

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1930

NO. 2



**JOHN SLIDELL, OF LOUISIANA**  
Confederate Commissioner to France  
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Miss Effie Malone, Secretary Crawford County, Arkansas Pension Board, would like to hear from anyone who remembers the following men:

George W. Campbell, joined in Hamilton County, Tenn.; was with General Bragg in battle of Chattanooga. Some of his comrades were William and John Roark.

Daniel Frederick Johnson (or Jansen, German way of spelling Johnson), joined at Berryville, Va., 1861, under Joseph E. Johnston in battles of Bull Run and Chickamauga; was taken prisoner October 19, 1864, at battle of Cedar Creek.

Jesse Work McRea, joined in Montgomery, Ala., under Bedford Forrest,

Company F 21st Alabama Regiment; attended to the horses for General Forrest.

James Bickers, who joined the Confederate army near Hope, Ark.,

Lewis White Poplin, joined in Laurence County, Tenn., 1864. Served with 48th Tennessee Infantry; was under Hood.

These veterans need a pension and any information you may give me will be greatly appreciated.—MISS EFFIE MALONE, 501 Broadway, Van Buren, Ark.

Mrs. W. O. Minter, 111 West Federal Street, Shawnee, Okla., would like to hear from anyone who knew her husband, William Othniel Minter, who enlisted from Mount Airy, N. C., and was

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a member of Captain Burrough's Artillery, and served to the close of the war. She is trying to get a pension, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who can testify to his service in the army.

J. P. Baldrige, of Nelsonville, Mo., has copies of the VETERAN from 1908 to the present which he offers to anyone for preservation. "Long live the VETERAN," he says. "I will be ninety years old on March 5."

# Confederate Veteran

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No. 2.

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FOUNDER.

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## COMMANDER MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

The death of Gen. T. L. McGehee, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., has been reported as the result of a bad fall some weeks ago.

## THE LEGIONS OF LEE.

Bring out the gray jacket, all faded and worn,  
Unfurl that old banner, all tattered and torn  
By the deluge of bullets, the cannon's wild blast,  
That swept our fair Southland in days that are past,  
For this is the glorious day of the birth  
Of one who outrivalled the chosen of earth.  
Proud chief of the noble, the brave, and the free,  
The peerless and fearless, immaculate Lee.  
Great Jackson, look down from that realm of delight,  
On the few aging veterans who lived through the fight.  
Bold Stuart, come back from yon Stygian marge,  
Again let thy conquering cavalry charge.  
Wake, Ashby and Pelham, and all that brave band  
Whose blood flowed so freely for Dixie's fair land.  
With glad acclamations, from mountain to sea,  
Add luster undimmed to the laurels of Lee.  
Those bosoms are warm where his memory dwells,  
And thrilling each pæan of triumph that swells  
In lively and loving remembrance to-day  
From the war-riven ranks of the glorified gray.  
One country, one chieftain, one glory our choice,  
Let the nations look on while the vanquished rejoice.  
Perennial green may their memory be  
Who struggled and triumphed and suffered with Lee.  
Assemble, battalions, in serried array,  
Ye heroes so rapidly passing away.  
Remember that cause for which palladins drew  
Their swords is as sacred to us as to you.  
How nobly they strove, till in battle laid low,  
Each gave up his life with his face to the foe.  
Stand firm that the men of all nations may see  
How loyal and true are the legions of Lee.

[Contributed by Maj. J. E. Gaskell, Fort Worth, Tex.]



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### A CITIZEN OF VIRGINIA

Referring to the question of Gen. R. E. Lee's restoration to citizenship after the War between the States, as brought out in an article in the January number, Capt. S. A. Ashe writes as follows:

"I observe the query, 'Was Lee a citizen when he died?' His citizenship of the United States was because he was a citizen of Virginia. He was born a citizen of Virginia, and was so all his life. The U. S. Congress could not alter the fact of his citizenship provided Virginia remained a State in the Union, as Congress claimed; so he lived and died a citizen. Congress denied taking some of the rights of citizens, yet he (probably) could not hold office. He was a citizen, perhaps under disabilities. I rejoice that there are many of the North who now applaud him."

### APPRECIATION AND CORRECTION.

The following comes from an interested reader in Maryland: "In the December VETERAN there are more than usual interesting bits of information to set to rights the history made to order by the victors of the War between the States. The taunts between Butler and Bingham that fail to bring 'a smile that wont come off' to the visage of anyone old enough to be familiar with the facts and to recognize the significance of that time-worn maxim, 'When thieves fall out, honest men get their dues,' make him to be pitied.

"I am also interested in knowing if, in the article on 'Famous Army Horses,' that statement, 'Come on, Moncure; ride with me!' is only a family tradition or a historical fact? If so, I must alter my description of Pickett's charge as I saw it 'with but one mounted man in it after it passed the stone wall.' And common report said at the time *that one* was General Kemper, too feeble to walk. I would be glad to get the opinion of any survivor of the charge now living as to the facts in that matter. The article referred to is the first that ever came to my attention bringing out that Pickett led the charge on horseback.

"I was only one of General Ewell's couriers, who delivered a written message to one of General Pickett's staff officers barely a moment before his line moved forward—and made history! I was not in the charging line, but from my viewpoint on Seminary Ridge I could see it all. As a matter of course, the matter of what became of the horses in that fateful

hour was then too insignificant compared with the tragedy for even a passing thought. But while we may, let us get our history straight, even though it may take away some of the glamor of war not observed by the eyewitness."

### FEDERAL PENSIONS.

FROM THE WASHINGTON POST.

The United States Commissioner of Pensions, states in his annual report that of the 2,213,365 soldiers who served in the War between the States 59,945 were in receipt of pensions on June 30, 1929. Veterans of that conflict to the number of 15,089 died during the fiscal year, which depleted the ranks from 74,929 to 59,945. The aggregate sum of the pensions paid to the veterans during the year was \$57,095,811.76. Of the total number receiving pensions, 24,946 received \$65 a month; 28,237, \$72 a month, because they were so near totally helpless or blind that they required the attention of other persons; and the remaining 5,957 received \$90 a month by reason of a condition of total helplessness or blindness."

"There were 181,235 widows and minor children of civil war soldiers on the pension roll on June 30, 1929, whereas at the beginning of the year there were 197,934. These figures constitute a loss of 16,699. The amount expended to the widows and minor children of civil war veterans for the past fiscal year amounted to \$86,474,399.92."

[One wonders how there can still be so many minor children of these soldiers of the sixties.]

### THE BEAUVOIR CONFEDERATE HOME.

In his annual report on the Beauvoir Confederate Home, the superintendent, Mr. Elnathan Tartt, reports that from October, 1927, to that date in 1929, one hundred and seven new inmates have been admitted to the home; and during that period, ninety-eight inmates have died. He also estimates an average of one hundred and eighty inmates for the coming year. Not all of these are veterans, as wives and widows also are admitted to this home. An appropriation of \$87,000 is asked for the support of the Home for each of the next two years. The institution was operated on less than the appropriation made for the past two years, and many improvements and additions have been made out of the special repair fund.

Mr. Tartt compliments the Mississippi legisla-

ture for its cheerful response to the needs of the institution heretofore in making the necessary appropriations.

*"I AM BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND."*

BY DR. E. P. LACEY, BESSEMER, ALA.

A few years ago, when attending a reunion of Confederate veterans, I saw and heard one of the most impressive ceremonies I ever witnessed. Through the years that have intervened, it is as fresh in my memory as if it occurred yesterday. I do not know how it impressed others, I can speak only for myself. It was not so much what was done and said, as the occasion and surroundings.

Through the courtesy of a veteran, I was permitted to occupy a seat that was reserved for veterans only, and I was in a position to see and hear all that occurred. The meeting was opened with prayer, and at its conclusion that saintly man, Dr. John W. Bachman (who has since gone to his reward), stepped to the front of the stage and asked his comrades to sing the familiar old hymn, "I Am Bound for the Promised Land." I have heard some of the famous singers of the world, but nothing by them affected me as did this song sung by those old veterans. I thought of the sleeping memories it must have aroused, of the tragic scenes of battle fields, where many of their comrades started on "the long, long trail" to the "Promised Land," of the thousands that had departed annually since the war closed, and of the few that were left of the gray-clad army that made glorious history in the War between the States. There was a pathos in their singing, and tears trickled down cheeks that had been furrowed by the hardships of time. Passing years had softened their hearts and banished the bitterness engendered by war. They have been good citizens since they laid down their arms, giving loyal support to the flag of our country. The fight they made in the War between the States "added to the greatness and achievements of the English-speaking people" and wrote a new page in the history of American citizenship.

It will not be many years before the last Confederate veteran will have gone to the "Promised Land," whence "no traveler has ever returned," but a grateful people will never forget the sacrifices they made in defense of their principles.

Time has dimmed the vision of those who opposed Confederate soldiers in 1861, yet they see more clearly the motives that actuated their adversaries, and they can now join in the glad acclaim of a "Promised Land" where there is neither division nor strife, but a "Perpetual union" for all brave spirits who "love God and keep his commandments."

*FOR THE SOUTH OF THE FUTURE.*

BY MRS. MATTIE RIGGS ORRICK, BALTIMORE, MD.

To those of us who have growing girls and boys, the question frequently arises how to best present the ideals of the South. We must see, of course, that they are taught the true history of the War between the States, but we must not, in our anxiety to rectify old wrongs, lose sight of the fact that right now we have a South alive as never before, and a South of unlimited possibilities. We are too apt to speak of her in the terms of the past when right now there is as much a challenge as there ever was in the line, "To Live and Die for Dixie." Without the richest traditions, which we must ever strive to perpetuate, she would never have come through the dark period of reconstruction, but our children are *of* and *for* the future and theirs is the interest of to-day. Let us then, in praising her past, not forget that spiritually, intellectually, and industrially, the South of to-day is alive in the fullest measure. Her vast physical resources are practically untouched; the industrial possibilities are unlimited; her schools and universities have raised their standards again and again, and in return have received nationwide recognition. Let us not alone say, "Look at Our Great Men of the Past," but with it, "Be Our Great Men of the Future." Against a background, rich in everything worth while, let us keep before our children and the nation, the romance of the South of to-day. Is this not what our leaders would have us do?

*THE QUILTING PARTY.*

In the skies the bright stars glittered,  
On the bank the pale moon shone;  
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home.

*Chorus.*

I was seeing Nellie home,  
I was seeing Nellie home;  
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,  
Rested light as ocean foam,  
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home.

This old song was asked for some time ago, and a copy has come from Mrs. Walter Pile, of Marshall, Mo.



## ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN.\*

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

A notable service on behalf of American history was performed by Professor Charles Lee Lewis, in providing the best biography of America's greatest scientist, Matthew Fontaine Maury, recently reviewed in these columns. To this long-needed work he has now added the only "Life of Franklin Buchanan," commander of the first ironclad to engage in naval warfare, and who later survived the most unequal combat known in the annals of the American navy. We all know about the epoch-making fight in Hampton Roads; but how many of us know of the even more thrilling battle in Mobile Bay?

It is peculiarly appropriate that Mr. Lewis, Associate Professor at the United States Naval Academy, should write the story of Maury, who had prepared the way for the founding of the naval school of the republic; and also of Buchanan, who was its first superintendent.

In the brief compass of this review it is impossible to do justice to the worth of this new volume. Should any reader take it up and think the movement slow or the incidents of Buchanan's early life a bit tedious, let him begin to catch the new tempo in "Remember the Alamo" in Chapter X! From there on we begin to have action, and yet more action, until we are swept away by the climax reached in "Through Fire in Mobile Bay." To take up details here would tend to spoil the prospective reader's anticipation; for the plain facts are more engrossing than fiction.

This reviewer's forte in historical research is not in the sphere of military or naval annals, but in the philosophy of cause and effect. If there be any defect in this biography, it may lie in the author's not making it sufficiently clear that the Southern cause was not bound up in the matter of slavery. Not that Professor Lewis asserts it; for Buchanan himself is clearly not concerned with that question. Nevertheless, the story of influences affecting the decision of such men might always be supported by statements that tend to do away with a well-nigh universal illusion. In other words, special exposition may always be introduced to advantage to show that slavery, the abolition of which was an incidental outcome of fifty years of economic conflict, was not the prime cause or the immediate reason for the clash of arms.

In the light of this biography, Franklin Buchanan is recognized not only as one of America's foremost

naval heroes, a first-class fighting sailor; but also a man of the highest sense of honor, of inflexible integrity, with the moral courage to rise above the backwash of war in the political debacle that followed the sectional struggle.

He had, in the beginning, offered his sword to Maryland, his native commonwealth; but because of near-by Federal power, his native State could not follow her Southern sisters into secession, as she was evidently inclined to do. Buchanan then had to face the distressing alternative of leaving home and family to fight for the "sacred principles" of Revolutionary heritage, referred to by Robert E. Lee—*viz.*, local self-government in the form of State rights.

Finally, Buchanan returned to Maryland, in peace, to offer to the once divided people of his native commonwealth the inspiration of an incorruptible example and an indomitable spirit.

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 LINCOLN AND PROHIBITION.

ROBERT W. PRICE, M.D., BALTIMORE, MD.

In the New York Public Library is the Journal of the House of Representatives of Illinois, and on page 136, under the date of December 19, 1840, will be found the following: "Mr. Ormsbee, from the Select Committee to which was referred the engrossed bill for 'Act to amend an act entitled "An act to regulate tavern and grocery licenses,"' reported the same back to the House with a substitute for the original bill, which was read. Mr. Rose moved to amend the report in the second section by striking out \$100 and inserting \$25, when, on motion of Mr. Marden, the report and proposed amendment thereto were laid on the table.

"Mr. Murphy, of Cook, moved to strike out all after the enacting clause and insert as follows: 'That after the passage of this Act, no person shall be licensed to sell vinous or spiritous liquors in this State, and that any person who violates this act by selling such liquors shall be fined the sum of one thousand dollars, to be recovered before any court having competent jurisdiction.'

"Abraham Lincoln proposed to lay proposed amendment on the table, which was decided in the affirmative by yeas and nays, as follows:

[Then follows the vote of the representatives in alphabetical order, Abraham Lincoln voting in the affirmative; Lincoln's motion was carried, seventy-five voting in the affirmative, eight in the negative.]

The prohibitionists seem to have forgotten that Abraham Lincoln led the opposition to State-wide prohibition in Illinois in 1840. There is no disputing

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\*"Admiral Franklin Buchanan." By Charles Lee Lewis, Associate Professor, United States Naval Academy.

the Official Records of the Illinois Legislature. And from these records it appears that Abraham Lincoln himself made the motion by which State-wide prohibition was defeated in Illinois by a vote of seventy-five to eight.

#### JOHN SLIDELL, OF LOUISIANA.

An interesting feature of the business before the convention in Biloxi, November, 1929, was presented by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, in a suggestion that the U. D. C. purchase the portrait of John Slidell, of Louisiana, for presentation to Columbia University, of which he was an early graduate. This matter was introduced by Mrs. Schuyler in reading a letter from Dixon Ryan Fox, Chairman of the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of the founding of Columbia University, at which time the University held an exhibition of portraits of its distinguished graduates. Among them was a portrait of John Slidell, class of 1810, a copy of the original by Jarvis, which is owned by the Countess de St. Roman, in Paris, France. This portrait shows Slidell about the time of his graduation, and not long before he went to Louisiana to seek his fortune, and "has a romantic—almost Byronic—air, which well reflects his dashing spirit." Mr. Fox wrote further:

"Columbia is very proud of Slidell, who may, I suppose, be called the leading diplomatist of the Confederacy, and we would be greatly gratified if we could hang this picture permanently upon our walls, where it might be a continuing inspiration to our students to emulate such sacrifice as he made for the public service. Because of special circumstances, I find this picture could be purchased for \$550. It occurs to me that you, devoted as you are to keeping vital and permanent the old Southern tradition, winning for it a larger share of attention in the North, might be willing to bring this opportunity to the attention of some group or association of like interest. I can think of no way in which their purposes could be better served. We would, of course, indicate on a plate attached to the frame the source of the gift so that it would be a permanent witness of the association's interest in a great figure in the War between the States. I know the University would greatly appreciate it."

In accordance with that suggestion, Mrs. Schuyler introduced the following resolution:

"That the United Daughters of the Confederacy purchase the portrait of John Slidell, the most distinguished graduate of the class of 1810, and present it to Columbia University to be hung in the gallery with other distinguished graduates of the University,

whose portraits have been given to the University in connection with the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of King's College, now Columbia University."

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the purchase and presentation of the portrait will be through a special committee.

While the name of John Slidell is prominently connected with Confederate history, his life story is not a familiar part thereof, so very little material is available outside of what is given in a biographical sketch in *The American*, from which the following is taken:

"John Slidell was born in New York in 1793, and was graduated at Columbia University in 1810. He then studied law, and in 1819 removed to New Orleans. From 1829 to 1833 he served as United States District attorney for Louisiana; was a member of Congress, 1842-45; in 1845 was appointed minister to Mexico, but was not received by the Mexican government. In 1853, he entered the United States Senate, but resigned when Louisiana seceded in 1861. In September of that year, he was appointed as associate of James M. Mason (of Virginia), commissioner of the Confederate States to France. The two commissioners ran the blockade of Charleston, S. C., and sailed from Havana on the English steamer Trent. The Trent was overhauled on the 8th of November, 1861, by Capt. Charles Wilkes with the San Jacinto of the United States navy. The two commissioners were arrested and transferred to the vessel of Captain Wilkes, taken North and held for awhile as prisoners at Fort Warren in Boston harbor. Upon demand by the British Government, the act of Wilkes was disavowed by the United States, and on the 1st of January, 1862, the commissioners sailed for England. Slidell's mission, which, beside other things, contemplated recognition of the Confederacy by the French government, failed in its object, France refusing to move, either in that matter or in making a commercial convention, without the co-operation of England. He was successful, however, in securing a large loan for the Confederate States. After the war, Slidell settled in London, where he died on the 29th of July, 1871."

