

July 1st / 4/10. G. Lukeman / 4/14.

Confederate Veteran.



VOL. XXXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1925

NO. 11



THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

Preliminary design for the central group of the Stone Mountain Memorial as submitted by Augustus Lukeman, sculptor, and approved by the Committee. These leading figures are of President Davis and Generals Lee and Jackson, while two color bearers and four other Confederate generals, to be selected by historians of the Southern States, will complete the central group.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

OLD BOOK OFFERING.

The War between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens.....	\$10 00
Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson. By Mrs. Jackson.....	3 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis.....	8 00
Advance and Retreat. By Gen. John B. Hood.....	3 50
Narrative of Military Campaigns. By Gen. J. E. Johnston.....	4 00
Recollections of a Naval Officer. By H. A. Parker.....	3 00
Recollections of a Naval Life. By John McIntosh Kell.....	4 00
History of the Confederate Navy. By J. T. Scharf.....	4 00
Colonial Ballads. By Margaret J. Preston.....	2 00
Black Diamonds Gathered in Darkey Homes. By E. A. Pollard.....	2 00
Chronicles of Chicora Wood. A Story of Plantation Life in South Carolina before and after the War. By Mrs. Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle.....	3 00
Some Old Historic Landmarks of Virginia and Maryland. By W. H. Snowden. Paper covers.....	1 50
Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon.....	2 50
Life and Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor.....	5 00
History of Morgan's Cavalry. By Gen. Basil Duke.....	3 50
The Southern Amaranth. Edited by Mrs. Sallie Brock.....	3 00
Partisan Life with Mosby. By Colonel Scott.....	3 50
Mosby's War Reminiscences and Stuart's Cavalry Campaign (autographed). Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	5 00
Life of Stonewall Jackson. By John Esten Cooke.....	4 00
History of the Orphan Brigade. By Col. E. Porter Thompson.....	5 00

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W. E. Preston, of Columbus, Ga., is another good friend who believes in the future of the VETERAN, by sending ten dollars on subscription account. This takes him to June, 1932.

A. W. Williams, of LaFayette, Ky., wants a copy of Thomas Dixon's book, "The Traitor," and will appreciate hearing from anyone who has it for sale or can tell him where it may be procured.

Any surviving comrade or friends of Levi Easley, who went into the war from Tishomingo County, Miss., will please communicate with his wife (now eighty-five years old and in need of a pension), in care of Mrs. L. J. Bailey, Confederate Home, Ardmore, Okla. She has forgotten the company and regiment with which her husband served, but says he was under "General Cheatham and a Captain White." If Mose or Dave Achard (or Ackoid) is still living, she asks to hear from him.

Mrs. Olin Fisk Wiley, 20 Hawthorne Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass., is anxious to procure a copy of the old song which has this refrain:

"Sleep, soldier, and the many shall regret thee

Who stand by thy cold bier to-day;
Soon, soon will the kindest forget thee
And thy name from the earth pass away."

W. E. Doyle, of Teague, Tex., asks for a copy of "Wilkinson's History," which he thinks has subtitle as, "A Yankee Soldier Who Heard the Order Given and Saw It Disobeyed." Anyone having this book, or knows where it can be bought, will please write to him, stating price, etc.

James C. Brown, Box No. 155, New Madrid, Mo., has a copy of the "United States History" written by Dr. J. William Jones, which he wishes to exchange for a copy of Dabney's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." Write him about it.

A. Neely, Adjutant of Walker McRea Camp, of Searcy, Ark., would like to get a facsimile of the signatures of President Davis and of General Lee, and will appreciate hearing about them and the cost.

G. R. Seamonds, clerk of Cabell County, Huntington, W. Va., sends ten dollars on his subscription account, and says he likes the VETERAN very much.

STONE MOUNTAIN COINS.

Look up all your old envelopes up to the year 1875. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. Also look for Confederate stamps; send all you find to me. I will pay highest prices. Then help finish Stone Mountain by purchasing Stone Mountain Memorial Coins with the money you receive. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles Gen. William C. Harrison

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

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GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life.*

U. C. V. APPOINTMENTS.

Brig. Gen. J. B. Marshall, Montgomery, Ala., has been appointed Quartermaster General, U. C. V., to succeed the late Gen. J. F. Shipp.

Gen. J. S. Frink, Commander First Brigade, Florida Division, U. C. V., has been appointed to command of the State Division until the State reunion at Gainesville, November 3-5, when a successor to the late Gen. James McKay will be elected.

REORGANIZING CAMPS.

The following letter shows the effort that is being made to keep alive the Camps of this department and is commended as a most effective method:

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.
HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, VA., September 1, 1925.

"Lieutenant General Edgar D. Taylor, Commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V.

"My Dear General: Our motto is, as you know, 'No Camp Should Disband as Long as It Has Two Living Members.'

"We must live up to this motto. How can it be done? As our comrades grow older and less able physically to attend meetings of the Camps, the organizations become inactive. The report of the Adjutant General, U. C. V., made at the reunion at Dallas in May, 1925, shows as follows:

Division	Number of Camps	Number Paid
South Carolina	58	28
North Carolina	57	27
Virginia	68	35
West Virginia	19	2
Maryland	12	1
Total	214	93

"It will be seen from this report that of 214 Camps in this Department, only 93 are in good standing, not having paid their per capita dues. The reason these dues have not been paid is, doubtless, because of the inactivity of the members on account of their physical condition, resulting in the failure to hold meetings of the Camps.

"It is believed that this condition can be easily remedied with the assistance of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who are so faithful and loyal to the memory of the glorious cause and to the veterans' organization. This suggestion is made in consequence of recent experience in one of the States of this Department in which it seemed impossible to revive a single Camp. After prolonged correspondence with many veterans and others in that State in the unsuccessful effort to reorganize some of the inactive Camps, one of the Daughters, a young lady, was requested to lend her assistance in

this effort; she readily did so, and to her we are indebted for a reorganized Camp with 27 members in good standing, represented at Dallas by one of the most distinguished veterans at that reunion.

"The names of a few veterans were furnished to this young lady; she called on them at their homes, obtained their permission to enroll them as members of a Camp, and their choice of a commander. The commander thus selected, who was subsequently the delegate at Dallas, joined with most energetic and efficient assistance in the organization, and it is safe to predict that that Camp will not disband as long as two of them are spared.

"It is not necessary for these Camps to hold meetings; there is nothing for them now to do; but if it should be found necessary for the Camp to take action in any matter, the votes of the members may be taken at their homes just as were the votes for the commander of this Camp.

"Now what was done by this noble Daughter can be done by others, and it is not doubted for an instant that there are hundreds of them in the territory covered by this Department who would be more than delighted to do this glorious work.

"The Commander in Chief informs me that already in one of the towns in this State, one of the Daughters has been instrumental in reorganizing inactive Camps.

"If you think favorably of the suggestion, I dare say your request for the different organizations of the Daughters to lend a hand will bring about a revival of these inactive Camps to an extent that will surprise the most optimistic.

"I am submitting these suggestions with great respect, feeling sure that the interest you have in the Department commanded by you will lead you to say quickly and plainly whether the plan has any merit and that if it has, your vigorous coöperation will follow.

"Yours sincerely,
JO. LANE STERN,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

"I heartily indorse the above letter being sent out by Adjutant General Jo. Lane Stern, my Chief of Staff, representing the Army of Northern Virginia Department, and I have no doubt but what the letter will result in great good in helping to keep the Camps alive and reviving those that are dead.

EDGAR D. TAYLOR,
Commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department."

"Recommended and heartily indorsed.

W. B. FREEMAN,
Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans."

CAPT. S. A. ASHE, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

One of the most valuable citizens of the Old North State is Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, who has served the State as valiantly in time of peace as he did when fighting for State Rights in the sixties. As lawyer, editor, and historian he has rendered signal service in these past sixty years, and his eighty-fifth birthday—September 14—found him still active and zealous in his special interest, the history of his State. His "History of North Carolina," upon which he is now engaged, will be a valuable addition to its historic annals.

COMMANDER PACIFIC DIVISION, U. C. V.—Friends everywhere will sympathize with Gen. W. C. Harrison, commanding the Pacific Division, U. C. V., in his suffering occasioned by a serious fall early in September. It is gratifying to report that he is improving, and he will appreciate hearing from friends and comrades. His address is 837 Lake Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

SAM DAVIS—OCTOBER 6.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

To-day I watched you kneel in prayer
Before the shrine of one held dear;
And pride of race shone on each face—
To shame the weakling's glist'ning tear.

The sunshine tinged with gold that brow,
Those lips, so stern they seemed to smile;
The boy whom Death had found a man—
No death his soul could e'er defile.

Your wreaths, dew-spangled with your tears,
Fair garlands strewed upon the sward;
Your prayers—the pledge renewed again—
"Sam Davis, we thy fame shall guard!"

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

Nothing I have ever witnessed awakened the feeling in my heart that came the other day when that little band of women stood with bared heads before the statue of Sam Davis on the Capitol grounds at Nashville, as John DeWitt offered up a prayer to the memory of the boy who gave his life rather than betray the friend who, living, might further aid his beloved Southland.

Surrounded on every hand by the noisy, heedless throngs of a busy city, this little band of loyal ones might have indeed been standing on that shining shore where waits the lad whose memory they had come again, on this his birthday, to honor. And, somehow, I felt that Sam Davis in the flesh was there in their midst, proud and happy in the knowledge that all the years have not changed the fair land for which he gave up his life. And the setting sun cast a bright radiance upon that sweet, stern face, a radiance that was reflected within the heart of each one of that little group of worshipers, a radiance that brought to every eye the undying fire that the bitter tears of the past have but kept aglow; and as those loyal ones left the spot made sacred by their pilgrimages, the little battle flags seemed to whisper to the breezes of nightfall: "All is well, all is well, with Dixie!"

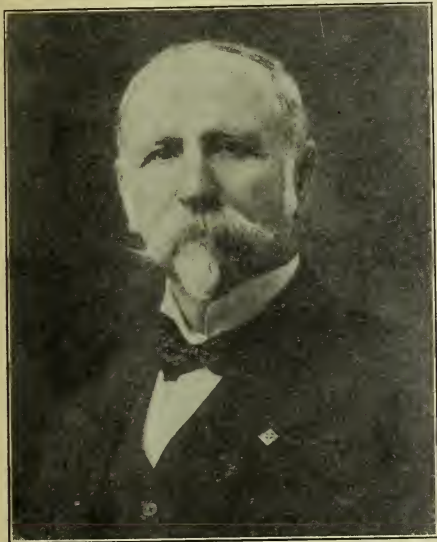
Mrs. Sarah J. McElvey, Quincy, Fla., sends for the VETERAN another year, and writes: "I am eighty-one years old, and I lived through those four dreadful years of war with my husband with Longstreet in Virginia. I also remember the reconstruction era and our sufferings and humiliations. The VETERAN brings to mind our struggles, and I want my grandchildren to know the truth while they are being taught untruth in the public schools. May God bless you and help you to broadcast the truth and honor of a fallen nation for a just cause."

Mrs. S. H. Moberly, of Springfield, Mo., renews "so that my subscription shall not run out," she says. "You can count on me as one of your old subscribers who expect to continue to take the VETERAN till the last day. I am now seventy-eight years old."

Mrs. J. H. Grabill, of Woodstock, Va., renews subscription in the name of her late husband, and says: "It has been three years since he 'passed over the river,' but I like to see it come directed to him, making it doubly dear. God bless you!"

GEN. JOSEPH F. SHIPP: IN MEMORIAM.

The passing of Gen. Joseph F. Shipp, Quartermaster General of the United Confederate Veterans, takes a prominent and beloved member from the ranks of the great Confederate organization, one who had been identified with it from the first, and who was the prime mover in organizing the survivors of the Confederate army into this great body. He organized the N. B. Forrest Camp of Confederate Veterans at Chattanooga, and later the idea came to him of a general association of all the State Confederate organizations, and this idea



GEN. J. F. SHIPP, U. C. V.

was perfected with the organization of the United Confederate Veterans. He was made Quartermaster General, and continued in that capacity to the end.

Joseph Franklin Shipp, born February 3, 1844, in Jasper County, Ga., enlisted for the Confederacy on the day that Fort Sumter was fired upon, April 12, 1861, becoming a member of the Glover Guards, of Monticello, Ga., which became Company G, of the 4th Georgia Volunteer Infantry. His command was stationed about Portsmouth, Va., and assisted in floating the celebrated Merrimac, which became the Confederate ironclad Virginia, and Joseph Shipp witnessed the first battle between ironclads in March, 1862. An account of this was written by him and published in the *VETERAN* for July, 1916, as a true record of a battle that has been much misrepresented.

He participated as a private in all the battles around Richmond and in Northern Virginia in which his regiment was engaged for two years. He was wounded at Malvern Hill, and discharged from the service. Returning to Georgia, he entered the service as purchasing agent for the Georgia Railroad and Assistant Quartermaster under Major Throckmorton, at Augusta, and was also in charge of moving the Atlanta rolling mill to Columbia, S. C., by the Confederate government, to manufacture army and navy materials. When Sherman be-

gan his march to the sea, young Shipp joined the cavalry under General Wheeler, which was engaged in checking Sherman's marauders. While in this service, his gallantry won his promotion to captain. He was later captured, but escaped and rejoined the army and was paroled at Augusta, Ga., April, 1865.

Returning to his Georgia home, Captain Shipp was engaged in various enterprises for several years, and in 1874 he located at Chattanooga, Tenn., which had since been his home. He was successful in business and helped to develop and build up the city of his adoption, with which he had been thoroughly identified for the past fifty years. During that time he served as tax assessor of Hamilton County, as sheriff, as a member of the board of aldermen, member of the board of education, president of the Board of Trade, and an active member of the Chamber of Commerce. He was perhaps the best known resident of the city and beloved wherever known. He helped to organize N. B. Forrest Camp of Confederate Veterans, and was its commander from 1887 to 1897. He was for several years an active member of the Board of Trustees for the Confederate Home of Tennessee and ever interested in securing relief for any needy comrades.

During the Spanish-American War, Captain Shipp was civilian quartermaster for the United States Government at Camp Thomas, now Fort Oglethorpe, where over 60,000 troops were quartered. Under appointment of Governor Turney, he served as coal oil inspector in the early nineties, and was again appointed to this office last year.

It was a Georgia girl whom Captain Shipp married in 1866, Miss Lily Eckles, of Social Circle, and theirs was a happy life of nearly sixty years. She survives him with four sons and three daughters, nine children having been born to them.

The funeral of this beloved comrade, friend, and noble citizen was from the Baptist Church, of which he was a loyal member, with a great throng in attendance, testifying to the esteem in which he was held. A pathetic feature of these services was the bestowal of his Cross of Honor upon his eldest son.

"To him," writes one who knew him well, "might be applied the sentiment contained in the lines he was wont to quote when called upon to stand at the graves of his departed comrades in the Confederate cemetery:

"March on! you silent heroes,
Sharing each day the record of the great;
Whole-hearted, wounded in heart, body, and mind,
Suffering, but brave, strong and defiant,
Underneath the load that crushed you—
March on!"

TIMES CHANGE, AND MEN AND MANNERS WITH THEM.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

Abraham Lincoln was a member of the lower house of Congress from 1847 to 1849. During the session of 1848-49, he voted for the supply bills incurred during the Mexican War. To one of the bills Mr. Ashman, a Whig, offered an amendment to the effect that the Mexican War was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States ordering General Taylor and his army to the Rio Grande border. Mr. Lincoln voted for the amendment, and said the war was unconstitutional because the power of levying war is vested in Congress and not in the President. In 1861 he changed his mind as to the powers vested in the President when, without the authority of Congress, he called for 75,000 volunteers and sent them into Virginia to subjugate the people of the South.

SURGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The request for contributions on Surgeons and Surgery of the Confederate Army has brought response in an article on Surgeon General Samuel Preston Moore, C. S. A., by H. R. McIlwaine, of Richmond, Va., a most fitting beginning of the series. This article comes through Mrs. Julia Porcher Wickham, of Lorraine, Va., who promises an article to follow on her father, Dr. Porcher, who was associated with Dr. Moore in those days of war. Other articles on this department or on those devoted surgeons and physicians who looked after the health of the Confederate soldier will be appreciated.

SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE, SURGEON GENERAL, C. S. A.

Samuel Preston Moore was born in Charleston S. C., in 1813. His father and mother were Stephen West and Eleanor Screven Gilbert Moore, his grandfather and grandmother were Samuel Preston and Susanna Pearson Moore. His first American paternal forebear was Dr. Mordecai Moore, the physician of Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland.

Dr. Moore was educated in the city of his nativity. Graduating in medicine in 1834, he was appointed assistant surgeon (with the rank of captain) in the United States army, March 14, 1835, when he was twenty-two years of age. His service in the old army, lasting for twenty-six years, was a very varied one, and prepared him well for the execution of the onerous and most responsible duties to which he was called when in 1861 he threw in his lot with his fellow citizens of South Carolina.

On July 30, 1861, Dr. Moore was assigned to duty in Richmond as acting surgeon general of the Confederacy, and his name was, on November 29, 1861, presented to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States for confirmation.

Probably the most difficult work that he had at the start was to secure a sufficient number of competent surgeons. The troops in the field were all volunteer troops who had been allowed to select their own officers, medical officers included, and their selections were not always the best. In the enthusiasm of the early days of the war many doctors had volunteered for service as soldiers, not as surgeons. Some of these were officers and some even in the ranks. Proper laws applying to the medical personnel were slow in getting passed. But in course of time medical examining boards were provided for, which improved conditions wonderfully. It is estimated that there were, first and last, about one thousand surgeons and two thousand assistant surgeons in the Confederate army and navy—both branches of the service being looked after by the one medical department.

These cared for in the four years of the war six hundred thousand Confederate troops and about two hundred and seventy thousand Federal prisoners of war, the latter of whom had to be looked after for a much longer period than normally would have been the case because of the stern policy of the Federal government, late in the war, of permitting no exchange of prisoners, a policy that resulted in the crowding at one time of thirty thousand prisoners into a space at Andersonville intended to accommodate only ten thousand, and in a distressing death rate in most of the Confederate prisons—but one not equal, it must be said in justice to the Confederate surgeons and their chief, who strove manfully to reduce it, to the death rate in the Federal prisons, the percentage of deaths in the former being about 8.3 and in the latter 12. It is said that the Confederate surgeons cared for during the war more than three million cases of wounds and disease.

Moore's next most difficult work was the erection of an adequate number of hospitals in properly selected places

throughout the South—such hospitals as in the late great World War would have been called base hospitals.

A continuing and increasing difficulty was the securing of medical and surgical supplies for these base hospitals and for field and camps. Though the Federal blockade pressed heavily, the medical department of the Confederacy did not cease at any time during the war from getting in large quantities of supplies from abroad. In addition, there was a good amount of trade with Mexico, and there was always a vast amount of smuggling along the extended borders of the



DR. SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

North and the South. Another source of supply was capture. The result of all this was that there was at no time an absolute dearth of medical supplies. Many Confederate surgeons said after the war that they never failed to have an ample supply of the three most important drugs—quinine, morphine, and chloroform.

From the beginning of the war Dr. Moore occupied himself with the question of substitutes and with the study of the medicinal qualities of indigenous plants. A rather amusing correspondence is preserved—and printed in the "Records"—carried on between Surgeon General Moore and one of the generals in the field in reference to the use of quinine, he maintaining that the general had erred in issuing an order that quinine should be given to the troops as a prophylactic. He held that it should be reserved for use in cases of actual sickness and that a preparation of native plants should be relied on for prophylactic purposes. His stand-by was the following: "Dried dogwood bark, 30 parts; dried poplar bark, 30 parts; dried willow bark, 40 parts; whisky, 45 per cent strength; 2 pounds of the mixed bark to 1 gallon of whisky. Macerate 14 days. Dose for tonic and antifebrifuge purposes, 1 ounce three times a day."

As with medicines, so with hospital furniture, bedding, and other necessary articles, it was in course of time found necessary for the medical bureau to assume direct control of the manufacture of them. Competent operatives had to be secured for the work. Disabled soldiers were used as far as practicable, but what with his laboratories, his distilleries,

and his establishments for making equipment, he had to have detailed many men, experts in their line, whom commanding officers were loath to give up and anxious to get back into ranks. The surgeon general was compelled to wage a constant warfare to keep up his organization. What he was striving for until the very end was permanence of assignment of men to the work under his control and their exemption from all military duty. He maintained that they should not be expected to bear arms even in extreme emergency.

Dr. Porcher says of him in an address before the Association of the Survivors of the Confederate Surgeons of South Carolina at Columbia, S. C., November, 1889:

"Within his domain, which was a very extensive one, he had absolute power and the *fiat* of an autocrat; the Emperor of the Russias was not more autocratic. He commanded, and it was done. He stood *in terrorem* over the surgeon, whatever his rank or wherever he might be—from Richmond to the Trans-Mississippi, and to the extremest verge of the Confederate States. And though appearing to be cold and forbidding, we do not think that Surgeon Moore was cruel, arbitrary, or insensible to conviction. We have ourselves experienced some of his stern rulings, which were afterwards fully compensated for."

One respect in which the surgeon general, in Dr. Porcher's opinion, erred, was in his opposition to the granting of furloughs except in extreme cases. Dr. Porcher maintained that the mental outlook of the average Confederate soldier was different from that of the average soldier in any other army; that the Confederate soldier was, when depleted by wounds or sickness, peculiarly subject to an extreme degree of nostalgia that became dangerous in its effects. "The promise of a furlough was found to be superior to the whole pharmacopœia and would literally rescue a sick or wounded soldier from the jaws of death." This peculiarity of the Southern soldier may in some measure account for the higher mortality in the Northern prisons than in the Southern prisons. Moore, accustomed in the old United States army to men on the average much less sensitive and high strung than were the Confederate soldiers, was a foe to easy furlough.

Dr. Moore did not overlook the value of the meeting from time to time of men of the same profession for the discussion of topics of mutual interest and for gaining inspiration from contact with each other. In August, 1863, there assembled in Richmond, under his auspices, a large number of surgeons, who organized the "Association of Army and Navy Surgeons of the Confederate States." He also endeavored to have supplied in a measure the lack of professional literature throughout the South by encouraging the publication of *The Confederate States Medical and Naval Journal*. This came out monthly in Richmond from January, 1864, through February, 1865. In short, he seems to have neglected none of the known methods for consolidating the members of the medical and surgical profession in the South in his effort to make of them a most efficient instrument in the conduct of the war.

The last report made by Surgeon General Moore to the Secretary of War is dated February 9, 1865. It is a special report in reply to a circular sent out by the Secretary asking for a report from each department head as to the means on hand for carrying on the war. It was generally felt that conditions were becoming critical. One would not suppose this, however, from a perusal of the reports, which, if not optimistic, are certainly determined. Dr. Moore replied, in part: "The department has on hand, of some articles, a twelve months' supply; of others a limited supply; but if allowed to retain its skilled employees at the various laboratories, purveying depots, and distilleries, and to import medicines freely through

our lines in Mississippi and Alabama, no fear need be entertained that the sick and the wounded of the army will suffer for the want of any of the essential articles of the supply table."

At the close of the war Dr. Moore elected to remain a resident of Richmond. Since he had sufficient means to supply the wants of himself and family, he did not endeavor to practice his profession to any great extent, preferring, after the arduous labors he had performed, to pass the remainder of his life in comparative ease. Being, however, a very public-spirited citizen, he served his adopted city and State well as a member of at least two boards. One of these was the executive board of the Virginia Agricultural Society, of which he became a member in 1874, continuing until 1881. Since he always took his duties seriously, his services in connection with the State fairs were valuable. His was a striking figure in the crowds at the exhibitions.

