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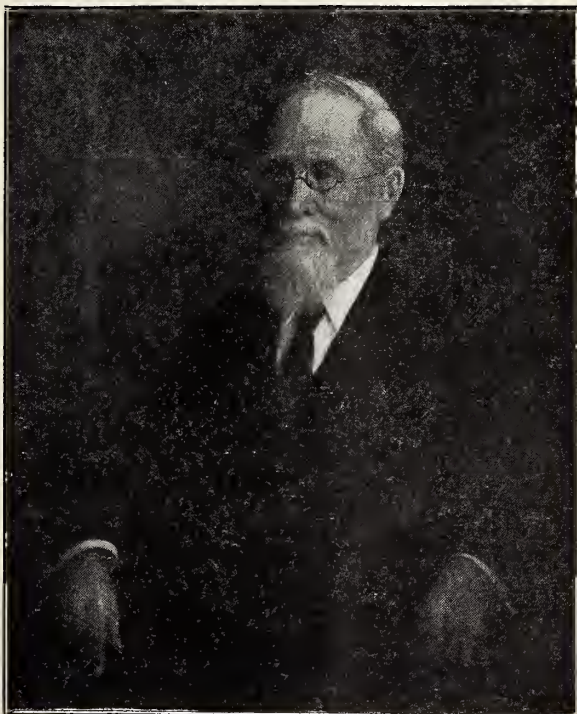
Confederate Veteran.



VOL. XXXIV.

DECEMBER, 1926

NO. 12



GEN. K. M. VANZANDT, OF FORT WORTH, TEX.

The above picture is from a portrait of Gen. K. M. VanZandt, "most distinguished citizen" of Fort Worth, Tex., and Past Commander in Chief, U. C. V., who celebrated his ninetieth anniversary on November 7. He is still active president of the bank which he helped to organize more than fifty years ago. The portrait was painted early in 1926 by Cornelius Hankins, well-known artist of Nashville, Tenn.

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.

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And what better selection for those who are interested in our Southern history than Arnold's "Early Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson," which gives the interesting story of the formative period in the life of the great Confederate leader?

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STILL DEAR TO HIS HEART.—In sending a fine report of fifteen subscriptions at full rate, J. A. Gresham, of Waynesboro, Ga., writes: "I do not want any commission for these subscriptions. I feel that I am working for the same old dear cause."

Miss Mary Lynn Conrad, 178 South Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va., offers the last of the edition of her booklet on the Confederate flag and will appreciate hearing from anyone who can handle this in bulk, at cost. The booklet retails at twenty-five cents.

In memory of his father, a good friend offers a complimentary subscription to the VETERAN to some old comrade in Texas not able to pay for it. Send name and address to this office.

LET US SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while; That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile; The smile that bubbles from a heart, that loves its fellow men Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again; It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent— It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent. —Selected.

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RED CROSS FLAGSTAFFS RECALL
HEROIC WOMEN OF WAR
BETWEEN STATES.

Unveiling of two flagstaves which stand at opposite sides of the entrance to American Red Cross Headquarters in Washington the past year marked the completion of one of the most beautiful memorials in the national capital.

The Red Cross building is dedicated to the heroic women of both sides in the War between the States. Among the large contributors to the fund which helped construct this national memorial was Col. James A. Scrymser, of New York, who, though a veteran of the blue, doubled his subscription when it was decided some years ago to make the memorial one to women of both sides.

The flagstaves were contributed by Col. Scrymser's widow as a final touch to the memorial.

Membership in the American Red Cross is nation wide, and its work also dedicated to the whole country. The Annual Roll Call for membership is designed to enroll the membership upon which its work depends each year.

WANTED.

"Stonewall Jackson, A Sketch." By Charles Hallock.

"The Life of Thomas J. Jackson." By James Dabney McCabe. Edition of 1863 and 1864.

"Life of Thomas J. Jackson." By J. H. Field.

"Stonewall Jackson." By Carl Hovey.

Papers pertaining to the 31st Virginia Infantry.

Address Roy Bird Cook, Box 710, Charleston, W. Va.

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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SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1926.

No. 12.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

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GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

MARYLAND DIVISION, U. C. V.

Gen. Harry R. Lee, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V., reports the organization of a Division for Maryland, of which Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, formerly Chaplain General, U. C. V., will be Commander, with rank of Major General.

TAMPA REUNION ACTIVITIES.

A late communication from Col. Sumter L. Lowry, general chairman for the reunion in Tampa, reports that plans are being made for a great entertainment next April. He has appointed chairmen for the various committees, each of whom will appoint as many members of his committee as seems advisable to carry out the work. Colonel Lowry is also Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, S. C. V., and will have the active coöperation of the Sons in making this one of the best reunions ever held.

The following gives the list of committees and chairmen:

General Chairman, Col. S. L. Lowry, Sr.
Executive Secretary, G. A. Nash.
Treasurer, T. C. Kellar.
Program Committee, J. W. Morris, Jr.
Auto Committee, F. L. Cleveland.
Auditorium Committee, Nat Rogers.
Military Affairs, Col. S. L. Lowry, Jr.
Boy Scouts Committee, Lorne W. Barclay.
Finance Committee, J. A. Griffin.
Housing Committee, Joe Colhoun.
Reservation Committee, John Huskinson.
Entertainment Committee, W. F. Miller.
Information Committee, Mrs. J. G. Lurvey.
Music Committee, Joseph Sinton.
Registration Committee, Philip Murphy.
Public Safety Committee, D. B. York.
Fire Prevention Committee, John Holton.
Budget Committee, C. C. Nott.
Medical Aid Committee, Dr. E. H. McRae.
Commissary Committee, W. A. Adams.
Reception Committee, Perry Wall.
Escort Committee, Carl Brorein.
Transportation Committee, Y. R. Beasley.
Decoration Committee, Harry Culbreath.
Publicity Committee, B. L. Hamner.
Parade Committee, H. W. Hesterly.
Girl Scouts Committee, Miss Sarah Bryan.
Executive Committee, D. B. McKay, W. G. Brorein, Dr. L. A. Bize, W. T. Williams, C. A. McKay, Albert Thornton, F. D. Jackson.
Badge Committee, C. M. Davis.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

MILITARY SPIRIT IN THE SOUTH.

Some months ago the *Baltimore Sun* carried an article showing that "in the South generally, according to the census figures of 1920, the ambition to serve in the national fighting forces continues strong. The fourteen States that contributed substantial units to the Confederate armies contain not quite twenty-two per cent of the white population of the United States, while they supply more than twenty-seven per cent of the 11,999 commissioned officers of our army.

"Of these officers, 3,266 are from the States that were included, entirely or partly, in the Confederacy. Virginia, the State which saw and felt more than any other the actualities of war, gives more officers in proportion to white population than any other State in the Union. The States are credited as follows in the Army Register:

"Alabama, 230; Arkansas, 118; Florida, 78; Georgia, 309; Kentucky, 262; Louisiana, 121; Maryland, 246; Mississippi, 139; North Carolina, 207; South Carolina, 216; Tennessee, 201; Texas, 485; Virginia, 442; West Virginia, 122.

"For the country as a whole, according to the census of 1920, we have one commissioned officer of the army for every 7,900 of white population. Eight of the Southern States exceed this quota. Virginia heads the list with one officer for each 3,360 of white inhabitants. South Carolina, the original secession State, is second, with a commission in the army for 3,787 white population. South Carolina stood second also in a count, made some time ago, of a number of casualties in the World War in proportion to men of military age.

"Army men attribute the high representation of these two States in the rank of fighters to the fact that each of them has an old and excellent military academy of its own.

"Texas comes third in number of commissioned officers in proportion to white population, with one officer to each 4,200 white inhabitants. Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee follow in the order given. Florida, Kentucky, North Carolina, Louisiana, Arkansas, and West Virginia have fewer officers in proportion to population than the country as a whole. Arkansas has an officer in the army for every 10,839 white population, and West Virginia one for every 11,288."

HUMANITY EMPHASIZED.

In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to our commissioner, Mr. Ould, by the Surgeon General of the Confederate States, as to the deficiency of medicines, Mr. Ould offered to make purchases of medicine from the United States authorities to be used exclusively for the relief of Union prisoners. He offered to pay gold, cotton, or tobacco for them, and even two or three prices if required. At the same time he gave assurance that the medicines would be used exclusively for the treatment of Union prisoners; and moreover agreed on behalf of the Confederate States, if it were insisted on, that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the United States surgeons and dispensed by them. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless strictly true that no reply was ever received to this offer.—*Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."*

Did any other country ever make medicines contraband?

SOUTHERN TROOPS IN UNION ARMY.

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., gives the following list of white troops furnished by the South to the Union army, though not the actual number of men:

Alabama.—Two regiments and one battalion of cavalry.

Arkansas.—Two regiments and one battalion of infantry; four regiments of cavalry.

Florida.—Two regiments and one company of cavalry.

Georgia.—Two companies of infantry.

Louisiana.—Four regiments and one battalion of infantry; two companies of cavalry.

Mississippi.—One regiment of cavalry.

North Carolina.—Four regiments of infantry.

South Carolina.—None.

Tennessee.—Sixteen regiments of infantry; twelve regiments and three companies of cavalry; one regiment of artillery.

Texas.—Two regiments and two companies of cavalry.

Virginia.—One regiment and one company of cavalry

EDITORIAL ERRORS.

A large part of an editor's duties seems to be the correction of errors made without thought, the trusting to memory, as it were, when the records should have been consulted. Such an error was made in giving the list of the ten men forming the last escort of President Davis when it was stated that these men were selected as the special escort of President Davis "when the larger body of troops was turned back at the Savannah River." Mr. W. R. Bringhurst calls attention to the error in this statement, as it was at Washington, Ga., that the last selection was made for a special escort that would not be large enough to attract attention as they passed through the country. By reading his article in the October number, page 368, it will be seen that the escort from the Savannah River was of sixty men, and Mr. Davis asked that it be reduced to ten only, which was done at Washington, Ga.

A CONSTRUCTIVE CAMP, U. C. V.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

Joe Johnston Camp, No. 194 U. C. V., was organized thirty-eight years ago, and it is located six miles west of Mexia, Limestone County, Tex. We own sixty-nine acres of land bordering on the Navasota River, and Jack's Creek runs across one corner of the land. We have an inexhaustible spring of good water, and there is a swinging bridge across the creek. Just below the confluence of the river and creek is a concrete dam, which forms a fine bathing pool. We have a large bathhouse, dining hall, dance hall, a large auditorium, and a fine electric light system. A part of the land is laid off in lots and blocks, with streets and alleys like a town. Lots have been sold and several owners built houses thereon. The grounds are well shaded by large trees, and many beautiful flowers adorn the walks and other places. There is a hard surface road from Mexia to the Camp, and the place is quite a resort for bathers and other pleasure seekers.

Time has reduced our rolls from more than three hundred to less than one hundred, the old boys coming from three counties.

We meet on the grounds on the first Friday in May of each year for pleasure and amusement. Our annual reunions are held for three days, usually in July or August.

The present officers are: Commander, James Kimbell; Lieutenant Commander, C. L. Watson; Quartermaster, Rado Steele; Adjutant, Miss Mamie Kennedy; Executive Committee, C. L. Watson, Rado Steele, and W. E. Doyle.

IS THERE STILL A SOUTH?

BY MRS. JOHN G. HARRISON, PRESIDENT FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS
CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Through the kindness and thoughtfulness of Mrs. L. U. Babin, the newly elected President of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., the members of the Gen. Francis T. Nicholls Chapter, of Baton Rouge, at their initial meeting of 1926-27, held on Friday, October 8, had the great pleasure of hearing read by their President the articles written by the Freshman Class of Louisiana State University during the last term and published in the Baton Rouge *Woman's Enterprise* on May 26.

As chairman of the committee on textbooks and literature, which official position she held at that time, Mrs. Babin interested the students in Confederate history, and right royally did they respond. The five articles referred to, on the question she propounded, "Is the Southern Youth Aware of His Heritage?" are perfect gems, and their reading met with unbounded applause and great enthusiasm.

It was voted to ask the State President to have them printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the example and edification of the students of all Southern universities. We, as a Chapter, are sending you our congratulations and deepest appreciation of your efforts, happy in the thought that the rising generation is worthy of its ancestors.

To be great and to be respected, a people must have glories to cherish and great examples to emulate. Where shall the manhood and womanhood of the South turn if they should lay aside the deeds and examples given them by the warriors in gray and the grand women who stood beside them in the War between the States. Where would they go for nobler examples of a chivalrous manhood than were personified by Lee, Beauregard, Jackson, the Johnstons, Stuart, Forrest, Cleburne, Polk, Taylor, Gordon, and a host of others too numerous to mention? All honor, then, to our young Southern men who penned these patriotic articles in whose keeping the fair name and fame of Southern history will be well guarded, whose pride and honor have still a place in the Old South, although their fealty is pledged to the New, whose hearts thrill over the old song "Dixie," the war song of their sires, the men who followed its music over the roads of dust and of red clay, through mountain defile and over plains into the Cumberland and across the Potomac, who sang it on the fields of Gettysburg, sang it bravely after the sun went down forever at Appomattox, and who still hail it as their inspiration after sixty years' allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

More than one hundred papers were written, of which the following took first place:

WHAT THE SOUTH MEANS TO A SOUTHERNER.

I am, I tell myself with lofty disdain for those benighted souls who do not share my disinterested broadmindedness, an American first and preëminently; with this point definitely established, why concern myself with mere geographical location? One section is as American as another. Further, a feeling of sectional partisanship, besides being a detriment to national welfare, is indicative of mental narrowness and bigotry. This much should suffice.

But it does not. It cannot possibly be made to harmonize with the prickly, tingly sensation that thrills up and down my spine even now as there runs through my mind that stirring passage from Henry W. Grady's "New South": "What does he do, this hero in gray with the heart of gold? Does he sit back in sullenness and despair? No, not for a day. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and

fields that had run red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June."

Whether the feelings that actuate my patriotism are the same as were theirs, I cannot say. Probably not. I know that I have not a very comprehensive idea of what the South stands for. There drifts before me a confused series of impressions gleaned from highly colored and eagerly read novels of the Old South, vague impressions of lovely women, race horses, faithful slaves, impetuous duels. But this certainly is not a comprehensive realization. It could not have been any of these things that sent thousands of men forth to die; there must have been high ideals, noble aspirations that spurred them on.

I, with the blood of Southern soldiers in my veins, feel these things and can content myself with this inner light. But if this feeling of reverence and patriotism has nothing firmer than an inner urge upon which to stand, it cannot be expected to live. Our own generation has its ideals from grandparents who lived through the civil war. The next will have nothing left but the inner urge that must fade with years.

Southern traditions of honorable gentlemen, courtesy, and hospitality have been a never-failing source of pride and patriotism to all Southerners. These traditions are becoming dimmer as time goes on. Yet, not only because they are Southern, but because they are noble qualities, they should be preserved.

How may this be accomplished? By greater stress upon Southern literature and by the development of a greater Southern literature. Southern ideals perpetuated in literature will live in the hearts of the people.

The following essay took second place:

DEFINITION OF A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

The United States is my country, but that part of it called "The South" is the nearest to my heart. I have a feeling for the South which I cannot express, and somehow this feeling does not extend to the other sections of our country. The South is my birthplace and home. The mere mention of it brings forth in my mind pictures of what the South stands for to me.

I like to think of a Southerner as a gentleman only; a man quiet spoken, but standing for his rights regardless of the consequences. The word "Southerner" means to me a man of ideals and principles; one who reveres the name of woman and is chivalrous and kind in all of his dealings with them. The sound of that slow drawl, recognized as strictly Southern, brings all of these things before me and makes me feel on the best of terms with the rest of the world. I do not consider myself better than others because I am a Southerner, but nevertheless I thank my stars that I am one. I realize what the name means and the merit of the Southern ideals and customs.

Besides being born a Southerner and naturally loving the South because of that, I have learned much from the tales told me by my parents and grandparents. From the time that I was able to sit on my mother's knee until now I have heard of the honorable traditions and customs of the South. I believe, and I hope, that they have become bred into me.

The song of "Dixie" brings a thrill to me which I cannot attempt to explain. It seems to set my blood afire and make me feel as though I was one of the Southerners of "sixty-one" fighting for my homeland. I have read many books of the South, including "The Traitor," "The Crisis," "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," and the lives of great Southerners, including Gen. Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Gen. A. S. Johnston, and all of them have given me a feeling of satisfaction that I am able to look up to them as my ideals.

I do not think that the strain of Southern patriotism will ever be entirely obliterated. It is a heritage which I believe will extend to innumerable generations. No doubt as the years go by there will be a natural decrease in the public evidence of it. To most of the young people it may appear only as dim shadows of their forefathers' great sacrifice; yet I hope and believe that the spirit will never die.

Each year the South is becoming more closely united with the other sections of the country, but in one respect she will never be the same as the others. Her manner of speech and customs, no doubt largely influenced by the mild climatic conditions, will always be distinctive and characteristic of the South.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE A TAME AFFAIR.

BY MILTON W. HUMPHREYS, UNIVERSITY, VA.

In the *Washington Post* of Sunday, October 17, occurs an amazing distortion of history. If anyone familiar with the history of the War between the States was asked what was the most remarkable battle of that war, he would say the battle of Cedar Creek, and many, if asked what was the most brilliant feat of the war, would say it was Sheridan's converting a crushing defeat into a complete victory. Moreover, no other event of the war, probably, has led to so much discussion and controversy.

The general facts in brief outline are as follows: Just before dawn, October 19, 1864, the Confederates surprised the Federals encamped behind fortifications along the north side of Cedar Creek between Strasburg and Middletown. Two of the three army corps were routed, the remaining corps driven from the field, and all the artillery, except nine pieces, captured. Sheridan had been at Washington and had returned and spent the night of the 18th in Winchester. Discovering on the next morning that a battle was in progress, he rode out from town at or a little after 8 A.M., and soon met a stream of fugitives in the road. He proceeded on his way as rapidly as was practicable, making remarkably successful efforts to rally and turn back these fugitives. The Confederates had come to a halt at the northern edge of Middletown and the Federals were forming a line on the corps which had not been completely disorganized. Sheridan reached this line about 10:30 A.M. The distance that he had passed over can be covered by a good horse at a walk in the time in which Sheridan's "famous ride" was made. A counterattack about the middle of the afternoon swept the Confederates in confusion from the field. Most of the Confederate artillery was effecting its escape, but about half of it was captured because a very short bridge (not the bridge over Cedar Creek, as some think) between Strasburg and Fisher's Hill collapsed, completely obstructing the way for vehicles of any kind.

Such are the general facts; but a poet, who knew only still vaguer general facts, wrote a poem on "Sheridan's Ride." This poem, though not of a high literary order, has become famous, and its purely fictitious details are accepted as truth by many, perhaps most, people who have not had occasion to learn the facts. This does not do much harm so far as Sheridan and his "ride" are concerned; but the *Washington Post* devoted the entire first page of its Pictorial Section to "Sheridan's Ride." The poem occupies the middle column of the page and four photographs are reproduced in each of the outer columns, giving views of eight localities which Sheridan must have passed according to the poem. This poem makes the "ride" cover twenty miles from Winchester, and the stanzas portray the situation first when Sheridan was "twenty miles away," then fifteen miles, then ten, then five, and finally

when he arrived. The poet names no places except Winchester, but the *Post*, accepting the poem as history, extends the ride to the end of the twenty-mile stretch, which brings it to Fisher's Hill! The last picture has printed under it, "Where the ride ended. Tumbling Run at the foot of Fisher's Hill." The most amusing, as well as amazing, error is the view of a section of the road at Middletown under which is printed, "Through quiet Middletown Sheridan rode, eight miles from the scene of action." When Sheridan reached the Federal line a mile north of Middletown, the Confederate line lay across the very section of the road pictured here. It seems well-nigh incredible that photographs of scenes between Middletown and Fisher's Hill were made for the purpose of illustrating "Sheridan's famous ride."

If anyone doubts the correctness of the general statement made above, let him read Sheridan's own account in the second volume of his personal memoirs. It may also be noted that Col. H. A. DuPont (who saved the nine Federal pieces of artillery mentioned above), in his recently published work, "The Campaign of 1864 in the Valley of Virginia and the Expedition to Lynchburg," speaking of Sheridan (page 170) says: "A perusal of his memoirs will show that, contrary to popular belief, there was nothing spectacular in his movements after leaving Winchester."

But as long as there shall be a North and a South in this country, so long will the fame of "Sheridan's Ride" survive.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

BY MISS LUCY S. V. KING, SHAWNEE, OKLA.

(Read before the Shawnee Chapter, U. D. C., 1926.)

There is a great misapprehension these days in regard to the kind of lives Southern women led previous to the "Civilized War," as an old man in our neighborhood used to call it. People always smiled when he said it, I along with the rest, but now I don't consider it any more of a misnomer than "Civil War." No war can be either civil or civilized in the best-known meaning of those two words.

The notion prevails in both the North and the South that all Southern women lived lives of idle and selfish luxury, waited on by obsequious slave maids, and spoiled and petted by adoring black mammies. It is not to be wondered at that the North had these notions, but I have been surprised, not to say shocked, to find how many of the present generation of the South have the same mistaken belief. The novelists and story writers are mostly responsible for it, if not entirely so. Thomas Nelson Page is not blameless in the matter, and many others of less ability have added many variations to the tune he played. Joel Chandler Harris alone of all the Southern writers depicted Southern women accurately, and it is to be regretted that he did not leave a fuller gallery of such portraits.

My father was anything but a wealthy man; he never owned as many as a dozen slaves in his life; but his father owned many, how many I have no idea, as did all the planters of whom I knew anything in our section of Alabama; and my father's and mother's married sisters and brothers and kin-folks in general owned many acres of land and many negroes to cultivate it. As I was only in my ninth year when the war began, you may think that I really know nothing of the pre-war life. But that is the age at which we remember most vividly and accurately, and I have much clearer in my mind now the details of family life than I have of more recent occurrences; and, again, my personal experience of the daily life of the wealthy planters and their families is very limited, as I was not old enough to have made the customary long visits to friends and kin, as my older sisters had done, before

the war put a stop to such intercourse; but I knew from their accounts of those visits, as well as from the visits of the kin and friends to our house, that life went on in their homes pretty much as in ours; that the same methods of family and plantation management prevailed with them as with us, on a larger scale, of course, but the fundamentals were the same; and you can take my word for it, those fundamentals were *not* idleness, luxury, frivolity, and a supercilious scorn for the practical things of life. I would rid your minds, if I possibly can, of the notion that Southern girls and women, untaught and untrained in anything but music, dancing, and flirting, were yet, when adversity and the severest hardships came, miraculously made able to meet them with an ability and heroism and self-sacrifice which is acknowledged and admired even by their foes. From earliest childhood, Southern girls were raised—it was not called trained in those days—to know the practical side of life, and from childhood had some daily task or tasks to do which were not to be shirked or avoided. As an example I will tell how my childhood was made useful to others, as well as happy to me, and in the principles back of it it was like the childhood of many and many another Southern child, though it may have, and indeed did, differ in its details.



MRS. T. B. HOLLOWAN, ITTABENA, MISS.

Mrs. Holloman has been elected to second term as President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C. She has also served the Division as Vice President and Editor of the official organ and Historian. Under her capable leadership the Division is progressing along all lines of work.

My earliest recollection is of moving the chairs back out of my mother's way when she swept the floor. I could not have been more than four years old when I began this, for I could

move only the smaller and lighter ones, as my older sisters had done before me; and as we grew older and stronger, we did more important things. After the sweeping was done, it was my proud privilege to put the broom behind a certain door, and with the handle down. No lopsided brooms made by resting the weight on the limber straw in that house. The next grade above the chair moving to which each in turn was promoted, as they became tall enough and strong enough, was to help make the beds. All bedsteads were big and high in those days, and made higher by the enormous feather beds, which were the pride of every housekeeper's heart, and the homemade *shuck* mattresses beneath them. Almost always it required two to make these beds—one grown person



MRS. MADGE BURNEY, STATE ORGANIZER, MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERATE CY.

