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INDEX

CONFEDERATE VETERAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS

VOLUME XXI.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NASHVILLE, TENN.
1913

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. }
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1913.

No. 1.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

OF SYMPATHETIC INTEREST TO THE U. D. C.

A telegram from Paris, Tenn., was received in Nashville on Sunday morning, December 22, from J. P. Hoskins, brother of Mrs. Alexander B. White, which read as follows: "Mr. White died at three o'clock this morning. Funeral Monday afternoon." That sad event occurred during a heavy snow. The service was held in the M. E. Church, South, the largest in town, and was conducted by ministers of the Methodist and Baptist Churches. More of the funeral and the deceased will be given in a later issue.

The casket was entirely hidden by floral tributes, the most conspicuous being that by the general organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was an exquisitely decorated star, and recalled vividly the President's flag in the D. A. R. Hall at Washington when President Taft made his splendid address. This tribute was prepared under the direction of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Recording Secretary General, of Paducah, Ky., the only one of the general officers who could attend. Mrs. McKinney had correspondence by wire with Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, First Vice President General, and so the organization kept as thoroughly in sympathetic touch as was practicable with their head official in her poignant sorrow.

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

News from Miss Belle Kinney, the sculptor engaged in making the memorial bust of Col. Richard Owen, is that the bust must be decidedly larger than her original plan because of the large niche in which it is to be placed, and she writes: "I am making the bust as fine as I know how. I am anxious that it be handsome and unusually attractive, as it will be placed in a Northern city and must speak for us. I am making it almost to the waist line, having the arms crossed and the head posed as if in meditation. I have used a military overcoat with cape thrown back. It is an unusual combination and a departure from the staid regulation old-fashioned bust. I spend all my time on it in order to have the bronze bust unveiled by January 15. There is the advantage in this that any important changes may be made before it is made permanent." This is the more expensive, but insures absolute satisfaction, as is the case with the Gen. Joseph E. Johnston statue at Dalton, Ga.

Miss Kinney regrets that the larger bust is necessary, as the cost will be so much more, and then the pedestal blocks, as they appear in the picture on the title-page, will have to be

removed, and one large piece of marble placed instead for the inscription. (The inscription lacks mention of Colonel Owen as Commandant at Camp Morton, but it will be corrected on the tablet.) She also recommends covering the bust with gold leaf, twenty-two carats fine on the front and fourteen carats at the back. The niche being in the shadow, the gold finish would make it much more prominent.

Independent of the sculptor's work, the cost will exceed \$900; but Miss Kinney is going right ahead with the work in a manner that will be a credit to all concerned.

The expense will be about double the funds which have been contributed so far; but the Editor, stout-hearted, will leave nothing undone to make it perfect, trusting that friends will yet do much more. For there is nothing like this in all the world; and if the tax be very heavy on him, he will have the consolation of paying tribute to thousands of men who have gone to the beyond, every one of whom he believes would rejoice in the act. Remember that he seeks no prominence in it. Neither his name nor that of the VETERAN is to be indicated in any sense on the tablet. He has so many pressing needs in his work that he appeals to all generous patriots to aid in meeting the expense, and to do it now.

There is no memorial under way in America that will do so much good, and an honor list of all who contribute will be recorded in lasting gratitude to those who help. In a subsequent issue the list will be published. Those who have kept up with the movement realize its merits, and there is comfort in making the statement that to this date the promoter has never heard of any one's saying aught against it.

Friends of the South and of the Confederates who suffered in prison through harsh treatment, this is the best opportunity to demonstrate your appreciation of a man who knew the Southern people and treated prisoners as fellow men and with an eye single to the hereafter.

See additional subscriptions and other notes on page 44.

HARD ON CORPORAL TANNER.—Typical of the spirit in which Corporal Tanner's speech at the Arlington corner stone placing was received, Mrs. Sallie Yates (J. W.) Faison, of Charlotte, N. C., writes: "How I did enjoy Corporal Tanner's speech! You could tell that it came from the heart, and I am glad that he was not notified beforehand. Do you know that I sat right in front of you two at the laying of the corner stone and called attention to how much you two men looked alike?"

MOTHER OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY REV. A. A. ABBOTT, ARCHDEACON TRINITY CATHEDRAL,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Mahulda Kirby was born in Randolph County, Mo., March 6, 1822, and was married to William Dudley Abbott in Monroe County, Mo., July 8, 1838. In 1854, after having lived for a period in both Randolph and Macon Counties, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. Abbott moved to Linn County, Mo., and settled near New Boston, where the former died in 1896 and where the latter still lives in her ninety-first year, in fairly good health, with faculties all entirely normal. There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Abbott sixteen children, twelve boys and four girls, of whom are living.

In the summer of 1861 Joseph Kirby Abbott, third son and third child of the family, in his eighteenth year, together with several other young men in the community, among them two cousins, James and Thomas Abbott, enlisted in Price's army. I have not the name of my brother's company, the number of his regiment, nor his war itinerary. If any old soldier or any one else can give information on these points, we shall be grateful for his name and address. I have heard that my brother was in battles in Southern Missouri and Arkansas, at Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and in the Atlanta Campaign. He was with Hood at Franklin, where his cousin James was killed, and lies there among the unknown, and where he was wounded and taken prisoner and sent to Louisville, from which place he was released after the surrender at Appomattox. He came home in the summer of '65, having been absent four years. He died in 1887 and was buried in the Nester Chapel Cemetery, Linn County, Mo.

MONUMENT AT PRINCETON.

Since the organization of the Tom Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., at Princeton, Ky., in 1905, its members have been untiring in their efforts to erect a suitable memorial to the valor of the Confederate soldier, and the beautiful monument unveiled on the Courthouse Square of Princeton on November 16, 1912, is the fruit of their love and their labor.

The monument is a polished shaft of granite bearing the standing figure of a private soldier in Confederate uniform. On the face of the shaft is the inscription: "C. S. A. In memory of Confederate soldiers and the cause for which they fought. 1861-1865. Erected by Tom Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., 1912." Underneath is this: "Our heroes' deeds and hard-won fame will live." West side is the Confederate flag.

The unveiling of the monument was an occasion of interest and pride to the entire community, and the business men of Princeton closed their stores during the ceremony. A special feature of the program was the address by Gen. Bennett H. Young. General Young spoke of the courage and faithfulness of the private soldier without whose patriotism and endurance even the greatness of Lee, Jackson, and Stuart, of Johnston, Morgan, Forrest, Wheeler, and Breckinridge, or of Price, Green, Marmaduke, or Dowling, would have been of little avail. Following his tribute to the rank and file of the Southern armies, the orator spoke of the devotion of the women of the South in seeing to it that such deeds and such valor are not forgotten. In closing General Young said: "God bless these dear Southern women! May no storms ever beat on the shores where they dwell and no shadows ever fall athwart the paths they tread! For and in behalf of all the Confederate survivors and the memories of our 550,000 glorious dead we thank you for this beautiful monument."

The Tom Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., has had four Presidents. The first, Mrs. O. P. Eldred, is now in her seventy-sixth year; and as an evidence of her loyalty and devotion to the organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy she



THE MONUMENT AT PRINCETON, KY.

attended the General Convention of the Daughters at Washington, D. C., as a delegate from the Chapter. The other three Presidents of the Chapter are: Mrs. M. R. Kird, Miss Lucy McGoodwin, and Miss Tommie Baker, the present incumbent. Mrs. Frederick Taylor is the Secretary and Mrs. J. Groom the Treasurer. The Chapter was named in honor of Maj. Tom J. Johnson, of Jim Pearce Camp, U. C. V.

ABOUT PROVIDENCE SPRING AT ANDERSONVILLE.—Thomas A. Ellis writes from Gallatin, Tenn.: "I notice in the *VETERAN* for October last some reference by a correspondent to Providence Spring in Andersonville Prison. I was at Andersonville when the war ended, and was in the sutler's business for the brigade that guarded the prison. There is no truth in the Providence Spring. The place was selected for a prison on account of the location, and the water supply came from springs that made a good stream of water the entire length of the prison grounds."

[The writer of the foregoing seems not to comprehend the sentiment about Providence Spring. It is claimed that this fountain came forth during the period of imprisonment as a blessing to the famished prisoners. There was evidently a perfectly natural condition whereby the opening of the place gave to them the living fountain. To those who felt, it was providential comfort to the memory. The God of battles favored that side often, we all know, and that sentiment can do nobody harm. It should make them the humbler.]

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS.

It is believed that the Tennessee Association of Confederate Soldiers is the oldest legally chartered Confederate organization in existence. It may not be; if not, let the VETERAN know. This charter was granted December 3, 1887, so this Association is now in its twenty-sixth year.

Other Confederate organizations in Tennessee are: United Confederate Veterans, Board of Pension Examiners, Trustees of Confederate Soldiers' Home, Sons of Confederate Soldiers, United Daughters of the Confederacy, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Chickamauga Park Commission. The first organization of Sons of Veterans has not been active since the U. S. C. V. was established, although it contained seventeen Bivouacs in 1897.

While the Division of Confederate Soldiers is older, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, having been organized in Tennessee and its first Chapter (No. 1) being in Nashville, has precedence for State pride.

The Tennessee Division, State Soldiers' Association, and the United Confederate Veterans always meet together, the older Association holding its meetings first, and it nominates successors to the places made vacant in the other organizations to which the Governor appoints its nominees.

At their 1912 meeting in Shelbyville S. A. Cunningham was chosen President, Captain Beard, of Murfreesboro, First Vice President, and Evander Shapard, of Shelbyville, Second Vice President; while Comrade John P. Hickman was elected Secretary, a position he has held throughout the history of the organization. The honor of being chosen President at Shelbyville, the native county town of the Editor of the VETERAN, was gratefully appreciated. The meeting was held in an opera house along which many men and boys passed fifty years before, October 28, 1861, on their way to the war.

The most eventful day in the history of the old town (about as large then as now) was when most of the soldiers of the county in the early part of the war left on one day. The finest company in uniform and equipment was the Shelbyville Rebels; while companies from various other parts of the county assembled for departure at the same hour, and there were thousands besides, all under unusual excitement. It was a great frolic for some, but a deeply solemn occasion with others. Colporteurs were busy distributing New Testaments among those who were to go as soldiers. It rarely ever occurred that so many people were in tears—gushing tears—that were shed openly. Many separated that day to eternity.

The Editor of the VETERAN was one of the smallest soldiers in the throng. His company, the Richmond Gentrys, became Company B of the 41st Tennessee Regiment, organized at Camp Trousdale November 26, and all were in butternut uniform. He was ambitious to look somewhat like an officer, and so, procuring some beautiful ornaments from a woman's belt buckle, he had them sewed to his standing collar. In this suit of brown jeans he had his first picture made for his mother, a widow, who was an ardent Whig and was not willing for him to go, but she "thought the officers would send him back from lack of size." She was reconciled afterwards.

This picture appears in the Review of Reviews's "Photo-

graphic History of the War" (twelve volumes), recently published, and is quite amusing. The reproduction here given does not show the pistol and dirk that were fastened in his belt, but the pompadoured hair is in evidence.

This boy soldier kept a diary through the war which he published in the seventies, and from it Col. James D. Tillman,



COL. J. D. TILLMAN.

who was the gallant commander of the regiment during the greater part of the war, acknowledged indebtedness for much of his data in a history of the regiment which is in Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley's "Military Annals of Tennessee, Confederate." Honored may his name ever be! This book has nearly a thousand pages and does high credit to the author, who, though "a Federalist," rendered valuable historic service to Tennessee, his adopted State. A note in this work is as follows: "One of the most valuable sketches of Tennessee in the great Civil War was brought out some years since by Sumner A. Cunningham, of Shelbyville, private in the above regiment."

The organization of Confederates continues, and the survivors should be diligent to keep the camp fires burning for truth, and the stimulation of patriotism, as the fathers of Confederates had done since throwing tea into Boston Harbor.

The people of Shelbyville and Bedford County did themselves credit after fifty years in standing for the principles that induced spontaneous service for a cause that was defeated in a material sense. The town was richly decorated with flags and bunting—both flags, for that of the fathers represented principles that Confederates have ever maintained regardless of the flag under which they served.

A special train from Nashville was met at Wartrace by delegates, who actively served every visitor in locating him as a guest in some home. The long parade from the station ended at the courthouse, where the United Daughters of the Confederacy had prepared a feast, abundant and delicious.

About a thousand veterans were present. The meetings were held in the opera house. Judge C. W. Tyler, President of the State Association, led an opening prayer. "Van" Shapard, Judge Bearden, and others made welcoming addresses.

After the State Association had concluded its business, the State Division, U. C. V., was called to order by Commander John H. McDowell. Though not a candidate for reelection, Commander McDowell took occasion to reply to the criticisms of his having seconded the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for President in the Chicago Convention. He denied a charge that he as a Confederate veteran official exercised his official position to further the interests of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy. No charges had been preferred against him.



1861.

The Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., lacks the first three numbers of the VETERAN for 1863—January, February, and March—of having a complete file of the VETERAN, and it is hoped that patrons who have one or more of these numbers will kindly donate them to the Museum. This gift is asked for a good cause. Write to Miss Susie B. Harrison, House Regent Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va



AT DEDICATION OF MONUMENT TO KENTUCKIANS NEAR TARPLEY SHOP, TENN.

LONE CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

BY W. J. MOORE, COLTEWAH, TENN.

Here among the oak-crowned hills of lower East Tennessee, in one of her many rolling valleys, eleven miles east of Chattanooga, sleep in their long sleep two Confederate soldiers. Here is where Gen. Braxton Bragg's army camped during the summer of 1863. Years ago at the head of the graves stood pine boards some two feet high, and on these were inscribed in good, plain characters, "Cobb's Battery." But these boards have fallen into decay, and with them all other information, except "Cobb's Battery," is lost.

Here may sleep some long-lost sons or fathers whose places of rest may have been forgotten by those comrades who passed safely through the battle of Chickamauga, fought soon after this old camping ground was abandoned. Small bushes have grown into trees and the land is now in cultivation.

With the passing of the years many lonely graves scattered here and there over our sunny Southland have been lost to the knowledge of the friends of the lonely sleepers. These once sturdy sons of the South rest in unknown and unmarked graves. But the sleepers are not forgotten.

"JOE BROWN PIKES" AS WAR WEAPONS.

At the beginning of the Confederate struggle Gov. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, had pikes made by the hundreds in Macon and Chattanooga with which to arm our anxious boys in defense of Southern soil when volunteers hurried into camp faster than guns could be procured. Georgia's enterprising Governor no doubt had more confidence in the boys than they had in the pikes, for the Georgia soldiers refused to use them except "to go for gophers." Some of the soldiers shed tears and others laughed heartily when these unique implements of feudal warfare were presented to them, but they soon laid them aside. After the war numbers of them were gathered up and stacked away in the Augusta arsenal, while many were held in private hands. Those in the arsenal were in time, by permission of the United States War Department, allowed to be sold, and so many collections of war relics comprise them.

The wooden staff was about six feet long, and the blade of steel was some twelve inches in length. The blade was made to slide in and out of the staff by means of a handle which projected through a slit in the side of the staff, and it was held fast in either position by a catch spring in the handle. Were they not actually in evidence now in museums, one of the present generation could hardly be convinced that flintlock guns and pikes were used in the War of the States.

DEAD OF TARPLEY SHOP (TENN.) HONORED.

[From pleasing tribute by Mrs. Grace Meredith Newhill.]

When General Forrest, "the man on horseback," whose daring rides and swift, unerring strokes brought dismay to the enemy, was making his famous campaign into Middle Tennessee, he encountered the Federals at Tarpley, four miles south of Pulaski. On September 27, 1864, a short battle ensued.

In this engagement the 7th Kentucky sustained a heavy loss.

Capt. Joel T. Cochran was in command of the regiment, and while forming his men in line he was shot and instantly killed. Capt. David L. Nowlin, the next officer, assumed command, and in a few minutes he too was killed. Besides the loss of these officers, seven enlisted men were killed in this encounter and many others were wounded, including the gallant Capt. Charles W. Jetton, of Company H, Colonel Cook's captain, whereupon Capt. C. L. Randle, of Company A, assumed command of the regiment and led it through the fight.

Col. V. Y. Cook, then a mere lad, belonged to the 7th Kentucky Regiment, and he has ever felt a pathetic interest in these comrades. Southern women, true and faithful always, planted an evergreen cedar to mark the spot.

In the beginning of the Spanish-American War Gen. V. Y. Cook raised and commanded a regiment Confederates' sons and grandsons and brothers, and became their brave leader. He has become eminent as a man of affairs, but in his true and loyal heart and memory of these graves of his comrades has ever held a tender place. A few years ago he began a correspondence with citizens in the community in regard to them. Luckily the ground had fallen into the hands of Mr. J. L. Nelson, a brave soldier of the Confederacy, a true and loyal citizen, who for thirty years had kept the spot green and preserved it from oblivion. Learning of Colonel Cook's desire to place a monument there, he decided this plot of ground to the Giles County Chapter, U. D. C., in perhaps the most tenderly worded deed that ever was written. Colonel



CAPT. JOEL T. COCHRAN.



CAPT. DAVID L. NOWLIN.

Colonel Cook, now of Batesville, Ark., Gen. H. A. Tyler and Colonel George, of Kentucky, the Editor of the *VETERAN*, and others from a distance took part in the dedication of this monument. Perhaps the most pathetic incident of the occasion was the presence of the widow of Captain Nowlin, her head white with snow that never melts, standing at the grave of the young husband who left her nearly half a century ago in the memorable tragedy.

The Giles County Chapter, U. D. C., had arranged a pleasing program for the occasion; but learning that Colonel Cook preferred the simplest formality, they recalled their plans.

Each of the Kentuckians made a short impromptu talk. Mr. S. A. Cunningham for Mr. Nelson presented the deed of gift to Mrs. W. J. Yancey, President of the Giles County Chapter, which she accepted most gracefully in the name of the Chapter. The beautiful ritual for the Confederate dead was read and the short, simple service was closed.

What tie is stronger than that which binds us to the un-
 dlying past? What call is higher than this which has summoned from other States these men whose love reaches back through the mist of vanished years to pay such homage.