Thus is compressed within brief space the life story of a man eminently fitted by nature and training for high places in governmental affairs, all of which he sacrificed to serve his adopted South. The portrait shows him of handsome and attractive personality at the time of his graduation with, Byronic cast of features and pose. Columbia University will record on a plate attached to the frame of the picture the fact that it is presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to his *Alma Mater*.



*THE GREAT CANNONEER.*

(Address on the life and military genius of Maj. John Pelham, C. S. A., by Judge Walter B. Jones, upon the occasion of the presentation to the State of Alabama of the sword of Major Pelham, in the hall of the House of Representatives, State capitol, Montgomery, Ala., December 3, 1929.)

We are met this afternoon in this stately hall to pay a tribute of love and gratitude to one of the great host of Southerners who in the sixties, "not for fame or reward, not for place or rank, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedience to duty . . . suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all, and died" in defense of those ideals for which their fathers fought, and, dying, delegated to their sons' hands.

In the peaceful quiet of this hour we stand in this historic hall, in the very place where, on January 11, 1861, Alabama passed the ordinance which withdrew her from the Union known as the United States of America; in this hallowed room where was written the Constitution of 1901, the organic law which forever assures Anglo-Saxon civilization in Alabama; in this same place where for years the Democratic and Conservative Party, the staunch champion of white supremacy, held its conventions; within these sacred walls where Alabama's greatest governors have taken the oath of office; in this sacred place where for generations our laws have been made, and in this room where for many years Alabama's ablest sons received the commissions which sent them to the Senate of the United States.

These great events are now part of Alabama's history, and this hall is a sacred place, because here have been enacted the stirring events on which Alabamians look back with pride; and to-day we stand here to witness another historic event in the life of our State, for we are assembled here, this company of Alabama's sons and daughters, to witness the gift of a sword which Alabama will ever cherish, the sword of the Confederacy's great cannoneer, Alabama's greatest soldier, "the meteor blade" which fell from the dying hand of the gallant Pelham at Kelly's Ford, Va., only a moment after he had risen in his stirrups, waved his hat, and shouted as the last of the 2nd Virginia Cavalry passed: "Forward, boys! Forward to victory and glory!"

All Alabama rejoices that the sword of the gallant Pelham has come home to his native State to be sacredly treasured in Alabama's archives, and every citizen feels in his heart deep gratitude for the generous and kindly deed which has given the historic sword to the State.

As we witness the presentation of this priceless relic and its acceptance by the State, let us pause and

consider the life and military genius of John Pelham, whose brave hands bore the blade aloft in battle.

John Pelham's ancestors came to this country about fifty years before the American Revolution. They came from a family that had been in England generations before the Norman Conquest, and a family that had contributed to English history some of her brightest names.



MAJOR JOHN PELHAM

[Illustration from "The Gallant Pelham," by Phillip Mercer.—Courtesy of author and J. W. Burke Company, publishers, Macon, Ga.]

Peter Pelham, progenitor of the Pelham family in America, had a son who bore his name, and who, while yet a young man, settled in Williamsburg, Va. His son Charles, who was born in 1748, served under George Washington in the Continental Army, and it was Atkinson Pelham, the son of Charles, who became the father of the great cannoneer. He was a doctor and, for a few years after completing his studies, he lived in North Carolina. In 1837, the



young doctor brought his family to what is now Calhoun County, and it was here that on September 14, 1838, John Pelham, whose fame as an artilleryist is now world-wide, was born. There in Calhoun County, then Benton County, the boy grew to young manhood. He was quite an athlete and was generally regarded as the best horseman in the entire community.

At the age of eighteen, John Pelham was given an appointment to the United States Military Academy. He entered his famous military school in the summer of 1856, and soon became popular with his instructors and classmates. He excelled in boxing, fencing, and horsemanship, and his charming manners and manly deportment made him a general favorite.

Phillip Mercer, in his valuable book, "The Gallant Pelham," tells us that Pelham "was strikingly handsome in person, of light build, with blue eyes, golden hair, and clean-cut, boyish features, upon which beauty and determination were exquisitely blended. Combined with physical attractiveness was a voice, a smile, a gentleness of manner, and a charming, almost feminine, modesty that won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact."

One of his classmates, who later became a colonel in the Federal army, wrote of Pelham: "He was a young man of high tone and decided character, and his proficiency in military exercises, and in all that pertained to the details of a soldier's life, made him a cadet noncommissioned officer and a cadet officer."

Pelham remained at West Point for four and a half years, and the letters which he wrote his mother, many of them preserved to-day, give us glimpses of his life there, and reveal a young man of noble ideals, exalted conceptions of duty, and worthy ambitions.

In April, 1861, Pelham left the happy scenes of cadet life and bade good-by to his schoolboy friends. The constitutional rights of the South, of his native State, had been denied, and the Constitution itself branded at the North as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. Duty, honor, the home fire-side all called him, and Pelham hastened to his beloved Alabama to fight with his family, friends, and neighbors for the rights of the great commonwealth which had given him birth and brought him to manhood.

During the early part of 1861, he drilled volunteer troops in his native county. Then he set out for Montgomery, and, visiting this historic building in which we now stand, perhaps looking down from yonder balcony as the civil leaders prepared the State for war, was commissioned a lieutenant and sent to Virginia where he first did useful duty under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

A little while passes, and we find him hurrying for-

ward at Manasses with the battery of which he was an officer, and though regiment after regiment of the enemy's forces advanced against it, Pelham's battery stood its ground and did its full part to bring glory and victory to the Confederate arms on that memorable day.

In the latter part of 1861, there began between Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the great Confederate cavalry chieftain and Lieutenant Pelham that faithful friendship which was only ended (and let us believe for just a while) when death claimed the gallant Alabamian on the snow-white fields of Virginia, a friendship which in its loyalty, its generous love, and kindly consideration is worthy of likening to that classic friendship of old wherein the "soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

General Stuart, whose equal as a cavalry leader is not to be found in the armies of any nation, was quick to appreciate the soldierly qualities of young Pelham. He had observed his great energy, his deep knowledge of military principles, and his unsurpassed courage. Then, too, Pelham's strength of character and the charm of his personality drew the great Confederate general to the young Confederate officer from Alabama.

Stuart commissioned Pelham to organize a battery of horse artillery to cooperate with the great general's cavalry, and soon the young Alabamian appeared at the head of the Stuart Horse Artillery, which at once came to be regarded as the *corps d'elite* of the entire Confederate army.

The men of this famous command, and they were of many nationalities—Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, did not know the meaning of fear and went through the great battles in which they took part laughing and singing. They were devoted to their young commander. And well they might be, for the gallant Pelham never sent a gun into a dangerous position unless he went with that gun and personally supervised its operation. While his rank as an officer entitled him to a certain amount of protection, Pelham never thought of it, but was always to be found facing the enemy where the fight was hottest. He wished to share the danger of his men, and he wished to be near them so that he might personally command them in the hour of peril.

Pelham was a highly trained soldier, and a thorough master of military science. It has been said of him, by one who has studied his career closer than any other historian, that Pelham in his whole career never made a serious mistake and never lost a single gun in any action.

It would be a labor of love, did time permit, to describe Pelham, his courage, his audacity, and his



ability as an artilleryman, on all the battle fields where he fought. But we must content ourselves with the mention of but a few of them.

At Gaines' Mill, in 1862, Pelham advanced his command with a single gun to a perilous front position, a place where only the boldest spirit would dare stand. Here for over an hour he engaged and fought at close range two federal batteries, and defied all efforts to dislodge him. Pelham's actions contributed materially to the defeat of McClellan there.

In what was probably one of the bloodiest battles of all the war, Sharpsburg (or Antietam), Stuart placed Pelham in command of a battalion of artillery and assigned him the dangerous task of protecting the end of Stonewall Jackson's left flank, the most important part of the entire battle line, and because Pelham's guns held that hill on the extreme left, Stonewall Jackson was enabled to maintain his position. John Esten Cooke, in "Surry of Eagle's Nest," reports Jackson as saying: "With a Pelham on each flank, I believe I could whip the world."

Nor should Alabamians ever forget Pelham's glorious courage and valor at Fredricksburg. Firing his guns at five hundred yards range, he began the battle. Twenty pieces of Meade's artillery answered the fire of Pelham's lone gun, but could not dislodge the great cannoneer. It was Pelham's bold position and the superb manner in which he handled his guns that blocked Meade for nearly an hour, and caused results which finally forced Meade's retreat. Twice during the battle General Stuart sent orders for Pelham to withdraw his battery. Pelham twice sent word to the great Confederate general that he could hold his position, and it was only when a third and peremptory order came that Pelham moved his guns back. The last order from Stuart, so characteristically worded, was, "Get back from destruction, you infernal, gallant fool, John Pelham."

During the winter of 1862-63 Pelham accompanied Stuart on several of his famous raids, and took an active part in harassing the Federal forces. March, 1863, came and the winter began to break, and both armies to renew the bloody conflict.

Early in March three thousand Federal troopers and six guns under the command of General Averell forced a passage of the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford. General Fitz Lee went forward to meet them, and General Stuart and Major Pelham, who were at Culpeper, not far distant, decided to go to the battle field.

A little before noon on Tuesday, March 17, 1863, the Federal and Confederate troopers met, and the cavalry struggle which took place then is known today as the battle of Kelly's Ford, and ere the sun sank in the west on that fateful March day, when the

snow lay deep on Virginia's soil, the Southern Confederacy had suffered an irreparable loss, for The Gallant Pelham lay mortally wounded.

Mercer, in his useful and interesting history, "The Gallant Pelham," tells us that Pelham, when struck by the fragment of shell, "was sitting on his horse at the right of the 2nd Virginia cavalry when that body of troops, after having been engaged in some bloody fighting, was wheeling into a new position to escape the fire of a light battery which the enemy had brought into action a short way off.

"As the last of the column swung into line, Pelham rose in his stirrups and, waving his hat, cheered the men on with the words, 'Forward boys! forward to victory and glory!'"

These were the last words of the gallant Pelham—words so truly representative of the great cannoneer, words of encouragement to the soldiers under him; a moment later he fell, wounded to death, and the historic sword, which is now Alabama's treasured possession, "the meteor blade," as James Ryder Randall poetically described it, fell from his nerveless hand.

They bore him to the rear and gave him tender care; but the sands of life ran swiftly, and ere another day dawned The Gallant Pelham lay cold and lifeless in the Shackelford home at Culpeper. They dressed him in his best uniform, and "hushed in the alabaster arms of Death, our young Marcellus" slept.

Stuart, the Prince Rupert of the Confederacy, came and looked upon the dead young warrior, and great tears coursed down his cheeks as he bent low and kissed the brow of his dead comrade. Robert E. Lee, his commander in chief, and to-day acknowledged as one of the great captains of all time, paid the dead cannoneer his tribute of love and affection. The entire army mourned the noble and heroic young soldier. They took him to the capital of his nation, and, sleeping under the Star Crossed Banner of the Confederacy, they let him rest in silent and solemn glory in old Virginia's State House. The minute guns boomed sadly, the bells tolled, and the Confederacy paid Alabama's dead son her highest tribute.

And then with the "same sad smile lingering upon his beautiful lips," they bore him back to the hills of his native State, and there among the scenes of his boyhood, there among the hills and valleys he loved so well, there among his kindred and neighbors, they laid the great cannoneer down to sleep, and there today, his warfare o'er, he rests in peace and glory.

And, as grateful Alabama receives his sword to-day may she ever keep it, as he kept it, without spot or stain, and may she ever remember the life and services of John Pelham, her greatest warrior.



*THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.*

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, CHAPEL HILL, N. C.  
[Prize essay, North Carolina Division, U. D. C.]

## Part II.

## UNIVERSITY ALUMNI IN THE CONFEDERACY.

In the secession convention of May 20, 1861, the University of North Carolina men were the dominating influence. It was chiefly through the efforts of the university men—Judge Person, W. W. Avery, and Victor Barringer—that the assembly called this convention.

In the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy and the other two Confederate Congresses, university men were conspicuous. Some of them were in the executive branch of the government. The three war governors—Ellis, Clark, and Vance—were also alumni, as was Jonathan Worth, governor immediately following the war.

Other alumni served as members of the Confederate cabinet, Bragg and Davis, while still others served their State and Southland in civil service of trust and honor. A survey of the legislative and executive branches of the Confederacy shows that sons of the university dominated the State, wielding power and influence.

From carefully prepared investigation by Dr. Kemp P. Battle, Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, Col. William Saunders, and Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, we have interesting facts about the university's sons in the fighting course of the Confederacy.

The highest military rank held by a university man was that of lieutenant general. This was attained by Leonidas Polk under a commission dated October 10, 1862. General Polk was out-ranked in length of service only by Longstreet and Kirby Smith. He had been made major general on June 25, 1861. He was the second person to attain this rank, and, of the ninety-nine major generals in the service, was, with one exception, the only man to attain this position without passing through the preliminary grade of brigadier. The university had one other son to attain the rank of major general, Bryan Grimes, commissioned on February 23, 1865. She had thirteen brigadier generals: Anderson, Barringer, Branch, Clingman, Garrott, Gatlin, Grimes, Johnston, Lewis, Pettigrew, Phifer, Ransom, and Scales.

Among the staff appointments of university alumni, we find the third adjutant and inspector-general, R. C. Gatling. The first assistant adjutant general was J. F. Hike; the first quartermaster general was L. O'B. Branch; the first commissary general was Col. William Johnston—all

alumni. Matt W. Ransom was made a major general in 1865, and Col. John D. Barry was commissioned as brigadier general, with temporary rank, on the third of August, 1864.

In the medical department we find Dr. Peter E. Hines as the medical director of North Carolina troops, Dr. E. Burke Haywood as surgeon of the General Hospital at Raleigh, and Joseph H. Baker was the first assistant surgeon of North Carolina troops, commissioned in 1861. Other alumni rendered similar services to other States—Ashley W. Spaight was brigadier general in the service of Texas; Thomas C. Manning was adjutant general of Louisiana in 1863, with the rank of brigadier; Jacob Thompson was an inspector general.

When we come to the list of colonels and lieutenant colonels, their number is large. There were furnished to the Confederacy by North Carolina seventy-six regiments, besides thirteen battalions and a few other troops, making, perhaps, in all eighty full regiments. Out of the seventy-six regular regiments, we find that forty-eight had at one time or another a son of this university in the first or second place of command. The list includes forty-five colonels and twenty-nine lieutenant colonels. All of the alumni of the institution did not serve with the North Carolina troops, and we must keep their records also in view. From the best sources obtainable, the catalogues of the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies, it seems that not less than sixty-three alumni attained the rank of colonel in the various regiments furnished by the different States to the Confederacy, and that not less than thirty became lieutenant colonels.

It is known that forty per cent of the total enrollment from 1865 to 1867 were in the Confederate army. The average enrollment of the Federal army was twenty-three per cent, that of Yale being the highest, being only twenty-five per cent of the number of students.

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## THE UNIVERSITY'S SONS OF BATTLE

Of those regiments which were distinguished by extraordinary losses in battle, the University of North Carolina colonels led into battle the greater number. The 28th North Carolina, which had a phenomenal loss, the greatest in history, of 83.3 per cent, was under Henry K. Burgwyn, a graduate of 1857. The 4th North Carolina, under George B. Anderson, a graduate of 1847, lost 54.4 per cent at Seven Pines; the 18th, under Robert H. Cown, A.B., 1844, 56.5 per cent at



Seven Pines; the 1st North Carolina Battalion, under John D. Taylor, graduate of 1853, 57 per cent at Bentonville; the 33rd North Carolina, under Clarke N. Avery, a graduate of 1839, lost 41.4 per cent at Chancellorsville.

The battle of Gettysburg was particularly fatal to University sons. The regiment which sustained the heaviest loss of any regiment on either side in a single battle during the war was under the command of a university man, Henry K. Burgwyn, a colonel of twenty-one years of age. The former colonel of this regiment had been Zeb. B. Vance until his election as governor of North Carolina (another university son). The 26th Regiment was a part of the brigade of Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew, one of the most remarkable men who ever attended the University of North Carolina, and one of the most outstanding officers of the Confederate army. His loss just after Gettysburg was a blow to the South.

Can North Carolina's university desire more in the line of military distinction than to have the distinguished honor of claiming Pettigrew and Burgwyn among her sons? Isaac E. Avery, colonel of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, who was mortally wounded while leading a charge at Gettysburg, expressed the sentiment felt by many other sons of the University, when he wrote this dying message: "Tell my father I died with my face to the foe."

This university claims more than her proportion of commanders of North Carolina regiments that became distinguished because of their heavy loss in individual battles. There are nine regiments of which we have records of the numbers carried into battle and the losses sustained in each, four of the nine regiments being under the command of university men at the time of meeting their heaviest loss.

The records of the sons of the university show that heroic enthusiasm characterized to the highest degree their conduct in the War between the States.

In the closing days of the struggle, university men, as usual, came to the rescue of their suffering country and sought to lighten the burden of its sorrows.

So we have attempted to review the position of the sons of the University of North Carolina in the field and in the legislative and executive branches of the government of the Confederacy. Their work for Confederate education was not less noticeable. Perhaps the most curious of the educational enterprises of sons of the university

was the law school for Confederate prisoners established on Johnson's Island in 1863 and 1864 by Joseph J. Davis, who was then a prisoner of war.

When we come to the actual administration of affairs in North Carolina during the Confederacy, we find that the most exalted position was filled by a son of this university, for it was Zebulon B. Vance who earned for himself the name of "the war governor of the South." This proud title was earned by the masterful ability of Governor Vance in his administration of the State's resources, and it was through him that the blockade trade through the port of Wilmington from 1863 to 1864 became the main support of the North Carolina troops and, through them, to the Confederacy.

