professional brother, though abolition malice has striven to fix a stigma upon thy name and a blot upon thy character; it has only enshrined thy virtues more securely in the hearts of thy countrymen and engraved thy name more deeply upon their memories forever.*

[From the New Haven *Evening Register.*]

AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.

And Its Pleasant Sequel in Washington Eleven Years Later.

The advance of the Confederate line of battle commenced early on the morning of July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg. The infantry division, commanded by Major-General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, was among the first to attack. Its objective point was the left of the Second corps of the Union army. The daring commander of that corps occupied a position so far advanced beyond the main line of the Federal army that, while it invited attack, it placed him beyond the reach of ready support when the crisis of battle came to him in

*Six children of Dr. Wright survive: Mrs. Pencie (who attempted the rescue of her father), the widow of Rev. Alexander W. Weddell, D. D., the beloved and lamented rector of the venerable St. John's church, Richmond; Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Thomas Warren; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Frederick A. Fetter; Joshua Wright, unmarried; and William Wright, who married Miss Sarah Coke, a niece of Hon. Richard Coke, ex-governor of, and United States senator from Texas. The second child, Mrs. Elizabeth M., wife of Mr. William Henry Talbott, whose marriage is mentioned in the preceding narrative, died some years ago.

the rush of charging lines more extended than his own. The Confederate advance was steady, and it was bravely met by the Union troops, who, for the first time, found themselves engaged in battle on the soil of the North, which, until then, had been virgin to the war. It was "a far cry" from Richmond to Gettysburg, yet Lee was in their front, and they seemed resolved to welcome their Southern visitors "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." But the Federal flanks rested in air, and, being turned, its line was badly broken, and despite its bravely resolute defence against the well-ordered attack of the Confederate veterans, it was forced to fall back.

Gordon's division was in motion at a double-quick to seize and hold the vantage ground in his front from which the opposing line had retreated, when he saw directly in his path the apparently dead body of a Union officer. He checked his horse, and then observed, from the motion of the eyes and lips, that the officer was still living. He at once dismounted, and seeing that the head of his wounded foeman was lying in a depression in the ground, placed under it a near-by knapsack. While raising him at the shoulders for that purpose, he saw that the blood was trickling from a bullet-hole in the back, and then knew that the officer had been shot through the breast. He then gave him a drink from a flask of brandy and water, and as he revived, said, bending over him:

"I am very sorry to see you in this condition. I am General Gordon. Please tell me who you are. I wish to aid you all I can."

The answer came in feeble tones: "Thank you, General. I am Brigadier-General Barlow, of New York. You can do nothing more for me; I am dying." Then, after a pause, he said: "Yes, you can; my wife is at the headquarters of General Meade. If you survive the battle, please let her know that I died doing my duty."

General Gordon replied: "Your message, if I live, shall surely be given to your wife. Can I do nothing more for you?"

After a brief pause, General Barlow responded: "May God bless you. Only one thing more. Feel in the breast-pocket of my coat—the left breast—and take out a packet of letters." As General Gordon unbuttoned the blood-soaked coat and took out the packet, the seemingly dying soldier said: "Now please take out one and read it to me. They are from my wife. I wish that her words shall be the last I hear in this world."

Resting on one knee at his side, General Gordon, in clear tones, but with tearful eyes, read the letter. It was the missive of a noble

woman to her worthy husband whom she knew to be in daily peril of his life, and with pious fervor breathed a prayer for his safety, and commended him to the care of the God of battles. As the reading of the letter ended, General Barlow said: "Thank you. Now please tear them all up. I would not have them read by others."

General Gordon tore them into fragments, and scattered them on the field, "shot-sown and bladed thick with steel." Then, pressing General Barlow's hand, General Gordon bade him good-bye, and, mounting his horse, quickly joined his command.

He hastily penned a note on the pommel of his saddle, giving General Barlow's message to his wife, but stated that he was still living though seriously wounded, and informing her where he lay. Addressing the note to "Mrs. General Barlow, at General Meade's headquarters," he handed it to one of his staff, and told him to place a white handkerchief upon his sword and ride in a gallop towards the enemy's line and deliver the note to Mrs. Barlow. The officer promptly obeyed the order. He was not fired upon, and on being met by a Union officer who advanced for that purpose, the note was received and read, with the assurance that it should be delivered instantly.

Let us turn from Gettysburg to the Capitol at Washington, where, eleven years later, General Gordon held with honor, as now, a seat as senator of the United States, and was present at a dinner party given by Orlando B. Potter, a representative in Congress from the State of New York. Upon Mr. Potter's introducing to him a gentleman with the title of General Barlow, General Gordon remarked:

"Are you a relative of the General Barlow, a gallant soldier, who was killed at Gettysburg?"

The answer was: "I am the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg, and you are the General Gordon who succored me."

The meeting was worthy of two such brave men—every inch American soldiers.

I should add that on receiving her husband's note, which had been speedily delivered, Mrs. Barlow hastened to the field, though not without danger to her person, though the battle was still in progress. She soon found her husband, and had him borne to where he could receive surgical attendance.

Through her devoted ministrations he was enabled to resume his command of the Excelsior Brigade, and add to the splendid reputation which it had achieved under General Sickles, its first commander.

[Mrs. Jefferson Davis in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Sept. 3, 1893.]

STONEWALL'S WIDOW.

Mrs. Jackson Described by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

Daughter of a North Carolina Clergyman—Her Marriage to Jackson—Personal Characteristics.

No character is so difficult to depict as that of a lady; it can be described only by negations, and these do not convey the charm and beauty which positive virtues impress upon us. This thought has been suggested to me by the request for a sketch of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. Outside the limits of the States in which she has lived little more has been known of her personally than that she was infinitely dear to her heroic husband, and that she bore him a little daughter, who sat on his bed, cooing and smiling, "all unknowing," while he was slowly entering into the rest prepared for him.

Mary Anna Morrison—this was Mrs. Jackson's maiden name—was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, a Presbyterian minister, and the first president of Davidson College, North Carolina, which he founded, and which still remains as his memorial. Dr. Morrison graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1818, with President Polk and many other prominent men. Mrs. Morrison was one of six daughters of Gen. Joseph Graham, of Revolutionary fame, who was successively Governor of North Carolina, United States Senator, and Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore. Mary Anna was one of ten children born to the couple. Dr. Morrison, on account of his large family, removed to a quiet country home near to several churches, at which he officiated for his neighbors as occasion demanded. The society about their home was of exceptional refinement, and the associations of the family were with the best people.

In due course of time the girls married Southerners, who afterwards became—or then were—men of mark, such as General D. H. Hill, General Rufus Barringer, Judge A. C. Avery, and I. E. Brown. In 1853, Anna, with Eugenie, her youngest sister, made a visit to their eldest sister, Mrs. D. H. Hill, at Lexington, Va., escorted thither

by one of her father's friends. General—then Major—Jackson was at that time engaged to Miss Elinor Junkin, to whom he was soon to be married. He was a frequent visitor to General Hill's house, and became so friendly with the cheery little country girls that he rendered them every social attention in his power. Major Jackson left Lexington for rest in the summer vacation, but in August suddenly returned, and spent the evening with his young friends, listening to their songs and parrying their teasing questions. In the morning they learned that he had married and gone on a bridal tour that day, so shy and reticent was the grave young Major, even to his intimates. After the marriage of her sister, Eugenie, to Mr.—afterward General—Rufus Barringer, Anna remained at home for three years.

In the interim Major Jackson lost his young wife, his health failed, and he went abroad to recuperate. After making an extended tour, he returned, and wrote to Anna in such ardent fashion that everyone, but the object of his affection, suspected his state of mind. Soon after he followed, and they were quietly married from her father's home. The young couple set out upon an extended Northern tour, returning only in time for the session of the Military Institute, where the Major's duty lay. Major Jackson soon established himself in his own house, and his young wife, in the privacy of their home, pursued the busy tenor of a Southern woman's way. Before the expiration of a year, a little daughter was born to the young couple, which was not long spared to them. Their lives seem to have flowed on unruffled by domestic dissonance. Her husband's letters call her his "gentle dove" and his "sunshine," and she gives in the life of her husband, which she published some years ago, a pretty picture of her sitting, at his request, and singing "Dixie," so that he could learn the air. After four years had passed, the dread realities of war broke over the young people. Major Jackson was summoned to take the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute to Richmond for occasional service. The first Military duty was followed by his offering himself to the army of Virginia. After a short time he went into the regular Confederate service, and then the young wife was sent to her father, as it was too lonely for her to remain in Lexington.

Here, practically, ended her married life, save for a few happy weeks at Winchester in the earlier part of her husband's service, and an occasional visit to his camp. These, and the loving letters he wrote to her, were all that was left of her domestic joy. She does not seem

to have lost heart, however, but looked forward patiently and prayerfully to a happy end of her many trials and deprivations.

When, in 1862, little Julia was born, Mrs. Jackson met alone and uncomplainingly her illness. The baby was five months old before there was a lull in the fierce strife in which General Jackson was so powerful a motor, which allowed the young wife to take the child to its father, and she, with the infant and a nurse, went to find him in the field. After jolting over miles of new-made road, Mrs. Jackson at length found shelter and the comfort of her husband's companionship, but this indulgence lasted only a little over nine days. The dreaded call to arms was issued to confront General Hooker's advancing army, and the non-combatants were ordered on to Richmond. General Jackson hurried, fasting to the field, after a hasty farewell, expressing the hope that he might find time to return to bid his dear ones loving God-speed, but this privilege was not to be granted. Time passed, and the roar of battle shook to its foundation, and Mrs. Jackson was forced to leave the scenes of her happy reunion, while a procession of litters bearing the wounded was being brought into the yard for medical attention. Haunted by the memory of carnage and death, the poor young wife, with a child's faith and a woman's anguish, left her treasure on the battle-field. Then came the death wound, and after a week's detention, Mrs. Jackson reached her husband's death-bed. Spent with the anguish of his wounds, he lay dying, too near the silence of the grave to do more than murmur to his wife: "Speak louder, I want to hear all you say," and feebly to caress his baby with a whispered "My sweet one, my treasure," while the innocent smiled in his dying face. Then was the heartbroken wife and mother given strength to minister both these objects of her love. From her firm lips the dying hero learned that the gates of Heaven were ajar for his entrance. Controlling her bitter grief, she sang for him the sacred songs on which his fainting spirit soared upward to its rest. When all was over and she had followed him to his grave, she again sought her father's roof, and there hid her bowed head among her own people, to live only for her baby. In strict retirement, the young widow husbanded her means until her daughter was grown—a pretty, graceful young woman, and then, to promote her child's happiness, the mother emerged from the privacy in which she had lived since her husband's death, and visited both the Southern and Northern

States. In the course of time Julia became engaged to a young Virginian, Mr. Christian, of Richmond, and a few months later was married to him. Shortly after this marriage Mr. and Mrs. Christian removed to California, whither Mrs. Jackson accompanied them. They returned, a short time later, to Charlotte, N. C., where they took a house and lived together. Now, however, the widow's next trial was imminent. Mrs. Christian was attacked by a prostrating fever, and succumbed, after bearing her illness with great fortitude. She died in her twenty-seventh year.