The occasion was a notable event in Pulaski, where royal hospitality was bestowed upon visiting guests. In the foregoing Comrade Cook is mentioned as "General" Cook. This title came as a U. C. V. distinction when he was Commander of the Arkansas Division and as a major general in the Arkansas State Guards. He has done more perhaps for the Confederate organization than any other man, living or dead.

A double illustration of the monument was not of Colonel Cook's choosing. He desired the names of his comrades to appear legibly, and then it seemed fitting to show more of the Daughters and comrades who were present, indicating the interest in the event by the people of that section.

Cook at his own expense erected a handsome monument on which are inscribed the names of those killed, and inclosed it with an iron fence on a concrete base. On November 2, 1912,



THE GRANITE MONUMENT SHOWING NAMES OF THE DEAD. THE DONOR STANDS FIRST ON THE LEFT SIDE.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE VOTING AGE—TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

Response to "Twenty Years, and All Is Well," in the December VETERAN, is most gratifying. The spirit of subscribers in asking that sample copies be sent promises good results. That easy service on the part of every subscriber would do incalculable good. Those who in that way become familiar with the VETERAN have but one regret as a rule, which is that they "did not know about it sooner." This suggestion is for every patron on the great list. Every subscriber can send a name with reasonable hope of benefit.

To those who were to be cut off in December this number is sent complimentary in the hope that they will save the VETERAN the large expense and labor of sending a notice. But this is the last to all who owe before January of 1912.

So much space is given in this issue to the report of the United Daughters of the Confederacy proceedings in Washington and their large subscription list to the Shiloh monument that the February VETERAN will contain many held-over articles. Contributors must accept delay as unavoidable. The work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy must have precedence over all else. That great organization of noble women is rapidly becoming the hope of survivors, and they should be sustained in every possible way.

The Daughters should take the advancement of the VETERAN in hand. Beneficial arrangements will be made gladly with each Chapter to cooperate in extending the circulation. Terms will be submitted upon indication of such desire.

Just as the foregoing had been written the large forenoon mail was delivered with many good things of cheer, among which and totally unexpected was the following: "I want to urge every Daughter to subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, as I consider it the best work that has been done toward preserving the history of the War of the States, and I think its editor deserves the thanks of the entire South for the work he has done. I would urge that a copy of this magazine be upon the library table of every Southern home." The card with its Christmas greeting is signed, "May M. Faris McKinney," who is the Recording Secretary General of the U. D. C., and who is always graciously diligent and prompt in helping the VETERAN to serve the cause.

The report of the ceremony at the dedication of the monument to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Dalton is delayed. The engraving of the statue referred to in the December number will go with it. The photographer did not have his instrument sufficiently elevated, and hence the picture fails to show the piercing eyes which are splendidly portrayed by the sculptor, Miss Belle Kinney. In this connection mention is made that Miss Kinney is diligently at work on the bust of Col. Richard Owen and is still hopeful of its being ready for its dedication in January.

BEST OF ALL MAIL ORDER JOURNALS.

The VETERAN risks its conservative reputation by the assurance that, its circulation and patrons considered, it is the most valuable medium that ever has been in the South to

make known any business. For twenty years advertising has been so secondary a consideration that mail order merchants have not been shown its importance. It has even notified the public that advertising was not solicited, and to discontinue giving space to advertising has been contemplated. A change of plans is now proposed. Since no other journal can reach its patrons as official representative of the largest organization ever formed of noble Southern women, the VETERAN will give space to the business world in offering its wares. It will be offered on the rigid line of truth as to circulation and at a rate so low as to fascinate those who seek the patronage of our great women and representative men.



MRS. F. G. ODENHEIMER,

First President General, U. D. C., who presided throughout the Washington City Convention with amiability and good cheer, and whose magnetism throughout the week will long be pleasantly cherished by representative women who gathered there from wherever Confederate principles are cherished.

"HER MASTER WAS A GENTLEMAN."—A Boston couple visited near Augusta, Ga., and during their stay took a great fancy to an old colored woman. They invited her to pay them a visit, which she accepted with the understanding that they were to pay her expenses. She was given a good room and had her meals at the same table with her host and hostess. When at a meal the hostess said: "You were a slave, weren't you?" The darky replied in the affirmative. "I suppose your master never invited you to eat at his table?" queried the Boston woman. "No, honey, dat he didn't. My master was a gentleman. He ain't never let no nigger set at the table 'longside of him."—*Popular Magazine.*

In the December VETERAN (page 564), in Judge J. H. Martin's paper concerning Longstreet's forces at Chickamauga, the name James E. Law as adjutant of the 8th Kansas Regiment should have been James E. Love. This was a clerical error.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL, MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY.

The opening ceremonies of the nineteenth annual Convention, U. D. C., were held in Continental Memorial Hall, Washington, D. C., on the evening of November 12, 1912. Mrs. Marion Butler, President of the District of Columbia Division, called the meeting to order, and the invocation was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Alfred Harding, D.D., Bishop of Washington.

A double quartet of male voices rendered Kipling's "Recessional." Mrs. Butler welcomed the Daughters to Washington, and at the close of her remarks she introduced Hon. Cuno H. Rudolph, President of the Board of Commissioners, District of Columbia, who welcomed the U. D. C. to the city.

Mrs. Butler introduced the President of the United States, Mr. William H. Taft. An ovation was given the President at the close of his address, the Convention rising in appreciation of his greeting.

Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, First Vice President General, was introduced, and she greeted the Daughters and expressed regrets at the absence of the President General. Mrs. Odenheimer introduced Mrs. Monroe McClurge, of Mississippi, who responded to the welcome in words of appreciation and set forth the high aims of the organization.

A flag was presented by Mrs. F. M. Williams in behalf of Mr. Orin R. Smith, of North Carolina.

The Marine Band played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." The meeting adjourned.

FIRST DAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1912 (MORNING).

The Convention met in the new Willard Hotel and was called to order by the acting President General, Mrs. Odenheimer, who introduced Mr. Russell, who in delivering the invocation represented his eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

"Thou Art Like unto a Lovely Flower" was sung by Mrs. S. W. Hooper. The ritual of the U. D. C. was read by the acting President General. Mrs. Odenheimer explained the absence of the President General, the cause being the serious illness of her husband, and conveyed her affectionate greetings.

After the roll call and presentation of State flags, Mrs. D. C. Ludlow, Chairman of the Credentials Committee, presented a partial report, which was accepted with a vote of thanks.

Many telegrams of greetings were received and sent by the Convention.

Mrs. Holland, of Tennessee, presented Mrs. White, the President General, with a gavel sent by the Neely Chapter of Bolivar, Tenn.

The report of the President General was read by Mrs. Odenheimer. The report was a faithful review of the year's work and included these recommendations:

"1. That the time for bestowal of crosses of honor be extended to January 19, 1913, and all outstanding applications be filled then.

"2. That names and addresses of general officers and of Shiloh and Arlington directors be given in Division minutes and in official organs for the information of members. Illustrating this need, one Chapter addressed simply to 'President Daughters of Confederacy, Chattanooga, Tenn.,' and another Chapter asked how to reach the Treasurer General to pay their dues, as their letter had been returned. They had addressed it to a former official, not a former Treasurer, and to the wrong town and wrong State.

"3. That application papers be changed to give a fuller record

of the veteran and his relation to the applicant, and that affidavits as to the correctness of the record be required of the applicant or indorser. As the organization grows in strength, popularity, and prominence, membership becomes more desirable, and therefore should be hedged about and protected by more stringent rules. Admission in the past has been too easily obtained. If eligibility be dependent upon lineal descent, then let application papers clearly show this descent.

"4. That this Convention decide whether the records of Confederate soldiers as given in the War Department shall be regarded as final in deciding the eligibility of applicants for membership or, if same may be corrected so far as admission to this society is concerned, by affidavits of people who personally know that the record is incorrect.

"5. That the Relief Committee and the Divisions try to secure changes in rules of Confederate Homes, so as to admit to them veterans or the widows of veterans who enlisted from those States but are not now residents of them.

"6. That the Historian General be authorized and directed to prepare and have published a history of the U. D. C. organization.

"7. That until the Arlington and Shiloh monuments be completed no enterprises requiring large sums of money be undertaken.

"8. That the organization appropriate \$100 for the purchase of a standard typewriter for use in the office of the President General, and that she be authorized to buy one.

"9. That the books of the Registrar General be closed thirty days before the annual Convention, and papers received after that time shall not be reported until the following year."

The Secretary was instructed to send a telegram of thanks to Mrs. White for her splendid report.

Mrs. Marion Butler read the report of the Program Committee, as follows: "We began work early last winter on the program. It being the first working program the U. D. C. has ever had, it made our work more difficult because we had to start from the beginning. Your committee confidently hopes and believes that if the rules laid down at Richmond are followed the program with which each delegate and alternate has been provided will prove satisfactory. In closing, we should like to recommend that in future this committee be composed of women in or very near the hostess city, as it is asking a great deal of a woman to be responsible for a program that it is impossible for her to assist in making." The report was accepted.

Upon motion, it was decided that the Program Committee be called together not less than three months after the Convention, that those who did not respond to communications from the chairman be dropped, and that the chairman be authorized to fill the vacancies.

Mrs. Eller presented the report of the Committee on Rules. It was adopted.

A unanimous vote of thanks was given the President of the United States for his statesmanlike address delivered the night before, and a vote of thanks was given the War Department for its great assistance to the hostess city in carrying out its ceremonies at Arlington.

Afternoon.

The acting President General called the Convention to order. Memorial hour having arrived, the following program was carried out:

Prayer by Dr. Randolph McKim.

Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," led by Mr. P. S. Foster.

Entered into eternal rest 1911-12—calling of names by States.

Tenor solo, "Be Thou Faithful unto Death," by Mr. J. F. M. Bowie.

Benediction by Dr. Randolph McKim.

The Certificate of Merit was awarded to Virginia for the largest increase of membership. The States receiving honorable mention in this contest are: Virginia, 1,933 new members; Georgia, 864; Mississippi, 780; South Carolina, 443; Tennessee, 364.

Mrs. Mollie R. Magill Rosenberg presented the organization with the Confederate naval flag in memory of Admiral Raphael Semmes.

SECOND DAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1912 (MORNING).

The Convention was called to order at 8:45 A.M. "The Sea Road" was sung by Mr. J. M. Waters. Rev. W. R. Wedderspoon, of the Foundry M. E. Church, led in prayer.

Mrs. McKinney read the report of the Recording Secretary General, which was adopted. The report shows the Chapter roster enriched by fifty-six new Chapters—twelve in Virginia, seven in Mississippi, seven in South Carolina, six in Texas, five in Georgia, four in Tennessee, three in Arkansas, three in Missouri, two in Kentucky, and one each in New York, Colorado, District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Maryland, and Alabama.

Four thousand five hundred and two certificates of membership, five thousand eight hundred and eighty-four application blanks, seven hundred and three demits, one hundred and forty-two charter applications, six hundred and thirty-three badge permits, and sixteen hundred and fifty-six copies of the Richmond minutes have gone from the office this year.

Mrs. Schmabel read her report as Corresponding Secretary General, which was accepted with a rising vote of thanks.

Mrs. C. B. Tate presented the report of the Treasurer General. It shows \$5,131.48 paid by the Divisions for *per capita* tax, and was accepted with a rising vote of thanks.

Mrs. Raines, Custodian of the Cross of Honor, reported 12,500 crosses received and two hundred and seventy-nine crosses now on hand. The report was accepted with thanks. Mrs. Raines was presented a jewel badge and check in recognition of her work.

Mrs. James B. Gantt read her report as Registrar General, and reported Volumes I, II, III, finished and 99,540 names registered therein. The report was accepted with a rising vote of thanks.

General Scholarships.

Miss Poppenheim read the report of the Committee on Education. The committee reported eleven scholarships for award to the U. D. C.—viz.:

Scholarship in full at Vassar College, valued at \$500 per annum.

Scholarship in full at Washington and Lee University, valued at \$350 per annum.

Scholarship of free tuition at Sophia Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans, valued at \$100 per annum.

Scholarship in part at Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., valued at \$190 per annum.

Scholarship in part at Washington Seminary, Washington, D. C., valued at \$100 per annum.

Scholarship of free tuition at the University of North Carolina, Chappell Hill, valued at \$60 per annum.

Scholarship of free tuition at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., valued at \$50 per annum.

Scholarship of free tuition at the University of Alabama, valued at \$60 per annum.

Scholarship of free tuition at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (11), valued at \$50 per annum.

The Alice Bristol scholarship (in full) at the Bristol School, stitute, valued at \$50 per annum.

Scholarship in part at the Higbee School, Memphis, Tenn., stitute, valued at \$50 per annum.

Of these, the following are open for 1913:

Vassar scholarship is open to girls in Louisiana only.

Alice Bristol scholarship is open to all States except Oklahoma.

Washington and Lee, Sophia Newcomb, Lucy Cobb Institute, Washington Seminary, and the Higbee School scholarships are open to all States.

The General Treasurer gives \$650 to the Educational Committee for the living expenses of the Washington and Lee and the Vassar scholarships.

The chairman urges upon Northern and Western Chapters who find it impracticable to secure and support scholarships in their own communities to express their interest in education by donations of money to a general educational fund held by the general committee. This year this was done by the Washington State Division, the District of Columbia, the California Division, and the Philadelphia Chapter. This fund now amounts to \$51, and the chairman hopes that this sum may be raised to \$100 by March 1, 1913, so that it may be offered as a living expense fund open for competition to students in the junior class at Washington and Lee University.

Total value of the eleven U. D. C. scholarships is \$2,560.

Division Scholarships.

Twenty-four States support one hundred and ninety-seven scholarships valued at \$22,022, which, added to the eleven general scholarships valued at \$2,560, gives a total of two hundred and eight scholarships valued at \$25,142 yearly. The chairman says: "Bear in mind on your return to your homes that the U. D. C. in 1912 offered and placed two hundred and eight scholarships, representing \$21,142, as their tribute to the education of the Southern youth. In looking over the records of other women's organizations in America I doubt if you can find such a record for any one of them." This report was accepted with thanks and appreciation.

More Scholarships Still.

Following the report on education, Mrs. Lee, of Illinois, presented a scholarship from the Chicago University for the promotion of the study and research of the true history of the South, and one from the Loretta Mother House, of Loretta, Ky., valued at \$1,000.

Mrs. Bashinsky, of Alabama, presented a scholarship for boys at the University of Pennsylvania, valued at \$200, covering tuition in the literary department but not in the professional schools, and one for girls from Miss C. E. boys at the University of Pennsylvania, valued at \$200.

Miss Alice Bristol and Miss C. E. Mason, donors of two scholarships, were honored guests of the Convention.

The report of the Arlington Monument Association was presented by its officers. (See Treasurer's report in this issue of the VETERAN.)

THIRD DAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1912 (MORNING).

The Convention was called to order, and Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, led in prayer.

Mrs. Ludlow presented the final report of the Credentials Committee, giving representation to eight hundred and eight Chapters, eighteen State Presidents, four chairmen of standing committees, and nine general officers; total vote of Convention, 2,091.

Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, addressed the Convention, after which Miss Nannie Randolph Heth, President of the Southern Relief Society of the District of Columbia, gave a short address.

Contributions were taken for the Arlington monument, followed by the introduction of Mrs. Davis, Historian of the Tennessee Division, who made an address on the subject of the endowment of a chair of history in the George Peabody College for Teachers, offering a resolution in regard to a \$50,000 endowment for the chair of history. After Dr. Little had addressed the Convention on the subject, the matter was referred to the Committee on Education to be presented later.

Afternoon.

The Convention was called to order, and Mrs. Schmabel presented for Mrs. L. C. Pickett two volumes, "Pickett and His Men" and "Hearthstones of Dixie," and called attention to the pamphlet by Mrs. E. C. Cleugh entitled "Stonewall Jackson: Southern Teacher, Statesman, and Soldier."

Miss Anderson addressed the Convention on the subject of the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

Mrs. Montague, of Virginia, presented a resolution regarding the transfer of the Home for Needy Confederate Women to the U. D. C.

Mrs. Henderson, of Mississippi, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the beautiful work being done for the old and needy Confederate women be and is hereby indorsed by this committee, and that the President General, U. D. C., appoint a committee of five to confer with the proper authorities of the Home for Old and Needy Confederate Women with power to consider the advisability of the transfer of this Home to the U. D. C. upon terms or conditions legal and equitable as may be agreed upon, and to report the result of such conference at the next session of this Convention."

The report of the Shiloh Monument Committee was read by the Vice Chairman, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant. (See Treasurer's report in this issue of the VETERAN.)

Mrs. Durr, of Alabama, presented the report of the Arlington Seals Committee, which included these recommendations:

"1. All seals must be purchased from the Central Committee by the State Director. Where there is no State Director, Chapters may order from the Central Committee direct.

"2. The wholesale cost of seals from the Central Committee to the State Director and from the State Director to the Chapters shall be \$1 per two thousand.

"3. Seals shall be retailed by the Chapters at one-half a cent each, making a profit of ten times the original cost.

"4. Profits from the sale of seals by the Chapters shall be sent to each State Director respectively. State Directors shall send these sums to the Chairman of the Central Committee, who shall forward same to the Treasurer of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, both of whom shall give in their annual report credit to the respective States for the sums raised by them on the sale of seals.

"5. Express charges on seals sent out by the Central Committee must be paid by the party ordering seals.

"6. Wholesale cost of seals may be deducted by Chapters from the profit made by retailing them.

"7. No individual can purchase seals at wholesale price for personal use."

The report, with its recommendations, was accepted.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General, read her report. In closing Miss Rutherford said: "I have prepared for you this year as my contribution to the historical work eleven volumes. Five of these are ready to be bound and the material is in hand for the remaining six. These volumes are:

"Vol. I. The Origin of Memorial Day. The Relation of the Ladies' Memorial Association to the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Monumental Work Done by the Ladies' Memorial Association Prior to 1894. What the Daughters Have Done in Coöperation with the Ladies' Memorial Association.

"Vol. II. The Origin of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Women Prominent in the Work.

"Vol. III. The Origin of the Cross of Honor. Women Prominently Connected with It.

"Vol. IV. The History of the State Divisions. Women Prominent in the States.

"Vol. V. The Origin of Our Flags and Seals. History of State Flags and Seals.

"Vol. VI. Monumental Work of the U. D. C.