The village of Chapel Hill was taken possession of by Federal troops on April 17, 1865, under the command of General Adkins, of Illinois, with four thousand cavalry. It was through the wise course of President Swain that the university town was protected from vandalism which other towns had suffered. He visited General Sherman as he advanced on Raleigh and surrendered to him the university, thus securing a promise of protection which, as a rule, was observed by the Federals. Though General Adkins moved westward within three weeks, yet a force was left in Chapel Hill for more than two months.

The old college bell was daily rung by one of the professors (often by President Swain himself), even after the occupation of Chapel Hill by the Yankees.

After the close of hostilities and the Confederate soldiers had returned to their homes, President Swain issued an invitation to the former members of the class of 1865 that he would grant diplomas to all who would return to the university and deliver orations at the approaching commencement. In addition to William C. Prout, who was the only student of that class to continue at Chapel Hill, three others attended these exercises, which were in striking contrast to those of former days. The returned graduates were Henry A. London, Edward G. Prout, and John R. D. Shepard, all being awarded A.B.

This commencement of 1865 was the sad climax of the war period of the university. It is believed that this was the only institution of rank in the South for men or women which had commencement exercises in that terrible year of 1865.

In describing this commencement, Henry A. London says that the exercises were held on the



afternoon of the first Thursday in June, and consisted only of the orations by the four seniors, who, enveloped in the black silk gowns then always worn by the graduating orators, felt as important as any of the graduating classes of today. There was no band of musicians to inspire and stimulate their oratory, nor was the audience altogether calculated to arouse the most pleasant or most pacific feelings, for a large part of that audience consisted of uninvited visitors from the North—soldiers of Sherman's army.

Though the names of her Confederate dead are carved in marble on the walls of the university's memorial hall, yet they have left a record of imperishable glory on the pages of North Carolina's history.

Eternal honor to those sons of the university whose deeds should forever stimulate every impulse of honor and patriotism in the students at Chapel Hill. In the words of a distinguished alumnus: "The story of their heroism and devotion to the call of duty will be cherished by the University of North Carolina as the brightest jewel in her crown, and their names will be remembered in this institution as long as patriotism is honored there."

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"Their heroic deeds shall ever stand upon the roll of Fame,  
And Time's *immortal* scroll shall keep a record of each name."

(Continued in March.)

### THE SINGULAR BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

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

I have been reading some books and "Official Records" about the battle of Murfreesboro which have increased my almost lifelong interest in that great contest for the control of Middle Tennessee.

Twice did Bragg and Rosecrans match their generalship against each other. Twice did the hunter seek the lion, only to have the latter spring upon him and "maul" him. Murfreesboro and Chickamauga have many remarkable resemblances, which it may be well to recall as an introduction to our consideration of the fight on the banks of Stone's River. In each case, Rosecrans went out from Nashville with the express purpose of attacking Bragg, and in each case it was Bragg that struck first, last, and all the time. The west fork of Stone's River and the west fork of Chickamauga Creek are the same size, flow with equal crookedness, through very much the same kind of wooded, bushy, rolling,

stony, sticky yellow and red-clay country, and make with the road for which the armies contended just about exactly the same angle, and in the same direction.

In each case, Rosecrans sought safety on the second day from Bragg's attack by entrenchments that bulged forward in a curve like that of a bent finger. At Chickamauga there was a stem below the bulge—a straight line that Bragg bent back until its right extremity was driven against the back opening of that bulging part above. At Murfreesboro, after one day's fighting, the same fortified crescent-shaped line was found, but there was no stem below it. There had been a straight line the morning of the fight, but that had been driven back at its right extremity until the end brigade had described an arc three miles long when it found security behind the cuts and embankments of a railroad. Then, in the right, it was curved into a crescent by its officers, and entrenched by its men, so as to resemble the curve of the letter D, with only a mile and a half for the chord of the arc. Three corps, or eight divisions, or twenty-six brigades, the enemy had in the limits of that line. The twenty-seven brigades sounds most impressive. The count is accurate—three to each of eight divisions and, Walker, and the Pioneer Brigade in addition. The situation recalls the defensive lines of Rosecrans at Chattanooga after his defeat on the field of Chickamauga.

Bragg was at Murfreesboro to feed his army and lay claim to Tennessee, but his presence was in a way an insult as well as a challenge to Rosecrans. Bragg's cavalry, under Wheeler, Forrest, and Morgan, were extremely insulting. Even though it was winter, Rosecrans and the North thought of it in that light. Bragg had that very autumn marched in an elipse from Chattanooga to a point near Nashville, to Glasgow, Ky., to a point near Louisville, to one just south of Frankfort, to Perryville, to Cumberland Gap, to Knoxville, back to Chattanooga—and now once more he was only thirty miles from Nashville. Then, when Bragg sent Forrest off to West Tennessee and Morgan to Kentucky, Rosecrans felt that it was time to attack the intruder, who came to spend the winter in a "conquered" territory of which he was guardian. He says in his report: "In the absence of these forces (Forrest and Morgan), and with adequate supplies in Nashville, the moment was judged opportune for an advance on the rebels." But in his report, he still estimates the cavalry left at Murfreesboro at more than thirteen thousand,

Rosecrans dared to go on this winter campaign because of the then wonderful turnpikes of the "Nashville Basin." From the capital itself, from



Murfreesboro, Lebanon Shelbyville, and other centers pikes radiated like star points. They were a necessity to the people because of the fertility as well as the muddiness of the soil. Bragg would not have been at Murfreesboro had it not been a pike center, but he would have been absolutely unreachable had they not offered to Rosecrans the way of resenting the insult. Still, "Rosy" was running a great risk. For an army the size of his, more than one road was requisite, especially if it came to a retreat. That is why he chose to approach Murfreesboro by way of Triune, instead of Jefferson and the Lebanon Pike he would have, in addition to the regular straight Murfreesboro pike, several usable roads. Bragg drew up his army around his town in a way that showed he expected the enemy from the Lebanon, or north, side, but was prepared to move quickly to cover the Wilkinson and Triune approach from the southwest. Rosecrans, of course, was tied to the direct pike (and adjacent railroad) as one of his roads, so as to block it against an advance by Bragg to Nashville, and, needing another, found those south of his main road convenient for marching, even if there were radical objections when he should reach his objective and choose position for battle. His route threw the bulk of his army to the south of the main pike in order to hold two roads for retreat. Then he found his position weak for attack and very open to flank assaults on the part of Bragg. In fact, taking position on December 30, he woke up next morning to find a lion crunching his right leg and rushing him off to the jungle. In the fighting that day, he had to take his guns off the pike across hilly country, and when a few horses were killed, there was no getting them back, Bragg got them.

It was Rosecrans who ran the line of battle so far south. Bragg followed suit only in self-defense—and then, after all, it was not done in order to capture the town, but as a feint. As a matter of fact, Rosecrans, as he reveals in his report, planned to go into Murfreesboro by way of his *left* corps, north of the main pike and railroad. He gave orders to that effect, and the movement began at the very time Bragg struck his other flank. He tells how he asked General McCook, his *right* corps commander south of the pike, if he "could hold his position for three hours" next morning, while Crittenden, commanding the *left*, was moving across the river and on into the town. He reveals his whole plan in full and plain manner. However, at the end of that day's fighting, he had only one road left him for retreat—the main pike.

There is a wonderful map of the battle—a topographical map, giving the contours (10 ft. intervals)

and elevations, as well as troop positions, etc., found in the Tennessee Volume of the twelve volume publication, "The Confederate Military History," and also in other books. One can judge of many things with such a map in hand. With this in hand, let us turn to Bragg's side of the matter of position.

Bragg came to the town November 26. In October Walter Morris, of Polk's Corps, had made the topographical map and, presumably, Bragg had it. Later, the position of the troops was added—three positions of both armies. Having come so near Nashville, Bragg felt sure of being attacked sooner or later. He was given a solid month to study his manner of defense. Certain things were plain enough. The enemy must hold to the main pike never mind how he came, and certain roads as well as this had to be covered by the defender. There was the Lebanon Pike, running due north, and the Salem Pike, almost due southwest—these were the limits, and in between came the main pike, the Wilkenson Pike, and the Triune Pike (Old Franklin Road). The limiting pikes made with each other an angle of about 110°. A curving ridge (gapped and depressed in places, and broken through entirely by the river) suggested the line of proper position, for it extended from the Lebanon to the Salem Pikes, at a distance of about a mile and a half from the town. The trouble was that the ridge crossed the river, and, therefore, so must the army placed on its crest. Now, the west fork of Stone is only a creek, but capable of becoming a river in a few hours. Fordable almost anywhere near the town, its real fords are only ankle deep in dry weather. Bragg, having little choice, risked putting his right wing, the one north of the main pike and railroad, *east* of the river, and the left wing *west* of the river. This last lay for its full length parallel with the shallow stream, but the other sheered east, while the stream, deeper here and with rocky, steep banks 70 feet and more above the water in most places, the Nashville side higher than the Murfreesboro, sheered to the west. Insignificant as the stream was (and it never rose till the fighting was over), nevertheless, it made such difficulties for the wings of both armies, which it separated, that after the other wings had fought to a standstill, neither the Federal left nor the Confederate right could well get at the other for a fight. Rosecrans had planned to get to Murfreesboro by crossing at this point, but on January 2, he came and looked at it and gave the plan up. There was fighting here, as we shall see, but that was due to a blunder and proved a lesson to both commanders. At the end of the battle of Murfreesboro, the strange sight was seen of the Federal army lying *end on* toward its enemy and stretching away toward Nashville, while that enemy was unable to strike it



in front, flank, or rear. It was not a straight line just touching the river; it was a crescent (part of which even lay across the stream) that sheered away and then turned more and more, in the same way that an arc sheers and turns from a tangent. Both generals had placed a wing where it could not fight. Bragg had left to the enemy a much stronger position for his wing than the one he had chosen for himself, while the enemy had the problem of how to hold to his only line of retreat and at the same time attack with effect. Bragg's wing was only one division, while Rosecrans had a corps of three divisions, so that Bragg, who had five divisions only, used four-fifths of his army elsewhere; but Rosecrans, who had thirteen corps, could only feel free to use two-thirds. Both, however, at times sneaked brigades away to other near-by points, so surely did they deem the risk but slight.

Rosecrans started from Nashville on December 26, and took four days to march the thirty miles and place his army. He encountered rain and "rebels." The cavalry of Bragg, under Wheeler and Wharton, one on each side of his routes, did superb work. Each had about two thousand men, Buford with the rest of Bragg's five thousand being held at Murfreesboro. Finding Bragg in position on his ridgelike row of oblong hills, he extended his own lines southward, and so Bragg had to do the same. He felt out Bragg's line somewhat on the 30th, and gave his orders for next day. His troops that lay south of the main pike were to strike "warmly, but not vigorously," and hold for at least "three hours." Those on the north side were to cross the river, drive Bragg south of the main pike and railroad, and thus open his way to the town. This crossing was begun, but stopped by events on the wing that extended southward. The flank of this latter was in the air, the brigades specially chosen to guard it took things easily, and Hardee, the fighter, was hurling Bragg's fine troops, brigade after brigade, in echelon tactics with a vigor irresistible. Soon Polk was having it out with Thomas in the center. Helped by Crittenden the "Rock of Chickamauga" proved himself a good-sized pebble even at Stone River. He held till night at one point—the vital one. Right where the main pike and railroad approach the river before crossing it, just where "the Cowan House" stood near "the Round Forest," Thomas and Crittenden held by a brigade front, and saved the wreck of Rosecrans from ruin. It was a great day for Bragg and all the Confederate soldiers, for Breckinridge had come from his north wing with four brigades to help Polk win the Round Forest, but alas! the day closed leaving to Rosecrans the main pike and Crittenden's position north of it. With only one road for retreat, he felt

very anxious. He went back to look at a position for a stand at Overall's Creek. Those "rebels" had driven the extremity of his right wing three miles, and all intermediate troops proportionately down as far as the junction of his center with his left, which still stood where it was placed the night before. During the night he gave up the Round Forest, and drew Crittenden back some six hundred yards to the woods. He placed *his whole line in the woods* (or perhaps cedar thickets), fortified it, gave it a great bay window shape, and concentrated all his troops and artillery where they would be *safe*, and able to rush to each other's help *in no time*. Truly, the lion had mauled the hunter and the hunter had climbed a tree.

All next day the two generals looked at each other and did nothing, except that Rosecrans sent a division into the *woods* across the river—woods that covered the crest of a hill, however, and gave position for artillery that could enfilade Polk's troops at the main pike and railroad near the river, the Round Forest in fact, it was a safe spot for Van Cleve's Division, for it was completely covered by the infantry and artillery of Crittenden just over on the west side of the *creek*, finally called Stone's River. Moreover the western hills were higher than this eastern one. Even that was not all; the front and both sides of this oblong hill were exposed to Crittenden's guns. Thus Rosecrans could hold it forever and Bragg could not do so for a minute. It seems that Rosecrans wanted it more as a protection against Polk's possible attacks than as a starting point for a movement against the town. As only skirmishers could go near that hill in the woods (but near the river), Bragg did not learn of the enemy's aggression for some time, and it was then he committed his blunder.

Bragg could blunder as well as Rosecrans. Both were in the main good strategists, but Bragg seemed to lose his head in a crisis, and Rosecrans his heart. And now, while Rosecrans was busy making things safe for his larger army, Bragg was bent on action of some sort. Just what he contemplated is not revealed, but as a start toward that, whatever it was, he wanted Breckinridge to take and *hold* that unholdable hilltop. He says in his report that he had moved Polk forward after discovering the withdrawal of Thomas and Crittenden, and now from this hill Polk was enfiladed. He continues; "The dislodgment of this force, or the withdrawal of Polk's line, was an evident necessity. The latter involved consequences not to be entertained. "What were those consequences? Polk had stood in his former position a long time safely. Why then was this new position of such moment? Probably he was planning an attack on Crittenden and wanted Polk well up to the



front at the start. But Bragg should have considered the consequences of taking that hill that could not be held. He had been for a month on the ground; he had chosen a site for the position of his right wing; he must have gone as far as the river in front, at least; he had with Hardee and Breckinridge decided on what ridge to place his line, and this hill must have come into discussion; he probably had Morris's topographical map, made in October; Breckinridge protested against the movement; in fact, only failure in close observation when he inspected the possibilities of defense during the month he was at Murfreesboro can excuse the awful mistake. He ordered Breckinridge to take the hill, and that able general did so, only to find himself right under the fire of fifty-eight guns and another division of infantry in almost pointblank range. Four brigades held the hill. These and their battery were routed by the four of Breckinridge. His soldiers eagerly rushed in pursuit down the slope to the very water and the enemy opened on them from across the stream in front and the woods on the right. It was nearly a mile from the river back to safety. Both coming and going, gallant Confederates strewed the ground. Nearly one-third of the four brigades were lost. No charge could have been made more steadily and beautifully. Success followed very quickly. Then the opposing forces from across the water and the woods on the right, having now their own troops on the top *out of the way*, poured in their volleys. Breckinridge had about five thousand men and three batteries, and the enemy the same number of infantry and one battery. Across the narrow river were the fifty-eight guns and Negley's division, while troops streamed out of the woods to the right coming up from fords below. These pursued Breckinridge back to his starting point and night prevented further struggle.

In the night, heavy rains began and continued next day. The generals had time to think up plans and chances. Neither could attack with the slightest chance of success. Rosecrans did not want to attack, and retreat by one road meant even worse things. He stood and waited for reinforcements now on the way. Bragg could expect no additions, but could retreat easily and could not be followed. He took the counsel of his generals and retreated. That gave Rosecrans the credit of the campaign, for he had driven Bragg back to Tullahoma. But in the fighting, the lion all but killed the hunter, who took refuge and stayed close within. This was mortifying, and "Stone River" is not a name to conjure with in some portions of our glory-loving country.

Rosecrans had eight divisions to Bragg's five. Walker, and the "Pioneer Brigade" should be added

to the eight. Bragg had more cavalry and fewer guns.

In conclusion, let it be said that if that little stream had flowed square across the main pike and railroad, it would not have figured in the situation as it did. The stream and pike met in a very acute angle. Crittenden was placed in that angle. The pike then continued *behind* Polk's lines, so that both Breckinridge and Polk would have fought him had he crossed and tried to reach the town. Unless Thomas came out of his entrenchments and held Polk, Crittenden could do nothing. Thomas' chances of holding Polk was tried and lost on the first day. On the other hand, Crittenden's position on top of the high, steep river bluffs forbade an assault by Breckinridge even if strongly reinforced. As was said before, both generals had condemned these troops to absolute idleness unless some one blundered, or they were sneaked out for temporary use elsewhere. Truly, it was a singular battle, and a bloody one—nearly eighteen thousand Americans were killed or wounded! None were more lamented than Generals Rains, of Tennessee, and Harrison, of Kentucky.

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#### ROBERT E. LEE

[For this paper, Mrs. R. J. Domatti, of Port Arthur, Tex., was awarded the Texas Division Medal for the best essay on any subject submitted in 1929.]

The month of January is memorialized by all Southern people as the natal anniversary of two of the world's greatest military commanders, Generals Robert E. Lee and Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson. Since Lee was born on January 19 and Jackson January 21, the double event is celebrated on the 19th.

The entire world knows the story of these two great men as citizens, patriots, Christians, and military commanders, and the brilliant victory at Chancellorsville, so, departing from the beaten path of history, this story will deal with the character of Lee.