His services were even more valuable as a member of the city school board, from 1877 until his death. It is said of him that every morning he, with military precision, went to the office of the superintendent of schools for consultation. He advocated the teaching of vocal music in the schools, but the medical man in him came out plainly in the arguments he made that the singing would greatly develop the lungs of the pupils. He was the author or instigator of a series of eye-sight tests, with the purpose of having the teachers give pupils of defective vision advantageous seats with reference to the blackboards and windows. On the day before he died he was at the superintendent's office as usual, and talked in the most interested way of the forthcoming high school commencement, in making arrangements for which he had spent much time. This picture of Dr. Moore giving of his best in his declining years to the service of youth reminds us of the rôle played in a broader way by his great chieftain, Robert E. Lee.

Dr. Moore was a member of Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Richmond, and never gave up his interest in Confederate affairs. According to his own wish, no flowers were placed on his coffin or on his grave at the time of his interment, but on his breast was laid a small Confederate flag, and to the lapel of his coat was pinned a Confederate badge. He died on May 31, 1889, in the early morning, and was buried on June 2, in the afternoon, in Hollywood Cemetery. His comrades and the citizens of Richmond and of the South universally recognized that a most notable figure had passed.

A SHRINE.

BY ALBERT H. ELLIOTT, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

[Written after viewing the oil painting of Winnie Davis, known as the "Daughter of the Confederacy," in the old Jefferson Davis home, Richmond, Va.

I am here, fair Southern Daughter,
I have crossed the Dixie line,
I have entered unbidden thy dwelling,
To gaze on thy picture divine.

The spirit of youth still pervades me,
Unfettered by section or clime;
Like a knight of the time of the fairies,
Thy portrait I'd pilfer for mine.

Poets tell us the fair face of Helen
Brought war to the closed gates of Troy;
I know that to gaze at you fondly
Puts fight into this young boy.

JOHN TYLER MORGAN OF ALABAMA.

BY MRS. C. W. M'MAHON, LIVINGSTON, ALA.

Guizot, in his history of France, declares that great events and great men are the fixed points of history. So we would conclude that in Athens, Tenn., on June 20, 1824, there appeared a milestone in history, for on that day John Tyler Morgan first saw the light of day, a man destined to make his impress on mankind and the world at large.

At six years of age the boy was put in school, and soon it was demonstrated that he had a remarkable mind, his rapid advancement being the marvel of teachers. In three years he had read six books in Cæsar, Virgil, dipped into Sallust, and was well acquainted with Horace, as well as being well versed in history, geography, and mathematics.

At this time, when young Morgan was nine years old, his father moved to Calhoun County, Ala., then a wilderness and occupied by Indians. His companions were mostly Indian children, and he learned from them to speak the Indian language, which was a great help to him in after life in dealing with Indian problems.

The opportunities for an education for a poor boy in Alabama were very meager at that time. The young boy assisted his father in making a crop and worked in the woods as well; but in the absence of schools his mother undertook his education. To his knowledge of Latin was added the study of the Bible and the English classics. Memorizing such books as Young's Night Thoughts, Thompson's Seasons, and Wesley's Sermons, often transmitted orally by the mother from memory to her son's brilliant mind, thus was laid the foundation of not only a classical education, but a religious one.

John T. Morgan was said to have been the architect of his own fortune. Neither heredity nor environment favored him. He came from the great mass of common people, having no illustrious ancestry nor influence of wealth. He literally started at the bottom and ended at the topmost rung of the ladder of fame. Yet, could he not have said truly, with many other great men: "All that I am, I owe to my mother?" Young Morgan developed a memory under his mother's training that was a source of wonder to his associates in after life. Some admirers abroad thought it marvelous that a man could rise to distinction without a collegiate education. Morgan replied that it was usually the self-taught men in America that achieved success.

He studied law in the office of William P. Chilton, of Tuskegee, was admitted to the bar in 1845, and practiced there until his removal to Dallas County in 1850. He was delegate from Dallas County to the State convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession. After the close of this convention, he served on the staff of General Clemens, commander of State troops, at Fort Morgan. When that fort was transferred to the Confederate government in April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Cahaba Rifles. When the companies were organized, he was made a major. Without previous military training, his advancement was phenomenal. At Chickamauga, General Wheeler, in his report, complimented Major Morgan for his bravery and gallantry, and General Lee, recognizing his ability, personally notified Morgan, who had risen to the rank of colonel, of his appointment as brigadier general.

A notable achievement of General Morgan's brigade occurred at Maryville, Tenn., when, in connection with two Texas regiments, he charged General Wolford's noted cavalry brigade and drove it in bewildered confusion across the Little River. This was considered a most important victory on

account of the brilliant record of the leader, who was called the "Forrest of the Federal Army."

"But peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and great though General Morgan's achievements were as a soldier, greater still was he in time of peace. When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, General Morgan returned to his home in Selma and resumed the practice of law, where he was soon a leader at the bar. It was with a sad heart that this gallant soldier, who had loved and served the South so well, laid down his arms that he had taken up in her defense; but, with a calm, brave determination, he accepted the inevitable and by his wise counsel led and encouraged his people. Through all the dark days of reconstruction, he stood as a great tower of strength, helping to maintain the traditions and ideals, as well as the civilization, that stood in danger of destruction.

In 1876, General Morgan was named as Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket for the State at large. His eloquence and earnestness were irresistible, and in that campaign he achieved higher honors as a statesman. The confidence and admiration of his people were so aroused by his patriotic eloquence that later in the same year he defeated George T. Houston, one of the most beloved and popular men that Alabama has ever produced, for the Senate.

He came to the Senate in 1877, tempered in the fiery furnace of war and its trying aftermath—reconstruction—a learned and formidable debater. So great was the implicit confidence of the citizens of Alabama in his wisdom and judgment, so profound their admiration for his intellect and statesmanship, so loyal their affection for his blameless character, that he was retained as their senior representative in the greatest deliberative body in the world for more than a quarter of a century.

Few have served so long, and fewer still have gained such prominence in the Senate and the State as this "grand old man of Alabama." For many years Senator Morgan took a great interest in the construction of a canal connecting the two oceans. He favored the Nicaraguan route, and was greatly in earnest in his advocacy, recognizing the superior advantages of the canal route through the splendid valley of the San Juan River and across Lake Nicaragua, through a healthful climate and beautiful country. Having been chairman of the Oceanic Committee during President Cleveland's administration, he was in a position to advance greatly his advocacy of the Isthmian canal. Although disappointed when the Panama site was selected, he was not embittered, and lent all his influence to the undertaking in its earliest and most difficult stages, and even though the route chosen did not represent the Senator's idea, he was recognized by his contemporaries as the "father of the Isthmian canal idea."

In the year 1900 all the hearts of the Southern people were drawn to Senator Morgan by his noble efforts against (and the ultimate defeat of) the iniquitous "Force Bill," introduced in the Senate by Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, a Republican. Had he never accomplished anything but the defeat of that bill, he would by that have deserved and gained the everlasting love and gratitude of a people who felt that the very life of their institutions was dependent upon his success in that fight; for the bill, if made effective, would have plunged the Southern States into disorders and horrors comparable to those of reconstruction days—perhaps into another war.

A contemporary critic of national reputation, writing on the personnel of the United States Senate, said: "No matter what the subject under consideration in the Senate—the building of a navy, the construction of ordnance, the tariff, finances,

public lands, Isthmian canals, or relations with foreign powers, Indian affairs, constitutional or municipal law—Senator Morgan is always able to enlighten his colleagues and the world."

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, himself a profound scholar, in a debate on Chinese exclusion, referred to Senator Morgan as "the Senator from Alabama, who is so universally informed on everything known." It could be said truly of Senator Morgan that he touched no subject he did not adorn and on which he did not shed some new light. If there be that which some regard as profuseness in his style, it is unavoidable, for a mind so stored with knowledge is like a great river, swollen by a thousand streams, which cannot be confined within narrow limits and must sometimes overflow its banks. "He is the master of the art of speech. He uses it as the painter does his brush, or as the sculptor his chisel," this same author said. "The whole aspect of Senator Morgan when thoroughly warmed on a congenial subject is a study. His form is stately, his gestures graceful and appropriate, his face is diffused with smiles, and his eyes beam as with the light of inspiration. He is enraptured with his theme; he fondles and caresses it; he clothes it with a dress of beauty and sends it forth a joy forever."

The correspondent of the *Commercial-Appeal*, of Memphis, Tenn., writing of the passing of the venerable statesman, said: "John T. Morgan was born a Senator. Had destiny decreed that he be born in Rome, in the days of the Consuls, he would have fought with Cæsar in Gaul, or would have been a member of that memorable coalition, the 'First Triumvirate.' 'The Roman Senator,' he has been aptly styled, for in his character and bearing, his education and ideals, his triumphs in war and peace, there was much to suggest the noble dignity of countenance and the manly aspects of Anthony, the virtues, philosophy, and courage of Brutus."

Hon. John H. Bankhead, who was elected to the senatorial succession, in his memorial remarks in the House of Representatives, pays this beautiful tribute: "Senator Morgan was a man of wonderful perspective, and his mental horizon was not limited by local conditions or partisan convictions. His statesmanship was of that quality that 'he could see the near side of far things, and the far side of near things.' The universe was his forum and humanity his field of endeavor. Senator Morgan's life was gentle: in social intercourse he was always affable, considerate, and just. His affectionate solicitude for the happiness of his family was beautiful in its tenderness. He was scrupulously honest and fair in his dealings with men. He locked his lips too close to tell a lie; he washed his hands too white to take a bribe."

General Pettus, his colleague and life-long friend, said he was rather proud of Morgan's poverty. His salary was his only income, and the tender and forceful speech in which General Pettus, when advocating increase of salary, depicted the life of Morgan, its possibilities, and its renunciation of riches for public service, made a deep impression on all who heard it.

Senator Morgan had strong convictions on all public questions and was slow to yield to the arguments of those who differed from him. He was a Democrat and loyal to his party on the recognized policies of the party, but on questions that he did not deem properly party ones, he followed his own convictions of duty, regardless of party. He was wedded to high ideals. He liked excellence and perfection wherever they could be found. He loved the great party to which he was loyal and whose principles and policies he upheld with unsurpassed eloquence for more than half a century. His faith in his people and in our form of government was strong,

and his pride in the Senate, his jealous care of its rights and dignity, grew stronger as he grew older. He well-illustrated the forceful words of Burton:

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do,

From none but self expect applause.

He noblest lives and noblest dies

Who makes and keeps his self-made laws."

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, said of Senator Morgan in a memorial address: "As a citizen, as a legislator, as an arbitrator, in all the various responsibilities placed upon him, he brought to the subject great ability, great knowledge, and brought forth great results. He leaves behind him a great name, a priceless legacy of industry, patriotism, and achievement in this interest of his country and of humanity."

Another colleague says of him: "He was with Alabama in her gloom and in her glory. By his speeches he infused new life into the energies and aspirations of the people of his State, and no man took a deeper interest, or by his eloquence and arguments encouraged more than he did the development of the resources, the erection of the furnaces, the constructions of the railroads, and the cultivation of the soil of his beloved State."

"He did more toward healing the breach between the North and South than perhaps any other man, cementing the chasm with Christian love and brotherhood, making us a united country, one in heart and spirit. He adopted the motto of Shakespeare:

"To thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

By appointment of President Harrison, in 1892, Senator Morgan was made a member of the Behring Sea Fisheries Commission, the duty of which was to arbitrate differences that had arisen between Great Britain and the United States regarding the seal fisheries rights. The arbitrators were to be jurists of distinction in their own countries. It was a distinct compliment to Senator Morgan that he was elected to serve jointly with Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court. And he was called upon to draft the code of laws for the Hawaiian Islands after that country became part of the territory of the United States, a further recognition of his outstanding ability.

Senator Morgan was a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and often expressed his faith in revealed religion. His mother's God was his God, and he never wavered from the faith imbibed at his mother's knee.

It was the dying boast of Pericles that he had never made an Athenian weep, and the friends of Senator Morgan may boast that no Alabamian ever blushed because of an ignoble word or deed of Morgan. Men of his stripe gave character and grandeur to the Senate among American people. The wealth of a State and nation consists not in fertile soil, mineral land, or hoarded gold, but in the manhood of her men and the womanhood of her women. Rich indeed in priceless jewels is a country that can boast a son of such heroic mold as the grand old man, John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, the ideal American statesman—pure, brave, capable, patriotic—who truly say with Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course: I have kept the faith."

Englishman: "Why do you Americans always answer a question by asking another question?" American: "Why? Do we?"

HUNTER AS LINCOLN'S AGENT.

BY THOMAS J. ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

"The campaign of 1864 in the Valley of Virginia and the Expedition to Lynchburg" is the title of a book by Col. H. A. Du Pont, of the Federal army, a participant therein, recently issued from the press, in which is related some facts of more than passing interest. As truth should not be obscured by time, there seems no more fitting place for its preservation than in the pages of the *VETERAN*. While the incidents described are only too well known to the few survivors of those who resided in the pathway of that campaign, outside of this limited circle little is remembered of the character of warfare that prevailed on that expedition. As is well known, this campaign was under the leadership of Gen. David Hunter.

David Hunter's parents and ancestry were Virginians, his father being a Presbyterian clergyman, although the son is represented as having been born in New Jersey and appointed to West Point from that State in 1818, and graduated therefrom four years later. He served in the West in the infantry and dragoons. After fighting several duels, he was tried by court-martial for sending a challenge to his commanding officer and sentenced to dismissal from the service, which penalty was later remitted by President John Quincy Adams. He was a major and paymaster at the beginning of the War between the States, and he accompanied Lincoln to Washington in 1861. He was soon thereafter appointed colonel of the 3d Cavalry, this promotion being followed by the appointments of brigadier general and major general of volunteers. He commanded a division of volunteers at first Bull Run and was severely wounded. Later, in defiance of military regulations, he laid a letter of complaint directly before the President; notwithstanding this breach, he was, three months later, assigned as commander of the Department of the South, and took charge of the siege of Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, Ga., which surrendered April 11, 1862.

On the day after the surrender, Hunter announced in general orders that slavery and martial law were incompatible and proclaimed the immediate enfranchisement of all slaves within his department, at the same time declaring his intention to raise colored troops; and he proceeded to organize a negro regiment, the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, which were supplied with arms, clothing, etc. Soon after this, President Lincoln issued a proclamation stating that the Government had no knowledge or part in the above orders, which were void, and that neither he (Hunter) nor any other military commander had been authorized to enfranchise the slaves of any State. Nevertheless, Hunter was not relieved of his command, nor were charges preferred against him. (Official Records, Series 3, Vol. 2, p. 43.) Hunter's arming the negroes caused the Confederate government to brand him as an outlaw, and announcing that in the event of his capture he should not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon. (Official Records, Vol. 5, p. 712.) Instead of being court-martialed and dismissed from the service for such conduct, Hunter was soon thereafter called to Washington for consultation, and in the following September was appointed president of a court of inquiry to investigate the causes of the surrender of Harper's Ferry. Later he was detailed as president of the court-martial to try Maj. Gen. Fitz John Porter.

In August, 1861, Porter had been promoted to brigadier general and assigned to command a division in defense of Washington. He later commanded the 5th Corps and fought the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill. He commanded the left at Malvern Hill, which mainly resisted

the Confederate assaults of that day. He fought, August 30, 1862, at second Bull Run, but did not fight on the 29th, although ordered in by Pope. He later fought at Antietam. In November he was arraigned before a court-martial on charge of disobedience of orders at second Bull Run, and, on January 21, 1863, was cashiered.* The fact that Hunter was detailed as president of the court elicited much comment, as it was known that Hunter particularly disliked McClellan, whose military and personal relations with Porter were of the most close and intimate character. It may also be fairly presumed that Lincoln personally had no friendly feelings for McClellan, due to the fact, as related by Herndon and Weeks in their "Life of Lincoln," that some time prior to the war, McClellan, while representing the Illinois Central Railroad as superintendent, had rejected a claim of Lincoln's for \$2,000, for legal services rendered that company on the ground of being excessive. Lincoln, although he had valued his services at \$2,000, later brought suit against that company for \$5,000 for this same service, and judgment for that sum was taken by default and paid.

But to resume from this digression. In June, 1863, Hunter was temporarily relieved from the command of the Department of the South, due to the influence of Horace Greely. The 31st of August, 1863, Hunter wrote Stanton, Secretary of War, suggesting a general arming of the negroes and a general destruction of all the property of the slaveholders of the South and requesting permission "to take the men you can spare, land at Brunswick, and march through the heart of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, to New Orleans, arming all the negroes and burning the houses and other property of every slaveholder." (Official Records, Series 3, Vol. 3, p. 740.) Notwithstanding this record, General David Hunter was, on the 21st day of May, 1864, placed in command of the Department of West Virginia, which covered his operations in the Valley campaign. Again digressing from Colonel Du Pont's book, there is an old rule—and which has always been regarded as sound—that a man may be measured by the character of the agents he employs, and particularly where an agent is retained after full opportunity for the principal to know his character. No one can be justly criticized for applying this rule to Mr. Lincoln in the case of General Hunter. In May, 1864, Hunter announced that any town or village would be burned to the ground if an attack upon Federal wagon trains were made in its immediate vicinity. (Official Records, Series 1, Vol. 27, Part 1, p. 528.) Colonel Du Pont writes: "It was useless to point out to him that Mosby's command, who were engaged in attacking and destroying government trains, consisted of volunteers from all parts of the Confederacy. An attack was made upon a wagon train near Newtown, Va., and a quantity of army supplies destroyed. Hunter, being at Rudes Hill, some miles distant, gave instructions (May 30) to the commander of the 1st New York Cavalry: 'You will detail two hundred men, with commissioned officers, to proceed to Newtown to-morrow at 3 o'clock A.M., for the purpose of burning every house, store, and outbuilding in that place, except churches, and houses and outbuildings of those who are known to be loyal citizens of the United States. You will also burn the houses, outbuildings, etc. of all Rebels between Newtown and Middletown.'" the sole inhabitants at that time being women and children, with a sprinkling of old men and perhaps a few wounded and paroled Confederate soldiers. When the detachment arrived, and its purpose became known, "the population turned out *en masse* with heartrending lamentations

*Long afterwards this unjust stigma was removed by Porter's complete exoneration.

and tearful protests. The commander of the detachment, Maj. Joseph K. Stearns, with all the officers present, conferred with the townspeople, who showed that they had nursed with care the Union soldiers recently wounded in the attack on the wagon train, and had evidence in shape of private letters which conclusively proved that the absent male relatives were not members of Mosby's force. . . . Murmurings of disapproval also came from Stearns's own force, who claimed it was no part of their duty to burn the homes of non-combatant civilians, some going so far as to declare that they would obey no order to apply the torch." Stearns, who was a man of good sense and humanity, decided to spare the town, and, on June 3, personally reported the facts to Hunter, who evidently let the matter drop—although it was generally reported and believed at the time that Hunter had ordered the dismissal of this officer. Hunter arrived at Lexington, Va., June 11, and remained there two and a half days, during which time every building connected with the Virginia Military Institute was burned to the ground by General Hunter's order, save the residence of Colonel Smith, Superintendent, which was spared on account of the serious illness of one of Colonel Smith's daughters. To use Col. Du Pont's own words; "With several officers, I took part in saving some of the personal effects of Mrs. Gilham, wife of Prof. Gilham, by carrying out of the house with our own hands tables, sofas, and other furniture just before the building was set on fire. Mrs. Gilham's brother was an officer of the United States Regular Army. Of those who helped was Capt. William McKinley, afterwards President."

Hunter also had the torch applied to the home of ex-Governor Letcher, a resident of the town. Colonel Du Pont further relates: "The sole order I individually received referred to the destruction of the artillery trophies belonging to the Institute. I examined these and found . . . the most important objects consisted of two ancient French bronze pieces, relics of the colonial era. The carriages were destroyed and the guns left on the ground as utterly worthless for any military purpose." Then, in a footnote, he writes: "These guns were afterwards loaded in wagons and carried off, no doubt by General Hunter's direction, although I was not informed in regard to this."

The writer of this article may add that he, some days later, saw and recognized these same guns being hauled in wagons through Beverley, W. Va. Also therewith was the bronze statue of George Washington which had stood immediately in front of the barracks at the Virginia Military Institute, and, as a boy, I wondered why that was captured. This and the bronze guns were sometime after the war returned to the Institute. On June 24, the command arrived at the White Sulphur Springs, and while there Hunter ordered the burning of the immense hotel, as well as the long rows of cottages and numerous other buildings. Colonel du Pont says: "As the enemy had abandoned his pursuit for more than forty-eight hours, and as there was no hostile movement or armed resistance when we took possession of the White Sulphur, I was greatly surprised to hear of the contemplated destruction of such a very large amount of private property. . . . I reported to General Hunter about noon, and made inquiry as to the hour for beginning the march the next day, and in regard to the details. As I was about to depart, I remarked: 'General, I hear that you intend to burn the buildings here when we leave.' He replied: 'Yes; I intend to burn them all down.' I said: 'Don't you think, General, that the burning of these structures would be a military mistake? He asked: 'What do you mean, Captain, by that inquiry.' 'I mean this, General: if we have later to occupy and hold this country, the

White Sulphur Springs will be the natural point for our principal station, as so many roads converge here. . . . The buildings would furnish excellent winter quarters for at least a brigade of troops. He looked at me with some suspicion. In a few seconds, his expression changed, and he quietly remarked: 'Well, I had not thought of that.' He instantly sent for the adjutant general to report forthwith, to whom Hunter said: 'Colonel, I have changed my mind about burning the buildings here. Don't issue the order.' Without another word, I took my departure, with the satisfaction of knowing that I had been the means of averting a wrong and unjustifiable act."

As a finishing touch and seeming indorsement of Hunter's conduct, on the 13th of March, 1865, Mr. Lincoln promoted Hunter to brevet brigadier general in the regular army for *gallant and meritorious service during the campaign in the Valley of Virginia.*

SPARTAN MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

"Who bade us go with smiling tears?
Who scorned the renegade?
Who, silencing their trembling fears,
Watched, cheered, then wept and prayed?
Who nursed our wounds with tender care,
And then, when all was lost,
Who lifted us from our despair,
And counted not the cost?
The women of the South!"

Among other North Carolina mothers who had many sons in the Confederacy was Mrs. Daniel Seagle, of Lincoln County, who had nine sons in the army, their names forming a galaxy of patriotism. They were: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Martin Van Buren, Polk Dallas, James, James Madison, Benjamin Franklin, Nathaniel Macon, and Andrew Jackson Seagle.

Mrs. Nancy Stinson, of Chatham County, besides giving ten sons to the Confederacy, gave enough relatives to form a company. She gave her children, her kin, her love, her time, her work, and, as "Mother Stinson," she lived to be ninety years old.

In Buncombe, the "Widow Stevens" lived, who gave her eight farmer sons as Confederate soldiers. Not one of these Stevens boys during their turn of service was so disabled by wound or sickness as to be compelled to leave his post of duty. All of them returned to their homes, and thirty-six years after the war all the eight were living.

Mrs. David Stevenson, of Johnston County, had seven sons in the service, not one of them receiving a wound. Another mother was Mrs. John Wilfong, of Newton, who gave six sons—Milton, Henry, Pinckney, John, Sidney, Charles—and her only daughter's husband, Capt. M. L. McCorkle.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hoke Rowe and Mrs. Catherine Fry Smyre, of Cabbarus County, each gave five sons. Mrs. William Joyner, of Franklin County, was another mother of five soldiers, two of these being twins, and four of the five being in the battle of Gettysburg.

A mother of seven sons, "three being killed in battle," was Mrs. Neil McLean, of Laurinburg.

Mrs. Mary Morrow Heath, whose plantation joined the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, gave six sons to the Confederacy who became leaders after the war in North Carolina's business activities.

Another mother of six sons was Mrs. Richard Stallons, of Franklin County, to whom only one of the sons returned alive.