"Vol. VII. Educational Work of the U. D. C.

"Vol. VIII. Our Navy. Our Surgeons. Our Chaplains.

"Vol. IX. President Davis and His Cabinet. Sketches and Reminiscences.

"Vol. X. Our Leaders. Reminiscences and Anecdotes.

"Vol. XI. The Things That Make for Peace."

Besides these volumes, the Historian reports the making of three scrapbooks, a work well done in the Divisions. The report was accepted with thanks.

It was decided to have the Historian General's address, delivered during historical evening, published and distributed, and to have written a history of the gavel given the organization.

At this appropriate time the thanks of the organization were expressed to Mr. S. A. Cunningham for the great work along historical lines accomplished by him, and Mr. Cunningham was asked to a seat on the platform.

The title of "Patron Saint of the U. D. C.," a well-deserved tribute to a great woman, was given to Miss Rutherford.

Evening.

State reports were heard, and the following resolution embodied in the report of the New York Chapter was adopted:

"Whereas Mrs. Marie Antoinette Gelson, of Shore Road and Third Avenue, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y., showed much kindness and paid many attentions to the Southern prisoners incarcerated in Fort Lafayette during the War of the States; and whereas no recognition from the South has ever been made to Mrs. Gelson for this great service; be it

Resolved, That this Convention acknowledge with thanks and appreciation and gratitude Mrs. Gelson's great kindness to our soldiers, and that the Recording Secretary General be instructed to engross this resolution and forward same to Mrs. Gelson."

Mrs. Swanson, of Virginia, was introduced and addressed the Convention on the subject of historical landmarks, and especially in regard to the purchase of the house in Danville, Va., in which the last messages of the Confederate Cabinet were written and the news of General Lee's surrender was received. The place is now called "the last White House of the Confederacy."

State reports were continued, and at the close of the report of the Maryland Division the Convention indorsed this Division's protest against the Barbara Frietchie monument.

FOURTH DAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1912 (MORNING).

The Convention was called to order by the acting President General, and the invocation was delivered by Rev. Samuel Green. The election of officers was the first order of business and resulted in the election of the following:

Mrs. Alexander B. White, President General.
 Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, First Vice President General.
 Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, Second Vice President General.
 Mrs. I. W. Faison, Third Vice President General.
 Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Recording Secretary General.
 Mrs. Edward C. Schnabel, Corresponding Secretary General.
 Mrs. C. B. Tate, Treasurer General.
 Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, Registrar General.
 Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General.
 Mrs. L. H. Raines, Custodian of the Cross of Honor.
 Mrs. F. A. Walke, Custodian of the Flags and Pennants.

After the election Mrs. E. K. Overstreet, of Sylvania, Ga., was appointed by the Convention the Custodian of the Badge.

Corporal Tanner and Mrs. Ellen N. Trador were introduced to the Convention. Division reports were continued. After the reports were read, the motion carried to name the committee to confer with the Board of Lady Managers of the Home for Needy Confederate Women. The Chair named the following committee: Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Mrs. D. C. Merwin, Mrs. William K. Beard, and Miss Mildred Rutherford.

Afternoon.

Mrs. Bishop read the report of the Transportation Committee, which was accepted, and the committee was thanked for the faithful work done and the low rate secured.

Mrs. Parker, of New York, read the report of the Committee on the President's Recommendations:

"1. That the time for bestowal of the cross of honor be extended to January 19, 1914. Amended to read, 'Without limit.' Approved.

"2. Approved.

"3. Your committee considers the application of the U. D. C. sufficiently explicit. The Executive Board of each Chapter being responsible for the admission of members, your committee would recommend that vouchers for new members should exercise greater care before indorsing the applicant. Committee's recommendation approved.

"4. Your committee recommends that the records of Confederate vouchers as found in the War Department should be regarded as final in deciding the eligibility of applicants for membership. Indefinitely postponed.

"Recommendations 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 approved."

The extension of the time for bestowal of the cross of honor was strongly advocated by Mrs. Anne Cobb Erwin, who originated the idea of the cross.

Mrs. R. C. Cooley, a member of the Revision Committee, but not a delegate, was given the privilege of the floor when the revision was called. After taking up the revision it was decided to recommit the constitution, since time was too limited to do justice to so important a work.

Upon motion, it was decided to place a wreath upon the statues of Generals Lee and Grant in Statuary Hall.

Evening.

Mrs. Hickman, of Tennessee, read this communication and offered the following resolution:

"NASHVILLE, TENN., November 1, 1912.

"On Friday, November 1, at the regular meeting of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate Veterans, held at the courthouse in Nashville, Maj. Malcolm MacNeill, of the 10th Mississippi Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry, member of Camp Wheeler, Atlanta, Ga., through the courtesy and invitation of Commander Hamilton Parks, of the Cheatham Bivouac, appeared and addressed the Camp and presented to the Bivouac three propositions of great importance to the Southland—namely: "The organization of a company to perpetuate and own the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; to have a grand reunion of the Confederate veterans, their daughters and sons, with the United States veterans, their daughters and sons, in the year 1914 at Chicago, Ill., and at said reunion to take steps jointly to have returned to the Southern States for the benefit of the veterans and their widows the balance that may be due of the sixty million dollars' cotton tax collected from the Southern States and which the Supreme Court has decided was illegal."

"The above propositions having been discussed by the members of the Camp, a motion was made and seconded that the Commander be requested to appoint a committee which should take such steps as best to push forward the movement to a successful ending, it being the intention that the Frank Cheatham Bivouac and the veterans of Tennessee and the citizens of Nashville should take the initiative step in the movement to make it a success.

"Resolved, That we, the Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy from Davidson County, Tenn., make a motion that the Convention adopt the propositions as outlined and heartily indorse each and every proposition, and urge that the veterans in Tennessee and the Southland, with the coöperation of the Daughters and Sons of Veterans of the South, push forward successfully the propositions, and that this motion and the propositions as approved and indorsed by the Frank Cheatham Bivouac be made a matter of record of this Convention."

Upon motion of Mrs. Woodbury, of Kentucky, Mrs. Hickman was made chairman of a committee to confer with the committee named in the resolution, as it called for immediate coöperation.

The Convention went on record as protesting against the use of the name and pictures of our great leader on whisky or any article of merchandise.

It was decided that books and publications of all kinds be referred to a committee appointed to report to the organization on the advisability of indorsing matters of this kind, and that nothing of this kind be allowed on the floor of the Convention without the approval of this committee.

The privilege was given to solicit \$2 from every Chapter for a scholarship in appreciation of the faithful service of Mrs. Edgar James, the designer of the Arlington seal. A resolution was adopted that each Chapter make a special effort to see that the Arlington seal is put on every letter that goes out of their respective towns on January 10.

Mrs. Walke offered a resolution that the Convention use its influence to have Cape Henry, when made a fort by the United States, named for Matthew Fontaine Maury. Carried.

Mrs. Schuyler, for the Committee on Prize Essay at Columbia University, reported that the \$100 prize was awarded Miss Frances Caldwell Higgins, of Alabama, the subject being "The South's Part in the War between the States." The committee recommended that the appropriation be continued. Report with recommendation adopted.

Mrs. Randolph presented the report of the Relief Committee. The report shows every Chapter engaged in some kind of relief work and the Divisions perfecting this work.

The report of the Trador fund was read and showed total receipts for the year of \$122.38. The Convention decided to retain the treasurer of this fund and further decided that this and all other relief work done by Divisions be reported to the Chairman of the General Relief Committee.

The report of the Committee on Mottoes and Emblems was given by Mrs. Cantrill, but has not been sent to the Secretary.

The reports of the Committees on Stationery and War between the States were adopted.

Mrs. Henderson presented the report of the Committee on Jurisprudence. The first six decisions were read and adopted. After the reading of the seventh decision, Mrs. Creacy, of North Carolina, moved that when a cross be sent to a veteran a receipt be taken therefor for file with the Chapter. Carried and amended decision adopted. Then followed decisions 8-24, which, upon motion, were adopted. Without hearing the report through, it was adopted with its amendments.

The report of the Finance Committee was read by Mrs. Clifford Williams. The committee recommended the following appropriations: \$650 for the Vassar and Washington and Lee scholarships, \$700 each for the Arlington and Shiloh monuments, \$100 for the prize essay at Columbia University, \$100 or as much of it as is needed for a typewriter for the use of the President General, \$100 for the expense of the President General's office, \$50 for the expense of the Treasurer General's office, and the \$600 formerly appropriated for the use of the Committee on Mottoes and Emblems. The report with its recommendation was adopted.

Mrs. W. D. Lamar, of Georgia, read the report of the Committee on Thanks.

Convention adjourned to meet in New Orleans, La., in 1913.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER.

Alabama: J. H. Finney Chapter, \$1; Mountain Creek Chapter, \$2; Emma Sansom Chapter, \$1; James Cantey Chapter, \$2; Lowndes Chapter, \$1; Clayton Chapter, \$1; Stonewall Chapter, \$2; Charles Gunter Chapter, \$2; Pettus-Roden Chapter, \$10; Tusculumbia Chapter, \$5; R. E. Rodes Chapter, \$3; Dixie Chapter, \$7.48; Union Springs Chapter, \$5; Alexander City Chapter (post cards), \$1; post cards sold by Mrs. Webster, 20 cents; W. H. Forney Chapter, \$2; Tuskegee Chapter, \$2; J. B. Gordon Chapter, \$2.50; A. B. Moore Chapter, \$1; Mildred Lee Chapter, \$5; Admiral Semmes Chapter, \$5; Sidney Lanier Chapter, \$10; Cradle of Confederacy Chapter, \$2.50; Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, \$15; Barbour Chapter, \$2; J. D. Webb Chapter, \$2; Alabama Charter Chapter, \$5; Sophia Bibb Chapter, \$1.41; Virginia T. Clay Chapter, \$5; Electria Semmes Colston Chapter, \$10; Florence Chapter, \$5; Sylcauga Chapter, \$1.60; Joe Wheeler Chapter, \$1; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, \$5; Athens Chapter, \$5; Bessemer Chapter, \$10; Selma Chapter, \$27; Yancey Chapter, \$5; E. A. Powers, \$5; Blocton Chapter, \$5; post cards sold at Convention, \$3.50; Maringo Rifles Chapter, \$1.50; Father Ryan Chapter, \$2.50. Total collection, \$191.19; less amount sent in error, \$7.48; total, \$183.71.

Arkansas: Joe Wheeler Chapter, Dardanelle, \$10; Margaret Rose Chapter, Little Rock, \$7; Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, \$5; Batesville Chapter, \$5; Memorial Chapter (post cards sold by Mrs. Hall), \$4; Hiram Grinstead Chapter, Cam-

den, \$9.10; J. R. H. Scott Chapter, Russellville, \$2; Mildred Lee Chapter, Fayetteville, \$5; post cards sold by Mrs. Hall, \$1; Fannie Scott Chapter, Harrison, \$2; C. E. Royson Chapter, Fulton, \$1; R. A. Dowdle Chapter, Morrillton, \$2.62; W. A. Cabell Chapter, Lockesburg, \$3; Nannie A. Duley Chapter, DeQueen, \$2.10; Mrs. L. C. Hall (personal), Dardanelle, \$10; W. C. Sloan Chapter, Imboden, \$5; Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, DeWitt, \$5; T. J. Churchill Chapter, Little Rock, \$10; J. M. Keller Chapter, Little Rock, \$10; W. C. Denson Chapter, Arkansas City, \$1; D. C. Govan Chapter, Marianna, \$15; Anne Spencer Semmes Chapter, Wilson, \$5; Hamburg Chapter, \$5; Arkansas Division, U. D. C., \$10; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Conway, \$5; R. G. Shaver Chapter, Black Rock, \$2; D. C. Govan Chapter, Marianna, \$15; Annie Sevier Churchill, Charleston, \$2; Hot Springs Chapter, \$5; J. F. Fagan Chapter, Benton, \$1.50; Cordelia Moore Chapter, Monticello, \$1; sale of post cards, \$1; collection at luncheon, \$3.75; J. B. Gordon Chapter, Paragould, \$1. Total, \$171.17.

California: California Division, \$10; Mrs. Clay, A. S. Johnston Chapter, No. 79, \$50; Wade Hampton Chapter, Los Angeles, \$10; J. B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose, \$2.50; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Long Beach, \$3.90; Los Angeles Chapter, \$10; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Riverside, \$5; Joseph LeConte Chapter, Berkeley, \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, San Francisco, \$25; individual contributions from members of Jefferson Davis Chapter collected by N. A. Queen, \$5.50; "Dixie Book of Days" sold by Miss Queen to Jefferson Davis Chapter, \$1.60; Gen. E. Kirby Smith Chapter, San Bernardino, \$15; A. S. Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, \$25; Sterling Price Chapter, Stockton, \$2; R. E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, \$10; Commission on Heroes in Gray, \$1.72; G. D. Brooks Chapter, No. 1187, \$2.50; Jefferson Davis Chapter (post cards sold by Miss Queen), 75 cents; Sterling Price Chapter (post cards sold by Mrs. D. F. Ray), 50 cents; J. H. Reagan Chapter (post cards sold by Mrs. G. Waite), 60 cents; Emma Sansom Chapter (post cards sold by Miss Montgomery), 40 cents; Gen. Joseph Wheeler Chapter (post cards sold by Mrs. R. P. Queen), \$1.10; Mrs. F. A. Chase, of R. E. Lee Chapter (post cards), 3 cents; Sterling Price Chapter, Stockton, \$20. Total, \$208.10.

Colorado: Margaret Howell Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, \$10; post office order from Mrs. Emerson, State Director, \$8.25. Total, \$18.25.

District of Columbia: Post cards sold by Mrs. Munroe, \$10; A. S. Johnston Chapter, Washington, \$10. Total, \$20.

Florida: Jessie Denton Palmer, C. of C., \$1; post cards, \$1.10; Annie Sebring Chapter, Jacksonville, \$10; Southern Cross Chapter, Miami, \$10; J. B. Gordon Chapter Muskogee, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Dade City, \$5; Apalachicola Chapter, \$3; Margaret Davis Chapter, Apalachicola, \$2; post cards \$1; Elizabeth Harris Chapter, Madison, \$5; Mildred Lee Chapter, C. of C., Gainesville, \$2; Kate D. Scott Chapter, Monticello, \$5; Stonewall Chapter, Lake City, \$5; Miss Holmes, Jacksonville, \$2; Stars and Bars Chapter, Greenwood, \$2; Paton Anderson Chapter, Palatka, \$5; Ruth Jernigan, Gainesville, \$1; Father Ryan Chapter, Bartow, \$3; Anna Jackson Chapter, Tallahassee, \$5; Southern Cross Chapter, Miami, \$2; Annie Carter Lee Chapter, Tampa, \$3; Dickison Chapter, Ocala, \$5; interest, thirty cents; Kirby Smith Chapter, Gainesville, \$39.53; Mrs. Powell, Jacksonville, \$5; Mrs. R. B. Carroll, Ocala, \$1; Mrs. M. E. Howard, Ocala, \$2.50; Martha Reid delegation, memorial to Mrs. J. W. Cook, \$10; Mrs. J. B. Cutler, Kirby Smith Chapter, Gainesville, \$10; Mrs. J. J. Williams, Kirby Smith Chapter, Gainesville, \$5; Mrs. H.

H. McCreary, Kirby Smith Chapter, Gainesville, \$5; Kirby Smith Chapter, Gainesville, \$20; Dickson Chapter, Ocala, \$5; Martha Reid Chapter, Jacksonville, \$25; Dixie Chapter, St. Petersburg, \$6; Anna Coleman Chapter, Orlando, \$5; Annie Carter Ryan Chapter, C. of C., Tampa, \$3; Mrs. Holland, Father Ryan Chapter, Bartow, \$5; Will Bryan Chapter, Kissimnee, \$5; R. E. Chapter, Dade City, \$10; Jacksonville Chapter, \$10; Mrs. Frank Wheyland, Jacksonville Chapter, \$1; Mrs. R. P. Nelms, Jacksonville Chapter, \$1; Mrs. F. Durant, Jacksonville, \$2; Tampa Chapter, \$10; Annie P. Sebring Chapter, Jacksonville, \$10; Mrs. Mary Baker, Jacksonville, \$2; W. H. Milton Chapter, Marianna, \$5; Southern Cross Chapter, Miami, \$12; Jessie D. Palmer Chapter, C. of C., Monticello, \$1; General Loring Chapter, C. of C., St. Augustine, \$3; Sister Esther Carlotta, St. Augustine, \$2; Mrs. P. W. Daniels, Bartow, \$1; Mrs. Dolly Truby Kirby Smith Chapter, Gainesville, \$5; post office order from State Director, \$10. Total, \$226.43.

Georgia: Marietta Chapter, \$1; Thomaston Chapter, \$5; Griffin Chapter (post cards), \$1; Lizzie Rutherford Chapter, Athens, \$10; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cuthbert, \$3; Dixie Chapter, Eatonton, \$2.50; Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur (post cards), \$2; L. P. Thomas Chapter, Norcross, \$3; Barnesville Chapter, \$2; Gen. J. B. Gordon Chapter, Louisville, \$1; Atlanta Chapter, \$50; post cards, \$2.30; Newman Chapter, \$2.50; Annie Wheeler Chapter, Carrollton, \$1; Chapter A, Augusta, \$25; Covington and Oxford Chapter, Covington, \$5; Ladies' Memorial Association, Atlanta, \$10; R. A. Crittenden Chapter, Shellman, \$3; J. B. Gordon Chapter, Thomasville, \$5; W. A. Clark Chapter, Hephzibah, \$1; Cochran Chapter, \$2.50; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Savannah, \$10; Alexander Stephens Chapter, Crawfordsville, \$1; Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, \$10; J. H. Gresham Chapter, Social Circle, \$1; Vienna Chapter, \$2.50; Oglethorpe Chapter, Lexington, \$10; Bartow Chapter, Cartersville, \$10; Morgan County Chapter, Madison, \$5; Fort Taylor Chapter, West Point, \$1; Charles T. Zachary Chapter, McDonough, \$1; Valdosta Chapter, \$1; Jefferson Chapter, \$1; O. C. Horne Chapter, Hawkinsville, \$2.50; Mary Brantley Chapter, Dawson, \$8; Pelham Chapter, \$2; Fannie Gordon Chapter, Eastman, \$1; Rome Chapter, \$3; Jessup Chapter, \$2; Cordele Chapter, \$3; J. S. Cleghorn Chapter, Summerville, \$2; Francis S. Bartow Chapter, Waycross, \$5; Savannah Chapter, \$5; J. D. Franklin Chapter, Tennille, \$2. Total, \$226.80.