Lee had served thirty-two years in the army of the United States prior to the breaking out of the War between the States. Then he was offered the command of the Union army. This brought Lee face to face with the greatest struggle of his life, that of deciding which side he should defend in the coming great conflict. One of his soldiers, Randolph McKim, in speaking of the struggle, said: "Never, in any of his great battles—Chancellorsville, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, or Petersburg—was his great soul so shaken as on that night in his chamber at Arlington when this momentous decision was



trembling in the balance. One question alone presented itself to his great soul, What is my duty? He put aside ambitions, personal inclination, every selfish interest. Nothing weighed in the balance at that supreme moment but the purest, highest, most unselfish motives."

That through a sense of loyalty and duty he decided which side to defend in the war is shown by a letter he wrote to his sister, in which he said: "With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home." Virginia was his birthplace, so Lee resigned his commission in the army of the United States and joined the army of the South.

General Lee's idea of life was to do his duty at whatsoever cost, and to try to help others do theirs. In his army satchel, in his own handwriting, was found a paper bearing these noble words, which had been the guide of his life: "There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principle."

It is very seldom that we find a man indifferent to glory and free from jealousy and self-justification like General Lee. When there was an argument as to the rank of certain generals, he said, "O, I care nothing about rank. I am willing to serve anywhere that I can be most useful." And he meant it, for when the Virginia troops, were transferred to the Confederacy, and Lee did not understand that he was to retain his proper rank, he was quietly making his arrangements to enlist as a private soldier.

The General was always just in all of his dealings and ready to forgive. On one occasion when he recommended the promotion of a certain officer, it was pointed out that that officer had been very free in criticising the General. "The question is," Lee answered, "Not what he thinks or is pleased to say about me, but what I think about him."

As a soldier Lee was humane, self-restrained, and strictly observant of the most advanced rules of civilized warfare. He respected the noncombatant and never permitted the destruction of property. Referring to the enemy, a general said in Lee's presence: "I wish they were all dead." Lee said: "How can you say so, General? Now I wish they were all at home, attending to their own business, leaving us to do the same."

That Lee was charitable is proved by this incident related by one of his friends. Seeing Lee one day talking at his gate with a stranger to whom, as he finished, he gave some money, the friend inquired who the stranger was. "That is one of our old soldiers in necessitous circumstances," he replied.

"To whose command did he belong," inquired the friend? The General quietly added, "He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now."

It was always as a parent, not merely as a military superior, that General Lee believed in controlling and disciplining his army. With him, soldiers were not mere pawns and tools to be used in the great game of war. He regularly robbed his own poorly supplied mess table of luxuries which friends would send him in order that they might go to his ragged, suffering boys in the hospitals.

General Lee was not wounded during the war, but it was not because he took undue precautions for his personal safety, for in his eagerness to overlook the work of his artillery he often placed himself in a dangerous position.

How General Lee's soldiers regarded him as a man of character is set forth in the words of Major Stiles: "We never criticised, never doubted him; never attributed to him either moral error or mental weakness; no, not even in our sacred hearts or most audacious thoughts I really believe it would have strained and blurred our strongest and clearest conceptions of the distinction between right and wrong to have entertained, even for a moment, the thought that he had ever acted from any other than the purest and loftiest motive. I never but once heard of such a suggestion, and then it so transported the hearers that military subordination was forgotten and the colonel who heard it rushed with drawn sword against the major general who made it." Lee's troops loved, trusted, and revered him.

This statement from an address by Gamaliel Bradford gives us a true conception of the Christianity of Lee: "Lee had one intimate Friend—God. So I think we may conclude that the cardinal fact of Lee's life was God. . . . Everywhere and always he had God in his heart, not so much the God of power, or the God of justice, or even the God of beauty, but the God of life, tempering the austerity of virtue, sweetening the bitterness of failure, above all, breathing loving-kindness into the intolerable hell of war. There have been fierce saints who were fighters. There have been gentle saints who were martyrs. It is rare to find a soldier making war—stern war—with the pity, the tenderness, the sympathy of a true follower of Christ."

The General was unusually happy in his domestic life, and his tender devotion to his wife and children is an inspiration. One thing alone interrupted his domestic joys and that was absence from home, which the service of his country demanded.

A friend of Lee's said: "He loved children and



children loved him, which is surely the most flattering and conclusive evidence as to character." The little children always hailed his approach with glee—his sincerity, kindness of nature, and cordial manner attracting their unreserved confidence.

After the war the great General received many tempting offers in this country and abroad. To one attractive offer he made this reply: "I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle. I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life"

Thus the greatest commander of his time and one of the most famous men in the world, with offers that might have allured even him with all his modesty, turned his back on the world. Guided by the lamp with which duty appeared to light the way, he quietly rode to that little town in Rockbridge County to devote the remaining years of his life to fitting the sons of his old soldiers to meet the exactions of the coming time.

One afternoon in the early autumn, on his old war horse, General Lee rode into Lexington alone and accepted the presidency of Washington College at a salary that was a mere pittance. It was a college broken in fortune and hope. The buildings had been pillaged and defaced, the library scattered, and the small faculty disorganized.

Hardly anything in the man's character is grander than the way in which he instantly adapted himself to new circumstances and began to work as a loyal and devoted citizen, even when the United States still refused him the rights and privileges of citizenship. The importance of his influence in this regard, over his friends and family, over his old soldiers, over every Southern man and woman cannot be exaggerated.

The years of Lee's life after the war are radiant with a serene light undimmed by one word or act which his devoted people would wish to blot from the record. As the leader and model of his people during the reconstruction period, he committed no error that anyone has been able to discover.

In his college work, General Lee was deeply interested in each and every student and gave his time unsparingly to their needs. To a minister of Lexington, he said: "I shall be disappointed, sir—I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here—unless these young men all become consistent Christians."

He could not tolerate idleness and believed that a student who did not work did harm both to himself and to others. When a student asked for a copy of the printed rules of the college, Lee replied: "We

have no printed rules. We have but one rule here, and it is that every student must be a gentleman."

Lee's reproof was firm, yet kind, and often even melting in its tenderness; and his appeals—always addressed to the noblest motives, were irresistible. As Dr. Bradford said: "What counted with all these young men was his personal influence, and he knew it. In point of fact, he was creating or re-creating a great nation still. His patience, his courage, his attitude toward the future, his perfect forgiveness, his large magnanimity, above all, his hope, were reflected in the eager hearts about him and from them spread wide over the bruised and beaten South, which stood so sorely in need of all these things."

Lee died in the fifth year of his presidency of the college. During the years of his leadership the number of students was quadrupled, and the endowment of the institution was increased many fold. He found it a college, and left it a university, worthy of the proud title which links the names of two great Americans—Washington and Lee.

"Like vivid flashes of lightning, his life pierced the storm-tossed clouds of reconstruction and lighted the way for the sons of the South, seeking the pathway of knowledge; by precept and example taught them life was not a failure, that defeat was only the spur for higher endeavor, led them away from the valley of despair to the sun-kissed mountain peaks of renewed hopes and courage for the battle of life before them."

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#### PEGRAM'S BRIGADE AT SPOTSYLVANIA.

BY GEORGE Q. PEYTON, PRIVATE COMPANY A, 13TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, RAPIDAN, VA.

Pegram's Brigade was composed of five regiments of Virginia infantry, the 13th, 31st, 49th, 52nd, and 58th regiments. It spent the winter of 1863-64 on picket duty at Somerville's Ford, on the Rapidan River, where the men had a very quiet time. The Yankee cavalry occupied the north bank of the river, and each side declared a truce and did not molest the other. They became so friendly that they often exchanged papers and other things. This was kept up until the armies moved.

At sundown on the 3rd of May, the Yankee pickets began firing at us, and we knew that something was up. The next morning they were gone, and we followed on the 4th. We started from the river about three o'clock in the afternoon, marched about six miles and went into camp. That is, we lay down on the ground and went to sleep. About midnight we were aroused and started back to Somerville. We were told that the Yankees crossed



after we left and we must go and drive them back. We marched very rapidly and got to the river about sunrise, and not a Yankee in sight anywhere. Just imagine our thoughts. We lay down on the sand and went to sleep. About twelve o'clock we started back and got to our line of battle about eleven o'clock that night. The brigade had been in a big fight that day, and early the next morning the Yankees made another attempt to break our line. After about three hours' hard work, we drove them back. General Pegram was severely wounded, and did not get well for four months. Our men were behind a breastwork made of rails, rotten logs and stumps. This was not bullet proof, but it helped a heap.

About four o'clock we heard heavy firing on our right, and then it suddenly ceased. Gordon's Brigade had charged and captured the Yankee breastworks, but did not hold it, and we were called on to help retake it. All right! we piled over the stumps and went with the general. The Yanks had got back in the works and saluted us with a heavy fire of musketry, but we were so close that nearly all their bullets went over our heads. We captured several flags, a good many prisoners, and the ground was strewn with knapsacks, haversacks, guns, frying pans, and a lot of heavy tin cups. Our company got thirteen frying pans. Colonel Hoffman's horse was killed with his head over the top of the works.

We lay down in front of the works and went to sleep. About ten o'clock we were suddenly roused by a terrific fire of musketry right in our faces. We jumped up and I took down the hill toward our breastworks. I was making two-forty time when I met the Colonel face to face. He had a cavalry saber about five feet long, and was waving it like a man mowing grass with a scythe blade. He made a motion at me and I went back and knelt down between two old fellows that did not run. The next morning we found that nearly the whole brigade had run clear back to our line. Of course, I kept my mouth shut. We also got a lot of sugar and coffee, something we had not seen for a long time. We threw up some more stumps and logs. In the evening we heard loud cheering on our left, and presently General Lee and his staff came riding down the line. We left the line and stood by the road until Lee got by. About dark we started to move to the right and spent the whole night marching and counter marching. We would take a few steps, stop and go back; take a few more and go back. About daybreak we got straightened out, and then we went like race horses. We heard that Grant had left our front and

was trying to get to Spotsylvania Courthouse ahead of us, and General Lee was trying to head him off. Our pioneers had cut a new road through a body of large trees. The woods were on fire on both sides of the road, and it was terrible going through the smoke and fire. The men broke down, some fainted, and we thought that we would never get to the end of the woods, but in four or five hours we came out into a wheat field and rejoiced to see something green again. Some of our men knew where we were, and said it was Todd's Tavern. We rested about ten minutes and started again.

In a few minutes we came to a wide, well-traveled road, and were told that it was the Catharpin, and that it led to Fredericksburg. We went up Catharpin Hill, and were told that if a team could pull a load up Catharpin Hill, it could get to Fredericksburg, so we took fresh courage and went on rapidly. We marched until sundown, when we reached our lines at Spotsylvania Courthouse. We had beat Grant, but by a very small margin. One of his corps formed in column of brigades and was within a quarter mile of the road to Spotsylvania when Kershaw's Division of South Carolinians double-quickened down the road in front of them. They pulled the billets from between the rails and got down behind them. General Jeb Stuart led them and told them not to fire until the Yankees got close. I was in prison with some of these men, and they told me that if it had not been for General Stuart they would have left the fence before the Yankees got there. A whole corps, numbering at least thirty-five thousand men, came out of the woods on the other side of a naked field and advanced to attack them. They waited until they got about fifty yards from the fence and then they let them have it. There was so many of them that the ones behind pushed the ones in front over the fence and several were killed with bayonets. When the Yanks began to give way, it soon became a perfect mass, and they ran back to the woods from whence they came. Their officers tried to get them to advance again, but they would not move a step. I went over this ground on the 19th day of May, when General Ewell tried to capture Grant's wagon train, and I never saw such a horrid sight. The Yankee dead had been piled up like cord wood, just a little dirt had been thrown on them and rains had washed this off and their heads and feet were all sticking out on each side.

Kershaw had seven small brigades with perhaps nine thousand men, all South Carolinians. During the day, which was Sunday, we passed several groups of women and children, but I did not see a single man. On the 9th and 10th of May we were held in reserve.



The Yanks would begin a heavy artillery fire, and send over a rain of solid shot and shells. When this stopped a drum would beat and here they would come, charging our works. We started in the morning behind our right, and wherever the Yanks wanted to break over, we double-quickened there to meet them. They tried this at four places, but only succeeded in getting over at one place. They broke over where Doles' Georgia Brigade was, and captured four pieces of artillery, but Gordon's Brigade charged and drove them back with great slaughter. We lost some men by curiosity. Wherever the Yanks tried to break over and we went to stop them, several men would run ahead to see if they got over, and several of these were wounded. One, a lieutenant, got both legs shot off by a cannon ball. The last attempt they made was at our extreme left, when they charged the Texans. They tried so hard here that one of our regiments had to reënforce the Texans before they could whip them.

Soon after dark we started back to our old position. All day, when we expected every minute to go into action, you never heard a sound, but just as soon as as we turned our back on the breastworks, you never heard such noise. The men whistled, sang songs, told jokes, and acted like a lot of boys just out of school. We had been going all day and were tired and footsore. I also lost my new tin cup which I got from the Yanks at Locust Grove.

On the morning of the 11th we were sent to relieve Doles' Brigade, where the Yanks had run over them the day before. This was in a piece of small pines, and these were nearly all cut down like it had been done by a mowing machine. There was a battery just to the left of the small pines, which were a foot or more in diameter, and they were shot down by cannon balls, but in front the ground was blue with dead and wounded Yankees. The wounded were crying piteously for water, and some of our men started to carry them some, but the Yankee sharpshooters ordered them to go back or they would shoot them. There were eleven of our poor fellows laid out to be buried. We were told that General Sedgwick, of Grant's army, was making fun of one of his men for dodging balls when he was killed by one of our sharpshooters. He was one of the best generals Grant had.

We did not stay long at this place, but went back to where we had stayed at night, a gulley in an old field. It began to rain about ten o'clock, and rained all day. The morning of the 12th of May dawned dark and rainy. We got up as soon as we could see, packed our tents, and started to cook breakfast, when we were ordered to "fall in" immediately. As soon

as the line formed, we moved to the spot where we had relieved Doles, but now all was silent, the dead and wounded were gone, and the firing had stopped. We had been there but a few minutes when the battery on our left turned their guns around and commenced firing obliquely to our rear. As we did not understand this maneuver, we called to them that they were firing into our own men, but they knew more than we did and kept on firing. They stopped after firing a few times, and we were immediately called to "Attention!" Then "Right face, forward, march." We marched about fifty yards. "File right" again, and marched about a hundred yards. We then saw General Lee, General Ewell, General Gordon, and lots of aides and couriers. We halted when we got opposite to General Lee, who rode up to our front and told us that his line was broken and he wanted us to retake it. "I will lead you," he said. To this we objected, and told him that we would do what he wanted, but he must not go. As he did not want to go back, General Gordon told him, "General, these men are Virginians, and will do anything you want done, so you must go back." Seeing that he was not going, a private stepped out from the 49th and, taking his horse by the bridle, led him to the rear.

Right in front of us was a thick piece of old field pines and all this time bullets were coming out of these pines and rattling against some farm buildings right behind us. The order was given "Double quick, forward!" and we plunged into the pines. They were full of Yankees, who jumped up and commenced shooting at us. We were so astonished that we just gave a loud yell and rushed at them. We ran them out of the pines, down a hill, through a piece of large oaks, over a line of breastworks behind our works that they had captured, through a swamp that had been trampled into a quagmire, and which was about knee deep, then up a long, naked hill to our old front line. This line was full of Yankees, and we got close enough to almost read the letters on their caps that showed what command they belonged to. Seeing that they were about to fire, we fell on our faces and most of their balls went over our heads. As soon as they fired, we jumped up, went for them, and they got out in a hurry. We followed only a short distance and then went on up our old line of breastworks. These were made like hogpens, about sixteen feet long and eight feet wide. They were full of Yankees, who hopped out as we came to them and took to the rear. We ran them out until we came to where they had built a work across this line, and as our line was pretty long and thin, we stopped and were ordered to get in the pits. We had hardly gotten



in when they charged us from the outside. They rolled over the side of the pits like an avalanche, and when they rolled over the front, we rolled out at the rear. We were making good time going down a hill to a piece of big oak trees when our officers ran in front and turned us back. We turned around, gave them a volley and started for them. They did not wait for us to get to the pits when they scrambled over the back side, and they did not charge us again that day. They poured in a heavy fire all day, and we lost a lot of men. We recaptured four pieces of artillery, and one of our men, who had been to the Virginia Military Institute, took some men and ran one of the recaptured guns up to the pits and began firing on the enemy in front. Captain Garber, of the artillery, also came with two men, and I was sent to help them. We fired several times when the Institute man was badly wounded and at the same time one of Captain Garber's men was wounded, and our artillery had to cease firing. About this time an officer rode up in the woods behind us and said: "General Ewell says if you will hold this place fifteen minutes that he will have five brigades here to help you." "All right, we will hold it or die trying." After about, as it seemed to me, a week, I saw a lot of hats down in the woods and, hurrah! three brigades had come to help us! We scrambled back into the pits and got down behind the logs. After we got settled in the pits, we could see the Yanks working like beavers building a breastwork across from our line to their line, and behind this work they were as thick as bees pouring a stream of bullets into us. We soon found that we could not raise our heads above the top of the pit without danger of being killed. Two of our men were shot in a few minutes. Their artillery also kept up a steady fire. On top of the walls of the pits our men had placed big logs, with a crack under them to fire through. A cannon ball cut the log in two and the log rolled down on us. It rained all day and the mud and water in the pit was shoe deep. When the men who came to help us got in the pit, they would not believe that the men building the breastwork were Yankees, and a curly-headed colonel crawled out behind to find out. He only took two steps when he was saluted with a shower of balls. He scrambled back in a hurry.

