

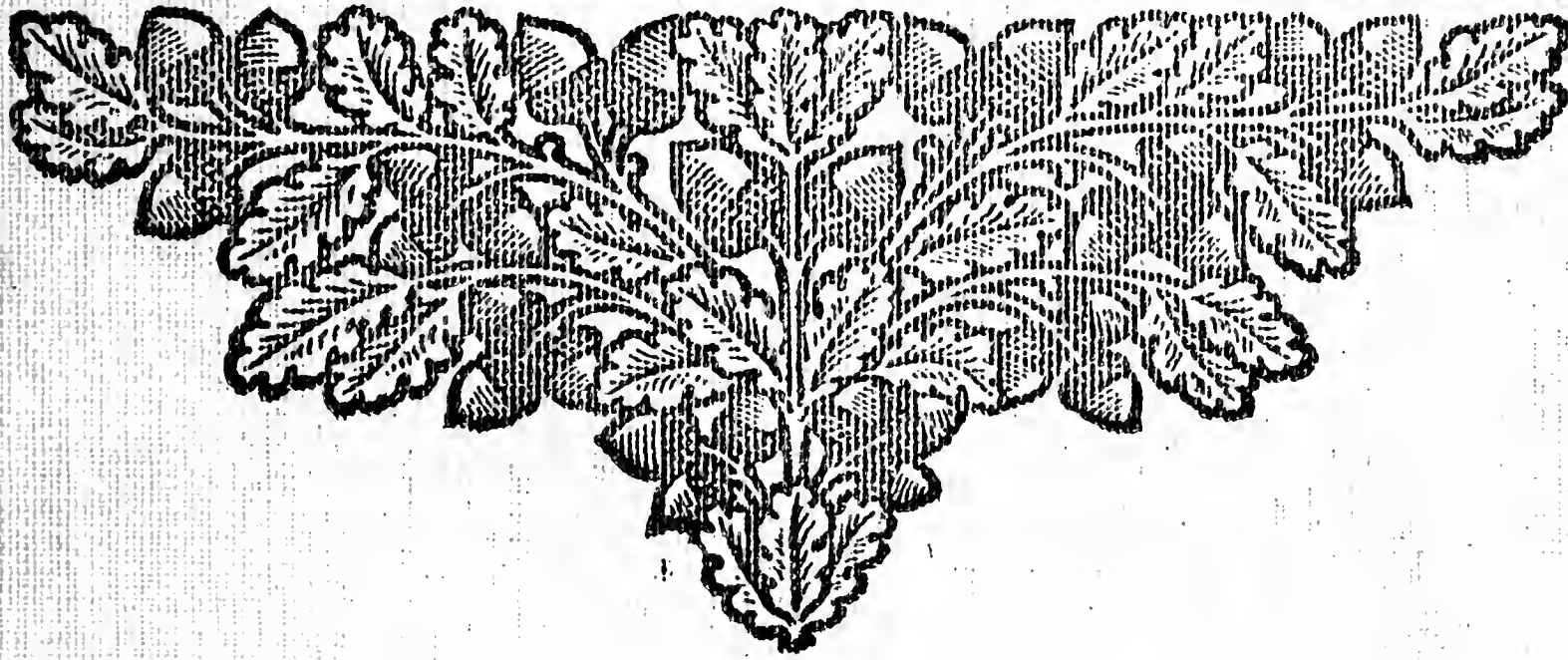
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# REMINISCENCES

By ROBERT M. HOWARD.



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Grand-pa and His Bright, Beautiful Sunbeams.

# REMINISCENCES

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BY

ROBERT M. HOWARD.

LC

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## DEDICATION.

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With sweet love I dedicate these "*Reminiscences*" to the true men and peerless women of "*Dixie*" 1861-1865 and their worthy descendants and to the Critic I respectfully say, "Put yourself in his place."

R. M. HOWARD.

Columbus, Ga.

March 21st, 1912.



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## CHAPTER I.

“And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.”

I AM the son of Augustus Howard, of Sandersville, Ga., and Martha, daughter of Gen. Ezekiel and Mary Wimberly, of Twiggs County, Ga. I was born in Houston County, Ga., January 11, 1834. In 1836 my father moved to the home of my grandmother, now known as the Garrard home, in Wynnton, a suburb of Columbus, Ga. In this house, when I was three years old, the fond recollections of the handsome face and majestic form of my father and the hallowed memory of my beautiful mother had their birth, and were I an artist I could to-day, from these blessed, fadeless memories, paint true to life the portrait of each; and here began a life which from that day to this has had its full share of sunshine and storm, of joy and sorrow, of sweet and bitter; subject to all the frailties and imperfections, the same impulses for good and evil to which humanity is heir. I have known many better by nature and practice than I have been; I have known many no better than my long life has proven and some not as good. I have ever implicitly believed in and taken sweet comfort and consolation in adversity, burdens and cares in “Thy will, O God; not mine, be done.” I still most vividly remember the

very first Sabbath school I ever attended when the teacher read the Beatitudes from Matthew v, and "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God" impressed me at the time deeply indeed.

When my father moved to Columbus there were many Creek Indians in Russell County, Ala., who soon became hostile and killed many men, women, and children. There were seven of them tried for murder in Girard just across the Chattahoochee River and hung at the same time from the same gallows. On ascending the scaffold each one was asked if he had ever done anything for which he was sorry; six answered no; the other said he killed an entire family the last one of which was a babe he took from its cradle and dashed its brains out against a tree; he said he took the baby in his arms, it smiled in his face; for this he was sorry and for nothing else. As the trap was sprung they gave the terrible Indian war whoop. Soon after this the tribe was removed by the United States Government to the far West, and in 1906 and 1907 I saw many Creek Indians in Indian Territory.

In 1838 my father moved into the home he had completed in Wynnton, now owned by Robert Carter. I started to school in 1839 to a Yankee schoolmarm near our home, Miss Lee (afterwards Mrs. Wayland) who gave me the only whipping I ever had at school. She was no kith or kindred of our immortal Robert E. Lee, and from that good day to

this I have never been half way dead in love with Yankee school-marms. This school was attended mostly by girls, and the sweetest, smartest and most beautiful one of that large school afterwards became my stepmother; she was my champion then, and there dawned in my youthful heart then a love true, pure, and deep that never grew less and is to-day hallowed by sweet memories of that beautiful girl. Of the many who attended that school, all save one and myself have passed over to the great beyond.

Well do I remember the political slogan of the Whig party in 1840, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and saw it carried at the head of a large line of enthusiastic, shouting men and boys with a coon and keg of hard cider and a new broom with which the Democratic party was swept from the political field. (My oldest brother was named John Tyler Howard.) A short time after the inauguration of President Harrison in March, 1841, the city bridge at the foot of Dillingham Street spanning the Chattahoochee River was washed away and landed in Woolfolk's Bend several miles south of the city. That event has ever been called and remembered as the Harrison Freshet. The water was eight feet deep on the first floor of the building now owned by the Muscogee Manufacturing Co., and occupied by them with their offices. At that time the building was, with the entire block, the home of James S. Calhoun and his wife, who was my aunt.

My mother died July 12, 1842.

“Yes, I have left the golden shore,  
Where childhood 'midst the roses played;  
Those sunny dreams will come no more,  
That youth a long, bright Sabbath made.  
Yet while those dreams of memory's eye  
Arise in many a glittering train,  
My soul goes back to infancy,  
And hears my mother's song again.”

My sister Anna and myself lived with our grandmother and aunt, Mrs. Crocker, in Twiggs County (my brother Tyler remaining with my father at his home in Russell County, Ala.) until October 1844, when my father married Ann Jane Lindsay (oldest sister of my wife) daughter of S. C. and E. B. Lindsay.

During the campaign of 1844 between Polk and Clay for President, Walter T. Colquitt, of Columbus, a member of Congress from Georgia, and one of the most eloquent orators of his generation, either South or North, addressed a very large Democratic mass meeting in middle Georgia. A. H. Stephens, the idol of the Whig party of Georgia, was present. Colquitt, pointing to Stephens with all the scorn and satire that language could paint, said, “I could pin back his huge ears and bodaciously swallow him alive.” To which little Alec promptly replied, “And if you did you would have more brains in your stomach than you have in your empty head;” upon which the eloquent Colquitt suddenly collapsed.

My uncle, Thacker B. Howard, of Columbus, was a Clay elector from Georgia in the election held at that time. Many years ago a noted Englishman visited Washington City when the national Congress was in session, was taken by a friend to the Representatives' Hall and asked to scan thoroughly every member in the vast hall below and point out the greatest man in that assembly. After the lapse of considerable time he pointed to Stephens; upon which the friend said, "And why him?" The answer was, "The mere fact of his being here stamps him the greatest man I see before me."

In 1845 I attended a private school (taught by Miss Lydia Salmon, of Wadesboro, N. C.) in the home of Mr. S. C. Lindsay, who gave me a fine Indian pony, and seventeen years later became my father-in-law. I went to school near the home of my father in Russell County, Ala., during 1846 and 1847. For the next four years I went to school to John Isham in Wynnton and Columbus, the last three years of which I spent with my dearly loved cousin Mrs. Randall Jones on Rose Hill. Such was her love for me and attention shown me at all times that a stranger visiting the home would have said she was my mother and not my cousin.

I have a silver cup upon which is inscribed the following: "Awarded by the M. and R. A. S. at the fair Nov. 1850 to Robert M. Howard for the best treatise on the farm by a youth." The committee

making the award said, "In awarding the premium to Robert M. Howard for the best treatise on the farm by a youth, we mean it in no flattery when we say that it would have done credit to a much older head." C. F. Peabody, J. M. Chambers, B. A. Sorsby, Committee. Several years ago I gave this cup to my brother Richard Howard, who above all men on earth is the sweet, golden apple of my eye. With the exception of three years I have lived with him since 1889. No man ever had a purer, more precious, more priceless pearl for wife than Dick. If there was ever a harsh word passed between Addie and myself or even an unkind thought or feeling I do not know it.

When I left Isham's school in 1851 I had read most of the Latin and Greek authors; could read, write and speak both languages with almost as much fluency as I could English. I have retained much Latin. Of Greek I now know only the alphabet. Of my many former schoolmates in Columbus in days of "auld lang syne"—probably two hundred—Col. W. S. Shepherd of this city and I alone survive.

In January 1852 I went to the Georgia Military Institute at Marietta, Ga., Major A. V. Brumby, Superintendent. I left there in July 1853, and of the 175 cadets in attendance up to that time I was one of two that never received a demerit mark. In August 1853 I joined a corps of civil engineers in

Montgomery, Ala., of which S. G. Jones (father of Ex-Governor T. G. Jones of Alabama and at present judge of the United States District Court of Alabama) was chief engineer. John T. Milner of Georgia was principal assistant engineer. Until April 1861 I was engaged in the construction of different railroads in Alabama. In an excavation near Pintalala Creek ten miles from Montgomery we unearthed a turtle fourteen feet from the surface that was sixteen feet long and thirteen feet wide; as to the lapse of time it had been there, ask the scientists.

I cast my maiden vote in Hayneville, Lowndes County, Ala., in August 1855 for G. D. Shortridge for governor (on the Know Nothing ticket), S. D. Moorer for state senator and W. Barrett for the lower House: we carried the county but lost the state. Soon after voting an immense Irishman gave me the lie when I said I was old enough to vote; in an instant I landed a left-hander in one eye; and if the sheriff and other friends had not pulled me away from him I don't know what would have become of that modern Goliath with gaffs on like Saul of Tarsus breathing out direful threatenings. In grappling with him I must have absorbed some poisonous microbes, for in a very few days typhoid fever in a very malignant form developed and for several weeks I hovered between life and death. At that time my life-long friend C. P. Rogers and I

were boarding with a farmer (E. L. Sanderson, who had an excellent wife, two manly boys, and two pretty, charming daughters) engaged in the construction of what was then known as the Alabama & Florida Railroad (now Louisville & Nashville) from Montgomery to Pensacola. Had I been a son and brother I could not have been more tenderly and kindly nursed. In my room was a very large clock; on its face were these words: "Eight-day repeating brass clock, made by C. & N. Jerome, Bristol, Connecticut, 1835." Many thousand times did I count the ever-present tick-tock as the pendulum vibrated to and fro, wondering if that clock would sound the last trump of time on a life that seemed to be fast ebbing away on the shores of Eternity. My Aunt Cary, who was then spending the summer at Butler Springs, about fifty miles away, sent her carriage for me when she heard I was sick; but I was too sick to be moved and remained with my good friends until I was strong enough to stand the trip from there to Columbus, Ga., and my father's home in Russell County, Ala.

In 1857 my friend Rogers, realizing the truth and beauty of "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," informed me that he intended to steal one of the bright, priceless jewels of our former friend Sanderson, and that he needed my assistance. I always believed that where there was a good deal of courting going on the nuptial



knot should be speedily tied. Of course I was glad indeed to serve him. The conference closed with the understanding that I would meet him and his sweetheart at a certain place near her home at eight o'clock on the morning of August 12th. I reached the place of rendezvous on time with a suit of fine clothes in my saddle-bags to wear at the wedding. They were there, and with them a young lady, cousin of the bride-to-be. He had only one horse and said to me he would take my horse and that I could get a mount from a certain neighbor and follow. The bride climbed to the top rail of a high fence and just as she reached it we saw something drop to the ground. On investigation we discovered that it was the bride. We soon relieved her of the dilemma, mounted her in the saddle, and off they rode at full speed. As distance gave enchantment to the view, the cousin turned to me and said, "Mr. Howard, they have gone;" and I replied, "Yes, and to Montgomery to be married." When I reached Hayneville, seven miles distant, this bold, dashing thief who had robbed a dotting father and mother of their sweet, favorite daughter, had actually pillaged my saddle-bags of their contents and married in my clothes. However, "All's well that ends well," and that priceless pearl, that true, devoted wife for many years, never cast aught but bright sunshine and sweet smiles o'er the pathway of my loved and loving friend, Charlie

Rogers. Fifty-four years with their many changes have been recorded in the Book of Time since the dawn of this episode.

“Joys that we’ve tasted  
 May sometimes return;  
 But the torch when once wasted,  
 Ah! how can it burn?  
 Many are the changes since first we met.  
 Friends have been scattered like roses in bloom;  
 Many at the bridal, many more at the tomb.”

---

To my life-long friend C. P. Rogers of Leto-  
 hatchie, Ala.

BESIDE LIFE'S TIDE.

“You, Friend, and I have stood beside  
 Life’s flowing and Life’s ebbing tide;  
 Our hopes we’ve seen float out to sea,  
 While cruel storms beat pitilessly.  
 Thus stood we, Friend, uncrowned, forlorn,  
 When night came down upon our morn.

“Thus stood we, while within there grew  
 A strength our faith from heaven drew,  
 And in that faith our souls abide;  
 God’s ebbing is God’s flowing tide,  
 Behold on it our hopes upborne;  
 The night has lifted from our morn.

“And now, dear Friend, along the lea,  
 The sunlight and the quiet sea,  
 Tho’ in this peace there riseth not  
 The bond of loss and common lot;  
 Tho’ at this task each toils apart,  
 Each trusteth each, knit heart in heart.  
 You, Friend and I have stood beside  
 Life’s ebbing and Life’s flowing tide.”

I lived in Greenville, Ala., during 1856 engaged in the construction of the Alabama & Florida Railroad. I sold a fine horse for \$500.00 payable when Fillmore was declared elected president of the United States, another apt illustration of the old adage that "A fool and his money are soon parted."

I lived in LaFayette, Ala., in 1860 where I had charge of grading a railroad from there to Opelika. I contributed to a fund with which to erect a Bell and Everett liberty pole 125 feet high from which to float a Bell and Everett campaign flag. I was a secessionist *per se* believing that each state had the inalienable right to secede from the Union at its own discretion and will. When Lincoln was declared elected president I had a large secession flag made; some one cut the rope to prevent me from hoisting it. I went up to the arm eighty-five feet above the ground, nailed it to the pole, stood up, spoke about fifteen minutes, and descended to the ground. When I left there in January 1861 it was still proudly floating to the propitious breezes of Heaven.

During the war when a certain North Carolina regiment was marching through Richmond to the front, a little smart Aleck asked the Colonel what tar was worth in North Carolina; to which the Colonel replied, "Not a barrel in the state. Jeff Davis has bought the last drop we had to make you Virginians

stick in the fight." Sometimes it is best not to be too inquisitive.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

In January 1861 my sweetheart and I, after an engagement of ten years, had a lovers' quarrel (and the fault was all mine) and severed the engagement, and I bade her goodbye in these words;—

"Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee,  
And cherished thine image for years;  
Thou hast taught me, alas! to forget thee,  
In secret, in silence, in tears.  
As a young bird when led by its mother  
Its earliest pinions to try,  
Round the nest will still lingering hover  
E'er its trembling wings can fly.  
Thus we are taught in this cold world to smother  
Each feeling of affection so dear;  
Like that young bird I'll seek to discover  
A home of affection elsewhere.  
Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close;  
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets  
The same look which she gave when he rose."

And thus we parted, and never a line or message passed between us until "we met by chance" in July 1862; we held an immediate council of war, declared an armistice, and in less than five minutes each unconditionally surrendered to the other. As is the bow to the arrow so is man to woman, useless each

without the other. Enchantment itself cannot sever two hearts that have been one. From that good day to the time when the sweet, bright guardian angel of my life was crowned with fadeless glory in God's blissful beautiful Eden, I loved every footprint she made in this vale of sunshine and storm.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN General Beauregard's first gun, April 12, 1861, at Charleston, S. C., startled this Government from center to circumference and reverberated throughout the entire civilized world, I was engaged as a civil engineer in grading what is now the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at Decatur, Ala., on the Tennessee River. I was one of the hundred and twenty-five young men who at once formed a company and tendered our services to the Confederate States Government at Montgomery, Ala., for enlistment of one year; the Secretary of War replied that the government would receive no troops for less than three years or the continuance of the war; a majority of the company voted against a longer enlistment than one year and disbanded at once.

I bought a ticket to Richmond, Va., and arrived in that city the next day at 12 o'clock and joined the Second South Carolina Regiment (commanded by Colonel J. D. Kershaw) that had been mustered into service that morning; we left that night for the front.

After leaving Decatur, I never saw any one I had ever known before until after the first battle of Manassas.

We stopped several weeks at Mitchell's Ford on Bull Run and with other troops built a few miles of

breastworks, and then advanced to Fairfax Court-house, about eighteen miles from Washington, and here, on July 16th, saw a beautiful young woman on a thoroughbred race horse running at full speed, gracefully dismount at General Beauregard's headquarters and taking from her beautiful silken tresses a letter, inform General Beauregard that General McDowell with 55,000 Federal soldiers was then crossing the Potomac River on their "on to Richmond" march, proudly boasting and loudly proclaiming that they would end the rebellion in sixty days by hanging Jefferson Davis and our leaders higher than Mordecai hung the infamous Haman. "The best laid schemes of men and mice gang aft agley."

About 9 o'clock the next morning (17th) the head of the column of this mighty host appeared about two miles distant with countless flags flying, glistening bayonets, with many bands renting the air with their joyous notes as they died away on the very portals of Heaven. The long roll was at once beaten by our drummers and we retreated in perfect order to our breastworks on Bull Run.

The next evening (18th) they attacked General Longstreet's command on our right wing but were quickly repulsed with considerable loss. And thus stood matters until the morning of the 21st, which was God's Holy Sabbath of rest, and ere the sun rose through a cloudless sky, the sweet notes of

many a feathered songster, from sturdy oaks, piped to his loved and brooding mates, mingled their melodies with the rippling murmers of Bull Run on its clear winding way to the sea.

About three miles from where my command was awaiting orders stood Sudley Church and Sudley Ford, and it was here McDowell crossed Bull Run, doubtless believing he could easily flank our extreme left wing, and thus attack us from both front and rear. About 9 o'clock there comes to our ears a faint sound, wafted on the gentle breezes of that holy Sabbath morn. Is it the bell of that historic old church calling God's people to worship and there hear "Peace on earth, good will to men?" Hark, nearer, louder breaks that sound o'er that murmuring stream. What is it? 'Tis the cannon's opening roar announcing the advance of the ruthless invader, summoning Southern patriots—who were violators of no law known to the Constitution, guilty of no crime—to strike for the God-given right of freedom and liberty, to "strike for their altars and their fires, to strike for the green graves of their sires, God and their native land."

They struck and ere the last lingering flush of the setting sun had mingled its bright rays with the gorgeous glory of the departing day, Beauregard and Johnston with less than half as many men as McDowell had most signally defeated and utterly routed McDowell's magnificent troop of 55,000.



As the thoroughbred racer paws the ground with nostrils distended and champs the bit eager for the word "go" to be given, so were we all impatient and anxious to go to the relief of our sorely pressed comrades. My command was two miles from where the battle was so terribly raging. About 2 o'clock my regiment and Cash's South Carolina regiment with our brigade battery of four cannon (Kemper's) were ordered into action. We went on double quick most of the way and formed in line of battle in an old field under a heavy fire of shot and shell. About four hundred yards in front of us was a large, thick woodland. (And here pardon a little digression. In the fall of 1860 there was a most famous volunteer military company in Chicago known as Elsworth's Zouaves. This company had challenged any company in the United States to meet them in Memphis, Tenn., in May, 1861, and drill for the championship of the Government, and the Columbus Guards, of which I was a member, had accepted the challenge. In the meantime Elsworth had recruited his company to a regiment of 1,100 men and taken them to Washington and on arrival there showed them a very fine and handsome watch, telling them there were 1,100 just as fine in the South belonging to them and all they had to do was to take them when they went there. A few days after this Virginia ratified the ordinance of secession and a man named Jackson, hoisted a

large secession flag over his hotel in Alexandria, seven miles from Washington; the next morning Elsworth with a squad of his regiment entered the hotel before Jackson had gotten up, took the flag from its staff and coming down the stairway, waving it over his head, said to Jackson who had suddenly been awakened by the noise: "See, I have a trophy." "Yes," said Jackson, "and I have one too," and with a double-barrel shotgun fired both barrels, killing him instantly. Jackson was killed, and his body pinned to the floor with bayonets.)

We were now ordered to move forward into the woodland alluded to above where we met Elsworth's Zouaves and of the 1,100 we bagged 900 in killed, wounded and prisoners. We emerged from the woods and re-formed in an old road beaten down by constant use several feet below the surface; in front was an open field extending several hundred yards where the enemy were forming in heavy columns to charge our lines, and here I saw the most inspiring, soul stirring sight of my life, for just here our battery came at full speed with an old man eighty years old standing on a caisson, his long white hair streaming in the breeze with hat in one hand, high above his head, loudly calling out, "On boys, on! On boys, on!" as though with an inspiration born of heaven, he fain would say to us now is the time to dare, do or die for the right. Our battery was unlimbered immediately in our rear and

commenced firing over our heads as fast as they could load, this glorious old hero firing one of the pieces. Did God from His throne ever gaze with rapture on a grander, more glorious earthly scene? Grand old Edmund Ruffin of Virginia! He served with this battery until the surrender and a very few days thereafter wrote these memorable words: "I cannot survive the loss of the liberties of my country," and with a shotgun ended his life.

Just at this critical moment Kirby Smith with 1,700 fresh troops appeared immediately in the rear of this mighty host and with the first volley of our guns, this grand army in the twinkling of an eye, melted as dew before the morning sun and sought safety in the most ignominious flight and utter rout that ever occurred in the world.

Several hundred yards from where we now were was the celebrated Henry house, around which was Rickett's battery of six pieces, firing into our own ranks as fast as they could load. This battery was known and celebrated in our war with Mexico as Sherman's Flying Artillery, and had been captured and recaptured several times during the day. We now captured it again and manning it with gunners, fired in rapid succession as long as the routed army was in range, and then followed in rapid pursuit, many dead and wounded of both armies covering the ground. And here I literally obeyed the Bible where it says: "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

In stepping over a wounded Federal, he said, "Friend, for God's sake give me some water." Friend—yes, we are all friends in the presence of death. I handed him my canteen and the sweet smile and "God bless you" with which he received it more than repaid me for all the thirst I suffered before I got any more water. Who knows but what the recording angel in heaven entered that one pint of water to my credit as an offset to some of my many misdeeds both before and since that historic day.

We crossed Bull Run on Stone Bridge and captured many more prisoners, among them Hon. Alfred Ely, member of Congress from New York, who claimed his liberty on the plea that he was a non-combatant and a mere "looker-on in Venice" as it were. The last I heard of him he was a real looker-in in Libby Prison at Richmond, catching rats for a decent honest living instead of faring sumptuously every day as an honorable M. C. in Washington.

We had advanced four miles from Stone Bridge and were within four hundred yards of Cub Run, a small stream spanned by a bridge about fifty feet above the water, the banks almost perpendicular. The bridge was so completely blocked by cannon, wagons and vehicles of many kinds that a jay bird would have needed his spectacles to find his way through and here were many thousand unable to get on "the other side of Jordan," who would have doubtless within a few minutes surrendered to the

sweet music of our battery firing rapid salutes among their ranks reminding them that we were still very much in love with them—grand, glorious Edmund Ruffin still firing his gun with the same accuracy and sweet satisfaction as with which his unerring aim brought the squirrel to his game bag from sturdy oaks in his boyhood days—but just at this moment sounded the death-knell of the Southern Confederacy and we received a peremptory order from General Beauregard to return to Stone Bridge. Had he been where we were and had he known what we knew he never would have issued the order that robbed us of the fruits of a most glorious victory. I shall believe until I die that if that order had not been issued our glorious battle flags would have floated to the propitious breezes of heaven in Washington City within less than twenty-four hours, which would have established beyond a doubt the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

When we were about faced and started back I was so mad that but for a quart bottle of the best and finest champagne I ever tasted before or since, that I borrowed from the baggage wagon of Governor Sprague of Rhode Island (every drop of which I drank to his good health), I believe that I would actually have blown up with spontaneous combustion.

We returned to Stone Bridge and other portions of the battlefield and had captured approximately

in killed, wounded and prisoners 5,000, twenty-eight cannon with caissons, 100 fine artillery horses, thousands of small arms, many stands of colors and many hundreds of wagons loaded with ammunition, army supplies and luxuries in large quantities.. A good day's work and merited rebuke to the fanatics of the North (whose ancestors in the early history burned innocent, helpless women at the stake for being witches and severely punished husbands and fathers for kissing their wives and children on Sunday) who left their homes and came into our country with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, with which to give the benighted heathen of the South their first Sunday school lesson on Northern civilization and Christianity; and thus ended on the battlefield of Manassas, Virginia, July 21, 1861, McDowell's first and last sermon in Dixie from the text "Peace on earth, good will to men." That night I was detailed to guard prisoners. I was relieved at one o'clock, and with my cartridge box for my pillow, the broad bosom of nature for a couch and the blue canopy of heaven for a shelter, I retired for rest and sleep, and as my head touched my downy pillow, fond memory recalled to mind the soldier's beautiful dream:

**"Our bugles sang truce and the night-clouds had lowered  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,  
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-powered—  
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die."**

Sometime during the night the very flood gates of the clouds widely opened and let fall a great torrent as it were of bitter, blinding, scalding tears, with which they fain would wash away the great pools of innocent Southern blood that crimsoned the sod of this historic battlefield. When I awoke in the morning I was in a great puddle of water as wet as if I had spent the night in the murmuring waters of Bull Run and I had never known when it began to rain or when it ceased, and if this is not a fact then I am the biggest liar south of Boston where they keep the days of the week with codfish, Irish potatoes and baked beans.

When the Federal Army reached Washington, some one said to an Irish soldier, "Well Pat, you had to run from the Rebels." "Yes," says Pat, "and them that didn't run are there till yet."

"And now," continued Pat, "let me tell you about that little Sunday School frolic: We had the Rebels badly whipped all day but they were such fool fighters they didn't have the sense to know when they were whipped and toward the shade of the evening, when General McDowell was just about to telegraph a glorious victory with the capture of the Rebel Army, Kirby Smith with more fresh troops than Carter ever had oats (and you know he had so many he had to haul a part of them from the field to find ground to shock them) dropped down from the very clouds all over us, shooting to beat the band and every one of us de-

cided immediately that we had more important business in Washington than we had in Dixie and so we started at once and pretty soon General McDowell on his black horse, white with foam, overtook me crying out at the top of his voice: 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' And the one he was on was running so fast he looked like a shoe string, but I kept up with him and he says: 'Pat, what are you running for?' And I answered, 'Because I haven't got wings to fly.' And says I: 'General, what are you running for?' And says he: 'I am running so I can get to Washington and tell the President the Rebels have given us hell and a heap of it.' And pretty soon I overtook General John Pope, who had telegraphed to Washington that his headquarters were in the saddle and he had been able to see only the backs of the Rebels and his horse had flung him sky high out of his headquarters, but the centre of gravity brought him back to the earth and there he was, and says he: 'Pat, what are you running for?' And says I: 'I'm running because I haven't got time to walk,' and says I, 'General, what are you running for?' and says he: 'Pat, I'm running to keep the Rebels from seeing my face,' and with that broke out crying like his heart would break. And says I: 'General Pope, I wouldn't sit there and cry like a baby.' Says he: 'Pat, God knows I wish I was a baby, and a sweet little old gal baby at that,' and we kept a running and the further we went the faster we ran, and before



we got to Washington we were running so fast that the telegraph poles looked like a fine tooth comb."

Which reminds me that a short time before the fall of Richmond a Confederate prisoner was carried to Grant's headquarters to be pumped for information. After applying the pumping process to its full capacity, Grant dismissed him by telling him he was such an infernal fool know-nothing that he couldn't tell a skinned elephant from a picked jay bird, to which the prisoner replied: "General Grant, you've asked me a whole lot of questions; may I ask you one?" "Certainly," says Grant, "fire away."

"General Grant, where are you going anyhow?" And Grant replied, "I may go to Richmond, I may go to Petersburg, I may go to Heaven or I may go to hell." To which he retorted, "General Grant, you can't go to Richmond for General Lee is there; you can't go to Petersburg for General Beauregard is there and you know mighty well you can't go to Heaven for Stonewall Jackson is there, but as for going to hell we aint got no men defending it, and I'll bet you my head to a Jews-harp that you and your whole army can march in without firing a gun and receive a warm welcome for the devil is needing recruits of your sort."

In a few days we moved forward to Fairfax Court-house, and apart from daily drilling and picket duty our lives were, according to Grover Cleveland "lives of innocuous desuetude."

In October we were on picket a few days at Munsen's Hill a few miles south and plainly in view of Washington City and here I was transferred to my old company, the Columbus Guards. I never saw my South Carolina company again until a few days before General Johnston's surrender and of the 114 comrades I left, there were three lone survivors.

In September 1861, my regiment (the Second South Carolina) of 1,100 was reconnoitering near Vienna, Va., south of Washington City. We were moving in line of battle near a thick woodland and struck an old field which extended several hundred yards in front of us. On the line marking the field and woodland stood a solid oak gate post about two feet square. Just then a masked battery told us we had treed something and we were ordered to lie down. One man (Stubbs) dropped behind the post. The next shot came from a rifled cannon, the ball striking the post just above the surface of the ground and tore the body of Stubbs into fragments. Strange indeed it was that he alone of 1,100 men had protection and was the only one injured. A mile or so from there, we reached Vienna, on the railroad, just in time with one cannon to fire into a passing train loaded with soldiers. Many jumped from the cars and those not killed were captured.

### CHAPTER III.

AT Centreville, Va., in 1861, not long after being transferred to the Columbus Guards from Kershaw's Second South Carolina Regiment on my return to camp after a short absence, Dick Potter, orderly sergeant, told me I had missed a detail on duty. I asked for what. He replied, to cut and haul wood to Colonel Semmes' headquarters. I told him I would never serve on any such detail; that Colonel Semmes had no right or law to call for such a detail. John Lindsay was present and heard what I said. A few days afterwards he was detailed for the same purpose. He peremptorily refused to serve, was immediately arrested and carried to Colonel Semmes, who asked him where he got his authority to refuse to do duty when detailed. He replied, Bob Howard. The Colonel sent a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets who marched me over to the august presence of this czar of the Second Georgia Regiment. On reaching him he said, "The next thing you know, I'll have you shot for sedition and insubordination." He asked me by what authority I advised John Lindsay not to cut and haul wood to his tent. Asking him for the Articles of War, I read, "No private soldier shall be detailed or required to do

any menial service for an officer." I then said to him I was there to fight for my inalienable rights and that I would fight him as quick as I would Abe Lincoln. There was never another detail made to cut and haul wood to Colonel Semmes.

In the trenches at Yorktown, Va., in April 1862, John Lindsay gave the first blood that was shed from Columbus in the war. I was sitting immediately by him when he was shot through both legs and we were almost immediately ordered to leave the trench we were in, it being untenable. We retired at once and as we laid John on the ground he said to me that he left his knapsack in the trench, that he cared nothing for anything in it except a Bible given him by his mother. I told him I would get it and from the time I got in range of the sharp-shooters from whose fire we had just retired until I got out of the range again many shots were fired; but then as throughout the entire war a merciful God ever shielded my defenceless head. On the fly-leaf of that Bible were about these words: "A mother's gift; remember, boy, it is no idle toy." I think his daughter, Mrs. G. Y. Tigner of Columbus, Ga., has that Bible to-day. In February 1865 General Lee issued an order giving a furlough to two soldiers of every regiment of his army who had been distinguished for marked gallantry and dauntless courage in front of the enemy. John Lindsay was given one of these furloughs. On reaching home he found a beautiful baby daughter

he had never seen. The first time he came into the city the provost guard asked to see his papers. He refused. Colonel Von Zinken, commandant of post, ordered the guard to arrest him and bring him to his headquarters, dead or alive. The next day John was in town on a horse on Broad Street. The guard again hailed him and when he reached the corner west of the Racine Hotel the guard reached the southeast corner of Broad and Thirteenth Streets fired, and he dropped from his horse dead. Dr. Colzey immediately informed his father. His brother, Cooper Lindsay, and I were at home on furlough. We mounted horses and rode at the top of their speed. On reaching Von Zinken's headquarters we found Broad Street packed from Twelfth to Thirteenth Streets. A large body of Wheeler's Cavalry was in the city en route to Johnston's army in North Carolina; many shouting "Hang him! hang him!" Cooper and I rushed into Von Zinken's office, seized him, and sent a soldier for a rope. Just at this moment Mr. Lindsay, the father, entered and said, "Don't harm him; 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'" We released him, and from that day till now I have ever been glad that the father entered when he did. Von Zinken was too brave a man to have been hung under such circumstances.

No more generous, true, loving man ever lived; no more fearless, courageous soldier ever drew

glittering blade in any age or clime, than John B. Lindsay. "None knew him but to love him, none spoke of him but to praise."

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Early in 1861, Cooper Lindsay (a brother of my wife) in his teens, joined the Tenth Mississippi Regiment at Pensacola, Fla. He was soon made color-bearer of the regiment. More than once he was wounded with his flag waving high overhead. In the terrible battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, he was again shot down. A comrade said, "Poor Lindsay, he has gone at last," to which this glorious soldier promptly replied, "You are a damn liar, give 'em hell boys!" On recovering from a wound on the eve of returning to his command, he was asked by his father if he needed some money, he replied that a soldier getting \$13.00 per month, his clothes and rations, had no use for money. I never met him after he joined the army until the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 7, 1862. He had drawn to a bob-tail flush, filled, and had more than \$1,000.00 in his pocket; he gave me \$500.00 to keep for him. The next time I saw him he was dead broke and I staked him. He swam the Chattahoochee River on his horse three times the day Wilson's raiders reached Columbus. The day the raiders left Columbus (General Wilson in Jim Cook's fine carriage) Cooper and a few others, followed the raiders. Near Waverly Hall they overtook a Yankee captain from Ohio,

two white and two negro soldiers robbing the house of Congressman Singleton, of Mississippi, whose family had refuged to Georgia. The Yanks hurriedly mounted their horses and rode off at break-neck speed. Cooper soon overtook the captain and with one blow from his sabre broke his neck; the others surrendered. The party started back to Columbus. On reaching a swamp about eight miles east of the city, the two whites died very suddenly from an overdose of lead. In the swamp of what is now known as Wildwood Park, the niggers collapsed and died from an internal dose of blue whistlers. They had several fine watches, for which all save one, the boys found the owners.

In February 1866, about where now stands Chancellor's store, Cooper shot and killed a negro soldier. A white lieutenant with a squad of niggers pursued and captured him at the Central Railroad. By the time they reached the Third National Bank, a crowd of at least 1,000 had assembled and fearless old Bob Sheridan with a navy six in one hand and his watch in the other said to the lieutenant, "I'll give you just thirty seconds to turn Lindsay loose;" upon which the lieutenant said, "Go, Lindsay, go! God knows I've got no use for you." He was mounted on the first horse in sight and came immediately to my home and spent the night there. That evening about dark, Major Warner, an ordinance officer and an excellent man, was killed by

some of the nigger garrison quartered in what was then known as the Banks Building on the east side of Broad Street, the Major passing on the west side. But for the pleading of many of the older and influential citizens of the city, the entire garrison would have been annihilated that night. In a very few days this garrison was removed. Two days after the killing of the nigger soldier, Mr. Lindsay gave Cooper \$1,165.00 and mounted on the same fine horse owned the year previous, he left just after supper for Texas. A few days after he left, the United States Government offered a reward of \$2,000 for him. In June 1866, President Johnson issued a general proclamation that in all cases where crime was charged against anyone in the South, the military authorities should have no jurisdiction provided the civil law took cognizance of the crime charged. I wrote to Cooper to come home. The day he arrived here I had him arrested under a warrant charged with murder; he was arraigned before a magistrate who assessed a bond of \$5,000.00 with approved security for his appearance before the Grand Jury of the first Superior Court to meet thereafter. The bond was made and approved and should you ask me whether or not the Grand Jury took any action in the matter, I would emphatically answer "Damfino, and care less."



## CHAPTER IV.

ON March 8, 1862, we left winter quarters at Centreville, Va., under General Johnston in command and went to Yorktown and went into the trenches several hundred yards in front of which was the Federal line of entrenchments, and if ever a head or hand on either side appeared above the breastworks a shot would be fired at it, the cannonading from Federal batteries was at times terrific, particularly at night, but I soon became so accustomed to it that it did not disturb my sweet slumbers any more than the buzzing of the gnat.

On one side of us was the York River; on the other the James, in each of which were Federal war vessels, the distance between the two rivers being seven miles. We remained in this position and under these circumstances for more than a month, and on the night of May 4th we withdrew. The withdrawal of General Johnston from General McClellan's front with such great odds against him was a great and grand feat of strategy and generalship. McClellan's army, in great numbers, followed in pursuit and vigorously attacked us at Williamsburg on the evening of May 5th, but was repulsed with a greater loss than we had; his loss in killed,

wounded and prisoners amounting to more than a thousand besides several cannons.

We continued our advance towards Richmond with little more interruption and loss.

On the evening of May the 31st, on the lines of the Chickahominy River at Seven Pines, seven miles from Richmond, Johnston in great numbers most vigorously attacked McClellan (who had great odds in his favor) all along the lines. The battle raged with terrific fury and destruction on both sides and night closed the bloody contest. Just about dark, General Johnston was very severely wounded in two places and was borne from the field and but for that it was said and believed that McClellan's army would have been annihilated and captured. The next morning the battle was renewed with unabated fury and destruction on both sides and when it closed victory perched upon our banners and we held the battlefield.

The next morning our matchless Robert E. Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

On the 24th of June, 1862, thirteen of the Columbus Guards (of which I was one) were transferred to the Nelson Rangers (T. M. Nelson, captain) an independent cavalry company acting as escort and couriers to General Kirby Smith commanding the Department of East Tennessee. We left Richmond on the evening of the above date and came home to mount and soon reported to Captain Nelson at Knoxville, Tenn.

On the 31st of August we signally defeated the Federal Army at Richmond, Ky., killing, wounding and capturing more than 9,000, a greater number than our force numbered. At 9 o'clock on the night of September 3rd, twenty of my company and ten of another were ordered to burn some railroad bridges between Lexington and Frankfort. We were in the saddle all night and at 7 o'clock in the morning we had not reached the bridges and very unexpectedly found the rear guard of the Federal Army and with low-down cunning and deep chicanery we captured the whole business, 122 infantry and 58 cavalry, without firing a gun. We marched into Lexington at 9 o'clock with our prize and received the grandest ovation I ever saw from any people during the war. We were literally pulled from our saddles and carried into elegant homes and wined and dined until we fain would have had our bread-baskets made out of India rubber so that they could be distended to take in more and more of the luxuries and delicacies both liquid and solid. The first house I entered was the Todd mansion (owned by a man named Sheppard) in which Abe Lincoln was married. Mrs. Lincoln at that time had one, if not two, brothers in our army. I ate seven fair, square meals before retiring that night and haven't had a genuine case of hunger since. We remained here about a month and I did not draw a ration from our commissary while there and many of the

boys were in the same delightful condition—at peace with the whole world, as Bill Arp used to say, except some.

We now leave Kentucky and reach Knoxville, Tenn., without any stirring events—the latter part of October and two days thereafter I was ordered to Columbus, Ga., on some government business, with a week's furlough, when and where the winsome sweetheart of my boyhood became the beautiful, fascinating bride of my early manhood, the devoted wife of the best years of my life. I married at 11 o'clock in the morning of November 3rd, and took a train at 2 p. m., the same day for Knoxville, and within the limit of my furlough arrived there and at once informed the boys that I was a married man and they immediately organized a court martial and the charge preferred against me was "that any soldier that would go home and marry and leave a sweet, beautiful bride at home was too big a fool to live and ought to be shot the next morning at sunrise." I demurred to the indictment and went to trial without a witness, earnestly pleading that he who worshipped at the shrine of duty could never go wrong; that he who doubted at her call was a dastard and that he who failed to obey her high behests through fear of consequences was an arrant coward and should be forever damned. After much discussion of the court to combat the logic and force of my argument the court unanimously

decided that it would *nol-pros* the case provided I would set it up to a gallon of good, red liquor, which I accepted in final judgment, and when they drained the jug to the very last drop refused to let me smell even the empty jug.

In March 1863, General Kirby Smith was ordered to take command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. He left at once and the company followed soon after, but the Mississippi River was so closely guarded by the Federals that the company could never cross the river and was soon assigned to General Stephen D. Lee in the same relation it had been to Kirby Smith.

## CHAPTER V.

ON the night of May 5, 1862, after the battle of Williamsburg, Va., an officer rode into our camp and asked where General Benning was: "In that fence corner asleep," some one replied. "You are a damn liar," roared the old lion: "I am never asleep when there is anything to do. What is it?"

In a battle in Virginia General Benning was ordered to reinforce General Anderson. Meeting numbers of Anderson's wounded before getting into action one of the wounded said to him: "Hurry up, Rock. Tige's treed." In the battle of Chickamauga he had two horses killed under him and just then his brigade captured a Federal battery. He mounted an artillery horse bare-back and thus rode until the battle ended. In the battle of Sharpsburg his brigade, on our extreme right wing at a bridge spanning the Antietam River, held at bay an entire Federal army corps for twelve hours. His achievement in arms was as brilliant as ever blazoned a warrior's crest or adorned a nation's story. He was a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty. He was a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, and a man without guile. He was as submissive to law as Socrates, as grand in battle as Achilles, and as just with his fellowman as Aristi-

des, and died meriting those grand, beautiful words: "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

In the early twilight of a January evening, 1863, Dock Jones (one of my company) and I stopped at a farm house in Hawkins County, East Tennessee, where we were entertained until the next morning. At supper our host, Mr. Young, asked our names. I answered, Howard and Jones from Columbus, Ga., upon which the daughter inquired, "Do you know Kate Lindsay?" and I answered, "I certainly do; she is my wife." She hugged and kissed me as though I were a long absent brother. She and my wife had been loving friends and class-mates at a nearby female college in Rogersville.

Later in the same month my company was ordered to report at Greeneville, Tenn., to Colonel Allen of a North Carolina regiment. We went into the mountains of Western North Carolina to kill or capture a number of desperate bushwhackers who plundered the home of Colonel Allen. They even took the clothing and shoes and stockings from the bodies and feet of the mother and children. Two of the children died within a few days. We captured thirteen and returned to Greeneville, and about a mile from where we started we were ordered to halt, and here I witnessed the saddest scene I saw during the war. One of the prisoners was a boy only fourteen years old. I made a strong appeal to Colonel Allen to spare the boy. His reply was, "Shoot him,

he can pull a trigger as strong as any of them," and with one volley their last and reddest blood crimsoned the sod of that weird scene. And this was war. One man kills another man; the State hangs him as a malefactor. "The king who can do no wrong," slays his countless thousands, and the world crowns him a grand, glorious hero. And here I recall to mind one stanza of a catchy little song of my school-boy days written by a French peasant girl whose sweetheart had been conscripted into the army:

"If I were King of France or, still better, Pope of Rome,  
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home;  
All the world should be at peace, or if kings must show  
    their might,  
Let those who make the quarrel be the only ones to  
    fight."

Dock Jones, Judge Banks and Frank Ellis found on the battlefield of Richmond, Ky., the carpet-bag of a sutler of an Ohio regiment containing \$3,000.00 in greenbacks. Dock gave me \$300.00. On reaching Lexington with the captured rear guard of the Federal Army that had evacuated Lexington the night before, I gave a Federal officer ten dollars for his overcoat, and five dollars each to two others to help them on their way home, telling them if I ever caught them again I'd give them bullets instead of dollars. Each gave me his name and home address, telling me that if I ever landed in a Yankee prison to write to them, and I should never suffer for anything. One of them prevailed on me to



accept a good silver watch. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." I here paid a jeweler (Clark by name) fifty dollars for a beautiful opal ring for my winsome prisoner at home whom I had paroled on honor that she would never take up arms against me in favor of any man or being on earth, and as true as the needle is to the pole, so true was she to her plighted faith. My oldest grand-daughter, Catharine, is the proud owner of the ring above alluded to.