Illinois: Mrs. May Walton Kent (personal), Chicago, \$1; Chicago Chapter, \$25; Stonewall Chapter, \$25. Total, \$51.

Indiana: Evansville Chapter, \$10.

Kentucky: Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton (post cards), \$2.50; Paducah Chapter (post cards), \$29.70; C. J. Van Meter, Bowling Green, \$5; Mrs. J. L. Woodbury (post cards), \$1; Lady Polk Chapter, Columbus (post cards), \$1; Kate M. Breckinridge Chapter, Danville (post cards), \$1.95; Lucian McDowell Chapter, Flemingsburg, 90 cents; Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville (post cards), \$2.50; Dr. Basil C. Duke Chapter, Maysville (post cards), 50 cents; Virginia Hansom Chapter, Winchester (post cards), \$2.50; Mrs. F. S. Allen, Sharpsburg (post cards), 25 cents; Mrs. J. M. Arnold, Covington, \$25; J. Q. Chenoweth Chapter, Harrodsburg (post cards), \$1; B. H. Helm Chapter, Elizabethtown (post cards), \$1.05; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton (post cards), \$5; Earlington Chapter (post cards), \$1.50; Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville (post cards), \$2.50; Reginald Thompson Chapter, Lagrange (post cards), 50 cents; Dr. Basil C. Duke Chapter, Maysville (post cards), 50 cents; Alex Poston Chapter, Cadiz (post cards), \$1; Mary Walker Price Chap-

ter, Lancaster (post cards), 50 cents; J. H. Morgan Chapter, Nicholasville, \$2.50; J. H. Morgan Chapter, Nicholasville (post cards), 85 cents; Crips Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown (post cards), \$1.25; Mayfield Chapter (post cards), \$5; Joshua Gore Chapter, Bloomfield (post cards), 65 cents; Lexington Chapter, Lexington (post cards), \$1; Edmonia Roberts Chapter, Lebanon (post cards), \$2; Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris (post cards), \$2; A. E. Rees Chapter, Madisonville (post cards), \$3; Mrs. J. A. Royston, Lancaster, 5 cents; Cripps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown (Shiloh Day collection), \$5.25; Miss May Belle Lyon, Eddyville (post cards), \$2.35; Kate M. Breckinridge Chapter, Danville, \$10; May Faris McKinney Chapter, Springfield (post cards), \$2; May Faris McKinney Chapter, Springfield, \$20; Tandy Pryor Chapter, Carrollton, \$1; Alex Poston Chapter, Cadiz, \$1; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Guthrie, \$5; J. H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, \$1; Mrs. Edmonia Roberts, Bardstown, \$5; Mrs. Vincent Davis, Louisville, \$5; Mrs. Virginia Marmaduke Sale, through Confederate Home Chapter, \$3; Earlington Chapter, \$15; Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, Lawrenceburg, \$5; A. S. Johnston Chapter, Louisville, \$10; City National Bank, Paducah, \$105; Marmaduke Parr Sale, Louisville, \$3; Mrs. Virginia Marmaduke Sale, Louisville (post cards), \$1; Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, \$20. Total, \$329.25.

Louisiana: Check from Mrs. Randolph, State Director, \$130.60.

Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, \$50; E. V. White Chapter, Pooleville (post cards), \$1.25; Miss Georgia Bright, Baltimore (post cards), \$1.13; Mrs. W. R. B. Hundy (donation and post cards), \$5; post cards, 25 cents; Ridgely Brown Chapter, Rockville (Shiloh Day collection), \$6; Fitzhugh Lee Chapter (Shiloh Day collection), \$1.75; Miss Anna Jackson, \$5. Total, \$70.38.

Mexico: Col. G. W. Baylor, Guadalajara, 50 cents.

Mississippi: Charles D. Clark Chapter, Beulah, \$5; J. M. Stone Chapter, Iuka, \$7.50; Beauvoir Chapter, Biloxi, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Aberdeen, \$10; Tupelo Chapter, \$10; Boliver Troop Chapter, Cleveland, \$15; Julia Jackson Chapter, Crystal Springs, \$5; S. D. Lee Chapter, Laurel, \$5; Mrs. S. D. Eggleston, Raymond, \$2.50; Vaiden Chapter, \$1; Durant Daughters Chapter, Durant, \$4.25; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Greenwood, \$40; Coffeeville Chapter, \$10; A. S. Johnston Chapter, Oxford, \$5; H. D. Money Chapter, Carrollton, 60 cents; Mississippi Division, U. D. C., \$25; J. Z. George Chapter, Greenwood, \$10; R. S. Thomas Chapter, Verona, \$10; Dr. Z. S. Goss Chapter, Columbia, \$10; Kosciusko Chapter, \$5; Jefferson County Chapter, Fayette, \$5; William Fitzgerald Chapter, Webb, \$5; B. F. Ward Chapter, Winona, \$3.30; Mississippi College Rifles Chapter, Clinton, \$5; Corinth Chapter, \$16.30; G. B. Shelby Chapter, Shelby, \$10; Mississippi Point Chapter, Moss Point, \$2; J. S. Stone Chapter, West Point, \$5.50; Mrs. J. D. Beck (for post cards sold), \$1; Mildred Humphrey Chapter, Itabena, \$3; Beauvoir Chapter, Biloxi, \$1; post cards sold, \$5; E. C. Walthall Chapter, Holly Springs, \$5; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, Greenville, \$5; post cards sold, 50 cents; Dr. Z. S. Goss Chapter, Columbia, \$5. Total, \$263.45.

Missouri: Louis and Mattie McCutchen, Campbell, \$5; William W. McCutchen, Campbell, \$1; Owen McCutchen, Campbell, \$1; Louis L. McCutchen, Jr., Campbell, \$1; H. V. Merritt, Campbell, \$1; C. L. Overall, Campbell, \$1; R. E. Lee Chapter, Kansas City, \$25; C. M. Goodlett Chapter, C. of C., Kansas City, \$10; Brown-Rives Chapter, Richmond, \$15.50;

K. K. Salmon Chapter, \$5; Emmet MacDonald Chapter, Sedalia, \$25; Dixie Chapter, Slater, \$2.50; G. E. Pickett Chapter, Kansas City, \$10; John Marmaduke Chapter, Columbia, \$10; post cards sold in Division, \$6; Missouri Division, \$15; Moberly Chapter, \$1; Bates Chapter, Smithville, \$5; Sterling Price Chapter, Nevada, \$6.15; post cards sold in Division, \$5. Total, \$151.15.

Minnesota: Robert E. Lee Chapter, Minneapolis, \$5; cook-books sold by Mrs. Redmon, \$12. Total, \$17.

New Mexico: Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, Portales, \$1.05.

New York: New York Chapter, \$25; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New York, \$5; collections from Director, \$7.30; Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, New York, \$25. Total, \$62.30.

North Carolina: Gastonia Chapter, \$2.30; Graham Chapter, \$5; F. M. Parker Chapter, Enfield, \$5; Battle of Bentonville Chapter, Mooresville, \$5; interest, 8 cents; Mrs. William Paisley, C. of C., Murfreesboro, \$1; King's Mountain Chapter, \$2; Mount Airy Chapter, \$2; Norfleet Harrell Chapter, Murfreesboro, \$5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Charlotte, \$10; R. E. Lee Chapter, Lexington, \$5; A. A. Shuford Chapter, Hickory, \$3.50; Holt Sanders Chapter, Smithfield, \$3.50; A. M. Waddell Chapter, Kingston, \$6.88; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Charlotte (post cards), \$1.68; Hertford Chapter, Winton, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Fayetteville, \$5; Cape Fear Chapter, Wilmington, \$10; H. L. Wyatt Camp, U. C. V., Henderson, \$7; interest, 15 cents; Pamlico Chapter, Washington, \$1.50; F. M. Parker Chapter, Enfield, \$2.50; Ransom Sherrill Chapter, Newton (post cards), \$12.50; Julia Jackson Chapter, C. of C., Charlotte, \$6; Scotland Neck Chapter, \$2.35; G. B. Anderson Chapter, Hillsboro, \$1; Frank Bennett Chapter, C. of C., Wadesboro, \$2; Albemarle Chapter, \$1; J. B. Gordon Chapter, Winston, \$10; Halifax Chapter, \$1.45; North Carolina Division, \$10; Stars and Bars Chapter, C. of C., Newton, \$5; D. H. Hill Chapter, Elizabeth City, \$2.30; J. J. Davis Chapter, Louisburg (post cards), 70 cents; sale Shiloh edition of Newton Enterprise, \$6.50; Transylvania Chapter, Brevard, \$1; Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, C. of C., Lenoir, \$2; Winnie Davis Chapter, Kingston, \$2.25; in memory of a Confederate veteran, \$1; Anson Chapter, Wadesboro, \$5. Total, \$161.14.

Ohio: Post cards sold in Ohio, \$3.

Oklahoma: Thomas Walls Chapter, Sapulpa, \$5; General Forrest Chapter, Muskogee, \$8.75; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Wagoner, \$10; Stanley-Posey Chapter, Atoka, \$2.50; Tecumseh Chapter, \$5.08; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Wagoner, \$5; Jefferson Davis, Jr., Chapter, Shawnee, \$5.10. Total, \$41.43.

South Carolina: H. H. Newton, Bennettsville, \$1; R. E. Lee Chapter, Anderson, \$2; Cheraw Chapter, \$2; W. B. Ball Chapter, Cross Hill, \$5; Marion Chapter, \$2; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Ridge Spring Chapter, \$2; W. J. Gooding Chapter, Brunson, \$2; Draton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, \$3; J. C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, \$5; Arthur Manegault Chapter, Georgetown, \$5; Mrs. C. T. Martin, Gaffney, \$1; Charleston Chapter (five Lee pictures), \$12.50; Draton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry (one Lee picture), \$2.50; Greenville Chapter (post cards), 30 cents; post cards sold at Greenwood Convention, \$2.75; Draton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry (post cards), \$1.10; sale of Confederate banners at Greenwood Convention, \$1.75; St. Matthew's Chapter, \$2; Batesburg Chapter, \$8; Butler Guards Chapter, C. of C., Greenville, \$3.25; Michael Brice Chapter, Blackstock, \$2; S. D. Lee Chapter, Starr, \$1; Maxey Gregg

Chapter, Florence, \$5; Charleston Chapter, \$15; Cheraw Chapter, \$2; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, \$5.50; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, \$2; Ann White Chapter, Rock Hill, \$5; Francis Marion Chapter, Bamberg, \$7; Edgefield Chapter, \$10; Secessionville Chapter, James Island, \$5; J. K. McIver Chapter, Darlington, \$2.50; Moses Wood Chapter, Gaffney, \$1; Lottie Green Chapter, Bishopville, \$5; Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, \$5; S. D. Barrow Chapter, Rock Hill, \$2.50; M. C. Butler Chapter, Columbia, \$2; St. George Chapter, \$3; Moffett Greer Chapter, Due West, \$5; Greenville Chapter, \$5.15; R. E. Lee Chapter, Anderson, \$3; Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, \$10; S. D. Barrow Chapter (one Lee picture), \$2.50; Confederate banners sold by J. K. McIver Chapter, \$2; D. A. Dickert Chapter, C. of C., Newberry, \$1; Chester Chapter, \$5; Abbeville Chapter, \$5; R. A. Waller Chapter, Greenwood, \$2.50; J. D. Kennedy Chapter, Camden, \$8.25; Mary Ann Bine Chapter, Johnston, \$2; Hart's Battery Chapter, Williston, \$1; Palmetto Chapter, Anderson, \$3; Wade Hampton Chapter, Varnville, \$10; Hampton-Lee Chapter, Greers, \$2.50; Lancaster Chapter, \$5; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, \$11.55; William Easley Chapter, Easley, \$10; J. W. Moore Chapter, Hampton, \$12; Hampton-Lee Chapter, Greers, \$1.40; John Hames Chapter, Jonesville, \$10; J. K. McIver Chapter, Darlington (post cards), 50 cents; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis (post cards), \$1.50; Francis Marion Chapter, Bamberg (post cards), 24 cents; Mrs. J. L. McWorter sold personally thirty-six dozen post cards, \$10.85; J. K. McIver Chapter, Darlington ("Heroes in Gray"), 10 cents. Total, \$282.60.

Tennessee: Maury County Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Puryear, \$25; Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin, \$1; Frank Cheatham Chapter, Memphis, \$5; Mrs. Walter Brown, Jackson, \$10; John Sutherland Chapter, Ripley, \$5; Mrs. J. L. de Vinney, Ripley, \$1; Mrs. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, in memory of her husband, \$25; Col. W. C. Gorgas, Canal Zone, \$2; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, \$5; Giles County Chapter, Pulaski, \$15; Chattanooga, for post cards, \$10; H. P. Hilliard (through Mrs. Newell), Chattanooga, \$—; J. M. Neal Chapter, Springfield, \$5; Lee picture sold by A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$2.50; "Dixie Book of Days" sold by Mrs. White, 40 cents; "Heroes in Gray" sold by Mrs. White, 60 cents; J. W. Morton Chapter, Camden, \$10; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, \$5; Johnson City Chapter, \$2.50; Lynnville Chapter, \$1; Neely Chapter, Bolivar, \$2.50; Lee picture for Knoxville Chapter, \$2.50; Maury County Chapter, Columbia, \$25; Lewisburg Chapter, \$5; John Landerdale Chapter, Dyersburg, \$30; M. C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, \$40; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis (post cards), \$2.50; J. H. Mathes Chapter, Memphis, \$15; Miss Jean Dobbins, Columbia, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, \$6.10; Mrs. D. J. Hughes, Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, 50 cents; Mrs. J. M. Paisley, Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, 50 cents; Mrs. William Stull, Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, 25 cents; F. M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, \$10; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, \$5; Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, \$25; Sarah Law Chapter (post cards), \$5; N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, \$10; Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, McKenzie, \$1; Sam Davis Chapter, Morristown, \$5; Mrs. John D. Senter, Humboldt, 47 cents; William Bate Chapter, Nashville, \$5; Kirby Smith Chapter, Sewanee, \$1.50; J. W. Morton Chapter, Camden, \$25; Louisa Bedford Chapter, Collierville, \$6; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$25; C. M. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, \$5; Mrs. Harriet Holland, Jackson, \$5; Mrs. A. R. Watson, Memphis,

\$5; Gen. J. C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, \$2.50; commission on books sold by Mrs. Kavanaugh, of A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$1.75; Mrs. J. D. Beasley, Paris, \$1; Capt. A. J. Harris Chapter, Nashville, \$5; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$15; F. M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, \$5; M. C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, \$5; Tennessee Division, U. D. C., \$50; Knoxville Chapter, \$40; J. D. C. Atkins Chapter, Paris, \$5; South Pittsburg Chapter, \$5. Total, \$555.07.

Texas: L. S. Ross Chapter, Vernon, \$5; Lamar Chapter, Paris, \$20; Pelham Chapter, Orange, \$5; A. S. Johnston Chapter, Austin (through V. C. Giles), \$50; T. N. Waul Chapter, Hearne (through V. C. Giles), \$10; Julia Jackson Chapter, Fort Worth (through V. C. Giles), \$2; Dr. J. D. Fields and wife (through V. C. Giles), \$1.50; Miss Annie Payne (through V. C. Giles), \$1; Mrs. W. P. Baugh, \$1; Mrs. Stephens, Houston, \$1; Mrs. H. D. Delvin, Jr., \$1; Mrs. H. W. Lublen, 25 cents; Yoakum Chapter, \$5; Mrs. J. B. Angilo, \$1; Misses Heiskell, \$1.50; Mrs. Guess, 10 cents; Mrs. Reichetzer, \$1; Camp Bushnell and Fredericksburg Chapter (through Mrs. Giles), \$5; Bosque Chapter, Meridian, \$2.25; Dick Dowling Chapter, Beaumont, \$2; Pelham Chapter, Orange, \$5; Carry Hannon Chapter, Oakwood, \$2.85; Floresville Chapter, Oakwood, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Wharton, \$2.50; Mary West Chapter, Waco, \$7; Mrs. A. W. Houston, San Antonio, \$1; interest, \$3.22. Total, \$142.17.

United Daughters of Confederacy: Little Rock Convention pledge, \$250; Richmond Convention pledge, \$400. Total, \$650.