We had been in the pits only a short time when we received orders that our ammunition was getting low and only a few men must shoot. There were four men in our pit who would not stop shooting and begged us for cartridges so they could keep on. As I was not anxious to shoot, I gave them nearly all I had. I sat down on a knapsack to keep me out of the mud, stood my gun up between my knees, and went to sleep, from which I was suddenly awakened

by a ball striking the ramrod. I suppose this ball struck something and glanced, as there were no men in the pits between us and the angle, which was about fifty yards to our left. As several of us were separated from our company, about dark we started to find it, and located it only a few yards to the left. We put out videttes in front as soon as it got dark, and lay down and went to sleep. I was awakened by one of the videttes about four o'clock in the morning, who said that he could not keep his eyes open, and asked me to take his place. I do not suppose that many people would hanker for the place, as it was only a few yards from the Yankees but I went out and stayed all night. Soon after I got out there, I saw our men crawl out of the pits and take off down toward the woods. The man next to me saw them too, and came and told me. I told him that I knew it. "Well," he said, "I am going too." I told him that I was not going until I got orders. "Well," he said, "I'm going, orders or no orders." Just then Captain Randolph, who had command of the picket line, came up and told him if he left the line he would shoot him. He told the Captain that he did not belong to his regiment and he would not take orders from him. "All right," said the Captain, "but if you start to leave this line, I will shoot you sure." The Captain went on down the line and the man waited until he got out of sight and crawled over the breastwork and I saw him no more. It was so dark you could not see very far. As soon as it began to get light the Yankees commenced to fire at us, and we got in the pits. There were very few men on the line. By the time the sun was shining, the Yankee pickets were firing right fast. The Captain waved to the men down the line, we scrambled out of the pits and left. We found the guns that we had recaptured yesterday lying right where we captured them. The caissons and the ammunition chests were lying there turned upside down, with the horses all hitched up, flat on their backs. I heard that the artillery had been taken out of the works the night before and was rushed back when the attack was made, and I suppose the caissons were turned over in trying to get them in the works. I was told that a man was sent with forty men (soldiers) to drag the captured guns away, but he said that he couldn't get them to do anything, and all finally lay down and went to sleep.

In connection with this fight there were some incidents out of the ordinary. After our interview with General Lee and we plunged into those pines, we were so astonished that we did not believe the men who jumped up were Yankees, and we ran them out before we knew who they were. Lying at the foot of our reserved line was a wounded Federal officer, and one of our officers asked him if those men running



were Union men or Confederates? On learning that they were Union men, he said, "Fire away, boys," and a good many of us fired our first shots then. A Yankee officer was standing on our reserved work waving a flag. One of our men shot him and took the flag. It proved to be the flag of the 23rd North Carolina Regiment. One of our men had his arm shattered at the elbow, and another wounded man was helping him off. Seeing a nice looking haversack on a dead Yankee, and thinking that it might have some coffee in it, they brought it off. Upon opening it at the hospital, they found a Virginia flag that had been presented by the ladies of Harrisonburg to the 10th Virginia Regiment.

We had to charge up a long, naked hill in front of the works, the Yankees had caputred on our extreme right, and we lost a great many men. Our color bearer was badly wounded. Lieutenant Quarles grabbed the flag, but was soon killed. A boy who had run away from home, I suppose, and who spent the winter with us at Somerville's Ford, grabbed the flag when the lieutenant was killed, and carried it straight over the breastworks, and he carried it all that day and until the color bearer came back in September. He did not look to be more than sixteen years old.

Now in this fight we thought that we had done something great. The *London Times* had a correspondent named Russell at General Lee's headquarters, and we watched anxiously to see what he would say about it. To our great chagrin he did not say anything, and if you will read General Gordon's book, he does not even name Pegram's Brigade. He gives all the credit to "my command."

Now, the recapture of this line restored General Lee's lines, and if they had not been restored Grant could have gone on to Richmond. Hancock's Corps had penetrated nearly a mile behind General Lee when we stopped him

In his "History of the Civil War," Lossing gives Grant's losses as follows: Wilderness—killed, 5,597; wounded 21,469; missing 10,667. Spotsylvania—killed, 4,177; wounded, 19,687, missing, 2,577. Total, 64,174.

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#### CONCESSIONS MADE FOR UNION.

In the following, taken from the *Southern Churchman*, organ of the Episcopal Church, published in Richmond, Va., "Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, N. C., author of the standard history of that State, makes correction of a story of the general convention of the Church of 1865, along with some connected facts regarding Bishop Atkinson.

"The circumstances of the return of the Southern

bishops to the Church organization of the United States, as given by Captain Ashe in his history are not told in the contemporary newspaper accounts and probably do not appear in the official minutes, but doubtless were obtained from Bishop Atkinson personally, and, of course, are absolutely authentic. Following is an extract from Ashe's 'History of North Carolina':

"The various religious denominations, having severed their relations with those of the North, remained in that condition; but the Episcopal Church had somewhat of a territorial character, and on the passing away of the Confederate States the question arose as to what should be done about the Protestant Church in the Confederate States. Some of the Diocesan Councils were held in May, 1865, but nothing was determined by them. The General Council was to meet in November, while the Triennial Convention of the Church in the United States was to meet in October.... The presiding bishop on July 12 urged the bishops of the Southern States to attend. The meeting was to be at Philadelphia where 'Beauty and Booty' had been placarded as the incentive for enlistment, where Phillips Brooks had preached his violent sermons, and where, on May 6, the Episcopal Recorder had demanded that some of the leading bishops and clergy in the South should be hanged, a sentiment that found expression likewise in other Church papers. The invitation of Bishop Hopkins, however, appealed to brotherly love, and Bishop Atkinson deemed it his duty to propose reunion; and the State Council elected delegates to Philadelphia as well as to Augusta.

"Bishop Atkinson attended at Philadelphia, October, 1865, but when urged to put on his robes and appear with the Northern bishops, he declined, but took his seat in the body of the Church; later, he was prevailed on to take his seat as a bishop, along with Bishop Lay, of Arkansas,—and the 'Gloria in Excelsis' was sung. There was a resolution for a joint service of thanksgiving on the restoration of peace. It contained an emphatic sentence touching the reestablishment of the authority of the United States, and was adopted by the House of Bishops. During the discussion, Bishops Atkinson and Lay had absented themselves. When the House next met, it became known that these Southern bishops would not join in that service. The resolution was at once reconsidered, and Bishop Atkinson was appealed to. He said: 'We are thankful for the restoration of peace, but we are not thankful for the reestablishing of the authority of the national government over all the land. We acquiesce in that result. But we cannot say we are thankful. We labored and prayed for a very different termination. I am willing to say I



am thankful for the restoration of peace to the country and unity of the Church.'

"At once the resolutions were modified, merely to a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for the return of peace and the unity of the Church.' While Bishop Atkinson's action did not at first meet with the approval of all that communion in the States, he was so revered and beloved and the purity of his motives and purposes were so evident, that eventually all bowed in submission; and so it came about that the Episcopal Church of the South passed away, the Southern Dioceses returning to the Church of the United States."

"Captain Ashe adds this comment for the *Southern Churchman*:

"It is to be remarked that it was Bishop Atkinson who, by proposing that the State Church Convention should send delegates to the Triennial Convention, led the way, took the first step toward the reunion of the Church in the United States. His personal conduct had ever been in such accord with his ecclesiastical duty—his bearing and action all through life had ever been so reasonable, tender, wise, and in conformity with his sacred calling—that there was blended in the regard and esteem of the people both reverence and affection. Indeed, but few men could have ever been so highly regarded in life. The following incident may be of interest:

"'Wherever the army halted,' says Sherman's aide in his story of the great march, 'almost every inch of the ground in the vicinity of the dwellings was poked by ramrods, pierced with sabers, or upturned by spades. It was comical to see a group of red-bearded veterans punching the unoffending earth. Nothing escaped the observation of these sharp-witted soldiers.' Sometimes it may have been comical, but at others it was tragical.

"The venerable Bishop of North Carolina, in some respects one of the foremost men of that period, Thomas Atkinson, being at his home at Wadesboro, on March 3, when the Federals entered the town, sat down quietly at his books in his library, having asked the others of his family to remain in a room in the rear of the building. A soldier having knocked at the door, he opened it. He at once, with many oaths, demanded my watch, which I refused to give him. He then drew a pistol and presented it at me, and threatened to shoot me immediately if I did not surrender it. I still refused, and the altercation becoming loud, my wife heard it, ran into the room, and earnestly besought me to give it up, which I then did. He then proceeded to rifle our trunks and drawers, took some of my clothing from these, and my wife's jewelry.' 'In some instances,' adds Bishop Atkinson, 'defenseless men were killed for plunder.'"

"THE SOUTH—AMERICA'S HOPE."

Count Herman Keyserling, philosopher and psychologist, world traveler and author, writes in the November *Atlantic Monthly* that the South is the hope of America, and proceeds, from the philosopher's and ethnologist's standpoint, to prove his assertion.

Writing from his home in Germany, Count Keyserling says he was struck from the first "with the extraordinary superiority of the best type of Virginia individual as compared with any other American, in particular the native of the North and East. Later, I found out that an overwhelming percentage of all Americans who have played and are still playing a really important part in the country in the sense of human superiority were and are sons of Virginia and the adjacent States."

Count Keyserling says that the Puritan tradition of the East was never the basis for a culture in the sense in which the world has always used the word, but the cavalier tradition of Virginia is the ideal basis. The superiority of the Virginians is due, the count thinks, to the stock from which they sprang, but to an even greater extent it is due to the tradition that still lives, the tradition of greatness and superiority. What operates in favor of the Virginian and the Southerner of the same tradition is that America's future greatness must rest on her culture and the innate culture of the Southerners will develop, in time, to the "predominance of the superior human type."

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The count asks the question how the South can possibly mean so much to America's future since it is "backward" and civilization seems sure to continue on the lines of rationalization and industrialization; he grants that the country is poor, it is not industrialized, and the Southerner is slow by nature. His answer is that the very slowness of the Southerner is what makes him anticipate the predominance of the South.

Count Keyserling sets up the contention that the theory of the North and East is that success comes through dynamics, through working feverishly; that if one only works a little harder, one will be more successful. The Southerner, upon the other hand, fulfills the dictum that man is essentially the child of the earth, even though he rules it; that the Southerner realizes that there is no lasting happiness for man unless he is in harmony with the rhythm of the earth and that the only state that can endure is one which is comparatively static. That is, the restless, feverish dynamic state is apt to fade from the earth. Alexander and Napoleon were vanquished; the Huns



died out in a short while; the Normans overran Europe and even England, but the Norman culture was absorbed into the Anglo-Saxon culture of England, and the Angles and the Saxons predominate to-day in England. It is not, therefore, the feverish and the restless people who predominate in the end, but the more static people. "Speed is not an expression of strength and vitality," it is an expression "merely of neurotic restlessness."

The Northerner will continue to exist, Count Keyserling grants, but "in days to come he will be recognized as the poorest, the least superior type; he will mean to America at large what the most narrow type of Prussian means within the German nation. The Middle West will in all likelihood continue to represent America's national foundation. But if a culture develops and the stress is laid on culture, then the hegemony will inevitably pass over to the South. There alone can there be a question of an enduring culture."—*Macon Telegraph*.

In this compliment to the South there is much for sober thought. There is a strong movement to commercialize the South, to create here the same money-seeking atmosphere, to change her distinctiveness into a likeness of other sections, in fact, to destroy those characteristics upon which our "culture" depends. Such effort should be combatted and the South should remain distinctive among the sections. In that is distinction and culture and hope for the future.

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#### I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—

Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;  
The love that asks no questions; the love that stands  
the test,

That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
The love that never falters, the love that pays the  
price,

The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—  
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them  
that know.

We may not count her armies, we may not see her  
King,

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds in-  
crease,

And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her  
paths are peace. —*Sir Cecil Spring Rice.*

#### THE MANY HOMES OF CONGRESS.

BY J. L. SHERARD IN CHARLOTTE (N. C.) OBSERVER.

The first session of the congress of the United States to meet in the new and permanent Capital of the country convened at Washington on November 17, 1800. Prior to that historic event, the national lawmaking body was tossed about by the fortunes of war and had no less than eight different meeting-places.

As congress is the seat of government, it might be said that since the Declaration of Independence was adopted in 1776, the country has had the following cities as its capital: Philadelphia, Lancaster and York, in Pennsylvania; Princeton and Trenton, in New Jersey; Annapolis and Baltimore, in Maryland; New York City and Washington.

Following the declaration of its independence, the Continental Congress proceeded to hold its deliberations in Philadelphia, but it was soon driven out by an alarming turn in the tide of war against the colonies. The British army began its movement across New Jersey toward Philadelphia, the "rebel capital," as the enemy called it, and in this period of threatened danger, congress adjourned to Baltimore on December 20, 1776, and continued in session there for more than two months. When the crisis had temporarily passed, due to Washington's victory at Trenton, the body returned to Philadelphia and again settled down to the serious business of guiding the destinies of the young republic.

Its security was shortlived. The loss of the battle of Brandywine created another and more serious crisis. The fall of Philadelphia was imminent. General Howe began a march upon the city with a large army, while the British navy came up the Chesapeake and closed in on the other side. It was necessary for the members to flee in order to escape being made prisoners of war by the victorious enemy.

In September, 1777, the members moved silently out of the city by night, on horseback, taking with them the archives and public documents loaded in wagons, headed for Lancaster, a town about sixty miles west of Philadelphia. In one of the wagons was borne the Liberty Bell, whose tones just the year before had proclaimed to the world the independence of the new republic. This wagon broke down on the road, and to save the bell from ruin or capture it was secretly buried under the floor of a church in Allentown until the storm should blow over.

Lancaster was the capital only for a day. Out of an abundance of caution, it was thought best to move further west to a point on the far side of the Susquehanna, and so put the river between them-



selves and the enemy as a safety line. The congress remained in York from September 30, 1777, to June 27, 1778. It was during this session that the Articles of Confederation were adopted, and this covenant of union, weak though it was as a binding instrument of nationality, paved the way for the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1787.

After the withdrawal of the British troops, following a more favorable turn toward the patriot cause, York was abandoned and congress returned to Philadelphia and continued in session there until the summer of 1783, when a small body of soldiers garrisoned at Lancaster, rebellious because of the failure of the government to pay them for their services, mutinied and marched upon Philadelphia, provided with cannon and grapeshot, to demand by force a redress of their grievances.

The frightened members hastily left Philadelphia and moved to the college town of Princeton, N. J., where ample provision for their safety was promised. The mutiny collapsed almost immediately, but congress remained at Princeton, in spite of the inadequate accommodations furnished them, from June to November of 1783.

The next move was to the statehouse in Annapolis, Md., November 26, 1783. The Annapolis session is memorable for the appearance of George Washington before it to surrender his commission as commander in chief of the American forces. This historic ceremony took place on December 22, 1783.

Much dissatisfaction had arisen among the members over the place of meeting. New England members made an effort to establish the capital at Newport, but southern members preferred Annapolis or some other city nearer their territory. Congress sat in Philadelphia again in January, 1784. But the wrangle over the meeting place continued. Many were prejudiced against Philadelphia. It was finally decided to meet at Trenton, N. J., on October 13, 1784.

The old issue remained as a bone of contention, and the place was shifted to New York, which became the capital from January 11, 1785, to October 21, 1788. In the meantime, a call had been issued for a constitutional convention, which convened in Philadelphia on May 25, 1787, and completed its labors on September 17, 1787.

The first congress under the new constitution met at New York on April 5, 1789. Washington had already been chosen President. It was supposed to have met on March 4, on the day fixed by law, but that date found the body without a quorum on account of the slowness and difficulty of travel, and it was not until April 5th that a formal organization took place. Washington was not inaugurated until

April 30, a delay which cut off nearly two months of the four-year term to which he had been elected.

The second session of the first congress moved back to Philadelphia in 1790, and remained there until the second session of the sixth, when it convened in Washington, the new and permanent Capital of the United States.

Jealousies between the North and South, even then widely divergent in their views of government, added to the difficulties of making a selection pleasing to everybody. At one time, two capitals were actually voted, one on the Potomac and another on the Delaware. By general agreement, it was then left to George Washington to make the selection, and he showed his usual wisdom and fairness in handling a difficult situation by fixing the capital at the geographical center of the country, as its boundaries then lay midway between the North and the South.

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#### MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

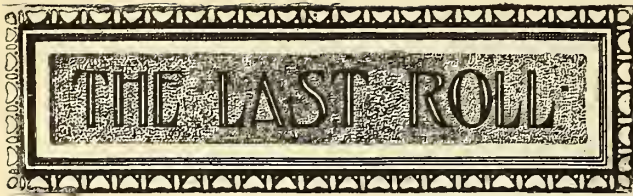
Few Southern people know the details surrounding this survey which later became the most frequently mentioned imaginary line in the world.

Nearly two centuries after the trouble began which caused this survey to be made, Louis F. Hart visited the border line between Maryland and Pennsylvania in a pilgrimage to the original Mason and Dixon's Line. Mr. Hart not only visited the actual spot where Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon started their famous survey, but spent a great deal of time gathering data and illustrations around which to build the story of the famous piece of engineering.

In an article in *Holland's Magazine*, Mr. Hart says: "Time changes all things. Old hatreds die and new loyalties are born, but the demarcation between peoples—especially when it goes back, as this one does, to the Roundheads and Cavaliers of Cromwell's day—cannot be wiped out in an hour. Customs and modes of thinking remain when material landmarks have crumbled and vanished. Thus it is that in setting out to relocate Mason and Dixon's Line after so many years, we must take into account not only the bench marks which took from the estate of Charles, Lord Baltimore, three thousand square miles or so, but also those which give double unity to some forty million people living in the South to-day.

"Opinion may differ as to where the line should run, but no one can deny that it is there. Nor would anyone go so far as to say that on one side dwells the practical, and on the other the ideal. Humanity is too imperfect to achieve the absolute in either direction, were that result desired. The fact remains that the home of romance is the South, her threshold guarded with uncompromising loyalty by her sons."