When I was at Spartanburg, S. C., en route to join Johnston's army, I spent the night at the home of Mrs. Mary Alef Smith, the aunt of my sometime fiancée, and for whose name, Alef, she was called. This aunt of hers had, to my knowledge, the beautiful ambrotype which, on the breaking of our engagement, my beloved had taken from me and given to her. I offered a faithful colored woman servant of hers, Lide, one hundred dollars to steal this ambrotype from my hostess for me, but she refused to do so. I gave her ten dollars, however, as a reward for her faithfulness and honesty. This beautiful ambrotype of the once bright light of my life I wore as a sweet, cherished amulet next to my heart both day and night from July 1862, until the war ended, and many a time since her death when gazing on this picture a flood of sweet, tender memories forces a flow of tears that dim the features of the beautiful face before me.

"All day like some sweet bird content to sing  
 In its small cage, she moveth to and fro,  
 And ever and anon will upward spring  
 To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,  
 The murmer'd melody of pleasant thought,  
 Light household duties, evermore inwrought  
 With pleasant fancies of one trusting heart,  
 That lives but in her smile, and ever turns  
 To be refreshed, where one pure altar burns,  
 Shut out from hence the mockery of life;  
 Thus liveth she, content, the meek, fond, trusting wife."

The Seven Days' Battles around Richmond commenced on the evening of June 26, 1862, at Mechanicsville. Some distance in the rear, McClellan with his staff and ranking officers, was discussing the result of the battle, some one saying: "We have got Lee at last; we will capture his army and enter Richmond; Stonewall Jackson is in the Shenandoah Valley and cannot reach Lee in time to save him and Richmond." "The wish was father to the thought." Hark! there comes a sound, a deep sound, wafted on the breezes of that eventful evening, carrying dismay and consternation to the mighty contending hosts in front. What is it? 'Tis the cannon's opening roar from grand, glorious Stonewall Jackson, saying to McClellan in thunder tones: "I have come as your unbidden guest to welcome you with hospitable hands to bloody graves."

"Oh, that night or Blucher would come!" exclaimed Wellington in the great battle of Waterloo,

June 18, 1815, when victory trembled in the balance as Napoleon's Imperial Guard, time and again, hurled back in confusion and defeat the mighty onslaught of Wellington's fearless and intrepid troops. Well may Fighting Joe Hooker have exclaimed at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1862, with his "Finest Army on the Planet" of 92,000 well equipped Federal soldiers, confronted by the matchless Lee with 14,000 of his untterrified, unwhipped braves and the immortal Stonewall Jackson with his "webfoot cavalry" in his rear. "O! that I had the wings of a dove to fly away and be at rest from this ever present, avenging Nemesis with her death-grip gnawing at my very vitals."

The day that I left Richmond in June 1862, for Columbus, I met a class-mate I left at Marietta in July 1853 (T. C. Johnson, of Palmetto, Georgia, Lieutenant Colonel of the Nineteenth Georgia Regiment). His wife was with him. She had been waiting several days to meet some friend going South with whom she could return to her home (her husband informing me that a friend would meet our train on its arrival at Macon). Of course I was glad to take charge of her. On being seated with her I noticed at once that she was very dejected, and in tears she said to me that she had a presentiment that she would never see her husband again. I did my utmost to disabuse her troubled mind of such gloomy forebodings, but all to no avail. After a long and

tedious trip we arrived at Macon in the night and the expected friend met us in the car with a telegram informing her that her husband had been killed in battle that evening. That was one of the saddest, most heartrending scenes I witnessed during the war.

The battle of Richmond, Ky. (August 31, 1862), was an all-day running fight, ending among the monuments and tombstones in the cemetery of Richmond. During the day I saw a Federal surgeon take from the pocket of a Federal whose brains were flowing from a mortal wound and the death-rattle in his throat rapidly announcing the end, a letter about as follows:

“BIG HILL, KY., Aug. 31, 1862.

7 o'clock A. M.

My dear wife:

The Rebels are coming and we will have a battle to-day and I have a presentiment I will be killed. I mail with this \$20.00. God bless you and the children.”

I have forgotten the name signed. The surgeon offered me the \$20.00 bill, saying: “I presume you claim this.” “By no means,” I replied. “What must I do with it?” he asked. I replied: “Mail it to the poor fellow’s wife.” I’ll bet a dollar to a notch on a jay bird’s tail that the wife never got the letter, and if she did that \$20.00 bill was very conspicuous for its entire absence.

At one of the many places where the Yankees made a stand and scattered like a covey of flushed

birds from the first volley of our cannon and double-barrel shotguns, Parson Owens, Andrew Weems and I made a dash to capture quite a number of Yanks who just crossed the crest of a hill. As we turned the crest, a regiment of cavalry not more than fifty yards in front of us, behind a fence in a thick woodland fired upon us a volley that sounded like it came from thousands of guns. Knowing that we could not surround them in that thicket and demand a surrender, we at once decided we had some important business on the other side of the hill, which we executed by riding at breakneck speed to a large two story brick farm house about four hundred yards from where we recrossed the hill, and here we captured forty-seven Yanks fully armed and equipped with their weapons of death and destruction. They were badly *skeared* and would have gladly surrendered to a cock robin or jenny wren. "O, that my enemy would write a book," and try to prove me a liar.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers,  
But error wounded writhes in pain,  
And dies among its worshippers."

In the summer of 1864, Dud Cary and I dined with a farmer in Sumter County, Ala. He asked our names and where we were from. I answered: "My name is Howard and this is Cary—both from Columbus, Ga.;" to which he replied: "My name is

Vivian and I am a first cousin of your father and of his mother." We had an elegant dinner and he filled our haversacks to their utmost capacity with many substantials and delicacies. When we went to the barn to saddle up, Vivian told Dud that as his horse was pretty well fagged out he had better leave him there to recruit up and mount one of several fine mules he had, and it would make no difference if he never returned the mule. Dud gladly made the exchange. Whenever he was detailed for courier duty he successfully played old soldier by claiming that his mule was lame. The boys guyed him a good deal by telling him that he had stolen a mule that could outrun any horse in the company.

On the night of December 16, 1864, when Hood's army was utterly routed in the battle of Nashville, a regiment of Yankee cavalry dashed into the rear of our company and at once there was a general mix up of both friends and foe. The next morning, Hub Walker, a gallant, fearless soldier, a unique *Sui Generis* amused the boys very much as he told the tale of Dud's woe of the night before about as follows: "Gentlemen, it was a rupturous and terrible night and a scandalous shame the way the damn Yankees beat up old man Dud Cary on his bald head with their sabres, and every lick they hit him he'd holler, 'I surrender, I'm already wounded,' and gentlemen, old Dud's lame mule with his head up and his tail in the bushes sure did outrun everything

on the pike.” In the fall of 1865 Dud went with the wife of his brother Joe to visit some relatives in Columbus, Miss. A few days after reaching there a policeman met him on the street and showed him the cut of a stolen mule, offering a reward for the mule and thief. Without seeing his sister or anyone else he left immediately on foot and tramped the entire distance until he reached my home on the Talbotton Road about twilight one evening. I asked him what was the matter. He replied, “I came from Columbus, Miss., to keep a damn policeman from arresting me for stealing Vivian’s mule, and you know I didn’t steal that mule.” I never saw before or since a more typical tramp; seven years later he appeared at my home again under the same mental hallucination.

The morning after General Hood’s crushing defeat at Nashville General Clayton’s division covered our rear. Just before reaching Franklin, he formed in line of battle on both sides of the pike with one cannon on each side. There was an excavation through the hill from two to three hundred yards long and about twenty feet deep, and into this death-trap soon rode a regiment of Federal cavalry at full speed. An instantaneous volley from both sides of the pike emptied many saddles. The entire command surrendered at once; upon which Bill Ferguson, of our company, rushed in among them and had just unbuckled the belt of a Yankee captain

and taken from him two fine navy sixes. Just then a cannon shot the captain's head off; a just retribution for being a busy-body and meddling with other people's business.

Just after passing Franklin our rear was again attacked by a very large force and here our grand old hero, fighting like a lion aroused from his lair, actually saved the remnant of Hood's once grand and invincible army from capture. Marshall Ney, "the bravest of the brave" of Napoleon's mighty host, never fought against greater odds or with more conspicuous gallantry and courage than did this Christian soldier as he dared to do all that a true patriot could do for his bleeding country. Grand, glorious old Henry D. Clayton, true to his God, true to his country, true to his fellowman! He was an incorruptible public official; a private citizen in whose spirit there was neither guile nor hypocrisy. His spotless life and blameless record will ever be a sweet benediction and bright inspiration to all who knew his high standard of true manhood!

"Let laurels, drenched in pure Parnassian dews,  
Reward his memory, dear to every muse;  
Who with a courage of unshaken root,  
In honor's field advancing his firm foot,  
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,  
And will prevail or perish in the cause."

The morning after the battle of Nashville, just after passing Franklin, I saw five wounded Con-



federates on crutches making their way through the snow several inches deep rather than become prisoners. I, with four more of the company, dismounted and carried them to the Tennessee River before we could get them into a wagon. The one I mounted was born and raised in Illinois and entered service in Pat Cleburne's company from Arkansas.

## CHAPTER VI.

**I**N July 1864, General S. D. Lee was appointed lieutenant general of infantry and was ordered to Atlanta to take command of an infantry corps. Our company followed him and reached there in August and remained there until the evacuation of the city by General Hood, September 3rd. General Hood retired to Lovejoy after having fought a very spirited and rather disastrous battle at Jonesboro, August 31st, on the railroad between Atlanta and Macon. From Lovejoy we soon moved to Newnan (on the railroad between Atlanta and West Point) and from there early in October General Hood started on his Tennessee campaign; before reaching the Tennessee line we had a few spirited engagements, notably one at Resaca, Ga., on the Western & Atlantic Railroad. On the evening of November 29th, we arrived at Columbia, Tenn., on the Duck River, on the opposite bank of which was a very large Federal force commanded by General Schofield. Late in the evening General Hood, with Stewart's and Cheatham's corps made a complete detour around the Federals leaving Lee's corps facing Schofield across Duck River.

Hood struck the pike leading from Columbia to Nashville several hours before day, a corps on each

side of the pike a space of four hundred yards intervening between the two bodies of forces; in the meantime Schofield made a hasty and disorderly retreat from his line on the river closely pursued by Lee and about 4 o'clock in the morning passed through that gap at Spring Hill and not even one gun was fired. A volley of twenty-five muskets would have undoubtedly caused an immediate surrender. Hundreds of men cried and begged to be allowed to shoot; and who should be held responsible for this greatest blunder of criminal negligence of the war on either side will probably never be known until the secrets of all hearts are revealed in the great and final judgment.

We now advanced and about 4 o'clock, p. m., formed in line of battle upon the summit of a very high range of hills. From the base of the hills was the level valley from one to two miles wide resting on the south banks of Harpeth River where spread out in its beauty was the town of Franklin, Tenn. In this open plain were three lines of Federal breastworks, the one nearest the town being much the strongest and most formidable of the three.

And now with their torn and tattered banners sweetly kissing the breezes of heaven, under the soul-stirring strains of Dixie and the Rebel yell rending the air as though it heard its echo from the very portals of heaven, these glorious, courageous heroes moved forward to a storm of shot and shell.

Over the two first lines of works they leap like deer in a gallop, but when they charged the last line began the greatest human slaughter of the war considering the time and numbers engaged. Verily it was a butcher pen in which human blood and human brains crimsoned the sod of that historic ground. Night did not end the terrible slaughter. They fought hand to hand in and across breastworks on several hundred yards and the blood ceased to flow only when hearts ceased to throb. We had five generals killed on the field. General Cleburne and his horse were killed on the very top of the works; some companies had scarcely a corporal's guard left alive.

After 12 o'clock I heard General Hood order his corps commanders to put every cannon they had in position, fire one hundred rounds to each piece at break of day and then move forward; that he intended to take the place if it cost his own life and that of every man in the army.

Schofield retreated before daylight and after burying the dead of both armies we advanced upon Nashville and stopped within a few miles of the city limits and made a strong line of breastworks.

On the morning of December 15th, Schofield having been heavily reinforced (I believe by Thomas, their combined forces at the time said to be 75,000), attacked us in great force. We held our lines unbroken throughout the day; time and again hurling back the overwhelming numbers with great

slaughter. Night ended the battle and we withdrew about a mile and made another line of breastworks. At 9 o'clock, the 16th, Thomas attacked again, apparently with greater numbers than the day before, with seven lines of battle deep at some places, only to be driven back. About sunset countless thousands massed in front of Bates' position, broke his line and in the twinkling of an eye Hood's army melted away like mist before the morning sun and had "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,—the school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

Soon after this crushing defeat, General Joseph E. Johnston was again in command of the Army of Tennessee and reorganizing the remnant left from Hood's defeat was ordered to North Carolina to meet and combat Tecumseh Sherman to whom he surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. A few days before the surrender, one of our company who went with General Stephen D. Lee to Sherman's headquarters (then capitulating for a surrender) brought the news of Lincoln's assassination. I bet him \$500 to \$20 that it was a lie. We put up the money and he took it down and it was the only bet I ever made that I was glad I lost.

A very short time after Johnston's surrender, our entire forces west of the Mississippi surrendered, and thus ended the civil war between the South and North—the grandest drama of the countless ages—the wonder and admiration of the civilized

world, and the last gun fired in the Civil War east of the Mississippi River was fired in Columbus, Ga., April 16, 1865, where it caught the sweet music of the roaring waters of our beautiful, majestic Chattahoochee River.

“LET THE CONQUERED BANNER WAVE.”

The following poem, “Let the Conquered Banner Wave,” was written by James Anderson, of Holyoke, Mass., who was so much interested in the Confederate memorial calendar published by Whitlock’s that he wrote for several copies and it is said that the poem was largely inspired by the memorial itself.

“Let the Conquered Banner Wave,” written by a Northerner, was read by him before a Confederate Veterans’ Reunion at Petersburg, Va., and was published in the *Confederate Veteran*, of Nashville, Tenn., and has excited much favorable comment throughout the South.

The poem follows:

Why furl it and fold it and put it away,  
 The Banner that proudly waved over the Gray?  
 It has not a blemish, it shows not a stain,  
 Though it waved over fields where thousands were slain.  
 O, why should we furl it and put it away?  
 It’s loved and respected by the Blue and the Gray.

They fought for a cause they thought was just,  
 And this Banner they loved was trailed in the dust.  
 Their fight was lost and their hopes are dead,  
 And another flag waves proud o’er their head;  
 But still in their memory without boast or brag,  
 Wound around their hearts is this bonnie blue flag.

So unfurl that Banner; don't lay it away.  
 There is but one country—it's both Blue and Gray—  
 Just one united land for us all.  
 Each willing and ready to answer the call;  
 But no land on earth, no history can say  
 That braver men lived than those of the Gray.

Don't furl it and fold it and put it away.  
 Let our sons and daughters gaze on it and say:  
 " 'Twill live on forever in story and song.  
 Brave men fought for it; they may have been wrong;  
 But they fought for it gladly, heroes and brave,  
 And the bonnie blue flag waves over their grave."

So unfurl the old Banner; let it float in the air;  
 Let all the old veterans salute it up there.  
 Though their cause it was lost, they were men tried and true,  
 And they loved their old Banner so bonnie and blue.  
 Now here's to old Dixie, the land of the brave:  
 "All hail to the bonnie blue flag; let it wave!"

On the night of April 24, 1865, Gunby Jordan, Ches Howard and I, and several more of the Nelson Rangers, left Greensboro, N. C., intending to join General Kirby Smith's army west of the Mississippi River. Within a few days he surrendered, and with his surrender the war ended. I have never surrendered, been paroled or taken any oath of allegiance to this *Yankee Doodle-ized U. S. Government*. Except myself, I have never known or heard of anyone in either army who is entitled to a pension and has never drawn it, and did that pension of sixty dollars annually amount to thousands of dollars I would still dedicate it to the deathless love and sweet memories of the hallowed and righteous cause for which dear old Dixie heroically fought and gloriously died.

I arrived home May 6, 1865, having swum nearly every river from Greensboro, N. C., to Columbus, Ga. As I reached the gate beyond which stood the beautiful home, a flood of sweet, fond, tender memories swept over me. In a few minutes I clasped my dear wife in loving embrace as she "sobbed aloud in the fullness of her heart" and with many a fond kiss, I knew that bright beautiful May morn greeted no two mortals on earth with more pure joy and true, unalloyed happiness than it greeted that husband and wife. Yes, "She is mine own, and I am as rich in having such a jewel, as twenty seas, if all their sand were pearls, the water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile for those who hate,  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate;  
Though the ocean roar around me,  
Yet it still shall bear me on;  
Though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won."

In August 1865, my wife and I moved into a home on the Talbotton Road about five miles east of the city where I conducted a dairy and vegetable farm until the fall of 1869. In 1866 I was appointed deputy sheriff of Muscogee County. At that time a non-resident of Georgia, owing money to a resident of this State, could be arrested under a bail writ and required to make bond with security for the



payment of the money, upon failure of which, he was confined in the County jail. Under the law, any officer after making an arrest and who failed to get the money or bond with security for the payment of the money due by the defendant, or who failed to confine the defendant in jail, became individually responsible for payment in full of the money due by the defendant. A short time after my appointment, I arrested in Columbus one Eggenweiler, a citizen of Girard, Ala., under a bail writ for \$500.00 due a citizen of Columbus. Upon serving the writ, Eggenweiler asked me what he had to do, to which I replied: "Pay the money or make bond with security or go to jail," and he replied, "I no pay de money, I no go to jail, but I send for mine wife and we see about dot udder bisness." Pretty soon his wife came; they asked for a private chat, which I readily granted, suspecting nothing. They retired to the rear room, closing the door behind them. After waiting for sometime I opened the door, and there alone in her glory sat the wife, the husband was very conspicuous for his, to me, very painful absence. I asked her where her husband was, and she said, "O, he gone home." I then said to her, "You tell him that if he does not bring me an approved bond this evening, I will come for him to-morrow morning." "Yes, I tell him," she said, "but I know he no come." The next morning I got a hack, and with two friends to assist me, I went to

his brewery, took him and locked him up in our jail. Not long after a lawyer met me and thusly accosted me: "Howard, do you know you have committed the very serious crime of kidnapping, the penalty for which is a long sentence in the Alabama State Penitentiary?" "I recognize the fact," I answered, and upon which he said: "I don't want to be hard on you, and make you this proposition; you pay the \$500.00 and that will satisfactorily end the matter." I replied, "To hell with your proposition; I wouldn't give you a single penny." A short time after that the sheriff of Russell County, Ala., J. T. Holland, served me with a legal requisition, from the Governor of Alabama, upon the Governor of Georgia, to be tried in Alabama under the charge of kidnapping. Sheriff Holland required no bond of me, telling me to report to him at Crawford, County seat of Russell County, upon the assembling of the first session of Court thereafter, which I did. When the case was called the State announced "Ready," and without lawyer or witness, I announced "Ready," upon which Judge Robert Dougherty instructed the Solicitor, or Judge J. H. McDonald, to *nol-pros* the case. So much for being arraigned before a just, upright judge, who rebuked the would-be thief, and the Dutchman paid the \$500.00 and I never answered "Here" at the roll-call of the Alabama Penitentiary.

My father died February 1, 1867, admired, respected and loved by everyone who knew him and I know of no higher compliment ever paid truer manhood than paid by a Judge of the Superior Court in Houston County, Ga., in a case tried before a jury in his Court, in which the testimony on both sides considerably conflicted. A witness on the stand was asked by the Judge what he knew of the case, and replied: "All that I know of the case is that I heard Augustus Howard say that he would swear to such and such facts bearing on the case (repeating the words). The Judge allowed what my father would have sworn to, had he been present to go before the jury, as evidence and it made the verdict. Of course, no such testimony would be admitted in these days to go to a jury. The above facts were given to me many years ago by my uncle, Joseph W. Wimberly (a brother of my mother), who died several years ago in Houston County.

When General John B. Hood and his wife died in New Orleans, leaving eleven children, friends of the family selected a committee of friends to find homes with good people for these fatherless and motherless children. One of this committee was John A. Campbell, a former Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He and my father had been true friends in their early manhood. My sister, Mrs. M. E. Joseph, of this city, went to New Orleans and applied for the tender babe. On being presented to

Judge Campbell, he told her he would require undoubted reference before he would give any of the children to anyone. He then asked her where she lived. Being answered "Columbus, Ga.," the next question was: "What was your maiden name?" My sister replied "Howard." "Any relation to Augustus Howard?" "A daughter," was the reply; upon which he said: "Mrs. Joseph, I require no other reference; the baby is yours." She brought the dear baby home with her and ere many moons had waxed and waned the sweet tender bud was blighted to blossom in a purer clime, and on the marble slab that marks its last place of rest in the silent city of the dead, where sleep six generations of my family, is inscribed "Gertrude Hood Joseph—adopted daughter of M. and M. E. Joseph."

Now and then the far distant future reveals actual realities never thought or dreamed of in the misty past. For instance, when the gallant Hood with one leg buried in Virginia, one arm hanging useless at his side, grandly graced the saddle on his war steed and fearlessly faced Sherman in Atlanta (July 1864), when he with 100,000 Federal soldiers and 300 cannon was thundering at her gates, there in the ranks was a private soldier, brother of the grand, glorious woman who afterwards became the foster mother of this beautiful, fatherless, motherless babe.

“Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate;  
All but page prescribed their present state  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;  
Or who could suffer here below;  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?  
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,  
That each man fill the circle marked by Heaven;  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
And a bubble burst and now a world!”

In October 1869, I bought a farm near what is now known as Wende, in Russell County, Ala. On account of my wife's health I moved back to Columbus in 1874. I distributed tickets at every polling place in the County in 1876, with the name of R. B. Hayes for President and Wheeler for Vice-President at the head of the ticket, the names of Seymour and Blair electors immediately under. The monumental theft and gigantic fraud of that election has its place in the infamous history of this Government.

In 1877, I moved to Apalachicola, Fla., but on account of the continued ill health of my wife I moved, in 1878, to Boone County, Ky., and taught school there until October 1880, and there my wife and I took from the cradle a beautiful motherless girl babe, whose father was a gallant Confederate soldier, and legally adopted her as our own daughter.

I have never regretted the act. That babe developed into a true type of noble womanhood; the mother of five beautiful daughters. A father never loved an own child more fondly than I have loved her; a child never loved an own father more than she has loved me. Verily she has ever been a bright sparkling sunbeam in my life and has never cast one dark shadow on my pathway of life.

With a party of about thirty from Columbus, I left Louisville, Ky., June 6, 1877, on the steamer G. Gunby Jordan, bound for Columbus. We had the trip of our lives; played Bunco and Pedro day and night during the entire trip. We adopted the rule that the only betting done should be for drinks and those drinks should be neither river or sea water. Before reaching New Orleans, we decided that we would administer "*Vi et Armis*," a concoction of Kentucky Mountain Dew, to the only teetotaler of the party, I. L. Pollard, so that he could properly combobulate on his complivity, so we held him and with a funnel gave the prescription, upon which the teetotaler said the remedy was worse than the disease and declared "war to the knife" and the knife to the hilt against the party; however, believing that discretion was the better part of valor, knowing that he could not successfully cope with twenty-nine brave, courageous spirits, decided that of the two evils, wisdom demanded that he should choose the least, made peace, publicly announcing

that "All's well that ends well." Upon arrival at New Orleans, about half the party took the train to Columbus. We remained in Santa Rosa Sound near Pensacola, Fla., eight days for favorable winds and tides to reach Apalachicola. Near Pensacola, Bill Martiniere shaved me and made a miscue with malace-aforethought and cut me so I bled quite freely, and soon there was found in a pool of my blood a huge dead mosquito with his feet pointing upward and under his wings a piece of brickbat with which to whet his William, and it was a much discussed and mooted question among the boys whether that mosquito was drowned in my blood or died from smelling Mart's breath;—you pay your money and take your choice. Dear old Mart, generous to a fault, he carried his heart in one hand and his purse in the other and lived and died with "Love for all and malice for none."

"Green be the turf above him,  
Friend of my early days;  
None knew him but to love him,  
None spoke of him but to praise."

We arrived at Columbus July 4th, and at least half of the party have passed to "that bourne from whence no traveler returneth."

A few days before the presidential election between Hancock and Garfield, November 1880, I bought a farm near Loveland, Ohio, twenty miles from Cincinnati. I boarded for a short time in a

large hotel filled with Republicans, both men and women, some of them very clever and conservative; others bitter haters and vile traducers of the South. Among the latter was a school-marm, Miss Williams. Within a few days I met her on the street on her way home; it was raining and I handed her my umbrella. She accepted it and said, "Mr. Howard, you are the only gentleman who has ever taken the umbrella from over his own head in the rain and put it over mine, but I suppose I must attribute it to your extreme Southern chivalry;" to which I replied, "Miss Williams, you may attribute it to whatsoever you please, but your men in this section have no conception of what is due woman." I then told her that during the entire war, whenever I was in Yankee territory, I would take my hat off, throw it on the ground and make my horse step on it, if I saw a Yankee woman's petticoat hanging on a clothes line a mile from the road. That very morning she told me, at a full breakfast table, that she hated me and everybody and everything in the South, that they killed her two brothers in the same battle. Asking what battle, she told me, and having been in the same battle I was just mean enough to tell her that I might have killed one or both of her brothers; that I was there, shooting to kill, as fast as I could load. Doubtless her innermost thought was, "Too much South has made you mad and you persuade me to believe that you are a devil."



Garfield was elected, and if the Republicans could have crowed me to death that morning they would have had me barbecued for dinner. I told them I had just moved from the South to Christianize the heathen of Doodledom; that "he laughs best who laughs last;" that four years from that very morning the laugh would be on my side. A prophet sometimes has honor in his own country. And sure enough, in 1884, I sent the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun* the following telegram for which I paid \$7.50:

(From Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, Sunday morning, November 9, 1884.)

PAINTING OHIO RED.

LOVELAND, O., Nov. 8, —"Keno!" The cat has jumped our way at last, giving us high, low, gift, jack and the game. Everything is lovely; the goose hangs high; the bottom rail is on top; wings seven feet long and sailing in regions of Democratic bliss. We "paint Ohio red" to-night. I am feeling so good I just taste myself sweeter than sugar. The Democratic procession has assumed enormous proportions and will reach Washington March 4th and keep marching on through four years of honest government and lower taxation. The bloody shirt is buried forever. There is no use moralizing, the bold facts are that not even the highly moral Republican Party can shake his immaculate shirts at immorality and behind them elect a white-headed old thief. The Republicans now have time to read over what they intended to do and reflect on how they did it.

R. M. HOWARD.

I lived in Ohio nine years, made many true friends (both men and women), and was prevailed on by friends during the last year of my residence there to

offer for school trustee of my township. A near-by neighbor and Federal soldier opposed me on the plea that I was a Rebel soldier. I did not ask a man in the township to vote for me, did not go to the polls the day of the election, and defeated my opponent by a large majority. I won \$30.00 from a rantank-erous Republican named Eveland on Cleveland's election for President in 1884, offered to double the bet with him on Cleveland when Harrison defeated him in 1888. I left Ohio in 1889 and Eveland was sick and sore over the \$30.00 I did win and the \$60.00 he didn't win.

I left Cincinnati the night of October 14, 1889, for Columbus, Ga., with the dead body of my wife. At the same time another casket was placed in the same car. The next morning about sun-up our train was flagged down on account of a wrecked freight train just ahead of us. Pretty soon a gentleman approached me and said: "I want to tell you the strangest coincidence you ever heard of. I am a major in the United States Army, stationed in the far Northwest. My family live in Macon, Ga. One year ago I visited there, and on reaching them I found my wife rapidly sinking from consumption. I took her to Savannah at once, and from there to New York on steamer, visiting several large Eastern cities and then took her to my post on the frontier. After the lapse of four months from the time I left Macon, I realized she was rapidly approaching the

end and left for home immediately. On reaching Cincinnati I stopped at the Grand Hotel; had a physician summoned and five minutes after reaching the room she was dead. I had her body prepared for burial by our undertaker and left Cincinnati on the 8:30 p. m. train for Macon. About sun-up the next morning the train was flagged down. Now, that is the one part of the coincidence. Four months ago on visiting my family again I found my oldest daughter in the same condition of her mother of the previous year; took her on the identical trip of her mother. On reaching Cincinnati I took her to the same hotel, same room occupied by her mother, summoned the same physician, and when he reached the room she was dead. I had the body prepared for burial by the same undertaker, left Cincinnati on the 8:30 p. m. train, for Macon and we are flagged down at the very same spot and at the very same hour in which the train was flagged down on account of a wrecked freight train just one year ago."

"Too curious man, why does thou seek to know  
Events, which good or ill, foreknown are woe;  
The allseeing power that made thee mortal gave  
Thee everything a mortal state should have;  
Foreknowledge only is enjoyed by heaven;  
And for his peace of mind, to man forbidden;  
Wretched were life, if he foreknew his doom;  
Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no room,  
And griefs assured are felt before they come."

Should you ask me why these coincidences as above related, I reply truly: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

A few days after the death of President Jefferson Davis in December, 1889, Col. Shepherd and I raised in dollar subscriptions for his family more than six hundred dollars. Ever since then I have been on many different committees to solicit money for various purposes. On all such occasions, my old friend J. Rhodes Browne was my man Friday, and whenever I asked him for a contribution he would ask how much I wanted from him. Whatever amount I named he always doubled, telling me when I got through soliciting for that particular object and needed more, to call again and he would respond. In the municipal election in 1897 there was a political ring that had dominated city politics for quite a number of years to such an extent that they had the city government entirely in their own control. The people demanded a change; rose in their might and power, and after the most intense and heated municipal election I ever knew in Columbus, the ring was most signally defeated by the election of L. H. Chappell for Mayor with eight true, and equally good, progressive, conservative, practical aldermen. The former was honored with five consecutive terms for Mayor, amounting to ten years and voluntarily retired from office with the worthily earned plaudit: "Well done thou good and faithful

servant." I was one of a committee that raised five thousand dollars with which to clean out the Augean stable of municipal politics in this fair city of Columbus. As on all former occasions of similar import I called on my old friend Browne and asked for one hundred dollars. He gave me two hundred and fifty dollars, saying, "If that is not enough, come back again." In striking contrast was this with another wealthy man that I approached for the same object, who offered me one dollar. I told him to keep it as he needed it more than the committee did.

"O, cursed lust of gold; when for thy sake  
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;  
First starved in this, then damned in that to come."

## CHAPTER VII.

ANNUAL ORATION DELIVERED TO THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT THE REUNION HELD IN LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, IN MAY, 1911, BY DR. R. C. CAVE, OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

WHEN I was honored with the invitation to address the United Confederate Veterans to-day, I felt that, although sensible of the weight of years and distrustful of my ability, I could not refuse to do so, lest my refusal might seem to indicate a lack of sympathy with, and admiration for, the men who, in my estimation, rank with the bravest and best of those whose achievements have illumined the pages of history. I am glad that I have the privilege and honor of speaking to so many gray-haired men who, half a century ago, marched forth to battle in response to the call of the Confederacy; to so many of the Sons of Veterans, to whom the recollection of the deeds of their fathers should ever be an inspiration; and to so many of the fair daughters of Dixie, whose presence in this gathering reminds us of the beauty, the devotion and the splendid heroism of the women of the South.

Fellow-Veterans, the sun of our day is far past the zenith, and rapidly nearing the western horizon. In a few years at most we must "cross over the river"

and join the comrades who have pitched their tents in "the undiscovered country." But, while waiting for the summons to the reunion "over there," it is both pleasant and profitable to meet here, from time to time, and revive memories of the days when we fought under the loved banner which is

" \* \* \* wreathed around with glory  
And will live in song and story,  
Though its folds are in the dust."

The revival of such memories is, in a way, a renewal of our youth. It is like strong wine to the sluggish currents of our blood. It exhilarates us; and, in our exhilaration, we forget for a moment that time, with its toils and cares and disappointments and heart-aches, has robbed us of youthful vigor and activity. In fancy the fetters of age fall from us, and we are again young and strong, gallantly stepping to the strains of "Dixie," patiently and cheerfully enduring the hardships of the camp and the march, bravely facing the dangers of the field, and valiantly fighting for home and country and the right of self-government inherited from our fathers. And when we awake from this momentary fancy to face the stern realities of life, the memory of those days, refreshed and strengthened, lingers with us as an incentive to more courageous endeavor.

Those were days of brave men and brave deeds; men and deeds that crowned the South with glory, and that her people should ever hold among their

most sacred and cherished memories; men of heroic mold, actuated by the purest and loftiest patriotism and the most unselfish devotion to duty, who performed deeds of endurance and valor, such as thrill the heart of mankind with admiration.

To admire courage is a human instinct. Whether displayed where "the pestilence walketh in darkness" or where "the destruction wasteth at noon-day;" whether expressed in gentle ministrations of mercy where deadly and contagious fevers rage, or in deeds of daring done where contending armies meet in the rush and roar and shock of battle, dauntless courage touches an answering chord in all manly hearts, and true men everywhere bestow on it the meed of praise. It commands our respect and admiration, even when shown by those who are hostile to us. The heroic soul greets all heroes as kindred spirits, whether they fight by its side or level lance against it. Hence, the true and brave everywhere pay tribute to the valor of the soldiers of the Confederacy. The men who, for four years, unquailingly faced the might of the puissant North, and hurled back in defeat the splendidly-equipped and powerful armies sent to overwhelm them, challenge the admiration of mankind, and deserve to stand on a pedestal of renown side by side with the famed knights of story whose valorous deeds amazed the world.

But we should not forget that their valor alone cannot win for them the highest and fullest praise.



While the admiration of courage is instinctive, the condemnation of its display in support of injustice, oppression and wrong is also instinctive. The world esteems men, not only according to their courage, but also according to the cause in which it is exhibited. Mankind will not continue to hold even the bravest in honorable and loving remembrance if their bravery is tainted with disloyalty and treason.

Hence, if we would hand the memory of the soldiers of the Confederacy down to posterity, so that their descendants may think of them without a tinge of shame—if we would have future generations give them praise unmixed with blame, instead of acquiescing in misrepresentations of their motives and actions—we must maintain, and teach our children to maintain, that they were not only courageous, but courageous in a just and righteous cause.

They failed; but I do not, like many, accept their failure as proof of the unrighteousness of the cause for which they fought. 'Tis said, "*Thrice* armed is he who hath his quarrel just;" and, had the odds against them been only three to one, I have not a doubt that the Stars and Stripes, instead of the Stars and Bars, would have gone down in defeat. But the odds against them were more than four to one in men, and incalculably great in all the means of waging war; and the fact that they could not prevail against such odds is no sign that they were fighting against God and the right. We read in the Book of Judges that

“the Lord was with Judah,” but he “could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron;” and we thus have Scriptural authority for saying that, with overwhelming odds arrayed against them, men may fail, even when the Lord is with them and the right is on their side.

As I said on a former occasion, “I am not one of those who, clinging to the old superstition that the will of Heaven is revealed in the immediate results of trial by combat, fancy that right must always be on the side of the conqueror, and speak of Appomattox as a judgment of God. I do not forget that a Suwaroff triumphed and a Kosciusko fell; that a Nero wielded the scepter of empire and a Paul was beheaded; that a Herod was crowned and a Christ was crucified; and, instead of accepting the defeat of the South as a Divine verdict against her, I regard it as but another instance of truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne.”

In the nature of things, the arbitrament of war can not determine the righteousness of any cause. Victory can not change wrong into right, and defeat can not change right into wrong. War changes conditions; it can not possibly change principles. And while I accept the changed conditions brought about by the war between the sections, I hold that, as to the principles involved in that war,

“Blue is blue and Gray is gray,  
And will be so till the judgment day;”

and that the Gray represented the principles on which the Union, as formed by the fathers, was founded.

I am aware that many think this should be said, if said at all, with bated breath and in the softest of whispers. Some of them tell us that all discussion of matters pertaining to the war should be avoided as wicked, because it may excite sectional bitterness and hate. If any embers of sectional hate and bitterness, which the breath of free discussion can fan into a flame, still smolder in the hearts of either Northerners or Southerners, I sincerely deplore it. I most earnestly desire to see the people of both sections ruled by the spirit of fraternity and harmoniously working together for the welfare of our common country; but I do not think the men of the South should be asked, or expected, to sacrifice the truth of history, and go down to posterity branded as rebels and traitors to secure that end.

Others tell us that any reference to these old questions is inexpedient, because it may prevent Northern capitalists from investing in the South, and prove detrimental to business. To my mind this is absurd. As a rule, the investments of Northern capital never have been, are not, and never will be, influenced by sentiment. The men of the North, as a class, put their money where they think it will yield them the surest and largest profits. In the war of 1812, the people of New England loaned their money to Great Britain rather than to their own Government, which

was sorely in need of financial aid. If the South can offer to Northern capitalists investments which they think will yield them larger returns than they can get elsewhere, she will get their money, regardless of what her people may think or say about the war.

But, even if this were not so, I think we must have lost the manhood which made the Old South glorious, if we are willing to suppress the truth necessary to our vindication for the sake of gain, and are ready to

“\* \* \* bend the pliant hinges of the knee,  
That thrift may follow fawning.”

But it is said that questions pertaining to the war belong to the past, and we should give our attention to things of the present — that “we have no Divine call to stand guard over the grave of dead issues.” On this point let me say that, while those old issues may be dead politically, they are not yet quite dead historically, and we are called by all the promptings of honor to see to it that they shall not die and be buried historically until they can be entombed consistently with truth, and with the fair fame of the land we love.

And, if these questions really belong to the past, why may they not be discussed as freely as we discuss other past events? Since the beginning of the war between the sections fifty years have come and gone, bringing with them new issues and new interests, cooling the fires of sectional passion, healing sectional dissensions, and tending to restore peace and

fraternity between the people of the North and the people of the South. Since then men who wore the Gray have stood in line of battle shoulder to shoulder with those who wore the Blue, and fought under the Stars and Stripes as bravely as they did under the Starry Cross. Of those who marched to battle then, whether wearing Blue or Gray, all, save an age-enfeebled remnant, are sleeping the sleep from which "no sound can awake them to glory again." New men, most of them too young to have taken part in the war, and many of them unborn when it closed, have come to the front, and are directing the affairs of the nation. And surely now, half a century afterwards, when all the bitter animosities engendered by what was then said and done have been, or ought to have been, long since buried, there can be no impropriety in recalling some of the events of that time, and stating facts which bring into prominence the real cause of the South's withdrawal from the Union, and justify the action of her people.

And I believe it to be the duty of every Southern man to do what he can to set forth these facts, and impress them on the minds of the new generation.

We stand charged at the bar of History with the crime of treasonably attempting to overthrow the best Government that the world ever saw in order to perpetuate human slavery; and if we refuse to make any defense the future will adjudge us guilty and consign us to infamy. The South can not refuse to

plead her cause — can not acquiesce in the misrepresentations of so-called history, written by men who have either misunderstood or wilfully defamed her— without proving false to herself, false to the great statesmen and military leaders who guided her to glory in the past, and false to those indomitable heroes who, with no hope of reward save such as might be found in the consciousness of duty well and faithfully done, shouldered their muskets in answer to her call, and, on the field of battle, sealed their devotion to her cause with their blood.

Bear with me, then, while, in justification of the action of the men of the South, I endeavor to briefly indicate the real issue in controversy which led to secession and war.

However it may have been overshadowed and obscured by subordinate matters, the real question in that controversy was: Shall this country be governed by the Constitution as construed by the men who framed it, by the States that ratified it, by the ablest jurists in the country, both North and South, and by the highest judicial tribunal in the land? The notion that the Southern States seceded and fought for the extension and perpetuation of slavery has no foundation in fact. “This whole subject of slavery, in any and every view of it,” said Mr. Stephens, “was, to the seceding States, but a drop in the ocean compared with other considerations involved in the issue.” Slavery was a matter of com-

paratively minor importance, the controversy about which brought to the front the far more important question of fidelity to the Constitution. In the debate on the Nebraska Bill, Senator Douglas, speaking of the slavery agitation, said: "It has always arisen from one and the same cause. Whenever that cause has been removed, the agitation has ceased; and whenever that cause has been renewed, the agitation has sprung into existence. That cause is, and ever has been, the attempt on the part of Congress to interfere with the question of slavery in the Territories and new States formed therefrom. Is it not wise, then, to confine our action within the sphere of our legitimate duties, and leave this vexed question to take care of itself in each State and Territory in conformity to the forms and in subjection to the provisions of the Constitution?"

Mr. Douglas stated the case truly. The sole cause of the controversy about slavery, in the councils of the nation, was the attempt of Congress to go beyond the sphere of its legitimate duties and interfere with the question. The controversy was not about slavery itself—not whether it was right or wrong, not whether it ought or ought not to be abolished or restricted—but about whether Congress should exceed the powers which the Constitution granted to that body, and legislate against it.

As the Constitution did not give Congress the authority to legislate against slavery, the anti-

slavery party, through its representative men, decried that instrument as an immoral and pro-slavery compact, and declared the purpose to be governed by a so-called "higher law."

"The anti-slavery faction in the North," says Mr. Lunt, in his *Origin of the Late War*, "led by members of Congress from that quarter, by political and literary orators of every grade, and by the reverend clergy of most religious denominations, were determined that there should be no more slavery territory, —law or no law."

The chief exponent of that party's principles and purposes, said: "There is a law higher than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain. Slavery must be abolished, and we must do it." This was not merely a declaration of war against slavery; it was a declaration of war against Constitutional Government. It was a bold avowal of the purpose to set at naught the provisions of the Constitution, and run the Government according to that party's judgment of what ought to be done, which was presumptuously called "a law higher than the Constitution."

This higher-law doctrine of Mr. Seward, as an eminent Northern jurist testifies, "was adopted, avowed and acted upon by his party with almost entire unanimity, whenever and wherever they found their wishes opposed by a Constitutional interdict. By him and by them the old notion



that the law of the land ought to be obeyed was scoffed at."

The party's candidate for the Presidency was committed to this doctrine. In a speech made in Boston in the summer of 1860, Mr. Seward declared that "the people's standard-bearer, Abraham Lincoln, confessed the obligations of the higher law;" and predicted the speedy and "triumphant inauguration of this policy into the Government of the United States."

In the North the provision of the Constitution for the rendition of fugitive slaves was indignantly repudiated, not only by public gatherings wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by the appeals of impassioned orators, but by deliberative bodies assembled to calmly legislate for the people. The legislatures of a majority of the Northern States enacted laws to prevent the execution of measures adopted by Congress to make that clause of the Constitution more effective, and thus deliberately violated the compact of Union, and set their judgment above the fundamental law. "It is a singular political Nemesis," says Dr. Curry, "that Nullification and Rebellion, as terms of reproach, should attach to the South, while the North has escaped any odium attaching to the terms, although she openly and successfully nullified the Constitution, and the flag of rebellion against the Federal Compact and Federal laws floated over half her capitols."

While the North thus flagrantly repudiated the Constitution, the men of the South were unswervingly loyal to it. They opposed its violation even to serve their own interests. This was illustrated in the United States Senate when Jefferson Davis opposed a resolution looking to the establishment of an armed force along the line separating the free and the slave States, to prevent any invasion of the latter by men from the former, and to make more effective the execution of the Fugitive Slave Laws. Mr. Davis firmly opposed this measure, which was intended to protect Southern interests and secure Southern rights, on the ground that it tended to confer on the Federal Government the power to compel the Northern States to fulfill their Constitutional obligations.

He said: "It is providing to carry on war against States; and, whether it be against Massachusetts or Missouri, it is equally objectionable to me; and I will resist it alike in the one case and in the other as subversive of the great principle on which our Government rests." The men of the South upheld the Constitution as the instrument in which the States had solemnly plighted their faith, each to the others, and the provisions of which could not be violated in any manner or degree without dishonor. They were called "Strict Constructionists," because they protested against any loose interpretation of it to justify party policies and expedient measures. They faithfully fulfilled every obligation which it imposed on

them, and urged its faithful observance by others as essential to the peace and prosperity of the country.

When the anti-slavery party had elected to the Presidency a man avowedly hostile to her interests, all that the South asked was to be assured that the authority of the Constitution would continue to be recognized, and that the Government would continue to be administered according to its provisions. This assurance she could not get. On this point the testimony of Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, in regard to an interview which he had with Mr. Seward, is conclusive. Mr. Seward was the recognized leader of his party, was slated for the head of the State Department under its rule, and was generally supposed to be the man who, "with law in his voice and honor in his hand," would shape its policy. To him Judge Black went, at the request of Southern men, to see if he would not give them some ground on which they could stand in the Union with safety. An account of their interview is given by Judge Black in an open letter to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, published in 1874. He says:

"Many propositions were discussed, and rejected as being either impracticable or likely to prove useless, before I told him what I felt perfectly sure would stop all controversy at once and forever. I proposed that he should simply pledge himself and the incoming administration to govern according to the Constitution, and upon every disputed point of

Constitutional law to accept that exposition of it which had been, or might be, given by the judicial authorities. He started at this, became excited, and violently declared he would do no such thing."

