THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

WILLIAM H. STEWART

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Orations, Essays and Lectures

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To
My Comrades-in-Arms of the Firing Line

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The Spirit of the South

AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN THE SOUTH

It is a commonplace tale I have to tell, an old, old story often related before, but it is good to sing over the old songs. They are sweetest, after all. It is right to keep alive the history that tells of our national birth. It is justice to rehearse the part our ancestors acted in their wars, and wise to learn from simple lessons the ways of honor, patriotism, and virtue.

The history of war is too often made by the pen, not by the sword, and American historians seem to locate almost all of the glorious achievements of the revolution between Yorktown and Lexington. But now let us stand upon the banks of the York and look for the Southern Cross, whose bright stars will tell how the South suffered and struggled for the independence of the united colonies.

The annals of war do not relate a detail of more savage brutality on the part of its enemies and of more gallantry, skill, and fortitude on the part of the Southern soldiers, and of more self-sacrificing devotion on the part of the noble women of the South, than does the history of our Southland's share in the great struggle for American freedom.

The savage cruelty of Dunmore and Tarleton united the people for resistance and aroused the sympathy of liberty-loving Englishmen across the ocean to open declarations against the coercive policy of

King George's government. The Earl of Effingham, Thomas Howard, was conspicuous in his sympathy for the American colonies, and interposed able and eloquent arguments in Parliament for the rights of the colonies. When a boy he had strong military inclinations and his youthful bent carried him into the British army as an ensign in the celebrated Coldstream Guards.

He was not prompted to the profession of arms by a desire for the tawdry trappings of an officer's uniform, but wished to test the metal of his manhood on the firing line, and volunteered for service in a war between the Russians and Turks. When the American Revolution began he was fully equipped for a military career, but he could not consent to enforce with his sword measures which he had opposed as a legislator, and, as he did not wish to resign from the army, when his regiment was ordered to America he wrote a letter of resignation to the Secretary of War. In this letter he set forth the willingness with which he could sacrifice his life and fortune in support of the safety, honor, and dignity of his majesty's crown and person, but declared that the same principles which had inspired him with these unalterable sentiments of duty and affection to the king would not suffer him to be instrumental in depriving any part of his people of those liberties which form the best security for their fidelity and obedience to his government. He further expressed the deepest regret at being obliged to quit a profession which had been that of his ancestors for many ages, and to the study and practice of which his life, from childhood, had been applied. He waived the advantage to which the

custom of the service entitled him, the right of selling the rank that he had bought, and requested that he be allowed to retain his rating in the army, in order that, whenever the envy or ambition of foreign powers should require it, he might be enabled to serve his majesty and his country in that way in which, of all others, he thought himself best fitted by natural inclination and by training.

In this line of action the Earl of Effingham displayed more courage than it takes to stand up on the line of battle, where bullets whistle and thundering shells explode. At a great meeting in London held in the Common Hall one midsummer's day, resolutions of public thanks were ordered to be given to the Right Honorable the Earl of Effingham, for having consistently, with the principles of a true Englishman, refused to draw a sword which had been employed to the honor of his country, against the lives and liberties of his fellow-subjects in America. Soon after similar resolutions of thanks in fuller terms were presented to him from the Guild of Merchants in Dublin.

Thomas Howard was a grand Englishman, a lover of truth and virtue, a friend of liberty and justice, and Americans should honor his name until that day when time shall be no more.

What a striking contrast to the character of Lord Howard is that of Lord Dunmore, who was compelled by an incensed populace to flee from Williamsburg and seek safety on board of a man-of-war, for Dunmore had prosecuted an infamous and piratical war on the people for whose liberties the eloquence of Effingham pled in the Hall of Parliament. He

attacked Hampton, Va., October 26, 1775, intending to establish his camp there, but was driven back upon the water by Woodford's Riflemen. On the 7th day of November, 1775, he issued a proclamation establishing martial law, requiring every person capable of bearing arms to join the standard of King George, or be considered a traitor, declaring all indented servants that were able and willing to bear arms, whether negroes or others (appertaining to rebels) free, upon joining His Majesty's troops. The Provincials were greatly incensed upon seeing this proclamation, since it encouraged slaves to free themselves from their masters by taking up arms against them. This was a measure more drastic than any government on the Continent of Europe had hitherto ventured to grant. Dunmore's efforts to incite the slaves to the midnight murder of innocents and also to set Indian warriors on the warpath for indiscriminate scalping resulted in making his name a synonym for horror and loathing everywhere. An English authority says: "His proclamation was received with the greatest horror in all of the colonies, and was severely condemned elsewhere, as tending to loosen the bonds of society, to destroy domestic security, and encourage the most barbarous of mankind to the commission of the most horrible crimes and the most inhuman cruelties; that it was confounding the innocent with the guilty and exposing those who were the best friends of the government to the same loss of property, and danger, and destruction with the most incorrigible. It established a precedent of a most dangerous nature in the New World, by giving legal sanction to the arraying and

embodying of African negroes to appear in arms against white men, and to encounter them upon an equal footing in the field."

This proclamation produced disastrous results in Eastern Virginia, until the British Grenadiers, Norfolk Volunteers, and the motley mixture of blacks and whites who had responded to Dunmore's call were defeated by the patriots under General Woodford at Great Bridge, Va., where the brave Captain Fordyce fell leading his redcoats in the charge over the causeway. Another plan of action on the part of the ruthless Dunmore was to induce the Indian nations on the back country of Virginia and the Carolinas to penetrate towards the coast and form a junction with him so as to cut off the Southern colonies from the Northern colonies. This movement was frustrated by the capture of his agents who were bearing his letter to the Indian chief, by the vigilant committee in Maryland.

Lord William Campbell in South Carolina tried to incite the back settlers, called "Regulators," to ally themselves with the Indians for war against the patriots, but this aroused so much excitement and indignation in Charleston that Campbell deemed it prudent to retire on board of a man-of-war for his personal safety, and soon after sailed away to disturb no more the patriotic Carolinians. To offset this contemplated coalition, Judge Dayton, with a strong armed force of leading citizens, marched to the back settlements and made a treaty with the Regulators.

The patriotic government of South Carolina was at this time lodged in a council of thirteen persons, with the occasional assistance of a committee of

ninety-nine, which exerted every means to fortify Charleston Harbor, to procure arms and gunpowder, and to drill troops for defense. Governor Martin of North Carolina, in his attempts to stifle the liberty-loving spirit of the colonists, was more active and vigorous in his proceedings than Lord Campbell, but not more successful. The Assembly committee of correspondence and General Ashe, on the other hand, were even more vigorous and ardent in the defense of the colony, and the Assembly therefore declared Martin an enemy to America in general and to North Carolina in particular upon a number of charges, particularly of fomenting civil war and exciting an insurrection among the negroes, and it forbade all persons holding communication with him. Martin replied in a long proclamation, which the Carolinians declared to be a false, scandalous, malicious, and seditious libel, and ordered it to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

It may have been that the high-handed measures of these three British governors helped to increase the anti-war party in England and Ireland, so as almost to over-balance the coercionists and to force the latter to resort to appeals for the widows and orphans of British soldiers killed at Boston to counteract the effect of the party of conciliation, and to arouse the public feeling to sustain the war. The effect in America was to unite the colonies for more vigorous efforts in behalf of complete independence, enflaming the Southern heart with an all-consuming enthusiasm for the cause, and bringing to the forefront some of the most skillful and daring heroes of the Revolutionary period.

On the 28th day of June, 1776, Admiral Parker of the Royal Navy, commanding a fleet of eleven large vessels of war, sailed into Charleston Harbor and commenced a tremendous attack upon Fort Moultrie, located on Sullivan's Island. The fort, constructed of soft palmetto wood, in which the cannonballs buried themselves without throwing off splinters to injure the gunners, mounted sixty guns, and as ship after ship poured in its terrible broadsides, the whole harbor seemed one sheet of flame. The Americans aimed well, and every shot had its effect, and soon several of the British ships were stranded. The *Thunderer*, after firing more than sixty shells, was disabled; the *Bristol* was almost destroyed and a great number of sailors was killed. The fire from the fort suddenly ceased, the powder having been exhausted, and the British, sure of victory, moved their ships nearer with drums beating and flags flying. However, the Americans soon received a new supply of powder and the battle raged fiercer than ever, until seven o'clock in the evening, when the fleet retired under cover of night. This defense of Fort Moultrie was one of the most brilliant actions of the war. Every man fought like a hero and Congress passed a resolution of thanks to the whole garrison. During the fiercest part of the engagement, when the flag was cut down, Sergeant Jasper leaped upon the ramparts, fastened it to a rammer and hoisted it in the face of the enemy. He was presented with a sword for his brave conduct, and Colonel William Moultrie, the victorious commander, was promoted to brigadier-general.

The next engagement of importance in the South

was the signal defeat of General Robert Howe and the capture of Savannah, Ga. The Americans lost 550 men killed, wounded, and captured, with artillery and baggage; while the British lost only seven killed and nineteen wounded. General Howe was greatly censured, but was afterwards acquitted by a court of inquiry. The British were remarkably kind and lenient to the inhabitants, but, by pressing their military advantage, in the period of one month had restored the whole State of Georgia to the British Crown. The one ray of light amid the disasters in Georgia was the victory of Colonel Pickens over the Loyalists at Kettle Creek, where Colonel Boyd, their commander, was killed.

General Benjamin Lincoln was made commander-in-chief in the South, but the fortunes of war were against him, too. He was baffled at Stono Ferry, repulsed before Savannah, and on May 11, 1780, he was captured at Charleston with his whole army. General Woodford, the hero of Hampton and Great Bridge, with 700 of the Virginia line, recently arrived, were included in the surrender. The loss of the metropolis of South Carolina was a sad blow to the South, as it was the depot of its commerce, the unrivaled seat of Southern beauty, taste, art, science, and wealth. Charleston had been the pride, the boast, and the delight of the high-spirited gentry and gallant yeomanry of that country, but it was now under the heel of the conqueror.

Following the fall of Charleston, on the 29th of May, came the horrible butchery at Waxhaws, S. C., where Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton suddenly charged upon Lieutenant-Colonel Buford, routing his forces

and killing many of his soldiers while asking quarter. By official report 113 were killed, 150 so badly wounded as to be paroled on the ground, most of whom died, and 53 prisoners were marched to Camden. Colonel Buford with a few of the cavalry escaped. To offset this disaster, the defeat of the British at Hanging Rock, S. C., by Major Davie was a gleam of hope in the struggle which had almost wrested two States from the Confederation. Andrew Jackson, at the age of thirteen, commenced his career as a soldier in this fight.

The hero of Saratoga, the conqueror of Burgoyne, was ordered to succeed the unfortunate Lincoln in command of the Southern forces, and General Horatio Gates' arrival in the South was hailed with universal acclamation. The advance of his army into South Carolina roused all the latent energies of the State, but his great haste so overleaped cautious judgment that it brought about the terrible defeat of Camden. A second time the army of the South was nearly annihilated, and General Gates retreated to Hillsborough, N. C., where he decided to collect his shattered forces. The victory at King's Mountain over Lieutenant-Colonel Ferguson was one gleam of light in the darkness of the defeat at Camden, and it relieved North Carolina from the invasion threatened by Lord Cornwallis.

Although Gates was reorganizing his army with commendable zeal and skill, neither Congress nor the people were satisfied to allow him to remain in command. Congress resolved a court of inquiry and authorized Washington to appoint a commander in the place of Gates. Washington promptly selected

General Nathaniel Greene, who reached the army on December 2, 1780, being greeted with the utmost cordiality and respect by General Gates, who turned over his command in general orders the next day.

Under a heavy burden Gates proceeded to meet the inquiry ordered by Congress. When he arrived in Richmond the Legislature was in session, and a committee of the House of Delegates was unanimously appointed, with Mr. Henry as chairman, "to assure him of the high regard and esteem of this House; that the remembrance of his former glorious services could not be obliterated by any reverse of fortune; and that the House of Delegates, ever mindful of his great merit, would omit no opportunity of testifying to the world the gratitude which as a member of the American Union this country owed to him in his military career." It was a noble and just tribute to a vanquished hero whom misfortune had overtaken. General Gates in his answer said: "I shall remember with the utmost gratitude the honor this day done me by the honorable House of Delegates of Virginia. When I engaged in the cause of freedom and the United States, I devoted myself entirely to the service of obtaining the great end of this Union. The having been once unfortunate is my great mortification; but let the event of my future services be what it may, they will be as they always have been, directed by the most faithful integrity, and animated by the purest zeal for the honor and interest of the United States."

Washington's magnanimity was no less than that displayed by the noble and generous-hearted members of the House of Delegates. He delayed the order for a court-martial, and the speedy close of the war

avoided the humiliation of the inquiry to the proud soldier.

General Greene found his forces consisted of but a small army, poorly clad, with only three days' rations and a very scant supply of ammunition. Having called together all the reinforcements at his command, he decided to divide his army, and make a bold movement on each flank of the enemy. His policy was to harass and divide the royal army, intimidate its partisans and cut off its supplies, but to avoid a general engagement. He sent General Daniel Morgan, with 400 Continental troops under Colonel Howard, Colonel William Washington with his corps of dragoons, and a few militia, to a position near Ninety-Six in order to overcome the Tories, who were committing great ravages in this section of the State. Lord Cornwallis at once detached the bloody and indefatigable Tarleton to pursue Morgan, who boldly came to a halt at the Cowpens and most skillfully arrayed his forces for Tarleton's attack. On January 17, 1781, Tarleton, with his usual impetuosity, charged Morgan's men, who were posted on the slope of a hill. Colonel Pickens' militia delivered a number of deadly volleys, retired behind the lines, and Howard's regulars then met the enemy with murderous fire, followed by a bayonet charge, while at the same time Washington's Dragoons struck their right flank. The rout was complete, and Tarleton with a few men fled to carry the news to Cornwallis. The British loss was 230 killed and wounded, and 600 taken prisoners—a number equal to the whole American force engaged. In point of military tactics this was one of the most brilliant battles of the war.

The triumph over an enemy the terror of the whole country, so long dreaded for his fiery courage and merciless severity, not only animated the Americans with enthusiasm, but was the proximate cause of all the difficulties of the British during the rest of the campaign.

Cornwallis, converting his forces into light troops, undertook to intercept Morgan and prevent his junction with Greene, but skillful tactics and providential freshets in the rivers frustrated his efforts. Greene outmaneuvered Cornwallis until his succors arrived, then he determined to offer battle, and the two hostile armies met on March 15, 1781, at Guilford Court House in North Carolina. It was a hard-fought field, and Greene retired after a loss of 400 men, while the British, with a loss of 600 men, were too crippled to renew the battle. It was really a strategic victory for the Americans, and Cornwallis retreated and abandoned the Carolinas. Greene now resolved to march into South Carolina, where he was surprised and defeated by Lord Rawdon at Hobkirk's Hill. The New York Volunteers here formed the center column of Rawdon's victorious troops. Greene retrieved this repulse, however, for on September 8, 1781, he fell upon the English at Eutaw Springs and fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war. The American loss was 554, and that of the British, 1000. Again a tactical defeat proved a strategic victory, for during the night the British retreated in such haste to Charleston as to leave their wounded on the field.

The duties of General Greene continued to be arduous and exacting, as may be seen from the

following extracts from his correspondence: "I have been seven months without taking off my clothes one night," and on August 12, 1782, he wrote: "For upwards of two months more than one-third of our army was naked, with nothing but a breech-cloth about them, and never came out of their tents; and the rest were as ragged as wolves. Our condition was little better in the articles of provisions. Our beef was perfect carrion, and, even bad as it was, we were frequently without any. An army thus clothed and fed may be considered in a desperate condition."

The last engagement of the war was on August 27, 1782, at Combahee Ferry, S. C. (seven years, four months, and eight days after the battle of Lexington), where Lieutenant-Colonel John Laurens, having risen from a sick bed to hasten to the field, fell leading a charge on the retiring enemy, "thus closing his short and splendid life in the luster of heroism." After the evacuation of Charleston, on December 14, 1782, General Greene entered the city at the head of a body of cavalry. The spectators at first gazed in silence upon the brilliant hero of the South, the deliverer of Carolina, and then one universal shout arose from the vast assemblage. Every kind of festive entertainment in his honor was tendered to him and substantial rewards from a grateful and generous people were bestowed on him. South Carolina gave him an estate worth $50,000, Georgia another of half of that value, and North Carolina gave him an extensive tract of land in Tennessee.

Athough Greene deserved great credit for his skill-

ful maneuvers, the hardest and most effectual blows for liberty were dealt by his subordinates, than whom more faithful and skillful officers never drew sword in any cause. The great victory at the Cowpens was due to Morgan's tactics, for Morgan always cautioned his sharpshooters "to aim at the epaulets and not at the poor rascals who fight for a sixpence a day." It was in this battle that one of his soldiers by the name of Manning found himself surrounded, and, being a large man, he seized a small British officer, placed him upon his shoulders and safely retreated, the English not daring to fire upon Manning for fear of killing their officer. The little officer was terribly frightened, but Manning took good care of him. General Morgan's former services had placed him high in public estimation, but now he was deservedly ranked among the most illustrious defenders of his country.

Congress passed a resolution of thanks to the principal officers, and presented a gold medal to General Morgan, a sword to General Pickens, a silver medal to Lieutenant-Colonel Washington and to Howard, and a sword to Captain Triplet.

In this summary of intrepid deeds of American officers, mention should be made of one of the most extraordinary enterprises of the war, executed by Colonel John White of the Georgia Line.

While the allied army was engaged before Savannah, he, with Captain Etholm and three soldiers, approached in the night the camp of Captain French, who commanded a small detachment of British regulars about twenty-five miles from Savannah, and enkindled a number of fires in the semblance of a

camp of considerable strength. The ruse was a complete success, for the British troops, seeing the illumination, believed they were assailed by the enemy in a body. Immediately on the completion of this preliminary act, Colonel White and his four comrades, imitating the manner of the staff, rode in apparent excitement and haste about the British camp, giving orders in a loud voice to the soldiers whom he led the English troops to believe had surrounded them. These stratagems convinced the enemy that they were confronted by a large force, and, on being summoned by Colonel White, Captain French surrendered his regulars, the crews of five vessels, forty in number, with the vessels and one hundred stand of arms. Colonel White, to successfully carry his enterprise to a fulfillment, assured Colonel French that the animosity of his troops had been greatly aroused by the recent atrocities of the enemy and that he had to keep them from meeting the British, to prevent indiscriminate slaughter. Therefore, he said, he would send three guides to conduct Colonel French and his surrendered men to good and safe quarters. He then hastily rode off, and collecting the neighborhood militia he soon overtook the guides with their prisoners, happy in the good treatment they had received.

General Andrew Pickens, whose spirited service with his South Carolina militia contributed in a great degree to the liberation of the South, rose successively from captain to major, colonel, and brigadier-general. He displayed conspicuous valor and activity at the Cowpens, at Hawk River, at Augusta and at Eutaw Springs, at which last place a musket

ball, by striking the buckle of his belt, was prevented from terminating the career of this intrepid officer. At Kettle Creek he defeated Colonel Boyd, a very brave officer who commanded a body of Tories and Indians double the force of Pickens.

General Francis Marion was a great partisan soldier, and his heavy blows were not less effective in the cause of the South than those of the bravest of his compatriots. He served in the rank of major under Colonel Moultrie in his gallant defense of Fort Moultrie against the combined attack of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Henry Parker, and afterwards he was given command of a regiment as lieutenant-colonel. Marion was a man of vigorous intellect, and of quiet and reserved manner. He was virtuous and ever endeavored to do right, and was beloved by his friends and respected by his enemies. He possessed a strong head, a good heart, and mind devoted to the welfare of his people and their cause. It is said that on one occasion a British officer with a flag of truce, proposing an exchange of prisoners, was brought blindfolded into Marion's camp. The exploits of Marion had made his name now widely known, and the officer felt great curiosity to see the invisible warrior who was so often felt, but never seen. On removing the bandage from his eyes he was presented to a man rather below the middle size, very thin in person, of a dark complexion and withered look, dressed in homespun coat that bore evidence of flood and field, and his other garments being much the worse for wear. "I came," said the officer, "with a message for General Marion." "I am he," said Marion, "and these are my soldiers."

The officer looked around and saw a number of rough, half-clothed fellows, some roasting sweet potatoes, others resting on their dark muskets, others asleep with logs for their pillows. The business being settled, the officer was about to go when Marion invited him to remain and dine. Not seeing any preparation of dinner, he was inclined to take the invitation in jest, but on being again pressed, curiosity as well as hunger prompted him to accept. The General then ordered his servant to set the table and serve up dinner, upon which the man placed a clean piece of pine bark on the ground, and, raking away the ashes, uncovered a quantity of sweet potatoes. The British officer, after partaking of the modest meal, and learning that these potatoes constituted the whole commissariat of Marion and his men, returned to his commander and said: "Sir, I have seen the American general, his officers, and soldiers, serving without pay, without shelter, without clothing, without any other food than roots and water; and they are enduring all these for liberty! What chance have we of subduing a country with such men for defenders?"

Another name sounds "down the corridors of time" with that of Marion—General Thomas Sumter, a soldier of stern aspect, insuperable firmness and lofty courage. Like Ajax, he relied more upon the fierceness of his courage than the results of unrelaxing vigilance and nicely adjusted tactics, and risked his own life and the lives of his soldiers without reserve, bearing himself with distinguished gallantry in every combat.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Washington, a distant relative of the commander-in-chief, greatly con-

tributed to baffle the skillful display of military talents and enterprise exhibited by Cornwallis. Colonel Washington had a stout frame, being six feet in height, broad, strong, and corpulent. At Guilford Court House, while charging at the head of his dragoons, he nearly captured Cornwallis. In one of his contests with Tarleton's cavalry, Washington's impetuosity separated him from his troopers and he was furiously attacked by an officer and a dozen British Dragoons. While defending himself he broke his sword and was in a most perilous situation. The enemy pressed upon him with the fullest confidence of killing him, when Sergeant Everhart, of Frederick County, Maryland, gallantly rushed up to him and handed him his well-tried sword. Washington now extricated himself from his hazardous situation, cutting down his antagonists and was soon joined by his troops. Colonel Washington ever afterwards attributed the preservation of his life to the timely relief afforded by Everhart, and gratefully acknowledging it, he enrolled him on the list of his dearest friends. He never passed through Frederickstown without spending a day or two with his faithful sergeant, who was a zealous and pious minister of the Methodist Church.

Lieutenant-Colonel John E. Howard of Maryland was one of the five lieutenant-colonels on whom Greene relied throughout the hazardous operations to which he was necessarily exposed by his heroic determination to recover the South or die in the attempt. At the battle of Cowpens Colonel Howard seized the critical moment and turned the fortunes of the day. Alike conspicuous, though not alike successful, at Guilford

and Eutaw, he was at all times and on all occasions eminently skillful and zealous in the discharge of the duties assigned to him. Trained to infantry service, he was invariably employed in that line and was always to be found where the battle raged fiercest, pressing into the close action that the bayonet charge demands. He was placid in temper and reserved in deportment, and General Greene said he was as good an officer as the world afforded; that he had great ability and the best disposition to promote the service; that his own obligations to him were great, and those of the public still more so; that he deserved a statue of gold no less than Roman and Grecian heroes of ages long ago.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Richardson Davie and General William Davidson of North Carolina were heroes distinguished for brilliant service. The former, although a splendid officer at the head of a cavalry regiment, was induced by General Greene to assume the head of his commissary department. Though most reluctantly accepted, he contributed greatly by his talents, zeal, local knowledge, and his influence toward the maintenance of the difficult and successful operations which followed. General Davidson fell on the field of battle and the Congress of the United States passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That the Governor and Council of the State of North Carolina be desired to erect a monument, at the expense of the United States, not exceeding in value of five hundred dollars, to the memory of the late Brigadier-General Davidson, who commanded the militia of the District of Salisbury in the State of North Carolina and was killed on the

first day of February last, fighting gallantly in defense of liberty and independence of these States."

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry," the father of the illustrious Robert E. Lee, was another one of the noble band of heroes who served the cause of independence with great courage and noble self-sacrifice. His great patriotism was exalted by the misfortunes of his country, and he freely gave his private fortune to equip his dragoons. As he said: "Public virtue is best proved by private sacrifice," thus testifying that true glory is inseparable from virtue. He believed that clemency adorned heroism, and his heart went out to sufferers everywhere. In a letter to General Wayne he said: "I feel most sensibly for the situation of the refugees from South Carolina, their distresses are only equaled by their virtues. No situation of any inhabitants of the above description in the Northern States can give you even a faint idea of what these people suffer."

Lee's Legion was a powerful factor in Greene's Southern campaign. In less than two months it made an extensive sweep from the Santee to Augusta, acting in conjunction first with Marion, afterwards with Pickens, and sometimes alone, and it constituted the principal force which carried five British posts and made upward of one thousand prisoners, about four times its own number. A very extraordinary and ridiculous occurrence took place on the night Lee's Legion was encamped on the south side of Drowning Creek, a branch of the Little Pedee River. Between two and three o'clock in the morning the officer of the day was informed that a strange noise had been heard

in front of the picket station on the Great Road near the creek, a noise resembling that occasioned by men moving through a swamp. Presently a sentinel fired, which was followed by the bugle calling in the horse patrols, as was the custom on the approach of the enemy. The troops were summoned to arms and deployed for defense. The officer of the day reported that several of the sentinels heard plainly the movemen of horsemen, evidently concealing their advance with the utmost care. Colonel Lee, knowing that no enemy could be near him, unless it was that Lord Cornwallis, divining Greene's plan, had pushed a body from Wilmington with orders to proceed until it reached Drowning Creek, therefore considered the intelligence as untrustworthy and false. In a few moments, however, another sentinel fired in a different direction, and soon afterwards the same report was made from that point that had just been received from the other. Appearances were not so strong as to dissipate the first conclusion, and what had been deemed imagination was felt now to be real. A change in the formation was ordered to correspond with that last announcement of the approach of the enemy. This was not completed before a third sentinel fired from a different direction, and now the most bewildering sensations were experienced: It appeared as if different positions of attack were wisely and dexterously made, preparatory to a general assault, to take effect at daybreak. All that could be done was done. The pickets and sentinels held their stations, the horse patrols were called in, and the corps changed its position in silence and with precision upon every new report, having in view the conjoint

object of keeping the fires between the Legion and the enemy, and holding the horse in the rear of the infantry. During the last evolution to this end the troops were again interrupted by the discharge of the line of sentinels in their rear, along the Great Road. The enemy had traversed the major segment of the Legion's position, and had fixed himself upon the road of march! No doubt now remained, not only that the enemy was upon them, but he was in force and he thoroughly understood his object. He had reconnoitered with penetration and perseverance, and had placed himself in the very spot that promised most certain success. Reviewing the situation, the gallant Lee could not hope for aid from any quarter and had to rely upon himself and the soldiers at hand. Passing along the line of infantry he made known the condition, reminding his men of their high reputation, enjoining profound silence throughout the approaching contest, and assuring them that, with their customary support, he had no doubt that he could force his way to the Pedee. To the cavalry he briefly communicated the dangers which surrounded them, and expressed his confidence that every man would do his duty. He concluded by urging the officers not to permit any partial success to tempt pursuit without orders, or to relax circumspection, but to bear in mind that the contest before them was not the affair of an hour, but that it might last for days. Then, having formed in two columns, one of horse and the other of foot, Lee waited anxiously for the dawn of day, the presumed signal for action. At dawn the columns advanced to the Great Road, infantry in front, baggage in the center, and cavalry in the rear.

As soon as the head of the column reached the road it turned to the left, pursuing the route to the Pedee River. The van officer, proceeding a few hundred yards, got up to the sentinel who had fired last, and received from him the account so often given before.

The enigma still remained unexplained and the corps continued its slow march, expecting every moment the fire of the enemy. While in this state of suspense the van officer directed his attention to the road for the purpose of examining the trail of this active foe, when, to his astonishment, he found the tracks of a large pack of wolves. It was now evident that the presumed enemy was a troop of wild beasts, collected together and anxious to pass along their usual route, when, finding it obstructed, they turned from point to point to pass through the field; everywhere fired upon, they continued widening their circuit until they reached the Great Road from which they had been originally turned. Agitation among the soldiers, upon this discovery, was succeeded by the highest spirits. Never was a day's march more pleasant. It was one continued scene of humor, and for a time the restraint of discipline ceased. Every soldier, not excepting Colonel Lee himself, considered himself a dupe, and all laughed at their own credulity. It was wonderful, they said, that not one of many could distinguish between the movement of wolves and soldiers! Arriving at a settlement, the Legion was halted. Here what had passed was told to the inhabitants and the mystery of the adventure was very satisfactorily solved. There had been in the field where the Legion had encamped a store of provisions collected for the army, but these had never been con-

veyed to camp, being too distant from the line of march. Having been neglected, the provisions became putrid, and the wolves soon profited by the neglect, nightly enjoyed the food intended for the soldiers. Having encompassed within the range of sentinels this abandoned store, the Legion had interrupted the usual visits of the wolves, and the circle which they nearly completed was from anxiety to find access to their nightly repast. I have related this incident as nearly as may be in the language of General Lee himself.

When " Light Horse Harry's " Legion was ordered South, General Washington wrote: " Lee's corps will go to the southward. I believe it will be found very useful; the corps is an excellent one and the officer at the head of it has great resources of genius." This prediction was true, as is evidenced by the accounts of his service, confirmed by General Greene. On Lee's departure from the South General Greene wrote him: " Substantial service is what constitutes lasting reputation, and your reports of this campaign are the best panegyrics that can be given your actions." Colonel Lee was not only a grand soldier, but he was a man of splendid literary attainments. A speaker " with a force of eloquence wholly his own," and the memorable sentence in his eulogy on Washington, " First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," will be quoted as long as this Republic stands.

After the unsuccessful attack on Fort Ninety-Six, General Greene encamped his army in Newberry County, South Carolina, near the home of John Greiger. Lord Rawdon decided to evacuate Fort

Ninety-Six, march to Orangeburg and thence to Friday's Ferry. This seemed to give an opportunity for Greene to strike a decisive blow, but he feared to risk the trial without the aid of General Sumter, who was one hundred miles away on the Wateree. The country was infested with Tories, so bloodthirsty that it was as much as a man's life was worth to attempt to pass through it. Therefore the American commander could find no man willing to take an order to Sumter. Emily Greiger heard her invalid father lamenting this fact, and she decided to undertake the dangerous journey. Without consulting her father she went to General Greene and offered to convey his message to General Sumter. At first he refused to accept her offer, but on her urgent solicitation he yielded and placed his instructions to General Sumter in her hands. She committed the dispatch to memory and started out on a swift horse on the perilous journey. She rode the first day without molestation, and spent the night at the house of a friend, but the next afternoon was captured by the British soldiers and carried to Lord Rawdon. He sent her to a room in the house of his headquarters and ordered two Tory women to search her; but before they came to fulfill their errand she took the letter from her bosom, tore it into small pieces, chewed them up one by one and swallowed them. The women found nothing, in consequence, and about nightfall she was discharged. Lord Rawdon's gentlemanly courtesy sent an escort with her to the residence of her relatives, about six miles away, but she only halted there long enough to mount a fresh horse and gallop on. She pressed forward without rest, and that afternoon repeated

Greene's dispatch to General Sumter. No decisive battle resulted from the junction of Greene and Sumter, but the English were gradually forced towards the coast, until after the Battle of Eutaw Springs, when only Charleston remained to them in South Carolina. This fearless deed of the patriotic girl is a glorious star in the crown of Southern womanhood, and its brightness is not rivaled in all the daring deeds of the Revolution.

Another instance of heroic devotion and sacrifice was exhibited by Mrs. Motte, in assisting to burn her own beautiful mansion at Fort Motte, which was necessary for the reduction of that post by Marion and Lee. The suffering and sacrifice of the noble women of the South, often subjected to insulting indignities by vindictive enemies, were the most severe penalties and pains in the disasters of the Revolution; but ever true and faithful were those household queens, whose "sway was over fond hearts, generous sensibilities, and immaculate honor," and so their daughters reign to-day over the hearts of men in Southern homes.

We are distant enough from the scenes of the Revolution not to be hampered by such modesty of speech in recounting their deeds, as those who have gone before us, and we should now present and publish the exploits of our ancestors before all the world, so that their heroism and patriotism may neither be overshadowed by the oft-repeated and republished history of the North, nor forgotten by the people of the South, who should be too proud of the glorious achievements of their fathers to allow the records to be buried and forgotten—without monuments or

epitaphs. The patriotism and heroic privations of these soldiers should be heralded as they deserve, for the men of no army dared more or suffered more than they. Under all conditions they upheld their flag and, on the soil of South Carolina, poured out the last blood of the war as a libation for liberty and independence.

The greater part of the North, so far as its industrial pursuits were concerned, did not feel the sting of war; but its ruthless arm swept over the whole inhabited portions of the Carolinas, Georgia, and eastern Virginia, and left the people in a most deplorable condition at the close of the conflict. The sacrifice of blood and property so freely offered on the altar of independence furnishes a glorious record for the South,—a record which should be shouted on the hustings, printed in the schoolbooks, and lettered on monuments of granite and brass.

WASHINGTON, THE PATRIOT, UNDER TWO FLAGS

HUMAN hearts have always been moved to sympathy in honoring great heroes and patriots. There are many shining names on the pages of American history, but the one bright, particular star, the day-star of American liberty, is George Washington.

His ancestors were polished Englishmen, esteemed gentlemen among the British nobility. They were loyal to the House of Stuart and emigrated to the loyal dominion of Virginia when Cromwell established his Commonwealth. Washington was a Virginia gentleman, distinguished by good breeding, modesty, politeness, and a high regard for truth. The characteristics of chivalry and manhood were ancestral heirlooms, and they made him the greatest of his name.