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

“They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed  
Through the shadows of death to the sunshine above;  
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast  
To the places they blessed with their presence and love.”

CAPT. GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

Capt. George A. Williams, Superintendent of the Confederate Home of Louisiana, died at his home in New Orleans, on Sunday, December 29, 1929, at the age of eighty-seven. Attended by his comrades in gray, he was laid to rest with other comrades in the Army of Tennessee tomb in Matairie Cemetery.

Captain Williams for many years was vice president of the Louisiana Division of the Army of Tennessee. He had been a member of the board and Superintendent of the Confederate Home for eleven years, during which time the number of veterans in the Home dwindled from eighty-five to fifteen.

Captain Williams was a native of Front Royal, Va., and there enlisted for the Confederacy, joining Company B, 17th Virginia Regiment, serving for a time as clerk on the staff of General Beauregard, the boy soldier was with the general when he organized the Army of Tennessee. Rising to the rank of captain, he also served as Assistant Adjutant General to Gen. St. John R. Liddell, of Louisiana.

Captain Williams moved to New Orleans in 1869, and in 1874 participated in the famous battle of Canal Street, in which the carpetbaggers were routed.

He became a member of large tobacco and cotton firm of New Orleans, and later founded the wholesale dry goods firm of Williams-Richardson, and still later the Williams Pharmacy. He was at one time a director of the Union Bank and of the board of trade, and president of the freight and transportation bureau.

In 1885, Captain Williams married Miss Heda Kock, of New Orleans, and he is survived by a son and four grandchildren.

Captain Williams was a member of the governing committee of the New Orleans and Pickwick Clubs, also a member of the Boston Club.

GEN. ROBERT E. MASON, U. C. V.

Death came suddenly to Gen. Robert E. Mason at his home in Charlotte, N. C., on December 21, 1929, after an illness of but three days. He was eighty-two years of age, and was widely known and beloved in his community. Funeral services were conducted from St. John's Baptist Church, with comrades of Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V. as honorary pall bearers, and he was laid away in Edmond Cemetery. Surviving him are three daughters and five sons.

Robert Elijah Mason, descendant of a long line of men who fought for a democratic government in England, and who were in the van of the pioneers to the unsettled shores of this country, was born September 29, 1847, near Fairplay, S. C., son of Col. John Clark and Mary Frances Maret Mason, both members of old-established families in South Carolina. His grandfather, Daniel Mason, moved to South Carolina in 1798, and a direct ancestor was one of the authors of the English Bill of Rights.

When his father, Col. John C. Mason, went into the war, he left his family in care of the oldest boy, Robert. The lad took the part of a father during the first part of the war, but in August, 1864, he joined the Confederate army. He was assigned to a troop of cavalry. The young soldier helped to resist Sherman's march across South Carolina, and underwent the hardship of those bitter last months of the war. His company was united with Company K, 7th South Carolina Infantry, at Smithfield, commanded by Col. John B. Davis. After the surrender of the last Confederate force at Guilford Courthouse, May 3, 1865, he was paroled and returned home.

T. B. HOGG.

T. B. Hogg died at his home in Shawnee, Okla., December 6, 1928, in his eighty-second year.

Captain Hogg, as he was familiarly known, was born in the State of Tennessee. The family moved to Arkansas in the early days. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, Cabell's Brigade, Fagan's Division. After the war he moved to Texas; subsequently going to Shawnee, Okla., where he lived for nearly thirty years.

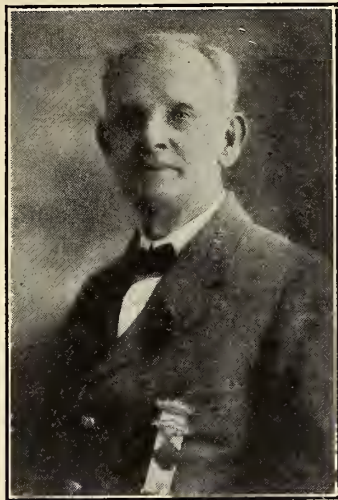
During his residence in Oklahoma he held many important offices. At the time of his death he was State Pension Commissioner. He represented the thirteenth senatorial district in the State senate for four years. Captain Hogg was a loyal Confederate to the last. It was his custom to attend all of the reunions.

At the time of his death he was a brigadier general in the United Confederates Veterans, also a member of the State Pension Board. His widow and one son survive, residing in Shawnee.



## COL. J. B. LEWIS.

After a brief illness, Col. J. B. Lewis, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, South Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, passed away at his home in Belton, S. C., on the night of December 9, 1929. For more than ten years past, Colonel Lewis occupied the responsible position of Adjutant General of the South Carolina Division, which he filled with marked ability, discharging the duties of that office with such fidelity as to place the Division foremost in the organization, and caused our Adjutant General, U.C.V., at the annual



COL. J. B. LEWIS.

reunion in Charlotte, N. C., in June, 1929, in reading his annual financial report, on reaching the South Carolina Division, to pause and say, "Every camp in good standing," and, in fact, "the dues of every veteran in the Division paid." That compliment was owing to the efficient work of this faithful officer. While among the youngest of our members, Colonel Lewis was foremost in his devotion to our cause, and spared neither time nor money to render his work most efficient. He was indeed a help to the commanding officer, and so the Division was placed foremost in the organization. At our State reunions, Colonel Lewis kept accurate and most interesting minutes of all that transpired and then placed them in permanent printed form. These minutes so printed constitute a valuable contribution to the history of the South Carolina Division. His loss is irreparable.

J. B. Lewis was born at Dahlonga, Ga., but, losing his parents in his early life, he was taken to Anderson, in this State, where his entire life was spent. At the outbreak of the war, he was a student at the Arsenal in Columbia, where students were prepared for the Citadel, the West Point of South Carolina, and which furnished many distinguished officers for the Confederate army. From there, as a boy of sixteen, he became a soldier of the Confederate cause, where he endured the hardships of the closing days of the war and discharged the duties of the Confederate soldier with the same fidelity that characterized his life and the duties of the trying days that followed the war.

Colonel Lewis was a handsome man, of such charming manners that he endeared himself to all with whom he was brought in contact. He was beloved by every Confederate soldier.

Surviving him are his wife, two sons, and two daughters, all of whom occupy responsible and prominent positions in the communities in which they live.

For more than a half century, Colonel Lewis was an earnest member and prominent officer in the First Presbyterian Church at Anderson, S. C.

On the day of his funeral it was said of him by one of his friends:

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

And loving favor than silver and gold."

And truly have those inspired words been fulfilled in the life and death of Colonel Lewis.

## THOMAS R. LOVELESS.

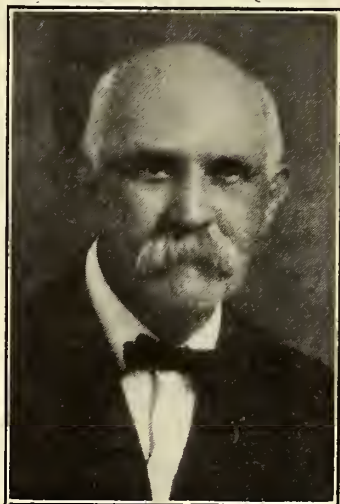
Thomas B. Loveless, who died at Clarendon, Tex. in December, 1929, was born in Oxford, Miss., November 17, 1843. He lived in his native State until he was sixteen years of age, when he volunteered for service in the Confederate army. His wonderful war record is given in brief in the following: Thomas B. Loveless enlisted April 26, 1861, at Oxford, Miss., joining the Lamar Rifles, which became Company C, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment. He was present at the battle of Seven Pines, two days, Gaines' Farm, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Freeman's Ford. He was present and wounded at the battle of Second Manassas, and on account of his wound, was absent until the battle of Gettysburg, where he fought two days. He was in the battle of Falling Water, Bristow Station, of the Wilderness, two days, Tolles Mill, Spotsylvania, Hanover Junction, Bethsaida Church, two days, and Weldon Railroad, two days, where he was wounded through the shoulder while on picket duty, September, 1864. A fine record truly for a seventeen-year-old boy soldier. His service was for the full four years, lacking one month of disability from wounds. He was the last member of his company.

Thomas Loveless was married to Miss Margaret Turnbull, also of Oxford, in November, 1870, removing immediately to the State of Texas, where he made his home until 1902, when he took his family to Rosewell, where he resided until the death of his wife, in March, 1921. For the past eight years he had made his home with a daughter, at Clarendon. Two sons and two daughters survive him. There are also eleven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.



## W. R. HAYNES.

W. R. Haynes was born at Woodbury, Tenn., February 11, 1840, and died at his home in Murfreesboro, Tenn., in his ninetieth year, November 24, 1929. He entered the War between the States at the age of twenty-one, and served the Confederacy in the four years of war. He enlisted with about one hundred and fifteen Rutherford County boys, under Capt. Addison Mitchell, in Company C, 45th Tenn. Regiment, which was formed at Camp Trousdale, and Captain Mitchell was later made colonel. Going from Camp Trousdale to Bowling Green, Ky., the command was placed under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and was with other leaders of the Army of Tennessee. Comrade Haynes surrendered at Greensboro, N. C.



W. R. HAYNES.

He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for seventy years, and served both as steward and trustee in the Church, holding the latter office at the time of his death.

Funeral services were conducted at his home by his former pastor, Dr. T. C. Ragsdale, of Nashville, Tenn., and his pastor Rev. John F. Baggett.

He was married in 1878 to Miss Sophie Reeves, who survives him, with many nieces and nephews.

By his loving and cheerful disposition, he endeared himself to all.

## N. J. AGNEW.

N. J. Agnew, a member of the Floyd Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Floyd, Va., died at his home there on January 13, 1929. Surviving him are four sons, his wife and daughter having preceded him in death.

Comrade Agnew was born in Saline County, Mo., September 15, 1845, his parents removing to Floyd County, Va., when he was about two years of age. There he was reared, and there he entered the service of the Confederacy, joining the company of Capt. A. O. Dobyms, of the 21st Virginia Cavalry, which was in the command of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson. A part of his two and a half years of service for the Confederacy was spent in prison, which he counted the hardest part of his service. He rejoined his

command after being released from prison and served to the end. He was Adjutant of the Floyd Camp, U. C. V., from its organization to his death, and was most helpful in securing pensions for needy comrades.

He joined the Presbyterian Church at Floyd some fifteen years ago, and was a consistent member.

## REV. W. H. WHITE.

On December 20, 1929, Rev. William Henry White, veteran preacher and teacher, died at his home in Brownwood, Tex., aged eighty-five years.

He was a native of Rutherford County, Tenn., born November 16, 1844. His early years were spent in Tennessee, but the family removed to Kentucky before he had reached manhood's estate, and from that State he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving with Company E, 12th Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by N. B. Forrest. He was in several important battles and had many narrow escapes. In late years he was a prominent member of the U. C. V. Camp at Brownwood and a high officer in the Mountain Remnant Brigade.

In Januray, 1870, he was married to Miss Sarah C. Burns in Rutherford County, and of the three children born to them a son and a daughter survive him. His second wife was Miss Martha Adelaide Christopher, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and of this union also a son and daughter survive. In 1924, he was married to Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Curtis, of Brownwood, Tex., who was his faithful companion to the end.

In early life, Comrade White joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and for sixty years served it as minister. He was known for his outstanding scholarship. He was a graduate of Kentucky Teacher's Normal, Concord College, Southwestern University in Tennessee, and Cumberland University, holding degrees from these institutions. To secure this educational training, he worked his way through school, teaching, preaching, and doing night work. He founded and served as President of Turrentine Academy in Bedford County, Tenn., and after going to Texas, about 1880, was the first president of the College at Buffalo Gap; he also taught in the public schools of this county. Moving to Brownwood, in 1903, his life there was quietly spent in work and service for the Master. He had held a number of important pastorates for his Church over the State of Texas and in Tennessee, and devoted much time to outpost work in home mission territory. Death came gently in the advancing weakness of age, and he calmly waited for that clear call to a higher service in the "land beyond."



## WILLIAM MILLER McALLISTER.

A long and useful life came to its end in the early hours of Sunday morning, October 28, 1929, when William Miller McAllister passed quietly to his reward at his home at Warm Springs, Va. Born March 6, 1843, at Spring Dale, Franklin County, Pa., William McAllister

was a student at what is now Pennsylvania State College, at the outbreak of the War between the States. Leaving school, he enlisted as the youngest in the company raised and became commanded by his father, Capt. Thomson McAllister, and which Company A, 27th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade.



WILLIAM M. McALLISTER.

With his father, he displayed distinguished gallantry at First Manassas, he served with this company (which later became the famous "Carpenter's Battery") until the close of the war. For his children, Captain McAllister wrote an account of his experiences as a Confederate soldier, in which he brings out the gallantry of his father, Capt. Thompson McAllister in a decisive charge of July 21, 1861, and in that charge he was following his father closely.

Graduating in law at the University of Virginia in 1869, he entered upon the practice of his profession at Warm Spring, Va.; was Commonwealth's Attorney of Bath County, Va., for some years; was special attorney for the United States Department of Justice, with headquarters in Tennessee, 1893-98; was a member of the Board of Directors of the Western State Hospital, Staunton, Va., for some years; a member of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, from 1886 to 1890; a member of the Virginia House of Delegates, 1899-1902; was a successful farmer, and, at the time of his death, was president of the Bath Telephone Company and Commander of the Bath Camp of Confederate Veterans. He was for sixty years an elder in the Warm Springs Presbyterian Church, which he had frequently represented in the Church courts. The day before his death was the sixtieth anniversary of his marriage to Miss Margaret Ann Erwin, who survives him. Theirs had been indeed a beautifully ideal married life.

His interest in all matters concerning the Confederacy was abiding, and in his home were most

interesting relics of the war. His casket was covered with beautiful Confederate gray and was draped with a Confederate flag which he had owned for many years, and which was buried with him.

These few facts trace in barest outline a life marked by varied experiences, sterling qualities, and solid achievements. Handsome in face and form, gracious in bearing, just in his judgment of others, hospitable, public-spirited, a generous helper of all good causes and of his fellow men, a steadfast friend of young people, loyal to his principles and courageous in defence of them, a humble Christian—these are some of the golden memories of a man whose life had blessed his home and Church, his community and State, his wide circle of friends and his wider circle of acquaintances in influences that abide.

[J. Gray McAllister, Richmond, Va.]

## ANDREW LUNSFORD.

Andrew Lunsford, born at Raphine, in Rockbridge County, Va., on May 2, 1847, died at the home of his son in Weston, W. Va., on January 2. He had made his home there for several years, and was one of the very few Confederate veterans in that section. "Uncle Andy," as he was familiarly known to his friends, had reached the age of eighty-two years; As a very young boy, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving with the 10th Virginia Infantry. He was in action on many fields of battle, and was noted for his valor and bravery.

Returning home at the close of hostilities, in the fall of 1865, young Lunsford walked over the mountains into West Virginia and located in Lewis County, and in his active years he was noted as one of the most efficient farmers of that section. He was married in November, 1867, to Miss Almira Hudson, daughter of the first man he had worked for after going to West Virginia, and to them three sons and a daughter were born, the sons surviving him. Four of his brothers and a sister in Virginia also survive him.

Comrade Lunsford was a member of the Methodist Church, from which his funeral was held, with interment at Machpelah. The final rites were conducted by the Berlin Lodge, Knights of Pythias, at Weston, of which he was an honorary member.

## GEORGE S. POPE.

At the age of ninety years, George S. Pope died at Timberville, Va., on December 25. He was born at Fort Seybert, W. Va., the son of John and Jemima Pope. He served throughout the war in the sixties as a member of Company I, 62nd Virginia Regiment, Imboden's Brigade. He was a devout member of the Methodist Church for many years.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C. . . . . *Historian General*

MRS. A. S. PORTER, Lakewood, Ohio. . . . . *Registrar General*  
14724 Clifton Boulevard.

MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*  
The Cloverly

MRS. CHARLES GRANGER. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*  
New Orleans, La.

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. J. J. Harris, Official Editor, Sandersville, Ga.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* In the beginning of this new year, we wish to express our appreciation of the many beautiful messages and cards of good wishes and greetings that were received during the Christmas holidays, and assure you that the season was happier because of these evidences of your kindness and thoughtfulness.

When this message reaches you, more than two months will have passed since our splendid, constructive convention in Biloxi, and we hope that every Chapter has taken up its work with serious purpose and a sense of joy for the gifts of labor and responsibility, realizing that labor for the causes to which we, as an organization, are committed is a great privilege and responsibility—God's seal of commendation on our lives.

During the present year, the electors will make their selection of the next great man to be given recognition in the Hall of Fame, New York University, a recognition coveted by Daughters of the South for Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas," whose scientific genius made it possible to link the old world and the new. At our recent convention, the President General recommended the appointment of a committee to solicit contributions for the bust of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury to be placed in the Hall of Fame, New York University, the sum to be three thousand five hundred dollars (the additional \$500, or as much thereof as is needed, to be used for expenses incident to the presentation), the amount when collected to remain in the treasury of the United Daughters of the Confederacy until used for the purpose stated. This recommendation was unanimously adopted. Mrs. Alonzo Fry, Denver, Col., has been appointed Chairman of this Committee, while Mrs. R. B. Broyles, Birmingham, Ala., will serve as Chairman of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship Committee. Both these

funds—for bust and endowed scholarship—it is hoped, will be completed before our 1930 convention. In 1927 we pledged the completion of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship Fund within three years. More than two years of that time have passed; the clock is almost ready "to strike the hour," and our pledge is not yet half redeemed, only \$4,779.72 having been paid, leaving an unpaid balance of \$5,220.28. The report of our Treasurer General shows that 61,847 Daughters of the Confederacy paid dues in 1929. If each of these will contribute only fifteen cents each (six cents for the bust and nine cents for the scholarship fund), these two splendid memorials will be speedily completed. Now that we are asking for Matthew Fontaine Maury a place in the Hall of Fame, let us not fail to complete our tributes to this son of our Southland, whose power and genius have been given world-wide recognition.