Mrs. Jackson for a time was stunned and inconsolable. Eventually she occupied herself by writing a biography of her husband. When the book was finished she came to New York, and having secured a publisher without difficulty, gave the tragic and tender history of her hero's life to the world.

Then, for the first time, the writer saw her, and was much impressed by her cheerful and simple personality. The most impressive thing about her was her spirit of resignation and contentment—in fact, I left her with the feeling expressed at the outset of this sketch—that the most difficult of all tasks is to depict a lady, but so gently exercised that one does not confess it!

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Times*, March 5, 1893]

THE LAST BLOOD SHED.

Three Virginians Who Battled Against a Whole Army.

Buried Where They Fell Dead—A Mad Scheme to Wreak Vengeance—They Sold Their Lives Dearly.

In a swampy country graveyard, five miles from Floyd Courthouse, Va., are buried William Bordunix, John McMasters, and Owen Lewis, on the spot where Union bullets laid them low. Their graves have sunk, and are almost concealed by rank calimos weeds. Cut on the face of one of the headstones, which have almost fallen over the neglected graves, is the following simple inscription: "William Bordunix, born January 16, 1840; died May 24, 1865." The two others have similar inscriptions.

In that isolated, mountainous country, forty miles from the nearest railroad, their names are famous. They were the last men slain during the last war.

Forty-three days after the surrender of General Lee they gave their lives on the altar of the dead Confederacy. Nor is it the fact that they were the last men killed in the rebellion that has made their names famous in that community. History does not record the battle in which they were killed. The engagement took place May 23, 1865, or forty-three days after the close of the late conflict. It was a most daring attack of rebel soldiers on Northern troops. It was also disastrous to the entire attacking party, every one of them being killed.

After General George Stoneman's return to Greensboro, N. C., from his successful Knoxville expedition, he was ordered to take command of Thompson's cavalry, and advance eastward and destroy the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, now the Norfolk and Western. On March 20th, he started on his expedition, but turned north at Boone, N. C. Entering the valley at New River, in Virginia, he captured Wytheville and continued along the railroad, destroying it nearly to Lynchburg. On this raid he laid waste miles of adjoining country. As this had been the first invasion of Northern troops into Floyd and Wythe counties, the inhabitants of them were very bitter against General Stoneman. The more the raid was talked of, the more bitter became the spirit of the people, and many were the threats made against Stoneman and his troopers. William Beaden, who gave the writer the fact while standing at Bordunix's grave, said that a secret organization, whose object was to be revenged on General Stoneman, was formed directly after the surrender of General Lee of all the young men who had not previously taken active part in the war, and of rebel soldiers home on leave of absence.

In the meantime Stoneman continued on his raid, which ended at Salisbury, N. C., a rebel prison camp, three days after General Grant's victory. Instead of remaining in North Carolina, as he had been ordered by General Sherman, he left and entered Jonesboro', in the eastern part of Tennessee, April 18th, where he received the news of Lee's surrender.

All this time the ranks of the secret organization in Floyd and Wythe counties had been considerably increased in numbers by the enlistment of discharged soldiers from Lee's disbanded army. When

the news arrived that Stoneman and his cavalry would pass through Floyd county on his way to Washington, wiser and older heads tried to prevail on the young enthusiasts to abandon their plan of revenge, but with apparently little or no effect.

On May 18th, Stoneman, with 6,000 cavalry, 10,000 infantry, and twenty-three guns, started on a hundred-mile march over the mountains to the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, at Christiansburg, to embark for Washington.

Mounted couriers of Floyd county's little army were immediately dispatched from different sections to inform the recruits in outlaying districts of the movements of Stoneman's army, and to notify them to gather at Floyd Courthouse under arms. It was the intention of the foremost in the scheme to secrete the men in different parts of the town and neighborhood, and at the appearance of the army to fire on them from their places of concealment, and thus harass the Northerners for a distance of ten miles on each side of the town. Early in the morning of May 22d, 200 ex-Confederate soldiers and recruits had arrived at the town. As the day advanced and no new arrivals were reported, they became disheartened and desertions were numerous. Another hour passed, and the advance guard of Stoneman's army was reported within ten miles of Floyd Courthouse. By the time the information was received, about one hundred men—all that remained of the bold little band—were concealed along the highway. But as soon as the Federal column hove in sight the self-appointed protectors of Floyd county deserted—except the three men whose graves I have described. Nerved by drink and a sense of injury, they boldly entered the town, and with oaths boasted that they would exterminate the whole of Stoneman's army.

In another hour the head of the army appeared at the outskirts of the village. By this time the three men were crazed by liquor, and in marching order, with Bordunix in the lead, acting as commander, boldly advanced to meet the great army of Stoneman with as little fear as did David to battle with the mighty hosts of the Philistines. When within a stone throw of the front of the column they entered a field thickly grown with bushes. The march of the three men was watched with interest by the inhabitants of the town, who had turned out in full force to see the army pass. They had no idea that the boasts of the men were more than idle threats. After entering the field Bordunix halted his followers, and greatly to the amusement

of the Union troops, put them through drill. They were greeted with good-natured cries from the soldiers, giving the rebel war-cry of "Yip, yip, yah!" Finally, Bordunix gave the order to aim and then to fire, at the same time suiting the action to the word. The amazement of the Unionists can be imagined when two of their number fell seriously wounded. Before they had fully recovered from their surprise another volley was fired, wounding others. The three men hastily retreated. The town was searched, but they were not found, as they had gone further down the road. The army moved forward, and a mile from town was again fired upon, this time from ambush. The order was given to capture them alive, and they were charged by at least five hundred men, but were not taken, as they apparently knew the rough country well.

Another mile, and three more Union soldiers fell under their aim. Two miles further on three others fell out of the ranks, and were carried to the roadside to await the arrival of the ambulance. The three avengers hastened forward, and found concealment in a graveyard beside the highway. Here they waited again for Stoneman's army. The troops were ordered to fire if another assault was made. They advanced nervously for the fifth time. Suddenly the crack of three rifles was heard, and the roar of 500 muskets answered it. The mad Virginians fell riddled with bullets, and were buried where they fell. Theirs was the last blood shed in the war.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Star*, January 25, 1874.]

THE RAW CONFEDERATE OF APRIL, 1861.

The Amusing Experience of Commander Robert N. Northen, of Pickett Camp Confederate Veterans, as Narrated to the Camp Monday Evening, January 22, 1894.

[Pickett Camp of Confederate Veterans, of this city, sometime since inaugurated a happy regulation. This is the reading at each of its weekly meetings of a paper by a comrade of some experience of his a own as soldier. These memories will be not only precious to posterity, but they are valuable as materials of history.

Nothing could add more to the zest of the gathering or be more effective humanely. These unvarnished experiences can but be inspiring in the cause of national fellowship and of lofty patriotism. They bear a wistful charm that touches alike the heart of the true soldier, whether it beat in jacket of gray or blue. Honest hearts are truthful everywhere!

The *Star* commends itself to regard in preserving in its columns the Soldier Experiences of Pickett Camp. This Camp very sensibly entitles its presiding officer Commander. As there are some 300 or more Camps in the South, there has already been difficulty in identifying the Confederate war Colonel among the recurrent crop of each year, bearing the same title.

Commander Northen is as modest as he has proven himself faithful. His earnest performance has received recognition in his repeated re-election to the post he so worthily fills. We republish from the *Star*, in preceding pages, a paper by Sergeant Charles T. Loehr, ex-Commander of Pickett Camp.]

Comrade Northen said:

On Saturday morning, April 19, 1861, five companies—the Petersburg City Guards, Petersburg "A" Grays, Petersburg "B" Grays, Petersburg Riflemen, Lafayette Grays, and Petersburg Artillery—were ordered to Norfolk, Virginia, distant from Petersburg about eighty-six miles. Just before we reached Norfolk we were ordered to load our guns, which we did with much elation and great care. We were told the Yankees were in Norfolk about 2,000 strong, waiting for us. We were landed at the depot about sundown and marched down Main street, and were quartered back of Main street in an old hotel, to the joy of a good many of us, as yet without the sight of a Yankee.

Here at this hotel was the first blood lost by the Virginia troops. One of the "A" Grays went to sleep in the window and fell out on his nose, causing it to bleed. The same night we were very much disturbed by the firing of cannon over on the Portsmouth side. A few of us started out and went down to the river. We could see very plainly the Gosport navy yard, and three or four large ships on fire. While we were there enjoying the beautiful sight, we were informed, by one of the smart Alecks, that as soon as the Yankees finished burning Portsmouth they were coming over immediately and burn Norfolk, and lick the Norfolk and Petersburg soldiers out of their

boots. We did not like that, and asked Smart Aleck where he got his information? He said he had just come from Portsmouth, and heard the order read.

As the fire burned downward the guns on the ships (that were on fire) exploded, and that caused some uneasiness among the boys from Petersburg.

About 1 o'clock we could see by the light from the burning navy yard that the mighty Pawnee (which had created so much anxiety at Richmond), with two vessels in tow going down the river towards Fort Monroe.. Soon everything quieted down, and we went to sleep.

Next morning (Sunday) about 7 o'clock we were mustered in the Confederate States service, and then marched to the Fair Grounds. I think we remained there five or six days. From there we went to the Old Marine Hospital, and it was here we had the first real experience of camp life. Sweeping up and wheeling out the dirt, getting wood and water, forming regular messes, cooking, and doing guard and picket duty, now employed us.