Virginia: Mrs. Kemp, \$5; post cards, 55 cents; O. S. Morton, Richmond, \$1; Culpeper Chapter, \$1; cash, 25 cents; Craig Chapter, New Castle, \$5; Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, Norfolk, \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Accomac, \$5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Berryville, \$5; Ann Eliza Johns Chapter, Danville, \$5; Lee Chapter, Richmond, \$2.50; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Lexington, \$2.50; Bristol Chapter, \$3; Halifax Chapter, South Boston, \$10; Chesterfield Chapter, Richmond, \$7; Essex Chapter, Tappahannock, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Stanton, \$10; Winnie Davis Chapter, Buena Vista, \$5; Hampton Chapter, \$20; Fincastle Chapter, \$5; Bethel Chapter, Newport News, \$10; Warwick-Beauregard Chapter, Denhigh \$1; Turner Ashby Chapter, Harrisonburg, \$10; Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Abingdon, \$5; Isle of Wight Chapter, Smithfield, \$10; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Alexandria, \$1; William Watts Chapter, Roanoke, \$15; Dabney Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, Pa., \$10; Manassas Chapter, \$5; Rawley-Martin Chapter, Chatham, \$5; Portsmouth Chapter, \$5; Shenandoah Chapter, Woodstock, \$2; Southern Cross Chapter, Salem, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Falls Church, \$5; Alleghany Chapter, Covington, \$1; receipts from song "Virginia," \$8.75; Holston Chapter, Marion, \$10; New River Grays Chapter, Radford, \$2; Tazewell Chapter, \$3; Hope-Maury Chapter, Norfolk, \$5; Chesterfield Juniors, S. Richmond, \$6; Greenville Chapter, Emporia, \$5; Hamilton-Wade Chapter, Christiansburg, \$5; Danville Chapter, \$5; Virginia Division, U. D. C., \$50; Sally Tompkins Chapter, Gloucester C. H., \$1; Fluvanna Chapter, Palmyra, \$5; Middlesex Chapter, Saluda, \$2; H. A. Carrington, Charlotte C. H., \$2.50; Radford Chapter, \$20; Surry Chapter, \$10; William R. Terry Chapter, Bedford City, \$2; Petersburg Chapter, \$10; Wythe Gray Chapter, Wytheville, \$1; Suffolk Chapter, \$10; Stonewall Chapter, Portsmouth, \$5; Mildred Lee Chapter, Martinsville, \$5; Richmond Chapter, \$33.85; Old Dominion Chapter, Lynchburg, \$1; Fredericksburg Chapter, \$1; Bland Chapter, \$1; Madison Chapter, \$5; Sally Tompkins Chapter, Matthews C. H., \$5; Southern Cross Chapter, Salem, \$5; Richmond

Chapter, \$24.75; 13th Virginia Regiment Chapter, Orange C. H., \$1; cash, a friend, \$2.50; Bowling Green Chapter, \$5; Dixie Chapter, Jenkins Bridge, \$3; Dr. Harvey Black Chapter, Christiansburg, \$3; Floyd Chapter, \$1; Magruder Chapter, Big Bethel, \$1; Turner Ashby Chapter, Winchester, \$2; Mount Jackson Chapter, \$1; Diana Mills Chapter, \$2; Farmville Chapter, \$3; Waynesboro Chapter, \$2; 17th Virginia Regiment Chapter, Alexandria, \$5; Amelia Chapter, \$5; one hundred and sixty-eight Shiloh post cards, \$4.20; commission on thirty-six copies of "Heroes in Gray," \$3.60; Ewell Camp, U. C. V., Manassas, \$10. Total, \$506.55.

Washington: Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, \$2; post cards sold on Shiloh Day by Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, \$1.50; check from Mrs. Maclin, State Director, \$7. Total, \$10.50.

West Virginia: Check from Miss Frances Campbell, State Director, \$132.60.

Interest, \$429.67.

Collections for year ending November 1, 1912, \$5,156.06.

Less expense, \$161.80.

In treasury for year ending November 1, 1912, \$4,095.10.

Amount reported November 1, 1911, \$12,361.07.

Grand total, \$17,356.23.

[The list of subscriptions to the Arlington monument at the Washington U. D. C. Convention, published on pages 581 and 582 of the December VETERAN, together with the foregoing, indicates the rapidly growing zeal and power of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.]

TRUTH ABOUT "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin of December 4, 1912.]

In the course of an address delivered last night at the Camden High School F. Hopkinson Smith, writer, painter, and engineer, said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had done more harm in the world than any other book ever written. Mr. Smith continued with the assertion that the general condition of the negro had not improved since the Civil War, and that the colored population of the South were happier, better cared for, and more content in the days of slavery.

Mr. Smith's criticism of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was based on his belief that the book gave to the world an entirely erroneous conception of the negro's life and condition before the war. He said that the chief incidents in Mrs. Stowe's work were such as never could have happened in the South that he knew. He attributed much of the bitter resentment that prevailed in the South many years after the war to a general ill feeling between the two parts of the nation which had its basis largely in the misinformation conveyed broadcast by Mrs. Stowe's work.

Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Smith said, was to be blamed only for making such a use of incidents that came to her knowledge at second hand. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a whole was a highly colored caricature that did not at all reflect life in the South at that day.

[It is understood, and is doubtless true, that Mrs. Stowe later in life deplored the errors in her book. Her son, a minister, made an address in Nashville on the hundredth anniversary of her birth in which he declared that the men of the South were for the Constitution of the government and that the Northerners ignored it. His extraordinary address to the students of Fisk University (negro) created a sensation and was most gratifying to the white people of the South.—Ed.]

WORK AND SPIRIT OF THE UNITED DAUGHTERS.

ADDRESS BY MRS. W. E. PRICHARD TO CALIFORNIA DIV., U. D. C.

It is well that we pause for a moment on this our sixteenth anniversary and consider the objects set forth in our constitution. This is such a hurrying, rushing age that many good things are crowded out of our lives. Some things, however, we must do if we would retain our self-respect.

Away off here on the rim of the United States, where the Southerner has no aid in emergencies other than the U. D. C., the charitable part of the work naturally attracts most attention and keeps our hearts and hands so full that we are apt to think it the only work of our important organization. Let us consider the subjects which form the purpose of our order as stated in the constitution.

Memorial: "To honor those who fell in the service of the Confederacy." Surely every true daughter of the South honors and loves the memory of these men, as the beautiful monuments erected in their honor testify. And though much has been done, we may not rest, for there is more to do.

Shiloh and Arlington monuments, as well as others marking the great battle fields, are yet to be built. Some charity requires active work for the living, but these monuments on our great battle fields and in the national cemeteries are different. They must be built lest visitors in the future, seeing the magnificent monuments erected by the North, think we have forgotten and wonder that any people having such heroes could forget them.

We should record the work of our women and what they endured during the war and through Reconstruction times. How few have any idea of what these women endured! Our generation knows, but the younger can hardly imagine it.

Think of these gentle, refined ladies, sheltered and cared for more tenderly than any other women have ever been—this is not fancy, ladies, but history—suddenly called upon to face the most terrible conditions, sorrow, anxiety, danger of all kinds to themselves and to those dearer than themselves. In many instances on remote plantations, surrounded by hundreds of slaves whom they must control by sheer force of character, how wonderfully they met the calls made upon them! The faithfulness of these slaves during the war aroused the wonder of the world, but few thought of how much of this was due to the ability of the women left in charge of them. What a splendid proof it was of the kindness of their masters! For four years these heroic women endured these conditions, and then the surrender and those terrible years that followed it. * * *

Again we turn to our constitution and find that the next object is historical: "To collect and preserve the materials for a true history of the South; to protect and preserve historical places in the South." This work appeals to all. Because there is no Southern historical material for the U. D. C. to collect in California, we are apt to think that there is nothing in this line that we can do; but can we not uphold the hands of the workers? That the work is urgently necessary is made very evident by many recent incidents, notably that of the Elson history.

We may not be on the firing line in this part of the world, but how about the ammunition? Mr. Cunningham with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has for twenty years been doing magnificent work for history and for us. I don't know what the U. D. C. would do without his help in those things where publicity is necessary. How about sending him subscriptions and a word of cheer now and then to show our appreciation?

Don't you think we could all do that? The Page Publishing Company of Baltimore was organized "to preserve and publish the best in Southern history and literature." * * *

The benevolent part of our work, as I have said, assumes large proportions here, and each year we are able to look back on a creditable record. Sometimes we have found it very hard to answer the calls, they come so fast; but we have never failed yet, and, please God, we never will. Many of our members, for one reason or another, cannot engage actively in this work; but they all can, and most of them do, hold up the hands of the workers. Their dues, their help when we entertain for charity, their names on the rolls, assuring us of their good will and indorsement of the work, assist and cheer the workers.

The educational part of the work is also very necessary, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy are making a fine record in this line. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter certainly can congratulate itself on its memorial scholarship.

The social feature has brought all of us much pleasure, and the real friendships formed add greatly to our happiness.

In looking back over the eighteen years of the organization's life so many things that it has achieved crowd my memory. One or two things I should like to call to your mind. You have all heard the charge, no doubt, that the U. D. C. nurses its wrath and encourages hard feelings. Of course this is nonsense; they are too busy doing good to their own to do evil to any one else. Where the heart and mind are full of good, evil finds no room; and under God the U. D. C. has done more to encourage good feeling than any other agency.

Ten years ago the Dabney Maury Chapter of Philadelphia raised the money to erect a monument, but were refused permission to mark the resting place of their dead; and under the advice of the then President of the U. D. C., Mrs. Edwin Weed, they put the monument in Richmond, Va., stating why they had to do so.

This November the National Convention, U. D. C., will meet in Washington, D. C., welcomed by all, and will lay the corner stone of a Confederate monument to be erected in Arlington Cemetery by the cordial approval of the United States government. Time works many changes, of course, but ten years could never have accomplished this unaided.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have gone forward bravely and steadily, absolutely without malice, doing their good work for the living, patiently insisting on justice to the dead, asking only truth in history, and they have won widespread respect and admiration.

A touching little incident occurred in New York some years ago that illustrates the spirit of the U. D. C. in many ways. Some of you may remember that the tablets to General Lee and General Grant in the Hall of Fame were to be unveiled the same day. The President of the U. D. C. was invited to be present, and in telling of it she said: "I sent a hurry call to the Chapters for flowers for the unveiling. The time was short; but when I reached the Hall, there was literally a wagonload of flowers. By some mistake there were no flowers for General Grant, and I took an armful of wreaths, some in our own red, white, and red, and laid them on the Grant tablet. The papers in commenting on it the next day said: 'How these people love!' Therein, dear sisters, lies the power of the U. D. C. to work miracles."

So let us begin our seventeenth year with hearts full of faith in our ability to achieve and go hopefully forward, remembering our motto: "Charity in all things."

EVENTS OF 1861-65 RECALLED.

BY J. W. LILLARD, ESQ., DECATUR, TENN.

Over fifty-one years ago I, with my teacher and school-mates, left the old Decatur Academy, bidding farewell to father, mother, and other loved ones, to join the Confederate army in defense of Southern rights and Southern homes. Yes, we, the Decatur Guards, left on May 2, 1861, going to Knoxville. On arriving at Knoxville May 3, and seeing so many Confederate boys, we felt doubtful as to whether we would be in time to do anything. We thought that with those who had already gone on to Virginia and those that were there drilling, all in readiness to fight anything put in front of them, the battles would be over without our help.

We were mustered into the 3d Tennessee Regiment (Col. John C. Vaughn) as Company I. We were one hundred and ten strong. We thought we could whip the Yankee army. Our officers drilled and drilled in the old hot field until some of us were sorry that we had volunteered.

In a few weeks we were sent to Lynchburg, Va. We arrived there in the night. Next morning the sun seemed to rise in the west. From Lynchburg we were sent to Winchester, in the Valley of Virginia, and there we drilled and drilled. At that place our company had an epidemic of measles, and about one-half were sick. Some of the boys died from its effects, and to-day there may be men living who still carry in their systems the effects of measles from Winchester in 1861.

On June 12, 1861, Captain Lillard took sixty-six men, all he had able for duty, and marched with another company to a little mountain town called Romney, forty-three miles away. This march we made in four days. It was in the direction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. After resting a few days, Colonel Vaughn took a squad of his men to a station on this railroad. We marched all night, arriving there early the next morning. We captured two pieces of artillery, one a small brass piece. The company all wanted this to send home. The Yankees made their escape. W. A. Smith, of Company I, received a slight wound from the enemy while the bridge was being burned. This was the first blood shed in the regiment by the enemy. He ought to have had the small piece of artillery, but he did not get it.

While at Winchester those of us who were able were ordered to get ready at once to march in the direction of Harper's Ferry, as the enemy was coming with a heavy force. We marched out a few miles and formed a line of battle in a wheat field to await their coming. Those who had entertained fears that they would be too late for the fun were there in line. After our patience was about exhausted, we were marched back to Winchester and into camp. On July 18 all our forces were ordered to march from Winchester. When out about two miles, Colonel Vaughn halted us and said that General Beauregard had been attacked by an overwhelming force near Manassas Junction. He asked all who were willing to go to his assistance to give three cheers. And how they cheered! We thought we could get there in time. So by marching day and night we reached Piedmont Station about two o'clock. We left at daylight on the train for the Junction, arriving there about one o'clock in the morning. We had then to march double-quick five miles. The day was very hot and dry. We went yelling and kicked up more dust than a thousand steers. I ran until I thought I could go no farther; but then I looked ahead and saw some comrades still in the ranks, and I thought it would never

do to stop. Soon we began to meet our ambulances carrying the wounded. The guards with them would say to us: "Don't go there; you will all be killed." Still on we went. We arrived there just at the right time to turn the tide of battle, and soon afterwards the boys in blue who had come out for a little fun saw that we had turned the joke on them, and they would not go to Richmond, but would go back the nearest, best, and quickest way to Washington. Those who had come to see the work well done hurried back.

As the boys who had painted on their caps "Richmond or Hell" had gotten a glimpse of and heard the 3d Tennessee Regiment coming, they suddenly changed their minds and did not want to go to "Richmond or hell," but wanted a right-of-way special on this route to Washington. This being so, the road was not wide enough, and such another stampede never has been heard of before or since.

THREE COMRADES OF THE SIXTIES.

These comrades, who met in Gallatin, Tenn., a few months ago after long years of separation, were members of Company B, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, known then as "Ward's Ducks."



REUBEN DOUGLASS, COL. C. L. DAUGHTRY, LIEUT. W. A. GRAY.

Sitting on the left is Reuben Douglass, on the right is Lieut. W. A. Gray, while standing in the rear is C. L. Daughtry. The latter writes: "Comrade Douglass was a model soldier, as brave as any man, yet as gentle as a woman. He was the only man in our company who never did an act or uttered a word that might not have been in the presence of ladies. He went into the army a true Christian gentleman and continued so to the end. He served from 1862 in all the battles of Morgan's command. He was captured on the Ohio raid, and was a prisoner at Camp Douglas and Point Lookout until the close of the war. During his entire service I never knew the time when he was not present and ready for duty. He was a special friend of the younger boys of the company, and many times gave me good advice for which I am grateful to this day. He is now about eighty-two years of age."

Lieut. W. A. Gray enlisted in Sumner County, Tenn., in July, 1862, and was elected second lieutenant at the organiza-

tion of the regiment, and was later promoted to first lieutenant. He lives in Gallatin, Tenn.

Charles Daughtry enlisted at Hartsville, Tenn., in September, 1862, as a private in Company B, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, at the age of fourteen years and five months. He was the youngest member of the company. He made his escape on the Ohio raid, but was afterwards captured and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was confined until March, 1865, when he was sent on exchange to Harrison's Landing and then to Richmond, Va. He joined the remnant of his command near Wytheville, Va., and was at Charlotte, N. C., the night Lincoln was assassinated. He was with the troops that guarded the Confederate treasury to Washington, Ga., and on the distribution of the money received thirty dollars in gold and one Mexican silver dollar. The latter he still has as a souvenir. After the war Comrade Daughtry moved to Bowling Green, Ky., where he lives on a farm. He has been honored in the State of his adoption by the Confederate V. A., having been on the staffs of General Poyntz and General Young, U. C. V., and is now on the staff of General Haldeman, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V. He has also been one of the trustees of the Kentucky Soldiers' Home since it was established.

THE SHELLING OF LEESBURG, V. A.

BY C. F. KOHLHEIM, CAPTAIN CO. G, 11TH MISSISSIPPI CAVALRY.

When Lee's army marched to Maryland, I, first lieutenant in a Mississippi brigade of infantry, being debilitated by measles, was left behind with two members of my company who were also unable to keep up. We finally, after hard marching, reached Leesburg and found many there sick like ourselves and others wounded. There we fared well and improved rapidly. Captain Young, of North Carolina, was in command of the town. Lieutenant Hunt, also of North Carolina, and Lieutenant Sharpe, of Georgia, were there.

Everything was moving on delightfully when one morning we were notified by Capt. Elijah White, who had about thirty cavalymen with him, that a thousand Federal cavalymen were very near. Captain Young mustered over eighty—all from various States—who had guns and full cartridge boxes. He divided them into two companies and placed us in the court square which was inclosed by a tall iron fence. I was in command of one of the companies and placed behind a bank building. Under his direction the front rank knelt down and the rear rank stood so as to have first fire. Some shots were fired from down the street to our front, and I saw a very young soldier in our ranks kneel in prayer. I then heard the enemy coming, making much noise on the paved street. When they emerged from behind a building, they were only about thirty paces from us. At their head was an orderly sergeant, and behind him they formed in a column of fours. The sergeant pointed his gun at me, but the bullet passed quite over my head. I gave the command to fire. The sergeant was shot, and a stampede followed. Our men rushed forward, firing. The enemy took to side streets and left many crippled horses. Our soldiers then got back in line, where they remained several hours. The ladies of the town sent us a nice dinner at noon. Two negro women told us that the Federals said they had some artillery coming and were going to run us out of the town, in which there were many women and children and flags were floating over the hospital.

About two o'clock in the afternoon they began to shell the town. I heard Captain Young and Lieutenant Hunt talking

about leaving the town. Captain Young called me to bring my company, which I did, joining it to the rear of his. He told the ladies who were standing in their doorways that if he had sufficient men he would go and meet the enemy. We took the street toward Winchester. On the sidewalk a shell passed over my head and exploded through a brick wall, wounding a lady. I heard many screaming. I was stunned, yet felt it but little until that night. Upon reaching the pike leading to Winchester we came to a tall house and heard shots in our rear. We hurried over a plank fence and saw behind the house about twenty-five men coming at full speed, with smoke rolling from their pistols as they fired at their pursuers, who seemed many hundred strong. Captain White was shot from his horse and his men passed on. We opened fire and did much damage. As soon as the enemy could check up they retreated speedily, with Captain White's men in full pursuit. We captured some prisoners and horses, among which was a beautiful dark gray. Two young ladies accompanied us up the pike a mile or so to their homes.

Captain White recovered. I saw in the VETERAN that he afterwards became a prominent colonel of a Virginia regiment, much loved by his people who mourned at his death.

The morning the enemy came on us I was so certain we would be captured that I gave my nice watch and chain, a gift from my father, to a Miss Bettie Widman. We went on to Winchester, stayed there two days, and returned to Leesburg for a day or so, then joined the army near Winchester. The prisoners we captured said the troops we met were the 6th New York Cavalry Regiment under Colonel Kilpatrick. A wounded Virginia lieutenant said he heard the officers abusing their men severely for letting our men drive them off.

I would be rejoiced to hear from any one I have mentioned. The Delany brothers who were there are living at Fulton, Miss. William the elder became a lieutenant in Forrest's Cavalry later in the war. George Cowan, of Georgia, was also with us, and a tall young Louisianian called Beauregard. He had many songs and jests. Lieutenant Sharpe, who was very religious, said to me seriously after the fight that it seemed to have taken all the starch out of Beauregard. He was a good soldier. I wonder where he is. Most of those with us had passed through battles in front of Richmond.