Washington was born near the banks of the Potomac, where he could hear the murmur of its waters and their rush to the sea—in Westmoreland, a name significant of our Republic's westward march to where Philippine stars hold midnight court.

Washington's father died when he was young, which left the boy to the sole care of his mother. It takes a mother's heart to train a hero. At home, by the fireside, the silent battle is fought and there the victory is won.

Washington did not have such educational advantages as are now afforded by our public schools.

His instruction was of the simplest kind—only primary English, arithmetic, and surveying; and he commenced work as a surveyor one month after he was sixteen years old, in the valley of Virginia on the vast grants of Lord Fairfax, watered by the Shenandoah. His success was phenomenal, and the rough work fitted him for the life of a frontier soldier.

At this time France owned Canada, claimed the great Ohio Valley, and intended to connect its northern possessions by a chain of military forts with Louisiana. To this end Indian allies were courted. The French called themselves fathers of the Indians, and the English called themselves brothers of the redmen. An intrepid pioneer planted the British flag in the interior of the present State of Ohio, and the adventurous traders who followed it were made prisoners and their flag struck for the banner of Louis Fifteenth. The claims of the French aroused the war spirit in the English colonists, and Virginia was divided into military districts for the organization and equipment of the militia.

Governor Dinwiddie appointed Washington, at the age of nineteen years, to command the northern district, as adjutant-general with the rank of major. The sickness of his brother and other personal matters engrossed his attention for several years, but on the failure of Trent to submit Dinwiddie's protest, against the capture of the traders, to the French commander, Washington was called upon by the Governor for that duty. On October 30, 1753, at the age of twenty-two years, Washington set out from Williamsburg, Va., on the perilous expedition,

delivered the communication to the commander of the French fort near Lake Erie, and returned on January 16, 1754, to Williamsburg, with the answer of the French commander.

The success of this great adventure through a wilderness beset with treacherous savages made him the rising hope of Virginia.

The French commander's answer was evasive, and Dinwiddie saw the impending dangers. He offered Washington the command of the provincial troops, which the latter modestly declined; but he was induced to accept second in command, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. On April 2, 1754, he started from Alexandria, Va., with 150 men under the British flag, for the new fort at the fork of the Ohio River. Besides the hardships and difficulties which beset the way, dissatisfaction arose because of the difference in pay between the provincial and the regular officers. Washington, with that imperial manliness which makes a true patriot, said: "The motives that have led me here are pure and noble. I had no view of acquisition but that of honor, by serving faithfully my king and country," and every word came burning from the patriot's heart and the hero's love of country. George II. was his king and Great Britain was his country. For this king and under the flag of this country Washington first unsheathed his sword in the wilderness near Great Meadows in western Pennsylvania, and the morning of his military glory dawned. On May 23, 1754, he established a camp at Great Meadows, and from thence, on the 28th, with a reconnoitering party of 40 men, he engaged the French and brought in 20 prisoners.

This was the first time he heard bullets whistle in battle, and he was reported to have said "there is something charming in their sound." But when asked about this remark in after life, he said: "If I said so it was when I was young." He built a fort at Great Meadows forty by one hundred feet square, and called it Fort Necessity. The French were established at Fort Du Quesne, and from thence marched an overwhelming force against Fort Necessity and compelled Washington to capitulate. He lost 12 killed and 43 wounded out of his force of 305 men.

The House of Burgesses, notwithstanding this defeat, voted thanks to him and most of his officers for their bravery and their gallant defense of their country.

Washington was so annoyed by the question of military rank between regular officers and provincials, and also between provincials of the different colonies, that he resigned his commission and repaired to Mount Vernon to engage in farming, for which he had a great fondness. In the meantime the British ministry being aroused by the affair of Great Meadows, the government prepared a plan for military operations in America for 1755.

Major-General Edward Braddock, a veteran in service, was appointed commander-in-chief of all the forces in the colonies. Alexandria was made the military rendezvous for the expedition designed to be led in person by the generalissimo.

At Mount Vernon Washington heard the stir and din of warlike preparations, and his military ardor was again so aroused that, when offered a volunteer position on the staff of Braddock, without pay or

command, he did not hesitate to accept the invitation. Braddock's forces were assembled at Fort Cumberland, Md., by May 19, but his dogged adherence to European tactics, totally impracticable for a campaign in a mountainous wilderness, made his advance so slow that murmurings of dissatisfaction came from the ministry in England. However, he reached the Monongahela in July, crossed the river, marched down its banks, and recrossed to assault Fort Du Quesne. His army was marching in brilliant uniforms, drums beating, flags flying, columns in exact order,—an inspiring sight in the great forest, shadowed by the beautiful foliage of splendid trees, when the French and Indians, who had silently sallied forth, opened such a deadly fire from ambush that these serried columns fell into inextricable disorder. The demoralization of the British regulars was beyond control of their brave officers, nearly all of whom were killed or wounded in their desperate efforts to rally the disorganized battalions.

Washington, although two horses were killed under him and four bullets penetrated his coat, escaped unhurt, while every other officer on horseback was either killed or wounded. Braddock had three horses killed under him and two disabled. About five o'clock in the afternoon, while in the act of giving an order, he received a mortal wound and fell from his horse to the ground, surrounded by the dead of his army.

Virginia provincial soldiers bore him off the field, and on Sunday, July 13, 1755, at Great Meadows, brave Braddock died, and next morning he was interred near Fort Necessity. The proud British general was buried with the honors of war, and as the

chaplain was wounded, Washington read the burial service at the open grave of as courageous a soldier as ever led a king's army.

Washington's great gallantry on the field of Monongahela and his tender conduct towards his dying commander greatly enhanced his reputation; so through this sad and bloody disaster was his open road to fame.

The field behind was left strewn with dead and wounded. The huzzas of the French soldiery were mingled with the terrible war-whoop of the savages; plunder and murder were rife. Twelve British regulars, naked, their faces blackened, their hands tied behind them, were carried by a band of Indians to the opposite bank of the Ohio River and burned to death, with every circumstance of studied brutality and inhuman torture, while the French garrison crowded the ramparts of Fort Du Quesne to witness the horrible spectacle.

Washington, after his return, went to Mount Vernon to recuperate his broken health, but he was soon called away by the Assembly of Virginia as commander-in-chief of all the forces of the colony. He had been importuned by friends to seek this place, but his modesty and pride forbade. Notwithstanding the colonial lawmakers, fully appreciating his worth, tendered it to him, the office sought the man most eminently qualified for a position surrounded by innumerable difficulties.

After Braddock's disaster Indian depredations on the frontier assumed alarming proportions, and the difficulty of suppressing them, not being appreciated, caused much criticism of the commander-in-

chief. Washington's extremely sensitive nature made this harder to bear than defeats by the common enemy. However, he met the emergencies with all the means at his command, and directed the erection of forts on the frontier for the protection of the inhabitants. He had also been much annoyed by the piques of Dinwiddie; but happily the Governor's administration ended in 1758, and a new era dawned for the British army in America.

Washington was assigned to the lead in Forbes's expedition against Fort Du Quesne, and on that march he saw the bones of those brave men who had been massacred in the defeats of Braddock and Grant scattered about the battlefields, whitening in the sun. He advanced cautiously, using every safeguard against surprise; but the British victories in Canada had so disheartened the French that the garrison evacuated Fort Du Quesne the day before Washington arrived with his advance guard, and he marched in and planted the British flag on the ramparts of the smoking ruins, on November 25, 1758.

The British forces first gathered the bones of their comrades who had fallen with Braddock and Grant and buried them in one common grave. Then they reconstructed the fort, renamed it Fort Pitt, in honor of the illustrious British Minister, and garrisoned it with two hundred Virginians from Washington's regiment.

This terminated the troubles and dangers of the frontier, and Washington's career as a British soldier in the colonial army was ended. He had aspired to attain rank in the regular British army, but he now abandoned all hope, gave up his provincial commis-

sion at the close of 1758, and retired from the service. He had fought loyally, faithfully, and bravely under the flag of the British crown, and left its active service with the honor of a patriot, the love of his fellow-soldiers, and the gratitude and admiration of his fellow-countrymen. He had a deep affection for Great Britain, its laws, its customs, its manners, and its traditions. His ancestors had been loyal to the crown in the days of the Lord Protector, and his love for its flag had been strengthened by the strife and danger he had experienced under its folds in the battles of the western wilderness. Now he retired when its victories had snatched an empire from France and its folds spread out over Canada and all the great Ohio Valley to Louisiana. Under the British flag he won undying fame, and that which is more desirable to a patriot's heart—the love of the people. Perhaps with some reluctance he again turned from military life to the peaceful pursuits at Mount Vernon.

The years passed on, and the encroachments of the crown upon constitutional rights stirred the blood of the colonials. Washington hoped his king would let justice rule in his colonies. His great love for his country made him realize the situation, for, as true and great as was his love of his country and its flag, he loved justice and equity more. When the issue came he turned to the standard of his country and unsheathed his sword for the liberty and independence of America. Under the British flag he had fought for the protection of frontier homes; and now, under the other flag, with a higher patriotism, if possible, he would fight for liberty. The ever fa-

vorite object of his heart was the benign influence of good laws under a free government. His motives attained the highest standard, when he gave up the flag he first loved for the flag of the rebels, which had such weak physical support as might seem to invite disaster in the face of such tremendous odds in soldiers and all the equipments of war. He was a patriot under the British flag, and now we see him a patriot under the new standard.

The American Congress in session at Philadelphia on June 15, 1775, by unanimous vote, given by ballot, elected him commander-in-chief of the Army. He accepted, but to demonstrate the fact that no pecuniary consideration could tempt him, he declined all pay except actual expenses. He was commissioned on June 20, at the age of forty-three, assumed command of the army at Cambridge, Mass., on July 2, and at once bent all his great energies toward perfecting its organization. The British and Tories were very bitter in their denunciation of the colonists who had been in the English service and were now enlisted under the flag of freedom; every indignity was heaped upon those who sympathized with the cause of independence, and those they made prisoners were thrown in jails as common felons. Even General Gage, Washington's old comrade in arms, who commanded the British troops in Boston, in reply to a polite protest, answered with insinuating insults: "Britons, ever prominent in mercy, have out-gone common examples, and overlooked the criminal in the captive. Upon these principles your prisoners, whose lives by the law of the land are destined to the cord, have been treated with care and

kindness, indiscriminately, it is true, for I acknowledge no rank that is not derived from the king."

"Rebel" and "hangman's rope" were bitter and stinging words, but they were answered with the temperate dignity of the great commander. These were favorite terms of the bloodthirsty fanatics of the North during the Confederate War, which is still termed a "rebellion," but the same principles which induced Washington to fight under the Stars and Stripes made Robert E. Lee fight under the Southern Cross. The battle-flag of the Confederacy was the emblem of justice and equity to those who followed its fortunes to death or defeat.

Washington encountered many perplexities at Cambridge, but the one sorest of all, greater than the disasters in Canada, or the after defeats in New York or New Jersey; greater even than the sufferings at Valley Forge, was the lack of public patriotism in some of his Northern soldiers. Their mercenary spirit utterly disgusted him, and he trembled at the prospect before him. On November 28, 1775, he said: "Could I have foreseen what I have experienced and am likely to experience, no consideration upon earth should have induced me to accept this command."

It was hard for an officer of such patriotism to realize that any soldier could be governed by any other consideration than that of honor. I shall not attempt to follow the line of Washington's military career under the Stars and Stripes or from the British evacuation of Boston to the resignation of his commission December 23, 1783, at Annapolis, Md. Under all the disasters, defeats, trials, and victories

he bore himself as the unyielding hero of liberty. We can learn from Washington's life that true character is disclosed in disappointments and disasters, and that honor is the priceless jewel of a patriot.

As a statesman he was as true to honor as he was to his country. In his farewell address he invokes cultivation of an honest and enlightened public opinion. Honor, morality, and religion, he says, are the bulwarks of free government. We should endeavor in political affairs to mold public opinion by his standard. Let the office seek the man, and make vote-beggars and vote-buyers things to be scorned by liberty-loving Americans.

Washington died Saturday, December 14, 1799, but still his life is in every true American heart which throbs for the benign influence of good laws under a free government.

THE WARPATH IN VIRGINIA, 1775-'81

[An address delivered before Fort Nelson Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, January 8, 1897.]

An invitation to address the Fort Nelson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is a distinguished honor which I appreciate.

The aims of the order are along the lines of the highest human endeavor—they are evidence of self-denying character and beautiful womanhood. The idea of brotherhood, over the crimson ashes of the intersectional war, limited only by the boundaries of the Union, comes from the love of God's Commandments.

It is to fix the hearts of Plymouth Rock, Manhattan, Jamestown, and Sullivan's Islands in one mold of patriotism as true and firm as the Colonial sisterhood which was born out of the trials of British oppression and cruelty.

"The love of the people is the king's life-guard," is an old adage, which I would reclothe for this new application.

Woman's patriotism is the life-guard of the state and the safeguard of the American Union.

In a feeble effort to encourage your noble inspirations, I ask you to follow me for a short time along the warpath in Virginia from the fall of 1775 to the glorious autumn of 1781.

When Earl Dunmore abandoned the ancient capital of the Old Dominion and took refuge on a British

man-of-war, royal rule ended in Virginia, and her sovereignty reverted to the will of the people. Dunmore's conduct excited their indignation to that point of determination which "firmly resolved to resist all attempts against their rights and privileges, from whatever quarter they might be assailed."

Democracy was the revealed ideal of government in the Fredericksburg address which appealed to God to save the liberties of America.

The battle of Lexington incited the patriotism of Williamsburg citizens to resolve unanimously to subscribe money for the aid of the sister colony—Massachusetts—in her struggle for liberty. From April to October, 1775, the clouds of war were gathering over Virginia. Then the outbreak came in the outrage at Norfolk on the liberty of the press. Under cover of the guns of the men-of-war in the harbor, a British officer with a squad of soldiers and sailors landed at the ferry wharf and marched to the printing office of the fearless patriot editor, Holt, on Main street, from whence they carried off the type and two printers. When the corporation authorities remonstrated, Dunmore replied that he had rendered great service in depriving them of the means of having their minds poisoned and of exciting in them the spirit of rebellion and sedition.

On October 15, 1775, soon after this episode, a body of British troops was dispatched to Kempsville, in Princess Anne County, where they destroyed some firearms which had been deposited there, and captured Captain Thomas Matthews, of the minute men, the first patriot prisoner of war taken on the soil of Virginia.

On October 26 an attack was made on Hampton. A fierce bombardment was opened, and under cover of the cannonade six tenders full of men, commanded by Captain Squires, rowed into Hampton Creek with the purpose of sacking and burning the town, but a shower of bullets from the Virginia riflemen stationed in houses and in the bushes along the creek forced a hasty retreat of Squires' forces. At the next sunrise the British fleet was again standing in for the shore, and after maneuvering into position reopened a furious bombardment. The local patriots had been reinforced by Woodford's forces, and they made it impossible for men to live at the helms of the incoming vessels. They picked off the sailors aloft in the sails, and the schooners drifted ashore, while all the rest slipped cable and retreated with loss. Not a single Virginian was killed. Hampton saw the first victory in Virginia for American independence.

On November 7 Dunmore proclaimed martial law, declaring all able to bear arms who did not rally to King George's standard to be traitors, and offering freedom to the slaves of rebels who would join his Majesty's troops. All this only intensified public irritation and increased the ardor of Virginians in the cause of freedom.

On November 16 Dunmore invaded Princess Anne County again, surprising and defeating the militia who were on their march to join the patriot troops for the defense of the Tidewater country.

John Akiss, one of the minute men, was killed on the field, and Colonel Hutchings and eight others were wounded and taken prisoners. So, on the soil of Princess Anne the first Virginia soldier gave his

life for the independence of our State. Stirring events were now at the culminating point in Princess Anne and Norfolk Counties. The British were fortifying Norfolk and gathering to the royal banner all the Tories and all the negroes who could be seduced from their masters. These were armed for incursions into the country to destroy commissaries collected for the subsistence of the Virginia troops. Suffolk, where most of the provisions were in store, was the objective point of Dunmore's designs. Colonel Woodford, anticipating these, dispatched 215 light troops under Colonel Charles Scott and Major Thomas Marshall to that place, and on November 25 the gallant Woodford arrived there with the main body of the Virginia troops.

Colonel Scott was one of the unique characters of the American Revolution. He was born in Cumberland County, Virginia, and raised the first company of volunteers south of the James River which entered into actual service. He was promoted until he reached the grade of major-general, and received the thanks of Congress for gallant and meritorious conduct. Subsequently he was Governor of Kentucky. While Governor he announced that he was going to Philadelphia during the session of Congress to visit his old commander. He was told that Washington had become stuck up with the importance of his high office, and was too much of an aristocrat to notice him in his hunting shirt, buckskin leggins, and long beard. Notwithstanding this, Scott went, and as he approached the house Washington and his wife, recognizing the old hero, both rushed out and each taking him by the arm escorted him in. Governor

Scott said that he was never treated better, and he found Washington "Ole Hoss" still. The soldiers' pet name for Washington was "Ole Hoss."

Lord Dunmore had fortified himself on the Norfolk side of the southern branch of the Elizabeth River at Great Bridge, and Colonel Woodford marched his forces from Suffolk to within cannon shot of the works on the south side, where he constructed a formidable breastwork. On December 9 Captain Fordyce led his British grenadiers to storm these works, only to receive a signal repulse. The assault was marked by great gallantry on the part of the British soldiers, and brave Fordyce fell within fifteen steps of the breastworks.

Thirty-one killed and wounded were left on the field, and it was estimated that a greater number were borne on before retreat. This victory was gained by Woodford's men "at no more loss than a slight wound in a soldier's hand." The British hastily retreated to Norfolk, and Dunmore, fearing pursuit, abandoned his entrenchments there and embarked his troops on his man-of-war for safety.

On the night of December 14 the victorious Virginians entered Norfolk, and on the 15th Colonel Robert Howe, who had hastened with his regiment of brave North Carolinians to reinforce Colonel Woodford, assumed command.

Colonel Woodford issued a peaceful proclamation to the inhabitants of Princess Anne and Norfolk Counties, and consequently many resorted to his camp; but the Tory Virginians taken in arms were each coupled with handcuffs to one of his negro fellow-soldiers, as a stigma on his traitorous conduct.

The vigilance of the Colonial troops kept the enemy close to their ships, preventing foraging in the country, and consequently hunger soon invaded the enemy's army afloat. Dunmore sent a flag of truce on shore to notify the inhabitants that they must furnish provisions for his troops and prevent the minute men from firing upon his boats, or he would bombard the town. The demand was refused, and notice was given the patriots that he would drive them out with his great guns and burn the houses situated on the river.

Between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of January 1, 1776, the frigate *Liverpool*, two sloops of war, and the ship *Dunmore* opened their broadsides against the town. Under cover of the guns parties of sailors and marines landed and set fire to the houses on the wharves. The wind blew from the water and the flames spread so rapidly that all the efforts to stop their progress were ineffectual. The conflagration raged for nearly three days, and its horrors were distressing. The great clouds of smoke, the thunder of the cannon, and the cracking musketry made a scene of indescribable terror. Every attempt of the English to make lodgment on shore was met at the landing and was uniformly repulsed. In all these conflicts the Americans lost no men, and only five or six soldiers were wounded. It was, however, reported that some women and children were killed. The most flourishing and richest town in Virginia was now in ashes.

On February 6 Colonel Howe abandoned Norfolk and stationed his troops at Kempsville, Great Bridge, and Suffolk. The people of Suffolk received the dis-

tressed fugitives from Norfolk with unbounded hospitality, and every building was crowded with the unfortunate homeless wanderers.

Although Dunmore was left free to occupy the ruins of Norfolk, the energy of the American troops prevented him from obtaining supplies from the country, and at last, pursued by hunger and disease, he burned his quarters on shore, re-embarked his troops, and, leaving Hampton Roads with his fleet on June 1, landed and erected fortifications on Gwin's Island, in Matthews County. On July 9 he was attacked by the Virginians under Brigadier-General Andrew Lewis, and forced to abandon that island with considerable loss. He dispatched a part of his fleet to the south, and sailed to the north with the remainder, thus departing forever from the shores of Virginia. Only one man was lost on the side of the patriots—Captain Arundel—and he was killed by the bursting of a mortar of his own invention.

The London *Gazette* dated Wednesday, September 18, 1776, says: "On the 10th instant the *Polly*, Captain Stewart, arrived at Greenock from Virginia, by whom are received the following advices: That the Americans had raised a battery opposite to Gwin's Island, which greatly annoyed the fleet under Lord Dunmore, and obliged the little army to embark and the shipping to move off with seeming precipitation.

"It is said that the battery of the Americans was aimed particularly at the quarterdeck of Lord Dunmore's ship, and that his lordship received two wounds, one in the face and another in the leg; several of the crew are said to be killed and wounded.

The fleet thus driven off proceeded to Potomac River, at the mouth of which they met with a very severe gale of wind, which drove on shore several small vessels with the friends of the government on board, who were taken prisoners. With the remnant, Lord Dunmore proceeded to George's Island, where he landed and remained several days. In the meantime the *Roebuck*, man-of-war, with transports, went up as high as Dumfries to get fresh water. They were fired upon on their way from Colonel Brent's house in Virginia, upon which a party landed and burnt it. During the absence of the *Roebuck*, the *Defiance*, an American privateer, with four tenders full of men, came in sight of Lord Dunmore's fleet, seemingly with the design to attack the *Liverpool*, the only man-of-war there; at the same time a battery was opened against her from the shore, but fortunately the *Roebuck* coming in sight at a critical moment, the *Defiance* retired, and could not be overtaken. The fleet suffering greatly for want of fresh water, and a contagious distemper having broken out among both the whites and blacks, out of 1300 of the latter only 80 surviving, his lordship determined to abandon George's Island; and being encumbered with many vessels without hands or tackling, he burnt several to prevent their falling into the hands of the Americans, and ordered that part of the fleet, consisting of forty or fifty sail, occupied by friends of the government, to proceed under convoy of the *Otter* sloop to St. Augustine, to which place they sailed on August 5, his lordship remaining in Lynhaven Bay, near the entry to Chesapeake, on board the ship *Dunmore*, accompanied by the *Fowye* and

Roebuck, men-of-war, three transports, three victualers and two hospital ships. From hence Dunmore sailed to New York."

Out in the west the town of Wheeling contained twenty-five log houses, and a place of refuge for the inhabitants when threatened by savages was located down by the mouth of Wheeling Creek and named Fort Henry for the eloquent Virginian and fiery tribune of freedom in the east.

The war policy of royalty was not only to arm black slaves against the people, but to incite the horrible butcheries of Indian warfare, which considered quarter neither for helpless woman nor innocent childhood. Hamilton, the British Governor at Detroit, armed between four and five hundred Indians and in September, 1777, dispatched them under command of Simon Girty to reduce Fort Henry. Colonel Shepherd commanded the garrison of forty-two men all told when their approach was discovered. This force was ultimately reduced to twelve from losses sustained by sorties which were made in attempts to drive off the savages before they could surround the fort.

The annals of history have not recorded more thrilling bravery and superb heroism than marks the conduct of the forty-two defenders of Fort Henry. Twenty-six were killed and four or five wounded during the siege; and the women were as heroic and brave as the men, inspiring them by acts which lifted their hopes and strengthened their arms to desperate resolution. While the sanguinary strife raged the women molded the bullets and prepared the cartridges for the riflemen. When the fate of

the fort seemed under the very shadow of the tomahawk, a heroine, whose name should be honored as long as the Star Spangled flag inspires the sentiment of liberty in the land of the brave, made an exploit of self-devotion and moral intrepidity not excelled in all the bloody trials of human experience. The gunpowder was nearly exhausted and the only source of supply was a keg at a house about sixty yards from the gate outside of the fort. The commandant called for a volunteer to undertake the perilous task of procuring the keg of powder. Three or four young men promptly came forward, but Colonel Shepherd explained that only one could be risked. During the controversy a young woman came forward and requested to be allowed to execute the dangerous mission. It appeared so extravagant that it met with prompt refusal; she, however, insisted against the remonstrances of the colonel and her relatives, who told her that either of the young men would more likely be successful because swifter and more accustomed to danger. She replied that the danger of the enterprise was the reason which induced her to offer her services, for the garrison was too weak to lose a single soldier's life; therefore no one of them should be placed in needless jeopardy, and that if she were killed the loss would not be felt. Her request was ultimately granted and the gate opened to pass her out. She rapidly ran over the open space to the house, barely attracting the attention of the savages, but when she reappeared from the house with the keg of powder in her arms, the Indians fired a volley at her as she swiftly glided towards the gate, but the bullets

flew wide of the mark and the brave girl reached the fort safely with her precious prize, saved her people, and enabled the men to hold the post until Major McCulloch, with forty mounted men from Shore Creek, came to the relief of the heroic little garrison.

Elizabeth Zane's heroism is but the exemplification in its fullness of the womanly patriotism which inspires the Daughters of the Revolution to teach the people love of liberty and devotion to the constellation of stars which glitter on the blue field of the American flag, as well as reverence for the fathers whose blood purchased the independence of American colonies.

During the siege of Fort Henry the blood-thirsty savages ambushed and surprised Captain Foreman's command in Marshall County, about four miles from the village of Grave Creek, and a monument on the banks of the Ohio bears the following inscription:

> "This humble stone is erected to the memory of Captain Foreman and twenty-one of his men, who were slain by a band of ruthless savages—the allies of a civilized nation of Europe—on the 25th of September, 1777."

Earl Dunmore's departure from the Chesapeake, with the exception of Indian hostilities in the west, left Virginia free from armed enemies, until May 9, 1777, when Sir George Collier's fleet from New York anchored in Hampton Roads. A force from his fleet under command of General Matthews landed at the mouth of the Western Branch, now the site of Port Norfolk, to advance on Portsmouth.

Fort Nelson was garrisoned by about 150 men under Major Thomas Matthews, who, finding such a heavy force on his flank, withdrew his men to the south before the British could get in his rear. The British troops occupied Portsmouth on May 11, and from there detachments were sent to occupy Gosport, Norfolk, and Suffolk. General Matthews burnt Suffolk, destroying upward of one hundred vessels at Gosport and Norfolk and all the military and naval stores which they could not take away on the fleet. After this work of plunder and destruction he re-embarked for New York.

Brigadier-General Leslie, with 3000 troops from New York, landed at Portsmouth in October, 1780, capturing vessels and other property, but soon sailed to join Cornwallis at Charleston.

On December 30, 1780, the traitor Arnold, with fifty vessels, arrived in the Chesapeake, and embarking in smaller vessels, sailed up the James River, and on January 4, 1781, landed with about 900 men at Westover, and marched to Richmond without opposition, where he plundered stores and archives. He sent Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe to Westham, where he destroyed the only cannon foundry in the State. He spent two days in pillaging Richmond, and returned to Westover, from which place, on January 8, he dispatched Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, with a detachment of the Queen's Rangers, to Charles City Court House, where he surprised a party of Virginia militia, killed one, wounded three, and took several prisoners.

On January 10 Arnold re-embarked and descended the river. He landed detachments at Mackay's mill

and Smithfield to destroy public stores. He arrived at Portsmouth on January 20, where he located his headquarters.

Major-General Phillips reinforced Arnold while here, and the united commands formed a body of about 3500 men. Leaving a garrison of 1000 men at Portsmouth, General Phillips proceeded up the James River and landed opposite Williamsburg, sending a detachment to destroy stores at Yorktown.

The Virginia Continentals were in South Carolina under General Greene and at the North under Washington, and Virginia was thus left in a defenseless condition. She had in service in the Revolution twenty-one regiments, viz.: Sixteen on the continental establishment, three regiments of the State line proper and two western regiments.

Phillips ascended the river to City Point, where he landed and marched on Petersburg. On April 25, 1781, after a spirited engagement with the militia under Baron Steuben, he captured the city, and there remained until about May 1, when he evacuated Petersburg, raided Chesterfield Court House and Manchester for pillage and destruction, then proceeded down the James River to Bermuda Hundred, where his fleet awaited him, and there re-embarked ostensibly to return to Portsmouth, but suddenly relanded one column of his forces at City Point and one at Brandon and returned to Petersburg, arriving there late at night on May 9. General Phillips was then sick with bilious fever and died on the 13th and was buried at Blanford. Jefferson said of him: "He is the proudest man of the proudest nation of the

earth." The command devolved upon Arnold, who awaited the arrival of Cornwallis from the South, and sent Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe with the Queen's Rangers to gain information of him. At Hicksford, Simcoe's command captured a company of militia, which he decided to parole, and when he announced to them that they would be paroled, one in great excitement asked, "What kind of death is that?"

On May 20, 1781, Lord Cornwallis entered Petersburg from Wilmington, N. C., but he rested there only four days, when he proceeded down the Appomattox and James Rivers to Westover, whence he pursued Lafayette across the Chickahominy River, endeavoring to bring him to battle; failing, he entered Richmond, and from there he sent expeditions to the interior of the State. Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe drove Baron Steuben's militia from Point of Fork, at the junction of the Rivana and James Rivers, and destroyed the stores there; while Colonel Tarleton advanced on Charlottesville for the purpose of capturing Governor Jefferson and the legislators, who were there in session; but they were notified by a gentleman, who, with a fleet horse and by a short road, arrived there two hours in advance of Tarleton, and all but seven escaped. Thirty thousand slaves were taken from Virginia by these raids, of which 27,000 were said to have died of smallpox, or camp fever. The whole amount of property carried off and destroyed during the half year preceding Cornwallis' surrender was estimated at fifteen millions of dollars.

After perpetrating wanton depredations, the raid-

ers returned to Richmond, and resumed their march towards the coast. Cornwallis' forces arrived at Williamsburg on June 25; from this point he sent Simcoe to destroy stores at Spencer's Tavern, where he encountered Colonel Butler, of Pennsylvania, and a detachment of American soldiers. A severe conflict ensued, and both sides claimed the victory. After remaining nine days at Williamsburg, Cornwallis advanced to Jamestown Island July 4, 1781, where an attack on him by Lafayette was repulsed with a loss of 118 to the Continentals and 75 to the British. From this point Cornwallis proceeded to Portsmouth, where he remained until July 9, and having been ordered to concentrate his forces either at Portsmouth or Yorktown, he decided upon the latter place, where he repaired with all of his men. Washington in the meantime had been maturing plans to strike a blow at the enemy encamped at Yorktown. A junction of all his regular forces in striking distance, amounting to about 12,000 men, was made. And this army, with the aid of the Virginia militia under General Nelson, pressed to the siege of Yorktown, assisted by Count de Grasse's fleet on the eastern waters.

On October 6 the approaches were advanced to within 600 yards of the British breastworks, and the work of bomb-shells and bullets began, continuing day and night until the memorable 19th of October, when Lord Cornwallis and his army surrendered to the combined forces of America and France, and the war of the revolution virtually closed, with the thirteen American colonies free and independent sov-

ereignties. Yorktown was the crowning achievement of Washington's splendid leadership.

> He left us free: thus will we live or die!
> One other word, Virginia, hear thy son,
> Whose filial service now is nearly done—
> Hear me, old State! Thou art supremely blest,
> Oh, Mother! If the ashes of a king
> Could nerve to deeds with which Fame's trumpets ring,
> What glove of challenger shall make thee start,
> When thy great sun lies sleeping on thy heart!

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The lives of American statesmen gild the pages of America's history as the setting sun tints the clouds of the western sky, and sound the way of its progress as the sailor's lead line ripples the water where the moonbeams silver the waves. Some statesmen are great and some are not; and while all men are in some respects born equal, they come out at the end of life with emphatic inequality. How few attain to greatness! How few leave an impression deep enough to bear the waste of time! How few live in the chronicles of their country! Yet, the few statesmen show by the wisdom of their works the national progress, the national integrity, the public virtues. Great statesmen are to the state as the corner-stones, braces, and pillars to the temple.

One hundred and sixty-five years ago an American statesman was born, who, during a long and useful career, received the severest criticism and more vituperative abuse than any of his illustrious compeers, yet to-day is looked up to as the loving father of patriotic political action and classed as the firmest corner-stone of the temple of Liberty. All political parties extol his virtues and term him the ideal leader; Democrats, Republicans, Populists and Socialists—these words sound the keynote of the action of Jeffersonian principles.

Thomas Jefferson is now generally acknowledged as the most eminent statesman of all who have made

American history. He demonstrated that the pen is mightier than the sword, for with one stroke he doubled the territory of the infant Republic without spilling a drop of blood. Napoleon saw his own splendid military achievements turn to ashes, while Jefferson beheld the fruit of his pen establish a solid foundation for the greatest Republic of the world.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell in Albemarle County, Virginia, on the 13th day of April, 1743, and educated at the College of William and Mary; studied law in the office of George Wythe and was admitted to the bar in 1767, practicing for seven years, when he relinquished the profession to devote his time to statecraft. He lived and labored in an atmosphere of thrilling events. The people of the colonies were agitated over the encroachments of the crown upon the rights guaranteed by the great charter of English liberty when he was elected to the House of Burgesses. Washington, Dabney Carr, Richard Henry Lee, and Francis Lightfoot Lee were among his colleagues.