Mrs. Burney has served ten years as an officer of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., and is now State Chairman of the Children's Founders' Roll Stone Mountain Monumental Association. She was Page to the President General, U. D. C., Richmond Convention, November 17-20, 1926.

to beat and bang and lighten up the feather bed, and make it symmetrically smooth, and then a child to go behind, between the bed and the wall, to adjust and smooth out on that side each sheet and quilt and blanket as it was thrown on from the front. We considered ourselves of some importance when we were big enough to go behind mamma's bed, the biggest in the house, and we were. It was an important job and required care; and it was considered scandalous, almost disgraceful, to let a bed go unmade till after dinner. I remember how I envied my two older sisters, Mollie and Jennie, after they got to making their own bed upstairs and putting their room in order. They would then ring a little bell, and mamma would go up to see that it had all been well done. No graduate of high school or college to-day felt more pride in the bestowing of a diploma than they felt in her approval of their work.

Always under the parents' bed was the trundle bed, the only article of furniture in the house that had rollers, so it could be pulled out at night and rolled back in the daytime. The two youngest always slept in this, the elder to be dispossessed when the baby outgrew its cradle, and took its place in the trundle bed. Making the trundle bed was easy; and while we were required to do it, yet we were allowed more liberty about it, and always made it the occasion of more or less romping and frolicking, turning somersaults on it, and banging one another with the pillows.

But the waxing of the floors every Saturday was the greatest time, almost as much fun as swinging out of saplings. A heavy block of wood covered with raw hide, with a handle put in at just the right angle, was the waxing mop. A big lump of wax held to the fire till it was melted enough to begin to drip was rubbed on the raw hide, and then was ready for its work, and there was always a scramble as to who should ride

on it first, for the mop was not heavy enough in itself to do good waxing, and had to be weighted, this weight being one of the children, white or black. Sometimes, most generally, in fact, we got so noisy and kept up so long our romping over the trundle bed or waxing mop that mamma would give us each and all, black and white impartially, a crack over the head with her thimble—she always had a thimble on her finger—and we would sober down and go to work in earnest. Not one of us, white or black, who did these things had any idea we were being trained to do the important work and meet the important duties of life. We no more thought of not doing them than the fish in the creek thought of not swimming, or the birds of not flying. The wonderful house servants of the South were trained in just this way, without realizing that they were being trained. We were led, not pushed nor driven, into learning the work necessary to be done in all homes, if any comfort was to prevail.

From chair moving, bed making, and floor waxing, we went up gradually to setting the table, keeping the knives, forks, and spoons bright, washing and drying the dishes, and "above all else in importance" was the keeping of everything in its appointed place, for everything had its place. Knitting and sewing came in due time, and when the war and its demands came, the Southern women had no organized Red Cross backed by Uncle Sam to teach them to knit socks with Kitchener heels or to make complicated surgical dressings. Plantation life had taught them all that was known in those lines. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that there are five hundred doctors in the South to-day to where there was one then; and I have no doubt there are more right here in this town of Shawnee now than were in the three North Alabama counties in 1861. Every head of a family had to know something of medicine and surgery, and there was never a house without its medicine chest, and "doctor book," as the work on domestic medicine was always called. Surgery then was confined to amputating a limb when necessary, tying up an artery or big vein that had been cut, or setting a broken bone. I don't know whether lancing big boils, or dressing burns ought to come under the heading of surgery or not, but anyway they had to be done. There were no appendixes nor tonsils nor gallstones to be taken out. The daughter of one of our neighbors, and he a very wealthy man, set the arm of her brother, broken in falling out of a tree. Her father was a way, no doctor was immediately obtainable, and when one did come after twelve hours or more, he pronounced her work good and made no change in it. She was the only daughter of rich parents, but never anyone in this world had a more practical rearing than she. She was tailor and seamstress and she could do more things with yeast than anybody I ever heard of. You do not know the possibilities of Sally Lunn and beaten biscuits, because you have never tasted any of Miss Pattie Turner's, and alas! you never will now.

Every accident or illness on a plantation was a clinic. Children were not shut out of a sick room, nor, with mistaken delicacy, kept from the sight of blood or hurts of any kind. Squeamishness and false delicacy in such matters would have been rebuked had any been manifested, but I never knew of any. I remember standing, along with the other children, including a son of the patient, just my age, while my father bled a negro woman subject to "fits." And I know that if ever the necessity had arisen in my life, I could have done it just as he did. There was no coarseness nor lack of feeling in all this. It was one of the things that had to be done in life, and we must know how to do it by seeing, not hearing how it was done. It was the same way with cake making and other domestic work. You of to-day go to see what is advertised as a "dem-

onstration" of this, that, or the other. Every time mamma made a cake or pickles or preserves of any kind, it was a "demonstration" for us. We learned to beat the eggs and cream the butter and mix all after proper and careful preparation by helping to do it; and in the same way we learned to dress a chicken or turkey, to try out the lard, to make souse and sausage and soap; and if the girl who learned these things in early life did not have to do them herself later, she knew how to have them done and was not dependent on the negroes to do them right—they were dependent on her to direct them.

Did any of you ever stop to think how the negroes on a big plantation were clothed? There were no readymade clothes then, nor were there any sewing machines. Almost all, in fact all, the material for clothing and bedding, was grown, ginned, carded, spun, woven, cut, and made by hand on the plantation. The mistress may never have handled a card herself, nor turned a wheel, nor pedaled a loom, but she knew how it ought to be done. She knew how many cuts of thread were in a hank, how many hanks would make a bolt of so many yards, and just how many yards were needed for the number she had to provide for. I am not putting every single, individual Southern woman on the very topmost height of ability now. All were not alike then any more than all business men and women are alike now. There were differences, of course. Some plantations and some households were better managed than others, but the routine and the objects on all were practically the same. And I repeat, and cannot too emphatically emphasize, that if they had been the idle, frivolous, selfish, and incompetent lot they are represented to have been, then the power that alone can work miracles would have known them to be utterly unworthy to have any worked for their benefit, and they could not have met hardships and adversity and privations when they came in the train of war with the ability and energy and self-sacrifice with which we know they did meet them.

One important thing I have neglected to mention and to emphasize. While there was always abundance in Southern homes, there was never any waste. Nothing was considered more wicked than wastefulness, and the child who threw away a half-eaten apple or a piece of bread did so with a feeling of guilt.

You who wear synthetic silk stockings now almost from the cradle to the grave will doubtless think we were a poor lot, as silk stockings were rarer than diamonds, and any kind except home-knit ones were rare. Those home-knit stockings were not to be scorned nor laughed at from either a utilitarian or artistic standpoint. The thread was fine, the knitting exquisite and of various fancy patterns. The individual taste and talent of the knitter were shown in the work, and you of to-day, while you would scorn to wear "jest sich," would be proud enough if you had a pair to show as an heirloom; I know I would. When the war came, neither my mother nor my sisters had ever carded or spun to amount to anything, but my sisters, at least, had seen it done and longed, as it is human nature, to do the thing beyond them; so when the necessity actually came, they met it not only willingly, but eagerly, and latent ability was given its opportunity to develop; and not only was that old wheel kept humming from early morning till bedtime, but numberless other important lessons of life were learned, not as tasks, but as intellectual growth they were enjoyed and revealed in. My oldest sister became an expert spinner, and spun the finest sewing thread; I learned carding all right, but could never spin thread fine enough for anything but plowlines.

(Continued on page 478.)

SPRING DAYS AT "OLD RANTOWLES."

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Washington's birthday fell on Sunday, and the weather seemed to say that early spring was beginning, bringing the sweetest memories of the past thoughts of the days to follow. You could hardly believe it was February, or think of March, for it was just a scene in April, the sunlight was so clear, the air so soft above the old town. "White Point Gardens"—the Battery—was like a beautiful picture that nature alone might draw. The quiet bay lay just in front of the long flagstone walk high above the East Battery, a Clyde boat was steaming in from across the bar, slowly drawing nearer around the buoys out in the beautiful harbor of Charleston. Old Fort Sumter looked clearer and closer in than usual, where the waves are always beating up against its sides, and beyond was the sea, where the ships are sailing on and on!

Old Fort Sumter! What history that name brings to mind. The first shot in defense of dear old Dixie was fired at the Yankee boat carrying supplies to Major Anderson, and in only thirty-three hours' siege, without a man being killed on the Union side, the Stars and Stripes came down, and in its place, waving under sunny skies, floated the "Southern Cross." For four long years neither the ocean winds nor shot and shell could tear it down. From the old Battery on the morning of April 12, 1861, the people lined the railing watching the bombardment. There is a heroic story to the name which has gone down into the pages of Confederate deeds of bravery that have never been surpassed.

The chimes of old St. Michael's bell sound as clear and sweet as ever; the old "City by the Sea" never looked more lovely than yesterday. It was too beautiful to last, for it is still winter in name, but yesterday it was April in Charleston by the sea.

* * *

When I think of my boyhood on the old plantation at Poplar Grove, I can see the long road ahead and the wild flowers everywhere just climbing the pine saplings, and negroes in the fields burning off the stubble in getting ready for the plowing. Early spring in the low country! What sweet dreams it brings to those who can remember, not yesterday, but the *very long ago*. Soon the jasmine would come out, and then how sweet were the roads about Rantowles along the front avenue by the big brick gateway on the side of the Parker's Ferry road—why the Cherokee roses were banked up so pure and white, just hugging the bushes as if they loved them so.

The little birds must have been so happy flying about the old plantations; the wind must have sounded so gentle blowing through the tall pines and big live oaks along the avenues, covered with gray moss. . . . In the blue above little clouds were just drifting away; a turkey buzzard, its wings motionless sailed round and round in graceful circles high above the old rice fields, covered in places with the tides; across wide marshes a long-legged crane might be seen flying low, the sunlight glistening on its wings, that seemed to sparkle in their snowy whiteness; down the river the little sailboats were tacking and swinging the bends of the stream above "Drain All," toward the Stono River; out at "Tea Island" could be seen the little oak trees huddled together, while beyond was "Back Dam," near Davison's woods and "Live Oak Plantation."

How my heart would seem kind of lonesome when the time was drawing near to leave the old plantation for the up country. Old Robert Johnson would pull the ancient family coach out from the big barn into the sunshine and give a general inspection of its condition, for the old carriage was getting

up in years. What a queer-looking vehicle it was, yet so comfortable and homelike, with such an air of aristocratic dignity as it reeled and rocked down the heavy sandy roads, pulled by two little mules hitched to a long pole that went swinging in every direction. I remember well its high dashboard and the front seat so low that the old coachman had to stand up to crack his long rawhide whip to make the little mules speed up a bit, though it did not appear to increase their gait very much, as it was all they could do to keep the old rickety coach in the middle of the sandy road. In memory I can see the old coach to-day sweeping around the high picket fence at Messervy's store and majestically rocking onward toward the long causeway leading to "Wallace Bridge," while to the left stretched miles and miles of green rushes and in the far distance was seen the sail of a little sloop tacking and tacking down stream, the clear sunlight making her canvas look so white; over yonder a long train of box cars, pulled by a small engine, was creeping over the Rantowles trestle, slowing up at the "draw," then puffing a stream of black smoke, which drifted off in the bright sunlight.

Just beyond is the little station at Rantowles which I remember as a child, the straight track running toward "Berry Hill." Little clouds of smoke followed the old engine, with its big clumsy stack, as it came slowly rocking down the track, like a ship in a storm, to stop at the small depot to take on the few passengers for Charleston. How I would watch Captain Slawson, the conductor, standing on the high platform, raise his hand and yell, "All aboard!" the little engine pulling and puffing along toward John's Island, over the drawbridge at Rantowles Creek, and then the last view of the tall pecan trees in the garden at Poplar Grove. My mother, as a little child, wandered over this beautiful spot; it was so full of flowers—roses, white and pink and yellow, the jasmine and the Cherokee roses, while along the edges of the walks were the tiny "snowdrops," a small white flower that looks so pure and white in this sweet old garden of the long ago. It would seem that God shows his love for the world in the beauty of his creations.

* * *

I was up in the old garden last spring, and it is all grown up now in a kind of wilderness, but I picked a few tiny snowdrops left all alone in this old garden of my boyhood, the one



GATEWAY TO AN OLD PLANTATION.

mother told me about so often around the fireside at home in the Piedmont country. It was so quiet in the old garden that day, just sweet spring air and little birds flying about the

trees, the music of the wind in the pines along Front Avenue. What a silence clings about the old neglected plantations in the low country of South Carolina! What a place for memory to "just dream the time away"; how the little snowdrops touch your heart in the tenderest way because they bring to you the sweetest days you will ever know again. These wild flowers—the yellow jasmine, the Cherokee roses—are always beautiful because they grow everywhere out in the warm sunlight, with no one to take care of them on the old plantation, no one to love them but Mother Nature, who makes them so sweet.

But it is autumn now and the days have been going so swiftly, yet the old plantation looks just the same, except the wind seems to play a different tune through the tall pine tops and the air shows a brighter sparkle, the great live oaks standing like huge giants along the wide avenues, and the sunlight falls so clearly down on the long pine needles and the white sandy roads across the wide marshland near Wallace Bridge; the river flows by the black and muddy banks, sweeping under the new Savannah and Charleston Highway Bridge in the ebb toward the sea.

THE LAST OF C. S. ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

The full history of the Confederate States Ordnance Department in book form would make very interesting reading. To Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, appointed by President Davis, at the beginning of the war, is due the creation of a very efficient Ordnance Department "literally out of nothing," to quote Jennings C. Wise in "The Long Arm of Lee." "It is not too much to say that General Gorgas was himself, in a large measure, the Ordnance Department."

When the Confederate capital was moved to Richmond, all the machine shops, foundries, and rolling mills, including the large plant of the Tredegar Company, the one plant in the entire South available as a cannon foundry and rolling mill, were put to work on ordnance material. The machinery of the United States Harper's Ferry armory was installed in the Virginia State armory for the manufacture of the rifle musket similar to the Springfield arm used by the enemy. This armory was located at the foot, or southern end, of Fifth Street, between the James River and Kanawha Canal and the river fronting on the canal. It was a very substantial brick building, two stories high, forming a quadrangle inclosing a considerable area, the right and left sides dropping down on terraces to the river. On the upper terrace there was a very nice brick dwelling, surrounded by small grounds adorned with flowers and shrubbery, occupied by General Gorgas and family. Here it was that the celebrated General Gorgas, of Panama fame, spent four years of his boyhood. The water power of the James River was used to drive the machinery of both the armory and the Tredegar Company, which adjoined the armory.

The civilian employees of the government had been called out to man the trenches in September, 1864. The armory employees had been called in about the first of February, 1865, to dismantle the armory and ship the machinery to Danville, Va. This task had been about completed by the end of March. Saturday, April 1, was a typical April day. In Richmond the trees were putting forth their young leaves, the grass in the Capital Square was a beautiful green, and all nature was clothing itself in garments of spring. In company with my mother, I went down town and did some shopping, bought calico for thirty-five dollars per yard and handkerchiefs at twenty-five dollars each. Sunday was clear and bright, and

I attended Dr. Moses D. Hoge's Church. There had been no startling news previous to this, and the streets were as quiet as though nothing unusual was going on. After preaching his sermon, Dr. Hoge stated that General Lee's lines had been broken through near Petersburg, and that Richmond would have to be evacuated at once. Edward A. Pollard, in his history of the war, gives a touching account of the scene between Dr. Hoge and his devoted people. I left the church as soon as the benediction was pronounced. That afternoon while passing the Capitol, I witnessed a man making a bonfire of unsigned money, very near the building.

The employees of the armory were ordered to assemble at the Danville depot to entrain for Danville. A very few, not more than twenty, including my brother-in-law, C. P. Cross, and myself, met at the depot about dark and waited until long past midnight. While thus waiting, we learned that the government storehouses were open and that goods, clothing, etc., could be had for the taking. Several of our party went around on Cary Street and reported the scene as *beyond description*. The storehouses were wide open and filled with men, women, and children, white and black. For light, they were burning bits of paper and dropping them on the floor still burning. One man, probably a soldier, fell through the elevator hatch, and nobody bothered themselves about him, so bent were they on plunder. We were finally ordered to board a box freight car, loaded with a quantity of bullet molds and pig lead. In one end of the car there were several mattresses and other household furniture, belonging, I presumed, to some ordnance officer. When morning dawned and we could see about us, we found the tops of the cars filled with soldiers from the hospitals, many of them badly wounded, but determined to escape capture and imprisonment, if possible. The train moved very slowly and did not reach Danville until dark on Monday night, having taken fifteen hours to travel about one hundred and fifty miles. We found the machines from the armory scattered about on the ground at the depot.

On Tuesday, April 4, we reported at the small arsenal and were given quarters in a building belonging to the Exchange Hotel. We were not required to do any duty and so had a season of suspense. Anxious to get news from General Lee's army, in which two of my brothers, in Pickett's Division, were fighting, I visited a newspaper office, where the paper was being printed on the blank side of wall paper, and with very little news in it. A visit to the hospitals gave no tidings from the front. Several people were taking their friends home. Several of us went foraging and bought very good fresh fish, red horse and suckers, caught in traps set in Dan River, for two and three dollars a piece.

While passing the depot one day, I was attracted by a man standing on a box acting as auctioneer. He was an elderly man, too old for military service, and evidently had come from his home in North Carolina with boxes for men of a North Carolina regiment. Finding he could not reach them, he was selling the contents of the boxes at auction. It was to me a pitiful and pathetic scene. He would hold up a string of dried pumpkins, and cry, "How much for this?"—or a poke of beans or peas, a large cake of gingerbread, a few apples or black walnuts, a piece of bacon or a pair of home-knit socks, until the box was sold out, then go through another. Where was the soldier boy for whom a loving heart had prepared this little treat? Was it well with him or was he lying cold and dead in front of Fort Steadman or on the banks of Sailor's Creek? Who could tell? President Davis and cabinet were in Danville at this time, and it was expected that the seat of government would be there. The President

delivered an address to the people, in which he said we never would yield one foot of Virginia soil to the enemy, but would return again and again to rescue it. He also said it would be wrong to say that the taking of Richmond was not injurious to our cause, that it was a great blow, but not one from which we could not rally, and if the people willed it they could be free.

Sunday, April 9, was a bright, quiet day, but a day of great suspense. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who had followed the fortunes of the Confederacy from Richmond, preached in the Presbyterian church a very appropriate sermon to a full house. On Monday afternoon we were ordered to report at a warehouse at 8 P.M., where we were informed that General Lee had surrendered the day before, and that there were some government supplies which would be issued to the men of the Ordnance Department. I find it difficult to describe my feelings on receiving this dreadful news. I went out of the warehouse and wept bitterly at this, my first great sorrow, and would have none of the supplies offered.

Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, the gallant cavalry officer who had fought his way out at Appomattox, arrived in Danville with Barringer's Brigade of North Carolina Cavalry, and offered to lead them anywhere. On Tuesday there was some disorder and robbery of government stores, which was put down by the military. Our party was joined about this time by Albert Cuthbert, of Georgia, a member of the Jeff Davis Legion. He was of a prominent Georgia family and a slave owner previous to the war. Being convinced that slavery was wrong, he manumitted his slaves and moved north and was living near New York. When his State seceded, he went home and enlisted to fight for the Southern cause. He had been transferred to the Ordnance Department and employed in the armory at Richmond, and in 1864 had been ordered to his regiment, then in 1865 ordered back to Richmond, and met us in Danville. He had just left his regiment with Johnston's army in North Carolina, and said that under Johnston's proclamation, calling for absentees to return to their commands, men were coming into camp by the hundreds. Cuthbert, who believed that the struggle would be continued, said he would return to his regiment and I, being of the same mind, decided to go with him. So on the 11th we packed our knapsacks, bade good-by to our friends, and took our seats in a train at the depot of the Piedmont Air Line Railroad. We waited in vain for the train to start for Greensboro, and then took the country road afoot, making about three miles before dark. We stopped at a farmer's whose house was filled with soldiers, some of them officers just out of prison, Grant having consented to an exchange when too late in the season for our men to reach their commands to join in the campaign. We had been asleep but a few hours when the farmer announced that his stable had been entered and several of his horses stolen. The officers offered to pursue the thieves, and Cuthbert and I, thus awakened, took the road and walked until the sun was well up in the sky, stopping near Yanceyville for breakfast. There were several daughters and one son in the family, and these young people were very happy, the son having just returned from prison. We walked all day and stopped at the very nice home of a Mr. Graves and were hospitably received and entertained. I was more than surprised to find the country so prosperous and the people so well supplied with provisions. This can be accounted for by the fact that Zebulon Vance, the governor of North Carolina, was one of the most patriotic, loyal, and efficient governors of the Confederate States. The State government had maintained a fleet of blockade runners, bringing in supplies of provisions and clothing for citizens and soldiers, having even

furnished the Confederate government with supplies, such as shoes, etc.

At a little place called Locust Hill we found a merchant still selling goods for Confederate money. I purchased a pocketknife for twenty-five dollars, and a large, broad-brimmed white hat, which I think was made of wool, for one hundred dollars.

On the night of the 13th we stopped at an ordinary about eight miles from Greensboro; had very good fare for twenty dollars each. We reached Greensboro about noon on the 14th, found President Davis and cabinet there, also Governor Smith, of Virginia. Cuthbert had a consultation with Major Ambler, who in some way was connected with the C. S. A. government, who gave it as his opinion that the war was over and that nothing more could be accomplished. We, however, continued our journey and spent the night about three miles south of Greensboro. On Saturday, the 15th, we walked all day and reached Bush Hill, near High Point, that night and secured lodging with a Quaker family. There was a government harness factory here. Our host was a practicing physician, and the brother worked in the harness factory. This Easter Sabbath proved an eventful day for me.

After walking for some time I saw coming my way a squad of Confederate cavalry. As soon as they got in speaking distance one of the party said: "Where are you going, soldier?" I repeated my story, that the war was about over and I was going to my home in Virginia. "O, no," said he, "the war isn't over. Our division has been detailed to escort President Davis across the Mississippi River. We are pressing horses now, and if you will go with us we will give you the next horse we press." I accepted the offer at once. The first horse pressed was not a very good one for cavalry, but they gave him to me and I mounted to "jine the cavalry." The next horse was a very good young one which went to the leader of the party, John Vanhouser, who was just out of prison and needed a mount.

We passed High Point, came up with the command, and went into camp for the night. The command, a small cavalry division, had been detached from Johnston's army by General Beauregard to escort President Davis. It consisted of Gen. George G. Dibrell's Division, which comprised Williams's Brigade, commanded by Gen. W. C. P. Breckinridge; Dibrell's Tennessee Brigade, under Col. W. S. McLemore; and Hewitt's Battery, under Lieutenant Roberts. My comrades were members of Company A, 4th Tennessee Battalion, known as Shaw's Battalion, Dibrell's Brigade. The company was made up in Jackson County, Tenn., and was commanded by Captain Collins. Lieut. George H. Morgan was the head of our mess. He was a young man of excellent Christian character, genial disposition, much beloved by the boys and very kind to me. On Monday, the 17th, we passed through Lexington, where I saw some of my comrades of the Ordnance Department from Danville and asked them to apprise my friends in Richmond of my whereabouts and my probable destination. On the 18th we marched until about ten o'clock and camped near the Yadkin River until a railroad bridge could be repaired for the command to cross. On the 19th we passed through Salisbury and camped near Concord. There was at Salisbury a camp for Yankee prisoners, also a camp for "Galvanized Yanks," that is, Yanks who had deserted and joined the C. S. A. We took up the march about 10 P.M. and reached Charlotte early on the morning of the 20th. I was very nearly played out. I had marched in the last eight days sixty-five miles on foot and nearly a hundred mounted, bareback, and this night's march caused me intense suffering. President Davis remained in

Charlotte about a week, and we camped near there, changing camp several times. This rest in camp was very acceptable to me. Everything was very interesting to me, a country boy who for the previous eighteen months had been existing in the besieged city of Richmond, or in the muddy trenches, defending it. As we marched along the road, men in the fields, white and black, were plowing the young corn, beautiful colts were following their dams up and down the corn rows, fruit trees and flowers were blooming around comfortable homes. The fields were well fenced, and everything bespoke comfort and, to outward appearance, happiness. All of this could not fail to have its effect upon the spirits of the men.

General Gorgas, chief of ordinance, was at Charlotte with President Davis at this time. In an article in the "Confederate Soldier in the Civil War," he says: "The labors and responsibilities of my department closed practically at Charlotte, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865, when the President left that place with an escort for the Trans-Mississippi. My last stated official duty was to examine a cadet in the Confederate service for promotion to commissioned officer in the ordnance department. He passed the ordeal in triumph and got his commission, which I dare say he prized very highly, as he ought to do considering the august body that signed the certificate" (General Lawton, Quartermaster General; General Gilmer, Chief Engineer; and General Gorgas).

