

Confederate Veteran.

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ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN, C. S. N.

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SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veterans, is the property of the Confederate organization of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by company.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

The annual roll call of the American Red Cross for membership during the coming year will take place from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving, November 29.

Out of each dollar membership in the American Red Cross fifty cents is retained by the Red Cross Chapter for expenditure in behalf of the community; in other words, all except fifty cents of the member's enrollment, regardless of amount except in the case of life or patron memberships, is spent in his own home town or city or county, as the case may be. Thus a large enrollment means direct community benefits.

The fifty cents from membership enrollment which goes to National headquarters is spent in national and international work. Each year hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended by National Headquarters for relief in disasters for which no general appeal is made to the public.

Each member who enrolls for even a year thus gives financial and moral support to his or her Red Cross, and to that extent is a participant in its work everywhere.

WANTED.—The book on "Acts of the Republican Party as Seen by History," by C. Gardiner. Who knows where it may be procured?

Mrs. Sadie L. Drewry Williams, 232 West Taylor Street, Griffin, Ga., seeks information on the Confederate service of her grandfather, Demarius E. Drewry, who enlisted in Alabama. His company, regiment, and officers under whom he served are desired.

Mrs. Texanna Riggle, 1627 East Sixteenth Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., is trying to get a pension, and wishes to hear from anyone who served with A. T. Riggle, Company C or D, Pindall's Battalion of Sharpshooters.

Mrs. Lizzie Watkins, 165 Spring Street, Eureka Springs, Ark., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of her father, J. H. Jenkins, who she thinks, served with Company F, 14th Missouri Cavalry. James M. Phelps was his captain, and the command was a part of Thomas McRae's Brigade, Fagan's Division, Sterling Price's army.

WANTED.—To hear at once from anyone who enlisted in Company G, 2d Mississippi State Cavalry, C. S. A., organized at Houston, Miss., by Capt. George Isabell, and who knew J. H. Marable, of that company, who needs a pension.—Miss Bessie Babbitt, Okala, Miss.



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E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

ON STAFF OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, C. S. A.

Occasionally one is startled to see the statement that a certain veteran of the Confederacy claims to have served on the staff of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. Surely, the honor of having been a Confederate soldier is sufficient distinction without making claim to any higher rank or place in Confederate service. As Commander in Chief of the Confederate Army, until General Lee was so designated early in 1865, as well as the directing head of the Confederate government, President Davis had his military staff, to which he appointed such men as he thought worthy to hold close in his councils. As is well known, George Washington Custis Lee, son of Gen. R. E. Lee, was one of the first so appointed; and though he would have preferred service in the field, he realized that his duty was where his chief wished him to serve. Had he been given the opportunity to show his ability as an active soldier, Confederate history would doubtless have another Lee renowned for soldierly skill and leadership. But his only opportunity came as commander of the troops for local defense of Richmond, and in that he rendered valuable service, so acknowledged by President Davis himself.

From Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the following list of members of President Davis's staff is given, each of whom was designated as "Colonel and A. D. C.": Joseph R. Davis, G. W. C. Lee, J. C. Ives, James Chestnut, William Preston Johnston, William M. Browne, John Taylor Wood, F. R. Lubbock, and Burton N. Harrison. If there were other appointments, there is no record of them; and no private soldier could have been considered in this way, very rightly.

Writing of such misstatements in the press of the country, Miss Nannie Davis Smith, only living niece of President Davis, and who was very closely associated with his family in her youth, says:

"Curiously enough, outliving one's comrades has become a coveted distinction. An old soldier in our midst claims (mistakenly) that he is the last survivor of Jefferson Davis's staff. As a matter of fact, there is now no survivor. Gen. Robert E. Lee's son, George Washington Custis

Lee, served on President Davis's staff. Making assurance doubly sure, I quote as follows from 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' Volume II, page 664: 'Lest any should suppose from the remark of General Ewell, that I had been unwilling to promote my aide-de-camp, Col. G. W. C. Lee, it is proper to state that the only obstacle to overcome was Lee's objection to receive promotion. With refined delicacy, he shrank from the idea of superseding men who had been actively serving in the field, and in one case, where the objection did not seem to me to have any application, he so decidedly preferred to remain with me that I yielded to his wishes, but gave him additional rank to command the local troops for the defense of Richmond. His valuable services in that capacity on various occasions sustained my high opinion of him as a soldier, and his conduct on that retreat and in the battle of Sailor's Creek, for which he is commended, was only what I anticipated.'

FROM THE VETERAN'S MAIL.

The following appreciated comment on the October number of the VETERAN comes from Berkeley Minor, Sr., of Charlottesville, Va., who says:

"In the October VETERAN, the editorial from the *Nashville Tennessean* says that 'The South has forgiven the North.' I'd say, 'The South is willing to forgive the North, if forgiveness is asked,' for it is impossible to forgive those who do not ask forgiveness, nor want it.

"Again, I note that my much-esteemed young kinsman, Matthew Page Andrews, whom I always read with interest and pleasure, believes that the United States of America is a republic since Appomattox. The *Washington Post* (of August 14, 1906) said most truly: 'Let us be frank about it. The day the people of the North responded to Abraham Lincoln's call for troops to coerce sovereign States, the republic died, and the Nation was born.'

"The October number is a more than usually interesting one. I have often used 'Here's Your Mule,' but had no idea whence it came. We old Confederates owe much to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

* * *

An interesting letter comes from C. R. Bushong, of Troy, Ohio, in acknowledgment of material on the life of Sam Davis, hero of the Confederacy, in which he says: "I thoroughly enjoyed reading the article on Sam Davis and the account

of the Richard Owen Memorial in Indianapolis. In these days, when the mind of the English-speaking nations is largely directed to the subject of peace, it seems to me very appropriate indeed to be reading these memorials which deal so vitally with the traits of nobility and brotherly kindness, which we are always so glad to recognize in our fellow men. . . . My daughter spoke to the high school principal here, who is the teacher of senior history, about the story of Sam Davis, and he asked her to read it to the history class when they reach that period in their class study."

* * *

J. Tucker Cooke writes from Waynesboro, Va., sending five dollars "to go toward the need of the VETERAN. I hope it lives a long and useful life. It is doing a great work for the perpetuation of all things dear to the Southland."

* * *

It is always gratifying to hear from young men who are interested in our Confederate history, and the following is especially appreciated as coming from one of the younger generation who has sprung up in Illinois. John F. Knox, of 321 Wesley Avenue, Oak Park, Ill., is very desirous of getting in touch with some veteran of the Confederacy and to have the opportunity of witnessing a Confederate parade. He says: "I have long been particularly interested in the Civil War, and especially the Confederate side of it. I take great interest in reading every issue of your fine magazine.

"I would be greatly pleased if any Confederate veterans would write to me, as I cherish the memory of those brave men who wore the gray, and I would feel honored to personally hear from some of them. I have never been South in my life, and I have seen only one Confederate soldier to date. I have never seen a gray uniform being worn by a veteran. In fact, all of my family traditions have been Northern, except for some distant relatives who served under the peerless Lee. Yet the unparalleled and incomparable struggle that the people of the Confederacy made to protect their homes and hearths early captured my imagination as nothing has ever done. I have absorbed whole shelves of literature dealing with the Confederacy, having the privilege of access to the Confederate section in the University of Chicago Library, where I have spent many hours reading.

"I hope that I may some time see a parade of Confederate veterans. Some time ago I heard that there was one C. S. A. soldier living in Chi-

cago. At the time he was ninety-two years old. I immediately called upon him at his residence, but he was then extremely ill and died shortly afterwards. He is the only wearer of the gray that I have ever been privileged to see."

AMERICA'S APPRECIATION.

BY CASSIE MONCEUR.

The United States Congress has authorized the completion of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery, allowing \$50,000 to be expended for that purpose. This means that a sarcophagus will be placed on the present slab that now covers the grave, and that it will conform in architecture with the background of the amphitheater; also that the architectural aspect will be carried out as to conformity of design, and that steps of one hundred and twenty feet in width will lead to the approach of this monument, greatly beautifying and enhancing the effect.

The sarcophagus will be of white marble. It is a protest in simplicity against the "group ideals," and very dignified in line of conception. But, as Father Ryan phrased it—

"Far out on the ocean are billows that never will break on the beach,
And so there are tributes of silence too lofty to utter in speech,"—

hence, as yet, no epitaph has been selected or made known to the public, and a year will be necessary before the sculptor will have perfected this masterpiece. This memorial is a tribute of the American people to the "manhood" of the period of 1917-1918, A.D.

France, which was the first country to honor the Unknown Soldier, brought her dead from Verdun to rest beneath the Arc de Triomphe. England took her hero from the blood-soaked fields of Flanders and laid him in the stately halls of Westminster Abbey. Italy opened the sepulcher of Victor Emanuel, the highest honor she could accord for her "Ignoti Militi."

It was a Frenchman, Maurice Maunoury, commander of the 28th French Artillery, who originated the idea of a memorial to the unknown dead of the World War. When awarding prizes at the Lycee de Charlemagne, he proposed a memorial to the poilu to symbolize the homage of a grateful country. France eagerly caught at the idea, and Joffre, Petain, and Foch led the funeral cortege when the Unknown Poilu came home.

England followed France's example, and when her dead was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, King George sprinkled a handful of soil brought from France on the casket of British oak. Two of the pallbearers were Field Marshal French and General Byng, while the rest were selected from the file of the army and navy. The epitaph for the British soldier reads: "They buried him among kings because he had done good toward God and toward his house."

Belgium allowed one of her soldiers, blinded in battle, to select the unknown body, while four comrades who had lost a right arm and four who had lost a left acted as pallbearers.

After a night spent in prayer, an Italian Gold Star Mother selected the casket for Italy's unknown by placing on it a white rose. The body was selected from the unknown dead in a little graveyard near the Adriatic Sea. The sepulcher of Victor Emanuel, which was opened to receive the body, is the finest in all Rome.

It is regarded as fit that the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier should be within the shadow of the Washington monument in Arlington National Cemetery. There the pine and cypress spread their benediction over the muster roll of the army and navy, and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, when completed, will be the crowning touch of the beauty and solemnity of the place.

PREPAREDNESS

(From Memorial Day address delivered on May 30, 1929, in the Lee Memorial Chapel, Lexington, Va., by General William H. Coker, retiring Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute.)

There are speeches being made to-day all over this broad land of ours lauding the brave men who have fallen for the flag, but I dare say none in precincts more sacred to the hearts of the people than this in which we are gathered. Here rest the mortal remains of a man whose whole life was consecrated to principles which this day has been set apart to inculcate and emphasize as the guiding principles of this nation's citizenship. Were we all like him, there would be no need of such expressions of patriotism except as a matter of gratitude. He rises in our civilization like a great beacon light at sea to guide us to the safe harbors of personal conduct and civic duty. No nobler figure shines upon the pages of history than of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the idol and the ideal of Virginians. Here we have the perfect type to which our young men may look in safe emulation,

one whose luster does not dim with time nor with searching scrutiny, but rather more and more startles the imagination with its awing superiority. It is no small honor to have an opportunity to speak, as it were, in the shadow of his tomb and with a sense at least of his spiritual presence. A nation's true greatness comes not so much from its physical possessions and wealth as from its ideals translated into the personal conduct and attitude of men like Washington and Lee. So long as men of this type are our models and the forms upon which we fit the character building of our citizenship, our country will march safely forward.

It has become the fashion to-day for men to decry war and military preparedness, yet these two greatest Americans are the direct products of war. I say the value of their lives as citizens and soldiers to America could well be assessed against all the suffering and mortality of those wars which were necessary to bring them to the vision of the people. The modesty of a Lee would probably have prevented his ever being known but for a crisis which crushed the souls of smaller men only to provide opportunity for this colossal character to express itself. Another mighty man whose remains are buried in this city would probably have been unknown outside the immediate circle in which he moved had not the crucible of war forced him to the front. I refer to Stonewall Jackson. Can there be a measure of the value of Washington, Lee, and Jackson as examples of supreme moral and physical courage, of unselfish patriotism, of a willingness to carry crushing responsibilities and support a nation's cause with a mien that inspired confidence and hope in those they commanded and served, to accept with composure and with honor victory or defeat, and, at the end, as in the case of Washington and Lee, modestly to refuse to use a nation's gratitude and admiration to their own selfish purposes? Who can measure the significance to the liberties of our country of Washington's refusal to accept a third term as President? This precedent embedded in the hearts of the people has always been and will continue to be a deterrent to more selfish men desirous of perpetuating themselves in power.

So long as men and nations are guided by the principle of self-preservation, a primary law of nature, there will be wars. I doubt that an advancing civilization has a tendency to lessen the probability of armed conflicts. The evidence up to this time is rather against this theory. Ger-

many, at the outbreak of the World War, was the most advanced nation in education, science, and efficiency of government and industry. When her interests seemed to demand force, she did not hesitate to prepare for and precipitate the most terrible military cataclysm that the world has ever seen. Americans, in 1917, regarded themselves as far advanced in education and a spirituality based upon the principles of the Church of the Prince of Peace, and yet they entered this great war upon the provocation of a refusal to comply with the demand of Germany that our ships should be clearly designated upon entering the area of conflict in order to avoid being attacked by submarines. I do not question our justification in thus supporting rights assured by international custom or law, and I hope there will never come a time when we shall be so imbued with pacifism that our national dignity and rights may be so trampled upon with impunity by any nation. I simply cite this instance to show how easily we may be drawn into conflict. England, in 1914, was far in the advance of civilization, and particularly so in its people's appreciation of the spiritual values. Though not directly attacked, she entered the war because of the indirect attack upon her interests and the fear of a victorious Germany.

I do not believe that leagues, peace pacts, or treaties outlawing war will materially change the situation. The efforts in this direction in the past have tended rather to reduce the number, but to increase the intensity of international conflicts. What more perfect league could there be than that existing between the States in 1861? Every procedure and tribunal necessary to settle questions were provided, and yet when the great issue of State Rights arose, it was necessary to resort to arms and battle over a period of four years. The World War itself was much enlarged in scope by reason of the league or treaty entered into by European nations guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. This treaty caused no hesitation on the part of Germany and Austria when their vital interests seemed to run contrary to its provisions. It then became, in the words of Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg, a mere "scrap of paper." The treaties of Versailles, the Trianon, and Sevres, all made as recently as 1919-1920, laid the foundation for wars, some of which have already been fought and others are but awaiting the development of a new strength on the part of nations affected to become realities. Does anyone believe that a nation so powerful as Germany will continue indefinitely to tolerate at the dictation

of weaker nations a Danzig Corridor, or that Russia, the largest and intrinsically the richest and most powerful nation in the world, will yield its centuries-old purpose to control an outlet to world markets other than through ports ice-bound for five months of the year? England, France, and the United States to-day truly have a place in the sun and enjoy a major portion of the world's land, water, and trade. But their prosperity is out of proportion, and with a militant population of about one-eighth of the world's militant population, they must be prepared either to make great sacrifices or battle for their continued supremacy. Our country is particularly the object of envy of other nations because of our great wealth and constantly increasing dominance in world export trade, while we close our markets to others. For the present we have nothing to fear, but this is due to our strength, our potential military strength.

I do not advocate war, and hope that it will not again come with its suffering and devastation. It can best be avoided by maintaining a constant naval and military strength sufficient to protect our interests and, above all, to keep alive in the hearts of our countrymen a patriotic and fervent love of country. Every boy should have instilled in him that his first duty is to the flag. And it is. What else may demand his life? He may love his wife, his children, his parents, his friends, but none of them may say, "I am in danger; you must die to protect me," and enforce that command. Regardless of all other interests, when the flag calls the answer must be, "I come." That is an absolute truth in government as now constituted. Then must we, when the flag calls, let him answer "as the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon," or shall we so train him that when the call comes he will spring to the ranks with joy in his heart that he has an opportunity to serve, even to die, for that country and that flag which inspire his soul with love and obedience? Let his motto be: "*Pro Patria Mori Dulce et Decorum est.*" With a manhood so trained and ready we have but little to fear and may look forward to many generations of peace, for no nation will dare attack us. Our dangers will be from within and incident to the weakening influence of wealth.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

A healthy patriotism and Spartan training for youth will serve even here to protect us and post-

pone the evil day when we must go the way of all nations. I should like to see all young men, particularly those who attend colleges and are destined to become the executives in business and government, have some military training either in school or the citizens' military training camps. Athletics are becoming constantly a more important phase of a youth's education and are of great value in developing bodily strength, courage, sportsmanship, and loyalty. It has been said that England's battles were won on the football fields of Rugby and Eton. There is much truth in this, for in these contests England's soldier leaders were called upon to exercise those qualities which later were relied upon to win success on the field of battle. By all means possible, then, let us keep our people from bodily and spiritual decay. Hold before them loyalty to the flag and to a living, divinely instituted religion as the twin disciplines of their souls, and let no internationalism on the one hand nor atheism on the other destroy the spiritual urge that emanates from these ideals.