When the Grand Assembly met, Jefferson was requested to prepare a reply to the address of the Governor, Lord Botetourt, but it was not accepted by the Burgesses, and resolutions from another hand, denouncing taxation without representation and remonstrating against sending accused persons away from the colony for trial, among other things distasteful to the king, were adopted. The Governor stamped his disapproval of the proceedings by dissolving the body, and Jefferson's legislative duties were limited to three days, during which he experienced the mortification of seeing his first state-paper

consigned to the waste basket by his friends. He was not daunted by the mandate of Botetourt, nor was he disheartened by the criticism of his fellow-members; but joined that self-appointed committee of arch rebels of the Revolution which met in a room of the Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg and proposed a general congress of all the colonies, at Philadelphia. The proposition being accepted, it was agreed to meet on September 5, 1774. So it turned out that in that little room in Raleigh Tavern was conceived the congress of colonial statesmen whose declaration separated the American colonies from the kingdom of Great Britain.

Jefferson was not one of the first members of the first congress. He was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the recall of Peyton Randolph to preside over the House of Burgesses. Jefferson was thirty-two years of age when he took his seat, on June 21, 1775, and the great John Adams said the new member from Virginia was welcomed, "as he brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent for composition. . . . It was said that he could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a case, break a horse, dance a minuet, and play a violin." He was elected to prepare a reply to Lord North's "Conciliatory Propositions," and William Wirt says "the answer stands upon the records of the country, cool, calm, close, full of compressed energy and keen sagacity, while, at the same time, it preserves the most perfect decorum. It is one of the most nervous and manly productions even of that age of men."

This congress adjourned in August, but Jefferson

was re-elected and returned to Philadelphia in September, where war agitation was at fever heat and active preparations were in progress. The Sovereign Convention of Virginia passed resolutions of independence in May, 1776, and June 7 Richard Henry Lee submitted them to Congress, and moved a formal declaration of independence; thereupon Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston were elected by ballot to submit a form. Jefferson was at once designated to draft the paper. After completing it, he submitted it to Adams and Franklin, who suggested some verbal changes before it should be offered in Congress.

When it came up before Congress it was criticised and discussed with great vigor, but John Adams, whose courage and patriotism was tested when he voted for George Washington for commander-in-chief of the American Army against General Ward from his own State, so ably defended it that late on Thursday evening, on July 4, 1776, it was passed; and on Monday following, Captain John Hopkins, the commander of the first armed brig of the navy of the United States, read it publicly from a stand in Independence Square.

So the acclaim was passed from colony to colony until the people from Massachusetts to Georgia sealed it as the title-deed of liberty. It overshadowed Magna Charta granted by King John on June 15, 1215. It forced King George III. to grant a greater and higher charter of liberty than ever yielded by human scepter. It is the master instrument in the literature of republican constitutions, the highest inscription on the shield of freedom in the temple of

liberty, and the author of the Declaration of Independence will be honored as long as popular government exists.

After this great achievement Thomas Jefferson resigned his seat in Congress to become a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia. Think of a Congressman resigning for a seat in the legislature! He went to his legislative duties on October 7, 1776, and began the work of adjusting the crown laws to conform to the new order of government.

Jefferson was a cultivated and high-born gentleman; his accomplishments in science and literature were recognized by the most learned of the times; but his bearing was entirely devoid of haughtiness, and his official demeanor was so plain, unassuming, and unpretentious that Jeffersonian simplicity is now a favorite term in the vocabulary of politics. His most enthusiastic efforts were for giving the people equal opportunity to elevate their station in life, and he was the friend of the poor man; he always endeavored to advance the humble and lift the unlettered to self-respecting manhood. He despised the proud aristocracy of the landed estates and sought to make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent, though his views brought upon him an avalanche of abuse from those who held to the old laws of England which prevailed in the State. The wealth and learning of the Commonwealth combated his innovations with powerful influence and seductive arguments, but he stood up as a master of principle and held its shield against all the arrows of hate and malice which his enemies could hurl.

Three days after Jefferson entered the legislative

hall he offered a bill for the establishment of courts of justice, which bill was subsequently passed. His next bill was to convert estates in tail into fee-simple. The general reason he gave for this was "to annul this privilege, and instead of an aristocracy of wealth, of more harm and danger than benefit to society, to make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent, (which nature has wisely provided for the direction of the interests of society, and scattered with an equal hand through all its conditions), deemed essential to a well-ordered republic." The bill was passed after a desperate fight. Jefferson conquered the aristocracy of wealth as it then existed in Virginia.

Oh, for a Jefferson in these times, when we have tyrants of wealth in the coal "barons," wheat "kings," and meat "czars," who can freeze or starve the people by an edict of an hour! The gambling mandates of these imperial plutocrats bring ruin to men, women, and children which should shame the soul of Herod or sicken the heart of a Sherman, who said war was hell. Rosebery says: "A plutocracy is one of the most detestable of all dominations."

Jefferson secured the passage of a bill abolishing primogeniture, the cognate principle of entail, which made the elder son heir to the landed estate of his father as the elder son is the heir to the throne of England. These changes in the tenure and holding of land were the great levelers which gave equal chance for energy, talent, and virtue, whether in the tobacco roller, backwoodsman, or in the gentleman of genealogy. Jefferson helped manhood to assert itself, no matter in what class or condition it might be found.

He put self and his own fortune behind him to help those who needed justice and an opportunity to unfetter the shackles of poverty. His very soul seemed to be imbued with the idea of helping others who might be deserving.

The Church of England was established in Virginia from its first settlement as a colony, and some of the ancient laws were severely exacting, to say the least. Every person who refused to have his child baptized by a lawful minister was fined two thousand pounds of tobacco, one-half of which went to the parish and one-half to the informer (1662). No marriage was valid in law except such as was made by the minister, according to the laws of England, and a minister could not marry persons without a license from the Governor or his deputy, or thrice publication of bans, according to the rubric in the Common-Prayer Book. Any minister who performed the ceremony contrary to law incurred a fine of ten thousand pounds of tobacco. It was enacted that the Lord's Day should be kept holy; that "no journeys be made on that day, unless upon necessity; and all persons inhabiting in this country, having no lawful excuse, shall every Sunday resort to the parish church or chapel, and there abide orderly during the common prayer, preaching, and divine service, upon penalty of being fined fifty pounds of tobacco by the county court." Officers on qualifying swore that they would be conformable to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England. The inhabited parts of the colony of Virginia were laid off into parishes, in each of which was a minister, who had a fixed salary in tobacco, together with a glebe and a

parsonage, and there was a general assessment on all of the inhabitants to meet the expenses.

Other sects sprung up, and this assessment was a grievous tyranny upon them during the regal government, a tyranny without hope of relief. Now, however, Jefferson drafted and supported a bill for the relief of dissenters, which he said brought on the severest contest in which he was ever engaged. The advocates of religious freedom finally prevailed, and after five suspending acts the laws for the support of the clergy were, at the second session of 1779, unconditionally repealed. And all religious sects do honor to the memory of Thomas Jefferson, the author of the statute for religious freedom in Virginia.

Jefferson was a great leader of men. He said: "Men are divided into two parties by their constitutions, those who fear and distrust the people and wish to draw all powers from them into the hands of a higher class; and second, those who identify themselves with the people, have confidence in them, cherish and consider them as the most honest and safe, although not the most wise depository of the public interest."

I take issue with this. I think the people are not only the most honest and safe, but the most wise depository of the public interest, when they think and deliberate upon the issues in a patriotic spirit. The greatest evil in republican institutions is the poison which selfish demagogues inject into the minds of the people, inducing them to act and vote without careful and honest investigation—a duty which every person owes to the community before he deposits his ballot in the ballot-box. When the people are aroused

and agitated over a question at issue they will decide with wisdom and patriotism, if left to their own unbiased judgment. The downfall of the plutocracy which now threatens the happiness of our country will come when the wrath of the people is fully stirred by its shameless oppressions. A fearless and incorruptible statesman like Jefferson will arise to lead the suffragans against the plutocrats, whom they will rout by sweeping from the halls of legislation the demagogues and hirelings in purifying the lawmaking departments of the government.

Jefferson was a partisan of the people, and they entrusted to him the highest honors under their government. He was in public life sixty-one years, and actually in office thirty-nine years. He was elected to the House of Burgesses in 1769, when he was twenty-six years old, and served continuously until 1775, when he was elected to Congress. At the same time he was a member of the Virginia legislature until 1779, when he became Governor and served two years. In 1781, and again in 1783, he was elected to Congress. In 1784 he was sent as Minister to France, and returned in 1789 to become Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Washington, which office he resigned in 1793. While in Washington's cabinet a bitter feud sprung up between him and Alexander Hamilton, which grew out of divergent political opinions. Notwithstanding, when the great contest for the Presidency between Jefferson and Aaron Burr occurred, Hamilton threw the weight of his great influence for his bitterest enemy rather than for Burr, and in this was the loftiest act of Hamilton's great patriotism. Jefferson was elected

Vice-President in November, 1796; elected President in 1801, and re-elected in 1804.

The question of the free navigation of the Mississippi River had been for a long time a source of great annoyance; at one time it even threatened war. The Mississippi, including the Missouri, from source to the Gulf, is 4100 miles, the longest river in the world. What a wonder is this majestic stream! This great river with fifty-five tributaries is navigable for steamboats 16,500 miles, and drains that vast expanse of territory between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains into the Gulf of Mexico. The control of this river was of vital importance to the United States, and the people appreciated the situation, and were ready to hazard war. Jefferson's policy was thought by many to be weak and even cowardly; but he knew the value of peace to the infant republic at this time, and showed great moral courage and strength of character in steadfastly maintaining a peaceful attitude. Napoleon gave the opportunity for a peaceful solution, and Jefferson grasped it with prophetic foresight. He signed the Louisiana Treaty on May 2, 1803, and thus consummated the purchase, for fifteen millions of dollars, of the great West-Mississippi territory out of which has been carved Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, embracing a million square miles.

The Louisiana Purchase is a domain with great natural resources, inhabited by fifteen millions of sturdy and thrifty English-speaking people. From its hills came shining silver to make fields from

forests; from its river beds, glittering gold to gladden the hearts of the settlers whose labor made arid deserts rejoice and blossom as a rose. The fruition of this first expansion has been marvelous, and the hope for its future is boundless. This A. D. 1903 is the one hundredth anniversary of its acquisition; let all the nation rejoice in its great achievements; let all the country give thanks to the Almighty Ruler for its wondrous wealth; let the voice of the people be raised in praise of Thomas Jefferson; let this be the jubilee year of the American Republic!

The great Napoleon said, when he signed the treaty: "This accession of territory assures forever the power of the United States, and I have given England a rival who, sooner or later, will humble her pride." His action was opposed by his ministers, but he argued: "To free the world from the commercial tyranny of England it is necessary to oppose to her a maritime power which will one day become her rival. It must be the United States. The English aspire to dispose of all the riches of the world. I shall be useful to the entire universe, if I can prevent them from dominating America as they dominate Asia." In this transaction he declared himself, for the first time, independent of his family, of his parliament, and of most of his advisers, and grasped the imperial scepter, of which a few months later he was in full possession. This was Napoleon's first edict as an Emperor.

Envoy R. R. Livingston, in expressing his satisfaction, said: "The treaty we have signed has not been brought about by finesse nor dictated by force. Equally advantageous to both the contracting

parties, it will change vast solitudes into a flourishing country. Moreover, if wars are inevitable, France will have in the New World a friend increasing year by year in power, which cannot fail to become puissant and respected on all the seas of the earth. These treaties will become a guarantee of peace and good-will between commercial States. It will prepare centuries of happiness for innumerable generations of the human race. The Mississippi and the Missouri will see them prosper and increase in the midst of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition, from the scourges of bad government, and truly worthy of the regard and the care of Providence."

Although there was violent opposition in this country to ratifying this treaty, Jefferson's skill as a politician and his broad statemanship overcame all difficulties. It was a great triumph for him, and it was the beginning of territorial expansion. Since, there have been eleven other additions to the territory of the United States, all making an area of about five times that of the original thirteen States and, as predicted, the nation now stands in the front rank of the powers of the world. As a maritime power it is about equal to any save England, and although our navy is out-weighed in tonnage and guns by hers, our expansion from Porto Rico to the Orient has made it necessary for us not only to rival the navy of England, but to stand up against the allied powers of Europe.

Jefferson always gave his occupation as that of a farmer. He was passionately fond of country life, and talked much about retirement from politics and

the enjoyment of the tranquillity of the farm and communion with nature. He believed the cultivators of the soil made the best citizens—the most vigorous, the most virtuous, and the most independent. "They are tied to their country, and wedded to its liberty and interests by the most lasting bonds." He believed in an agricultural republic as the safest repository of liberty. He was a firm friend of popular government, and public education as a basis for a firm and stable foundation of good government. Abolition of entail and primogeniture placed the people on an equal footing so far as the acquirement of property was concerned; the disestablishment of the church secured for them liberty of conscience; but public education was the mainspring for the enthronement of that aristocracy of virtue and talent with which he desired to supplant the landed lords of the royal colony. He was the father of the first general law for public schools, but the prevailing sentiment among the magistrates, who were to put it in force, was so much against it, that the law became a dead letter, and not until many years after his death did the full fruition of his ideas come. I may say even yet they have not fully ripened into that state which insures a wise, just and pure government.

He believed the schoolhouse was the fountain-head of happiness, prosperity, and good government, and education was "a holy cause." "First, to give to every citizen the information he needs for the transaction of his own business; second, to enable him to calculate for himself, and to express and preserve his ideas, his contracts and accounts, in writing; third, to improve, by reading, his morals and faculties;

fourth, to understand his duties to his neighbors and country, and to discharge with competence the functions confided to him by either; fifth, to know his rights; to exercise with order and justice those he retains, to choose with discretion the fiduciary of those he delegates; and to notice their conduct with diligence, with candor and judgment; sixth, and, in general, to observe with intelligence and faithfulness all the social relations under which he shall be placed."

He prepared a comprehensive educational plan for the State of Virginia. It provided first for elementary schools in every county, which placed every householder within three miles of a school; district schools, which would place every father within a day's ride of a college where he might dispose of his son; a university in a healthy and central situation. "In the elementary schools will be taught reading, writing, common arithmetic, and general notions of geography. In the second, ancient and modern languages, etc., mensuration, and the elementary principles of navigation, and in the third, all the useful sciences in their highest degree." He laid off every county into districts five or six miles square, called "hundreds," the teacher to be supported by the people within that limit; every family to send their children free for three years, and as much longer as they pleased, provided they paid for it; these schools to be under the charge of "a visitor," who was annually to select the boy of best genius in the school, whose parents were too poor to give him an education, and send him to a grammar school, of which twenty were to be erected in different parts of Virginia; and of the

boys in each grammar school the best was to be selected to be sent to the university free. It is said that he was elected and re-elected to the Legislature for twenty years, chiefly to champion his three great ideas—popular education, free local schools, and a State University.

Jefferson's purpose in founding the university is shown by his classification of the objects of higher education:

"1. To form the statesmen, legislators, and judges on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend;

"2. To expound the principles and structure of government, the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, those formed municipally for our own government, and a sound spirit of legislation, which, banishing all unnecessary restraint on individual action, shall leave us free to do whatever does not violate the equal rights of another;

"3. To harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and by well-informed views of political economy to give a free scope to the public industry;

"4. To develop the reasoning faculties of our youth, enlarge their minds, cultivate their morals, and instill into them the precepts of virtue and order;

"5. To enlighten them with mathematical and physical sciences, which advance the arts and administer to the health, the subsistence, and comforts of human life;

"6. And, generally, to form them to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples

of virtue to others, and of happiness within themselves."

One of his biographers says: "Jefferson considered the University of Virginia the greatest triumph and the proudest achievement of his life, and measured its influence upon the generations that were to come after him as more important and effective for good than any other that might arise from all of his public services. The institution was the dream of his youth, and throughout his busy life, filled with cares, responsibilities, and labor, his fidelity to the idea kept his mind always ready to grasp and utilize any opportunity which might promote its fulfilment. His desire was accomplished after a long struggle and the exercise of remarkable patience and perseverance. He met with stubborn opposition from the very people it was intended to benefit, and although the Legislature of Virginia has made reasonable grants of aid from time to time, the institution has been kept alive and its influence extended by the generosity of people outside of the State." It is a shame to Virginia that this greatest gift of her greatest statesman should have to struggle for existence at this time.

Jefferson held in his mind an ideal government for all the citizens of his country, placing all on an equality as to the acquirement of property and giving all equal opportunity to cultivate the natural gifts with which God had endowed them. The first general opportunity was based on the free schools; the next, on the university; and, embracing the idea which made the heathen dedicate the temple of the Pantheon at Rome to all the gods, he conceived a non-sectarian

institution, consonant with religious liberty. He enforced the idea by a like design in architecture for the high seat of learning, centrally located on a beautiful plat of land, as the capital of the public schools.

What love for humanity! What affection for the people, clung deep and fast in the heart of Thomas Jefferson! It was the self-sacrifice of enlightened manhood; it was man's humanity to man falling like the showers of spring on the fields of rich and poor alike; it was the sacred spirit which stirs the ambition of man to labor for the victory which his Creator placed for his goal! Highest aim of man! I appeal to Virginians; I call upon all the voters; I invoke all the people to let their spirits flame for the ideal university of Jefferson! Not for yourselves, not for a memorial of my hero, but for right, pay the debt you owe to future generations by making for them the opportunity for a higher life; for a station in the ranks of that aristocracy of virtue and talent which God says they may claim, and Jefferson urged, to uphold a just government by the people!

Yonder in grand old Albemarle County, abounding in fair landscapes and majestic scenery, is located the University of Virginia, potent in architectural beauty and embracing all that Jefferson desired in material development and appliances—but lacking in means to give it broad and lasting life. It needs an endowment to make it fulfill the purpose of its founder. Are we never again to have statesmen in the legislature like Jefferson to husband the public revenues and economize public expenses so as to endow its university on an ever living basis?

Virginia cannot afford to have her highest seat of learning languish for want of money. Jefferson said over one hundred years ago that free schools are an essential part—one of the columns of the republican edifice, and that without such instruction free to all the sacred flame of liberty cannot be kept burning in the hearts of Americans. The university is the capstone of our public schools, and should be kept burnished as of gold and held firmly in place by the strong arms of the whole people. Count what the institution has already accomplished. It has had more graduates in the Senate and House of Representatives than any other institution in the country; more than Yale or Harvard or Princeton, the greatest institutions of the wealthy North. Over four hundred of its alumni sleep in soldiers' graves on the battlefields of the South. What a mighty record in statesmanship and chivalry! What a glorius Virginia!

As Jefferson believed in free government and freedom of religious thought, so he believed in free choice in the direction of educational achievement and gave the student at the university freedom in the choice of lectures he should attend; thereafter he was treated as a man of honor. All examinations are conducted on the honor system, and it rarely occurs that students prove unworthy of confidence. It excites in them a reverence for the highest standard of manliness, which has great influence upon their conduct at college and in their intercourse with men in after life. There is no espionage either within or without the classroom; perfect probity is conceded to every man, and his statement on any subject whatever is received without the attestation of an oath.

Examinations are free from surveillance, and when the papers are handed in the student indorses over his signature that he has neither received nor given assistance, and this pledges goes unquestioned. There are a few instances on the records of the university where men have abused this confidence and blackened their good names by dishonesty in examinations, and the punishment has been swift and effective. No meeting of the faculty was necessary in any of the cases; official action was forestalled by the voluntary action of the students, for the offense was not only against the regulations of the university, but a crime against the honor of the student body, which they avenged in a quiet but effective manner. The offender is informed that a man guilty of such perfidy cannot remain as their associate, and in all cases on record he has not failed to leave on the next train. A clean character and honorable life is thus firmly planted in the bloom of manhood to beautify and enrich whatever course may fall to his lot. "Godlike, erect, with honor clad," man adorns his life, his kinsman, his country! Our university stands in a beautiful and picturesque natural location, with imposing architectural effects, a curriculum which embraces all branches of human knowledge, and a code of laws which recognizes that young men as well as old men are capable of self-government and are controlled by the instincts of honor. The University of Virginia is a little republic where self-government prevails and personal honor is sacred, and this was the greatest work of the greatest statesman America ever produced.

Jefferson declared that "the true theory of our

Constitution is surely the wisest and best; that the States are independent as to everything within themselves, and united as to everything respecting foreign nations." He was pre-eminently a man of peace, " the most successful war seldom pays for its losses," he said. He was a benefactor in many ways; he invented a plow for which he received many medals; a folding seat; a revolving chair; a copying press; the coinage system, and recommended the mint at Philadelphia. He tendered Congress Virginia's deed ceding the Northwest Territory to the United States, and prepared the plan of government for that region; he imported the first full-blooded Merino sheep and Calcutta hogs, and he introduced a new kind of rice for South Carolina.

Although he owned over one hundred slaves, he favored their freedom, not like that which came years ago, in the thunders of war, like the booty of a burglar's pistol; but gradual and peaceful freedom and to the end of colonizing the freedmen under the protection of the United States. He believed " that two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government "; that it would produce convulsions ending in the extermination of the one or the other race. The trial is on now, and I hope mutual forbearance and reason will solve the problem to the credit and honor of both races. I believe our new constitution will effectually solve it in Virginia. The suffrage clause is the great safeguard for the people.

Jefferson favored restricted suffrage, commending Spain in this respect: " There is one provision which will immortalize its inventors—it is that which, after a certain epoch, disfranchises every citizen who can-

not read and write. This is new and is a fruitful germ of the improvement of everything good." He was in favor of a clause in the first constitution of the Commonwealth of Virginia restricting the suffrage by educational and property qualifications. He was opposed to a candidate for office expending money to aid in his election, and in his draft of a constitution, which was too late to be offered in the convention, he inserted a paragraph that " no person shall be capable of acting in any office, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, who had so expended money." This principle has been recently engrafted in the laws of Virginia. He was an earnest advocate of a canal across the Isthmus, a project now undertaken by the Government of the United States.

He was deeply affectionate in his family relations, sincere in his friendship, strictly honest in business, eminently patriotic in public affairs, most charitable to the needy, and affable and unostentatious in personal intercourse. He was hospitable even beyond Southern precedent, and his generous roof-tree was to his unnumbered friends as their own; but beneath its reducing process his fortune vanished and poverty shadowed his way to the grave. He died on July 4, 1826.

Cicero has said: " Of all human things, nothing is more honorable or excellent than to deserve well of one's country." Thomas Jefferson, the sage and prophet of Monticello, deserves well of his country, and his memory should be cherished by the people in everlasting gratitude. He is the largest and brightest fixed eternal star in the political firmament of the United States. Inspired by an innate love of

justice, Jefferson was swept into intense hatred of the oppressive policy of government prevailing in the colonies, and his wonderful wisdom, driven by the strenuousness of youth, evolved a form of government befitting a virtuous people. Although this country now boasts of the noblest polity ever evolved in the progress of mankind, his ideal has not yet been attained. We have seen that his first step was to destroy class privilege and establish that equality which gives the right of way to the aristocracy of virtue and talent. He saw between a government by king and lords and the savage liberty which roams the wilderness with unrestrained license, a happy medium, where reason rules, where peace governs, where right prevails, where patriotism serves. Labor, the creator of property, has made all our heroes who rise above the centuries like powerful waves on the mighty sea, and those good men who link love with labor are the aristocrats whom Jefferson wished to be fiduciaries of the Republic.

Let labor and love be the motto of men. Then demagogues will die and righteous government will prevail in the land. Let us all pray that the Almighty Power which numbers the sands of the sea, the drops of rain, the days of eternity, which compasses all space and rules all of the great worlds of infinity, will vouchsafe to us a Jeffersonian Government!

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT AT FORT NELSON

[An introductory address at the unveiling of the Monument at Fort Nelson by the Daughters of the American Revolution on May 10, 1906.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am proud to witness this gathering of the people of Portsmouth. I am proud to know my city feels such interest in the patriotic work of our Daughters of the American Revolution. I am exceedingly rejoiced at this splendid display of civic pride, and I am glad to see these dear school children here to imbibe patriotic inspiration and learn to love pure and high motives.

The monument which the Fort Nelson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has called us to dedicate, is a memory of patriotism. It is a guard of honor at the gateway of our city, and exemplifies one of the noblest sentiments which ever burned in the hearts of noble men and women—the sentiment which moves men to die for God and country, the sentiment which makes virtue rule human emotions, honor and truth govern human actions, and which tramples upon sordid selfishness and forces men to commemorate high ideals in brass and marble.

This place, with its history of 130 years, sets an honored name in the annals of Portsmouth; and the monument, commemorative of true men who have trod its soil in the days hid behind the clouds of

centuries, emphasizes the individuality of our city and teaches fidelity to its corporate existence.

If selfish commercialism should blot out the City of Portsmouth by consolidating it with another city, then upturn the foundations of your monuments, burn your ancient landmarks on the altar of the money-changers, and let the virtue and honor of your statesmen and soldiers be known no more in the city of their birth.

Fort Nelson has tender associations for me. It was here that I first learned to keep step to martial music and pull the lanyard of great guns under the blue banner of the Old Dominion. Here thousands of soldiers marched in response to the call of our State of Virginia, in 1861. Here the garrison of Fort Nelson, under the glorious Stars and Stripes, on June 22, 1813, stood to their shotted guns ready to meet the invaders, who were defeated yonder at Craney Island by our Captain Arthur Emmerson and other gallant heroes.

During the Revolution sovereign Virginia erected Fort Nelson to resist Dunmore should he ever attempt to return to the harbor of Portsmouth and Norfolk. It was named for the patriot, Governor Nelson, who gave his private fortune to aid the credit of Virginia, and risked his life and sacrificed his health on the battlefields of the American Republic.

On account of its location it was never the scene of any bloody battle, but like the "Old Guard," it was always held in reserve for the emergencies of war.

On May 9, 1779, a great British fleet, under Admiral Sir George Collier, entered Hampton Roads, sailed up the Elizabeth River and landed 3000 royal

soldiers under General Mathews in Norfolk County where Port Norfolk now stands, to flank this fortification and capture its garrison composed of only 150 soldiers. Major Thomas Mathews, the American commander, frustrated the design of the British general by evacuating the fort and retreating to the southward. On May 11 the British took possession of the two towns of Portsmouth and Norfolk and gave free hand to pillage and destruction. Sir George Collier, after satisfying his wrath, sailed back to New York. Varying fortune befell Fort Nelson during the remainder of the war, until the evacuation of Benedict Arnold, after which no British grenadier ever paced its ramparts.

After the close of the Revolution it was rebuilt and for many years was garrisoned by regular soldiers of the United States; but since abandoned as a fortification it has been a beautiful park and a home for the sick officers and sailors of our navy.

The unique monument, a genuine Revolutionary cannon mounted on a granite pedestal, which we are about to unveil, is an appropriate memento of Fort Nelson's history, and the thanks of the people are due to the ladies of Fort Nelson Chapter for this imperishable landmark. All honor for their patriotism and devotion.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SOUTH

[Address delivered before Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, April 6, 1900.]

My Comrades:

It is always a pleasure to meet my old comrades-in-arms and I am glad of this opportunity to speak to you on the "Evolution of the South." Tolerant of themselves, intolerant of all others, the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock, planted seeds of sectional strife as vital as those which fed the feud between Lancaster and York in England's war of thirty years, and they were the cause of our Confederate war.

These seeds were so latent that, as the colonies grew, other interests overshadowed them and welded a common cause when Boston defied the assertion of a right of taxation without representation.

There was freedom's cry! The blood of Lexington's minute men thrilled the manhood of the North and South to unite in the war against Great Britain; and the soldiers of the South, in the language of General Morgan, "marched in a bee-line" to Boston's aid, standing thenceforward shoulder to shoulder with the sons of New England until they won independence at Yorktown, under the sun of the South.

The second war with England closed in the glory of Andrew Jackson's victory over Wellington's

Waterloo veterans at the Crescent City of the South, after Key, of Maryland, had written the "Star Spangled Banner" from the porthole of his prison ship at Baltimore.

The South brought Texas to the galaxy of stars on the old flag; and the soldiers of the South rallied, two to one of the North, to capture the capital of Mexico and add golden California to the American States.

Along the line of territorial expansion sectional hatred grew, and disease of the body politic spread almost as rapidly as the growth of the country, which was principally achieved by Southern valor.

The people of the North and South were so radically unlike in tastes and interests as to become, at least in spirit, different nations.

The South had faults! There was the cruel "code of honor" which forced politeness between gentlemen that should have been given from love. The South had slavery; but it was not all herself that gave it to her soil.

The North assumed censorship over the common domain and invoked Higher Law to abolish slavery at the hazard of fundamental rights which common blood had gained from the British Crown. Hear the treaty: "Article II. His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz.: New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Province Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia to be free, sovereign and independent States; that he treats them as such, and for himself, his heirs and successors,

relinquishes all claims to the government, proprietary and territorial rights of the same and every part thereof."

Afterwards the sovereign States united under a constitution executed on September 17, 1787; but what was not granted to the general government under this fundamental compact was denied; and all other rights of sovereignty continued in the States as surrendered and relinquished to them by the sovereign of England.

This constitution was the agreement of partnership between the States, and even Robert Ingersoll said that this expressed the original idea of government.

When the North broke the covenants, the South threw down the gauntlet, and the great war came upon us with destruction and blood unforeseen and undreamed of.

The South was overpowered, slavery was lost, billions of property destroyed, and the right of State secession forced to surrender to a dominant national union.

However, these results do not forfeit any other reserved rights, which are now as firmly sovereign as King George III. declared in the name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity on the 3d day of September, 1783. The South loved the principles of that reserved sovereignty more than she loved territory or the sentiment which called millions of North men and aliens to arms for an indissoluble Union. She gave all her wealth and rivers of the best blood of her sons a willing sacrifice. Her maimed and her 150,000 slain soldiers make up a record of valor and virtue as fair as nation's honor ever claimed.

BOTH STRONG AND WISE.

In the future some historian shall come forth both strong and wise,
With a love of the Republic, and the truth before his eyes,
He will show the subtle causes of the war between the States,
He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates,
He will trace our hostile ideas as the miner does the lodes,
He will show the different habits of different social codes,
He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore,
He will show it reunited and made stronger than before.
Slow and patient, fair and truthful, must the coming teacher be,
To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree.
He will hold the scales of justice, he will measure praise and blame,
And the South will stand the verdict and will stand it without blame.

I am thankful to have been spared to hear Spain's cruel policy of starvation in Cuba condemned by those who countenanced Sheridan's waste in the valley of Virginia, so that "a crow flying over would have to carry its rations"; Sherman's march to the sea with wanton desolation in its wake; Ben Butler's war on non-combatants, even to a convict guard for a minister of the gospel while compelled to labor in the streets; quinine contraband of war, and prisoners unexchanged as a military necessity for a civilized nation, and then, after success in arms, sanctioned the fetters on President Jefferson Davis to break the spirit of a proud people. Thank God their spirit could not be broken! And thank Him that no Arnold ever disgraced the name of any of the generals of the South; but she has given Robert E. Lee as the

grandest military chieftain and Stonewall Jackson as the greatest field marshal ever listed in the catalogue of fame. It has been truly said that since the foundation of this Government men of the South have demonstrated in every line of action, in political life, on the battlefield, in literature, in science, in great business undertakings, in every sphere of life, that they are the peers of the most progressive men of the world.

Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun, and Judah P. Benjamin, as statesmen; Washington, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, as soldiers; Buchanan, Maury, and Raphael Semmes, as sailors; Poe, Timrod, and Barron Hope, as poets, lift her up to a standard not outshone along time's hoary centuries.

There was an era in the South when the sunbeams of contentment gilded the pillars of her homes, which were real palaces of hospitality and pleasure.

Her fertile fields charmed the vision of master, mistress and slave when green wheat spread over vast areas and cotton was the wealth of the great planters. It was her peace, when agriculture gave toil for all her laborers, and her wealth marked forty-four per cent. of the whole country. Then came her discontent in the throes of war, when the tread of soldiery wasted her products, and shot and shell tore the furrows which had been dressed by the peaceful plow. The blood of her soldiers ran down into the ragged holes which made unmarked graves for her uncoffined dead. The sunlight of her wealth faded out and darkest poverty covered the face of her fair farms. Then in the sorrow of defeat her independence died!

She sat tributary to that part of Washington's country which had always fed and fattened from her plantations. The yoke was heavy and its bows were as strong as the riven oak; but it chastened the souls of her sons to a victory which has made her the beauty of the nation. The evolution came in glorious splendor. Her fields bloom again as of yore, her iron, coal, and all the ores of her hills turn to gold at the stroke of the strong arm of her sons. Her daughters, refined, gentle, sweet, beautiful women, with the loftiness of soul and nobleness of heart which sustained them in the terrible times of war, grace her homes as lovely queens; and her children grow strong and rich in the land of their father's graves.

The South to-day is as a princess in the palace of the forefathers who broke England's yoke. The fair land of flowers is rich in mining and manufacturing, as well as in agriculture, while the Merrimac's grand water power is wasting in the silence of spindles and unemployed laborers cry for bread in the shadow of New England's great factory buildings. If the South has suffered for slavery, the North has now its turn at the mills of the gods, which grind slowly but surely.

There is the meddler's fate! There is the fanatic's bitter fruit! There is the result of the wild unreasonableness which poisoned the Northern mind to pull down the pillars which upheld their industrial temples and sustained their commercial power! It is the ordinance of events which called forth the hidden resources of the South to the destruction of those who forced them.

The injured may cry aloud and invoke lawmaker's

aid, but the logic of climate and conditions is now the Higher Law. The frozen hills of Massachusetts' Bay must bow to the inevitable; her industrial profits must fall, and the commercial activity of her ports must be given to the seaboard cities of the South. The greater commerce—the most profitable mining, the most prosperous manufacturing and the most advantageous farming—must henceforth be under the sun of the South.