Quoting from Capt. M. H. Clark, chief clerk and confidential officer of the executive office of President Davis's cabinet, who left Richmond with the President and who says in his account of the trip south: "I learned that at Charlotte a large accession was made to the cavalry force, including Gen. Basil Duke and his brigade; General Vaughn and some other detachments from Southwest Virginia; General Ferguson and other scattering battalions made quite a full force, about 4,000, which was taken charge of by Gen. John C. Breckinridge in his position as major general." He also says that General Duke had just previous to this won the most complete victory in his career, attacking and driving away from Marion, Va., a large force of General Stoneman's mounted infantry, who left dead and wounded on the ground, man for man, as many as Duke had under his command, "a brilliant sunset in the closing career of this Kentucky soldier."

Shaw's battalion had taken part in this fight, and a member of Company A had won the post of poet laureate for the company by writing a poem celebrating the victory. Captain Clark states that Capt. Givens Campbell, of the 9th Kentucky, and his company were detached for special service with the President, his men being used as scouts and couriers. I saw the President only once on this trip. We had halted and gone into camp about noon, temporarily, on the side of the road, when Mr. Davis, mounted on his fine bay, accompanied by his staff and cabinet, passed, appearing just as he did frequently on the streets of Richmond.

While near Charlotte we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln on the 14th of April. I do not recall that a single soldier expressed the least exultation, all of us taking it as a very serious matter and very unfortunate for us.

About the 25th we started on the march south and camped near the Catawba River. I think it was about this time the men began to talk of going home, and it was reported the command had already started for Tennessee. In discussing the matter I told my comrades if it were so, I would not continue with the command, but would start for my home in Virginia. They told me to go to see General Dibrell and ask him where we were going. To this idea of an insignificant private approaching a brigadier in person I stoutly demurred. They insisted I need have no fear, that the General would treat

me kindly, and so forth. As there seemed to be no other way to decide this, to me, a very important matter, I went to the General's headquarters and found him camped on the banks of the Catawba River in a small A tent with a sentinel in front. I told the sentinel I wished to speak to the general. "There he is in the tent; go in and see him," he answered. Thus unannounced, I bowed my head and crept into the tent. The General and some of his staff were seated on some wheat straw, as there were no seats in the tent, while an operator was manipulating a telegraph instrument. I stated my case, told him I had joined his command at Greensboro to escort President Davis across the Mississippi River, but that the men were talking about going home, and in that case I would go home myself. He answered me in a sentence of five words: "We are not going home." I thanked him and beat a retreat to the tattoo of a very rapid pulse as my heart began to resume its normal condition.

The railroad bridge having been destroyed, the command forded the river, the men with small horses crossing by ferry. Our next camp was in Yorkville, S. C.

(Continued in January number.)

TRIGG'S BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY J. M. WEISER, DUBLIN, VA.

Chickamauga, "The Valley of Death"! How well its original meaning fitted on those eventful days, September 19-20, 1863, when the armies of the Confederacy and of the Union joined in what was one of the greatest and most spectacular battles of the war. Its roar, on account of the length of the lines of battle in action at the same time, was deafening, and said to have been heard at one point one hundred and sixty-eight miles in an airline. I saw a twenty-four-pounder Parrot, the report from which, by itself, would carry for twenty miles, repeatedly discharged, saw the flash and recoil of the gun, and yet could not distinguish its individual sound in the tremendous roar of musketry, and I was probably much less than a hundred yards away.

My attention has been recently called to this battle by an article in the September VETERAN, telling of the "drummer boy of Chickamauga." I belonged to Trigg's Brigade, which captured a brigade of Granger's Federal reserve. Possibly I saw this drummer boy, though I cannot now recall, but I may be able to explain the drummer boy's story of his deadly shot. Just about the time mentioned, Jim Chinault, an orderly, or courier, on Colonel Trigg's brigade staff, was shot dead from his horse, and may have been mistaken for a Confederate colonel. I relate the circumstance for what it is worth.

The part taken by Trigg's Brigade I think worth recording, though not mentioned in a reference in a former issue of the VETERAN including many other commands.

We belonged to Bragg's third battle line, his reserve. We were called upon late in the afternoon of the 20th to attack the Federal line, which had stood firmly up to that time against the assaults of Longstreet. As we passed over his line, one of his men remarked: "Boys, you're going to catch hell now." He spoke truly, as the loss in our own regiment, the 54th Virginia, of over one hundred men proved, but we gave more than we caught and swept on in a magnificent charge carrying everything before us till we were halted suddenly just as we were about to take possession of a battery which had no defenders left, all either shot down or put to flight. Without orders, we began "fixing bayonets." Colonel Trigg came riding along the front. "Let us go get that battery," we were shouting. It was already ours, but we wished to demonstrate our ownership by laying our paws on

it. But we were astonished by the order, "About face!" Then we saw in our rear a line of blue closing up the gap in the Federal line which we had made in our impetuous charge. Colonel Trigg, bravest of the brave, rode a hundred yards in front of his advancing line, where he could easily have been riddled with bullets, and in a stentorian voice, but clear as a silver bell, which made itself clearly heard above the then subsiding din of battle, shouted: "Stack your arms and lie down, or I'll cut you all to pieces." The boys in blue, who had not yet closed the line behind us, lay down, but did not stack their loaded and bayoneted rifles, but awaited our advance, with orders, as they afterwards told us, to wait for the command to fire and then use the bayonet. But Colonel Trigg wheeled his left wing so as to enfilade the end of the incomplete Federal line, and we steadily advanced, guns loaded, bayonets fixed, finger on trigger, and thumb ready to cock gun in a fraction of a second. When perhaps fifteen or twenty feet from the enemy, a nervous Confederate inconsiderately, or accidentally, discharged his musket. Instantly came the deadliest, most menacing sound I have ever heard, the click of cocking locks of both lines, while the boys in blue jumped up and, with guns at shoulder and fingers pressing triggers, awaited the command to fire, which was not given, their officers realizing the futility of the slaughter which would have followed. Slowly advancing, and repeating, "Surrender, boys, we've got you," our opponents finally began lowering their guns, which we took and threw behind us. Then at once we became friends and began a frenzied trading of tobacco for coffee, and forming friendships which lasted for long years after the war and resulted in a number of visits between former foes in Ohio and Virginia.

A day or two after the battle, our brigade was called on by General Bragg, who said: "Boys, the Imperial Guard of the great Napoleon might have equaled your action, but it could not by any means have exceeded it." His remark made us feel taller by several inches, and never afterwards did the 54th Virginia deserve less praise.

WHEN LEE AND JACKSON CONFERRED.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

I have recently come across an instance of the extreme difficulty of keeping the historical record straight, and, as it concerns a point interesting to all, I make bold to write about it.

The point is the precise share which Lee and Jackson had in the great strategy exhibited at Chancellorsville when Jackson struck the Federal right and rear on the afternoon of May 2, 1863.

I was reading General Gordon's most delightful book of "Reminiscences." Of course, reminiscences are not written with the sifting care of history, but generally to furnish materials for historians to work over; and General Gordon so proclaims his purpose. His character was so high, and his position so authoritative (ultimately a corps commander) that I attach great weight to what he says. Suddenly I came to the place where he tells us: "Soon after its occurrence, I was told by the Rev. Dr. Lacey, who was with them at the time, Jackson rode up to the commander in chief, and said to him: 'General Lee, this is not the best way to move on Hooker.'" Certainly the sentence is startling enough; but I read on, "Well, General Jackson, you must remember that I am compelled to depend on —, and these engineers are of the opinion that this is a very good way of approach."

"Your engineers are mistaken, sir."

"What do you know about it, General Jackson? You have not had time to examine the situation."

"But I have, sir. I have ridden over the whole field."

Then Gordon says: "And he had."

"Said Lee: 'Then what is to be done, General Jackson?'"

"Take," said Jackson, 'the route you yourself at first suggested. Move on the flank, move on the flank.'

"Then you will at once make the movement, sir."

And Gordon observes: "*Immediately* and swiftly Jackson's foot cavalry were rushing along," but, historically, the march began May 2—that is to say, the *next morning* after sunrise.

As I had Henderson's, Taylor's, and Fitz Lee's works at hand, I tried to fit this narrative of Gordon's to the undisputed facts and events of the day, May 1, and especially to find out what Lee was doing to make Jackson say, "This is not the best way," and Lee to reply that the engineers thought it "a very good way of approach." Of course, the dramatic form in which Gordon gives Dr. Lacey's account was allowed for, but I wanted to take his facts and test them. Was Lee doing anything wrong? Had he really previously formed a plan for flank movement to which Jackson urged him to revert? Did Jackson's reconnoitering ride take him as far as Gordon implies, the extreme left? Was Lee's decision given as quickly as Gordon's narrative sets forth? Who was Dr. B. T. Lacey?

This last question is easily answered. Fitz Lee's book tells us: "That night (May 1) Stuart brought the Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy to Lee, who told him a circuit could be made around by Wilderness Tavern" (west of Wilderness Church, where, as afterwards found, Hooker's right rested), and Lee directed Jackson to make his arrangements to move early next day around the Federal right flank. But whether Stuart and Dr. Lacy reported to Lee before or after Jackson "rode up" I cannot find mentioned. However, Stuart and Jackson were together at the last fight of the evening on the Confederate left near Catherine Furnace, so probably the three came together and Jackson got Lacey's information before Lee. Now, as this "circuit around" was by a road then but recently cut by a Mr. Welford, who owned the furnace, and at 2:30 A.M. next morning, Jackson sent Major Hotchkiss, his engineer, to wake Mr. Welford and add the road, as described, to his map and get Mr. Welford as guide, we have an indication that the ultimate plan of march and battle formed in Jackson's mind, or, at least, could have done so, before he and Stuart came that evening or night, to report the events of the day's fighting. Somebody thought Dr. Lacey's information important to Lee's future action.

Let us read into the above the following extract from General Lee's letter to Mrs. Jackson in 1866, written in connection with Dr. Dabney's "Life of Jackson." He says: "I am misrepresented (presumably in Dabney's book) at the battle of Chancellorsville in proposing an attack in front the first evening of our arrival (May 1). On the contrary, I decided against it, and stated to General Jackson we must attack on our left as soon as practicable; and the necessary movement of the troops began immediately. In consequence of a report received about that time, from Gen. Fitz Lee, describing the position of the Federal army and the roads which he held with his cavalry leading to its rear, General Jackson, after some inquiry concerning the roads leading to the Furnace, undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear, which he accomplished with equal skill and boldness."

This seems to show us that Stuart brought information obtained by Fitz Lee, his cavalry officer, on the Brock Road, west of Hooker, as to the position of Hooker's extreme right flank; Dr. Lacey brought information of roads to get to the Brock Road; and Jackson knew of Welford, and the newly cut woods road of great importance to the movement.

General Lee's adjutant, Colonel Taylor, says in his book on General Lee, of this evening or night meeting of Generals Lee and Jackson: "The day was now far spent," and "he and General Jackson conferred together for some time." He also says: "General Lee's mind was occupied with the problem of how he could best attack the enemy," and "when they separated and Jackson started to rejoin the troops, the question had been decided." Not altogether, for there was another conference before or at daylight, and we learn of this through a letter of Major Hotchkiss, Jackson's engineer, to Henderson, the author of "Stonewall Jackson." He had been sent before day to Mr. Welford, had waked him up, added the newly cut road to his map, and gone to Lee's headquarters where "I found Generals Lee and Jackson in conference." After pointing out the road and some discussion, the matter was decided. Particularly to the point was the fact that even at that hour discussion of troops to be taken and left took place. Hotchkiss says then: "General Lee, after a moment's reflection, remarked, 'Well, go on,' and then, pencil in hand, gave his last instructions." At sunrise Jackson was on his way.

It is plain, therefore, that Stuart's report, Dr. Lacey's information about roads, and Jackson's discovery of Welford and the newly cut road gave to the two generals as they conferred, both at dark and at dawn, new material for discussion, and it can also be seen that Jackson's part in the news did not require a ride over "the whole field" as far as the Brock Road, but only as far as the Furnace, near which he and Stuart were fighting late in the evening.

Let us see something about the events of the day and the situation at night, when General Gordon tells us that Dr. Lacey quoted Jackson as telling Lee: "This is not the best way to move on Hooker."

General Jackson commanded and issued orders that day before his death to the whole army present—his own three divisions, Anderson's five brigades, and McLaws's division, and directed all the fighting. Longstreet being absent, he was the only corps commander that General Lee had. Hooker had gotten on Lee's rear, had fortified, and was advancing out of those fortifications, securing retreat, with a huge army. If Lee met Hooker, Sedgwick would be in his rear, and if he stayed for Sedgwick, Hooker would be in his rear. So Lee had his problems in pressing form, and, as well as I can judge, Jackson took charge of the fighting of the whole army as if one corps. In fact, he did not fight with his own corps, but used McLaws's and Anderson's troops of the First Corps all day long. Picking up Anderson between Lee and Hooker, he marched thence at eleven A.M., met Hooker before two P.M., and as Hooker fell back to his fortified lines, pressed him until part of Anderson's and all of McLaws's ran up against the eastern fortifications, while he, with another part of Anderson's, went on westward, south of Hooker's line, by a road that gradually approached Hooker's lines right at Fairview Cemetery and Chancellorsville. The hardening of resistance told the Confederates when the enemy reached their defenses. The last to reach this hotter battle was the brigade which Jackson accompanied. It was late in the evening, so Jackson, meeting Stuart, got him to go with him, taking a small battery, to a hill some distance farther on. The enemy's lines ran miles beyond. He was now near the Furnace and Mr. Welford's house, with the responsibilities upon him, the coming darkness, and dense woods, and, meeting Stuart, it is difficult to see how he could have risked going farther. General Gordon quotes "over the whole field," which may surely be taken to mean the field of that day. Probably it was now he found Mr. Welford, or, through Dr.

Lacey (sent to Stuart by Fitz Lee) learned about him and his newly cut road. A feature of the situation late that evening was a great artillery fire of the enemy from the plateau of Fairview and Chancellorsville in many directions. Jackson and Stuart could, therefore, tell of Fairview as well as of the roads to the Brock Road—lay before General Lee the difficulties of attacking in front.

If now we ask why Jackson had come so far west, the only answer can be, seeking to find a way to flank. General Lee's letter above quoted says he decided *that day* against a frontal attack and "stated to General Jackson, we must attack on our left as soon as practicable, and the necessary movement of the troops began immediately." That is to say, the movement that Jackson carried as far as the Furnace. In the meantime, General Lee himself reconnoitered toward the river. Material for the evening or night conference was gathered by both *personally*. Jackson had seemed the best news—that is, he and Stuart. But note emphatically this: Since Lee could not go with his whole army to the flank of Hooker, then to act according to Jackson's news meant the division on the field of battle of a weak army under the eye of the enemy. If they made a frontal attack, the army would be solid, but Jackson and Stuart now showed that flanking meant division. One hope there was—the secret road.

Even if General Lee's letter does not settle some minds to the conviction that he sought to get away from a frontal attack, yet the actual movement of Jackson westward must. The troops went as fast as they could and as far as they could before dark. What for? Why, seeking the flank of the enemy. Both of the generals had but one purpose.

General Lee's headquarters that night of May 1 were on that very road, the Plank Road, on which Jackson had moved, and quite near the extreme left of Lee's army. Right forward on that same road were Fairview and Chancellorsville, both afterwards stormed by frontal attack. Suppose, now, that Lee, after viewing the fortifications of Hooker toward the river, had gotten his engineers to look as well as they could to the point where the Plank Road butted against and ran within the enemy's position, and, not far off, the Turnpike did the same thing, and that they had reported it as the most favorable point for frontal attack, and that Lee was at dusk still studying his problem, then, hearing the guns and receiving reports, he would probably be convinced that his hope to find an exposed flank, or a way to it, was likely to be dissipated, and he would be compelled to attack, or "ingloriously fly," as Hooker said. Perhaps he had already begun to feel hopeful even about a front attack. Suddenly, Jackson, Stuart, and Lacey ride up. We know that their report will, to both Lee and Jackson, mean a consideration of the risks as between a front attack, with solid army, or flank attack, with a gap between wings, and their two conferences before the next sunrise are exactly in keeping with the situation. Evidently, the "This way" of Dr. Lacey's account of the first conference means an attack by the two roads on Chancellorsville plateau, and if Lee defended it, it must have had some strong points if a frontal attack was necessary; but we may rest assured that General Lee was deciding nothing until the last reports were in, both on principle and because he had all day been hoping to find a way for a flank movement.

Of course, Dr. Lacey told the matter dramatically, and General Gordon certainly does. Discussion is consolidated into some one epigrammatic sentence, and just as General Gordon says, "Immediately and swiftly Jackson's foot cavalry were rushing," etc., while no one knew better than he that the march began *next day*, so also General Lee's inquiries

of Jackson as to what his ride over the field showed him are suppressed, and we find the whole movement ordered within three sentences. That is really the weakest point of the narrative. *Lee orders without asking for a report.* As a matter of fact, Hotchkiss had to make and bring a map of the road before General Lee told Jackson: "Well, go on."

Was there ever a more typical illustration of General Lee's methods? He sought by every means what he wanted—a route for flank attack—and he prepared for front attack in case of failure to find one. He gave his lieutenant his confidence beforehand, and consulted carefully with him after all reports were in. That Jackson, even while bringing his report of the day's work and revelations learned from Stuart, Lacey, and Welford of the open flank and the roads to it, and *came prepared to urge* on Lee the plan of separating the wings rather than make an attack on the front with a solid army, is *highly probable*; but it is equally probable that Lee, as soon as he too got the same data, would debate in his mind the same question. How could he help doing so? Hooker's whole line was five or six miles long, and Lee could not leave either the river road, the turnpike, or the Plank Road open. He must stand there on the route to Fredericksburg in great concentration, and, therefore, could not reach with his smaller army as far as Hooker's right, to avail himself of the news of that flank being open. If the news was to help at all, it meant separating his forces. It is easy to see that before the news Dr. Lacey brought, neither general could definitely plan an attack by way of the Brock Road, and that that news forced a consideration of its meaning and opportunities.

Jackson would be most likely to catch at those opportunities than Lee, we may freely grant, for Marse Robert dared, not say, "Go!" until he saw on a map the necessary route. His responsibility was too great. Yet let us recall that Lee, both in Mexico and our war, had become a past master in conceiving and executing flank attacks—and flank attacks involving separation of the wings at that. Jackson had not as yet equaled Lee's record in such matters. It was just a case of a young fox begging an old fox to let him slip around to the hole in the fence. We may feel sure that in the two conferences both were eager and both wary, and all methods were weighed. Lee and Jackson stood, in actual relations, in a position unique to both, for Jackson, as having that day commanded the whole army in battle, was nearer in thought and feeling than he had ever been. Lee was leaning on him as he leaned on no other before or after.

We may, therefore, conclude that while in its dramatic form, General Gordon's narrative is all just moonshine, yet in its substance there is a great deal of truth in it. General Jackson did not ride up to General Lee and "knock him off his pins," offer to show him a thing or two, and, even before making a report, gain his orders for a movement planned and prepared as he himself saw fit, rushing off that very night to jubilant triumph. We may be sure everything was regular and respectful, but, in line with the idea that the flank attack would be better than a frontal one; and, after full discussion in that first conference, agreement was reached, but decision withheld until all night reports were in and the map obtained.

Perhaps we can see the reason for the decision. A frontal attack was doubtful and exceedingly murderous, while the Catharpen Road in Lee's rear and the Brock Road in Jackson's united toward Spottsylvania, so that safe retreat was possible if Jackson found the enemy prepared. Any ordinary general would have retreated from Lee's position anyhow. Longstreet says General Lee should have remained in the Fredericksburg lines and entrenched. But Lee and Jackson made a combination unequalled in history, they moved as one.

NORTH CAROLINIANS AT SOUTH ANNA BRIDGE.

BY COL. ROBERT BINGHAM, RALEIGH, N. C.

(The following contribution is very timely as following the article by Captain Peace on the heroic defense by North Carolina troops at the South Anna Bridge, Va., in 1863. See page 370, September VETERAN. This article was written by Colonel Bingham some years ago for the Annual of the Bingham School and in order to pay special tribute to the memory of Colonel Hargrove and Ensign Barbee, "both heroic souls, men without fear and soldiers without reproach." The article was sent by Dr. William Anderson, of Blacksburg, S. C., as adding to the account just published.)

When the Army of Northern Virginia started on the Pennsylvania campaign, the 44th North Carolina Regiment, of Pettigrew's Brigade, was halted and detailed to guard the railroad communications centering at Hanover Junction, in order to protect General Lee's communications with Richmond.

Maj. Charles M. Stedman commanded north of the Junction, more than ten miles away, and the bridges of the Fredericksburg and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, south of the Junction, four in number, across South Anna and the Little Rivers, were entrusted to Lieut. Col. T. L. Hargrove, who left two companies at the Junction and posted one company at each of the four bridges, remaining personally with Company A at the Chesapeake and Ohio bridge across the South Anna River, the eastmost and southmost bridge, and, therefore, the post of the greatest danger.

On the morning of June 26, 1863, General Spear, with the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, two companies of a California regiment, more than 1,200 men, according to General Spear's own statement, and two pieces of artillery, appeared before Colonel Hargrove's force of only forty men, stationed in a breastwork on the south side of the river, built to be manned by not less than four hundred men. Before General Spear delivered his first attack, Colonel Hargrove abandoned the breastwork as being entirely untenable by so small a force, fell back across the bridge to the north side of the river, posted his men behind trees and under any other available cover, sent a courier on foot more than four miles for reinforcements, and, fighting Indian fashion, for two hours successfully resisted repeated efforts to capture the bridge by direct assault.

Private Cash, a boy of only sixteen, killed four men who tried to set the bridge on fire during the first part of the fight, and two more as they charged across the bridge just at the end of the fight, one with his last cartridge and the other with his bayonet, and fell with two pistol bullets through his head. I put my hand on his head as he lay, beautiful in death and felt and heard the broken bones scrape against each other like a crushed eggshell.

Other Company A men did nearly as well, though the Federals outnumbered Colonel Hargrove's company of forty Confederates not less than thirty to one.

His frontal attack having failed, General Spear sent a detachment across the river by an abandoned ford shown to him by some negroes, and the Major commanding this force of two hundred men at first, increased later to four hundred, and at last to six hundred, was just about to deliver an attack on Colonel Hargrove's unprotected rear, while another frontal attack from across the river was to be made at the same time on his front, when Company G, forty strong, having been ordered from the Little River bridge at Taylorsville, four miles off, came in double time and occupied a small section of a breastwork three hundred yards or more north of the river, Capt. Robert Bingham commanding, who placed

his forty men about two feet apart, with strict instructions to take deliberate aim, but not to fire till ordered. These dispositions had scarcely been made when what seemed to be half a world full of cavalry delivered the charge, intended for Company A's unprotected rear, against Company G's front, protected by the breastwork; and when they were within about forty yards, Company G received the order to fire, with quite a number of dead men and riderless horses as the result of Company G's marksmanship, most of whom could knock a squirrel out of the highest tree in the woods, and the enemy got to the rear faster and in worse order than they came.

Two other frontal attacks with increased numbers were repulsed by Company G, with more deadly effect, as the men gained more confidence in their own skill and in the vulnerability of an enemy on horseback. After considerable delay, caused by bringing up reinforcements, the enemy, now six hundred strong, were about to deliver a fourth frontal attack on Company G, across an open and level wheat field, when General Spear crossed the river in person and changed the proposed frontal attack, for which all the dispositions had been made, into a flank attack, up the bank of the river, around Company G's unprotected right, and upon Company A's unprotected left at the abutment of the bridge, while another fierce frontal attack was made over the bridge from across the river.

The enormous odds of more than 1,200 men, supported by artillery, to only eighty prevailed after fighting for four hours and only after a desperate conflict, at the abutment of the bridge, with saber, pistol, and bayonet, which lasted only two or three minutes.

In the final assault Company A lost half her men, and would have lost more if the Federals had not been so much in each other's way that they could not shoot without danger of killing their own men, and Company G could not shoot without endangering her own men. After emptying every chamber of his pistol and tearing a Federal soldier's face to pieces by hurling the empty pistol into it, Colonel Hargrove drew his sword and continued fighting. He received saber wounds on his head, right arm, a bayonet wound in his breast, and was finally knocked flat by a second blow over the head, inflicting another saber wound.