Memorial Day has the double purpose of giving us an opportunity to express our gratitude to those who have died a soldier's death and to quicken in our hearts patriotism and love of country. It should be observed by all citizens to keep fresh in the minds of youth that no greater honor may come to a man than the opportunity to serve his country as a soldier, and that when the opportunity comes he should seize it with gladness in his heart, or, failing to do so, live the life ever after of a man who has been craven in the hour of need, a slacker, who cannot hope ever to command the full respect of himself and his fellow man.

THOSE CAMP CHASE LETTERS.

BY ALICE BREENE ROGERS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The announcement in the August number of the VETERAN that a bundle of letters written by and to Confederates imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, in 1862, had been turned over to the President of the Ohio Division, U. D. C., and would be delivered to claimants proving that they are entitled to these long-withheld communications, has brought back to my mind a group of old soldiers who were wont to gather in the home of my stepfather, Capt. P. M. Griffin, in Nashville, to fight the battles over and to pay a loving tribute to the memory of comrades who had preceded them upon the Great Adventure.

In the list of writers of these letters appear the

names of Theodore Kelsey, Thomas Kirtland, and John Walker. To give them their proper titles, it would be "Adjutant" Theodore Kelsey and "Lieutenant" Thomas Kirtland, of the 10th Tennessee Infantry, Irish, nicknamed the "Bloody Tinth." John Walker was, in all probability, a lieutenant in the 10th Tennessee, or in one of the Confederate regiments surrendered without the knowledge or consent of its members at Fort Donelson. From Fort Donelson the officers were taken to Camp Chase, and the "non-coms" and privates were taken to Camp Douglas. Months later they were exchanged at Cairo, Ill. Thence they went by boat to the island above Vicksburg, where General Grant was endeavoring to change the course of the Mississippi River. From this island they went to Vicksburg, and shortly afterwards to Clinton, Miss., where the reorganization took place. The regiment was outfitted with new uniforms and guns that had run the blockade. Members were sworn into service for three years or the duration of the war. A few weeks later, the commander of the 10th Tennessee, Col. Randall McGavock, was killed at the battle of Raymond, Miss., and while bearing his body from the field, Captain Griffin was captured by the Federals. He was permitted to purchase a coffin and to bury Colonel McGavock's remains in Raymond, and was later taken on board a steamboat headed for Island No. 10, where a Federal prison was then located.

Lieut. John Walker was also a prisoner on board this boat, and he furnished my stepfather with a letter of introduction to his father, Colonel Walker, of Memphis, Tenn. When the boat was about two miles above Memphis, Captain Griffin made his escape and swam down the Mississippi to the city wharf, where he landed among a group of roustabouts, who supposed him to be one of their number who had fallen into the water, and they urged him to hurry home for dry clothes.

After getting away from the wharf, Captain Griffin realized the seriousness of his position. Memphis was in the hands of the Federals, and he knew no one there to whom he might turn for advice. He had very little money of his own, and not even a change of clothing. In his possession, however, was his colonel's watch, money, and valuable papers, which he was very anxious to turn over to a brother, Dr. Grundy McGavock, who was then living on his plantation in Arkansas. After considering the matter, Captain Griffin decided to present the letter of introduction to Colonel Walker, and he went directly to the Walker

home. Colonel Walker was absent, and the letter was handed over to the mother of the officer who wrote it. She read the letter through three or four times and took a long look at the unprepossessing young man who had presented it, then said: "My husband has taken the oath, and I can do nothing for you." Captain Griffin said good-by to Mrs. Walker, and in later years he said that he had never felt any resentment toward her. He engaged lodging at a third-rate boarding house and, to use his own expression, "sneaked around the town, eavesdropping people." After several days, he overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, both of whom it seemed had suffered large financial losses at the hands of the Federals. At the close of their talk, he followed the man who seemed to have the greatest grievance. First, he told him that he had been guilty of listening to his conversation, and he then identified himself with Colonel McGavock's papers. The man whom he had addressed told him that his name was McPherson, that he conducted a school for young ladies in Memphis. He told Captain Griffin that he would be arrested, but after being assured that worry about arrest was the least of his troubles, Professor McPherson looked him in the eye and directed him to the home of a Mr. McCombs, and told him to tell this gentleman his story. My father thanked the Professor and started to the McCombs residence. By mistake, he stopped at the home next door. A beautiful young lady came to the door in response to his summons, and, although he had never seen her before, he recognized her as a sister of Lieut. Thomas Kirtland. He asked if she was not a relative of the Lieutenant, and she said that she was his sister, and that Mr. McCombs was her nearest neighbor. At the McCombs house, Captain Griffin was received very kindly by Mrs. McCombs, who invited him to wait until her husband arrived from the cotton gin. When Mr. McCombs heard his story, he took him upstairs and gave him clean linen and a suit of clothes, completing his costume with a stovepipe hat. He was then taken down to dinner and introduced to the family and to two Federal officers who were among the guests as a nephew of Mr. McCombs, from Cincinnati. His host sent over into Arkansas for Dr. McGavock, and a few days later he arrived, when his dead brother's property was turned over to him.

While Captain Griffin was awaiting the arrival of Dr. McGavock, Mrs. Walker came to see him. Her husband had returned home, and the letter of introduction had been delivered to him. She

was in great distress, and brought a number of gifts with her, none of which Captain Griffin felt that he could accept. She made a second visit and brought him a lot of clothing, and finally, just to please her, he accepted a suit of clothes.

Finding that all roads leading out of Memphis were heavily guarded, Captain Griffin hired out to the Federal government and was sent to Louisville. From there he started to Nashville with a gang of workmen and came as far south on his journey as Edgefield Junction, where a friend boarded the train and informed him that a government detective was at that moment awaiting his arrival in the L. & N. depot at Nashville, and that the Federals had offered several thousand dollars for his capture, dead or alive. He left the train immediately and was brought to Nashville in a hack furnished by his friend. He had many hairbreadth escapes before he got back to his old command, which was at that time encamped on the line of the W. & A. Railroad, near Sand Mountain, Ga. Among the first of his comrades to welcome him back was Adjutant Kelsey. After this they remained very close together until the Adjutant met his death at Chickamauga, with many other members of his regiment. Captain Griffin assisted in consigning his body to the earth after the battle.

Adjutant Kelsey was a native of New York, but his sympathies were with the South, and at the beginning of the war he came to Nashville and cast his lot with the 10th Tennessee Infantry, Irish. In the spring of 1861, his niece, Mrs. E. N. Whiton, came to Nashville with her husband, and Captain Griffin accompanied them to Chickamauga, Ga., for the purpose of having Adjutant Kelsey's remains disinterred. At that time, the condition of the old battle field was quite different from what it is to-day. They were able to find only a few of the Adjutant's bones, which were later taken to New York for burial.

Mrs. Whiton was a woman of unusual beauty and charm, and, according to my stepfather, greatly resembled her uncle, whom she adored. For her to receive a letter written by this beloved kinsman so long ago would be like getting a gift from that "High Country" where the Adjutant has been joined by a great majority of the comrades who held him so dear. If the addresses cannot be found, I trust that there is still in the land of the living members of the family of Lieutenants Kirtland and Walker to whom the letters they wrote may be sent.

In looking over letters written to my stepfather

by his old comrades, I have found frequent mention of both the Adjutant and these other officers, and in each instance there are expressions of love and admiration. I first heard of the 10th Tennessee when I was a small child. To me the exploits of its members are very real, although the mellow voices that related them are forever stilled.

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR.

(This historical article was contributed by D. C. Alford, and sent in by Miss Mary Holland, Hartwell Chapter, U. D. C., Hartwell, Ga.)

At the close of the War between the States there were many tragedies and crimes of various kinds to add to the number that had already been committed to make the history of war the more distressing and grievous.

One that has ever been deplored by the people of Hartwell, Ga., was the brutal murder of Dr. J. M. Webb on the 3rd of May, 1865. Some half-dozen of the "hangers-on" who always followed in the wake of war came through Hartwell on their mission of crime, determined to do whatever they wished to carry out their fiendish desires. Dr. J. M. Webb was one of their victims. A more kindly, noble, and harmless man could not be found than "Dr. Jim Webb," as he was familiarly known. These ruffians approached him and demanded his pistol, but before he had time to take it from the strap, they shot him dead.

The awful tragedy took place in the southeast corner of the public square, near where the sign of an old well is shown now, and all who remember and know about the sudden going of Dr. Webb are made to feel sad when passing this place.

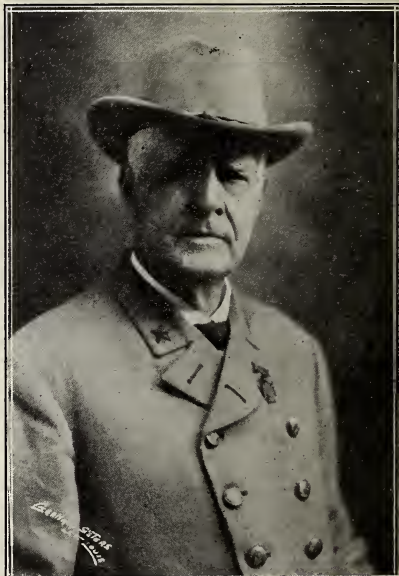
After committing the awful crime, these murderers rode away as if nothing had been done, and at that time nothing could be done in the way of redress; all had to bear and endure the best they could.

Mrs. Webb, the noblest and best of mothers, was left to grieve over the sad going of her beloved husband, and to care for her three little boys the best she could without the help of a kind and loving husband and father. How well she did everything that could be expected of a consecrated Christian mother is best known by all who ever knew this good woman until the time came in November, 1912, for her going to be with the loved ones whom the Scriptures say are "precious in the sight of the Lord."

PAYMASTER GENERAL, U. C. V.

Gen. Charles Collier Harvey, Paymaster General of the United Confederate Veterans, died at his home in St. Louis, Mo., in late August, 1929, after some months of failing health.

He was born in Campbell County, Va., Septem-



GEN. CHARLES C. HARVEY, U. C. V.

ber 8, 1846, and was married to Miss Anna Wells Flagg, also of Campbell County, on May 1, 1867. He went to Missouri in 1869, locating at Glasgow, but in late years his home had been in St. Louis. He was a member of the St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., and had served as Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., while at the time of his death he held the position of Paymaster General, U. C. V.

Prior to the War between the States, Charles C. Harvey was a member of the Lynchburg Rifle Grays. He was mustered into the Confederate service on April 23, 1861, at Richmond, and on May 6, became a member of Company A, 11th Virginia Infantry, of which regiment the late U. S. Senator John W. Danien was Adjutant. Later, young Harvey participated in the major engagements of Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, including the battles of Bull Run, Yorktown, Seven Pines, Seven Days Fight-

ing around Richmond, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm (where he was wounded), Fredericksburg, etc.

In years after the war, Charles Harvey went to Missouri and was in the hardware business in Glasgow, later being in the general office of the Wabash Railroad. Later still he was with the Mexican National Railway and stationed in Laredo, Tex., 1892-93; and just prior to his retirement, some fifteen years ago, he was traveling freight agent of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, out of Kansas City.

The Harvey family were all Presbyterians, and General Harvey was for many years a member of that Church, but eventually joined the Baptist Church to be with his wife. He was a member of Camp No. 80, U. C. V., of Kansas City, transferring his membership to Camp No. 731, U. C. V., when he made his home in St. Louis.

DISMOUNTED CAVALRY.

Among papers and letters stored in an old trunk through many years, the property of the late Maj. J. N. Dodson, commanding the 9th Texas Cavalry, the following paper was brought to light by Mrs. J. H. Page, Vice President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Houston, Tex., and a copy was sent to the VETERAN as something worthy of record. It will be of interest as showing the desire of Major Dodson and his men to give the best service possible and for they had been trained, and is as follows:

"CAMP NEAR TUPELO, MISS.,
ARMY OF THE WEST,
August, 1864.

"To the Honorable Secretary of War,
Richmond, Va.

"Sir: Representing the 9th Regiment of Texas Cavalry, I beg to make the following statement and appeal: This regiment was mustered into the service of the State of Texas on the 19th day of August, 1861, and turned over to and mustered into the Confederate service on the 14th day of October, 1861. We went from our home and were mustered as cavalry and so served our State, and were so turned over to the Confederate service, and so did much hard and, we trust, honorable service, and it was certainly an implied contract between the State and the Confederate States that we should serve in that capacity; and we flatter ourselves that we did much good in our twelve hundred miles of scouting during the months of November, December, and January, in the Creek and Cherokee Territories and in our two Indian battles of Red Fork and at the battle of

Elk Horn, led by the lamented and gallant Colonel McIntosh; also a part of our command was engaged in the brilliant feat at Keetsville, Mo., under command of Major (now Colonel) Ross, of Texas, a few days before the battle of Elk Horn, the effect of which was to destroy the enemy's rear and cut off his supplies, thereby reducing him to distress.

"We refer you to these successes as evidence of our valuable services on horseback, and by them we will be judged. Pressing necessity required that we should cross the Mississippi River and go to the relief of General Beauregard at Corinth, Miss. We were dismounted at Des Arc, Ark., about the 13th of April, 1862, temporarily, forage being scarce and transportation being insufficient. Please see General Van Dorn's General Order, No.—, a copy of which is inclosed. To that pressing necessity we yielded obedience, and went heart and hand to the fields so recently stained with the blood of our friends and kindred east of the Mississippi. Reluctantly, however, did we quit our impudent foe, then menacing Missouri and Arkansas and threatening the borders of our own beloved State.

"Permit us to remind you that the emergencies contemplated in the said order have already expired, and, so far from their now existing, that experienced and expert horsemen are needed upon every hand. For our character as horsemen and marksmen on horseback, and our scouting and guerrilla capacity, we respectfully refer you to our delegation in Congress and Cabinet. And for the following reasons we hereby demand that we be again placed in our proper element—upon horseback:

"1. We are cavalry proper, and so contracted to serve.

"2. The reason for which we were dismounted has expired.

"3. We have reënlisted as cavalry.

"4. We are horsemen by trade and by profession, and policing and scouting the country was our occupation at home, being from the stock raising prairies.

"5. We are healthy, hardy and efficient upon horseback, and ailing, unhealthy, tender, dispirited, and inefficient on foot.

"6. We have done much valuable service on horseback, and have done nothing but suffer with disease and languor on foot, and have been a drag to the government (which we regret to say), and the habits of the greater part of the regiment have been such that they cannot endure long and fatiguing marches on foot. We have been trained under rigid infantry discipline for the past three months, and it is a failure in all save melting away in number, caused by ill health, which is in greater part brought

on by wounded pride at being brought to their present positions, which was never the case on horseback.

"7. The public service, success, the health of the troops, all demand loudly that we be placed in our proper sphere."

"And to the general commanding the division, and to the War Department, we respectfully appeal. We take this opportunity to suggest to you that should we not be mounted at an early date, we shall consider the contract between the State of Texas and the Confederate States, and that between us and the Confederate States, violated upon the part of the Department, and, hence, according to all civil and international law, not binding on us, and shall demand to be discharged, and, if refused, shall tender our resignation. All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. N. DODSON,

Major Commanding 9th Texas Cavalry."

COMMANDER FORREST'S CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

The familiar presence of Gen. W. A. Collier, Commander of Forrest's Cavalry Association, will be sadly missed from future gatherings of his Confederate comrades, for the beloved Commander has passed to his eternal reward. He died at Memphis, Tenn., on August 18, after a short illness, and his going has left a wide gap in the ever-thinning gray line.

William Armistead Collier, son of Thomas Barksdale and Catherine Page Nelson Collier, was born in Haywood County, Tenn., February 12, 1847. His parents were Virginians, of English descent, and sprung from the oldest and most prominent families of that State. He was related to the great English divine, Jeremy Collier, and Admiral Collier of the English Navy. Three great-grandfathers were officers and heroes in the Revolutionary War. The father of William Armistead Collier, a large and successful planter, died when his son was yet a child, leaving a widow and several children. When the neighborhood in which his mother lived was evacuated by the Confederates, she had on her plantation a large amount of cotton. True to the blood of her Revolutionary sires, she ordered this cotton burned rather than have it fall into the hands of the enemy. Being an invalid, she had her bed rolled to the window so that she could see the order executed.

Thus descended, it was but natural that young Collier, though little over fourteen years of age, should join one of the first companies organized

for the Confederacy of Tennessee in 1861; but he was rejected on account of his youth. His family then sent him to Memphis, hoping to keep him out of the army. He was in Memphis but a short while when he joined a company, which afterwards became Company I, of the 1st Confederate Cavalry. This regiment served throughout the campaigns of 1862 and 1863 in Tennessee and Kentucky, under Generals Wheeler and Bragg.

In the spring of 1863 young Collier was discharged near Columbia, Tenn., because of ill health. The enemy was then advancing. It was necessary for him to retreat or become a prisoner. He determined, if his strength permitted, to go to his home in West Tennessee, then in the Federal lines. He was advised that it would be impossible for him to cross the Federal lines, not only because of the regular troops, but because of the bushwhackers and guerrillas that were infesting the country. Being so often warned of the danger, he attempted to ally himself with three other Confederates who were going his way, urging them that the four could make a strong fight if necessary; but they refused to permit him to accompany them.