This was the real issue, clearly and sharply defined — the issue to which slavery, and every other question, was subordinate. The South only asked to be assured that the country would be governed according to the Constitution as expounded by the judicial authorities; the chief exponent of the purposes of the party about to take the reins of government refused to pledge himself and the incoming administration to so govern, even when assured that such a pledge would settle all trouble at once and forever.

The South was dominated by the principle of law and order — the principle of conformity to the lawfully-established order, and the remedy of wrongs in a lawful way; the North was dominated by what Wendell Phillips called the "Puritan Principle" — the principle of which he saw a glorious exemplar in the "hero-saint" who, at Harper's Ferry, "flung himself against the law and order of his time," and attempted to carry insurrection, outrage and murder into the peaceful homes of Virginia — the principle of those whose motto, as Mr. Phillips declared, was not "Law and Order," but "God and Justice," and who, in all their history, never hesitated to trample law and order in the dust to compel others to con-

form to their notions of God and justice. The claim of the South was : The Constitution must be obeyed. Wherein it may be found wrong, amend it in the lawfully-prescribed way ; but, until it is thus amended, its provisions, as they stand, must be faithfully carried out. The claim of the dominant party in the North, as voiced by Mr. Seward, was : “There is a law higher than the Constitution;” and, wherein the Constitution conflicts with that higher law, its provisions must be set at naught.

The statesmen of the South reasoned that, if the provision of the Constitution in regard to slavery could be rightly violated on the ground of a so-called higher law, its other provisions could, with equal right, be violated on the same ground ; that all Constitutional guaranties and safeguards would thus be rendered worthless ; and that, instead of a Government acting as the agent of sovereign States, and having its powers clearly defined by the Constitution, we would thus come to have a Government defining its own powers, exercising sovereignty over the States, and doing whatever it might judge to be necessary, expedient or right.

Hence, when it became clearly evident that the party elected to power intended to administer the Government on this higher-law theory, the Southern people felt that, in order to preserve the Constitutional Government inherited from their fathers, and hand it down unimpaired as a heritage to their chil-

dren, they must, in their capacity as sovereign States, resume the powers delegated to the Federal Government, and form a new Union with the old Constitution as its organic law.

My own State, the Old Dominion, clinging to the hope that, in spite of fanaticism, Constitutional Government might still be preserved in the old Union, did not at first join the seceding States; but, when the unlawful course pursued by the President showed that this hope was vain, she, as an English writer has said, “renounced her fellowship with the West, which owed to her its being; with the North, for which she had done and suffered more than all the Northern Colonies; and calmly, legally, decisively cast in her lot with the Southern Sisters, \* \* \* because with them lay the right as every man of whom America was proud had laid it down—the right defined by the pen of Jefferson, achieved by the sword of Washington, and maintained by Madison, Monroe, Randolph and Calhoun at the bar and in the Senate.”

Were these men disloyal? Were they rebels and traitors? Verily, nay.

Bear in mind, if you please, that the issue thus raised is politically as dead as the British tax on tea; and, hence, can not possibly involve any question of loyalty to the existing Government. When the men of the South laid down their arms, they accepted the results of the war in good faith. In good faith, some-

times under the most trying conditions, they have abided by them from that hour to this. They intend still to abide by them. The question, then, is not whether they are disloyal to the Government as it exists to-day, but whether they were disloyal to the Government as it was established by our fathers, and as it existed prior to 1861. It is a purely historical question; and I think the impartial historian must say that, if the war between the sections may properly be termed a war of rebellion, the rebels lived north of the Potomac. It was there that the doctrine of a law higher than the Constitution was enunciated; it was there that the Constitution was declared to be "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell;" it was there that fanatical reformers and ambitious politicians preached "disobedience to the Constitution as a duty, and contempt for it as a patriotic sentiment;" it was there that the people, in mass-meetings assembled, adopted resolutions pledging themselves to resist unto the uttermost any attempt to carry out the plain Constitutional provisions for the rendition of fugitive slaves—resolutions which their greatest statesman, Daniel Webster, declared to be "distinctly treasonable," and tantamount to "levying war against the Government;" it was there that State legislatures enacted laws to make that provision of the Constitution a nullity—laws which the statesmen of the South deemed important, not because they sheltered the

fugitive, but because they rejected the authority of the Constitution; it was there that the country's flag, when it stood for the carrying out of that provision of the Constitution, was spurned as a "flaunting lie" that should be torn down, and a "polluted rag" that should be permitted to insult no sunny sky; it was there, if anywhere, that the standard of rebellion was raised. The men of the South were absolutely loyal to the Government as it was organized and had been administered from the beginning. They were upholding the fundamental law of the land against the advocates of a new nationalism, who proposed to substitute their ideas of justice and right for that law.

When the Southern people became convinced that they must withdraw from the Union to preserve the Constitutional Government inherited from their fathers, they desired to do so peaceably; but President Lincoln, introducing the higher-law policy into the Government of the United States, as Mr. Seward had predicted that he would do, usurped the war-making power, and forced war upon them. That, in sending vessels of war to forcibly enter Charleston Harbor, which led to the bombardment of Sumter, and in afterwards calling out the militia, Mr. Lincoln did exceed the authority vested in the President, did usurp the war-making power, and did set his judgment of the needs of the hour above the law of the land, is unquestionable. On this point, permit me to



quote the testimony of two of the ablest and most eminent statesmen of the North. In 1832, when it was thought by some that the President would employ the military to enforce the laws in South Carolina, Daniel Webster, in a speech at Worcester, Massachusetts, said : “ For one, sir, I raise my voice beforehand against the unauthorized employment of the military, and against superseding the laws by an armed force, under pretense of putting down nullification. The President has no authority to blockade Charleston. The President has no authority to use the military until he shall be duly required so to do by law, and by the civil authorities. His duty is to support the civil authority. His duty is, if the laws be resisted, to employ the military force of the country, if necessary, for their support and execution; but to do all this in compliance only with law, and with decisions of the tribunals.” In March, 1861, Senator Douglas, in a speech defining the power of the President to use the military to enforce the laws of the United States, said : “ The military can not be used in any case whatever, except in aid of civil process to assist the Marshal to execute a writ.”

That Mr. Webster and Mr. Douglas understood and correctly stated the law in the case, can not be denied. Yet, while the President had no lawful authority to use the military except in “ compliance with decisions of the tribunals,” as Mr. Webster declared, and except “ in aid of civil process to assist

the Marshal to execute a writ," as Mr. Douglas declared, President Lincoln, without waiting for the decision of any tribunal, without any civil process, without any writ or any Marshal in all the South to execute it, called for 75,000 men to invade the South and put down an alleged insurrection. He thus violated the law which his oath of office required him to support, and, assuming the power of an autocrat, made his judgment and will the law of the land.

But for this unlawful procedure it is safe to say there would have been no war. This, by placing the Southern people in a position in which they were compelled to take up arms in self-defense, made war inevitable; and I hold that the responsibility for the war, with all the blood and treasure that it cost, and all the desolation and ruin that it wrought, justly rests upon Abraham Lincoln and his advisers.

That the men of the South, when war was thus forced upon them, fought valiantly, no one will deny. "Full in the front of war they stood," and displayed a gallantry so splendid — a courage so superb — that it gave a new and brighter luster to the annals of heroism. They were peerless soldiers — those poorly equipped, half-clad and less than half-fed men in gray, who so long held aloft the battle-flag of the South against such tremendous odds. Even Northern historians, in describing them, have been constrained to use such adjectives as "magnificent" and "incomparable," and every pæan to the Grand Army of

the Republic — every glorification of the two million eight hundred thousand Northern soldiers who were mustered into service to overwhelm the South — indirectly proclaims the greater glory of the six hundred thousand Southern soldiers whom it took them four years to overcome.

I do not mean to disparage the valor of the Northern soldiers. As an eye-witness I can testify to their courage. I honor the valor of the men who so stubbornly resisted the onslaughts of Lee's legions in the battles around Richmond; who threw themselves, with such reckless daring, against the almost impregnable Confederate position at Marye's Hill; who fought so fiercely at Chickamauga, and who charged so gallantly up the slope of Lookout Mountain. They were foemen worthy of any army's steel. But the fact remains that, in the war, the soldiers of the South won the larger measure of glory.

But, notwithstanding its justice and the valor of its defenders, the cause for which the South fought was lost. When thousands of her bravest and best had been swept down by the red blasts of war; when her ranks were so depleted that she could no longer muster men enough to form more than a skirmish line along the extended and doubly-manned front of the enemy; when her resources were so exhausted that she could no longer feed the remnant of her brave defenders; when her powers of resistance were so weakened that to prolong the struggle could be

only a vain and criminal sacrifice of life, the flag which her sons had borne to victory on so many fields, and wreathed with imperishable glory, was lowered in surrender.

But, as Confederate Veterans, we may still lift our heads and face the world without shame. We may still be proud of "The Great Confederate South," which we served, for—

"\* \* \* her dead died bravely for the right.

The folded flag is stainless still; the broken sword is bright;  
No blot is on her record found; no treason soils her fame."

And when her story is truthfully written, it will

"\* \* \* bear

This blazon to the last of times;  
No nation rose so white and fair,  
Or fell so pure of crimes."

When the Confederacy fell, the Republic formed by the Fathers and composed of sovereign States in Federation, perished. The States were robbed of their independence. In fact, if not in name, they ceased to be sovereign, and became subject provinces, whose people owe their highest political allegiance, not to them, but to a centralized national authority. They tell us that it is best; that the Government established by the Fathers, under which the States retained their sovereignty and were united by compact, served well enough in the beginning, but could not meet the demands of new conditions resulting from the country's growth; and that it was necessary to lose the sovereignty of the States in the

sovereignty of the nation, in order that we might become a great world-power and successfully compete with the kingdoms of the earth for political and commercial supremacy. It may be so; but I beseech you to pardon an old Confederate soldier, who is perhaps blinded by memories that sometimes fill his eyes with tears, if he can not see it so; and believing, as history teaches, that patriotism is most ardent and freedom most secure in small communities, would to-day rather have his own State as his crowned queen, and owe to her his highest political allegiance, than be a subject of the mightiest, richest and most glorious Empire that ever was or can be reared by the wisdom and power of man.

SELECTIONS FROM "SOME TRUTHS OF HISTORY"—  
A VINDICATION OF THE SOUTH AGAINST THE  
ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA AND OTHER MALIGN-  
ERS, BY THADDEUS K. OGLESBY.

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THE TWO SIDES.

In 1861 the American Union was composed of thirty-three States, joined in a voluntary political association, partnership, or government, styled "The United States of America." The people of eleven of these States, numbering about 5,000,000, having found that, under that government, their safety and happiness, their peace and tranquility, were constantly and seriously threatened, and disturbed instead of being secured, decided to institute a new government, one that to them seemed more likely than the existing one to effect their safety and happiness. In accordance with the principle enunciated by the Declaration of Independence, which I have quoted, they instituted such new government, which was styled "The Confederate States of America;" and, in defiance and subversion of that principle, the people of the other States of the Union, numbering about 22,000,000, said that the people of the eleven States did *not* have the right to institute a new government to secure their happi-

ness, and made war against the people of the eleven States to compel them to renounce and abolish the government of their choice and come back and remain under the government from which they had withdrawn because it had ceased to secure to them the ends for which it was instituted.

So it was that there came about the war between the States; eleven on one side, with 5,000,000 people, fighting *for* the principle of the Declaration of Independence on which the government of the United States was itself founded; and twenty-two on the other side, with 22,000,000 people, fighting *against* it. The 22,000,000 overcame the 5,000,000, after four years' fighting, and the barbarous treatment of Jefferson Davis was due, as I have said, to the fact that he was the leader of the vanquished side. He was charged with having committed treason against the twenty-two States in joining the eleven States in their struggle to maintain the principle of the Declaration of Independence, but as, in doing so, he acted in conformity to the will and in obedience to the call of his own State, and as one State cannot commit treason against another State, the absurdity of the charge is apparent. Every well-informed person knew that it had no foundation in law or in fact. Unless the State of Mississippi could be lawfully convicted of treason against coequal, associate States, Jefferson Davis, a citizen of that State, could not be lawfully convicted of treason for re-

maining loyal to Mississippi instead of transferring his allegiance to the States that were making war on her.

WOULD NEVER TRY HIM.

At the end of an imprisonment of two years, Mr. Davis was released on bail, the bond being \$100,000, and his bondsmen were Horace Greely, Gerrit Smith and Cornelius Vanderbilt, all citizens of New York. He was never brought to trial for "treason" or anything else, though he eagerly wished and constantly urged a trial. The United States government would never put to the test of an investigation, in accordance with the Constitution and laws of the land, the question whether or not he had committed treason against that government. It was a test he greatly desired, and he was greatly disappointed at the government's declining it. Had he been tried for treason the issue presented to the Supreme Court of the United States would have been precisely the same which was argued by Calhoun and Webster, precisely the same which was fought by Lee and Grant. That issue required an answer to the question: Did the States have a right to secede? For if the States had no right to secede, Jefferson Davis was a traitor. If they had a right to secede, he was a patriot. This question the political heads of the government feared to submit to its own tribunal, well remembering that in the Dred Scott



decision that tribunal itself had placed the seal of constitutionality upon the principles for which the Southern statesmen and people stood. By the release, without trial, of Mr. Davis, the world was informed that the United States government feared to imperil in the courts of reason what it had gained on the field of battle, and the result was a judgment by default, against the United States, that whereas the right of secession now no longer exists, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the right of secession *did* exist, and Mr. Davis was not a traitor, but a patriot.

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The following extracts are from a pamphlet on The Destruction of Columbia, South Carolina, written and published in 1865, by the gifted and accomplished William Gilmore Simms, LL. D.:

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The destruction of Atlanta, the pillaging and burning of other towns of Georgia, and the subsequent devastation along the march of the Federal army through Georgia, gave sufficient earnest of the treatment to be anticipated by South Carolina should the same commander be permitted to make a like progress in our State.

Half naked people cowered from the winter under bush-tents in the thickets, under the eaves of houses, under the railroad sheds, and in old cars left them along the route. All these repeated the same story of suffering, violence, poverty, and nakedness. Habitation after habitation, village after village—one sending up its signal flames to the other, pre-saging for it the same fate—lighted the winter and midnight sky with crimson horrors.

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No language can describe, nor can any catalogue furnish an adequate detail of the wide-spread destruction of homes and property. Granaries were emptied, and where the grain was not carried off it was strewn to waste under the feet of the cavalry or consigned to the fire which consumed the dwelling. The negroes were robbed equally with the whites of food and clothing. The roads were covered with butchered cattle, hogs, mules and the costliest furniture. Valuable cabinets, rich pianos, were not only hewn to pieces, but bottles of ink, turpentine, oil, whatever could efface or destroy was employed to defile and ruin. Horses were ridden into the houses. People were forced from their beds to permit the search after hidden treasures.

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In a number of cases the guards provided for the citizens were among the most active plunderers; were quick to betray their trusts, abandon their

posts, and bring their comrades in to join in the general pillage. The most dexterous and adroit of these, it is the opinion of most persons, were chiefly Eastern men, or men of immediate Eastern origin.

But the reign of terror did not fairly begin till night. In some instances, where parties complained of the misrule and robbery, their guards said to them, with a chuckle: "This is nothing. Wait till to-night and you'll see h—l."

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The pistol to the bosom or head of woman, the patient mother, the trembling daughter, was the ordinary introduction to the demand: "Your gold, silver, watch, jewels!" They gave no time, allowed no pause or hesitation. It was in vain that the woman offered her keys, or proceeded to open drawer or wardrobe, or cabinet or trunk. It was dashed to pieces by axe or gun butt, with the cry, "We have a shorter way than that!" It was in vain that she pleaded to spare her furniture, and she would give up all its contents. All the precious things of a family; such as the heart loves to pore on in quiet hours when alone with memory—the dear miniature, the photograph, the portrait—these were dashed to pieces, crushed under foot, and the more the trembler pleaded for the object so precious, the more violent the rage which destroyed it.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I ATTENDED the Confederate Reunion at Houston Texas, in 1895 (since then Richmond, Va., Nashville, Tenn., Charleston, S. C., Dallas, Tex., New Orleans, La., Birmingham, Ala., Memphis, Tenn., and Mobile, Ala.) I never saw as grand an ovation given anyone on any occasion as was accorded to Winnie Davis, Daughter of the Confederacy, when presented on the stage by General Gordon, who appointed a Sergeant at Arms from each state to preserve order. I represented Georgia. The sight of Winnie created great enthusiasm and inspiration of the occasion, General Gordon vainly using his gavel and shouting that the Sergeants at Arms must keep order, to which I replied: "Nobody wants order as long as Winnie Davis is in sight."

"Around her shone the light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,  
And, oh, that eye was within itself a soul."

I was appointed by General S. D. Lee on his staff, and have followed him and his successors ever since. Bob Rutherford was at this reunion and owned the solid gold massive stirrups belonging to General

Santa Anna when he surrendered at the battle of San Jacinto in 1836, which gave to Texas her independence.

At the Richmond Reunion, in 1896, I had two charming sisters from Suffolk, Va., with me at the reception tendered the Veterans in an auditorium seating many thousands. On the stage was a choir of five hundred singing dear old familiar Southern melodies. My girls were on the two seats in front of me. When the band struck up "The Girl I Left behind Me" they stood up and, as those soul-stirring strains swept that immense audience into a vast sea of enthusiasm, one of the girls asked me the name of the tune. I replied, "'The Girl I Left behind Me,' but she has got before me." On the stage sat Corporal Tanner, who had recently raised several thousand dollars among his Northern friends and presented the entire amount to a Confederate Orphans' Home. At the proper time he hobbled to the front of the stage and delivered a grand address, pleading that the North and South clasp hands across the bloody chasm, forever bury the hatchet in a common grave in Lethe's dark waters and with one God, one country, one flag, live in love, peace and harmony until rolling years shall cease to move. He closed by saying that he thought he had the right to preach the funeral of nearly half of his dead body that was buried in the grand old State of Virginia. That night I had with me at the Jeffer-

son Hotel the battle flag of the Twelfth Georgia Regiment, under which seven color bearers were killed in the battle of Sharpsburg. A strikingly handsome woman approached and asked what flag that was; I gave her its history, upon which she said: "May I kiss it?" "Certainly," I replied, and tore off a small piece and pinned it on her. Of course that brought on more talk. She then told me she was Mrs. Spencer from South Carolina; that she had but one brother and his name was Moultrie Dwight and that he was severely wounded in the first battle of Manassas. I told her I knew what she said was true; that her brother was my file leader and that as he fell I and another comrade took him to the litter corps a short distance in the rear—another strange incidence that proves the old adage: "You can never tell what a day may bring forth" (as Mrs. Day said when she presented to her husband twin daughters).

My daughter was married to J. D. Burts, of Russell County, Ala., February 18, 1896. On August 7, 1897, a bright sunbeam cast its beautiful rays o'er their pathway and revealed to their happy gaze a daughter, who of course called for roof and rations. Her reasonable demands were immediately complied with. I promised the mother that starting with her birth I would give her a piece of silver on every birthday and every Christmas. I made the same promise for each of the four others that fol-





Grand Papa and his Bright Light No. 5.



lowed in succession. On the birth of the third daughter, I received the following telegram from Eufaula, Ala.:

“Spoons, spoons, spoons, spoons.

J. D. BURTS.”

That was all, and thusly I soliloquized: “Can it be possible that I have a quartet of grand-daughters in Eufaula all at one time?” There are now five of these bright sunbeams of my life, with eighty-two pieces of silver and it has well nigh broke me.

I farmed with my son-in-law in Russell County in 1898, made a short crop and sold it for three or four cents per pound and have been broke ever since.

I lived in Columbus the next two years, and my chief occupation was making love to my best girl who gave me the goose and married another fellow. How often it is the case that a woman surprises herself and her friends by making an unwise decision on entering the state of matrimony; often marrying in haste, seeking to repent at leisure when it is too late to remedy the mistake. “Nuff sed” on matrimony, specially when you ain’t married.

## CHAPTER IX.

[From Columbus, Ga., *Enquirer-Sun*, May 2, 1897.]

### ELOQUENT MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

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THE FULL TEXT OF THE SPLENDID EFFORT OF  
MR. ROBERT HOWARD.

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AS DELIVERED AT SPRINGER OPERA HOUSE.

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THE GALLANT OLD CONFEDERATE VETERAN MAKES  
A BOLD AND MANLY DEFENSE OF THE LOST  
CAUSE FOR WHICH THE SOUTHERN HEROES  
DIED.

THE memorial address for April 26th, 1897, was delivered at Springer Opera House, by Mr. Robert Howard, himself a brave and gallant Confederate Veteran. The exercises were beautiful and imposing, and the opera house was filled to its utmost capacity with interested spectators.

Hon. Thomas W. Grimes introduced the orator of the day, in the following brief, but well chosen remarks:

“Ladies of the Memorial Association, Ladies and Gentlemen: As the years roll down the cycle of

time, let these memorial occasions be observed so long as the rivers run to the sea and the clouds circle around our mountain tops. History furnishes no grander army of heroes than the brave Confederate soldiers who fought under the sacred folds of yonder flag. God bless it! As the gentle Cordelia said to King Lear, 'My love is more richer than my tongue.' They felt the shock of battle and clash of arms while following its fortunes, and when overpowered by numbers, no true soldier 'crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning.' They did more than this; they preserved their civilization. Such a soldier as this you find in the orator of this occasion, Mr. Robert Howard, whom, in behalf of the ladies of the Memorial Association, I now have the pleasure to introduce."

At the conclusion of Mr. Grimes' remarks Mr. Howard stepped forward and proceeded with the address as follows:

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Ladies of the Memorial Association, Ladies and Gentlemen: To the hallowed cause for which we have assembled, without arrogating anything to myself, am I indebted for this magnificent audience and its cordial greeting, and to you, noble women of the Ladies' Memorial Association of this city, I tender my heartfelt thanks for the high honor conferred upon me as your orator for the day, and I

trust you may have no cause for regret in your selection.

“It is not that Nature has shed o’er the scene  
 Her purest crystal and brightest of green,  
 ’Tis not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
 O! no—it is something more exquisite still.  
 ’Tis that friends, the beloved of my bosom are near,  
 Who make every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
 And who feel how the best charms of Nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.”

Standing, as it were, in the shadow of the home where these lips first lisped the word mother, I can truly say that for more than sixty years I have seen my life reflected from looks that I have loved, and still love, in Columbus. And now what means this sea of upturned faces, all aglow with animation and expectation, age with his wrinkles, burdens and cares; youth in her beauty, joys and smiles? The answer is in yon silent city of the dead where sleep the true, the brave. Time in his unerring flight has brought to us another sad anniversary, one commemorating the downfall of a cause we held nearer and dearer than life itself, and one for which we freely sacrificed all save honor, true manhood and noble womanhood. To-day we meet once more at the shrine of hallowed love to the memory of our dead heroes, the grandest, noblest army of martyrs the world has ever produced.

“On fame’s eternal camping ground  
 Their silent tents are spread,  
 And glory guards with solemn round  
 The bivouac of the dead.”

My theme will be of a cause though lost, still righteous, of arms whose brilliant achievements were and are yet the wonder and admiration of the age, of men, the Confederate dead and their surviving comrades, whose deeds of valor, whose love of country, whose devotion to duty, and whose dauntless courage find no parallel in the pages of history, either ancient or modern, and last, but by no means least, of the purest, noblest womanhood that ever graced God's creation—Dixie's peerless daughters.

'Tis true that the war, that is, the real conflict of arms, closed thirty-two years ago to-day, that the dead past has in a measure buried its dead, but the harrowing memories of the unholy and damnable crusade waged against us by a ruthless and implacable foe, the outrages and wrongs inflicted upon us during the war, and yet many fold increased since, still live, and I would not stultify myself by asking this audience to suffer these recollections to seek an everlasting burial in Lethe's dark waters with the lapse of thirty-two years; to do so would make me less than human and Divinity itself. The time has come when we should speak out in meeting and give in our experience among the brethren and sisters as they do in St. Luke\* when they think the devil is getting the best of the fight. Too long have we remained silent on such occasions as the present, and apart from what they have been taught from histories written by Northern partisans, the generation that

\*St. Luke Methodist Church in Columbus, Ga.

has come upon the scene since the conflict closed know nothing, comparatively speaking, of the grandest drama of modern times, the causes leading thereto, and what section of the country should be held responsible for the most unjust, most inhuman and most diabolical war that has ever been waged since the dawn of creation. Cicero, in an age long since past, wisely and truly said that "it is the first and fundamental law of history that it should neither dare to say anything that is false, or fear to say anything that is true, nor give any just suspicion of favor or disaffection." We of the South are willing to rest the merits of our case upon history in every manner conforming to this high standard and we say let the truth be told.

"Though the Heavens fall,  
And one eternal ruin swallow all,  
Vice for a time may shine and virtue sigh;  
But truth, like Heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal,  
And scourge or crown what darkness did conceal."

In lifting the veil from the past that you may gaze upon the dark and bloody pages, I do so in no spirit of hostility to the general government of which we are now a part, let it be understood from necessity, and not from choice. I would re-open no partially healed wounds to have them bleed afresh, and thus bleeding again become more painful, but that this generation may hear from an active participant in that gigantic struggle truths that

they have never as yet learned from the partial and utterly false histories that have been published from a Northern standpoint and taught in our schools. I shall "nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice," but will "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," and in so doing will state nothing but facts "as true as Holy Writ."

Before the first hostile gun fired in old Virginia, I was there at the front as a private Confederate soldier, waiting the advance of the insolent foe. When the last one fired in North Carolina I was there, still a soldier, and had the war continued until this present time and I had not been numbered among the slain, I would have been to-day with bared breast facing a Yankee battery, instead of standing before this irresistible one of beautiful sparkling eyes, and while I proved invulnerable to the former, a dart from the latter may yet pierce the vital part. According to Yankee parlance, I am an unreconstructed Rebel. I trust I may some day be resurrected and that in the beautiful Beyond I can say "all is well," but should I live until reconstructed as understood and enunciated by the masses of the North, and the little two for five demagogues and time serving sycophantic politicians of the South, seeking office and notoriety at the sacrifice of manhood by licking the hand that smites them, under the mock plea of policy, I will never die. I thank them for the appellation, unrecon-

structed Rebel! 'Tis sweet music to my ear, and the epithet being properly construed, means that I am just as different from them as light is from darkness, for if there are any two things on earth above all others that I would not be likened unto, they are war Yankees and Southern renegades. And of all stench-polluting creation, that emanating from a Southern renegade is to me the most loathsome. He stinks as he rots and he stinks as he rises. Here let me say that in discussing this subject my denunciations are intended and applicable only to the war element of the North, for there were during the war thousands of good men and noble women in that section, and there are yet equally as many. Ever and anon we see and hear of some little scalawag Uriah Heap, under the inspiration of mellow wine, prostituting manhood—someone else's, however, for he has none of his own—by pandering to Northern sentiment and fanaticism, actually humbling himself in the dust, saying to the North: "O! we are so glad you whipped us;" makes himself hoarse singing the praises and glories of the restored Union, loves the beauty and the grandeur of the stars and stripes that float "o'er the land of the free and the home" of the demagogue and office seeker, and says to "Old Glory:" "O, just let me touch your hem and I shall be saved—from hard work and get a fat job from the government." "All that glisters is not gold" nor is everything that



wears breeches a man. I do really pity the little pusillanimous goody-good Uriah Heaps; they are so very little that a whole team of them could play ball in a mustard seed, yet they feel as if they were of immense magnitude and huge preponderosity. Disturb not their sweet dreams lest you awaken them to the full realization of their utter nothingness. "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." "I would rather be a toad and feed on the vapors of a dungeon than such a one." I would sooner be a dog and bay the moon than grow and fatten at the sacrifice of manhood. From the bloodstained heights of Gettysburg on the East to the rolling plains of the far West, from the icicles of the Northern lakes to the orange blooms of Florida, are the graves of countless thousands who, wearing the gray, went early to their rest.

"The cock's shrill clamor and the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lonely bed;  
No children run to greet their sire's return,  
Nor climb his knee the envied kiss to share."

And why these premature graves? Why these widows who for more than thirty long, weary, dreary years have mourned for their loved ones who proudly, grandly, marched forth to battle to the sweet, familiar old strain of "The Girl I Left behind Me" and have never returned? Why these maimed, decrepit old veterans of many battles, struggling in their decline of life upon the ruins of their once

prosperous and happy country for a bare existence? Who is responsible for the blight with which our country has been cursed? "Shake not thy gory locks at me. Thou can'st not say I did it." For the answer go to Plymouth Rock where landed the old Mayflower. She was the Iliad of all our woes, the Pandora's box from which sprang all the ills and troubles with which this country has been afflicted. The seed there sown brought forth and developed in this country the same spirit that prompted the Puritans to leave old England and seek a home in New England. Their object in coming here was to do as they pleased and to make everybody else do the same. In their greed for gold in the course of time, against the wishes and earnest protest of the South they introduced African slavery in this country, which is well known was the primary cause of the late war between the two sections. When the original thirteen colonies, each as a sovereign state, formed a general government for mutual protection and benefit, slavery was recognized by the different states comprising the confederation, and was protected by each as well as by the general government. The slave trade was carried on exclusively by Northern men and Northern money. The very first vessel fitted out for the purpose was from Boston. Finally this trade by Southern votes in the National Congress was abolished and these sturdy old Puritans, being no longer able to steal with impunity their

brethren in Africa and sell them for shining gold to the South, and experience having convinced them that this labor could not be made profitable to them, concluded to quit the nigger business, and did so by selling out, "lock, stock and barrel, little, big, young and old," to the South. If there was ever one freed by a Puritan or any of his race I've never as yet heard of it. This "in a nutshell" is the history of the North upon the nigger question, until the birth of abolitionism, which was conceived of the devil, brought forth in iniquity and nurtured upon sectional hate and blind fanaticism. Upon this issue the two sections widely differed, the South only contending for and claiming that which was guaranteed to her under the original compact, the Constitution. For forty years she had for the sake of peace and harmony submitted to compromise after compromise in each of which her rights and liberties were more and more encroached upon. Beecher with his nigger mock auctions in his church, Horace Greeley daily thundering his Phillipics against the South, and her institutions—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Seward's *Irrepressible Conflict*, Helper's *Impending Crisis*, the pulpit with its false teachers and base preachers—all combined in their mad, reckless warfare upon the South, solidified the masses against her and made them more and more exacting in their fanatical demands. In vain did the South plead for conciliation and peace for the sake of the Union, to be

told that the "Union was worth nothing without a little blood letting." Eloquently did she appeal for the strict observance of the Constitution only to be told that the Constitution was "a league with death and a covenant with hell," that there was a higher law which was that "might makes right." After forty years of ceaseless agitation this party of bitter hatred and blind fanaticism elected Lincoln as President upon a strictly sectional platform pledged to legislate against the interests, property, rights and equality of the South in the general government. The South having exhausted every other remedy to maintain her rights and liberties in the Union, as defined by the Constitution, as a last resort, exercised the inalienable right of secession—a right which up to that time had never been disputed. Hence the Southern States, each in its sovereign capacity, resumed the powers and rights originally delegated to the general government and formed a government of her own. When Lincoln was inaugurated as President we had a government of our own in all of its departments, and at once appointed commissioners to confer with the Lincoln government and settle all questions at issue upon the basis of strict equity and exact justice; the chivalric and beloved Martin J. Crawford, of this city, being one of these commissioners. This commission, of course, failed in the purpose for which it

was appointed, and the South accepted the gage of battle thrown by Lincoln. To have acted otherwise we would have been unworthy sons of noble sires. He who worships at duty's shrine can ne'er go wrong; he who doubts at her call is a dastard, and he who hesitates to obey her high behests through fear of consequences is an arrant coward and should be forever damned. The South did not want war, but it was war or base submission, and as true men, we accepted the former. We have no apologies to make, nothing to retract; we fought for what we knew was right at the time; we knew it then, we know it now, and will know it forever. And we feel that it was better by far to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all. These are our sentiments and we want the North and the balance of mankind to know it. Who fired the first gun in this unjust war? John Brown, at Harper's Ferry; he was but the advance guard of McDowell, and his mighty host that following two years later, appeared upon the historic plains of Manassas—the former met a righteous retribution, as the State of Virginia hung him and his murderous free booters higher than Mordecai hung the infamous Haman, and had the same justice been meted out to those of the latter, captured at the first battle of Manassas, the flag before you would to-day have been proudly and defiantly floating upon every sea and to every breeze under high Heaven. Outlaws and murderers

are the same the world over, whether they come as few or as thousands, and when captured should summarily pay the penalty of their crimes. Applying the rule of true analysis, wherein did the latter differ from the former? Who fired the second gun? Undoubtedly Lincoln, when he ordered Fort Sumter to be re-enforced after Seward, his Secretary of State, had solemnly pledged his honor to our commissioners that it should be evacuated. "Faith as to Fort Sumpter kept, wait and see," said this arch fiend, and even at the very moment he was using his duplicity, he was doing his utmost to re-enforce the fort, that he might have the city of Charleston at his mercy. The midnight burglar enters your house to rob and to murder, if necessary, to attain his object. Must you wait until he has plundered your castle before you fire? The immutable law of God and of man says no. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," and in self-defense we proceeded to reduce the fort, to tear down the accursed emblem of a despot and usurper and hoist instead the "Bonnie Blue Flag," thus proclaiming to the world the birth of a new nation. Will anyone not blinded by prejudice and partisanship dare say that we violated any law, either divine or human? We struck for the God-given right of freedom and liberty, for the sanctity of our homes, the purity of our firesides and never since time began has there been a more righteous gun fired than that of grand old Edmund Ruffin,

of Virginia, at Charleston, which announced to the world that we were men who would no longer submit to wrong and injustice. Where did Lincoln find any law under the Constitution to call for seventy-five thousand troops, arm and equip them to coerce sovereign States? He was a perjurer, for he intentionally, wilfully and maliciously violated his oath of office when he solemnly swore to defend and support the Constitution of the government and no sane man will deny the fact of his being a usurper when he resorted to means that plunged this country into an internecine war. "Let no man trust the first false step of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice, whose steep descent in last perdition ends." Upon the altar of this one first step of guilt were immolated one million human lives, and the North should be held responsible by the world for the sacrifice of every one of these lives, and I believe a just God will so judge them. The North flaunts her hostile flag of defiance in our face; she comes into our country with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other; she throws down the gauntlet of battle and the South, preferring death to dishonor, girds her loins, prepares as best she can for the inevitable conflict, and calmly standing on the defensive, awaits the advance of the ruthless invader. The noble Curtius leaping into the yawning abyss, that his beloved Rome might be free, gave no grander proof of sublime patriotism than did the sons of the

South when the loud tocsin of war summoned them to arms in defense of all that free men hold dear. Southern manhood, fully realizing that life could never be too short which brought nothing but wrong, injustice and oppression, that death could never come too soon if necessary in defending their liberties and their firesides, at once respond to the call and service of their country and speedily go to the front, and alas, most of them are there yet in warriors' graves.

“They left the ploughshares in the mold,  
The flocks and herds without a fold;  
The sickle in the unshorn grain,  
The corn half garnered on the plain,  
And mustered in their simple dress,  
For wrongs to seek a strong redress,  
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,  
To perish—or o’ercome the foe.”

The world has never seen the equal of this grand army as it went forth from every section of the South to battle for their rights and their liberties. Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Cæsar on the Rubicon, at the head of his legions, whose eagles flashed in the rising and setting sun; Bonaparte with the Imperial Guard at Austerlitz; Wellington at Waterloo, never commanded such troops as followed the matchless Lee, the invincible Jackson, the intrepid Johnston. “These are our jewels,” said the Spartan mothers of the long ago, in presenting their sons to their country’s service and giving to each his shield with their



parting blessing "with or on it," sent them forth in the defense of their homes.

The same spirit that prompted these ancient matrons to place their all upon the altar of their country found a responsive chord in the hearts of the noble women of the South when the heel of the despot polluted her sacred soil. Well do I remember being on the outposts at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, thirty-six years ago, where I saw one of earth's fairest, noblest daughters, upon foaming steed, with dispatches in her silken tresses, informing us of McDowell's advance from Washington with his mighty host, and I thought then, as I do now, what were life without woman! 'Tis paradise with her; 'twould be purgatory without her. For weeks the press of the North had been daily thundering "On to Richmond"—"Crush the rebellion in ninety days;" "What right have Rebels and traitors to live?" And now the grand army, numbering 55,000, crossed the Potomac with banners streaming and arms glistening, joyfully singing: "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground; but his soul goes marching on," "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and interspersed now and then with "Yankee Doodle." These fit representatives of the so called "God and morality party" reached the plains of Manassas, where they touched the button and we did the rest. Here stood Johnston with seventeen thousand of the flower and chivalry

of the South, on their own soil to defend their firesides against the advancing host of fifty-five thousand soldiers armed and equipped with everything pertaining to modern warfare. A bright and beautiful Sabbath morn it was when the booming artillery of the enemy announced that this mighty host of the North proposed to give the traitors and Rebels of the South a Sunday morning lesson on civilization and Christianity, and if it be true that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," the sequel on this occasion proved that there was a powerful sight of mighty mad people who had neglected to "keep holy the Sabbath day," and when the day closed, instead of having received a lesson from them on civilization, we had taught them one on the most improved art in scientific running and miscellaneous skedaddling. History has no record of so complete and so disgraceful a rout and defeat as this grand army of civilizers who boasted that they would crush the rebellion in ninety days and hang the leaders as Rebels and traitors. The war is now on in earnest, and the North bending every energy with her boundless resources, both at home and abroad, takes all means for its vigorous prosecution. The South, standing strictly on the defensive, with no navy, her ports blockaded, has to rely entirely on her own limited resources. Nobly, grandly, did her people respond to every demand upon their patriotism, and for four

years maintained the unequal contest with a grandeur and sublimity the world never witnessed before or since. No grander type of manhood ever existed than that developed in the Southern soldier. His love of country never grew less, defeat never discouraged him, victory never rendered him overbearing; in battle as fearless as a lion, the battle ended, gentle as a dove, ministering to his wounded enemy as though he were a brother. In heat or in cold, sunshine or storm, day or night, bare-footed and ragged, often with parched corn only as his ration, whenever his name was called for duty he answered "Here." True as he was to his country in war, he is to-day as faithful to her traditions. As immutably as has stood Gibraltar for ages, so stands he, incorruptible, and is not for sale. In vain will you search the pages of history for a record as brilliant, as valiant as that of the Southern armies. Contending against odds, both in men and resources, they achieved victory after victory on many a hard fought field that find no parallel in warfare, with an enrollment of six hundred thousand against three millions on the part of the North, victory perched upon our banner in every pitched battle of the war where the odds were not overwhelmingly against us. 'Tis literally true, as General Toombs said, "we wore ourselves out whipping them." Put us in the field to-morrow on the same issue, man for man, with equal arms, and

what we did not whip by dinner we would agree to eat for supper. Yet we were traitors, says the immaculate North. Jefferson Davis, than whom a grander man never lived, a traitor? As well say Heaven's sparkling dewdrop shall no more kiss the blushing rose to bring forth her spotless beauty and matchless fragrance. Lee, the Christian soldier, a traitor? Then let yonder god of the day withhold his life-giving rays from creation. Stonewall Jackson a traitor? Then the silver queen of the night will no more revolve in her orbit. Our own "Old Rock,"\* as gallant a soldier as ever drew a blade, a traitor? Then will God's midnight diamonds cease to twinkle. That grand army of barefooted, ragged heroes who went down to death amid the din and carnage of battle, in defense of the right, traitors? Then there were no patriots, were all such traitors as these. Then earth were a paradise and "man's inhumanity to man would cease to make countless thousands mourn." Deathless as was the love of the Southern soldier for his country, no less sublime was the devotion and fortitude with which the women of the South sacrificed their all upon the altar of their country, and the brightest star that shines in the crown of the South receives its brilliancy from her pure womanhood. History, branding the South as "fit for strategems, treason and spoils," does it tell you that the war was vandalism, outrage and robbery on the part of the

\*General Henry L. Benning.

North; that it basely violated all laws of civilized warfare? No one will dispute the fact. A Yankee bummer was never known to pass but one thing, and that was a red hot stove, and his only object in not appropriating that was that it too forcibly reminded him of his home in the hereafter where ice is unknown. Do you find in it Beast Butler's infamous official order turning over the pure women of New Orleans, whose protectors were at the front, to the lust and outrages of his brutal hirelings? Does it inform you that in Atlanta Sherman told her non-combatants that "war was the science of barbarism," and that he intended to wage it on that line, and actually did by forcing the thousands of helpless women and children from their homes into the chilling blasts of November, with no shelter save the blue canopy of Heaven above them, no bed beneath than mother earth, then firing the city left it in ashes? Do you read in it that his march from there to North Carolina could be traced by the houseless chimneys and smoking ruins of the defenseless, and that in Columbia feeble mothers with tender babes in their arms had to flee for their lives from homes fired over their heads? Do you read the fact that at Charleston unarmed, helpless prisoners of war were used as breastworks by being placed on their vessels under fire from our guns to protect their cowardly carcasses? A fact that cannot be denied, and gallant old Ed Johnson, the first colonel

of the immortal Twelfth Georgia Regiment, of which that was the flag,\* was one of that human breast-work. It beggars belief; it staggers credulity and yet is literally true; the picture is not overdrawn. If this is Northern civilization then define heathenish barbarism, Christians' preaching "peace on earth, good will to men," and tell what are the fiends of the damned. Tell me that I must "clasp hands across the bloody chasm" and say to the North, "You were right, we were wrong, please forgive," that I must love the accursed flag under which their crimes and outrages were committed and no reparation made therefor? Then must the great God above smile away my human and crown me divine. And now, with the lapse of four years of carnage and desolation, the very fountain of nature fails, our heroic armies having fought through twenty-two hundred combats and battles with a valor, courage and endurance unparalleled in the annals of time, succumb to means and resources. They are no longer physically able to combat. With less than one hundred thousand men scattered throughout our entire territory, confronted on all sides by two million or more of men, our cause became hopeless, longer resistance to the inevitable useless. With nothing left but manhood and womanhood the South falls prone upon her shield and all is lost, lost and gone forever.

The battle scenes which the heroes of the South have painted, the memories which Confederate

\*Pointing to the old flag on the stage.

valor, loyalty and endurance have bequeathed, the blessed recollections which the pious labors, the saintly ministrations and the more than Spartan inspiration of the women of the South have embalmed will dignify for all time the annals of the civilized world. We need not turn to Marathon nor Thermopylæ to find warriors who have wreathed their brows with unfading chaplets, nor search the storied archives of Spartan valor for names that were not born to die. We need not rifle the mausoleums of Athens nor decipher the moss-grown cenotaphs of Rome to find the names of those who carved their way to glory through the fiery track of war and went up from battle and burning to their homes among the stars. In all the galaxy of fame there is no brighter constellation than that of the "Heroes of the Lost Cause."

"Nothing need cover their high fame but Heaven;  
No pyramid set off their memories,  
But the eternal substance of their greatness to which  
I leave them."

Well may our matchless leaders have said to their shattered ranks on disbanding them:

"In vain, alas, in vain ye gallant few,  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;  
O, bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
The South fell, unwept without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arm or mercy in her woe—  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career;  
Hope for a season bade the South farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked as Richmond fell."

Fallen, yes, bleeding at every pore, the South furls her once triumphant banners o'er her decimated legions.

“Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,  
And not a rose of the wilderness left on its stalk  
To tell where the garden had been.”

The South, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of her religion, calm as in the composure of death, with no tinge of shame resting upon her fair brow, conscious of her own rectitude, defiantly points to her record, as white as the everlasting snows on Alpine heights and says to high Heaven “these hands are guiltless of innocent blood,” and the angelic hosts with loud acclaim shout “Amen.” And now commences an era in the history of this government which, for the sake of American manhood, I fain would blot from memory's page, but like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. Conquered provinces, says the vindictive, frenzied North, though the leopard has not changed his spots, yet with the blood of one million men, we have washed the skin of the Ethiopian “whiter than snow,” now it shall be “black heels on white necks,” vice over virtue, ignorance over intelligence, and perfect pandemonium shall reign supreme. And well do they carry into effect their accursed reconstruction upon a people utterly powerless to resist. A click of the wire from Washington abolishes State Governments and mili-



tary satraps, ruling with an iron rod substituted instead, State Legislatures dispersed by Federal bayonets, our entire country garrisoned by a brutal soldiery, in many places by nigger soldiers, as was the case in your fair city. our women forced from the sidewalks into the mud of the streets, marched to headquarters of the little despot at the point of the bayonet for any complaint by some worthless nigger. The slime, filth and vermin from the gutters of doodledom with carpet-bag in hand, swarm down upon the South as the locusts of ancient Egypt to become our law-makers and rulers, backed by the United States Army, to enforce their arbitrary, vindictive, usurpation. They at once commence to plunder, rob and steal what little their illustrious forerunners of the Yankee Army had failed to find. They imagined themselves lions, when really they were not fourth-rate skunks. They strutted the earth as lords of creation, boasting that they held the purse strings of the conquered South, with options on corner lots in Heaven. To vote we had to have a certificate from registrars, many of whom were ignorant niggers, not knowing a D from a Dardar, who signed his printed certificate with his mark. Federal bayonets became a necessary concomitant at the ballot box in order to insure a "free ballot and a fair count." A three days' election is ordered for governor; we vote for our gallant and dauntless old soldier, Gordon, and the grand sachem

of scalawagism, Bullock, heads the other ticket; when the election ended and the ballots were counted, Bullock had something less than ten millions and Gordon at least seventeen or thirty votes. This grand apostle of reconstruction takes charge of the State as governor, and with the pack of thieves and plunderers at his beck and call, indeed rolled so high and in such corruption and rottenness, that he left the State before his term of office expired to escape impeachment. And now we elect as governor that "rock-ribbed" Democrat, the incorruptible white man, James M. Smith—All honor to his spotless memory!—and with his wise, just and honest administration, reconstruction and carpet-bagism took their flight, and where they once roared as lions, they do not even yelp as fices. There, you war people of the North, is your record of blood, crime, outrage and wrong, and until rolling years shall cease to move, until Heaven's archangel, with trumpet tongue, shall sound the end of time, it will stand a monument of infamy, black, damnable infamy from which future generations will give the lie to your boasted civilization, your high culture and your Pharisaical religion. So much of the past; what of the future? Is there a silver lining to the cloud that has so long overshadowed us? Will our late foes ever have manhood to do even justice to us as a people? Will wisdom, justice and moderation so guide the "Old Ship of State" that she may be

safely and securely anchored to her moorings under the Constitution, as established by its founders? The answer is with the future. If yea, then in this country

"Peace will hold her easy sway  
And man forget his brother man to slay."