Company G had done some excellent target practice while the Federals were charging up the bank of the river, emptying a good many saddles; but when Confederates and Federals became commingled in a fierce hand-to-hand fight, I ordered my men to cease firing lest they should kill our own men; and after Company A were all killed or captured and Colonel Hargrove was supposed to be among the slain, and the bridge was on fire in several places, the Federals closed on Company G's front and rear, now thirty to one, and with drawn pistols and carbines demanded an immediate surrender. Further resistance being entirely useless, Company G were ordered to throw down their guns, which up to this time they had held in their hands standing at "ready," and ready to fire on the whole 1,200 men if ordered to do so. The Federals' loss during this four hours' engagement between eighty and more than 1,200 men much exceeded and probably tripled the entire number of the Confederates engaged. Though I tried to find out their losses from both officers and privates, they declined to give any information about it. But we saved General Lee's communications with Richmond during the whole Pennsylvania campaign.

When the handful of prisoners were assembled, General Spear said: "Colonel Hargrove, where are your men?" and Colonel Hargrove replied: "I had only eighty at first, and

these are what are left of them." Then General Spear said: "It was reported to me that there were at least four hundred infantry in those breastworks," and addressing Colonel Hargrove in the presence of Confederates and Federals, he said: "Colonel Hargrove, you have ruined my reputation. I came here to destroy all four of the bridges and the Junction, and I must retreat after burning only one bridge and capturing only this handful of men. Your resistance is the most stubborn known to me during the whole war."

If I were called on to decide which company deserved higher praise, I should award the palm to Company A. When Company G reached the field, Company A had held 1,200 men in check for two hours, fighting Indian fashion behind only partial cover and under shell fire. Leonidas and his Spartans did no better fighting at Thermopylæ than Colonel Hargrove and his North Carolinians did at the South Anna Bridge. But as only Company G fought behind breastworks, Company G is entitled to the honor of General Spear's judgment that "there were at least four hundred infantry in those breastworks," with enough emptied saddles and loose horses to attest Company G's marksmanship and to multiply forty men into four hundred. I got the details of the attack on Company G and of General Spear's change from a frontal to a flank attack up the river bank from the major commanding the force on the north side of the river, by whose side I rode all day toward Fort Monroe; and I was standing within three feet of General Spear and Colonel Hargrove and heard every word they said.

During our war, Confederate and Federals on the firing line were "the enemy" only technically, but were not enemies. As we marched toward Fort Monroe, both officers and privates treated us like brothers. They expressed the greatest admiration for "the magnificent fight we put up against such very great odds," they divided their last crust with us, and expressed great regret that they did not have more food to share with us.

The privates were sent to Fort Monroe and were soon exchanged; but the seven officers of the 44th and ten more from other commands were put into close confinement in Fort Norfolk (about ten miles above Fort Monroe), *to be hanged as hostages*, on this wise:

Some ten days before the fight at the South Anna Bridge, General Streight, with 1,700 Federal cavalry, made a raid on Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's rear, and General Forrest, with only four hundred mounted infantry, went under flag of truce to Streight's headquarters and demanded the immediate surrender of his whole command, under penalty of putting them all to the sword. While the leaders were parleying, a Confederate lieutenant in artillery uniform galloped up on General Forrest's right, and said: "General, my guns are ready for action"; and in a minute or two another artillery lieutenant galloped up on general Forrest's left, and said: "General, my guns are ready for action." General Streight, fearing that his men would be torn to pieces by this (purely imaginary) artillery fire, surrendered his 1,700 men to Forrest's four hundred. I have had these statements from both Confederates and Federals who were on the ground in person, and their statements as to the numbers on each side concurred entirely. That was General Forrest's way.

A good many years before the war, and not long after the Nat Turner massacre in Southampton County, Va., of seventy-two white men, women, and children by negroes in 1831, the legislature of Georgia condemned to the gallows any Northern spy or emissary who should come into Georgia and tamper with the negroes.

Under this old and effete law, the State of Georgia demanded

the officers of Streight's command to be hanged, and the Confederate government yielded to Georgia's demand. The Federal War Department very properly detailed an equal number of Confederate officers to be held as hostages. The seven Confederate officers captured at the South Anna Bridge and ten others, captured elsewhere, were promptly detailed as hostages, and Fort Norfolk was one of the prisons used for this purpose.

The so-called Fort Norfolk was not a fort, but was intended only for the storage of ammunition. The seventeen prisoners of war already referred to were put into close confinement in a room seventeen feet square, with only one window two and one-half feet square and so heavily barred as to leave only half the space open for air and light. The pitch of the room was so low that I had to stoop to pass under the joists. There was no ceiling, and there was a slate roof over us.

We passed the 4th of July, 1863, in this place of torment with a temperature of 140 degrees. The Black Hole of Calcutta could hardly have been worse. They fed us on sour loaf bread, rancid pickled beef, and "tea" made of the leaves of blackberry bushes, with the blackberry briars in evidence on every "tea" leaf. The heat was so great that we could not bear a stitch of clothing on us. The only thing which prevented the gallows from being cheated by the conditions of our confinement was an abundance of excellent cistern water. This saved our lives. The sergeant who fed us told us that the hammering we heard was being done by the carpenters who were building a gallows to hang us all on at one time if the reported hanging of Streight's officers in Georgia should be confirmed.

In order to make cavalry raids more dangerous, it is certain that Georgia fully intended to hang Streight's officers under the effete law already referred to, but which was never intended to apply to regular soldiers of a regularly organized army; and there was a good deal of talk of mutiny among the Georgia troops, and of withdrawal from the Confederacy, if the raiders were not put to death. The only course open to the Federals would have been to retaliate by hanging a Confederate of equal rank for every Federal hanged. But fortune intervened. Gen. William H. F. Lee, Gen. R. E. Lee's second son, while on sick leave near the line of Spear's march, was captured and was promptly detailed as a hostage. This saved us again. The Confederate government could not see General Lee's son hanged like a dog, and demanded the release of Streight's officers, to which demand Georgia very reluctantly yielded, her purpose being to make a deterrent example against cavalry raiders. Our party of seventeen men was sent first to Fort Delaware, where we were guarded by negroes, and then to Johnson's Island. In July we endured a temperature of 140 degrees under a slate roof; in January we endured a temperature of thirty degrees below zero. All our seventeen "gallows birds" remained prisoners of war till after the surrender, except me, and I worked myself out of prison in this way:

From the middle of July, 1863, to February, 1864, I was one of the 2,500 Confederate officers on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, near Sandusky City, Ohio.

Before I was a prisoner of war, time had been short and Dickens had been long. But in prison, time was long and even Dickens was short, and I spent my time reading Dickens, among other authors, and making gutta-percha jewelry.

In February, 1864, an alphabetical list of two hundred prisoners, selected by lot, was sent from Johnson's Island to a Federal hospital at Point Lookout for exchange, and I was among them. Dr. Gardner, the surgeon of the hospital at Point Lookout, had married a Southern girl, and Miss Lida

Tarring, his wife's sister, whose lover was wounded at Gettysburg, got a permit through the doctor to go through the lines in order to nurse him. His wound proved fatal, and Miss Tarring remained with her sister at Point Lookout.

She was a beautiful girl of twenty, and, with Dr. Gardner's permission, but always accompanied by a sharp-eyed old lady from Boston, she came often into the hospital and was a ray of golden sunshine and an angel of mercy to the prisoners. She relieved the wants of the most needy, and had a kind word and a beautiful smile for us all; and it touched us very much to see so beautiful a girl in such very deep mourning.

As I was the only gutta-percha workman among the prisoners, she came almost every day to my little work bench, and I made trinkets for her, for Mrs. Gardner and her baby, inlaying the rings, breastpins, earrings, etc., with Lake Erie shell showing most of the colors of the rainbow. She tried to press money on me; but I declined to receive it, saying that through friends and kinpeople inside the Federal lines, I had everything I needed and only wished to get home.

At intervals of about two weeks three parties of fifty had already been sent to Richmond for exchange, and I was still a prisoner, but "a prisoner of hope," when orders were sent from Federal headquarters discontinuing the exchange of all able-bodied men. In defense of this policy against all the laws of civilized warfare up to that time, General Grant stated officially that he did not need the 275,000 Federal prisoners in our hands; but that if the 225,000 Confederate prisoners were exchanged, General Sherman's position would be untenable and his own position precarious. And I was still a prisoner, but on longer "a prisoner of hope." But Miss Tarring intervened in my behalf through Dr. Gardner. As they were putting some very sick and badly crippled men on the exchange boat, one Confederate captain proved too ill to go, and Dr. Gardner, at Miss Tarring's suggestion, told me that the boat would sail in fifteen minutes, and asked me if I could be ready to take the sick man's place in ten minutes. I was ready in five minutes, got to Richmond on May 1, 1864, and was exchanged in time to be in ten pitched battles during the siege of Richmond and Petersburg, while each of the three officers, by whom I sent sections of my diary to my wife, with the first three boatloads that went through for exchange, were killed within a week after getting back to the firing line, and one of them was killed within an hour. I was struck but once and my skin was not broken, and I had the great honor of being one of General Lee's 7,892 armed men at Appomattox Courthouse, surrounded by about 200,000 men, including Hunter's Army from Tennessee, whose presence in General Lee's front with Grant's Army in his rear and on both flanks, determined the surrender on April 9, 1865.

The 44th Regiment, which General MacRae always made the center of his brigade, never lost a flag to the enemy, and we never charged the enemy without their giving way in our front. But our first flag was so mutilated by shot and shell that it was too small to be of service as an ensign, and during the winter of 1864-65 a new regimental flag was issued.

On May 2, 1864, Lieut. W. S. Long, who had been the color bearer since the organization of the regiment, was shot down and a second man seized the colors and held them aloft. He was shot down, and a third man seized them, and was shot down; and a fourth man, a fifth man, a sixth, a seventh man, an eighth man, and a ninth man seized them and were all shot down in about ten minutes; then George Barbee, of Company G, a round-faced beardless boy of only twenty—he had volunteered when he was only sixteen—seized them and carried them to the end of the war, without ever having been touched by shot or shell.

When we were driven out of Petersburg, about two hundred and fifty men of various commands retreated up the Appomattox River for about ten miles to an abandoned ferry, in imminent danger of capture by the Federal cavalry. An old negro was taking four men at a time across the river in a little skiff for \$5 in Confederate money, and it would have taken not less than twelve hours to get the two hundred and fifty men across in that way.

I heard of an old ferryboat on the other side of the river, and I thought I could see it in the dim, murky moonlight. Reporting this to General MacRae, I asked for instructions. He ordered me to get a crew of four men, seize the skiff, take command of it, and bring the ferryboat across the river. I said: "Suppose the men in the skiff decline to give it up?" "Then shoot them and seize the skiff." The men in the skiff did decline to give it up, but the muzzles of the rifles of my crew were persuasive, and we crossed the river nine times that night and got all the two hundred and fifty men across the river before the Federal cavalry came up.

When George Barbee started to get on the ferryboat, I saw nothing of our flag, and I said: "Why, George, what have you done with the flag?" He replied: "I threw the staff away; but I have the flag next to me under my shirt. We are all going to get killed to-morrow morning, and I am afraid the Yankees will get the flag off my dead body. The Yankees never got any flag from the 44th Regiment, and my bones could not rest quiet if they were to get our flag off my dead body." There was a stone about as large as my double fist lying on the bank, and I said: "George, you take that stone, wrap our flag around it, and when we get about the middle of the river, you can put our flag where no one will ever get it;" and when we got about the middle of the river, I saw him pull the flag from under his shirt, wrap it around the stone, and with the tears streaming down his face, he dropped it into the river. This man did not own a foot of land in the world, and did not know a letter in the book. Nor did the bold barons who extorted the Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede know a letter in the book. Every one of them signed his name to the Great Charter with a cross mark, and George Barbee was as heroic a man as any of them, and there were many like him and like them in Lee's army.

The remnant of our first flag was given to my wife by our regimental commander, as is recorded in Volume III, page 34, of Chief Justice Clark's "North Carolina Regiments, 1861-65," in the following words:

"The old battle flag of the regiment, tattered and torn by ball and shell, its staff riddled and its folds in shreds, was presented to Mrs. Della Worth Bingham, wife of Capt. Robert Bingham, Company G, by the major commanding, as a mark of respect and esteem in behalf of officers and men for a woman who had won their affectionate regard, and whose husband had ever followed it with fidelity and fortitude upon every field where it waved."

GEN. R. E. LEE, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER—IV.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Hooker took immediate steps to mend conditions. He sent an urgent call for Sickles and his entire force. His advance had gone two miles to the front and was preparing to bivouack when orders overtook it. It did not reach the field until 10 P.M. The artillery of the Twelfth Corps was established along the western brow of the Chancellorsville plateau, known as Fairview, and it now became the key point of the battle. Here within an hour, was established a battery of thirty-four guns, and during the night all were protected by parapets. The

forest in front offered no position for a Confederate gun. Across the stream in front, about one thousand yards obliquely to the left, was the small settlement called Hazel Grove, occupying some open fields. This offered excellent positions for attacking the Fairview lines, but was itself within the Federal lines, and, at sundown, was occupied by a few cavalry with some artillery of the Third Corps and some miscellaneous trains.

As darkness fell the Confederate pursuit died out. This cessation of pursuit was not voluntary by Jackson, but because Rodes, whose division had led the advance and had become broken and mingled with Colston's division, the next line in its rear, had requested Jackson to let him halt and reform his men; A. P. Hill's Division, which had followed the column and was fresh, was ordered forward by Jackson to take the place then held by Rodes's Division. During the long pause in the advance, while Hill's brigades filed into the woods to the right and left, and the disorganized brigades were withdrawn to reform, Jackson impatiently supervised and urged forward the movements. To urge Hill, he said to him: "Press them, Hill! Press them! Cut them off from United States Ford."

Partaking of the nature of his chief, Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, pushed some guns forward on the Plank Road, and opened a random fire down it toward Chancellorsville, now less than a mile away. This provoked a terrible response from the thirty-four guns in position on the Fairview plateau. The Plank Road was crowded with troops and artillery in column, and the woods near it was full of the reorganizing brigades. Under such a fire, even in the dim light of the rising moon, great confusion soon resulted, and although actual casualties were few, it became necessary to discontinue the Confederate fire before order could be restored and the formation of the line of battle could be resumed.

The writer trusts he may be permitted to call attention to a oft-repeated and foolish myth he has heard in connection with General Jackson's ride forward for reconnoissance at this juncture, that "Jackson gave orders to the men to shoot anyone or more persons who approached from the front, and immediately rode forward, accompanied with his staff and couriers." The folly of this statement is apparent on its face without disputing it. First, such an order is unnecessary. Armed troops in line of battle, expecting the approach of the enemy, are there to meet the enemy and, having guns, are expected to shoot, unless the approaching intruder is shown to be a friend. In the dim moonlight which flickered through the trees, no one could distinguish friend from foe. The 33rd North Carolina Regiment had been deployed two hundred yards in front of the forming line, and the party, Jackson leading, advanced on what was designated the Mountain Road for one hundred or two hundred yards, not passing the 33rd North Carolina skirmish line. Halting, they listened for a while to the axes of the Federals, cutting abatis in the forest ahead. Beyond the Plank Road the Federal troops who had been off with Sickles were now returning and slowly working their way to reoccupy some breastworks which had been built the night before in the forest south of the Plank Road. Between their skirmishers and those of the 33rd North Carolina, on their side of the Plank Road, some firing began. This firing spread rapidly in both directions along the picket lines, and was presently taken up by the Federal regiments and the lines of battle in rear. Jackson, at the head of his party, was slowly retracing his way back to the line of battle, when the volley firing began. General Alexander says:

“Major Barry, on the left of the 18th North Carolina, seeing through the trees by the moonlight a group of horsemen moving toward his line, ordered his left wing to fire. Two of the party were killed, and Jackson received three balls, one in the right hand, one through the left wrist and hand, and one shattering the left arm between the shoulder and elbow.

“His horse becoming unmanageable in his crippled condition, Captain Wilbourn of his staff helped him off. The picket firing was the signal for a storm of shell and canister to sweep the Plank Road. With great difficulty, Jackson was finally gotten to an ambulance, which already held Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, his chief of artillery, with a shattered leg. Jackson's left arm was amputated that night, and the next day he was taken in an ambulance, via Spotsylvania, to a small house called Chandler, near Guinea Station. For a few days his recovery was expected, but pneumonia supervened and he died May 10, 1863.”

Jackson's fall left A. P. Hill in command, but Hill was himself disabled by a fragment of shell soon after assuming command, and sent for Stuart. Rodes ranked Stuart, but the latter was not only best known to the army, but was of great popularity, and Rodes cheerfully acquiesced. Rodes's whole career, until his death at Winchester, September 19, 1864, was brilliant and justifies the belief that he would have proved a competent commander, but, as will be seen, Stuart's conduct was notably fine.

When Jackson fell, Stuart was about to attack the Federal camps and trains near Ely's Ford. He was forming for the assault when he received the message of recall. He ordered the command to fire three volleys into the nearest camp and then withdraw, while he rode rapidly back—about five miles—and took command of Jackson's isolated troops between 10 and 11 P.M. There was but one course to take—to make such preparation as was possible, and, at dawn, to renew the attack and endeavor to break through the Federal lines and unite with Lee at Chancellorsville. The wounding of Crutchfield left Alexander the senior artillery officer present, and he was sent for and directed to reconnoiter, and spent the night in reconnoissance. Beside the Plank Road, he could find but one outlet through the forest, a cleared vista some two hundred yards long and twenty-five wide, through a dense pine thicket, opening upon Hazel Grove. He concentrated several batteries near this position.

Stuart, becoming convinced that Hazel Grove was the key to the Federal line, directed a large part of his personal attention to it on the morning of the 3rd. One of Jackson's engineers was sent by a long detour and found Lee before daylight and explained to him Stuart's position and plans, that he might, during the action, extend his left and seek a connection with Stuart's right. During the night the brigades rejoined, and the three divisions were formed for the attack in the morning, with Hill's Division in front, Colston's in a second line, and Rodes's in a third.

Two of Hill's brigades, McGowan's and Archer's, were placed obliquely to the rear, to present a front toward that flank. When Hooker found that the Confederate attack had halted in front of the Fairview line, with Sickles near Hazel Grove upon its right flank, he ordered Sickles to move forward by moonlight and attack. Birney's Division, in two lines with supporting columns, about midnight, advanced from Hazel Grove upon the forest south of the Plank Road and in front of the Fairview position. The left wing of this force grazed the skirmishers of McGowan and struck the right flank of Lane's Brigade, of which two and a half regiments became sharply engaged. But the whole Federal force glanced off, as it were, and, changing its direction, turned down

the Federal line in front of Fairview, where it approached the position of Knipe's and Ruger's brigades, of Williams's Division of the 12th Corps.

Hearing their noisy approach, and believing them to be Confederates, the Fairview guns and infantry opened fire upon the woods while the approaching lines were so distant that they were unable to locate their assailants, and supposed the fire to come from the Confederate line. And now for a long time, for one or perhaps two hours, the Confederates listened to a succession of furious combats in the forest in their front, accompanied by heavy shelling of the woods, volleys of musketry, and a great deal of cheering. The Confederate pickets were sometimes forced to lie down or seek protection behind trees from random bullets, but they had no other part in it. It extended northward sometimes even across the Plank Road; and the official reports of many Federal officers give glowing accounts of the repulse of desperate Confederate assaults, and even of the capture of Confederate guns, which had been abandoned in one of the stampedes of the 2nd.

Though Hooker had but little cause for apprehension after darkness had come to his relief, yet the shock to his confidence had been so severe that his only dispositions were defensive. Yet he had over 60,000 *fresh* troops present, while Lee had on the east about 16,000 and on the west about 24,000. Hooker ordered the entrenchment of an interior line, upon which he could fall back in case Stuart forced his way through to a junction with Lee. A short line was quickly selected, of great natural strength, behind Hunting Run on the west, and behind Mineral Run on the east, with both flanks resting on the river, and covering his bridges. It took in the White House, some three-fourths of a mile in rear of Chancellorsville, and was probably the strongest field improvements ever built in Virginia.

At 9 P.M., May 2, Hooker sent orders to Sedgwick directing him to at once take his line of march on the Chancellorsville road until he connected with Hooker, destroy any force he might fall in with on his road, and march to be in the vicinity of the general at daylight. Though Hooker dispatched Warren, his chief engineer, to supervise the execution of the order, Sedgwick was never able to get near Chancellorsville. About dawn on the 3rd, Hooker made the fatal mistake of recalling Sickles from the Hazel Grove position. Had Stuart's advance been delayed a little longer, the Confederate right flank might have marched out upon Hazel Grove plateau without firing a shot. A Federal battery, supported by two regiments, had been designated as rear guard, and it alone occupied the plateau when the Confederate advance was made, though the rear of the retiring column was near.

When the lines were formed, Stuart's men got from two to three hours' rest before dawn. About that time cooked rations were brought up. However, before the distribution was finished. Archer's and McGowan's Brigades were moved forward from their retired positions on the right flank, to straighten the line. They soon came upon a picket line of the enemy, and sharp firing began. Stuart, without waiting further, ordered the whole line to attack. Archer's Brigade, about 1,400 strong, in advancing through the pine thickets, drifted to the right and gradually opened a gap between it and McGowan's Brigade, emerging from the forest alone and in front of the enemy's rear guard. A sharp action ensued, while Archer extended his right and threatened the enemy's rear, forcing the battery to retreat. He then charged and captured one hundred prisoners, and forced the abandonment of four of the guns.

He attempted to push his advance much farther, but was

checked by the Federal artillery and the rear brigade, Graham's, of Sickles column. After two efforts, realizing that his force was too small, and leaving one of his captured guns, he fell back to Hazel Grove ridge, about 6:30 A.M. This was now being occupied rapidly by Confederate guns placed in position by General Alexander. The latter soon found these guns could enfilade the adjacent Federal lines.

The first assault had been made along the whole line of Hill's division. The advanced Federal line crossed the Plank Road and was held by Williams's Division of the Twelfth Corps, Barry's of the Third Corps, and Hays's of the Second Corps. In rear of the front line was a second line near the edge of the forest. Across the small stream and along the edge of the elevated plateau, the Federal artillery had been strongly entrenched during the night, making a third line. The two divisions from Hazel Grove, with their batteries, were brought up in rear of their forces already holding their front to the west. This whole front, from north to south, was scarcely a mile and a quarter long. It was defended by about 25,000 men, and it was being attacked by about an equal number. The Confederates, however, had the hot end of the affair in having to take the aggressive and having to advance upon breastworks protected by abatis and intrenched guns.

In his first assault, Hill's Division, now commanded by Heth, after a terrific exchange of musketry, succeeded in driving the Federals from the whole of their front line. They followed the retreating enemy and attacked the second line, where the resistance became more strenuous on the extreme right. After an hour's hard fighting, the whole line was forced back to the captured breastworks, with severe losses. It was clear that extreme efforts would be needed to drive the Federal force from its position. Stuart ordered thirty additional guns to Hazel Grove, and brought forward the second and third lines, putting in at once his last reserves. The Federal guns on the Fairview Heights were able to fire over the heads of two lines of infantry, and other batteries aided from the new position in which Hooker had established the First, Second, and Fifth Corps. This was so near the Confederate left that Carrol's and McGregor's brigades, of the Second Corps, with artillery, were sent forward to attack the Confederate flank, and were only repulsed after such fighting that they lost three hundred and sixty-seven men.

With the aid of the second and third Confederate lines, fresh assaults were made on both sides of the Plank Road, and the second lines of the Federal force were carried. But the Federal reserves were called upon, and again the Confederate lines were driven back, and countercharges south of the road again penetrated the gap between McGowan and Archer. Paxton's Brigade was brought across from the north and restored the situation at a critical moment; but Paxton was killed. Some of the Confederate brigades were nearly fought out, the three brigades being often massed in one, and they could only be moved by much example by their officers. Stuart himself was conspicuous in this, and was everywhere encouraging the troops with his magnetic presence and bearing, and singing, as he rode along the lines, "Old Joe Hooker, Won't You Come Out of the Wilderness." There can be no doubt that Stuart's personal conduct had great influence in sustaining the courage of the men so that when, at last, the Confederate artillery had begun to shake the Federal lines, there was still the spirit to traverse the bloody ground and storm the Fairview batteries.