The Boston *Herald*, expressing amazement at the recent progress of the South, says: "And yet, whether considered as the seat of agriculture, mining or manufactures, the South is still virgin soil. Its possibilities are yet more remarkable than its recent progress, and as the one is developed and the other expands, it is destined to add in the near future more than any other part of the country to the aggregate wealth of the nation."

This generation has seen many marvelous changes in national history; but nothing has compared in the century with the rise of the South from the incalculable calamities of war and its results; and she has paid her proportion of the pension roll of the North, which costs yearly nearly as much as the greatest imperial standing army on earth. The manhood of the sons of the South has already brought her up to the standard of prosperity as wonderful as the strength of her armies against the fourfold cohorts of the world's recruits. While Northern money has been invested in Southern enterprises, it is admitted that by far the greatest part of the increased wealth is due to Southern intelligence and energy. An investigation will reveal the fact that the head-masters

in the line of development are mostly Confederate soldiers.

Her banks, her mines, her manufactories, are guided by the men whose hands struck hardest for the "Cause" which Twitchell said was shot to death in '65. Yes; good St. Stephen was stoned to death; mighty Socrates was poisoned to death; great Cæsar was stabbed to death; patriot Isaac Hayne was hanged to death; Marshal Ney, the bravest of the brave, was shot to death, thus forcing mortals to ashes and spirits to immortality, which are more powerful now than in the noonday of their manhood.

Columbus suffered in chains and died in poverty; Napoleon, the military master of Europe, died in exile, but their fame lives—the one in the greatest discovery and the other in unrivaled martial splendor.

Ireland may be bound in chains to Britain's crown; Cuba was held in bloody fetters to Castilian royalty, but the pure spirit of liberty lives in the chain-meshes of imperialism, like fair lilies bloom on the death-dark waters of stagnant lakes. You may declare it shot to death in '65, but it will live in its glorious chivalry as long as the cypress sighs, the willow bows, or the aspen trembles. You may proclaim it dead at Appomattox, but its splendid spirit still retains the magic power of constitutional liberty. Its influence will flourish as the leaves of summer, and its cherished memories shall survive, ever green, as the cedars of Lebanon. Its principles will rescue our dual Government from Federal imperialism.

Ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is reported to have said that "State lines are fading out" under the sun of the South. Heaven forbid! Shall the heart of

America repudiate "Sic Semper Tyrannis" or "E Pluribus Unum"? Shall the stars fade from the American flag and State boundaries be blotted out? The States must live, for they are the safeguard of the Union; and let them be as distinct as the lines of the great river in the sea, which takes the blue, warm waters from the Gulf of Mexico through the bosom of the ocean to bloom flowers on the Norwegian coasts! Yes, States forever, indestructible States ever with the indissoluble Union! As the Gulf Stream goes to make life in frozen lands, let the State give life to the nation as Washington and Lee loved it. Is it possible that State lines are fading out in the heart of America? fading out in the land of which the Philadelphia *Ledger*, in the lifetime of Editor George Washington Childs, said: "When ancestry is taken into consideration, the South is to-day the most truly American section of the United States. The blood of its whites has run in the one channel since colonial days. The other States have been largely built up by foreign immigration since the formation of the Union.

"The armies of the North had a large proportion of men of alien birth. The Confederates were almost entirely of American birth and of a line of American ancestry. One reason why the South to-day exerts such force in Congress is that she sends her best men to the front, and they possess the heritage of American descent." Shall Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia be as indistinct on the map of the Union as Alaskan ice fields? Shame upon such a thought! It is a disgrace to American descent! Valley Forge and Yorktown could not hide it.

The Southerners will never blot out State lines, nor let them fade under the sun of the South!

Give us back the ties of Yorktown!
Perish all the modern hates!
Let us stand together, brothers,
In defiance of the fates;
For the safety of the Union
Is the safety of the States.

EULOGY ON GENERAL LEE

[An address before the United Daughters of the Confederacy, January 19, 1901.]

Mrs. President, Portsmouth Chapter, U. D. C., and Their Friends:

The centuries have given many men to measure up to the standard of greatness; many men worthy of a place in the temple of fame; many of prodigious valor; many of thrilling chivalry; many of brilliant intellectual attainments; many of splendid virtues; but, as I see, no single character is or has been so deeply loved by the people whom he served, and few more generally admired by the world, than Robert Edward Lee. His very name is inspiration to the hearts of Southerners; his conduct a model for their children; his great goodness like a ceaseless prayer for their welfare.

General Lee was great and good, brilliant and modest, humble and true, faithful to his God and fellows. His life is a picture of love and beauty; and all his actions from youth to old age were infused with the highest ideals of duty. No considerations could turn him from its path; no inducements could swerve his inflexible devotion to truth.

A cavalier ancestor of the eleventh century left him lessons of true pride, honor, self-sacrifice, and generous nature, and a father like "Light Horse Harry" gave a light, which must have in a measure guided his conduct.

Robert E. Lee was born on January 19, 1807, in the same house and same room in which Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, two signers of the Declaration of Independence, were born.

It might be said that he inherited honor and fame; nevertheless, he held them not as an idler's toy, but applied his vigorous energies and imperial intellect to emulate his forefathers in all their courageous, virtuous, and noble characteristics.

He commenced his boyhood in the line of meritorious manhood. When he entered West Point he took the head of his class and held it until he was graduated in 1829, never having received a demerit or reprimand during his term there. He entered upon the duties of an army officer with the highest honor of his military school, and afterward, in the fiery rush of battle, held fast to his attainment and was thrice brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct in the Mexican war.

He served thirty years in the United States army, and was considered by all officers, almost without exception, to be, by many degrees, the most accomplished soldier in the service.

The commander-in-chief, General Winfield Scott, entertained such an opinion of him, and said: "Lee is the greatest military genius in America."

He undoubtedly stood highest on the military record of the United States army when Virginia seceded. Had rank, self-aggrandizement, success and wealth been his dream of life, he would have remained in the old army.

All the allurements of power and place a mighty nation could tender were in the request to unsheathe

his sword as commander-in-chief of Lincoln's armies. But the metal of the man was not poured in that mold which turns out the creature for the dazzling equipments of success at the sacrifice of honor. No place could win and no power could tempt him from that path of duty which led him to draw his sword for Virginia.

Here his mighty character unfolded itself to the world, and it stood the test under every condition.

General Lee was high in the opinion of the people, and their expectations were great when he was ordered to command the defeated army of the slain Garnett; but he failed to retrieve the disasters in western Virginia, and the indignation of the inconsiderate public arose against him as the cruel blasts of a destructive cyclone.

His military reputation fell as fevered mercury on Arctic ice, and popular prejudice retired him to the list of inefficient officers. Had its verdict held, no great general, no illustrious military leader, no loved hero for the South, would be personified in Robert E. Lee.

But the hand which guided the helm of the Confederacy knew the man, and the fickle public could not deter or restrain its judgment. Therein was the manhood and statesmanship of Jefferson Davis. He deserves a monument from the South by every consideration of patriotism and justice.

Say what you may of President Davis, we owe to him the rescue of our beloved Lee from the merciless oblivion of unjust and cruel public opinion. Mr. Davis leaves us a great lesson of charity, to restrain our prejudices and govern our judgment. The hero

and the man were there, although the shadows of pitiless night concealed the majestic form.

After General Joseph E. Johnson was incapacitated by wounds at Seven Pines, Jefferson Davis made Robert E. Lee commander of the army in spite of misfortune. There began a career so brilliant as to entitle him to be classed with the greatest generals on the lists of renown.

He took but one week to defeat McClellan's great army, relieve the siege of Richmond, and reinstal himself as the best loved hero in all the South. Then followed in the course of time the great battles of Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, in which his matchless leadership thrilled the world.

But perhaps the true greatness of the man was more vividly displayed after his surrender at Appomattox, when he said: "I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

Lord Wolseley said: "I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and very few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed."

Modesty, gentleness, simplicity, benevolence and Christian humility added to Robert E. Lee's military

genius made him the man whom the South prizes as its individual and national exemplar.

Notwithstanding international edict and national law, to all of which I yield perfect obedience, there is and will be a national South in the hearts of her true people; and may God let it live, because it symbolizes chivalry, truth, honor, pride, patience, and self-abnegation, as the life of Robert E. Lee exemplified; not only by our estimation, but by that of the London *Standard:* "A country which has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame, for the fatherlands of Sidney and Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian than General Robert E. Lee."

And the honor of his birthday by the Daughters of the Confederacy must stimulate the virtues of the people, enkindle the patriotism of the men, and make these noble women sponsors of Christian knighthood in our Southland.

A SOUTHERN GIRL AND MAJOR VON BORCKE

A Southern girl—Southern in beauty—Southern in principle, Southern in heart, like a lovely flower, came to grace a home and adorn the traditions of a chivalric people. Her life was a lesson of beauty, and it passed on to God in the glory of youth. The hearts of the people sank in sorrow when the shadows of the dark river obscured her light, and the loving mother of an only child wept till tearless eyes gazed in despair on a hallowed tomb; but the hope of meeting angels before the King's throne lifts the hearts of devoted parents to His abiding love and wisdom; and now they cherish her memory as Heaven's jewel and their glory. The dead was a child of the South. The Southern Cross was her flag long after stern dragoons who bore it over many victorious fields were crushed in defeat. Her admiration for Southern soldiers was marked in her daily devotions, and her ideal cavalier centered in the dashing Prussian dragoon who rode with Stuart and "shared the sufferings and glory of the unfortunate people of the late Confederacy." The inspiration of the "Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence" prompted Margaret Murdaugh Maupin to write to the author, of her gratitude for his services to her beloved country, and of her admiration for his matchless gallantry on Virginia's battlefields, with request for his picture to hang on the walls of her home with those of Lee and

Jackson and Stuart. The faith and pride of the Virginia maiden in the cause of her people touched the knightly soul of the noble soldier, and from the depths of his heart came the reply following:

"GIEZENBRIGGE, near Adamsdorf,
"Newmark, Prussia, April 4, 1890.

"DEAR MISS MARGARET—Your charming letter of January 4 I received but a few days ago, and I hasten to send to you (inclosed) the wished-for photograph in Confederate uniform, hoping that you will send me yours in return, so that I may be enabled to recognize my new friend among the many old ones I have in dear old Virginia. I feel much flattered by your kind words and am very glad that the glorious times of the war for independence are so vivid in the memory of the new generation. Supposing that it may be of interest to you, I will tell you about my present life. I am living on my old family estate and am married to a dear wife. I have four children—three boys, Erich, Wener and Wulf, the two elder ones being cadets of our great military institute, and a sweet little girl, three years old, the sunbeam of my home, named Virginia, in memory of the land which has become so dear to me, where I suffered most and where I was most happy. My old wounds trouble me sometimes a good deal, but my health is generally tolerable. I am corresponding frequently with my friends on the other side of the ocean, and sometimes I have the great pleasure to see one or the other as a dear, honored guest with me. A few years ago Colonel Archer Anderson, of Richmond, Va., paid me a visit of a few days with two of his daughters, being

with them on a trip to Europe. You may have heard of my visit to America in 1884, which gave me so much satisfaction, and which I hope to be able to renew before death comes. I would be much pleased by hearing from you again, and remain in the meantime, with my kindest regards,

"Very truly, your friend,
"HEROS VON BORCKE."

The touch of nature leaped impulsively from two hearts, which clasped in friendship from congenial sentiments carried thousands of miles across the ocean from Virginia to Prussia.

The girl, proud of the tender recognition of the dashing soldier, replied to this letter in a spirit of loveliness which won a crown of friendship in the nobleman's household, where little "Virginia" was queen.

On October 31, 1890, another appreciative letter came, begging pardon the delay, caused by illness, saying:

"I have been suffering a good deal of the summer by my old wound, and had to be a long time absent from home on account of it. . . . Be assured, dear Miss Margaret, that I feel very proud by the gain of your friendship, and that it gives a great deal of satisfaction to the 'wounded warrior' that a fair daughter of dear old Virginia thus keeps him in kind remembrance. . . . Hoping that it will please you, I inclose a photograph of my third boy, Wulf, and our little daughter, Virginia, the sunbeam of the whole house."

What greater love could a soldier have had for Virginia than to spill his blood on her fields and to name his only daughter, the sunbeam of his house, for our dear old State! The beautiful Virginia girl wove a laurel crown for the hero who held the hand of the dying Stuart, which made him glad in the home of his fathers; then she was called to heaven. Only three years followed when the wounded warrior went to meet her.

Here was womanly devotion and manly courage in superb exemplification—chivalric heroism rewarded by the smiles of beauty as his sun goes down for the night to rise again in greater glory.

Let Virginia maidens emulate the patriotism of this loyal girl in cherishing the heroism of Southern soldiers; and Virginia horsemen testify their admiration of their Prussian comrade by placing his bronze figure at the right hand of General J. E. B. Stuart's monument in Richmond, so that these two tried friends and distinguished cavalrymen of the Army of Northern Virginia shall stand together there, to tell the story of Virginia's martial fame to the new generations as they arise along future ages.

HUMOR OF CAMP AND MARCH

THE Confederate soldier was distinguished for his cheerfulness, and I cannot look back on the scenes around the Confederate campfires without amazement at the temper of the men who carried the muskets. I wonder how hilarity and sport could animate bivouacs in an atmosphere of discomfort and danger.

Around a campfire, feasting on an ounce of raw pork and cornbread made of unhusked meal, jokes of striking humor and sallies of keen wit always lightened the gloomy hours; on the march every passing person caught shots of ridicule which would almost make a mule laugh; and a line of soldiers on the march, halted for a tardy commissary train, gave occasion for merrymaking and fun as sparkling as rippling water dancing in the sunlight.

At one of the great corps reviews in Culpeper County, Virginia, I saw an officer off duty ride out, in a white suit, to see the formation, and as soon as the troops spied him battalions of throats yelled, "Come out of that shroud!" and that man retreated as a rabbit runs from a beagle hound.

A Congressman dressed in faultless black cloth, with a shining silk hat, riding in company with a general officer along a line of soldiers resting on the roadside while the forward regiments were deploying in line of battle, was mercilessly ridiculed and doubtless felt small enough to hide in a rathole. "Come out of that hat, I see your boots," was the refrain

which followed him as far as could be heard down the road.

Around the campfires counting on new clothes from the next fight was as common as the calculation of children on Santa Claus for Christmas toys.

When we marched into Pennsylvania General Lee issued strict orders against unnecessary and wanton destruction of private property, laying stress on the disgrace of outrages on innocent and defenseless people. Notwithstanding, at the very first bivouac in Pennsylvania some fellows chased a goose into our major-general's headquarters tent, but they begged off by declaring that they thought the order did not apply to stray geese.

A veteran recently told me he went into a jewelry store in Chambersburg and asked to see the finest gold watch in the establishment, which was promptly handed to him. He had in his mind to confiscate it, but he thought, " I may be killed to-morrow with the stolen watch on me; " then he handed it to the owner and walked out. He was not killed nor did he possess a stolen watch.

On the right at Petersburg the picket lines extended through a field set in broom straw, and there the opposing sentinels became so friendly that they met halfway between the outposts, formed circular groups on the ground in Turkish style and played draw poker in the sunshine during their whole beat. It could only be broken up by orders to keep on constant firing.

In front of the " Crater," or Burnside's mine, the lines were very close, firing was incessant, and no one dared to show his head above the earthworks, but the

men would trade tobacco for coffee by tying a rock to a string and throwing it over into the opposite works, then fastening a plug of tobacco to the string; the Yankee would haul it over and send in return its value in coffee. They were never known to defraud one another in this traffic. Honor on the firing line was the law of the Gray and the Blue.

We were once on a forced march trying to cut off a cavalry raiding party. We were without any cooking utensils, and when halted for the night rations of flour were issued. As necessity is the mother of invention, the soldiers made up the dough on their oil clothes, rolled it out in long snake-like strings, which they twisted around the ramrods of their muskets, and stuck up before the campfire to bake. So they fed on snake biscuits and marched on in a snowstorm next morning as merry as basket picnickers on a May day.

Do you wonder that men with such spirits were not easily subdued? They made a glorious fight for a noble cause, and deserved to succeed; although they lost their nation they won the respect and honor of all brave people. The chivalry of the Confederate private soldier characterizes the ideal knight of the American age.

THE BATTLES OF SPOTTSYLVANIA

Spottsylvania is a county full of historic glory —colonial, revolutionary, and intersectional war events thrill its story and encircle its name with a halo of fame. It is said that Captain John Smith engaged the hostile Indians near the falls of the Rappahannock in 1608.

The mansion of Governor Spotswood was in that county; also the home of the mother of Washington, and there she is buried, and a beautiful monument has been erected to her memory by the Daughters of the American Revolution. The first iron mine ever worked in America was in that county also, and from its products were made cannon and cannonballs used in the Revolution. And in our Confederate war four of the twelve greatest battles were fought on its fields, in which half a million of troops were engaged, among them soldiers from every State, almost every nation; and 52,673 Federals fell, killed and wounded, in its battles.

On December 10, 1862, our (Sixty-First) Regiment, Virginia Infantry, was as comfortably encamped in winter quarters on the hills of Fredericksburg as circumstances would permit. Our tents had outside clay chimneys with barrel tops, which the devil-may-care fellows in the darkness of midnight enjoyed stopping up, to smoke the inmates out just to hear them " cuss." No one dreamed that an eventful battle would occur before gentle spring could

bring blooms and beauty and glory to the earth; but about dawn on the 11th two loud reports of heavy ordnance pealed out from Marye's Heights, and reverberated among the hills—the signal for the battle array of the Army of Northern Virginia.

On every hand the drums beat to arms, and we marched down the plank road towards the doomed city, until within a short distance, when we filed to the left behind a hill, where the sharp crack of the rifles of our pickets, in their gallant efforts to drive back General Burnside's pontooners, could be distinctly heard.

Marye's Hill was only a short distance to our right front. The stone wall in front of it was held by the brigades of Cobb and Kershaw, of McLaw's Division. The public road was cut through the foot of the hill, with this wall next to the city, and from the top of the wall the land sloped gradually to the river, and therefore the wall was protected from the artillery of the enemy on Stafford's Heights by the natural slope of the land. On the semicircular crest above, and stretching on either hand, was the corps of Longstreet. The two brigades behind the stone wall held the most advanced position of our army. Our Mahone's Brigade, in reserve, formed the left of the corps. Three desperate attempts to throw a pontoon bridge across the river were defeated by Barksdale's brave Mississippians, and then Burnside, about 10 o'clock A. M., commenced the bombardment of the town with 147 guns, and each gun fired fifty rounds—a grand, magnificent spectacle, but a cruel and heartless work of destruction. For several hours the fire was incessant, and the sharp

crack of the rifled guns and the heavy boom of the larger ordnance mingled with the echoes from the woods and hills, until we could no longer distinguish separate sounds, and the roar became continuous; clouds of smoke rolled back from the massed artillery, the air became loaded with the odor of gunpowder, the fog was heavy over the river, the water margins, the lowlands, and the city were hidden from view. One of the church spires shot up through the mist, glittering in the sunlight, and a few of the tallest chimneys and buildings struggled into sight. Tons of iron were hurled into the town: shells, solid shot, shrapnel, and canister raked and swept the streets. We could hear the walls crumbling and timbers crashing; then a pillar of smoke would rise up above the fog, another and another, increasing in density and volume, ascending skyward and hanging over the doomed city like a pall. Flames leaped high out of the mist—the city was on fire!

The fourth attempt was made by the enemy to bridge the Rappahannock, but the Mississippians were steady amid the hell of shot and shell and flames, and met them at the brink of the river with steady rifles, which again made the invaders recoil. Finally three regiments embarked in boats, and these, after a desperate struggle with our pickets, effected a foothold, which gave them the opportunity to construct their bridge; but the wrecked city was not yet captured. No troops ever made a more determined and heroic stand in such an unfavorable locality against such great odds, as the one brigade which held our outposts along the river bank. The first soldiers of the enemy who crossed over that bridge had to

fight for every foot of ground, and it was not until dark, and after a sharp contest through the streets, lanes, and alleys, met at every step by the fire of Barksdale's men from every available point, that the enemy halted for the night on Carolina Street. The dead were everywhere, in the streets, in the cellar doors, in the yards of the houses, in the gardens by the river, silent as the water. Some of the citizens remained in the city during the bombardment, taking refuge in the cellars and some of them were killed.

During all these terrible hours our regiment lay on its arms behind the ridge, and sometimes an elongated shell from the heavy siege guns on Stafford Heights would roll carelessly down the side of the hill, in uncomfortable proximity. On the morning of December 12 the body of Burnside's army commenced crossing on the pontoons into the city, and that day was consumed in maneuvering for their assaults the next day.

The cannonading was continued through the night. Fires still lit up portions of the town, the firmament was aglow with a magnificent aurora borealis, the artillery strove to rival the glories of nature and illuminated the sky with scores of shells whose trailing fuses filled the air with streams of light, as grand and beautiful as a shower of meteors. Next morning one hundred thousand Federals were in battle array, and about half-past seven o'clock they advanced on the right of our army at Hamilton's Crossing. This movement was gloriously repulsed, resulting in a great victory for Stonewall Jackson, and "the gallant Pelham" there won that undying name from the lips of Lee. About noon Meagher led his cele-

brated Irish brigade to its desperate charge on the stone wall, and then the thunder of cannon and roar of musketry poured out the hail of death, and the smoke rose from the valley of the Rappahannock in heavy and ominous clouds as if from the vale of Tophet. Scores of his brave men fell at every pace, but the living pressed onward until within a few yards of our stone wall, then too few were left to make a step further forward. Again and again fresh columns moved on to the charge, as if numberless battalions of men had determined to rush onward through the jaws of death until all were dead, or the hill captured.

Some officers (who had never before doubted the prowess of our arms), witnessing these assaults from a distant hill, for the first time trembled for the cause of the South; but they saw no faltering in our infantry line, no cessation by our batteries on the hill, and as many times as the hosts of the enemy swept forward with their rows of glittering bayonets and flaunting flags, so many times did their lines wave like corn in a cyclone, recoil, then break, and fall back amid the shouts and yells of the brigades of Cobb and Kershaw. Georgia and South Carolina won the glories of that day.

Hancock and French charged, passing the farthest point reached by the preceding troops, impetuously rushing on, past the brick house so conspicuous on the field, on, on, until their flags waved within twenty-five feet of the fatal stone wall. More than half their numbers killed and wounded, the line faltered under the murderous fire and retreated to cover. Thus ended the carnage for a time, but a long, long, long,

dreadful afternoon awaited the thousands of wounded who lay scattered over the sad and ghastly field, for the only protection for them was that brick house not very far from the stone wall. To this house hundreds of the wounded dragged themselves, and a great mass of sufferers huddled together and struggled to get near the house to escape the fire of our infantry.

All around great heaps of dead bore testimony of the fierceness of the battle, and they laid in successive alignments as they fell in their desperate charge toward the stone wall. A color bearer lay stark and dead with the flag of his regiment covering him, while just in front of the stone wall lay a line of soldiers of the Irish brigade, with the green boxwood in their caps, sleeping their last sleep in the dressed fore-front line of battle. Leaning against a wooden shanty off to the left of this house in a standing position was a soldier stark and cold, struck through the brain by a bullet as he looked towards our line from his cover behind the shanty.

A Northern soldier who was in the charge, describing the scene, said: "Every little while we could see other columns emerge from the city, deploy upon the plain, march forward, but never go so far as the brick house. The appearance of these troops would draw the fire of the batteries on the hills above us, and hundreds of deadly projectiles would go screaming over us, and we could see them bursting in the midst of our friends.

"Evening came at last; the sun went down behind the terrible heights, and we anxiously watched the shadows lengthen and steal across the field of blood,

creeping slowly over the plain, through the houses of the city in the shade, then up the church tower, until the only object that reflected the rays was the cross of burnished gold which sparkled a moment against the purple sky, and then the twilight was upon us and deepened until it was difficult to discern objects. We thought the battle ended, when through the darkness loomed up the division of Hooker. Nobly they came to the work, with empty muskets and orders to carry the position with the bayonet. The dark mass passed the brick house and almost to the point that Hancock had reached, for they had come up through the gloaming unseen and surged against the base of Marye's Heights. Again the hills flashed fire, again they shook, rocked, roared, and belched forth more tons of iron on the red plain—more minutes of useless carnage. The somber wave rolled back, the last and most absurd attempt of the disastrous day had come to naught, and seventeen hundred more had been added to the ponderous list of casualties.

"Clouds overshadowed the skies, and guided by the lurid fires still smoldering through the ebony darkness, the immense throng of wounded began crawling, struggling, dragging themselves towards the city: those who were slightly hurt assisting others who were more seriously injured; those with shattered limbs using muskets for crutches, many fainting and falling by the way. And when in town how hard it was to find a spot to rest or a surgeon to bind up the wounds! There were more wounded than the city had inhabitants, and every public hall and every house was filled to overflowing, the porches of the residences covered with bleeding men, the surgeons

busy everywhere. . . . Nine thousand the tale of the wounded—nine thousand and not all told."

Yes, the Federal wounded all told in the battle of Fredericksburg was nine thousand and six hundred.

The loss of our force behind the stone wall was insignificant, but the chivalrous Cobb, over-anxious to be an example of bravery for his men, unnecessarily exposed himself and was slain. The position held by our troops was not only impregnable, but afforded almost complete protection from the shells and bullets of our assailants. The night was dark and dreary, for I well remember it. Although the bloody work had ceased and the victory was ours, no one knew at what moment the desperate and reckless commander on Stafford Heights would summon fresh legions and hurl them against the stone wall. The lull of the brazen-throated monsters of war seemed to bring a weird, ominous silence. The darkness, death, and stillness broken only by the cries of the wounded and shrieks of the dying chilled one with terrible apprehension and startling dread.

The troops who had borne the heat and burden of the day had to be relieved, and our brigade was quietly marched in and silently dressed behind the stone wall, which had that day been made famous by the slaughtered thousands now dumb and dead before it. Reports of the movements of the enemy were quietly discussed all along our line, till came the rumor that our artillery was to be opened on the town for a time and a corps of picked men, stripped to the waist, were to charge upon the place and drive the defeated enemy into the river—all of which brought unrest and desperate dread. But the night passed

without event, and day quietly dawned on the ghastly field in our front. There was no renewal of the battle, and the nights of the 14th and 15th covered the retreat of Burnside's army to the hills of Stafford, and subsequently our picket line was re-established on the shores of the Rappahannock.

And now passing into another year, just four months over the boundary, comes the great battle of Chancellorsville, that most brilliant strategic victory of the war between the Dis-United States—a battle in which the Northern General Hooker, commanding 132,000 men, met defeat at the hands of our General Robert E. Lee, with only 41,358 men, a battle in which over 21,000 were killed and wounded.

As I remember, two roads led from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville—one the plank road, one the old dirt road or turnpike. Mahone's Brigade, to which I belonged, marching along this old dirt road early on the morning of May 1, 1863, was thrown across or at right angles to it, in line of battle, somewhere between the two places above mentioned. On the left side of the road was an old church, time-worn and deserted in appearance. Its boards were paintless, weather-beaten, storm-stained, and its shingles wore the moss of age. No enclosure surrounded this unpretentious tabernacle, but a few shrubby trees grew within its shadow to serve as hitching posts for the horses of its worshipers. I always feel that such plain, undecorated structures, where the tillers of the soil gather in His name, are sanctuaries of peace and love, higher in the sight of the Master than the great cathedrals which display grand architectural beauty

on the avenues of wealth. Soon after we had been settled in battle array, and the pickets had gone forward to the firing line, all in sight across a small field, known as McCarty's Farm, Lee and Jackson galloped up and halted in the road near the old church, whence they observed our position and the outposts of Hooker's army.

You have seen the pictures of the last meeting of Lee and Jackson. While I am not sure, I believe the artist had that scene near the old church in his mind when he painted it. I shall never forget it; I shall always be glad that I saw these great soldiers and heard their voices order the beginning of the battle of Chancellorsville. I was standing on the roadside not far away when I heard General Jackson say, "I favor an immediate advance," or words to that effect, when General Lee ordered our commander to forward, and the two generals turned their horses and rode away. I saw Jackson no more, but Lee was with us next day. The soldiers were inspired by the presence of their two greatest leaders and moved forward in brilliant style to meet the enemy, who resisted stubbornly, giving way sullenly for half a mile, when they made a desperate stand. The bright bayonets glittering and gleaming, for the sun now shone in all its glory, the lumbering of the artillery, the sharp crack of the pickets' rifles, the puffing and drifting smoke from the musket muzzles at intervals along the lines, were but too significant signs of the bloody work at hand. Sykes' division of regulars and Meade's old battery of artillery were advancing in our front, and but a moment elapsed before the roar of small arms and the thunder of artillery broke a slight lull in the

early battle. The air was filled with shrieking bullets and screaming shells, and the volumes of smoke made midnight of noonday. The fight lasted with the fury of maddened opponents for long hours, and the light of day closed forever on the eyes of many brave and gallant men. The fiercest period of the contest lasted probably two hours, when the enemy began to yield ground, and when night came we were a decided distance in advance, threatening the Chancellor House, where the legions of Hooker were massed for the battle.

We slept in line of battle on our arms, and at daylight on Saturday we moved from the right of the turnpike, over the plank road, to a temporary earthwork on the north side of the Catharpin Road. All day there was heavy skirmishing in our front, and several vigorous charges were made upon the enemy to conceal Jackson's maneuver. He commenced his last and most wonderful flank movement early that morning, and Lee listened anxiously through every hour of the day for the roar of Jackson's guns on the flank of the enemy. As the afternoon wore on a sound as of distant thunder was heard, and many listened to discover by the sound the fortune of the masterly evolution. General Lee rode up to our front and inquired if it could be distinguished whether the roar of the battle was advancing or receding. An officer replied, "Evidently advancing, General."

About night the steadily approaching cannonade confirmed the success of the maneuver—Jackson had fallen upon the enemy unaware and rapidly doubled their flank upon the center. When darkness came

he halted his troops to re-line his columns, and, availing himself of the opportunity to survey the front, he was mistaken for an enemy and shot down by his own soldiers. This irreparable catastrophe checked one of the grandest military conceptions in the annals of the war, and the greatest genius of the Confederate War was borne bleeding, mortally wounded, from the field of victory. He died on May 10, near half a century ago, and on that lovely Sabbath day he said, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," and his soul went to his God.

When the news of his victory came to us on the night of May 2, many shouts for its success arose for a time from rejoicing hearts; but when the low whisper crept along the line, and declared the great and irreparable disaster,—our general's death,—the hearts of officers and soldiers in the ranks bled as deeply as had the wounds of their slain captain, and thousands of tear-filled eyes told that the victory of that day was won—won at too great a cost. Lee in his anguish declared: "I have lost my right arm!"

Again we slept on our arms, and at dawn on Sunday morning, May 3, our whole army was ordered to make a general advance. General A. P. Hill being wounded, General Lee ordered General "Jeb" Stuart to lead Jackson's corps. He made a desperate onset, and carried the fortifications on our left, McLaws with his heroic division drove the enemy on our right, and our Anderson swept down upon their center. The formation of the line in battle order was only the work of a moment, and at the command, "Forward!" our men impetuously rushed through the woods and thick undergrowth up to and over the

bristling and tangled abatis, and headlong into the earthworks of the enemy. Their batteries fired wildly and their shells flew high over our heads. Enveloped in the sulphur-laden smoke, which had densely settled amongst the trees and over the field in front, our yelling soldiers plunged onward, guided by the quick, irregular glare of the cannon's blaze, the cracking musketry and puffing flames of exploding shells, heedless of the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying. One is apt to be scared when the enemy stands, or advances and shoots; but when they break and run there is an indescribable, exhilarating delight which makes soldiers happy, and now we broke out in the wide open-mouthed exultant whoop which the Yankees called the " Rebel yell."

The flames broke out from the celebrated Chancellor House, and dense blue masses of men thereabout swayed back and forth in utter and hopeless confusion. A battery at that point still continued to belch its fire as rapidly as the gunners could ram home the charge, but its shots went over our heads and landed far in the rear. Our men pressed forward this time from the captured earthworks, and dashing over the open field, in the usual disorder occasioned by a forest charge, for there was no time to re-form, they reached the hotel, now enwrapped in roaring and relentless flames. The bluecoats were swept back as autumn leaves before a fierce tornado, and, scattering in groups, they wildly retreated through the bushes and woods towards the Rappahannock River, except two brave gunners, who stood to their posts and worked their solitary gun till the determined hands of the victors were almost upon its muzzle.

Anderson's men brought up the center as Stuart with Jackson's brave battalions came rushing forward upon his left and McLaws' gallant division swept in on the right, all uniting on the field in the vicinity of Chancellor House, the late pivotal center of the operations of Hooker's grand army. Amid the intensest excitement of the terrible battle a great shout of victory went up from these three corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and then, just as the smoke from our own and the enemy's guns lifted from the heads of the triumphant legions, General Lee rode up on his war horse to the very center of the broken ranks of the rejoicing Confederates, and was greeted by a great simultaneous outburst of yells from many thousand throats, such shouts as only the bounding hearts of soldiers prompt and joyful souls draw forth. The great chieftain lifted his hat in recognition, but sat upon his famous horse as serene and calm as if on a holiday review, the personification of magnificent manhood. Doubtless his bosom heaved with gladness, too, but the goodness of his heart checked its manifestation, for victory ever lifted his thoughts in silent prayer to God, to whom he and Jackson, with steady Christian faith, invariably awarded all praise and glory.