Another work, far from completion, the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, challenges our greater interest and more generous support. The amount of this Foundation is to be \$30,000. Of this fund \$14,182.69 has been paid. The following recommendations, originally presented by Mrs. Cabell Flournoy, Lexington, Va., to the Virginia Division in convention, and unanimously adopted by that body, were presented through the Historian General and adopted by the convention in Biloxi:

1. To secure, if possible, photostat copies of the material already purchased by Northern Universities.

2. To compile and publish a "Bibliography" (or catalogue) of all source material on Southern History, for the use of Southern Libraries.

3. That any income available from the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation be used to help finance this work

Frequently, in the past, it has been asked how this endowment is to be expended. That question has been answered in part in these recommendations.



All who are interested must be impressed with the prodigal waste of source material for Southern history, much of which is forever lost to us. Years ago representatives from Northern Universities bought up quantities of this data for their University Libraries, where it is to-day well catalogued and ready for students doing research work. The result is that many Southern students attend Northern Universities to take their degrees in Southern History. This should not be. This material is beyond reclaim unless, with much tact and money, we may, in the future, secure photostat copies of it. The pressing need of many of our best libraries in the South is to have a bibliography of all source material in Southern History properly listed and made available for students of history. This urgent need we hope to realize through our Historical Foundation Fund. With this incentive for the encouragement of Southern Historical Scholarship, we appeal for a more generous manifestation of interest in this Foundation Fund.

"If we love the history of our Southland; if we revere the memory of Jefferson Davis, in whose name this Foundation is established; if we wish others to know the truth as we know it, then we will awaken to our responsibilities as an organization, for it is only "Truth that will set us free."

It is for the preservation of the truth of our early Southern history that Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, Nashville, Tenn., offers a prize of \$250—The Gordon White Prize—a memorial to her brother, Dr. Gordon White, for the best story of real literary merit re-creating the life of the early Virginia colonists during the period 1586-1685. Competition for this prize is not to be confined to members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The stories are to be submitted through the Historian General, but not to be the property of the organization.

With such an incentive and reward many competitors should enter this contest. Miss White, whose father and brother were outstanding in the medical profession, offers a second prize of \$25—"The Thomas Cathy White Prize"—for the best essay on "The South's Contribution to Medical Science," which subject would also include dental surgery.

The Maj. Robert Allen Burford Memorial Prize, \$25, is offered to that Chapter which has the largest increase of membership. The Treasurer General reports \$12,369.48, including supplementary report (less the amount \$89, refunded) for dues, received for per capita tax in 1929, which amount represents dues from 61,847 members. The previous year the Treasurer General reported \$12,995.41, less refund, \$24.20, for per capita dues, representing a membership of 64,977. The Registrar General

reports 3,627 new members in 1929. If then, we had retained our 1928 membership, 64,977, and old and new members had paid dues, the Treasurer General would have reported a per capita tax on 68,604 members instead of 61,847, a loss of 6,757 dues-paying members. These figures are startling and should awaken us to our responsibility for greater effort for increased registered, dues-paying members.

We hope the prize of \$25 will be an incentive to that end.

We know it will be a matter of deep regret to you to hear of the serious illness, the result of a fall, of our Honorable President, Mrs. James Calvin Foster, 3604 Fannin Street, Houston, Tex. We have sent flowers and written expressing your love and sympathy and earnest hope that our beloved member may speedily recover.

Early in December, we were notified of the death of Mrs. T. J. Douglas, California's Director of Jefferson Davis Highway, and have expressed your sympathy for her loved ones in their hour of sorrow, and to the President of California Division in the loss of a faithful, loyal coworker, who has been called unto a higher service.

Sincerely, ELIZABETH BURFORD BASHINSKY.

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*UN MOT ICI, EST BIEN.*

MRS. J. J. HARRIS, EDITOR.

With the beginning of the real work of the year, your editor wishes to bring to your consciousness an eagerness for renewed effort to sustain the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our own magazine. In bringing this message, through the medium of two word pictures, it is hoped that they may burn into your memory with a directness that will bring results.

Martial music, the fanfare of trumpets, excitement in the air! Excitement born of the conviction to die for principle! Stalwart figures, soldierly feet marching off to war, with eyes set upon one goal—to conquer or to die!

The scene shifts. The martial music is silent now. The conquered banner is folded, but when it was furled forever, it was wet with the tears of Southern womanhood, it was consecrated with the blood of Southern heroes. The soldierly feet that marched so hopefully to battle fields falter now in the sunset of life. But though their eyes are dim, and their sainted heads are silvered with the passing of time, their courage is still as undaunted as it was in the days of the undefeated Confederacy, when the ring of steel upon steel brought the exultation of hoped-for victory!



The CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine is a living memorial to Southern gallantry. It brings each month an inspiring message from the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and on its pages the Divisions sound their note of coöperative labor. Another department is conducted by the Sons of Confederate Veterans, noble descendants of valiant sires, men who strive in this way to honor the bravery of their ancestors. Here, also, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association brings before the readers of the magazine, done in "lavendar and old lace," the innate beauty of patriotic Southern womanhood, work which correlates successfully with the labor of the Daughters of the Confederacy. And then the Last Roll brings its note of sadness, a quickened tear at remembrance of happy days gone forever, at the passing of one of the valiant ones of the sixties—and the hushed expectancy of a glimpse into a glorious future.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN breathes of a past, a past outstanding for constitutional principle; it glows each month with the virile patriotism of the present and the latter-day activities thereunto, being replete with information on all departments of work. The Reserve Fund for the magazine being collected by the U. D. C., may be augmented by the payment of fifteen cents per capita, the collection of this sum to be handled by the Chapters. An urgent plea is also being made to include in the Chapter budget at last one subscription to the magazine and more among the membership. May we not make these two items our goal?

Your editor is anxious to serve you. The Division editors are asked to send news typed, if possible, and, as space is limited, briefly written, by the first of each month in order to appear in the number for the following month. In this way an endeavor will be made so that the Division notes will not be delayed in publication.

#### U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—In accord with the rules passed at the Mobile convention, Alabama Day has been included among other days of commemoration by the Alabama Division. The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Opelika, presented a program at this time, Dr. Reynolds delivering the address. During the business period, items of interest of the general convention at Biloxi were given by Mrs. J. M. Burt, State President. Attention was called to the importance of proper registration.

The district meeting was held on Tuesday at the Bankhead Hotel, with Mrs. Willie Tarpley, district chairman, presiding. Out-of-town guests

for this occasion were Mrs. J. M. Burt, Opelika, State President, and two members of the Ozark Chapter. Mrs. Burt commended the district highly upon their zeal in the work. Mrs. C. S. Sharp, newly elected President C. of C., reported the organization of a Children of the Confederacy Chapter. Rapid progress was reported on the placing of the bowlder on the Jefferson Davis Highway and with the raising of funds for the purchase of Stratford. One hundred and three school children were announced. Sixty members and three veterans were present. An inspiring talk was given by Mrs. R. B. Broyles, Past State President. The main speaker of the occasion was Hon. John Temple Graves, II. A memorial service was held by Mrs. Joseph Estes, the wreath made at that time being given to Mrs. Broyles to be placed at the Confederate monument in Woodrow Wilson Park.

[Mrs. Joseph Aderhold, State Editor, Anniston.]

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*Arkansas.*—The thirty-fourth annual convention of the Arkansas Division held a most constructive session in the latter part of October. The officers proved themselves so efficient that they were almost all unanimously elected. The reports showed scholarships filled, the loan fund increased, five hundred essays (historical) written by school children, and five thousand pages of unwritten history collected from all over the State by Chapter historians.

The city of Hope made the time long to be remembered by social attentions. The hostess Chapter, the first organized in the State, dispensed hospitality unsurpassed. One day was given over to a visit to Washington, ten miles distant, at one time the war capital of the State, after the United States troops had taken possession. The old building used at that time is still standing, and the Arkansas Division plans to restore it this year to be used as a museum for the preservation of historical relics of the State. A visit was also made to a lonely graveyard where a number of gallant Confederate soldiers lie "unwept and unsung." These will be marked as soon as possible.

The L. M. Kellar Chapter, Little Rock, made a good record for the year with nothing left undone. Memorial days observed, all funds subscribed, the infirm made happy, books to be presented to schools, neglected graves marked, Crosses of Honor presented, and a Children of the Confederacy Chapter organized, the Betty Wassell, with nineteen charter members, and ten added since.

[Mrs. William Stillwell, Editor.]



*Kentucky.*—On August 15, the Tom Barrett Chapter, of Ghent, held a meeting at the ancestral home of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Froman, with more than a hundred guests. Gen. James Tandy Ellis, U. C. V., of Lexington, spoke on the Confederacy; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, former Historian General, told of the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, entertained with a luncheon on the 21st of September in honor of the State President, Mrs. W. T. Fowler, and Miss Lena Benton, the retiring President. This Chapter, of about sixty members, is always alive to all work of the Division and the general organization, entering papers in a number of historical contests and fostering the work of the Children's Chapter.

Among the outstanding events of the Lexington Chapter was the entertainment of the Association of State Veterans, gave reminiscences of their commanders. This Chapter also entertained the local Post of Spanish-American War veterans, and many State officials and Louisville members were present.

The Lieut. Williams Jones Turner Chapter, of Eminence, observed the birthday of Admiral Semmes with a delightful program. This Chapter has the distinction of having the veteran for whom it was named present at all of its meetings, the charter members being his daughters, granddaughters, and nieces. Although it is only about fourteen months old, it has more than doubled its membership.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, also observed the birthday of Admiral Semmes, the Historian, Mrs. Charles Allen, giving a paper on his life and deeds. From its benefit card party on September 15, this Chapter realized a nice sum to further the work of the organization.

*Maryland.*—The thirty-second annual convention of Maryland Division was called to order at Hagerstown, October 23, 1929, with about sixty delegates present from Annapolis, Baltimore, Ellicott City, Frederick, Hagerstown, Poolesville, and Rockville. In her splendid report, the President, Mrs. Shaw, extolled her board for effective help during her administration.

The afternoon session was devoted to a beautiful memorial service, Miss Julia Belt, of Dickerson, presiding. A beautiful white rose was placed by Miss Sallie Maupin in the wreath of white chrysanthemums in memory of Dr. Henry E. Sheppard.

For the reception at the evening session, a delightful program was rendered. The Division was greatly honored by the presence of Maryland's beloved ex-President General, Mrs. Frank Odenheimer. A Maryland flag was presented in her honor to be carried to the general convention at Biloxi, as

Maryland's tribute to her own President General, also a very handsome United States flag was presented at the morning session in honor of Miss Georgia G. Bright, of Maryland.

The address of the evening, "Why the South Fought," was given by Dr. Archibald Rutledge, of Mercersburg Academy, who is a South Carolinian.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### MARY LINDSAY PENDLETON CLELAND.

Life's page each day is blurred with many a stain,  
Left there by tears that fall from sorrow's eyes;  
Each night there rises from the far-off skies  
A cry for those who never come again.

We were drawn together by mutual interest in a noble cause, to which she contributed so richly, and, though no longer with us, she is enshrined not only in our memory, but in our hearts.

The sadness of personal bereavement is here, but softened by reflection on her helpful, beautiful life, and the inspiration, courage, and deep affection she lavished upon us and we so fully and sincerely returned.

A genial, sparkling nature of warm friendships in which even minor faults could find no place; gloom dispelled in her presence; ill will found no lodgment there, and, though too short her days, she has left with us a lasting heritage of gratitude and deep affection.

Soft be thy rest, O friend. The light serene  
Of death's far land hath hid thee from our sight;  
These mortal eyes may never pierce the screen  
That shields thy golden day from our dark night;  
Some day, we trust, we too may find the light.  
A last farewell. God keep thy memory green!

[Tribute by Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Memorial Hour, Biloxi Convention.]

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## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."  
KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.  
MISS MARION SALLEY, Historian General.

### U. D. C. TOPICS FOR MARCH, 1930.

Paper: "Wade Hampton, Statesman."  
Reading: "The Voice of Spring." Timrod.  
Sketch of Paul Hamilton Hayne and Selections from his poems.

John C. Calhoun's Speech on Slavery.  
Reading: "The Palmetto and the Pine" (L. Virginia French).

### C. of C. TOPICS FOR MARCH, 1930.

Reading: Inscription from Confederate Monument, Columbia, S. C. (Library of Southern Literature, Volume XIV.)  
Quiz on Topics 5, 6, and 7 of "Confederate Catechism."  
Reading: "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night."



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
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Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 13 Berkeley Road, Avondale Estates, Ga.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My Dear Coworkers:* With the planning of work to be taken up for the new year, your President General asks your consideration and coöperation along the following lines. First and foremost is the care of the graves of our dear Confederate heroes. There are yet many isolated, unmarked graves, and you are urged not to allow any grave of any Confederate soldier within the bounds of your territory to go uncared, for, neglected and unmarked. Few of us realize how many there are needing attention. With the coming of the spring, when nature calls so strongly for out-of-door occupation, for something to take us out into God's pure air and sunshine and communion with nature in planning and beautifying your own home grounds, put aside from each planting—or divide the generous bounty which nature has increased for you—some plants of remembrance for those who sacrificed for you. Set apart a morning or afternoon when, with friends, you may spare a few hours where needed in many a lonely, neglected spot; the results will bring a most gratifying reward. May this be done early so that on our beloved Memorial Day the joy of service may be your reward in beautiful flowers.

### THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

No stone has been left unturned by the Directors of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association to settle all matters that have hindered the progress of the completion of the memorial. In order that no iota of difference might handicap the progress of the work, the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, late in

the year of 1929, voted to retire as a body, and to place the work in the hands of the city of Atlanta, thereby relieving the situation of all causes of personal differences, and as an asset to the city of Atlanta would insure its completion at an early date. A meeting called for January 15, brought together such an outstanding attendance of the foremost leaders of the city never equalled for men and women of the highest type of leadership and the consensus of opinion was almost unanimously in favor of the city. The writer was privileged to carry a message from the C. S. M. A., favoring the plan. With minor details settled, there seems little reason to doubt that the favorable consideration will again see activities resumed, which will bring to completion the long-hoped-for memorial upon the face of the greatest single piece of granite in the world, the monument to honor the most heroic and chivalrous army "of a cause that rose so white and fair, and fell so pure of crime."

### SUBSCRIBE TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN

At the beginning of the year it is well to start out by keeping in touch with all lines of activity pertaining to our Southerland, and as the magazine is the official organ for all allied Southern organizations, you will find it most helpful and interesting. Do not fail to have a chairman for each association whose duty it will be to secure subscriptions, and to report them promptly. Will you not send to Mrs. Rogers Winter, or to me, items of interest, personal or otherwise? This courtesy will be greatly appreciated.

Always faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.



*THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.*

Devoted women throughout the South will be interested to learn that there is every indication that the Stone Mountain Memorial will again go forward under the direction of the city of Atlanta to whom the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association has deeded the memorial.

The tender was made some months ago by the Association, which believes this action will lift the memorial out of the hands of either private or group ownership, and render indefensive any further attacks upon the enterprise.

The city council of Atlanta has considered the tender in a resolution and referred it to the finance committee of the city. At the meeting of this committee on January 14, the largest and most representative gathering of men and women ever assembled to advocate a cause before any finance committee in the city's history, appeared at the meeting. Several hundred of the most prominent persons in Atlanta proper and in the four metropolitan boroughs were there, the group including a former Senator of the United States, who is also an ex-cabinet minister of the United States, Hoke Smith; the mayors of Atlanta's boroughs, the entire city council of one borough attending; the president and Board of Directors of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce; the president and Board of Directors of the Junior Chamber of Commerce; and the leaders of every civic organization of importance in Atlanta, as well as many other leading citizens.

The Memorial Association was represented by G. F. Willis, president, and other officers and members. Only one person, Mrs. J. E. Andrews, spoke against the project in any way, and her comments were overwhelmed by the magnificent speeches of the city's leaders in business, finance, society, and intellectual and civic organizations.

Many fine things were said, but the idea stressed by Judge John S. Chandler, underlay all the speeches—viz.: that the need of the age is to stress more the spiritual influences that moved a nation to greatness, and that nowhere in the world is there, or can there be, a monument which can better command the minds and souls of the people to a realization of greatness, the valor, the transcendent worth of character and patriotism such as was exemplified by the wearers of the gray.

It is inspiring in itself to see how the great Stone Mountain Memorial, assailed and stormed by unjust controversy and hindering attacks, remains always the symbol of nobility and strength, virtue and valor; and, above all else, the symbol of suffering and sacrifice for the sake of the South. It is inspiring also to

realize that this memorial has awakened again in the world's consciousness the realization that, after all is said and done, the real forces of the world are spiritual; that the words "Truth, Honor, Valor, Patriotism," are not meaningless sounds, but vital symbols of human aspiration that will not be denied expression.

The women of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, dedicated to the building of memorials to the men who wore the gray, were quick to realize the imperishable qualities of the great Stone Mountain Memorial, and by their faith they aided it in times of stress, when the city of Atlanta takes the helm, they will be proud to know that they aided in charting its course through stormy seas to a safe harbor.

There is one more thought to consider in connection with the acceptance of the memorial by the city of Atlanta—the city, which accepts, as a part of the gift, the contract with Augustus Lukeman, sculptor, and the contract with the Weiblen Bros., carving contractors, will accept also the intention of honor on the part of those who have made pledges in the past. The city, too, should be able to count on the pride and loyalty of every man and woman of Southern descent, and there should be a generous outpouring of gifts so that the great memorial may ultimately fulfill the vision which brought it into being.