Other mothers of five sons were Mrs. Edna Barnes, of Johnston County, and Mrs. Angus McCattem, of Moore County.

Mrs. Margaret Smith Gibbs, of Wilkes County, gave three sons, triplets, to the Confederate army.

Mrs. Thomas Carlton, of Burke County, after her three sons were killed, sent her son-in-law, saying: "The ranks of the Confederate army must be filled."

Mrs. May Ruffin and Mrs. Abia Person, of Franklin County, each gave four sons.

Mrs. John Buxton Williams, of Warren county, gave four sons to the Confederacy, and kept her home, "Buxton Place," open to the boys in gray, filling their knapsacks as they left with a cheery "Good-by."

"Yes, her brave deeds shall brightly shine upon the books of fame,
And Time's immortal scroll will keep the record of her name."

MORTON'S FORD, JANUARY 4, 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

This place was the scene of two severe engagements of a minor character during the war of the sixties, in which Gordon's Georgia Brigade was the participant on the side of the Confederates. It was here General Meade left his rear guard when he suddenly declined to fight at Mine Run. General Gordon attempted to capture this force late in the evening of the last day of the fight, but his plan, though well conceived, resulted only in a severe fight, which lasted till late in the night, and all of the enemy escaped except those who were killed. After this, General Lee, supposing that winter had put a stop to all aggression on the part of the Yankees until spring should open, issued an order allowing one man from each company in every regiment to have a twenty-four-day furlough, beginning with the most meritorious who had never had a leave of absence. I was among those who got one of these furloughs and was therefore absent at home in Georgia when the second engagement took place, and this account of it will be as it came from my comrades.

General Lee had left the army and gone on a visit to his family at Richmond, and General Gordon had gone to Culpeper Courthouse, many miles away from his command. Col. Clement A. Evans, of the 31st Georgia, was the senior officer of the brigade and in command. This brigade had gone into winter quarters a few miles back from the ford and were the nearest troops to our pickets stationed there. Everything seemed to indicate a quiet, peaceable time for the rest of the winter; but hostilities suddenly broke out again. Why the enemy came over and began a new offensive could be accounted for only on the ground that somebody at the head of the movement, under the potent influence of Christmas cheer, decided to end the war then and there without further delay.

Orders were issued to build a bridge that night at the ford. This was done, or half done, for this bridge of round poles did not reach the southern bank of the stream, and the drunken soldiers who crossed on it had to jump to make a landing.

To the surprise of the Confederates, early on the morning of January 4, firing at the ford attracted the attention of our men, and pretty soon news came that two brigades of the enemy had driven off our pickets and had crossed over and were formed in line of battle. Hasty orders were issued and the men were started in a trot to meet the enemy. When they

came in sight of them, Colonel Evans saw that he had quite a large force to meet. They were drawn up in line beyond Dr. Morton's house, while their skirmishers held the grove around it and the negro quarters across the road to the south. These were constructed of brick and were only four or five feet apart; and, being in line with Dr. Morton's residence, afforded a safe position for their pickets.

The Confederates advanced in the open under fire to within a short distance of the enemy, where they found a gully or depression in the land that gave them protection. There they stopped and maintained an exchange of shots until late in the afternoon, when Colonel Evans brought up a battery and opened fire on the houses. At the same time the skirmishers advanced with a yell and captured the position, driving off the enemy and killing and capturing quite a number of them. But this was only the beginning. They re-enforced their troops and made several efforts to retake the position, advancing boldly to within a few feet of the Confederates, where many of them, rather than risk the chance of being killed in a retreat back to their own main line, rushed into the houses and surrendered. Not satisfied with this failure, they now advanced a solid line of battle, but with no better success.

It was now very dark, and, through some misunderstanding, the Confederates on the right withdrew; the enemy, discovering this, swung around in the rear and flanked our men out of their position, capturing one man who was in Dr. Morton's house and unaware of what had occurred. But Colonel Evans had sent a new line of skirmishers in to take the place of those who had been fighting all day. The enemy, somewhat sobered by their bloody defeat, decided not to renew the engagement and put an end to the war that very night. Before morning all who were not drowned in trying to cross the river on their bridge constructed of poles, killed, or captured, were on the other side of the Rapidan. One hundred and seventeen of them lay dead in front of the negro houses, and one hundred and fifty prisoners stood up in line. No one knows how many lost their lives in crossing the river, but General Hayes, who was in command, told W. H. Bland, who fell into their hands, that he lost five hundred men. Our loss in this affair was only four men—one killed in the rear by a stray ball, one captured, and two wounded.

General Lee had now arrived from Richmond, and as he rode along in view of the prisoners on his old iron gray horse, these men made many complimentary remarks about him. One would say, "O, if we had such a general;" and another, "What a splendid looking man!" "He is the noblest man I ever saw."

I want to say here that all our men in this affair were sober, not because they were all prohibitionists, but to demonstrate how inefficient a drunken man is.

This wound up all active hostilities until we broke up camp and marched off to the Wilderness on May 4, 1864, to meet Grant's army on the 5th and 6th of that month.

I should add that the principal part of this fighting was done by two companies of not more than forty men of the 61st Georgia Regiment under the brave Captain Kennedy. When he routed the enemy out of the houses, he pursued them some distance and wanted to continue the drive, feeling sure he could push the whole outfit into the river, but was ordered to return and hold the position taken.

The following is from a letter written by Comrade W. H. Bland, of Boxley, Ga., on December 20, 1897, to Comrade G. W. Nichols, telling him of his experience after his capture in this fight. They were both members of the 61st Georgia

Regiment, of Gordon's Brigade, under Captain Kennedy. He says:

"I was captured at Dr. Morton's house, near Morton's Ford, on the Rappidan River, on the night of the 4th of January, 1864, after we had shot away nearly all of our ammunition. My capture happened in this way: I was at Dr. Morton's house while you and others of our company were fighting from behind other houses. As you well know, our skirmish line had given the Yankees a whipping, killing, wounding, and capturing four or five hundred, and there were not over forty of us fighting them, and, after our ammunition had been exhausted, the Yankees surrounded Dr. Morton's house just at dark. I had gone into the house and did not know that any part of our line had given way until Dr. Morton's house was entirely surrounded by the enemy. I did not see any of our boys leaving, so I was alone and was surrounded by about fifty Union soldiers, and I just had to surrender. They took me to the rear in a hurry, for they were scared and in bad confusion. When we got to the river, I found that it was bridged with round poles and lacked a few feet of being finished on the south side of the river, and we had to make a pretty good jump to get on to it. I made it very well, as I was an expert jumper, as did my guard, he being sober; but some of those little cut-short Dutchmen could not make it very well with the amount of whiskey they had taken on. They could not reach the bridge, but did reach the water under the bridge, and, some being too drunk to swim and others not able to swim, lost their lives in the icy waters of the river, while in the darkness and rain their friends could not render them any assistance.

"After we had crossed the river and had gone about three hundred yards, we found some camp fires. I was taken to them and kept there until the Yankees got across. After all were over, they formed in line and marched off and went about four miles and camped.

"They had a hard time in getting fire started with oak brush and chips in the rain. My guard and I sat down by an oak stump on our knapsacks, and he spread his oilcloth over us to keep off the falling rain. He was soon nodding, and I thought he was asleep. I lifted the cloth off me and raised up to run; but he woke up, so I turned over my knapsack and sat down again quickly to keep him from suspecting my anticipated escape. He spread the cloth over me again, and I remained very quiet. He was soon nodding again, and I made a second attempt; but he woke again. By this time they had fires started, and he said, 'Well, Johnnie, we will go to the light,' and I saw no chance of making my escape.

"Next day we marched about nine miles and reached their old camp. I was put in a guardhouse with about a dozen of their own prisoners. Being the only Johnnie Reb (as they called me), I was treated kindly. Next morning I was sent for to go to General Hayes's headquarters. While going through their camps the Yankees would say, 'Hello, Johnnie, when did you come over?' and I would reply, 'I was captured and brought over,' for I did not want them to think that I was a deserter.

"The General's headquarters were some four or five hundred yards away. When I got there, the guard said: 'General, here is our Johnnie Reb.' The general wheeled around and said: 'Hello, Johnnie, how do you feel to-day?' I replied: 'I feel very well, General. How do you feel?' He said, 'I am well;' then: 'Well, Johnny, do you wish to go back across the river?' I told him that I did. He said: 'O, no, Johnny, you don't wish to go back.' 'Well,' said I, 'all you have to do is to give me a showing to that effect and you will see that I go back.' 'Well, Johnny, how are you faring on

your side of the river?' I told him I was faring very well. 'Well, Johnny, what do you get to eat on your side of the river?' I replied: 'Bacon, flour, rice, sugar, coffee, etc.' 'Well, Johnny, do you draw all that?' 'Yes, sir.' (Which we did, but it was scanty, especially the sugar and coffee.)

"By this time he was looking in my haversack. I happened to have two days' rations for four men, and he said: 'Did you draw all this meat, Johnny?' I said: 'Yes, sir.' 'How many days is this ration for, Johnny?' 'Two days,' I replied. He then turned to another general and said, 'Look at the meat, general,' who replied: 'Yes, I see.' He then said: 'How is it, Johnny, that some of you men come over here and say that you are on starvation?' I said: 'Well, any man who will desert his country will tell you a lie.' And I further said as to my regiment and brigade: 'We fare very well, but as to the rest of the army, I can't account for.'

"He then said: 'How is Lee's army situated?' 'I guess you know more about that than I do,' said I. 'How much force has he got?' To this I replied: 'You know more about that than I can tell you.' He turned to another general and said: 'This is a fine man, general, if he is a Rebel. What was your loss, Johnny?' I told him I did not know. 'Did you see any dead men?' I told him I did not see any, then asked him his losses, and he said they lost between four and five hundred. I said: 'Well, we did very well then.' (I have since learned that we had two killed, one wounded, and I was captured, which made a total of four.)

"He told me that they all got on a drunken spree, and he rushed his men over the river without orders, and that he was under arrest that day. He also told me that he rode on our skirmish line for some distance in the dark and was halted several times, but he said he told them that he was General Hayes and was allowed to go on. Saying to me: 'You have a General Hayes, which was all that saved my life.'

"The general then said: 'Johnny, don't you want a drink of good brandy this morning?' I told him I could not refuse, as I had taken cold. He then poured out a fine drink and gave it to me, and I drank it. He then said: 'Well, Johnny, we will have to send you to prison.'

"I was taken to a place they called their 'bull pen,' about thirty miles away, where I found six or eight more Confederate prisoners. This was on the railroad running from Fredericksburg to Alexandria and Washington. We had plenty to eat, but we came near freezing. We stayed here two days and nights, and were then taken to the city of Washington and put in prison in the old Capitol building, which they used for a wayside prison.

"Our fare was very good for prisoners, though we were closely confined. We were in rooms about eighteen feet square, with a good fireplace, and plenty of coal and blankets were furnished us. Here a Confederate prisoner from Florida killed another from Virginia while in a mad fit, but he was afterwards very sorry for the deed.

"One day Mosby's Cavalry made a raid on the railroad near Alexandria, Va., and caused some confusion in the city of Washington. We stayed here about four months, with excellent fare; we had plenty to eat and good coffee to drink, and I weighed more than I ever did before or since. We were transferred from there to Fort Delaware. Here some Confederates made a lot of money while shut up in prison, with no other tools but saws made out of case knives, pocket-knives, needle drills, hand saw files, and other small files, making bone and gutta-percha rings with gold and silver sets in them. A great many other things besides were made and sold by them. They traded with citizens, Yankee officers, and private soldiers.

"Here we fared extremely bad, in fact we were nearly starved to death. I would often dream of being at home at my mother's table, with plenty of good things on it, and I would eat and eat, but it seemed that I could never get enough. I would awaken nearly dead from hunger. Our rations consisted of one-fourth of a one-half pound loaf of baker's bread. We got this twice a day. Our meat consisted of a very small, thin slice of salt pork, or fresh beef, which made about one good mouthful, with one Irish potato occasionally thrown in extra. I often gave up to die from hunger. I was so nearly starved that I was reduced from one hundred and forty to eighty pounds. This food caused scurvy among the prisoners and many of them died.

"One man bet his blanket that he could eat every bit of his bread at one mouthful. He did, and won the blanket. The prisoners ate every rat they could catch. They were fine and highly relished by the prisoners, and if we could have caught enough rats we would have gotten along a great deal better than we did.

"In extremely cold weather all the water we had to drink was real brackish tide water. It would not quench thirst, but made us want water much worse. We sometimes had river water brought to us in boats from up the river. We had this brackish water only when it was too cold to bring the other. The private soldiers were in one department and the officers in another. We could have no communication with them except to write a few lines on paper, tie it to a stone, and throw it over the wall to them when the guards were not watching us. They would often reply to us in the same way.

"About six thousand prisoners were there. Our guards were old soldiers who had been used to hard service and were mostly square gentlemen. They were kind to us and would often divide tobacco with us and show us other acts of kindness.

"I do not think we received all the government sent there for us or intended us to have. I believe it was abominable rascality and speculation of some of the managers of the prison, and I am sure that from what we heard the Confederate officers' fare was, if possible, worse than ours.

"I stayed in prison about ten months and had the smallpox in that time. There was a department in the prison for each Southern State, and one thousand private soldiers were in the Georgia department. They paroled us all, with ten Georgia officers, and marched us to the boat and put us on it. We started about eleven o'clock in the morning on the 7th of March, 1865, to City Point, below Richmond, Va. Six prisoners died on the boat and were buried on the banks of the James River near City Point.

"When we put our feet on Dixie's soil, how our hearts leaped with joy and our eyes filled with tears! We were marched along through the Yankee army, which was between City Point and our army at Drewry's Bluff. We were then put on a boat and taken up the river to a landing near Richmond and marched to Camp Lee, two miles from the city. Here we drew money and clothing and stayed four days, and then were given a sixty-day furlough. With this I started home to my mother, but I had a rough time getting there, for Sherman had torn up a great many of our railroads. I was weak and emaciated from confinement and starvation and could walk but a short distance at a time, but finally arrived at home on the 27th of the month. I took those at home by surprise, for they all thought I was dead, as they had not received any news from me in about fifteen months."

(NOTE.—The General Hayes who figured in this affair was afterwards President of the United States and a good man. As such he filled the office acceptably to the people of the South by withdrawing all military forces from the States.)

STRENGTH OF THE ARMIES IN THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Historians, writers, and speakers, referring to the strength of the two armies which met each other at Gettysburg and Williamsport, July 1-14, 1863, confine their discussions to such forces as were actually present and on the field at Gettysburg and under the immediate command of Generals Lee and Meade.

Concerning the strength of the Federal army, Gen. George Gordon Meade testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (Official Records, Second Series, Vol. I, p. 337): "Including all arms of the service, my strength was a little under one hundred thousand—about ninety-five thousand. . . . I think the returns shown me, when I took command of the army, amounted to about one hundred and five thousand men; included in those were the eleven thousand of General French."

In making this statement, the evidence is against General Meade. On the 27th of June, Gen. Joseph Hooker, in command of the Army of the Potomac, dispatched from Pooleville, Md., Army Headquarters, to Major General Halleck, General in Chief: "That there may be no misunderstanding as to my force, I would respectfully state that, including portions of Heintzelman's command and General Schenck's, now with me, *my whole force of enlisted men* for duty will not exceed 105,000." (Italics mine.) As only enlisted men are included in the number, Hooker's total effective (officers and men) numbered at least one hundred and twelve thousand.

Later on the same day, Hooker dispatched from Sandy Hook to Halleck: "I have received your telegram in regard to Harper's Ferry. I find 10,000 men here, in condition to take the field. Here they are of no earthly account. They cannot defend a ford of the river, and, as far as Harper's Ferry is concerned, there is nothing to it. As for the fortifications, the work of the troops, they remain when the troops are withdrawn. No enemy will ever take possession of them for them."

Meade dispatched to Secretary of War Stanton, July 1: "French was ordered to send 3,000 of his force to Washington, with all the property, then move up and join me with the balance." After detaching 3,000 of his force to escort the property from Harper's Ferry to Washington, General French was located at Frederick City, Md., to guard that point with the remainder of his force, 7,000.

Including the Harper's Ferry garrison, General Meade's immediate force numbered 112,000. This does not include the menacing force organized at Harrisburg by Maj. Gen. Darius Nash Couch, the aggregate of which, of all arms, was 25,930. Nor the 17,000 reinforcements sent to Meade by Maj. Gen. John A. Dix, Fort Monroe. Nor the force under the command of Col. L. B. Pierce, operating from Bloody Run and Loudon, 2,000.

July 6, Maj. Gen. Robert C. Schenck, headquarters at Baltimore, commanding the Eighth Army Corps, claimed in a dispatch to Halleck that he had a total of 18,000 men with Meade and proposed to go forward and take command of them. Deducting the Harper's Ferry garrison, 10,000, accounted for, here are 8,000 additional troops.

Nor does it include the 15,000 commanded by Brig. Gen. B. F. Kelley, headquarters at Hancock, Md.

The aggregate of the figures given is one hundred and seventy-five thousand (175,000). General Heintzelman held at Washington, available to the Army of the Potomac after the repulse of the Confederate army, 18,000 troops. A careful

checking over of the figures will show that the 208,000 present and available against the Army of Northern Virginia does not include all such troops.

Col. Walter H. Taylor, Assistant Adjutant General, Army of Northern Virginia, on General Lee's staff, in his "Four Years with General Lee," said: "It appears from the official returns on file in the War Department (U. S. War Department) that, on the 31st of May, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia numbered: infantry, 54,356; cavalry, 9,536; and artillery, 4,460; of all arms, 68,352 effective. This was immediately before the invasion of Pennsylvania, and may be regarded as representing the maximum of General Lee's army in the Gettysburg campaign.

"At the time of that return the army was divided into but two corps or two wings, one under Longstreet, and the other—Jackson's old corps—under A. P. Hill. The former embraced the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Pickett, and Hood; and the latter those of A. P. Hill, Early, Rodes, and Johnson. Immediately after the date of this return, the army was organized into three corps, as follows; Longstreet's (First Corps), embracing the divisions of McLaws, Pickett, and Hood; Ewell's (Second Corps), embracing the divisions of Early, Rodes, and Johnson; Hill's (Third Corps), embracing the divisions of Anderson, Heth, and Pender.

"The last two divisions of Hill's Corps were formed by adding Pettigrew's Brigade, which joined the army just at this time, and J. R. Davis's Brigade (formed for him by taking scattered Mississippi regiments from mixed brigades), to the six which constituted A. P. Hill's Division, and dividing the eight into two divisions of four brigades each. The army remained the same as to brigades, with the exception of one additional under General Pettigrew. General Corse was left with his brigade of Pickett's Division, and a North Carolina regiment (the 44th North Carolina Regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade), at Hanover Junction, and took no part in the Pennsylvania campaign; his command offset the brigade brought to the army by General Pettigrew, and I therefore assume that the army return just quoted shows General Lee's maximum strength in that campaign."

The 54th North Carolina Regiment, of Hoke's Brigade, and the 58th Virginia Regiment, of Smith's Brigade, were detached at Winchester and sent as a guard for the prisoners captured on the advance into Pennsylvania, and the 13th Virginia Regiment, of Smith's Brigade, was detached as guard for the captured property and left at Winchester, and neither of the three regiments reached the battle field of Gettysburg. The first two crossed the Potomac in time to aid Imboden in his fight to save the train at Williamsport. The 13th, however, did not cross the Potomac. The 15th Virginia Cavalry, Maj. C. R. Collins in command, was left in the vicinity of Fredericksburg when the army left that point. These four regiments furnished their quota for making up the May 31 return referred to above. There were about eight hundred and forty casualties reported by Stuart in the cavalry, and Ewell in his corps, before their troops crossed into Maryland.

At no time during the three-day battle of Gettysburg was the full strength of the Confederate army present. On July 1 but four of its ten divisions, including cavalry, numbering not exceeding 27,500, were present. The casualties for that date are not so reported as to enable the making of a Confederate aggregate for that date alone; the fighting, however, was close and bloody, and the casualties—killed, wounded, and captured—were heavy, numbering from 5,000 to 7,000. Jenkins's Brigade and White's Battalion constituted the cavalry present until the arrival of Stuart from Carlisle, late in the evening of the 2nd; and Jenkins's entire command was

not present. Robertson, Jones, and Imboden, over half the Confederate cavalry, did not reach the vicinity of the battle field until midday on the 3rd; and one brigade, Jones's, was sent to Fairfield, while Imboden and Robertson were held in the vicinity of Cashtown to watch the force that Couch was operating from Carlisle. Stuart had encountered these in the latter town on July 1.

Colonel Taylor states further: "On the 20th of July, 1863, after the return of General Lee to Virginia, his army numbered forty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight (41,388) effective, exclusive of the cavalry corps, of which no report is made in the return of the date last mentioned; allowing 7,612, a fair estimate for the cavalry, the effective total of the army, on the 20th of July, was 49,000." The official returns as printed in Volume XXVII, Part II, p. 292, Official Records, using Colonel Taylor's figures as an estimate for the cavalry, which is not reported, show a total of all arms for July 10, 1863, of 49,304.

The official abstract from returns of the Army of the Potomac, for July 10, 1863, (Official Records, Volume XXVII, Part I, p. 152) show present for duty, 85,231; present for duty and equipped, 73,156. The difference does not consist of camp followers, but most of them are engaged in other legitimate duties which do not require them to carry arms. If to the latter figures, 67,913 other troops present and available are added, Lee's greatly depleted army, stopped by an unfordable river, was threatened by the immense number of 141,069. But as Heintzelman's force at Washington, 18,000, available, but was not present, objection may be raised to including it; if deducted, Lee's army was still menaced by 123,069 Federal soldiers with guns, swords, pistols, etc., in their hands.

When the Confederate army retreated from Gettysburg, Brig. Gen. John B. Gordon's Georgia Brigade, of Early's Division, Ewell's Second Corps, served as rear guard from the infantry, and Maj. E. V. White's Cavalry Battalion followed Gordon. Though the army began its retrograde movement by withdrawing from its formation held during the 4th of July, as soon as the shades of night covered the field on that date, the rear guard did not disappear behind the screen of growing timber and elevations situated between Willoughby and Marsh Runs until the afternoon of the 5th of July. The other two corps, Hill's leading and Longstreet's following it, with trains and Federal prisoners of war interspersed, had required the time to stretch into column. After Ewell's Corps began to move it made good time, considering the condition of the roads made bad by the terrific rains.

The messenger bearing letters from President Davis and Adjutant General Samuel Cooper was captured at Hagerstown July 2, and the letters were rushed to General Meade, who, in turn, scattered their contents broadcast, particularly to the authorities and commanding officers. (See October, 1924, issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, p., 390, for detailed facts). This information caused a universal chuckle among Federal generals and other officials of high rank. All knew that General Lee's request for a phantom army, under the command of Beauregard, to threaten Washington had failed to materialize, and not a man could Lee expect to fill the great gaps made by a strenuous campaign and great bloody battle. They knew that every threatened point—Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, and even New York, or any other point north of the Potomac River—was relieved from any menace from the Confederate army; that every soldier within the range of the points named was available to add to Meade for active fighting.

Halleck, general in chief, promptly sent notice to the

commander at every point; Dix, at Fort Monroe; Schenck, at Baltimore; Foster, in North Carolina; Kelley, in West Maryland; Couch at Harrisburg; and every other commander of troops, to push forward every man to Meade to aid in the pending battle in the destruction of Lee's army. The managers of all railroads were notified to confine the activity of their rolling stock to the movement of men, horses, ammunition, and army supplies to Meade.

Major General French, at Frederick City, dispatched to Halleck at 8 P.M., July 4: "An expedition sent out by me last night has just returned; entirely destroyed the pontoon bridge over the Potomac at Williamsport, capturing the guard, a lieutenant and thirteen men." [The bridge was really located at Falling Waters, three miles below Williamsport.]