SCOUTS WHO TRIED TO GO TO GEN. KIRBY SMITH.

Peter Pelham, of Poulan, Ga. (Company C, 51st Alabama Regiment), desires to communicate with any comrades who participated in a scout near Greensboro, N. C., on a dark night just before the surrender. The party consisted of twelve or fifteen men from Wheeler's Cavalry, Martin's Division. Our object was to cross the Mississippi River and join Gen. Kirby Smith. General Lee had surrendered, and we saw that General Johnston too would have to surrender. We had just returned from a scout around General Sherman's army. After leaving Greensboro, N. C., we came upon Stoneman's Federal cavalry, so we waited till after midnight and took some pickets off duty, and then we selected good, strong, muscular horses. Although unable to see the horses, we judged by feeling them. Our horses were poor and badly jaded from our long, hard rides. The two or three pickets and one fellow who waked up at the wrong time we took prisoners and carried them on our way about fifteen miles and then paroled them. We hurried on across the Mississippi, but in North Alabama we heard that Gen. Kirby Smith had surrendered; so we turned our course sadly toward our homes.

CAPTURE OF WAGON TRAIN BY McNEILL'S MEN.

BY CHARLES F. MILLER, CEDARTOWN, GA.

I was a member of McNeill's Rangers and was in the dismounted squad November 16, 1863. Joining the company at Dayton, Rockingham County, in July previous, we started from the White Oak flats, below Moorfield, in Hardy County, Va., and after an all-night march halted about one mile from Burlington, on the New Creek and Petersburg Pike, where a train of eighty-five wagons was camped, guarded by Mulligan's Irishmen. The weather was very cold, and at daylight snow was falling. It was decided best to wait until the train was well under way before making the attack.

Our force, as I remember, was one hundred and five present—forty-five dismounted and sixty mounted. The dismounted were under Lieut. Jesse McNeill and the mounted men were to go with the captain, his father, to attack the rear.

There were of the dismounted men several of other commands, among whom was Lieutenant Cunningham, of the 7th Cavalry, who had lost an arm and who, when the position was taken in about twenty feet of the pike on which the train was approaching, took charge of the right of our line. When the Yankees came marching along directly in front of our line (they were marching in close order), we were all standing in full view on open ground; but being on the side of the hill above the road, we were not seen by the Yankees until the order to halt was given by Lieutenant Cunningham. He had directed that no man fire until he gave the order, his idea being that when they looked up at our line they would surrender at once. When he gave the order, "Halt there, boys! Where are you going?" they at once passed to the front and fired. Our men fired point-blank and charged. We caught several prisoners before they could get away from the pike. On the west side there was heavy timber. The enemy took shelter behind large trees, and for a moment it looked as if we had more than we had bargained for. However, they soon broke and ran for the top of the mountain and gave us trouble in unhitching the teams.

Just as we had driven off the advance the firing began on the rear. Jesse McNeill at once ordered every man forward to the rear to help out the captain and his sixty mounted men except three (the writer among the number) to unhitch the teams, which was done as rapidly as possible under the fire of men on the hilltop, who were using long-range rifles. We came out with two hundred and forty-five horses, all with new harness. The writer mounted a saddle horse and came up with Lieutenant McNeill, who had halted where he could see that the captain's force had driven off the rear guard and were holding that part of the train. He ordered me to cross an open ground and ask Captain McNeill what move to make. The Captain said, "Get out of here at once," which we did.

When Captain McNeill sent his men to the rear guard, he rode ahead to size up the enemy, and soon he waved his hand and called: "Come on, boys!"

With the Captain in front was Dave Parsons and Joe Vandiver. Both reached a gate on the side of the pike which opened inside the field. Vandiver was wounded through the thigh and his horse killed, which when falling propped open the gate. The infantry was on the pike and behind the fence and had an open field in front over which they charged into the ranks of the enemy, who stood their ground well for a time, then ran. They were soon made prisoners, mounted on the horses, and brought out.

Captain McNeill rode up to the fence near this gate on his

old roan and fired both barrels of his shotgun. Neither he nor his horse was hit. Captain McNeill enjoyed a scrap like this as much as he did a fox chase. I do not think that he thought for a moment of being killed. He relied much on that old shotgun, which he never used until in close range.

We were piloted on this trip by Mr. Price, whose home was on the farm where the train was captured and all wagons were set on fire. We did not stop long for fear of being cut off by Averell's Cavalry, who were part of the garrison. After hard riding all day and into the night, we camped for a rest in the hills. Mr. Price was not a member of our company, but was a refugee from his home. He advanced to charge at the gate, not knowing at the time that the fence was thrown down above that point. He carried a shotgun and engaged in the fight.

THE ARMY UNDER LINCOLN IN WEST VIRGINIA.

BY S. T. SHANK, NORTH RIVER, VA.

It became apparent to the authorities at Richmond by the end of the first year of the war that it was impracticable to keep an army in Western Virginia; but as there were many men in that portion of the State who were Southern sympathizers, and as something had to be done to prevent marauding parties from passing through into the great Valley of Virginia, it was arranged to organize a regiment of partisans to operate in those mountains and thus prevent these raids. It was also known that many of those people would be willing to enlist in a service of this kind who would never serve in the regular army. So Capt. John D. Imboden, who commanded the Stanton Artillery, and who had distinguished himself in the first battle of Manassas, was appointed colonel and authorized to raise such a command, having power to enlist any men not already in regular service. Mountain howitzers to be carried on mules were furnished. In a short time the regiment was raised; and yet the men came from the mountains until a brigade of three regiments, one battalion, and a battery of six guns of mounted artillery was enlisted. Imboden then was made a brigadier general, and his command did efficient service until the close of the war, and it did what a much larger army could not have done.

This brigade went with Lee to Gettysburg, being on the extreme left, crossing the Potomac at Hancock, Md. It was also with Early near Washington in 1864 that one of the regiments served General Lee's army and took a prominent part in the battles of New Market, Piedmont, Lynchburg, and many other engagements. The command was composed of the 62d Virginia Infantry, the 18th and 23d Virginia Cavalry, White's Battalion, and McClanahan's Battery.

THE SPIRIT OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S MEN.

From sketch of Gen. H. T. Davenport in the *VETERAN* for October, page 454: "The regiment joined Stonewall Jackson in the battle of McDowell May 8, 1862. This was the beginning of Jackson's famous Valley Campaign. Comrade Davenport says: 'I had the honor of serving under this godly genius until May 10, 1864, when I was captured in the "toe" of the "horseshoe" at Spottsylvania C. H., Va.'"

Inquiry comes from Hartsville, S. C.: "How was that? Jackson never fought any battle in this world after Chancellorsville in 1863." Without sending the inquiry to the Major General of the Georgia Division, the *VETERAN* suggests that the speaker meant that he served in the command Stonewall Jackson had led on and on by his inspiration after his death.

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER—I., VI.

BY SAMUEL HANKINS, SOLDIERS' HOME, GULFPORT, MISS.

On the second day after Gaines's Farm we captured a fort without the loss of a man or a round of ammunition. The enemy had built the fort and were strongly fortified at White Oak Swamp. Gen. Stonewall Jackson fooled them by coming up behind. As soon as they learned of his approach they began in haste to get out, and crossed the swamp in front of their works, the way they were expecting us. After that they had a long hill to climb, and their teams could not move as fast as they wished with their heavy loads of ammunition, army supplies, and cannon. They spiked their cannon, knocked their teams in the head with pole axes, and set fire to their wagons. Some threw away their guns, knapsacks, and blankets, making good their escape. As we passed across the swamp and reached the hill in pursuit we found the road blockaded with dead horses and mules, burnt wagons, spiked cannon, blankets, knapsacks, guns, etc. Lead had melted and covered the roadbed with one solid sheet.

Our next engagement was at Malvern Hill. The day before it took place I was detailed to serve on outside picket duty. Our line extended two or three miles, a portion being through an old field covered with large scrubby pines, with no undergrowth. We were stationed about one hundred yards apart, with instructions usually given outside pickets—*i. e.*, at the approach of the enemy to fire and fall back. My post was within the old field. From our line we could hear the enemy giving orders and their bands playing. After I had been on post about an hour, I heard the cough of a horse in front of me. I stooped so as to see under the low branches of the pines, and saw the legs of two horses, also those of a man on each horse, and they were coming my way. I thought I would withhold my instructions a few moments so as to see more plainly, they being some distance off and moving with difficulty under the low branches. After I could see better, I saw that they were dressed in gray. They came on directly to where I was standing, and it was General Jackson and a lone courier. I presented arms. The General politely returned the salute, spoke not a word, bowed his head in passing under a limb, and went on. What could he have been doing so near the enemy with only a single courier?

In the Malvern Hill engagement another disagreeable duty was the supporting of a battery. General McClellan, commanding the Federal forces, occupied the Turkey Bend on James River, where he had many gunboats and transports. He seemed to have concentrated all his field artillery within the Bend after dark that night and turned the entire thing, including gunboats, upon us. They completely silenced our batteries, as they had so many more, including the large guns and mortars on their gunboats, the mortars pitching over those "wash pots," while the large guns were throwing long shells. The firing was terrific, though they failed in locating our lines, overshooting us all the time. In our rear there was the appearance of thousands of large bursting skyrockets. Not a man in our regiment was hurt. While the heaviest firing was going on we were in a skirt of woods much nearer them than they supposed. At one time the command, "Attention!" was passed along our line. We were all seated on the ground, but were soon on our feet. I felt that if we had to charge all that racket certain death would come to every one of us. We stood in line some time, expecting to be ordered to advance, but we were not, and resumed our seats. I sat down by a small pine bush, my back against it, my gun across

my knees, and was soon asleep. At what time the cannonading ceased I had no knowledge, as I did not awaken until daylight, when I found the enemy all gone and everything perfectly still. All the while that that great waste of ammunition had been going on General McClellan was loading his transports with his men and sending them down the river to avoid capture.

After the Seven Days' Battle we moved up near Richmond, where we remained a few weeks, until General Lee started on his expedition into Maryland, when the battle of Sharpsburg was fought. Our company's loss in that engagement was small, only two killed and five wounded, our captain losing a leg.

We had politics in the army just as we have in civil life. The appointing powers had their pets, and many incompetent men were chosen. A member of a certain regiment said to me that his colonel appointed his wife's brother, who had never had any experience in human surgery, as surgeon of his regiment. He was only a veterinary surgeon, and before the war confined his practice exclusively to cattle. He said further that one of their men was run over accidentally by an artillery wagon, having his legs dislocated, when this so-called surgeon attempted to reset them and made an awful botch of it. We had many men holding "bombproof" positions who should have been in the ranks. Almost any crossroads butcher could amputate a limb, but it required a capable surgeon to save one. I will say in justice to the dead that our regiment, the 2d Mississippi, was fortunate in having one of the best colonels in the army, and who after the war for years made one of the best Governors the State of Mississippi ever knew—John M. Stone. He was a man who had no pets in the army or out of it. The result was that we had a surgeon who understood his business.

After the battle of Sharpsburg we recrossed the Potomac River into Virginia, going up the Shenandoah Valley to within four miles of Winchester, where we went into camp and remained for several weeks. The weather was growing cold with considerable frost, when we were ordered to Richmond again. On our march thence we reached the North Fork River a short distance from where it emptied into the Shenandoah. The river was not deep but wide, and it had to be forded. Many pulled off their trousers and shoes, while others did not. The water was very swift, and we felt as if our legs were being sawed off.

After crossing this river we went not quite a mile when we came to the Shenandoah, a much wider and deeper stream, which had to be forded also. Here one poor fellow put his gun down by a tree while he pulled off his trousers and shoes. These he rolled up into a bundle, placed it on his shoulder, and crossed, entirely forgetting his gun. After reaching the opposite side of the river, he remembered the gun; and knowing that it would have to be accounted for, he stored his trousers and shoes in an ambulance near by while he recrossed. Securing his gun, he returned to find that the ambulance had moved off with his clothes. The poor fellow struck out at double-quick time in pursuit with his bare feet and legs, while the cold morning's breeze was fluttering the lower end of his short army shirt and every soldier was yelling at him as he passed along. It could be heard for a mile.

We remained in Richmond only a few days. Our brigade was then composed of the following regiments: 2d, 11th, 42d Mississippi, and 55th North Carolina, commanded by Gen. Joe R. Davis. We were ordered down to Black Water River,

in the direction of Suffolk, Va., the enemy having sent out a house- and bridge-burning force from that place. On reaching the river we found that they had just burned the bridge, and smoke was ascending above the tree tops from the farm dwellings that they had fired across the river. Our pontoon corps soon had a bridge over which we crossed, although the enemy made their way back to Suffolk without showing fight. After establishing a strong picket post, we recrossed the river and went into camp. The following morning we began to fortify. It was the latter part of October and quite cool. When not at work on our fort and rifle pits, we were busy building huts in which to quarter, as we had no tents and had been without them for months. Only field officers were entitled to them, including quartermasters, commissaries, and surgeons.

In a week or two after our arrival violent smallpox broke out in camp. Not a single case that I knew about recovered. Billie Shackfoot, my messmate and bunkmate, was quite sick one entire night with a high fever. In the morning I obtained permission to search for some milk for him, which was a hard task. I was gone two or three hours, and on my return I found that they had moved him to the pesthouse, where he died in two days. For some time I was depressed and anxious, as I had slept with him.

All our work was of but little service, as the enemy had sent out another bridge- and house-burning force from Newbern, N. C., to Nance River, near Goldsboro, where they burned the public and railroad bridges about a mile south of the town. Our command was ordered there to intercept them. We made the move by railroad, reaching Goldsboro about sunset. The evening was quite cold, as it was late in November. We were ordered from the cars into line at once. Several were without shoes and thinly dressed, and I was of that class. Owing to the extreme cold, all without shoes were excused and stepped out of line except myself. I had heard it said while in camp that certain ones threw away their shoes in order to be excused from going into battle, and I was determined not to be classed with them; so I marched off with the command to meet the enemy, which was reported in force on the opposite side of the river.

It was dark when we reached the burnt bridge; but we soon had our pontoon ready, on which we crossed, and had gone a short distance when the regiments filed to the right and left of the public road into the swamp and fronted into line of battle, with orders for no one to speak above a whisper. After standing in line a while, most of us sat down.

I was very cold. I had my only blanket rolled around my neck and shoulders. I would not unroll it, as we were expecting to be engaged at any moment. Soon I was asleep. Our scouts reported that the enemy had fallen back toward Newbern. When attention was called and others arose, I remained asleep. One of my comrades noticed this, so he pulled at me until he had me on my feet. As soon as he turned me loose I dropped to the ground again. Seeing that I could not stand alone, one comrade on each side of me assisted me along until we had recrossed the river, when I had gotten up enough circulation to walk alone. Had we remained in line thirty minutes longer, I am satisfied that I would have frozen to death.

We then marched into a large forest of tall long-leaf pine timber, with scarcely any undergrowth. Here we stacked arms. There was much pine straw which we raked up for bedding. Two others and I formed a partnership, each having a blanket. We spread one on the straw, while we covered

with the other two, using our cartridge boxes as head rests. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when we laid down. We covered up head and ears and were soon asleep. I had the most comfortable position, the middle, and I slept well.

The next morning I was the first of the three to awaken. I reached up to uncover my head, when snow filled my face. There had been a six-inch fall of snow after we had retired. The whole forest as far as I could see resembled a well-filled cemetery (only lacking order), and their coming out of those little snow-covered mounds was well worth seeing. Some one remarked that he imagined it would appear that way on the final day when the graves give up their dead. There was not a tent to be seen; field officers shared the same as privates that night. Not a stick of dry timber was there with which to build a fire. My two bedfellows suggested that, as I had no shoes and they had, I remain under cover while they went in search of fuel. They returned soon with fence rails. We cleared away the snow and soon had a fire. Although my body felt the heat, my bare feet in the melting snow were frostbitten, from which I have ever since suffered.

The sun came out bright and the wind shifted to the south. That day there was a general snowballing, regiments against each other. One man was killed during the frolic, being struck with a hard substance. I was in no condition to participate.

ARKANSAS STATE CONVENTION.

The State Convention of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., was held in Little Rock, Ark., October 31, 1912, with a smaller attendance of delegates than usual. After addresses of welcome by Gov. George W. Donaghey and Gen. George L. Basham, the Convention was called to order by Gen. Charles Coffin, the Division Commander. In the absence of the Adjutant General, Gen. Jonathan Kellogg was appointed to



(Error in the plate should be corrected to major general.)

act in his stead. The business sessions were brief, all being concluded in one day. After adopting resolutions of condolence on the death of the Vice President of the United States and some others of minor importance, the Convention elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Gen. Thomas Green, Pine Bluff, Division Commander; Col. J. W. Killough, Vanndale, First Brigade Commander; Col. George

W. Newton, Camden, Second Brigade Commander; Dr. H. L. Routh, Batavia, Third Brigade Commander; Col. John F. Green, Hope, Fourth Brigade Commander.

Greetings were sent to Lieut. Gen. S. B. Buckner, the only living lieutenant general of the Confederate army.

At night the U. D. C. of Little Rock gave a delightful reception in honor of the veterans, and everything passed off pleasantly. The delegates returned home full of hope in anticipating the pleasure of meeting again next year.

BEGINNING OF THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY MARCUS D. HERRING, BYHALIA, MISS.

Early in 1861 Southern sentiment ran high in Eastern North Carolina, and boys from fourteen up were anxious to enlist. The State had not yet seceded. A proposition to secede had been voted down. This part of the State considered seceding and joining certain South Carolina commands. On Long Creek a company called the Lillington Rifle Guards was organized, which became Company C, 1st North Carolina State Troops. I applied to my father for permission to join the company, but the reply was made that I was too young. So matters stood until Mr. Lincoln called on the Governor for North Carolina's pro rata of 75,000, when my father said: "That settles it; you may enlist."