Guns had been brought to Hazel Grove from all the Confederate battalions on the field—Alexander's, Carter's, Jones's, and McIntosh's. Perhaps fifty guns were employed

here, but less than forty at any one time, as guns were occasionally relieved or sent to the rear to refill. Their field of fire was extensive, being an oblique on both Federal artillery and infantry. Some ground had been gained on the Plank Road, Colonels Jones and Carter had also been able to establish ten rifle guns there, which enfiladed the Plank Road as far as the Chancellorsville House.

About nine o'clock the Federal artillery fire perceptibly diminished. Many of their guns were short of ammunition, and fresh ammunition was not supplied. At Stuart's last charge, the Federal lines yielded with but moderate resistance. The guns in the Fairview entrenchments abandoned them and fell back to the vicinity of the Chancellorsville House. The Confederate guns at Hazel Grove moved forward across the valley and occupied the deserted Federal positions, here making connection with Anderson's Division, which Lee was extending to his left to meet them.

The Federal force, driven out of their fortified lines, attempted to make a stand at the Chancellorsville House, but it was a brief one. There were no breastworks there to give shelter, and their position now was so contracted that the Confederate guns from three directions crossed their fire upon it. Hooker, in the porch of the Chancellorsville House, was put *hors de combat* for two or three hours by a piece of brick torn from a pillar by a cannon shot. No one took command in his place, and, for awhile, the army was without a head. (Some time subsequently, Hooker sent for Couch. The latter found him half a mile in rear of Chancellorsville House, lying in a soldier's tent by himself. Raising himself a little as Couch entered, he said: "Couch, I turn the command of the army over to you. You will withdraw it and place it in the position designated on this map." This occurred three-quarters of an hour after he was hurt.)

McLaws and Anderson had seen the Federals withdrawing from their fronts and pressed forward at the same time that Stuart's infantry crowned the plateau from the west. Some were cut off and captured on each flank, and a few guns also fell into the hands of the Confederates. During this fierce action, the sad burning of the woods on the north side of the Plank Road occurred. Exploding shells caused it, and the dry leaves spread the fire rapidly. Notwithstanding the earnest efforts to remove the wounded, some of these of both armies were burned.

About 10 A.M., General Lee, advancing with McLaws's Division, met Stuart with Jackson's Corps near the site of the Chancellorsville House, now a smoking ruin, for Confederate shells had set it on fire. It was doubtless a proud moment to Lee, as it was to the troops who greeted him with enthusiastic cheering. Both infantry and artillery were ordered to replenish ammunition and renew the assault, but information came from the rear which caused a change of program. Sedgwick's command broke through the flimsy line in front of it and was moving up the Plank Road. With all of his audacity, Lee could not afford to attack five corps entrenched in his front, while Sedgwick came up in his rear.

Though Sedgwick had been ordered to reach Chancellorsville by daylight on the morning of the 3rd he had not left Fredericksburg at that time. He finally assailed Marye's Hill and the noted sunken road, and was repulsed. Finally, by a ruse, the Federal forces obtained information as to the weak character of the line in its front and made a rush on the position, capturing it with all the guns on the hill. Upon the capture of Marye's Hill, Early, who was in command, ordered the withdrawal of his whole line of battle across the Telegraph Road, about two miles in the rear. Here he formed Gordon's, Hoke's, and Smith's brigades and the remnants of Barks-

dale's. Hays's brigade had been cut off, and, with Wilcox's, the two were in position to delay Sedgwick in his advance toward Chancellorsville. Wilcox retired slowly, delaying Sedgwick at Salem Church, where he had been notified that McLaws would meet him with reinforcements. Here a line of battle was formed consisting of McLaws's four brigades and Wilcox's. Here followed one of the most brilliant of the minor affairs of the war. Sedgwick's assaulting column was halted and suffered heavy loss. Brooks, commanding the division, reported the loss of nearly 1,500 men and officers. About night Early concentrated his whole division on the Telegraph Road.

General Lee assumed personal command of the forces opposing Sedgwick on the morning of the 4th, and Sedgwick was driven across the river at Banks's Ford. Again Lee's plans for the capture of Sedgwick's command failed in its execution.

The battle made by Stuart on the 3d has rarely been surpassed, measured either by the strength of lines carried or the casualties suffered in so brief a period. In Colston's Division, four brigades lost eight brigade commanders, three killed and five disabled. Three out of six of the division staff fell. In Pender's Brigade of Heth's (Hill's) Division, six out of ten field officers were killed or wounded. Confederate brigades rarely entered the field 2,000 strong, and casualties of 600 to a brigade were rarely reached even in battles prolonged over a day. Here, within six hours, five of the fifteen brigades lost over 600 each in killed and wounded. Lane's North Carolina Brigade lost 786; Colston's North Carolina and Virginia Brigade lost 726; Pender's North Carolina Brigade lost 626.

The battle of Chickamauga is generally called the bloodiest of modern battles. The losses given by Livermore in this are twenty-two per cent in the Federal army, and twenty-five per cent in the Confederate, in two days' fighting. Jackson's three divisions had a paper strength of 26,661, and their losses were 7,158, about 27 per cent. They were, doubtless, over 30 per cent of the force actually engaged. The losses in the Third and Twelfth Federal Corps, which composed the principal part of our opponents, were less, as they fought behind breastworks. Their strength on paper was 32,171; their losses were 4,703, being about fifteen per cent of the paper strength, and probably eighteen per cent of the actual.

Stuart's battle on the 3d was superb, and he is entitled to great credit for his brilliant achievement. It should not be overlooked, however, that he had a brave and efficient helper in Gen. E. Porter Alexander, whose previous service had been confined almost wholly to looking after the army ordnance. To his skill and energy is due, largely, the excellent part rendered by the Confederate artillery. Stuart's historian, Col. H. B. McClellan, makes the following acknowledgment:

"General Alexander's reconnaissance convinced Stuart that Hazel Grove was the key to the Federal line, and to this part of the field Stuart directed a large share of his personal attention on the morning of the 3d."

"Had General Lee been present on the left during the Sunday morning (3d) attack, and seen Stuart's energy and efficiency in handling his reserves, inspiring the men by his contagious spirit, and in the cooperation of the artillery with the infantry, he might have rewarded Stuart on the spot by promoting him to the now vacant command of Jackson's Corps. Stuart's qualities were just what was needed, for he was young and had boldness, persistence, and magnetism in very high degree."

During the period covered by the sketches, "Lee, the Peerless Soldier," the armies opposing him had as commanders McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and Hooker. Though Hooker

was not deposed until the 27th of June, 1863, he never commanded in another battle as army commander after Chancellorsville.

When General Lee returned from his trip to meet Sedgwick, he was determined to assail Hooker in his new position, and preparation was made to put it into execution on the 6th. "When the Confederates found the lines here deserted and the Federal forces gone, the Confederate engineers were amazed at the strength and completeness of the entrenchments. Impenetrable abatis covered the entire front, and the crest everywhere carried head logs under which the men could fire as through loopholes. In rear, separate structures were provided for officers, with protected outlooks, whence they could see and direct without exposure. "It must be conceded that Lee never in his life took a more audacious resolve than when he determined to assault Hooker's entrenchments. And it is the highest possible compliment to the army commanded by Lee to say that there were two persons who believed that, in spite of all the odds, it would have been victorious. Those two persons were Generals Lee and Hooker. For Hooker was already hurrying his preparations to retreat during the night."

[In the preparation of these sketches, the writer, in addition to his personal knowledge, which was extremely limited, though he participated in all the campaigns and was on the firing line in nearly every battle described, has obtained many of the facts used from "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," by Alexander. He has also drawn from, "From Manassas to Appomattox," by Longstreet; "Memoirs," by W. C. Oates; and "Battles and Leaders."]

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

MATTHEW THORNTON.

A surgeon, a colonel, justice of the peace, and first president of the Provincial Convention, were some of the offices filled by that versatile signer of the Declaration of Independence, Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire. The Sesquicentennial International Exposition in Philadelphia is commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the document.

Thornton was a native of Ireland, but he received his academic education in the schools of Worcester, Mass. He studied surgery under Dr. Groat and practiced his profession at Londonderry, N. H.

In the expedition against Cape Breton, in 1745, he served as surgeon among the wounded. Thornton's name was affixed to the address to the people of the colony which urged resistance to the crown in June, 1775.

The New Hampshire signer's opportunities for service to his country followed one another with rapidity. He was elected speaker of the General Assembly in January, 1776. He was appointed in September of the same year by the House of Representatives for one year as Delegate in Congress and took his seat in November of that year.

Thornton was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1776, and on January 10 of the same year he was appointed judge of the Superior Court of New Hampshire. He was elected to Congress in December, 1776. In 1780 he retired to a farm on the banks of the Merrimac.

SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

From a poor cooper to governor of Connecticut is a summary of the career of Samuel Huntington, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

(Continued on page 478.)

WHEN CHRISTMAS CAME TO JOURNEY'S END.

BY BEATRICE KENT, OAK PARK, ILL.

The short winter day was slowly waning. Down behind the Virginia hills the sun, a great red disc, sank gently from sight. A December brownness lay over the countryside; its crisp frostiness tinged the foliage, scant and feeble with the aging year, and in the great fireplaces at Journey's End the fresh backlog lay a flaming foundation for the fragrant pine knots that filled the air with their tangy scent.

Standing at a chintz-draped window in an upper room of this stately plantation home stood a young girl gazing dreamily out into the gathering twilight; but her eyes saw not the wide-clipped lawns and winding roadway, nor yet the clustering cabins of the negroes; rather they pictured a dusty highway and a gallant soldier riding toward Journey's End to redeem an old-time promise. Anne Vance dreamed as only romantic seventeen can dream, and who shall say that she had not a right to do so, for the horseman, hourly expected at Journey's End, was her cousin, Captain John Vance, of New York, whose splendid services at Minisink and Trenton had elicited commendation from General Washington himself.

The years had flown swiftly since those days and, as the echoes of the Revolution died away among the Virginia hills, the broad acres of Maj Samuel Vance yielded a plenteous return. There would be wealth, the Major said, for his two sons, Joseph and Andrew, and a generous dot for his beloved Anne. Then one day came a letter to the Major from his cousin, James Vance, in New York, reminding him of a promise made when Anne was a child that some day, when the little Virginia rose had grown into womanhood, she would wed John, her cousin, in Albany, and so unite the two American branches of the ancient house of Vance.

So it was arranged that John should journey into Virginia and spend Christmastide with his kinsfolk, none of whom he had ever seen.

It was of all this Anne was thinking, and a little pleasurable thrill of anticipation caused her heart to flutter fast as she turned from the window to greet her cousin, Mary Vaill, who entered the room in great excitement.

"Anne, Anne, he is on the highway; he will be here to-night," she cried.

"Who?" Anne spoke to gain time to recover her usual composure.

Mary stamped her foot impatiently.

"Who? Stupid. Who should it be but our cousin, your fiance, John Vance? Ah, la, I'll faint of it all yet."

Anne laughed.

"And how do you come to possess all this wondrous news cousin mine?"

"A messenger from John himself came on as courier to announce his approach."

"This cousin of mine doth truly travel as an emperor—or conqueror," and Anne's lip curled scornfully. "Mary, we must needs teach our cousin that 'tis not the same methods should be used to win a wife as to win a battle."

"Why, Anne," and Mary's large dark eyes met her cousin's gray ones in astonishment, "you speak as if you would treat our visitor unkindly, and you have so oft to me praised his valiant deeds and well-written letters. What has changed you?"

"I cannot say; but be assured, my sweet Mary, that I'll not be discourteous to my father's guest nor forget that he is my kinsman."

As night drew nearer and darkness settled down over Journey's End curiosity grew apace regarding the expected guest. It was several hours later when the visitor rode

up to the great entrance. With Captain John was his cavalcade, and when he had dismounted and entered the hall the genial host of Journey's End went forward to welcome his Northern kinsman. In the ruddy glow of the hall the two men met, and the stranger, who was tall and imposing, showed two rows of very white teeth as he smiled and responded to the Major's greeting.

A few cordial, courteous words, then, remembering the lateness of the hour and the temper of the cook who was weeping over the delayed dinner, Major Vance escorted his cousin up to the chamber assigned to him and there left him to the care of the Major's own valet.

Captain John must have executed one of the hurried toilets of his campaign days, for in much less time than the Major had expected the young man rejoined his host in the hall, and while they stood there the eyes of both were involuntarily turned up the wide oak stairway and the fair vision descending it.

Throughout all of Washington County—nay, of Virginia itself—could be found no sweeter nor more lovely being than Anne Vance. Now with excitement lending a new brightness to her eye and an added glow to her cheeks and the pink brocaded satin of her gown, a fair foil for the red-gold of her wonderful hair, it was no wonder that the young man watched her approach with an inward tremor.

"My daughter, this is your cousin, John Vance," and the Major led his visitor forward. Anne bent in a low curtsy and extended a slim white hand. Her cousin raised it to his lips, while his large dark eyes boldly challenged her gaze. Anne drew back—chilled—with a sense of disappointment. Still it was but momentary. Mary Vaill, descending, claimed attention, and soon all were seated about the table.

It was between courses that Anne was enabled to study her fiance, and every glance made him better known to her. That he was very handsome she was forced to admit. His features, though rugged and large, were well-shaped, and Anne decided that he must resemble his mother's family, for she could trace no resemblance to either her father or brothers. Captain Vance was an excellent conversationalist, his fund of small talk and amusing anecdotes appeared to be inexhaustible, and in spite of herself Anne listened with rapt attention.

"By the by," exclaimed the New Yorker, "I must not forget to tell of an adventure I had while riding through your Virginia mountains. Not so far from here I was set upon by a band of highwaymen. I and my servants managed to drive off all whom we had not slain, all save one, the leader. My man Hodge has him in chains and is guarding the desperado at this moment. I must ask you, my cousin, for some stout place in which to confine him."

The Major readily promised, and there were murmurs of sympathy and words of congratulation over his narrow escape. Throughout the evening Captain John devoted himself to Anne. He scarcely left her side, and his impetuous attentions were very flattering, and Anne was but a girl after all. It was nice to have a handsome stranger smile and sigh and speak eloquently for her alone. When good nights were said she went to her pillow and dreamed of him.

But her rest was troubled with intangible forebodings, and after tossing about uneasily, Anne rose with the dawn and seated herself beside the window and gazed with unseeing eyes into the future. Chancing to let her glance wander toward the paddock, she was horrified to see Pompom, her French poodle, racing gleefully back and forth over the muddy ground. Pompom must be rescued, chastised, and bathed without delay; and dressing herself hurriedly, Anne

sped down through the silent house and out to the paddock. At one end of the inclosure stood the jail or guardhouse where refractory slaves were sometimes confined as punishment, and as Anne approached it the curly plume of Pompom's tail disappeared within the stout barred door.

"Whatever shall I do?" she asked herself in dismay, and then stood listening intently to the low moan and incoherent muttering that floated out to her. She approached closer and peered within. The one bare room had an occupant. A tall man lay in a huddled heap upon the floor with his left arm doubled up under him in a queer, pathetic manner. His eyes were closed, and as he moved about in restless, feverish turnings, the heavy chains upon his wrists and ankles clanked and jangled upon the floor.

Anne stood in voiceless indecision. Then the willful girl, whose word was law with her devoted father and brothers, reached up to where the great key hung and in a moment had inserted it in the lock of the guardhouse door and unhesitatingly entered the cheerless place. There was deep pity in her heart as she knelt by the fallen man and gently turned him over. He might be a highwayman, but he was now but a suffering human being and at her mercy. No thought of harm to herself came to Anne and there was deep womanly pity in her voice as she asked softly:

"Are you in pain?"

The chin of the man, a chin covered by a week's stubble of dark beard, quivered. His thin, well-shaped mouth twitched and, after a brief fluttering his eyelids unclosed and Anne gazed into two very handsome brown eyes.

"Yes," the answer was a gasp. "My left arm—I think it is broken. They threw me in here last night, and I have lain upon it ever since. I cannot move, my feet are tangled in the chains."

Anne uttered an involuntary cry of pity, and her own white hands tugged at the chain, and at last she extricated the imprisoned limbs. That the stranger's surmise was correct and his arm had suffered a break she felt certain. There was a limpness about it that she had observed in the arm of her brother, Andrew, when his was broken while on the hunting field. She rose slowly to her feet and stood with loosely clasped hands gazing earnestly at the chained robber. He was suffering intensely she could observe. Great beads of sweated agony stood upon his forehead and formed an arch above his mouth. His strong white teeth were clenched in pain.

"I must go for help, your arm needs attention," she said, gently. "There is no surgeon near; but Dustin, a freedman, is clever at setting bones. I will call him."

"One moment," the stranger spoke courteously, as he rose with difficulty to his feet, "I must thank you for"—

She interrupted him coldly.

"I could not see a fellow being suffer, even though his crimes did bring him to bondage; I will send help."

"May I not know to whom I am indebted for this great kindness?" He spoke with humility.

"I am Mistress Anne Vance," and she swept through the doorway, leaving the robber to gaze intently after her re-creating figure.

She did not return. A grinning pickaninny captured the runaway Pompom and restored him to his mistress, while Dustin, a serious, kindly-faced negro, set the broken bone and administered a soothing draught and bade the chained man rest upon a hastily improvised couch.

When Anne descended to breakfast she found all assembled before her. Her brow was serene, her demeanor unruffled. The early morning incident in the guardhouse was known to

no one present. She returned the pleasant good mornings and allowed her cousin to seat her and give her most of his attention. By day he seemed handsomer than in the garish candle light and yet, involuntarily, she contrasted him with the lithe, straight figure and comely presence of the highwayman behind the barred door of his prison. Then, angry with herself, for Anne was very proud, she dismissed the thought and became more agreeable to Captain John and later rode him to Westwood, the home of her cousins, the Vails; and the afternoon was pleasantly occupied with writing invitations to a great ball to be given at Journey's End the following evening, and the servants rode through all the county and delivered the little pink-scented, three-cornered cards sealed with the crest of the Vances.

The romantic story of Anne's fiance coming all the way from New York to win her hand had spread like wildfire, and every one was anxious to meet the gallant soldier who had been decorated by General Washington himself.

The evening of the ball carriages began arriving early and the great house ablaze with lights donned gala attire in honor of the event. The long ballroom was a shimmering mass of silk and lace and color. From behind a bank of flowers and ferns musicians played the popular numbers of the day—stately, graceful minuets, daring, fluttering French waltzes, and the quadrilles and redowas so popular with the heavier matrons.

Major Vance, red-faced, and hearty, had a cordial welcome for every guest. Beside him stood Anne, a shimmering mass of white and silver. Her tiny pearl-embroidered slippers were impatient for the dance, her gray eyes shone and her gleaming, unpowdered hair made a brilliant spot of color. Captain John claimed her for the first dance, and every eye turned upon them as the couple took their places and the vivid rainbow hues became a whirling, swaying mass of rhythm.

The night grew older. Captain John was dancing with Miss Betsy Faye, of Baltimore, and Anne had just withdrawn into the conservatory with Allan Alstair when Dustin, the freedman, approached and begged a word with her. She excused herself to her escort.

"What is wrong, Dustin, that you thus intrude upon my pleasure?" she asked.

The old man bowed low.

"Miss Anne," he spoke almost in a whisper, "he's done took on very bad. Seems like he got a fever and like to die. All time he call 'Anne, Anne, where are you? Won't you come to me?' Never stop callin' fo' two hours. Ef yo' can come, Miss, I reckon it ud kind o' quiet him."

Anne started. This was indeed disquieting news. But she replied at once.

"I'll come. Wait for me, Dustin, in the side hall." She went back to Alstair.

"I'm sorry, Allan, but a household matter claims my attention for half an hour. Will you so inform Captain Vance when this dance has ended?"

Her partner acquiesced and she moved swiftly down the conservatory and through the wide hall to where the freedman stood waiting. It was but a short journey to the guardhouse, and very cheerless it looked with its bare whitewashed walls, lighted by one flickering candle flame. Upon the rude couch, tossing in wild delirium, lay the captured highwayman. The chains had been removed and the broken arm lay inert upon his breast. His eyes were closed, but his lips moved constantly with the one repeated prayer: "Anne, Anne, come to me, Anne, Anne."

It was a striking contrast, the bare, prison cell, the restless

sufferer on the low couch, and the lovely, richly gowned girl whose pride of birth was forgotten in womanly pity as she gently clasped in both her own the groping hand and bent over the sick man.

"Who is Anne?" she asked softly.

The babbling cry ceased, the brown eyes unclosed and, gazing into her gray ones, held them with some strange, magnetic force.

"Anne was an angel who came to me once." The words were almost a whisper. "Don't leave me," the long fingers closed over hers, the cry was agonized.

"No, no. Do not fear. I'll remain. Just try to sleep." She spoke hurriedly.

"God is good, he brought you to me," again the eyes closed. Anne was startled. What power had this highway robber that his voice could thrill her and his touch send a stream of fire through her veins. She drew back involuntarily, and the sick man thought she was about to go.

"Anne," he implored, "don't leave me. I love you. Do you hear, I love you. No woman has kissed me since my mother died, Anne, kiss me once and I shall be content to die."

"No, no." Anne was shocked. Her reserve was rapidly becoming shattered. The candle spluttered and swayed by a passing breeze. Dustin paced to and fro outside the door. Faintly to her ears came the strains of music from the mansion house. Anne felt as if under a spell. She looked down to find two handsome brown eyes pleadingly eloquent. She could never explain the impulse that caused her to bend and press her lips softly to the smooth, tanned forehead of the prisoner.

"Rest, sleep," her voice was tremulous. "I will return tomorrow."

(Continued in January number.)

THE LINCOLN PICTURE IN THE SOUTH.

(The following is taken from a protest made by the Confederate veterans of Birmingham, Ala., against the showing of the moving picture, "Abraham Lincoln," which presents history in an untrue light and distorts facts. This part of the protest is given that all may realize the harm which is done by having such untruth brought before the children of the country as historic fact. It is hoped that this publication will open the eyes of parents as to the general trend of teaching at the present time, from which the children of the South are getting the wrong viewpoint of the South's struggle for independence. Let them have the truth, whatever idols may fall.)

"Until the North and the South are willing to accept the truth of history, there can be no peace. Falsehood must cease, or the war will continue forever."—*Mildred Rutherford*.

Hatred and sectionalism will live as long as there are writers and teachers of false history. The Confederate veterans passed resolutions condemning the Lincoln picture, and many persons have asked why they objected to it. This is the answer:

The picture makes the equivalent of a direct statement that the South wanted war. This is sufficient to condemn it and brand all who approve and commend it as teachers of false history that injures and defames millions of American citizens.

Justice to the children of America demands that they be taught the truth. If the picture is not true, it should not be shown; if the books are false, they ought to be destroyed.

The picture teaches that Lincoln was a God-loving Christian and a holy saint; so good that he could do no wrong; so

honest that he could deceive no one; so wise that he could make no mistake; so patriotic that all who opposed him were traitors. It leads children and people who do not know to believe that Lincoln was so great and good that all who were not with him were fools and criminals.

It teaches that the Southern people hated the flag and free government and loved war and slavery; that they were bloodthirsty and war hungry and eager to fight.

That Lincoln was a saint and that the people who opposed him were savages. "Lincoln allowed the war to be prosecuted by inhuman methods; he made medicine and salt contraband of war; he refused the exchange of prisoners. Why should a section which he ravaged with his armies be turned into a shrine for his worship?"

That the South should bear all the blame for the crime of beginning the war. There is evidence enough written by friends of Lincoln to prove that much of the blame was his.

That Lincoln was an honest man. The route from Springfield to Washington was 780 miles; Lincoln charged the government for 1,626.

That he was so noble all good men loved him; but the ministers of his home town voted against him.

That he was the South's best friend; but he had no word of condemnation for John Brown.

That he was so holy he hated the sight of evil; but some of his most intimate friends and associates were disreputable crooks.

That he was so pure he could not sin; but he sold whisky and swore under strong provocation.

That he was against war; but he objected to the State of Illinois sending delegates to a peace conference called by the governor of Virginia.

That he and his party had no enmity toward the South; but when the names of the Southern States were called at the convention which nominated Lincoln the delegates hissed.

That he was a friend of the negro; but the Southern people have been called brutal and barbarous for saying the same things about the negro that Lincoln said.

That he was perfect and faultless; but his friends destroyed a book written about him by his law partner, a man who Lincoln said was his best friend and knew more about him than anyone else.

That he was America's most honorable man; but in 1859 he lent money at ten per cent and came into possession of seven-teen lots and ten acres of land.