Brig. Gen. B. F. Kelley was urged to concentrate his force at Hancock and Clear Spring to be in a position to attack Lee's flanks, should he be compelled to recross the Potomac River. Urgent and repeated messages were sent to the commanders of all posts within available distance to rush forward all the help they could possibly get together.

Couch's force under Smith, Dana, Pierce, and Hawley were active in their efforts to aid in the destruction of the Confederate army.

Pierce, operating from Bloody Run and Loudon, attacked the Confederate train that was being convoyed to Williamsport by Imboden, on the morning of the 5th of July, at Greencastle, and reported the capture of "653 prisoners—4 field and staff; 28 officers; 308 enlisted men badly wounded and left at Mercersburg; 345 taken in arms; 100 wagons; 300 horses and mules." General J. E. B. Stuart, in his report, mentions this incident: "As a part of the operations of this period, I will here report that about sixty of the wagons belonging to Lee's Brigade, while in the special charge of General Imboden, en route to Williamsport, near Mercersburg, were captured by the enemy."

The records are full of evidence that all the troops named in this article were subject to orders from General Meade, and all, except the 18,000 under Heintzelman at Washington, were sent to Meade to aid in the pending battle.

On July 5th Meade ordered all the corps of the army located at Gettysburg to move, the general direction being toward Frederick City. Becoming doubtful of Lee's purpose, he soon halted his entire army and dispatched Couch on July 6: "I delayed my flank movement until I am positively satisfied the enemy are retreating to the Potomac. I hope sometime to-day to determine this."

Lee's 68,352 men encountered a force of approximately 150,000. Yet in "Everybody's Cyclopaedia," under the head, "The Decisive Battles of the World and Their Results," is the following: "Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, Federal forces (75,000) under Meade, defeated the Confederates (75,000) under Lee. Losses 23,186 and 31,621, respectively. Decisive battle of the American Civil War by ending Confederate invasions."

Note that the casualties of the Army of Northern Virginia are here given at 31,621. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the Confederate army numbered 75,000, if we deduct 49,000, the strength of the Confederate army on July 20, there will remain but 26,000, hence, the inevitable conclusion is that 31,000 casualties is an error. It is also a matter of history that a year later General Early, with the Second Corps, entered Maryland, scattered the Federal forces sent to meet him at Monocacy, and approached the very fortifications at the city of Washington.

Washington Irving, whose brilliant mind and facile pen

have left so many beautiful sketches to interest and entertain his fellow men in the world, spent a day in Westminster Abbey. This magnificent Gothic pile is one of the chief ornaments of London. Here, for nearly a thousand years, has occurred the coronation of England's sovereigns. It is also distinguished as the burial place of a large number of the English sovereigns from Edward the Confessor to George the II; here is a section set apart and occupied chiefly with monuments to noted deceased warriors and statesmen; in this great pile is situated the "Poets' Corner," the burial and memorial place of most of England's great writers from Chaucer to John Ruskin. Though begun slightly less than a thousand years ago, Irving discovered enough to inspire his imagination to activity.

"How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of the name. Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor to to-morrow. . . . History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription molds from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in dust?"

HEARING FROM OLD COMRADES.

The little reference in the VETERAN for October to Capt. J. M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., who was so badly wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, has brought to him many letters from comrades of the long ago, some of whom had not seen him since that terrible day and night at Franklin. Captain Hickey was made very happy by these messages, and his devoted wife copied for the VETERAN the following letters from two comrades of his native State, who had not expected him to survive his serious wounds:

J. J. Moore writes from Keytesville, Mo.:

"Dear Old Comrade: When I opened the VETERAN and found the name of Capt. J. M. Hickey enrolled therein, I was so rejoiced that I read it over and over. When I came to Capt. J. M. Hickey, Company B, 2nd and 6th Missouri Regiments, consolidated, it swelled my heart with such rejoicing that tears trickled down my cheeks. I hope that little periodical, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, will hold out for many years. How I enjoy it! Its pages brought your name to me, which amply repays me for the many years that I have taken it. May the Lord ever bless it! The last time I saw you was on the battle field of Franklin, Tenn., never expecting you to live. The words you spoke to me, to 'tell old Company B to remember me'—oh, how sweet those words come to my memory yet! This all comes to my memory after seeing your name enrolled in the VETERAN."

From G. N. Ratliff, Moberly, Mo.:

"Dear Comrade: I was surprised to-day, in looking over my CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to come across your name and address. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, after the Federal army had fallen back, I was going over the battle field, and I heard some one calling for help, and I went to him and it was you. You asked me for water, and I cut a canteen off of a dead soldier and gave you water and sent some one from the 2nd Regiment to you. This was a horrible time."

BREAKING GRANT'S LINE.

BY J. D. BARRIER, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Early in June, 1864, the armies of Lee and Grant were in death grips chiefly in front of Petersburg. Grant was intent on piercing Lee's line. He advanced with as many as ten lines of battle, expecting that, when the first line should waver under the deadly fire of the Confederates, the second line would arrive and fill the ranks and go forward, and, in case it too should be weakened and demoralized, a third line would arrive to push on the assault, and thus there would be nine successive refittings of the decimated ranks, which seemed to promise success. But alas! the Confederate fire was too accurate and the dogged determination not to yield to forces however formidable sent all back in confusion. Even the blowing up of a battery in Lee's line, on July 30, 1864, while it was essentially appalling to the Confederates, proved a dismal failure, which was dearly paid for in Union blood.

But the chief point in this story is as it involves the 57th North Carolina Regiment.

This regiment won its "spurs" in its first engagement, which was a part of the Fredericksburg battle, December 13, 1862. It had the misfortune to be a part of Early's army which tried to hold the Valley of Virginia. Of course, it suffered greatly by the stampedes of that campaign and there was even reflection upon its innate fighting qualities.

Early, being overpowered by Sheridan in the Valley, was withdrawn and relieved of his command, and the 57th North Carolina took its position in the line of Lee's right wing about Hatcher's Run, and took active part in the battle of that name. In February, 1865, the regiment took a prominent place in the line just in front of Petersburg and facing the Federal Fort Steadman.

The two armies were in easy shot of each other. The Confederate breastworks were strong and high and capped with a square hewn log with observation portholes, for it was foolhardy to lift the head above this defense. The Confederate front was obstructed by four lines of *chevaux-de-frise*, all linked together, and the Federals had a kind of rail spike arrangement, one end in the ground and so supported as to stand out against an advancing army. This situation seemed to forbid assault from either army.

At the Hatcher's Run battle, the 57th lost its color bearer. The flag was then tendered to and accepted by a young man of Company F, just a few months more than twenty years of age, and the remainder of this story will rest entirely upon his knowledge of the battle of Fort Steadman.

On the evening of March 24, while strolling leisurely along the breastworks, his ear caught the sound of the Confederate and Federal sentinels on the outer posts jollying each other. It went something like this: "Come over, Johnnie, and get you a cup of coffee and some hard-tack." "Come over, you Blue Coats, and get a good chew of tobacco. We have some of the best rosin you ever stuck a tooth into." That young color bearer knew without a doubt that something serious was pending. Such interchange of words was not allowed ordinarily. Sometime in the early darkness, Lieut. Jim Edmondson came to him for help to select six of the most dependable members of Company F, to help make up a squadron of sixty men for some special duty unknown to any of us.

Just as light began to show in the east on the 25th, the 6th and 57th North Carolina Regiments were up and in line, and were ordered "over the top" (as they said in the World War), and were lying in line ready for the pistol shot signal. Just then Lieutenant Edmondson and his squadron filed over the breastworks in column of twos, with unloaded guns. By way

of strategy he, as leader, called out: "O, boys, come back! Don't go." This fooled the enemy in the advanced rifle pits into believing it to be a column of deserters, and they allowed the Confederates to approach without firing on them. Of course, those men in the rifle pits were captured and sent back into the Confederate lines, and the way was open for Lieutenant Edmondson to enter Fort Steadman.

The *chevaux-de-frise* in front of the Confederates were all removed ready for action early in the night, and as soon as Lieutenant Edmondson's success was apparent, a gallant corps of pioneers dashed upon the enemy's obstructions and with their axes chopped and battered them down to make way for the two regiments to enter and take the enemy's line of defense. It was a daring piece of strategy. All was confusion as to what it meant. No one knew where the enemy might be lurking.

The young color bearer never thought that such an ordeal would confront him. Whatever his fears were, he realized that it was up to him to lead the 57th through that supposedly deadly field. His flag could not be seen the length of a company, however much he might wave it, so he kept his voice going loud enough to be heard all along the line of the regiment saying: "Here's your flag; come on, men; keep in line." Thus he made it possible to keep the ranks unbroken.

There was no escape from imminent danger and little hope for anything but the worst. The men could not be urged to a double-quick, and it seemed a long time getting across that open field. The enemy, however, had been struck with such consternation at the boldness of the well-nigh exhausted gray lines that they fled in dismay after a feeble effort at resistance and left the attacking force in complete possession of Fort Steadman. The two regiments entered the Federal line of defense, and no enemy appeared near.

The color bearer realized that this day was to be a real ordeal for him and wished most longingly for Col. H. C. Jones (late of Charlotte) to command. He said to himself: "If I had Colonel Jones to command, I would carry these colors to any limit, or fall in the effort." He did not then know that Colonel Jones had returned from captivity through exchange and was actually in command.

The 57th was ordered to deploy and capture a battery in front, located on Hare's Hill. After advancing well away from other troops then arriving, the voice of Colonel Jones rang out in the morning twilight: "Attention, 57th! Halt! I learn since my return that the regiment has been charged with not standing in battle. To-day we give that the lie. Forward!" The regiment was yet far from the goal when Colonel Jones was wounded, and the color bearer was deprived of his ideal commander. It was found impossible to capture the fort and the regiment narrowly escaped capture.

The battle now became a shell bombardment by the enemy of frightful fierceness. While the color bearer was standing in line in full view of the fort that the regiment failed to capture, a shell, evidently aimed at the colors, burst so near that he seemed in the very midst of the shock. Both the color guards fell.

After enduring this inferno till about 9 o'clock, the adjutant of the division came along on his horse hunting for all the color bearers, ordering them to go back at once and plant their colors in the breastworks that the regiments left in the morning. To get back then through a gauntlet of enfilading fire of small arms seemed more dreadful than to remain under the shell fire.

The flag of the 57th was safely landed inside the Confederate defenses and the bearer congratulated himself that he had passed through the ordeal unscathed, but, owing to

certain crooks in the line of breastworks. he was traveling along the line directly away from the enemy when a stray shot swooped over the front and down the incline as he walked along and passed through his left shoulder. However he suffered less from this wound in the hospital than he would have done amid the hardships from Petersburg to Appomattox.

CONFEDERATE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG.

An interesting find has been made on the old battle field of Petersburg in the discovery that some of the tunnelling done by the Confederates there is still in condition for exploration. The discovery of the opening to these subterranean passages within the old Confederate battle lines along the Jerusalem Plank Road, just outside of Petersburg, was made when the ground was being cleared in the vicinity of the two Pennsylvania monuments, and investigation showed that the tunnels ran in several directions for hundreds of yards. They are between the Confederate works called Fort Mahone, or Fort Damnation, and the Northern works known as Fort Sedgewick, or Fort Hell. It will be remembered that the fighting at this point started on June 9, 1864, and continued at intervals until April 2, 1865, when General Lee began his retreat toward Appomattox.

This discovery has attracted many visitors to the spot, who have been puzzled over the reason for constructing these tunnels. It is thought that they must have been made when

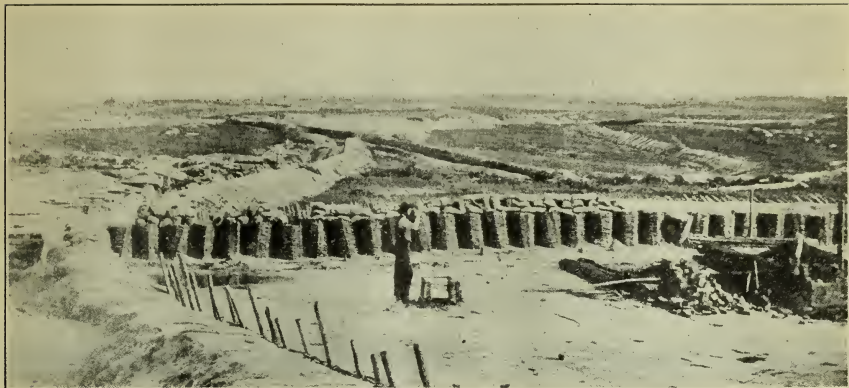
countermining was started on learning that the Federals were undermining the Confederate works, and which later ended in the blowing up of the Crater. In writing of this, Col. T. M. R. Talcott, commanding the Engineer Troops of the Army of Northern Virginia, says in an article contributed to the "Photographic History of the Civil War," Vol. V, page 262:

"As soon as it became known to General Beauregard that an attempt was being made to undermine a salient point on his line, he made use of the company of engineer troops then at Petersburg in an effort to protect the threatened point by countermining. Two pits were sunk in the trenches, from the bottom of which drifts or tunnels were extended some distance beyond the entrenchments, and a circumvallating gallery was in progress, which, if it had been completed in time, might have discovered the exact location of the underground approach of the foe; although it was subsequently ascertained that while the drift by which the Federals reached a point under the Confederate lines was about halfway between the two Confederate workings, it was at a somewhat lower level. However, the Confederate works were incomplete when, on July 30, 1864, the Federal mine was exploded.

"The most lasting effect of this demonstration by General Grant was to produce a feeling of impending danger at every salient point of the Confederate line of defense; and General Lee ordered eight more companies of engineer troops from north of the James to Petersburg and made large details from the infantry to swell their numbers in order to expedite the work of countermining, which, from that time on, was



ENTRANCE TO THE CONFEDERATE TUNNELS ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF PETERSBURG.



CONFEDERATE ENTRENCHMENTS AT PETERSBURG AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD REACH.

The Confederate fortifications in defense of Petersburg were among the most substantial and strongest erected during the war. These tremendous works were built with a degree of skill that has since made them a wonder to military men. They were undermined and blown up by Union troops at the famous "Crater," but were never carried in a front attack till the final assault, after which General Lee withdrew. (From "Photographic History of the Civil War." Used by courtesy.)

pushed energetically, until ample protection was afforded at all points exposed to attack by mining. These underground defenses included, besides the necessary pits, over two and one-half miles of drifts or tunnels."

W. McDonald Lee, of Irvington, Va., Past Commander in Chief, S. C. V., gives another reason for these passages in the following:

"A visit to the tunnels on the battle fields at Rives's Salient, near Petersburg, was interesting in the extreme. The recent discoveries are rather astounding, due as much to their magnitude as to their long obscurity.

"While it may be, as stated by one who was a participant in that campaign of the sixties, they were tunnels or counter-shafts to prevent further mining by the Federals and explosions such as had previously taken place at the Crater—and this has credence in the fact that the Confederate tunnels just discovered do not conform to lateral lines, but branch off as fingers of the hand, as feelers, we might say—yet, from the cursory surface survey I made on my visit, I am inclined to believe they were largely used for another purpose, for entrance and exit and passageways between the several salients or individual fortifications. This view is borne out by the fact that the two openings now visible reach out toward Petersburg under cover of hillsides. No other approach could be made to any of the Confederate salients from the Petersburg side without suffering sweeping fires from the Federal fortifications in the rear. As the two present discovered openings to the tunnels were covered by rampart or hill, they gave safe access for men and supplies via Petersburg, which was in the hands of Confederates. Then, too, they gave safe retreat, under scathing fire, to those manning the breastworks above.

"The most marvelous feature, perhaps, in the tunnels lies in the fact that hardly a lump of earth during more than sixty years has tumbled in. Stiffness of the clay and dryness because of altitude leave the tunnels so far opened intact, although the old wooden false work has rotted and fallen. Practically every one of the many thousands of pick marks still show in the ceiling and sides, and this holds

good as to the several cuddy holes, or man holes, which were dug along the way.

"Had our forces been sure of the tough consistency of the soil, as now demonstrated, no false work would have been necessary; but, lacking that knowledge, and playing safe, the wooden stanchions and boards were constructed intermittently. This lack of acquaintance with the stickativeness of the clay subsoil probably caused the squaring of the ceiling. The latter was cut in almost perfect right angles to the side walls, and not arched, a fact that made the ceiling more difficult to construct and reasonably more dangerous. However, the engineering feat was no small success, and the addition of props and boards overhead precluded for sure any cave-in from shells that might strike above.

"Not only should Virginians, but all who are interested in history and the great conflict of sixty years ago, watch with interest the development and exploration of these tunnels so long hidden and now looming in vast proportions. They seem to conform to the height of the ordinary six-foot man and the width by which two might walk abreast, or allow easy passing by. Surely, there ought to be some Confederate veterans yet alive who had a hand in digging these subterranean trenches and could declare accurately their purposes, which I feel assured were principally for covered ingress and egress, though maybe also for countermining."

Writing of later discoveries, Samuel D. Rogers, of Petersburg, tells of the further excavations that are being made at Fort Sedgewick, across the fields from the Confederate tunnels at Pine Gardens, of which he says:

"The Confederate tunnels are completed, and on the Federal side at Fort Sedgewick there seem to be numerous tunnels running in every direction from the fort. It seems strange that a number of tunnels parallel the line of fortifications, and from the parallel tunnels run out across the fields in many directions the tunnels as are found at Rives's Salient.

"In one of the tunnels recently opened at Fort Sedgewick, there is a perfect line of a dummy or small railway track, constructed of wood as cut from the trees. The sills, as well as the track, though of wood, are in a perfect state of preserva-

tion. Just what this track was made for is a mystery. It may have been constructed to remove the dirt as dug or perhaps to carry under and store the powder. To this tunnel there is an entrance from the fortifications at Fort Sedgewick. The Federal tunnels apparently were not of as great dimensions as were the Confederate, but seem to have been more greatly strengthened. The tunnel in which the track is located has been opened up not more than thirty or forty feet, there being an abrupt closing which may have been caused by the earth falling in, though this is not indicated by the surface of the ground. Evidently the track was extended considerably beyond that.

"Just about fifty yards nearer the road three other tunnels are being opened. At one point and close to this place can be found several other entrances indicated by holes in the ground almost large enough for one to creep in.

"Nothing has created so much interest as the opening of these old tunnels, and, when completed, this will doubtless be the greatest point of interest around Petersburg. These Confederate tunnels are located at Pine Gardens on the Jerusalem Plank Road, beginning with the point of the battle of the 9th of June, 1864, and extending to Rives's Salient, through the Federal fortifications at Fort Sedgewick, and the lines from there to City Point.

"Before the war this property was known as the Rives farm, and on the battle line is located the old family cemetery, within which stands a monument to Timothy Rives, who was a leading citizen of Prince George in the antebellum period."

This property was recently acquired by David A. Lyon, Jr., a prominent citizen of Petersburg, and the tunnels were discovered in clearing up the grounds. He is having these excavations made and is beautifying these historic fields and erecting buildings which conform to the old-time structures. An entrance has been built to the Confederate tunnels, and markers will be placed at the several entrances to Pine Gardens which will further beautify this historic battle field, and the tunnels will be electrically lighted. Many interesting relics have been found—swords, shells, bayonets, Minie balls, belts, canteens, etc., practically every implement known to the Confederate soldier. Throngs of people from all over this and other countries are daily visitors.

CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLY.

BY J. W. DUFFEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Many fragmentary accounts of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly have appeared from time to time, usually with a trace of truth and a profusion of fiction. The only authentic account given to the public was prepared by Comrade John B. Fay, who recently died in Washington, a native of Cumberland, Md., who planned the capture and served as pilot on the raid. His account appeared shortly after the war, and was copied by several newspapers, but never put in a more permanent form. Many of his terms and phrases were so well chosen and so admirably stated, I shall be at liberty to use them in this account whenever they serve my purpose. While he set forth the leading facts in the case, he omitted many details, for the obvious reason he shared a leading part in them. Many of them have never been published, and, although of minor importance; yet as they are directly related to the story and may serve as sidelights for the reader, they are incorporated in this narrative.]

It should be noted that Capt. Jesse C. McNeill was in command when the generals were captured, having succeeded his father, Capt. John H. McNeill, who had organized the

company in 1862 for scout duty in the South Branch Valley. The senior McNeill was mortally wounded by an accidental shot from one of his own men while making a daybreak attack on a company of cavalry near Mount Jackson, Va., October 3, 1864. And, stranger than fiction, shortly after the calamity, when Sheridan's army was falling back from Harrisonburg to Winchester, General Sheridan made his headquarters for a night in the same house where the wounded McNeill was fighting a losing battle with death; and there Sheridan met and interviewed the man whom he had previously designated as "the most daring and dangerous of all bushwhackers." The application, however, was a misfit, as McNeill did not adopt that method of warfare. He resorted to it once, and then only as a retaliatory measure.

In his interview with McNeill, General Sheridan evidently concluded "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush." He ordered a detail and ambulance to move McNeill down the Valley within the Federal lines. The next day, when the ambulance arrived, McNeill could not be found. He had been placed in an improvised ambulance and was far on the way to Harrisonburg, where, in Hill's Hotel, he died November 10, 1864.

Jesse McNeill, being first lieutenant, became commander, and later received his commission as captain. In the few remaining months before the close of the war, he exemplified much of the daring and dash of his father without his father's maturity and caution. After the war he married Miss Sharrard, of Hardy County, W. Va., and later moved to Illinois, where he died in 1912.

As military experts have expressed their estimate of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly, two or three brief quotations may be introduced.

Governor O'Ferrall, of Virginia, in his book, "The Civil War," says: "It was as bold and successful an achievement as any during the war and deserves a place in every book which treats of that stormy period."

Gen. John B. Gordon, in his "Reminiscences of the War," says: "In daring and dash, it is the most thrilling incident of the entire war."

In a "History of the Laurel Brigade," known originally as the Ashby Cavalry, by Capt. William M. McDonald, it is said: "The capture of Generals Crook and Kelly was an event that excited the North with astonishment at the audacity, and the South with admiration for its boldness and exultation over its success."

Plans for the capture of the generals had been in process for some time. Fay had discussed with McNeill the feasibility of the capture, he having made two trips into Cumberland to ascertain the number and location of the pickets, the exact location of the sleeping apartments of the generals, and all other items of information deemed necessary.

The time for the raid was tentatively set. Fay was commissioned to proceed several days in advance to make a final reconnaissance; and if it was ascertained "all is quiet on the Potomac to-night," the raiding party would be in readiness to start at once.

Fay selected as companion Comrade C. Richie Hallar, known among the Rangers as "Pense" Hallar, because he joined the Company in Pennsylvania, a youth of courage and prudence, and who, at this writing resides in Kansas City, Mo. They proceeded on their difficult mission and in due time found conditions still favorable.

But those two scouts were not of the class who stop short of "assurance doubly sure." As a man may change his bed and board on short notice, or no notice, a matter of first importance was to make sure that the generals would be found in

their accustomed beds when the raiding party arrived; therefore, as a further precaution, Fay secured the cooperation of two well-known and trusty citizens in Cumberland. One of them was to ascertain at a late hour whether the generals had "turned in" for the night, the night for which the capture was planned, the other to report to Fay and the raiding party at a designated time and place. With those details settled, Fay and Hallar retraced their steps and by daybreak they were twenty miles away, breaking their fast with a bachelor farmer friend, Vause Herriott, in a quiet section of Hampshire County about five miles from Romney.

From Herriott's Hallar was dispatched "through a blinding snow" to report to McNeill, who, according to agreement, had moved his camp from Moorefield to a secluded place near Romney. The raiding party consisted of forty-eight of McNeill's men and sixteen well-known men of other commands. On receiving the report from Hallar, the troop started in the late afternoon and, proceeding by an obscure route, arrived at Harriott's about sunset and there met Fay.