And thus proving ourselves greater in peace than in war, we will truly exclaim that this is still our country. "Zealous, yet modest, innocent though free, patient of toil, serene amidst alarms; inflexible in faith, invincible in arms." If nay, then an avenging Nemesis will haunt the footsteps of those who would longer prevent this from becoming the grandest, greatest government on earth, for "curses, like chickens, will come home to roost."

Guards, Fencibles,\* God forbid you should ever be called upon to face the fiery ordeal of war. If in the future, however, duty shall call upon you as it did upon us thirty-six years ago, forget not whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess, remember that he who for his country dies, shall find an honored grave. In peace or in war wear worthily the mantle of Southern manhood—which now drapes your stalwart shoulders—the most precious legacy we can bequeath you. We leave our record in your keeping. Guard it as you would your own spotless honor; suffer neither falsehood or injustice to asperse our memory, and perish the infamous, foul charge that they who for Dixie died were either Rebels or

\*The local military companies, the Columbus Guards and the Browne Fencibles, present in the audience.

traitors. To the sainted spirits gone to their reward and few noble co-workers is due the origin of the beautiful and appropriate service that is to-day being celebrated throughout the Southland. Thirty-one years ago to-day it had its birth in your temple of God, where the gifted Ramsey in matchless eloquence painted the justice of the Southern cause and unrighted wrong from which we still suffer; true then, true now. Mothers, a duty no less sublime and grand now than in heroic past is yours still. Teach your children, as they climb your knees and hug your bosoms, the blessings of liberty; swear them at the altar as with their baptismal vows to be true to their country, and teach, O teach them, that in the late war the South was right, first, last and all the time, that she has lived right and will die right, and I know of no more suitable object lesson to inculcate this doctrine than to have the shadow of these immortal heroes who went down to a glorious death in defense of liberty and self-government, in every household in Columbus, and kindly ask of this audience and entire community a liberal patronage in the purchase of this picture\* for the benefit of the Ladies' Memorial Association of this city. Now, noble matrons and maidens fair, wend your way to "God's acre" and as you there wreath these hallowed graves with earth's fairest garlands, remember that not sweeter is their fragrance than deathless is the love of Dixie for its "Lost Cause," and

\*A picture of the survivors of the Columbus (Ga.) Guards at the close of the war in 1865.

that nowhere is it more true than in the South that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Grand old flag; do I love it? Does the young mother love her blue-eyed babe? Does the smile from its dimpled cheek, the first word, mamma, from its cherry lips arouse within her emotions which she cannot express? So does the sight of this flag stir my heart to its very depths; its life though brief was brilliant, and imperishable fame will linger around its spotless folds as long as true manhood and noble womanhood shall dignify life. Full many a time, 'mid bayonets thrust and sabre strokes with countless minie-balls singing high alto to the death-making bass of the booming cannon have I seen it carried to victory. As we furled it in honor thirty-two years ago, so we again to-day fold it, stained only by the blood of its martyrs who died to defend it.

"Then let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright scenes of the past, which she cannot destroy;  
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

And as a diamond whose brilliance neither time nor age can dim is a diamond forever, so will this flag and its hallowed memories live in this heart

until earth shall claim of me its dust, and "for Dixie, dear old Dixie," God knows I yet would lay me down and die.

Comrades, battle-scarred veterans of many a hard fought field, standing hard by the echoless shore of time, we fully realize that with us the evening shadows of life are fast gathering in the West; with most of us the frosts of more than three-score winters are daily whitening locks that were once browner than the robin's breast, blacker than the raven's wings. Thus are we admonished that ere long at best we too shall join the silent majority of our comrades true and tried who have gone before. Soon the last tattoo shall beat, the last reveille shall sound, duty discharged, life's burdens soon to end, calmly and peacefully awaiting the summons for the roll call in the great hereafter, we will trust that each and every

"Spirit will be winged by Heaven  
To fly at infinite and reap its reward,  
Where seraphs gather immortality fast  
around the throne of God."

And until then will we remember—

"Sweet vale of Columbus, how calm can we rest,  
In thy bosom of shade with the friends we love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,  
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

## CHAPTER X.

[The whole of this chapter is taken from the little book "Memorial Day" giving "A History of the Origin of Memorial Day." This History was prepared and adopted by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Columbus, Georgia, who presented it to the Lizzie Rutherford Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy under whose direction it was published in 1898].

### PREFACE.

THE mission of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is to record the deeds of the true and the brave, who bore the star-gemmed cross of Dixie. It is therefore meet that the first work of the Lizzie Rutherford Chapter be a gift to the world of the story of the women who originated that Sabbath of the South—Memorial Day—which the nation has found so appropriate that it has incorporated it with its holidays under the name "Decoration Day." It was given to this Chapter by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Columbus, Ga.—the mother to the thought,—on the thirty-second anniversary of its initial observance; given in the sight and hearing of thousands who, before visiting the soldiers' graves on that day, had gathered to listen to the annual eulogy pronounced in honor of the Wearers of the Gray; it was given under the seals of the only living witnesses of its birth and sponsors for its

baptism; given in the hallowed presence of the few surviving members of the Soldiers' Aid Society, who had dressed the wounds, smoothed the pillows, closed the eyes, and twined garlands for the martyrs of the Lost Cause. It was theirs to strew flowers for the soldiers; it is ours to strew immortelles for them.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, like the Phoenix, rose from the Soldiers' Aid Society, which was consumed in the fires that burnt the Confederacy. The parent organization was born under the shadow of the altar in the Baptist Church† of Columbus, on May 21, 1861, and its object was to perform woman's part in the service of her country in time of war.

The incomplete list, as shown on page 19\* of this volume, admonishes us that the time to write the record has already been too long delayed, and we now hasten to save the truth from oblivion. Note well the few surviving names from memory's tablet. They have been admired in our country's historic past. Younger generations will adore them in new strata as the River of Time wears down the valley walls of the future. The land of these women was neither a food-producing nor a manufacturing one, yet through their pious ministrations and sacrificing devotion, the hungry soldiers were fed and the destitute were clothed, though aged loved ones and helpless innocent children were often left in need.

†Now known as the First Baptist Church of Columbus, Ga.

\*Page 165 in this volume of "Reminiscences."



At first the sick and wounded were cared for in the families of the members. As these multiplied, hospitals were established and supported. The ladies nursed the sick, fed the hungry and buried the dead. Day by day bad grew worse, food and clothing scarce and scarcer grew. General Sherman was making his march through the Southland to the sea, leaving behind a desert of ashes. With homes devastated, hearts broken, hopes gone, fathers, husbands, brothers, sons and lovers killed, these patriotic women, with lips compressed, forced back their tears, gave away the bread they needed, wrote letters to distant and sorrowing soldier mothers, sent locks of hair to far away sweethearts of those whose dying hours they soothed, and with all this gave direction to the practical affairs of their home life in absence of husband and father. Bearing alike the burden of woman's devotion and man's care, they wrecked their health and died for their country.

The last battle of the Civil War, east of the Mississippi River, was fought on the Alabama heights overlooking Columbus, Ga., on the night of April 16, 1865. The city was assaulted and, after it fell, was sacked and burned. When the smoke of war cleared away, where do we find these devoted women? Where were Mary Magdalene and the other Mary after the crucifixion? At the sepulcher with sweet spices. So these women come to the

soldiers' graves with choice plants and bright flowers. One day, after a group of them had been occupied in this loving service, one suggested the adoption and dedication of a day, and of each recurring anniversary, to the decoration of the soldiers' graves. All were pleased with the thought, and at the next meeting of the Soldiers' Aid Society it was acted upon so quickly that it seemed a simultaneous throb from the heart of each. The Soldiers' Aid Society became the Ladies' Memorial Association. The 26th of April, the anniversary of the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston, was chosen and an order of ceremonies arranged. The eloquent pen of the Secretary of the Memorial Association inspired the press and touched the hearts of the people. Like the hope that spread over the earth on the morning of the Resurrection, so the soft light of this sentiment shone over Dixie, and when April came, Love wreathed her roses where the soldiers sleep.

The North looked on, thought the custom good, took it to herself and has hallowed it as she does her Thanksgiving obligation. April was too early for her flowers, hence she set apart May 30th. In the Southwest the 26th of April finds Flora past her bloom, so in that section the day is earlier.

Year by year the procession of Spring, marching up from the Gulf, halts at every mountain side and mead to salute the dead soldier with flowers.

That future generations may know the truth as to the origin of the beautiful custom, this volume, under the auspices of this Chapter of the U. D. C., is given to the world.

ANNA CAROLINE BENNING,

*President of Lizzie Rutherford Chapter, U. D. C.*

Columbus, Ga., July 1, 1898.

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INTRODUCTORY SPEECH OF MR. ROBERT HOWARD  
ON MEMORIAL DAY, APRIL 26, 1898, PRESENTING  
THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Ladies and Gentlemen: A fearless defender of, and a baptized believer in, the righteousness of our more than righteous Lost Cause, needs no introduction to a Columbus audience, for nowhere in this broad, sunny land of "Dear Old Dixie" does he more live in the hearts of gallant men and fair, pure women, than here in the home of our grand, immortal "Old Rock" (General Henry L. Benning), and of those battle-scarred and war-worn veterans of many a hard fought field, and the home of our guardian angels, Lizzie Rutherford Ellis, Mary Ann Williams, Evelyn Carter, Martha Ann Patten, their noble and beloved survivors and co-workers. Though there has been a lapse of thirty-three years since the flag of the Confederacy went down, we turn to-day to the grand old emblem, and the hallowed cause it represented,

with the same deathless love with which we hailed its glorious birth when we unfurled it to the breezes of high Heaven, and followed its spotless folds through its brief and brilliant life. So long as the eagle shall wing its lofty flight to Alpine heights; so long as the babbling brooks shall mingle their crystal waters with the mighty rivers, in their clear winding to the sea; so long as the breeze shall beat the billows' foam; so long as true manhood and noble womanhood shall inspire pure patriotism and exalted citizenship—so long will Dixie's brave sons and peerless daughters perpetuate and religiously observe this, our Memorial Day, in everlasting memory and love of our Confederate dead. On each sad anniversary, with earth's sweetest, fairest flowers we will wreath the graves of our immortal heroes, who went down to glorious death amid the shock and carnage of battle in the heroic discharge of righteous duty.

Such a defender and believer as already alluded to, you have in your eloquent orator of the day, and well do I know that, but for his youthful years at the time, he too would have stood under the matchless Lee, shoulder to shoulder with his two gallant brothers, who sealed their devotion to their country's cause with their heart's last, best blood. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting to you our honored fellow-citizen, the orator of the day, Mr. Henry R. Goetchius.

## THE MEMORIAL ORATION

DELIVERED AT SPRINGER OPERA HOUSE, COLUMBUS, GA., APRIL 26, 1898, BY HON.  
HENRY R. GOETCHIUS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: On the 26th day of June, 1862, which was one of the famous days when there was heavy fighting about Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, a young soldier charging where the fight was thickest, was struck by a minie ball. He fell, and the Colonel of his regiment being near, ran to him, asking: "Are you hurt?" He replied: "Yes, through the heart. Tell my mother I have fallen in the discharge of my duty, and I die happy." A moment later his spirit lifted itself above the scene of smoke and battle, and blood and carnage, and took its flight to the Great Beyond. That young soldier was a member of the Columbus Guards, of your city.

Two years later, in the memorable siege of Petersburg, a line of Confederate troops of General Wright's brigade was charging through a wooded space and across an open field, for the purpose of forcing the enemy, a part of Hancock's command, back to their works. Just before this charge, and while the Confederates were calmly waiting, in order to give them a close volley and then the charge, a young soldier, gazing intently upon the advancing blue line, remarked to his comrade, "Those men have nothing

at stake, while we have all to lose, and we must drive them back." Hardly had he spoken when there came a roar of musketry, the famous yell of Southern soldiers and the wild rush which drove the enemy out of the woods and back into their works and then out of them. As the young hero entered the open, in this fatal charge, a rifle ball struck him in the breast and his comrade, to whom he had just before spoken, hearing the dull, sickening thud of the bullet, had only time to turn and see the young soldier sink to his knees and then to the ground—dead, with a smile upon his face. That night he was buried in the trenches. The young soldier was a member of the City Light Guards, of your city. These two men were types of hundreds of thousands of private Confederate soldiers who fell in defense of the Lost Cause.

One month ago, in the cabin of the steamer *Olivette*, in the port of Havana, just before the vessel sailed for Key West, there was gathered a group of Americans to say farewell and extend a floral offering to the brave commander of the ill fated battleship *Maine*. Near the flowers stood the Consul-General of the United States, who made the speech of presentation. In response thereto the commander spoke of the Consul-General as the personification of bravery and good judgment, and added: "The United States has no better representative abroad than gallant Fitzhugh Lee, its

Consul-General at Havana.” The same man fought bravely for the South through the great Civil War, and was one of the most gallant of her cavalry leaders. He is a type of the living Confederate Veteran.

All honor to such men, be they living or be they dead. The last generation of the North called them traitors and Rebels, and now seventy millions of people, without regard to section or party, honor the living traitors and are beginning to do justice to the heroic dead.

Surely “truth is omnipotent and public justice certain?”

This leads us to enquire of the motive which, in the great War between the States, led the men of the South to sacrifice their lives upon the altar of their country, or, if happily they escape death, to again be willing to so ably and patriotically serve the powers against which they once had fought. That motive was patriotism, the loftiest sentiment for which the human heart can beat, save love of God and truth.

This is the sentiment which prompts to a love of country, without which there can be no human happiness. A man without a country to love is a man without home and loved ones. A man without a flag to which he can swear allegiance as the emblem of his country’s protecting power, is a man without safety to his life, his liberty and his property.

The love of country is an ennobling sentiment. It prompts to honor and to deeds of heroism and imperishable renown. "Happy are they who have for the sublime and permanent basis of their glory the love of country demonstrated by deeds." By this noble sentiment the armies of Napoleon lifted the eagles of France to mingle with the eagles of the Alps, and the French standards were made to flutter in the shadow of the pyramids. By this sentiment Nelson, through the mere wave of a signal banner, inspired the British seamen with splendid courage as they moved their battleships into line against the advancing fleet of France and Spain. By this sentiment Washington was led to take command of the American Army at the call of the Continental Congress, when he said no pecuniary consideration could induce him to accept such arduous labors.

The Spartans taught their youth that love of country was a sentiment before which every private and personal feeling should be constrained to bow.

When the great statesman of England, William Pitt, was on his death-bed, the news of the victories of Bonaparte at Ulm and Austerlitz was whispered to him. He lay in silence, and at last exclaimed in feeble voice, "My country, O, my country!" These were the last words which escaped the lips of the dying patriot.

As Hampden fell before the onslaught of Prince Rupert, in the opening of the civil war against the



tyranny of Charles, he exclaimed: "O, God, save my bleeding country!"

But history furnishes no sublimer evidence of patriotism and love of country than was exhibited by the noble men of whom we would speak to-day. The most execrated of all men, by his fellow-citizens and by posterity, is he who betrays his country, and the most honored of men is he who falls a blessed martyr to his country's cause. It was a common thing for the enemies of the South to charge against Southern soldiers the infamous crime of rebellion, and they were branded as traitors. At the close of hostilities the President of the Confederacy was thrown into chains and into prison, to be made a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of his people, and it was intended that he should be hung. Similar steps were taken, happily not consummated, to incarcerate the leader of the Confederate armies. Partaking of this bitter and revengeful feeling, the historians of the North have written and printed and have industriously circulated histories containing these charges. Their books are to-day sold in your cities, admitted into your homes, and taught in your schools. In your own State of Georgia, and until recently in this patriotic city, which has contributed so much of blood and treasure and blessed memory to the Southern cause, the children are being allowed to understand that the cause of the Confederacy was the cause of traitors, and that those

who fought for it were rebels. Can these things be and we remain silent?

There are those in the South who say, "Let the dead past bury the dead." Such are not worthy the blood which courses through their veins, and, thank God, they are few. It should be the solemn duty of every true son and daughter of the South to refute the slander of "rebel and traitors." The cause of the Southern States was a righteous cause, and those who fought therefor and those who fell in its defense were patriots. The people of this great section so felt when the alternative came to choose between their native State and the Federal power. Had they tamely and willingly submitted to the assumption of power, our great Republic would to-day be a despotism compared to which Russia would be a land of liberty. But they did not submit, and, deeming their course a proper one, they sealed their sincerity with the richest treasure ever offered and the noblest holocaust ever consumed upon the altar of country.

For what did the South fight? It was not for the institution of slavery. That was a mere incident in the great drama. Let the true answer ring from the lips of every Memorial orator for generations to come. Let it be burned into the page of living history, and let the present and the future ever hold it as a sacred truth. She fought to avert encroachments of usurped power, and to preserve the rights

of States and human liberty. She fought for the spirit of local self-government, which is always the life-blood of liberty. I know there are some who tell us that we now have no States rights. I will admit that by reason of the changed conditions of the times, the methods of transportation and communication, that geographical State lines are practically obliterated, but I assert that the right of local self-government in and by the individual States of this Union is not only more marked and well defined than it was in 1860, but it is on foundations as everlasting as are the principles of which our national and state Constitutions are formed. The fight was, therefore, not in vain. Was our cause truly a Lost Cause? Let the answer come even from the lips of the former enemies of the South; an answer made to-day, after the fires of hate have sunken to embers and the generations which forced this cruel wrong have been called to another world. Hear the answer from the learned and the eloquent of the North.

A few weeks ago Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Brown University, a leading institution of learning in a New England State, in a lecture delivered in the city of New Orleans upon the life and character of the General of the Confederate armies, uttered this language:

“People are prone to allude to all Lee fought for as the ‘Lost Cause.’ Yet, like Oliver Cromwell, Lee

has accomplished what he fought for, and more than could have been accomplished had he been victorious. At the close of the war we find the Supreme Court of the United States deciding the status of individual States, and the result is found to be that while the Union is declared to be indestructible, each State is regarded as an indestructible unit of that nation. Who would dare to wipe out to-day a State's individuality? And do we not find to-day, instead of centralized power in Congress adjudicating things pertaining to the States, the States themselves settling these matters?

“Inasmuch as the war brought out these utterances with regard to the States of the Union upon the matters then in question, who can say that Lee fought in vain?”

Had President Andrews thus spoken or written within five years after the surrender of the Confederate armies at Appomattox, he would have immediately been discharged as unfit to instruct students of his University, and doubtless would have been arrested and tried for sedition.

He speaks here, however, what time has forced upon him as an acknowledged truth. What the civilized world has long since accepted as true, and what history will record as true. What a spectacle, my countrymen! An instructor of New England youth, at the head of one of the largest of New England institutions of learning, preaching to the world that the principles for which Lee fought are essential to the welfare and existence of con-

stitutional government as established by the fathers.

Surely, "truth is omnipotent and public justice certain."

Let it be remembered that the spark of this great Civil War was kindled in the bosom of New England, and from thence fanned into flame by the political demagogues of the North.

But hear again what this man, the cultured and thoughtful New Englander, says of the great Confederate soldier who was but the type of the men whom he led through the battles of Virginia. Says Dr. Andrews in the same lecture, speaking of General Lee:

"Great as were the achievements of this man as a General, incomparably greater than his military genius was his grand and almost unmatched moral character. His unselfishness, his patience, his love of justice, all his attributes conspired to make him the embodiment of nobility. He held with Hamilton that there was nothing on earth great but man, and nothing greater in man than mind, and, indeed, he went further than the philosopher, holding that there was nothing great in mind except devotion to trust and duty."

Thus comes the testimony and so grand was the character here described, the matchless attributes were reflected in the hearts and minds of the men who followed him.

Young men and women of Columbus, let me say to you and through you to all young men and women of our Southern country, to blot out from your minds the base teachings that the blood which begot you was false to its country. And to you few who remain of the older generation, who saw this devotion to duty, let me say to you to honor the dead as an incentive to yourselves and to your children. You, who had the honor of participating in the history of that period, prove yourselves worthy of that honor by teaching such history to those who are to come after you. Let there be reform in your school histories. Permit no compromise of the truth, but let the statement of the facts be manly and fearless. Beyond what has been said, I will not endeavor on this occasion to speak in detail of the causes of the war between the states; nor shall I enter into an historical discussion of the great events which led up to the struggle: neither is it my purpose to portray the movements of contending armies and an embattled field; nor shall I speak of those terrible days in which reason was affrighted from her seat and giddy prejudice took the rein: when the wheels of society were set in conflagration by their own motion: when many of our people were tried and condemned without being judicially heard, and when conclusions were drawn from passion that should have been founded in proof. Let us not draw the veil which hides from view those terrible years

of war and desolation. Many in the sound of my voice will remember them. Then we could have exclaimed in the voice of the prophet of old:

“We are orphans and fatherless and our mothers are widows.

“Our necks are under persecution.

“We labor and have no rest.

“Servants have ruled over us. There is none to deliver us out of their hands.”

We are not here to-day to recall these sad scenes, but only to speak in honor of the dead, to point to the truth and justice of their cause and our cause, and to lay bright and tender flowers upon their graves.

Thirty-two years ago, when the noble women of this city realized that the cause for which their loved ones had fought and died, and for which they had suffered, was but a “pathetic inheritance, in which all the grandeur and the glory of the dead and the living, who survived, was to become only a sorrowing memory,” they established this beautiful custom of Memorial Day, this annual tribute of eulogy and flowers. Eulogy and flowers for great deeds which cannot die, but which with sun and moon renew their youth.

The eulogy was an inspiration from the cultivated and patriotic Greek, for it was a law of the Athenians, that he who received his death while fighting with undaunted courage in the front of the battle, should have an annual oration spoken in his honor. The bringing of the flowers was an inspiration which came into the heart of a daughter of Colum-

bus, and was suggested to her from the custom established more than a thousand years ago by the head of the Roman Catholic Church, the custom of annually decorating with flowers the graves of departed loved ones.

This day, with its eulogy and its flowers, is the monument which the daughters of the South have established in remembrance of Southern valor and patriotism; a monument which will endure so long as Southern womanhood is pure and Southern manhood is strong; a monument which tells that the "mute tongue of the granite shaft is not left alone to speak a tribute to their memory;" a monument more enduring than this granite, for it is a monument of sighs from human hearts and flowers which spring from earth: sighs which link us with immortality, and flowers—

"Those lights of God  
That through the sod  
Flash upward from the world beneath,  
And tell us in each subtle hue  
That life renewed is passing through  
Our world, again to seek the skies,  
Its native realm of Paradise."

Sacred is the duty to which the women of the South have consecrated their use, for they keep ever green in the hearts of all the memory of the departed.

"The people for whom they fought were crushed,  
The hopes in which they trusted were shattered,  
The flag they loved no more guides their charging lines,  
But their fame, consigned to the keeping of that time which,  
Happily is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,  
Shall in the years to come fire modest worth to noble ends."



And to you, Ladies of the Memorial Association, you few survivors of that gentle band who established Memorial Day, not only for the South, but for all this great country (for the Northern States have adopted the custom in imitation of the South), and to you, daughters of these Memorial ladies, living and dead—daughters of mothers who were Trojans in courage, Spartans in fortitude, and Romans in faith and self-sacrifice—I commend the keeping of this custom. In this sacred duty you have a lofty example. “It was the women of the Confederacy whose pious ministrations to the wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the object of their tenderest love. It was the women of the Confederacy whose domestic labors contributed so much to supply the wants of their defenders in the field, and whose faith in the Southern cause shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war and whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected.” Such is the tribute of the first and only President of the Confederacy. There is one of their number who now sleeps in Linwood cemetery, in this city. Upon her grave is this inscription, placed there by the ladies of the Memorial Association of Columbus:

“The Soldiers’ Friend.”

“A loving tribute to our co-worker.”

“In her patriotic heart sprang the thought of our  
Memorial Day.”

The legend tells what she was and what she did. Who dare invade the sanctity of the thought conveyed by these words?

Ladies of the Columbus Chapter of the Georgia Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy, you have done me the honor to ask that I to-day consecrate your Chapter under the honorable name which has been selected by you that it should bear. It is the name inscribed with that legend. I am told that the object of your Association is to collect records and incidents of the Confederate War and preserve the truth of its cause and history, perpetuate the memories of the men who laid down their lives in that struggle, and lay before the rising generation a fair, just and impartial account of their deeds. To this patriotic undertaking, in the presence of this assembled company, I now dedicate your order as "LIZZIE RUTHERFORD CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY." Guard sacredly your trust, and under the inspiration of that name, the originator of Memorial Day, preserve the memory of the dead, for truly has it been said that a land without memories is a land without liberty. Let the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living hearthstone all over our Southern land, bind our hearts to loving service in honor of the sainted dead.

“Let not their glory be forgot  
 While Fame her record keeps,  
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
 Where valor proudly sleeps.”

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The following is an extract from the *Columbus Enquirer-Sun* of May 1, 1898, and gives an explanation of the personal references made in the Memorial Address of April 26, 1898:

TOUCHING REFERENCE TO TWO GALLANT  
 SOLDIERS.

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COLUMBUS YOUNG MEN ARE REFERRED TO BY MR. GOETCHIUS—ONE WAS LIEUT. JAMES H. WARE, OF THE COLUMBUS GUARDS, AND THE OTHER WILLIAM E. GOETCHIUS, OF THE CITY LIGHT GUARDS.

In his beautiful address on Memorial Day, Mr. Henry R. Goetchius made reference in a very touching manner to the death of two young soldiers from Columbus, while bravely charging the enemy—one a member of the Columbus Guards and the other of the City Light Guards. The *Enquirer-Sun* understands that the member of the Columbus Guards referred to was James H. Ware, while the young soldier from the City Light Guards was William Edward Goetchius, a brother to Mr. Henry R. Goetchius. The following appeared in the *Columbus Times*, June 28th:

“The *Sun*, of yesterday, publishes the following dispatch:

“RICHMOND, VA., June 27, 1862.—*Dr. R. A. Ware*: Your son James was killed last evening in gallantly charging the enemy’s works. His body will be recovered, if possible. His last words to his Colonel were: ‘Tell my mother I have fallen in the discharge of my duty, and die happy.’ Dr. Ellison writes particulars to-day.

ROSWELL ELLIS.”

Captain Roswell Ellis was in command of the Columbus Guards, and was afterwards married to Miss Lizzie Rutherford, who originated Memorial Day.

Adjutant Ware was slain near Richmond, Va. In commenting on the dispatch quoted above, the *Times* says:

“Adjutant Ware was connected with the Thirty-fifth Regiment, Georgia Volunteers. Mr. Ware was a native of our city, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. In his death our community and the army have lost a young man of great promise.”

The young soldier in the City Light Guards, William Edward Goetchius, of this city, left Oglethorpe University, at Milledgeville, Ga., to enter the army as soon as the war opened, being 18 years of age. He served through the war until the date of his death, and without a furlough, fighting in all the heavy battles in Virginia and at Gettysburg. At this last battle he saw his oldest brother, John, left

on the field mortally wounded. He was instantly killed in a charge at Petersburg, June 22, 1864. Mr. G. J. Peacock, of this city, who was a lieutenant in the City Light Guards, saw him fall. His body was buried in the trenches, and his remains were never recovered. Mr. Peacock, in speaking of him, says: "He combined the gentleness of a woman with the courage of a dauntless cavalier."

The first Memorial Address ever delivered in the United States in honor of soldiers who fought in the Civil War, was delivered in Columbus, Ga., on April 26, 1866, by Hon. J. N. Ramsey, now deceased. He was a prominent lawyer of the city, an eloquent speaker, and had been a veteran of the war, with the rank of Colonel. The address was delivered in St. Luke Methodist Church, a historic building, which has recently been removed to give place to a modern structure.

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The Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, on April 24, 1898, published the following list of orators of Memorial Day:

#### MEMORIAL ORATORS.

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#### NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAVE DELIVERED ADDRESSES.

The first Memorial address delivered in Columbus was by Col. J. N. Ramsey, in 1866, in St. Luke M. E. Church.

The second address, the following year, was by Dr. E. F. Colzey, and was delivered at Temperance Hall. In 1868 and 1869, respectively, Maj. R. J. Moses and Judge J. F. Pou delivered the address at the old Cenotaph at the cemetery. This was a building constructed of wood, with a dome-like roof, supported by six slender pillars, which rested on hexagonal posts, some five feet high. The structure was about thirty feet in height and painted white, with an arched roof, on which was inscribed the names of the officers and privates killed in the war. On the dome, on a small gilt circle, was the inscription of "General Semmes." In 1870 Hon. Thomas W. Grimes delivered the address at Temperance Hall. After that date the addresses were delivered at Springer Opera House. A complete list of the Memorial orators since the inauguration of the custom is as follows:

## MEMORIAL ORATORS.

1866	Col. J. N. Ramsey.
1867	Dr. E. F. Colzey.
1868	Maj. R. J. Moses.
1869	Judge Joseph F. Pou.
1870	T. W. Grimes.
1871	C. H. Williams.
1872	Judge Wm. A. Little.
1873	Capt. J. J. Slade.
1874	Ex-Mayor Sam Cleghorn.

1875	Thomas H. Hardeman.
1876	Henry W. Hilliard.
1877	Capt. J. R. McCleskey.
1878	William H. Chambers.
1879	Gov. Alfred H. Colquitt.
1880	Lionel C. Levy.
1881	Capt. Reese Crawford.
1882	Rev. S. P. Calloway.
1883	G. E. Thomas, Jr.
1884	Maj. R. J. Moses.
1885	Henry R. Goetchius.
1886	T. J. Chappell.
1887	Charlton E. Battle.
1888	Capt. S. P. Gilbert.
1889	J. Harris Chappell.
1890	Hon. Fulton Colville.
1891	Capt. W. E. Wooten.
1892	Capt. John D. Little.
1893	Hunt Chipley.
1894	Judge John Ross.
1895	Hon. Lionel C. Levy.
1896	Rev. W. A. Carter.
1897	Robert Howard.
1898	Henry R. Goetchius.

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The *Atlanta Constitution*, of April 27, 1898, gives the following account of the celebration of Memorial Day in Columbus:

## COLUMBUS CELEBRATES

THE ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY AND CROWNS  
THE MEMORY OF MRS. ELLIS.—MRS. WILLIAMS'  
ADVOCACY OF MEMORIAL RECORDED.

Columbus, Ga., April 26.—(Special)—The celebration of Memorial Day in this city, where the idea originated, was notable in many respects.

To begin with, the celebration itself was as imposing as any ever held in the history of the city, and the ladies of the Memorial Association took advantage of the occasion to settle authoritatively the question as to whom belonged the credit of inaugurating this beautiful custom.

## THE LADIES MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In 1861, at the beginning of the war, there was organized in Columbus the Soldiers' Aid Society. At the close of the war this was merged into the Ladies' Memorial Association, which organization has existed ever since. The idea of decorating the graves of the soldiers originated with a Columbus lady, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, afterwards Mrs. Lizzie Rutherford Ellis, the wife of Captain Roswell Ellis, of the Columbus Guards. Mrs. Charles J. Williams was another lady who took a very active part in the organization of the Association, and it was largely through her efforts that the idea gained the publicity and popularity that it attained, and for a time the name of Mrs. Ellis was overlooked.



In 1866, at the end of the war, there was a meeting of a small number of ladies, who formed the Ladies' Memorial Association. Of the ladies who attended that meeting there are only two living. They are Mrs. Clara M. Dexter and Mrs. William G. Woolfolk. Shortly after the organization of the Columbus Association the idea gained wide popularity throughout the South, and similar organizations were perfected in numerous cities and towns, until now every place has an organized body of noble women whose duty and whose pleasure it is to see that the memory of the South's dead heroes is honored in a fitting way by elaborate and interesting exercises on the 26th day of every April.

#### AN INTERESTING OCCASION.

The celebration possessed unusual interest. Mr. Henry R. Goetchius was orator of the day, and his tribute to the Confederate dead was most eloquent. The following was the programme carried out:

Music—"Funeral March," Chopin—Prof. J. Lewis Browne.

Prayer—Rev. W. A. Carter, D. D.

Music—"Who Will Care for Mother Now?" Octette.

Introduction of Speaker—By Mr. Robert Howard.

Memorial Address—Hon. Henry R. Goetchius.

Music—"The Vacant Chair."

History of Memorial Day—Presented to the Lizzie Rutherford Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, read by Mr. Frank Garrard.

Music—"The Conquered Banner."—Miss Mary Kivlin.

Recitation—"Our Confederate Dead"—Miss Maggie Martin Harrison.

Music—"Let Us Pass Over the River," Stonewall Jackson's last words—Chorus.

Piano—Miss Mary Kivlin.

Cornets—Clarence Gray and Mr. Berry.

Violin—Mr. Dreyspool.

Benediction—Rev. A. M. Wynn.

#### THE MILITARY FEATURE.

The Columbus Guards, the Browne Fencibles and the Phenix City Rifles, the local military organizations, were out in full force. The two Albany companies, Companies E and G of the Guards, were present as guests of the Columbus military by special invitation, and participated in the exercises, thus making the military feature an imposing one. The Albany boys arrived in the city this morning, and were met at the depot by the Guards and Fencibles, who escorted them to their armory. The Columbus military is very appreciative of the hospitality exhibited on the occasion of their recent trip to Albany.

The line of march was as follows:

First, mounted policemen.

Fourth Regiment Band.

Five military companies: Columbus Guards, Browne Fencibles, Companies E and G of the Albany Guards, and the Phenix City Rifles.

The companies were formed in battalion, according to the rank of the officers.

Phenix City Brass Band.

The True Blues, small boys.

The Confederate Veterans of Camp Benning.

Sons of Confederate Veterans, mounted.

Fire Department.

Orator of the day, in carriage.

Ladies' Memorial Association, in carriages.

Daughters of the Confederacy.

Citizens, in carriages.

At the cemetery the usual salutes were fired over the graves of the soldiers. As usual, the graves were beautifully decorated.

#### THE MEMORY OF MRS. ELLIS.

The notable feature of the day was the history of the Association, prepared officially, wherein the full credit is awarded Mrs. Ellis of having originated the idea of a floral remembrance, and to Mrs. Williams of having taken it up and carried it to success.

(Then followed a copy of the history as heretofore set out in these pages, embracing the affidavits, letter of Mrs. Williams, etc., etc. After reference to the oration, the report concluded with the following list of ladies, whose portraits accompanied the report:)

## THE HONOR ROLL.

Mrs. Absalom H. (Loretta R. Lamar) Chappell was first President of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Columbus.

Mrs. Robert (Evelyn Page Nelson) Carter was the the second and only succeeding President of the Soldiers' Aid Society, and the first President of the Memorial Association of Columbus. She was elected in 1866 and remained in office until the date of her death, in January 1896.

Mrs. Louis F. (Annie Leonard) Garrard is now President of the Memorial Association of Columbus, having succeeded Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. William G. (Maria Byrd Nelson) Woolfolk and Mrs. Charles E. (Clara M. Hodges) Dexter are the only surviving ladies of the number which met in 1866 to organize the Memorial Association.

Miss Anna C. Benning is President of the Lizzie Rutherford Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Columbus.

Mrs. Lizzie Rutherford Ellis is the lady in whose patriotic heart originated the idea of Memorial Day and the originator of the custom.

Mrs. Charles J. (Mary Ann Howard) Williams is the Secretary of the Memorial Association whose gifted pen wrote the letter which obtained from the ladies of the South co-operation with the ladies of Columbus in establishing Memorial Day.

Mrs. Peter (Jane E. Ware) Martin has been Secretary of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Columbus for the past 30 years.

THE TEXT OF MRS. WILLIAMS' LETTER.

The following is a copy of the original letter of Mrs. Charles J. Williams, as Secretary of Columbus Memorial Association, to the press and ladies of the South regarding Memorial Day, taken from the Columbus (Ga.) *Times*:

“Columbus, Ga., March 12, 1866.—*Messrs. Editors*: The ladies are now and have been for several days engaged in the sad but pleasant duty of ornamenting and improving that portion of the city cemetery sacred to the memory of our gallant Confederate dead, but we feel it is an unfinished work unless a day be set apart annually for its special attention. We cannot raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them by dedicating at least one day in each year, to embellishing their humble graves with flowers. Therefore, we beg the assistance of the press and the ladies throughout the South to aid us in the effort to set apart a certain day to be observed from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and be handed down through time as a religious custom of the South, to wreath the graves of our martyred dead with flowers; and we propose the 26th day of April as the day. Let every city, town

and village join in the pleasant duty. Let all alike be remembered, from the heroes of Manassas to those who expired amid the death throes of our hallowed cause. We'll crown alike the honored resting places of the immortal Jackson in Virginia, Johnston at Shiloh, Cleburne in Tennessee and the host of gallant privates who adorned our ranks. All did their duty, and to all we owe our gratitude. Let the soldiers' graves, for that day at least, be the Southern Mecca to whose shrine her sorrowing women, like pilgrims, may annually bring their grateful hearts and floral offerings. And when we remember the thousands who were buried 'with their martial cloaks around them,' without Christian ceremony of interment, we would invoke the aid of the most thrilling eloquence throughout the land to inaugurate this custom by delivering, on the appointed day this year, a eulogy on the unburied dead of our glorious Southern army. They died for their country. Whether their country had or had not the right to demand the sacrifice, is no longer a question of discussion. We leave that for nations to decide in future. That it was demanded—that they fought nobly, and fell holy sacrifices upon their country's altar, and are entitled to their country's gratitude, none will deny.

“The proud banner under which they rallied in defense of the holiest and noblest cause for which heroes fought, or trusting women prayed, has been

furled forever. The country for which they suffered and died has now no name or place among the nations of the earth. Legislative enactment may not be made to do honor to their memories, but the veriest radical that ever traced his genealogy back to the deck of the Mayflower, could not refuse us the simple privilege of paying honor to those who died defending the life, honor and happiness of the Southern women.”

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LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

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PRESENT OFFICERS:

President, Mrs. Louis F. Garrard.

Vice-Presidents:

Mrs. W. G. Woolfolk,  
Mrs. Reese Crawford,  
Miss Anna Caroline Benning,  
Mrs. O. S. Jordan,  
Mrs. A. Dozier,  
Treasurer, Mrs. Clara M. Dexter.  
Secretary, Mrs. J. E. Martin.

Assistant Secretaries:

Mrs. Joseph S. Harrison,  
Mrs. J. Norman Pease,

[This is not a complete list. An earnest effort has been made to obtain the names of all the members, but this effort has not been successful. The list is arranged without reference to age or time. Many have married and it was not possible in some instances to ascertain their present names. Some also are dead, but it was thought best that all names obtainable should be here recorded.]

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Adams, Miss Fannie,  
Allen, Mrs. A. M.—Sallie Bellinger,  
Backus, Miss Annie J.,  
Bailey, Miss Belle,  
Bailey, Miss E. H.,  
Banks, Miss Sue,  
Bennett, Miss Anna,  
Benning, Mrs. Henry L.—Mary Howard Jones,  
Benning, Miss Anna Caroline,  
Benning, Miss Mary Howard,  
Blanchard, Mrs. McDuffie—Sarah J. W.,  
Blanchard, Mrs. W. A.—Henrietta Seabrook,  
Bradford, Miss Mary,  
Brannon, Mrs. A. M.—Julia A. Fuller,  
Brooks, Miss Josephine,  
Browne, Mrs. J. Rhodes, Jr.—Nina Young,  
Bruce, Mrs. Henry—(Deedee Patten),  
Bruce, Miss Mary Louisa,  
Bruce, Mrs. Wm.—Mary Louisa Jones,  
Bullard, Mrs. W. L.—Mary Blackmar,  
Burrus, Mrs. Lawrence M.,  
Bussey, Mrs. Henry—Elizabeth Lucas,  
Byington, Mrs. E. T.—Elia Goode,  
Bynum, Mrs. Emma Tyler,



Camp, Mrs. L. A.—Annie Camp,  
Cameron, Miss Emma,  
Carter, Mrs. John D.—Zoonomia Hoxey,  
Carter, Mrs. Robt.—Evelyn Page Nelson,  
Carter, Mrs. Robt. E.—Belle Powers,  
Carter, Mrs. W. A.—Agnes Quigley,  
Chapman, Mrs. Brad.—Elizabeth ——  
Chappell, Mrs. L. H.—Cynthia Kent Hart,  
Cleghorn, Miss Sallie,  
Cody, Mrs. A. A.—Mary Roberta Williams,  
Comer, Mrs. Laura Beecher,  
Cook, Miss Mary Elvira,  
Copeland, Mrs.—Maggie Cook,  
Chancellor, Mrs. A. C.—Carrie Wynne,  
Carson, Mrs. Robt.—Ida Brannon,  
Cowdery, Miss Eveline,  
Cowdery, Miss Mattie,  
Curtis, Mrs. N. N.—Patty Welborne,  
Curtwright, Mrs.—Lizzie Murkenfuss,  
Crawford, Mrs. Bennett—May Lowe,  
Crawford, Mrs. Reese—Augusta Jane Benning,  
Dexter, Mrs. Chas. E.—Clara M. Hodges,  
Dillingham, Mrs. Geo.—Anna Hall,  
Dismukes, Mrs. E. P.—Annie E. Forman,  
Downing, Mrs. L. T.—Lucy Urquhart,  
Dozier, Mrs. A. A.—Susie Moreland,  
Dozier, Mrs. Albert—Mary Cook,  
Ellis, Mrs. Roswell—Lizzie Rutherford,  
Evans, Miss Eula,

Evans, Mrs. F. H.—Dillie Waddell,  
 Estes, Mrs. Marion—Maggie Kirven,  
 Farish, Mrs. Robert—Helen Slade,  
 Fogle, Mrs. Wm.—Sallie Rutherford,  
 Fontaine, Mrs. Wm.—Laura Ynestrai,  
 Forsyth, Miss Anna,  
 Flewellen, Mrs. Abner C.—Sarah Porter Shep-  
 herd,  
 Gardiner, Miss Anna Byrd,  
 Gardiner, Miss Mollie,  
 Garrard, Miss Annie Leonard,  
 Garrard, Miss Helen Gertrude,  
 Garrard, Mrs. L. F.—Annie F. Leonard,  
 Garrett, Mrs. Joseph, —— Heard,  
 Gilbert, Mrs. S. P. —Mary Howard,  
 Goetchius, Mrs. H. R.—Mary Russell,  
 Goetchius, Mrs. R. R.—Mary Bennett,  
 Gordon, Mrs. Hugh—Carrie Williams,  
 Gray, Mrs. M. E.—Alice Tyler,  
 Greene, Mrs. R. H.,  
 Griffin, Miss Anna Helena,  
 Hanserd, Mrs. Jos.—Mary Bethune,  
 Hanserd, Miss Mary L.,  
 Harrison, Mrs. J. S.—Sallie Martin,  
 Harden, Mrs.—Mary Tyler,  
 Hardeman, Mrs. Frank—Anne McDougald,  
 Harrison, Mrs. W. P.—Mary F. Hodges,  
 Hatcher, Mrs. S. B.—Susie Madden,  
 Hill, Mrs. Joe Hill—Mary Helen Downing,

Hines, Mrs. Thos.—Clothide DeLaunay,  
Hirsch, Mrs. Herman, — Annie ———  
Hodges, Mrs. M. E.—Elizabeth Smith,  
Hopkins, Mrs. L. O.,  
Howard, Miss Lila,  
Howard, Mrs. Ralph O.—Willie Watt,  
Howard, Miss Mary Jones,  
Howard, Mrs. T. B., Jr.—Nettie Williams,  
Howard, Mrs. Wm.—Fannie Anderson,  
Hull, Mrs. H. L.—Sarah Jones Benning,  
Hudson, Mrs. David—Juliette M. Hall,  
Hudson, Mrs. Benj.—Ellen Charlton,  
Hurt, Mrs. Chas. D.,  
Hurt, Mrs. Fannie,  
Iverson, Miss Leona Hamilton,  
Jenkins, Mrs. Felix—Ella Crawford,  
Johnson, Mrs. Milton—Mary B. Jones,  
Jones, Miss A. Katharine,  
Jones, Mrs. Clifton—Annie Johnson,  
Jones, Mrs. John A.—Mary Louisa Leonard,  
Jones, Mrs. Mary Eliza Rutherford,  
Jones, Mrs. Seaborn—Mary Howard,  
Jordan, Mrs. O. S.—Bettie Blake Dexter,  
Jordan, Miss Maud,  
Kincaid, Miss Mary,  
King, Miss Mattie,  
Leitner, Mrs. John,  
Levy, Miss Edna,  
Levy, Miss Francis Marion,

Levy, Mrs. Lionel C.—Isabel Moses,  
Lewis, Miss Alabama,  
Lewis, Miss Annie Belle,  
Lewis, Miss Leila,  
Lewis, Miss Mary,  
Lewis, Mrs. M. N.,  
Little, Mrs. W. A.—Jennie Dozier,  
MacAllister, Mrs. J. M.,  
MacDougald, Mrs. Emily Fitton,  
Mathews, Mrs. John—Mary ———  
Mitchell, Mrs. F.—Katherine T. Downing,  
Mott, Mrs. R.—Annie Battle,  
Murdoch, Mrs. R. B.—Lydia Spencer,  
Neill, Mrs. Geo.—Alabama Lindsay,  
Osburn, Mrs. C. T.—Cornelia Bacon,  
Paramore, Mrs. John,  
Patten, Mrs. Richard—Martha Anna Hodges,  
Patterson, Miss Mildred Lewis,  
Pearce, Mrs. J. H.,  
Pease, Mrs. J. Norman—Anna Vivian Jones,  
Poe, Mrs. O.— ——— Magruder,  
Pond, Miss Callie,  
Pope, Mrs. Wm,—Lizzie Patten,  
Pou, Mrs. Joseph—Antoinette Dozier,  
Redd, Mrs. C. A.—Eugenia Weems,  
Redd, Mrs. N. L.—Rebecca Ferguson,  
Sarling, Mrs. Solomon,  
Shepherd, Mrs Anne,  
Smith, Mrs. Milton J.—Florida Welborne,

Spencer, Mrs. R. P.—Ida T. Speed,  
Spencer, Mrs. Samuel—Louisa V. Benning,  
Stewart, Miss Catty,  
Stewart, Mrs. J. M.,  
Strupper, Mrs. I. G.—Mary Everett,  
Ticknor, Mrs. Douglas—Sarah D. Ticknor,  
Ticknor, Mrs. F. O.—Rosa Nelson,  
Ticknor, Mrs. Geo.—Nora Stewart,  
Tigner, Mrs. W. F.,  
Tigner, Mrs. G. Y.—Johnnie Lindsay,  
Thomas, Miss Estelle,  
Thomas, Mrs. G. E.,  
Thomas, Miss Mary J.,  
Torrence, Miss Harriet,  
Torrence, Miss Matilda,  
Tyler, Miss Anna,  
Tyler, Mrs. John,  
Tyler, Miss Rosa,  
Waddell, Miss Bessie F.,  
Waddell, Miss Sallie N.,  
Ware, Mrs. R. A.—Margaret Ellison,  
Warner, Mrs. Chas.—Susie Swift,  
Watson, Mrs. H. L.—Annie Patten,  
Weems, Miss Lottie,  
Wells, Mrs. M. E.— ——— Birdsong,  
Williams, Mrs. Chas. J.—Mary Ann Howard,  
Williams, Mrs. (Dr.) Chas.— ——— Beall,  
Worrell, Miss Kate,  
Worrell, Mrs. James—Emma Biggers,

Worrell, Miss Josephine,  
Woodruff, Mrs. Chas.—Mary Lou Mott,  
Woodruff, Mrs. Geo. W.—Virginia Lindsay,  
Woodruff, Mrs. Henry—May Patten,  
Woolfolk, Mrs. Wm. G.—Maria Byrd Nelson,  
Wright, Mrs.—Mary Bridges Murdoch,  
Yonge, Mrs. Ed.—Lucy Banks,

## CHAPTER XI.

SEVERAL years ago my brother Richard heard that an angry mob just outside of the city limits on the Talbotton Road was about to lynch a man charged with a nameless crime. He hurried out as fast as his horse could run. On reaching the scene he found a large crowd of highly excited men with a halter around the neck of the man. I followed Richard within a few minutes and found him addressing the excited crowd, pleading for time to investigate the charge. I asked the man his name. He replied, "Bob Sykes, from Mississippi." He was a class-mate of mine at Marietta, Ga., in 1853, and I had never seen or heard of him from that time until I met him under the terrible, heart-rending circumstances. About this time dear old Bob Led-singer, deputy sheriff, appeared, took charge of him and carried him to jail. The next morning he was bound over by a magistrate under a bond of \$1,000 for his appearance before the next grand jury. We made the bond for him. When the grand jury met, like a true man he appeared. The jury failed to indict. He immediately found Dick and myself, expressing his gratitude with all the feeling and words his tongue could express. If Bob Sykes is alive to-day, he owes that life to the true heart and

fearless tongue of Dick Howard. Two minutes later on the part of Dick, and innocent Bob Sykes would have been a victim of mob law.