In this company practically all the young men of the neighborhood volunteered and served under Lee and Jackson, a majority giving their life's blood for the cause. The others have passed "over the river." Frank M. Bordeaux, one of the few survivors, now lives near Monticello, Ark. He left North Carolina in 1867, hence I had not seen him in forty-four years until I visited him and his splendid family last September. We were reared in the same neighborhood, attended school and church together when boys, and then for nearly four years were messmates, sharing the hardships of the army together. The first night there was little sleep. We talked of war times till after twelve o'clock. One among our hero comrades discussed was Colonel Jones, young, brave, heroic, who was mortally wounded while carrying the flag in a charge on General McClellan's strong position at Malvern Hill near the close of the seven days' fight. Our division was commanded by Gen. D. H. Hill and suffered greatly.

The morning after this memorable charge the writer found Colonel Jones in the field hospital. He talked about the charge, of the color bearers who fell, and of his taking the colors, which he could hold but a very short time. While we were sadly talking, a young soldier belonging to the Maryland line rode out near us, clarinet in hand, and played "Maryland, My Maryland" as he looked with longing eyes toward the Potomac, across which river were the homes of his loved ones. Even now when I hear "Maryland, My Maryland" that scene comes vividly before me.

Colonel Jones lingered for several days there and in the hospital in Richmond. His father visited him in Richmond. After hearing of the bravery of his son in taking up the flag, he was all broken up, and in his tenderness he hardly knew what he was saying when he asked the question: "Son, why did you take the flag?" The dying boy with beaming eyes replied: "Why, father, I would have raised that flag if I had known that I would be killed."

This shows the character of the rank and file of our Southern boys. I hope that this will be read by some survivors of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, and that they will write to me or to the VETERAN.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD BELL'S SWORD.

The Eureka (Ark.) Springs Times-Echo reports entertainingly of a sword owned and worn by Capt. S. R. Bell, who fell in battle at Oak Hill, one of the first hard battles:

"The brave young captain wore the sword when he fell, and never had it been unsheathed since that terrible day until the granddaughter drew it from its scabbard after its presentation to her by an uncle. The captain's widow, left with the little ones to rear, was so heartbroken over her loss that the wound remained too sensitive to be reopened by a sight of the sword, and it was hidden from her view in the home of a brother. Since the death of this brother and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Dean, of Fayetteville, there has come a breaking up of the old country home, which had remained intact all these years, and the lost relic was brought to light.

"This sword hilt bears an eagle, the insignia of the Union army, and was presented to the Confederate by General Pierce, of the United States army, a personal friend. When the call to arms came, the Southerners hurriedly gathered together such equipments as could be secured.

"Mrs. Moore's father was a physician and need not have entered the active service, but he was ready to lay down his life for the cause of his Southland."

MADE HIS CLOTHES AND THEN MARRIED HIM.

BY J. A. NEWLAND, KINGSPORT, TENN.

I took part in the memorable Johnston-Sherman Campaign between Ringgold and Atlanta, Ga. I belonged to Company B, 4th Tennessee Cavalry. Our command was at the front on picket duty when Sherman made his memorable start through Georgia. I was in command of a line of pickets that fired the first shot into Sherman's infantry near Ringgold.

I was with Wheeler skirmishing and riding, often dismounting in regular set battles, throwing up breastworks during the day and riding at night until I was wounded on the Kennewaw line. I was sent to the rear, where I was cared for by a good Baptist minister whose daughter spun, wove, and made me a suit of clothes. Of course I promptly fell in love with her and went back from Tennessee after the war and married her. We have a family of boys, girls, and grandchildren who revere their father's principles and respect the memory of the cause in which he participated.

WITH THE WATER WITCH.

I read in the VETERAN about a year ago a short account of the taking of the Water Witch in Ossabaw Sound, but the name of the captain who planned and executed it was not correct. He was Capt. Thomas Pelot, of Abbeville District, S. C. He entered the State Naval Academy about the year 1849. The age limit had not then been established, and he was only fourteen years old. He was on the coast of South America when Lincoln was elected, and as soon as he heard of it he sent in his resignation. He was the first Southerner to quit the United States service, and Henry Marmaduke, of Missouri, was the second. Captain Pelot went immediately to South Carolina, reaching there about the time the State seceded. He offered his services to Governor Pickens and was assigned to duty at Charleston. Given command of the Belle of the South, he carried Major Anderson to the United States fleet after the bombardment. There he met many of his old friends and classmates, who gave a dinner in his honor. He was a great favorite with both officers and men. He is buried in the cemetery at Savannah, Ga.

FELLOW FEELING IN IOWA.

Dr. M. R. Hammer, of Newton, Ia., a steadfast friend of the VETERAN, sends the Independent, of Boone, and the Fraser Enterprise—two in one. These papers are printed on the same sheet—a good idea for small adjacent towns. Recent issues tell of a "dinner to an old Confederate." The Confederate is reported as being Fred F. Lucas, who served in the 33d Virginia Infantry, and now lives at Lynnville, Ia. The editor, a fellow guest of Dr. Hammer, states of Mr. Lucas:

"He participated in all the principal battles of the Army of Virginia from the first Bull Run—Antietam, Gettysburg, Winchester, Spottsylvania, and the Wilderness. He carries a crippled arm just because he raised it to protect his head when one of Sheridan's cavalymen struck him with his saber, but he said 'it was the fellow's last stroke.'

"Mr. Lucas said he once fought under the stars and stripes. At Winchester, when in the thickest of the fight, the staff of their colors was shot off and the color bearer lost the flag. He came upon a Union flag where the color bearer had been killed, grabbed it from the dead hands, and led his regiment with the stars and stripes. After the fight the colonel noticed the flag and asked for an explanation, when he said: 'Our flag was shot away and I thought we ought to have some colors, so I gobbled these. It was the best I could do.'

"Mr. Lucas has lived in Lynnville for many years. He is a good citizen and neighbor and is held in high esteem."

Another article in the paper states:

"In Linwood Cemetery reposes the body of a Confederate soldier. The grave is not marked and the location is known to but few. The Independent would like to see a stone placed at that grave which would show to future generations that we all now live in the same land and under the same flag, and we would contribute toward placing a marker at this boy's grave.

"His name was Redmon, and from relatives who formerly lived here the particulars of his company and regiment can be ascertained. The late Thomas E. Aylesworth, of the 20th Indiana Battery, for years before his death decorated this grave on every Memorial Day in memory of the kindness of the Confederate's mother, who, when their battery was stationed at Nashville, saved his life by taking him to her home and nursing him when sick. Mrs. Redmon had a son in prison at Camp Douglas, Chicago, and said she hoped some Yankee mother would be kind to him. The boy became ill, and his brother, then living in Boone County, obtained permission of the War Department to bring him here and give him a chance to live. He was brought, but never rallied; and when he died he was buried in Linwood.

"It would be fitting for us to place a stone over that soldier's resting place in memory of the mother who followed the commandment of the Master, and we hope to see it done."

THE BLOODY SHIRT APPEARS AGAIN.

[Los Angeles (Cal.) Times, September 12, 1912.]

Charging the educational institutions of the South with misrepresenting the history of the War of the States, and asking the government to create either a secretary of education or an interstate educational commission to supervise and control the school systems of the nation, the Wisconsin Veterans' Association adopted a resolution for presentation at the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Department Commander George Spratt sprung the sensation when in his address he decried what he termed the

"spirit of the South," and concluded a vitriolic arraignment of the educational system of the South by suggesting that action be taken to crush further misrepresentation.

Realizing the import of such action, the meeting broke into heated discussion, out of which grew a suggestion from Frank Miller, Aide-de-Camp on the Commander in Chief's staff, that it be put in a resolution and voted upon, which was done. The resolution carried, and it may result in the creation of an entirely new governmental department that will equal any secretaryship or be similar to the Interstate Railroad Commission. John Butler, who served with the 4th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, declared that should the Grand Army adopt it there seems scarcely any doubt that it will be favorably acted upon by Congress.

Commander Pratt stated that the students of the South are taught War of the States history which is in direct contradiction to the facts. He said further that the spirit of the South is not yet in accord with that of the North, and that this feeling is fostered by monuments to soldiers of the Confederacy and other such instruments.

"We shall have a real Union only after the United States government is brought to a realization of what this means," Commander Pratt said. "In the South we do not see the monuments raised to the soldier of the North and to the soldier of the South with clasped hands beneath liberty and the dove of peace. But we should and will, whether it comes in this generation or whether our sons or our grandsons bring it about. Why do they not teach the same history in the South that our children of the North are taught? You know well why it is. Why do we have no monuments in the South for the men who fought and died to perpetuate the Union? Answer that yourselves or read a history from which the students of the South are being taught. There is a tablet at Montgomery, Ala., consecrated to the memory of Jefferson Davis. That is the spirit of the South. Would not the statue of the Confederate and Union soldier with hands clasped in brotherly love and the dove of peace above them be a more fitting and proper subject? I put this before you as a suggestion; and if action is at any time to come, the moment is now. Shall I offer it as a resolution?"

A thunder of "Ayes" was the response. The resolution was compiled and immediately voted upon for presentation to the Encampment. There were three hundred persons at the meeting and not a dissenting voice was heard, while the excitement following the presentation of the resolution and its adoption was carried into the streets after the adjournment.

[The foregoing recalls the action of the G. A. R. at Atlantic City last year when record was made in regard to the R. E. Lee statue in the Hall of Fame in the Capitol building, Washington, D. C. Many bitter speeches were made, while the body of noble patriots who had fought and bled for the Union were seemingly patient until the bitter element had finished; and then after a few brief addresses were made in response the vote was taken and the country was again safe. Look at a "picture of clasped hands in brotherly love under the dove of peace." Consider the mockery of forcing such action! Those men would evidently like yet to have a formal trial of Jefferson Davis and relegate to eternal infamy the memory of the Supreme Court that refused to try him. The Southern people would like very much to have the truth, and the truth only, in every printed volume in the United States. The hope of the country is through the coöperation of Union patriots. The Southerners were taught patriotism by their fathers.]

WHAT CROSSES OF HONOR STAND FOR.

ADDRESS BY MRS. W. S. CLAGETT IN KANSAS CITY, MO.

In the deplorable War of the States the watchful eye of woman, be she mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart, was ever upon the Confederate soldier. She gloried in his new uniform, rejoiced at his victories, grieved over his reverses, and wept over his imprisonment and wounds. Whenever possible she nursed him in sickness and distress. She prayed unto the God of battles for his safety and success. She toiled in the field, spun the wool and the cotton, wove the cloth, and kept the hearth fire alight against his return; and then to the desolate home, if spared by shot and shell, illness and imprisonment, he came back from the war. Hand in hand they rehabilitated that sacred spot and made the waste places blossom as of yore. They carved their names anew in the business, social, and religious world. Honor and distinction were conferred upon the returned soldier.

As time went on these women banded themselves together to cultivate the social side of life, for greater efficiency in caring for the disabled, in erecting monuments to the fallen, and to give to the world a true history of the contest. At Hot Springs in November, 1868, four years after the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (just as many years as the war had lasted), the mind of a woman, active since Mother Eve ate the apple, conceived the idea of molding from the cannon used, an engine of destruction and an emblem of war, a Southern cross of honor to bestow upon all who could furnish proof of service, be he soldier or sailor, the one decoration for officer and private alike, the one requirement being actual, faithful service. The design chosen conforms largely to the Cross Patee or Templar Cross as worn by the Knights Templar. It has upon it the motto, "In hoc signo vinces," translated "By the cross we conquer." I believe it is generally accepted that this was adopted from Constantine, the first Christian emperor of Rome, who, after having seen the Cross Chi Rho, or the sacred monogram, appear in the sky on the eve of his decisive battle, considered it a presage of victory. It was under Constantine that the cross became the acknowledged symbol of Christianity.

No symbol either in art or religion is so universally used as the cross. The aborigines of both North and South America employed it as a religious symbol. The Indians regarded it as a mystic type of the four points of the compass.

All orders of chivalry adopted the cross in some of its varied forms, but not always by any means did they follow the simple outline of the passion cross which is pictured in the mind at the very suggestion of the name.

The Confederate battle flag, as you know, was designed by General Beauregard to avoid the resemblance of the stars and bars to the stars and stripes. It was adopted at the battle of First Manassas and waved between the contending armies until the last drum tap.

As a symbol of life and generation through water the cross is as widely spread over the world as the belief in the ark of Noah.

There were foreshadowings of it in the Old Testament in the words: "In the wood whereby righteousness cometh."

It was the St. Andrew's cross, a satire of heraldry significant of strength and progress, that led the Confederate hosts to battle—the cross of blue, studded with a white star for each of the thirteen seceding States, resting upon a square of red.

Veterans, we place in your keeping this sacred emblem.

It is a token of the high esteem and appreciation of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in a lasting and concrete form, and to commemorate the bravery of men who are willing to defend their country, their homes, and their firesides with their lives. This testimony of your service in the cause of the South may be worn only by you. You may bequeath it to any lineal descendant. The motto upon it, "Deo Vindice," also appears upon the great seal of the Confederacy, made in London in 1864 by Joseph S. Wyon, of the royal mint, by order of James M. Mason, and is still treasured for what it represents. This motto is susceptible of a very full translation or interpretation. Primarily it is "God our Protector," or, we may add, Avenger, Vindicator, Defender, or Liberator.

It affords me great pleasure to present these crosses in the name of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. We are sure the honors so worthily won will be as worthily worn.

[At the conclusion of Mrs. Clagett's beautiful talk the crosses were bestowed by her on October 23, the anniversary of the battle of Westport.]

THE VIRGINIA (MERRIMAC) AND THE MONITOR.

BY LIEUT. JOHN R. EGGLESTON, RAYMOND, MISS.

As a lieutenant of the Virginia (Merrimac) during the whole of her career I wish to add my testimony to that of the late Col. W. H. Stewart in refutation of the following statement made by Gov. Woodrow Wilson in his "History of the American People:" "These two naval craft, the Monitor and the Virginia, made trial of each other, and the Virginia was worsted." That is exactly the reverse of the facts. It was the Monitor that was so worsted that she gave up the fight and fled for safety into shallow water. It was the Monitor and her several consorts that ran pell-mell for protection under the guns of Fortress Monroe. After going into dock for repairs, we returned to Hampton Roads and insultingly but vainly offered battle.

For fully two months after being "worsed" by the Monitor the Virginia dominated the waters of Norfolk. The Monitor and the rest of the Federal fleet remained vanquished. They had been reduced to the harmless condition of fishing smacks.

On May 10, 1862, we found ourselves without a base on account of the evacuation of Norfolk by our land forces, so we destroyed the ship ourselves to prevent her capture. * * *

If Governor Wilson will refer to Series I., Volume VII., of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies," he will find ample proof of the correctness of Colonel Stewart's statement and of what I have written, for he will find the report of our admiral, Buchanan, and that of Lieut. Catesby Jones, who commanded the Virginia in her fight with the Monitor; also that of Captain Van Brunt, U. S. N., of the Minnesota, and those respectively of the commanders of the British and French men-of-war who saw the fight. In a word, the cumulative testimony of many participants and eye-witnesses is all in support of Colonel Stewart.

In a description of this engagement given in the "War Records" referred to Flag Officer Buchanan in his report to the Secretary of the Navy states: "Lieutenant Eggleston served his hot shot with judgment and effect. His bearing was deliberate, and he exerted a happy influence on his division."

[Comrade Eggleston and his venerable wife are among the most loyal and devoted of all survivors. She is Honorary President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C. His service on the Merrimac and his eminent character justify the cordial acceptance of anything from his pen.]

ABOUT THE FIFTY-SECOND VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

BY MARION KOINER, STAUNTON, VA.

The writer was in Company B, 52d Virginia Regiment. His company was made up of young men from Augusta County and vicinity and was known as the Waynesboro Guards. It was organized the latter part of July with William Long as captain and A. J. Thompson, T. H. Antrim, and Clinton King lieutenants. The writer was a corporal.

Soon after the organization the company was transported to Staunton and placed in a camp of instruction on the grounds of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The regiment having been completed with a quota of ten companies under the command of Col. J. B. Baldwin, Lieut. Col. M. G. Harman, and Major Ross, we were marched to the Fork of Waters, in Highland County, about September 10. Remaining there until sometime in October, we were marched to the top of Alleghany Mountain, where we were joined by the 10th Georgia and 31st Virginia Regiments, the 25th Virginia Battalion, and the Rockbridge Artillery. About December 1 we went into winter quarters, where we remained until the following April.

The brigade was commanded by Brig. Gen. Edward Johnson. On December 10 Major Ross called for a hundred volunteers to go on a scout down the Greenbrier River. The writer became one of the number. On the 11th the expedition left camp; and being guided by a citizen familiar with the mountains, we went to the narrows on the Greenbrier River, where we lay in ambush the remainder of the day. At nightfall we were withdrawn into a recess in the mountains and encamped for the night. It was a very frosty night, perfectly calm and clear. Early the next morning we were marched back to the narrows and concealed again in a dense pine thicket. The main road was just across the river. Here we remained until about 3 P.M., when the advance guards of the Federal army, which had been stationed on Cheat Mountain, approached. Just as the squad got directly opposite us we fired into them, killing a number, and the rest scattered away. The main column of the Federals was approaching and, having located us from our firing, poured a fusillade of bullets into the pine thicket. Our commander, Major Ross, withdrew our command, and we returned to our quarters about ten o'clock.

Next morning, the 13th, at about three o'clock the long roll was beat, and we were hurried out to our breastworks, which had already been constructed. We heard that the Yankees were coming to attack our position. About dawn the attack was begun, the Yankee column having divided, a part passing to the right and the other to the left of our position. The engagement lasted only an hour or two, as the enemy was easily repulsed. Only one or two companies of my regiment were engaged. Being well protected by the breastworks, we had but few casualties. My company was not engaged. George A. Coyner and his squad of pickets were captured, being cut off from returning back to camp.

Nothing further occurred to disturb the monotony of camp life during the winter. We had comfortable log cabins and good rations and fuel.