That he was far above other men in strength and ability; but the cultured statesman, Adams, went away, after an interview, as did many another, "heart-sick that the country's destinies were in the hands of such a man."

That he was pure and holy like Christ; but men who had no cause to misrepresent him, said he "seemed bent on making a hit by fair means or foul." He never hesitated to tell a coarse or even outright nasty story if it served his purpose.

That he was the great conciliator; but in 1860, when every one else was talking of peace, Lincoln and his friends were talking of war. Douglas said that Lincoln's speeches were "a virtual declaration of war upon the Southern States, revolutionary and destructive of the existence of this government, and inviting a warfare between the North and the South to be carried on with ruthless vengeance until the one section or the other shall be driven to the wall and become the victim of the rapacity of the other."

That he was a man of wisdom and knowledge; but he called for 75,000 volunteers to force the South back into the Union.

That he was America's most patriotic citizen; but, because of his attitude toward the Mexican War, newspapers and

public meetings in Illinois declared him to be a second Benedict Arnold.

That he was a Christian; but when publicly accused of infidelity, he never denied it, and his wife said that he had no faith whatever.

That he was "God's Lincoln"; but he denied and ridiculed God and mocked and mimicked his prophets.

That he was a man among men; but he failed to appear at the time appointed for his wedding.

That he was against all evil; but when a bill was presented to the Illinois legislature to prohibit the sale of whisky, he moved to lay it on the table.

That he loved the Southern people; but at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., he spoke favorably of John Brown.

That neither Lincoln nor any of his friends ever gave the South cause to dislike the Republican party; but Senator Baker said: "We of the North control the Union, and we are going to govern our own Union in our own way."

That his soul was full of sympathy for suffering humanity; but he thanked Sheridan for the efficient manner in which he had destroyed life and property in the Shenandoah Valley.

That the South wanted war regardless of reason or consequence; but the only offers of compromise were made by the South and rejected by Lincoln and his party.

That he was a mighty man of unerring judgment and unflinching courage; but the commander of Fort Sumter asked for food on the 4th of March and got it on the 12th of April.

It is unfair to America to teach American children that Lincoln was all kindness and sympathy and the South was brutal and barbarous, and not to tell them that Lincoln was commander in chief of the army when Sheridan and Sherman were burning homes and destroying all food in Virginia and Georgia, and that old men and women and helpless children died because of this cruel crime.

That Lincoln's patriotism was superior to and far above that of any other American; but he allowed his son to be exempt from the draft. On request from Lincoln, he, without military experience or training, was commissioned captain and given a place on General Grant's staff.

That his love of truth and honor and fairness was so great it was impossible for him to do anything wrong; but Rhodes, the Massachusetts historian, said: "He used unconstitutional and treasonable methods to obtain his second election."

That he hated slavery so much that he would willingly have given his life to prevent its extension; but he said: "As to whatever springs of necessity from the fact that slavery is among us, I care but little. Nor do I care much about New Mexico, if further extension of slavery is hedged against."

That the South did all that was done to make the war; but Republican representatives signed a circular that was abusive of the slaveholder and revolutionary in its advice.

That he was the most Christlike man who has lived since the beginning of time; but when Emerson asked him if it were possible to practice law and always do as one would be done by, he gave an evasive answer.

That when he sent soldiers into the South, his only object was to save the Union; but he said: "If I allow the South to secede; where will we get our revenue?"

That so great was his love of liberty the very thought of slavery was repulsive to him; but he gave his approval to the unchangeable amendment to the Constitution making slavery perpetual in the United States.

That he was an intellectual giant; but he was foolish enough to say that the South could not secede, and then to say there would be no invasion of the Southern territory.

It is not giving the people of the South a square deal to say

that they began the war when they fired on Fort Sumter and not to say that they were, with a premeditated and a malicious purpose, angered, irritated, and driven to desperation by the deception of Lincoln and his agents, who would not deal fairly.

It is wrong to say that the people of the South began the war when they fired on Fort Sumter on the 12th of April without giving an explanation of the failure to resent the insult to the flag when the "Star of the West" was fired on in January.

It is an insult to American intelligence and patriotism to say that the people of the South wanted war and that Lincoln wanted peace. At the peace conference of February 4, 1861 Salmon Chase, there as the representative of Lincoln, made a speech that destroyed all hope of reconciliation.

It is a waste of time and money to teach history that is not true, or history that tells only half the truth. If it is history that Lincoln was the great American emancipator, it is also history that his emancipation proclamation was illegal and unconstitutional and only a military measure.

It is not right to teach American children that the people of the South forced the people of the North to fight in defense of the flag without telling them that Lincoln said to a delegation of Chicago citizens: "You asked for war, and I gave it to you."

It makes false history to say that Lincoln said, "You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors," and not to tell at the same time that Jefferson Davis said the same thing.

It is unjust to say that the South was eager for war and that Lincoln wanted peace, and not to tell the story of the battleships he sent secretly to South Carolina that were in sight outside the harbor when the first shot was fired.

It is un-American to say that the South was hungry for war and wanted to fight, that Lincoln wanted peace and was trying to avoid war, and not to say that his friends and advisors told him if he sent battleships to South Carolina he would begin war.

It is treason to teach American children that secession was criminal and the war a crime, that the South seceded and began the war, that Lincoln was so wise he made no mistakes, and not to say that in 1847 he advocated and upheld the right of secession.

It is a crime to call Lincoln the great conciliator and the South the great trouble maker, without saying that Lincoln said that he had no compromise to make with the South.

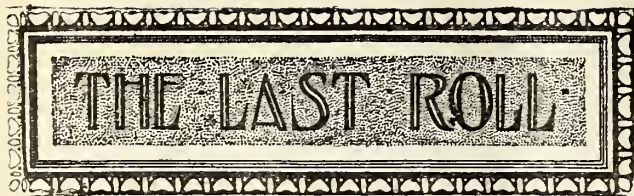
It is libel to say that the South wanted war and that Lincoln wanted peace, without saying that Lincoln opposed the Crittenden Compromise.

A true story of Lincoln and his connection with the beginning of the war cannot be written without telling about the letter he wrote to the commander of the battleship sent to Fort Sumter, in which he said: "You and I both anticipated that the cause of the country would be advanced by making the attempt to provision Sumter, even if it should fail, and it is not small consolation now to feel that our anticipation is justified by the result."

To get the real truth about Lincoln and the war it is necessary to give the opinions of men who are not filled with an insane desire to defame and belittle the people of the South. Lord Charnwood, of England, said: "The North had its full share of blame for the long course of proceedings that prepared the coming tragedy, and the most impassioned writers on the side of the Union during the Civil War have put that blame the highest."

It is also necessary to say that some of the most intelligent men of that time, who were Lincoln's friends, when they saw

(Continued on page 469.)



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.

"Sleep on awhile, you quiet throng;
 Soon will you hear a rising song,
 Your pulses beat to stir.
 Then comrades faithful, strong, and free
 United once again to be
 A radiant, deathless soldiery."

DR. JOHN ADAMS DRAKE.

On July 3, 1926, Dr. John Adams Drake, of Clarksville, Va., answered the last roll call and his soul joined his comrades in gray on the other side. Impressive services were held in his beloved Church, of which he was the senior deacon and with which he had affiliated the last forty-five years. The presence of many friends and the beautiful floral tributes testified to the love in which he was held.

Dr. Drake, son of John Quincy and Martha Anderson Drake, was born in Nash County, N. C., May 9, 1838. Francis Drake, a great nephew of Sir Francis Drake, married Mary Buckingham in England in 1721. A few years later they came over to Virginia with their son, James Drake, the great-grandfather of Dr. John Adams Drake, but later moved to Nash County, N. C. James Drake became a prosperous planter and landowner, and both he and his son, Albriton, took a prominent part in the Revolutionary War, account of which is given in an old North Carolina history. His grandfather, Benjamin Drake, and father, John Q. Drake, were also successful landholders, and their descendants still live on the land which their ancestors first settled.

Dr. Drake graduated from the Columbia Medical College, Washington, D. C., a short time before the outbreak of the War between the States. After arranging affairs at home for his recently widowed mother, he enlisted as a Confederate soldier, and in 1863 became captain of Company H, North Carolina Volunteers, the first company raised in the county, and led them in many battles of the war. He was stationed in a hospital at Gordonsville, Va., and for twelve months his company was detailed there as military police guard. Later the company was called back to the firing line, and for conspicuous bravery was commended by President Davis personally. Ten days before the surrender Dr. Drake was captured and sent to Fort Delaware, and from there, after three months of great suffering from hunger and other hardships, he was sent to Philadelphia, from there to make his way home. Dr. Drake married Miss Euphemia Hamilton, daughter of Charles Hamilton, of Burnside Manor, Vance County, N. C., and in 1883 moved to Clarksville, Va., where for nearly forty years he was engaged in the drug business, with office practice. Although quite infirm in the last two years of his life, he was still keenly interested in the affairs of his Church and community. His life was one of the truest examples of Christian living.

JOHN JAMES MOORE.

Died at his home in Keytesville, Mo., on April 29, 1926, John J. Moore, at the age of eighty-six years. He was laid to rest with the battle flag of the Confederacy draped around the casket, the flag he fought under four years for his country's rights. He enlisted under Gen. Sterling Price, his neighbor and close friend, and fought under him in every battle from Lexington, Mo., until they were transferred to the Tennessee army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Cockrell's Brigade. After the fall of Vicksburg, the 2nd and 6th Missouri, of Cockrell's Brigade, were consolidated. His love for the Southern cause was deep and abiding, and the memory of every comrade was tenderly treasured.

John J. Moore was identified with the development of Charoton County for many years. He was one of the builders of the famous horse car line of Keytesville and managed it thirty years. He was actively engaged in politics and served as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of his county for twenty-five years. He was also chairman of the second district congressional committee for several years.

GEN. J. B. MARSHALL, U. C. V.

Camp Wilcox, U. C. V., has again been called upon to register the passing of a valued member, a true and loyal Confederate, in the death of Gen. J. B. Marshall, which occurred at Birmingham, Ala., on the night of October 12, 1926.

He was the son of Matthew Marshall, a wealthy farmer of Gaston, in Sumpter County, Ala., born July 21, 1845. He enlisted on July 15, 1862, with Capt. James A. Bryant, as a private of cavalry, Company B, 56th Alabama Regiment, under Col. W. C. Boyles, Ferguson's Brigade, Joseph Wheeler's command, and served to the close of the war in May, 1865.

In its memorial resolutions it is said that the "Association has sustained a great loss, and Camp Wilcox loses one of its best members. He was a polished and educated gentleman, with many good and noble traits. A true Southerner, who loved the cause for which he fought bravely for three years, always ready to defend it. He was strictly truthful and honest; a man who always stood for the right, never losing his love for his friends and country, and, above all, the ideals for which he fought."

That we bow our heads in deep sorrow to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

[A. M. South, R. E. Wiggins, Committee.]

CAPT. JAMES KOGER.

The following is taken from an editorial tribute by the *Paducah News*:

"A Gallant Soldier and Citizen.

"A man who played well the part of a good citizen in peace and war was Capt. James Koger, who died at the ripe age of eighty-one years. During the War between the States, he served his native Southland gallantly and was not only a brave, but an intelligent soldier, who was entrusted with responsibilities. After the war he assumed the duties of peace with equal gallantry and success. He was a gentleman of the old school whose presence in any community's citizenship was such as to enrich it. Paducah, such as has known him for a generation, was proud of this quiet, useful, honorable citizen. When death comes to a good and useful life, such as Captain Koger lived, it comes as a benediction. He is gathered to his Father to be given merciful rest from the burden of old age, which he bore with the same courage that he carried the sword of the South in the armies of Cheatham, Johnston, and Hood during the terrible years of civil war."

CAPT. H. D. WATTS.

Enshrouded in the uniform of gray which was dearest to his heart, Capt. H. D. Watts, of Americus, Ga., was laid to his last long rest after eighty-five useful years in the service of his country, county, and city.

He was born in Monroe County, Ga., February 6, 1841, his parents removing to Americus when he was about six years old. When nineteen years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of the Sumter Rifles, of which J. M. D. King was captain, and on June 11, 1861, his company left for Atlanta and there joined the 9th Georgia Regiment under Colonel Golden. From Atlanta, the regiment went to Winchester, Va., and became a part of Johnston's command, which participated in the first battle of Manassas. He remained in camp near Manassas all the summer of 1861, spending part of the time in the hospital. In January, 1862, he was granted a furlough and went home for two months' rest.

His health recovered, he returned to his command and took part in the battles of Yorktown and second Manassas, and was later in the Maryland Campaign of the same year. In 1863 he met the Yankees near Suffolk, Va., and later joined Lee's army at Culpeper Courthouse, and from there to Gettysburg on the 2nd of July, 1863. After lying wounded all night, he was captured and sent to Davis Island, N. Y., then transferred to Bedloe's Island, N. Y., from there he was transported to Point Lookout, Md., in January, 1864. He was exchanged and went back to Richmond about the 1st of May; and was at home on a two-month furlough when the surrender occurred.

At Milford, in Baker County, Ga., Captain Watts was married to Miss Mary Hammond in October, 1867; she died in December, 1924. Surviving him are five daughters and two sons.

For some ten or twelve years, Captain Watts had been treasurer of Sumter County, and his management of the financial department of the county was highly satisfactory. Since boyhood he had been a member of the First Methodist Church, and for many years an official of it. He also acted as city alderman for several years, was a Mason, and a member of the Patriotic Sons of America.

R. G. ANDERSON.

Robert Groves Anderson, one of the few Confederate veterans of Woodstock, Va., died at his home there early in November.

As a boy, Robert Anderson enlisted in the Confederate army, serving first as a drummer boy in the 7th Virginia Cavalry, and later in the ranks to the end of the war. One brother, Martin Luther Anderson, lost an arm at Chancellorsville. He was of one of the leading families of Woodstock in its early days. His father was Alexander Anderson, a brilliant attorney, who lost his life in a steamboat explosion on the Sacramento River in California in 1855; and his mother was a member of a prominent Virginia family.

For fifty-eight years Comrade Anderson was treasurer of the Emanuel Lutheran Sunday School, at Woodstock, and for a long period of years he was treasurer of the Shenandoah Fire Company. He was chairman of the pension board for Shenandoah County, and was always interested in the welfare of his comrades of the Confederate army. Probably no one in Woodstock was better acquainted with the early history of the town, and no one was more eager to serve his fellow men. He was a Christian gentleman in all that the word implies.

Comrade Anderson is survived by a sister and several nieces and nephews, who were ever solicitous of his comfort and to whom he was devoted.

SOLON M. BOWMAN.

Solon M. Bowman, a gallant Confederate soldier who never surrendered after four years of valiant service, died on June 20, 1926, at his home near Timberville, Va., at the age of eighty-two years.

At the outbreak of War between the States, Comrade Bowman, then a lad of seventeen, entered the Confederate service as a substitute for his father, David Bowman, serving two years in that capacity. He was in charge of his father's teams with the Southern forces.

After engaging in the seven days' fight around Richmond, Bowman accompanied General Jackson's forces to Gordonsville, Charlottesville, and Staunton. When the detachment neared Harrisonburg on July 20, 1861, Bowman volunteered and was assigned to Company H, 12th Virginia Cavalry. His first battle was that at Brandy Station in 1863, following which he was promoted to corporal.

He was twice wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, but was not captured.

On the morning of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Bowman delivered one of the last dispatches to Gen. J. B. Gordon. When the news spread that the Confederates had surrendered, Bowman and a companion ran away, crossing the James River at Lynchburg, and walking home. He never surrendered to the Union forces, even in name.

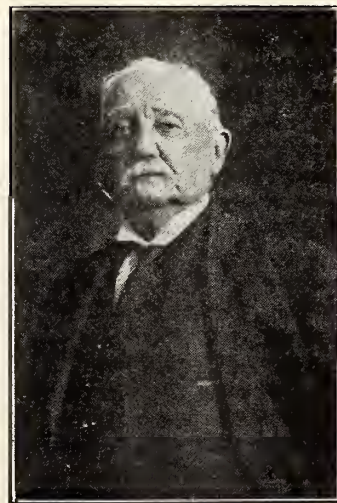
Born near Timberville on July 11, 1844, he was a son of David and Annie Bowman and spent virtually his entire life in the same community. He was a successful farmer and business man and had led a retired life for some years.

He was a devout member of the Lutheran Church, an officer in the Rader's congregation for more than sixty years. Church affairs commanded much of his time, but he was never too busy to attend to them.

His wife, who was Miss Mary Arehart, died some years ago.

W. C. GUPTON.

W. C. Gupton was born in Franklin County, N. C., May 15, 1841. In May, 1861, he enlisted in Company G, 15th North Carolina Regiment, and patriotically carried a gun through all the vicissitudes of his company in the Army of Northern Virginia until the 9th of April, 1865.



W. C. GUPTON.

After the war, he located as a merchant in Rocky Mount, Edgecombe and Nash Counties, N. C., and married Miss Mollie Thomas, and they reared a family of one son and three daughters, all now happily married and with prosperous families. Mrs. Gupton, now an octogenarian, is still living and in good health.

Comrade Gupton lived a successful life, attending strictly to his own affairs, a man of character without suspicion of stain. After a brief illness of but a half day, he died on September 2, 1926, in the full assurance of a blessed resurrection.

[His comrade, John H. Thorpe.]

CHARLES E. BEIDLER.

Charles E. Beidler died in Baltimore, Md., on October 11, 1926. He was a native of Page County, Va., and only recently sold his home at Luray with the intention of making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Caldwell, in Mount Vernon, N. Y., his wife having died some years ago. While on his way to his daughter's home, he stopped over a few days with friends in Baltimore, where he became ill. His body was sent to Luray and interred by the side of his wife. A few of the remaining members of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., were in attendance and placed a Confederate flag on his grave.

Charles Beidler was born November 19, 1847, and in his teens served with Mosby's Rangers. At one time, while guarding a squad of Federal prisoners in a barn, he, single-handed, foiled their attempted escape. One of the prisoners, whose life Mr. Beidler spared, presented his youthful captor with a golden trinket as a mark of gratitude, and he had this gift fashioned into his wife's wedding ring.

Comrade Beidler was for a number of years Commander of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, No. 89 U. C. V., and was holding that office at time of his death. Only eight members of the Camp are left.

Henry C. Shenk, a former member of the Camp, answered to the last roll call at his home in Luray in August, 1926, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a member of Company D, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, Hampton's Division. [P. M. Kauffman, Luray, Va.]

CHARLES S. MCDOWELL, SR.

A greatly honored and beloved citizen of Eufaula, Ala., was lost in the death of Charles Samuel McDowell, Sr., whose service to the world was no less great though so quietly given. In all things he acted an honorable part, and gave the example of a useful and beautiful life.

He was born in Greeneville, East Tennessee, in March, 1845. His ancestors were from the Highlands of Bonny Scotland, and from them he had inherited those characteristics that made him the polished gentleman, finished scholar, and a man of cultured taste, all revealed in a most delightful personality. His genial smile, cordial greeting, wide store of information on topics worth while, and broad Christian attitude made him conspicuous in life and his memory a joy of the old friends who miss him sorely.

He served throughout the War between the States as a member of Lynch's Battery, 1st Tennessee Volunteers, with honor, and with all the passing years has been a loyal, enthusiastic Confederate veteran. For many years he was Commander of the Barbour County Camp of Confederate Veterans at Eufaula, and was always ready to work or talk in the interest of his comrades. He was postmaster of Eufaula for nine years under the Wilson administration.

He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, which he loved and long honored with faithful and efficient stewardship. He went to Eufaula in 1867 and from then has been one of her most helpful and outstanding citizens.

He was married in 1870 to Miss Margaret McKay, of one of Eufaula's old distinguished families, and their beautiful home had been a social center. Six children were reared in that home—four sons and two daughters—all a credit to their parents and to their town. The four sons and two sons-in-law were his pallbearers.

JOHN D. JARVIS.

Just at twilight on August 26, 1926, John D. Jarvis, of Lovett, Fla., was called to come up higher and inherit the

reward prepared for him. He had been a sufferer for some four years, but death came suddenly.

When but a lad, John D. Jarvis had enlisted in Captain Bryan's Company D, 1st Regiment, Florida Reserves, May 2, 1864, and served to the close of the war, and was paroled on May 15, 1865, at Madison, Fla. He was an esteemed member and the beloved Adjutant of Camp Colquitt, No. 1544 U. C. V., at Madison.

After funeral services in the Primitive Baptist Church at Madison, of which he was a member, he was laid to rest in Harmony Cemetery of that Church, lovingly attended by his comrades, family, and friends.

CAPT. G. W. KURTZ.

Capt. George W. Kurtz, of Winchester, Va., one of the last of the commissioned officers of the original Stonewall Brigade of the Confederate army, died on November 14, after a long illness, at the age of eighty-nine years. He is survived by his wife and four daughters.

Captain Kurtz came of fighting stock and was a Virginian of straight descent for nearly two hundred years. His grandfather, Adam Kurtz, belonged to Gen. Daniel Morgan's famous "Dutch Mess," and was one of those who marched from Winchester in 1775 to the siege of Quebec, where they were imprisoned. His father, Isaac Kurtz, served in the war of 1812.

He had been commander of Turner Ashby Camp, Confederate Veterans, twenty-five years. When American soldiers were going to France, nine years ago, he wrote Adjutant General Mickle, of the United Confederate Veterans, that he "would like to go over with the boys in khaki."

He was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform in Mount Hebron Cemetery, of which he was one of the original trustees. He was also on the Board of Trust of the Handley Foundation, which handles over two millions of dollars for educational purposes.

JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

A gallant soldier and an honored citizen has joined the hosts of gray in the passing of John W. Williams, who died on October 5, 1926, at the home of his son, Robert H. Williams, Cedarcroft, Baltimore, Md. Funeral services were conducted at the Chapel of the Nativity of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which denomination he was a lifelong member. He left a son, two daughters, and three grandchildren.

Among the many floral tributes of loving friends, was a cross of red and white roses modeled after the cross of honor he wore, and another of the same color after the battle flag of his battalion. A beautiful thought! How proud he would have been if he only could have known.

His passing was a great grief to family and friends, especially the survivors of his company, only seven of whom are now left, four of whom it was my pleasure to entertain but a few weeks before his death, at which time he called the roll of his company alphabetically from memory. The other two were O. H. Perry, of the Pickett-Buchanan Company, of Norfolk, Va., and Hobart Aisquith of this city. They all enlisted in Capt. George M. Emacks Company B, of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, of Stuart's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, in 1862.

"Johnny" Williams was always present when things were going on, and he and I were the only two of one hundred and six men that were neither killed, wounded, nor captured (not counting the half hour or so until he escaped at Monterey Gap in defense of Ewell's wagon train after the battle of Gettysburg).

It was during vacation of the second year of the war that so many of Maryland's sons joined the army of the Confederate States. The first year found most of them at school, then the cry for help appealed to their patriotism and duty.

Our friends of the South could hardly appreciate what it meant for them to volunteer at a time when it was no child's play, with the natural boundaries of the Potomac River and the Chesapeake Bay to overcome in frail, open boats in the face of hostile gunboats and cavalry patrols—a test of nerves greater than the danger of a battle. Once safe across the lines then a tramp overland to Richmond was a part of the act of volunteering at that stage of the war.

There we found our own cavalry horses, our Colt revolvers made in Hartford Conn., and our Chicopee sabers made in the town of that name in Massachusetts, paid for by Maryland money shipped to Cuba and from there to Nassau and on to Wilmington, N. C., in a blockade runner. Then with just one month's training at Charlottesville we were full-fledged troopers, born to the saddle so to speak, and from that time they were always found in to the forefront until the end and then some, for they broke through the enemy's lines at Appomattox and never surrendered, nor did they take their paroles until after the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina. But since then Uncle Sam has had no more loyal sons than those gallant volunteers.

Next to my young soldier brother, I loved Johnny Williams for the many noble traits of character he possessed, because it was my privilege to see more of him than others less fortunate. That brother of mine was captured and spent many weary months in Northern prisons, as was the fate of so many of that company. Others were wounded, some two or three and four times, thus depriving their comrades of their aid and comfort.

[Theophilus Tunis, Pikesville, Md.]