After feeding our horses and ourselves for the last time for a continuous ride of eighty miles, the major part of which promised to be a neck-and-neck race, we mounted and with Fay as a guide rode off in the dark. Between us and the Potomac where we expected to cross the river were twenty rugged miles over several ridges, one of which is dignified as Knobly Mountain. The sky was clear, the temperature biting cold, and the snow in many places banked in formidable drifts. Crossing Knobly, we were forced to dismount and make a way through the drifts for our struggling horses.

Passing down Knobly by the "Ren" Seymour home, we forded the river at the Sam Brady farm and found Fay's faithful ally, an Irishman by the name of George Staunton, waiting with a favorable report. From that point to Cumberland is five miles by the New Creek (now Keyser) road, but that road was known to be well guarded; the other road through Cresaptown and the Narrows, though double the distance of the New Creek road yet being clear of pickets we had planned to go that way. But the hours had slipped by and the night was so far gone it was considered impossible to reach the city before daybreak by the longer road.

At that juncture one of two things had to be done: either turn back and give up the game or take the hazard of the New Creek road. The raiders knew the risk of attempting to capture pickets without communicating an alarm to the main body of troops, and being far from base as they were, if the enemy should be aroused there would be slim chance of escape. In that supreme moment the expedition was saved from failure by the confidence and courage of Fay. The New Creek road with its hazard was taken. McNeill and Vandiver, followed by Kuykendall and Fay, rode ahead as an advance guard, the rest of the troop under Lieutenant Welton keeping close behind.

Two miles were cautiously passed with no sound to break the stillness of the morning except the crust of snow beneath the horses' feet. Suddenly there was a pistol shot at the front, and at the same instant an outcry: "I surrender—I surrender—I surrender—I surrender!" The picket had been shot at and, though unhurt, it was a case where one might as well be killed as frightened to death. He had challenged the advance guard with the usual: "Halt! Who comes there?" "Friends from New Creek," was the reply. He then said: "Dismount one and advance with the countersign." McNeill dashed at him as a wild beast springs on its prey, and, unable to check his horse at the picket's side, fired in his face as he passed.

Two companion pickets sheltered in the fence corner took to their heels, but were captured without firing another shot.

The three captured pickets were brought to the middle of the road and ordered to give the countersign. They refused to give it. Neither hope of reward nor fear of death seemed to move them. McNeill placed the muzzle of his pistol between the eyes of one of them with a threat to pull the trigger, but he stood as still and silent as the petrified sentinel at the gate of Pompeii. His dogged silence was as admirable as it was provoking. It was suggested, "Hang him and choke the word out of him." Halter straps were soon in evidence, and, as one encircled his neck, he opened his mouth and said: "'Bull's Gap' is the countersign."

Fortunately, as it developed later, the reserve picket post did not hear the pistol shot. With the prisoners mounted on their own horses, the troop moved on toward the reserve picket post, which proved to be beyond an intervening hill more than a mile distant, and was composed of a squad of infantry sitting before a blazing log fire engaged in a game of cards. With but little ceremony, the countersign served its purpose. The picket squad was surrounded and quietly captured. Their arms and ammunition were destroyed and themselves paroled on honor to remain on the spot until we returned. If they kept their parole, they are still at their post, as we did not return that way and had no intention of doing so. It was believed we could accomplish our work before they could give an alarm.

Inside the picket lines the lights of the city were soon in view. Its population at that time was about 8,000, with a garrison of Federal troops variously estimated at from 7,000 9,000. The morning star, high above the horizon, admonished us of the near approach of day, and whatever remained to be done in darkness must be done soon. Proceeding in a dog trot, and, on entering Green Street, slowing down to an apparently careless gait, some of the men lazily whistling Yankee tunes, we passed around the courthouse hill. Crossing the bridge over Will's Creek and up Baltimore Street, the halt was made with the head of the column in front of the Revere House and the rear of the column in front of the Barnum, which was about a hundred yards from the Revere. In front of each hotel a sentinel leisurely paced his beat undisturbed by our approach, evidently assuming a scouting party had come in to report.

A detail of two squads had been previously made with Kuykendall and Vandiver in charge of the squads for the Barnum and Revere, respectively. The first to dismount was Sprigg S. Lynn, a native of Cumberland, who captured and disarmed the sentinel in front of the Barnum, and, quickly followed by Kuykendall, John Daily, and John H. Cunningham, proceeded to General Kelly's apartment on the second floor. The first room entered proved to be that of the adjutant general, Major Melvin, who was asked where General Kelly was. He replied: "In the adjoining room." The communicating door being open, it was entered at once. When General Kelly was awakened, he was told he was a prisoner, and to make his toilet as speedily as possible. With some degree of nervousness, he complied, inquiring as he did so to whom he was surrendering. Kuykendall replied: "To Captain McNeill, by order of General Rosser!" He had very little more to say after that. In a very short time, he and Melvin were led to the street and mounted upon horses, the owners of which gave them the saddles and rode behind.

At the Revere House a similar scene was taking place. The sentinel in front of the hotel was quietly captured, but the front door was locked. After knocking it was opened by a negro boy, Jacob Gassman, who had been a clerk in the hotel, went up to where General Crook slept and, supposing the door was locked, rapped several times. A

voice within asked: "Who's there?" Gassman replied, "A friend," and was told: "Come in." Vandiver, Samuel Tucker, and James Daily, son of the proprietor of the hotel, arrived by this time, and all entered the room. The General meanwhile having half risen, Vandiver said: "General Crook, you are my prisoner!"

"What authority have you for this?" inquired Crook.

"The authority of General Rosser, of Fitzhugh Lee's Division of Cavalry," was Vandiver's reply.

General Crook then got up and said: "Is General Rosser here?"

"Yes," replied Vandiver, "I am General Rosser. I have twenty-five hundred men, and we have surprised and captured the city."

This settled the matter as far as the bona fide general was concerned. He was intensely surprised by the bold announcement, but, knowing nothing to the contrary, accepted Vandiver's assertion as the truth and submitted to his fate with as much grace and cheerfulness as he could command.

After Vandiver and his party disappeared into the hotel, Fay and Hallar went to the telegraph office adjoining and proceeded to put that apparatus out of commission. The telegraph operator was A. Thomas Brennaman, who was asleep with his feet up on the table when they entered, and the first notice he had of their intrusion was when one of them kicked the table over. However, it became apparent later on that the damage to the telegraph had been repaired in due haste.

General Crook was soon ready, though the squad did not appear with him on the street for some minutes after Kelly had been mounted, and minutes then meant more than ever before or since. Several headquarters flags were brought with the prisoner, and, when all were mounted, breathing suddenly became easier with the waiting troop.

On the street while waiting for the generals to be brought out, a citizen, an early bird who had better been in bed, approached and inquired: "Boys, what's up?" He found out, being taken in hand as the column wheeled and moved orderly down the street.

It was not known then that among the late arrivals in those hotels were Brig. Gen. R. B. Hayes and Maj. William McKinley, or we might have had a larger harvest of generals and two future Presidents of the United States.

Near the chain bridge on Baltimore Street there was a government stable where several fine horses were secured, among them "Philippi," General Kelly's celebrated charger. One of the men brought out a Shetland pony, the steed of the son of an officer, which later was turned loose because it was not able to keep up with us.

With the men and prisoners provided with horses, Fay led the way, taking the tow path down the river. Two picket posts, one at the canal lock on the edge of the city, the other about a mile and a half below, were passed with but little ceremony when informed that the Rebels were coming and we were going out to meet them. At Wiley's Ford, about one mile below the city, we crossed the Potomac at daybreak. But though on Virginia soil again, we were not safe. Sixty rugged miles, through disputed territory, from which scouting bands of the enemy were seldom absent, lay between us and Moorefield, with no guarantee of safety then. West of us at New Creek, now Keyser, which is forty miles from Moorefield, with a good road between, there was a strong force of cavalry. On the east, at Winchester, which is sixty miles from Moorefield with a direct road connecting those places, Sheridan had cavalry enough to block the roads and scour the mountains, and both New Creek and Winchester were con-

nected by wire with Cumberland. The cavalry force in Cumberland was known to be small, but sufficient to make trouble for us, and would soon be on our trail, so that we still had "to run the gauntlet" with our prize. The first requisite was enduring horse flesh. In the make-up of the raiding party, men were chosen with the best horses, it being well known that "the life of the scout hangs on the heels of the horse."

Four or five miles from the city we heard the boom of a cannon giving the alarm. When we were getting up speed, General Crook complained of discomfort and, turning to William H. Maloney, at his side, said: "Can't you go ahead and get me a saddle?" Maloney said he did not know where he could get one. The General laughed and said: "Take one from the first Yank you meet and tell him General Crook ordered you to take it." Maloney dashed ahead to Jacob Kyles and said: "I want a saddle for General Crook." Kyles, who had just been aroused from the night's slumber, supposing Maloney to be a Yankee, said: "You took the only saddle I had yesterday." When Maloney informed him that he was not a Yankee and had Crook a prisoner, Kyles directed him to a flour barrel where a saddle was procured.

Passing through Romney, with headquarters flags flying and a mixture of blue coats, some of the citizens were uncertain whether it was a troupe of Rebels or Yankees. From that point the Trough road to Moorefield was taken, an abandoned road near to and parallel with the South Branch of the Potomac.

The cavalry from Cumberland came in sight two miles south of Romney and captured Joseph Sherrard and wounded John Poland, who had stopped at the farmhouse of William B. Stump. The cavalry then proceeded to press our rear guard. While the prisoners were being hurried on, the rear guard was strengthened and a position was taken on an elevation covered with scrubby trees, the road climbing the hill in a serpentine fashion, while an abrupt ridge on one side and the river on the other made it impossible for the enemy to flank us. When the enemy ascertained the advantage we had secured in position, they withdrew and discontinued pursuit. We waited an hour to give the prisoners a good start, and then followed on. Meanwhile the sun had softened the snow sufficiently to ball under our horses' feet, thereby increasing their labor and decreasing our speed.

Shortly after entering the Moorefield Valley, where the road from New Creek could be seen, we observed a cavalry force heading for Moorefield at the top of their speed. The two roads are but a mile apart and the river is between. The cavalry proved to be the 22nd Pennsylvania, Colonel Greenfield commanding, and known among us as the Ringgold Cavalry, our old enemies with whom in times past we had had many lively tilts, and after the war our warm friends, with whom we fellowshiped in reunions—the first on record of the blue and the gray meeting in friendly relations.

But at the time of this incident both sides were bent on business—the race was on—the vapor from their panting horses extended back in a long level line like the smoke of an express train. Two miles ahead they would cross the river and then the two roads came together. We were in no mood for a reunion at that junction.

It was evident we could not pass through Moorefield, the rallying point of McNeill's Rangers, as we had hoped to be able to do; on the contrary we must resort to a well-known expedient when hard pressed by the enemy—take to the bushes. As we turned to a trail through the woods and ridges, General Crook cast a parting glance at the blue column and quietly exclaimed: "So near and yet so far." We passed out of sight and quickly crossed the road from Winchester on

which Sheridan's cavalry were coming, and passing east of Moorefield as the sun sank below the horizon, pressed on south of the town, recalling meanwhile the words of Wellington at Waterloo. When his shattered columns were making their last stand and Blucher had not arrived with reinforcements, the British commander said: "Come, Blucher, or night!" We had no Blucher to look to, but night favored us and, eight miles south of Moorefield, the wearied men and jaded horses found refuge in a friendly gorge of the mountain, and while they slept the only sentinels to keep watch were the shining stars.

The pursuing cavalry from New Creek bivouacked at Moorefield, and although reinforced during the night by troops from Winchester, made only a desultory and futile effort to strike our trail.

After a few hours' rest and scant rations, Lieutenant Welton, with Raison C. Davis and others in charge of the prisoners, and all mounted on fresh horses, proceeded up the South Fork of the south branch of the Potomac, thirty miles south of Moorefield, to the intersection of a road leading east through Dry River Gap to Harrisonburg. But, night coming on, they camped near Raleigh Springs, twelve miles west of Harrisonburg. No event of importance occurred during the day, notwithstanding it was the birthday of George Washington.

But there was something of a coincidence that night. While the generals were sleeping on the "cold, cold ground" in old Virginia, an entertainment was going on in a theater in Cumberland, and Miss Bruce, who after the war became Mrs. Kelly, appeared on the stage and sang "He Kissed Me before He Left." A voice in the audience responded: "I'll be damned if he did; McNeill didn't give him time."

The next morning, arriving at Harrisonburg, a short stop was made at Hill's Hotel for "refreshments." As the generals dismounted, Crook still cheerful and good-natured, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, this is the most brilliant exploit of the war." One of the citizens who heard the remark and who treasured it as a war episode, was Benjamin P. Newman, father of Judge E. D. Newman, of Woodstock, Va.

The effect on the generals of the long horseback ride had become so manifest, provision was made for a more comfortable mode of travel. An old stagecoach was pressed into service for the remaining twenty-five miles to Staunton, where, that evening, the prisoners met General Early, after which they were served with a bountiful supper and introduced to soft beds, the first they had seen since leaving their own in Cumberland. In the three days they had traveled one hundred and fifty-four miles.

After a night in Staunton they entrained for Richmond. On the way Colonel Mosby became a passenger on the same train. Among the daring achievements of Mosby had been the capture of Gen. Edwin H. Stoughton at Fairfax Courthouse, Va. On the train, when Mosby learned of the capture of Crook and Kelly, he extended his hand to Lieutenant Welton and said: "You boys have beaten me badly. The only way I can equal this is to go into Washington and bring out Lincoln." (As a matter of fact, a scheme had been devised for the abduction of President Lincoln, but the suspected treachery of an accomplice snuffed out the plan before it could be put in operation. The writer has no evidence, however, that Colonel Mosby was implicated in the scheme.)

Arriving at Richmond, the prisoners were passed over to the Confederate authorities. The next day Welton and Davis went to see how the generals were faring, and were pleased to find them in clean and comfortable quarters and in good spirits. The day following, just before leaving the city, they

went to see them again and on the way bought a pint of whisky, paying sixty-five dollars for it, with which to refresh the generals. The leave-taking, as related by Lieutenant Welton in after years, had the mellow tone of friends in time of peace rather than enemies in war.

These four men have passed from us, the last survivor being Lieutenant Welton, who died in Petersburg, W. Va., his native place, in 1923.

Raison C. Davis, known after the war as Judge Davis, of Louisville, Ky., died in Louisville in 1910. He was a native of Clarksburg, W. Va., and an uncle of J. W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for President in 1924.

General Crook, after the war, married Miss Daily, a daughter of the proprietor of the Revere House, and a sister of C. J. Daily, who had a conspicuous part in the capture of the general. General Crook died in Chicago in 1890.

General Kelly, after the war, married Miss Bruce, of Cumberland. The general died in Western Maryland in 1891.

The night of the capture the father of this writer was a transient guest at the Revere House. He knew nothing of the capture until he came downstairs that morning. He found the hotel lobby well filled with men in excited conversation. There was much speculation as to who did it, how it was accomplished, and whether or not the generals would be recaptured. The Rebels were being roundly denounced and consigned to a warmer place than Dry Tortugas when, suddenly, a stentorian speaker exclaimed: "Gentlemen, its the Jumboest joke of the war!" The crowd broke loose in a burst of laughter and filed into the dining room for breakfast.

John G. Lynn, president of the Kenneweg Co., wholesale grocers of Cumberland, and Mr. William H. Malony, formerly of Romney, W. Va., but now residing in Cumberland, are the only two survivors of McNeill's Rangers living in this section. Not over eight or ten members of the company are living.

Mr. John G. Lynn, Sr., eighty-four years of age, in spite of his advanced age has a wonderful memory and often recalls the stirring exploits of McNeill's Rangers, which seldom exceeded in quota sixty members and captured and sent to Southern prisons 2,400 prisoners during the duration of the war. The members of McNeill's company were principally boys and young men from Cumberland, Md.; Hampshire, Hardy, and Pendleton Counties, W. Va.

DISPATCHES CONCERNING THE CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLY

CUMBERLAND, MD., February 21, 1865.

Major General Sheridan, Winchester, Va.. This morning, about 3 o'clock, a party of Rebel horsemen came up on the New Creek road, about sixty in number. They captured the picket and quietly rode into town, went directly to the headquarters of Generals Crook and Kelly, sending a couple of men to each place to overpower the headquarters guard, when they went directly to the room of General Crook, and, without disturbing anyone else in the house, ordered him to dress and took him downstairs and placed him upon a horse, ready saddled and waiting. The same was done to General Kelly. Captain Melvin, Assistant Adjutant General to General Kelly, was also taken. While this was being done a few of them, without creating any disturbance, opened one or two stores, but they left without waiting to take anything. It was done so quietly that others of us who were sleeping in adjoining rooms to General Crook were not disturbed. The alarm was given in ten minutes by a darky watchman at the hotel, who escaped from them, and within an hour we had a party of fifty cavalry after them. They tore up the telegraph

(Continued on page 437.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"They do not die who in their deeds survive
Enshrined forever in the hearts of men."

GEN. JAMES MCKAY, U. C. V.

Taps sounded for Gen. James McKay, commanding the Florida Division, U. C. V., after an illness of several weeks, at his home in Tampa, Fla., on September 5, 1925. This valiant soldier was more familiarly known as Captain McKay, that being the title which was his in the War between the States, and he loved it for the cause in which he won it.

Few men have lived such eventful lives as fell to him. His was the unique experience of having participated in five wars—the Indian wars of 1855–57, the War between the States, the Spanish-American war, the Mexican trouble, and the World War.

James McKay was born at Mobile, Ala., in 1842, but was reared from infancy in Tampa. As a boy he did guide and scout duty against the Seminole Indians. In 1859–60 he attended the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, receiving a training valuable to him in later years. He entered the service of the Confederacy early in the conflict, leaving home for Richmond, Va., on July 21, 1861, intending to join the 2d Florida Infantry; but at the suggestion of Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, he was commissioned captain quartermaster and assigned to the 4th Florida. He accompanied the regiment to Chattanooga in the fall of 1862 and participated in the battle of Murfreesboro, the campaign in Mississippi under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, between Jackson and Vicksburg, and the battle of Chickamauga with its attendant campaign. After the investment of Chattanooga, he was detailed to return to Florida and collect beef cattle for the army. He continued in this service until the latter part of the war, when he served as quartermaster of Munnerlyn's Battalion, being paroled with that command at Bayport.

During the Spanish-American war, he was superintendent in charge of loading and fitting transports at Port Tampa and made many trips to Havana on confidential and important errands for the United States. On one of these he sustained a bad fall, from which he was crippled the remainder of his life. During the Mexican trouble he was stationed at Galveston, in charge of the transport of troops and supplies. Again, when the country entered the World War, his large experience and patriotic service commended him to a similar participation in it.

At the time of death, Captain McKay was Major General Commanding the Florida Division, United Confederate Veterans. He had previously served as Brigadier General of the Third Brigade.

His contribution to civilian service was as large as the one made by him in the activities of war. He was mayor of Tampa, State Senator from this district, postmaster

at Tampa, and United States marshal. His last work was as a supervisor of the State census for Hillsborough County.

Captain McKay was a member of the Baptist Church. He was married three times, and seven children (all of the first marriage) survive him—four daughters and three sons.

His funeral was one of the most largely attended ever held in his home city, and already a movement is on foot to erect a memorial to him in Tampa.

Of all the causes which he loved and served, that of the Confederacy ranked first with Capt. James McKay—the good soldier, good citizen, good friend.

The following is taken from the memorial tribute to Captain McKay, by the Executive Board of the Florida Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

"Resolved, That we have not only lost a true and honored Confederate veteran of the Florida Division, and coworker of the Florida Division, U. D. C., but a faithful, loyal friend and Christian gentleman. His was a life filled with noble attributes and crowned with loyal deeds.

"Resolved, That his memory will ever be lovingly and tenderly cherished, and that his influence and high ideals will remain always a benediction with our memorial organization which he so much loved.

MRS. J. C. BLOCKER,
President Florida Division, U. D. C.;
MRS. R. B. BULLOCK,
First Vice President Florida Division, U. D. C.;
MRS. E. A. DOUGLASS,
Recording Secretary Florida Division, U. D. C."

WILLIAM S. NOLEN.

On September 28, William S. Nolen died at his home near Franklin, Tenn., in his eightieth year. With a life record of good deeds, he was ready to give account of his pilgrimage here below.

William Nolen was the son of William Martin and Sarah Crump Nolen, and was born June 10, 1846, at the family homestead on the Murfreesboro Road, near Franklin, which was first owned by his grandfather. As a boy of eighteen, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving with Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, under Colonel Starnes, and though his service was short, he made a record as a gallant soldier and was ever true and loyal to the cause for which he had fought. He loved the Confederacy and enjoyed the reunions with his comrades, the last he attended being that at Dallas, Tex. He was a member of McEwen Bivouac at Franklin and a faithful attendant on its meetings, his gray uniform and his Cross of Honor worn as emblems of heroic service and loyalty to principle.

Comrade Nolen was a successful farmer, a man widely known for his integrity, generosity, hospitality, and love of his fellow men, devoted to his family and friends. He was a steward in the Methodist Church at Trinity for fifty years, and superintendent of its Sunday school for thirty years, a Christian following in the footsteps of the lowly Master, relieving the needy in their distress, visiting and comforting the sick, and his influence for good will long live in the hearts of those who knew him.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Michael Toon, and two sons and two daughters, also by four sisters and a brother, and five grandchildren. After funeral services at the home, he was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery at Franklin, with burial services by the McEwen Bivouac.

CAPT. ANDREW JACKSON KENNEDY.

In his eighty-first year, Capt. Andrew J. Kennedy answered to the last roll call at his home in Tupelo, Miss., on September 12. He was an honored member of the Methodist Church, and after funeral services there his body was laid away with Masonic rites, he having been a lifelong member of that fraternity.

In the spring of 1862, just after the battle of Shiloh, Andrew Kennedy, a frail lad of seventeen, left home to join a company that was being organized by Dr. Stephens at Sarepta, some twenty miles away. He was rejected at first, but his persistency overcame the doctor's opposition, and he took the boy under his special care.

The company was mustered in as a part of the 31st Mississippi Infantry, under Col. Jehu A. Orr, of Houston, and Capt. M. D. L. Stephens was elected lieutenant colonel of the regiment. Up to this time young Kennedy had been orderly sergeant of his company, and very soon rose to first lieutenant. The zeal and efficiency of the lad so distinguished him that office came without the asking, and when a vacancy came he was made commander of the company.

His regiment was one of Featherstone's Brigade, Loring's Division, and he went through the campaigns of this division, engaging in all the battles, and during the time was never unfit for service nor asked leave of absence. At the battle of Franklin, when his colonel was severely wounded, he told the young captain to take his sword and lead the regiment, which he did and surrendered the remnant of it under Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina.

The war over, he returned to his home at Coffeeville, where his father had moved, and, with the same spirit that had characterized his service as a soldier, he set to work to build up his country. At the age of twenty-four he was married to Miss Mary E. Hunter, of Coffeeville, and their companionship extended over fifty-three years of happy life, and their children are examples of good citizenship. Two sons and six daughters survive him.

[John L. Collins, Coffeeville, Miss.]

ROBERT HOSKINS.

In the death of Robert Hoskins, of Morrilton, Ark., the community has lost a noble citizen and a faithful veteran of the Confederacy. His death occurred in February, 1925, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born in Danville, Ky., January 11, 1847, and had been a resident of Morrilton for twenty-nine years. He was a son of John M. and Maria Yerby Hoskins, and nephew of the late Mrs. Eliza Hoskins Farris, known as the "Florence Nightingale of Kentucky" during the War between the States. Being too young to enlist as a regular soldier when the war came on in 1861, he entered the service as an aide to Gen. Kirby Smith, and while serving in this capacity he was slightly wounded.