At the Memphis Reunion of the U. C. V., 1901, I met Hilary Herbert (Secretary of the Navy during Cleveland's second administration). We were warm friends during our early manhood. Taking his hand I said: "I'll bet you \$100 you can't tell who I am." After thoroughly scanning my face for some time, he said: "From your face, I can't say who you are, but your voice tells me you are Bob Howard." Forty-two years had elapsed since we last met. There was an exhibition at this reunion—the sabre with which the world's wizard of the saddle, N. B. Forrest, in personal combat killed thirty-one Yankee soldiers. Sixteen horses were killed under him in battle. He was severely wounded several times. Truly he bore a charmed life. On a magnificent equestrian statue in Memphis is inscribed:

"His footprints die not on Fame's crimsoned sod,  
But will ring through her song and her story;  
He fought like a Titan and struck like a god,  
His dust is our ashes of glory."

After Memphis was occupied by the Yankees, his mother, who was living there, was refused by the provost guard a pass to go beyond the city limits, and she said to the guard: "Bedford will make you pay for this." A very short time after this, one night about dark, Forrest with a few dare-devils



dashed into the rotunda of the Gayaso Hotel on their horses and captured the commandant of the post and several of his staff. This dear old mother knew her son "as well as the gal knows her daddy."

## CHAPTER XII.

From Columbus, Ga., *Enquirer-Sun*, April 26, 1903.

“UNCLE BOB” HOWARD MADE SPEECH OF HIS  
LIFE ON MEMORIAL DAY.

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PLAIN FACTS, IN PLAIN ENGLISH, IN HIS ME-  
MORIAL DAY ORATION BEFORE TALBOT  
COUNTY PEOPLE.

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COL. HOWARD TOLD THEM WHAT HE THOUGHT

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AND DID NOT MINCE MATTERS IN THE SLIGHT-  
EST. HIS ORATION IN FULL. HE WAS  
GIVEN AN OVATION.

TALBOTTON, GA., April 25.—(Special.)—The  
Memorial Day observance here was one of the  
most notable in years.

Many eloquent Memorial addresses have been  
delivered in Talbotton, but none more beautiful than  
that of Colonel Robert M. Howard, of Columbus, to-  
day.

A splendid programme of exercises had been ar-  
ranged by the Ladies' Memorial Association, and  
was carried out in perfect manner.

The exercises were very largely attended, and the Columbus orator was given an ovation, his speech being received with the greatest enthusiasm. In popular parlance, it was the "warmest" address delivered here in many a day.

Colonel Howard was introduced very happily by Captain J. J. Bull.

Colonel Howard's address follows:

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Ladies, Comrades and Gentlemen: Words can but feebly express the pride and pleasure with which I receive the cordial greeting of this magnificent audience. I accept it not as personal to myself, but as a tribute at the shrine of sweet love to the memory of a cause we held nearer and dearer than life itself—a cause for which we freely sacrificed all, save honor, true manhood and noble womanhood. To you, dear ladies of the Memorial Association, I tender my true appreciation of the high honor you have conferred upon me on this occasion and I trust you may have no cause of regret in your selection.

I shall speak to you of a cause which, though lost, was, is and will be forever as righteous as any for which freedom e'er unsheathed her sword; of arms, whose brilliant achievements are the wonder and admiration of the world; of men—the Confederate dead and their surviving comrades—whose deeds of valor, whose love of country, whose devotion to duty, whose tireless endurance and whose dauntless

courage find no parallel on the pages of history, either ancient or modern; and last, but by no means least, of the fairest, purest, noblest type of true womanhood that ever graced and adorned God's perfect creation—Dixie's peerless daughters—"chaste as morning dew, spring has not flower more beautiful; winter no snow-wreath more pure." It requires no X-ray to locate and diagnose my case on this or any other occasion. Go, see what I have seen; feel what I have felt; suffer what I have suffered; go learn what I know, of the injustice, outrages and persecutions that have been forced upon us of the South by the United States Government since the firing of the first gun in the Civil War, to this very day, and you will not wonder at the earnestness and depth of feeling with which I shall address you. I shall "nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice," but will "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." I shall call a spade a spade because it is a spade, and will not mince words in matters pertaining to absolute, incontrovertible facts. And now what means this sea of upturned faces; Age, with his wrinkles, burdens and cares; Youth in her beauty, joys and smiles? The answer is in your silent city of the dead, where sleep the true, the brave.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread  
And glory guards with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead."

As woman was the last at the Cross of the blessed Saviour of man and the first at his tomb, so was woman a sweet guardian angel during the bloody crucifixion of the South upon the altar of blind fanaticism and sectional hate and was first at the tomb of the Confederacy, when the inspiration of her pure love and changeless devotion gave birth to the hallowed day which we now religiously observe and reverently celebrate.

"As the sunflower turns on her god  
when he sets  
The same look which she gave  
when he rose."

So to-day from the placid waters of the beautiful Potomac to the turbid tides of the raging Rio Grande, from the dew-kissed blue grass of Kentucky to the fragrant orange blooms of Florida, we turn to that grand old flag, around which linger so many sad, sweet, tender memories, with the same deathless love with which we hailed its glorious birth, when we unfurled it to the propitious breezes of heaven and followed its spotless folds through its stormy, bloody life in defense of constitutional liberty and the right of self-government. As long as the lusty eagle shall wing his lofty flight to snow-capped peaks; as long as the breeze shall bear the billow's foam; as long as true manhood and noble womanhood shall inspire pure patriotism, so long will Dixie's brave sons and Dixie's fair daughters meet

on this our annual Memorial Day, and with earth's fairest, sweetest flowers pay their tribute of sweet love to the memory of our Confederate heroes—the grandest army of martyrs the world has ever produced; they went down to glorious death amid the wreck and carnage of battle in the heroic discharge of righteous duty. “They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle; no sound can awake them to glory again.”

But we glorify ourselves by remaining true to their memory and changeless in our loyalty to the cause for which they freely gave their hearts' last, best and reddest blood. Caesar had his legions; Leonidas his Spartans; Washington his Yorktown; Bonaparte his Imperial Guard; Wellington his Waterloo; Balaklava its Light Brigade; Grant his three millions from the civilized world, with Africa thrown in as a sweet-smelling savor for good measure, to be hurled against Southern breastworks by its white allies in the rear to shield their cowardly carcasses; but the deeds of all these sink into utter insignificance when compared to the manhood, valor and courage of the boys who wore the gray, and who for four years fought the world until they actually wore themselves out to a perfect frazzle by fighting and whipping the Federal armies. 'Tis said that Alexander the Great conquered the world and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Could we have had man for man during the contest,

when the war ended we would have been crying because there was no more blue to shoot at save the blue dome above. The United States pension roll proclaims the fact that every soldier we had enrolled during the war killed, crippled, wounded or scared to death a Yankee and a half, and we are to-day charged by the United States with two billions, eight hundred millions of dollars for pensions paid from the Treasury since the war ended. 'Tis true that the Civil War—that is, the conflict of arms closed thirty-eight years ago—that the dead past has in a measure buried its dead, but the harrowing memories of the unholy and damnable crusade waged against us by a relentless foe, the crimes and outrages inflicted upon us during the war and many fold increased since still live and I would not stultify myself by asking this audience to suffer these recollections to find an everlasting burial in Lethe's dark waters with the lapse of thirty-eight years; on the contrary, I would burn, as it were, with a seething red-hot iron on the tablet of your memory, these recollections so deeply that time could never efface them.

Were the climate and soil of New England adapted to the cultivation of cane and cotton and to the population of the nigger race as it is in the South, Boston to-day would have been calling the roll of her slaves from Bunker Hill monument and would have been headquarters for the slave trade of

North America, and whoever says to the contrary should be bored for the simples.

Lincoln was the one and the only one who could have prevented the firing of a gun in the Civil War. There can be no effect without a cause. The first gun fired in the war was the effect and echoes of the midnight guns of John Brown and his murderous freebooters at Harper's Ferry, Va., in 1859, when peaceful citizens were aroused from their slumbers and murdered without cause or provocation; Brown proclaiming that it was the beginning of a general servile insurrection throughout the entire South for indiscriminate slaughter of its people regardless of age or sex.

When Lincoln ordered General McDowell to cross the Potomac River with 55,000 Federal soldiers to shoot down Southern men who were defending their homes, violators of no law known to the Constitution, guilty of no crime, he was as much a violator of law and as redhanded a murderer as was John Brown. Applying the rule of true analysis, wherein did one differ from the other? Tell me not with fine spun theories and false sentimental sophistry, what Lincoln would have done for the South had he have lived. I tell you what he had already done and that nothing he could have done would have atoned for and made right the ruthless slaughter of enough Southern men, whose skeletons placed one upon the other would have made a monument of human bones



whose capstone would have been more than 250 miles above its base, and there like Banquo's ghost it will stand and will not down and if the Bible be true, and who can doubt it, I believe in the final judgment a just God will say to Lincoln and his wicked abettors and instigators: "Depart from me, you accursed workers of iniquity; I know you not." And in this I do not include the officers and rank and file of the Federal army.

This is the white man's government; no nigger to its sway; our white flag, the sceptre, all who meet shall obey. O! my countrymen, let us have a government, the laws of which shall be made and administered exclusively by white men, and if perchance, by political corruption and the loss of manhood, it should ever become otherwise, then may God, in His mercy, have Heaven's Archangel with trumpet tongue sound the end of time. There will never be real peace, harmony and security in this government until the nigger is forever eliminated as a political factor, both as voter and officeholder. It is the paramount question that confronts us. Upon the wise and proper solution of it depends the welfare of the entire people of both races, the stability and perpetuity of the government. A nigger should hold no office in this government, except chief engineer of a mule or director general of a steer, and he had better steer clear of his psalm-singing hypocritical friends in general of the North and the

State of Illinois in particular, the home of his patron saint, Lincoln, where they mob and lynch niggers for seeking to make an honest living. "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; you strain at a gnat" and swallow a nigger without a grunt. And why? Not that you love the nigger less, but that you hate the Southern people more and thus revel in the enjoyment of your sweet odoriferous morsel in venting your vindictive hatred and ceaseless persecution upon us. Whenever you hear a man either North or South say there is perfect peace, harmony and brotherly love between the two sections of this government, he either speaks from policy, or is a consummate fool, or a monumental liar, or else has more pure, undefiled religion than I can ever attain to. And now hear me, when I say without any mental reservation or exception that any man who, using his official power, appoints a nigger to office over white people in any section of this government is too low and too mean to even go to —, well you know where I mean, and if you don't, I'll tell you; it is "that bourne from whence no traveler returns"—down there where snowstorms are conspicuous for their absence. Now this includes the whole business from the blustering "Broncho Buster" of monstrosity, pomposity and strenuosity in Washington to his political henchmen everywhere who basely "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning."

However, the Bible says, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib," and the Bible don't lie and nowhere says that a nigger must be placed over a white man and we defiantly say to the United States Government that with all your bristling bayonets and ten-inch columbiads on land and your mighty navy afloat, you never can force the nigger on an equality with the white people of the South; God Almighty didn't do it and you can't. Now, these are my sentiments and I don't care the snap of my finger who hears me avow them and not more boldly do I announce them from the red old hills of Georgia, than fearlessly would I proclaim them from the house-tops of New England, where they used to burn pure, innocent, helpless women at the stake for being witches. And yet, forsooth, these fanatics in their assumed self-righteousness strut to and fro as the giddy peacock in his gaudy plumage and say: "Behold, we are the culture, civilization, intellect and morality of the Government." God, save the mark. In the long ago, according to Aesop, a gnat assuming the responsibility of looking after the domestic affairs and home life of the elephant, sought temporary rest by alighting on the horn of an ox and feeling that it was of immense magnitude and huge preponderosity, remarked: "If my great weight oppresses you, I'll move," to which the ox replied, "Keep your seat, you sweet little insignificant cuss, I didn't even know that you

were there." And so we say to the little Trays, Blanches and Sweethearts of the North that are continually yelping on our tracks, "Lay on, McDuff, and damned be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough.' " Your raving, roaring, ranting has no more effect on us than a single dew drop has on the tides of the Atlantic Ocean. The lion regards not the loud braying of a long eared donkey; the eagle scorns the vulture below him and disdains the hiss of the vile serpent as it crawls through its filth and slime.

Now and then we see a creature apparently soaring as an eagle and in reality descending in the filth of the carrion; in illustration of which, cast your eye to Washington and then see Teddy Roosevelt, "the rough rider," riding rough shod over everything pure and decent; forcing a devoted wife, a lovely daughter, to meet upon terms of perfect social equality in the sanctity and purity of their home a nigger, Booker Washington; still later, see him throw wide open the doors of the White House, at a public reception, and then receive and greet niggers with the same graciousness and urbanity as shown white people, thus publicly proclaiming social equality between the two races, saying to the negro, "Woo, win and wear whom you may, the only bar in marriage is mutual consent." Degenerate son of a noble Georgia woman, the very thought of him is a stench in our nostrils; the pronunciation of his name, pollu-

tion to our lips—ignoble villain, he stinks as he rots and he stinks as he rises in his infamy.

The infamous doctrine he announces and which he is endeavoring to force upon the country, if not effectually checked at once, will inevitably lead to results in this country, the horrors of which compared to those of the Civil War, would be as a mole hill to a mountain. Read his published book in which he compares Jefferson Davis to Benedict Arnold, making the latter the better, purer man of the two; the one, President of the Confederate States, a statesman, the peer of any man of this or any other age; as gallant, as knightly a soldier as e'er drew flashing blade in defence of his country; a patriot, true and tried, an incorruptible private citizen, a consecrated Christian gentleman, "who leaving behind him no blot on his name, looked proudly to Heaven from his deathbed of fame," and went to his honored grave amid the tears and with the love and admiration of millions of his countrymen. The other a miserable traitor to his country, receiving as the price of his treason ten thousand dollars in gold and a commission in the British army, and died a miserable outcast in a foreign country in abject poverty in a hut, "unwept, unhonored and unsung," and despised even by the country to whom he sold his manhood. "O! shame where is thy blush," when the president of this great country could thus stultify himself in venting his sectional hate. Read

again in a recent speech at Arlington, Va., of the "Broncho Buster" and you find he brands Confederate soldiers as anarchists. Has he forgotten that the fatal bullet of the foul anarchist gave him the exalted, responsible office he so basely prostitutes? Is it not a fact that in an electric car accident in which his secret service man was killed the accident mis-carried and caught the wrong man? But enough of Teddy until 1904. Already the handwriting is on the wall, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," and Mark Hanna will bury him in his political grave with appropriate epitaph, "He was, but he is not; died from galloping consumption of nigger on the brain." And now leave the political monstrosity to the well merited scorn and contempt of all pure decent people, regardless of sex or sections.

Social equality, should it ever become an issue in this government, to be decided by legislative enactment or physical force, we of the South would meet its advocates with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other; we would dispute every inch of ground; raze every house, burn every blade of grass, and let the last entrenchment of liberty be our bloody grave of extinction rather than submit to such damnable degradation. We of the South are the only true friends the nigger has in this government. Let us deal kindly, justly with him, guard him in person and property by the strong arm of the law, aid him in every laudable and proper way conducive to his

welfare and advancement; if charged with crime—save for a nameless one—and violation of law, weigh and try him in the same scale of equal justice you would the whitest man in the realm; if there is doubt attached to his guilt, “temper justice with mercy” and give him the full benefit of the doubt; but, my countrymen, forever withhold from him the ballot and office, as you would the deadly viper from your bosom, lest it sting you to death. There are many in each section of the country who contend that education is the solution of the nigger problem and millions of dollars are being annually expended on that line. Education for what? The chaingangs, penitentiaries, regardless of section, nameless crimes and shrieks of countless helpless women fully answer the question. Prison statistics prove that more than 90 per cent. of the nigger convicts of this country have a smattering of education; the tax digests of this State prove that 90 per cent. of the taxes paid by them on property is paid by those who do not know a letter of the alphabet.

“A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Drink deep or taste not the Plerian spring.”

And the nigger can never drink deep enough of that spring to make him competent to discharge the duties and responsibilities of white citizenship.

Equality of the South in the government. Of what does it consist? Only as tax payers, we are in the government, but not of it. How many names

from the South have been on the Presidential ticket since the war ended? Blair, a major general in the Federal Army, from Missouri, on the Democratic ticket in 1868, for Vice-President; Brown, from the same state, in 1872, for Vice-President, with Horace Greely, for President, as a Democrat; these two names complete the list. Of the thirty-eight years since the war closed, a Republican President, with the exception of eight years, has appointed every Cabinet officer. How many from the South? Grant appointed one, a scalawag from Georgia; Hayes selected one, a good man from Tennessee; and I dare say, he did it to ease in a measure a guilty conscience that was smiting him for being the biggest thief known in the world; he actually and literally stole the whole United States Government and kept it in possession four years, knowing that he was a thief, and if this is not a fact, "true as Holy Writ," then I am the biggest liar south of Boston, where they keep the days of the week by codfish and Irish potatoes. During Cleveland's two terms as President, he had six members of his Cabinet from the South, made two Supreme Court Judges from the same section, and if he ever appointed a nigger to office south of the Potomac River, I don't know it.

Now, I stand upon facts, and these are the incontestible facts, which will forever perpetuate the truth of my assertion that upon the Federal Govern-



ment rests the inauguration of the Civil War between the two sections of this country. No part of its responsibility rests upon the Southern States. They were not the aggressors in any single instance. They were ever true in their plighted faith under the Constitution. No instance of a breach of its mutual covenants can ever be laid to their charge. The open and palpable breach was committed by their Northern confederates. No one can deny this. Those states of the North which were false to their Constitutional obligations claimed powers not delegated and elected a President pledged to carry out principles openly in defiance of the decision of the highest tribunal known to the Constitution. Their policy tended inevitably to a centralized despotism. It was under these circumstances that secession was resorted to; the war was begun and waged by the North to prevent the exercise of this right. All that the South did was strictly in self-defense even in their firing the first gun. The United States Government, after keeping Jefferson Davis in prison two years (a portion of the time in manacles) liberated him without trial. And why? Because it knew a trial would result in acquittal, which would forever prove and establish the right of secession under the Constitution and history will so record it. Every decision of the United States Supreme Court from its foundation down to the present time where States' Rights and States' Sovereignty were the

questions for adjudication, has sustained the principle and doctrine, and I challenge denial and refutation of this fact.

The so-called apostles of progress and commercialism tell us that the war forever obliterated Mason and Dixon's line, that there is now no North, no South, no East, nor West, but one grand brotherhood of peace, harmony and mutual good will between all sections of the government. The assertion is an infamous lie; bayonets don't make brothers. That line was a geographical one marked by degrees and minutes of the compass. It is now traced by a line of innocent blood so wide and so deep that time can never bridge it nor can all of ocean and mountain billows ever submerge it. There is no new South as claimed by those who fain would sacrifice our glorious heroic past upon the altar of Mammon. The old South still lives and will yet Phoenix-like rise from her ashes and become the greatest, best portion of the Government, developing the highest, purest civilization of the world. Grand, glorious old South; God made your dirt, your men and your women!—made your history which will remain unsullied as long as Heaven's glittering dewdrops shall kiss the blushing rose to bring forth her spotless beauty and matchless fragrance.

\* \* \* \* \*

In many lands, O Freedom, are thy everlasting springs. But upon no spot of earth—not on the

plains of Marathon, nor in the unconquerable Gulf of Salamis, not at Bannockburn or Morganton, not at Bunker Hill or at Yorktown, hast thou unsealed fountains purer or more unfailing than upon the battlefields of the South from Manassas to Appomattox and Greensboro, where gathered around Lee and Johnston the unterrified remnant of our loving braves. The grandeur of Southern manhood will emblazon the pages of history through all ages yet to come and in equally resplendent glory will the record paint the sublimity of Southern womanhood.

Go with me now to Gettysburg, fateful Gettysburg, where in a field of blood and a baptism of fire was sounded the death-knell of the Confederacy. Here the inspiration of the artist has traced on canvas in fadeless colors the grandest battle scene of the world's history. There, hear the loud bugle sound over the hill and join in the din of the morn:

"Till faint and more faint in the far solitude,  
It dies on the portals of Heaven,  
While echo springs up from her home in the  
rock and seizes the perishing strain,  
And sends the proud challenge from rock to  
rock, from mountain to mountain again."

Through an open field nearly a mile off is Cemetery Hill; upon its summit almost piercing the clouds is entrenched the Federal Army, with its mighty arms of death and destruction. This is the key to the battlefield; if captured and held it means

the destruction of the Federal Army and the capture by our army of Washington City and assuring the independence of the Confederacy. And now with its shot and shell riddled banners of many a victorious field this untterrified, unwhipped army of the matchless Lee forms in line of battle for the grandest, most heroic charge in the annals of war:

“Firm-paced—a solid front they form,  
 Still as the breeze, yet dreadful as the storm;  
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
 Victory or death—the watch-word and reply.  
 O! Heaven, they said, our bleeding country save;  
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
 Yet though destruction sweep these plains,  
 Rise fellow men our country yet remains;  
 By that dread name we wave the sword on high,  
 And swear for her to live, with her to die.”

And now rings out in clarion notes the loud command, “Fix bayonets, load and fire, load and fire, charge;” and with torn and tattered banners sweetly kissing the breezes of high Heaven, under the soul-stirring strains of Dixie and the Rebel yell rending the air, these immortal hordes move forward through a storm of shot and shell. As falls the ripe grain before the sickle, so these heroes, ripe for duty, ripe for Heaven, fall by sections; fall by platoons, but undismayed on they go.

“The combat deepens, on ye braves!” and with the Rebel yell rising above the din of the battle, on they go; they fall by companies; they fall by regi-

ments and on they go. On Cemetery Hill, the fires of ruin glow; the blood-dyed waters murmuring far below, but on they go! The storm prevails—grows more furious, earth shakes, “red meteors flash along the sky and conscious nature shudders at the cry,” but on they go! And again the Rebel yell rings out a high alto above the booming cannon sending dismay and consternation to the enemy on the heights above, but on they go! And now, with cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them, they climb the hill; they clear the rifle-pits and leaping on the breastworks plant with exultant shouts their glorious battle flags. For some minutes, “like eagles with bloody plumes” they stand triumphant on the crest of battle; but alas! the covering and supporting columns were not equal to their heroic devotion and the only fruit of their valor was a memory to their country, which through all the ages of time will never grow dim. As melts the mist before the morning sun, so melted in blood this heroic army and with it our bright star of hope forever set in impenetrable and never ending darkness.

The grandest tribute ever paid to these heroes was by a wounded Confederate soldier when he said:

“They went up to Heaven in a pillow of fire,  
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;  
O, bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
The South fell, unwept, without a crime,

“Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
 Strength in her arm or mercy in her woe—  
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
 Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career;  
 Hope, for a season, bade the South farewell,  
 And Freedom shrieked as Richmond fell.

“O, righteous Heaven! e'er Freedom found a grave,  
 Why slept the sword—omnipotent to save?  
 Where was thine, O, Vengeance, where thy rod,  
 That might have saved the South from her wicked  
 Crucifixion on the Altar of unrighteousness?”

What Eve was to Adam in caring for and enhancing the beauties of that perfect garden of Eden so are you, Daughters of the Confederacy, to our “Lost Cause;” upon you rests the sacred duty of keeping a correct record of that cause, of perpetuating and transmitting to this and future generations its truth, its justice and the hallowed memories that so fondly cluster around it. The “Old Guard” feels justified in saying that you will nurture the sweet, tender plant of memory with such love that it will attain to that growth of perfection that Lethe’s dark waters will ne’er overflow or submerge it. You are to us, as it were, balmy May, sweetly scattering her beautiful petals o’er dreary December’s glittering icicles ere they melt and vanish with the touch of time.

There is more sweet music in the one word, woman, than Orpheus ever piped on his tender flute to his loved and lost Eurydice, and I can offer her no greater, higher honor than to say she is the

magic key that unlocks the golden gates of the New Jerusalem that erring man may therein enter and “bathe his weary soul in seas of heavenly rest, and not a wave of trouble roll across his peaceful breast.”

The Cross of Honor is the emanation of your brain, the inspiration of your heart; we prize it and wear it as a grander, more glorious insignia of manhood and honor than worn by any earthly monarch, under his crown of sparkling jewels; it has no glittering gems to mark its intrinsic value or to dazzle the eye with their brilliancy, but something more exquisite, sweeter, more precious, more priceless; 'tis stamped with woman's deathless love for those who worthily wore the gray.

“Life may cease, but then to heaven  
Will our pure affection soar;  
And when freed from earthly leaven,  
Dearest, then we'll love you more.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

**M**ANY years ago I heard Evan Howell tell to quite a crowd of friends in Atlanta that he knew a soldier who had never been in a battle. Several times when his command formed in line of battle to go into action, he would take his place in line, but when they had reached the enemy he had skedaddled. Finally on the forming for battle one day, his captain told a lieutenant to take his position in his rear and if he ran to shoot him on the spot. True to his former record, with the first volley he broke ranks and started off in a gallop; the lieutenant drew his pistol and told him if he didn't return to the ranks he would have him shot for cowardice, to which he replied: "You can shoot me lieutenant, but no damn Yankee ever shall," and Evan said the last they ever heard of him he was running with the speed and bottom of a thorough-bred four-mile race horse. The spirit might have been willing, but doubtless the flesh was weak; which reminds me that in a big battle, before the opposing forces met, a rabbit was running its level best—and a soldier said at his highest pitch—"Go it, Mollie Cotton-tail and do your best, for if my reputation were not at stake God knows I'd be with you." I know that was a Confederate soldier, for a Yankee



soldier never considered reputation when the Rebel yell informed him that hell was about to break loose in his presence. General Cheatham once cursed a teamster very bitterly for abusing his team and the driver told him he took advantage of his office. The General pulled off his coat, threw it on the ground, and told him that was General Cheatham, but he was old Frank and to sail in. The driver sailed in at once and the General rode off a badly whipped man and took it all right and never accepted another challenge from a teamster.

I take the following about the battle of Fredericksburg from "Four Years Under Marse Robert" by Robert Stiles:

"The Twenty-first Mississippi was the last regiment to leave the city. The last detachment was under command of Lane Brandon, already mentioned as my quondam class-mate at Yale, and son of old Colonel Brandon of the Twenty-first, who behaved so heroically at Malvern Hill. In skirmishing with the head of the Federal column—led, I believe, 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, our old friend Buck of Leesburg and Fort Johnston fame, 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 fingers trembled on the trigger, a little three year old, fair haired baby girl toddled out of an alley, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, gave chase to a big shell that was rolling lazily along the pavement, she clapping her little hands and the dog snapping and barking 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 enemy. A moment and

he has ground 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 a baby so 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 his 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 orders off started the brigade toward the town, yelling only as 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 the prettiest thing I ever looked at, and her eyes were shut, and I hope God'll forgive me, but I kissed her just once.' "

Has peace or war ever painted a picture more beautifully blended with deep pathos, soul stirring heart throbs and sublimity? "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God?"

## CHAPTER XIV.

**T**WO days before moving to Indian Territory, from my home in Columbus, Ga., I was called by telephone to the Rankin Hotel, where I met many friends, who gave me a beautiful watch, chain and locket, with the inscription: "Presented to Col. R. M. Howard by his friends, Columbus, Ga., June 9th, 1906." I will ever cherish the sweet memories of this manifestation of the love and esteem of these friends.

A few days after reaching Ardmore, I saw in the show window of a store a fish on which was painted, "weighs 349 pounds;" I asked the proprietor what kind of fish it was. "Just a minnow we use in fishing for trout," he replied. I whittled and thought of my old friend Punch Doughtie, of Columbus. "Where are you from?" the proprietor asked. "Georgia," I replied. "I knew you were a tender-foot," he replied, and I said: "I am not a tender-foot, but a true heart of the 600,000 who fought the world for four years and wore themselves out whipping the Yankee Doodles." I then told him Georgia had more beautiful, fascinating women to the square foot than any place on earth. "Who'll you prove it by?" he asked. "God," I replied.

I returned to Columbus in 1907, knowing that all the sweet, hallowed memories of my life cluster around the red old hills and fertile, beautiful valleys of Georgia, and as Ruth said to Naomi, so say I to dear old Georgia: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." Yes, indeed, the dearest spot on earth to me is "Home, sweet Home!"

The following is a copy of the letter I received from my friends:

"COLUMBUS, GA., June 2, 1906.

"COL. R. M. HOWARD,

Columbus, Ga.,

"DEAR SIR:

We, the undersigned citizens of Columbus, Georgia, among whom you have spent many years of usefulness and earnestness, learn with regret that you now propose to transfer your residence to a distant State.

"Mere words will not convey a full expression of the tender sentiment, which moves our hearts, when we reflect upon the valiant service which you have rendered to the Southern States during the Confederacy; to the people of Columbus and vicinity during the dark days of reconstruction, and to the young, old, rich and poor, to whom your life and character have ever been an inspiration. We desire however, together with thousands of others of your neighbors and fellow citizens, who have not had the opportunity

of attaching their signatures, to take this method of testifying in a feeble way the affection and admiration which has been kindled, and kept ever alive, by your exalted character, sympathetic heart and devotion to all that is grand and lovely in Southern womanhood and Southern manhood.

“We earnestly hope that prosperity and happiness will follow you through life, and that wherever you may be, you will consider that your real home is in the hearts of your friends in Columbus, Georgia.

“Sincerely your friends,

L. A. Camp,	Rhodes Browne,
L. A. Scarbrough,	Frank U. Garrard,
Felder Pou,	M. Ashby Jones,
Douglas Neill,	R. J. Hunter,
J. D. Smith,	Hockley C. McKee,
O. C. Bullock,	I. S. McElroy,
C. E. Battle,	C. E. Porter,
L. H. Chappell,	W. C. Woodall,
Wm. L. Lott,	G. Gunby Jordan,
L. Loewenherz,	Wm. Redd, Jr.,
J. H. Martin,	Wm. A. Little,
F. G. Lumpkin,	R. C. Jordan,
L. F. Garrard,	J. S. Matthews,
A. W. Shepherd,	M. M. Moore,
Sol Sarling, by R. C.	R. W. Page,
Chas. A. Morgan,	E. S. McEachern,
J. A. Kirven Co.,	T. E. Blanchard,
J. Norman Pease,	Jno. T. Davis, Jr.,
Rob't Reid,	W. R. Blanchard,
T. Jeff. Bates,	C. E. Porter,
Wiley Williams,	E. J. Bradley,
R. W. Ledsinger,	E. J. Rankin,
C. M. Couch,	Cliff. B. Grimes,
A. C. Chancellor,	H. Sternberg,
L. P. Weathers,	S. Lindsay Neill.”

“3213 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD,  
CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 2, 1910.

“COL. ROBERT M. HOWARD,  
AND  
MEMBERS OF ‘CAMP BENNING’ U. C. V.,  
COLUMBUS, GA.

“RESPECTED VETERANS:

The surprise of my life occurred to-day, when I received your very unexpected gift of a beautiful ‘Loving Cup.’ A gift all the more appreciated, as it comes from those who once, in serried ranks, glistening with bayonets, welcomed me to Georgia. The little I did to merit your approbation is greatly overrated. It was simply an impromptu, earnest protest against ‘stirring up strife.’ In the spirit in which it is given I accept your generous gift, and will cherish it ‘till, for me, sounds final ‘taps,’ when it shall be handed down to my children (already each one is laying claim to it) and their children, a valued tribute of the ‘Gray’ to the ‘Blue.’ Thank God those fratricidal days are over, their memories alone remain. If *our* great leader ‘Grant’ could return to *your* great leader ‘Lee’ his sword, and extend to him the hand of friendship, and could say ‘Let us have Peace,’ it ill behoves me, at this late day, to approve and join in an attack upon the character of Robert E. Lee.



“Not without his wondrous story, could be writ our Nation's  
glory,”

“On fame's eternal camping ground, his silent tent is spread,  
While glory guards with solemn round, the bivouac of the  
dead,”

“Lee's record of deeds illumines history's page,  
Bard, poet and singer, acclaim his great name,  
Typical 'American'—Leader and sage,  
His 'statue' would grace the great 'Hall of Fame.'”

“I have not visited the 'South' since the late  
'unpleasantness,' and though I may never visit you,  
I none the less appreciate your cordial invitation to  
visit your proud city, greet you 'old boys' (as we  
did of *yore* between the skirmish lines), witness  
your thriving industries, and last but not least,  
make the acquaintance of 'the most lovely women  
on God's green earth' (according to Col. Howard).  
But if the unexpected should come to pass, and  
I *should* come anywhere near your 'outposts' I'll  
holler 'Hello Johnnie!' and await the old response,  
'Hello Yank!' Then in friendship we'll shake  
hands, and drink from the same 'loving cup.'

“Wishing you one and all a full measure of pros-  
perity, peace and happiness,

I am yours sincerely,

ALLEN W. GRAY,

*Late Lieutenant and Adjutant 51st Regiment Illinois  
Veteran Volunteer Infantry. Post Commander U. S. Grant  
Post, Department of Illinois, G. A. R.*”

On the cup above alluded to is inscribed: “Pre-  
sented by the Veterans of Camp Benning and

citizens of Columbus, Georgia, January 19, 1910, to Dr. Allen W. Gray, of the G. A. R., of Chicago, Ill., in honor of his true manhood.”

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### DID SHERMAN “LOVE” SOUTHERNERS?

To the Editor of *The Telegraph*: Quite a lengthy paper from the pen of Capt. D. F. Boyd appears in the *Confederate Veteran* for September on Gen. William T. Sherman.

Capt. Boyd was professor of ancient languages in the Louisiana Military Academy at its organization in 1859. Gen. William T. Sherman was its first superintendent and conducted successfully the operations of this State institution until the secession of the “Pelican State.”

Capt. Boyd has an exalted opinion of Gen. Sherman, and in considerable detail goes into particulars of his career, and shows the Southern people what an extremely erroneous opinion they had formed of the character of the celebrated actor in the great tragedy of the early sixties.

For his spectacular march from Chattanooga through Atlanta to Savannah and thence to Columbia and on to Greensboro, N. C., our people had viewed Gen. Sherman as a satellite of his majesty who presides where Sherman places war. The Southern people for forty-six years have been under

the delusion that he was the special messenger of his satanic majesty, whose mission it was to illustrate most conclusively the proper definition of that small but forcible word war! But it remains for Capt. Boyd to remove this wrong impression. He shows Gen. Sherman as the personification of love. Gen. Sherman had spent the greater part of his manhood years with the Southern people, had absorbed much of their ideas and endeared himself to them, especially in and around Alexandria, La. We have been under the delusion that Gen. Sherman was brutal. Capt. Boyd drops the scales from our eyes, and in graceful and glowing language shows him a loving and gentle friend of the South.

But Capt. Boyd refrains from explaining the method of love(?) as evinced in that spectacular torchlight procession from Chattanooga to Greensboro, via Atlanta, Savannah and Columbia. He somehow evades this little episode in Gen. Sherman's career. Perhaps the dead languages of which Capt. Boyd was professor and master at the military academy prompted him to let that dead past bury its dead. If Capt. Boyd had been professor of rhetoric, perhaps that science would have given him the power to forge the language necessary to explain Gen. Sherman's love(?) for the Southern people.

To the survivors of his torchlight procession—those survivors whose homes came in the line of his

march—that remarkable paper of Capt. Boyd's will be a wonderful revelation. It is to be feared this long-delayed interpretation of that divine characteristic of the Federal captain comes too late to win disciples to that faith.

And this remarkable eulogy of Gen. Sherman is penned by one claiming to be a Virginian—a Calhoun Democrat and a Confederate officer.

Sumter Cunningham, in his editorial qualifying the space given and comments made on Capt. Boyd's paper, is charitable enough to credit the effusion to hypnotism. Certainly that is a mild word in this connection. How a Southern man who had given his services to the Confederate cause can find anything excusable in the character of Gen. Sherman, as evidenced in his manner of conducting warfare, is passing strange. The effusive paper ought to be read by every living sufferer from Sherman's loving(?) method of making warfare.

Classed with Butler the beast, Miles the malicious, Neal the outlaw, and Pope the pestiferous, Sherman the savage goes down into that infamy that must halo his memory as long as the pages of history tell the truth of the great tragedy of 1864 and 1865.

G. N. SAUSSY.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
LATE GENERAL SHERMAN BY "UNCLE BOB"  
HOWARD.

Editor *Enquirer-Sun*: For what purpose does this second edition of the Sherman family make its appearance "Marching through Georgia," heralded by an escort of United States soldiers to announce its august appearance as though it were a conquering hero on a triumphal march from fields of gore and glory to receive the plaudits and exultant shouts of countless thousands? It may be that the Reverend Father comes to say final mass o'er the shades of his daddy in expiation for the countless and heinous crimes he had committed in Georgia when he publicly proclaimed that "war is hell," and that he would prosecute it on that basis, and verily proved his assertion. It may be that the son wishes to see with his own eyes the monument of damnable infamy erected by his father on a base forty miles wide, extending from Dalton, Ga., to Greensboro, N. C. Will Atlanta throw wide open her gates, receive, wine, dine and lick all the dust from his boots, as she did when she entertained the General after the war ended?

There are times when Atlanta is a mighty sweet, pretty girl; then again, she is powerful naughty. It may be that the young man is looking for his daddy among the scenes where he acted so base a

part; however, he will not find him here, but if he will change his line of march from a horizontal line to a vertical one and follow it far enough he can locate Tecumseh Sherman, the modern Draco of the world's history. "It will be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment" than for him.

R. M. HOWARD.

## CHAPTER XV.

APPROPRIATE EXERCISES HELD AT THE CHASE  
AUDITORIUM LAST NIGHT.

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“UNCLE BOB” HOWARD THRILLED AUDIENCE.

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PROGRAM WAS SHORT AND SIMPLE, BUT NONE  
THE LESS INTERESTING AND ENJOYABLE  
TO THOSE PRESENT.

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The 104th anniversary of the birth of General Robert Edward Lee, the South's greatest chieftain, was fittingly and impressively celebrated at the Chase Auditorium last evening, the exercises being held under the auspices of Camp Benning, United Confederate Veterans.

The attendance upon the exercises was very good, though the scant number of old veterans who were honored with the front rows of seats clearly impressed the observer that the heroes of the Lost Cause are annually growing fewer and fewer. As is usually the case in such an assembly, the appearance of these old soldiers was very pathetic and touching. As stated yesterday, the members of the camp as-

sembled at their bivouac in the court house and marched to the auditorium in a body, though some went direct to the scene of the exercises.

The evening's program was begun with an earnest invocation by Rev. Bascom Anthony, the beloved pastor of St. Luke Church, and then Miss Lucile Harrison sweetly sang a beautiful solo, entitled "A Dream," which was greatly enjoyed by those present.

After Miss Harrison's song, Col. Robert M. Howard—"Uncle Bob"—was presented by Commander Wm. Shepherd, of Camp Benning, who was master of ceremonies, and as "Uncle Bob" ascended the rostrum to make his address as orator of the occasion, he was greeted with a hearty cheer by his comrades. "Uncle Bob" appeared at his best, and his address was listened to with close and rapturous attention throughout.

#### THE ADDRESS.

The address by Colonel Howard was as follows:

Ladies, Comrades and Gentleman: As long as the lusty eagle shall wing his lofty flight to snow-capped peaks; as long as the breeze shall bear the billow's foam, so long will Dixie's brave sons and Dixie's peerless daughters annually meet and pay their tribute of sweet love to the memory of the South's matchless chieftain, Robert Edward Lee. No one people can claim, no one country appropriate a man whose grandeur stands before the world



without spot or blemish, a boon of Providence to the human race; his fame is eternal and his residence creation.

Our own gifted Ben Hill paid this beautiful tribute: "When the future historian comes to survey the character of Lee he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and will have to lift his eyes toward Heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of the other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, a man without guile. He was a Caesar without his ambition, a Frederick without his tyranny, a Napoleon without his selfishness, and a 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 a Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

When General Lee died a great life closed, a life upon which the longer we linger, the more we shall find to love and revere, for it was one over which virtue will scarce breathe a sigh and to which fame could hardly add a chaplet. It was a life which in every season, relation and employment was crowned

with all that wins the affection and commands the homage of mankind. It was a life in which the hero of a Lost Cause became the centre of that admiring contemplation which is wont to follow the conquerer in his ovations, and in which achievements of arms as brilliant as ever blazoned a warrior's crest or adorned a nation's story were so ennobled by the exhibition of the nobility of soul with which they were associated, that we almost lose sight of the soldier in gazing on the image of the grander man. It was a life which spanned the extremes of triumph and of calamity, but which was so transfigured by faith, hope and charity that its lines of suffering are even more lustrous than its lines of glory. If other lives have been sown more thickly with the glittering stars of human honor, or have rejoiced more abundantly in the gifts of earthly fortune, none have been more richly dowered with the love of man or more divinely radiant with the beatitudes of God. Death which withers the roses and flowers of kings and lays in dust the pride and pomp of ambition has no power over such a life, but to touch it with lines of Heaven and seal it for immortality.