Let it truly represent the hearts of a people, the love of a people, the memories of a people's greatness, a people's sorrow and a people's pride. And, should there be further efforts to hinder its completion, let a people's just wrath speak.

*"HEROES ALL, WE HAIL YOU."*

We cannot, as we ought not, forget you old veterans, nor your comrades who sleep in our soil. Heroes all, we hail you! With your blood you wrote the epic of your manhood and no true man would now obliterate one word. Indelible is your record, and the climb of the centuries will but brighten your deeds. Never can we become so ungrateful as to forget how in your youth the South stripped herself to very nakedness, gave exhaustingly her last resources, gave the lives of her dearest and best, gave all save honor. In these precious gifts we find the invulnerable, the unassailable, the inexpugnable proofs of your sincere patriotism, of the honesty of your convictions, of your ingenuous purpose. Unabashed in the light of the glory of the courage and success and sacrifice of her sons and daughters, the South can look the world in the face and hear her record read. . . . From address of Bishop Collins Denny, in Washington, D. C., June 6, 1917.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

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

## BEGINNING A NEW YEAR.

### THE OFFICIAL CALL FOR CAMP DUES, 1930.

Sections 13 and 14, Article XII, of the Constitution of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, provides as follows:

"SEC. 13. Camps shall remit to General Headquarters the initiation fees and per capita tax on all its members *during the month of January of each year*. The initiation fees and per capita tax on new members shall be remitted to General Headquarters *within ten days after members join said Camp*."

"SEC. 14. The fiscal year of Camps shall be the same as the calendar year, January 1 to December 31. Camps in arrears four months in payment of dues upon their members to the general organization shall be classed as delinquent, and six months, arrearage shall automatically impose suspension from all privileges of the confederation."

Please do *two things* for our organization immediately:

1. Collect at once all Camp dues possible (\$1 for old members \$2 for new members) and remit to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, 609-15 Law Building, Richmond, Va. As soon as dues are received, 1930 individual membership cards, *engraved in four colors*, will be sent you to be distributed to the members paying.

2. Put on a drive to increase your membership. It is suggested that you have your local Chapter of U. D. C. to appoint a committee to work with a similar committee appointed from the Camp.

The reunion and convention of the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will be

held in Biloxi, Miss., June 3-6, 1930, so please forward to headquarters "Roll of Officers and Members" at once with your remittance, so you can receive the official 1930 membership cards.

Biloxi is making great preparations for its guests. Many side trips and social functions are being provided for the Veterans, Sons, and their Official Ladies. The hotel for the Sons' Official Headquarters and other detailed information concerning the reunion and convention will be announced at an early date.

The railroads are going to be extremely strict this year as to whom they grant the reduced rates. The certificates which will enable you and the members of your Camp to purchase tickets at the reduced rate, *one fare for the round trip*, will be issued only to those Camps which have paid their 1930 membership dues, and Official Ladies of the confederation. Individual membership cards will be issued by General Headquarters only upon the receipt of the per capita taxes from the Camp. Admittance to the social functions of the reunion and convention, and the registration at convention headquarters, which will entitle the members and delegates to badges, will be limited to the paid-up members who hold the 1930 membership cards issued by headquarters.

## COMMEMORATING THE BIRTHS OF GENERALS LEE AND JACKSON.

The officers of a number of the Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans in the organization have made preparations to see that the people of their com-



munity celebrate appropriately and fittingly the births of Generals Lee and Jackson. It has been suggested that these meetings be held separately or in conjunction with the United Daughters of the Confederacy, open to the public, with the Confederate Veterans as guests of honor. The form and elaborateness of the celebration or entertainment has been worked out by instructions from general headquarters. A number of the Camps in the larger cities have planned to hold on the day before or after the 19th of January a Confederate ball, while in counties and smaller towns the Camps will give an oyster roast, barbecue, or hold a banquet, to which the Confederate Veterans will be guests of honor.

The purpose of a celebration of this kind was to enable the members of the various Camps to apply the principles of the organization in their section, to know each other, to have a common meeting place, and the pleasure of social intercourse with a compact body of men, composed of the best minds of the South, in order that peculiar Southern problems may be studied and a solution sought and gained.

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## RECORDS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WANTED.

Since the announcement that the Federal government would place markers at the graves of Confederate soldiers which had not been marked, these markers to bear the name of the soldier and command with which he served in the Confederate army, many applications for markers have been received by the Quartermaster General, U. S. A., under whom this work is to be carried on. In many instances these applications are not complete as to the soldier's record, or the proof thereof, and the Quartermaster General has made request of the U. D. C. that effort be made to verify the record and complete it where that is needed. The following list is taken from the applications which have been made for these headstones, and special request is made by the President General, U. D. C., that anyone who can give information of their Confederate service will please communicate at once with Mrs. R. H. Poindexter, Chairman Department of Reference, U. D. C., 2001 Acklen Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. This is the list:

*Alabama.*—John Landon Wade, Private Company K, 8th Alabama Cavalry;

Elisha Denton Warren, Private Company H, 5th Alabama Cavalry;

Isam F. (or Isam T) Guyton, Private Company I, 10th Alabama Regiment;

Henry Whitley, Private (May have belonged to Alabama Regiment.

Thomas J. Gunnels, Private Company, 1st Georgia Regiment.

*Florida.*—Samuel Davis, Private Company D, Florida Cavalry;

Jack Harrell buried in Florida, but no information given relative to command with which he served.

*Georgia.*—Jepty Iverson Hudgins, Private Company D, 16th Georgia Regiment.

Anthony Harmon, Private Company G, 1st Georgia Regiment;

James Jarrard Harris, First Corporal Company G, 1st Georgia Regiment;

J. S. Crawford, Private Company K, no organization given; possibly Georgia Regiment.

M. T. Heath, Company G, 46th Georgia Regiment, *Mississippi.*—Robert P. Rogers, Private Company H, 46th Mississippi Regiment.

J. R. B. Pittman, Company F, Mississippi Regiment.

*North Carolina.*—Hill E. King, Sergeant Company H, 67th Regiment (no State given).

Jacob Wilson, Private Company I, (no Regiment given); enlisted 1861, believed to have been a pensioner.

William A. Austin Private Company F, North Carolina Regiment.

*Oklahoma.*—Sterling Masterson Abernathy, Company A, Capt. Lee Scott's Texas Cavalry.

*Texas.*—Andrew Jackson Milam, Private Company Burnett's Texas Infantry, C. S. A.

James Hayden Milam, Private Company H, Martin's Texas Cavalry, C. S. A.

James Stanton Woods, Private (Guard) Capt. B. F. McAnulty's Company, Kemp's Regiment, Gen. Jaimeson's Brigade; enlisted January, 1865, and discharged in May, 1865; Guarded prisoners at Barracks near Old Starrville and Tyler, Tex., known as Camp Ford.

Jesse Clements, Private Company B, Texas State Troops.

William Parish, Quartermaster, Canady Brown's Company;

Charles A. Land, company and regiment unknown.

E. W. Nicholson, company and regiment unknown

J. C. Davis, company and regiment unknown.

Thomas A. Choate, Private Texas Infantry, company not known.

Henry Clay Tittle, Courier, Company B, no regiment given—possible Texas regiment.

Moses Langston, Private, Company C, 22nd Infantry (no State given).

George L. Booker, 148th Virginia Infantry.



Isaac Newton Robertson, Private, Company L, 12th Texas Regiment.

Virginia.—Hugh Williams, Private Company C, 8th Virginia Regiment.

Charles Snead, Company F, Wade Hampton's Corps, Rosser's Brigade; also Private Company F, 11th Virginia Cavalry.

Thomas William Hutcherson, Private Strother's Company, Virginia Regiment; enlisted in 1862; served under M. T. Joy (Captain) and Captain Chapman, in Mosby's Division; was a nephew of Capt. Morgan Strother and served under him part of war period.

Jack Nester, Private, no information as to command.

"MARSE ROBERT; KNIGHT OF THE  
CONFEDERACY." \*

Mr. Young's life of Robert E. Lee is an extremely important contribution to the modern school of biography as well as an exceedingly interesting story. Being Southern born and Northern trained, in the cool, analytical atmosphere of metropolitan journalism and magazine work, James C. Young appears to have been particularly well fitted to interpret this great general and fine Southern gentlemen with the candor of this day.

The author has long been a student of matters relating to Lee. A warm admirer of his subject, Mr. Young has successfully pictured the real Lee with his many distinctions: the fine abilities and noble qualities, with the consideration for others which perhaps might be taken for a weakness in an otherwise strong character.

Now that the years have softened sectional differences, it comes as a shock and surprise to be told that Lee was never granted the amnesty and pardon for which he applied. Grant recommended this, but Johnson took no steps to reinstate Lee, who believed himself outside the later proclamation issued by Johnson in 1868 and understood that he was denied the privilege of the ballot.

"Marse Robert; Knight of the Confederacy" is an absorbing tale—human, vivid, and indescribably touching in the description of the twilight years when Lee devoted himself to being the head of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. Mr. Young has had access to many sources of Lee material which have been untouched for years, much of it not before published, which make this volume of great interest to collectors of Americana. The book is profusely illustrated, several of the photographs being extremely rare.

\*By James C. Young. 362 pages. Illustrated. New York. Rae D. Henkle Company. \$5.

LETTERS TO THE VETERAN.

Gen. Edwin Selvage, Commander New York Camp Confederate Veterans, renews his individual subscription well in advance, also for twelve copies regularly to the Camp, saying: "I expect to take the VETERAN as long as I live. I am only ninety."

From Isaiah Rush, Hubbard, Tex: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, paid for by my daughter, comes regularly. It is a boon companion to me. During the war I belonged first to Company C, 10th Mississippi Regiment, Col. R. A. Smith commanding, under General Bragg, at Pensacola, Fla. In 1862, I joined Company B (Captain McKay), 38th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Adams commanding; lost an arm at the siege of Vicksburg. If there are any surviving comrades who belonged to either of these commands, I would be so glad to hear from them. I will be eighty-eight years old in September (21st). I also want to make inquiry about Captain Wilson, who raised a company at Port Gibson, in Claiborne County, Mo., in 1861, and went to Virginia. He never returned, and I never knew what became of him. One of his men, Sam Winters, died at Yorktown. Also would like to hear from any of the Rushes either in Arkansas or Missouri, and Andy Whitley or any of his people. He was from Missouri and was my nurse when I lost my arm at Vicksburg. Greetings and love to all the old vets. There are no Confederates here, and Confederate feeling has grown very lax. There are books in these schools that should not be used in the South."

INFORMATION WANTED.—An effort is being made to compile and construct a skeleton outline of all the organizations in the Confederate army from western Virginia, or what is now West Virginia. Considerable work to this end has been done, but in order that no data may be omitted, will any reader who knows of any Confederate unit from West Virginia, or any unit in regular Virginia troops that contained members from West Virginia, please forward the company designations, regimental numbers, and any names of commanding officers or titles applied to such units, to Roy Bird Cook, Charleston, W. Va.? No scrap of information can be so small but that it may lead to other data that will help in an undertaking that should have been done long ago. Coöperative effort on the part of our readers can help much in this undertaking, the results of which will be made public as soon as it appears that no new material can be developed.



# FIREARMS WANTED

Carbines, Pistols, and Revolvers made by the Confederate States and used in the War. Made with brass and steel frames and marked on barrel or frame C. S., C. S. A., W. B. C. S. A., H, or Haiman, Spiller & Burr, Atlanta, Ga., Virginia Mfg., Beech and Rigdon, Morse. Also with 8 stars, etc.

Percussion Guns and Revolvers, marked Patent Arms Mfg. Co., Paterson, N. J., Colt Pt. Pocket and belt revolvers; barrels 3 inches to 10 inches long, calibers 31 to 50, folding triggers; no trigger guards or rammers.

Dragoon revolvers, marked as above, 6-shot, 44 caliber; barrels from 6 inches to 9 inches long, have trigger guards, some with rammers and some without rammers. Weight 4 to 4½ pounds.

Also Colt dragoon revolvers same size, lengths, and calibers, with trigger guards and rammers, marked on top of barrels "Address Sam'l Colt, New York City." Also shoulder stocks for Colt revolvers.

Give description, condition, and price in first letter.

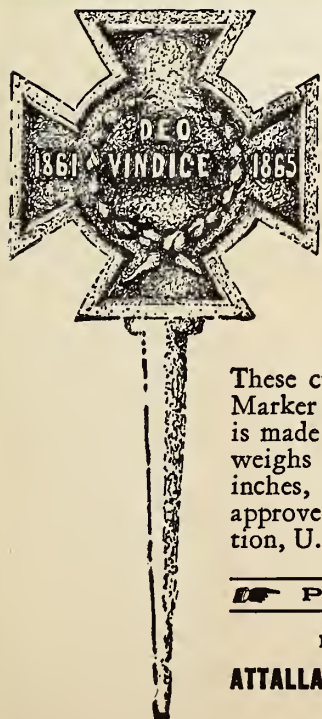
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## THE GREATEST WONDER.

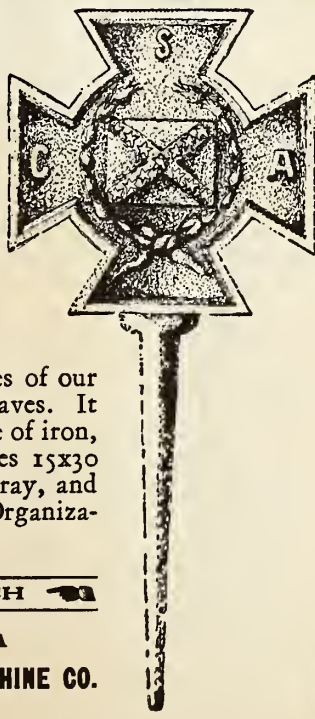
History has recorded the seven wonders of the ancient world, all of which have been dwarfed by modern discoveries and inventions. The outstanding and least-understood wonder of all times is the human body. Regarded from a merely mechanical standpoint, the human body is so infinitely complex, so exquisitely responsive, so strangely perfect, that by comparison it dwarfs all other things known to man and stands alone as the wonder of the world. In all mechanics and architecture, in all machines and inventions of man, there is not to be discovered one single device that is not found in the human body. The arch, the lever, the inclined plane; a pump, a grist mill, a camera, a stringed instrument; hinges, pulleys, ball and socket joints—all these and a score of

other man-made inventions are merely crude copies of the same devices found in his own body. The lungs, through their 600,000,000 tiny openings, have a surface equal to the floor of a room 40 feet square. The body contains 2,000 miles of tubing, through which half a barrel of fluid is constantly pouring. The blood travels 168 miles a day. Truly we are "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Miss Effie Malone, 501 Broadway, Van Buren, Ark., writes of having secured twenty-five volumes of the VETERAN through the notice in the VETERAN some time ago, and wishes to thank the many good friends who responded so generously to that call. She still lacks the following numbers to complete these years: 1902, January, February, March, and August; 1903, April and




**"Lest We Forget"**



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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**The Little Fork Rangers  
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By Prof. W. B. Hackley, University of Richmond, Va. A complete history of Company D, 4th Virginia Cavalry from its organization in 1860 to the surrender, including nine pages of extracts from a diary kept on the battle field by a lieutenant of the company.  
*Price, \$2.50 Postpaid*  
**Order from W. B. Hackley, University of Richmond, Va.**

June; 1904, July; 1905 May and August; 1906, January, March, and October. She asks that anyone having these and other numbers before 1902 will send them to her, so they may be bound and taken care of for future reference. Transportation will be paid.

Mrs. E. H. Peyton, 4222 Swiss Avenue, Dallas, Tex., is in need of an affidavit from two veterans who knew her late husband, Ephraim Peyton, in the Confederate army in order to get a pension, and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrade or friend who can testify to his service. He enlisted from Arkansas.

Mrs. A. J. Howell, Cape Fear Chapter, U. D. C., Wilmington, N. C., is getting together all information possible on Mrs. Rose O'Neill Greenhow, the Confederate Secret Service agent, and would be most grateful for any information on her life and career.



# BOOK OFFERINGS

## *For February*

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|                                                                                                                                                                 |        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cook. Illustrated.....                                                                                                    | \$6 00 |
| The Women of the Debatable Land (known as Mosby's Confederacy)<br>By Alexander Hunter.....                                                                      | 4 00   |
| Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones....                                                                                                 | 4 00   |
| The Woman in Battle. Experiences of Madame Velasquez in the<br>Secret Service of the Confederacy.....                                                           | 5 00   |
| Life and Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor.                                                                                                  | 5 00   |
| Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....                                                                                                     | 4 00   |
| The Lost Cause. By E. A. Pollard. Large volume.....                                                                                                             | 5 00   |
| Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Sinclair.....                                                                                                               | 5 00   |
| Life of C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury, C. S. A. By<br>Col. Henry D. Capers.....                                                                    | 3 25   |
| Why the Solid South, or Reconstruction and Its Results. Compiled<br>by Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama, and other leading men of<br>the Southern States..... | 3 00   |
| With Saber and Scalpel. Life story of Dr. John A. Wyeth, Soldier and<br>Surgeon.....                                                                            | 5 00   |
| Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston....                                                                                                | 4 00   |
| Military Annals of Tennessee. By J. Berrien Lindsley, A. M. ....                                                                                                | 4 25   |
| Two Wars. By Gen. S. G. French.....                                                                                                                             | 2 50   |
| Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Compiled and edited by<br>Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr.....                                                                 | 3 25   |
| Poems of Henry Timrod.....                                                                                                                                      | 2 50   |

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### PICTURES NOW AVAILABLE

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| The Three Generals. Group of Gens. Lee, Jackson, and Joseph E.<br>Johnston; steel engraving, 18x22 inches. With a year's subscrip-<br>tion to the VETERAN..... | 10 00 |
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