This proved most fortunate for young Collier, as the three men were killed that night. After eighteen months of active service, he was still so frail and young that, disguised as a girl, he successfully passed the Federal lines, and reached his home in safety. During his stay at home he was often pursued by the Federal raiding parties, and was once captured and detained for a short while as a prisoner.

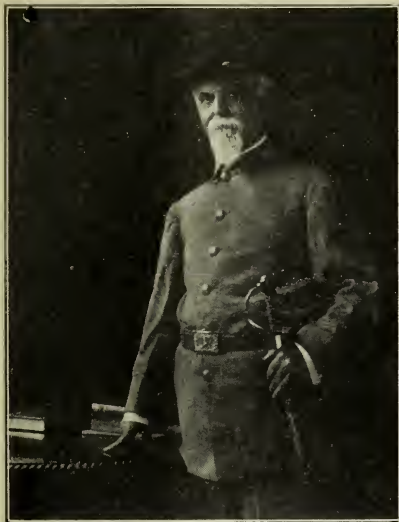
In the fall of 1863, his health being restored, Collier went south and joined Company B of the famous 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest, the company that he had attempted to join early in 1861. He served until the end of the war in this command, and participated in the principal engagements, some of them the most brilliant in the history of our great struggle. He was never wounded, although he had a horse shot under him at West Point, and his clothes shot and his flesh burned at Tishomingo Creek.

When informed at Gainesville, Ala., that General Lee had surrendered, and that his command was expecting orders to do likewise, young Collier and his messmates, W. E. and John S. Maclin, determined that they would not surrender; so, with their servants, they left their command with the intention of crossing the Mississippi River and joining the Trans-Mississippi Department. Hearing of their departure, their colonel sent for

them and advised and urged the young men to remain and surrender with the command, saying that if Lee and Forrest surrendered, they could afford to do so, too. Collier promised his colonel that he would remain provided he could know the

for the twelfth time to that honor he considered the highest he had ever received.

He was laid to rest in the gray uniform that he devotedly loved, his casket covered with the Confederate colors that he had so gallantly defended.



GEN. WILLIAM A. COLLIER

terms of surrender in time to leave, if desired, as he would never surrender to any foe to be searched, insulted, and humiliated. The terms as given by the Federals were liberal, and he surrendered with the command.

After the war, Mr. Collier returned to his home and devoted several years to the reclaiming and upbuilding of the old family homestead and retrieving the ruins of the war. He studied law at Lebanon, Tenn., and located in Memphis in 1870, where he had since resided and become prominent at the bar, in business, and in politics. In 1872, he was married to Miss Alice Trezevant, daughter of Nathaniel Macon and Amanda Avery Trezevant, of Memphis, who survives him with their four children, a daughter and three sons.

General Collier was always true, loyal, and active in maintaining the righteousness of the Confederate cause, of instilling its history into his children, and of preserving the traditions of the Old South. A regular and prominent figure at all reunions, he had many years served as Commander of the Forrest Cavalry Corps; and at the Charlotte reunion, he was unanimously elected

UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES.

THE DYING WORDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?

What is the mystical vision he sees?
"Let us pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees."

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the far Shenandoah, whose rush
Ofttime had come to him, borne on the breeze
Over his tent, as he lay in the hush
Under the shade of the trees?

Nay, though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the thitherward shore
Under the shade of the trees.

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight,
Heard the harps harping like sounding seas—
Saw earth's pure-hearted ones, walking in white,
Under the shade of the trees.

Surely for *him* it was well—it was best—
War-worn, yet asking no furlough of ease,
There to pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees.

—Margaret J. Preston.

LAST OF GOVERNOR WATTS'S FAMILY.

Report has come of the passing of the last member of the family of Thomas Hill Watts, governor of Alabama during the War between the States and a member of President Davis's Cabinet. Miss Minnie Garrott Watts, the youngest child, was born in October, 1865, in the old Watts home in Montgomery, which is now St. Margaret's Hospital; she died at Long Beach, N. J., on September 30, and her body was taken back to the old home town and laid away in the family plot in Oakwoods Cemetery, Montgomery. She was a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, also a member of the Baptist Church, noted for her many deeds of charity. Her nephews were the pallbearers.

ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN.

BY CHARLES LEE LEWIS, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY.

When the unhappy war between the North and the South began in the spring of 1861, Franklin Buchanan was generally regarded as one of the most distinguished officers in the United States Navy. He was then a captain, the highest rank in the navy at that time, and for two years had been the commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, a post then looked upon with favor by ambitious officers. Indeed, as early as 1842 a writer in the *New York Herald* had declared: "If all that constitutes the officer and gentleman, the high-toned man of honor, with twenty-eight years of service in acquiring what all accord to him the 'finished sailor man,' was ever concentrated in one person, that one is Franklin Buchanan."

Buchanan had perfected himself in the science and art of his profession through varied experiences in many different types of ships and on most of the great seas and oceans. He had entered the navy as a midshipman when only fourteen years old, with the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" (first sung in Baltimore only a few months previous) ringing in his ears and the bright deeds of our naval heroes in the War of 1812 inspiring him to emulation. With the sea fever burning in his youthful breast, he would not wait until the frigate *Java*, then fitting out in Baltimore, was ready for sea, but gained permission to sail meanwhile on a merchant vessel to the West Indies.

In the *Java*, under command of Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of the battle of Lake Erie, and later in the ship of the line *Franklin*, commanded by Master Commandant Henry E. Ballard, he spent his first five years in the naval service in cruising in the Mediterranean. During this time, in addition to Perry, he was brought into touch with other naval leaders whose names are bright on the pages of naval history, such as Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, John Downes, Charles Stewart, and Thomas Macdonough. Eager for active service, not immediately at hand in the navy, on his return home, he secured a furlough and went as second officer on a voyage to China in a merchant vessel. After a year or so he was back again in the United States and reentered active naval service, spending several years in the Caribbean in Commodore David Porter's squadron and in the *Natchez* under command of Master Commandant George Budd in their successful operations against the pirates of the West Indies, where the

hurricanes and the yellow fever were even more dangerous enemies than the sea rovers. Meanwhile, on leave, Buchanan, though only a young lieutenant twenty-five years old, sailed the ship *Baltimore*, of sixty-four guns, recently built in the city of Baltimore for the Brazilian Navy, safely through a severe storm and delivered her safe and sound into the hands of representatives of Emperor Don Pedro.

Then came more cruising in the Mediterranean, first in the *Constellation*, commanded by Captain A. S. Wadsworth, uncle of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and a little later in the ship of the line *Delaware*, a crack ship commanded by Captain Ballard. It was while attached to the latter ship that Buchanan, in company with the other officers, was entertained at dinner in Paris by King Louis Philippe. Among these other officers were Charles S. Stewart, the famous chaplain, and Andrew H. Foote, and Sidney Smith Lee, brother to Robert E. Lee. Returning to America in the famous old frigate *United States*, Buchanan was married on February 19, 1835, to Anne Catherine Lloyd, daughter of Gov. Edward Lloyd, of Wye House, and niece of Francis Scott Key.

The young naval officer's next sea duty was that of flag lieutenant on the *Constitution* flagship of the Pacific Squadron based at Callao, Peru, under command of Commodore Claxton. After returning home on the sloop of war *Falmouth*, he was ordered as second in command to Capt. William D. Salter, of the steam frigate *Mississippi*, one of the new show vessels of that day. On December 17, 1842, Buchanan, having been promoted to the rank of commander the year previous (September 8, 1841), was given his first independent command in the navy, the sloop *Vincennes*. In this vessel he patrolled the Caribbean for two years on the lookout for pirates and slavers, at the same time helping to keep his government in touch with affairs in Mexico and in the new Republic of Texas.

When Secretary of the Navy Bancroft was endeavoring to establish a naval school, Buchanan, among other officers, was asked to give advice in the choice of a site, and after Annapolis was chosen, the Secretary appointed him to be the first superintendent of the new school. For this duty of organizing such an institution, he was admirably suited, as he was known throughout the navy as a most able disciplinarian and cultured gentleman, and both he and his wife were well known and most highly esteemed in Annap-

olis. Buchanan here initiated the high standards of discipline and efficiency for which the Naval Academy has become famous; and Bancroft himself, in his annual report for the year 1845, commended his precision and sound judgment and his wise adaptation of simple and moderate means to a great and noble end. "All parties of that day, the Secretary of the Navy, the public journalists, and others," declared Marshall's "History of the U. S. Naval Academy," "bear testimony to the skill, ability, and success with which he discharged the difficult duties of his office."

After about eighteen months as Superintendent of the Naval School (as it was at first called), having made repeated requests for active sea service in the Mexican War, Buchanan was finally ordered to command the new sloop of war *German town*. Though this vessel arrived in Mexican waters a few days too late to take part in the capture of Vera Cruz, Buchanan was able to join Commodore Perry's squadron in the successful expeditions against Tuspan and Tobasco, and he remained on duty on the Mexican coast until the peace was signed, February 2, 1848. After a period of shore duty, most of which was spent in command of the *Baltimore* *Rendezvous*, early in 1852 he had the good fortune to be ordered to command the steam frigate *Susquehanna*, the flagship of Commodore Perry's squadron in the famous expedition to Japan. In this great enterprise he was associated with other officers whom Perry had tested and found worthy in the Mexican War.

When, after patient negotiations with the Japanese, the President's letter was at last, on July 14, 1853, ceremoniously presented at Uraga to personal representatives of the Emperor, Buchanan, who was in charge of the landing of the American naval escort, had the unique distinction of being the first to set foot on Japanese soil, and he also took a prominent part in the negotiations which led to the opening of Japanese ports to American commerce. Toward the beginning, and again at the close of the expedition, the *Susquehanna*, on special service in Chinese waters, carried the American Commissioner up the Yangtsekiang River to look after American interests during the Taiping Rebellion. Bayard Taylor, who was temporarily attached to Buchanan's ship, wrote in his "Visit to India, China, and Japan in 1853": "We found in Captain Buchanan, the commander, all that his reputation as a gentleman and a brave, gallant officer led us to expect." Re-

turning to the United States by way of Honolulu, San Francisco, and Cape Horn, the *Susquehanna*, still under Buchanan's command, was the first steamship to cross the Pacific Ocean.

Such had been the career of Buchanan when, on August 1, 1856, he was made a captain, and after service on various boards, chief among which was the famous "Efficiency Board," and some time on "waiting orders" because of ill health, he was placed in command of the Washington Navy Yard on May 26, 1859. Here he was brought into intimate contact with affairs at the national capital which were fast developing into the open break between the North and the South. In spite of his sympathies for the South, still Buchanan performed his duties faithfully and fully as long as he was an officer in the United States Navy. For example, when, early in 1861, it was rumored that a mob would attack the Washington Navy Yard to secure arms and ammunition for preventing Lincoln's inauguration, Buchanan drew up specific instructions for the defense of the place, among which was the following: "In the event of an attack, I shall require all officers and others under my command to defend it (the yard) to the last extremity, and should we be overpowered by numbers, the armory and magazine must be blown up."

But just as honest and straightforward were the steps he took in severing his connection with the navy, when he finally decided he could not longer remain conscientiously in it, after he had become convinced that the sentiment in Maryland, as expressed not only in the press, but also in the legislature and even by Governor Hix himself, was predominantly in favor of succession from the Union; and when, on April 19, the first blood was shed in the war on the streets of Baltimore, in the effort that was made there to oppose the passing of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops through the city on their way to Washington, then Buchanan, on April 22, resigned his commission as a captain in the navy of the United States. In this decision he was moved by the same emotions that led James Hyder Randall, a native of Baltimore then residing in New Orleans, to pen those immortal lines, beginning, "The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland." Buchanan had likewise been born in Baltimore some sixty years previous, and had many relatives living in that city. His great-grandfather, Dr. George Buchanan, was one of the seven commissioners appointed in 1792 to lay out Baltimore Town, and was besides a prominent member of the General

Assembly of the Colony of Maryland. He owned an extensive estate, called "Auchentorlie," which is now a part of Druid Hill Park in the city of Baltimore. Franklin Buchanan's grandfather, General Andrew Buchanan, commanded Maryland troops in the Revolutionary War and was also prominent in Baltimore affairs; while his father, also named Dr. George Buchanan, was one of the founders of the Medical Society of Baltimore and a charter member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, and held several offices in the municipal government of Baltimore. Perhaps the first sights most vividly impressed upon Franklin Buchanan's mind in childhood were the ships sailing in and out of the harbor of his native city. He had resided there for several years on two different tours of duty as a naval officer. His first voyage on a merchant vessel had started from that port, and the Java, the first ship he had served on as a midshipman, had sailed from Baltimore. His wife belonged to one of the most prominent of Maryland families, and his home ever since his marriage had been in that State. He, accordingly, had good and sufficient reasons for feeling that his interests, his very life even, were bound up with those of Baltimore and Maryland.

After it became evident that Maryland could not follow Virginia out of the Union, Buchanan was advised that the sectional difficulties would be arranged when Congress met, and he allowed himself to be persuaded by some of his friends to recall his resignation, which had not then been acted upon. "This I soon regretted," wrote Buchanan afterwards, "when it became apparent to all that there could be no reconciliation between the North and the South, and when influential Union gentlemen offered their services to obtain my commission for me, I plainly told them that nothing could induce me to remain in that navy. My Southern views were known to Mr. Welles, and when I said I was ready for services, he knew that I would not accept service against the South." Buchanan's request was accordingly refused, for a few days after it was made, the Secretary of the Navy curtly wrote him: "By direction of the President, your name has been stricken from the rolls of the navy."

In his home, "The Rest," on the eastern shore of Maryland, Buchanan spent several months with his family, looking after his farm, and anxiously regarding the course of the war which had meanwhile begun in earnest. During this period of anxiety, he wrote a nephew in Baltimore: "I have

never written or sent a message South to secure a situation there, but I have been told I could get one without the *least difficulty*. My intention is to remain neutral if I can do so; but if *all law* is to be dispensed with, the 'Stars and Stripes' are to be still more desecrated by the powers that be than they have been, and a coercive policy continued which would disgust *barbarians*, and the South literally *trampled upon*, I may change my mind and join them." That is just what happened, for he eventually came to the decision that his duty lay with his friends in the South. Leaving his home and family, he proceeded to Richmond, where, on September 5, 1861, he joined the Confederate Navy with the rank of captain.

Buchanan was soon made Chief of the Office of Orders and Detail, a position of great responsibility in the organization of the new Confederate Navy. Then, early in 1862, he was given an opportunity to display his courage and professional ability in active service, when he was ordered to command the C. S. S. Virginia, the famous iron-clad, which had been constructed out of the half-burned hull of the steam frigate Merrimac that had fallen into the hands of the Confederates at the outbreak of the war. This vessel was provided with a sloping shield covered with four inches of iron armor, ten heavy guns, and a wedge-shaped ram weighing about 1,500 pounds. Just before noon on March 8, 1862, Buchanan took this new, untried weapon of warfare, with its comparatively untrained crew of some 320 officers and men, out to engage in battle with the Union fleet in Hampton Roads. Of the numerous vessels in this fleet, the five largest were armed with about 100 guns, to count only the heavier ordnance. "They were the pride of the navy, and before the war had been regarded as the highest and most perfect type of the men-of-war of the period," wrote James Russell Soley in "The Blockade and the Cruiser."

Grimly advancing in the face of a concentrated fire from two Union ships and shore batteries besides, the Virginia's iron ram, just fifteen minutes after the action began, crashed into the Cumberland and sent her to the bottom, with a loss in killed, drowned, and wounded of 137 out of her crew of 376 men. Then, turning his attention to the other vessel, the Congress, Buchanan found that she had retired into shallow water out of most effective range, but in due time he forced her to raise the white flag. While the surrender was being effected, a tremendous fire was opened from the shore on friend and foe alike, and it

became necessary to destroy the Congress with hot shot and incendiary shell. The fact that his own brother, McKean Buchanan, was purser on the doomed vessel did not deter the Confederate commander from doing what he conceived to be his duty. Fortunately this brother was not among the 137 casualties which the Congress suffered. But Franklin Buchanan himself was not so fortunate, for it was in this last stage of the battle that he was wounded in the thigh by a Minie ball fired from the shore. Though not a dangerous wound, it forced him to relinquish the command of the Virginia to Lieutenant Catesby ap Rogers Jones, his executive officer.. This officer then took the ironclad into deeper water off Sewell's Point, after a brief attack on the Minnesota, because the tide was ebbing and daylight nearly gone, and, besides, it was thought that the other Union vessels could be easily destroyed the following day. Though the ironclad had suffered some minor injuries, she was quite capable of renewing the fight early the next morning. She had lost only two killed and nineteen wounded to a total of about 300 casualties on the Union side.