The first time it fell to my lot to cook, I was instructed to get two pans and bag, and take a slip of paper to the commissary, with the number of men in mess. Off I went, thinking I was now an officer, with power to give orders, if it were only to say, "march to dinner."

I found around the door of an old building about a dozen fellows, equipped like myself, in only pants and shirt, sleeves rolled up, all loudly complaining about the rations.

On an old door there was laid one-half of a bullock, complete except hide and head. Over that carcass presided three men. The president was armed with a large knife in his left hand, while in his right he had a carpenter's saw; the secretary read out the number of men in mess, and the vice-president made a mark commencing at the head, the president made a cut, then a saw and one more cut, "Mess No. 1, here is your meat." I saw how the bullock was going, and as the president was a slight acquaintance of mine (he carried out marketing for a butcher in Petersburg, by the name of Mr. Thompson), I sidled up to him and said: How do you do, Tommy? He looked up, surprised that he should be thus addressed. "I was green." I knew not the pomp of rank. Three years after, under the same circumstances, I would have addressed him as General. I then said, "Cut mine near the ribs." With a look

of greater surprise, he ordered me to stand back and await my turn; that all fared alike here. The Bible tells us that "the Serpent is the father of lies." This is doubtless true, but President Tommy was the father of Confederate lies, when he said "that all fared alike here." When my mess was called they had got through the neck and one leg. I got a fair piece of meat, and was given ten pounds of rice and twenty pounds of flour, with some potatoes. I made up the fire, cleaned my spider, pot, and pan, made biscuits, put my rice on to boil. I was told by the sergeant that I must have dinner ready by 12 o'clock. I ordered the table to be set. After baking three spiders of biscuits I commenced frying meat. I raised the top from the pot of rice, and found that the pot was full. That puzzled me, for it was a very large pot, and when I put the rice and water in it seemed that with a little sugar, one man could eat it all. I dipped out about half of the rice. In three minutes it was boiling over again. At 12 o'clock I had enough boiled rice to feed the regiment. Every vessel in the mess was full, also all we could borrow, and five gallons in the ashes, or thereabouts, and before Mess No. 8 was through dinner it was unanimously voted to employ a *genuine* cook. This we at once did. I want to say to the new soldiers when you cook good rice get a five-gallon pot, one half-pound rice, two gallons water. The pot will be full.

The first long roll was beat at nine o'clock, on a dark, rainy night. Such getting out and excitement we had never seen, or heard of. "What's the matter?" was being asked by everyone, officer and private. No one seemed to know. It was whispered down the line that the Pawnee had run pass Craney Island, and was coming up to Norfolk. One man said it was the artillery's business to attend to the Pawnee and not the infantry's. We were soon formed in line, and on our way to Norfolk, passed on through and soon got into a country road, passed Craney Island without seeing the Pawnee. Next rumor was that the enemy had landed at Sewell's Point in large forces, and were coming up the same road we were on. We were told to keep quiet, and march in close order. My chum said he was under the impression that if we were farther apart when the enemy fired into us, they would not kill so many. I thought the same. When we reached Sewell's Point we found everything serenely quiet and happy, to the disgust of the boys who wanted to fight. We were then marched back to camp, wet, hungry and very tired. The

only casualty was one of 'A's' men falling into a creek and being fished out with a bayonet.

The first time I was ever placed on picket duty was on the Princess Anne road, leading into Norfolk, about a mile from camp.

It was a splendid moonlight night. When I was detailed for such a dangerous duty I began to think I was a man of great importance, and felt my upper lip for a moustache.

It had been rumored all the evening that the Yankees were landing in large forces at Virginia Beach.

I was placed at the forks of a road, and told to halt everything and everybody, and demand the countersign.

If they did not have it correct, word for word, I was to march them to the officer in charge.

The countersign for that night was "Beauregard." Being a new name to me, I got it Guardbeaure.

Between the hours of 2 and 3, while everything was perfectly quiet and the moon throwing its beaming rays on this mother earth of ours, I heard, away off in the distance, the soldiers' soul-stirring music—drum and fife. I looked down the road, and as plainly as I could see at the distance from which I guessed the music came, I saw a moving mass. Under the exciting circumstances, my eyes imagined so much that I took it to be a regiment. The body drew nearer and nearer, and as it did, it grew larger and larger, and the sound was plainer. I secreted myself behind a bush and waited developments. While I was waiting, my mind was busily engaged in scheming what I would do. Well, I thought if they were Yankees I would fire my gun and run, but things did not turn out that way, for when the object came to within fifty yards of me, I saw it was a vehicle of some kind, so I straightened up and yelled as loud as I could: "Halt! who comes there?" The music ceased all of a sudden, and a voice deep and strong said:

"Whoa, mule! 'Fore de Lord, what is dat? I guess it is one of dem soldiers. It is a market cart from Princess Anne county, God bless you."

I then said: "Advance, market cart from Princess Anne county, and give the countersign."

"De what, sah?"

"Advance, and give the countersign."

"I declare 'fore de Lord, I ain't got none of dem things in my

cart. You can come and see for yourself. I is only got some collards and English peas and a few 'taters."

I told the old man that he would have to go with me to the officer in charge. As we went along, I asked him if he saw any Yanks down the road, and he wanted to know "what dey looks like." I asked him why he made so much noise. He said: "I was whistling and keeping time wid de step of de mule and de rattling of de cart."

The winter of 1861 and 1862 was spent in quarters at the intrenched camp, about one and a half miles from Norfolk. We only played soldiers, and tried to pass away the time, as only men can do without the presence of ladies, playing all sorts of pranks and jokes on our comrades.

On the evening of March 7, 1862, it was reported that the war vessel, Virginia, would go down to the Roads and clean up everything, and take Fort Monroe. I do believe that nine-tenths of the regiment were at Sewell's Point by 10 o'clock next morning. We did not have to wait long before we saw such a comical looking object going to do battle against five or six splendid war vessels, any one of which would make two of her.

It was our opinion that it would only take just five minutes to knock her out. We were disappointed, and so was the Federal commodore, for he soon lost two fine ships, and the third was knocked to pieces, and, if it had not been for a little thing called the monitor, that looked to us from where we were like a good-sized wash tub, the commodore would not have had a plank to stand on. It was here that most of the boys saw and heard the messengers of death for the first time. While we were busy looking at the naval engagement a shell, sent from the Rip Rips, came over and exploded in about fifty yards of us, throwing great quantities of sand, some falling on us, leaving a hole large enough to put a Princess Anne market cart, negro and mule in. Alas! Comrade George I. and myself commenced getting gray from that date.

From this date on we had only two more months of this happy life, when one morning by light we were ordered to pack up, as Norfolk was going to be evacuated. I only had one sweetheart (some of the boys had five), and she told me I could not kiss her until I grew a moustache. I could not wait so long, for I did not even have a frize, so, I had to be satisfied with a gentle pressure of the hand and the sweet old word "good-bye."

This time we had a genuine march of twenty-two miles from Portsmouth to Suffolk through a level, sandy country, the sand being about four inches deep. We soon found out it was much easier to carry twenty pounds than sixty, and there was enough extra clothing thrown away on this march to have supplied the entire regiment in 1864—everything pertaining to a man's dressing case and wardrobe from a shaving mug to a pigeon-tail coat.

We halted at —— Hill to rest and recruit. It was here we had to eat our first hard tack and wash it down with water alone. On this march the perspiration was wiped off with nice cambric handkerchiefs and then thrown over the neck to keep the collar clean.

I can see in my mind's eye our gallant little Lieutenant Tommy with his pants turned up to keep them from getting soiled, showing so small a foot that it was a wonder that it could carry him so far, his erect form and elastic step, never forgetting the twenty-eight from toe to heel ; smiling at those who were marching in order, encouraging those who were really broken down, and giving goss to the laggard that did not have a cause. If there had been more officers like him the private soldiers' life would have been much more pleasant.

We reached Suffolk late that night, and had to sleep wherever we could, with the canopy of heaven above and mother earth as our bed. Next morning you could have seen before sun up 100 men around an old pump clipping blisters and bathing their chafed limbs.

We took the train here for Petersburg with much joy. Twenty days from this date the boys found what they had been thirteen months looking for, seven miles below Richmond, at Seven Pines, viz.: a live Yankee on the ground (we had seen some on water), and the supply was greater than the demand. If all felt as I did, they had much rather found them dead than alive. When at Norfolk it was a common saying that one Reb could lick five Yanks. I found out one was just as many as I cared to tackle at a time. In consequence of my getting too close to some one with a loaded gun, I was sent to Chimborazo Hospital, near Richmond, which was on the same spot where the beautiful park of the same name now is. If that place could only speak, what a tale of woe and sorrow it could tell.

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE.

Incidents of the Surrender of General Lee, as Given by Colonel Charles Marshall,

In His Address on the Observance of the Anniversary of the Birthday of General R. E. Lee, at Baltimore, Md., January 19, 1894.

After describing in his address correspondence which passed between Generals Lee and Grant before the surrender, Colonel Marshall said that General Grant in this correspondence "manifested that delicate consideration for his great adversary which marked all his subsequent conduct towards him."

"General Grant offered," continued Colonel Marshall, "to have the terms of the capitulation arranged by officers to be appointed for the purpose by himself and General Lee, thus sparing the latter the pain and mortification of conducting personally the arrangements for the surrender of his army. I have no doubt that this proposition proceeded from the sincere desire of General Grant to do all in his power to spare the feelings of General Lee, but it is not unworthy to remark that when Lord Cornwallis opened his correspondence with General Washington, which ended in the surrender at Yorktown, his lordship proposed in his letter of October 17, 1771, 'a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that two officers may be appointed by each side to meet at Mr. Moore's house to settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester.'

"In view of this letter and of the fact that Cornwallis declined to attend the ceremony of the surrender of his army, deputing General O'Hara to represent him on that occasion, it is very plain that his lordship shrunk from sharing with his army the humiliation of surrender. General Grant's letter offered General Lee an opportunity to avoid the trial to which the British commander felt himself unequal. But General Lee was made of different stuff."