MRS. ADDIE HYDINGER DENNIS,

Wife of Maj. Jere Dennis, of Dadeville, Ala., died suddenly on October 20. She was Treasurer of her local Chapter, U. D. C., and prominent in local club life. Major Dennis is Commander of the Fifth Brigade, Alabama Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

W. H. KEY.

Another member of the Fitzgerald Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., has passed "over the river." On the morning of November 9, death came to W. H. Key as he was attending to his daily duties on his farm near Paris. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and four daughters, also twenty-nine grandchildren. Comrade Key served with Company F, 46th Tennessee Infantry.

[P. P. Pullen.]

THE LINCOLN PICTURE IN THE SOUTH.

(Continued from page 465.)

what he intended to do, said: "If he sends a fleet of battle-ships to Fort Sumter, he will be called an instigator of war. The country and posterity will hold him just as responsible for beginning the war as if he struck the first blow."

Histories and historical pictures teach that the people of the South began the War because they fired the first shot; but some of the world's great historians have said: "The aggressor in war is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders force necessary."

If it is true, as history states, that Lincoln could not increase the army without being an instigator of trouble between the sections, it is also true that he could not send an army to South Carolina without being a provoker of war.

If it is true that Lincoln would have been a blood-thirsty savage had he sent troops overland through Virginia and North Carolina to Charleston, it is also true that he was not trying to avoid war when he sent soldiers to South Carolina by sea.

A history of Lincoln and the beginning of the war that does not tell the story of John Brown is valueless.

WOMEN HEROIC.

BY RAOUL DORSEY, S. C. V., OAKLAND, CALIF.

We who were born in the land where the mocking birds
Lift up their voices in peans of praise,
Were taught by our fathers to glorify womanhood,
And gallantly serve them through all of our days.

Women heroic! Through all of eternity,
Praises will rise in the hearts of the sons;
Your deeds will be touched by the light of divinity,
For ever the cook pots were forged into guns!

The patchwork balloon that the Yankee folks marvelled at,
Pieced out of silks that you generously gave,
Though you wore linsy-woolsey, you were ready to sacrifice
All—to the land, when the hour was grave!

The fields that were tilled by the fingers of gentle folk
Helped feed an army that fought for a cause;
Seeds that were sprinkled by dainty white finger tips
Sprang up defiant of nature's own laws.

Women heroic! When fire swept the countryside,
Spread by a vandal en route to the sea,
Your voice raised the men from the slough of despondency
And planned for a South that was then yet to be!

I am proud of the land and its glorious womanhood,
Proud of the South and its Phoenixlike rise,
Proud of its sons who were taught in their infancy
Never to stoop to dishonor and lies!

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

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|---|--|--|--|
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All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

THE THIRTY-THIRD GENERAL CONVENTION.

It was against a colorful setting that the exercises of "Welcome Evening" of the thirty-third annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Richmond, Va., November 17-20, 1926, were carried out, and Richmond gave a most royal welcome to these patriotic visitors from all over the United States. They came from the haunts of Puritan and Cavalier, from the Pacific's golden strand and Mexico's sunny waters, all on one mission bent, and the eager interest of all was evidence of the importance of this gathering, while Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, and Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, known as "Mother Richmond," were magnets that drew and held.

With Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, General Chairman, presiding, after the invocation by the Rt. Rev. William Cahall Brown, the speakers of the evening were presented in order and gave of their best in eloquent greeting. Col. Charles R. Saunders, Attorney General, represented Governor Byrd, who was unavoidably absent, and gave the State's welcome greeting in eloquent periods; Capt. James Sheppard, Director of Public Safety, spoke for the city in behalf of the mayor; for the Confederate veterans of State and city, greeting was given by Gen. W. B. Freeman, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., spoke for the Sons; the Daughters of the Confederacy of Virginia welcomed their sisters through Mrs. A. C. Ford, President of the Division; while Mrs. Randolph gave greeting for the U. D. C. of Richmond, and Mrs. Charles G. Boshier spoke for the women's historical and patriotic organizations of the city. In response to these welcome greetings, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Georgia, expressed the appreciation of the great gathering. A beautiful picture was made in the presentation of the President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, who stood between the two flags, the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes, held by the convention color bearers, Miss Jessica Smith, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Jean Fox Weinmann, of Little Rock, Ark. Mrs. Lawton said that her position "symbolized the position of the Daughters of the Confederacy—on one side of them the beloved flag of the sixties, the flag of their fathers' glorious deeds and their mothers' bravery; on the other side the flag of a reunited country, in whose history they are justly proud."

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, presented the Honorary Presidents, who were: Mrs. Norman V. Randolph; Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, La.; Mrs. W. D. Mason, of Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Piedmont, Calif. Response to this presentation was made by Mrs. Youree. Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., Second Vice President General, presented the Past Presidents

General present, who were: Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Greenwood, Miss.; Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Paris, Tenn.; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. Roy Weaks McKinney, of Paducah, Ky.; Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York City; Mrs. C. P. Odenheime, of Maryland; and Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Americus, Ga. Response to this presentation was made by Mrs. McKinney. Mrs. Glenn Long, of North Carolina, Chairman of the Pages, presented them to the convention.

An ovation was given to Mrs. Norman V. Randolph upon her introduction to the audience, and in her acknowledgment of the tribute she made a happy suggestion that this be known as the "Jefferson Davis Convention," meeting in the city where he had borne the heavy burdens of leadership for the Confederacy; this suggestion met with the hearty appreciation of all present.

* * *

The first business session was held on Wednesday, November 17, a beautiful feature of which is the presentation of the State flags by the Division Presidents, and these flags added more color to the already colorful scene.

The report of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Chairman of the Credentials Committee, showed a voting strength of 2,423 for this thirty-third annual convention.

A special meeting of the Executive Council before the convention opened had restored the District of Columbia Division to membership with the same officers as in 1923.

Memorial Hour was held at the beginning of the afternoon session on Wednesday, with special memorial tributes to some of the prominent members of the organization who had passed during the year, of whom were: Mrs. Annie Whitfield Dowdell, of the Alabama Division; Miss Doriska Gautreaux and Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, of the Louisiana Division. The tribute to the United Daughters of the Confederacy was given by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas; and the tribute by Arthur H. Jennings to the Confederate Veterans and Sons was read by Mrs. Wilson Lincoln, of Massachusetts. The wreath of white flowers, one of which was placed for each State Division in memory of the dead of that State, was sent to the Davis square in Hollywood Cemetery.

PRESIDENT GENERAL'S REPORT.

The President General's report brought out many features of interest in the work of the organization, and she urged the membership to concentrate upon the special work for which they were organized. "Let us resolve to concentrate upon our work as defined in our articles of incorporation, and let us give to all worthy objects our sympathy and friendly good will. But let us avoid all entangling alliances," she said.

Speaking of the veterans and the women of the Confederacy, she said:

"The Confederate veteran is sacred to us. All that we do is done for his sake and to honor him and the cause he espoused. . . . There are lonely hearts to cherish among these veterans as the days are going by."

She discussed the "Children of the Confederacy," saying: "It is not only our duty to see that these children do not sing hymns of hate against their grandfathers, but to crush out any feeling of bitterness in their hearts against the foes of their grandfathers. . . . Keep your eyes on the children. They have their eyes on you."

She pleaded for support for the Jefferson Davis Highway, which extends through the capitals of the Southern States and on to the Pacific.

"We should keep it constantly and lovingly before us placing bowlders, marking spots along the way, planting local trees and shrubs, the red and white crêpe myrtle in North Carolina, the laurel and live oak in South Carolina, the long leaf pine in Georgia, and in each State those plants and shrubs locally known and loved."

Reports of the Division Presidents were given at the night meeting, and wonderful accomplishment in division work was reported.

* * *

Interest centered in the election of general officers on Thursday morning, which resulted as follows:

Officers reelected: President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton; First Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne; Third Vice President General, Miss Katie Daffan; Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Fred C. Kolman; Treasurer General, Mrs. W. A. Ramsey; Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury; Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service, Mrs. R. P. Holt; Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. Jackson Brandt.

Three new officers were elected: Second Vice President General, Mrs. P. H. Lane, Philadelphia; Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Alabama, as Recording Secretary General, and Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of Missouri, as Registrar General.

* * *

Following the report of the Historian General came the awarding of prizes won by individuals and Divisions, as follows:

The Raines Banner, for the best Division historical work, won by North Carolina, Mrs. John H. Anderson Historian.

The Jeanne Fox Weinmann Loving Cup, for greatest amount of historical work done in schools, won by Florida, Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, Historian.

The Orren Randolph Smith medal, for the best catechism for Children of the Confederacy, won by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas.

The Rose Loving Cup for the best essay on "Abolition, Northern and Southern Plans," won by Mrs. Texa Bowen Williams, California.

The Perdue Loving Cup, for the best essay on "Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy, His Imprisonment and Closing Days in Mississippi," won by Miss Anne Aycok, Jonesville, S. C.

Twenty-Five Dollar Prize given by Miss Bessie Ferguson Cary in memory of her father, for the best essay on "Mosby's Rangers," was won by Mrs. Mildred P. Church, of Virginia.

The Twenty-Dollar Soldier's Prize went to Miss Olive B. Newton, Pickens, S. C., for the best essay of the "Eightieth Division and Its Accomplishments in the World War."

The Martha Washington House Medal, given by Mrs.

Bennett D. Bell, for the best essay on "Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Wizard of the Saddle," went to Mrs. M. C. Milling, South Carolina.

The Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup was awarded to Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond, for the best essay on the "First Permanent English Settlement in America." Mrs. Ellyson is President of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities."

Twenty-five dollars offered by Mrs. C. F. Harvey for the best essay on "The Administration of Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General, U. D. C.," was won by Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg, S. C.

Twenty-five dollars, the Mary D. Carter Prize, for the best essay on one of three pamphlets, was won by Mrs. James M. Kelly, Wytheville, Va.

The Roberts Medal for the second best essay in any contest, was won by Miss Anne Belle Fogg, Frankfort, Ky.

Fifty dollars, offered by Mrs. M. A. Martin, of Memphis, Tenn., for the best essay on "Admiral Raphael Semmes, His Services to the Confederacy," went to Mrs. Carl W. McMahon, Livingston, Ala.

Fifty dollars offered by Mrs. Martin for best essay on "The Battle of Gettysburg," was won by Mrs. Bettie Magruder, of San Angelo, Tex.

These two awards are memorials to Mrs. Martin's grandfathers, Admiral Semmes and General Semmes.

The Alexander Allen Faris Trophy for the division recording the greatest number of members between the ages of 18 and 25 during the year was won by Georgia.

The afternoon of Thursday was given over to a visit to the Confederate Home of Richmond, where a bountiful luncheon was served by the two Richmond Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans, after which came a visit to the Battle Abbey and then a ride over the city was enjoyed, despite the drizzling rain which hid much of the beauty that would otherwise have been enjoyed.

Historical Evening came on Thursday night, presided over by the Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky. The address of the occasion was made by Dr. Fitzgerald Flournoy, of Virginia, Professor of English in Washington and Lee University. His subject was "A Southern South," and his plea was for the preservation of a distinctive South, not a section given over to aping others for commercial benefit or for a certain "culture."

The exercises were concluded by a pageant of "The Confederate Flags," written by Mrs. Chestney, of Macon, Ga., in which the parts were taken by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar and several members of the Richmond Blues, that famous crack regiment of Virginia.

Quaint costumes of the sixties were in evidence on this evening, worn by many of the State Historians, who were thus presented to the audience, after which there was a costume parade across the stage, which brought enthusiastic applause.

On this evening two Crosses of Service were bestowed by the U. D. C. upon World War veterans of Confederate ancestry, one of these going to Gen. Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the United States Air Service, who was there to receive it. Col. George M. Jameson, of Virginia, Inspector General's Department, owing to a recent transfer to Atlanta, could not be present to receive this honor.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL'S REPORT.

Registration.—In the Registrar General's office there are filed one hundred and twenty-four thousand papers. There have been added to the membership this year four thousand four hundred new members. Eleven hundred old members

who had not certificates have been registered. The President General has signed for this office 5,453 certificates of membership. The Recording Secretary General reports twenty-four new Chapters chartered this year and four charters cancelled. For the Children of the Confederacy the President General has signed 2,000 certificates of membership, making a total number of Children enrolled 16,965.

Jefferson Davis Highway.—This work has assumed national proportions and significance. Year after year the members of this committee, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, chairman, have labored faithfully and unceasingly on this great memorial until to-day it is an object of interest to the entire nation. . . . We should keep it constantly and lovingly before us, placing bowlders, marking spots along the way, planting local trees and shrubs—the red and white crêpe myrtle in North Carolina, the laurel and live oak in South Carolina, the long leaf pine in Georgia, and in each State those plants and shrubs locally known and loved. . . . Let us give generously of our fund for this memorial and let us make of it a thing so beautiful, a road so admirably constructed that it will attract the attention of all travelers and show forth to all people the high appreciation the women of this country have for the great patriot and statesman to whose perpetual memory it is dedicated.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

In making her report on the Jefferson Davis Highway, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, chairman, made three recommendations in behalf of this important work, as follows:

1. That the States select special trees and plant them on the Highway as soon as possible.
2. That the formation of the Jefferson Davis Highway Association, including both men and women, be vigorously pushed.
3. That some of the bronze tablets or markers in conspicuous places bear more than the name of the Highway and the organization which supports it.

The report on this Highway was most encouraging as to what had been accomplished so far. In North Carolina schools are cooperating in advertising the importance of the road, and a number of markers have been placed by that State and others. Georgia has five permanent markers and the place where President Davis was captured has been deeded to the State for a park. In almost all the States clear to the Pacific the work has been advanced, and with the increased appropriation by the convention for this work, the committee will have much more to report for 1927.

* * *

The convention will meet in Charleston, S. C., for 1927. Charleston is the home of Mrs. A. T. Smythe, a charter member of the organization and one of its early Presidents. As the Richmond convention was a special tribute to Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, the Charleston convention will honor Mrs. Smythe as well as the present President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton.

* * *

Of the many things accomplished by the convention in its last hours was the vote to establish a scholarship at Oxford University; to place a memorial to Father Ryan, the "poet-priest" of the South, in the new St. Mary's Church in Mobile, Ala.; the completion of the Maury Memorial Scholarship fund, which will be placed at Annapolis; subscriptions taken for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Fund for Needy Confederate Women to the amount of \$5,000; and it was reported that the \$5,000 pledged to the Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument Association, of which Mrs. E. E. Moffett is president, had

been paid and that the additional amount necessary for this monument had been subscribed by the men of Richmond, so there will soon be another handsome memorial to Southern valor in the capital of the Confederacy.

(Apology is made for the incompleteness of these notes, which have been hurriedly prepared for the December number. Any omissions will be looked after by the Editor of this department, and the social affairs of the convention will also have due attention.)

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—The Arkansas Confederate Home is perhaps the only State institution that turns part of its biennial appropriation back into the State treasury, due to the fact that the veterans have all they need for their care and comfort and the extra funds are not required. The institution has its own truck garden, laundry, ice plant, refrigerating plant, cold storage, and hospital, and the veterans receive sympathetic care and attention, which is more important to them than the small necessities of life. There are no rules and restrictions. They go and come as they please, go to bed and get up when they please, and doctors and nurses are on hand day and night to watch over them. They have more comforts, pleasures, and luxuries, in most cases, than they receive at home, but not more, by any means, than they deserve at the hands of a grateful posterity.

Strange as it may seem, sixty-one years after Lee surrendered, there is one mother of a Confederate soldier at the home. She is Mrs. M. H. Stroup, aged ninety-six. Her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Bridges, aged seventy-six, widow of a Confederate, also lives there. Strange, also, is the fact that when these old soldiers die, they are buried by the government in a national cemetery. Nowhere else, except at Springfield, Mo., are ex-Confederates buried in a national cemetery.

* * *

California.—Mrs. F. B. Harrington was elected State Historian at the meeting in San Diego. Mrs. Harrington was honored at the Birmingham reunion, being accorded all the honor and rank of a Division Commander, this never having been accorded a woman before. She represented the Pacific Division, U. C. V., and was chief speaker on the official program the second day of the reunion. California was additionally honored in that Mrs. Harrington was requested to write the resolutions on the death of the Commander of the Pacific Division, Maj. Gen. W. C. Harrison.

Mrs. A. T. Harris entertained Robert E. Lee Chapter, of which she is President, with an all-day party at her beautiful new home in the Hollywood Hills. The occasion was in celebration of the birthday of Admiral Semmes and was delightful in every way.

Mrs. S. R. Thorpe gave a luncheon in honor of the veterans at her beautiful home on Menlo Avenue on October 31. Over one hundred members of the Robert E. Lee Chapter were invited.

* * *

Maryland.—The James R. Wheeler Chapter was organized on Monday, September 24, 1924, at Baltimore, Md., named in honor of James R. Wheeler, son of James and Anne Barrett Wheeler, born May 21, 1843, at Cheltenham, England, and brought to the United States by his parents at the age of six years. His early military training was received with the Havre de Grace Cadets, which he helped to organize, and which was composed of young men of Southern sympathies. Soon after the beginning of the War between the States, he

crossed the Potomac and entered the Confederate lines, joining Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., in which he served until General Lee's surrender. He was captured and exchanged twice, at Stevens's Station and at the battle of the Wilderness, being confined in the Federal prisons at Point Lookout and at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Wheeler was the President of the Confederate Society of Maryland, President of the Confederate Woman's Home, and chairman of the Executive Committee of the Maryland Line Confederate Home.

The Chapter was started with ten charter members, is now two years old, and has grown to twenty-six members and is a helper in all work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

* * *

Missouri.—The twenty-ninth annual convention of the Missouri Division was held October 19–21, at the Robidoux Hotel, St. Joseph, Sterling Price Chapter hostess.

Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, President, eight officers, and one hundred delegates were present. All were most enthusiastic in their praise of the gracious hospitality shown throughout the convention.

The business sessions were most interesting, the reports showing the past year had been a busy one in all departments.

The report of Mrs. M. C. Duggins is always of interest, for her work, "Men and Women of the Sixties," is the work nearest our hearts.

The Confederate Home Memorial Park is another outstanding work of the division. The committee—Mrs. Leslie McElwee, Mrs. W. D. O'Bannon, Mrs. John W. Hoofs—reported having received hundreds of trees and shrubs during the past year. Much yet is to be accomplished; all donations are gratefully received.

Through the efforts of our President, Mrs. Hunt, the State highway has been routed through our park.

Mrs. W. F. Woods presided over the Memorial Hour. Loving tributes were paid to our deceased Daughters and Veterans by Mrs. Roy Cropper and Mrs. M. Dolan.

After the business session on Thursday, the delegates and convention visitors were taken for a motor trip over the boulevards, then to the home of Mrs. John Z. Logan, where the Southern Society of St. Joseph entertained with a charming tea in this beautiful colonial home. The moon was coming up over the hilltops when we left for our hotel to prepare for the "Historical Evening." Mrs. A. C. Meyer, of St. Louis, State Historian, presided at this meeting. Splendid musical selections and a reading were greatly enjoyed.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt; First Vice President, Mrs. W. C. Hughes; Second Vice President, Mrs. Frank Garner; Third Vice President, Miss Catherine Moore; Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. W. Gillham; Treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Wright; Registrar, Mrs. B. F. Johnson; Director of Children's Chapter, Mrs. Esther Spalding; CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press, Mrs. Allen L. Porter; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. H. T. Byres; Historian, Mrs. J. LeRoy Smith; Chaplain, Mrs. W. N. Dolan.

* * *

Louisiana.—The chief feature of the Louisiana Division for the past month was the Executive Committee meeting, held October 15, in Baton Rouge, at the home of the President, Mrs. L. U. Babin. Twelve officers were present, two absent.

Among the business matters was the indorsement of lending the fine historical collection of Louisiana U. D. C., compiled and arranged by Mrs. Bradt, Historian, to the "Dixie" Museum in the library of the new Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge.

New York.—The eleventh annual convention of the New York Division was held at the Hotel Astor, New York City, October 14.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. J. Harvie Dew, and after reports from the Chapters there was an election of officers to fill terms that had expired.

Mrs. Dew was unanimously elected for a second term. The Division has grown in interest and in numbers during her administration. Two beloved members and Honorary Presidents, Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Philips and Mrs. Eugene Frayer, having died during the year, a tribute was paid to their memory.

Among the guests at this meeting were many distinguished visitors, including two ex-Presidents General.

The Division's largest Chapter is the New York Chapter, of which Mrs. James Henry Parker is President. The other two Chapters, the Mary Mildred Sullivan and the James Henry Parker, are much smaller, but are very active and forward looking in their work.

Officers elected to serve the Division for the coming year are: President, Mrs. James Harvie Dew; First Vice President, Mrs. Charles Henry Topping; Second Vice President, Mrs. Morse Hubbard; Third Vice President, Mrs. Walter M. Brickner; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. L. Lewis; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. Wilbur Smith; Treasurer, Miss Adele O'Connor; Historian, Mrs. Richard K. Cantley; Registrar, Mrs. Thomas Allen Robertson; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. A. W. Cochran.

* * *

Pittsburgh.—Business arising at the recent meeting of Pittsburgh Chapter included discussion of the two scholarships presented by the Chapter to a boy and girl student at the University of Pittsburgh, and the formation of plans for the Dixie dance to be held in the Hotel Schenley on the night of November 26.

An address was given by Mrs. Walter Grace, of Macon, Ga., Past President of the Georgia Division.

An extensive program of entertainment was given, which included classic and novelty dances by Ethel Strauss, piano solos by Fred Colber, of New York, and vocal solos by Mrs. R. B. Wise and Miss Mazie Wright. Refreshments followed the program.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY.

General Topic: The Provisional Constitution of the Confederate Government. Sketch of Howell Cobb, President of Provisional Congress. Sketch of J. J. Hooper, Secretary of Provisional Congress.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY.

Catechism on Confederate States of America, based on "U. D. C. Catechism for Children," compiled by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (1912) and revised and enlarged (1920) by Miss Decca Lamar West in honor and loving memory of Mrs Stone.

These questions and answers will begin with the January VETERAN.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

| | |
|--|--|
| MRS. A. MCD. WILSON..... | <i>President General</i> |
| 209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga. | |
| MRS. C. B. BRYAN..... | <i>First Vice President General</i> |
| 1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. | |
| MISS SUE H. WALKER..... | <i>Second Vice President General</i> |
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| MRS. E. L. MERRY..... | <i>Treasurer General</i> |
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| 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La. | |
| MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD..... | <i>Historian General</i> |
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| MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..... | <i>Corresponding Secretary General</i> |
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| WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington..... | Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey |

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

The joyous Christmas season draws near, and to you, my dear, faithful coworkers, I would send a message of greetings and affectionate remembrance. We are passing the last lap of the old year, which we hope has brought happiness to every household. Let us count our blessings one by one, not unmindful that Providence has sheltered and protected those of us who linger here, and while many homes have had misfortune and sorrow has visited many, may we not raise our eyes to the "hills from whence cometh our strength," and take fresh courage to face anew the responsibilities of life? May the joyous notes, "peace on earth, good will toward men," ring out clear and strong, and may the peace that passeth understanding abide with each of you.

Yours in loving service,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The President General is pleased to announce the acceptance of Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley as editor of the C. S. M. A. Department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine. Mrs. Bradley will do her part in an intelligent and compensating way, and it is hoped that every Association will appoint a chairman to send such articles to Mrs. Bradley as may be of interest to other Associations, or matter that would be of value in a historical way for future preservation. Address all communications to Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., and send in to her at least two weeks before the magazine is issued for the following month.

The announcement is also made of the appointment of Miss Willie Fort Williams, of 333 Juniper Street, Atlanta, Ga., as general chairman for the Junior Memorial Associations of the C. S. M. A., to organize Children's Founders' Rolls for Stone Mountain. Every Junior Memorial member will want to have his name inscribed in the great book that is to be filled with the names of children of Southern ancestry from all over the world, and this great book is to be placed in the wonderful Memorial Room to be carved out of the heart of the granite at the base of the group of Davis, Lee, and Jackson. Miss Williams will gladly receive names and the one dollar fee which entitles to membership on the Founders' Roll.

Miss Isabel Heywood, a valued member, has gone. Many friends, and especially the official household of the C. S. M. A., are surprised and saddened over the great loss of our honored and loved State President of South Carolina, who was also President and the inspirational life of the Charleston Memorial

Association, Miss Isabel Haywood. Truly representative of the Old South, her exquisitely refined presence gave added charm to a beautiful dignity and gentleness of character which truly endeared her to those with whom she worked and planned for the cause so dear to her loyal heart. Filled with love for the South and all that it represented, inspiring her associates, her presence will be sadly missed. May her example find response in the call for service to carry on the work she held so dear.