The results of this first engagement of an ironclad in battle were hailed with delight in the South and struck consternation into the heart of the North. No such losses in a naval battle had ever been experienced by the United States since the founding of the government. At a cabinet meeting hastily convened in Washington, "both he (Lincoln) and Stanton (Secretary of War) went repeatedly to the window and looked down the Potomac—the view being uninterrupted for miles—to see if the Merrimac was not coming to Washington" ("Diary of Gideon Welles," I, 65). This tension was somewhat relieved by the drawn battle of the following day between the Confederate ironclad and the Union Monitor, but into that we shall not go, as Buchanan's wound prevented him from commanding his ship in the second day's fighting. He had ordered his cot to be carried to the gun deck of the Virginia, but the surgeons refused to allow him to remain on the vessel because of his loss of blood and consequent weakness.

For this remarkable achievement, Buchanan, together with those under his command, received the thanks of the Congress of the Confederate States, and, on August 21, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of admiral and placed at the head of the Confederate navy, his commission bearing the date of August 26, 1862. His old friend Tattnell, in congratulating him, wrote: "That which I ad-

mire most in the whole affair is the bold confidence with which you undertook an untried thing. To have faltered, or to have doubted, might have been fatal, but you proved yourself (as the old navy always esteemed you) a man not of doubt or faltering when you had undertaken an adventure.."

When his wound had healed, Admiral Buchanan was ordered to Mobile, in August, 1862, to organize the naval defenses of that important Southern port. Here he labored against heartbreaking obstacles in the building, arming, manning, and equipping of a fleet. Though three rams were built at Selma, Ala., and conveyed down the river to Mobile, adequate iron for armor could be obtained for only one of these, the Tennessee. This vessel had a shield somewhat like that of the Virginia, with armor five to six inches thick, and carried six heavy guns and a ram. With this ironclad, which was not ready to be commissioned until February 16, 1864, and with three small gunboats, the Morgan and Gaines, built early in the war and unarmored except for a thin plating over the boilers, and the Selma, a converted open-deck river steamer, Buchanan was forced to fight Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay after he had assembled a fleet of four monitors and fourteen wooden vessels.

It is true that in this battle of August 5, 1864, Farragut's fleet had to pass between Forts Morgan and Gaines to get into Mobile Bay; but of the 69 and 27 guns, respectively, mounted by these forts, not more than one-third were modern and effective, and, furthermore, Fort Gaines was invested by 1,500 Union soldiers two days before Farragut moved his fleet forward to force the passage. With a total of more than 150 heavy guns on his ships, the Union commander was able to smother the fire of the forts effectively and lost only one vessel, the monitor Tecumseh, which was sunk by a Confederate mine.

After Farragut had broken through into the bay, Buchanan, who had cooperated with the forts as fully as he could with his small squadron, which carried a total of only twenty-two guns, found himself face to face with an overwhelming force with the odds nearly nine to one against him. Though the Tennessee had engaged ship after ship of Farragut's fleet, while passing the forts, her engines were too slow to enable her to sink any of them and her guns were unable to sink a single one of the wooden vessels, none of her shells penetrating below the water line. In the

last stage of the battle, though Buchanan knew that he could expect no assistance from his gunboats, he was unwilling to give up the fight without doing his utmost. Accordingly, he said to his second in command, "Follow them up, Johnston; we can't let them off that way," and the Tennessee turned slowly and proceeded deliberately toward Farragut's great fleet.

The fight that followed is not surpassed elsewhere in the annals of naval history. For more than an hour this one ironclad fought three monitors and all of Farragut's fourteen wooden ships. Meanwhile her gun port shutters became jammed one after another, so that not a gun could be brought to bear; the steering chains and then the relieving tackles in turn were shot away, and the after end of the shield was so thoroughly shattered that the gun deck was on the point of being exposed to view. Admiral Buchanan had been found by Surgeon Conrad seriously wounded and had been carried on the surgeon's back down the ladder to the cockpit, with the Admiral's broken right leg slapping against Conrad as he slowly moved along with his heavy burden. When Johnston reported the state of affairs to his wounded commander, Buchanan said: "Well, Johnston, fight to the last! Then, to save these brave men, when there is no longer any hope, surrender." This, of course, was inevitable; but when the white flag went up and the battle came to an end, in spite of the great disparity in strength of the opposing forces, the losses were altogether disproportionate, for Buchanan's small squadron had lost only twelve killed and twenty wounded, of whom two were killed and nine wounded on the Tennessee; while Farragut's fleet had lost, besides the ninety-three drowned on the Tecumseh, fifty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded. Buchanan had, indeed, fought a glorious fight!

In spite of his age, the severity of his wound, and many months of prison life, Buchanan survived, was exchanged, and made a prisoner a second time just at the close of the war. Like so many other Southern leaders, he then returned home to engage in another struggle—against financial embarrassment. During the war his beautiful home, "The Rest," filled with interesting souvenirs and curios which he had collected on his many cruises to foreign lands, was destroyed completely by fire, with the loss of practically everything. Before the war, having only the income from his pay as a naval officer, he had not amassed much wealth, as he had a large family to support, and, being generous and hospitable by

nature, he spent freely in the entertainment of his friends. At the close of the war, accordingly, he found himself an old man with most of his property and his profession gone and still faced with the problem of supporting his family. It is said, however, that, when he returned homeless, an observer could not have told from his appearance and bearing that he was not "the most applauded victor instead of, as he really was, the most dejected of the vanquished." As resolutely as he had gone into battle, he first set to work to provide a new home for his family and to make his small farm as productive as possible. Then he accepted the presidency of the Maryland Agricultural College, now the University of Maryland. After a year, he was appointed to a responsible position with the Alabama Branch of the Life Association of America, with headquarters at Mobile. But the infirmities of advancing age and the desire to be with his family at "The Rest" led him to return home in the summer of 1871. Here he enjoyed to the fullest extent the attachments of the family circle whose ties had so often and for such long periods in the past been broken. A devoted husband, a kind and loving father, and an indulgent grandfather, he at last found rest in this quiet retreat, where his friends, Jefferson Davis among many others, were entertained with his old-time, open-hearted hospitality.

Here Admiral Buchanan died on the night of May 11, 1874, "from that earthly rest passed quietly as the little child falling asleep upon its mother's breast to that eternal rest, where no more shall envious tongue or civil strife or high ambition enter to ruffle the current of life," feelingly declared a local paper. He was buried in the family cemetery of "Wye House," the ancestral home of his wife's family, the Lloyds. Admiral Buchanan was survived by his wife and his nine children—eight daughters and one son—of whom only three daughters are now living.

Buchanan was not tall in stature, but he had great physical strength, in his prime having the reputation of being one of the very strongest men in the navy. Surgeon Conrad gives the following description of his appearance during the war: "At sixty-two years, he was a strikingly handsome old man; clean shaved, ruddy complexion, with a very healthy hue, for he was always remarkably temperate in all his habits; he had a high forehead, fringed with snow-white hair; thin, close lips, steel-blue eyes, and projecting conspicuously was that remarkable feature which impressed every one and marked him as one of a

thousand, his wonderful, aquiline nose, high, thin, and perfect in all its outlines. When full of fight, he had a peculiarity of drawing down the corners of his mouth until the thin line between his lips formed a perfect arch around his chin." His character has been well summed up as follows: "He was a thorough sailor, a strict disciplinarian, born to command, bold and venturesome, impetuous and brave to a fault, of sound judgment, kind and affable to subordinates, of very genial disposition, modest and retiring, an accomplished gentleman and the soul of honor; and what he undertook to do, he did with all his might."

COCKRELL'S MISSOURI BRIGADE, C. S. A.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

When Pemberton's army fell back into Vicksburg after the disastrous defeats at Bakers' Creek and Black River bridge, the Missouri Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen, comprised six regiments and one battalion of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, dismounted, and five batteries of artillery. Those batteries had lost nearly all of their guns at Black River, so the officers and men, with a few exceptions, joined in with the infantry. Altogether, the fighting strength of the division did not exceed four thousand five hundred men.

When the surrender came and the men had been paroled, those who were able to march took the road, and kept going until Demopolis, Ala., was reached. Here parole camp was established, and hither came the sick and wounded as soon as they were able to travel. By October, 1863, all fit for duty were congregated at Demopolis and reorganization was effected. So heavily had each company and regiment suffered that no unit was more than a skeleton; so a system of doubling up was adopted. The seventy-three companies were reduced to thirty, the seven regiments to three, and altogether numbered not exceeding two thousand men. Col. F. M. Cockrell, of the 2nd Missouri, was promoted to brigadier general. This consolidation left a large number of commissioned officers without commands, so they organized an independent company, and operated and fought on their own hook.

In November, the brigade was ordered to Meridian, Miss., and later to Mobile. From Mobile it went to Lauderdale Springs, Miss., where it was divisioned with Ector's Texas Brigade, and that of General Sears. Gen. S. G. French, of Florida, commanded this division, which became an important part of Polk's corps during the Atlanta campaign. It was in all the fighting and skirmishings from Resaca, Ga., to Jonesboro, being heavily engaged at

Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, and the latter place. After the fall of Atlanta it moved to Palmetto, Ga., where it recruited preparatory to joining in Hood's move into Middle Tennessee. On the way it engaged in a losing assault on the enemy fortifications at Altoona, losing several men in killed and wounded. It was during this battle that Sherman's signal flag, waving from the courthouse cupola in Atlanta, conveyed the order to General Corse, Federal commander at Altoona, saying: "Hold the fort; reinforcements are on the way."

To which Corse, though wounded, flagged back: "By God's grace, I will!"

It might be stated, parenthetically, that this message and answer were afterwards coined into the once-popular revival hymn, "Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming," and enthusiastically sung by Sankey at the stirring revivals held by Moody and Sankey in the late sixties.

Cockrell's Brigade was almost totally wiped out at Franklin. Its action there may be thus described: In a section of the enemy's front was a line of rifle pits of great strength. A brigade was ordered forward to capture it, but recoiled under the withering rifle fire that smote it. Another brigade was advanced, only to meet a like fate. Then Gen. Pat Cleburne and a brigade of heroes who had won renown on many a well-contested field, and had never failed, was ordered in. With his usual elan, Cleburne hurled his dauntless men upon the enemy line. The works were reached, but not carried. The brave Cleburne was killed and his men fell back, being even unable to bring with them the body of their dead commander.

"Where is Cockrell? Tell Cockrell to go in," ordered Hood, and the Missourians stood to attention. Cockrell, leading the well-formed line, advanced to the music of "The Bould Sojer Boy," played by the brigade band. Reaching a point within two hundred yards of the enemy, the line halted and dressed, the band was sent to the rear and the order to charge at the double was given. Raising a yell, copied from the red men of the Western plains, the gray line dashed forward. The winning of the battle was staked in that advance, and every Missourian knew it. The men in blue behind the now visible rifle pits held their fire until the seventy-five yard point was reached, then they fired, opening in a wild burst of the volley. O, the withering, deadly effect of that storm of lead that smote the Missourians! Fully seventy per cent went down in a heap. A Dutch boy in one of the companies described it as, "Shust like blowing out a candle." Yet, despite this terrible punishment, the remnant pressed on, drove the occupants out of the works so manfully defended, but, owing to another line of

blue men concealed by a row of hedge thirty yards to the rear could only hold from the outside. Of the privates who went into this charge, eighty-one per cent were killed or wounded, and of the officers only twenty per cent remained to join in the attack on Nashville.

When Hood was compelled to give up his expedition against Nashville, his army, all except what were left of Cockrell's brigade, was ordered to join General Johnston in North Carolina. At the special request of Gen. Dabney H. Maury, commanding at Mobile, the Missouri remnant was ordered there.

When General Canby advanced against Mobile, he came from the direction of Pensacola. Mobile's defenses from that direction were Spanish Fort, and Fort Blakely. Making a feint toward the latter, Canby, with some 20,000 men, advanced against Spanish Fort, which fell the same day that Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Canby then turned his whole force of 22,000 against Blakely, defended by the Missouri skeleton of a brigade and a corps of Alabama cadets, possibly two hundred strong. For four hours these withstood the onslaught of the vast army hurled against them, to be finally overcome and captured. The cadets were paroled and set home; the Missourians transported to Ship Island and kept until May 11, 1865, when they were paroled, sent to the mainland and permitted to return to their homes. The number paroled was about three hundred.

A BOY OF THE OLD DOMINION DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.*

BY REV. MILTON BENNETT LAMBDIN.

(Continued from October Number.)

While the drafts, along with the recruitment of European mercenaries, brought large numbers into the ranks, still the cry was maintained, "men, and more men." "Money answereth all things," and, employing this Solomonic aphorism as the basis of action in getting "men, and more men" to offer themselves as targets for Rebel bullets" in defense of the old flag and in the saving of the Union," high bounties were offered to all comers, whatever their race, color, or previous condition of servitude, so long as they could shoulder a musket or pull a trigger. Bounties running as high as \$600, \$800, or even \$1,000 were paid as an inducement to don the uniform. Large commissions were also paid as a commission or reward to anyone in bringing this *sui generis* type of patriot to the recruiting office.

With far more money bulging his pockets than he had ever possessed in all his life before, the bounty soldier sailed in to have one glorious time while it

lasted. He had assistance a-plenty, you may be sure. The bootleggers of that day, the gambling sharks, the dive keepers, lent him a willing hand, day and night, to blow it in, until the last dollar was gone in riotous living. The old story says: "Where the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together." He was the carcass, the panderers to his vices were the buzzards. A daily scene were the hacks filled to the roof with a jam of singing, shouting, beastly drunken soldiers, making the rounds of the vilest resorts in successive order. The short-lived orgy ended, the bounty money all gone, they were herded up and headed for the front as powder fodder. This method of making easy money, as was to have been expected, created a specialized class known as "bounty jumpers." Reckless fellow, who took their lives in their hands, enlisted, got the bounty, were put into the ranks, deserted at the first opportunity, skipped off to a new territory, reënlisted under an assumed name, received the new bounty installment, and frequently kept at the game until they were finally caught. It meant certain death when the deal went against them.

Among the "bounty jumpers" of those exciting times was a pastmaster in the art by the name of Downey. Eventually he was caught, tried by drum-head court martial, and sentenced to be shot. The usual order in the gruesome pageant was to transport the doomed man, seated on his coffin, in a jolting, two-wheeled cart, to the place of execution, under the convoy of the firing squad before the which he was to stand. Downey was to be shot at high noon, the conventional hour, also, for fashionable weddings, and such like functions, on a certain day. Boys are boys the world over, as you may happen to know, and you will thus take it for granted that there was high excitement among all the boys of the town, with whom Downey was somewhat of a hero, to take in the show; and when the school noon recess bell was rung that eventful day, there was a tumultuous and instantaneous break by every mother's son in a rapidly disappearing streak of fleet-footed sprinters in the direction of the death zone, about a mile distant on the northwest outskirts of the town.

They were too late, however, due to the unsympathetic attitude of the teachers toward the peculiar joys of boyhood, who refused to dismiss them a fraction of a second before the appointed time, to get any nearer to the dramatic exit of Downey than what was known as Mason's Wall, a high brick inclosure quadrangle of the old and historic "Mason House," about a quarter of a mile distant from the place of execution. It was the best they could do under the circumstances, and they saw the great crown of envied onlookers nearer at hand, heard the

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volley of the firing line, and saw the old cart rumbling its return with the dead body of the daredevil "bounty jumper," inside this time, who had taken a business risk just "once too often."

Though the bounty method of getting recruits was pushed to the very limit, along with the adjuncts of the draft and the foreign mercenary soldier enlistments, the cry was insistently rung out, "Men, and more men!"

Eventually Grant was driven to the conviction that if the war was to be won by the North, it could only be done upon an arithmetical-attrition plan. The South, as known, had substantially all of its available man power in its ranks. A rigid blockade was maintained at sea by the Federal government that absolutely and effectively prevented the Confederacy from obtaining help from the outside in the way of men, munitions, and food stuffs for its wasting and impoverished army, while the whole world lay open to the government of Abraham Lincoln for bought-up assistance. Grant thus knew that every Confederate soldier killed in battle, incapacitated by wounds and disease, or captured, was just that much asset lost to the Southern cause that could not be replaced. The process of abrasion in wearing away the Southern ranks was steadily kept up, though it meant such a fearful sacrifice of his troops that he was dubbed at the North, "Grant, the Butcher."

In addition to this wasting-away method toward an eventual win-out in his conduct of the war, a point was reached by him when he absolutely refused to exchange prisoners, thus leaving thousands of Union soldiers in Confederate prison camps, knowing at the same time that the South was prosecuting the struggle on a short-ration basis, and that these Union prisoners would likewise and necessarily be compelled to suffer from the shortage of food. It thus relieves the Southern leaders from the unjust charge of inhumanity toward their Federal prisoners.