TRYING TO REACH JOHNSTON.

In giving a detailed story of the surrender of Lee and of preceding events, Colonel Marshall said:

"The Confederate march was continued during the 8th of April, 1865, with little interruption from the enemy, and in the evening we halted near Appomattox Courthouse, General Lee intending to march by way of Campbell Courthouse, through Pittsylvania county, toward Danville, with a view of opening communication with the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before General Sherman through North Carolina. General Lee's purpose was to unite with General Johnston to attack Sherman, or call Johnston to his aid in resisting Grant, whichever might be found best. The exhausted troops were halted for rest on the evening of the 8th of April, near Appomattox Courthouse, and the march was ordered to be resumed at one o'clock A. M. I can convey a good idea of the condition of affairs by telling my own experience.

SLEEPING ON THE GROUND.

"When the army halted on the night of the 8th, General Lee and his staff turned out of the road into a dense woods to seek some rest. The General had a conference with some of the principal officers, at which it was determined to try to force our way the next morning with the troops of Gordon, supported by the cavalry under General Fitz Lee, the command of Longstreet bringing up the rear. With my comrades of the staff and staff officers of General Longstreet and General Gordon, I sought a little much needed repose. We lay upon the ground, near the road, with our saddles for pillows, our horses picketed near by, and eating the bark from the trees for want of better provender, and with our faces covered with the capes of our overcoats to keep out the night air.

EARLY MORNING MARCH.

"Soon after one o'clock I was aroused by the sound of a column of infantry marching along the road. We were so completely surrounded by the swarming forces of General Grant that at first, when I awoke, I thought the passing column might be Federal soldiers. I raised my head and listened intently. My doubts were quickly dispelled. I recalled the order to resume the march at that early hour, and knew that the troops I heard were moving forward to endeavor to force our way through the lines of the enemy at Appomattox Courthouse. I soon knew that the command that was passing con-

sisted, in part, at least, of Hood's old Texas brigade. It was called the Texas brigade, although it was at times composed in part of regiments from other States. Sometimes there was a Mississippi regiment, sometimes an Arkansas regiment and sometimes a Georgia regiment mingled with the Texans, but all the strangers called themselves Texans, and all fought like Texans.

A TEXAS WAR RHYME.

"On this occasion I recognized these troops as they passed along the road in the dead of night by hearing one of them repeat the Texan version of a passage of Scripture with which I was familiar—I mean with the Texan version. You will readily recall the original text when I repeat the Texan rendition of it that fell upon my ear as I lay in the woods by the roadside that dark night. That version was as follows :

"'The race is not to them that's got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battle to that people
That shoots the biggest gun.'

USEFULNESS OF A TIN CAN.

"Soon after the Texans passed we were all astir and our bivouac was at an end. We made our simple toilets, consisting mainly of putting on our hats and saddling our horses. We then proceeded to look for something to satisfy our now ravenous appetites.

"Somebody had a little corn meal, and somebody else had a tin can, such as is used to hold hot water for shaving. A fire was kindled, and each man in his turn, according to rank and seniority, made a can of corn-meal gruel, and was allowed to keep the can until the gruel became cool enough to drink. General Lee, who reposed as we had done, not far from us, did not, as I remember, have even such a refreshment as I have described.

"This was our last meal in the Confederacy. Our next was taken in the United States, and consisted mainly of a generous portion of that noble American animal whose strained relations with the great chancellor of the German empire made it necessary at last for the President of the United States to send an Ohio man to the court of Berlin.

FIGHTING AND NEGOTIATING.

"As soon as we had all had our turn at the shaving can we rode towards Appomattox Courthouse, when the sound of guns announced that Gordon had already begun the attempt to open the way. He forced his way through the cavalry of the enemy, only to encounter a force of infantry far superior to his own weary and starving command. He informed General Lee that it was impossible to advance further, and it became evident that the end was at hand."

Colonel Marshall then gave the text of General Lee's letter in reply to a letter from General Grant, in which the Confederate leader said:

"I cannot meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies."

This letter of General Lee was dated April 8th. Colonel Marshall continued:

"No reply to this letter had been received when, early on the morning of April 9th, General Lee arrived near Appomattox Courthouse, which was occupied by the enemy.

GOING TO MEET GRANT.

"According to the proposal contained in his letter to General Grant of the 8th of April, General Lee, attended by myself and with one orderly, proceeded down the old stage road to Richmond, to meet General Grant. While riding to the rear for this purpose he received the message of General Gordon that his advance was impossible without reinforcements. We rode through the rear guard of the army, composed of the remnant of Longstreet's corps. They had thrown up substantial breastworks of logs across the roads leading to the rear, and cheered General Lee as he passed in the way they had cheered many a time before. Their confidence and enthusiasm were not one whit abated by defeat, hunger, and danger.

"It was lucky for the Secretary of the Treasury that this rear guard was not permitted to try its hand at increasing the pension roll with which he is now struggling. Those men made no fraudulent pensioners. When they were done with a man he or his repre-

sentatives had an indisputable claim to a pension under any kind of a pension law.

"As soon as General Lee received the report of General Gordon as to the state of affairs in front, he directed that officer to ask for a suspension of hostilities, and proceeded at once to meet General Grant.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

"General Lee, with an orderly in front bearing a flag of truce, had proceeded but a short distance after passing through our rear guard, when he came upon the skirmish line of the enemy advancing to the attack.

"I went forward to meet a Federal officer, who soon afterward made his appearance coming toward our party. This officer proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, of the staff of the late General Humphreys, whose division was immediately in our rear. Colonel Whittier delivered to me General Grant's reply to the letter of General Lee of April 8th, declining to meet General Lee to discuss the terms of a general pacification on the ground that General Lee possessed no authority to deal with the subject."

Further correspondence between the Federal and Confederate leaders was then given by Colonel Marshall, who also told of the temporary cessation of hostilities which was ordered, and of the subsequent arrangement of a meeting between Lee and Grant at McLean's house. He said:

THE McLEAN HOUSE.

"General Lee directed me to find a suitable place for the meeting. I rode forward and asked the first citizen I met to direct me to a house suitable for the purpose. I learned afterward that the citizen was Mr. McLean, who had lived on the battle-field of Bull Run, but had removed to Appomattox Courthouse to get out of the way of the war. Mr. McLean conducted me to an unoccupied and unfurnished house, in a very bad state of repair. I told him that it was not suitable, and he then offered his own house, to which he conducted me.

"I found a room suitable for the purpose in view, and sent back the orderly who had accompanied me to direct General Lee and Colonel Babcock, of General Grant's staff, to the house. They came

in presently, and Colonel Babcock said that as General Grant was approaching on the road, in front of the house, it would only be necessary for him to leave an orderly to direct him to the place of meeting.

LEADERS FACE TO FACE.

"General Lee, Colonel Babcock, and myself sat in the parlor for about half an hour, when a large party of mounted men arrived, and in a few minutes General Grant came into the room, accompanied by his staff and a number of Federal officers of rank, among whom were General Ord and General Sheridan.

"General Grant greeted General Lee very civilly, and they engaged for a short time in conversation about their former acquaintance during the Mexican war. Some other Federal officers took part in the conversation, which was terminated by General Lee saying to General Grant that he had come to discuss the terms of the surrender of his army, as indicated in his note of that morning, and he suggested to General Grant to reduce his proposition to writing.

TERMS OF THE SURRENDER.

"General Grant assented, and Colonel Parker, of his staff, moved a small table from the opposite side of the room and placed it by General Grant, who sat facing General Lee.

"When General Grant had written his letter in pencil he took it to General Lee, who remained seated. General Lee read the letter, and called General Grant's attention to the fact that he required the surrender of the horses of the cavalry as if they were public horses. He told General Grant that Confederate cavalrymen owned their horses, and that they would need them for planting a spring crop. General Grant at once accepted the suggestion, and interlined the provision allowing the retention by the men of the horses that belonged to them.

"The terms of the letter having been agreed to, General Grant directed Colonel Parker to make a copy of it in ink, and General Lee directed me to write his acceptance. Colonel Parker took the light table upon which General Grant had been writing to the opposite corner of the room, and I accompanied him. There was an inkstand in the room, but the ink was so thick that it was of no use. I had a small boxwood inkstand, which I always carried, and gave it,

with my pen, to Colonel Parker, who proceeded to copy General Grant's letter.

FOOD FOR STARVING TROOPS.

"While Colonel Parker was so engaged, I sat near the end of the sofa on which General Sheridan was sitting, and we entered into conversation. In the midst of it, General Grant, who sat nearly diagonally across the room and was talking with General Lee, turned to General Sheridan and said:

"'General Sheridan, General Lee tells me that he has some 1,200 of our people prisoners, who are sharing with his men, and that none of them have anything to eat. How many rations can you spare?'

"General Sheridan replied: 'About 25,000.'

"General Grant turned to General Lee and said: 'General, will that be enough?'

"General Lee replied: 'More than enough.'

"Thereupon General Grant said to General Sheridan, 'Direct your commissary to send 25,000 rations to General Lee's commissary.'

"General Sheridan at once sent an officer to give the necessary orders.

EXCHANGING OFFICIAL LETTERS.

"When Colonel Parker had completed the copying of General Grant's letter, I sat down at the same little table and wrote General Lee's answer. I have yet in my possession the original draft of that answer. It began: 'I have the honor to acknowledge.' General Lee struck out those words, and made the answer read as it now appears. His reason was that the correspondence ought not to appear as if he and General Grant were not in immediate communication. When General Grant had signed the copy of his letter made by Colonel Parker, and General Lee had signed the answer, Colonel Parker handed to me General Grant's letter and I handed to him General Lee's reply, and the work was done.

CONTRASTS OF DRESS.

"Some further conversation of a general nature took place, in the course of which General Grant said to General Lee that he had come to the meeting as he was, and without his sword, because he

did not wish to detain General Lee, until he could send back to his wagons, which were several miles away.

"This was the only reference made by anyone to the subject of dress on that occasion. General Lee had prepared himself for the meeting with more than usual care, and was in full uniform, wearing a very handsome sword and sash. This was doubtless the reason of General Grant's reference to himself.

MEMORABLE CLOSING SCENES.