On you, my countrymen, has descended with a solemn emphasis of obligation its sacred charge of fame. On our children and our children's children, on distant nations and remote ages, on that collective humanity which it has elevated and adorned, let the grand example shine. I know not how long

men may be found who refuse reverence to the great character of Robert E. Lee in consequence of participation in our struggle for independence, but I do know that no calumny can darken his fame, for history has lighted up his image with her everlasting lamp; that no malice can profane his tomb, for the whole earth has become his sepulchre, and that no power can hush that funeral-march which followed him to the grave and yet fills the world with the music of sorrow, for it is beaten by the loving pulses of the stricken hearts of his countrymen.

Our grand old mountains throughout this entire Southland will ever stand fitting monuments to the everlasting memory of Robert E. Lee; and as long as their gray summits shall catch the early rays of morning or hold lovingly the last, lingering flush of the setting day; as long as the crystal streams, gushing from their rocky sides, shall flow onward to the sea, so long will every wind that wakes the moaning of the mountain pines, and every breeze that stirs the echoes of the valley continue to prolong the mighty dirge of the South's woe for the immortal name of Robert E. Lee,

“Who fell devoted but undying:  
The very gale his name is sighing;  
The silent pillar, cold and gray,  
Claims kindred with his sacred clay;  
His spirit wraps the dusky mountain;  
His memory sparkles o'er the fountain,  
Our smallest rill, our mightiest river,  
Roll mingling with his fame forever.”

History will inscribe his fame on fadeless scrolls, poetry will embalm it in imperishable songs, sculpture and painting will pour around it their brightest inspiration, eloquence on its successive anniversaries will awaken it as with a trumpet of resurrection to glory again and on the undying echoes of tradition "it will roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever."

With what agony duty shook his soul when, with 8,000 of his unwhipped braves, surrounded on all sides by Grant and his countless thousands to which humanity demanded that he should surrender, may be inferred from the exclamation, "I would rather die a thousand deaths." Indeed the temptation seems most powerfully to have assailed his heroic spirit to ride along the lines to find a soldier's grave.

"But, then," as he said to General Gordon, "what will become of the women and children of the South?"

"Yes, by a sacrifice nobler than death, live—live to pour into the bosoms of your countrymen a reviving tide of hope; live to illustrate to the world the glory of magnanimous suffering; live to exhibit the immortal sentiment that 'human virtue should be equal to human calamity.'"

Over the mournful incidents of that closing scene, incidents which our people will never read except through dimming tears, I drop the veil. But none

could have been brought in contact with him in that dark hour of the soul's crucifixion without beholding the majesty with which his soul rose triumphant above the weakness of the flesh, the steadiness with which his gaze was bent through all the spectral gloom which enveloped the path of duty, and the fixed purpose which he manifested to follow it "through the long gorge to the far light."

In all the galaxy of Fame the brightest star receives its crowning brilliancy from the spotless life and blameless character of Robert Edward Lee, who was greatest in war and grandest in peace.

"His footprints die not on Fame's crimsoned sod,  
But will ring through her song and her story;  
He fought like a Titan and struck like a god,  
And his dust is our ashes of glory."

---

I also delivered the above address to the pupils and patrons of the Columbus Female Seminary (conducted by Misses Snyder), on Gen. Lee's birthday, January 19th, 1910, and was introduced by my sweet, charming little friend, Loretto Lamar Chappell as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I hope you know that I know that I could not introduce 'Uncle Bob Howard' to any man, woman or child in Columbus, or Georgia, or all the Southern States. He is an institution, and we are too proud of him and what he stands for to

suffer any stranger to leave our gates not knowing him. In all the land there was only one man so benighted as to ask, 'Who is Colonel Robert Howard?' And he was told, 'He is a Confederate soldier, an unreconstructed Rebel who gave four years of his young manhood to active fighting for the principles of the Confederacy and is ready, now and always, 'for Dixie, dear old Dixie, to lay him down and die.'

"It is our privilege to-day to hear from such a soldier of 'Marse Robert' Lee."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Several years ago Atlanta held a Re-union of the Blue and the Gray (a mighty naughty girl she was, too, and needed a genteel spanking — however, “To err is human, to forgive Divine”) at which General Shaw, Commander of the G. A. R., thus spoke on the stage: “I stand before you, a representative of the G. A. R., and I am proud to say that G. A. R. men have done much to teach the South what courage and true manhood is.” I replied to him in the papers. I told many men that I would think him to death in six months; in just six months and two weeks he received another delegate from Boston. Truly, “the prayers of the righteous availeth much.”

In 1839, I visited Atlanta (then known as Marthasville), and started her on a boom, and from that good day to this, her progress has been rapidly upward and onward; and when a Southern Democrat shall become President of this glorious Government, where “the days in the West are so long the clocks run down at noon, and always twice in every month we have a most glorious full moon,” then will Atlanta point with pride to New York City as her beautiful Northern suburb, and to New Orleans as her grand Southern vicinage, and defiantly say to her dear old

Uncle Sam, "You can't keep a good man down, nor a squirrel on the ground."

"Of all the mighty nations in the East or in the West,  
 This glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best;  
 We have room for all creation and our banner is unfurled;  
 Here's a general invitation to the people of the world,  
 Then come along, come from every nation, come from every way.  
 Our lands are broad enough, and don't you be alarmed,  
 For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm,  
 While the South will raise the cotton and the West the corn and  
     pork,  
 New England manufactories will do up the finer work,  
 For the great and mighty water-falls that course along our hills  
 Are just the things for washing sheep and turning cotton mills."

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Thirty years ago I heard a noted Baptist minister in Boone County, Ky., preach from the text: "Whatsoever ye sow, that ye shall reap." He related the following incident, which he knew was literally true: In a battle in Virginia during the Civil War the Federal Army was repulsed with great slaughter as it heroically charged our breastworks; as it retired a short distance and began to reform for another charge, a wounded Federal but a few paces in front of our lines was piteously begging for water; a private Confederate asked his captain's permission to carry his canteen of water to the wounded enemy; the captain replied that it would be instant death to him but that he would not forbid him doing so magnanimous a deed, upon which this glorious hero leaped over the works, rushed to his enemy



and gave him his canteen; the Federal asked his friend his name and postoffice at home, which he wrote on a piece of paper. The war produced no grander, more glorious hero in either army than this private Confederate soldier, who so fearlessly faced danger and death in ministering to his wounded enemy whose life blood was fast ebbing away for want of water. A short time after the war ended this true Christian, who loved his fellow man as he loved himself, received through the mail a draft for \$5,000.00 from the wounded enemy whose life he had more than probably saved."

"When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,  
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise  
For benefits received; propitious heaven  
Takes such acknowledgement as fragrant incense  
And doubles all its blessings."

A short time since, I read a glorious tribute from a Federal soldier to the great gallantry and dauntless courage of a Confederate colonel in a most forlorn and desperate charge made against the Federal breastworks at Malvern Hill in 1862. He said after the regiment had been almost completely annihilated, the small remnant momentarily wavered, upon which the fearless Colonel in front of his gallant few shouted out at the top of his voice: "Come on men; do you want to live forever?"

---

Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, who

was elected President in 1852. U. S. Grant, with a commission in the United States Army, had been a gallant officer in our war with Mexico; charges of drunkenness and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman were preferred against Grant; Davis (rather than have him court-martialed and cashiered, which would have forever prevented him from holding any office, either civil or military, in the Government) allowed him to resign and, but for the nobility of heart of Jefferson Davis, the name of U. S. Grant would nowhere emblazon the pages of history in this or any other government on earth. However, be it said to the great credit of Grant that he never made war on helpless women and children; he warred only against armed soldiers facing him in battle.

A short time after General Lee's surrender, the infamous Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, ordered the arrest and confinement in prison of Gen. Lee. As soon as Grant heard of this order, he told Stanton, in language that no preacher even would think, to rescind that order, and that he would use the entire United States Army to prevent the arrest or confinement of General Lee. General Lee was never arrested. And here we of the South can afford to drop a tear to the memory of the departed greatness (which he never had) of Teddy Roosevelt, the wild man of Borneo. One of his last official acts before retiring from the presidency was to have the

honored name of Jefferson Davis restored to its place on Cabin John Bridge, which had been removed by Stanton during the Civil War. Let us "give the devil his due" and remember that while none are all good, none are all bad, and that "All that glisters is not gold," nor is everything that wears a coat and pair of breeches a real true man. Teddy sometimes reminds me of my dear old friend, Bob Thweatt, who some years ago gave his entire dray line, mules and all, to his drivers upon receipt of a bogus telegram, played on him by the boys, informing him that he had just drawn the capital prize of \$150,000 in the Havana Lottery. Yes, Teddy and Bob are a pair of "Sui Generis." There is no connection between their brains and their tongues. The former utterly ignores the beautiful precept, "Silence is golden;" and Bob, the same true loving friend that he was twenty-one years ago when he stuck to me like a brother through thick and thin, as I languished in your dingy prison walls—but it is nevertheless a fact that he played "Injun-giver" with Manuel, who is still his man "Friday," and Bob yet owns the dray line.

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I have delivered Memorial Addresses as follows:

Columbus, 1897; Talbotton, 1903; Hawkinsville, 1904 (where the *old boys* told me they would make me the next Governor of Georgia; I informed them that I was a candidate for only one thing, and that was a

candidate for heaven, to which they promptly replied, "You are already unanimously elected"); Barnesville, 1906; Albany, 1907; Hamilton, 1908; Cuthbert, 1909; Pensacola, Fla., 1910, and Dawson, 1911. I made the first Lee Memorial Address in Columbus and have made three since then.

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By the way, I recently heard of a nigger preacher, preaching on the Creation, who said that Adam was reclining on the bank of a beautiful river, surrounded on all sides by magnificent flowers, enchanting scenery, and everything that was lovely; that God found him in this ideal place of peace and rest, and Adam said: "God, I'm mighty lonesome here," and that God took Adam's brains and made Eve. Following this theory to its logical results proves conclusively that woman has the wisdom and virtues of the world — man, its follies and vices.

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I came from Indian Territory in 1906 in the interest of Hoke Smith for Governor. He was elected. The day Joe Brown announced for Governor in 1908 (Hoke Smith being a candidate for re-election), I wrote Hoke as follows: "If you don't beat Little Joe for Governor, you or I will have to leave the State, as I cannot breathe the same atmosphere in the State with a man who can't beat Little Joe for anything." A few days thereafter, I received the following:

“Dear Uncle Bob: Your brief letter received, duly appreciated, and contents noted. *I take great pleasure in saying that neither one of us will have to leave Georgia.*

“Sincerely yours,  
HOKE SMITH.”

The primary was held, the ballots counted, and Hoke Smith was completely snowed out of sight by an avalanche of Brown ballots, upon which I wrote thusly:

“DEAR GOVERNOR:—According to mutual agreement, moving time has come, which shall it be, you or I? Pick your flint and come again.

“Very sincerely,  
UNCLE BOB.”

He was suddenly attacked with a severe spell of *gone-hurrahs* and never deigned to answer my letter. But Hoke did come again and, playing “Tit for tat,” caused Little Joe to say: “Where was Moses when the light went out?” The peer of any man in the Government, Hoke Smith has now been elected United States Senator from Georgia, and will certainly tell the Yankee Doodles “where Tony hid the wedge.” Should the Democratic party, with “Wisdom, Justice and Moderation,” use the political power it now has and safely anchor the old ship of State to her moorings under the Constitution, as established by its fathers, Hoke Smith may be elected President of this great Government in 1916;

if so, and I am still living, then, with dear old Simeon of the days of the blessed Savior of man, I will say: "And now Lord lettest Thy servant depart in peace."

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The following are copies of clippings from our daily papers:

"SHE PLAYS A JOKE ON 'UNCLE BOB.'  
 HIS BEST GIRL DROPS HIM A POSTAL CARD FROM  
 ATLANTA ABOUT POLITICS.

" 'Uncle Bob' Howard's 'best girl' has the joke on him. She has written him from Atlanta, and he is at a loss to know what her real name and address is. 'Uncle Bob' received the following post card through the mail from the Capital City yesterday:

" 'Uncle Bob:' You are snowed under, but Little Joe will 'come back.' Can you carry Muscogee for Brown?

YOUR BEST GIRL."

This appears on the address side of the card. On the reverse side are pictures of the State Capitol, of Governor Hoke Smith, and the stamp of the seal of the State. The following is written:

"Your telegram received, but I prefer the Senate to the Capitol."

There is no signature to this, but it is assumed that it is in reply to the telegram sent to Governor Smith by "Uncle Bob" on Monday last, reading as follows:

"Caesar plunged the Rubicon, and Rome was no longer free. Beware of July 11, 1911, and remain Governor of Georgia."

"Uncle Bob" has not replied to the card received yesterday. He stated last night that he wanted his best girl to send her real name and address, so he can do so. He stated to a reporter of the *Enquirer-Sun* what his answer would be. It is as follows:

"Yes, I can carry Muscogee for Brown, but it will be Pope Brown and not Little Joe."

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#### HOW MY FRIEND, DR. GORDY, SAVED MY LIFE.

The day before Dr. Gordy left Columbus for the meeting of the last session of the Legislature, of which he was a member, he asked me if there was any special bill I would like to have passed. I replied: "Have a new officer appointed, or elected, whose official duty shall be to shoot all the P. D. Phools in Georgia, and particularly in Muscogee County, and that I wanted the appointment as chief shooter."

On the adjournment of the Legislature I tackled my good friend on failing to make good his promise to me. He replied that he could have easily passed the

bill, but that he knew Governor Brown would not have appointed me, and that, whoever he did appoint, I would have been the first P. D. P. shot in Georgia under the new law. Should I aspire to another State appointment I will certainly file my application with Governor Pope Brown and "Little Joe" will have no authority to have me shot.

I hear that my best girls will soon present to my good friend, Dr. Gordy, a beautiful chromo with proper inscription, for saving my life, so that I may continue to make sweet love to them.

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“ ‘UNCLE BOB’ AFTER SENATORIAL HONORS. THINKS GOV. SMITH SHOULD APPOINT HIM TO FILL OUT UNEXPIRED TERM OF SENATOR TERRELL.

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“ ‘Uncle Bob’ Howard, whom everybody knows to be a warm admirer of Governor Hoke Smith, came to the *Ledger* office to-day and stated that he had reached the point where he could offer a happy solution to the present Senatorial muddle in Georgia.

“The solution which he thinks would be a most admirable one, is nothing more or less than having Gov. Smith appoint himself (‘Uncle Bob’) to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Terrell in the United States Senate, to last until December first.

“Should Gov. Smith adopt ‘Uncle Bob’s’ suggestion, it would mean that the latter would have a



salary of about three thousand plunks coming to him during the summer season, and there would be but very little work for him to do while drawing the coin of the realm. Then, too, 'Uncle Bob' believes that he could harmonize the warring factions in Georgia politics, for if he were to get the Senatorial toga, he could use his 'big stick' on the unwary heads of the beligerents and make them toe the line whether they wanted to or not."

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(Copy of letter received.)

"ATLANTA, GEORGIA, July 17, 1911.

"COL. R. M. HOWARD,  
Columbus, Georgia.

"MY DEAR COL. HOWARD:—

"You will please accept my sincere thanks for yours of the 14th instant. I certainly appreciate your kind letter. In case I come to Columbus, it will give me great pleasure to see and have a talk with you. Your clipping is very interesting, and such little episodes add to the spice of life. I will send this to my home papers and it will interest many of your good friends there.

"Again thanking you, I remain,

"Yours very truly,

POPE BROWN."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### “UNCLE BOB” HOWARD’S FIRST AND LAST EPISTLE TO THE YANKEE DOODLES OF DOODLEDOM.

WOE unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, you strain at a gnat, and bodaciously swallow a nigger without grease or grunt, and why? Not that you love the nigger less but that you hate the Southern people more, and thus strive to force your odoriferous pets and pests upon us that you may humiliate and degrade us. You landed your old Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, Mass., in 1620, and opened the Pandora Box that gave birth to all the ills, isms and troubles with which this country has been cursed. You went to the jungles of Africa and brought into this country countless thousands of vicious wild beasts that were nothing more or less than monkeys that had shed their tails and got upon their hind feet. In your greed for gold, and against the wishes and earnest protest of the South, you established African slavery in this country; the slave trade was carried on exclusively by Northern men and Northern money. In the early history of the slave trade, no slave could be landed on Georgia soil without having first paid a per capita tax of \$100 in gold. In South Carolina it was \$75. In 1788, the slave trade

was abolished by the Federal Government and the Act abolishing it was so framed and passed that it could not go into effect until the expiration of the year 1808, and these goody, goody hypocrites, South-haters, no longer able to steal with impunity niggers in Africa and sell them for gold with which to fill their yawning pockets, quit the nigger business by selling out to the South, little, big, young and old. If a Puritan ever freed a nigger, it was after the nigger was dead. You produced the arch-traitor and fiend, Benedict Arnold, who for \$10,000. in gold, and a commission in the British Army, basely betrayed his country to its enemies. In the war with England of 1812 many of you were Tories, aiding and abetting the enemy with blue lights to warn them of danger. Upon the admission of Texas as a State of the Federal Union, in 1844, you seriously threatened to secede from the Union. The South said: "Joy go with you and peace behind you; you have a right to secede." For many years before the Civil War the cadets of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., were daily taught from text books, adopted by the Government, that any State or number of States had a perfect right to secede whenever they so decided. You have long boasted that you were the civilization, culture, intellect and morality of this Government. Have you forgotten the burning fagots you piled high over the bodies of innocent, pure, helpless women, chained to

the stakes, and their agonizing shrieks, dying on the very portals of Heaven, as they were burnt for being witches? Do you see the innocent blood as it crimsoned the sod of that land of fanatics and hypocrites, as they worship at the altar of Baal? Do you hear the wails of husbands and fathers as they are being punished for kissing their wives and children on Sunday? Do you remember canonizing Henry W. Beecher as a saint and afterward arraigning him in court for many weeks for *nest-hiding* with his fascinating affinity, Elizabeth Tilton? Do you remember the more you stirred this black pool of filth and slime, the more glaring became the clerical apostasy of this base wolf, as he posed in the wool of an innocent lamb, and that the best you could do for him was to *whitewash him with tar*? Did you read some statistics published not long since stating that there were more than ten thousand illegitimate children living in the City of Boston, the Paris of America? Have you forgotten that the Act passed by the Federal Congress and declared Constitutional by the United States Supreme Court, known as the Fugitive Slave Law, was that any slave escaping from his owner into another State should be delivered to his owner when captured? Do you know that most of your State Legislatures nullified this law and had what was known as an underground railway to aid slaves to escape into Northern States? Upon a strictly sectional platform, pledged to legislate

against the rights and property of the South in the Union, you elected Lincoln President in 1860 with a majority of more than eight hundred thousand of the popular vote against him. Lincoln was a despot and usurper, a base perjurer; he maliciously and intentionally violated his sacred oath of office after having solemnly sworn to enforce the Constitution. Lincoln, and he alone, could have prevented the firing of a single gun. The assertion that the Civil War was waged by the North for the preservation and perpetuity of the Union is a most infamous and damnable lie. Envy and jealousy on account of the prosperity and political power of the South in the Union gave birth to civil war between the two sections, and whoever says to the contrary should be deeply bored for the simples. You slaughtered one million human lives on the altar of sectional hatred and blind fanaticism, and for what? That you fain would accept and put into effect your most damnable dogma: "That the nigger is the equal of and as good as a white man."

"Consider all thy actions and take heed,  
On stolen bread, though it is sweet to feed,  
Sin, like a bee, unto thy hive may bring  
A little honey, but expect the sting.

"Thou may'st conceal thy sin by cunning art,  
But conscience sits a witness in thy guilty heart,  
Which will disturb thy peace, thy rest undo.  
For that is witness, judge and prison too."

Was it in the South or in the North that a law was passed prescribing that a person, if once con-

victed of being a Quaker, should lose one ear; if twice convicted, should lose another ear; and if convicted the third time of the diabolical crime of Quakerism, was to be bored through the tongue with a red hot iron? Was it in the South or in the North that a penalty was inflicted on any one who entertained a Quaker, and men and women were banished on pain of death and hung for being Quakers? Was it in the South or in the North that decrepit old men were hung and pressed to death and pure women were torn from their children and jailed and hung as witches? Was it in the South or in the North that children were tied neck and heels together till the blood was ready to gush from them to make them swear falsely against their own mother, accused of being a witch? Was it in the Carolinas or Massachusetts, that men were hung for denying the existence of witchcraft? And were they of the South or the North, the preachers and judges who incited and applauded jailing and banishing and torturing and slaughtering of Quakers, and where were they who were wont to go from church, from the altar of God, to the whipping post to see women whipped on the bare back? And where was it that negro children were sold by the pound, like so much beef or bacon, and what Colony was it that passed a statute offering £100 per scalp for the scalps of twelve-year-old Indian boys, and that, too, at a time when no Indian war was going on there? To each and all of these

questions history with its inexorable, unerring pen answers "Massachusetts." And where was it that a few years ago the skin of persons who had died as paupers of an almshouse was tanned and made into articles of merchandise? And what of Beast Butler, the devil's vicegerent of damnable infamy, who was Governor of Massachusetts after the Civil War ended, who says that this is an absolute fact, that human skins were used as merchandise in Massachusetts. But enough, what more need be said of a people who boast that they are the civilization, culture, intellect and morality of this civilized world? God save the mark!

And now, dear, sweet, delightful Yankee Doodle Dandies, who flourish on wooden nutmegs and fatten on wooden hams, I bid you a sweet "au revoir," and when God in His great love and mercy shall have pardoned you for your many great sins of general cussedness, then we of the dear old Land of Dixie will be willing to discuss the question of forgetfulness and seek to bury the dark past in Lethe's seething waters of oblivion, and fondly clasping loving hands across the deep, bloody chasm, say each to the other :

"This is still our country, zealous yet modest,  
Innocent though free, patient of toll, serene amid alarms,  
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

And with the same God, the same country, the same flag defiantly floating to the propitious breezes of Heaven on every land and every sea, proudly say

to the world that this is the best, grandest and most glorious Government on God's green earth.

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"A VOICE FROM THE CORN."

"I come as a blessing  
 When put into the mill;  
 As a blight and a curse  
 When run through a still.

"Make me up into loaves,  
 And your children are fed;  
 But into a drink,  
 And I starve them instead.

"In bread I'm a servant,  
 The eater shall rule;  
 In drink I'm a master;  
 The drinker's a fool.

"Then remember my warning--  
 My strength I'll employ;  
 If eaten, to strengthen,  
 If drunken, to destroy."

— *Sunday-School Times.*

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THEY WERE BRED IN OLD KENTUCKY.

A lady friend of "Uncle Bob" Howard sent him the following from the *New York Herald*:

"Kentucky has long been known for the mother of wit and eloquence as well as the State of feuds. This State produced her Henry Clay, her Breckinridges, her Wattersons, her Crittendens, her Cal-



houns, and now she is coming forward with a new school of orators, scholars and poets.

“W. B. Kimball, formerly Representative, easily heads the list as an after-dinner speaker and has a close second in Colonel George Bain, the well-known temperance lecturer, while Judge James Mulligan is a real wit and poet.

“It was while in Boston delivering a lecture to a choice crowd of blue stocking temperance people that Colonel Bain was accosted with the question:

“‘How is it, Colonel Bain, that you have the nerve to preach temperance when you come from Kentucky, the State that has more distilleries than any other State in the Union?’

“For a moment, and only for a moment, Colonel Bain was embarrassed. Then came the reply without any hesitancy:—

“‘Oh yes! Kentucky—Kentucky, the State where I was born;

“‘Where the corn is full of kernels and the Colonels full of corn.’

“Returning home from Washington after serving his term in Congress, a banquet was tendered to Mr. Kimball. He had expected to make a speech in which he would review his Congressional career. To his surprise, the toastmaster did not call for this, but asked Mr. Kimball to respond to the toast, ‘Kentucky.’ The Congressman was clearly at a loss, and in sheer desperation he blurted out:—

“ ‘Kentucky—f-a-i-r Kentucky!’ Here he stopped to sip a drink of water. When he resumed there was no hint of hesitancy.

“ ‘Kentucky—the grandest State in all the Union—the State where the ground is so mellow that all you have to do is to tickle its sides and it yields abundant crops. Kentucky, O Kentucky! where the grass is greener, where the sky is bluer, where the whiskey is better, where the women are more beautiful, where the horses are faster, where politics is rottener, where the feuds are thicker, where the mountains are higher and where the valleys are lower than in any other State in the Union!

“ ‘Why, my God, gentlemen, believe me, the mountains are so damned high in Kentucky that from the topmost mountain peak you may reach up and tickle the feet of sainted Democrats who have gone before.

“ ‘And, gentlemen,’ here Kimball’s voice dropped to almost a whisper, ‘the valleys are so infernally low that you may reach down and hand ice-water to the Republicans who have gone below:—’

“But it remains for Judge James Mulligan to reel off poetry extemporaneously by the foot, yard or mile.

“Recently the Democrats of Kentucky suffered a crushing defeat and commiserated one another at a spread. One of the speakers had declared that in his opinion Democracy was dead. Judge Mulligan

followed him with what was considered by those present as a fitting rebuke. Here it is:—

WHEN DEMOCRACY WILL DIE.

“When the lion eats grass like an ox  
 And the fishworm swallows the whale,  
 When the terrapin knits wool socks,  
 When the hare is outrun by the snail,  
 When serpents walk upright like men  
 And doodle bugs travel like frogs,  
 When the grasshopper feeds on the hen  
 And feathers are found on hogs;  
 When Thomas cats swim in the air  
 And elephants roost upon trees,  
 When insects in summer are rare  
 And snuff never makes people sneeze,  
 When the fish creep over dry land  
 And mules on velocipedes ride,  
 When foxes lay eggs in the sand  
 And women in dress take no pride,  
 When Dutchmen no longer drink beer  
 And girls get to preaching on time,  
 When the billygoat butts from the rear  
 And treason no longer is crime,  
 When the humming bird brays like an ass  
 And Limburger smells like cologne,  
 When ploughshares are made out of glass  
 And hearts of Kentuckians are stone,  
 When sense grows in Republican heads  
 And wool on the hydraulic ram,  
 Then the Democratic party will be dead  
 And this country not worth a d—n.”

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Not long since at a concert by Al Fields in the Opera House in Columbus, Ga., I asked the audience to give Fields a rising vote of thanks for a recent

contribution of \$100.00 with which to purchase flowers to decorate the graves of 2,250 of our immortal heroes buried at Camp Chase, Ohio, closing as follows:

“There are fields of cotton and fields of grain, fields of grass and fields of cane, but none of these produce a sweeter, more bountiful harvest than does Al Fields, who from Columbus, Ohio, to Columbus, Georgia, takes the cake for pure unadulterated sweetness; and when the Doctor says I am dead, play Dixie, and if I don't squall, bury me, for I'll be dead sure enough.”

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About this time, a Divine Healer, professing to cure all ills to which flesh is heir by merely the laying on of hands, gave an exhibition of his power in this Opera House. Quite a number suffering from different ailments were treated and “cured;” finally an old man on crutches, requiring three men to get him on the stage (he had been “paralyzed for fifteen years and deaf for fourteen”) was carried up. In less than three minutes he was prancing on the stage as frisky as a buck rabbit and could hear a flea hop across the street. I then read the following wireless telegram: “R. M. Howard, Columbus, Georgia, I can no longer conscientiously wear the champion belt for being the biggest humbug of the world, and willingly surrender it to the faker who is robbing the people of your city, [Signed] P. T. Barnum.”





**"Uncle Bob" and his great nephew Augustus Howard Bickerstaff, Jr.,  
age eight months—Mascot of Camp Benning—U. C. V. Reunion  
at Columbus, Ga., October 19-20, 1910.**

The telegram broke up the meeting, but the healer, within the next few days, in his room at the Racine Hotel, robbed quite a number of the innocent and credulous of considerable money and migrated to other pastures green.

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At the State Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Columbus, Ga., October, 1910, I presented my great nephew, eight months old, in a suit of Confederate Gray, on the stage of the Opera House, as follows:

“I have the honor of presenting to you the Mascot of Camp Benning, Augustus Howard Bickerstaff, Jr., and christen him in the everlasting faith of the righteous cause for which Dixie fought the civilized world for four years and died.”

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“(SPECIAL.)

“CHICAGO, ILL., July 17, 1909.

“Startling charges were laid before the Southside Association of G. A. R. this afternoon, when Mrs. Myrtle McGowan, National Patriotic Instructor of the Woman’s Relief Corps, stated to the veterans at a picnic held in Jackson Park that there were many schools in the South where the American flag is not allowed to fly over the public schools. She

said she had just returned from a trip to Andersonville, Georgia, and that the principal of the school at Bainbridge, Georgia, not only refused the gift of a flag to his school, but had vehemently declared that not so long as he should be principal of the school would he allow the Stars and Stripes to be flown from the school mast. But this is not the only schoolhouse in the South that has refused to fly the American flag, declared Mrs. McGowan. Time and time again we have offered flags to the schools in the Southern States and have been told our flags are not wanted, that *their schools do not use flags*. It is my duty to promote patriotic education, of course. It came into my province to inquire into these things. You would be surprised at the hostile spirit felt toward the North in some of their hot-blood districts; I must confess that this unkind feeling is felt more among the women than it is among even the old Confederate veterans themselves. These old veterans have passed upon old scores and are true and loyal citizens. It is the daughters and granddaughters of the veterans who stir up things and hold resentment still against the North. This was certainly manifested by the unveiling of a statue of Wirz, the Confederate butcher, who was executed by the order of the Governor of his State for his inhuman treatment of American prisoners in the horrible prison. The veterans and many of the best citizens of the South have been shocked and



grieved at the work of these women, who were responsible for the unveiling of that statue. When we went down there as representatives of the North, we received threats from these women that if our trains were not blown up sky-high they would tear away the tracks so that we would have to walk. I have also been looking over school books they are issuing down there. Among other things I have found a great many new incidents of American history that I never had heard of before. These spectacular histories were found in Houston, Texas, and it was near there also they declared against flying the American flag over the schools. Mrs. McGowan said she had an annual fund of \$500.00 to be expended solely for flags. It was in her distribution of flags, she said, that she had discovered the conditions which she alleges exist in certain localities of the South. She said that in some of the schools where she had offered flags Southern courtesy had in a measure taken the place of gruff refusal. This courtesy, she said, did not consist of politely declining the offer of the Woman's Relief Corps, but simply in ignoring the communication addressed to the board. It had been her experience, she said, that when no reply was received to the letters sent out by her department, the school board to whom the letters were addressed simply did not want the flags and trusted that a neglect of an answer would end the matter."

A friend sent "Uncle Bob" Howard the above clipping, and the following is the reply to it:

Except to woo, win and wear the true heart of fair woman, man is rarely justified in taking issue with her, and I do no violence to the beautiful precept, "Silence is golden," when I reply to the above communication emanating from Mrs. Myrtle McGowan on her unwarranted attack on the United Daughters of the Confederacy in particular and the South in general.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers,  
But error wounded writhes in pain  
And dies among its worshippers."

"Vice for a time may shine and virtue sigh;  
But truth like Heaven's sun doth plainly reveal  
And scourge or crown what darkness did conceal."

Next to the Church of God, the U. D. C. is the grandest, most glorious organization in the South, and as long as Heaven's glittering dew drops shall kiss the blushing rose to bring forth her spotless beauty and matchless fragrance, so long will the South's peerless women perpetuate and transmit to this and to future generations the truth and justice of the hallowed cause for which we for four years heroically fought the civilized world and gloriously died, and will ever teach their children and their children's children that they may proudly, defiantly

point to the South's record, as white as the everlasting snows on the mountain's peak, and say to their God on His throne: "The South's hands are guiltless of innocent blood during the Civil War." And why this unjust attack of Mrs. McGowan? Because the U. D. C., in their deathless love for the heroes of the South, have erected a monument of sweet love to the memory of the great martyr and grand hero, Captain Wirz, who was commander of the prison at Andersonville, Ga., where many thousand prisoners were confined during the war. Figuratively speaking, Mrs. McGowan must have strained at a gnat and bodaciously swallowed, without grease or grunt, a whole great big lot of U. S. flags which she had been unable to unload on school-houses in the South, where they should have been unfurled to the breezes of Heaven that they might promote patriotic education to the barbaric and benighted heathen of Dixie. Seriously and all joking aside, I fear Mrs. McGowan has an acute attack of Phantasmagorical Aldabaron-deos-tafusticability, all of which will readily yeild to broken doses of elixir of common sense, mixed with numbers of doses of due regard for history and incontrovertible facts, and as an expert in the terrible ailment that now prevents her from combobulating on her complivity in her exalted position of teaching patriotic education with the Stars and Stripes of this glorious Yankee Doodle Government, I guarantee a sure cure; no cure, no pay.

Will Mrs. McGowan please give me name of the Governor and State by whom and by which Captain Wirz was hung ?

Is it not a fact, my dear sister (to whom upon wings of love, as an unreconstructed Rebel, I waft you kind greetings), that Captain Wirz, then a paroled prisoner of war, was carried to Washington City soon after the war ended and tried by a military commission, organized to convict? Do you know, Mrs. McGowan, that after the conviction and sentence of Captain Wirz to death on the gallows by this drum-head commission; he was offered his freedom if he would say that Jefferson Davis was responsible for the cruelties and barbarities charged by the United States Government as having been inflicted on the Federal prisoners? Grand martyr and glorious hero! Wirz proudly and defiantly spurned the base offer and now doubtless wears a crown of fadeless glory in the beautiful Beyond. Does Mrs. McGowan know that the Federal Government was responsible for the death of every soldier buried at Andersonville by not exchanging prisoners? Is it not a fact that the Confederate Government offered to deliver every prisoner at Andersonville to the Federals at Savannah without demanding any Confederates in return? If our treatment of prisoners caused the death of so many of them, many times more guilty is the North of the crimes charged against us when twelve per cent. more of our prisoners died in

Federal prisons than Federals died in Southern prisons. Will Mrs. McGowan please give me the names of the U. D. C. at Andersonville who threatened that if the trains were not blown up sky-high they would tear up the track? Mrs. McGowan can rest assured that she and all her ilk can visit any part of the South and receive all the courtesy and respect due womanhood and particularly Andersonville where in the cemetery they can read on those magnificent monuments the names of 13,000 Yankee murderers and bummers who left their homes in the North and came into our country with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, with the avowed intention of putting black heels on white necks, vice over virtue, barbarism over civilization, and committing all the crimes and outrages known to the decalogue, at which the civilized world stands aghast. And now in conclusion, my dear Mrs. McGowan, doubtless the possession of golden tresses, beautiful sparkling eyes and a voice that trills soul inspiring music, sweeter by far than Orpheus ever piped on his tender lute to his loved and lost Eurydice, I say to you in all kindness and love, at this time we need no longer as promoters of patriotic education your flags in our schools, and I suggest that you use your \$500.00 annual appropriation for a scientific course and mastery of history, the fundamental law of which, according to the great and wise Cicero, is "That it should neither

dare to say anything that is false, or fear to say anything that is true," and now, I waft you a sweet, loving goodbye, trusting that no one can say of you, "Ephraimess is joined to her idols, let her alone." "Ne sutor ultra crepidam." And, "whoever bloweth not his or her own horn, the same shall not be blown at all." "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Nuff Ced.

R. M. HOWARD.

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Had I Aladdin's lamp of old, by which I could change immaterial things into gold, I would buy Andersonville Cemetery as it now stands; not to disturb the rest of the dead there sleeping or to mar or deface the beauty of its magnificent monuments, but I would dedicate it as a perpetual Mecca that future generations of the South might make annual pilgrimages thereto and see the tribute of sweet love erected there by the U. D. C. of Georgia to the memory of the grand martyr and immortal hero, Maj. Wirz, who willingly gave his noble, unselfish life rather than say that Jefferson Davis, "the noblest Roman of them all," was responsible for the cruelties and barbarities said by the North to have been used on the Federal prisoners, and fain would I have these Southern pilgrims read from those towering shafts of the merited fate of those ruthless invaders and murderous free-booters.

DOTHAN, ALA., Jan. 18, 1911.

MR. ROBERT HOWARD,  
COLUMBUS, GA.

DEAR MR. HOWARD:

Last night, I read your poem in the *Enquirer* to my father-in-law, Mr. A. J. Renfroe. We enjoyed every line of it.

Under separate cover, I send you a box of violets, grown in my own yard, and every one of them picked with a thought of you.

No doubt, by this time you are wondering who I am. Well, I will tell you. I am the little Yankee who married Wellborn J. Renfroe, of Columbus, Ga. We have been married five years the fourteenth day of February.

Do you remember the day you met us on Broad Street and kissed my hand as a token of respect?

I have never forgotten you, and admire your loyalty to the South.

This little box of violets is a token of my appreciation for you.

May your remaining days be as happy as you wish.

Your little "Yankee" friend,

HELEN (TRISLER) RENFROE.

211 W. Troy St., Dothan, Ala.

REPLIES TO EDITOR HEMPHILL.

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“UNCLE BOB” HOWARD TURNS HIS GUNS ON THE  
CHARLESTON NEWS AND COURIER.

---

REPLIES TO RECENTLY PUBLISHED EDITORIAL.  
COLUMBUS CONFEDERATE VETERAN SAYS HE  
SAYS WHAT HE PLEASES, WHERE HE PLEASES,  
WITHOUT ASKING PERMISSION OF EDITORS IN  
SOUTH CAROLINA OR ELSEWHERE.

Editor *Enquirer-Sun*: I would say to the bright and brilliant editor of *The Charleston News and Courier* that I have never retired under fire, nor will I retire from fire on this occasion until I reply to his answer in my reply to Mrs. Myrtle McGowan, of Chicago, in her recent attack on the U. D. C.

As long as this heart of mine shall throb and this tongue of mine can speak, I will resent to the best of my ability any attack made upon my people in this dear old land of Dixie, emanating either from the loud braying of long eared asses or the gentle whinnies of short-haired jennets.

I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that I have been heartily commended in person by hundreds of men and women in this city and elsewhere on my recent reply to Mrs. McGowan, of Chicago, and why *The Charleston News and Courier* only should have unfavorably criticized me, is beyond my comprehension,



said criticism confined to two words only in my reply —“phan-tas-mas-ma-graph-i-cal, al-da-ba-ron-de-os-ta-fus-ti-ca-bil-i-ty.”

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

And if the great editor has not quaffed sufficiently of the limpid waters of this inspiring spring to learn the true English of the two words, I am not responsible for the fact that I am wiser than he. “Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be also like unto him.” And again, “Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.” Take either horn of the dilemma and draw your own conclusions.

“Our fight is with the Georgia Colonel.” says Editor Hemphill, and why should he fight me for publishing truths of history which are incontrovertible? Can it be that this great editor would have Lethe’s dark waters bury in oblivion the glorious and heroic past of the South, and licking the foul hand that smites us, that thrift may follow fawning, say to the North: “You were right, we were wrong, please forgive?” God forbid.

I can never forgive this editor for mentioning my name in connection with W. J. Bryan, for whom “Militant Democracy” three times stultified itself by accepting him as a true exponent of Jeffersonian Democracy, and equally galling would it be to me were I in the Georgia Legislature. If I owed the devil a

complete MUNDANE NONENTITY, and he would not accept the present State Legislature in full payment, I would claim exemption from further payment by pleading legal tender. I am not a candidate for office, Mr. Editor, and would not accept one were it tendered on a platter set with diamonds. The only office I ever held was Fourth Corporal in Company G. (Governor's Guards, Columbia, S. C.), Second South Carolina Regiment, in Virginia in 1861, before the first hostile gun was fired.

“But who is Colonel Robert M. Howard anyhow, to be parading himself thus before the electorate?” I am just one of that grand army of private Confederate soldiers, who, for four years fought the world and followed our flag from Manassas to Appomattox, and Greensboro, in defense of constitutional liberty and the right of self-government and I do not have to get an “Ipse dixit” from newspaper editors (some of whom actually know less than I have forgotten long ago) as to what, when and where to say anything I please in vindication of the South in perpetuating and transmitting to this and to future generations the facts and justice of as righteous a cause as any for which Freedom ever unsheathed her sword; and least of all should I ask a permit from the brilliant editor (of grand historic old Charleston, where “The Lost Cause,” more than 48 years ago, forced the United States to lower her colors to General Beauregard) who for aught I know

to the contrary believes the sun, moon and stars receive their brilliancy from the glittering gems as they drop and fly from the diamond point of the golden pen guided by the nimble hand of Charleston's truly great editor.

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

And now to Editor Hemphill I bow respectful, “Au Revoir.” An old man? Yes, I have nearly reached the eightieth milepost on life's journey in this vale of tears, and as I daily approach the final goal, I have an abiding faith that when summoned from hence to give an account of my stewardship in this life, “The sighs and tears I've wept o'er here may turn to smiles in Heaven.”

And for Dixie, dear old Dixie, God knows I yet would lay me down and die.

R. M. HOWARD.

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There is in the colored cemetery in Columbus, Ga., a pure white marble monument with the following inscription: “Erected by the City of Columbus, to mark the last resting place of Bragg Smith, who died September 30, 1903, at the age of 32 in the heroic, but fruitless effort to rescue the City Engineer from a caving excavation on Eleventh Street,” “Greater love hath no man than this,

that a man lay down his life for his friends." Truly was Bragg Smith a glorious hero. Can any other City in the Government show a monument erected to the memory of a negro?

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Had Bishop Galloway lived a few months longer he would have seen his wish attained, and after the lapse of nearly half a century, the statue of the most heroic, knightliest, kindest, gentlest of gentlemen, the world's greatest soldier, standing by that of Washington in the Hall of Fame. And he would have heard *The Record Herald*, a Northern paper, commending Virginians for choosing Washington and Lee to represent their State, and saying "two nobler men could not be jointly honored." And he would have heard the *New York Evening Sun*, saying. "His statue may well stand in the Capitol of the Nation as he may ultimately take rank as our greatest general." It is true, as has been said, "The absence of Lee's statue from this hall could take nothing from his fame, but without Lee, this American Hall of Fame would be very like the Poet's Corner in Westminster without Shakespeare, or Les Invalides without Napoleon." Certainly in this presence we shall all agree, that the Hall of Fame can never claim

"A nobler than he,  
Nor nobler man have less of blame,  
Nor blameless man have purer name,  
Nor purer name have grander fame,  
Nor fame—another Lee."

This galaxy of heroes might well be named "the Southern Cross," the most conspicuous constellation of the Confederacy, and the vicarious sacrifice of the South.

But around these brilliant leaders there were a myriad burning hearts that loved their country none the less, who fought as bravely, died as gloriously, and come back to-day to stand with the rest as each heart calls for its hero grand,—the men of the ranks whom "no man can number," whose names are lost like the petals that fall from the wreath your fingers twine above the tomb where the mighty are fallen asleep. When the flowers of chivalry are shattered and fall as thick as the leaves of Valombrosa who can remember them all but God, who though He is Love, yet of Himself hath said, "Jehovah is a man of war." He remembers them all—your hero and mine. Ah, those dear lips that sang so oft the praises of the South, that loved her loyal sons with a love passing that of woman, smiled upon her daughters as the fairest the sun shone on, and thought it a worthy thing in death to reiterate the conviction that continued from manhood to old age, that the South was right in her contentions and in all her struggles gloriously brave. They come back—they come back to-day! And mine own arms feel that it were not far to lift Time's veil from the dear, devoted dead, and brushing back the flowers the years have let so gently fall, kiss once

more the cold cheek, the silvered hair, the noble brow of my Confederate soldier.

The common soldier of the Confederacy is not ashamed of his record; every one of whom believed in his cause and himself so thoroughly that he thought he was equal to about five Union men, and history says he proved his faith by his works.

At Manassas six thousand men of the army of the Shenandoah, with 16 guns, and less than two thousand of that of the Potomac with 6 guns, successfully resisted for full five hours 35,000 United States troops, with a powerful artillery and a superior force of regular cavalry. And the end of the conflict was so general a rout that, as the scattered and terror-stricken troops fled toward Washington, Jeb Stuart divided his gay cavaliers of Virginia aristocracy into squads of ten, with the order to "attack any force you find," and this was literally carried out again and again, as a little squad of ten would cry to 80 or 100 fully armed men, "Throw down your arms!" And the panic-stricken soldiers obeyed. A Southern soldier heard General Sherman say soon after the war: "It took us four years with all our enormous superiority in resources, to overcome the stubborn resistance of those men." But as a matter of fact in counting the odds the Union soldier has never had his deserts; for back of the Confederate soldiery was a line of mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts, who were

the inspiration of every man at the front. The Federals had to overcome the man behind the gun, and the woman behind the man. The men at Appomattox surrendered; the women never did.

This earth has had great women now and then; history will tell of a Deborah, a Joan of Arc, an Elizabeth here and a Victoria there, a Susannah Wesley, a Florence Nightingale, a Maud Ballington Booth, a Clara Barton—you can count them on your fingers. But was there ever a time when the world saw so beautiful a sight?—every woman a heroine!—as the Southern women “during the war,” and, you know, it isn’t necessary to particularize about the “Civil War,” or the “War between the States,” this country has never seen, but one genuine war.

And in that fearful struggle, womanhood was immortalized by Southern womanhood. Their deeds of mercy, their sublime sacrifice and uncomplaining patience, their faith and fervor and fortitude will never be adequately recorded till the angels report. That history has never been written because those women were unconscious of any greatness in what they did—and however much a woman may adorn her person, she has never been wont to paint her deeds; and the men, alas! there was not a man left at home to see and write it down. Every man who could wield a pen had exchanged it for a sword, and was at the front.