Several times during the war The Boy's home had a call of the military. On both occasions it was far into the night, possibly after the midnight hour, and each time the family was aroused from their sleep by a noisy rat-a-tat-tat on the front door, which proved to be a squad of soldiers who said they had orders to search the house. There was nothing else to do but to admit the unwelcome callers, who went all over the house, looking here and nosing there into every nook and corner. For what, the family never did find out. When the searching party, on one of these occasions, entered the third story back attic, the sight that confronted their eyes suggested a miniature armory, with a promiscuous collection of guns, bayonets, knapsacks, cartridge boxes, canteens, with even a tent or two. The whole exhibit had such a

suspicious look that the officer in charge of the domestic invasion asked in apparent surprise: "What's all this?" "Just some picked up and discarded army junk that the boys have gotten together with which to play soldiers," replied the Dad, who, quite likely, saw the accumulation for the first time. Fortunately for the family, the officer was not far himself from the boyhood estate, so he passed the matter over, to the great relief of the boys especially, who began to see visions of arrest for the misappropriation of government property, with a finale, like their patron saint, Downey, before a firing line. A harrowing thrill for the kids. The likelihood is that the unceremonious call was due to a report that the family was harboring some "Rebel spies."

In the northeast corner of the dining room of The Boy's home there stood a handsome inlaid mahogany secretary. On its top was a small, oblong hardwood box, that was used by the Mother as her treasure chest, and where she kept the ready money that went into the family expense account outlay. While the search was in progress during one of these midnight episodes, The Boy saw a soldier go over to the secretary, open the box, and transfer its contents to his own pocket. After the search was over and the party all gone, The Boy told his father about the theft. The Dad asked him if he would be able to identify the soldier. He replied in the affirmative. "Well, then, the very first thing that you do tomorrow morning is to go down to the barracks and report the matter to the officer in charge of the squad."

Full of self-importance in the thought of such a momentous commission, he was early at the barracks, which was in a substantial-looking, old-time residential house, on the north side of King Street, between Washington and Columbus Streets. The officer was found and acquainted with the robbery. "Could you pick the soldier out?" he was asked. "Yes, sir; there he is, right over there," was the answer, as he pointed to a soldier standing in a group at the opposite side of the room. Walking over to the man and putting his hand into his pockets, and turning them inside out, the officer handed the stolen money to The Boy, and said: "Take it home." The recovered treasure soon found its familiar, though temporary, resting place in the box perched on the old antique secretary in the northeast corner of the dining room aforesaid, to the joy of the maternal family treasurer, he it said.

In the operation of their train service out of Alexandria toward the west, the Federals were subjected to a frequent, dangerous, and exasperating experience. The railway track was lined on each side, at a near-at-hand distance, with an almost

unbroken fringe of scrub pines, a thick, high undergrowth of bushes, and a continuous length of old-time twisting snake fences, which provided a perfect barricade behind which the unseen "rebel" sharpshooters, Mosby's men—guerrillas the Yankees called them—could enjoy the diversion of taking potshots at the occupants of the passing trains. It made the crews and passengers more than nervous to play the rôle of unwilling bull's eye objectives for those invisible marksmen, who were entirely too free with their "shootin' irons." It was too much a one-sided affair, and rapidly becoming a monotonous and dangerous nuisance that had to be abated in one way or the other. But how? While necessity may know no law, she is also the mother of invention, and a way out of the critical difficulty was eventually evolved that was immediately capitalized as a veritable inspiration by the Federals. If these hidden and pestiferous experts in marksmanship were hankering to bore holes through flesh and blood, and found it the joy of their lives to sprinkle the anatomies of train operatives and travelers with a generous assortment of coon and squirrel shot, then they would be accommodated, but possibly not quite up to their liking.

Carrying the newly conceived plan into immediate effect, a bunch of the leading citizens of the town were rounded up and made to sit upon the cowcatchers of the outgoing trains. You can easily mentalize the daily picture as the conductor sings out, "All aboard!" and with a ting-a-ling, a whistle or two of the engine, accentuated with sundry snores and snorts, growls and grunts, the archaic type of the iron horse would gird up its loins and trot out toward the danger zone, with the aggregation of closely packed prominent burghers adorning the front area of the locomotive, like the effigies carved in wood of kings and queens, generals and mermaids, that the sailing vessels anchored in the harbor at the other end of the town were carrying at their bows.

Among these enforced human equipments of the cowcatcher, in order to discourage the "rebs" from firing upon the train at a risk of the lives of their copatriots, was Doctor Johnson, a well known physician, afterwards the mayor of the town, and Edgar Snowden, Jr., the widely known proprietor and editor of the *Alexandria Gazette*.

Each of these worthy townsmen, as well as the other members of the guardian group, "took their medicine like a man," without a quiver or a quaver of complaint. Whether, however, this indignity inflicted upon helpless noncombatants was justified by the exigencies of war is not for The Boy to express his personal opinion about. He is merely narrating the facts, leaving it with others to mature their judgment

in the premises. The unique strategy was quite a success, as the trains ran back and forth without the fear of a shot to disturb the peace of mind and serenity of soul of all parties aboard.

Another scheme that the Federal authorities put over on the "rebel sympathizers" of the town was in the issuance of an order that every man who refused to take an oath of allegiance to the Union would be put on board a steamer and transported out of town to parts unknown—a clean-cut issue thus made that could neither be evaded nor sidetracked, as precise in its intent as the royal demand made on the "Plain of Dura" thousands of years ago, "Bow down to my image of gold. Turn or burn."

How many "bowed down" in taking the prescribed oath, The Boy is unable to report, none so far as he knew, but he is proud to remember that among those who held conscience and courage of conviction above expediency and pusillanimity in a decided "we will not," and were thus black listed for deportation, was his father. It was a never-to-be-forgotten, a solemn day, a sad day, a day of broken hearts in the family circle, when the beloved parent hastily gathered a few belongings together, and, with prayer and tender embraces for wife and children, under military guard and in company with numerous other friends and townsmen, he walked up the gangplank of a vessel lying at the wharf, all steamed up and throbbing from stem to stern, as though anxious to make its immediate start down the Potomac. And then—an order was received to disembark these stubborn-hearted, obstreperous disloyalists and let them return to their homes again.

In the earlier stages of the war, small groups of Confederate prisoners were brought to Alexandria on their way to the Northern prison camps. The occasional event produced the greatest excitement and fervor among the Southern feminine element in the town, who flocked out to the railroad station to greet them, and in whose eyes every man among them was a hero of heroes. Some of these women had loved ones in the ranks of the Confederacy, others had relatives whose bodies filled graves marked or unknown. In short order, brass buttons were cut from the gray jackets as precious souvenirs, and pins substituted in their stead.

One of the prisoners whom The Boy recalls was from a family of minus social station, who had lived outside the town previous to the war. There he stood, a central figure, one of their own, modest, erect, soldierlike in his tattered uniform, every inch a man. He, too, was despoiled of his buttons by these ladies of higher social scale than he had ever occupied. But what did the trivial accident of birth count at a time like that? A testing time that determined

"Who's who" in the possession of the essential qualities that made a man a man. Far greater to be a soldier in their estimation, in the army of Lee and Jackson, than to be a member of one of the "First Families of Virginia."

And the names of these two immortals reminds The Boy that in after years, when he was a minister in charge of a pastorate on the historic James River, one of his friends was an ex-Confederate soldier. One day this survivor of the war said to him: "Do you know what I say to myself whenever a true Christian dies?" "No, what is it?" "I say to myself that he has gone to be with Lee and Jackson." Not so remote an idea either, in a conception of the qualities of character that one would associate with those who make up the population of Paradise.

While pursuing his studies at Hampden-Sidney, Va., in preparation for the ministry, The Boy's professor of theology was the Rev. Dr. Robert L. Dabney. During the war Doctor Dabney served as Chief of Staff, with the rank of Major, for Stonewall Jackson. A man of intense convictions, a fighting saint, and who never let slip an opportunity to idealize spiritual and moral and manly qualities in the terms of Lee and Jackson.

(Continued in December.)

LAST OF THE CONFEDERATE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

BY ROBERT GILLIAM, PETERSBURG, VA.

On Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, I was seated in the east gallery of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., in attendance upon divine service. During this service I saw some one carry to President Davis, who was seated directly down in front of me, a message of some kind.

The President immediately arose and walked quietly out of church. As I knew something of the severe fighting about this time on the lines around Petersburg, I feared that there was some trouble, and so I, too, went out of church and down to the Confederate Treasury office, where I was employed as a clerk. Arrived there, I found several other clerks packing money, papers, etc., and was informed that Richmond was to be evacuated and we were to remove the valuables to Danville, Va., as soon as transportation could be secured. After assisting with the packing, I went home, packed a "carpet-bag," and returned to the Treasury office. That evening our valuables were loaded on the train and, along about midnight, we moved out for Danville, where we arrived the following evening.

It has been so long ago that I cannot recall the names of all the Treasury officials who made up our

party. Maj. William D. Nutt, chief clerk of the Treasury office (who previously held that position with the United States Treasury); Peter Wise and his wife, a daughter of Major Nutt, all of Alexandria, Va.; James G. Bain and R. T. K. Bain and John Branham, of Portsmouth; Henry Fuhri, of Donaldsonville, La., and his bride of a few days, née Jones, of Petersburg; Judge James Sangster, of Fairfax, who had been my tentmate during our encampments around Richmond; and half a dozen other Treasury clerks.

We were accompanied from Richmond to Danville by some of the naval officers and midshipmen from the school ship, Patrick Henry, as a guard. After spending several days in Danville, we proceeded on to Charlotte, N. C., where we spent a night in the building formerly used as a mint for coining money. Here we were joined by a company of local defense forces, made up of employees of the Confederate States Naval Works, located at Charlotte. The next morning we were ordered to load our treasure on a train, which carried us to Newberry, S. C., the end of a line toward Abbeville, under construction from both ends. Here we were met by a long wagon train, which took us on a trip of several days to Cokesbury, the end of the line of said proposed railroad coming east. We transferred to a train at this point, and were soon at the pretty little town of Abbeville, the county seat of Abbeville District, S. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her family were with us on this trip, traveling in an ambulance, while we were in wagons. The first night out from Charlotte we spent in a pine woods, on the edge of which the wagon train was parked, two of the clerks occupying each wagon. Mrs. Davis and family spent that night at a farmhouse just across the road from us.

While at Abbeville, Mrs. Davis and family stayed at the home of Mr. Burt, who was a member of Congress, Confederate States, and were later joined there by President Davis and his Cabinet, and here the last Cabinet meeting was held. Abbeville, S. C., was the last capital of the Confederacy, and not Danville, Va., nor Charlotte, N. C., nor Washington, Ga.

After a week or so spent at Abbeville, the Treasury officials were ordered to take their money down to Augusta, Ga. We loaded it on wagons and went with it to Washington, Ga., whence we proceeded by the Georgia Central Railroad to Augusta. After a week or so spent in Augusta, news reached us that the Federals were coming up the river from Savannah, so we hurried back to Abbeville, via Washington.

On our arrival at Washington, Ga., we first heard of General Lee's surrender. The news was imparted to us by Mr. Foote, a Confederate Congressman of

Kentucky, and hardly any of us believed it. Some one suggested a coat of tar and feathers for Foote for circulating what we believed to be a false report.

After a few days in Abbeville, by order of a superior official, we turned over the treasure of the Confederate States to General Duke's (formerly Morgan's) Cavalry. The transfer had been made after dark and from the railroad train, it being reported that the Federals were at Cokesbury, only a short distance away. What became of this money I do not know, nor have I ever heard of anybody who does know.

Late that evening, I think after dark, I found General Breckenridge, then Secretary of War, sitting on the hotel steps opposite the northwest corner of the courthouse square. I approached and got into conversation with him and asked his advice as to going with Duke's command to the Trans-Mississippi Department. His reply was: "My young friend, I advise you to return to your home in Richmond by the nearest available route."

After turning over the money, estimated to be as much as \$1,500,000, in gold and silver, to General Duke's command, about eleven o'clock at night, our party, consisting of eight or ten of the office employees and some who had come with us from Charlotte, N. C., went a little way into the woods, spread our blankets, and slept till early morning, when we arose and started afoot for Augusta, Ga. This was a long walk, some seventy-five or eighty miles, I think; but we accomplished it in three or four days, getting a ride of a few miles now and then. I recollect one in a wagon, of about thirteen miles, the man told us. We paid for this in Confederate money, as we did for our meals en route.

Arriving at Augusta, we put up at the hotel, where we had stayed on our first visit, and after about a week, or perhaps less, having been paroled in accordance with the terms of General Lee's surrender, we were furnished with transportation home, down the beautiful Savannah River by a stern-wheel steamboat to Savannah, where we spent a day and a night; thence by steamer to Hilton Head, S. C., and thence by steamer Thetis, a transport, to Newport News, Va. On this steamer we were joined by Gen. J. D. Imboden, his wife and daughter, and some members of his staff.

During the latter part of our war, the Confederate Congress passed a resolution, or bill, calling upon patriotic Southern people to donate gold and silverware, jewelry, etc., to purchase blankets for the soldiers. These contributions, made with liberality, principally by Southern women, were deposited in the Treasury and packed in a white oak chest, and carried with us as far as Abbeville. In our first move from there, I have understood that this chest was left

with the family of a Major Cunningham, who were among the best people in Abbeville, and kept by them till after the close of hostilities and then delivered to some Confederate official, I do not know whom.

On our last march from Washington to Abbeville, we passed through a very large part of Johnston's army, many carrying their arms, but none in any way molesting our train, though we thought they knew what it contained and that the war was over. At Augusta, by what authority I do not now, if ever I did know, we occupied the office of the bank, which had been the Confederate Depository (Hon. Phillip Clayton had been the Depository officer), and here redeemed, in gold, all the Confederate money offered at one of gold for sixty of Confederate, and, later, at one for one hundred dollars Confederate.

In Volume II of President Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," I find the following interesting statement with regard to the specie in the Confederate Treasury—and to his journey. Somehow he seems to have forgotten being in Abbeville at all; but I know he joined his family there at Colonel Burt's home. If he had not been there with his Cabinet, there would be no controversy now between Abbeville, S. C., and Washington, Ga., as to which was the "last capital of the Confederacy."

On page 690, the President says: "I must now recur to two extraordinary statements made by Gen. J. E. Johnston in regard to myself while at Charlotte, N. C., on pages 408 and 409, Johnston's Narrative. The first is that at Greensboro, on the 19th of April: 'Col. Archer Anderson, Adjutant General of the Army, gave me two papers addressed to me by the President. The first directed me to obtain from Mr. J. N. Hendren, Treasury Agent, thirty-nine thousand dollars in silver, which was in his hands, subject to my order, and to use it as the military chest of the army. The second, received subsequently by Colonel Anderson, directed me to send this money to the President at Charlotte. This order was not obeyed, however. As only the military part of our government had then any existence, I thought that a fair share of the fund still left should be appropriated to the benefit of the army.'

"And so, as revealed in his 'Narrative,' he took the money and divided it among the troops.

"When my attention was called to this statement by one who had read the 'Narrative,' I wrote to Colonel Anderson, referred to book and page, and inquired what letters from me as there described he had received. He responded: 'I do not remember anything connected with the subject, except that there was a payment of silver coin to the army at Greensboro, and I have no papers which would afford information.'

"My letter book contains no such correspondence, but has a letter which renders more than doubtful the assertion that I wrote others such as described. The only letter found in my letter book on the subject of the funds in charge of Hendren is the following:

"Mr. Hendren, C. S. Treasurer,
Greensboro, N. C.

"Sir: You will report to General Beauregard with the treasure in your possession, that he may give to it due protection as a military chest to be moved with his army train. For further instructions, you will report to the Secretary of the Treasury.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"Official: F. R. Lubbock, Colonel and A. D. C."

Volume II, page 695, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the President says: "The Secretary of War, Mr. Breckenridge, had remained with the cavalry at the crossing of the Savannah River. During the night after my arrival in Washington, Ga., he sent in an application for authority to draw from the treasure, under the protection of the troops, enough to make to them a partial payment. I authorized the Acting Secretary of the Treasury to meet the requisition by the use of the silver coin in the train. When the next day passed without the troops coming forward, I sent a note to the Secretary of War showing the impolicy of my longer delay, having there heard that General Upton had passed within a few miles of the town on his way to Augusta to receive the surrender of the garrison and military material at that place, in conformity with orders issued by General Johnston. This was my first positive information of his surrender. Not receiving an immediate reply to the note addressed to the Secretary of War, General Breckenridge, I spoke to Captain Campbell, of Kentucky, commanding my escort, explained to him the condition of affairs, and, telling him that his company was not strong enough to fight and to large to pass without observation, asked him to inquire if there were ten men who would volunteer to go with me without question wherever I should choose. He brought back for answer that the whole company volunteered on the terms proposed. Gratifying as this manifestation was, I felt it would expose them to unnecessary hazard to accept the offer, and told him, in any manner he might think best, to form a party of ten men. With these, Captain Campbell, Lieutenant Barnwell of South Carolina, Colonels F. R. Lubbock, John Taylor Wood, and William Preston Johnston, of my personal staff, I left Washington. Secretary Reagan remained for a short time to transfer the treasure in his hands, except a few thousand dollars, and then rejoined me on the road. This transfer of the treasure was made

to Mr. Semple, a bonded officer of the navy, and his assistant, Mr. Tidball, with instructions, as soon as it could be safely done to transfer it abroad and deliver it to the commercial house which had acted as Financial Agent of the Confederate government and was reported to have incurred liabilities on its account." (Id.)