"At last General Lee took leave of General Grant, saying he would return to his headquarters and designate the officers who were to act on our side in arranging the details of the surrender. We mounted our horses, which the orderly was holding in the yard, and rode away, a number of Federal officers, standing on the porch in front of the house, looking at us.

"When General Lee returned to his lines, a large number of men gathered around him, to whom he announced what had taken place, and the causes that had rendered the surrender necessary. Great emotion was manifested by officers and men, but love and sympathy for their commander mastered every other feeling."

"According to the report of the chief of ordinance, less than eight thousand armed men surrendered, exclusive of the cavalry. The others who were present were unarmed, having been unable to carry their arms from exhaustion and hunger. Many had fallen from the ranks during the arduous march, and unarmed men continued to arrive for several days after the surrender, swelling the number of paroled prisoners greatly beyond the actual effective force."

[From the Washington *Post*, January 25, 1894.]

FEEDING GENERAL LEE'S ARMY.

A New Version of an Incident of the Surrender at Appomattox.

Editor of the Washington Post:

The incidents connected with the order for the issue of rations to General Lee's army at the time of the arrangement of the details of the surrender, as given in the account published in your issue of

the 20th instant, are not quite accurate as to the personnel involved, according to my recollection.

I was General Grant's chief commissary, and was present in the room during the interview between him and General Lee. After the terms of the surrender had been agreed upon, General Lee said to General Grant:

"General, I would like my army fed."

General Grant turned to me, as his chief commissary, and said:

"Colonel, feed the Confederate army."

I asked: "How many men are there?"

General Grant asked: "How many men have you, General Lee?"

General Lee replied, "Our books are lost; our organizations are broken up; the companies are mostly commanded by non-commissioned officers; we have nothing but what we have on our backs——"

Interrupting him in this train of thought, I suggested, interrogatively: "Say 25,000 men?"

He replied: "Yes; say 25,000 men."

I started to withdraw for the purpose of giving the necessary orders, and at the door met Colonel Kellogg, the chief commissary of General Sheridan's command. I asked him if he could feed the Army of Northern Virginia. He expressed his inability, having something very important to do for General Sheridan.

I then found Colonel M. P. Small, the chief commissary of General Ord's army, and asked him, as I had asked General Sheridan's chief commissary, if he could feed the Army of Northern Virginia. He replied, with a considerable degree of confidence, "I guess so." I then told him to do it, and directed him to give the men three days' rations of fresh beef, salt, hard bread, coffee, and sugar. He mounted his horse immediately, and proceeded to carry out his order.

Both Colonels Kellogg and Small are now dead.

That we had any rations on the spot to spare may be wondered at when the swiftness and extent of the pursuit are considered; but we had, and we soon found sufficient to supply the famishing army.

I incline to the opinion that any conversation with General Sheridan, who was also present, about issuing 25,000 rations must have taken place after I was on my way to see that General Grant's order to feed the Army of Northern Virginia was put into execution, as above detailed.

MICHAEL R. MORGAN,
Assistant Commissary General of Subsistence.

[From the contemporary newspaper accounts, July 14, 1862.]

THE PURCELL BATTERY.

In the Seven Days' Battles Before Richmond.

The conspicuous part played by this battery in the recent battles before Richmond, its terrific losses in killed and wounded, and the brilliant gallantry displayed throughout by its officers and men, challenge from the press more than a passing notice. With little hope of doing justice to the subject, or giving to our readers a fair idea of the great service rendered our cause by this battery, we propose to sketch a brief account of its experiences and achievements from the moment of its crossing to the north bank of the Chickahominy until its last gun was fired in the great battle of Malvern Hill.

On Wednesday, the 25th of June, the Purcell Battery, Captain William J. Pegram, attached to Field's brigade, General Ambrose P. Hill's division, was encamped at Storr's farm, on the west of the Central railroad and south of the Chickahominy. The company numbered five commissioned officers, eleven non-commissioned officers, and eighty-three privates. The commissioned officers were: William J. Pegram, captain; Henry M. Fitzhugh, first lieutenant; W. A. Allen, second lieutenant; Joseph P. McGraw, third lieutenant; M. Featherstone, fourth lieutenant. Captain Pegram, though scarcely twenty years of age, commanded the entire respect and confidence of his men. The order issued Wednesday night to prepare several days' rations was the first intimation the men received that a battle was imminent.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 26th of June, the battery, along with the Fortieth, Fifty-fifth, and Sixtieth Virginia regiments, crossed Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge. The Fortieth Virginia regiment of infantry were deployed as skirmishers, while the battery advanced down the Meadow Bridge road about a mile, and then wheeling to the right, began to ascend a hill. About this time the rattle of musketry began to be heard in the woods, both to the right and left of the battery, and was quickly followed by the heavy thunder of cannon. Before reaching the crest of the hill two men were wounded by rifle balls. On the top of this hill they found what they called a Quaker gun—that is, a stove pipe mounted on

wheels. The battery was then ordered forward to take a position in a field about three-quarters of a mile from the enemy's entrenchments. No sooner had they got into position in this field than it was evident the battery had been drawn into an ambuscade, and the enemy's cannon opened on them from the entrenchments. Belgian rifle balls whistled through the battery and over the heads of the men in myriads. The battery fired four rounds on a Yankee battery entrenched to the south of Mechanicsville, and were ordered to retire to the cover of the woods, on the left, which they did in good order, amid a fearful storm of bullets and shells, but, remarkable to say, none of the men were struck.

After remaining half an hour in this wood, the battery was ordered back into the same field. It then unlimbered under a terrific fire from Gardner's United States battery, stationed behind entrenchments two thousand yards in front. No sooner had our battery fired a shot than the fire of two other batteries, one on the left and the other on the right, also concentrated upon it. The enemy's fire was swift and terrific. The carnage among our men was fearful, but manfully and cooly they stood to their guns, and until dark poured their deliberate fire into the enemy's entrenchments. Many of the wounded refused to retire, and stood to their posts till the close of the fight. When the order was given to cease firing the guns were almost red hot. William Stillman was struck by a canister shot and instantly killed in this fight, and Lieutenant Allen and forty others were wounded. Lieutenant Fitzhugh was also wounded, but remained with the battery. Twelve horses were killed and others slightly wounded. The battery slept that night on the field in the position it had occupied during the battle.

The next morning (Friday) all the enemy's entrenchments at Mechanicsville had been carried by our infantry.

At 10 A. M. Friday morning the Purcell battery moved forward in the track of the retreating enemy, and at 4 o'clock that evening got under his fire while awaiting orders two hundred yards to the west of the Cold Harbor house. Here two men were struck, one by a fragment of a shell, and the other by a minie ball.

At 5 o'clock P. M., the battery was ordered to take position in the garden at Cold Harbor, between the barn and the house, and to shell the woods to the southeast, where large bodies of the enemy's infantry were drawn up. None of our men were killed here, though

the battery early became a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. Five of our horses were killed. This made seventeen horses the battery had lost in the two engagements. It is well to state that Captain Pegram used in this fight four splendid Napoleon guns, which had been taken from the enemy at Mechanicsville, and which he had obtained for his company. The battery remained on the field of Cold Harbor until Sunday morning, when they recrossed to the south bank of the Chickahominy by a Yankee pontoon bridge, and slept Sunday night at Piney Chapel, on the Darbytown road.

At 10 o'clock Monday morning, the battery moved down the Darbytown road in pursuit of the enemy. At 5 o'clock that evening, as it drew up in Mr. Nathan Enroughty's (Darby) field, eleven miles below Richmond, it came under the fire of the enemy. Here, the shell raining around and above in a perfect storm, it remained until night without firing a gun, and without the loss of a man or horse. One of the enemy's shells chipped a piece from one of our caissons; had it struck a few inches lower and exploded the caisson, the loss of life on our part must have been frightful.

At three o'clock on Tuesday, our forces having come up with the enemy, the Purcell battery was ordered to engage a battery of the enemy half a mile distant across a field. This proved, by all odds, the fiercest fight our men had been engaged in. Two batteries opened on them at once, and one of them was so near that our men could see the Yankees loading their pieces. In course of half an hour we had silenced one of the enemy's batteries, but with fearful loss on our side. Two men had been killed at the guns. Lieutenant Fitzhugh, who had been wounded at Mechanicsville, had his leg so mangled early in the engagement that it had to be amputated on the spot. Lieutenant McGraw had two of his ribs broken, and fifteen privates were wounded, some of them severely, and many of them several times. Several of the men who had been wounded three times stuck to their posts and served their guns to the last. Captain Pegram's courage and gallantry showed pre-eminent where all were brave. He went from gun to gun as long as they could be fired, cheered the remnant of his men, and assisted them in loading.

At ten minutes after 6 o'clock every gun of the battery but one had been disabled, twenty men had been cut down and twenty horses killed, when an order was received for the battery to retire. In an exhausted condition, such of the men and officers who had not been

wounded returned to their camp, which had been removed to a position above Richmond, near the Old Fair Grounds.

In the three fights in which the battery had been engaged, it had lost sixty-five in killed and wounded, among whom were three commissioned and eight non-commissioned officers. It had lost thirty-four horses, and had all of its original guns disabled.

The absence of incident in the above account is to be accounted for by the fact that the brave men to whom we are indebted for the main facts were, during the three battles in which they were engaged, too busy to take note of anything but their guns and the enemy in their front.

[From the Winchester, Va. *Times*, September 27, 1893.]

A MONUMENT TO MAJOR JAMES W. THOMSON, CONFEDERATE STATES ARTILLERY.

With an Account of His Death and of the Organization of Chew's Battery.

[We are not advised that the amount needed for the erection of the monument to Major Thomson has yet been secured, but we feel it will be. For additional particulars as to the career of the famous Chew Battery, see an account of a reunion of its survivors held in October, 1890. *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 281–286.]

On the 20th of March, 1864, Captain Robert Preston Chew's battery, was camped near Gordonsville, with the battalion of Stuart's Light Horse Artillery. On the 25th an election of company officers having been ordered (as Captain Chew had just received his commission as major) First Lieutenant James W. Thomson, a son of John A. Thomson, of Summit Point, was elected captain of Chew's famous old battery, and from that date was known as Thomson's battery, and under his control, although he was less than twenty-three years old. The battery lost none of prestige; a braver or more gallant young officer was not in the service. Five young men from Winchester came to us and volunteered in the company: A Beale

Burgess, William Marstellar, Luther Kohlhousen, Henry Deahl, and Edward Reed; the other members from Winchester were John and Clayton Williams, Charles and Frank Conrad, Charles W. McVicar, Pent Powell, Raleigh Powell, William McGuire, Philip Boyd, and Deaveraux Bowly.