Away back in the "60's" a young girl of great heart bids her brothers go fight for the land of their love. "Who is to tend the farm and care for the widowed mother and the sister four years younger?" "I" she said. They went; they wore the gray. Doing a hero's work with her hands, an angel's work with her heart, toiling and suffering through four long years, she laid strength, health and happiness on the altar of her country.

At length one day the silver cord was broken, and the tired soul was laid to rest. But listen! Her dying instructions, literally carried out, were that there should be no mourning colors there; as far as possible all to be in gray; her casket was gray, she was buried in the dress her own hands had made of Confederate gray; her pallbearers were dressed in gray; sons of Southern soldiers placed her gently on the bosom of the kind old earth, and it seemed to me that day it too was dressed in gray. I am not drawing the lines too strong when I say that cause was their idol, and they loved it as a woman loves her God. They never regarded it as a "lost cause," they never surrendered; and every woman of the South is flying her colors to-day.

To-day the soldiers have marched once more to the tune of Dixie in the balmy Southern air; comrades have grasped once more the comrade's hand; all day the past has been striking hands with the present. "All this for love of a cause that is lost, of a flag



that is but a memory, of a nation whose only territory is but a name." But methinks in glory to-day the angels who hear us call it LOST do wisely smile. It is not lost! It can never be lost so long as men preach patriotism, love, valour, and worship heroes.

"Long, long centuries  
 Agone one walked the earth, His life  
 A seeming failure,  
 Dying, He gave the world a gift  
 That will outlast eternities!"

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## HOME-COMING

OF THE SOLDIERS BACK YONDER IN THE SIXTIES.

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From the *New York Times*.

At a dinner party uptown the other night several former Union soldiers and an ex-Confederate sat down. The latter had ridden with J. E. B. Stuart. He is now riding about for a northern concern. The talk turned on the home-coming of the military heroes, and the Southern man said:

"I was asked the other day in Pittsburg, as we watched the welcome of the people to the Tenth Pennsylvania back from the Philippines, what sort of reception we Johnny Rebs got when we went home after the Civil War. Whipped soldiers are not often required to march in bodies when they go home. The Confederates did not, as a whole. They did not in any way so far as I ever heard. They went

back in twos or threes, but oftener one at a time. You will know some day that the Civil War was unlike any other war of history. When the Confederates realized they were whipped they were heart-broken. I am not making any argument for the cause. But you must consider the temperament of a Southern man to understand what defeat meant to him.

“You people of the North would have been recovered if the North had been whipped. You would have been at Richmond, if we had succeeded, with your Yankee inventions and schemes. You would have got the contract for the Confederate States public works. You would have had the contracts for building our navy, for making our guns. You would have built our railroads. You would have revived your industries from our coffers. You would have become partners in our commerce, All this would have been characteristic of you.

“With the Southern man it was different. He was whipped but he was sullen. He moped and would not play. You people had the advantage in the play, of course, but you might have given the sulker a show for his white alley if he had shown a disposition to let you inside his yard. But he barred the gate and scowled at you through a knothole. And this strain clung to him for years, and he awoke one morning to find some of you folks in his field and on his plantation working his soil while he was

starving. Then he quit looking back and went to work. And now when you have a trade with a Southern man you do not take advantage of him as you did.

“But just after the surrender he was in no mood to be received. The town from which he had enlisted was in no condition to turn out in welcome and hurrah, even if a regiment had returned or any body of men. Gentlemen, believe me, there was not a healthy hurrah in the whole South after Lee’s surrender. It was nothing to brag about for some time before that. Some of us saw the handwriting six months before the meeting of Grant and Lee at Appomattox.

“Your soldiers returned home in companies, battalions and regiments. They were received by the populace as we are now receiving our returning soldiers from the Philippines and as we recently received them from Cuba. But the Confederate soldier sneaked back, not because he was ashamed of what he had done, for to this day we are mighty sensitive on that point, but because he had been whipped. It takes a brave man to acknowledge a licking such as you gave us. We acknowledged it all right to you and at home, but we did not want any hurrah made about it. Our people were in no mood to ring the bells or fire the guns when we went home. A man going into his old home in the night, climbing the back fence and going through the gar-

den, making peace with the dog, knocking at the kitchen door, is not an inspiring spectacle. That is the way most of us went back.

“Very often there were no bells to the church steeples, for our people had to melt them for ammunition. We were mighty short toward the last. There were few house guns during the war.

“Occasionally a Confederate returned to find his town so battered that he did not know it. He met strange faces in the streets. Familiar landmarks had disappeared. Sometimes he found the foundation of his old home and it was overgrown with grass. Whole towns disappeared and the communities moved in some sections of the South during the war.

“I know many ex-Confederates to-day who were never mustered out. They bunched us and told us to go and we scattered in every direction. I know a man in my state who is holding a Federal office who never surrendered and who was never discharged from the Confederate service. No war ever had as many strange situations, as many curious results as that war.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MEMORIAL ORATION APRIL 26TH, 1911, BY MR.  
W. C. PEASE.

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JUDGE S. P. GILBERT, in a very happy and pleasing manner, presented Mr. William C. Pease, Memorial Day orator, to the audience at the Springer Opera House Wednesday afternoon, and Mr. Pease spoke as follows:

The inexorable recorder of the passing years stands before the great shield of time and with his ponderous hammer of brass strikes the funeral dirge of each departed day. Since last we assembled in memorial service, 364 days have thus been consigned to that past which remains to us only as precious memories of days in which the chalice of life, filled to overflowing with the very joy of living, has been pressed to our thirsty lips, or, as they pass we can hear the clanking of broken fetters which have held us in spiritual, social or political bondage, and as the hateful sound grows fainter and fainter with each departing day, we "lift our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our strength" and looking, behold the exquisite dawn of a new day which brings to us a deeper and truer meaning of the life which God has given us.

And now assembled, as our custom is once each year, to pay tribute to the memory of our Confederate dead, this same guardian of the shield of time stands with uplifted arm ready to strike the death knell of another day, as he has ever stood and ever will stand until "the angel standing upon the sea and upon the earth shall lift up his hand to Heaven, and swear by Him that liveth forever and ever, who created Heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are there, that there shall be no more time"—and we, gathered in the lengthening shadows of this departing day with bated breath and listening ears can hear the tramp, tramp of the departing hosts as they move onward from time into eternity.

Standing in the sun-lit dawn of the twentieth century listening to the reverberations of the past fifty years, as they roll backward into the abyss of time, we hear the roll of drums, the blare of trumpets, the shriek of steeds, the rattle of musketry, the thunder of cannon and the crash of contending hosts, all coming to us as echoes of a fratricidal war—the bloodiest in the annals of history—as reminders of the most gallant struggle for liberty of which the world has any record.

It is not my purpose to-day to wring your hearts with a tale of the horrors of that terrific struggle, nor to stir up your souls to a state of rebellion

against the fixed order of things by telling you a story of tyranny and injustice. Neither shall I try to establish the righteousness of the cause of the Confederacy, nor shall I eulogize the Confederate soldier, for history and the many gifted speakers who have gone before me have done all these things. And we Southern people are to-day in the eyes of the civilized world, the bravest, most loyal, most liberty loving people upon the face of the earth. No country, North, South, East or West, can show grander specimens of Christian manhood than our immortal Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, the coming in touch with whose greatness made others great.

Veterans, you, and your comrades who have gone before you in answer to the last bugle call, acted your part in that awful struggle "not like dumb, driven cattle, but like heroes in the strife" and shall we as a people be satisfied to memorialize your gallantry by a white shaft, which lifting its head heavenward, bears the legend, "To the Confederate dead," or by some service like this in which the speaker tries to tell you of your bravery on the field of battle while you could tell him of privations, of daring deeds and lofty courage of which he has never dreamed. No! Ten thousand times, no! Your immortal memorial is written in the history of this nation by none other hand than that of God. For centuries while he was opening up the great eastern

hemisphere to the onward march of civilization, God's hand seemed to hang like a dark curtain between the two hemispheres, until in the fulness of time Columbus lured on by the charm of the impossible manned his caravels and ventured forth.

See yonder Pinta passing through the "Pillars of Hercules" as

"Westward the course of emple takes its way:  
The first for four acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

It is true of nations as of men, "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." God lifted his shadowing hand and revealed to this adventurous mariner the magnificent empire of the West, which was destined by its Creator to become the mistress of the world both on land and sea. In this new empire, the North and the East by reason of peculiar conditions became the great commercial center, while the South, the fairest most beautiful land that ever came forth from God's creative power, was a veritable "Garden of Eden," carpeted with her gorgeous flora, and the very atmosphere filled with the song of her beautiful birds: her granite hills bursting with coal and minerals more valuable than the wealth of the Indies, and her soil productive of every good thing for the sustenance of man and beast. The people holding this fair heritage were and are, the



proudest, bravest, bluest blooded aristocrats the sun ever shone upon; jealous of their rights and quick to resent any trespass upon their possessions. Suddenly these easy going, liberty loving people were awakened from their dreaming under the sunny, southern skies by the Emancipation Proclamation, followed quickly by the cry to arms! and then followed four years of the bloodiest war the world has ever witnessed—years in which our beautiful Southland was crimsoned with the blood of her noble sons and watered with the tears of her queenly, heroic, suffering daughters, who, even while receiving the news of a husband's death bade her boy, the joy of her heart, go to the front and take his father's place in resisting the invasion of the foe.

The war ceased. It was fearful while it lasted, but it was the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes. It is for us to say what the result shall be. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." That this magnificent land of America might become the wonderful "land of the free and home of the brave," the greatest nation upon the earth, it was necessary that every part antagonistic, or at variance should be welded into one grand and beautiful whole, even though the fusion require the intense heat of an awful war, a tragedy of the nations.

To-day as we stand upon the threshold of a new and glorious era, and look back upon the cruel war

of fifty years ago, we see the South, the North, the East and the West all working together for the building of a nation, which is at once the wonder and glory of the world, while all eyes are centered upon our beautiful Southland, a veritable gem glowing under the light of an all wise Creator, the most beautiful and most to be desired of lands.

Veterans, come with me to-day and ascending the Nebo of this glorious twentieth century, let us by God's help view the land which He has given us for an inheritance. Look! and from Maine to California, from Canada to the Gulf, we can see smoke rising from thousands of cities and thank God that it is not the smoke of battle, but the evidence of commercial and industrial activities. Away down yonder in the valleys, and even climbing up the mountain sides, we see things in motion, and again we thank God that it is the onward rush of trains bearing the commerce of the world and of our own land to every part of this great continent, and not the movement of contending hosts rushing on to war; listen to the echoes reverberating through the land, and realize that they are not the sounds of bloody battles, but the stirring of a giant among the nations awakening to the day of glorious possibilities and achievements. Men, see these things as they are to-day, and then with prophetic vision see the wonders which God hath planned, and which it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive

of. Men of the Confederacy, we are here to-day not simply to memorialize you and your companions who have gone on before you, because of the gallant deeds which you performed in that bloody war, but to pay tribute to you as men chosen by God to help in laying the foundations of this wonderful land as it is to-day.

We hear some one say every little while with great boasting, "I am an unreconstructed Rebel." Listen! "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods." Washington was right when he declared "a man must be worse than an infidel who does not see the divine goodness in our national affairs, or has not the gratitude to acknowledge it. No people can be more bound than we to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men." If this is true, then Unreconstructed Rebels, you are in rebellion against God. Banish from your hearts every feeling of bitterness and fall into line with a reconstructed nation marching onward to the fulfillment of its magnificent destiny.

Confederate veterans, the cause you loved so well is resting quietly in the mausoleum of the past; the flag you hailed with shouts of devotion and which was never lowered in dishonor shall never more be lifted among the flags of the nations, but we love it

still, and when at your reunions it lifts its battle scarred face, we bow our heads in silent veneration as the symbol of liberty passes by. Silently, solemnly and with dimming eyes let us lay to rest in the deep recesses of our hearts, this cause so dear to us all, and then, lifting our eyes to behold the glory of a new born nation, in which there is no North, no South, but one America; let us stretch forth our hands in fraternal greeting to those who come to us from over the Mason and Dixon line, and thus united we shall work together not for temporal supremacy, but to make these United States a union indeed in which there shall be so much strength that none shall dare to molest us, and we shall be at peace with the whole world.

But what constitutes an enduring empire? Certainly not riches, nor war-like equipment; not intellectual supremacy, not art nor scientific attainment; for the great empires of the East possessed all these elements of greatness and yet they have all passed away. See how, with majestic steps, the great God of all the earth has swept through all the ages, irresistible in His power, and accomplishing His purposes despite the pigmy efforts of man to stay him.

Read the simple story of the Tower of Babel, and and you will be forced to recognize the presence of a power which alone controls. In Abyssinia-Ethiopia long before the time of Solomon there were magnifi-

cent piles of masonry, the splendors of which have never been surpassed, and forming great centers of population to which flocked men and women from every quarter of the then known world—

Kings of a hundred Dreadnaughts, ruling the seven seas—  
Parked artillery, powder and steel—shall ye endure by  
these

Keeping an armed lordship of earth whereso your sentries  
stand?

What are Akkad and Assur now? Shards in the drifting  
sand.

Kings of a thousand forges, kings of ten thousand men,  
Liner and limited, shuttlewise thrown, from port unto  
seaport again,

Weaving a web of infinite threads, giants of hand and of  
brain—

Where are the galleys Phoenicia sailed? Ooze, in a deso-  
late main.

Kings of the soul's out-searching, kings of the far ideal—  
Poets, philosophers, prophets—the Christ-lifting men  
nearer the Real—

Not unto dust as the war lords go, not as the lords of greed,  
But rising forever from life to life—kings and Messiahs  
indeed!

Veterans of the Confederacy, we memorialize your sufferings and sacrifices because God was using you to establish this enduring kingdom of America; fair women of the South, we reverence you as ministering angels, and as vestals chosen by God to keep the altar fires burning. But men, your sacrifices are wasted; women your ministrations are all for naught, if you keep not before the rising generations the great truth that God, He is the Lord and His commands must be obeyed. Let us as a Christian nation show our gratitude by devotion to our

father's God; for surely He has dealt with us as with no other nation, and given us a large and wealthy place among the nations of the earth.

The message of the Angels was "Peace on earth," therefore on such an occasion as this let us not dwell upon those things which can only serve to keep us in the gall of bitterness and rebellion, but rather let us lift our souls to God in thanksgiving for His wonderful goodness to us. Let us take from the colossal Statue of Liberty the torch which she is holding aloft and in its stead place the uplifted cross; then shall we behold the mission of America to the world. As Southerners who have passed through the bitterness of defeat, and who can now see the dawn of that glorious day when we shall take our place in the councils of the nation, and all bitterness and prejudice shall be so far removed that one of our own shall become our chief executive, let us as a Christian people meet our responsibilities and then shall the great God lead us into high and ever higher realms of peace and usefulness, and the whole of America shall unite in the grand old National song:

"Our father's God! to Thee  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King."

## CHAPTER XIX.

“UNCLE BOB” HAS A GREAT TIME.

THE indications are that Col. R. M. Howard, of this city, who went to Dawson yesterday to deliver the Memorial Address, had a great time if the following dispatch may be taken as such:

DAWSON, GA., April 26th.

EDITOR *Enquirer-Sun*,  
COLUMBUS, GA.

The only gun fired at me to-day was a broadside of sweet love from brave men and beautiful women and children of this City of Dawson. I covered the ground with truth and reached the wire O. K., feeling like a thoroughbred two-year-old, champing the bit, ready for the word “go.”

Weddings, likes measles, are contagious, and I am liable to leave here for New York with my eighteen year old bride on my honeymoon.

UNCLE BOB.

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“One day the wasted body of a man, whose brilliant mind had been a wreck for many years, was carried out from his asylum for burial. It had been hard for him to bear, and for his friends to see such

a brilliant career as his end in years of mental chaos, but it looked as if in these last days God had made a rift in his darkened mind and through it suffused upon his weary soul some of Heaven's own radiance; for after they had borne his body away, and went back to his room to take his little effects home, they found penciled on the wall these remarkable words:

“Could man with ink the ocean fill  
And were the skies of parchment made,  
To write the love of God above,  
Would drain the ocean dry;  
Nor could the earth contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.  
I have loved Thee with an everlasting love.”

Has the consciousness of that ever thrilled you?

The love of God is an everlasting love.

It is the most everlasting thing in all God's universe. We sometimes speak of “the eternal hills;” they do look everlasting in their age-long shapes and granite hearts. But we know they are not everlasting. Frost and rain are furrowing their faces and seaming their sides, and now and then great internal convulsions cleave them from crest to base and leave them scattered about, the ruins of their former majesty.

We walk out under the starry skies at night, and as their golden radiance shimmers down upon us we feel knit to generations far ago on whom their



night fell as it now falls on us. The ancient Chaldean astronomers and hoary Egyptians, long before Abraham's day, measured their flights and watched for their coming. They look everlasting, but they are not. The words of the Psalmist are true, "Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands." But they are not eternal. What he adds is also true—"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."

"Change and decay in all around I see," but the love of God, like His mercy, which is born of His love, is "from everlasting to everlasting."

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THE SOUTHERN SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

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*"Pulveris tria manipula ad manes spargere."*

"Beautiful feet! with maidenly tread,  
Offerings bring to the gallant dead.  
Footsteps light press the sacred sod  
Of souls untimely ascended to God.  
Bring Spring flowers in fragrant perfume,  
And offer sweet prayers for a merciful doom.

"Beautiful hands! ye deck the graves  
Above the dust of the Southern braves;  
Here was extinguished their manly fire,  
Rather than flinch from the Northman's ire.  
Bring Spring flowers! the laurel and rose,  
And deck your defenders' place of repose.

“Beautiful eyes! the tears ye shed  
 Are brighter than diamonds to those who bled.  
 Spurned is the cause they fell to save,  
 But ‘little they’ll reck’ if YE love their grave.  
 Bring Spring flowers! with tears and praise,  
 And chant o’er their tombs your grateful lays.

“Beautiful lips! ye tremble now,  
 Memory wakens the sleeping ones vow;  
 Mute are the lips and faded the forms  
 That never knelt down, save to God and your  
 charms.  
 Bring Spring flowers, all dewy with morn,  
 And think how they loved ye, whose graves ye  
 adorn.

“Beautiful hearts! of matron and maid,  
 Faithful were ye when *apostles* betrayed!  
 Here are your loved and cherished ones laid;  
 Peace to their ashes; the flowers ye strew  
 Are monuments worthy the faithful and true.  
 Bring Spring flowers, perfume their sod,  
 With *annual* incense to glory and God.

“Beautiful tribute at Valor’s shrine!  
 The wreaths that fond ones lovingly twine.  
 Let the whole world their ashes despise,  
 Those whom they cherished with heart, hands  
 and eyes.  
 Will bring Spring flowers and bow the head,  
 And pray for the noble Confederate Dead!”

COLUMBUS, GA., January 11th, 1911.

EDITOR LEDGER:

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF MY HEART.

*Three score, ten and seven years of time crown me to-day.*

R. M. HOWARD.

The fountain in the desert of life springs from Hope.  
Heaven is the bright goal, in the blissful Beyond we seek.  
Rather one rose to-day, than many on the bier in death.  
Every day is a fresh beginning.  
Each morn brings its cross, its crown.

Sincerity should prompt our every deed done.  
Contentment with life is a jewel above price.  
Over every dark cloud there is a silver shade painted by Hope.  
Restrain the tongue that it speak no wrong.  
Experience wounded, teaches man wisdom.

Truth like Heaven's sun reveals and scourges or crowns what dark-  
ness conceals.

"Error wounded writhes in pain and dies with its worshippers."  
"Nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice," lest truth lose  
her sway.

As man loves himself, so should he love his neighbor.  
Never sacrifice principle on the altar of policy.  
Duty, next to God, is the grandest word known to man.

Silence is the temple of our purest thoughts.  
Eden was a wild, and Adam sighed till Eve—his best rib—smiled.  
Verily is the sacred dust of our Confederate dead the sweet ashes of  
our glory.

Ever will live "the story of the glory of the men who wore the  
gray."

Nothing need cover their high fame but Heaven, no pyramid mark  
their memories.

Years in their flight scatter both sunshine and storm.  
Examples hasten deeds to good effects.  
Appearances deceive, many are not what they seem.  
Reputation without blemish is a treasure without measure.  
Sorrow lives with those, whose pleasures add to their sins.

"Old friends, like old swords are trusted best."

Friendship is an abstract of love purged from all its dross.

Time is fleeting, and ever sounding funeral marches to the grave.

Improve each day, one lost is lost for ever.

Man's definition of beauty and excellence is the woman he loves.

Every heart has its own secret of pleasure and pain.

Charity is fed by the love that gave it birth.

Reminiscences recall both deep drawn sighs and loving smiles.

Oft in the silent night, fond memory communes with the past.

Wisdom and knowledge are beatitudes from God, which all should seek.

No land ever gave birth to grander men or more peerless women than Dixie.

Mercy and love are changeless attributes of God,

Even though man will ever sin.

The sighs and tears we weep o'er here may turn to smiles in Heaven.

Over man's imperfections, let charity spread her broad and loving mantle.

"Divinity alone shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may,"

And when Heaven's Archangel shall sound the end of time

Years of eternity for weal or woe will be the everlasting doom of man.

Revenge, though sweet at first is bitter in the end.

Memory is the mirror with which we gaze upon the past.

Here are my kindred, my friends, my home, sweet home;

Of all my pleasures and treasures, the sweetest, best.

Woman is the priceless pearl of countless worth to erring man.

"As a man thinketh, so is he;"

Rise then and think with God.

Duty is nearly discharged, and with me life's journey soon will end.



"Uncle Bob" and his grand-nephew Robert Howard Gatewood,  
eleven months old.

(Born on "Uncle Bob's" Seventy-seventh Birthday.)



## SAM DAVIS.

TRIBUTE BY J. TROTWOOD MOORE.

"Tell me his name and you are free,"  
 The General said, while from the tree  
 The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.

The birds ceased singing—happy birds,  
 That sang of home and mother words.  
 The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun,  
 It loves a life that's just begun.  
 The very breezes held their breath  
 To watch the fight 'twixt life and death,  
 And O how calm and sweet and free  
 Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!  
 Smiled back the hills as if to say:  
 "O save your life for us to-day!"

"Tell me his name and you are free,"  
 The General said, "and I shall see  
 You safe within the Rebel line—  
 I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue  
 (The bayonets were tipped with dew);  
 Across the rugged cheek of war  
 God's angels rolled a teary star.  
 The boy looked up, and this they heard:  
 "And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye:  
 "My boy, I hate to see thee die;  
 Give me the traitor's name and fly!"

Young Davis smiled as calm and free  
 As He who walked on Galilee:  
 "Had I a thousand lives to live,  
 Had I a thousand lives to give,  
 I'd lose them—nay, I'd gladly die  
 Before I'd live one life a lie!"  
 He turned for not a soldier stirred.  
 "Your duty, men; I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile.  
 The breeze sobbed o'er his bier awhile,  
 The birds broke out in glad refrain,  
 The sunbeams kissed his cheek again.  
 Then gathering up their blazing bars,  
 They shook his name among the stars

---

O stars, that now his brothers are,  
 O sun, his sire in truth and light,  
 Go tell the listening worlds afar  
 Of him who died for truth and right,  
 For martyr of all martyrs he  
 Who died to save an enemy!

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My dear beloved soldier friends,  
 We soon shall hear the last tattoo,  
 Which time shall beat as it descends  
 To hide us all from mortal view.  
 But there's a land I hope we'll see,  
 Where there's no sorrow and no wars.  
 Where there's an endless reveille  
 Which angels sing beyond the stars.

Good-by, beloved friends, good-by;  
 Our lives are passing fast away,  
 Like clouds that fleck the lilac sky  
 Or moths that round the candle play.  
 A few more years 'twill be at best  
 When all of us who wore the gray  
 Will have passed, let's hope, to rest,  
 Awaiting that last judgment day.

Good-by once more, a last good-by;  
 Together here no more we'll meet.  
 Our friendship, though, shall never die;  
 A soldier's love knows no deceit.  
 There is a bond as strong as steel  
 That binds us as the day to night—  
 That is, that we shall always feel  
 That what we did was for the right.



## UNCLE BOB HOWARD HAVING GREAT TIME

WITH FACE SHAVEN AND LOCKS CLOSELY CROPPED  
FRIENDS DON'T KNOW HIM.

Uncle Bob Howard has had more fun than anybody in Columbus during the past week. Uncle Bob takes life easy anyway, and is always ready to enjoy a joke. Of course he enjoys one on his friends just a shade better than if it be on himself, but when his friends turn the table on him, he laughs with them, and all have a good time.

During the past week, however, Uncle Bob has had it on his friends, and he has enjoyed it hugely. He had quite a serious attack of erysipelas about two weeks ago, and when his physician called to attend him, the first thing he prescribed was the services of a barber. Now, Uncle Bob, who has enjoyed seventy-seven summers, and who has had the frosts of about the same number of winters thrust upon him, states that this is the first time he has been clean shaven since he began to wear a beard. He says he has shaved parts of his face from time to time, but never before has he had all of his beard and whiskers taken off.

When the order went forth that he must undergo this tonsorial operation the old gentleman had

thoughts of his own, which he expressed quietly to himself, but having, during four years of war, learned to obey the orders of his superior officers, he submitted as cheerfully as he could, and off came the beard.

A few afternoons ago he came out on the streets for the first time since his recovery from his illness. Without the beard and flowing locks which so long adorned him, he presented an altogether different appearance. Even those who know him most intimately did not recognize him, and he passed and repassed many of his lifelong friends without their recognizing him. Speaking of the matter, Uncle Bob says he is satisfied he met and talked with at least three hundred of his friends, relatives and acquaintances his first day out, and that only three of them recognized him without difficulty.

One of the first men he met was Mr. Henry Hunter. "I have known Henry ever since he got out of the cradle," said Uncle Bob. "I was introduced to him as Mr. Somebody—I don't recall the name—and stood and talked to him for five minutes, and finally told him, and he had doubts even then."

One of the most amusing experiences Uncle Bob had was with one of his former comrades in arms. He was walking down Broad Street when Judge M. F. Hood recognized him, or rather asked him if he were not Bob Howard. Uncle Bob readily ad-

mitted that it was he. About that time Judge Hood saw Mr. Josiah Flournoy approaching and told Uncle Bob to wait a minute and they would have some fun. As Mr. Flournoy passed without recognizing Uncle Bob, Judge Hood called to him:

“Joe, come here a minute.”

Mr. Flournoy approached the two, and Judge Hood said:

“I want to introduce you to Major Johnson, of Tennessee, who is here for a short visit en route to the reunion at Little Rock. He would like to meet up with some of the old boys and go along with them. Can you tell him the name of one or more of them?”

“Bob Howard,” unhesitatingly replied Mr. Flournoy. “He knows more about it than anyone else. If you don’t happen to meet him, call on or telephone John Matthews at the court house and he can give you all the information you may desire.”

Mr. Flournoy and Uncle Bob talked for several minutes without the former having the slightest suspicion as to the latter’s identity.

“Now, there’s a man I have been knowing all my life,” said Uncle Bob, talking about the incident. We were in the same company in the war, and have been associated with each other all our lives. But he didn’t know me. Finally I said:

“ ‘Joe, do you know you are talking to Bob Howard?’ ”

He got no further. Mr. Flourney exploded. He grabbed Uncle Bob by the hand and began to shake him vigorously, and the first intelligible words he could utter, after recovering from his laughter, were:

“You ought to be killed before night.”

These are but two of the many amusing incidents of which Uncle Bob, clean shaven and with locks cropped close, has been the centre during the past week.

He has been having the time of his life.

The following recently appeared in the *Enquirer-Sun*:

“Lost, strayed or stolen: One Uncle Bob Howard. Return with positive proof of identification to his best girl for reward.”

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#### THAT DETESTABLE ELSON BOOK.

(A Virginia Woman in the Roanoke (Va.) *Times*.)

Mr. Thomas Cline, of Roanoke College, in a recent letter to the Culpeper *Enterprise* calls that paper to account for something it had said of the college, and ends thus: “Roanoke College has evidenced the true, genuine patriotism that the South needs, and not the narrow spirit of sectionalism.”

It is amazing how all the defenders of said college harp upon the much-frayed string of “sectionalism.”

In fact, they have worn it to a frazzle; while it is very clear that sectionalism has no part in the matter.

To repudiate and protest against falsehood and slander is a recognized right of individuals, communities and nations. Surely to be patriotic Americans it is not essential to heap insult and injury upon our ancestors, immediate and remote, to discredit the living and the dead. Yet this appears to be what Roanoke College and its defenders demand of us, the college itself setting the example, and Elson's history was dropped as a concession to public sentiment, and for no other reason. President Morehead affirms his sympathy with the traditions and ideals of the South, deplures the sectionalism shown by the protestants against false statements, and speaks of the "wider patriotism" they would have shown by remaining silent. I utterly fail to see the connection. In nowise can I understand how national loyalty is to be promoted by vilifying any section of our common country or by any section's accepting as final an unjust and outrageous verdict.

Statements regarding occurrences must either be true or untrue. "Academic freedom" does not always discover the truth. One student of the college boldly declares that, "while it is tough on the South, he believes all that Elson says on the subject." Another, in a newspaper article, claims to voice the student body and proceeds to deride

and sneer at our Virginia ancestry. The history of the State from its inception at Jamestown is a standing refutation of his sneers. No one but a fool tries to live upon his ancestry, and no one but an ingrate fails to acknowledge his obligations to those who have gone before.

I fear that this sapient youth will not measure up even to the scant virtues of the "idle pleasure seekers" who did nothing for the advancement of their State and "lived upon their ancestry."

If the above incidents indicate "the true, genuine patriotism which the college has and the South needs," may the good Lord deliver us!

#### INDORSING THE VIRGINIA WOMAN'S VIEWS.

The *Roanoke Times* states editorially on this subject:

"Very cordially and heartily we indorse and approve the sentiments expressed by 'A Virginia Woman' writing from Culpeper regarding the position of the Roanoke College authorities in connection with the Elson history. We confess that that position is mysterious to us and is past understanding by any code of ethics with which we are familiar. The deepest damnation of all is the evident effort of the authorities of Roanoke College to make this question appear sectional and narrow.

"Mr. Elson himself has confessed that in these statements he was wrong, and he has promised to

correct them in his next edition. Yet Roanoke College with this confessed falsehood in its accepted books sets itself up as standing for truth (?) and 'broad thought.'

"With all the power we have we resent the course of the authorities of this college in first teaching false and slanderous assertions, confessed by the author of them to be false, and then presenting themselves as teachers of 'broad thought,' denouncing those who oppose falsehood as narrow and sectional and claiming for themselves superiority to sectionalism and narrowness, basing this claim on confessed and crumbling falsehood.

"As we see it now, let the people who want their sons taught that before the war we were a population of male prostitutes, regardless of color or race and of female accessories, and that the splendid old men we see wearing the crosses of honor and the uniforms of the Confederate veterans, our own fathers and grandfathers, fought and offered their lives for the perpetuation of slavery—let these people send their sons to Roanoke College under its present management. \* \* \* We had better have poison put into the food of our sons than to have them taught that their forefathers were heads of harems, with their grandmothers conniving, and that the soldiers of the Confederacy fought to maintain human slavery."

## THE OLD SOUTH, THE KING LEAR OF NATIONS.

BY DR. P. D. STEPHENSON, BON AIR, VA.

Lying on a bed of weakness after a night of restlessness, I have just read the June *Veteran* on the Elson history scandal. The only fitting comment on the students' action in the matter is couched in King Lear's piercing cry: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth!"

But how much more sharp in the Old South's case than in that of old King Lear! His anguish was at most but an episode of a few years after a long career of unsullied honor, prosperity and power; while that of the Old South in this matter is the concentrated deadly dregs of a bitter, bitter cup held by force to her lips for a whole generation or more—a cup whose ingredients were military oppression, confiscation and wholesale robbery, negro domination upheld by bayonets, a forced and universal poverty and ignorance of her children, force bills, steady, malign and tireless vilification, and poisoning of the public opinion and histories of the whole world of that day against the South. They have stamped the brand of a criminal upon her brow not only in sight of the generation of that day but even in the pages of history.

Not until about twenty years ago did they take from her lips that cup, held there until the fatal virus was thought to have spread well through the veins of her uninformed, infected children. Now



their hope seems to have been realized. Despite the magnificent uprising to the rescue of her honor, her record, and the well-established truths of the history of the Old South through her noble U. C. V. and U. D. C. organizations, the moment freedom of speech was allowed her, despite the untiring industry and fidelity shown since, this evil hope, it seems, must prove well founded. The arms of the unshackled and enfeebled old Mother South are thrown around her offspring too late. They have already drunk of the cup; the poison is doing its work. Under the sounding name of "academic freedom" they unwind the arms of their dying old mother from about them; they turn with an air of lofty, superior scholarship to her scurrilous enemies and calmly sit at their feet instead.

What devil's broth must it be to make children do such a thing as that? "Without natural affection! Implacable, unmerciful!" Is it not so? Is anything more cruel than for a child to unwind the dying old mother's arms from about him, smite her on the lips that are pleading, "Don't destroy my honor, my son," and then kick her and turn his back upon her?

And what silly, shallow display of ignorance of the times! At the very moment when all through the North there is a renaissance of learning as to the Old South's position in the war and a greater and greater respect for her views, her arguments, her achievements!

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is indeed to have a thankless child!”

King Lear’s youngest daughter, Cordelia, remained true to him. Is there not one loyal child among the dying Old South’s children? Yes, yes; there must be, even among those Roanoke students, for I do not believe that all the students there indorsed that unspeakable book.

Let, then, King Lear’s youngest child, son or daughter, be dedicated to the task of vindicating the name and fame and record of the dying yet deathless, the outraged yet lofty and stately high-souled old mother of the New South!

[Dr. Stephenson is right. Despite the boasts that Confederate veterans indorse the book, there is no fear that any of them who have not become renegades will indorse the book or the faculty after they have carefully investigated the book and the status of the faculty. The sophistry throughout the book is its conspicuous feature, and no man or woman who is truly devoted to the South will have patience with that Roanoke College “faculty” for a moment. They can’t do it. The Elson book infamy and the insolence of the Virginia college faculty in an effort to vindicate it are grievous. The men who were leaders in restoring the Union and who fought only for that are manifesting nowadays a spirit that tends to real peace and thorough reconciliation. Leading Confederates, and the “old boys” too, are co-operat-

ing unstintedly, and the complete restoration of conditions that existed away back at the close of the Revolution—before sectionalism did its unhappy work—make a bright prospect indeed. But the imperative demand for repudiating so vile a publication requires treatment that may mislead casual readers of the *Veteran* and cause misconstruction of its purposes. These occasional readers are importuned to a patient consideration of the facts in this controversy. Meanwhile the patriotic offices of Union veterans in helping to vindicate the Southern people against these aspersions are earnestly implored. Confederates want fraternity, but will not have it at the cost of shame to themselves and degradation to the nation. These issues are of concern to every American who is loyal to its principles.]

#### ELSON'S HISTORY ON JOHN BROWN.

Elson describes John Brown at Harper's Ferry as "an elderly man with long, flowing beard and with a strange, unfathomable eye, and a descendant of one of the Pilgrims who had come in the *Mayflower* in 1620." [J. E. B. Stuart as the aid of Col. R. E. Lee was the first person to detect and expose Brown's identity, though he was under the assumed name of I Smith. Jeb Stuart had been serving in Kansas.] Elson relates that Brown's father furnished cattle for the army in 1812, and that John

stayed for a time with a slaveholder who owned a negro about John's age, and that while "young Brown was treated with the utmost kindness, the black boy was beaten and maltreated for little or no cause." This incident fixed in the youthful soul of John Brown hatred of slavery, etc. Elson states that when Brown was advised not to attempt the capture of Harper's Ferry "his iron will was unmoved," as were also "his composure" and "his tranquility of mind." He goes on to quote Northern authors' eulogies upon Brown, and then comments upon "his supreme self-command, his heroic courage, his readiness to sacrifice his home (?) and his family for a cause that must elicit our admiration."

This is a sample of the history that is indorsed by the student body of Roanoke College, at Salem, Va.

In writing of the Civil War it is apparent that Elson is an intense partisan, and yet his sophistry may be uncovered in every chapter wherein the causes of the two sections are involved. Thorstenberg, the teacher of the book in Roanoke College, has shown the most creditable character of all who are on the defensive in the controversy. His promptness in discarding the book, shows that he realized its infamy.

## PEACE BETWEEN THE SECTIONS.

BY MISS MARY H. STEPHENSON, PETERSBURG, ILL.

Over fifty years have elapsed since Beauregard opened fire on Fort Sumter. The four years of bloody war have long since passed into history. But the conflict has left its sign manual on the sunny Southland in much bolder script than on the Northland. In fact, it has been written over the landscape of this sweet, winning, romantic section of our great country in letters of blood.

The great National and Confederate cemeteries scattered over that region are visible signs of the throes of agony suffered by our nation in the sixties; and as the warm sunshine lies softly on the green graves and flowers star them, looking up with dew-spangled petals toward the blue vault of heaven, Dame Nature seems to say to us all: "All ye be brethren, and it is no 'far cry' from North to South." There are no Alps for a Cæsar to cross from any direction; only an invisible line, and on either side of that line are hearts warm and true, fired with a common love of our common country. On either side are hearts longing for a complete restoration of full amity and brotherhood—yea, much fuller than we have had since the days of Washington and Adams—and, please God, we think ere long we shall have it.

Peace hath her patriots no less than her stern brother, War. On both sides we considered it a duty to fight for our convictions in the sixties. In the second decade of the twentieth century it is no less our duty to fill the chasm of our rent country with the flowers of love—love toward “our fathers’ God,” love toward our great common country, love and forgiveness one toward another.

Initiatory to this duty both North and South should realize that no principle is compromised by such an attitude. The veterans of the Confederate Army and their sons are sincerely devoted to this great Union. They are glad that their section of the country is under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. They are glad that we are strong enough to enforce the Monroe Doctrine on this continent, protecting its weaker neighbors.

The question as to whether our Constitution permitted a State or States to withdraw at option from the Union was a much-mooted one for years before the Civil War. At one time certain New England States strongly advocated the right of secession. It was a constitutional question which had to be fought out sooner or later. Better sooner than later.

At the time of the Civil War slavery was confined to the Southern section of our country. But traders of the North, particularly the Dutch traders of New York, in the early days had imported the black man and sold him as property.

The North should realize its sacred duty to do all in its power to further this healing of old wounds. Never in the history of our country has there been so great a need of unity of heart and purpose among our citizenship. In unity of hearts and purpose to preserve our free institutions, at whatever cost, lies our strength.

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WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

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BROWN McMILLIN, in *Nashville Tennessean and American*.

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DEDICATED TO DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

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Wives and daughters of those men who fought  
 And died before the belch of cannons' fire,  
 Whose hands when war was ended nobly wrought  
 Wreathes for the graves and for the funeral pyre;  
 Ye women of the South, whose gentle hands  
 Smoothed fevered pillows when the angel came,  
 Far off the clans of many alien lands  
 Bend knee in reverence to thy honored name.

When arms were stacked and desolation spread  
 Its tawny fingers round that lily's stem,  
 When hope, like Hector, in the dust lay dead,  
 And Greece arose translucent like a gem  
 Which gleams in some proud Pharaoh's shining crown—  
 'Twas then that ye, undaunted by the night,  
 Its blackness horror and its terrored frown  
 Prayed to thy God for might, for light, for right.

We of that Athens of the South which rests  
 A new, a better, and wiser land  
 Upon the blue-grass hillocks' gentle breast;  
 Hold out to ye to-night a welcome hand.  
 Full, languorous, soft—outside a smiling moon  
 Speaks to the stars a whisper from its mouth;  
 The nightingale, alert, takes up the tune;  
 All sing a hymn of women of the South.

That hymn a prayer, an epic of the soul  
 To God for thanks for that soft, blushful land  
 Where e'en the brooks in silvered lyrics roll  
 And oaks chant forth proud anthems as they stand;  
 That South where beauty in a woman's face  
 Is glorified as was the Holy Grail,  
 Where men fought for their rights with grace,  
 And having lost took up again the trail.

God grant that ye, fair women of the land  
 Where courage dwells and beauty ever blooms,  
 Will bid us serve! Thy wish is our command;  
 Our fingers never weary at thy looms.  
 God grant thy days one gloried sunlight be,  
 One gentle spring without the summer's drought,  
 Thy nights one moonlight on a placid sea,  
 Queens of the world, fair women of the South!

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TO AL G. FIELD.

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BY DR. H. M. HAMILL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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When labor's done and life is past,  
 As comes to all of us at last,  
 And at the judgment bar we stand,  
 The sheep and goats on either hand,  
 I think I know your final plea  
 And what your future fate shall be.

When Gabriel's trumpet thrice has pealed,  
 His cry rings forth: "Call Al G. Field!"  
 And bowing low before the book  
 Of fate, with kind but homely look,  
 The prince of modern minstrels stands,  
 An old-time banjo in his hands.

The angel speaks: "What is thy plea  
 Whereon must rest thy destiny?"  
 Then, lowly kneeling, Field doth say:  
 "Dear Lord, on this thy judgment day  
 I bring thy gift of minstrelsy.  
 Which long ago thou gavest me.



"I've tried to charm away men's fears,  
 And oft have dried the mourner's tears;  
 By song and laugh and merry jest  
 Thy minstrel, Lord, hath done his best."  
 Then with a smile upon his face  
 The angel answers full of grace:

"Well done, good minstrel, though men carp,  
 Unstring thy banjo, take this harp;  
 And when the Pharisees shall frown,  
 Tune up thy harp and wear thy crown."

[The impulse to write the foregoing came of Al Field's interest and service at the Camp Chase memorial June 3.]

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"HE'S THE OLD TIME CONFEDERATE."

(Tune:—"The Old Time Religion.")

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BY REV. J. B. K. SMITH.

I

From Bull-Run to Appomattox,  
 From Belmont to Mobile harbor,  
 From Oak-Hill to far off Texas,  
 He's good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate,  
 He's the old time Confederate,  
 He's the old time Confederate,  
 And He's good enough for me.

II

Lee and Johnston proud to lead him,  
 Stonewall Jackson had faith in him,  
 Hood and Cleburne fought beside him,  
 Oh, he's good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## III

On the line or in the trenches,  
 Shorn of life by battles' wrenches,  
 Being carved on surgeon's benches,  
 He was good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## IV

On the march or in the battle,  
 Mid the crash and roar and rattle,  
 Scatt'ring "Bank's and Burnside's" cattle,  
 He was good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## V

On the plain where friends lay dying,  
 Thrice his strength of foe defying,  
 Pressing hard "Blue Columns" flying,  
 He was good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## VI

Starving, weak, mid scenes of ruin,  
 Thoughts of freedom still pursuin',  
 With rich blood all soil bedewin',  
 He was good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## VII

Hurling rocks by Cleburne's orders,  
 Braving death on Dixie's borders,  
 Deaf to clang of wild disorders,  
 He was good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## VIII

On the field where foemen slew him,  
 In rude grave where rough hands threw him,  
 Still fond mem'ry will cling to him,  
 And he's good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## IX

Even down at "Santiago,"  
 Shinning up that "Saw Palmetto,"  
 Hurling shot and shell at "Blanco,"  
 He's good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## X

Home at last mid gloom and sorrow,  
 Cheered by hope of joy to-morrow,  
 Scorning still to beg or borrow,  
 He's good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## XI

Standing midst wreck and desolation,  
 Building up the old plantation,  
 Giving help to this proud nation,  
 He's good enough for me.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate, etc.

## XII

Fitting theme for song and story,  
 Shout it loud till heads grow hoary,  
 Tell the story of the glory,  
 Of the men who wore the gray.

Chorus:—

He's the old time Confederate,  
 He's the old time Confederate,  
 He's the old time Confederate,  
 And he's good enough for me.

## EUFULA HAS MADE GOOD PREPARATION.

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OLD FASHIONED BARBECUE WILL BE A FEATURE.

“UNCLE BOB” HOWARD WILL ADDRESS OLD SOLDIERS.

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EUFULA, July 22.—(Special)—Every preparation has been made for the Veterans’ reunion to be held here on the 25th inst. and thousands of visitors from the surrounding sections are expected to be in attendance upon the occasion.

In addition to an old fashioned barbecue, which will be free for all, to be spread under the shelter of the cotton compress, some speech making on the proposed county highway to be in touch with the New York and Mobile thoroughfares will be an interesting and instructive feature.

Col. Robert M. Howard (better known as Uncle Bob) of Columbus, Ga., who bears the title of being an Unreconstructed Confederate has also consented to address the old soldiers on the occasion. Colonel Howard served throughout the war and is now 78 years old but is still blessed with remarkable activity for one of his years. He affirms that he will call a spade a spade and a hat a hat and hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may. He is in many respects a versatile genius and a man of high literary attainments who will greatly entertain

the old soldiers on current topics pertaining to the bloody sixties and his address is being contemplated with especial interest and pleasure.

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BARBOUR VETERANS ARE ENTERTAINED.

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PROGRAM OF EXERCISES ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENTERED UPON. COL. HOWARD ADDRESSES OLD SOLDIERS—NEWS OF CITY.