My recollection is that the Financial Agent referred to was Fraser, Trenholm & Company, London, England.

The last Cabinet meeting of the Confederacy was held in the Burt House, Abbeville, S. C., with the following present: Jefferson Davis, President; Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State; John C. Breckenridge, Secretary of War; Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; John H. Reagan, Postmaster General. A council of war was held at the same time with the Cabinet and the following generals in attendance: Basil W. Duke, George C. Dibrell, W. C. Breckenridge, J. C. Vaughan, S. W. Ferguson, and Braxton Bragg.

It was decided, after mature deliberation and discussion, that it was useless to continue the war longer, and that the government should be disbanded.

M. H. Clarke, Acting Treasurer, C. S. A., says: "The last Cabinet meeting, which could be called such, was held at Abbeville on the 2nd day of May, 1865."

A full history of these events may be found in the Office of the Clerk of the Court of Abbeville County.

OUR CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

Have you remembered the mothers brave
Who watch and wait our helping thought?
Have you given gladly of what you have,
That care and comfort for them be wrought?

Those mothers so true in war's hard time,
That stirred the spirit of this fair land?
These mothers who inspired the poet's rhyme,
And now are waiting with trembling hand.

Ah, mothers, you are serving with patience
The place you are called to fill;
Your faces aglow with God's own radiance,
Listening to hear and to do his will.

Blessed mothers of the long gone past,
'Tis ours to make happy your way;
Until you shall hear God's voice at last,
"Enter with me into this new Day."

—Sallie Norman Lang.

[Dedicated to the Women of the Confederacy who are using the "Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund."]



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.

"Gone forward! Whither? Where the marshaled legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease;
Where faith's true Red Cross Knights repose in regions
Thick studded with the white, calm tents of peace."

COL. WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN.

Col. William H. Chapman, of a prominent Virginia family, died at his late home in Greensboro, N. C., on September 13. He was born in Madison County, Va., in 1840, a son of William A. and Elizabeth Forrer Chapman, the family removing to Page County soon after his birth, and there his early youth was spent.

In the tragic days which marked the opening of war between the States, William Chapman promptly joined a military company formed at the University of Virginia, and soon afterwards the members of this gallant company were ordered by Governor Letcher to return to their homes and assist in the drilling and organizing of other commands. Going back to Luray, in Page County, William Chapman became first lieutenant of the Dixie Artillery, and later was captain of that battery. When the Dixie Artillery was merged with Pegram's Battery, young Chapman joined Mosby's Battalion, with which remarkable unit of the Confederate service his brilliant renown as a soldier was won.

During the war he was married to Miss Josephine Jeffries, of Fauquier County, this military wedding being celebrated on February 25, 1864, at Highlands, near Delaplane, Va. The Chapman home in Fauquier was surrounded by hotly contested territory and in the midst of many battles, and the participants had many narrow escapes from capture by the Federals. At all times this home had been the center of social activities, and its circle of friends and visitors included scores of persons who made history in Virginia and the South. It was here that Baron Von Massow, a

German officer who had joined Mosby's command, was nursed back to health, and for fifty years he continued a staunch friend of the Chapman family.

With the close of the war, Colonel Chapman returned to Fauquier County and for some time was a farmer there, later being connected with the railway mail service; still later he was appointed to the Federal revenue service, during which his home was at Alexandria, Gordonsville, and Richmond, Va., and during his last years at Greensboro, N. C. He is survived by four sons and four daughters, also two brothers.

REV. N. C. DENSON.

At the age of eighty-eight years, Rev. N. C. Denson died in Little Rock, Ark., on July 21, after some years of failing health. He is survived by two daughters and a son, also by two foster sons, a stepson, and a stepdaughter.

Born in Rankin County, Miss., May 13, 1841, his parents removed to Arkansas when he was four years old and settled in Ashley County. At the beginning of war between the States, young Denson enlisted in Company K, 3rd Arkansas Regiment, which was assigned to the Texas Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps. He served throughout the war, taking part in many engagements, among them being Sharpsburg, Second Manassas, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Spottsylvania, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, where he was wounded. He was twice cited for bravery in action, and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

Locating at Warren, Ark., after the war, Comrade Denson lived there thirty years, during which time he served the Baptist Churches of that place and section. For more than fifty years he served as minister, and during the time organized many Baptist Churches in Arkansas. He also served on the State Mission Board some twenty years. During the last three years his home had been with his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Daniel, in Little Rock.

In speaking of his life, he was wont to say: "I preached for over fifty years and served four years under General Lee." He was a faithful attendant of Confederate reunions until he became too feeble, and it was his pleasure to read the VETERAN and live over the days of his youth as a soldier of the Confederacy. He was laid to rest with loved ones in the cemetery at Warren, where he had spent so many years of his active life in the work he loved.

COL. J. T. GEORGE.

The last roll call sounded for Col. J. T. George, on September 20, 1929, in Mayfield, Ky.

He was born in a log cabin in the south part of Graves County, near the historic church of Mt. Zion, August 28,

1847. When a small boy, he was left an orphan, his father and mother dying about twenty-four hours apart.

At the age of sixteen he joined the Confederate forces in Mississippi, early in the war, enlisting in Company C, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under Gen. N. B. Forrest. He was in every battle in which Forrest's forces were engaged, including three of the fiercest battles of the war—Harrisburg, Guntown, and Brice's Crossroads. On account of his youth and gallantry, he became the favorite of the entire company. His record as a soldier was of the very best, for when duty called he was ever ready to go into the thickest of the fight.

While on a scouting expedition at Johnsonville, Tenn., he was captured and taken to Paducah, Ky., where, with others, he was asked to take the oath of allegiance, but refused. He was then sent to Camp Morton, where he remained a prisoner for seven months, being released June 15, 1865, some two months after the close of the war, of which he had not been apprised.

Colonel George again took up his residence in South Graves, near his old home, and became an esteemed and honored citizen. In 1890, his popularity led to his election to the office of county clerk; four years later he was reelected. In 1923, he was honored with the appointment of State pension commissioner, which office he held to the satisfaction of all until 1927, when he retired and returned to his home in Mayfield, on the Paris Highway.

In the death of Colonel George our town and county lost a splendid man, one who, from a homeless youth, developed into the highest type soldier, friend, neighbor, and citizen.

[Contributed by the Mayfield Chapter, U. D. C.]

REV. GEORGE BOOTH BASKERVILLE.

Rev. George Booth Baskerville, the son of Dr. John Tabb and Margaret Malone Baskerville, was born near Somerville, Tenn., March 29, 1847, where he lived until his death, July 31, 1928.

As a boy, he had the best educational advantages in his time and section. Imbued with the high and noble traditions of the South, and knowing that her cause was just, he joined Company E, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, on October 11, 1862, when only fifteen years old. He served with this command until the spring of 1865, when the 12th Tennessee was consolidated with Forrest's Old Regiment. He surrendered with General Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865, after following that peerless leader through all his campaigns.

Returning home at the close of hostilities, he entered college, and, in 1868, joined the Methodist Church under the ministrations of his distinguished father, Rev. John Tabb Baskerville, and was soon himself an ordained minister. For sixty years, Dr. George Baskerville was a foremost leader of Methodist divines in Tennessee; for twelve years, he was presiding elder, and for four years, pastor of the Second Methodist Church in Memphis.

Failing health caused him to retire from active duties as a minister, nevertheless he continued to preach throughout his section of Tennessee until his death.

On November 29, 1869, he married Sallie Lewis Read, of Brownsville, who died in 1921. Five children survive them, three sons and two daughters. Dr. Baskerville was buried in the cemetery at Stanton, Tenn.

A gallant, fearless soldier in youth, defending his native Southland throughout the four years of incessant warfare; a militant disciple of Christ, carrying the gospel all his life by his words and his personal character to unnumbered multitudes; a devoted husband and father in his own home, finding a hearty welcome everywhere and in every other home, the life of this beloved comrade was long in the land which the Lord, his God, gave him; his individual record was part of the history of the Confederacy and of the Methodist Church; his memory is cherished by the thousands in the different Christian flocks he served and saved as a minister; and his own soul will enjoy eternally the peace and happiness of the blessed and the faithful.

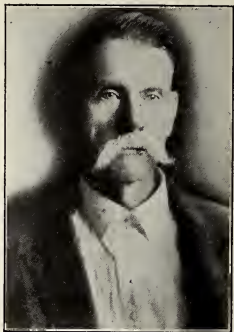
[Prepared by Gen. W. A. Collier during his own last illness.]



COL. J. T. GEORGE.

CAPT. WILLIAM E. MCELWEE.

Capt. William Eblen McElwee, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Rockwood, Tenn., died there on October 6, from injuries sustained when struck by an automobile several days before. He was ninety-four years of age. A long, varied, and colorful career has thus ended.



CAPT. W. E. M'ELWEE.

William McElwee was born at Post oak Springs, near Rockwood, April 16, 1835, the son of William and Lucinda Eblen McElwee. His paternal grandparents were James McElwee, of North Carolina, a soldier of the Revolution, and Nancy Johnston, of Virginia. He studied law and was licensed to practice in 1859. At the outbreak of the war, he joined the Confederate army, his regiment being sent to Bowling Green, Ky., where he was given the post of provost marshal of the town. Later he was commissioned captain and sent to Dover, surrendering with the army at Fort Donelson. On release from prison, he rejoined the army and became a member of Brown's Brigade, and participated in all its battles up to and including Chickamauga, where he was wounded, his company having but twelve men after that battle who were not either killed or wounded. After this battle he was transferred to Gen. A. P. Stewart's Division, and placed in command of pioneer troops. After the battle of Missionary Ridge, he was assigned to Stevenson's Division, and, after the fighting at Kenesaw Mountain, to the headquarters of General Johnston. Following the battle of Atlanta, he returned to General Stevenson's command, and was with the headquarters company until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. In all, he participated in forty-four battles and skirmishes during the war.

Returning to Roane County, Captain McElwee became interested in iron industries and railroads; in late years he was active in the building of good roads in the county. He had been a member of the County Court for twenty-four years. He was one of the best-informed authorities in the State on pioneer history. His father had fought under Andrew Jackson, and his grandfather un-

der Shelby at King's Mountain and in various Indian battles.

In 1867, Captain McElwee was married to Miss Martha Brown, who died in 1872. He is survived by a son and two grandchildren. Funeral services were from the Methodist Church at Rockwood, with interment in Oak Grove Cemetery.

Only one Confederate soldier remains in Roane County, his comrade, Henry P. Green, City Treasurer of Harriman, who was orderly sergeant of Company 1, 26th Tennessee Infantry, and was later a sharpshooter of John C. Brown's Brigade, equipped with a Whitworth rifle.

W. O. CAIN.

William O'Dil Cain, a lifelong resident of Sumter County, S. C., and one of its best known and most respected citizens, passed away at the home of his son, D. J. Cain, in Sumter, after an illness of several weeks. He was eighty-five years of age.

William Cain was the eldest child of Richard B. Cain and Anna Margaret Reid, born November 26, 1844, in the privateer section of the county. While a cadet at the Citadel, he volunteered for service in the Confederate army and was a member of Company B, White's Battalion of Citadel Cadets, serving with distinction throughout the war.

He was twice married, first to Miss Carrie Henry Scott, of Richland County, in 1868; the second marriage was to Miss Ida B. Dwight, also of Richland, who died two years ago. Of this marriage six sons and two daughters survive him; there is also an adopted daughter, a sister, and one brother surviving.

He had served in the House of Representatives as a member from Sumter County; and he was a member of Claremont Lodge, F. & A. M., and a deacon in the Baptist Church. He was also a zealous member of Camp Dick Anderson, U. C. V., and served as Commander of the Camp for the past several years. He was laid to rest in the family burying ground near Sumter.

[Mrs. E. F. Bookter.]

HARRY C. BALLINGER.

Lieut. Harry C. Ballinger, died in Grayson, Ky., on October 10, 1928. He was one of John Morgan's men, serving with the 10th Kentucky Regiment. He was eighty-six years old; had never married, and lived alone, cared for by his friend; was buried from the home of Colonel Powers, and sleeps on their lot.

[Juliet S. Powers.]

JASON M. GREER.

Judge Jason M. Greer, for many years prominent in the political life of Union, S. C., passed away at his home there on June 21, 1929, after an illness of several months. He is survived by two sons and two daughters. His wife, who was Miss Nannie Byers, preceded him to the grave many years ago.

Jason M. Greer was the youngest of seven brothers to volunteer for service in the Confederate army. All of the brothers served four years. He was among the sixteen-year-old boys who volunteered from Union County, and served with Company B, under Capt. D. A. Townsend, 4th South Carolina Regiment. These boys went in box cars to Augusta, from there to near Savannah, Ga. They were in front of Sherman at Charleston, then to Cheraw, where they guarded five hundred Yankee prisoners (captured by General Hampton), took them to Raleigh, N. C., and there turned them over to the military authorities. The company composed of these boys was sent to Spartanburg to resist the coming of Kilpatrick's raid, but the boys got news that Lee had surrendered and disbanded and came home, where each one later had to give up his beloved gun to the Yankee garrison placed there for a few months.

For more than twenty-seven years Judge J. M. Greer served Union County in public and appointive offices. He served as magistrate of two different townships, judge of probate twelve years, secretary and treasurer Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company for twenty-one years, Commander Camp Giles, U. C. V., for two years. He also served as cashier of the old People's Bank for eighteen months, as Master of Union Lodge No. 5, F. and A. M., and filled appointive and elective offices in the Lodge.

Judge Greer had served his first term as magistrate of Union township and was serving his second term when overcome by failing health. Though far past the "threescore and ten," he was keenly interested in public affairs and kept posted on current events. He was one of the "youngest" officers in the courthouse, alert, energetic, and capable. His was a long record of public service, probably unequalled in the State.

A native of Union County, he was born about seven miles south of Union, on June 6, 1848. During the early part of his youth, Jason Greer attended school at the old Male Academy (which stood where his residence on South Church Street

stands), under the tutelage of Prof. D. A. Townsend.

The funeral services were from the Grace Methodist Church, at Union. Judge Greer was a lifelong member of the Methodist Church and was a loyal member. He was a man of deep convictions and held unwaveringly to the ideals he cherished. For a long lifetime he served his generation faithfully and with honor to himself.

MRS. HARRIETT LATIMER BITTICK.

In the recent passing from earth to heaven of Mrs. J. Holland Bittick, a long, useful life was closed.

She was a daughter of A. J. and Harriett Underwood Latimer, born in Sumner County, Tenn., going with her parents to Obion County at the age of ten years. The family settled in the dense forest and carved out a home there, the first home being a one-room log house. Most of her schooling was acquired in a log cabin with puncheon floors and seats. The only access to the school building was a meandering path, across which a wolf often trotted.

Harriett Latimer was a direct descendant of Bishop Latimer, of England, a granddaughter of Jonathan Latimer, called the "Old War Horse of the Revolution." Born on Jefferson Davis's birthday, thirty-three years later than he, she grew to be a great admirer of that great statesman.

She lived in two centuries and through four wars, in all of which she had loved ones engaged, but her best service was given to the Confederacy. Having grown up in the wilderness, she was fearless, young, and active, and, therefore, able to do many helpful deeds for her country. Her life was many times threatened, but she never faltered.

Through the Spanish-American War she waited and prayed for brave loved ones, and then throughout the World War she knitted sweaters and socks for her own blood and kin as well as others who were in the conflict. She never lost spirit, but wished she could help more.

She grew with her section of country from a grease dip for light to electricity; from an ox-cart for traveling to automobiles; from cooking in front of an open fire to gas and electric stoves; from home-spun and hand-made clothing to ready-to-wear; from a log cabin with stick-and-dirt chimney to modern consolidated and steam-heated high schools and colleges; from winding, narrow paths to splendid hard-surfaced highways and woman suffrage; from open saloons to prohibition, and was privileged to vote her sentiments in the last national campaign.

She had been a member of the Church of her choice

(Continued on page 438.)

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga.	<i>First Vice President General</i>	MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va.	<i>Treasurer General</i>
MRS. R. F. BLANKENBURG	<i>Second Vice President General</i>	Rural Route No. 2	
MRS. MADGE D. BURNBY, Waynesboro, Miss.	<i>Third Vice President General</i>	MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C.	<i>Historian General</i>
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>	MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La.	<i>Registrar General</i>
MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn.	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>	4620 South Derbigny Street	
		MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Woodard Circle, Wilson, N. C.	<i>Custodian of Crosses</i>
		MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md.	<i>Custodian of Flags and Pennant</i>

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Recently your President General has walked hand in hand with sorrow, and for the numerous messages of loving sympathy, the many hands stretched to her in comforting kindness, she is most grateful. It has proved, if proof were needed, that we are one glorious sisterhood, sharing the sorrows one of another, bearing each other's burdens, and thus fulfilling the law of Christ.