This battery was always on the front and engaged almost daily in action. January 16th, 1865, the battery was disbanded, owing to the scarcity of rations and forage. It was called to assemble in Lynchburg April 1st, 1865. The names of the sixteen who were on duty at time of the surrender, were Captain Tuck. Carter (Captain James Thomson had been promoted to major), W. R. Lyman, Charles and Frank Conrad, Clayton Williams, Charles W. McVicar, Frank Asberry, Pub Zirkle, Atkinson, Thornton, Dailey, John Hare, Crawford, Louis Morrell, William Thomson, and Pem. Thomson.

Major Thomson left Captain Carter in command and went to the front near Petersburg. April 7th, while leading a charge of a squad of Rosser's cavalry at High Bridge, was badly wounded. Rallying the men he charged the second time and was repulsed. Gathering a few he charged the third time and was killed. Captain Jacob Engle, living near Harper's Ferry, saw him shot off his horse. A comrade ran to the body and unbuckled his belt and sabre stained with blood, gave it to Captain Engle with instructions to keep it until he called for it. Captain Engel has it yet to fulfil that trust. John Dean Adams, was near when Major Thomson was killed, of our county.

Major James W. Thomson's remains are buried in the third grave north of Ashby brothers in the Virginia lot in Stonewall cemetery.

Three of his comrades, in June last, members of the Turner Asby Camp, formed themselves into a committee, to raise funds for a monument, suggested by William Lyman, of New Orleans, who was here at General Thomas L. Rosser's reunion, stated at the time to Colonel McVicar that he would give $50, and the following circular was issued to the survivors of Chew's (afterwards Thomson's Battery) Stuart's Horse Artillery, Army Northern Virginia, and the Laurel brigade. It is proposed to erect a monument over the grave of our late captain, Major James W. Thomson. A design has been chosen, and approved by Dr. Pem. Thomson and Colonel R. P. Chew. The monument will be appropriate for an artillery officer, and will cost between $300 and $400. Subscriptions are asked from company and

brigade associates. Treasurer of Ashby camp, James W. Barr, of Winchester, is selected as custodian of this fund. All subscriptions should be sent to him.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS,
DR. W. P. MCGUIRE,
CHAS. W. MCVICAR,
Committee.

June 19, 1893.

Colonel McVicar has written over one hundred letters for the object, and among them this one, written on monument circulars, in July.

Comrade Charles Rouss:

I only write to let you know that the Camp is doing some good things, and besides helping the needy, gave an order for three or four dollars worth of groceries yesterday. The Camp is appreciated by our people.

I am not writing for anything, as you have shown yourself a whole man towards our people. Hope the sunshine of life is your fate, and that the clouds may all go by.

I am yours,

CHAS. W. MCVICAR.

The result was a return of the letter, a hundred dollar check and the following characteristic letter :

In reply to your favor, I enclose U my chek. Por dear Jim Thomson, I knu him wel. He was kilt the last day of the war. A braver boy never stood in Shoe Lether.

With my best wishes. R.

Charles Rouss is an active member of Ashby camp, of Baylor's Company, Twelfth Virginia cavalry, Rosser's Laurel brigade. Colonel McVicar states openly that people may comment on Charles Rouss, his ways and his ideas are his own. His whole-souled array of good deeds surrounded him as a wall, and who among us but dwarf and dwindle into insignificance alongside of his many acts of kindness showered on this community. Some envious people may wag their little tongues out, they do not hurt him with their paltry small talk. The monument fund stands as follows :

Colonel William R. Lyman, New Orleans, $50; Pem. Thomson, Summit Point, $50; Reuben Wonder, Shenandoah county, $5; Lieutenant Milton Rouss, Kabletown, $25; John Chew, Charleston, $5; Colonel Dulaney, Fauquier county, $10; Battery Boy, Winchester, $5; John Ambler, Lynchburg, $25; C. B. Rouss, New York City, $100; Thomas Timberlake, $1; John Adams, $2.

The monument will be made here, and it is to be hoped that at the unveiling the old brigade and battery will be brought together in a reunion that will be one of the greatest tributes we have had since the gallant Ashbys were brought here, and that our people and veterans from other branches of the service will advise with and help us in these services and make it a grand success.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Star*, January 15, 1894.]

THE CRENSHAW BATTERY.

Its Service During Its Return from Gettysburg at Falling Waters, Brandy Station, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Jericho Ford, and Second Cold Harbor Reviewed.

[Mr. J. C. Goolsby, who is contributing a serial of graphic and entertaining articles to the *Star* on the service of the redoubtable Crenshaw Battery, from Richmond, Va., enlisted in this organization when he was only fourteen years old. He gallantly followed the fortunes of his command to the close of the war, being among those who surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.]

The Crenshaw Battery commenced its memorable retreat from the disastrous heights of Gettysburg during a hard rain on the night of the Fourth of July as we started on our march, and everything looked terribly dark, but the troops were in good spirits, and though the Federal army had achieved their first victory, they had not the nerve to attempt to follow it up by an onward movement. They knew too well the troops they were opposing, and that Lee had taught them too often the necessity of prudence, which they were not slow in acknowledging at this time, as was illustrated in the

quietude enjoyed by the Federal army in succeeding this great battle, as they never attempted to follow us until the next day, and then only with the cavalry, under Kilpatrick, who came up with our wagon train, attacked it, and were beaten off by Stuart. We moved on over the roads, which were in a horrible condition, the men discussing the battle and its effect, occasionally being interrupted by the report that the Federal army were marching to intercept us and cut us off from the main force, which were moving on another road. We reached Hagerstown after a long and toilsome march, where we halted and awaited the approach of the enemy. The Potomac was swollen to a considerable height, occasioned by the heavy rains, which prevented our crossing.

It was while we were here that the news came—how I know not—that the Confederacy had been recognized by France, and that other European powers were ready to do the same; that our ports were to be opened to the world, and our independence was soon to be an assured fact. How joyous was this news, with what delight and pleasure was it told and retold by the men. Meade's whole army was now gathering thick and fast, flushed with victory, and just in our front were the angry, surging waters of the Potomac, leaping high in their endeavor to get over their banks—all nature seeming to conspire in our

OVERTHROW.

Such, indeed, was the situation of our army at that time. But it soon became noised about that this unexpected joy was like the morning dew, to be dissipated by the first rays of the sun, and we soon learned that the report was untrue, which had, of course, the effect of causing the men to express their opinion on this very important subject in no uncertain way. How we needed help! Fighting the whole world—that was about the size of it. Was there ever such a destruction of life—the very flower of the Southern country—by such an unprincipled enemy as made up, to a great extent, the Federal army, many of whom could not speak a word of the English language, and were soldiers only for the thirteen dollars per month, and the bounty which at that time the United States government was dispensing with lavish hands! We expected here to have another tilt with the enemy, and were hastening our troops through Williamsport on the march to Falling Waters, the point selected for our

crossing. But General Meade was too much in fear of Lee's troops to attack, and he only made an effort when he found our troops crossing the Potomac, where a sharp fight occurred, in which General Pettigrew, a gallant brigade general of Hill's corps, was killed before we succeeded in driving him back where he was glad to be out of our reach. It was said a

COUNCIL OF WAR

was called by General Meade while we lay near Hagerstown to discuss the situation, and it was decided not to hazard an attack. There were numerous cavalry skirmishes on our trip back to Virginia, but no general engagement by the army. Although our troops were still sanguine of the ultimate success of our arms it was

A DARK HOUR

for the Confederacy, for about that time came news of Grant's destruction of a great part of the Mississippi, and of Morgan's capture in Ohio, besides the successes attending the naval forces of the enemy.

In looking over the results of this great struggle I am struck with the fact that Lee's army, although it received its first check here after beating its opponent in every previous battle, was ready again to meet the enemy, which it did in subsequent battles and proved itself more than a match for them, thereby evidencing their entire confidence in General Lee, which they ever continued to have.

But we were soon in Virginia again, having crossed the Potomac for the last time, that is, our battalion never saw the Potomac again as an organization, and soon we were in the great Valley of Virginia, and after reaching Bunker Hill, and resting some three or four days our march was resumed, and, pushing on we passed through Winchester, nothing occurring worthy of mention. As the fall of the year was now at hand it was soon apparent that we would spend the winter somewhere near the Rapidan. But we are suddenly interrupted by the report that the enemy were tearing up the railroad near Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and we were hurried forward to meet them, and a battle ensued, in which we had several men badly wounded, among them Jack Moyers, who lost a leg. We succeeded in driving them back.

As winter was now approaching, we were ordered to the south side of the Rapidan, and soon we were preparing for winter quarters, the selected spot being in the celebrated Green Springs neighborhood of Louisa county, where we remained during the winter. It was here we went through the form of enlisting for the war. Our time was spent here very quietly—this being our second winter in the army.