I have been in many engagements, and have participated in six of the twelve greatest battles of the war between the States, but of them all, Chancellorsville was the most perfect picture of war that I ever saw. I stood upon the plank road beyond the hotel while our troops were re-forming after their wild exultation over the triumph and the heartfelt greeting of Lee, and looked, for a short while, over the

captured field. The Chancellor House was enveloped in flames—the long, lapping, licking tongues of fire, curling before a strong easterly wind, were sweeping overhead. Near by were unlimbered cannon, muzzles blackened with powder stain, some careened on crippled wheels, some altogether wheelless and blood bespattered. The limber chests were broken and shattered by explosions, the surviving horses were running wildly about the bloody field, trampling the dead and dying under hoof. Some of these animals were frantic with broken limbs, while others lay sprawling, gurgling out their last breath, tossing and striking their distracted heads against the ensanguined earth. Dead and wounded soldiers were scattered all over the field.

On both sides of the road were strewn loaves of bread, empty haversacks, broken cartridge boxes, bushels of loose hardtack, hundreds of knapsacks, some filled with clothes; thousands of muskets, broken, bent, and injured in many ways, and thousands uninjured; bayonets, pans, plates, broken wagons, swords, picks, spades, axes, canteens, and tin buckets, numberless, all without order. The leaves of the trees in the woods around were rent and perforated, the limbs bent, as could have been done only by such a storm of lead and iron hail. The bodies of the larger trees were spotted with bullet marks and shivered with shot and shell, while the shrubs and vines about the stumps were wilted, warped, and bent, and even the undergrowth of bushes and briars was beaten down by the feet of the soldiers and crushed by the fallen limbs of the trees. The utmost confusion prevailed—rags, torn coats, shirts, pants, socks,

blankets, tents, drums, fifes, horns, shoes, and other debris—all thrown aside with the disregard of desperate and reckless men. The stragglers were coming up with broad smiles on their faces, while the fast-retreating enemy occasionally fired a parting shot, with the sullen grumness of defeat.

Our soldiers hastily re-formed their scattered ranks and the head of the column was pressed forward in pursuit. Soon, however, the movement was reversed and the victorious columns were countermarched. It had been decided to fall upon Sedgwick at the Salem Church before sunset, and repeat the lesson of the morning. That night our troops sent up another yell of victory.

And now, passing over the great events of our Northern invasion, and leaving nearly a year behind us, again, in May, when flowers put forth their buds, perfuming the breezes, and "the whole leafy forest displayed in full luxuriance to the sighing gales," we marched down from the hills of Orange into the green wilderness of Spottsylvania, which was already smoking from the great cannonless battle between the infantry of Lee and Grant. Here Grant commanded the largest army ever assembled in America. Off to the right of the road we were deployed in line of battle to wait, wait for the order to forward! What an anxious time!—to wait, wait for the order, "Charge!" The roaring musketry rolled heavily on our left, where Grant, the hero of Donelson and Vicksburg, was pressing our troops so hard that General Lee felt the moment so perilous and critical that he must lead the charge of the Texans.

"'Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!'
This was what he seemed to say;
And, to the light of his glorious eye,
The bold brigades thus made reply:

"'We'll go forward, but you must go back.'
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track;
'Go to the rear, we'll send them to h——!'
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.
Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting the dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

"And backward in terror that foe was driven,
His banners rent and his columns riven
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the wilderness, wood, and wold."

The bullets came nipping the leaves and barking the trees around us, and still we waited, waited on the edge of the forest in the circle of battle. Our sharpshooters reported that regulars from the Western army, who had never known defeat, were in front of us, behind breastworks improvised from old logs and dead limbs. The order, "Charge!" was given, and onward we rushed through woods and bushes, firing and yelling, driving the regulars from their works, and dashing over the forest fortress—the dead leaves, afire, smoked and burned in our faces, scorched the wounded and parched the dead. Still onward, onward, till the confusion from the tangled brush and briars forced a halt to re-form the line. Now Longstreet and Jenkins rode to the front, drew the fire of friends, one was wounded and the other was killed—the battle of that day was over, and

Grant was defeated. Onward we strove, fighting through the Wilderness, where General Grant's loss was 17,666 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, to Spottsylvania Court House, where his loss was 18,396.

It was May 11, 1864, that the "Grand Old Division," now commanded by Mahone, had a hard day's marching getting out of the Wilderness, arriving at Spottsylvania Court House a few hours before sunset. The enemy had planted a battery in a strong position on his right, and the guns were smoking, and sending their thundering missiles over our heads, every one almost making my heart jump out of its place. It fell to the lot of Weisiger's Brigade to charge the position. An open field intervened, and on entering it the brigade was carried through a regular brigade drill, performing every evolution in beautiful style, while the shells were cracking and bursting overhead. The brave veterans dashed forward with their bullet-riddled, battle-smoked banners proudly floating above them, in almost perfect alignment, until it was discovered that the battery could not be reached, on account of an intervening stream. Then "Right about in retreat" was performed as orderly and perfectly as when on camp drill. I was frightened, but forgot myself in admiration of the gallant brigade to which I belonged—my pride was aroused, and it is pride that makes some of us brave.

About twilight we were ordered in position on the extreme left of our army, which we fortified during the night. Early next morning marching orders were received—all the work of fortifying to be lost, as it

was always, for our men never had an opportunity of receiving a charge behind breastworks; and we moved to the right, just in the rear of the line of battle, on the right and nearly opposite to the court house building. The bloody angle had been captured and Johnson with his division were prisoners.

This was the morning of the memorable twelfth day of May, 1864, the day of the great battle of Spottsylvania Court House. As our men lay in the line of battle on the brow of a slight elevation in the open field, the batteries of the enemy opened a terrific fire, and for over one hour we were subjected to the severe ordeal of shot and shell, and several soldiers of our regiment were wounded, including our colonel. I shall always remember our matchless chieftain, Lee, on this occasion. Shot and shell were falling all around like hailstones, plowing deep in the earth and scattering pebbles in the air, but he rode up on his famous iron-gray horse to survey the position of the enemy, sat there the peerless soldier in his saddle, as faultless in symmetry as if strung with iron nerves, calm, quiet, and indifferent to the storm of death-dealing missiles, thinking only of duty. It was an awe-inspiring scene, and I am sure that every soldier there remembers how, forgetting self, he trembled and prayed for the life of Lee, and how his heart throbbed with joy and gratification as he saw the old war-horse reined to the rear, for all believed that the cause of a dear country hung on the life of the great leader.

About one o'clock that afternoon we moved still farther to the right to support a brigade charging that terrible battery. We moved forward through

the woods with orders not to fire, as friends were in the front. After marching some distance, a line of battle, lying down, was discovered in the front, only a few paces distant, and we halted, supposing it was the brigade we were supporting; but we soon saw that they had blue coats, whereupon we fired a volley, which scattered them and left us masters of the woods. Again, about an hour before sunset we successfully charged earthworks, still farther to our right, held by pickets, and this closed our work for the day. Next day we moved again to the right, and fortified, to remain until Grant left the county, on May 20. These last days in Spottsylvania witnessed furious fighting and tremendous losses, and there commenced the last great struggle against overwhelming odds for the life of the Confederacy.

Not one day were we out of the sound of musket or cannon; not one day out of danger from minie ball or shell from the day we charged over the burning leaves of the Wilderness till the 9th of April, 1865. There was a continuous thunder and blaze of war all along the bloody and tortuous tracks of hostile armies from Wilderness to Appomattox, where our banner was furled forever.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead:
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, *furled* forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

A HISTORY OF THE CRATER

"THE FIELD OF BLOOD"

THE mine under the Confederate fort in front of Petersburg, Va., was constructed by the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants. It was commenced at twelve o'clock noon, on June 25, 1864.

The main gallery, 510.8 feet long, was completed on July 17. The left gallery, 37 feet long, was finished at midnight of July 22, and the right lateral gallery, 38 feet long, at 6 P. M. July 23. The amount of material excavated was 18,000 cubic feet.

The charging with 320 kegs of powder, weighing about 25 pounds each, was commenced on July 27 at 4 P. M., and finished at 10 P. M. The tamping was begun at 10 P. M. July 27, and completed at 6 P. M. July 28.

The fuse was lighted at 3:15 A. M. July 30, but did not explode. At 4:15 A. M. Lieutenant Jacob Douty and Sergeant Henry Rees, of the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, went into the gallery and found that the fire had stopped where the fuses were spliced. These daring men relighted it and at 44 minutes past 4 A. M. the powder exploded.

This was under Elliott's Salient, held by Pegram's Petersburg Battery of four guns, and the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second South Carolina Regiments of Elliott's Brigade occupied the parapets in the fort and the earthworks adjacent to it.

The earth rocked and waved from the explosion, and then went up a great cone-shaped mass of earth, about one hundred thousand cubic feet, through which the exploding powder blazed like lightning playing in a bank of clouds. In this column of earth and fire were seen the bodies of men, arms, legs, pieces of timber and a gun carriage. The immense rounded pillar of earth and dust, flame and smoke, rose slowly some two hundred feet in the air—hanging for a few seconds, and then the earth dropped in a great rim around the excavation, burying the dead and wounded men who had been hurled up in the blazing column. As the dust subsided and the red glare of the blazing powder died out, a heavy cloud of black smoke floated off with the wind. Two cannon were thrown out in front of the fort and only 6 men out of 28 men and 2 officers of Pegram's Battery escaped alive and unhurt.

The Twenty-Second South Carolina Regiment lost 170 killed and wounded, and the Eighteenth South Carolina Regiment 86, of whom 43 were killed and 43 wounded.

The accounts of the size of the crater vary, but Colonel Pleasants, who constructed the mine, says: "It was at least 200 feet long, 50 feet wide and 25 feet deep." ("Official Records," series 1, vol. 40, part 1, page 558.)

The contour of the excavation was in the shape of a long Irish potato, the sides of loose pulverized sand piled up precipitately, from which projected huge blocks of clay. This great fresh earthen cavity was like the mouth of a volcano with a rim around about twelve feet above the natural land. The siege

guns and field batteries on both sides thundered out and rained solid shot and shell like hail in a wind storm.

As soon as the startling effects of the upheaval had subsided, our troops having abandoned the vicinity, the troops of Burnside and Ord moved forward and occupied the crater, about 200 yards of our works to the north and 50 yards to the south, as well as a rear line or trench cavalier, which the Confederates had constructed to command our front line, and the Federal works at a distance of from 150 to 200 yards in our front.

The troops of the Ninth and Eighteenth Federal Corps held these places until the advance of the negro troops started out of the trench cavalier, when they were charged by Mahone's Brigade, which had just formed and was lying down in a ravine about 200 yards below, and after a hand-to-hand fight the Federals were driven out of the trench cavalier, and then out of the front line for 200 yards up to the crater.

Speaking of the occupation of the Crater by the Federals, Colonel W. H. Powell, the judge advocate of Ledlie's division says: "Little did these men anticipate what they would see upon arriving there; an enormous hole in the ground about thirty feet deep, sixty feet wide, and one hundred and seventy feet long, filled with dust, great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers, and men buried in various ways—some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth.

"One of these near me was pulled out and he

proved to be a second lieutenant of the battery which had been blown up. The fresh air revived him, and he was soon able to walk and talk. He was very grateful and said he was asleep when the explosion took place, and only awoke to find himself wriggling up in the air; then, a few seconds afterwards, he felt himself descending, and soon lost consciousness."

When the explosion occurred Mahone's Brigade occupied breastworks on Wilcox's farm about two miles distant in a direct line; but the course taken to reach the ravine gave it a march of two miles and a half to the point from which it charged.

It is well known that soldiers carry all their chattel property in knapsacks on their backs, and whenever ordered to march all things go along with them.

So when we were ordered to get out of the works, about an hour after the eruption of the powder volcano, scattering back to a cornfield to deceive the enemy about our movements, every man took all his property along. When hid from the enemy's sight the men were formed in regiments. Colonel George T. Rogers and Lieutenant-Colonel Harry W. Williamson, commanded the Sixth Regiment, Major R. H. Jones, the Twelfth Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel R. O. Whitehead and Major John T. Woodhouse, the Sixteenth Regiment, Major William H. Etheredge, the Forty-first Regiment and Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Stewart, the Sixty-first Regiment. Colonel David A. Weisiger of the Twelfth Regiment commanded the Brigade and Brigadier-General William Mahone commanded Anderson's Division.

The Brigade followed by Wright's Georgia

Brigade then marched towards the "blow up"; reaching a field where some apple trees stood, the men were ordered to throw off their knapsacks, blanket rolls and other luggage, placing them in piles to be guarded by details from the sick and weakly men. Then with only muskets and cartridge boxes, the men knew they had stripped for the fight. Thence marching on the banks of Lieutenant Run with hills to our right for protection against cannonballs and bombshells, finally going into a covered way and debouching into the ravine, we filed into line of battle, advanced a few yards up the slope of the ravine and were ordered to lie down.

Here the commanders of regiments gave directions to the men, cautioning them to rush with arms at trail and not to fire until they reached the ditch occupied by the enemy, then fire one volley, and use the bayonet and butt.

We could see that our works were crowded with troops, and their beautiful silken banners were floating over rows of glistening steel bayonets. I commanded the center regiment of the brigade and counting seven flags in its front, I said: "Boys, we must have all of those flags," and they did take five of them.

While waiting for the Georgia Brigade to form on our right, just as its head was coming out of the covered way, the negro regiments fronting us started forward from the trench cavalier—then "Forward" was shouted, and every man sprang to his feet and rushed up-hill two hundred yards without firing a gun, in the face of furious fusillades from the crater. When at the brink of the trench cavalier the negroes

cried no quarter, our line fired one volley and jumped in.

> "Hand to hand, and foot to foot;
> Nothing there, save death, was mute;
> Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
> For quarter, or for victory,
> Mingle there with volleying thunder."

Men fell so fast and thick that the dead and wounded were trampled by the fighters; and pools of blood made red mud in the trenches shoe-sole deep. It was quick and desperate work, but the victory was ours. Captain W. Gordon McCabe, whose battery had unlimbered on Blanford heights, and was looking on from the Gee House, said: "From this position I saw Mahone's men lying down in the ravine; I saw no troops to the right or left. Suddenly they jumped up and with a wild yell charged and carried the position occupied by the enemy north of the crater. I never saw a thing done so quickly."

Our men were maddened and wild with rage—deep and loud curses were hissed between clinched teeth as bayonets were thrust into men and drawn from the bleeding bodies of the dying or as the butt thud brought strong men to their knees. There were all around daring acts of nerve and bravery. The odds were heavily against us, but the fire of determination and desperation was strongest in our men and they won the field of blood.

Listen to the evidence of those who fought against us:

Colonel H. G. Thomas, who commanded the second negro brigade of Burnside's corps, says: "Whether

we fought well or not, the scores of our dead lying as thick as if mowed down by the hand of some mighty reaper and the terrible loss of officers can best attest." ("Official reports," *idem*, page 599.)

Burnside says that the colored Fourth Division was disorganized by passing the pits, crowded with men of other divisions, re-formed as well as possible beyond the crater and attempted to take the hill; that they were met at the outset by a counter-charge of the enemy, broke in disorder to the rear, passed through the crater and lines on the right, throwing into confusion and drawing off with them many of the white troops, and ran into their own lines; and further says: "The enemy regained a portion of his lines on the right. This was about 8:45 A. M. But not all the colored troops retired; some held the pits, from behind which they had advanced, severely checking the enemy till they were nearly all killed." ("Official Records," *idem*, page 528.)

This counter-charge spoken of by General Burnside was made by Mahone's Brigade, and of its desperate fight after reaching the trench cavalier, Captain Theodore Gregg, of Company F, Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, says: "A major of one of the negro regiments placed his colors on the crest of the crater, and the negro troops opened a heavy fire on the rebels, who were at that time charging on the ruined fort. In a few moments the rebel force, headed by several desperate officers, dashed into the pits among us, where a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued, both parties using their bayonets and clubbing their muskets. . . . Many of our men being killed and wounded, and the enemy

pressing us hard, we were compelled to fall back into the crater in order to save our little band." ("Official Reports," *idem*, page 554.)

The Federal General R. B. Potter says: "Shortly after the arrival of the colored troops the enemy made an assault on us, when these trops fled in confusion, sweeping a portion of my line back into the crater and pits in its vicinity. On the left of my line, held by the second brigade, my troops repulsed the enemy's assault and the troops of the first brigade held their position. The assault was quickly renewed and the fighting was hand to hand and desperate. One regiment lost its colors, the color bearer being wounded and taken prisoner; the colors of two regiments were entirely torn to pieces and the staves broken. My division had thus far suffered severely. All the regimental commanders of the second brigade, seven in number, were disabled, three killed and four mortally wounded and one of the latter a prisoner. No regiment had an officer left of higher rank than a captain, and scarcely four hundred effective men were left in the brigade who were now forced back into the crater and into the pits on the right." ("Official Records," *idem*, page 548.)

These reports tell us that Mahone's Brigade had hard hand to hand fighting to drive them out of our trench cavalier and our main line north of the crater; but it will be observed that they retreated into the crater and there continued the fight. The gallant Colonel Weisiger, our brigade commander, was wounded in the charge, and the command developed on Colonel Rogers of the Sixth Regiment.

The Georgia Brigade twice essayed to charge the

crater, but failed; the second time the men obliqued to the left, deflecting from the point, coming into the works already held by Mahone's Brigade. General Mahone came into the works which we held, made a careful and thorough examination, and ordered us to keep up a constant and sharp fire on the crater and the enemy's works in our front; then he went out and sent in Major Haskell with two small mortars to drop shells into the excavation, and one of these tore off General Bartlett's wooden leg.

Major Haskell's mortars and our rifle fire on the enemy did great execution, as will be seen from the reports of the Federal officers, and although orders to retire had reached them they were unable to obey on account of our raking rifle fire, which swept the space between the crater and their main line.

Captain Gregg says that he found General Bartlett inside the crater and told him that we had gained the entrenchments on the right of the fort and were preparing to drive them out of the crater.

"Through the exertions of General Bartlett, myself, and other officers we succeeded in forming most of the men around the crest of the crater and all were determined to defend the fort to the last. The crest of the fort was swept with canister and grape shot from the batteries of the enemy. In the meantime the enemy opened a heavy bombardment with their mortar batteries. They had perfect range of the crater; therefore, almost every shell exploded in the midst of the dense mass of men, killing and wounding many of our brave soldiers at every explosion. [These were evidently Haskell's mortar shells.] It appeared in a short time impossible to

hold the fort, as our men were overcome with excessive heat, and the negroes were almost destitute of ammunition.

"We succeeded in getting several hundred rounds from the dead and wounded in the fort. . . . I was ordered by General Bartlett to have a stand of colors placed on the fort to show our friends our position. At one o'clock P. M the bottom, sides and nearly all parts of the crater were strewn with the dead, dying, and wounded soldiers, causing pools of blood to be formed at the bottom of the crater." ("Official Reports," *idem*, page 555.)

Captain Gregg left the crater just before it was captured, saying that the loss of life was terrible. "There was death below as well as above the ground in the crater. It seemed impossible to maintain life from the intense heat of the sun."

Speaking of the conditions inside the crater Lieutenant-Colonel Powell, says: "There was no means of getting the food or water to them for which they were suffering. The midsummer sun shone upon their heads until waves of moisture produced by the exhalation from this mass slowly arose in perceptible horizontal layers; wounded men died there begging piteously for a drink of water—a drop of which was not to be had, for the men had long since drained their canteens. Soldiers extended their tongues to dampen their parched lips until they seemed to hang from their mouths like those of thirsty dogs, and yet they were kept waiting in this almost boiling cauldron, suffering with thirst and worn out with their all-night preparations and their fearful morning's work."

About the hour of 2 P. M. the Alabama Brigade under General John C. C. Sanders, with colors flying over a perfect alignment, rushed uphill from the depression from which we had charged in the morning and reached the rim of the crater in good order, driving the Federals from the trenches on the south, and after a short and desperate contest over the crater forced its surrender.

After the evacuation I went down into the excavation to see the death-hole which had belched out from the bowels of that hill in the early morning. The bottom was layered with mangled men, the dead trimmed the sides, and the groaning wounded all about cried out now and then for help and mercy. The hot sun bore hard down in their faces, and parching thirst forced piteous yells for water. It was a veritable inferno filled with sounds of suffering and paved with the rigid dead. Horrible to look upon and impossible for description to picture.

As soon as possible the wounded were borne out to our field hospitals, but the dead had to be buried in the pit; so details of men were made to throw those lying on the sides down to the bottom and dirt was shoveled down to cover the hundreds of dead in the powder-dug grave.

The crater which the morning sun had seen them claim as victors was their sunset grave. Alas, for human hopes!

How many had Mahone fought with his three brigades? The "Official Records" must answer: Series 1, vol. 40, part 1, p. 178: "Ninth corps, July 31, 9127 men"; p. 60: "Lost 3584, July 30"; p. 67: "I put every single man of the Ninth corps in ac-

tion." P. 83: "Had two divisions to aid in the assault, Ames of Eighteenth corps, with 3500 available muskets, and Turner of the Tenth corps, with 4000 muskets—20,211 muskets. Then, three corps, Hancock, Birney and Warren, were on their arms in supporting distance."

Our total assaulting force, which was directed in every movement by General William Mahone, numbered 1800 men, rank and file. It captured 1101 prisoners, 1965 small arms, 19 flags—15 by Mahone's Brigade, 3 by Sanders's Brigade, and 1 by Wright's Brigade. The loss of the enemy was between five and six thousand.

A new line of battle was adjusted around the rim of the crater next to the Federals and each side kept up continuous rifle firing, forcing the soldiers to keep down in the trenches for safety.

Sunday was a day of hot sunshine and sickening odors from the three hundred dead lying between the hostile lines. Monday morning there was a truce of three hours to bury these dead. That night Mahone's Brigade was relieved and silently moved out of the blood-soaked trenches to return to the fortification on Wilcox farm.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The force of noble example shines for us as an everlasting Pharos, directing life towards the standard of ideal manhood. The young man who begins life with goodness in his heart and greatness in his mind, guided by duty as his polar star, will grow in wisdom as the years go by, and scatter rich treasures along the pathway of those who follow. If you desire to mold heroic character, to make a character around which the tendrils of the unstained heart of youth can cling unsoiled, you must plant your first steps upon the rock of truth, and carry God's banner with the unfaltering grasp of your strong right hand to the goal of your ambition. Only One Life has molded a perfect model, but those great men who have watched nearest the gateway to God's throne are highest in the standard of manhood.

I am here to present one of the great men of Virginia, illustrious as a scholar and scientist, a patriot of unfaltering courage, a man for the glory of manhood—a man for the love of Americans, a man worthy of the gratitude of the world—Matthew Fontaine Maury. His life was marked by the highest integrity, the strictest honor, the most attractive simplicity, the most charming modesty. He was always and everywhere a noble, wise, true man, governed by the exalted sentiment written to his mother while at his post of duty on the high seas:

"My greatest ambition is to be a useful man in my day and generation."

Oh, young men, open your hearts to love him; lift your ambition to be useful men in your day and generation! It was his brain that sounded the depths of science, and spread the knowledge, without price or patent right, which has rescued thousands of human lives and saved incalculable wealth from the bottomless waters.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was born in the dawn of the nineteenth century, on the 14th day of January, 1806. He was born in the county named for the ablest Colonial Governor, Alexander Spotswood, whose enterprising hand erected, near the birthplace of Maury, the first iron furnace in America; whose energy led to the discovery of a passage over the Blue Ridge, when, accompanied by John Fontaine, a kinsman of Maury, and other brave men, they were the first whites who ever beheld that beautiful valley —the pride and glory of Virginia.

In Spottsylvania County, the birthplace of John Forsythe of Georgia, the home of General Hugh Mercer, the hero martyr of Princeton's bloody battlefield; the grave of Mary, the mother of Washington; the scene of four of the greatest battles between the Confederate and Union armies; almost in the shadow of the enchanted castle where John Fontaine received his golden horseshoe from the chivalric Spotswood; near where the earth drank the life blood of Stonewall Jackson; was the first home of Richard and Diana Minor Maury, parents of the great "Pathfinder of the Seas."

The blood of Protestant England and Huguenot

France coursed in the veins of Maury. Pride of lineage may be scorned, but surely there should exist in every home reasonable regard for family traditions; and the beacon lights of chivalric ancestry should blaze the way along the pathway of the lives of children. There is a virtue in blood that stimulates the energies and preserves the honor of men. Why should we not be proud of forefathers who won fame on glorious battlefields, or gained immortal glory in a Christian martyr's death?

In the year 1563 in the ancient province of Maine, near the borders of Normandy, in France, Jean Fontaine and his wife, ancestors of Maury, were murdered for their zealous faith in our Protestant religion; but their sons survived, to rear a noble progeny.

Maury was the great-great-grandson of the exile, Rev. James Fontaine, whose only daughter, Mary Ann Fontaine, married Matthew Maury.

Rev. James Maury, their son, was the Episcopal clergyman and teacher in Walker Parish, Albemarle County, Va., who numbered among his pupils three boys who were afterwards Presidents of these United States—Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, all twice elected—and five signers of the American Declaration of Independence.

Richard Maury, his son, married Diana, daughter of Major John Minor, of Carolina County, Virginia, in 1790, and twenty-one years afterwards, when Matthew was in his fifth year, they packed all of their chattels in wagons, left their Spottsylvania home, and emigrated to far off Tennessee. They settled on a farm near the village of Franklin, where little

Matthew, as he grew up, hoed cotton and plowed corn and attended the old field school as occasion permitted.

Once when he went to a shop of a neighborhood cobbler (Neal), he saw the shoe soles scribbled over with little " x's " and " y's " and this, he said, first excited his ambition to become a mathematician. In that dingy shop, on the firm, hammered soles of the customers' shoes, this humble and obscure man wrote lessons which inspired the plowboy to reach out for that knowledge which was, in after years, to make his name known throughout the world.

Accidentally falling from a tree, he was so injured as to be unable to perform farm work, and then his father acceded to his earnest solicitations for an education, and Maury was entered as a pupil in the village academy. The ambitious youth soon gained the friendship of his teachers, one of whom, J. H. Otey, was afterwards Bishop of Tennessee and the other an eminent lawyer of the State of New York (W. C. Hasbrouck). Through their influence, rugged Sam Houston, the hero of Texan independence, then Congressman from Tennessee, had Maury appointed a midshipman in the United States navy (1825).

Maury's father rather disapproved of the selection of this profession, because the perils of the sea had already claimed his eldest son, a distinguished officer in the naval service. Notwithstanding, the dauntless youth of nineteen years set his face to the sunrise, and, on a horse bought on credit, with thirty dollars in his pocket, borrowed from his under-teacher, he rode over the rugged mountains of Tennessee and

southwest Virginia, along the bridle paths and rocky roads for thirty days.

When he reached a cousin's home, near where the University of Virginia now stands, he had fifty cents in his pocket, and when he arrived at Fredericksburg this was reduced to twenty-five cents. He there sold his horse, and sent the money thus obtained to his creditor in Tennessee.

At "Laurel Hill," the home of his aunt, Mrs. Edward Herndon, in Spottsylvania, the stout-hearted naval cadet first met the little maiden who, "with eyes that look'd into the very soul," brought love to his heart. A few years after, while in New York, he sent this little maid a little glass seal with "Mispah" engraved on it, requesting that she should always use it in writing to him.

The Naval Academy had not yet been established, therefore the young cadet had to commence the active duties of his profession on the deck of a man-of-war, and his strict attention to his duties soon won the respect of his superior officers.

In the narrow quarters of a cadet, and assisted with no other text-book than an old Spanish work on navigation and a dictionary, he applied himself to the task of acquiring a new language and such nautical information as it contained. He chalked diagrams in spherical trigonometry on the round shot in the quarterdeck racks, to enable him to utilize time in mastering problems while pacing to and fro, passing and repassing, on his watch.

The *Brandywine*, on which Midshipman Maury made his first cruise, conveyed La Fayette back to France after his visit to the United States. From

this ship Maury was ordered to the *Constitution*, then cruising in the Mediterranean.

On his third cruise (1831) Maury's attention was taken and his interest aroused by the curious phenomenon of " The low barometer off Cape Horn," and it was upon this subject that he wrote his first scientific paper.

When he returned from a three years' cruise in the Pacific, after passing his examinations he went to Fredericksburg (1834) and was married to Miss Ann Herndon, " the little maid " whom he met when he came first to Virginia. She was the sister of the peerless hero and noble sailor, Commander William Lewis Herndon, who sank to his death with his ill-fated ship *Central America*. After struggling for days in the tempest with his leaking ship, after saving all the women and children, and when all hope had perished, Herndon went to his stateroom, put on the full uniform of an American naval commander, took his stand upon the wheel-house and lifted his cap as the ship went down.

Quoting my hero: "A cry arose from the sea, but not from his lips. The waves had closed about him, and the curtain of night was drawn over one of the most sublime moral spectacles that the sea ever saw."

Maury upon the occasion of his marriage gave as a fee to the clergyman who performed the ceremony the last ten dollars he had in the world. Soon after his marriage he left for Philadelphia to make arrangements with the publisher to bring out his first book on navigation, and here his struggles with poverty were simply heroic, for in such dire straits

was he that he was forced to live in a garret room and subsist on crackers and cheese.

It was a bold step for an officer of no higher grade than a passed midshipman to write a book on nautical subjects, but it made its way in spite of all obstacles, and was favorably noticed by the highest authorities in England and France, and was soon made a text-book for the United States navy. This marked a long stride up the ladder of fame, for it was the first nautical work of science to come from the pen of a naval officer.

Soon after this work on navigation was published, Maury was attached, as astronomer and hydrographer, to the South Sea Exploring Expedition, then fitting out under command of Commodore Catesby Jones. But as Captain Wilkes was afterwards appointed to succeed Commodore Jones, and as it was understood that the new commander wished to reorganize the expedition, Maury, with great delicacy, resigned his position. He was then assigned the duty of making a survey of southern harbors, in which he was engaged for more than a year, when he obtained a leave of absence of a few weeks to visit his parents in Tennessee. On returning to New York from this visit, he gave up his seat inside of the stage coach in which he was traveling to a poor woman who could not stand the exposure of the cold night air, and while riding on the top was thrown off, and his leg broken at the knee. Bad surgery caused him to suffer from this a long time, and lamed him for life.

While confined with his broken limb he turned his attention to writing a series of articles on " Naval Reform," under the title of " Scraps from the Lucky

Bag," which were published (1836) in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, under the signature of "Harry Bluff." He at this time urged the building of forts at Key West and Dry Tortugas. The "Scraps from the Lucky Bag" attracted so much attention, and were so universally approved by naval men, that they had large numbers of the papers printed and circulated, although the author was unknown to them. When it was learned that Maury was the author, his great ability was generally acknowledged, and he was urged to accept a station to which his talents entitled him—namely, Secretary of the Navy in President Tyler's cabinet. This he modestly refused, and in 1842 he was placed in charge of the Depot of Charts and Instruments at Washington. This office soon developed into the world-renowned National Observatory and Hydrographic Department of the United States. He received this appointment in the seventeenth year of his service, and the thirty-sixth year of his age.

In 1831 Maury was appointed master of the sloop-of-war *Falmouth*, and ordered to the Pacific Station. Here was brought home to him his need for explicit sailing directions, but he searched in vain for this information as to the winds and currents to be encountered and the best path for his vessel. He doubtless then resolved to supply the want, for on the voyage he conceived the idea of the celebrated "Wind and Current Charts" and "Sailing Directions" which have accomplished so much for the commerce of the world. His station at the National Observatory gave him the opportunity of developing his great idea. From the information extracted

by hard labor from the old log books which had been stored away as rubbish, and from data made by him on his route from New York to Rio De Janeiro, Brazil, the first chart of his series and the first sailing directions were made.

They were unappreciated at first, but Captain John J. Jackson of the *Baltimore*, clipper ship, determined to trust the new chart, and follow the path directed. The experiment was a wonderful success, and after this there was no hesitation about the use of the charts and sailing directions. An active interest in Maury's work was soon excited in all parts of the world, and the originator became known as the great "Pathfinder of the Seas."

The results of his discovery were so wonderful that his praises were sounded to the ends of the earth. Boston merchants offered to buy a ship for him to try new routes, and President Fillmore and the Secretaries of the Navy, Dobbin and Graham, gave enthusiastic expressions of approval, and resolutions were offered in the Senate of the United States acknowledging that Maury's discoveries had reflected honor upon himself and upon his country. In this day, however, he is denied credit by the United States Navy Department for his genius, because what should be Maury's charts are now published monthly by the Hydrographic Office under the name of the United States Pilot Charts. Julius A. M. Palmer of Boston, in our centennial year, said: "We find absolutely but one name worthy of mention in the same breath as that which applauds the genius of Columbus—that name is, Matthew Fontaine Maury. No less a scholar than the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain remarked

to me with that calmness which distinguishes from impulse; a judicial opinion: 'I do not suppose that there is the least doubt that Maury was the greatest man America has ever produced.'

"Such judgment does not ignore the discoveries of all our eminent men, each remarkable in the field of science to which his studies were devoted, but just as Columbus stands by himself, a creative genius in the midst of many others,—these latter perhaps having given to the world good works as abiding as his,—so with all that has been done for America by workers in steam, in telegraphy, in electrical science, there stands over and above them all the creative genius of Maury. Enter any library and discover if you can what was known of the trade winds, the monsoons, the Gulf Stream, the prevailing winds, the currents and the general circulation of the ocean, all the essentials for navigating the globe, before the day of Maury. . . . Could you by miracle be put into the possession of all that was known before his day, ignoring that for which we are in debt to him now, it would be comparatively nothing. There is not a book on sailing directions published in any of the languages of civilization but what is dependent upon Maury for its facts and its principles."