It seems but a short time since that, in all humility, your President General stood before the convention in Charleston, and, with an almost overwhelming consciousness of the weight of the responsibility and of her own unworthiness, received from you the greatest honor in your power to confer. The two years have been exceedingly busy, and while there have been at various times many problems, in the aggregate, the time has been a happy one. We are grateful for the opportunity of serving in an administrative capacity the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and appreciate the pleasures of intimate contact with the membership. The leaf upon which is recorded the events of the past two years will soon be turned, and there lies before you a fresh, white, unwritten page. May nothing be inscribed thereon save the principles embodied in our motto, "Pray, Dare, Think, Love, Live," and exemplified in the purposes of this organization, "Memorial, Historical, Educational, Benevolent, and Social."

So frequently do we hear and use the expression, "This is a restless age," that it has become hackneyed and accepted without thought; it is none the less a truism, displayed in denominational differences, in "splits" in political parties, with neither of which we have aught to do, save that we may profit by *not* following their example.

The same spirit of unrest is developing in the United Daughters of the Confederacy an inclina-

tion to scatter our resources, to become interested and financially involved in enterprises, worthy within themselves, frequently pertaining to the period which we are organized to commemorate, and yet for which we are not responsible. Objectives such as the completion of the quota on "Women of the South in War Times," the Jefferson Fontaine Maury Scholarship, languish for years while support is given activities to which we are not obligated. Each individual member should feel a personal responsibility for the completion of every enterprise undertaken by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The very last admonition from this President General to the readers of this column in our beloved CONFEDERATE VETERAN is couched in homely phraseology, as she begs you, as an organization, *to attend to your own business.*

On September 27, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, official representative of the President General, presented to Rear Admiral Henry A. Wiley, U. S. N., the Cross of Military Service awarded him by action of the Charleston convention. The exercises were under the auspices of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter of New York City, and were held at the St. Regis Hotel. It was a most happy occasion, linking three distinguished naval officers—Commodore Maury, for whom the Chapter is named; Rear Admiral Semmes, upon whose birthday the presentation was made; and Rear Admiral Wiley, the recipient of the Cross.

Within the past month, by authority of the Executive Committee, a Cross of Honor and a Cross of Military Service have been placed in the Museum of American History, which is a part of the great Washington Memorial at Valley Forge, Pa. The former Second Vice President General, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, accompanied by a party of friends, presented the crosses to Dr. Burk Rector, of Wash-

ington Memorial Chapter, and President of the Historical Society. They are placed in the cases together with many other military decorations. Adjacent is the case containing a sword of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Confederate uniforms, and flags and other Confederate relics, together with a portrait of the great commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The following invitations are acknowledged with grateful appreciation: Convention Florida Division, convention Georgia Division, Divisions of North Carolina, Oklahoma, Virginia, New York, Missouri, Ohio, and Tennessee. Had it been possible, it would have been a great pleasure to be with each of these Divisions, participate in their deliberations, and extend greetings from the general organization.

Deeply appreciated invitations have been received also from the Auxiliaries to the American Legion to attend the national convention held in Louisville, Ky.; from the city of Savannah, Ga., to attend exercises commemorative of the siege of Savannah and the heroic death of Count and Brig. Gen. Casimir Pulaski; from Asheville Chapter, U. D. C., to the unveiling of a memorial to Herman Frank Arnold at the "Open Air Westminster of the South," Fletcher N. C.; from the Halifax County Chapter, U. D. C., to their annual flower show; and from the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation to attend the exercises at Stratford, October 13, 1929.

May the future of the United Daughters of the Confederacy be toward "whatsoever thing is true, whatsoever thing is just, whatsoever thing is honest, whatsoever thing is pure, whatsoever thing is lovely, whatsoever thing is of good repute," holding aloft, as a guiding star, the torch of Southern patriotism, Mispah.

MAUDE BLAKE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES

Alabama.—On the last day of the memorable convention held recently in Mobile, the Alabama Division unanimously indorsed Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., for the high office of President General. It is the second time that Alabama's brilliant daughter has been honored by such indorsement.

Alabama, the Cradle of the Confederacy, has never held the office of President General, and her Daughters feel that the recognition has already been too long deferred. For thirty-two years this gifted Southern woman, in Chapter,

State, and general organization, has given loyal service. May each State in the Confederacy accord to Alabama this honor through her best-loved Daughter, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky!

Many Chapters of the Alabama Division have arranged interesting yearbooks, and 1929-1930 has opened up most auspiciously for a year filled with good works and distinctive achievements.

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

* * *

Arkansas.—Recently the Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, has been given an opportunity for real service in the preservation of one of the State's historic documents. The official copy of the Ordinance of Secession of the State of Arkansas was by chance unearthed by J. H. Atkinson, head of the Department of History of the Little Rock High School, who appealed to the Memorial Chapter to rescue the document from further injury and the deterioration of time. His request met with enthusiastic response, and when the instrument was handsomely framed and hung in the room of the Arkansas History Commission in the State capitol, the following invitation was read before both houses of the General Assembly:

"Gentlemen of the General Assembly: Recently a valuable historic document has been rescued from oblivion and possible destruction. The official copy of the Ordinance of Secession of the State of Arkansas, suitably framed and protected from further injury and the deterioration of time, has been hung in the room of the Arkansas History Commission. The movement has been sponsored and financed by the Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., of Little Rock.

"The Chapter feels deeply the honor that is hers in thus being privileged to contribute her 'bit' toward the preservation of the State's most important papers, and in making a little ceremony of the rescue and rehabilitation of this particular document.

"Memorial Chapter cordially invites each member of this honorable body to visit the rooms of the History Commission to view the document and to do honor to the courage and fidelity to principle and to personal conviction as displayed by the signers of this instrument in those troublous and trying times.

"Some member of the committee will be on duty during the two days and will be glad to greet each of you and to answer any questions you may care to ask.

MRS. B. G. REAVES, *President Memorial Chapter.*
ANNIE M. GATEWOOD, *Chairman of Committee."*

California.—Since the opening of Dixie Manor, Confederate Veterans' Home, at San Gabriel, in February of this year, it has been found necessary to provide additional room, as other veterans have applied for admission. A new dormitory has been opened recently, which will contain an infirmary also, well equipped to care for the sick. The men are happy and well cared for; the Home is comfortable and attractive, and in an ideal location.

In accordance with a long-established custom, the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, of Long Beach, celebrated, on September 10, the birth anniversary of Gen. Joe Wheeler at a beautifully appointed luncheon held at The Breakers Hotel. Seventy-two members and out-of-town guests were present. Mrs. O. P. Hanna, Chapter President and presiding officer of the day, welcomed the guests and spoke briefly on the life and achievements of General Wheeler. Mrs. Hanna quoted the words of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who said of General Wheeler that he was "one of the two ablest cavalrymen in the army." Miss Caroline Duncan, of Los Angeles, speaker of the day, in her address on "Our Southern Heritage," emphasized the importance and achievements of the men and women of the "Old South" who had given to us of Southern birth "a priceless heritage, a sacred trust, which is both a blessing and an obligation." An honored guest on this occasion was Col. W. J. Courtney, eighty-six-year-old veteran, born in Missouri, who was in five major battles in the War between the States, for which he was given a special medal by the U. D. C. Chapter of Liberty, Mo.

The annual Camp picnic and reunion of Camp 770, U. C. V., was held September 14, in Los Angeles, and was unusually well attended.

[Erna Ferrell Grabe, Publicity Director.]

* * *

Florida Division.—The third district meeting of the Second Brigade, Florida Division, was held September 12, at Gainesville, in the Episcopal parish house, with large attendance. Mrs. A. W. Leland, Second Vice President, presided. Mrs. Joseph E. Waugh, President of J. J. Finley Chapter, and Mrs. E. A. Hickson, President of Kirby Smith Chapter, were joint hostesses.

Many guests attended from out of town, and the day was most delightfully entertaining as well as instructive. The program was made up of several assembly songs and solos, instrumental and vocal, and the department of activities were presented by the following chairmen: Jefferson Davis Highway, Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, of Mari-

anna; Cemetery Committee, Mrs. Lloyd T. Everett, DeLand; Confederate Veterans' Home, Mrs. Frank Brown, Jacksonville; Publicity, Mrs. F. L. Ezell. Mrs. C. M. Causey, Treasurer Florida Division, gave a talk; also the Recording Secretary and Registrar, Mrs. Marion Dickson and Mrs. Mack Hawkins, respectively, made interesting talks on the constitutional requirements of their offices.

Three-minute greetings were given by all Chapter Presidents and Junior leaders present. The favorite song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," was most pleasingly rendered by the Mildred Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Leland is director of this Chapter of earnest workers.

{Mrs. Viola B. Ezell, Editor.}



MRS. CHARLES BRECKENRIDGE FARIS.

Mrs. Charles Breckenridge Faris is presented by the Missouri Division for First Vice President General, U. D. C., subject to election at the convention in Biloxi, November 20-24, 1929.

Mrs. Faris, wife of Hon. Charles B. Faris, United States District Judge, of St. Louis, has been an active member of the Missouri Division for twenty-eight years, giving unselfishly of her time and talent, with ten years' service on the Executive Board. She has the distinction of having been chosen the second time for President of the Division, having served first in that office some twelve years ago, the only one so honored.

The Missouri Division is proud to present Mrs. Faris, with her wealth of experience and her love and devotion to the Confederate veterans, to the general organization for this high office.

Tennessee.—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division was held in Chattanooga, October 8-11, with the Gen. Francis M. Walker Chapter as hostess, of which Chapter Mrs. J. H. Gillespie is President.

The report of the State President, Mrs. Lowndes Turney, showed that steady progress is being made by the Division.

The Sam Davis home and its preservation was thoughtfully considered, showing that sentiment for the boy hero of Tennessee is still strong.

Miss Mollie E. C. Kavanaugh, Chairman of Education, reported thirty-nine applications for scholarships. Some of the foremost universities are giving scholarships to boys and girls of Confederate lineage. All students are reported as doing fine work and reflecting credit on the organization, while some have already made a name in their chosen fields of endeavor. The financial statement for scholarships was approximately \$11,500. An appeal for the Gen. A. P. Stewart scholarship brought additional contributions.

Following the report of Mrs. Owen Walker, Chairman of the Confederate Memorial Hall, which is to be erected on the campus of Peabody College at Nashville, the work to begin in the early spring, the Division voted to complete the fund for the Sam Davis Memorial room in the name of the Children of the Confederacy.

"The South in American Life and History," by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, of Nashville, was indorsed by the convention. This book is now being used as a textbook in colleges and universities.

A resolution to place a bronze tablet in memory of Father Ryan, sweet singer of the South, in a room of the Father Ryan High School at Nashville, was adopted.

Memorial Hour was an impressive part of the convention program. "The Confederate Requiem," composed by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, State poet laureate, was sung for the first time at this convention and will be used hereafter at State memorial services.

On Historical Evening a most able address was given by Maj. Phil Whittaker in a detailed account of the life of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; and he commended the Daughters on their work of correcting false history. The flag presentation was a special feature of the exercises. As the American flag was unfurled, "America" was sung; with the Tennessee State flag was given the "Salute to the Flag of Tennessee"; and as the Confederate flag was presented, "The Conquered Banner" was given as a musical reading, with

violin obligato and piano accompaniment. Many of the old songs were sung, and the parade of the "Belles of the Sixties" climaxed the program.

Members of the convention were urged to subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The issue for January, 1893, was the beginning of its existence. It was established by the late S. A. Cunningham, "not for fame nor reward, but to set before the world the principles for which the South contended in the sixties," and he bequeathed the publication to the four Confederate organizations of the South that it might be continued through further years of usefulness.

Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, Corresponding Secretary General, was made Honorary State President of the Division.

The social features of the convention were delightful. There were receptions, teas, luncheons, suppers, and a drive over the battle grounds, historical points and mountain paths, with their beautiful views. Confederate veterans in their uniforms of gray were guests of honor at all entertainments.

The following officers will serve the coming year: President, Mrs. W. C. Schwalmeyer, Memphis; First Vice President, Mrs. J. H. Gillespie, Chattanooga; Second Vice President, Mrs. R. H. Poindexter, Nashville; Third Vice President, Mrs. A. R. Dodson, Humboldt; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. A. Cragon, Jr., Nashville; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Frances Stevens, Memphis; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary H. Carson, Lebanon; Historian, Mrs. J. Wade Barrier, Johnson City; Registrar, Mrs. Oscar A. Knox, Cleveland; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Emily Moseley, Winchester; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. W. W. Worley, Mountain City; Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Memphis; Director of C. of C., Mrs. A. D. Updike, Erwin.

[Mrs. E. M. Buchanan, Editor.]

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, Historian General.

U. D. C. TOPIC FOR DECEMBER, 1929.

The Last Stand in North Carolina. Battles of Bentonville and Aversyboro. Surrender of Johnston's Army.

C. OF C. TOPIC FOR DECEMBER.

Story of Christmas in the Sixties. (Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook.)

Reading: "Little Giffin of Tennessee." (Tichnor.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
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653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.	
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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, Editor, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest.

Life's but a means unto an end; that end Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God. The dead have all the glory of the world."

A MESSAGE TO STATE PRESIDENTS.

Your President General invites your special attention and coöperation in passing on to you a request from our newly appointed editor of the C. S. M. A. department in the VETERAN. We have been most fortunate in securing Mrs. Rogers Winter as our editor, a capable and brilliant writer, but she, nor anyone else, can give the necessary stimulus to the work if the responsibility is hers alone, and you are urged to keep her in touch with your different activities or to give suggestions that she may pass on to other Associations through the pages of the VETERAN. "In a multitude of counsel there is wisdom," and from the many interested ones some one will receive help. Write to Mrs. Winter, keep her in touch with your field, and she may be able in return to give inspirational help. Let us be up and doing, each one feeling her own personal responsibility, for the work is yours, and on you depends the results as to whether it shall keep its rightful place among those who value the great sacrifices of our dear mothers and their brave soldiers, whose valor and whose sacrifices made possible our lives so blessed as this new day has given us.

With every good wish for each, and an abiding faith in your response to Mrs. Winter, at 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga., I am, as ever,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

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

TRIBUTE TO THE C. S. M. A.

The minutes of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association contain much that is of interest to those who are dedicated to the South, its traditions of the past, and the glory that will belong to the future because of the inspiration that comes from things heroic in the past. But nothing is dearer to the women of the C. S. M. A. than the tributes from the great leaders of the Confederacy that are recorded in the pages of the C. S. M. A. Minutes. One of the most beautiful of these is contained in the address made by Gen. Clement A. Evans, at the Memphis reunion, U. C. V., in 1909, in which he said:

"There were no better defenders of the South's honor than its noble women, and the daughters of these noble women do well to perpetuate their deeds, while we of the other Confederate organizations do well to bear in love and highest honor these women of our Southland whose many sacrifices may never be known.

"Your organization (the C. S. M. A.) has a high purpose, which is being well and ably carried out. Your noble work is an important part of the work we are all doing to perpetuate the memory of our great cause, in defense of our history, in defense of those great truths for which we and our comrades fought.

"These noble women who bore the sacrifices of the war are fast leaving us. Their ranks are thinning rapidly as well as those of the men who

served their country in the field. You have done much to show the truths of the principle for which we battled, and ere many more years have passed I am assured that these truths will be recognized as truths by our great united nation.

"Old prejudices are rapidly passing away, and our country has once more become one people, united under one flag, believing in the principle of peace and truth."

General Evans has passed on to join the gray hosts on the "greenswards of eternity," but his message remains still to be an inspiration and incentive to the Memorial Associations of the South. Never shall the memory of the great captains of the Confederacy die, and the glory of the men who wore the gray will brighten with the passing of the years.

* * *

Mrs. S. M. Fields, C. S. M. A. President for the State of Texas, is ready for active work this fall, after a most interesting summer. She visited friends and relatives in Virginia and North Carolina, being delightfully entertained everywhere. At the reunion in Charlotte, she was one of the honored guests at all the functions, and on her return to Texas she attended the Texas State reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

The following is an excerpt from a very interesting article written by Mrs. Fields on Memorial Day for one of the Texas newspapers:

"There is something unique in the War between the States. While the South was overpowered, they were never conquered. The same spirit that actuated the South to resist oppression is in the people of the South to-day. They held fast to the truth for which they contended—State Rights—and a very strange thing to relate is, the people of the North, the children of the bitterest abolitionists, are coming to acknowledge that the South, not they adhered to the Constitution.

While the South adheres closely to the principles for which they fought, they to-day fight a grander battle by putting out of their hearts all bitterness toward those of the North who were contending for their rights as they saw them. As the years go by all bitterness passes, and both North and South honor the men of the blue and the gray alike.

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead."

A CITIZEN WELL BELOVED.

The sympathy of the South, and of the Memorial women particularly, will go out to Mrs. William A. Wright, Georgia President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, at the death of her distinguished husband, William Ambrose Wright, son of Gen. Ransome Wright, of Confederate fame, and himself a Confederate officer with a record equaled by none other.