CAPT. A. J. KENNEDY AND LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER.

HARVEY C. SANDERS.

Harvey C. Sanders, a native son of Trigg County, Ky., but for many years a citizen of Texas, died on September 30, at the home of his son in Bowie County. He was born November 24, 1837, and had thus nearly completed his eighty-eighth year.

At the breaking out of war between the States, Harvey Sanders joined Company B, 2nd Kentucky Volunteers, C. S. A., and served under General Forrest until he was transferred to the West. He was then attached to General Wheeler's command, with which he served to the close of the war. He was in many important battles, among them Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Petersburg, Fort Donelson, Perryville, and Murfreesboro. He was twice wounded—by a saber thrust, and again by a gunshot. He was one of the bodyguard of President Davis, and was captured in Washington County, Ga.

After a year in prison, Comrade Sanders returned to his home in Trigg County; and in December, 1867, he was married to Miss Alice Baker, of that place, who died in 1869, leaving a son, who died in his young manhood. In 1872, he married Miss Elizabeth Jones, of Caldwell County, Ky., and four of their five children survive him—three sons and a daughter. A brother also is left, Joshua Sanders, of Trigg County.

Comrade Sanders went to Texas in 1882, locating in Coryell County, but in 1887 he removed his family to Bowie County, which was his home until death. The funeral was from the Christian Church, of which he had been a member for more than sixty years. The Odd Fellows Lodge officiated at the burial service in Red Bayou Cemetery, he having been a member of this order for more than fifty years and was Past Grand Master.

WILLIAM F. LEE.

Taps sounded at an early hour on the morning of August 20, 1925, for another Confederate veteran when William F. Lee, of Piedmont, S. C., was called to his reward. He was

well known in the Confederate organizations of his county and was beloved by his comrades.

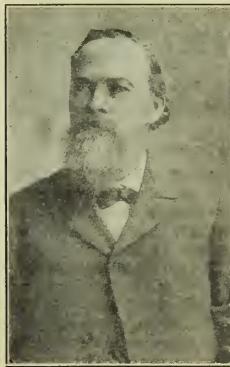
William F. Lee was born September 14, 1844, and enlisted with Confederate troops on April 13, 1862. He was discharged from this service April 13, 1865, after three years of faithful service, having served with Company B, Hampton's Legion.

Upon his return from the war, William Lee resumed his profession of civil engineering, and it is said that during his career in that profession he surveyed all of the land within a radius of twenty-five miles from his home at Piedmont.

He always looked forward for the time for his VETERAN to come, and there was no other paper he liked to read so well. The last letter he wrote was in sending his subscription to the VETERAN for another year.

His memory will long be cherished by his loved ones and friends.

[A granddaughter.]



WILLIAM F. LEE.

THOMAS WASHINGTON WALTHAL.

Thomas Washington Walthal, a lifelong resident of Montgomery County, Tenn., died at his home in St. Bethlehem on October 5. He was born on October 12, 1841, and thus lacked but seven days of completing his eighty-fourth year. He was the eldest son of Thomas Braxton and Elizabeth Pollard Walthal, who came to Tennessee from Petersburg, Va., nearly ninety years ago, and his boyhood was spent on the farm near Clarksville.

Thomas Walthal was at Stewart College (now the Southwestern Presbyterian University) when the war came on in 1861, and he immediately enlisted in Company A, 49th Tennessee Regiment, of Wall's Brigade. While at Fort Donelson he contracted measles and had to return home, where he remained for several months, a victim of complications. He rejoined his command at Corinth and saw service at Vicksburg, Mobile, Kewasaw Mountain, and was under Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Hood during the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns and took part in the last two battles of the war at Goldsboro and Bentonville, N. C. He was a prisoner at one time during his service, and was released to die, it was thought, but he partially recovered, though the malady had a hold on him during the remainder of his life.

Comrade Walthal walked the greater part of the way to his home after the war, which he reached on May 31, 1865, and immediately set about rebuilding the waste of war. He was married in January, 1874, to Miss Sallie Whitfield, of a prominent family of that section, and reared a fine family of four sons and three daughters, all surviving with their mother.

Comrade Walthal devoted most of his life to farming, though he was in the mercantile business a short while. For thirty-eight years he was a member of the Montgomery County Court, with a hundred per cent attendance record, and served upon many of its important committees, and was also school commissioner for twenty-five years. His membership in the Baptist Church covered a period of more than fifty years, and he served his Church as Sunday school superintendent and in other capacities. His clean, charitable life held the highest regard and esteem of his neighbors, and as the head of a devoted family his splendid characteristics are reflected in the sturdy sons and daughters who blessed his home.

He was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery at Clarksville, the honorary pallbearers being his comrades of Forbes Bivouac of Confederate Veterans.

CAPT. GEORGE W. SHORT.

George Washington Short, pioneer citizen of Wise County, Tex., died at the home of his son in Amarillo, Tex., on August 27, aged eighty-two years. His body was taken to Decatur and there interred in Oaklawn Cemetery with Masonic ceremonies. He was a valued member of that order for sixty years.

Until about a year ago, when his health gave way, Captain Short was actively engaged in farming and cattle raising near Decatur, conducting his ranch most successfully. He had gained a reputation all over the country as a breeder of fine Shorthorn cattle, which took many premiums at State fairs in Texas and Louisiana.

George W. Short was born in Marshall County, Ky., December 24, 1842, but his parents removed to Claiborne Parish, La., when he was five years old, and he there grew to manhood. In September, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving as a member of Company H, 17th Louisiana Volunteer Infantry. His regiment spent the winter of 1861-62 in New Orleans, and in March, 1862, went to Corinth, Miss., and in April took part in the battle of Shiloh, where

many worthy comrades were lost. In May the regiment was moved to Vicksburg, where it was reorganized, and young Short was elected sergeant of his company. The command later engaged in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Port Gibson, and the siege of Vicksburg, where he was captured, July 4, 1863, and paroled. After being exchanged, he served in the Trans-Mississippi Department to the end of the war.

On December 31, 1868, Comrade Short was married to Miss Martha Phipps, of Haynesville, La., and in January, 1874, he took his family to Denton County, Tex., going to Wise County in 1881, which had since been his home. He was a charter member and commander of the R. Q. Mills Camp, No. 360 U. C. V., and later became a member of Ben McCulloch Camp No. 30 U. C. V., and served as its commander several years. In 1917 he was made commander of the 4th Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V. He was a sterling and loyal veteran of the Confederacy and was a member of the managing committee for the annual reunions, which he always attended.

Captain Short had an important part in the life of his community in his younger days, a man of strong convictions, upright in his dealings, and highly esteemed as a substantial citizen. He is survived by five sons.

ARISTIDE M. GREMILLION.

Aristide M. Gremillion, born and reared in Marksville, La., died in New Orleans on September 8, in his eighty-fifth year. Nearly all of his long life had been spent in Marksville, and his body was taken back to the old home town and there interred in the Catholic Cemetery.

Comrade Gremillion was a student at Grand Coteau College, at Grand Coteau, La., when the South called upon her loyal sons, and he left college to join the 18th Louisiana Regiment, with which he served as a member of Company I, a faithful and gallant soldier to the end. During a furlough home in 1864, he was married to Miss Hermentine Bonnette, and this faithful companion of sixty-one years is left with six of the nine children born to them—four daughters and two sons.

Though he was not able to finish his education at college, his student years built a good foundation, and his natural ability and talent made the most of it. For twenty-nine years he was editor of the Marksville *Review and Weekly News*, and during the time he helped to mold public opinion by his able pen. He was especially interested in public affairs and in all civic improvements. After his retirement from active work, he devoted his last years to a quiet life, doing kindly and charitable acts in behalf of others, especially for the comrades of the war period of the sixties. He took part in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill under Generals Mouton and Polignac, which he ever remembered with satisfaction. He lived at Crowley for several years after leaving Marksville, then removed to New Orleans.

Aristide Gremillion was a descendant of Martin Gremillion, who settled in Avoyelles Prairie nearly a century ago, and whose sixteen children peopled that section with sturdy men and women, and whose impress lives in the worthy lives of his descendants.

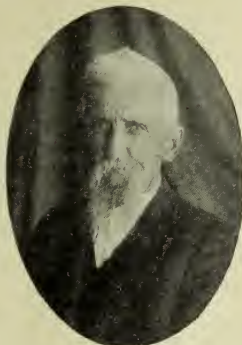
TENNESSEE COMRADES.

Report comes from D. J. Bowden, Adjutant of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 892 U. C. V., Martin Tenn., that the following members had been lost since last report: S. P. Scott, Company H, 20th Tennessee Cavalry; aged eighty years. Allen Christian, Company K, 19th Tennessee Infantry; aged eighty-five years. J. N. Cooke, Company A, 12th Kentucky Cavalry; aged eighty-five years.

JOHN C. BAIRD.

John C. Baird was born in Pickens County, Ala., on the 10th of August, 1844, and died in Homer, La., on August 26, 1925, at the ripe age of eighty-one years.

When the call was made for brave and true men to rally to the defense of the South, John C. Baird, although a mere lad, despite the objections of his father, secretly enlisted in the army of the South, joining the 1st Alabama Cavalry, Company E, and served throughout the conflict under Generals Wheeler and Clanton. He was in the battles of Shiloh and Knoxville, Tenn., besides numerous other engagements of major importance. His war record was of the highest type, always at his post, never shirking his duty bravely and nobly fighting for the cause of the Confederacy. After the war he returned to Alabama, where he was married to Miss Annie E. Justice. Eight children were born to this union. In 1886, he removed his family to Union County, Ark., and in the same year his wife died. In 1888, he was married to Miss Ellen McWilliams. Shortly afterwards he moved to Webster Parish, La., and four years later to Claiborne Parish, where he remained until death. To this union five children were born, and all of the thirteen children are now living, all good and noble men and women. His wife also survives him.



JOHN C. BAIRD.

John C. Baird was a public spirited man, manifesting great interest in all matters of general good, and he lived a very active life. He was always loyal to his old comrades, and at the time of his death was serving on the Louisiana State Board of Pensions. Though this noble and brave soldier of the Confederacy has now passed into his eternal home, he ever lives in the hearts and memories of all who knew him.

GUS H. WEST.

Gus H. West, at one time commander of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, Tex., died at his home in that city on the 9th of October, 1925.

He was born at New Brunswick, N. J., July 23, 1847, in the same home where his mother was born. His father, Capt. G. O. West, moved to New Port, Fla., and Gus was at school at Tallahassee, fourteen years old, when he ran away and enlisted in the Confederate army. His father took him out of the army and sent him back to school, but he ran away and joined the army the second time, and stayed in the ranks until the war was over. He was in the battles of Natural Bridge and Ocean Pond, or Olustee, and other engagements. His account of the fight at Natural Bridge will be found in the VETERAN for December, 1919, page 475. He had lived in Waco for forty-nine years, and left a host of friends. The funeral was largely attended, a number of veterans being present.

Surviving him are his wife and two sons and a sister, Mrs. D. A. Kelley. He was a kind-hearted, good citizen, and a true patriot.

CAPT. FRANK MONROE.

"Captain" Frank Monroe, for many years a resident of Clarksville, Tenn., died in Hopkinsville, Ky., on October 5, aged seventy-five years. Among the youngest survivors of those four years of war, he was reputed to be the very youngest who had an active part in the War between the States. He entered the Confederate army when barely thirteen years of age and was surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., with Forrester's command.

Frank Monroe was born in Paris, France, January 2, 1850, and before he was a year old, his parents, who were French, brought him to America. They settled in New Orleans, and by the time he was eight years old both parents had died, and the boy was left without any known kin. He was living in Panola County, Miss., when the war came on, and though too young to enter the service regularly, "Little Frank" was furnished a horse and equipment and followed the Panola Guards, a cavalry company formed at Eureka, Miss. His command was placed in a battalion under Captain Miller, of Grenada, and he accompanied them to Jackson, Tenn., where he had a serious illness. Later his name was enrolled in Company H, 6th Tennessee Regiment, and he served under Capt. A. B. Jones, standing shoulder to shoulder with his comrades in opposing Sherman on his raid through Georgia. He received his discharge from Captain Jones's company to seek enlistment in his old command, and left for Gainesville, Ala., where he joined the boys of Bell's Brigade and was there surrendered.

The later life of Frank Monroe was largely as a newspaper man, he having been connected in important capacities with the *West Tennessee Whig*, at Jackson; the *Herald*, at Russellville, Ky.; the *Daily Kentucky New Era*, and later with the *Independent*, at Hopkinsville. His last years were spent in Clarksville, where he was secretary of a florist establishment. He was twice married, both wives preceding him to the grave.

JOHN MCCALISTER.

John McCalister, of Alpena, W. Va., died on October 8 at the home of his son at Elm Grove, Wheeling. He was born near Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, W. Va., on December 15, 1835. He was married in December, 1863, to Miss Sarah Jane Heltzel, and to this union were born six sons and two daughters.

At the outbreak of the war in 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate cause and served under direct command of Stonewall Jackson. His first enlistment was in Company G, 10th Virginia Infantry, which regiment was composed of one thousand men. He served with this regiment until all but sixteen of them had either been killed or wounded, at which time he enlisted in Stuart's Cavalry, where he served until the close of the war. He was wounded in the head at the last battle of Bull Run, from which he suffered more or less all the days of his life.

He is survived by four sons.

ARKANSAS COMRADES

The following deaths have occurred in Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 864 U. C. V., of Altus, Ark., since last report:

W. M. Hale, died April 8, aged eighty-six years. He was a member of Company E, Shaler's Arkansas Regiment.

G. W. Harris, aged eighty-one years. He was a member of Company F, 31st Tennessee Regiment.

We have just five members left on our roll.

[A. T. Jones, Commander.]

Confederate Veteran.

JOHN OGILVIE ELGIN.

John Ogilvie Elgin, formerly of Montgomery County, Md., but for the past fifty years a resident of Virginia, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Ricker, Herndon, Va., on August 22. Interment took place at Clifton, Va., near where he had lived from 1875 to 1902.



JOHN OGILVIE ELGIN.

John O. Elgin was the youngest son of William S. Elgin, General Superintendent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal from the time of its completion until his death in 1856, and was born at Harper's Ferry, Va., July 7, 1842. At the outbreak of the war, the young man espoused the Southern cause and, although his mother was making preparations to send him to college and his friends urged him to complete his education and leave the issues of the day to older heads, the lad spent his time dreaming of fighting for his ideals. So, one morning in May, 1862, this youth of nineteen crossed the Potomac without the knowledge of his friends and cast his lot with his native State of Virginia.

After some preliminary scouting, he and his comrades were assigned to General Rosser's Brigade, Company B, 35th Battalion of Cavalry, Col. E. V. White commanding. He served throughout the remainder of the war with signal bravery, taking part in all important engagements of the east. He acted as courier for Colonel White to both Jackson and Lee at various times, and the battalion of which he was a member was chosen as advance guard for Jackson when he invaded Maryland, and for General Early when he invaded Pennsylvania. It is said that young Elgin was the first Confederate soldier to enter Gettysburg. He was early selected by his comrades as their lieutenant, but refused the honor, preferring the more perilous duties of the man of the ranks.

Comrade Elgin took the oath of allegiance at Harper's Ferry at the close of the war, and again at Edwards's Ferry, Montgomery County, Md., when he resumed civil life. In May, 1865, he married Miss Martha Dorcas Haley, a Virginia girl, and followed the pursuit of a farmer in Maryland and Virginia until his retirement in 1902.

Maintaining that the cause for which he had fought was just, Mr. Elgin fiercely resented to the day of his death the charge that the Southern soldier was a traitor to his country, but held that he had patriotically fought to preserve the principles upon which the nation was founded.

W. D. SUMNER.

On June 20, 1925, W. D. Sumner died at Brownwood, Tex., where he had lived with his daughter. He was born in Georgia, May 7, 1841, the family removing to Alabama while he was a boy. There he grew to manhood, and when the first call came for volunteers in the Confederate army, he enlisted in the 22nd Alabama Infantry and fought through the four years of war. He was twice wounded.

He was proud of his record as a soldier and never missed a reunion until age and feebleness prevented last May.

[His daughter, Mrs. J. E. Deely.]

JOHN T. STOWERS.

John Turner Stowers, a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, at Nashville Tenn., died in that city on October 12, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Boyles, with whom he has made his home for several years.

John Stowers was born in Nashville, March 2, 1839. He enlisted on May 10, 1861, and served in Company B, 11th Tennessee Infantry, under Gen George W. Gordon and was so seriously wounded in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, that he was retired. He was a charter member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, organized in October, 1885, and very active in the organization. He had lived in West Nashville thirty-two years. Despite his crippled condition, having lost a leg in the Atlanta battle, Comrade Stowers was one of the most industrious citizens of his community and continued actively at work until a year or so before his death. Such as he have been of solid worth to this Southern country.

Funeral services were held at West Nashville Methodist Church, of which he was a member. Honorary pallbearers were members of Troop A, Confederate Cavalry, and Frank Cheatham Bivouac.

Comrade Stowers was married in May, 1867, to Miss Mary Tilford, who died about fifteen years ago. He is survived by six daughters and two sons, also eighteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. A brother and sister are left of his family.

CAPT. THOMAS WINN HUNT.

Captain Hunt, a son of Abijah Hunt and Mary Walton, of Jefferson County, Miss., born February 21, 1842, died September 30, 1895, in St. Paul, Minn. He was the grandson of David Hunt, one of the grand characters of long ago, who was a power in his community, always giving liberally to the advancement of religion and education, a boon to his friends and neighbors in times of stress, and deeply mourned by them at his death in 1861.

On April 1, 1861, Thomas Winn Hunt was commissioned adjutant and second lieutenant in the Confederate States army and ordered to report to General Bragg at Pensacola, Fla.; and about September, 1861, he was ordered to report to Gen. A. S. Johnston, at Columbus, Ky. In January, 1862, he was ordered to report to Gen. William J. Hardee, at Bowling Green, Ky., and acted as A. D. C. to that officer until December 31, 1862, when he was commissioned as captain and acting adjutant inspector general, P. A. C. S., until December 1864. He was then ordered, by request, to report as Assistant Inspector General to General Jackson, commanding division of Gen. N. B. Forrest's Cavalry Corps. He was paroled May 18, 1865, at Columbus, Miss. He was with General Hardee from January, 1862, until 1865.

[In sending the above notes, the widow of Captain Hunt, now living in New York City, writes that he was among the first subscribers to the VETERAN, and she is getting it still. "I would miss it as I would an old friend," she says.]

Mrs. Sue F. Allen, of Pacific, Mo., renews subscription, and writes: "I have not missed a number in thirty years. With a husband who was with Lee at Antietam, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, and a father who was at Appomattox, you will not be surprised that I am interested in every word published in the VETERAN."

MORGAN'S MEN.

The publication of the lists of the survivors of Morgan's command has brought many letters to the *VETERAN*, among the latest of which is one from Mrs. R. H. Chesley, of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., who writes of one of these gallant fighters who is now a citizen of Massachusetts, and she sends an editorial from the Boston *Transcript* about him as "A Confederate in Boston." This is Comrade Nat Poyntz, the only Confederate veteran on the active rolls of the United States army. He was given a pass by his commanding officer at the army base to attend the Confederate reunion at Dallas, Tex., last May, where he was to meet his brother, Ollie Poyntz, whom he had not seen for forty years. A cheering crowd saw him off at the Boston station.

The *Transcript* says of him: "Nat Poyntz is the 'grand old man' of the Army Base. He is eighty years of age, and commands as much respect here as does a general. His rank in the army is that of field clerk. He never misses a day from duty, and, unlike some of the younger soldiers stationed here, he never goes absent without leave. Asked when he surrendered, he curtly replied that he had never surrendered to anybody or anything. He is a Confederate veteran and proud of it—to the extent that it makes one proud of him."

Nat Poyntz was born at Maysville, Mason County, Ky., and at the outbreak of war between the States he enlisted as a private in Morgan's command and was attached to Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, under Colonel Breckinridge. He saw extensive service, notably at Hartsville, Tenn., at Shiloh, and Fort Pillow. He was in North Carolina under Joseph E. Johnston at the last, and, fearing that he would lose his horse, as only officers were allowed to retain their mounts, he stole out of camp, and thus did not surrender. Though well in the fifties when the war with Spain came on, he joined the colors and did valiant duty in the Philippines, and he had to have a part with our boys in the World War.

"A characteristic and delightful incident" of his late years was that "at the recent reunion of the G. A. R. in Boston, Nat Poyntz donned his Confederate uniform and marched with them up to the State House!"

This gallant veteran is affiliated with the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., and that Chapter was responsible for his trip to Dallas.

Capt. J. H. Steele, of Union City, Tenn., writes of another member of Morgan's command, now living at Union City. W. T. Harris joined Company F, 15th Tennessee Cavalry, in September, 1862, at Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., W. H. Ward, colonel, Basil Duke's Brigade. He was with Morgan on his raid into Ohio, and was captured at Buffington on the 19th of July, 1863, and taken to Camp Chase, then transferred to Camp Douglas, where he remained until released on the 5th of June, 1865.

Mrs. H. A. Anderson, of Anson, Tex. (not Kentucky, as given before), sends the names of two other survivors—William Murphy, of Ranger, Tex., and Joe E. Wilson, Luegart, Okla., aged eighty-five. All belonged to Company A, Gano's Texas Squadron.

REUNION OF MOSBY'S MEN.

The daughters of the Confederacy of Front Royal, Va., invited the survivors of the 43rd Virginia Battalion—Mosby's Men—to meet there on the 3rd of September. In writing of this meeting, F. M. Angelo, of Washington, D. C., Commander of Mosby's Men, says:

"They gave us a glorious welcome, and I was particularly proud that we had forty of the old boys there to enjoy the good time and dinner, and I heard of several others that

wanted to come. Our beloved Colonel Chapman and wife were there, and the boys were glad to see him once more.

"Dinner was served in the basement of the Methodist church, and later there were welcome exercises at the opera house, followed by a business meeting. At Mosby's monument a program was carried out, a feature of which was the reading of the address delivered by Major Richards at the unveiling of the monument in 1899, and there was also an address on the life of Mosby. Automobiles were in readiness to take the veterans anywhere, and at Ivy Lodge our farewells were said.

"Among the deaths reported was that of our beloved chaplain, Rev. Frank A. Strother, of Stephens City, Va. There were four or five chaplains in our command, and he is the last. He was a fine soldier, a Christian, and a good preacher. Colonel Mosby once remarked that if he, our chaplain, fought the devil as hard as he did the Yankees, the devil would have to get reinforcements."

PATRIOT AND SOLDIER.

BY MRS. J. R. D. SMITH, ROCK HILL, S. C.

From his Colonial and Revolutionary ancestors, Maj. Thomas Edwards Dudley inherited the right principles with



MAJ. THOMAS E. DUDLEY

which to meet the War between the States. At the age of twenty-four, he was a volunteer in Company G, 8th South Carolina Volunteers, Capt. John W. Harrington commanding, and served in the war until its close. His experiences and observations clung tenaciously, were always clear and thrilling, always a part of him. Battles, marches, camp always a vivid rehearsal of the life in Old Virginia, the life he was ready to give for the protection of home.

Citadel trained, there was order, neatness, exactness through every phase of his life; bred to principles of honor, he had no desire to deviate therefrom; the charm of Masonry held him; the love and care of the Church was above all; everybody was welcome to his open door; his best was not too good for the humblest.

The service he rendered as soldier, Christian, citizen, professional man was inconspicuous because of the modesty of his nature, but will continue to glow with added luster as long as memory lives.

At the time of his death (February 15, 1898), Major Dudley was the oldest native-born citizen of Bennettsville, S. C. Early in life he married Amelia Townsend, the girl of his choice, and had an abundant and happy home, with sons and daughters. He devoted his best efforts to the building up of his native town, gave freely of his time, energy, and ability to every worthy enterprise. Evergreen Cemetery gives him a place of rest after all his labors in opening it to the public, clearing away the forest primeval, and designing a beautiful city for the dead.