These acknowledgments of justice from Northern men should send a thrill of delight to the hearts of Virginians and lift us to hope that over and beyond the veil of prejudice which has covered the land will come the recognition deserved by the greatest man born on the Western Hemisphere.

While analyzing and tabulating the millions of

observations that were reported to him at the observatory, he wrote the "Physical Geography of the Sea," which Humboldt pronounced one of the most charming and instructive books in the English language. Twenty editions were sold in England alone, and it was translated in six different languages.

"The American Scientist" attracted so much attention, that at his solicitation a congress of the chief nations interested in commerce was called, in 1853, at Brussels, under the auspices of King Leopold, with the object of the further development of meteorological research, which resulted in recommending the establishment of investigation boards throughout Europe and a uniform system of observations. Maury also insisted that the same principle was applicable to the land as to the sea.

He was now full of honors, rich in fame, and the best-known American in the world. Humboldt declared that he had founded a new science, and John C. Calhoun said "he was a man of great thoughts." Sixteen learned societies in Europe and America made him honorary member of their bodies, orders of knighthood were offered him, and many medals were struck in his honor. No other American was ever so honored by foreign potentates, and no other man ever received any decorations of honor with more becoming modesty.

After Maury returned from Brussels he continued to push his scheme for meteorological co-operation on land as well as on sea. He was the originator in design and detail of the present system of weather observation, now generally taken all over the country.

Maury first demonstrated the practicability of his

grand conception of harnessing the lightning and coursing it along the floor of the great sea from the New to the Old World. He insisted that whenever a survey could be made of the bottom of the ocean between Newfoundland and Ireland, it would be ascertained that such were the moderate depths, such the perfect repose there, and absence of disturbing currents, that telegraphic cables could be as safely and successfully laid there as upon land. The deep-sea soundings in 1849-50 established the truth of his predictions, for they brought up little shells in a perfect state of preservation. If these shells could rest on the bottom of the sea undisturbed by the waves or currents, a telegraphic cable once laid there would remain as completely beyond the reach of accident as it would be if buried in air-tight cases.

He said in 1850 that the true character of a cable for the deep sea should not be an iron rope as large as a man's arm, but a simple copper wire coated with gutta percha, and not larger than a lady's finger. After two disastrous failures of other plans, Maury's ideas were accepted, and carried into effect with success.

At a dinner given in New York in 1858 to celebrate the arrival of the first message by the submarine cable across the Atlantic, Cyrus W. Field said: "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work."

In 1855 he published a chart with two lanes laid down, each twenty-five miles broad, for the use of steamships in going and returning across the Atlantic Ocean to avoid the danger of collisions in fogs. These were generally adopted by larger steamship

companies, and in consequence of their satisfaction the merchants and underwriters of New York presented him with five thousand dollars in gold and a handsome silver service.

When the war between the North and the South opened it found the famous scientist in the midst of his useful labors. The National Observatory under his wise management was daily increasing its usefulness—from nothing it had leaped into the foremost rank of all nations.

He had been long engaged on a work entitled "Astronomical Observations—Cataloguing the Stars," which was progressing satisfactorily; and other projects for the advancement of science seemed on the point of realization when the war came, like the rushing of mighty winds, to sweep all in ruin.

He made earnest efforts and eloquent appeals to Northern statesmen to throw their influence in the breach to avert war, for he was a man of peace, a student and philosopher—opposed to the war. But when Virginia called for her sons he turned his back upon his congenial scientific labors, upon all plans that he had organized for the good of mankind, and all his splendid discoveries and achievements were sacrificed to the inexorable law of duty, though his heart was torn by terrible throes at this, his noblest, greatest, act of self-sacrifice.

Admiral Fitz Roy of the British navy said: "One of his most distinguishing traits was personal disinterestedness." Yes; his self-forgetfulness was a crowning virtue of his life. He had every inducement to remain at the Observatory—no personal advantages to gain by serving the Confederacy. Both

President Davis and his Secretary of the Navy were unfriendly to him, yet as a duty to Virginia he did not hesitate a moment to espouse her cause.

He resigned on April 20, 1861, went to Richmond, was appointed Commodore in the Virginia Navy, and selected by the Sovereign Convention as one of the "Advisory Council" of three to Governor Letcher; and its first order was to advise the appointment of Colonel Robert E. Lee as commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces of Virginia.

As soon as it became known in Europe that Maury had resigned from the service of the United States, autocratic Russia invited him to become her guest until war was over and peace had come to America, tendering ample means to pursue his researches and to make a pleasant and comfortable home on the Neva for his family.

How variable are the edicts of time! France, the nation that had murdered some of his ancestors and banished others to America, Imperial France, tendered him a like invitation, but the path of duty and honor was plain to him—he stood by Virginia in her need, turning away from wealth, luxury, and safety for poverty and danger.

On June 10, 1861, the Advisory Council was abolished, and the same day Commodore Maury was made Chief of the Sea Coast, Harbor, and River Defenses of the South. While acting in this capacity he invented the electric torpedo, both for harbor and land defense. However, he failed to impress the Confederate naval authorities with its usefulness, until sturdy John Letcher prevailed upon them to witness experiments on the James River, and the next day the sum

of $5000 was placed at his disposal to plant the torpedoes in the river. His effectual blockade of the James River at the bend gave General Butler the idea of Dutch Gap Canal.

While engaged in developing this great engine of defensive warfare, Maury was ordered to Europe as Naval Agent of the Confederate States, in England. Accompanied by his son, he sailed on a blockader from Charleston, S. C., on October 24, 1862, purchasing munitions of war and naval cruisers while in England, where he resumed the work of perfecting his torpedo invention. He sailed from England under orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and received the crushing news of the collapse of the Confederacy on his arrival at St. Thomas in the West Indies.

" My friends, I saw the sun rise at Appomattox on the ninth of April, 1865; then there were only two divisions of the Army of Northern Virginia intact, with 7697 ready rifles in their hands. We heard Gordon's guns and saw their smoke linger in the tree tops across the field, and these divisions (Mahone's and Field's), with steady eyes and anxious hearts, awaited the order of the Chieftain to forward and to fire. They were patriots with undaunted courage set for dangerous duty. While the tide of disaster had swung all around them, no power but the irresistible death bullet could break their steady purpose to march to the strife, hand to hand. The thought of capitulation could not come to these men, yet unconvinced that their flag could be touched by the conqueror's heel. A moment after those guns were hushed we saw a horseman with the white flag riding across the field, and our country was dead. At

that instant our hearts sank with the indescribable humiliation of countryless soldiers, and leaning on loaded muskets, strong men wept.

"When Cornwallis gave his sword to Washington at Yorktown his soldiers went back as cherished children to the British kingdom, which had sent them to its service.

"When Lee surrendered, his soldiers had no country, no homes to call their own—a life in exile and poverty seemed sweet to that in one's native land where black slaves could be masters and masters felons.

"As the cyclone's wings swirl wreck over the land, so came the destruction of the Confederacy to its soldiers, and the hearts of those in the vortex went into bottomless despair, and but for the touch of General Grant's chivalry the ordeal would have been more terrible than death."

This scene came upon Commodore Maury like the sudden death of a heart's idol, and no human lips can tell the sorrow of his heroic heart. The extermination of his country without the knowledge of the circumstances, flashing upon him while on the sea, brought excruciating distress.

The true man lifted his torn heart to God, and wrote on the leaf of his Bible: "Sunday, May 7th, 1865.—At sea again. My son and I without a home, and bound, I know not whither, save to 'that bourne.'" He went to Cuba, wrote a letter to the Admiral commanding the Gulf Squadron, surrendering his sword, in which he said: "In peace or war, I follow the fortune of my State, Virginia; as she has laid down her arms, I will ground mine also."

In this extremity Maury sent his son to the United States, to look out for his mother, and he cast about for a new home and country, not so much for himself as for his people—those glorious Virginians, who, from that distance, appeared to him as galling under the yoke of relentless conquerors.

The Emperor of Mexico made him Imperial Commissioner of Colonization, and he set about planting a new Virginia in that beautiful land of perpetual harvests. His friends advised him to give up the scheme, but his heart was set upon it, and his hopes went out only with the fall of the empire. He had, however, in the short interval of his Commissionership of Colonization conferred one blessing upon Mexico—the introduction of the chinchona tree, thereby reducing the price of quinine for the world, which benefaction will last as long as Mexico's empires, kingdoms, or republics live.

Maury arrived in England from Mexico on March 29, 1866, to join his family, almost penniless. Opportunely, the unforgotten services of the great man to mankind brought a "Maury Testimonial" from the hearts of Englishmen and other Europeans, which relieved his immediate necessities. The noble man did not lay down his armor in despair, but struck out with wonted energies to build up his broken fortunes.

Napoleon III. invited him to instruct a board of French officers in his system of defensive sea-mining, and paid him well for it, for the French were delighted with his instructions. He, however, preferred Old England, and afterwards opened, in London, a school for instruction in the use of electric torpedoes.

At the same time he was occupied in the preparation of a series of schoolbooks, to be published by a New York house, and are the same used in some of our schools to-day.

The fame of Maury's great scientific labors had not faded in his adversity, and, in recognition thereof, in 1868 the University of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of LL. D., at the same time Alfred Tennyson received this great honor.

He then returned to Virginia to accept the chair of physics at the Virginia Military Institute, having declined the Directorship of the Imperial Observatory of France, and the superintendency of the University of the South. He preferred a place of usefulness with his own people in his native State, with a small salary, to a high position and large salary in a foreign land, or even in another State.

Much of his time was occupied in the physical survey of Virginia, and plans for establishing direct trade between Hampton Roads and Europe.

"Naturally," says Maury, "and both in a geographical and military point of view, Norfolk, with Hampton Roads, at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, as its lower harbor, and San Francisco, inside of the Golden Gate, in California, occupy—one on the Pacific, the other on the Atlantic—the most important maritime positions that lie within the domains of the United States. Each holds the commanding point on its sea front; each has the finest harbor on its coast, and each with the most convenient ingress and egress for ships—each as safe from wind and wave as shelter can make them. Nor is access to either ever interrupted by the frosts of winter. In the harbors

of each there is room to berth, not only all the ships of commerce, but the navies of the world also."

His last labors were the series of lectures in the South in behalf of agriculture, from the exposure and fatigues of which he was made sick unto death, and, when arrived at home, he met his wife on the threshold and said: "My dear, I am come home to die."

The last production of his pen for publication was "A Vindication of the South and of Virginia." It is a masterly paper in which he begins with remonstrances of the thirteen British Colonies with the Mother Country, tracing the origin of the Revolution and success of the American rebellion to independence; then following with the political controversies in the States which culminated in our bloody sectional war and the overpowering of the Confederacy, and concludes with this noble sentence: "Her sons who fell died in defense of their country, their homes, their rights, and all that makes native land dear to the hearts of men." The principles for which their lives were given must be the basis of republican government.

It is the most compact, complete and convincing vindication of the Confederate Cause which adorns the pages of its brief, brilliant history. The Southern soldiers did not die in vain, and history will so record it.

In 1866 Maury was offered ten thousand pounds in cash for the mere use of his name in connection with a telegraph company, but after looking into it he said: "I cannot touch it as it stands, for my precious good name is the pride of my children and my

particular jewel, therefore I must honor it, and not lend it, except for wise, good, and useful things." He made the same noble reply when offered a salary of thirty thousand dollars by a great lottery company. Satan was tempting him with all the power of flattery and gold, but he turned his back upon all, to write attractive schoolbooks for children, and afterwards to teach young men at our Virginia Military Institute. He said, "I could not wind up my career more usefully than by helping to shape the character and mold the destinies of the rising generation."

Like few great men, the nearer you get to him, the greater he is. The Dean of Cambridge in conferring the degree of LL. D. upon Maury truly said: "Nor is he merely authority in nautical science. He is also a pattern of noble manners and good morals, because he has always shown himself a brave and good man."

He counseled tenderness, pleasant manner, and kind words; and his doctrine of great men was—that all *useful* men are *great;* that the talent of industry makes a man; that not so much depends upon intellect as is generally supposed, but industry and steadiness of purpose are the things. The pure and simple religious influence of his boyhood marked his daily walk, and the precepts imbibed in youth followed him through life. With him religion and science never conflicted. "The Bible is true and science is true, and therefore each, if truly read, but proves the truth of the other."

His devotion to his immediate family was sublime. He said: "My sweet wife and dear children make

home the sweetest place on the face of the earth." "These precious children, I am so proud of them, their praises, coming from the heart, are more than music to my ears; 'tis joy and comfort to my soul." His great desire was that they should treat him not only as their father and their friend, but as their companion too. As busy as he was with scientific problems, he always found time to teach them, amuse them, and counsel with them. When absent, he wrote his wife every day—a great philosopher yielding daily homage to the throne of love.

His friends were legion and his warm heart linked them "with hooks of steel." His honor for his parents, his attachment for his brothers and sisters, his steady friendship, his devotion for his wife, his love for his children, his affection for mankind, his goodness in all, cannot be excelled by his knowledge in science, for his heart and his head always worked in harmony, like sailors under one flag. No higher order of patriotism ever crowned a hero's name. As the Dean of Cambridge declared: "No one can withhold his admiration from the man who, though numbered among the vanquished, held his faith pure and unblemished even at the price of poverty and exile." The force of Maury's example will grow stronger as the searchlight of time reveals the wisdom of men, for manliness in all its beauty rounds up the life of this mighty man of science. The strong magnetism of his sincere and simple manners draws us to him with an irresistible attachment, and the man of heart in every age must love the life of Maury. Matthew Fontaine Maury, illustrious scholar, incomparable scientist, incorruptible hero—the rich memorial of

his great name gives our State a crown star forever! Virginia owes him a monument for his self-sacrifice to her cause, and every State and nation of the earth should add a stone for his services to mankind. He traced the course of the winds, marked the currents of the sea, delineated the unseen floors of the ocean, mapped the skies, catalogued the stars, trained the lightning to pierce the deep of the ocean, forecast the dangers of the great waters and the whirl of the cyclone, the melting of the frosts, the advance of the floods, the coming of the "beautiful snow," and when and where the sunshine would bless the earth, and the clouds would cover the mountains, or soften the valleys with their raindrops. He invented the electric torpedo, invisible, silent barrier to guard the sea coasts and harbors and natural boundaries of nations from hostile invaders. Although he neither owned nor cultivated the land, he loved agriculture because it is the indestructible source of prosperity for the people. His last labors, enthusiastically pursued to his death hour, were for a plan of forecasts to warn the farmer when the atmosphere would blight or bloom his crops.

Noble impulses, pure motives, unselfish manhood! He learned the harmony of religion and science from the grain of sand on the sea shore and the dew drop on the flower. He saw God in the calm of the sea, in the tremble of the mountain, in the smoke of the volcano; blessed Him for heat and cold, light and darkness, and simply clung to the cross of Christ for the eternal life promised in His blood. In this faith he quietly died on the first day of February, 1873, at Lexington, in his beloved Virginia.

THE PORTRAIT OF COMMODORE MAURY, FOR R. E. LEE CAMP, NO. 1

[A handsome three-quarter length oil portrait of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury was formally presented to R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, on February 25, 1905. Hon. W. A. Anderson, Attorney-General of Virginia, made the presentation address, and the speech of acceptance was as follows:]

Ladies and Gentlemen:

My heart throbs are doubly quick and I tremble because I feel my weakness in the presence of so great a theme.

Oh, that I were capable of filling the place of your distinguished and beloved citizen, Virginius Newton, who would have spoken to you with a nearness of heart beyond my power had not God called him from earthly labors to eternal rest! I therefore crave your indulgence for my poor effort.

Mr. Commander, I regard your Camp as a halo of civic virtue for the capital of the Southern Confederacy. R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, is an institution which has provided bread for our comrades, and given our spirit nation this hall of fame. I have been honored by you with the duty of formally receiving the portrait of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, the greatest scientist of America and the wisest sailor of the world, and I assure you I am appreciative of this distinction.

This portrait of the "Pathfinder of the Sea" comes to your hall of fame from a modest, generous,

noble-minded, and patriotic citizen of Richmond, through the faithful Confederate soldier and eminent Attorney-General of Virginia, with eloquent and burning words striking deep into our hearts.

Major Anderson, I am commissioned to accept it and through you to express to the donor the gratitude and loving thanks of Lee Camp, and of all who love the memory of Maury.

The soldiers of the Mikado believe that the spirits of their slain comrades are unhappy until the purpose for which they sacrificed their lives is accomplished. The bliss of the departed depends upon the success of the living. They fight while yearning spirits hover over the battlefield watching their faithfulness and admiring their valor. Their desperate charges are made in the presence of the unseen, whose approval they desire above life, and their efforts are given in an idealistic unselfishness for the happiness of those who have gone before into the spirit land.

It is a beautiful sentiment, and it makes one feel that he is doing that which our God, His angels, and saints approve; and it is not unseemly to imagine that the spirits of those represented by the pictures on these walls look on this scene with gracious approval, and welcome the advent of the portrait of one of the foremost of the splendid galaxy.

Here is heroic comradeship, which speaks only of lofty ideals! Here is patriotism of the highest grade! Selfish commercialism is put behind as an unclean thing, and sentiment sways the conscience as the ruler of hope, hope that we may do good for those about us, hope that we may leave something

good for those to come after us. Reversing the heathen idealism, we fight with unselfish minds for the living and the unborn.

Maury said: "The true secret of happiness is occupation for some useful end." He once wished riches to build colleges for the youth of the land, and "be happy as the angels are in the consciousness of doing good." The useful ends to which he devoted his life have borne glad tidings to the world, and the nations of the whole earth are thankful for his gifts.

He was born in the beginning of the last century, —a century which has evolved the greatest events in America,—in the county in which her greatest armies have striven in bloodiest contests, where Stonewall Jackson made his greatest maneuver and spilled his life-blood to consecrate an undying cause; and he grew to boyhood in the mountains where Hood's legions of the Western army made Franklin the scene of the bloodiest battle in Tennessee.

There dreams of greatness pressed his ambition to conquer the sea, and "call the roll of worlds"; thence he turned to learn the ways of the winds and waves without a teacher, outside of the walls of a college, with his own self-reliance to govern and guide his aspirations.

"What thrill is his who scans the boundless skies,
And calls the roll of worlds; or his, whose greed
Can fancy earth's domain to him decreed!
But thou, with all the treacherous sea thy prize,
Writhing and fretting 'neath thy searching eyes,
Thus chid the captive pleading to be freed,
'I know thy ways, O Sea; and to thy sighs

My ear is tuned, and to thy savage cries.
The runes thou writest on the sands I read;
And to thy vexing I design a chart
To mark the varied pulsing of thy heart:
To show when man may press thy breast secure,
And when thou wilt no wanton touch endure,
And he must contemplate thy wrath apart.'"

—R. A. Stewart.

Think of the task he essayed when he first put foot on the deck of the man-of-war *Brandywine!* Think of the victory he had won when his work was done and his life went out at Lexington! He lived a just man; he held love for our Lord and Master in the deep of his heart, and he died a Christian.

Something useful for his day and generation was the boundary of his hopes when he struggled with the problems of life; far reaching, it swept the face of the globe and touched the interests of civilization, aye, humanity, with blessings. Who of all America's workers wrought in a wider field or wrought greater things for the good of mankind, untouched by a single stain of selfishness! Every prayer, every aspiration, every hope in all his life was to a useful end and for the benefit of those around him, and for those to come after him.

He did not achieve all the great works which he gave so freely to mankind without pain, physical as well as mental anguish. It is the fate of all human goodness, like the purified metal, to pass through a fiery furnace. The suffering which came to him through a crippled limb and the misery caused by the naval board which retired him from the service, are evidences that he had to battle with the thorns and briars of life to gain the heights of fame.

His life teaches us how strong we should be when we become the target of the enemy's thundering guns, how watchful when the sharp stiletto of the false friend glistens at our back. It teaches us to marshal our resources and plant, not for ourselves alone, but for humanity, in the ways God has given us.

There are many soldiers and sailors of the South yet spared to do good, to work for a useful end. The last constitutional convention of Virginia unintentionally erected a monument to its own memory, which rises as the highest memorial for the patriotism of Confederate soldiers and sailors. It said to them: "Your sacrifice in war is enough to entitle you to be fiduciaries of our government, without the burden of a poll tax which you may be unable to bear." It is an ideal shaft, stronger than granite, more enduring than bronze, more beautiful than marble, higher than Alpine summit, and purer than the snow on its cap. It is the most admirable sentiment of the heart's pure emotions set in the fundamental law of Virginia.

My ever honored comrades, how shall we use the privilege so freely given is the problem before us. There is one thing all of us can do, that is to cast our ballots for men who truly promise to place duty to constituents above self interest; who, like Washington, Jefferson, Lee, and Maury, hold office for the good of the people. If we can prevent corrupt election methods we will deserve the high place which the architects of our constitution have given us as their crown of fundamental law. Clear out self-seekers, grafters, and lobbyists, and you will have clean poli-

tics, giving lessons for the leavening of empires into popular governments in which the people rule.

The highest ideals of religious and civic duty give the life of Maury its splendid cast, and made it a model for virtuous men of every nation. Maury in the midst of his family makes a picture of the true, the beautiful, and the good. It is enough to tell you that he ascribed his highest triumphs to the help of his wife, and derived his greatest pleasures from the love of his children.

The *Brandywine*, on whose decks Maury began his nautical career, sailed from Hampton Roads under Commodore Charles Morris. Her mission was to convey La Fayette back to France after his last visit to the United States. The second day out the ship struck a gale and sprung a leak, and a council of officers was called to decide whether to return or proceed, but finding that the pumps controlled the leakage, the voyage was continued. The rest of the voyage was uneventful. There were twenty-seven midshipmen on board, and it was noticed that when others were at amusements Maury was at the mizzen-top studying seamanship. Then he made his mark among his fellows, and gained their entire respect by his study and studious habits. The monthly pay of these cadets was nineteen dollars. They assembled and resolved to appropriate one month's pay for a testimonial of their regard for the noble soldier who had helped to win the independence of their country. Maury was elected one of the committee to secure the silver urn suitably inscribed, and to present it to the old hero. This gift was the homage of youth to manhood. It was an offering from glad hearts on

the altar of patriotism, a touching tribute from the young sailors to General La Fayette, and it was most highly appreciated by him. These boys of the sea were heroes worthy of the nation and the flag which their ship bore.

When we study Maury's writings, he seems to have been gifted with inspired wisdom. Thank God that prophecy about the rise of the conquered South has come to pass! When the desolation of war was everywhere, he foretold that the South would gain the restitution of her strength from the earth.

Behold its truth! Look at her flourishing fields! See the prosperity of her plantations! It is with pride and pleasure that we observe the success, not only of her agriculture, but of her commerce; mining and manufacturing are pouring wealth into the pockets of her people; and to-day the promise of the South is to be the fairest and most attractive of all the sections of this country.

The comrades in the Confederate War of this prophet have been the chief instruments which have won the victory from the earth as he foretold. Henceforth the wisdom of the sage will advise young men to go South instead of West.

While giving his knowledge of the science of the seas to the world, Maury was an enthusiastic worker for the expansion of American commerce, and fifty-six years ago he heralded the benefits of an Isthmian Canal when he wrote: "When there shall be established a commercial thoroughfare across the isthmus, the trade winds of the Pacific will place China, India, and all the islands of that ocean down hill from this sea of ours. In that case the whole of Europe must

pass by our very doors on the great highway to the markets of both the East and West Indies. The great outlets of commerce—the delta of the Mississippi, the mouths of the Hudson and the Amazon—are all within two thousand miles, ten days' sail, of Darien. It is a barrier that separates us from the markets of six hundred millions of people—three-fourths of the population of the earth. Break it down, therefore, and the country is placed midway between Europe and Asia; this sea becomes the center of the world and the focus of the world's commerce. This is a highway that will give vent to commerce, scope to energy, and range to enterprise, which in a few years hence will make gay with steam and canvas parts of the ocean that are now unfrequented and almost unknown. Old channels of trade will be broken up and new ones opened. We desire to see our own country the standard-bearer in this great work."

At last our country has undertaken this work promising the great benefits which Maury so long ago described, and President Roosevelt has been commissioned by the American people to be their standard-bearer in working out this masterful conception of Matthew Fontaine Maury. We believe the President is a worthy standard-bearer and will urge on the work with the faithfulness which he has always displayed in his public duties. Not many years hence the commerce of the world will spread its canvas over the waters and fill the skies of our Southern seas with the smoke of its steamships.

We know that many honors were conferred upon Maury by European Governments in token of respect and admiration, and of the benefits conferred by his

"Wind and Current Charts," his "Sailing Directions," and his "Physical Geography of the Sea," the suggestions, improvements, and discoveries made by him with regard to the Atlantic cable, his "steam lanes" across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and as the originator of the present system of the Weather Bureau. Twenty-two gold and silver medals were conferred upon him, given by Austria, Prussia, Norway and Sweden, Holland, Belgium, France, the Pope, Sardinia, and Bremen; three copper medals, by England, Belgium, and Batavia; six decorations—the Dannenborg, the Tower and Sword, St. Ann, Our Lady Guadeloupe, St. Leopold, and the Legion of Honor—bestowed respectively by Denmark, Portugal, Russia, Mexico, Belgium, and France; a diamond brooch was given by the Czar of Russia, a diamond pin by the Empress Maximilian, and a gold and silver casket containing a gift, by the Lords of the British Admiralty. Honors far above any ever conferred by European nations upon any other American citizen.

Maury's discoveries in science have contributed as much to our national fame as the most brilliant achievements of its most distinguished general, yet we search in vain for any tangible recognition of his achievements by the Government of the United States.

Have not his works been worth as much to this nation as to the European states? Why is it that the hearts of the American people have not throbbed with the same impulse of gratitude as the kings, emperors, and noblemen of the Old World?

Is this Republic ungrateful to its wisest son? Is it the spirit of that "intolerance and fanaticism

which is the bane of free institutions," that would forget his name? I hope not.

We ought not to attribute to sectional prejudice the failure of the National Legislature to recognize the services of Maury to the American people, when our own State, for which he sacrificed so much, refuses a mere pittance to have his statue created by our distinguished sculptor, Valentine, to stand under the shadow of the Capitol with the effigies of other famous sons.

His admirers in Congress attempted to reward his genius before the war fumes had stirred the prejudices of the sections, and the "noes" were not bounded by the Potomac River; besides, the North has done more to recognize his worth than his native South, evidenced by the sum given him by the underwriters of New York. Does it come with grace from us to blame the North? The State which gave him birth and holds his ashes must exhibit gratitude before we can expect that great virtue to expand through all the sister States. If Virginia will take the lead, I believe not only all other American States, but the states of civilization, will join to build a suitable monument to his memory. That would be an omen that the American hearts, which once burned with hatred and rage, will hereafter glow with mutual respect, confidence, and love.

Listen, I will tell you something; the women of America are going to build a memorial to the name which history has already placed in the rank of Newton and Humboldt!

The regent of Fort Nelson Chapter, of my own city, Portsmouth, Va., has secured the unanimous passage of a resolution by the National Congress of

the Daughters of the American Revolution requesting the United States Congress to appropriate fifty thousand dollars to build a memorial column to Maury. The Daughters of the North, the South, the East and the West with one mind thus paid their beautiful tribute to his name. This Congress may be deaf to their voice, but they will remember, and Matthew Fontaine Maury will have a monument worthy of his fame! God bless the ladies for their exalted sentiments, which drive men to remember manhood and bolt its virtues to the ship of states.

I cannot tell you why it is; I cannot explain how it is, but whenever men of mark run in my thoughts the name of Matthew Fontaine Maury is foremost and always suggests to my mind the idea of whatever is good; whatever is tender; whatever is great; whatever is heroic, patriotic, and illustrious in human nature. His genius blazes on me with a radiance that dazzles and a loveliness that charms. His works spread before my eyes a vista as high as the sky, as broad as the earth, as deep as the sea. His wisdom and unselfishness rise in an overflowing spring for the thirst of ages. His footsteps from childhood to the doorway of death mark a path of transcendent talents, blazed with labor and energy; glorified through pain and disappointment, and leading into the Hall of Eternal Fame.

Mr. Attorney-General Anderson, this portrait reflecting such a life, will inspire men to love honor, live uprightly, walk humbly, and labor assiduously for a good end, and that inspiration will be the pride of those to whom you have committed its keeping, and a happy reward for its generous donor.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

[An address delivered at the banquet given the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans, at Charlottesville, on June 4, 1895, in response to the toast:

"Oh! the noble, patriotic,
Glorious women of our land,
How they struggled, trusting, patient,
Soul-inspired, enduring band!
Bore the hardships, fought the battles
Of privation, death and woe,
Giving courage, hope and cheer
In a way that only women know."]

Comrades, I wish I had the tongue of Demosthenes that I might give due response to the sentiment you have allotted to me.

Truth and duty, love and faith, incited the noble women of the South from the time when South Carolina's palmetto banner was unfurled to the breeze, as notice of the resumption of independent State sovereignty, until the echo from the last cannon shot died on the breast of North Carolina's grand mountains. Yea, until Kirby Smith's trans-Mississippi troops furled the last Southern Cross, furled by Lee, furled by Johnston, furled by Taylor, furled by all as a national emblem forever.

The baptism of the star-set cross in the fire and blood of over twenty-four hundred fields in four years made it dear to all Southern hearts, and still its dusty and tattered folds are sacred and its memories are treasured most by the noble Southern women, whose

tender fingers gave it form and life and beauty. The women of the South, emulating the patriotism of their mothers and fathers of the Revolution, gave no countenance to kith nor kinsman who failed to take up the gauntlet of war and fight to the bitter end for the rights of the South. No Southern woman said "Stay, and give your gun to a substitute"; but "You, my father; you, my husband; you, my son; you, my brother; you, my lover; you, yourself, go and do your duty!"

This spirit wrought an eternal diadem for the women of the Confederacy, and the martial glory of the South is an ornament which each true daughter can wear on her breast better than costly jewels, and forever cherish in her heart with loving adoration. When the hour of war came every woman of the South arose with the fire of patriotism in her eye, the resolution of faith in her soul, and undying love in her heart to help her country's cause. In every hamlet throughout the South meetings were held to encourage the men to enlist and to assist in equipping the new companies as they were formed. Everywhere sewing societies were organized to make the uniforms for the soldiers, and not months, but days, found many companies clad in clothes made by women who never before had plied a needle to cloth for men's raiment.

I wish I could picture the scenes of those wild and stirring days, when every woman, old and young, gave her time, her influence, and her energies to patriotism and country. All Southern men—rich and poor, learned and unlearned—responded to this spirit, and when they marched to service were clad

in garments made by mother, wife, sister, daughter, or sweetheart; and the banner which waved above their ranks was made by these same delicate hands, and given by their loving hearts.

What an inspiration! Like a glow, warm from the throne of love, the devotion of the women lifted the men up to the highest standard of chivalry, and counting not the cost nor the odds, Beauregard's battalions laid the foundation of the fame of the South on Manassas' bloody plains, where Jackson's infantry stood "like a stone wall." Then in actual war the offices of the women of the Confederacy came in the tender and noble instincts of sympathy; day and night, by the side of the wounded on field and in hospital, they dressed the scars and soothed the pains, and with the dying soldiers prayed and wept as Christian faith lifted the departing soul to God.

Away from the scenes of blood Southern women planted, sowed, and reaped the grain for food; spun and wove and made the cloth into garments for child and maiden, who were as proud of home-spun gowns as king of royal robes.

This season of adversity implanted deep memories and holy regard for the great cause; and if the infusion of foreign elements should make the young men of other generations forget the virtues of their fathers, all the cruel invasions of progress can never efface their heroic efforts from the hearts of their daughters.

The convent in Columbia, S. C., was burnt by cruel treachery and the pious nuns with their girl pupils were forced to shiver on the tombs in the churchyard

through that awful night which saw the destruction of that beautiful city. Next day, by the grace of "the conquering hero," they were assigned quarters in a deserted home, from which these tender girls were regularly marched out to get their rations and required—ordered—to extend their arms to receive in one hand a piece of bread, in the other a tin cup of coffee—thus humiliated, the officer said, to break the spirit of Southern girls.

Vain effort! unfruitful insult! They overwhelmed our armies of men, but no suffering, no humiliation, no insult, no tyrannical oppression, could break the spirit of the heroic daughters of the Confederacy.

I do not recall this event to fire anew the Southern heart, but to demonstrate the depth of suffering endured, the climax of insult received, and the loyal heart of patriotism which bore Southern women through the ordeal of war, deserving everlasting remembrance and perpetual endorsement. Then, even at the end, when desolation and destruction reigned everywhere, the women of the South were imbued with the justice of their cause—still faithful to their principles, although all seemed engulfed forever in the grave of defeat.

When Robert E. Lee surrendered, his soldiers, in the valley of humiliation, lifted up their souls to the Lord for sympathy, and it came through the beaming eyes and tender touch of the noble women as sweet messengers from the throne of God. It gave them new hope, new life, new strength, new faith, and made them cling to a great principle which cannot die. That which now as ever and will always underlie true republican government—local self-government

—makes States sovereigns and not provinces. Upon this our government was founded and must stand. Out of the wrecks of war came the resurrection of this fundamental principle to become firmer in every section of the Union.

No Southern woman ever uttered the cowardly sentence—"Believed our cause was right"—but our soldiers fought for the eternal principle of justice and inalienable rights; for the Constitution as our fathers made it; while the Northern legions of invasion fought for sentiment—Union, flag, higher law.