Bishop Warren A. Candler, who delivered an oration of classic beauty at General Wright's funeral on Tuesday, September 18, told this story, preceding it by the statement that in all history it had no precedent so far as his knowledge goes.

General Wright, who had three horses shot from under him in battle, was finally so badly wounded in an engagement that it was necessary to amputate his right leg. Always such an injury means retirement from active service, but when William Ambrose Wright's leg was healed, even before the scars of the wound had ceased to ache, the gallant young soldier was again at the front, riding as a courier on his father's staff. His crutches by his pommel, and himself strapped to the saddle, he rode the battle line until he was captured by Federal troops and sent as a prisoner to Johnson's Island.

Bishop Candler paid to him the highest tributes that can be given, not only for his bravery in the service of the Confederacy, but for his unequalled record of service to his State in time of peace. He was buried on the fiftieth anniversary of the date of his entry into office as Comptroller General of the State of Georgia. For fifty years the people returned him, term after term, to the State capitol, and only twice during those fifty years was he opposed by any candidate for the office of Comptroller General.

His name was synonymous with the word "honor," and he was loved as well as respected throughout the length and breadth of the State of Georgia. More Confederate veterans were gathered at his funeral than have been assembled in many years in Atlanta, the number exceeding even those in attendance at the Memorial Day exercises.

Bishop Candler, speaking of his service as Comptroller General, said: "No man could persuade him through friendship nor intimidate him through fear in the fulfillment of his duty to his State."

He was buried at Oakland Cemetery in the Con-

Sons of Confederate Veterans

JOHN ASHLEY JONES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, ATLANTA, GA.

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DIVISION NOTES.

ANNUAL REUNION AND CONVENTION.

Past Commander in Chief Edmond R. Wiles is business manager of the annual Confederate reunion of the Veterans and Sons to be held at Biloxi, Miss., June 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1930. Comrade Wiles was business manager of the reunion held at Little Rock, Ark., in May, 1928, and also managed the last reunion, held at Charlotte, N. C. The reunion is sponsored by the State of Mississippi and the Gulf Coast cities, and, with Comrade Wiles as manager, its success is assured.

MEMORIALIZE GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

Gen. Robert E. Lee, who died at Lexington, Va., fifty-nine years ago October 12, was memorialized there on the anniversary of his death, not only for his strategy as a general, but for his genius as a college president. He died as president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University.

In the early sixties, soldiers honored Lee the warrior; to-day, soldiers, citizens, and students salute the soldier, the educator, the American, who rests in the ivy-colored chapel on the University campus there.

A rapidly decreasing roll of Confederate veterans told of their war chieftain, who always, on the eve of battle, dismounted, uncovered his head, and joined his men in prayer. Not least among their accounts was that of Appomattox, the day General Lee sat on his white horse, Traveller, and bade his men an emotional farewell. They spoke

of him as a father, a leader who, when the day was lost, asked his men to "take hope, have good cheer, and trust in God."

Of the twenty-one students stationed fifty-nine years ago as a guard of honor beside the General's body before final burial, as it lay in state in the college chapel, only three now remain. They are S. H. Chester, Nashville, Tenn.; W. McChesney, Staunton, Va.; and J. R. Winchester, Little Rock, Ark.

High points of Lee's little-known career as a college president were told here. Turning his back on a \$25,000-a-year offer to become head of a life insurance company, and another to become commanding general of the entire military force of Egypt at an immense salary, General Lee rode across the Blue Ridge to Lexington to assume the presidency of a small Southern college at a salary of \$1,500 a year. He is now described as "one of the greatest college presidents who ever lived."

While serving as an educator, Lee directed a chapel to be built on the campus as a place for student worship. This building is now Lee Memorial Chapel, in the basement of which the General is buried. Thousands of visitors pass through this memorial each month. Fifty-two thousand persons visited the chapel during the twelve months past.

NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED.

On October 1, 1929, Assistant Adjutant in Chief C. E. Gilbert organized a new Camp at Biloxi, Miss., known as the Jefferson Davis Camp.

The Camp will take an active part in the annual reunion to be held at Biloxi in June, 1930. The officers of the Camp are: G. F. Carroll, Commander; Walter Wadlington, First Lieutenant Commander; C. J. Wiltz, Second Lieutenant Commander; F. H. Kimbrough, Adjutant; Glen Swetman, Treasurer; Ab. Jackson, Quartermaster; L. C. Corbon, Judge Advocate; R. W. Burnett, Surgeon; Tom Grayson, Historian; George C. Guint, Color Sergeant; and E. A. DeMiller, Chaplain.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

The opening ceremonies of the thirty-fourth annual convention of the Virginia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, were held in the large and handsome armory at Petersburg, Va., on October 10, 1929. This meeting was a joint assembly of veterans, ladies, and sons, held under the auspices of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., to which the public was invited. The band played patriotic airs, which stirred the enthusiasm of all. The hall was packed with Confederate veterans, visitors, and the local people.

Col. Charles T. Norman, Division Commander, made a most excellent report, outlining the work of the Division during his administration. His report, among other things, showed that Virginia had contributed during his administration more than \$1,300 to the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Inc.; that the pension of Confederate soldiers had been increased at the last legislature; and that he had organized or reorganized seven Camps during the past year.

The business meeting was addressed by Hon. John W. Rust, of Fairfax, Va., president of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Inc. He outlined the work which had been done by the Park Association and the work which the Board had in contemplation. He asked for the cooperation of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in this great project. A resolution was passed that the incoming Commander appoint a committee to cooperate with the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park directors.

The convention was honored with the presence of Judge Edwin P. Cox, the person who introduced the resolution in R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V., for the Sons of Confederate Veterans to meet in Richmond in order to organize the general association of Sons of Confederate Veterans. Judge Cox was the first Division Commander of Virginia, as well as the first Adjutant in Chief. He gave a delightful talk before the convention, outlining the history of the organization and the

struggles the organization had in its infancy.

The Entertainment Committee had provided for an automobile trip to the Crater and the Confederate Tunnels, as well as a reception at the Country Club.

Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, Historian in Chief, S. C. V., delivered a very instructive address on Text-books and gave a history as to the work the State Conservation Commission was doing in marking the historical places along the roads throughout Virginia.

The following Brigade Commanders of the Virginia Division were unanimously elected: First Brigade, A. F. Hozier, Norfolk; Second Brigade, Robert R. Rainey, Petersburg; Third Brigade, John Saul, Salem; Fourth Brigade, J. Edward Beale, Remington; Fifth Brigade, Col. Heirome L. Opie, Staunton.

LAST OF A MARYLAND COMPANY.

The annual reunion of the Ridgely Brown Camp, U. C. V., of Montgomery County, Md., could not be held this year because only one member was left. Commander E. L. Tschiffley is now the sole representative of this Camp, of which he has been Commander for many years, and he is the last survivor of the one hundred and twenty stalwart young men of Montgomery County who enlisted under the Stars and Bars nearly seventy years ago. He is now eighty-seven years of age, still keen of intellect, though not so active as of yore when he was regularly one of the "boys" who gathered in annual reunions, both of county and State, as well as the general reunions of the United Confederate Veterans.

Commander Tschiffley is a native of Washington, but his parents moved to Montgomery County when he was a boy of ten. There is a Confederate monument on the square of Rockville, where he lives, which he helped to erect in 1913, and the figure in bronze is symbolical of that gallant and sturdy manhood which fought for the cause of the Confederacy, and it stands in tribute to the thin gray line of Montgomery County. The inscription on that monument, "That we through life may not forget to love the thin gray line," can now be read by only one so pledging that fealty, yet as long as he remains, the green mounds where his comrades rest will have their memorial bloom each springtime, and after him the bronze comrade on the monument will still inspire the living to never forget "the thin gray line."

A CITIZEN WELL BELOVED.

(Continued from page 435.)

federate section, in the same plot in which repose the bodies of Gen. John B. Gordon, Gen. Clement A. Evans; and General Iverson.

With Bishop Candler, we say once more:

"Soldier, statesman, we salute thee, looking down upon us from the far distance of eternity. May we be worthy of the glorious example of gallantry, chivalry, and fidelity which you have exemplified for half a century. Never has greater manhood reposed in so slight a physical compass."

And to Mrs. Wright we give the thought that such grandeur as was his defeats the very grave itself. His is the immortality of honor.

MRS. HARRIETT LATIMER BITTICK.

(Continued from page 429.)

for sixty-one years, a member of a missionary auxiliary for thirty-three years, of which she was a long-time life member.

Her husband, to whom she was married in 1865, was one of Forrest's cavalry, and they traveled together fifty-nine years. Six children blessed their home, and all were at her home going. She had lived with her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Caldwell, at Rives, Tenn., for some years. She was awake to events of the day and fully appreciated every forward movement for better, cleaner, and safer conditions in which to live.

Thus, with a long, beautiful life spent in loving helpful service to others, she peacefully, sweetly, and beautifully fell asleep here to awake in heaven, there to be reunited with the host of dear ones "loved and lost a while."

THE OLD, OLD SONGS.

Responses have come to the request for copies of some old songs, and the VETERAN is glad to be able to give one of them this month, hoping to have the others later on. In writing of the old song of "Kitty Wells," Mrs. A. D. Williams, Historian of the Confederate Gray Chapter, of Leesburg, Fla., adds:

"Down through the years since childhood comes the echo of my mother's sweet voice singing these old songs, of which 'Kitty Wells' was one of her favorites. The words elude me, except in snatches, but the tones of her voice and the dear old tunes linger about my heart like the echo of her voice. My mother was only four years old during the War between the States, but she knew and sang these old songs all her life, so they must have been popular for many years after the war closed. 'Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party' was an-

other she loved. I can only hum the tune. I wonder if anyone has the words?"

A letter comes from Judge A. W. Hutton, of Santa Monica, Calif., with a copy of the song complete, and a reference to having heard it sung in his young manhood. That was at the marriage of his next older brother, who had served with Company A, 36th Alabama Regiment, until wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, when he was transferred to the cavalry and served as a lieutenant of the 16th Confederate Cavalry. "My brother was married in the fall of 1868," writes Major Hutton, "and I, who had just received my B.L. at the University of Virginia, was one of his attendants, while our cousin, Sallie Blocker, was one of the bridesmaids. She was sweet, beautiful, and musical, and sang 'Kitty Wells.' I got a copy of the song from her, and it is the version I send. . . . I saw some little service in behalf of the Confederacy myself, and I have two commissions as Major General of the Pacific Division, U. C. V."

KITTY WELLS.

You ask what makes this darky weep,

Why he, like others, am not gay,

What makes the tears roll down his cheeks

From early morn till close of day.

My story, darkies, you shall hear,

For in my memory fresh it dwells;

'Twill cause you all to drop a tear

On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus.

When the birds were singing in the morning,

And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,

And the sun on the hilltop was dawning,

It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day

When we together roamed the dells,

I kissed her cheek and named the day

When I should marry Kitty Wells.

But death came creeping in my door

And took from me my joy, my pride,

And when I found she was no more,

I laid my banjo down and cried.

I often wish that I was dead

And laid beside her in the tomb;

The sorrows that bow down my head

Are silent in the midnight gloom;

This world has no charms for me,

Though wild flowers are blooming in the dells,

For one bright form no more I see,

'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

DO YOU KNOW.

That George Washington was the only President who was elected unanimously?

That Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison, Wilson, and Harding married widows?

That the only two signers of the Declaration of Independence who became Presidents of the United States—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson—died on the same day, July 4, 1826, fifty years later?

That when John Quincy Adams became President, all of his predecessors, except George Washington, were living?

That Andrew Johnson's wife taught him to read after they were married?

That George Washington was the richest President of the United States, although Theodore Roosevelt's income was larger?

That Theodore Roosevelt was awarded the Nobel Peace prize of \$40,000 for his influence in bringing to an end the Russo-Japanese war in 1905, and that in 1920 the prize was awarded to Woodrow Wilson for his labors in behalf of world peace?

That U. S. Grant had always been a Democrat until he was nominated and elected President by the Republicans in 1868?

That Franklin Pierce's Secretary of War was Jefferson Davis, afterwards President of the Southern Confederacy?

That Presidents Washington, Mad-

son, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, and Harding were childless?

That James K. Polk was the first presidential nominee to be notified of his nomination by telegraph?

That George Washington refused to become a candidate for a third term?

That Presidents John Adams, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, McKinley, and Wilson in their early years were teachers?

That James Madison was the author of the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States?

That when the war broke out in 1861, Presidents Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan were still living?

That Abraham Lincoln was six feet and four inches tall, two inches taller than George Washington?

That Thomas Jefferson, in 1783, while a member of congress as organized under the Articles of Confederation, originated the decimal system of currency for this nation?

That John Adams lived twenty-five years after completing his term of office as President?

That James Buchanan's fiancé died shortly before the date set for their marriage, and that he remained true to her memory through his life?—*E. cha'g.*

The Optimist: "The palmist told me that I was at the end of all my troubles."

The Pessimist: "Ah, but did she say which end?"

A TURKEY REVIEW.

What part of a turkey is used in music? (Feet.)

What does the dressmaker do to the turkey? (Baste it.)

When is a turkey like a small boy who has eaten too much? (When stuffed.)

What part is a part of a sentence? (Claws.)

What part is an oriental? (Turk.)
What part appears upon a field of battle? (Drum sticks.)

What part assists my lady in making her toilet? (Comb.)

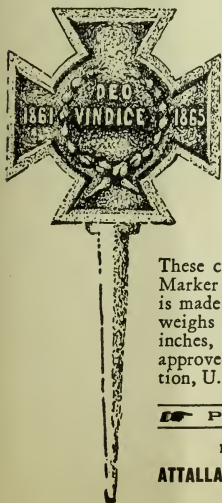
What part is a story? (Tail—tale.)

When a turkey is cooking, what country is represented? (Greece.)

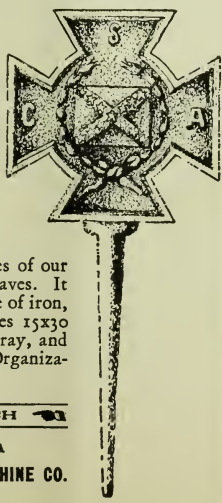
Why has the turkey five reasons for being sad? (1) He gets it in the neck. (2) He gets a roasting. (3) He is much cut up. (4) We all pick on him. (5) He is finally in the soup.

Mrs. Effie Wilkes, courthouse, Ardmore, Okla., is interested in helping to complete the war records of two old soldiers in need of pensions. They are: Milton L. Reel, who served in Gaddy's Militia, of Berryville, Ark.; he enlisted in the fall of 1864. Was also known as M. L. "McGraw," as that was the name of his stepfather. A. J. Powell, of Ardmore, served in the same company, but the affidavit of other comrades is needed; one of these was Dow High, of High, Ark. John E. Barker enlisted under a Captain Archer, Company I, but was transferred to Captain Wood's Company B, — Arkansas Regiment, enlisting from Fulton County, Ark., in the fall of 1863, and serving to the end; was in the fighting at Poplar Bluff, Mo., and was then sent to Freeman's Division, under command of General Coleman. Some of his comrades were Sam and Marion Pogue, Bill Talley, Mack Elkins, all of Fulton County, and Ferdinand Shaver, of Sharpe County, Ark. It is hoped that some of them are still alive and will let him hear.

The VETERAN has been asked to help locate the owner of a canteen taken from the body of a Confederate cavalryman at the battle of Shiloh. The canteen is in the form of a small wooden keg, on one head of which are the letters "S. C. L.," and lower down are minor carvings. The canteen was procured from one H. B. Olmstead, who served in Company H, 6th Michigan Infantry, in the battle of Shiloh.



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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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MISCELLANIES

Pictures of Confederate leaders have become very scarce, and some are now not procurable at all, especially in good engravings. The VETERAN offers two pictures of General Lee in small size, one of these a steel engraving about 7x9 inches, print surface, which can be framed with wide or narrow mat effectively. This picture will be sent, postpaid, for \$2.

The other picture, smaller in size, is a photogravure in sepia, which makes a handsome picture for desk or table framed suitably. This will be sent for one dollar, postpaid.

A picture of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in good size, a handsome engraving, will be sent for \$4. This originally sold at \$5, and there are no more like it.



ECHOES *from* DIXIE

Who does not love the old songs of the South? In this collection, "Echoes from Dixie," there are songs which stir the emotions with their tender sentiment, their patriotic fire, their religious fervor. This collection should be in every home of the South. These songs were collected and published by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, leader of Confederate Choir No. 1, U. C. V., and this is the edition revised by Matthew Page Andrews. Both words and music are given. Price, one dollar per copy, postpaid. Sent as a premium for three new subscriptions to the VETERAN.



BOOKS

The special offer of "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and edited by Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., by which the book will be sent with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$4, is renewed for this month. Both renewals and new orders will be accepted, but renewals must be in advance. The VETERAN bought the last of this \$5 edition of the book and wants every subscriber to get a copy, if possible.

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