THE LITTLE GRAY JACKET.

(The spirit of the South is illustrated in the following bit of history obtained from letters of James Darwin Carter, late of Atlanta, Ga., one of the youngest boys in the service of the Confederacy.)

The little gray jacket was made by the family seamstress. She was an expert, and it was well made. It was padded and lined with osnaburg and was trimmed with brass buttons. The little gray jacket and mutton-leg pants fit a little boy of thirteen and a half, and were worn through many thrilling and trying experiences.

This little fellow left school, and with Walter Gordon, younger brother of Gen. John B. Gordon, organized a company of boys, going with wagons into the country around his home town, Columbus, Ga., and making as much noise as possible to attract the country boys. They soon filled up the company and offered their services.

Near Atlanta, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston learned that the company was composed of boys from thirteen to eighteen, and he had it disbanded. They went home, scattered, and joined other companies. The little boy of the gray jacket helped to raise another company, this time of cavalry.

Gray Jacket was in many fights and skirmishes and scouting parties. It came into Atlanta one night about a week before Sherman burned the city. The little boy, with six other volunteers, went into Atlanta to get a Yankee, leaving their command several miles south of Decatur; but conditions were against them, and after getting about a mile inside the outer post and near Peacetree Street, one of the boys fell into a mudhole head foremost, and his companions had a time with him. In returning, the Gray Jacket and companions were forced to charge through a company of Yankees. They wheeled and ran them a mile or more, killing one man and a horse.

The Gray Jacket fought against Sherman until he went around Macon; he followed and fought him at Griswoldville in a peach orchard. While riding and fighting, the Gray Jacket was so tired he went to sleep and fell from his horse.

By this time, Gray Jacket had been cut with saber and shot and was stiff with blood. In Macon it was again to meet the advancing Yankees; met General Wilson under flag of truce and assisted in the surrender of Macon to keep them from cannonading the town. Gray Jacket and companions were taken prisoners while under flag of truce and were confined in a horse lot. While they were held there, President Davis was brought by as a prisoner.

After many trying days, the little boy returned home, and his mother laid carefully away the ragged remnants of the little Gray Jacket.

A WOMAN OF THE SIXTIES.

[A Tribute by Richard D. Stewart, in the *Baltimore News*.]

Death came suddenly the other day to one of the most remarkable women I ever knew. I refer to Mrs. Ellen M. Goodridge, of Norfolk, who was a sister-in-law of Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, one time superintendent of Baltimore's public schools and now spending the sunset of life with his beloved books and manuscripts in a quiet North Baltimore home.

She had other relatives here, besides many friends among the congregation of old Franklin Square Presbyterian Church, which she attended when she lived here some years ago and on occasions of her frequent visits to this city.

Small of stature, with cameo-like features, and looking as if she had just stepped from the pages of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Mrs. Goodridge's long life—she was well past the allotted span of fourscore years—was crowded with exciting incidents and filled with useful work. She literally "lived in" the War between the States. She saw the assault on John Brown's "fort" at Harper's Ferry in 1859; she knitted neckties and socks for the volunteers who responded to the call to arms in 1861; she nursed the sick and wounded in the hospital at Winchester while opposing forces struggled for possession of the town; she helped to carry furniture from her home when it was fired by Sheridan's cavalry.

Left a widow with four small children, she reared them as old-fashioned mothers were wont to do, studying Latin, Greek, and the classics with them. In later years the care of a large home kept her busy, but she still found time to visit regularly the unfortunate in hospitals and prisons. Nor was her facile pen idle, and her articles on timely topics and the glorious history of Virginia showed research ability and literary talent of a high order. It is given to few persons many years her junior to be so active physically and so alert mentally.

"One moment here, the next she trod
The viewless mansion of her God."

ONE WAR IS OVER.

The name of the grand champion baby at the Topeka fair was Robert E. Lee, and the *Lyons News* says this couldn't have happened in Kansas twenty or thirty years ago.—*Kansas Exchange*.

But Kansas has increased twenty times in wealth and dignity since then and a hundred per cent in the appreciation of true greatness.—*Flora E. Stevens*.

KILLED AT SHILOH.—The name of Gen. A. H. Gladden, of Louisiana, should have been given in the list of officers of the Confederacy killed at Shiloh. In writing of this, H. A. Reynolds, of Anniston, Ala., says that of those killed there, General Gladden was next in rank to Gen. A. S. Johnston, and he was a West Point graduate.

THE BROKEN SWORD.

(When the sword of Col. R. W. Henry, commanding the 8th Kentucky Infantry, was demanded of him as a prisoner or war at Fort Donelson, he broke it across his knee and flung it far into the Cumberland River. The following was written in commemoration by Mary Walker Bell, at "The Den, October 28, 1861," and sent to "Mrs. Fannie Henry, with the love of one who truly valued and admired the noble subject of these unworthy lines." They are all the more interesting when it is learned that Colonel Henry died in prison in Indianapolis, in 1862, where he was taken after the surrender of Fort Donelson. This poem was sent to the *VETERAN* by Mrs. Annie C. Russell, of Hunter, Okla., a granddaughter of Colonel Henry.)

"No, never shall the trusty glave
Which I so long have borne
Be grasped by hands less true or brave,
A coward's side adorn.
Too oft in war its silver beam
True men have followed far,
When through the battle storm its gleam
Flashed like a falling star.
Dear hands have bound it to my side
While struggling to repress
Unbidden tears. The sweet lips cried,
'Go, love, thy cause is blest.'
And often in his childish joy,
Along the shining blade
The dimpled fingers of my boy
In artless wonder strayed.
Then think you I could lightly fling
At some proud foeman's feet
A sword round which such memories cling
So sacred and so sweet?

No, rather let it evermore
Rest 'neath thy rolling flood;
O stream, that leaves my native shore
Now darkly stained with blood!
Then proudly turning from them, he,
Unsheathing as he spoke

Its hallowed blade, across his knee
The tempered steel he broke!
And far into the azure stream
The glittering fragments threw,
And sternly watched their last faint gleam
Sink glimmering from his view.
Whate'er he felt in tear or sigh
Not there he sought relief,
It was not for a foeman's eye
To gaze upon his grief.

Roll on, thou river, glad and free,
Forever pure and deep,
A stainless hand has given to thee
A holy trust to keep.
Thou may'st have treasures rich and rare
Beneath thy restless wave,
But none so precious canst thou bear
Than that true soldier's glave.

Confederate Veteran.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

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 E. L. BELL, Lewisburg. West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

CAMP NEWS AND NEW CAMPS

THOMAS D. JOHNSON CAMP, S. C. V., ASHEVILLE, N. C.,
 HONORS COMMANDER LOWRY.

Thomas D. Johnson Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, held its monthly meeting yesterday afternoon in the Veterans' Hall of the courthouse annex. The meeting was held one day in advance of the regular time in honor of Sumter L. Lowry, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, S. C. V.

Mr. Erwin made a report of this conference, saying that resolutions were adopted to be presented to the legislature asking not less than \$30 a month for the remaining Confederate veterans and not less than \$20 for the Confederate widows. Mrs. L. C. Fisher also made a report of this meeting in Raleigh, since she served as a delegate from the Asheville Chapter, U. D. C.

Following the reports Mrs. Harold Grimes, accompanied by Miss Lucy Stevens, rendered several vocal solos.

Commander Brown, of the Army of Northern Virginia, S. C. V., an active member of the local Camp, introduced the guest of honor, Commander Lowry. Commander Lowry, in his talk, put great stress on the coming reunion, which is to be held in Tampa, Fla., 1927. Extending a hearty invitation to all the members of the Thomas D. Johnson Camp to attend and bring with them all the pretty girls they could gather, he said that Tampa had raised \$30,000 for the entertainment of the general reunion. This reunion will be of the United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Commander Lowry added that the invitation had been extended the United Daughters of the Confederacy through the President General, Mrs. Lawton, and assured the Camp that Tampa meant to make this the best reunion ever held.

MONTHLY MEETING OF CAMP AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

On November 5, the regular monthly luncheon meeting of the Robert C. Newton Camp, 197 S. C. V., was held at the Marion Hotel and was in every way the most successful and largely attended meeting of the year. It was indeed an inspiring sight to see represented at this meeting prominent men from every avocation whose one purpose and aim seemed to be centered in placing the Sons of Confederate Veterans' cause on the high plane it is destined to occupy and to promote

plans looking to the improvement of the conditions confronting the Confederate veterans.

The next regular meeting of the Camp, which will be held at a luncheon on the fourth Tuesday of this month, will be known as Confederate Veterans' Day, at which time the legislative program, looking to the increase of pensions at the incoming legislature, will be threshed out and plans perfected.

Robert C. Newton Camp boasts a membership in active standing of 125 and there is numbered in its membership many of the outstanding business and professional men of the city as well as men in positions of prominence and great responsibility in the State and city governments.

FEDERAL VETERAN VISITS MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD.

The distinguished Corp. James Tanner and Judge Charles B. Howry, for many years one of the most favorably known members of the Federal Court of Claims, both of Washington, were honor guests on Saturday, October 23, in the famous old Henry House on the battle fields of Manassas or Bull Run. Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, President of the Confederate symbol under way on those fields, Judge Advocate Gen. John A. Chumbley, S. C. V., and Mr. James Sherier, a widely known attorney of Washington, were hosts to these two old and distinguished veterans. Corporal Tanner lost both feet from the explosion of one shell as he lay in battle line in the armies of Pope's Federal legions at the second battle of Manassas. He was carried to a farmhouse known as the Van Pelt house and there lay between life and death for many days. After the war he became distinguished for his kindly feeling toward Confederates. Judge Howry was a gallant Confederate and was badly wounded at the battle of Franklin.

Their hosts carried the two old men to the old Van Pelt house and side by side they sat, tears in their eyes, and related experiences of the sixty-four years ago. Holding Howry by the hand Tenner, among other things, said:

"Right here on this floor, badly wounded Union soldiers all around me, I first learned to love the Confederate, New York 'Yankee' as I am. One day, back then, as I lay famishing in the heat, legless, I heard some one, looked up, and saw over me a boy in gray uniform. He smiled and asked:

"'Poor boy, is there anything I can do for you?'

"'Yes, I said, 'give me a drink.' Hurrying to the well, he

filled his canteen and came back and held it to my lips, and I drank it all. Filling it again, he came back, left his own canteen, and tied the strap around one arm so that I would not lose it; and then said:

“Poor boy, I wish I could do more for you.”

EDITORIAL NOTE.—If the people of the South could only know the great good to grow out of a strictly Confederate yet properly fraternal symbol now struggling for its life on those famous fields, there would quickly be a gracious outpouring of funds.

WILLIAM DUCKETT CAMP, S. C. V., WHITMIRE, S. C., ORGANIZED NOVEMBER 3, 1926.

The officers are: John L. Miller, Commander; J. B. Pitts, First Lieutenant Commander; R. M. Duckett, Second Lieutenant Commander; G. R. C. Gary, Adjutant and Treasurer; J. W. Hipp, Quartermaster; C. G. Gilliam, Judge Advocate; J. H. Ray, Surgeon; C. O. Hunter, Historian; W. H. Miller, Color Sergeant; Nathan A. Hemrick, Chaplain.

ZEKE CLAY CAMP, S. C. V., PARISH, KY., ORGANIZED NOVEMBER 8, 1926.

The officers elected are: John J. Williams, Commander; E. M. Thomason, First Lieutenant Commander; Henry T. Keller, Second Lieutenant Commander; R. T. Moore, Adjutant; S. E. Bedford, Jr., Treasurer; Charles E. Lair, Quartermaster; Emmitt Dickson, Judge Advocate; Bruce Holliday, Historian; H. O. James, Color Sergeant; J. W. Clotfeller, Chaplain.

A NEW CAMP WAS ORGANIZED AT CLINTON, S. C., ON NOVEMBER 8, 1926.

The officers are: William P. Jacobs, Commander; W. H. Shands, First Lieutenant Commander; Dr. J. W. Davis, Second Lieutenant Commander; Gilbert Blakely, Adjutant and Treasurer; T. L. W. Bailey, Surgeon; W. H. Simpson, Chaplain; R. D. Glenn, Commissary; J. D. Jeans, Color Sergeant; E. B. Sloan, Historian.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1, BY J. D. PAUL, COMMANDER NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, S. C. V.

By virtue of my appointment as Division Commander, I hereby assume command of the Camps comprising the North Carolina Division and establish headquarters in Washington, N. C.

Commanders of Camps will report to me at once the names of officers of their respective Camps, also the number of members in good standing. This information is necessary for the proper and effective organization of the Division.

Camps are hereby officially notified that the next reunion and convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in Tampa, Fla., April 5-8, 1927. The city of Tampa has already begun to make preparations for the entertainment of the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and their guests.

All Camps delinquent in the payment of dues for the year 1926 should, in order to keep in good standing, remit their per capita tax to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., 609-615 Law Building, Richmond, Va., at once. The 1927 dues should be remitted to the Adjutant in Chief as early as possible, due to the fact that the reunion and convention will be held early in the year.

In accordance with the constitution, all Camps should elect officers either in December or January, and a list of the officers should be sent to this office and to the Adjutant in Chief at Richmond, Va.

I hereby announce the appointment of the following members of my staff and Brigade Commanders:

Staff.

J. D. Grimes, Washington, Adjutant and Chief of Staff.
A. E. Eve, Asheville, Inspector.
Henry M. London, Raleigh, Judge Advocate.
C. L. Slunder, Asheville, Quartermaster.
W. B. R. Guion, New Bern, Commissary.
Dr. C. O'H. Laughinghouse, Greenville, Surgeon.
D. S. Oliver, Wilmington, Historian.
Charles H. Reid, Sanford, Color Bearer.
E. J. Hyatt, Waynesville, Chaplain.

Brigade Commanders.

W. H. Russ, Washington, First Brigade.
Paul P. Brown, Raleigh, Second Brigade.
G. O. Coble, Greensboro, Third Brigade.
Gallatin Roberts, Asheville, Fourth Brigade.

Brigade Commanders will at once proceed to organize their respective Brigades into Camps, as they will be held strictly accountable for such organization in their respective territories. They will appoint their staff immediately and report to these headquarters.

Staff officers are earnestly requested to do all in their power to build up and make more effective the organization in this State and to report to these headquarters any points in their respective localities or districts in which there is a probability of forming a Camp.

The Division Commander invites the hearty coöperation of the Commanders and officers of the various Camps in his endeavor to promote the harmonious and effective organization of the Division. It is earnestly requested that each Camp will use its best efforts in building up and maintaining an effective organization.

For all information pertaining to the formation of a new Camp, address these headquarters.

LEE-JACKSON CAMP No. 410, S. C. V., WAYNESBORO, VA., RECENTLY GRANTED AN APPLICATION CHARTER.

The officers and members of this new Camp are: Commander, John E. White, Waynesboro, Va.; Adjutant, J. L. Barksdale, Waynesboro, Va.; members, Carey B. Aldhizer, Landon L. Davis, W. B. Gallaher, Morgan H. Hudgins, William S. Kline, Fred A. McCormick, W. H. McCormick, Charles M. Patrick, G. Julian Pratt, Jr., Harry Hays Roden, V. A. Moyer, C. L. Harman, E. G. Alexander, William W. Alexander, Charlie M. Faber, Paul Freed, W. H. Gardner, Louis F. Jordan.

LUTHER R. EDWARDS CAMP, No. 761 S. C. V., A CAMP AT FRANKLIN, VA., ORGANIZED.

The officers and members are: Commander, Franklin Edwards; First Lieutenant Commander, Dr. E. A. Bordenhave; Second Lieutenant Commander, Dr. W. H. Arthur; Adjutant, James T. Knight; Judge Advocate, John C. Parker, Jr.; Surgeon, Dr. J. C. Rawls; Quartermaster, Thomas D. Boone; Treasurer, James T. Knight; Color Sergeant, W. J. M. Holland; Historian, Paul Scarborough; members, Claude J. Edwards, L. Ashby Gay, R. C. Campbell, Dr. Beaman Stor, C. C. Vaughan III, S. W. Rawls, George O. Watkins, Elliott L. Story, C. C. Vaughan, Jr., Joe Bynum Gay, George H. Parker, R. P. Rawls.

SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 461.)

He was a descendant of one of the Puritan settlers of Saybrook and Norwich, Conn., and the son of a farmer and clothier. While his three brothers received a liberal education, Samuel was kept at home to work on the farm and learn the cooper's trade.

The boy studied in his leisure time, borrowed some law books when he was twenty-two, and determined to become a lawyer. After practicing for a short time in Windham, he settled in Norwich in 1758, where his success was consistent and steady. In 1765 he was appointed Royal Attorney for the province. He held this office for nine years, and then became a judge of the Superior Court.

In common with many other young men of that period, he entered upon a political career because the very nature of the times demanded that the best brains should be employed in the development of a new government divorced from that of the mother country.

He entered the governor's council in 1775. Although an officer of the king, he was outspoken in his defense of liberty. On October 2, 1775, he was elected to the Continental Congress and voted for the Declaration on July 4, 1776.

He was president of Congress for two years, and on his retirement, due to increasing infirmity, Congress passed a vote of thanks in appreciation of his conduct in the chair and in execution of public business.

In 1785 he was elected lieutenant governor and the following year succeeded Matthew Griswold in the governor's chair. He held this office by successive elections until his death in 1796.—*From a series issued by the Sesquicentennial Publicity Department.*

ABSALOM GRIMES, CONFEDERATE MAIL RUNNER.

From the *Yale University Press* there has lately been issued a book which is unique in the part it gives of our Confederate history. The mail facilities of the Confederate government lacked much at their best, and here and there were volunteer mail carriers whose work had dangers equal to service in the ranks. One of these was Absalom Grimes, who constituted himself mail carrier extraordinary between the Missouri and Kentucky Confederate battalions in the South and their relatives at home. His experiences were thrilling at times, and whenever he entered the Union lines he was in danger of apprehension as a spy. He ran the blockade into Vicksburg by wiring his mail in tin boxes to the bottom of an overturned skiff and floating beside it through the Union gunboats.

Grimes enlistment was with the same company with which Mark Twain had his "short and inglorious" experience as a soldier, and this is here published for the first time.

Grimes was under sentence of death when the war closed, and he had spent much time in prison. History records few more intrepid spirits, and his story is worth preservation. Just as he wrote it, edited by Milo M. Quaife.

The VETERAN can furnish this book at \$3, postpaid. Send for a copy.

IN APPRECIATION.—The following comes from J. W. Birdwell, of Mineral Wells, Tex.: "It was through the publication in the VETERAN that I was enabled to get the information which made it possible for Mrs. L. M. Wood, widow of B. S. Wood, to get a pension. She is very grateful, and I thank you for the assistance."

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

(Continued from page 448.)

However, it is not the details of the work done and privations endured by Southern women that I want to tell about. What I want to get home to you is that an orderly, busy, thrifty, everyday life, wherein duty came before pleasure, or, rather, where duty and pleasure were one and the same, had fitted these women to meet and adapt themselves to changed condition; whereas, if they had been the inane creatures pictured by novelists and story-tellers, can't you see what a different tale history would have had to tell of them? The babes in the wood would have been no more helpless, though they would not have deserved the pity given the babes.

A ROSE FROM CORINTH.

BY CLYDE EDWIN TUCK.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
Where catalpas and eglantine,
Where sweet is the laurel and jasmine
And the pink oleanders blow;
But it brings to the mind a picture
Of many a low green mound,
Where a warrior host is sleeping
On that famous battle ground.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
But it speaks of a day that is dead,
When legions of war were marshaled,
And the streams with blood ran red;
When the cypress and live oak trembled
To the roar of the shot and shell,
Where the bravest soldiers of Dixie
Once rallied, and charged, and fell.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
Where it grew by a blasted pine
That stood in the path of shrapnel,
In front of the charging line.
It bears in its fragrant bosom
A message of peace and of cheer—
An emblem of love and affection
That is growing from year to year.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
But it fills my eyes with tears;
For I think of the hearts still shadowed
That have waited for years and years
For those who went down in the battle,
In a cause they believed was right;
They shall answer again to the roll call
On the fields by the River of Light.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
Where all is at peace once more,
With the gentle sunshine streaming
The valleys and woodlands o'er;
And it pleads for a peace still broader
In the land that we love so well,
While we cherish the names of the heroes
Who at Corinth fought and fell.

A subscription to the VETERAN is a worth-while gift at any time, and especially at Christmas time.

WILLIAM and MARY QUARTERLY HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Published by the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia

EDITORS

J. A. C. CHANDLER
President William and Mary College

E. G. SWEM
Librarian William and Mary College

The purpose of the *QUARTERLY* is to print new information relating to the history of Virginia

Subscription, \$4. ISSUED QUARTERLY Single Copy, \$1.

Dr. W. M. Wroten, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., Magnolia, Miss., writes of a tombstone, about two by three feet, which was found in the back yard of a residence in Vicksburg, Miss., on which was inscribed: "J. D. Kiker, died December 28, 1862; aged 18 years. Member Company F, 40th Georgia Regiment." This is something of a mystery, as the young man was not buried there. It may be of interest to some reader of the *VETERAN*.

Mrs. E. Clark Shenk, Bartonville, Va., writes of having an old saber which belonged to Capt. J. B. Burgess, 2nd Virginia Infantry, First Brigade, and she would like to get in communication with any of his descendants or connections who would be interested in securing it.

A SILVER CUP—Many years ago a gentleman in Louisville, Ky., purchased from a stranger a silver cup bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Mrs. I. W. Gregory by the Signal Department of the Army of Tennessee. August, 1865." It is desired to restore the cup to the proper owner or descendants. Further information will be given by Miss Ruth A. Murray, 1250 Everett Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. E. W. Sanders, Crystal Springs, Miss., is trying to secure her father's record as a Confederate soldier and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades or friends who knew him in the war. Anderson Leroy Puckett was in Willis's Battalion, Ross's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry, but she does not know his company and regiment

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While such services are only a part of its duties, they are very important and are made possible by the membership of the whole people. The time to join is during the annual Roll Call, November 11-25.

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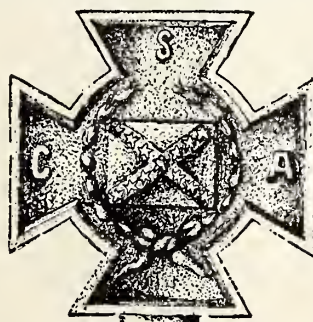
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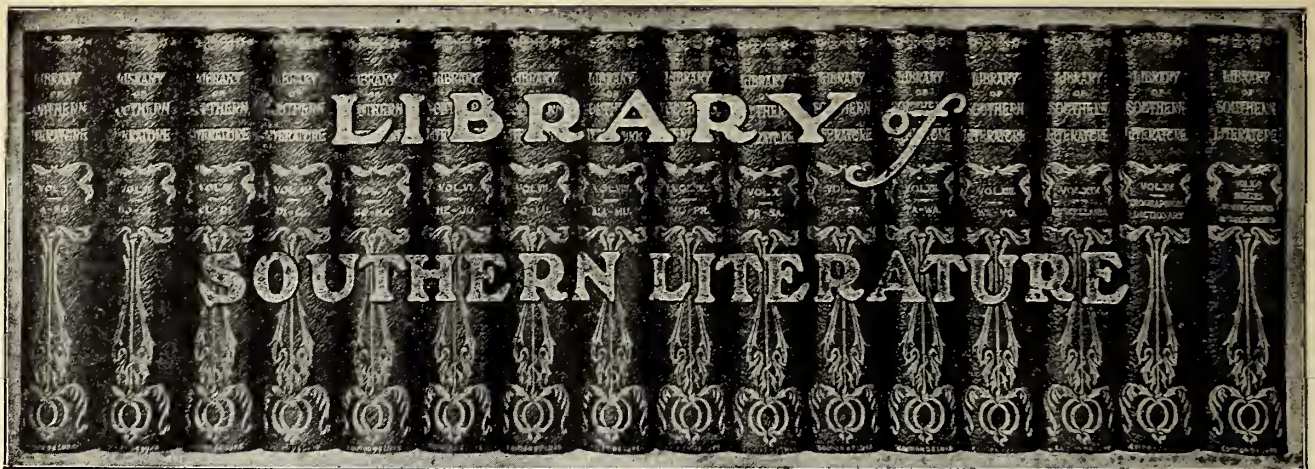
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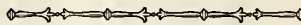


DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

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