Our women have raised the monuments of the South; have ever honored the ashes of our dead; kept green the graves of our heroes; upheld the pride of our dead Confederacy, and made manifest to the world the character of our soldiers and their fame eternal. Tell it in the east; tell it in the west; publish it on the four wings of the winter's rushing winds; write it on the summer's thundering clouds, and in the flashing lightning's letters, that the women of the South love the memories of the Southern Confederacy above gold and precious stones.

What a blessing is woman's love! It is good and great and beautiful to pierce darkness with sunshine, to turn sadness to gladness, to change grief to joy, to temper a stricken heart with the oil of kindness, to lift a gloomy soul up to the realm of hope, peace, and pleasure.

All these it has done for us! Everything in this world would be valueless without the tenderness and sympathy and love of woman. I love the friendship of woman because it is the noblest, the purest, and best. It ennobles man and excites pure aspirations;

it breathes softness over a rough nature and blends gentleness with strong character! I know its force, and have felt its touch lift a burdened heart to new hopes! O woman's friendship, transcendent blessing! Like the sunlight, it glorifies manhood; like the flower, it beautifies it, and like an angel's prayer, it sanctifies it.

HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT E. LEE

[Speech delivered at the Commemorative Service of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee, Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, Va., 12, noon, January 19, 1907.]

We should rejoice on this hundredth birthday of General Robert E. Lee, and thank God for the blessed privilege of assembling here, in His holy temple, to declare the pride we have in the name and fame of our great military commander, who was ever a consistent and broad-minded member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. All of his graces were set in the glorious background of Christian manliness; whether exhilarated by victory or crushed by defeat, God was in his mind, and praise for the All Powerful was on his lips.

If vanity ever entered his heart, no man observed it from his manner or heard it from his tongue. His bearing gave no evidence of boastfulness for his splendid physical development; his language no touch of conceit for his great victories; his brilliant intellect had no cast of self-adulation.

Robert E. Lee, when I saw him in life, was my ideal of a Christian commander and a polished gentleman. No man whom I have ever met has presented to me such a spotless character, and none has impressed me more deeply when the spirit of ambition swells in my bosom. His example tells me that the

basis of all true greatness is a Christian spirit. I love you, my Confederate comrades, and at this altar I devoutly pray that you will march down the straight and narrow path that Robert E. Lee followed to the new Jerusalem.

An unbroken thread of Christian faith governed his life from childhood to the end. As a student he was so devoted to duty that he never received a demerit; as a young officer in the army on the Texan frontier his heart was always filled with loving kindness, so beautifully demonstrated when called upon by his sergeant to perform the funeral rites over his child. Describing the scene in a letter to Mrs. Lee, Colonel Lee wrote: "He was as handsome a little boy as I ever saw . . . about a year old; I was admiring his appearance the day before he was taken ill. Last Thursday his little waxen form was committed to the earth. His father came to me, the tears flowing down his cheeks, and asked me to read the funeral service over his body, which I did at the grave, for the second time in my life. I hope I shall not be called on again, for, though I believe it is far better for the child to be called to its Heavenly Creator, into His presence in its purity and innocence, unpolluted by sin, and uncontaminated by the vices of the world, still it so wrings a parent's heart with anguish that it is painful to see. Yet I know it was done in mercy to both—mercy to the child, mercy to the parents. The former has been saved from sin and misery here, and the latter have been given a touching appeal and powerful inducement to prepare for hereafter. May it prove effectual, and may they require no further severe admonition!"

How deep the faith, how pure the heart of Robert Lee, when glittering military ambition might have been his soul's idol! Such glamour never shaded his vision; duty was his guiding star, and if it led to promotion, he gave all credit to the Lord God.

It was a trial for him to resign from the national service. He loved the Union, and would have given, if he had owned them, the four millions of slaves to save it; but when its power was invoked to coerce his State, then his fortune and his life were for Virginia. He did not draw his sword for slavery—he gave his slaves their freedom, and fought for principles as he invoked his soldiers in his first field order: "That each man resolve to be victorious, and that in him the right of self-government, liberty, and peace shall find a defender." When contentions were rife between his generals in southwest Virginia, he counseled them to overlook all till the enemy was driven back. "I expect this of your magnanimity," he said.

This most exalted virtue always guided the conduct of Robert E. Lee, and the spirit of revenge never touched his stainless sword. When his splendid Army of Northern Virginia marched to the invasion of Pennsylvania, he issued orders that private property should be respected with scrupulous care. "It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered, without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to Whom vengeance belongeth and without Whose favor and support our efforts must prove in vain!" Although his people were stung by the

reckless and wanton destruction of private property in our State, he firmly forbade retaliation. He planted his military conduct on the high ground of civilized warfare, and he is to-day honored by civilization for it.

Immediately after the secession of Virginia he was made general-in-chief of all her forces. He at once set about organizing her soldiers and directed fortifications on the harbor of Portsmouth and Norfolk. When Virginia joined her forces with the Confederacy, Lee was made one of five generals, third in rank, and retained in Richmond as adviser to the President. Afterwards he was ordered to the command of the Northwest Virginia Army. When recalled from that field he took command of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. On March 13, 1862, he was assigned to conduct the operations of all the armies of the Confederacy under direction of the President, and returned to Richmond. After the battle of Seven Pines, on June 1, 1862, he was assigned to the personal command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and under him a series of splendid victories were gained over McClellan, and the siege of Richmond was raised. I cannot now speak of his matchless campaigns with this army, but whenever he issued a congratulatory order for a victory, he expressed gratitude to the Heavenly Father, the Giver of all blessings.

On April 9, 1865, the sun of all the glorious military victories of the Army of Northern Virginia set forever; and then he bore the burden with all the patient graces of exalted manhood. I had often seen him with this army on great battlefields, but when I

saw him amidst the shattered ranks of his hungry soldiers at Appomattox I admired and loved him, if possible, more than before. I heard there his farewell, which has been appointed to be read at this hour in all the celebrations of this centennial birthday of Robert E. Lee, wherever held.

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"April 10th, 1865.

"After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged.

"You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration for your constancy, and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"R. E. LEE, General."

When some of his men gathered around him to shake hands in farewell, he said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you, my heart is too full to say more." I saw him ride away from the scene of surrender, and I witnessed with deep emotion that every head uncovered as he passed through the broken ranks of soldiers on his way to Richmond. Stonewall Jackson, whose birthday we jointly celebrate, had "passed over the river and was resting under the shade of the trees" when this solemn separation came to pass.

After the downfall of the Confederacy General Lee, although tendered a luxurious home abroad and many excellent business offers, declined all to become president of Washington and Lee University, saying: "I have led the young men of the South in battle. I must teach their sons to discharge their duty in life." And in this noble calling he spent the remainder of his life. After the cessation of hostilities he always advised his people to be obedient to the powers that be, to unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war and restore the blessings of peace. He said: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights. But I have never cherished towards them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

He was a firm believer that "truth and justice will at last prevail." We observe every day that States' rights are asserted in sections of our country hitherto unknown, and that the fundamental principles of government for which Lee drew his sword are growing stronger and stronger year by year.

Robert E. Lee was born January 19, 1807, and died October 12, 1870. The world paid tribute to his memory and placed him in the highest rank of martial heroes. Our Robert E. Lee stands above Cæsar, above Napoleon, above Wellington, higher than Alexander, Marlborough, or Frederick, greater than our own George Washington, and as long as the race of men, as long as the English-speaking people shall exist, so long will the example of Lee and Jackson give light and glory to the American Commonwealths which sacrificed their children from 1861 to 1865 for constitutional liberty.

"In the valley of Virginia, Lee and Stonewall Jackson sleep;
Fame and Memory o'er their ashes aye the guard of honor keep.
There the mountains of marble, and the South wind's haunting sighs,
And the pine and palm wreaths mingled, mark where knighthood lowly lies.

"In the warm hearts of a nation, in the spirit of a race,
There the deathless souls of Chivalry to-day find dwelling-place;
There it breathes and burns forever in our patriotic pride,
Ours, the heirs of Lee and Jackson, while they rest, shrined side by side.

"One, the Cavalier ennobled, born to counsel and to lead;
One, the Puritan unflinching, holding fast the ancient creed;
Each a valiant Christian soldier, wearer of a stainless sword,
Deeming, both, in all our language Duty the sublimest word.

"They together, men and heroes, to the God of Battles gave
All the faith of high endeavor, for the guerdon of the brave.
Still together, never vanquished, they unfading laurels reap—
In the valley of Virginia, Lee and Stonewall Jackson sleep!"

THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

[Speech delivered at the seventeenth annual banquet of Picket-Buchannan Camp, Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans, in commemoration of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee, on Saturday night, January 19, 1907, at the Monticello Hotel, Norfolk, Va., in response to the toast:

"THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA!"
"The peerless host of a peerless leader."]

GENTLEMEN: I am unable to say anything new of the peerless Army of Northern Virginia, or of its peerless commander, Robert E. Lee, to this audience, and can only hope to refresh your memories with some events which long ago startled the world.

The Department of Northern Virginia was established by general orders No. 15, dated at Richmond, October 22, 1861. It was composed of three districts: the Valley District, commanded by Major-General T. J. Jackson; the Potomac District, commanded by General P. G. T. Beauregard, and the Acquia District, commanded by Major-General T. H. Holmes. This department extended from the Alleghany Mountains to the mouth of the Potomac River, and was under command of General Joseph E. Johnston.

It is best for me to repeat the account of an impartial or disinterested writer as to the sum of the achievements and endurance of our army in its great wrestle for Southern independence. The London

Evening Herald, an English newspaper, commenting upon our army's surrender said: "The South is doomed. With the surrender of Lee ends, not indeed the possibility of military defense, still less that of desperate popular resistance, but hope of final success. After four years of war, sustained with a gallantry and resolution that have few, if any, precedents in history; after such sacrifices as perhaps no nation ever made in vain; after losses that have drained the life-blood of the country; after a series of brilliant victories, gained under unequaled disadvantage, courage, skill, and devotion have succumbed to brute force; numbers have prevailed over the bravest and most united people that ever drew the sword in defense of civil rights and national independence. To numbers, and to numbers alone, the North owes its triumph. Its advantages in wealth and resources, in the possession of the sea and the command of the rivers, were neutralized by Southern gallantry. In despite of the most numerous navy in the world, half a dozen cruisers drove its commerce from the seas. In despite of its overwhelming superiority in strength of ships and guns, improvised Southern ironclads beat and drove off its blockading squadrons, and Southern cavalry, embarking on little river steamers, captured its armed gunboats. In defiance of all its power, Southern energy contrived to supply the armies of the Confederate States with everything of which they stood in need.

"When the war broke out, the North had everything of military store in abundance, and could draw unlimited supplies from Europe; the South had scarcely a cannon, had but few rifles, still fewer

swords or bayonets, and not a single foundry or powder factory. All these deficiencies were supplied by the foresight of the Confederate Government and the daring of the Confederate armies. The routed forces of the North supplied artillery and ammunition, rifles and bayonets, to the Southerners. The cannon which thundered against Gettysburg, the shot which crushed the brave mercenaries of Burnside on the slopes above Fredericksburg, came for the most part from Northen arsenals.

"No Southern failure is attributed to want of arms or powder; no Federal success was won by the enormous advantages which the North enjoyed in its favor. If their numbers had been equal, long ago would the Federal Government have taken refuge at Boston or New York, and every inch of Southern soil have been free from the step of the invader. Numbers, and numbers alone, have decided the struggle. Almost every battle was won by the South, but every Southern victory has been rendered fruitless by the overwhelming numerical superiority of the vanquished. The conquerers found themselves on every occasion confronted by new armies, and deprived of the fruits of victory by the facility with which the broken ranks of the enemy were replenished. The smaller losses of the South were irreparable. The greater sacrifices of the North were of no consequence whatever in the eyes of a government which lavished the lives of hired foreign mercenaries in the knowledge that money could repair all that folly and ferocity might destroy. The South has perished by exhaustion—by sheer inability to recruit her exhausted armies."

All of this may not be literally true, but few writers, even on the ground, could have more vividly pictured the conditions. Odds did not count with the Army of Northern Virginia. At bloody Sharpsburg 33,000 Confederates repulsed 90,000 Union soldiers; at Chancellorsville 35,000 defeated over 100,000 Federals; in the Wilderness Lee met and whipped 142,000 Federals, the largest single army ever assembled in America, with 50,000 Confederates, and without any reinforcements continued to break and beat back Grant's army, increased by 60,000 more.

Grant's columns, which fought from the Wilderness to Appomattox, splendidly equipped and abundantly fed, including reinforcements, numbered 275,000 men, and Lee had to meet this mighty host with not more than 75,000, on short rations, with scanty clothes and poorly armed. At last, during the siege of Petersburg, 33,000 hungry and shivering soldiers held thirty-five miles of defenses from June, 1864, until April, 1865, when the overwhelming reinforcements of the enemy broke the thin line and forced the retreat, leading to the end.

The conditions of our army are well described in the following extract from a letter of General Lee to the Secretary of War: "All the disposable force of the right wing of the army has been operating against the enemy beyond Hatcher's Run since Sunday. Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, they had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by

assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men had been without meat for three days, and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail and sleet. . . . If some change is not made and the commissary department reorganized, I apprehend dire results. The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment. Our cavalry has been dispersed for want of forage. . . . Taking these facts in connection with the paucity of our numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

Some of you doubtless remember these conditions. I do very vividly, as I happened to be one of the soldiers in the line of battle described by General Lee. It is wonderful with what stout-hearted cheerfulness our soldiers bore their burdens. I remember, while on the retreat from Petersburg, one evening the fires were blazing on a hillside with the men grouped around waiting for their rations, when the commissary sergeants brought for each man three ears of corn to be parched for supper. A great cry arose everywhere. "Bring the long forage, where is my fodder," all in good nature; and still these dear soldiers obeyed every order with alacrity, inflicting upon the great hosts of their pursuers from the 29th of March to the 9th of April, 1865, a loss of 10,780 men. Thousands of our soldiers failing in physical strength, unable to march, fell by the wayside, and were captured. Our depleted army was fighting and marching day and night on the retreat until its ranks had dwindled down to 7892 muskets, which were

stacked in surrender at Appomattox; virtually crushed beneath ponderous numerical weight.

A little boy was reading the story of a missionary having been eaten by cannibals.

"Papa," he asked, "will the missionary go to heaven?"

"Yes, my son," replied the father.

"And will the cannibals go there too?"

"No," was the reply. After thinking the matter over some time the little fellow said: "Well, I don't see how the missionary can go to heaven, if the cannibals don't, when he is inside the cannibals."

Our neighbors over the Potomac with their hosts swallowed us as the cannibals did the missionary, and since they have begun to digest us they have so greatly changed in mind as to conclude that we ought to manage our own internal affairs and even solve the race problem—which we shall do with honor to ourselves and justice to the negroes.

Once on the Petersburg lines two opposite videttes were talking in a bantering humor, when the cook brought up the scant rations of the Confederate. The Federal said:

"Johnnie, do you get full rations now?"

"Oh, yes."

"Get any meat?"

"Yes; plenty."

"Well, be sure to save the fat to grease your body well, so you can easily slip back in the Union."

This was one on Johnnie, and they joined in a hearty laugh.

Well, after a long struggle, when we were not only meatless and greaseless, but breadless, they did

drag us back in the Union, and ever since, according to the advice of General Lee, we have been making the best of the situation and cultivating friendly relations with our late armed foes, working hard to build up the waste places and make our fields bloom like the rose, but we are still proud of the old gray jacket.

"Then stand up, oh, my countrymen!
And unto God give thanks,
On mountains, and on hillsides,
And by the sloping river banks—
Thank God that you were worthy
Of the grand Confederate ranks;
That you who came from uplands
And from beside the sea,
Filled with love of old Virginia
And the teachings of the free,
May boast in sight of all men
That you followed Robert Lee."

MAHONE'S BRIGADE

[The first reunion of the survivors of Mahone's Brigade who were in the charge of the Crater took place at Petersburg on November 6, 1903. Owing to the stormy weather and other unavoidable delays, they did not assemble on the field until three o'clock in the afternoon. Then the Crater Legion marched to the ravine and formed in line of battle where the brigade had formed on July 30, 1864. It knelt in prayer, which was led by Lieutenant John T. West, chaplain, after which the accompanying speech was delivered. At the conclusion of the speech the order "forward" was given, and the whole line rushed up the hill at a run with the "Rebel" yell, which aroused the ten thousand onlookers. Then followed the sham battle of the Virginia Volunteers, which made the scene even more thrilling, and so realistic, that the great assemblage of people appeared intoxicated with delight.]

My Comrades of Mahone's Brigade, Survivors of the Charge of the Crater:

It is meet to thank God in a grateful spirit and with a loving heart for the privilege of forming again on this old line of battle. I would rather stand here to-day, conscious of having performed my duty in the peril of July 30, 1864, than own thousands of gold and silver. Let us proclaim the Truth in Love!

We here declare that we fought for right and justice, for constitutional liberty, for our homes and for our firesides; and stand up before all men as proud as a king of the uniform we wore in the Confederate ranks.

The dust of our uncoffined comrades has been stirred in these furrows by the plow of the unthink-

ing husbandman as the seasons have passed, but we have cherished their memory as the vestal fire of our lives.

From this line you rose upon your knees, rushed as a whirlwind over this field and crushed the black battalions which had started down the hill in more than fourfold your numbers, hissing "no quarter" in your ears, bent on capturing the city of Petersburg.

No wonder Mahone said, "You must save the city!" No wonder Emmett Richardson shouted, "Now is your time, boys, if you are ever going to do anything for the old Cockade City!" No wonder all went forward to do or die.

At nine o'clock in the morning Burnside reported that "many of the Ninth and Eighteenth Corps were retiring before the enemy." You were the enemy who swept them back, and Lee said it was the work of heroes. While at your posts, yonder at Willcox Farm, you heard the tremendous explosion of eight thousands pounds of gunpowder, which had been buried twenty-two feet beneath the surface of the earth, forcing the upheaval of an immense cone of more than one hundred thousand cubic feet of earth, which fell around in heavy masses, crushing and burying alive hundreds of our sleeping soldiers, making clouds of dust and a great volume of smoke and fire like the outpouring of a great volcano.

The main gallery of the mine from the enemy's line to the end, under Pegram's Battery, was 522 feet in length and the side galleries were about 40 feet each. The excavation made by the explosion was 135 feet long, 97 feet broad and 30 feet deep.

The artillery opened along the whole line and that day the enemy expended 3833 rounds of ammunition, weighing 75 tons.

Burnside had planned to rush his negro troops into the breach and throw them into the city upon the sleeping inhabitants, but his superiors, Grant and Meade, made him push his three white divisions, commanded by Ledlie, Potter, and Willcox, foremost; and they took possession of the Crater and about two hundred yards of our breastworks, including the rear works, termed in the reports "trench cavalier."

He then put in his negro division of nine regiments, commanded by General Edward Ferrero, to press beyond the white divisions and capture that crest, then the very gateway to the city.

The enemy held our works from 4:45 o'clock in the morning, when the mine was exploded, until 8:45, when the negroes emerged from the trenches, shouting, "Remember Fort Pillow; no quarter for Rebels!" and coming down this hill, you met them in the open field, hurled them back upon their white supports, recapturing our lines, both "trench cavalier" and the main line up to the crest of the Crater; and you held on to every inch you gained, and at two o'clock in the afternoon Sanders' Brigade made their splendid charge and finished the work of re-establishing our lines.

The eight hundred men of Mahone's Brigade who aligned in this ravine on that parching July day, charged into an army corps! Burnside's Corps reported the day after the battle, present equipped for duty, 9555 infantry, and he gave as his loss on the 30th of July 3475 officers and men.

He swore before the court of inquiry that he put every single man of his corps in the fight. Then he must have put in 13,030 men. Now, crediting 3000 as his loss up to the time you rose from this place to charge, there were more than 10,000 men of his corps in the works (not counting those of the Eighteenth Corps he mentions), when you charged up this hill to retake them. Besides there were four army corps (Birney, Hancock, Ord, and Warren) over behind, in supporting distance, aggregating probably more than Lee had in the entire Army of Northern Virginia, which was stretched out on a line of thirty miles.

You captured fifteen of their flags, uncounted small arms, and a number of prisoners. General Lee, General Beauregard, and General A. P. Hill looked on from yonder elevation and saw you perform one of the most wonderful feats in the annals of warfare. It sounds like fiction, and although I saw it and was of it in a small measure, I sometimes wonder how it was done. Its magnitude was marvelous! Its achievement was one of the most thrilling in human experience!

Is there any such record in the world's history where five regiments, averaging 175 soldiers, charged an army of 10,000 men and took from them fifteen of their battle standards?

The testimony of the enemy established the truth of the wonderful victory, and the lamentation of Grant, "It is the saddest affair I have witnessed in the war," re-echoed the praise bestowed on your valor by the peerless Lee. But the cost to you of his praise was the sacrifice of 117 lives of your bravest com-

rades, and to them we owe the duty of inscribing their names on imperishable tablets in our temple of fame, soon to be erected in the capitol city of the South, and let us also ask a place for them on the walls of old Blandford Church.

"For those who fell be yours the sacred trust
To see forgetfulness shall not invade
The spots made holy by their noble dust;
Green keep them in your hearts, Mahone's Brigade."

A distinguished soldier and eminent citizen of Richmond has said, "With the Army of Northern Virginia there were three critical occasions requiring above other occasions, real heroism:

"First, Jackson holding the line at First Manassas with his brigade from the mountain section.

"Second, the charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, composed of Virginians from all sections, most of them from the middle section of Virginia.

"Third, the charge of eight hundred men of Mahone's Brigade, under Colonel D. A. Weisiger, at the Crater, before Petersburg, Virginians from the Tidewater section of Virginia."

They were all picturesque occasions and required all the courage in men, and Virginians did not fail from any quarter of the dear old State. This is a great tribute to the soldiers of Virginia, which gleams out as the evening star in the shadows of night above surrounding constellations—a stone wall at Manassas, high tide at Gettysburg, victors at the Crater!

Soldiers! nothing in all the earth could bring more honor to your name than the part you acted on this field in throwing yourselves into the breach to save

the inhabitants of dear old Petersburg from the brutal malice of negro soldiers in the flush of success, and in saving the Army of Northern Virginia on that critical occasion. Privates! Soldiers with muskets!

"Men of the ranks, step proudly to the front,
'Twas yours unknown through sheeted flame to wade,
In the red battle's fierce and deadly brunt;
Yours be full laurels in Mahone's Brigade."

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER

[The following address was delivered at the reunion of the survivors of the Battle of the Crater in connection with the Grand Camp reunion in Petersburg, October 26, 1905. It was to have been delivered on the old battlefield that day, but as bad weather broke up the sham battle the survivors heard it in the hall of the reunion instead:]

My Comrades:

The goodness of God endureth forever. I thank Him for an over-deserving share, and bless His name for this day and this privilege of meeting you.

Our pilgrimage to this field of blood recalls the eventful times of war, which, although resulting in final surrender, has embalmed its sacred memories in our hearts.

These sacrificial years will ever be regarded with tenderness and love—love immortalized by memory; for those days of thrilling danger, long marches and short rations invoke the highest ideal of manhood.

> "They say that Hope is Happiness,
> But genuine Love must prize the past;
> And Memory makes the thoughts that bless,
> They rose the first, they set the last.
> And all that Memory leaves the most
> Was once our only hope to be:
> And all that Hope adored and lost
> Hath melted into Memory."

I would rather go down to posterity as the humblest private soldier, whose shoeless feet made blood tracks on the soil of Virginia, than the richest

magnate who ever clipped coupons from corporate bonds. Who would not suffer for the honor of a soldier rather than live in luxury to be the sneer of time? Who would not bear the name of the disarmed Southern soldier fighting with his fists in the bloody trenches of the Crater, rather than that which gathered gold from orphans' hunger and widows' tears?

I speak, now, to demand simple justice at the hands of history for the men who saved Petersburg on the 30th day of July, 1864.

The greatest general of the Federal army, its commander-in-chief, was gloomy over the results of his assault upon the Confederate position, which eight thousand pounds of gunpowder had destroyed in the gloaming of that morning.

The great plan "that was expected to scatter and destroy the army of General Lee" was a failure—an utter and disastrous failure; and the Federal correspondent who wrote this on August 2, 1864, said: "Often have the Confederates won encomiums for valor, but never before did they fight with such uncontrollable desperation."

Gold went up to its highest notch as compared with greenbacks—two dollars and eighty cents in paper for one in gold, which made the average price of gold in July, 1864, the highest during the whole war; and if the financial thermometer is any guide, the Confederate States were nearer to independence on the day of the Crater than at any other time during the great war between the Northern Nation and the Southern Republic.

The New York *Herald* advised that an embassy should be sent to the Confederate Government, "to

see if this dreadful war cannot be ended in a mutually satisfactory treaty of peace." This is evidence from a hostile source of what the artillery and infantry of the Confederates accomplished on this fateful field.

Yet, when you read some Southern histories, you will find the charge of the Crater entirely ignored or dismissed with a sentence, a paragraph, or perhaps a page. Ex-President Davis's history, after giving a description of the mine and size of the crater, quotes an author who seemed to know nothing of the charge of the infantry of Mahone, only noticing the fire of the artillery and the confusion of the enemy's troops, and then Mr. Davis concludes: "The forces of the enemy finally succeeded in making their way back with a loss of about four thousand prisoners, and General Lee, whose casualties were small, re-established his line without interruption."

You might conclude from reading his account that the disordered ranks of the enemy, demoralized by artillery fire, lost heart, retreated at leisure or waited to be rescued from the excavation, but finally made their way back without a bayonet thrust or a sword stroke. The accuracy of this is in keeping with his claim of 4000 prisoners, who actually numbered 1101.

He gives no credit to the men of the three depleted brigades who charged this hill two hundred yards, and fought foot to foot and hand to hand with bayonets and butts, pistols and swords, as desperately and daringly as ever recorded in the annals of war; and took from Burnside nineteen flags—Mahone, 15; Sanders, 3; Wright, 1.

Then that voluminuous "Confederate Military

History," in giving its account leaves out entirely the charge of the Alabama Brigade under the chivalrous Sanders. I shall always remember the splendid manner in which that glorious brigade accomplished the final act which enabled General Lee to re-establish his line "without interruption."

Mahone's Brigade had recaptured the works on the left up to the excavation, and I could look back, and see Sanders' Brigade form in the valley and charge in beautiful array up to the rim of the hole held by Bartlett, where, after a short struggle, the white flag went up and Bartlett and his men came out of the hole as Sanders' prisoners of war. No troops ever acted more brilliantly on any field than Alabama's faithful sons under the lead of gallant Sanders on that day.

While speaking of the infantry, I am not unmindful of the wonderful work of our artillerymen on that day, and you saw the gallant Haskell with two little cohorn mortars help to force the capitulation of the Crater.

I must pause here to pay a tribute to that brave Federal general officer, William F. Bartlett, who fought in their front line with the admirable desperation that made him the foremost hero of all the officers who commanded the 70,000 troops in our front on that day. Massachusetts never sent out a braver and more dashing soldier to uphold her honor than Bartlett, the Federal hero of the Crater.

Stung by the unfairness of such treatment from our own historians, I conceived a plan for a reunion of the survivors of Mahone's Brigade who participated in the charge of the Crater, to correct the

injustice to you and to our dead comrades, and it resulted most successfully on that sixth day of November, 1903. I have collected many personal narratives from those who charged with muskets in their hands, but have laid them aside to be read by those coming after us, who may wish to know about the charge of the Crater from the mouths of the participants.

It was in no spirit of boastfulness that we returned, re-aligned on this battlefield and charged over the same ground where we rushed and fought in the whirl of battle, over forty-one years ago.

You did no more than your duty; you did no more than your comrades of other commands who stood to duty; no more than those who with you won other fields, and I do not claim for you greater honor than for any true Confederate soldier; but when a feat of arms so brilliant as the successful charge of the Crater, by the three small brigades of Anderson's Division on the 30th day of July, 1864, is brushed aside as a skirmish by those in whom justice is supposed to abide, I thought it was time for the participants to speak out in behalf of the great open field charge, which challenges the world for a parallel. The English historian Gregg says that "the exploit crowned General Mahone with fame that no subsequent errors can obscure."

When you helped to defend Petersburg in 1864-65, five times Mahone's Brigade left its place in the breastworks on Willcox farm and twice its winter quarters, and each time successfully charged the troops of the army of the Potomac, and while all reflected great credit on the courage and fidelity of

the participants, the charge of the Crater was fruitful of greater results, and it should be known and will be known if the world will listen, to-day, to the survivors of the men who made this field, saved the Army of Northern Virginia from a fatal disaster and inflicted upon the enemy a defeat that brought the *Herald's* cry for peace.

It really seems the irony of fate that you should have to go to your enemies to find justice for your valor; but it is nevertheless true, for you have to read the "Official Reports" of the Federal officers to know the full force and effect of your prowess on that day. These documents, your written personal experience of the battle, and this demonstration to-day, make me content to rest the history of the charge of the Crater with the historians who come after us.

The unique feature of a sham battle on a real battlefield will burn your deeds on the ineffaceable tablets of Virginia's history. Between Southern soldiers, who have touched elbows in a charge with bayonets, always exists a brotherhood bound by unwritten and unspoken laws even as strong as the kinship of brothers. While I glory in the everlasting link of kinship between all true Confederate soldiers, I also thank God that the bond of friendship has grown between those who held opposite sides of the firing line from 1861 to 1865.

The old battle-flags given back to us by the unanimous vote of Congress with the willing signature of a chivalrous President are signals of peace and love. They are heralds proclaiming that the veteran soldiers of the North and South love their enemies

for the glory of God and have united in friendship for the honor of the great American republic.

"Our flag of glory, fly no more
Where 'mid mad battle's thunder roar
We brothers slay!
Glow love in souls where once glared ire!
Then never will a star expire
Until the heavens in final fire
Have passed away!"

We rally again to recount the actions and to recall the memories of war in a spirit of friendly rivalry which will shed luster on the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac in degrees humiliating to neither. Let the truth come, and the American soldier who stood with Lee and Jackson will be found by the future historian as true and patriotic as the soldier who fought with Grant and Hancock; and the cause of the South shall be pronounced absolutely right and just under the Constitution to which George Washington affixed his signature.

FITZHUGH LEE

[A eulogy delivered before Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, May 2, 1905.]

COMRADES:

It is a struggle, a continuous battle, to live. It is hard to live. I tremble from dread as I walk the highway of life. I fear more to live than I do to die. God help me to live, and I do not fear death.

A great man, Fitzhugh Lee, is dead—unburied to-night. He nobly fought the battles of life; trouble stood in his way like milestones on a turnpike, but he reached the goal with greater achievements than he reckoned, and his name is burned into our hearts as a hero whom we love.

We remember that after he sheathed his sword he pursued with his whole soul the teachings of Robert E. Lee, the great leader of the South, and had accomplished more to make lasting friendship between the North and the South than any other man who has lived to see the twentieth century, except John B. Gordon, of Georgia. He was one of the strongest arches in the bridge of peace across the bloody chasm of the intersectional war. He changed millions of enemies into friends, and chained their hearts in bonds of affection. He accepted the arbitrament of war and made peace the glory of a splendid career.

As a diplomat in Cuba he gave an enduring name for American history, and as the leader of the inter-

national celebration of the settlement of Jamestown he has awakened the enthusiasm of the nation, and died in its harness, with the armor of love over his heart and the whisper of pleasantness on his lips.

The last time I saw him we spoke from the same rostrum to the veterans and people of Princess Anne for a monument to the hero dead of that county. His eloquent words had the ring of pure metal, and his polished sentences lifted the souls of his audience to do honor to the proud people who had gone before, and to-day a monument to the Confederate soldiers of Princess Anne stands upon the court green of that noble county.

Fitz. Lee was our comrade in the war for Southern independence. He was one of our brightest lights in the darkness of defeat and reconstruction. He was Virginia's most brilliant Governor. He was one of our greatest fellow-citizens in the reunited United States. He was in the saddle to unfold to the world the proudest sentiment of the English speaking people—the sentiment which planted and cultivated the seed at Jamestown of the greatest republic of the world—when he fell dead like a soldier on the battle-field. His name needs no encomiums from us, but we need to speak of him for the good to us and to others. We point to him as an exemplar for our lives and the lives of our children. His conduct says: "Fight with cheerfulness the battles of life, having faith in the Redeemer, and all will be well."

My poor words are but feeble expressions of our feelings on this solemn occasion.

STONEWALL JACKSON

A LITTLE girl after listening to her father relate the story of Gettysburg said: "Daddy, I believe if Stonewall Jackson had been there we would have won." "Why?" inquired the father. "Because he had such a sly way of sneaking up behind the Yankees and scaring them." That was a bright exposition of Jackson's military strategy, and many believe the Confederacy would have lived had not Stonewall Jackson died too soon.

General "Dick" Taylor said: "Praying and fighting appeared to be Jackson's idea of the whole duty of man."

General Thomas J. Jackson was a man of intense purpose, consuming earnestness and gentle Christian spirit. There was in him the rare union of strength and simplicity, of child-like faith, and fiery energy. His kindness was like the touch of a woman, for those who performed their duty; his sharpness like the edge of a sword, for those who failed. He was a thunderbolt in war, the great Jupiter of the Army of Northern Virginia, a mighty captain who held the hosts of the enemy in the hollow of his hand.