In the meantime, General Grant had been made commander of the United States Army, and was to take personal command of the Army of the Potomac, General Meade taking a back seat, or rather a subordinate position. Thus everything pointed to an early spring campaign, and everything possible that was honorable was resorted to to strengthen our army, and we had a complete overhauling of our guns, repairing of harness, &c. Longstreet having been recalled from the West, where he was sent by General Lee to assist that army, our troops were soon ready to again take the field. The winter was over; the grass again covered the ground, and the air was redolent with the perfume of wild flowers with which this section of our State abounds, the buds were bursting from their long pent-up homes—everything conspired to cause one to exclaim with the prophet of old: "The earth is the Lord's—he makes it to blossom and bring forth the harvest." And yet amidst these scenes so delightful to the senses, not far from us lay our cool, calculating enemy, with whom, in a short time, we would meet in a death struggle, for at this time the roads were being filled up with troops as they hurriedly marched to Spotsylvania Courthouse, where Grant, after crossing the Rapidan, Warren in advance, would meet our troops with gallant A. P. Hill in the lead, General Lee having anticipated this movement, and there commenced a series of battles which lasted for days. General Grant had consolidated the numerous divisions into three corps—Hancock, a brilliant soldier, whom we met so often, commanding the Second Corps; Warren, who tried to run over us at Five Forks, with Sheridan's cavalry, commanding the Fifth, and Sedgwick, a popular officer, whose fame was eclipsed at Fredericksburg, just previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, commanding the Sixth, with General Phil. Sheridan to manage the cavalry, and to do all the destroying of growing crops that he and his bold troopers could in the short space of time he was to remain in the Valley. It is said that Grant's army would fill any road in the State for more than a hundred miles with his soldiers, trains of wagons

&c. This was something like the force that the Confederate commander was to meet in the jungles of Spotsylvania in the early part of the month of May—about the 3d or 4th—and the Federal army, after occupying the whole night of the 3d in crossing the Rapidan at Kelly's, Ely's and Germanna Fords, was to seize our little army and strangle it and pass on to Richmond, but the ever watchful eye of Lee had arranged things differently, and the advance of Warren's corps was met and repulsed by the troops of A. P. Hill. The Crenshaw battery reached Spotsylvania Courthouse late in the evening and went into position just to the left and rear of that building for the night, when early next morning one section of the battery was ordered to move off to the right, Mahone at that time having gained a signal advantage over the enemy by a quick movement to the right, piercing his right center—capturing a number of prisoners. Here we had the limber-chests of one of the caissons blown up and had one man badly burned. After the return of this section to the line (for we had thrown up here a temporary line of breastworks) we remained in full view of the enemy until the quietness was suddenly broken by the wounding of William Ellis Jones by a sharpshooter, when again we commenced the same old unfortunate artillery duelling, in which we again were to suffer a percussion shell of the enemy, striking the front of one of our pieces, bursting and wounding three men—Sergeant Jeff. Thomas, who was shot in the face and painfully wounded; Alonzo Phillips, also shot in the face and dangerously wounded, and Richard Seeley, whose face was so badly cut that he never returned to the battery. It now became apparent to General Grant, who had been butting up against our earthworks, that his famous declaration of "fighting it out on that line if it took all the summer," was not to be fulfilled. After several brilliant charges on the part of both armies, notably the one of the Second corps (Hancock commanding), in which our General Edward Johnson was captured, with a large number of prisoners, which gave to the enemy only a temporary advantage, as our works were speedily retaken, the Man of Destiny started on another flank movement, and soon both armies were manœuvering for position, this time to halt near Hanover Junction, where Grant attempted to cross the North Anna river, the outcome of which was the battle of Jericho Ford, where our company lost two more men—George Young, heretofore mentioned as the genial, whole-souled companion whose chief delight was in making others happy,

being mortally wounded, and "big" Caldwell killed. Poor Caldwell, you, too, have proven your loyalty to the cause which resulted in the unholy sacrifice of so many noble and fearless men. This battle was fought in rather a different way from any other this company ever participated in, or, rather, we went into this fight in a different manner. Our company, as also the

LETCHER BATTERY,

which was on our right, formed under the brow of a hill overlooking the North Anna, the enemy being strongly posted on the opposite side, when, after allowing so much space for each gun to be properly worked, at a given signal, started up and soon unlimbered, and went to work and succeeded in driving Warren's troops back and quieting the batteries of the enemy, but not until they had caused a severe loss to our battery. After this battle, General Grant, with a determination which savored of butchery, both armies having taken up the line of march, attempted to storm our works, and we had as a result the second battle of Cold Harbor, in which, to say the least, the loss of the enemy was greater than the whole number of men engaged on our side, and which had the effect of creating great dissatisfaction in their army, which culminated in the men refusing to obey orders for a forward movement.

Observe here the conduct of Grant in contrast with that of Lee as exhibited in the memorable struggle in the Wilderness. When it became necessary to recapture a certain line which had been seized by Hancock, General Lee, with that promptness characteristic of the great soldier, started forward to lead the troops, which, of course, our soldiers, officers as well as privates, would not permit. Whereas Grant, after butchering his men here at Cold Harbor, and they being unwilling again to face our works, never showed any disposition to lead them himself, but remained quietly behind his own works. But that was one thing the Confederacy could with very great satisfaction boast of. Her army was certainly well officered with bold, intelligent, and courageous men, always ready to lead. The world never saw their superiors. We were now on nearly the same ground on which the seven days' battles were fought, the Federal army at that time being in command of General George B. McClellan. But oh, what changes! Then our uniforms were bright, and everything pointed, as I then thought, to certain victory; but now the thin, emaciated

form of the Confederate soldier told in language too plain the sufferings he was then undergoing for the want of proper sustenance. And now, before closing this letter, let me say that Grant had certainly played the last card known in the art of warfare—

ATTRITION—

for all it was worth. For he confessed to a loss before reaching the south side of the James of more than the Army of Northern Virginia had in the field. After pontooning the James, the army of Grant was now where it might have been at any time without the loss of a single man. But here he is near Bermuda Hundred, and is soon to lay siege to Petersburg, it having been proven to his satisfaction that the "Cockade City" could not be captured by an attack in front, and that our southern connections were safe, at least for the present. But here I stop.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 30, 1894.]

WAR'S BRAVEST DEEDS.

The Heroism of Private Chew Coleman, of Crenshaw's Battery,

At Spotsylvania Courthouse, May, 1864.

In the desperate battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, in May, 1864, when Grant and Lee were approaching Richmond on parallel lines, the Crenshaw Battery, of Pegram's Battalion, Army of Northern Virginia, was ordered by General Harry Heth to change its position to another part of the field. While the guns were being limbered up, General Jubal Early rode up and asked the captain of the company where he was going. The captain pointed to the position assigned him, when General Early asked him who had ordered him to go there. The captain replied, "General Heth." "Well," says General Early, "if he has ordered you there, you would better go, but I don't see how you will ever get there." 'Twas a pretty warm place to have called forth such a remark from General Early.

The guns were pulled out, the cannoneers mounted, and the horses went galloping down a lane formed by a row of cedars on each side to the new position assigned the battery. Notwithstanding the company faced three Federal batteries of six guns each, which had an enfilade of fire on us for probably four hundred yards, for some unaccountable reason we escaped injury until we had gotten within six hundred yards of the enemy's batteries, when their shells were skimming so close to the mounted cannoneers and the horses' heads that, as if by intuition, the men on the caisson in front of me dismounted, without the orders to do so, while the remainder of the company kept their seats on the limber-chests. Scarcely half a minute had elapsed after the men, who had dismounted, touched the ground when a shell from one of the enemy's guns came plunging through the particular caisson that nobody was on. When it struck it exploded one chest of the caisson, and the heat set fire to the next one, but it did not explode immediately. The driver of the lead team, in his fright, tumbled from his horse, and the team made straight for the enemy's lines. The wheel driver, however (Chew Coleman, of Spotsylvania, by name), kept his seat, although next to the exploded chest, and the heat set fire to his jacket, which burned through to the skin, and, notwithstanding the flesh was crisping up, and he was suffering the most excruciating pain, he did not let go the reins, but stopped the horses, thereby preventing them from taking the team into the enemy's lines.

He then fell or jumped from his horse nearly exhausted. While this was going on two or three of the cannoneers jumped between the exploded ammunition chest (which was now harmless) and the one on fire and unlimbered it and got out of the way before the fire communicated with the powder, which occurred two or three seconds after, when up went the other two chests with a terrific noise.

These I regard as the bravest exploits that came under my observation in the four years of the war—from Bethel to Appomattox.

CHARLES P. YOUNG,
Late of Crenshaw Battery, C. S. A.

STRATEGIC POINTS.

Their Value in the War Between the States, 1861-'5, and How Fiercely They Were Fought For.

In reasoning from cause to effect we must not conclude that accident was the reason why great battles were more than once fought over the same fields during the great civil war in this country.

Examining carefully for the cause, we arrive at the conclusion that such points must have had within them some special value, and an analysis of this, deducts the conclusion that these places were "Strategic Points."

There are several objective points, in the Old Dominion, over whose bosom the pendulum of war oscillated for four cruel years, where the contending armies crashed, that had in them this strategic value, and the fact that battles were fought more than once on these fields proves that the armies did not collide upon them by accident. Gettysburg was a battle-field of accident. Had Stuart been in touch with Lee, and the Confederate commander furnished with the information the cavalry are supposed to acquire, it is now considered more than doubtful that this little Pennsylvania town would have assumed conspicuous prominence in American history.

But strategic points is the subject of this paper, and it will be best to treat them in the order of their dates.

Beauregard's selection of Bull Run as his line defence showed his wisdom as an engineer. His outposts extended from Leesburg, through Drainesville, Fairfax and Wolf Run Shoals, to Acquia creek, with reserves at Centreville. This was in the early summer of 1861.

McDowell was organizing the Grand Army around a splendid nucleus of regulars. This army was not for the defence of Washington solely, but also for aggressive purposes.

There was a supreme authority in the Federal States which became director general, which gave orders to commanders and moved armies. This power was public clamor, and all through the four

years of carnage this influence was dominant. McDowell moved out of Washington under its orders. Burnside assaulted Lee's line at Fredericksburg under its arbitrary demand. Meade moved upon the Army of Northern Virginia at Mine Run at the dictation of this same power.

But pardon this digression, and go back to strategic points. McDowell moved out of Washington with the Grand Army, and developing Beauregard's outposts, soon pressed them back upon the reserves and precipitated the indecisive battle, 18th of July, 1861.

Pausing then, McDowell took advantage of his information to study the situation and plan accordingly.

Beauregard, finding his force inadequate, appealed to Johnston, then at Winchester, for assistance. His prompt response is too well known to detail here; how Bee and Bartow died; how Kirby Smith, coming into line almost on the run upon McDowell's flank, and "Jackson standing like a stone wall," snatched victory from defeat, and turned the triumph of the foe into an utter rout. The plains of Manassas drank in the best blood of the South, but victory laid her crown of immortelles upon "the banner of the stars and bars."

Manassas, heretofore an insignificant railroad crossing, became the base of the Confederate army. Roads, both dirt and rail, radiated and crossed here, and its strategic worth, and the fierceness for which its possession was contended, demonstrated its value.