"Our soldier now reports to God
For future work in heaven."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark.	<i>First Vice President General</i> 1701 Center Street	MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo.	<i>Treasurer General</i> 5330 Pershing Place
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.	<i>Second Vice President General</i>	MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C.	<i>Historian General</i> 41 South Battery
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C.	<i>Third Vice President General</i>	MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla.	<i>Registrar General</i> 917 North K Street
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City	<i>Recording Secretary General</i> 411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street	MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio.	<i>Custodian of Crosses</i> 545 Superior Avenue
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass.	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i> 11 Everett Street	MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.	<i>Custodian of Flags and Pennants</i> 8433 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: As the thirty-second annual convention of our beloved organization comes to a close, your President General finds it difficult to realize that her official leadership will cease, that this is the last time, as your chief executive, she will address you through the VETERAN.

These two years have given unique opportunity for a greater knowledge of the purposeful lives and the high nobility of our Confederate leaders. Your President General honors these mighty figures of our glorious past now as never before. She has a deeper understanding, a truer appreciation, and a reawakened pride in the common heritage of all Daughters of the Southland. To-day her fervent wish is to find words to convey adequately and properly the sense of admiration and gratitude felt toward the women who so courageously began the work of the *United Daughters of the Confederacy* and toward the women who have carried it on so splendidly.

Your President General has unlimited faith in the future of our great organization. Looking forward, she sees the *United Daughters of the Confederacy* an ever-steadying force of patriotic endeavor, an initiator and molder of public opinion, a marvelous power for good, sponsoring every worthy cause with unselfish ideals, one vast army of right-thinking women pledged to countenance only those things which will exalt a nation.

For the spirit of cooperation and understanding manifested by the members of the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*, your retiring President General feels that her appreciation cannot be too generously expressed. They have at all times answered her call to service whenever response was humanly possible. They have made sacrifices, not only willingly, but cheerfully, to perform our society's tasks. The experience of the past two years has brought to light many friendships now treasured among the most beautiful gifts of life. Moreover, the devotion of these friends to the *United Daughters of the Confederacy* has constituted a clarifying lens through which their true worth has become visualized. For these blessings your President General is deeply grateful, and she will carry with her through life an abiding memory of the unfailing kindness of all.

Therefore your President General wishes to take this opportunity to thank you, her loyal friends and coworkers, for the constant assistance which you have given, for the innumerable evidences of your active desire to make the work a success, and for the whole-hearted support which has attended her leadership throughout the entire two years.

In bidding the official farewell and in renewing her pledge of service as a member of the ranks, she can only say: "May God ever bless and keep you in the shadow of his love."

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

THE HOT SPRINGS CONVENTION.

The stage is all set at Hot Springs National Park for the thirty-second annual convention of the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*.

The local committee in charge, together with Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General, and Mrs. Walter Lamar, Chair-



MRS. LORA GAINES GOOLSBY, PRESIDENT ARKANSAS
DIVISION, U. D. C.

man of the Program Committee, have overlooked nothing to make this the most interesting and colorful convention that has been held in many a day. Hot Springs and Arkansas women have held regular meetings for months looking toward the comfort and pleasure of their guests. Mrs. Lora Gaines

Goolsby, of Fort Smith, Ark., President of the Arkansas Division, will be official hostess, and each State delegation will have as special hostesses a delegation of Arkansas Daughters, who will see that their convention guests go away with the happiest recollection of the convention and those who have entertained them. Never before has a convention met under as many pleasant circumstances.

One of the innovations of the Hot Springs convention will be the broadcasting of the programs of the convention. Friends in every division are especially invited to tune in on Tuesday evening, November 17, and Thursday evening, November 19, and enjoy with us the opening and the historical programs especially. A splendid radio station from the tower of the Arlington Hotel, where all sessions will be held, sends out nightly programs, which take the air and reach even as far away as Australia; and so the members of the U. D. C. all over the Southland ought to sit quietly in their own homes and enjoy with us the proceedings of the convention. The local committee would appreciate telegrams from those who hear the program over the radio, and if the telegram is addressed "Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs National Park," it will reach us in a few moments, and all telegrams thus received will be read at the end of each number. You will then have the double pleasure of hearing the program and hearing your own telegram read.

MRS. S. E. DILLON, *Chairman Local Committee;*

MRS. W. E. MASSEY, *Vice Chairman Local Committee.*

Mrs. J. T. Beal, of Little Rock, First Vice President General, U. D. C., is general chairman of hostesses for the Hot Springs convention, each State Division being represented in these hostesses. Mrs. T. J. Terral, wife of the chief executive of the State will be hostess to the general officers.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. William Stillwell writes that the Arkansas Division is thoroughly alive to its privilege in raising funds for the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Fund. The chairman of the fund, Mrs. T. J. Newman, of Little Rock, has announced the selection of October 3 for receiving donations to this scholarship fund. The Presidents of the Chapters throughout the State will serve as chairmen in their respective towns, and it is confidently expected that by the time for the general convention in Hot Springs, Ark., they will have raised the full amount pledged. The Essay Committee of the Division is very much encouraged by the decided interest manifested this year by the youth of the State, not only for the large number of papers submitted, but for the quality of the work.

* * *

Notes from California do not come very often, but when they do, they are interesting reading. We have before us the program of what must have been a remarkable service at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on Sunday, June 14. On the front of the sheet is a cut of the beautiful church, below which is "The Creed on Which We Stand," followed by reports of Church activities. On the reverse we find the program for the day and the welcome.

In the morning services, the anthem was a medley of old songs, and the offertory solo was "The Songs My Mother Sang." The sermon was on "The Lost Cause," by Rev. Bob Shuler. In the evening service the Jubilee Singers gave a program of negro spirituals and camp meeting songs, and Dr. Shuler's sermon was on "Memories of Dixie." The welcome greeting to these services, as printed on the program, was as follows:

"WE WELCOME THE BOYS IN GRAY.

"This Church is as loyal to the united country as any Church in our great America. Men and women from every point of the compass have gathered into the membership of this Church, and all alike will delight to honor to-day the brave boys who fought in the Southern Confederacy. It is a thin line that will be seen upon our platform this day, and yet their deeds are altogether heroic.

"We welcome these defenders of the Old South with true affection. Long ago sectional strife was over. Long ago we laid down arms. Long ago the South took off its hat to Lincoln. Long ago the North crowned Lee. Long ago we came to where we were too big and brotherly and American for bitterness.

"And may God bless every old soldier who sits upon this platform this morning. They are our guests. They will eat dinner with us. This is our day of opportunity in honoring them. We want them to know how much we love them; and now that they stand in the twilight, we want them to catch a gleam of light that leads into the eternal morning from the songs and prayers and loving comradeship of this service.

"We wish we could invite all our friends to eat with us to-day, but only the old soldiers and their wives will be granted that privilege. We want every soldier and every soldier's wife to stay for dinner. This is your day, old Confederates, and we are going to see that you have your way about it."

We have also from Mrs. Pleasants, of Los Angeles, a description of the occasion when the members of the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter gathered to pay their annual tribute to the memory of General Wheeler on the anniversary of his birth. Luncheon was served to more than fifty members and their friends in the dining room of the Virginia Hotel, where Confederate flags had places of honor among the gorgeous flowers of red and yellow that indicated the Diamond Jubilee of California. After the luncheon the meeting adjourned to the luxurious salon, where a program was presented, followed by a business session. The speaker of the occasion was Rev. J. A. B. Fry, D.D., a son of North Carolina. Preceding and following his address on the life of General Wheeler were delightful musical numbers. A story of the Bear Flag was given by the Chapter Historian. The \$150 scholarship offered by this Chapter is awarded this year to the granddaughter of the two Confederate veterans—one served under General Forrest, the other under General Price.

California U. D. C. are rejoicing in a dream come true—the unveiling of a beautiful monument in Hollywood Cemetery, "The first Confederate monument in the West." They are happy, too, over their splendid yearbook just issued, and deeply appreciative are they of the untiring efforts put forth in many ways by their President, Mrs. Chester Garfield, and of her generosity that made possible the section in the yearbook devoted to the article, with accompanying photograph, about this monument. Mrs. Garfield offers a prize of \$25 to the Chapter bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Service. Three new Chapters have been organized and chartered recently—Twin Peakes, in San Francisco; W. G. McAdoo, in Hollywood; Mary Curtis Less, in Los Angeles. This Division now has twenty-five Chapters and twelve Chapters C. of C.

* * *

Mrs. Kolman, of New Orleans, writes that the Henry Watkins Allen Chapter, Baton Rouge, at the October meeting, entertained the Confederate veterans of Baton Rouge, twenty in number, by an automobile ride to Greater University of

Louisiana, and, in addition to refreshments, gave each veteran a Stone Mountain Memorial Coin.

Joanna Waddill Chapter, of Baton Rouge, celebrated Admiral Semmes's birthday in the Woman's Clubhouse with an interesting program of music and readings. Confederate veterans were guests of honor. One Cross of Honor was bestowed.

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, New Orleans, was hostess Chapter at the Confederate Home on Sunday, September 27, when Crosses of Honor were bestowed upon five Confederate veterans and upon one descendant.

A short address on Admiral Semmes was given, followed by music and readings. A touching letter was read from Miss Doriska Gautreaux, who is very ill, and who for the first time was absent from a Cross of Honor celebration.

Gen. C. D. Brooks, Past Commander, Louisiana Division, U. C. V., died at his home in St. Francisville, on September 20, after a long illness.

The Confederate monument in Baton Rouge occupies a most prominent position, standing in a small public square on top of a hill overlooking the Mississippi, just outside the grounds of the Capitol, almost between the city hall and the post office, facing the most important street of the city. The two Chapters have the care of the monument and the plots around its base. The unusual in this description is that every night a searchlight holds in full view the figure of the Confederate soldier on top of the monument. In ordering this done, the city commissioners wished not only to pay a tribute of respect to the valor of the Confederate soldier, but to remind the youth of the city by day and by night of his noble deeds.

* * *

Mrs. Sessums, of Columbus, is enthusiastic over the first annual convention of the Mississippi Division, Children of the Confederacy, which was held in Aberdeen, June 23, 24, with the Major Jonas Chapter, C. of C., as hostess.

A large number of leaders and delegates were present, also Mrs. H. F. Simrall, Past President of the Mississippi Division, and Mrs. T. B. Holloman, the recently elected President. Mrs. Madge Burney, Director of C. of C. in the Mississippi Division, very proudly opened the first convention in the home of her childhood and received much praise for her fine work, which has brought about this glorious day for the children of the State.

The leader of the Aberdeen Chapter, Mrs. Robert McWilliams, is the daughter of the late Maj. S. A. Jonas, for whom the Chapter is named, and his valor and courage as a soldier were linked with a broad intellect, whose poetic genius gave birth to the matchless lines on "The Confederate Note."

The homes of this cultured city were opened most hospitably to the guests, and interesting programs featured each day of the gathering.

The social features reached a grand climax in a swimming party in the wonderful swimming pool in Acker Park, after which an al fresco supper was served by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.

The next annual meeting will be held at Columbus, Miss.

* * *

Missouri Division is making a special effort during this year in bestowing Crosses of Honor. Mrs. McMahan writes that thirty were bestowed by the Blackwater Chapter, thus winning the \$10 offered for the largest number.

Missouri Daughters will miss from their conventions the familiar face of old Mr. Dorsey, who, with his wife, were inmates of the Confederate Home at Higginville, both of

whom often attended the annual meetings of the U. D. C. Mr. Dorsey passed away some time ago.

Mrs. McMahan has been reelected President of the Chapter in Blackwater that she organized ten years ago. This Chapter has a birthday penny box, which, at its recent annual opening, yielded \$17.60. Mrs. McMahan presented to the Chapter a scrapbook of photos, pictures, and clippings pertaining to the South in 1861-65. This will be taken to the Division convention and entered in the scrapbook contest.

September 27 was celebrated by the U. D. C. as homecoming day for the inmates at the Home in Higginville, an interesting program and a fine dinner being enjoyed by all.

* * *

Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, writes that, in addition to the large number of U. D. C. Chapters chartered in South Carolina during the year, Mrs. Workman, Division Director of C. of C., has organized seven new C. of C. Chapters.

On Sunday evening, September 27, J. McK. Reynolds Chapter held a very impressive service, at which time sixty-two Crosses of Service and two Crosses of Honor were bestowed, with most appropriate exercises.

The visits of Division officers to Chapters always result in mutual benefit. The members of the Lucinda Horn Chapter, of Saluda, entertained the Division Registrar, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, with a delightful reception recently.

* * *

On September 28, the Rosalie Brown Chapter, of Erwin, Tenn., observed the birthday of Admiral Semmes in a most interesting way at the home of Mrs. R. M. Fortune, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the ocean idea being carried out in both decorations and refreshments. The central decoration of the table was a miniature ocean, on which were tiny red and white ships. As a part of the program, Mrs. Fortune read a summary of the life of Admiral Semmes, and Mrs. J. M. Ferguson gave the story of the life of his daughter, Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, by Arminta Finlay. Songs and readings were a part of the program, following which delicious refreshments were served. The plate favors were unique cards, bearing a red and white bow in the U. D. C. colors, the date of Admiral Semmes's birth, and a tiny pen picture of a ship.

(Concluded on page 438.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."
KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 to 1865.

December.

The Solid South.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

December.

Gen Wirt Adams.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
 Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
 1640 Peaody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
 Fayetteville, Ark.
 MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
 4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
 MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
 Athens, Ga.
 MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
 College Park, Ga.
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Post Laureate General*
 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
 MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
 Montgomery, Ala.
 REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
 Mathews, Va.

STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
 WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
 GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeané D. Blackburn
 LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
 MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
 MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
 TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
 VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. S. A. Blenner
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey



All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE.

TO STATE PRESIDENTS AND PRESIDENTS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

My Dear Coworkers: The Harvest Sale of the Memorial Coin, the mintage of which was graciously granted by the President of the United States and ratified unanimously by Congress, is now on, and is a vitally important factor in the success of the glorious memorial to be put upon Stone Mountain as an everlasting tribute of the love of the South for her matchless heroes. As Memorial women, can we afford to fail in responsibility to this great cause? Being the oldest patriotic organization of women in the United States, we are looked to as sponsors to aid in any possible way toward carrying forward this work. No more appreciated Christmas gift or more appropriate than a Memorial Coin in a silver holder could be suggested. Buy them now, thus helping the Executive Committee in raising the needed funds, and the reward of "well done" will be yours. Let me urge that you do not relax your efforts until every Association is one hundred per cent strong in helping the sale. Appoint a Coin Committee and work from now until Christmas Day, then indeed will yours be a happy Christmas.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN MAGAZINE.

Do all your Associations subscribe to this, our official organ? A year's subscription is so small a sum, only \$1.50, and this heritage from the founder, Mr. Cunningham, and under the able leadership of Miss Edith Pope, offers to you the most valuable opportunity of keeping in touch with the work of the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and United Daughters of the Confederacy, besides our own work. This is an oft-repeated request, but I trust one that will sink deep in your hearts and thoughts, to help keep alive the voice of the past which speaks of the present and the future.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General, C. S. M. A.*

IN MEMORY OF SAM DAVIS.

The Junior Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis, through its President, Mrs. Mary H. Miller, has presented to the Central High School a large photograph of Sam Davis, the Confederate boy soldier who was hung because he would not betray important information of a military character with which he had been entrusted by his superiors. Tennessee has two handsome memorials to this hero, with another well on the way to completion.

The Junior Memorial at Memphis has done much good work. Its splendid choir, under the leadership of Mrs. Miller, for many years took part in the memorial exercises of the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, which were held annually on June 3.

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL COIN.

It is the only coin issued by the United States in memory of any American army.

Commemorating purely a quality of character, it has a spiritual significance in contrast to other special coins commemorating material events.

On one face it bears the image of two great Confederate leaders on horseback, and over them is inscribed, "In God We Trust," with thirteen stars representing the thirteen States of the Confederacy.

On the other face of the coin is a mighty eagle resting, with outstretched wings, upon the summit of Stone Mountain, and below this the inscription which makes the coin a priceless badge of honor for the sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers: "Memorial to the Valor of the Soldier of the South."

These coins are to be sold at a premium for the completion of the greatest memorial of all time.

The obligation is ours to see that all are taken, that this great work may go on. Every son and daughter of the South should have a part in this.

MEMORIAL TO THE WOMEN OF ALABAMA.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

If Southern mothers had not reared brave sons,
 Memorials we have raised were all in vain!
 World history enrolled no braver ones
 Than followed Lee and Jackson—though in vain.
 Our heroes slain we've honored, as we ought;
 We've raised tall shafts to keep their mem'ry bright!
 Now, Southern women, who such manhood wrought,
 Memorial claim, fit emblem, sacred right!

Since time began grand mothers inspired man
 To lofty deeds of valor, works of grace!
 Our Southern women were a peerless clan—
 Mothers of Israel graced no higher place.
 Shall we, then, fail to found, without delay,
 Memorial fit? Your answer can't be nay.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C.	Commander in Chief
WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va.	Adjutant in Chief
H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C.	Inspector in Chief
PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga.	Judge Advocate in Chief
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark.	Surgeon in Chief
JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla.	Quartermaster in Chief
ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va.	Historian in Chief
REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C.	Chaplain in Chief
DON FARNSWORTH, New York City.	Commissary in Chief

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Chairman	Wilmington, N. C.
N. B. FORREST	Atlanta, Ga.
JOHN M. KINARD	Newberry, S. C.
LUCIUS L. MOSS	Lake Charles, La.
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY	Wichita Falls, Tex.
JESSE ANTHONY	Washington, D. C.
L. A. MORTON	Duncan, Okla.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA	John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
ARMY TENNESSEE	Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI	L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne	Dr. W. E. Quinn
ARKANSAS—Little Rock	E. R. Wiles
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington	S. L. Lowry
	Fielding M. Lewis
EASTERN DIVISION—New York City	Silas W. Fry
FLORIDA—Tallahassee	W. Scott Hancock
GEORGIA—Savannah	Dr. W. R. Dancy
KENTUCKY—Lexington	W. V. McFerrin
KENTUCKY—Montrose	J. W. McWilliams
MISSOURI—St. Louis	W. Scott Hancock
MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo	John M. Witt
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville	C. M. Brown
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City	J. E. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Bartwell	Harry D. Calhoun
TENNESSEE—Memphis	J. L. Highsaw
TEXAS—Austin	Lon A. Smith
VIRGINIA—Charlottesville	T. E. Powers
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington	G. A. Sidebottom



All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE CRUISER PEE DEE.

The following letter from Inspector in Chief H. T. Willcox, of Marion, S. C., explains itself:

"Arthur H. Jennings, Esq., Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

"My Dear Comrade: I shall be glad if you will have the following communication published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN:

"An old Confederate cruiser, the Pee Dee, burned and sunk by its own crew during the last days of the War between the States, was found recently in the Pee Dee River between the Atlantic Coast Line bridge and the Mars Bluff Ferry bridge, having been revealed on account of the low stage of the river. News of the discovery spread very rapidly and hundreds of people from the neighboring counties have been viewing the historic old wreck.

"Pursuant to the request of the Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Florence, S. C., who advised that souvenir hunters had been committing depredations on the old hulk, Governor McLeod has asked authority of Dwight F. Davis, Acting Secretary of War, to salvage the wreck for historical purposes, and has wired the sheriffs of Florence and Marion counties to protect the boat from trespassers.

"Yours truly,

H. T. WILLCOX,
Inspector in Chief."

KENTUCKY DIVISION REPORT.

Comrade W. V. McFerran, Commander of Kentucky Division, S. C. V., Lexington, Ky., reports as follows:

"Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va.

"Dear Sir: As requested by Comrade Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., I wish to hand you herewith a list of appointments made by me to date on my staff as Division Commander of Kentucky.

"Upon advice of Mr. Hopkins, I have not appointed all of my Brigade Commanders, as I wish to await the organization of additional Camps in this State.

"I have appointed Mr. A. Gordon Sulser Commander of the First Brigade, and Mr. Robert J. Breckinridge Commander of the Second Brigade; Mr. William H. Willson, Adjutant in Chief, and Capt. J. E. Kellar, Historian.

"When additional Camps are organized, I will appoint the

remainder of my staff. We have recently organized a Camp at Georgetown, Ky., and have about completed the organization of another Camp at Paris, Ky., and will proceed to organize Camps at Maysville and Paducah, Ky.

"I trust that you will pardon my long delay in advising you of these appointments, but I am State Chairman for the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association and this occupies a large part of my time.

"With best wishes, I am, fraternally yours,

W. V. MCFERRAN, Division Commander for Kentucky."

REPORT FROM SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Harry D. Calhoun, Commander South Carolina Division, S. C. V., Barnwell S. C., reports as follows:

"I have the honor to name the following Brigade Commanders:

"R. S. Smalls, Charleston, Commander First Brigade.

"C. Keys Sanders, Barnwell, Commander Second Brigade.

"J. C. Thompson, Abbeville, Commander Third Brigade.

"Holmes B. Springs, Greenville, Commander Fourth Brigade.

"Charles L. Cobb, Rock Hill, Commander Fifth Brigade.

"P. C. Evans, Marion, Commander Sixth Brigade.

"J. M. Bell, Columbia, Commander Seventh Brigade."

"A LITTLE BIT OF DIXIE THERE."

If you wish to spend a pleasant half hour and drift back a half century in your thoughts, call on the Hon. Thomas E. Richardson, judge of the Probate Court of Sumter, S. C. If Judge Richardson receives you at all, he will receive you with utmost courtesy in a little office of the Sumter courthouse, which office is actually filled, with the exception of two or three paths through the accumulations, with the results of his energetic collection of historical documents and curios of every description. These vary from a prehistoric lamp, doubtless of Eastern origin, yet found on a South Carolina plantation, to relics of the War between the States. As to the latter disturbance, Judge Richardson could well say: "Part of this I saw and part of this I was." He tells with glee of his part, attached, as he was, to a large horse pistol, in whose company he felt absolutely safe and secure. Like most veterans, Judge Richardson wishes for more pensions, not for himself, but for his few remaining and needy comrades. This is a thing we all wish, yet some feel that the States are doing all they can. Judge Richardson is to the manner and

the manor born, and a half hour spent in his company is a half hour to be remembered, and I remember it most agreeably and send him my greetings.

ITEM FROM NEW YORK CAMP.

New York S. C. V., gets out a get-together letter for a fall meeting at the Hotel McAlpin, Room C, Friday October 9. The letter says, in part:

"We expect a big attendance. Come early. Applications for membership have begun to come in. Bring along a friend; better still, a new member."

The letter announces appointment by Commander Hartwell B. Grubbs of several committees, as follows: Committee on membership, committee on publicity, committee on speakers, committee on entertainment, and nominating committee. This list might be a guide to some other Camps and a suggestion as to their line of activities.

ARKANSAS SONS CLING TO OLD-TIME COURTESY.

Out in Little Rock, Ark., the Chamber of Commerce, actuated, doubtless, by that feeling of "New Southism" and a groping after progressivism which they feel will please their Northern friends, have been trying to stop the doffing of hats in elevators. Led by Division Commander E. R. Wiles, the Sons of Little Rock, in meeting assembled, expressed their feelings on this subject in the following set of resolutions:

"Whereas there has recently appeared in the passenger elevators of the city placards requesting gentlemen to not remove their hats for economic reason, signed by the real estate board of the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce; and whereas the necessity for such a change does not exist for any economic reason, but strikes at the very root of our one remaining custom that has made the South distinctive and the Southern gentleman noted for his chivalrous manners; therefore be it

"Resolved by Robert C. Newton Camp, No. 197 Sons of Confederate Veterans, That we condemn such a suggestion individually and collectively and will do all in our power to maintain that respect we feel is so highly appreciated and so justly deserved by the women of our land."