Jackson was born at Clarksburg, Harrison County, Virginia, on January 21, 1824. His father died in 1827, leaving him a penniless orphan, and he grew to manhood in the hard school of poverty. While struggling in the mighty battle of life he wore the badge of a constable, and when performing the duty

he was notified by the village blacksmith of a chance to be appointed a cadet to West Point. The appointment was given him through the influence of his Congressman, and at that renowned school he was educated in the art of war. His first practical experience in warfare was in Mexico, where he won the spurs of a field officer. At the conclusion of the Mexican War he served a short time in the Regular Army, and then became a professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

When Virginia seceded from the Union he was ordered to Richmond with his corps of cadets, the cadets to be drill-masters for the volunteers who were pouring in from the South to protect our borders from threatened invasion. Major Jackson was soon promoted to colonel and sent to Harper's Ferry, a most important post on the upper Potomac at its junction with the Shenandoah River.

"Who is this Major Jackson, that we are asked to commit to him such an important post?" inquired a member of the State Convention, when his name was up for confirmation. "He is one," replied the Honorable Samuel McDowell Moore, "who, if you order him to hold a post, will never leave it alive to be occupied by the enemy."

When the Virginia forces were turned over to the Confederate Army General Joseph E. Johnston was put in command of the Army of the Shenandoah, but as no instructions were sent to Jackson from the Virginia authorities, he informed the Confederate General Johnston that he had been placed there by General Lee, as commander of Virginia troops, and that his fidelity as a soldier constrained him to hold

his position until he should receive orders from the same source to resign it into other hands. It was not long before he was officially advised, and at once became a faithful and zealous supporter of Johnston, ever after their relations being cordial and pleasant.

His commanding officer ordered him to watch the enemy on the upper Potomac with instructions to retreat in the event of an advance of the enemy in force. The Federals began an advance on July 2, 1861, and Jackson made disposition of his forces to check them, and the next day the affair called "Falling Waters" took place. It was here that he ordered Captain Pendleton, with one gun, to open fire at a favorable opportunity. When he found the road in front filled with the enemy the reverend captain opened fire, and as the lanyard was pulled he said: "Lord, have mercy on their souls." His prayerful shots cleared the road, but Jackson, finding that, with the superior force, the enemy was about to flank him, ordered a retreat, which was so skillfully and successfully accomplished as to elicit praise from his commanders (Lee and Johnston), who made that date the date of his commission as brigadier-general. His brigade was composed of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third Virginia Infantry, and Pendleton's battery of artillery.

Jackson was resting with his forces at Winchester when Beauregard called on Johnston for assistance, and Jackson struck his tents on July 18, and hastened over the mountains to Manassas. Arriving there on July 21, while Beauregard and Johnston were galloping up and down the line with the color bearers to encourage their hard-pressed troops,

when the tide of battle was going against us, the First Brigade was the first to meet our retreating forces, and take position with the artillery, arresting the victorious progress of the enemy—holding him in check until reinforcements arrived, and finally with a bayonet charge piercing the Federal center, which turned the tide and gave the famous victory of First Manassas to the Confederates.

For over three hours Jackson's men bore the brunt of the fierce onslaughts of the invaders, and his only caution was, "Steady, men, steady." When all seemed lost General Bee rode up to Jackson exclaiming, "They are beating us back!" "Then," said Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet," and Bee rode back to rally his men, saying: "Look at Jackson! there he stands like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians," and while leading his reformed ranks back to support Jackson, he fell dead with his face to the foe. What a hero was this grand South Carolinian!

After Manassas, Jackson was promoted to major-general and made commander of the Army of the Valley. He made his headquarters during the winter of 1861-62 at Winchester, where he lost no time in training and recruiting an army which made the world marvel at its triumphs. In a midwinter expedition, January 10, 1862, he drove the enemy from Romney, but lost the fruits of his victory by the dissatisfaction of General Loring, who induced the War Department to order his command back to Winchester, against Jackson's wishes. This being too much for Jackson's self-respect, he at once sent his conditional resignation to the Secretary of War, but

fortunately through the good offices of his friend, Governor Letcher, he withdrew it.

After the evacuation of Romney by Loring, the Federals took possession and spread out along the Potomac in such numbers as to threaten Winchester on all sides. Loring with all his troops, except the Virginians, had been ordered elsewhere and Jackson's position was greatly endangered by the overwhelming forces in his front. His regular troops numbered only about four thousand, and he was confronted by two hostile armies numbering forty-five thousand, under Banks and Lander. Under these conditions General Johnston ordered Jackson to engage the attention of the invaders without exposing himself to defeat, so as to prevent, if possible, any detachment of their force reinforcing McClellan. It was an important and responsible mission. On the approach of Banks, after making a demonstration, Jackson evacuated Winchester, on March 11, 1862, slowly retreating to Woodstock and to Mount Jackson, forty miles distant, and Shields moved forward in pursuit to Strausburg.

Believing Jackson was out of the way, Shields was recalled to march to McClellan at Manassas. Jackson at once pushed his little army forward in pursuit. The cavalry under General Turner Ashby, harassing Shields' rear, erroneously reported that all but one brigade had gone, thus misleading Jackson as to the strength of the enemy. After marching fourteen miles, arriving at Kearnstown at two o'clock in the afternoon, he concluded to make an assault upon the enemy and led his men to the attack; for three hours the sanguinary and stubborn contest continued, but

finally overcome by superior numbers, his brave legions were compelled to retreat. The Federals captured about three hundred prisoners, and although this bold attack was unsuccessful, it led to many important results. It recalled all the Federal troops then marching towards Manassas, and created such consternation in Washington that McDowell's Corps was recalled from McClellan, to protect that city. The Confederate Congress voted Jackson its thanks for his achievement at Kearnstown.

About the last of April Jackson applied to General Lee for reinforcements, but he could only spare him the commands of Ewell and Edward Johnson. General Joseph E. Johnston had transferred the mass of his army to the front of Richmond, where he had command in person. Banks followed Jackson slowly and attempted no serious advance until April 17, when Jackson retired to Harrisonburg, crossing the main fork of the Shenandoah, and took up a position at the western base of the Blue Ridge in Swift Run Gap, and from there moved up the river to Port Republic. He crossed the mountains and ordered Ewell to take his place at Port Republic, and then recrossed the mountains at Brown's Gap, marched rapidly through Staunton, made a junction with Edward Johnson, and on May 8, reached McDowell, securing a commanding position which the enemy saw, if held, would force its surrender, and made a desperate attempt to recover. Milroy and Schenck, having united, fought desperately for three hours in the attempt to recover it, but after a bloody struggle they were forced back, and under cover of night retreated to Franklin, twenty-four miles

distant. Jackson followed them, but finding Fremont there with ten thousand fresh troops, and deeming it inadvisable to attack such a superior force, he turned back and under cover of his cavalry marched (May 13) rapidly within seventeen miles of Staunton and turned towards Harrisonburg, sending Ewell a dispatch that he was coming to attack Banks with their united forces. The Confederates marched from Franklin to Front Royal, 120 miles, in ten days, arriving there on May 23. After capturing Front Royal and while pursuing the enemy, Jackson personally, at the right moment, directed the charge of 250 Virginia troopers under Colonel Thomas S. Flournoy, capturing 600 prisoners, including 23 officers and a whole section of artillery, performing one of the most brilliant feats of the war.

Banks, surprised by this fierce and sudden attack on his flank, precipitately retreated from Strausburg to Winchester, and Jackson forging forward after him captured men and stores all along the route.

When Jackson arrived in front of Winchester about daylight on May 25, he found the Federal forces drawn up across the approaches to the town. Without halting, he maneuvered his army into position under the mists of the May morning, all the time steadily pressing the enemy, until his whole line being in battle order, just as the bright morning sun dispersed the veil of mist, they swept forward, ten thousand bayonets glistening in splendid array, with a great " Rebel " yell sounding above the thunder of battle, and the Federal lines broke and the disordered hosts crowded into the streets of Winchester.

Jackson, riding recklessly with his old brigade in

the forefront of victorious battle, raised himself in his stirrups, and waving his cap in the direction of the fleeing foe, shouted to his men, "Press forward to the Potomac!" With one exception the enemy's regiments lost all order in the streets, and the Confederates with terrible rushes and fierce yells drove them out, scattering them across the fields beyond the town. As Jackson's soldiers pressed through the streets the citizens, frantic with joy, rushed out from every doorway, and with weeping and with laughter, with the blessings of women and praises of men, the Army of the Valley was urged forward in hot pursuit.

Jackson, leading the van, continued the pursuit five miles beyond Winchester before he halted his tired infantry for bivouac. Banks continued his flight until he stood upon the northern bank of the Potomac. The Federals were driven between fifty and sixty miles in forty-eight hours, and if Ashby's cavalry had not been forgetful of duty, in gathering spoils, but few of Banks' grand army would have escaped. Jackson was heard to exclaim: "Oh, that my cavalry were in place, never was there such a chance for cavalry!" As it was, over three hundred thousand dollars' worth of quartermaster's stores and three thousand prisoners were captured. The victory was glorious for the Southern arms.

Within four weeks Jackson's army had made long and rapid marches, fought six skirmishes and two battles, capturing colors, artillery, numerous prisoners, vast medical, ordnance and other stores, finally driving the great hosts of hostile invaders out of the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. After the capture of Winchester Jackson marched his little

army forward until the gleam of its campfires were reflected in the waters of the Potomac. As Washington was threatened, the enemy proceeded to send heavy columns against him, and finding it prudent to retire, on the 30th of May he set his forces in movement, and in one day marched thirty miles, putting his army between Fremont and McDowell, who were hastening to Strausburg to intercept his retreat. Friday morning he was confronting Banks at Harper's Ferry, and by Sunday night, although encumbered by prisoners and captured stores, he had covered a distance of between fifty and sixty miles, passing between his two adversaries and reaching Strausburg, the objective point, before either.

Jackson continued to fall back to Harrisonburg. On June 6, Sir Percy Wyndham, wishing to show his mettle, made a dash with a squadron of cavalry upon Ashby, who captured the English nobleman with his entire force. Then the enemy threw forward a strong force to retrieve the loss, and while in this fierce combat the gallant Ashby was shot from his horse and killed. The death of Ashby was a sad blow to the Army of the Valley. Jackson rested his tired forces two days, but upon June 8 Shields made a dash upon his camp, which he promptly repulsed, driving the enemy across the river. The same day Fremont attacked Ewell at Cross Keys, who defeated his assailants, gaining a brilliant victory. This emboldened Jackson to assail his opponent, so he crossed to the opposite side of the river and, making the attack, gained a decisive victory. The next day both Fremont and Shields were in full retreat down the Valley. Now within forty days Jackson had

marched four hundred miles, fought four pitched battles, defeating four separate armies, with many skirmishes and combats, capturing many prisoners and valuable munitions of war. This ended his celebrated Valley campaign, one of the most brilliant in the annals of war.

Jackson was called from the Valley to help Lee raise the siege of Richmond, and, arriving there with his army, he was ordered to turn the enemy's works at Mechanicsville, and there he directed the glorious charges which drove the Federals across the Chickahominy, fighting on with Lee until McClellan gave up his "On to Richmond."

Meanwhile the boastful Pope had combined the commands of Fremont, Shields, Banks, and McDowell into an army of fifty thousand men, which he had concentrated at Culpeper Court House. Jackson's army, reinforced by the Division of A. P. Hill, marched to the fight, and on August 9 met Pope on the borders of Cedar Run. There a deadly struggle ensued. The conflict, fierce and stubborn, hung in the balance for awhile; Winder, the noble leader of the first brigade, was killed at a critical moment—then Jackson for the first time in war, drew his sword, shouting to his broken ranks, "Rally, brave men, and press forward! Jackson will lead you! Follow me!" The appeal was effectual, the unexpected rally shocked the enemy, and before recovering they were routed and driven from the field. That night Jackson with his victorious troops bivouacked upon the battlefield. He pronounced this the most successful of all his exploits.

Fearing no danger from McClellan on the pen-

insula, General Lee moved his army to form a junction with Jackson to threaten Washington. Pope retreated across the Rappahannock, and on August 20 Lee marched forward to carry out his designs. Jackson was ordered to cross the Rappahannock high up and hasten to get in Pope's rear. This he accomplished by marching fifty miles in two days, capturing Bristoe Station, with a large amount of stores, and then crossing the stream to Manassas, he burned the railroad bridge behind him. On the 29th the enemy offered battle, and about ten o'clock in the morning it was on. As desired, Longstreet came up in good time, and for many hours the conflict raged. Six times the enemy made determined assaults and six times they were gallantly repulsed. Both wings were desperately engaged throughout the day, and not until nine o'clock at night did the battle cease on Longstreet's front. General Lee, having arrived on the field, assumed command on the morning of August 30. He held his lines on the defensive, and not until four o'clock did the enemy move to an assault. They came in three lines—a dense mass—rushing like great billows against our troops, but every time recoiled before our terrible fire. After a while both wings of Lee's army were ordered to close in upon the enemy, and aided by a terrific fire of artillery, the Federal lines were broken just as darkness set in, and about ten o'clock the battle came to an end as a terrible rainstorm poured out its torrents. There the Confederates again slept on the field of victory.

And now the armies of McClellan and Pope which had joined issue with Lee at this second Manassas

retreated and sought shelter in the fortifications of Washington. Lee decided to invade Maryland, with the hope of arousing her people to join his army, and sent Jackson again to the Valley to cross the Potomac and capture Harper's Ferry, which he soon accomplished, with eleven thousand prisoners, sixty pieces of artillery, thirteen small arms, numbers of horses and wagons and vast quantities of stores. This forward movement of the Army of Northern Virginia brought on the great batte of Sharpsburg, where Jackson's stubborn resistance against overwhelming odds added new laurels to his fame.

Turning from this battle we next find Jackson directing the right wing of the Army of Northern Virginia in the great battle of Fredericksburg, where was presented the most dramatic and imposing tableau of war ever witnessed on an American battlefield. Jackson, here as elsewhere, was the superb leader, who made Burnside's left wing stagger and recoil to the banks of the Rappahannock.

And now we come to Jackson's last fight. The great battle of Chancellorsville was opened by the advance of Mahone's Brigade from the Tabernacle church about eleven o'clock, May 1, 1863, supported by others of Anderson's and McLaws' divisions, and they vigorously pushed the enemy back until within a mile and a quarter of Chancellorsville, where Hooker was so strongly entrenched as to make a direct attack too hazardous. General Lee resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear. The execution of this plan was entrusted to General Jackson, with three divisions of his corps. Early on the morning of May 2 he started on the long march,

and his leading division reached the old turnpike road three miles in rear of Chancellorsville about four o'clock, and as the other divisions came up they were formed at right angle to the road. At six o'clock in the evening the advance in line of battle was ordered. General Lee's official report says: "The enemy were taken by surprise, and fled after a brief resistance. General Rhodes' men pushed forward with great vigor and enthusiasm, followed closely to the second and third lines. Position after position was carried, the guns captured, and every effort of the enemy to rally defeated by the impetuous rush of our troops. In the ardor of pursuit through the thick and tangled woods, the first and second lines at last became mingled and moved together as one. The enemy made a stand at a line of breastworks across the road, at the house of Melzar Chancellor, but the troops of Rhodes and Colston dashed over the entrenchments together, and the flight and pursuit were resumed, and continued until our advance was arrested by the abatis in front of the line of works near the central position at Chancellorsville. It was now dark, and General Jackson ordered the third line, under General A. P. Hill, to advance to the front, and relieve the troops of Rhodes and Colston, who were completely blended and in such disorder, from the rapid advance through intricate woods and over broken ground, that it was necessary to re-form them. As Hill's men moved forward General Jackson, with his staff and escort, returning from the extreme front, met his skirmishers advancing, and in the obscurity of the night were mistaken for the enemy and fired upon. Captain J. K. Boswell, chief engineer of the corps,

and several others were killed and a number wounded. General Jackson himself received a severe injury, and was borne from the field." It was indeed "severe," for it proved mortal.

A. P. Hill having been wounded about the same time, General J. E. B. Stuart was put in Jackson's place. Early next morning Stuart renewed the attack and effecting a junction with Anderson, the whole line pressed irresistibly forward until by ten o'clock the field of Chancellorsville was in full possession of the victorious Confederates. Jackson's movement turned the enemy's position and decided the fortunes of the day. The matchless energy and skill that marked this last act of his life General Lee said "was a worthy conclusion of that long series of splendid achievements which won for him the lasting love and gratitude of his country."

The most beautiful characteristic of this dashing soldier was the humble Christian demeanor which shone over all his military victories. Not a plaudit came to him, but he said: "Give the glory to God." His martial life was ennobled by his Christian devotion, and from his boyhood to his death he was the very model of a Christian gentleman, and he died as he had lived, clinging to the cross of the Nazarene. His wounds were fatal and on May 10, 1863, the Lord's Day, he went down to the river of death and crossed into the beautiful city, where the throne of God is fixed, and the blessed Saviour sits upon the right hand.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Jefferson Davis is the pearl of Southern pride, a figure which stands for the people's honor, a character of chaste elegance which chivalric men admire—the stainless statesman, brave soldier, and Christian patriot whose private virtues and public acts were alike pure and true to God and his country.

That unflinching loyalty and heroic devotion to duty which made him the symbol of Southern pride is now a living light of our lost nation. Courtly, reserved, firm and true, he has left a brilliant fame to adorn our homes.

Although his republic was blotted from the maps, it is still imprinted in the hearts of the people, where its eternal principles will live as blessings for the people in the future.

He resigned his seat in Congress to command the First Mississippi Regiment in the Mexican War, a regiment which won splendid fame in the battles with Santa Anna, and the gallantry of the young colonel was so conspicuous as to elicit the praise of the Duke of Wellington.

At the battle of Buena Vista his brilliant stand, with 365 men against 2000 well-equipped Mexican cavalry, saved the left wing of Taylor's army. He remained in his saddle from early morning until the battle was won, and though seriously wounded, was unconscious of pain while there was need of his services on the field. As a result of this wound he was

compelled to move about on crutches for a period of two years.

As Secretary of War and Senator in the United States Congress he ranked with the most distinguished men of the nation, and although a true Southerner, he sincerely loved the Union and made all honorable efforts in his power to preserve it, as our fathers intended it to stand; but his earnestness and eloquence could not prevail. He was slow to join the spontaneous uprising of the South against Northern fanaticism, because he hoped to save its cause through peaceful means. His judgment was conservative, and, with a heart full of love for his people, he desired to stay the rivers of blood which he foresaw would flow from the sword of war.

He was called to the chief office of the new nation by the unanimous voice of the people, and served them with bravery, fortitude, and faithfulness, giving his best energies and great intellect to the cause of Southern independence, and when defeat overwhelmed the Confederacy, he calmly went to prison, reviled, starved, shackled, insulted, and cruelly tortured in every way venom could devise or malice invent. He suffered all these indignities for his cause and his people. These humiliations were like iron in the soul of the South, but the manliness of Jefferson Davis in his sufferings is a source of pride, and a lesson of honor which will ever be enshrined in the archives of our memory.

APPOMATTOX

[A speech delivered at the Third Annual Reunion of Mahone's Brigade in the Academy of Music, Petersburg, Va., Monday, July 30, 1877.]

ALTHOUGH this association has always seemed to me one of the most honorable and agreeable that anyone who has a Virginia heart in his bosom could desire to address, I should have been glad, my comrades, if your committee had selected some abler mind for the task; but as they saw fit to bestow the high honor upon me, I felt it my duty to respond as well as I could. I essay the task with unaffected diffidence and emotion.

Oh, my comrades, what proud and glorious associations surround us to-day! Holy memories are revived, valorous achievements are recalled, and tender affections are renewed! Petersburg is a magical word, quickening the imagination and filling the mind with vivid recollections of the glorious past! Again we see the proud columns of the Army of Northern Virginia, with bright bayonets and floating battle-flags, filing through these streets! Again we hear the beautiful maidens utter fervent prayers for the ragged soldiers, and see their tender hands strewing their pathway with flowers. Here, under the holy spires, ever pointing to the kingdom of the King of Kings, that for so many months withstood all the anger of an enemy's most powerful artillery,—in the midst of the devoted women who shared the perils of the great thunderbolts of war with their fathers and

brothers and husbands; encircled by bloody fields, rich in daring deeds and unrivaled chivalry, the soldiers who made yonder hill as renowned as Thermopylæ or Balaklava, more than any other spot upon God's footstool, delight to gather in their annual reunions. By the holiest ties that can fasten brave men's hearts, they love Petersburg and its people.

Besides these and the sacred mission which has called us together, there is social sweetness and charm about this meeting which delights and gladdens many over-burdened hearts. It is pleasant for brothers to dwell together in peace and unity, and a union of brother soldiers, though short as a day, gives the most happy recreation that human nature is capable of enjoying. To meet eye to eye, breast to breast, with hand clasped in hand, brings to the bosom such emotions as no words can express, and tears only tell the deep affection of kindred hearts.

Of what shall I speak to-day? Shall we touch elbows once more and march with bleeding feet over rough mountain highways under an almost tropical sun? Shall we recall old reflections around the campfires that dotted the hills of Fredericksburg, like the glittering guardians of night dot the dark vault of heaven? Shall we recharge over the blazing leaves of the Wilderness and see brave Wadsworth's sword gleaming high above flying locks of snow-white hair, and tell how hero-like he died, urging his broken and flying ranks to meet us in deadly strife? Shall we look to Spottsylvania, when massed columns were pressing our lines back and the battle raging with doubtful results, and behold Robert E. Lee riding down the front, where the iron hail fell thickest, with

cool courage and stately bearing arousing his soldiers to desperate determination? Oh, that grand sight, that made every man experience supreme moments of self-forgetfulness in the very jaws of death, and utter silent and reverent prayers to God for him whom they loved as life! But let us pass the many fields that crowned your arms with victory and go to the sad scenes which closed your career as soldiers.

> "The very cypress droops to death—
> Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
> The only constant mourner o'er the dead."

The world forgets and gives no heed to the requiem of the dead nation; but in the hearts of its soldiers forgetfulness is unknown, and from these sacred sanctuaries the mourners' grief flows in everlasting tide, and their heads, like the stately cypress, droop in eternal sorrow. Thither to the grave of their country, Appomattox, their footsteps often turn in sacred pilgrimage, and while retracing, in thought, its death throes, whisperings, "tread lightly, 'tis sacred ground," come trooping up, for there the nation that they loved was stricken down and buried forever.

The last reveille moved our command from the line of battle where the night of April 8, 1865, was spent, after the hard march from its victorious field of Cumberland. Then, after a few miles' march, a halt was ordered on the now famous fields of Appomattox, just as the sun was throwing his curtains of crimson and gold over the eastern sky and while the newborn leaves were yet burdened with dew. The country is undulating, and an elevated position brings a large

section within view. On the west the Blue Ridge rose in its morning garb, and on the east a broad plateau of green, here and there broken by gradual elevations, appeared under the morning mists. The everlasting artillery was thundering in front; Gordon's shattered columns were struggling there, endeavoring to reopen the path of retreat now closed by the Army of the James. Pickett's magnificent division, that had made the hills of Gettysburg tremble beneath its terrible tread, the grand Army of the Potomac recoil before its mighty onset, and a world stand with bated breath at its sublime courage and matchless heroism, had been overwhelmed and torn asunder at Five Forks and Sailor's Creek, and only forty-seven men with arms remained for duty. Mahone's and Fields' divisions, "staunch in the midst of all disasters," were the only troops ready to be brought into action against the combined Armies of the Potomac and James, numbering probably 140,000 armed men.

The blue lines of the enemy, like a huge anaconda, were extending their coils to the right and left, but the troops were ignorant of how closely they were folded. General Gordon, in reply to a message, had said: "Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and can do nothing unless heavily supported by Longstreet's Corps"; on receiving which message the great Captain exclaimed, "Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths." He had now only 7892 infantry with arms upon the field. About sunrise, in this dire emergency, the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Confederate

States summoned to him General William Mahone. He found him with the "Old War Horse," General James Longstreet, at his side. The staff were requested to retire, and the three held counsel together; what transpired between them the historian must disclose, for the rigid rules of propriety have excluded a witness to-day, but I will say that General Mahone did not propose or entertain a purpose to cut through the enemy's lines, as was attributed to him, by common rumor, at that time.

Surrender was inevitable, but General Lee had before determined the terms must be such as he felt were due to his army—that the soldiers should not be sent to prison, but be paroled to return to their homes;—officers with their side-arms, and men and officers with their personal effects. These terms or fight, then and there, to death. He was determined to preserve, untarnished, the honor of the Army of Northern Virginia. When the last counsel-of-war was over, General Lee mounted "Traveler," saying to General Longstreet, "You take care of the command," and rode off to see General Grant. General Longstreet sent General Mahone to take command of the rear left flank.

Afterwards General Lee was seen standing alone in the direction of Appomattox Court House, near the celebrated apple tree, with his staff near by, and a few soldiers in the vicinity grouped here and there. He was awaiting a messenger. Soon a Federal officer (General Babcock), accompanied by a courier, came galloping from the enemy's lines. The officer dismounted within fifty yards of General Lee, then advanced on foot, and when within fifty feet took off

his hat and placed it under his arm. Colonel Walter H. Taylor advanced and bore from him a note to General Lee. A message was returned, whereupon the officer returned his hat to his head, made for his horse, remounted and rode off to his lines. Shortly after he returned, and in like manner approached General Lee and delivered to Colonel Taylor another note. Upon reading this second communication General Lee, with great deliberation, tore it into many pieces, and threw them upon the ground, afterwards pressing the pieces in the earth with his foot. A message was delivered to the officer, who, in like manner as before, made his exit. Soon after General Lee mounted, and, with Colonel Marshall and a courier, rode off in the direction the officer had gone. It was then that the two opposing commanders first met, after which they retired to the McLean Mansion, where the terms of capitulation were committed to writing. The reverence displayed by the Federal officer who bore the messages to General Lee impressed all with the high sense of the manly propriety of that officer.

When General Mahone returned from the conference, many of you will remember the cheerfulness with which the division took its position, and the word which ran along its line: "Well, we will get a chance at Sheridan now, and supply Mahone's foot cavalry with horses." Mahone's men cherished an earnest desire to get hold of little Phil. Sheridan; they had driven his troops handsomely at Amelia Court House, and felt that they would now finally wind up the mad career of his troopers. But it was not long before the spirit which had never failed this

noble band was suddenly seized with suspicions of surrender. A cavalryman had galloped across the open field from the front and disclosed the startling news, but they had little faith in his tale. They were actively engaged in building the breastworks when the order was passed to stop. This was singularly contrary to the precaution that had always governed. The cavalryman's story was true, and the men's hearts sank in grief, and they wept like children over a mother's grave. They knew all was over, and these manifestations of sorrow and distress sublimely attested their fidelity to the Southern cause. If there was a man in the command who did not prefer fighting to surrender, emotions which only the heart can inspire are not to be taken as reflecting the sincere sentiments of men. Like the inhabitants of renowned Carthage, many of them would have preferred death rather than survive the subjugation of their country. Our trusted little General's heart sank, too, and he was forced to turn his back upon the scene. To the absolute confidence of the command that clasped the affections of his heart with hooks of steel he gave expression by saying: "I dread war, and do not desire it, but I could be content to spend the longest life allotted to man with these soldiers."

Four years of intimate association in camp and field, of alternate pleasure and pain, of hope and despair, had woven, in warp and woof, the threads of friendship too closely to be rudely torn asunder, and the hour of separation was one of the dark spots in life that leave a lasting impress. The orphan who has lost both father and mother by one fell stroke of the destroyer death could have felt no greater

sense of loneliness and dark despair than the soldier who had followed the starry cross with the heart of a patriot and a singleness of purpose approximating idolatry, as he stood by his last campfire without a musket, without a flag, without a leader, without a country; alas! perchance, without a home!

On that last march we had hoped to join our fortunes with Johnston's army and throw all in the scale of one grand trial at arms with the armies of Grant and Sherman, thinking that by generous emulation and rivalry, and one determined effort, with Lee and Johnston clasping hands, we might crush the unwieldy columns of the invaders; but Providence ordained that the Army of Northern Virginia should fall by the wayside, gradually worn out by attrition, and thus the last hope of the Southern soldier fled forever.

The 10th of April was spent by the soldiers discussing, around the campfires, their gloomy prospects, for it was chilly and a drizzling rain was falling; also in foraging the immediate surroundings for scant food, as our commissariat had been long exhausted, and the Federals were unable to supply us. Hunger was gnawing sharply in their breasts, and fortunate indeed was the owner of a few grains of corn or a small piece of stale bread. After all the preliminaries were arranged, and General Lee had issued his farewell order, formal surrender was made. We had often seen pictures, in our schoolbooks, of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, but never dreamed that we should realize a like scene. Crawford's Division was drawn up on a hill just in front of Appomattox Court House, when we marched up

within a few feet, halted, faced them and stacked arms, furling the proud old bullet-torn, battle-smoked flags across the stacks. It was truly a sad mission, as plainly depicted on every countenance in our ranks. Some of the Federals looked glum and sullen, and now and then we could hear the dissatisfied mutterings from revengeful hearts, but we took no heed of their cowardly insults, and countermarched to our camp. It is but just to say that most of our captors were kind, courteous, considerate, and charitable. General Grant's conduct was admirable, and his gallant demeanor towards his fallen foes was by them awarded the highest praise.

When General Lee took his departure the soldiers gathered about the roadside, and as he passed through the broken and unarmed ranks every head was uncovered, and each man was bidding him a silent adieu, with bursting heart and overflowing eyes. Even in disaster and defeat all his manly characteristics stood out in his very appearance, and he seemed created to inspire love, respect, and enthusiasm. His men loved him with a deep and sacred affection that no disaster could dampen, no defeat destroy. Not only his soldiers, but the whole South; and, as the London *Standard* has said: "He left behind him no rival of her love, no object of equal pride and reverence. Nor is his fame confined to the South. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, his name is revered and honored—a name which history furnishes few equal in military renown, none in moral grandeur; the name of one who realized in actual life the dreams of ideal chivalry; so great in victory that none ever surpassed, so much greater in defeat that none ever

reproached him; the patriot without a thought of self, the hero without a shade of affectation or display; the man who would neither despair of his country nor conspire against her conquerors; ideal soldier and perfect citizen, a Christian without pretensions, and a gentleman without flaw."

After receiving their paroles the men formed in groups and marched in the direction of their wasted homes, relying upon kind-hearted citizens to supply them with rations on their desolate journey—a journey as dreary as a fugitive, through dismal avenues shrouded in the backness of midnight and curtained on either side with the somber forms of full foliaged shrubs and trees; all surroundings as black as death, terrible as the tornado, awful as the night of crucifixion!

In company with a few friends I turned my horse's head homeward. Our route was marked by ruined homesteads, and many blackened chimneys stood, monuments of the invaders' malice. I passed a house standing desolate and bleak, the surrounding fences of field and garden having been recently destroyed by the troops, and saw a Federal commissary driving a cow from its rear, and a frail mother, with her infant children, standing on the front steps pleading with him, in most piteous language, to spare this last and only resource of living; but the inhuman wretch sternly refused, and left them to starve. The blood ran thick and fast through my veins, but I was an unarmed prisoner, in the presence of thousands of my captors, and forced to witness, in silence, this diabolical deed. Heaven forefend another such scene!

Numberless have been the humiliations, and many the trials and difficulties of life since the sad day of surrender, but, while struggling through all, the consciousness of faithful service to the Confederate cause has been our pride and shield. At last that remorseless spirit and bitterness of heart engendered by war is giving place to noble charity—charity, like the dew that nourishes the oak of an hundred years as the plant of an hour's life, that glitters among the thorns and briars, as jeweling the lilies and the roses—and we, who suffered defeat and survived the downfall of our country, can tell of devotion to the Southern Cross, even under the folds of the Star-Spangled Banner. While you respect and own true allegiance to the Union as it is, what Virginian would not rather leave, as an heritage for his children, the record of duty faithfully performed as a private soldier of the South, than all the gold that ever glittered in California's sands?

The private soldier of the Southern army was actuated by the most unselfish purpose that ever led men to arms. And, Privates of the old Brigade, while you owe much to the skill and tact of your leaders for the many glories of your arms, you shall wear the richest crowns and the brightest jewels. Let me bear witness, that no one has accorded them more freely and frankly than he under whom you first learned to march—the matchless Mahone. You are highest in his esteem, and to you his gratitude is as unbounded as the wealth of his name is renowned among the martial people of the world, as sacred as the beads and cross to the holy Sisters of Charity. The private soldiers were the first to learn

his virtues. You have long known his industry in business, his fortitude amid danger, his energy in acting, his rapidity in executing, his wisdom in foreseeing; but modesty veiled his brilliant genius for long years. At last, however, in the hour of despair and gloom, the Confederate authorities were forced to discover his merit, and gave him an insufficient command, sadly deficient in numbers, and even then it burst forth in all its fullness and glory. The world has seen his perseverance and his wisdom, with the valor of his disciplined troops, pluck victory from the most extreme difficulties, and it knows how the sheen of his sword carried success everywhere: through the tangled paths of the Wilderness, up the flaming steeps of Coal Harbor, over the smoking bosom of the Crater, even to the threshold of surrender, and history will clothe his name in all the grandeur of magnificent purpose and brilliant martial glory.

My comrades, in conclusion let me say that your historical work appeals to the highest and purest sentiments of men—a duty you owe to Virginia, a duty to the conquered South, a duty to the dead, a duty urged in voiceless eloquence by the uncoffined bones of our brothers, scattered all over this grand old Commonwealth, from where the great ocean billows rush in eternal succession on her eastern sands to the cloud-bathed summit of her mighty hills.

The history of their brilliant harvest of glory shall be as a sacred treasure for their children and widows, and a holy jewel for the living comrades, and they will always sing:

"Yes, give me a land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just!
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays,
Enshrining the memories of long-vanished days;
Yes, give me the land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the Right with the Wrong;
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot!
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's a grandeur in graves—there's a glory in gloom!
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn!
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of Might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of Right."

THE END