After McClellan had been paralyzed before Richmond, a year later, a new and powerful Federal army was being massed in Northern Virginia, causing concern to the Confederate government.

To check further advance, Lee transported his army from its intrenchments before Richmond, first to the line of the Rapidan, then to the banks of the Rappahannock. The summer rains had swollen the river, and thus gave the Federal commander a strong position. The fords were unavailable, and Pope held the key to the situation.

But the genius of Lee could not be neutralized by an obstacle like the roaring Rappahannock. He sent the energetic and phenomenal Jackson to secure Manassas in Pope's rear.

Silently and steadily the Stonewall corps tramped by a circuitous route, and before the Federal commander was aware of his absence from his front, Lee's great lieutenant had seized Manassas with its

vast stores of food, clothing, and ammunition. These were utilized to the extent of Jackson's ability, the excess given to the flames. He knew that Pope would resent this poaching upon his preserves, so after applying the torch he moved from the Junction to the neighborhood of the old battle-field, where a year before he had won his title and his spurs. He wanted elbow room, space to manœuvre, and as he had to call upon Pope, he determined to select his own battle-ground.

The desperate battles of the 28th, 29th and 30th of August testify of Pope's anxiety to retain and Lee's determination to wrest from him this stragetic point.

Forty-nine thousand and seventy-seven worn but superb Confederates, after days of battle, defeated Pope's army, which, with McClellan's reinforcements, numbered 120,000, and forced them back into the works around Washington.

Thus the stragetic value of Manassas, drinking to satiety the blood of brave men, assumed conspicuous prominence in American annals.

In the late spring of 1862 McClellan environed Richmond with an army of 115,000 men. His immense works are monuments to his genius as an engineer. Of the points fortified by him Cold Harbor was the key to his right.

When the signal gun from the left of the Confederate fortifications announced the assault upon McClellan's lines, the brunt of the attack was upon his right. Fierce assaults followed and some of the strongholds yielded, but Cold Harbor, naturally strong and intensified by splendid works, resisted fiercely. Southern blood flowed like water, but as long as this point held out, McClellan maintained his right in tact.

Jackson sent imperative order to storm the works, and though fourteen heavy field guns and three lines of battles hurled shot, shell and bullets upon them, the gallant Hood with his splendid Texans finally carried the fort by storm, and doubled McClellan's right back upon his centre.

Successively, Mechanicsville, Ellerson's Mills, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mill, Frazer's Farm, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp were torn from McClellan's group, and these names blazoned in martial glory upon the star crossed flag, while McClellan's beaten army sought protection under the guns of the Federal fleet in James river.

A lapse of two years brings us back to historic Cold Harbor. The war had now progressed more than three years. Other commanders had failed and public clamor was demanding better results for the money and blood so liberally and lavishly spent in the Old Dominion.

Grant was summoned from his successes in the West, and the government assigned him this terrible task. Unlimited resources were placed at his disposal; when he broke camp early in May, 1864, 141,160 splendidly equipped and veteran soldiers followed his standard. Against this host Lee could oppose but 52,625 ill-fed and poorly-clad, yet superb troops.

Then followed the Spotsylvania, the North Anna, written in the blood of thousands of brave men. A month of almost incessant battle followed, the two armies gravitating toward Richmond. In June, in the course of these side movements, Cold Harbor was again reached, but circumstances and positions reversed. Lee now held the entrenchments and acted on the defensive. Grant massed his army for the assault. Up to this time the genius of the great Confederate commander had everywhere matched the enormous preponderance of the enemy.

Grant made three desperate assaults on Lee's works; the attack was made in the forenoon. Each attack was repelled with appalling slaughter. So terrific had been the Confederate fire that in one hour Grant's losses had amounted to more than 13,000, while he inflicted a loss of but 1,200 upon Lee.

History records General Grant as a man of great determination and tenacity. He was unwilling to yield his point, so determined was he to renew the assault in the afternoon. The order for attack descended in proper gradation from the lieutenant-general down to regimental commanders; but when the bugles sounded the onset, there was no forward movement, and the immoble lines of the army of the Potomac thus silently rebuked its commander for his butchery. Its inactive attitude spoke plainer than words: "Show us a possibility and no troops will more loyally and promptly respond, but to again hurl us against certain defeat and direful slaughter, we must refuse to obey."

Thus for the second time Cold Harbor became the scene of the fiercest of conflicts, and established its value as a strategic point.

It is worthy of note to mention the great disparity of numbers

engaged, and how, in the two battles, conditions were reversed. In the battles of Richmond, McClellan's army numbered 115,102 men, and, in this engagement, fought on the defensive Cold Harbor, next to Malvern Hill—the strongest position in his line. Lee's forces were 69,762, and in this, as in others of the Richmond battles, were the aggressors, yet he wrested this stronghold by one of the most daring assaults history records.

In the second battle of Cold Harbor conditions were reversed—Lee was behind the defenses, his army about 49,000. Grant was to attack with 140,000 men. He hurled his immense weight upon Lee, but with no effect, except to destroy his men. This leads up to the inquiry, "Was either the better soldier?"

The spring of 1863 found Lee's army at Fredericksburg watching his powerful antagonist across the Rappahannock. Longstreet had been detached for service near Suffolk, and the Army of Northern Virginia thus weakened.

Hooker had succeeded Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac. New hopes inspired the Federal army. Hooker was jubilant; he announced to the world "the finest army on the planet" was about to exterminate its enemies. So sure was he of this, he dispatched to General Hallock at Washington:

"The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac."

Rejecting Burnside's plan of direct assault, he divided his army of 132,000 men; 40,000 under Sedgwick crossed the Rappahannock on pontoons below Fredericksburg and threatened Lee's right; with the remainder Hooker crossed the upper fords and menaced the Confederate left.

Lee's army numbered 57,117. Matters to others than his master mind would have seemed gravely critical. Leaving Early with 9,000 muskets to hold his works behind Fredericksburg, with the remainder he moved out to give battle to Hooker.

Before developing the Federal battle line, for the protection of his flank and rear, he detached Wilcox with 6,000 men to guard the fords behind him.

Just as he struck Hooker's line, he detached Jackson with about 24,000 men, to place himself upon Hooker's right and rear.

Silently and swiftly the old foot cavalry of the Stonewall corps traversed the secret by-paths of the wilderness, and late in the afternoon of the 3d of May he stealthily approached the unsuspecting Federals.

With a rush and a roar the Stonewall corps broke cover, and with one crash of musketry, then with the bayonet, swept the works.

Howard's Eleventh corps was just partaking of its evening meal when the storm swept upon it. Hooker's left wing was thrown into utter rout and rushed in confusion upon the centre. Night alone saved it from destruction.

But details are too volumnious. The world knows of Hooker's terrible punishment and defeat. How Lee, with one-third of Hooker's forces, crushed the Federal army and threw it beyond the Rappahannock.

Just one year later, on a balmy day in early May, 1864, Grant broke camp at Culpeper with the finest army ever organized upon the Western Continent. Without hinderance he placed 141,160 soldiers on the south bank of the Rapidan, and threw himself across Lee's road to Richmond.

It must have been apparent to the eye of the most ordinary soldier in Grant's army that his commander had blundered.

He saw at a glance how impossible to manœuvre 141,000 men in the dense jungles and scrubs of the wilderness. Therefore it is not to be wondered that the genius of the great Confederate chieftain mastered the situation.

He broke cover with 52,626 ragged but veteran troops, and not waiting to be attacked, moved at once upon Grant's battle line and for three days fiercely assailed his overwhelming antagonist.

Finding it impossible to make any impression upon Lee's line, the night of the third day's fight the Federal commander silently moved his army by the left flank, trusting with the morning sun to envelope the right and rear of Lee's depleted army.

The genius of Lee seemed to have been inspired, for by some means he divined his adversary's plans and moved parallel to him, and as Grant changed from flank to front and moved forward, the battered but defiant Army of Northern Virginia was before him.

Thence followed the fierce battles around Spotsylvania, North Anna and Cold Harbor.

So ended the terrible Battle of the Wilderness. On nearly the same ground Lee and Hooker had fought two years before, and now the first captain in the Federal army was sent with the finest army to crush Lee, yet he failed, and Chancellorsville and the Wilderness became famous in history as stragetic spots. Here in each battle genius and unsurpassed courage more than matched numbers and splendid appointments.

Thus, in succession, Manassas, Cold Harbor, and Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, heretofore unknown, became luminous in history, and the terrific battle fought on these fields demonstrated their value as strategic points.

Less only in the number of troops engaged, Winchester, in the lower Valley, became conspicuous in Confederate annals as a strategic point. Early in 1861 Johnston recognized its value and so held it. Later Jackson made a vigorous attack on Shields at Kernstown for its recovery, but for paucity of numbers and exhaustion of his troops from rapid and severe marching would have wrested it from Federal grasp.

In the spring of 1862 this same Stonewall made a sudden rush upon Banks and drove him from the town and across the Potomac. So greatly did the Federal government appreciate its worth that two armies were dispatched, one under McDowell from Fredericksburg, and the other under Freemont from Franklin, each largely superior to Jackson, to drive him from Winchester.

Again the town became headquarters for Federal occupation of the Valley district, and again after Second Manassas was evacuated. On the retirement of Lee's army to Fredericksburg in the fall of '62, again the town became the Federal headquarters for that section of Virginia. After Chancellorsville, in the order of Lee's combinations, Ewell burst through the gaps of the Blue mountains, and suddenly swooping down upon the little city, threw Milroy and the remnant of his garrison across the Potomac. After Gettysburg, Winchester again fell to the Federal occupation. General Jubal Early once again wrested it from the troops of the United States and again forced back, Federal occupation followed, and once more partial success almost

put it again in his possession. Thence to the close of the war, it remained in possession of the Federal troops.

No other place of similar importance so often changed hands as did the little city of Winchester; and while not contended for by so large forces as the other points mentioned, yet the frequency with which its occupation was fought for, testifies its value in the estimation, both of the Confederate and Federal forces.

The places enumerated are points, which should the blasting misfortunes of war ever oscillate over the Old Dominion again, will become the scenes of similar battles. Let us trust no more in the history of this country, this curse shall ever again come upon this fair land, and pray that "men may learn to war no more."

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