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

Division Commander Charles M. Brown, of North Carolina, gets off some good points in his letter to his Brigade Commanders. He says, in part:

"The Camp in Asheville is doing real work, with the aid of our wives and members of the two U. D. C. Chapters here. With the help of your U. D. C. officials, you can do the same. This Camp holds monthly luncheons, the ladies doing the shopping, cooking, and serving; for it our members pay fifty cents each, and we usually come out O.K.

"This same faithful body of women makes all the plans for the Jefferson Davis ball, given annually as a benefit to raise funds with which we pay the personal expenses of our veterans en route to and from the reunions each year. A new movement is a card party benefit to raise a general fund for our veterans' needs during the year. Another annual move is to give our veterans a Christmas tree. This is a joint affair, as all Confederate organizations take part in it. The Sons give the tree and on it they place bags of candy, fruit, nuts, tobacco, and a handkerchief to each veteran present, and to the sick and needy baskets of groceries are sent. The Confederate Southern Memorial Association serve a luncheon, and the two U. D. C. Chapters unite in buying a present for

each. These are all good things to do during the year to inspire interest among the members. Try them."

Here we see the value of active cooperation with the Daughters of the Confederacy. This cooperation is always gladly extended when asked for. If more S. C. V. Camps would seek this aid, they would show more results.

TRUTH STILL LIES PRONE.

History fakery are active these days. Up in Kalamazoo, Mich., a certain "Captain," who hails from Florida, tells with glee of his part in the capture of Jefferson Davis "in women's clothes." This wretched fabrication started directly after the capture, and although the falsity of it has been fully exposed time and time again, it lies up with as much regularity as the apple tree myth, the lib about Lee offering Grant his sword, and the Barbara Frietchie fable. The latter, by the way, this week, comes strongly to the front through the medium of a double page illustrated advertisement in the most widely distributed weekly story paper of the country. Barbara is shown vigorously waving a United States flag which she has just torn from its nailed position by her window over the heads of a crowd of soldiers led by a brigandish-looking, much bewhiskered individual, who must be Stonewall Jackson, to carry out the idea of the illustration. In the reading matter Barbara is referred to as one of our most illustrious heroines of national "tradition" (mark the word, "tradition"; perhaps the writer could not find the heart to say "history"), and Stonewall Jackson comes in the plot as a "Southern gentleman." A strange idea to use a thoroughly discredited yarn which, in its essence, slandered the Southern soldiers, as a means of gaining customers for a firm through national advertising. In the matter of the fake tale about President Davis being caught in women's clothes, back in 1878 there was a most authoritative refutation of this slander by no less a personage than the Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, a Cabinet officer of the Confederate government. His article was published in a Philadelphia newspaper and later appeared as a part of the volume, "Annals of the War." The story has since been refuted in every way even by Northern soldiers who took part in Mr. Davis's capture.

R. L. Armstrong, of San Angelo, Tex., renews for two years, saying: "The VETERAN is a great magazine, one that I expect to subscribe to as long as we both are here. As a son of a veteran, I cannot speak too highly of the aims and purposes of the publication. I have almost complete files since 1896, and would not part with them at any price."

Dr. B. Atkinson, writes from Waverly, Camden County, Ga., when renewing for three years: "I am a young veteran of seventy-seven years, and I read each number with a great deal of pleasure. I was a cadet at the Georgia Military Institute at Marietta, Ga., in 1864, when Sherman's army reached Kenesaw Mountain. Our battalion of cadets, under Maj. F. W. Capers, joined General Johnston's army and did active service until the end of the war. Quite a number of our boys were killed or wounded around Atlanta and at other places before the end came. I still have the list of those belonging to Company B of that battalion, whose commander was Victor E. Monget. I often wonder how many of the boys are still living, and would like to hear from them."

Rev. Henry W. Battle, in changing his address from Charlottesville, Va., to Leesburg, Fla., his future home, asks that the VETERAN be sent him there, saying: "I cannot do without the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I devoutly wish all sons of our Southern heroes felt about it as I do."

A CONFEDERATE GRAVE.

In the beautiful Valley of Virginia, a Confederate soldier lies within a grave upon the crown of a hill looking over the pleasant prospect of a land which, this summer, was golden with the wealth of the wheat just harvested and radiant with the glory of the Southern sun. This resting place of a brave man is marked by a marble stone recounting name and place of birth and the service which he "unselfishly rendered to the cause of Southern independence." This memorial was placed there by his comrades of a Virginia cavalry regiment, who, after the War between the States, and as soon as their means permitted, reentered his sacred ashes in their present soil within the lovely cemetery and this grave is tenderly cared for by the few remaining veterans of the gallant command of which this devoted soldier was a member.

The life story of this man, so far as it is connected with the war and his service in the Confederate army, is singularly interesting. This young soldier was not a Southerner by birth. He was born in a Northern State, but he became convinced that the invasion of the South by the North was both morally wrong and constitutionally unjustified, a conclusion reached by many a Northern man. In 1863 he made his way between the lines, and entered the Confederate encampment near the Middle Valley. After due examination, he was enlisted in the Southern service. A year later, during a skirmish, he was struck in the head and instantly killed; his comrades buried him where he fell. A true title for this patriot of liberty would be, "A Northern Confederate."

There is to-day a man living in Massachusetts who, many years ago, became a "Confederate from conviction," to use his own designation of himself. He was only three years old when the war began; but, for a quarter of a century, he has been a devoted supporter of Confederate principles. He is an honorary member of one Confederate organization and an associate member of another Confederate body, while some of his writings in defense and glorification of the "cause of Southern independence" have been "placed on file" in the archives of a Camp of Confederate Veterans in the far South. His ardor for the "truth of Confederate history" increases with the years; he loses no opportunity, both with pen and voice, to give utterance to his convictions as to the nature of the War between the States, and he reads the CONFEDERATE VETERAN almost as one who cherishes sacred words. He well knows that the Constitution of 1787 and the ideals of the Revolutionary Fathers were criminally assaulted in 1861; and he rejoices that the term, "Lost Cause" is, in these latter days of a discriminating patriotism, a misnomer, *not* a "Lost Cause, but Herald of the patriot Dawn." In memoriam and as testimony and reminder of present-day need of loyalty to the great Anglo-American ideals of civil liberty, he keeps a stand of colors on his desk, the Stars and Stripes in the center, surrounded by the four Confederate Flags, and on each side, the State flags of Massachusetts and Virginia, all and together indicative of the deathless principle—State sovereignty in Federal Union, eternally opposed to imperial centralization in any form whatever in our beloved America!

Last year an appeal went out from the President of the local U. D. C. Chapter in the town where lie the remains of the Northern cavalryman in the Confederate service for markers for *all* the Confederate graves within the cemeteries of the township. The writer, who calls himself by a title first given in ridicule and derision, but gladly adopted as a designation of honor, "Massachusetts Confederate," wrote the Chapter, asking if he should intrude if he were to buy one of the markers to be placed upon some Confederate grave. He was most graciously invited to do so. Then, be-

cause he did not wish to mark an unknown resting place, he wrote again asking if some particular grave might be assigned to him where his own marker might be placed and over which he might manifest an especial interest. And again a most gracious manifestation of Southern hospitality and friendly feeling this grave of the Northern Confederate in the lovely cemetery was allotted to him that he might have, second, of course, to the love and care of his comrades still living, continuous interest during the remainder of his lifetime. That is *real reunion* of North and South, is it not? While disparity in years made it impossible for these two "Confederates from conviction" to serve together in arms, yet the *mental* ideals are absolutely alike. And it would seem most appropriate that the living patriot should care for and honor the grave and the memory of the dead patriot. And so, *in memoriam et in perpetuum, requiescat in pace*, to the sacred ashes; and may his devoted spirit dwell eternal in the heart of God, where, perchance, these "Confederates from conviction" may meet together on the "other side" and rejoice with each other that "the land to human nature dear shall not be unbeloved by thee."

On a radiant July day last summer, the "Massachusetts Confederate," laden with a wealth of red and white flowers from the garden of a Confederate Virginia lady who suffered much and lost much during the war, went out to the Valley cemetery and held, just by himself, a brief service of dedication and loving consecration at that grave of the soldier dead who entered the Confederate service from the North. The Lord's prayer; the verse, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them"; kneeling by the holy mound and over the flowers symbolizing the Southern colors, the red and the white, a prayer was offered, filled with gratitude for the cause and the noble sacrifice to uphold it—such a prayer as has been repeatedly offered by this Massachusetts man when in the Memorial Chapel at Lexington at the recumbent figure of General Lee; closing with a fervent benediction: "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God! Keep him, O Father, in thine eternal care!"

May it be that no Confederate soldier's grave shall ever go uncared for! A soldier's grave, what is it? The memorial of one who fought the good fight fearlessly, bravely, unselfishly that the cause of personal liberty and local self-government, the priceless treasures handed down to us from the patriot centuries, may never perish from the earth! As each Memorial Day comes around, may the Southern youth in all succeeding generations witness and be glad for the days of the patriots of the past and tenderly lay the flowers, red and white, upon the sacred mounds of the dead, who, though resting from their labors, still live in their glorious deeds for human liberty!

At the first meeting of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., this autumn report was made of what has been narrated above; and the "Massachusetts Confederate" making the report asked the Chapter to feel as he felt at the little service in the Virginia cemetery, that somehow they might share in thus doing honor to a worthy patriot and a Southern soldier. By vote of the Chapter, it is recorded that they thus would share in whatever makes for the memory by "love made eternal," wherever the soldiers of the Southland are remembered for the battles they fought for the cause that ever liveth to bless and to glorify the America that we love!

[This article was signed a "Massachusetts Confederate," who will be recognized by VETERAN readers as the good friend, Dr. A. W. Littlefield, now living at Middleboro, near Boston, and an honorary member of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C.]

In sending this article, Mrs. Armstrong Swartwout, President of the Boston Chapter, says: "He is one of our greatest inspirations in the North. We have so few we like to keep them very near to us—and Boston Chapter is honored in having such a member."]

CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLY.

(Continued from page 423.)

lines, and it required almost an hour to get them in working order. As soon as New Creek could be called, I ordered a force to be sent to Romney, and it started without any unnecessary delay. A second force has gone from New Creek to Moorefield, and a regiment of infantry has gone to New Creek to supply the place of the cavalry. They rode good horses and left at a very rapid rate, evidently fearful of being overtaken. They did not remain in Cumberland over ten minutes. For all information I am inclined to believe that instead of Rosser, it is McNeill's company. Most of the men of that company are from this place. I will telegraph you fully any further information.

ROBERT P. KENNEDY,
Major and A. A. C.

WINCHESTER, VA., February 21, 1865, 9:45 A.M.

(Received 10:40 A.M.)

Major General H. W. Hallack, Chief of Staff: A party of fifty or sixty Rebel cavalry surprised General Crook's pickets at Cumberland at 3 o'clock this morning, entered the city, and captured Generals Crook and Kelly, and carried them off. I ordered the cavalry at New Creek to Moorefield, and sent force from here to same place via Wardsville, but have little hopes of recapture, as the party is going very rapidly. I think the party belongs to McNeill's band.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

February 24, 1865.

Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War: General Early reports that Lieutenant McNeill, with thirty men, on the morning of the 21st, entered Cumberland, captured, and brought out Generals Crook and Kelly, the Adjutant General of the department, two privates, and the headquarters flags, without firing a gun, though a considerable force is stationed in the vicinity. Lieutenant McNeill and party deserve much credit for this bold exploit. Their prisoners will reach Richmond to-day.

R. E. LEE.

ROSTER OF MEN ON THE CUMBERLAND RAID.

M'NEILL'S RANGERS.

Capt. Jesse C. McNeill, Lieut. Isaac S. Welton, Sergt. Harrison Taylor, Sergt. Joseph L. Vandiver, Sergt. Charles James Daily, Sergt. Isaac S. Judy, Sergt. David E. Hopkins, Sergt. John H. Cunningham, John Acker, G. M. Allen, Joseph V. Barnum, Frederick W. Bean, George Carroll, W. Wallace Chisholm, James W. Crawford, David Cowger, Samuel Daugherty, Jefferson W. Duffey, John B. Fay. C. C. Richie Haller, George S. Harness, John L. Harvey, William D. Hoye, David Judy, Robert G. Lobb, John R. Long, Sprigg S. Lynn, George Little, James W. Mason, William H. Maloney, James McGinnis, Charles W. Nichols, Isaac E. Oats, William H. Pool, Amos Poland Poling, Oliver L. Rhodes, B. Frank Rickards, Frederick A. Stewart, B. William Spalding, Samuel H. Shafer, Henry Seymour, J. Snyder Stickley, Harlan P. Tabb, Samuel T. Tucker, Henry M. Truehart, George V. Vandiver, Charles E. Watkins, Benjamin F. Wotring. Number of McNeill's men, 48.

COMPANY F., 7TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, ROSSER'S BRIGADE.

John S. Arnold, Hiram R. Allan, George F. Cunningham, Leslie Davis, George W. Everett, Jacob Gassman, George R. Johnson, Joseph W. Kuykendall, R. S. Merryman.

COMPANY D., VIRGINIA CAVALRY, ROSSER'S BRIGADE.

John Daily, David John Parsons, Joseph L. Sherrard, Joseph A. Pancake, John W. Poland, John Taylor, Alexander Carlisle.

BRICE'S CROSSROADS AND AFTER.

BY FRANK WOOD, INVERNESS, MISS.

I have read with interest the article in the October VETERAN, "The Battle of Brice's Crossroads," by Capt. James Dinkins, and would like to correct his enumeration of the troops in Colonel Rucker's Brigade, which he says was composed of the 7th Tennessee Regiment, the 18th Battalion Mississippi Cavalry, and the 2nd Missouri Regiment. Rucker's Brigade consisted of the 7th Tennessee, Colonel Duckworth; 7th Mississippi, Colonel Chalmers; 8th Mississippi, Col. Bill Duff. The 2nd Missouri was in McCullough's Brigade. I was a seventeen-year-old private in the 8th Mississippi Cavalry, Colonel Duff. I agree with Captain Dinkins in his description of the fight on June 10, but we crossed the creek that evening, ate supper out of the captured wagons in the field across the creek from the battle field, followed the Yankees all night, and in the morning renewed the fight in the town of Ripley, Miss.

The morning of the 11th of June we passed on the roadside a burned house, and a young woman with a child in her arms was the only living thing I saw on the place. As I came into view of this sight, soldiers were casting their haversacks into the yard, then put spurs to their weary horses and went full speed to overtake the Yankees, which we did in Ripley. The Yankees, I think, intended to make a stand there. They had put straw in three or four stables, the doors opening toward the battle line, and their surgeons with instruments were on hand, but we drove them so fast we got the doctors before any wounded arrived. For several miles we found a line of Yankee cavalry on every rise or vantage point. We were dismounted and advanced rapidly till we came to an infantry regiment in battle line, and were advancing at a trot when ordered by an officer to halt and lie down. I was close to the road and looked back the way we had come. I saw a heavy dust rising, and the first thing to appear out of the dust was a mounted Reb, his sabre twirling in the sunlight, and behind him, riding in column, Lyon's Kentuckians. I don't know what regiment, but it seems to me it was the 4th, and they charged and captured that regiment without deploying. The Yankees fired one volley and surrendered. Rucker's men jumped up and went on with those Kentuckians. On every hill for several miles Yankee infantry was captured. That night of June 11 I was on guard over Federal prisoners in a town called Salem.

Going back, we drove the woods for Yankee stragglers, like boys on a hunt. We got some. I was a member of Company F, 8th Mississippi Cavalry, Rucker's Brigade. The only other member of that company now living, so far as I know, is J. F. Bransford, an inmate of the Confederate Home at Beauvoir, Miss.

G. R. Seamonds, clerk of the circuit court of Cabell County, Huntington, W. Va., likes the VETERAN so very much that he sends ten dollars to have his date set forward, and says to advise him when that expires. This takes him to August, 1931.

U. D. C. NOTES.
(Continued from page 432.)

A memorial service was held by Nashville Chapter No. 1 on October 10, in tribute to a beloved member, Mrs. Mary Leland Hume, whose death occurred on October 3. Appropriate vocal and instrumental selections were given between the tender tributes which were paid to her many admirable qualities. Mrs. Hume was one of the founders of the general order, and at the Washington convention, 1923, she was made one of its Honorary Presidents. She was a charter member of Nashville Chapter, which she had served as President for two terms and as a loyal working member since its organization. The Mary Leland Hume Chapter, at Spring Hill, Tenn., where she had lived of late years, was named in her honor.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

As usual, when the Chapters begin to meet in the fall, activity is renewed in the distribution of our book, "Women of the South in War Times." The Divisions that have maintained, or are gaining, leadership in the contest for 1924-25 are: Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri.

It is to be hoped that a special showing will be made at the time of the convention by Mississippi, Virginia, and Georgia, who have the largest quotas yet to be filled. The Publicity Committee believes that two more of the States are going to absorb their quotas in the near future. Although West Virginia has been long over the top, she took new pledges at the State convention.

Letters still come in from different States and sections showing that this book is the one which, perhaps more than any other, sets forth the justice and truth of the Southern cause in a way that will bring conviction to the minds of those who have been hitherto ignorant, prejudiced, or skeptical.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*

Fairmont, W. Va.

A TENNESSEE LAW.

An act to make it unlawful to take, cut, injure, or destroy any tree, shrub, vine, flower, moss, or turf upon the land or premises of another without the consent of the owner, to declare same a misdemeanor and provide for the punishment thereof.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee,* That it shall be unlawful for any person to remove, take, cut, break, injure, or destroy any tree, shrub, vine, flower, moss, or turf from the land or premises of another; or to cut, or attempt to cut, burn or attempt to burn, girdle or attempt to girdle, or otherwise damage or destroy any standing or growing timber or trees thereon, without consent first had and obtained of the owner thereof, or under the personal direction of such owner.

SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That this Act shall also be construed to apply to all trees, shrubs, vines, flowers, etc., growing on or along the roadside of all public highways in this State.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That any willful violation of this Act shall constitute a misdemeanor and any person convicted thereof before a justice of the peace on a plea of guilty shall be fined not less than \$2.00 nor more than \$25.00, or in a court of record on indictment by a grand jury shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$2.00 nor more than \$25.00, or by imprisonment if the facts warrant same.

SEC. 4. *Be it further enacted,* That this act take effect from and after its passage, the public welfare requiring it.

FAMOUS HORSES OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

An interesting article could be written about the horses ridden by Confederate leaders, and the VETERAN asks for contributions on the subject. The following from the Nashville *Banner* of some years ago will serve as an introduction of this subject:

WOODSTOCK HORSES IN THE CONFEDERACY.

Two of the handsomest horses used by Confederate generals were products of the famous Woodstock Farm, of Kentucky. They were the mounts of Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston and Simon Bolivar Buckner.

Charles N. Meriwether, of Todd County, Ky., owned some of the best horses in the South. In the fall of 1861, fearing that his section would be invaded by the Federal army, he sent some of his most valuable horses to his brother, Dr. J. H. Meriwether, of Arkansas, for safe-keeping. Among them was Empire, a handsome dapple gray, sired by Ambassador.

Dr. Meriwether, both liberal and patriotic, thought the safest keeping he could give Empire was to present him to General Johnston. The horse had not been shod, and was sent to Memphis for this purpose. But no sooner done than he deliberately pulled the shoes off with his teeth. After he was reshod, he had to be haltered in a way that he could not reach his feet until he was accustomed to wearing shoes. While he was being broken, he showed signs of being vicious, and the stable boys called him "Spitfire," and in the "Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston," by his son, he is called "Fire Eater," but his real name was "Empire." So symmetrical in form was he that Doyle, the sculptor, used a picture of him as a model for the equestrian statue of General Johnston at Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans.

Cumberland, another handsome horse from Woodstock, and half brother of Empire, was sent to Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky. General Buckner rode him through the war, and he died of lockjaw in Texas during the late sixties.

If there is a stock company in a high class theater in the South willing to handle my Southern play, "Flora Stuart," who was the lovely wife of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, please communicate with me at 2824 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo.—
Mrs. Flora Ellice Stevens.

The following comes from D. J. Bowden, Adjutant of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Martin, Tenn.: "I read and reread my CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I like it better all the time and cannot see why every old soldier would not want to take it."

Anyone having a copy of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest," Semmes's "Service Afloat," Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction" for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN, stating condition and price wanted.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

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IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND.

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you think you would like to win, but
you can't,
It's almost a "cinch" you won't;
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.
Full many a race is lost
Ere even a race is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
Think small, and you fall behind,
Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you are outclassed, you
are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win a prize.
Life's battle doesn't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later, the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.—*Anon.*

THE REASON WHY.—"But I don't love you," the lady objected. "Then why," demanded the indignant youth, hastily referring to divers memoranda in his pocket diary, "did you eat fifty-two pounds of sweetmeats I bought for you during the past year?" "Because," said the lady, "I love them."

TREES.

The poplar is a soldier,
The beech tree is a queen,
The birch, the daintiest fairy
That tripped upon a green.
But there are only two trees
That set my heart astir,
They are the drooping larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

The oak tree tells of conquest
And solid, dogged worth.
The elm of quiet homesteads
And peace upon the earth.
But oh! my love and lady,
Just two trees speak of her,
They are the swaying larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

They speak of shady woodlands,
They tell of windy heath,
Of branches spread above us
And crackling cones beneath.
And oh! I fain would wander
Where once I went with her,
Beneath the golden larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

The ash is bent with weeping,
The cypress dark with doom,
The almond tree and hawthorn
Are bright with hope and bloom.
But there are only two trees
That set my heart astir,
They are the swaying larch tree
And the bleak Scotch fir.

—*Irene Maunder.*

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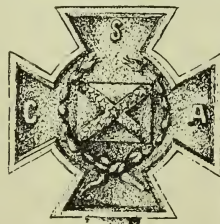
VERY PATRIOTIC.—A schoolmaster, giving a music lesson, inquired whether the pupils had any favorite anthem they would like to sing. "God Save the King," sir," responded one of the lads. "A very patriotic suggestion, Tommy," said the master. "Now tell me what made you think of the national anthem." "Because," replied the boy, glancing toward the clock, "it's time to go home."—*Canadian American.*

My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs
And says we're going to the dogs.
His grandpa in his house of logs
Said things were going to the dogs.
His grandpa in the Flemish bogs
Said things were going to the dogs.
His grandpa in his hairy togs
Said things were going to the dogs.
But this is what I wish to state:
The dogs have had an awful wait!
—*Bulletin N. Y. Sabbath Committee.*

How?—The teacher was giving a class a lecture on "gravity." "Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth." "But, please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

FULL UP.—"Standing room on the earth will be full up by the year 3000," said Professor Gregory at a meeting of the British association. "The world population will be 700,000,000,000."

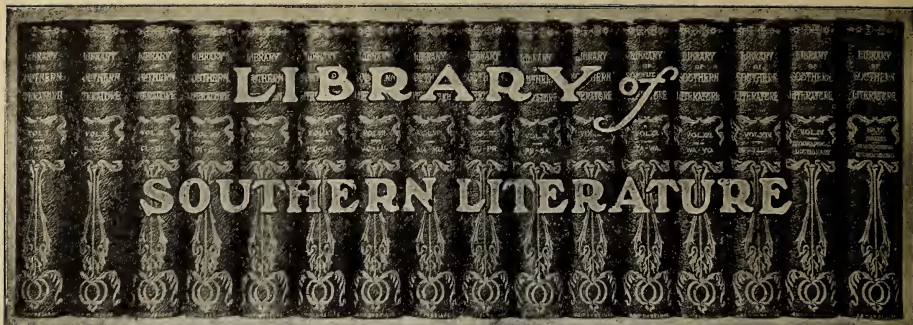
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