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EUFULA, July 26.—(Special)—Business was practically suspended in all lines yesterday and the occasion of the reunion of the Confederate Veterans and Public Highway Booster was characterized by instructive discourses, delightful music by the Second Regiment Band, and a feast of good things about the noon hour that beggars description. The program of exercises opened about 10 o'clock with military manoeuvres by the Eufaula Rifles on Broad Street, while the band played a delightful concert from the band stand. Upon the conclusion of this feature, a procession was formed, led by the band with the Rifles following close behind, that proceeded to the Court House where Col. Robert M. Howard (Uncle Bob) delivered an address to the old soldiers. Col. Howard spoke for fully an hour to a very large audience, composed of men and women, that crowded the building to standing capac-

ity. He was briefly but eloquently introduced by Capt. S. H. Dent, and at times he grew eloquent in defending the South's attitude in the struggle. He went over the old battlefields, describing in detail pleasing incidents, many of which were replete with wit, humor and pathos. He was at times wildly cheered and paid beautiful and touching tributes to Southern women, Southern homes and Southern chivalry. Colonel Howard is a man whose information on this particular subject is broad and liberal, much of which has been deduced from actual experience in the ranks of the Southern Army, and his audience was also intelligently enlightened upon all points leading up to the great struggle in every instance of which he took occasion to defend the South's attitude. Colonel Howard fully demonstrated the correctness of his distinction in affirming that he is an unreconstructed Confederate, and his address was a particularly pleasing and instructive one along secessional lines.

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ADDITIONAL CLIPPINGS IN REGARD TO THE  
ADDRESS AT EUFAULA.

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Colonel Howard talked to the Veterans on the subject of "Howard's Yankee Doodle Dandy," and the address was one of the most unique, interesting and entertaining ever delivered in this city. At its

close the band played Dixie and "Uncle Bob" was given such an ovation as few men have ever received in Eufaula. He was literally lifted from the ground by his old comrades in arms.

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Hon. Charles S. McDowell stated that an address of welcome was not necessary, but he made a few introductory remarks relative to the speaker, Hon. Robert M. Howard, of Columbus, Ga., (Uncle Bob) that shook the court house with applause. He said Eufaula's latch string always hangs on the outside to the old soldiers.

The Second Regiment Band played "Dixie."

Colonel Hiram Hawkins led the "rebel yell," that rang out from the Veterans as they waved their hats and many wept.

Colonel Howard spoke two hours, his subject being, "Howard's Yankee Doodle Dandy." His address was unique, humorous and pathetic.

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#### THE OLD "BLACK MAMMY."

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BY W. A. CLARK, AUGUSTA, GA.

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She bends beneath the weight of years  
 With feeble step and slow,  
 Yet in her heart there throbs and shines  
 The light of long ago;  
 Of days when on her dear old face  
 There played an angel smile,  
 As in her blessed arms she held  
 And crooned to sleep her "Chile."

The color of a lowly race  
 Shone with its ebon glow,  
 And yet the old "Black Mammy's" soul  
 Was white as driven snow.

Her tollworn hands were kind and true,  
 Through all her bonded years,  
 To "Mistiss" and the little ones,  
 In gladness and in tears.

And through war's wearing agony,  
 Her heart was free from guile,  
 And loyal to the bitter end,  
 To "Mistiss" and her "Chlle."

Her ranks are waning year by year,  
 On Southern hill and plain,  
 And when the last "Black Mammy's" gone,  
 She'll never come again.

Yet, somewhere on the radiant hills,  
 Beyond earth's woe and wile,  
 Her dear old arms will fold again,  
 "Old Mistiss" and her "Chile."

God bless her—till her weary feet  
 Shall touch the shining shore;  
 God keep her—'mid the cherubim,  
 At rest, forevermore.

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### WHEN THE FIRST GUN SOUNDED.

[The following is taken from "Lights and Shadows of a Soldier's Life," by Robert J. Burdette, D. D.]

It was such a quiet, dreamy, peaceful July afternoon. There was the sound of a gentle wind in the top of the cherry-tree, softly carrying an æolian accompaniment to my mother's singing. Once a robin



called. A bush of "old-fashioned roses" perfumed the breath of the song. A cricket chirped in the grass.

Boom! A siege-gun fired away off down in Charleston, and a shell burst above Fort Sumter, wreathing an angry halo about the most beautiful flag the sunshine ever kissed. From ocean to ocean the land quivered as with the shock of an earthquake. Far away, from the ramparts of Sumter, a bugle shrilled across the States as though it were the voice of the trumpet of the angel calling the sheeted dead to rise. And close at hand the flam, flam, flam of a drum broke into wild thrill of the long roll,—the fierce snarl of the dogs of war, awakened by that signal shot from Beauregard's batteries.

I leaped to my feet, seized my cap, and ran to the window to wind my arms around my mother's neck.

"Mother," I said, "I'm going!"

Her beautiful face went white. She held me close to her heart a long, silent, praying time. Then she held me off and kissed me—a kiss so tender that it rests upon my lips to-day—and said:

"God bless my boy!"

And with my mother's blessing I hurried down to the recruiting station, and soon I marched away with a column of men and boys, still keeping step to the drum.

But in the long years when the drum and bugle made my only music, often I could hear the sob, sob

that broke from her heart when she bade me good-by, mingling with the harsh flam, flam of the drum that led me from her side. And at other times when the bugles sang high and clear, sounding the charge above the roar and crash of musketry and batteries, even then, sometimes, I could hear her still softly singing, "All the world should be at peace." When the storm of battle-passions lulled a little at times, there would come stealing into the drifting clouds of acrid powder-smoke sweet strains of the old songs, the tender, old-fashioned melodies about home, and love, and peace, and the robin, and the carrier-dove.

I could see the window where she sat and sewed and sang on my birthday. I knew the song, and I could see how gently she rocked, and could hear how soft and low the voice fell at times. I knew that once in a while the sewing would fall from her hands, and they would lie clasped in her lap, while the song ceased as it turned into a prayer. And I knew for whom she was praying.

All the way from Peoria to Corinth, from Corinth to Vicksburg, up the Red River country, down to Mobile and Fort Blakely, and back to Tupelo and Selma, the voice and the song and the prayer followed me, and at last led me back home.

I learned then, though I did not know it nearly so well as I do now, that there is no place on earth where a boy can get so far away from his mother that her song and her prayer and her love will not

follow him. There is only one love that will follow him farther; that has sweeter patience to seek him; that has surer wisdom to find him; that is mightier to save him and bring him back to home and love and peace. What a Love that is which will endure longer and suffer more and do more than hers! What a Love!

I once heard a man say,—he had never been a soldier,—“If a woman is ever given the ballot, like a man, she should be compelled to shoulder a musket and go to war, like the men.”

Such a foolish, cowardly, brutal thing to say! Sometimes the government has to conscript men to make them fight for their country. When has woman ever shrunk from going to war? “She risked her life when the soldier was born.” She wound her arms around him through all the years of his helplessness. Night after night, when fell disease fought for the little soldier’s tender life, she robbed her aching eyes of sleep, a faithful sentinel over his cradle. She nourished him on her own life, a fountain drawn from her mother-breasts. She stood guard over him, keeping all the house quiet when he would sleep in the noisy day-time. She stood on the firing-line, battling with the foes of uncleanness, contagion, sudden heat and biting cold, protecting her little soldier in the clean, sweet fortress of his home. She taught him his first cooing words that some day he might have mighty voice and brave

words of defiance to shout against his country's foes. She taught him his first step—such a wavering, uncertain little step—that some day he could keep step to the drum-beat and march with the men—a free, swinging stride—as they followed the flag. She trained him up to be a manly man, to hate a lie and despise a mean action, to be noble and chivalrous. She builded a strong man out of her woman's soul.

#### THE WOMAN'S HARVEST.

And then one day, when the bugles shrilled and the drum beat, she kissed him and sent him forth at the wheels of the guns—her beautiful boy—to be food for the fire-breathing maw of the black-lipped cannon! Her boy! Heart of her heart! Life of her life! Love of her soul!

The exultant news flashes over the wires. “Glorious victory,” shout the papers in crimson headlines, “ten thousand killed!”

And in the long list there is only one name she can read. It stands out black as a pall upon the white paper—characters of night against the morning sunshine—the name she gave her first-born.

And that is the end of it all. All the years of tender nursing; of tireless care; of patient training; of loving teaching; of sweet companionship; and of all the little walks and talks; the tender confidences of mother and son; the budding days; the blossoming years—this is the harvest. This is war.

## LORENA.

[This was the great sentimental song of the war period. It is very rare and a copy was secured only with the greatest difficulty.]

The years creep slowly by, Lorena;  
 The snow is on the grass again;  
 The sun's low down the sky, Lorena;  
 The frost gleams where the flowers have been.  
 But the heart throbs on as warmly now  
 As when the summer days were nigh.  
 Oh, the sun can never dip so low  
 As down affection's cloudless sky,  
 Oh, the sun can never, etc.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,  
 Since last I held that hand in mine,  
 And felt the pulse beat high, Lorena,  
 Though mine beat faster far than thine,  
 A hundred months, 'twas flowery May,  
 When up the hilly slope we climbed  
 To watch the dying of the day  
 And hear the distant church bells chime,  
 To watch the dying of the day, etc.

We loved each other then, Lorena,  
 More than we ever dared to tell:  
 And what we might have been, Lorena,  
 Had but our loving prospered well.  
 But then, 'tis past, the years have gone,  
 I'll not call up their shadowy forms,  
 I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on,  
 Sleep on, nor heed life's perilous storms."  
 I'll say to them, etc.

The story of the past, Lorena,  
 Alas, I care not to repeat  
 The hopes that could not last, Lorena,  
 They lived, but only lived to cheat,  
 I would not cause e'en one regret  
 To rankle in your bosom now—  
 "For if we try we may forget"  
 Were words of thine years ago.  
 For if we try, etc.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena—  
 They are within my memory yet—  
 They touched some tender chords, Lorena,  
 Which thrill and tremble with regret.  
 'Twas not thy woman's heart which spoke—  
 Thy heart was always true to me.  
 A duty stern and piercing broke  
 The tie which linked my soul with thee.  
 A duty stern, etc.

It matters little now, Lorena,  
 The past is the eternal past;  
 Our hearts will soon lie low, Lorena,  
 Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.  
 There is a future, oh, thank God!  
 Of life this is so small a part—  
 'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,  
 But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.  
 Of life this, etc.

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MARYLAND.

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[Written at Point Coupee, La., April 26, 1861, by James R. Randall.]

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The despot's heel is on thy shore,  
 Maryland!  
 His torch is at thy temple door,  
 Maryland!  
 Avenge the patriotic gore  
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
 And be the battle queen of yore,  
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark! to the exiled son's appeal,  
 Maryland!  
 My mother State, to thee I kneel,  
 Maryland!  
 For life and death, for woe and weal,  
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,  
Remember Howard's war-like thrust,  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'Tis the red dawn of the day,  
Maryland!

Come! With thy panoplied array,  
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,  
With Watson's blood at Monterey,  
With peerless Lowe and dashing May,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the Tyrant's chain,  
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,  
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain,  
"Sic Semper"—'tis the proud refrain,  
That baffles minions back amain,  
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,  
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,  
Maryland!

Come! thine own heroic throng,  
Striding with liberty along,  
And sing thy dauntless slogan song,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek  
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

## REMINISCENCES.

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,  
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,  
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,  
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,  
Than crucifixion of the soul,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland!

The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,  
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf nor dumb,  
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!  
She breathes! She turns! She'll come!  
She'll come!  
Maryland! My Maryland!

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"Yankee Doodle drew his sword,  
And practiced all the passes;  
Come, boys, we'll take another drink  
When we get to Manassas.

"Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo;  
Yankee Doodle dandy  
They never reached Manassas Plain,  
And never got the brandy.

"Yankee Doodle, oh! for shame,  
You're always intermeddling:  
Let guns alone, they are dangerous things,  
You'd better stick to peddling.

"Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,  
Yankee Doodle dandy  
When next you go to Bully Run  
You'll throw away the brandy."



## A PRAYER.

[By a mother for her son, aged fifteen. Written at Memphis, July 26, 1864.]

God bless my darling venturous boy  
 Where'er his feet may stray;  
 God bless the sacred righteous cause  
 For which he went away;  
 God bless the little arm 'round which  
 My wristlet went not tight,  
 Strengthen it, Lord, till it become  
 A David's in the fight.

So young, so bright, so fair, so brave,  
 To Thee, oh God above  
 I leave the charge to shield and save  
 The idol of my love,  
 One more to battle for the right  
 Of free men to be free,  
 That hero's heart and child-like form,  
 I dedicate to Thee.

## ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

[The authorship of this poem has been disputed. It is ascribed to Lamar Fontaine, Second Virginia Cavalry.]

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"  
 Except now and then a stray picket  
 Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
 'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then  
 Will not count in the news of the battle,  
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men—  
 Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"  
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;  
 Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon  
 Or the light of the watch fires are gleaming,  
 A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind  
 Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,  
 While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,  
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,  
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.  
 His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,  
 Grows gentle with memories tender,  
 As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep—  
 For their mother, may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,  
 That night, when the love yet unspoken  
 Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows  
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.  
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
 He dashes off tears that are welling,  
 And gathers his gun close up to its place,  
 As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—  
 The footstep is lagging and weary,  
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,  
 Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.  
 Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?  
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?  
 It looked like a rifle—ha! Mary, goodbye!  
 And the life blood is ebbing and splashing!

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"  
 No sound save the rush of the river;  
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—  
 The picket's off duty forever.

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SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

MISS MARY LA COSTE, GEORGIA.

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Into a ward of the white-washed halls  
 Where the dead and dying lay —  
 Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,  
 Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
 Somebody's darling so young and so brave!  
 Wearing yet on his sweet pale face—  
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—  
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
 And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,  
 And his smiling, child-like lips apart.  
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead—  
 Pausing to drop o'er his grave a tear;  
 Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,  
 "Somebody's darling slumbers here."

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THEY SHOULD NOT REST APART.

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FATHER RYAN.

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Gather the sacred dust  
 Of the warriors tried and true,  
 Who bore the flag of our nation's trust  
 And fell in a cause as great as just,  
 And died for me and you.

Gather them, each and all,  
 From the private to the chief,  
 Come they from cabin or lordly hall;  
 Over their dust let the fresh tears fall  
 Of a nation's holy grief.

No matter whence they came,  
 Dear is their lifeless clay;  
 Whether unknown or known to fame,  
 Their cause and country were the same—  
 They died—and they wore the gray.

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O, I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL.

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BY MAJ. INNIS RANDOLPH.

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Oh, I'm a good old Rebel,  
 Now, that's just what I am;  
 For the "Fair Land of Freedom"  
 I do not care—at all;  
 I'm glad I fit against it,  
 I only wish we'd won;  
 And I don't want no pardon  
 For anything I done.

I hates the Consttution,  
 This Great Republic, too;  
 I hates the Freedman's Buro'  
 In uniforms of blue;  
 I hates the nasty eagle,  
 With all his brags and fuss;  
 The lyin', thievin' Yankees,  
 I hates them wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation  
 And everything they do,  
 I hates the Declaration  
 Of Independence, to;  
 I hates the glorlous Union—  
 'Tis dripping with our blood—  
 I hate their striped banner,  
 I fit it all I could.

I followed old Mars' Robert  
 For four year, near about,  
 Got wounded in three places  
 And starved at Point Lookout.  
 I cotch the roomatism  
 A campln' in the snow.  
 I killed a chance o' Yankees,  
 I'd like to kilil some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees  
 Is stiff in Southern dust;  
 We got three hundred thousand  
 Before they conquered us;  
 They dled of Southern fever  
 And Southern steel and shot;  
 I wish they was three million  
 Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket  
 And fight 'em now any more,  
 But I ain't going to love 'em,  
 Now that is certain sure;  
 And I don't want no pardon  
 For what I was and am,  
 I won't be reconstructed,  
 And I don't care a damn.

## THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

(Written April, 1861, and immensely popular.)

[The first flag of the South was of solid blue with one white star.]

We are a band of brothers  
 And native to the soil,  
 Fighting for the property  
 We gained by honest toil;  
 And when our rights were threatened,  
 The cry rose near and far—  
 "Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 That bears the single star!"

## Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 For Southern rights, hurrah!  
 Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 That bears the single star!

As long as e'er the Union  
 Was faithful to her trust,  
 Like friends and like brothers  
 Both kind were we and just;  
 But now, when Northern treachery  
 Attempts our rights to mar,  
 We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 That bears the single star.

## Chorus.

First gallant South Carolina  
 Nobly made the stand,  
 Then came Alabama,  
 Who took her by the hand;  
 Next quickly Mississippi,  
 Georgia and Florida  
 All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 That bears the single star.

## Chorus.

And here's to old Virginia—  
 The Old Dominion State—  
 With the young Confed'racy  
 At length has linked her fate;  
 Impelled by her example,  
 Now other States prepare  
 To holst on high the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 That bears the single star.

Chorus.

Then here's to our Confederacy,  
 Strong are we and brave,  
 Like patriots of old will fight  
 Our heritage to save.  
 And rather than submit to shame,  
 To die we would prefer;  
 So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 That bears the single star.

Chorus.

Then cheer, boys, cheer!  
 Raise the joyous shout,  
 For Arkansas and North Carolina  
 Now have both gone out;  
 And let another rousing cheer  
 For Tennessee be given,  
 The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 Has grown to be eleven!

Chorus.

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A CONFEDERATE DITTY.

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Wrap me in a Secesh flag,  
 Bury me by Jeff Davis,  
 Give my love to General Lee,  
 And kiss all the Southern ladies.

## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY CAPTAIN THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat,  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.

On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now sweeps upon the wind,  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind.

No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
Nor braying horn, nor screaming fire  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumed heads are bowed,  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud.

And plenteous funeral-tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow;  
And the proud forms by battle gashed,  
Are freed from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past.

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

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 BY LADY DUFFERIN.
 

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I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side  
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
 When first you were my bride,  
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high  
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
 And the lovelight in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary—  
 The day is bright as then;  
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
 And the corn is green again;  
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
 And your breath, warm on my cheek;  
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
 You never more will speak

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
 And the little church stands near—  
 The church where we were wed, Mary,  
 I see the spire from here,  
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
 And my step might break your rest—  
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
 For the poor make no new friends;  
 But, O, we love the better still  
 The few our Father sends;  
 And you were all I had, Mary,  
 My blessin' and my pride;  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.



Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength was gone;  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow—  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Tho' you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,  
When your heart was fit to break—  
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there  
And you hid it for my sake;  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary, kind and true!  
But I'll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I'm going to;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there—  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies  
And I'll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springin' corn and the bright May morn  
When first you were my bride.

## THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

---

 BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.
 

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A cloud possessed the hollow field,  
 The gathering battle's smoky shield,  
 Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,  
 And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,  
 And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee  
 Moved out that matchless infantry,  
 With Pickett leading grandly down,  
 To rush against the roaring crown  
 Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns  
 A cry across the tumult runs—  
 The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods  
 And Chickamauga's solitudes,  
 The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew  
 Against the front of Pettigrew!  
 A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed  
 Like that infernal flame that fringed  
 The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;  
 A thousand died where Garnett bled;  
 In blinding flame and strangling smoke  
 The remnant through the batteries broke  
 And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"  
 Virginia cried to Tennessee;  
 "We two together, come what may,  
 Shall stand upon these works to-day!"  
 (The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way  
 Virginia heard her comrade say:  
 "Close round this rent and riddled rag!"  
 What time she sets her battle-flag  
 Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait  
Before the awful face of Fate?  
The tattered standards of the South  
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,  
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set  
His bravest against the bayonet!  
In vain Virginia charged and raged,  
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,  
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,  
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost  
Receding through the battle-cloud,  
And heard across the tempest loud  
The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace  
They leaped to ruin's red embrace,  
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,  
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break  
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand  
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!  
They smote and fell, who set the bars  
Against the progress of the stars,  
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come  
On through the fight's delirium!  
They smote and stood, who held the hope  
Of nations on that slippery slope  
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will  
That clutched and held that trembling hill.  
God lives and reigns! He built and lent  
The heights for Freedom's battlement  
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!  
 Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.  
 The mighty mother turns in tears  
 The pages of her battle years,  
 Lamenting all her fallen sons!

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STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

---

DES LIVIERES.

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[We here reproduce a lyric which was extremely popular in many parts of the South. The unknown author draws a picture which addresses itself at once to the eye, and through the eye to the heart. The poem deserves to be preserved among the literary relics of the times. Every Southerner will read it with interest.]

Come! stack arms, men! Pile on the rails.  
 Stir up the camp fires bright.  
 No matter if the canteen fails,  
 We'll make a roaring night.  
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,  
 There lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong  
 To swell the brigade's rousing song  
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat  
 Cocked o'er his eye askew;  
 The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,  
 So calm, so blunt, so true.  
 The "Blue Light Elder" knows them well;  
 Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell;  
 Lord save his soul; we'll give him—" Well  
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!  
 Old Blue Light's going to pray;  
 Strangle the fool who dares to scoff!  
 Attention! it's his way;  
 Appealing from his native sod,  
 In *forma pauperis* to God—  
 "Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod;  
 Amen!" That's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

He's in the saddle now. "Fall in!  
 Steady! the whole brigade!  
 Hill's at the ford, cut off! We'll win  
 His way out ball and blade.  
 What matter if our shoes are worn?  
 What matter if our feet are torn?  
 Quick step! we're with him e'er the morn."  
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

The sun's bright glances rout the mists  
 Of morning—and, by George!  
 There's Longstreet struggling in the lists.  
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.  
 Pope and his columns whipped before,  
 "Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;  
 "Charge Stuart! pay off Ashby's score!"  
 Is "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn  
 For news of Stonewall's band;  
 Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn  
 That ring upon thy hand.  
 Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,  
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn;  
 The foe had better ne'er been born  
 Than get in "Stonewall's Way."

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THE JACKET OF GRAY.

---

"Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,  
 Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride—  
 For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,  
 The Jacket of Gray our loved soldier boy wore.  
  
 "Ah! vain, all vain, were our prayers and our tears;  
 The glad shout of victory sang in our ears,  
 But our treasured one on the red battlefield lay,  
 While the life blood oozed out of the Jacket of Gray."

“His young comrades found him and tenderly bore  
 The cold, lifeless form to his home by the shore.  
 Oh! dark were our hearts on that terrible day,  
 “When we saw our dead boy in the Jacket of Gray.

“We laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed,  
 And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,  
 As the proudest of tributes our proud hearts could say,  
 ‘He never disgraced the Jacket of Gray.’

“Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,  
 Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride—  
 For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,  
 The Jacket of Gray our soldier boy wore.”

---

LITTLE GIFFEN.

---

BY DR. F. O. TICKNOR.

---

Out of the focal and foremost fire,  
 Out of the hospital walls as dire;  
 Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,  
 (Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)  
 Spectre! such as you seldom see,  
 Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

“Take him and welcome!” the surgeons said;  
 “Little the doctor can help the dead!”  
 So we took him; and brought him where  
 The balm was sweet in the summer air;  
 And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—  
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath—  
 Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.  
 Months of torture, how many such?  
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;  
 And still a glint of the steel-blue eye  
 Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite  
 The crippled skeleton "learned to write."  
 "Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then  
 "Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.  
 Captain's answer, "Of eighty-and-five,  
 Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;  
 Johnston pressed at the front, they say.  
 Little Giffen was up and away,  
 A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,  
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.  
 "I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;  
 But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I King  
 Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,  
 With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,  
 And the tender legend that trembles here,  
 I'd give the best on his bended knee,  
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,  
 For "Little Giffen, of Tennessee."

---

"OUR LEFT."

---

BY DR. F. O. TICKNOR.

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(Manassas)

---

From dawn to dark they stood  
 That long midsummer day,  
 While fierce and fast  
 The battle blast  
 Swept rank on rank away.

From dawn to dark they fought,  
 With legions torn and cleft;  
 And still the wide  
 Black battle-tide  
 Poured deadlier on "Our Left."

They closed each ghastly gap;  
 They dressed each shattered rank;  
 They knew—how well—  
 That freedom fell  
 With that exhausted flank.

“Oh, for a thousand men  
 Like these that melt away!”  
 And down they came,  
 With steel and flame,  
 Four thousand to the fray!

Right through the blackest cloud  
 Their lightning path they cleft;  
 And triumph came  
 With deathless fame  
 To our unconquered “Left.”

Ye, of your sons secure,  
 Ye, of your dead bereft,  
 Honor the brave  
 Who died to save  
 Your all upon “Our Left.”

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## IMPORTANT EVENTS AND BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

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JANUARY, 1861.

9th.—The “Star of the West,” sent to reinforce Gen. Anderson and his command at Fort Sumter, S. C., was fired upon from Morris Island, and obliged to return to New York.

MARCH, 1861.

The Confederate Congress adopted for the flag of the Confederacy the “stars and bars.”

12th.—The President declined to receive the commissioners from the Confederate States.



## APRIL, 1861.

12th.—An attack was made on Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor.

19th.—The President declared the Southern ports blockaded.

19th.—The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts, was mobbed in Baltimore on its passage toward Washington.

## JUNE, 1861.

10th.—The battle of Big Bethel, Va.

17th.—The battle of Booneville, Mo.

## JULY, 1861.

6th.—The battle of Carthage, Mo.

11th.—The battle of Rich Mountain, W. Va.

18th.—The battle of Centreville, Va.

21st.—The battle of Bull Run, Va.

21st.—The first battle of Manassas Junction, Va.

## AUGUST, 1861.

5th.—The battle of Athens, Mo.

10th.—The battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.

## SEPTEMBER, 1861.

10th.—The battle of Carnifex Ferry, W. Va.

## OCTOBER, 1861.

8th.—Fort Pickens, Fla., was attacked by Confederates.

21st.—The battle of Ball's Bluff, Va.

## NOVEMBER, 1861.

1st.—General Geo. B. McClellan was made commander-in-chief.

7th.—The battle of Belmont, Miss.

7th.—An expedition captured Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, S. C., and Fort Beauregard on the Broad River.

19th.—The English mail-packet Trent was boarded by Captain Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, and the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, captured.

## JANUARY, 1862.

1st.—Messrs. Mason and Slidell were surrendered on a demand of the British government.

10th.—The battle of Middle Creek, Ky.

19th.—The battle of Mill Spring, Ky.

## FEBRUARY, 1862.

6th.—Fort Henry, Tenn., surrendered to the Union forces.

8th.—The battle of Roanoke Island.

14th.—The battle of Newbern, N. C.

## MARCH, 1862.

7th and 8th.—Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.

8th.—The Confederate ram Merrimac appeared at Hampton Roads. She sank the warship Cumberland, captured the Congress, and forced the Minnesota aground, and then returned to Norfolk.

9th.—The Merrimac reappeared. The new iron-clad Monitor, Lieutenant Worden commander, had arrived the night before, and her commander engaged the Merrimac on her appearance, and forced her back to Norfolk.

10th.—Manassas Junction, Va., was evacuated by the Confederates.

23rd.—The Battle at Winchester, Va.

## APRIL, 1862.

6th and 7th.—The battle at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.

7th.—Island No. 10, in the Mississippi, surrendered.

9th.—The battle of Shiloh.

11th.—Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, surrendered.

12th.—Gold was first quoted at a premium.

## MAY, 1862.

1st.—The Army captured New Orleans.

3rd.—The battle of Chancellorsville.

5th.—The battle of Williamsburg, Va.

25th.—The battle of Winchester, Va.

27th.—The battle of Hanover Court House, Va.

27th.—The assault on Port Hudson.

31st.—The battle of Seven Pines, Va.

## JUNE, 1862.

6th.—Memphis surrendered to the Union forces.

8th.—The battle of Cross Keys, Va.

25th.—The seven days' battle around Richmond began.

26th.—The battle of Mechanicsville, Va.

27th.—The battle of Cold Harbor, Va.

28th.—Commodore Farragut, who had run the blockade at Vicksburg, began to bombard the city.

John Morgan, with a Confederate force, raided through Ohio.

29th.—The battle of Savage's Station, Virginia.

30th.—The battle of Frazier's Farm.

## JULY, 1862.

1st.—The battle of Malvern Hill, Va.

## AUGUST, 1862.

5th.—The battle of Baton Rouge, La.

5th.—Battle of Cedar Mountain, Va.

23rd.—A general battle with General Pope's forces took place.

29th.—The battle of Groveton, Va.

30th.—A battle at Manassas, Va.

30th.—The battle of Richmond, Ky.

## SEPTEMBER, 1862.

1st.—The battle of Ox Hill, Va.

1st.—The battle of Chantilly, Va.

14th.—The battle of South Mountain, Md.

15th.—Harper's Ferry was captured by the Confederates.

17th.—The battle of Antietam, Md.

17th.—The garrison at Munfordsville, Ky., surrendered to the Confederates.

19th.—The Confederate forces were defeated at Iuka, Miss.

22d.—President Lincoln issued the proclamation abolishing slavery in the Southern States, unless they returned to the Union before January 1, 1863.

## OCTOBER, 1862.

3d.—Battle of Corinth, Miss.

8th.—The battle of Perryville, Ky.

10th.—A raid on Chambersburg, Penn., was made by a Confederate force under General Stuart.

18th.—General Morgan made a raid in Kentucky.

## DECEMBER, 1862.

7th.—The Confederates were defeated at Prairie Grove, Ark.

11th.—Fredericksburg, Va., was bombarded by the Federals.

27th.—General Sherman was repulsed at Chickasaw Bayou, Miss.

29th.—Battle of Stone River, Tenn.

30th.—The siege of Vicksburg, Miss., was abandoned by General Sherman.

31st.—Second battle of Stone River, Tenn.

## JANUARY, 1863.

1st.—The emancipation proclamation was issued.

8th.—The battle of Springfield, Mo.

## MARCH, 1863.

21st.—Battle of Cottage Grove, Tenn.

30th.—Battle near Somerville, Ky.

## MAY, 1863.

- 2d.—The battle of Port Gibson, Miss.  
 2d.—The battle of Chancellorsville, Va.  
 12th.—Battle of Raymond, Miss.  
 16th.—The battle of Champion's Hill, Miss.  
 17th.—Battle of Big Black River, Miss.  
 18th.—Vicksburg, Miss., was invested.  
 19th.—The first assault on Vicksburg was repulsed.  
 27th.—An unsuccessful attack was made on Port Hudson, La.

## JUNE, 1863.

- 15th.—The Federals were defeated at Winchester, Va.  
 24th.—Morgan started upon another raid through Kentucky and Ohio.  
 24th and 25th.—Chambersburg, Penn., was occupied by the Confederates.  
 30th.—Battle of Hanover Junction, Va.

## JULY, 1863.

- 2d.—The battle of Gettysburg, Penn.  
 4th.—Vicksburg, Miss., surrendered to General Grant.  
 9th.—Port Hudson surrendered.  
 10th.—An assault on Fort Wagner was repulsed.  
 13th.—The draft riots in New York.

## AUGUST, 1863.

- 20th.—Lawrence, Kan., was burned.

## NOVEMBER, 1863.

- 15th.—Battle of Campbells' Station.  
 24th.—Battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge were fought at Chattanooga, Tenn.

## MAY, 1864.

- 4th.—The Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan, and encamped in the "Wilderness."  
 5th and 6th.—Battles of the Wilderness, Va.  
 6th.—General Sherman began his Atlanta campaign.  
 9th.—Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.  
 14th.—Battle of Resaca, Ga.  
 25th.—Battle of New Hope Church Station, Ga.  
 26th.—The Confederates were repulsed in an attack on City Point, Va.

## JUNE, 1864.

- 1st.—Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.  
 3d.—A battle was fought near Cold Harbor, Va.  
 16th.—Federals were defeated in attack on Petersburg, Va.  
 19th.—The investment of Petersburg, Va., was begun.  
 19th.—The Alabama was sunk off Cherbourg, France, by the Kearsarge.  
 21st and 22d.—The Federals were repulsed in attacks upon the Weldon Railroad, Va.  
 27th.—Battle of Kennesaw Mountain.  
 28th.—The Confederates moved on Washington by way of the Shenandoah Valley, Va.

## JULY, 1864.

- 9th.—Battle of Monocacy River, Md.  
 20th.—Battle of Peach Tree Creek, Ga.  
 22d.—Battle of Decatur, Ga.  
 30th.—Another unsuccessful assault was made by the Federals upon Petersburg, Va.

## AUGUST, 1864.

- 6th.—Fort Gaines, in Mobile Bay, surrendered to Admiral Farragut.  
 21st.—The Weldon Railroad captured.  
 31st.—The battle of Jonesboro.

## SEPTEMBER, 1864.

- 2d.—The Federals entered Atlanta.  
 19th.—The battle of Winchester, Va.  
 22d.—The battle of Fisher's Creek, Va.  
 30th.—Battle at Peebles Farm, Va.

## OCTOBER, 1864.

- 2d.—Battle of Holston River, Va.  
 6th.—Battle of Allatoona Pass, Ga.  
 19th.—Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.  
 27th.—The Federals were repulsed at Hatcher's Run, Va.

## NOVEMBER, 1864.

- 16th.—General Sherman began his march to the sea.

## DECEMBER, 1864.

- 13th.—Fort McAllister was captured by the Federals.  
 15th.—The battle of Nashville, Tenn.  
 25th.—The Federals were repulsed in an attack upon Fort Fisher, N. C.

## JANUARY, 1865.

15th.—Fort Fisher, N. C., was captured by the Federals.

## MARCH, 1865.

16th.—Battle of Averysborough, N. C.

18th.—Battle of Bentonville, N. C.

25th.—Fort Steadman, near Petersburg, was captured by the Confederates, and recaptured by the Federals.

31st.—The battle of Five Forks, Va.

## APRIL, 1865.

2nd.—Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates.

6th.—Battle of Farmville, Va.

9th.—General Lee with his army surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, Va.

13th.—Mobile surrendered to a combined army and naval attack.

14th.—The flag General Anderson had lowered at Fort Sumter was restored to its position.

14th.—President Lincoln was assassinated at Washington. He was shot in the back of the head at Ford's Theatre by Wilkes Booth, and died next morning. The same evening an unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate the Secretary of State, William H. Seward.

15th.—Andrew Johnson, Vice-President, took the oath of office as President.

26th.—General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman in North Carolina.

## MAY, 1865.

5th.—Galveston, Texas, surrendered to the Federals.

10th.—Jefferson Davis captured in Georgia.

13th.—A skirmish took place near Brazos, in eastern Texas.

26th.—The Confederates in Texas, under General Kirby Smith, surrendered.

The Armies of the East and West were disbanded and returned home, after a review at Washington.

## JUNE, 1865.

6th.—An order was issued for the release of all prisoners of war in the depots of the North.

## JULY, 1865.

4th.—The corner-stone of a monument was laid at Gettysburg, Penn., in memory of the soldiers who fell there.

MEN CALLED FOR BY PRESIDENT DURING THE WAR.

The total quotas called for and charged against the several States of the Union, under all calls made by the President of the United States, from the 15th day of April, 1861, to the 14th day of April, 1865, at which time the recruiting was stopped, was 2,759,049.

The terms of service under the various calls varied from three months to three years

UNITED STATES SOLDIERS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

	Aggregate.		Aggregate.
Connecticut.....	52,270	Minnesota.....	25,034
Delaware.....	13,651	Missouri.....	108,773
District of Columbia.....	16,872	New Hampshire.....	34,605
Illinois .....	258,217	New Jersey.....	79,511
Indiana .....	195,147	New York.....	455,568
Iowa .....	75,860	Ohio .....	317,133
Kansas .....	20,097	Pennsylvania..	366,326
Kentucky .....	78,540	Rhode Island.....	23,711
Maine.....	71,745	Vermont .....	35,256
Maryland .....	49,730	West Virginia.....	30,003
Massachusetts .....	151,785	Wisconsin.....	96,118
Michigan .....	90,119	Total .....	2,653,062

COLORED TROOPS IN U. S. ARMY DURING THE WAR.

Arkansas.....	5,526	Maine .....	104
Alabama .....	4,969	New Hampshire..	125
Connecticut .....	1,764	New York.....	4,125
Colorado Territory.....	95	New Jersey.....	1,185
Delaware .....	954	North Carolina.....	5,035
District of Columbia. ....	3,269	Ohio .....	5,092
Florida .....	1,044	Pennsylvania.....	8,612
Georgia.....	3,486	Rhode Island.....	1,837
Iowa.....	440	South Carolina.....	5,462
Indiana.....	1,597	Texas.....	47
Illinois .....	1,811	Tennessee .....	20,133
Kansas .....	2,080	Vermont .....	120
Kentucky .....	23,703	Virginia .....	5,723
Louisiana .....	24,052	West Virginia.....	196
Maryland .....	8,718	Wisconsin.....	155
Massachusetts .....	3,966	At large.....	733
Michigan.....	1,387	Not accounted for.....	5,083
Mississippi.....	17,869	Officers .....	7,122
Missouri .....	8,344	Total.....	186,017
Minnesota .....	104		

## CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS SURRENDERED AT END OF WAR.

Army of Northern Virginia, 27,805; Army of Tennessee, 31,243; Army of Missouri, 7,978; Army of Alabama, 42,293; Army of Trans-Mississippi, 17,686; at Nashville, and Chattanooga, 5,029; paroled in Departments of Virginia, Cumberland, Maryland, Alabama, Florida, Tennessee, Texas, etc., 42,189; Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons at the close of the war, 98,802; total Confederate Army at close, 273,025. A large but unknown number of Confederate soldiers were never formally surrendered.

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 THE NEW DIXIE.
 

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## I

“O how I love the Land of Cotton.  
 Land of memories, ne'er forgotten,  
 Look away! Look away! Look away!  
 Dixie Land.  
 In Dixie Land where skies are bluer,  
 Friends are dearer, hearts are truer,  
 Look away! Look away! Look away!  
 Dixie Land.

## CHORUS.

“Oh, I love the Land of Dixie.  
 Hooray! Hooray!  
 In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,  
 To live and die in Dixie.  
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.  
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

## II

“O Land of meadows fair and sunny,  
 Flowing o'er with milk and honey,  
 Look away, etc.  
 O hawthorn hedges, white and hoary,  
 Roses, full of Summer glory,  
 Look away, etc.

CHORUS—Oh, I love the Land, etc.



## III

"Oh Land of heroes that we cherish,  
 Never shall their memory perish,  
 Look away, etc.  
 Remembered be their fame and glory,  
 Evermore in song and story,  
 Look away, etc.  
 CHORUS—Oh, I love the Land, etc."

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 GATHER THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE DELL.
 

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[Memorial Song Dedicated to the Children of the Confederacy, by  
 Mrs. Lula K. Rogers.]

(Air—Ben Bolt.)

## I

Oh gather the Roses that bloom in the dell  
 And weave into garlands to-day,  
 To place on the shrine where our soldiers repose  
 From the shout of the battle away.  
 On the mountain, in woodland and valley they lie  
 Unhonored, unwept and alone,  
 But we know that the angels are hovering nigh,  
 And tenderly watch o'er the stone.

## II

Bring too the violets that bloom in the wood  
 Where they wandered in life's sunny day,  
 E're the loud thund'ring guns woke the stillness of night,  
 And blighted their homes far away.  
 Sweetly rest 'neath the garlands we tenderly weave,  
 Love's offering dear soldiers, we bear.  
 Foes may shadow the hope that illumined the heart  
 But its memory will live ever there.

## III

Oh, gather the lilies so pure and so fair  
 For the hearts that were noble and true,  
 Whose life blood was shed for our dear, native land  
 The fairest the sun ever knew.  
 Ah give them the chaplets they won in the strife  
 And honor the gray that they wore,  
 For in memory shall linger the gallant and brave,  
 Though furled is their flag evermore.

CLOSE OF MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED AT  
DAWSON, GA., APRIL 26, 1911,  
BY R. M. HOWARD.

Sweetly in chime with the fitness of things it is that this Memorial celebration is held at this season of the year when the Eternal Artist is reddening the heart of the rose and tinting the cheek of the lily, when rose and lily awakened from their icy sleep of winter are telling the logic of life after death in every petal that drinks the blood of its life from the ardent kiss of the sun.

If to him who studies nature in her visible forms, she speaks a varied language, surely there is a sermon in every budding tree and a song in every opening flower. Spring symbolizes the dearest hope that dwells in human hearts, the fulfillment of the sweetest prophecy ever spoken to human ears, the unfolding of the deepest mystery that ever baffled human thought. Strike from the contemplation of mankind the idea of a resurrection and you darken the perspective of life so that at the end, on every grave is night and beyond every grave is naught. The sting of death in retroaction will poison every life and the victory of the grave will drag at its car the trophied ashes of every human hope. Give back the promise of a soul undying, and that Easter long ago streaming glory from the Cross will rout the darkness of the earth, pour radiance upon the gloom

of the tomb and brighten and whiten the very valley of the shadow of death.

Priceless is the faith that assures us as the gray ranks are thinning out here, where the twilight is dropping, the broken line is re-uniting where the bugles are blowing sweet reveille to the waking dawn of the eternal morning. Inspired by this thought, I catch a vision of the spectral forms of our mighty dead, and as fancy lengthens out the vision, I seem to see these majestic spirits forming in a stupendous circle. In the center stands the transfigured and glorified symbol of the conquered South—a vestal in raiment of spotless white. Her snowy bosom is bare and a death wound in her breast is pouring its red libation on Freedom's holy altar.

And then a voice seems to drift out on the hushed and solemn air:

“My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod,  
My face is wan and white with many woes;  
But I will lift my poor, chained hands to God,  
And for my children pray and for my foes.

“Beside the graves where countless thousands lowly lie,  
I kneel and weeping for each slaughtered son  
I turn my gaze to my own sunny sky,  
And pray, ‘O Father, let Thy will be done.’”

And now, dear friends, tendering you my true appreciation for your patience, courtesy and attention, I will conclude by saying, as long as I shall remain in this vale of smiles and sighs, sunshine and storm, I will ever waft you on wings of sweet love, fond,

fadeless memories of this hallowed Memorial Day. "Farewell, farewell is a lonely sound, and always brings a sigh, but the heart feels most when the lips move not and the eyes speak a gentle good-bye." The old guard dies, but never surrenders; *no, never, never*, and for Dixie, dear old Dixie, God knows we yet would lay us down and die!

In the brilliant period beginning in the year 1861 and ending in 1865, the South gave to the world new examples of patriotism, to the orator new topics of eloquence, to the statesman new subjects of thought, to the poet new themes of song, to the soldier new models for imitation, to her sons and her daughters a matchless and imperishable roll of heroes and heroines, and to her soil the blood of the very flower of her chivalry that consecrated it and forever rendered it sacred.

"Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,  
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

There is no duty more binding on a people than that of preserving and cherishing the memory of their patriotic dead. There is no trust more sacred than that of guarding and keeping pure and unsullied the fame and honor of those who fell in the defense of their country. The country that is indifferent to the fame and honor of its heroic dead forfeits all claim to the devotion and loyalty of its

living sons. The people who disregard and forget their patriotic martyrs will soon fail to have heroes to honor and remember.

“No country ever had truer sons, no cause nobler champions, no people braver defenders, no age more valiant knights, no principle purer victims” than our immortal Confederate dead whose life blood encrimsoned the trenches around Petersburg and Vicksburg, the hills and valleys around Richmond and Franklin, the plains of Manassas, the wooded knobs and dells around Atlanta, the shadowy forests of Chickamauga and Chancellorsville, the dark ravines of Shiloh and the Wilderness and the rock-ribbed heights of Sharpsburg and Gettysburg.

Ah! it is indeed sad to realize that the muffled drum has beat their last tattoo, and that we shall never again meet them on life's parade—

“On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.”

“How sleep the brave who sank to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest;  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She then shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

“By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

The cause for which they fought and fell was lost. The hopes they so dearly cherished were crushed. The Confederate battle flag, which they loved so well, was furled with no stain or soil of dishonor thereon, but around it was wreathed the glory of hundreds of victorious battlefields, while its shell and shot torn rents and remnants were undying emblems of the heroic duty of the heroic men who fought beneath its folds and whose achievements shall deathless be upon the scroll of history and upon the lips of poetry.

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Several years ago I became a member of the Presbyterian Church of this city, and as "hope springs eternal in the human breast," I have an abiding faith and trust that both by example and precept my last days in this vale of sighs and smiles may prove to be my sweetest and best. The pessimist at all times sings:

"Ever thus from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree nor flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away;  
I never nursed a dear gazelle  
To glad me with its soft black eye  
But when it first knew me well  
And loved me it was sure to die."

Now hear the melody of the happy optimist, as he sweetly sings:

“There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,  
 No chemic art can counterfeit;  
 It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
 Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
 The horn whistle to sweet music's strain;  
 Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent,  
 That much is little—all in naught—content.”

Why pluck thistles, when earth teems with beautiful thornless roses, whose every unfolding petal proclaims God's changeless attributes of infinite love and boundless mercy?

“Life is but a strife, 'tis a bubble, 'tis a dream.

And man is but the little boat that paddles down the stream.”

And if man will only take Faith, Hope and Charity (and the greatest of these is Charity) as his unerring chart by which to steer his frail barque, he will safely and securely anchor his little craft in the beautiful fadeless haven of Eternity “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

“And when he's been there ten thousand years,  
 Bright shining as the sun,  
 He will have no less days to sing his praise  
 Than when he first begun.

“Who, who would live always away from his God,  
 Away from yon Heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

“So let my past stand, just as it stands,  
 And let me now, as I may grow old,  
 I am what I am, and my life for me  
 Is the best, or it had not been, I hold.”

FINIS.  

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- “We buy ashes for bread,  
We buy diluted wine;  
Give me the tree—  
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled  
Among the silver hills of Heaven,  
Draw everlasting dew.”
- “Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”
- “The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”
- “No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;  
There they all ke, in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father and his God.”



