About April 1 following we left Alleghany. We marched back to Shenandoah Mountain and camped there for a week or so; then still farther back to Valley Mills, staying equally as long. During the first week in May we marched again toward the mountains. Near McDowell, in Highland County, we came upon the Yankee army which had been cautiously proceeding eastward, and it gave us battle. This was on May 2, 1862. My regiment was posted on the crest of Settington's

Hill, and my company was in the hottest of the battle. After firing a short while, I was struck in the right forearm by a musket ball which passed through the army below the elbow. A Bible and diary which I carried in my right breast pocket were penetrated. We were on our knees firing. I went to the rear, and Dr. C. C. Henkel dressed my arm and sent me to the field hospital, a farmhouse. There I first saw Gen. Stonewall Jackson. He had just arrived from the Valley with his forces and rode up to our line of battle just before the firing began. Captain Long, of my company, was killed and quite a number were wounded. The 10th Georgia suffered severely in killed and wounded. The writer's brother, Dillard M. Koiner, was also wounded in this engagement. The next day after the battle the wounded were transferred to Staunton Hospital, and after several days I was allowed to go home. My wound having healed, the latter part of July I returned to my company, then in Orange County.

On August 9 the battle of Cedar Mountain was fought. My company and Company A of my regiment were detached from the regiment in the morning to guard a point some miles from the battle field. A few days after the battle the army returned to the old camp in Orange County, where we remained for about two weeks. Our next move culminated in the second battle of Manassas on August 28, 29, and 30. On

Then followed the capture at Harper's Ferry of 11,000 Federals in a railroad cut. They were driven out, but we suffered severely in killed and wounded.

Then followed the capture of Harper's Ferry of 11,000 Federal prisoners and a large amount of artillery and small arms. My brigade was with Jackson's Division.

The battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, was fought on the 17th of September. I was broken down and unable to go into this battle, but rejoined my command the next day.

Returning to Virginia, we were moved to different sections of the country contiguous to the Potomac River until in November. Being worn out with continual marching, my father procured a substitute and I was released and went home. I remained upon the farm until February, 1864, when I rejoined the army, enlisting in Company C, 39th Battalion Virginia Cavalry, and was assigned to Gen. R. E. Lee's headquarters as courier and guard. Each day a detail was made from this battalion for guards and couriers for all the head departments of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was my pleasure to see the great Lee almost every day.

At the time of my reënlistment the army was encamped near Orange Courthouse, having gone into winter quarters late in 1863. During the winter I spent a good part of the time as permanent courier for General Anderson, who had his headquarters there.

About the 14th of March I was allowed a furlough of thirty days to go home for a fresh horse. On the way home I met two of Sheridan's scouts on the lower edge of Albemarle County; but being in company with some four or five of my command, who were on furlough at the same time, we were not molested. They represented themselves as belonging to Roger's command of cavalry.

I arrived home on the 17th or 18th of March, and knew nothing of the evacuation of Petersburg until the evening of the 9th of April, the day that General Lee surrendered, and I was going to return to my company on the 10th. Thus ended my career as a soldier in that terrible war.

It is but fitting that I acknowledge the protecting hand of a gracious God through the whole bloody conflict.

A RUSE THAT WORKED WELL IN MISSISSIPPI.

BY W. SMITH CUMMINS, BOWIE, TEX.

Two or three months after the fall of Vicksburg a brigade of cavalry commanded by Colonel Winshaw left Vicksburg, going east across Big Black, and there met three regiments of the Texas brigade of cavalry who were defending that section of the country against Federal raids. When a few miles east of Black River in camp, the scouts came in and reported to General Whitfield, in command of the Texas brigade, that the Yankees had crossed Big Black in force on the road leading northeast. The command to "saddle up" and go out to meet them as quickly as possible was given. We got to the top of the hill across the road, a good position from which to check them, and were ready for them. The battery was placed in a good position; but the young artillerymen had no experience, having never been in an engagement, therefore they shot wild. The Yankees had a fine field battery and fired like Tennesseans with squirrel rifles.

Well, we held them in check for several hours, but could not drive them back. General Whitfield got mad and "cussed" the Yankees and his own battery, and then said: "I'll give them the road and see what they want with it." He then drew off and went back about a mile and camped near our former camp.

After we had eaten supper, George Griscum, adjutant of the 9th Texas Cavalry, to which I belonged, came to Company A and said he wanted four or five volunteers from Companies A and D, which were camped together, to report to General Whitfield equipped for scout service. Jack Estill, Jim McDaniel, and I volunteered from Company A, and Avery Crouch and another young man whose name I can't recall volunteered from Company D—all privates. As soon as we could get ready we went to headquarters and reported. The General said he wanted us to follow that brigade of Yankees who had taken the road leading in a northern direction and watch them closely, and if they turned east or stayed in one camp more than one night to send a man back to let him know. He said he would remain where he was.

Well, the Yankees traveled all night and all next day, and so did we. At night we reached Grenada, and about a mile south of town we encountered their pickets on a bridge across a creek. We skirmished a while with the pickets and then went back to talk to the citizens and find out what we could. An old gentleman named Pait, a rich planter who owned several plantations in the Mississippi Valley, besides the one where he lived, told us that another command of Yankees had come out from Memphis and got to Grenada some two days before the Vicksburg command; so both commands were then in Grenada.

We sent back to report the Company D man whose name I forget. That reduced our force to four; but soon Jim McCarty, a recruit from our brigade, joined us. He had his gun when he came to us and made a good hand. We would shoot at the pickets for a few rounds and then fall back and talk to the citizens, who were anxious for our army to come up.

Jack Estill, the youngest of our scouts, suggested a ruse, saying to me: "Smith, let's tell these people that the Texas brigade is holding back to give General Jackson's Division time to get above town and cut the Yankees off on that side, and then we will have them in a trap."

We told this yarn to several persons, white and black, but to only one at a time, and we would caution secrecy, as we wanted to capture the whole outfit. We kept up our firing on

the pickets at intervals until dusk, and then went down the creek into a cornfield, tied our horses, and fed them. At daylight we got up after a good night's sleep, saddled and mounted, and started to renew our battle with the pickets; but when we got to the bridge there where no pickets to be found.

We started toward town, but hadn't gone far when we met a negro who said: "You will have to hurry, boss, if you get dar before they are all gone. They are getting away just as fast as they can." We then started in a gallop, and when we got to town it looked like everybody was up and looking for an army. The last of the Yankees had just left the river. We stopped on the hill, where it seemed that all the excited people were gathering and asking how soon the rest of the army would be up. A middle-aged, heavy-set man in the crowd took the lead in asking about our army. I spoke of a desire for breakfast, and this gentleman said: "Yes, gentlemen, you can get breakfast right across the street; that is my hotel. My name is Buffalo. I shall have the cooks prepare your breakfast as quickly as possible. Come right along." He took us into the office and then went into the kitchen and put the cooks to work. When he returned to the office, he said: "Gentlemen, you have got them in a right close place, haven't you?" I said: "Why do you think so?" He said that some of the Federal officers who boarded with him waked up at two o'clock and told him to have their breakfast prepared at once, and he ventured the question: "Gentlemen, what's up? Are you going to move?" One of them said: "Yes, we have to move; the d—d Rebels are about to trap us. The Texas brigade got to within a mile of here last night, and Jackson's Division is crossing the river above here and aims to cut us off on the north side of the river; but we had a friend who came and told us of their trap, I hope, in time."

After breakfast Avery Couch started back to report to General Whitfield that the Yankees had left Grenada and were headed toward Memphis in haste, and that we would follow them. So the rest of us crossed the river and followed as fast as we could on our jaded horses. In a few miles we overtook a big gang of negroes with four mule teams and wagons loaded with their women and children and much household plunder. We made the drivers turn back for home and ordered them not to stop until they got there. An old negro "mammy" on the wagon said that Uncle Edmond was the leader. Jack and Jim had a rope around his neck in short order and led the mule under a limb ready to swing the negro up. He hadn't said a word, but was the saddest-looking negro I ever saw. I said: "Hold up, boys. Edmond, have you anything to say?" That seemed to loosen his tongue, and he began to beg for his life and said he would go with us and make the best servant we ever had and be true as long as he lived. But we didn't need a negro and mule in our business just then, and Jack said: "Durn the old renegade; let's break his neck and go on and catch those Yankees." Then our volunteer, Jim McCarty (for that was his name), came to our relief and said: "Boys, give him to me and I'll take care of him and be responsible for his good behavior." We told him that if he'd go back to camp and tell the General that we were still following the Yankees and didn't know when we would be back, he might have the negro. He agreed to it and started back, and Jack, Jim, and I went on after the Yankees, but never got near them any more. From what the citizens along the road told they must have been greatly scared. They didn't take time to rob a house. They would jump off their

horses and run and grab what was in sight and then remount their horses and go for fear of capture.

We followed them to Panola River and found that they were so far ahead of us that we thought they had had scare enough to take them into Memphis.

Now, old comrades, I will not worry you any longer at this time; but it would make your mouths water should I tell you what a grand time we had on our way back home, which trip covered four days. We were taking a little risk of having to explain to Old Rip why we were gone so long, but it all ended well. When we reported to him, he said: "Very well; report to your companies for duty." And that ended that campaign when five private soldiers frightened three or four thousand Yankees out of Mississippi.

This Texas brigade was a part of Jackson's Division. A short time after this L. S. Ross was promoted to brigadier and put in command of the brigade, and it was known from then until the end as Ross's Brigade.

LONGSTREET'S FORCES AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY J. W. ALLEN, MABEN, MISS.

Longstreet's Corps was at Chickamauga and did some good fighting on Saturday, September 19, 1863. Manigault's Brigade was not in the first day's fight. We were guarding a ford on Pea Vine Creek on the left wing of the line, and just before sunset our command was marched to the battle field and relieved some part of Longstreet's Corps, but I never learned what part. I was on a very "ticklish" picket line all night. Sunday morning was very foggy. General Polk's corps, to which I belonged, made its first charge about nine or ten o'clock. Part of our brigade was driven back about a hundred yards, but on our second charge we drove them back between two and three miles. They had formed another line about two o'clock. When we overtook them, they made a stubborn stand, and my regiment, the 24th Alabama, supported one of our batteries of six guns. They charged our battery five times, but were repulsed at every charge. About sundown we made one desperate charge which broke their lines and hopes of victory that day. We found out soon that we were fighting Gen. George H. Thomas's corps, and I tell you they had sand in their gizzards and lots of ammunition when they first commenced. They used it too; but when they were routed again, they never stopped any more until they got to Chattanooga.

Our Georgia comrade of McLaws's Division is mistaken about its being September 17, for it was the 19th and 20th.

STATISTICS FROM ROCK ISLAND PRISON.

W. H. Phillips writes from Yantley, Fla.: "In looking over a little memorandum book that I kept while I was in Barrack No. 62, Rock Island Prison, I find a record which is of value. I was at Rock Island from about July 1, 1864, to the middle of June, 1865. The total number of prisoners was 12,215, of which number the following report appears: Died, 1,960; joined the United States navy, 1,077; joined United States frontier, 1,797; escaped, 45; transferred to other prisons, 71; unwilling to be exchanged, 1,175; exchanged, 3,000."

This is an unhappy record, but must be accepted as correct. At that late period the soldiers were discouraged, and those who joined the United States navy and the army for frontier service were desperate in their desire to get out of prison. A more puzzling feature of the report is why the 1,175 were "unwilling" to be exchanged.

MAKING COMMERCIALISM SECONDARY.

[Extracts from an address delivered by Hon. Ed R. Kone, Commissioner of the Texas Department of Agriculture, at the annual reunion of the Terry Texas Rangers in Elgin, Tex., October 8 and 9.]

Fellow Citizens: I desire the material power and welfare of Texas to be expanded to the utmost limit, but not at the price of diminution of the guiding influence of sentiment. Rather than that, I would have Texas become a second Sparta, poor in everything else and rich in the valor, social virtue, and patriotic devotion of its citizens. Our people have been dominated by sentiment more continuously and fully throughout their history than have those of any other land, and to that fact has been due the splendid record they have blazoned on the scroll of time.

There has been no finer exhibition of sentiment than that which called you to the field of battle and has caused you to assemble here to-day to trim the sacred fire that will burn as long as life lasts.

The old soldiers I see before me are the remnant of a gallant band of whom many have crossed the river and now rest under the shade of the trees in the paradise of the patriot's God.

It has been irrefragably established that the Southern States had both constitutional right and adequate cause to secede from the Union, and that no brave and self-respecting people could have failed to adopt the same course under the same circumstances. * * *

The war was forced on the South. Providence decreed that it should work this section no permanent harm, but immense and lasting benefits. The war was worth all that it cost in the heroism it developed and the ideals it established. So long as its influence lasts in any force the citizens of this country will not become a decadent people, but the country will rise steadily from one plane of glory to another.

None excelled you in war and none have surpassed you in peace. God bless you and yours, every one! May this day be long and pleasantly remembered, and may Texas ever honor and cherish you!

COURAGE OF A WOUNDED CONFEDERATE.

Capt. John E. Penn, of Virginia, was a typical Confederate officer. Born in Patrick County in 1837, he was of mature years when war caused him to leave his law office for the tented field. A Whig in politics, he was opposed to war in the outset; but while only a captain in the 42d Virginia Regiment, he did his duty so efficiently that he commanded the regiment in a fight at Winchester, and in the battle of Sharpsburg he (still captain) was in command of Jones's Brigade when he was so severely wounded that a leg had to be amputated, which terminated his active service in the army.

Soon after the amputation he was sent to prison in Baltimore. At the station there, detecting that no Federal officers were present, he sagaciously assumed the rôle of authority, gave some orders, and proceeded to walk away attended by the soldier of his company who had gone with him from the battle field. As he walked toward the gate of the station a German arrested him; but, straightening himself on his crutches, he gave the guard to understand by word and gesture (gestures were effective, as the German could not understand English) that he was in command, and he pointed to his "orderly" as evidence of the fact, when with apologies in German the guard passed him through the gate. Colonel

Penn had friends in Baltimore to whose house he went, where he was so well cared for that in a few weeks he was able to travel, and an early exchange was procured.

Although the "War Records" say that at the time he was captain in command of the brigade, he is also recorded as "Major, Lieutenant Colonel, and Colonel of the 42d Virginia."

Colonel Penn became an eminent lawyer and a useful public man to his State. He reared a large family and lived until 1895, when he died at his home in Roanoke City.

Judge W. W. Moffett is preparing sketches of Confederates in that county, and Hon. Lucien H. Cooke (Judge Penn's law firm was Penn & Cooke) has furnished a tribute to Colonel Penn which he presented to the Circuit Court.

"I TOLD HIM SO"—AT COTTON PORT.

BY ELDER J. K. WOMACK, EAGLESVILLE, TENN.

The advance guard of Gen. Joe Wheeler, composed of a captain and nine men, halted upon the east bank of the Tennessee River at Cotton Port Ford. The writer asked the captain if he was going to cross there, and he said he was. I replied that I would not cross there, but would go two miles down the river and swim across where there was no ford. I expressed the belief that the Yankees were concealed among the trees on the opposite side and would either kill or capture us. "There are no Yankees there," said the captain; but he had the evidence of a man who lived on the other side and had been absent a week. The private replied that the Yankees may have come there in fifteen minutes after he crossed over, and added: "If I were a commander, I would have a guard at this ford."

This caution from the private did not avail, and the order was given to march into the river. First a citizen pilot, next the captain, then Ambus Thomas, Bud McAdoo, and so on, each trooper being from eight to ten feet from his file leader. Last of all came the trooper who had protested against the move, and he began to fix for himself by holding by one leg over the saddle and placing his body on the side of the horse for breastworks, thus exposing but one foot.

Soon the crack of a rifle from the enemy in ambush brought down to a watery grave our citizen pilot. Then a volley of Minie balls as thick as hail, it seemed, fell all about us. The horse of Ambus Thomas fell dead in the water. Quickly he mounted the horse of the dead citizen.

"Right about face" was the order, and the writer was in the lead, perfectly satisfied to be in front. Safely across, a dispatch was carried by the writer to General Wheeler informing him of the situation. He was eight miles to the rear in a nice residence. The General was sitting in a chair earnestly looking over a map on a small table. General Wheeler being pointed out, I placed the note before him. He was in his shirt sleeves. Without looking at me he read it carefully, wrote a reply, and with those beautiful blue eyes looked up at me and said: "Tell the captain to go two miles down the river and cross at all hazards." And we did.

At our Reunion in Nashville I called General Wheeler's attention to this incident. He said he remembered it as clearly as if it had been yesterday. "Are you the boy that placed that dispatch on the map before me?" he asked. And at my affirmative reply he threw his right arm around me and gave me a hug that inspired me to meet the trials and difficulties of this life, and I hope to meet him and all of God's children when we "pass over the river to rest in the shade of the trees."

GETTYSBURG PEACE MEMORIAL.

It is proposed that the celebration shall include the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th of July, 1913, and that it shall comprehend, in addition to the other exercises, the laying of the corner stone of a permanent peace memorial to be authorized and erected by the government of the United States.

The public exercises shall be conducted in the following order:

1. The first day to be known as Veterans' Day. In it all surviving soldiers of the War of the States, North and South, shall be requested to take part as invited guests, under the direction of the Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, that of the United Confederate Veterans, and under such order as these officers in connection with the commission may direct the United States flag only to appear.

2. The second day to be known as Military Day, and to be under the command of the chief of staff of the United States army. Special detachments of each branch of the army to be detailed by the Secretary of War, and representatives of the National Guards of the States to be chosen and invited for merit. Each command to have present a military band, and the evolutions of the day to be determined by the commission in consultation with the army officers in command.

3. The third day to be known as Civic Day, and to be under the personal supervision of the Governor of Pennsylvania. The participants to be the Governors of the several States, their staffs, and the general public. A great chorus of voices from the leading choral societies of the country, supported by the military bands, to furnish the music. Exercises to be held morning, afternoon, and evening in the rostrum. Appropriate orations to be delivered at the earlier services and a sermon to be given in the evening, recognizing the Divine Providence in the rise and progress of the republic.

4. The fourth day to be known as National Day, at which the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court shall preside, and the President, Vice President, the Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Congressional Committee shall be the guests of honor.

At 10 A.M. a great mass meeting shall be held at the rostrum, at which prayer shall be offered, singing by the chorus and people shall be rendered, and an oration shall be delivered by the President of the United States.

At noon the corner stone of the Peace Memorial will be laid by the President, which shall conclude official acts.

On each day the veteran soldiers present shall be regarded as official guests, and shall be provided with seats in a body.

We shall request the general government to furnish the camp equipage that may be found necessary, and the several States to provide transportation for the veteran soldiers residing within their jurisdiction. We shall ask the Gettysburg National Park Commission to locate the various camps, and shall invoke the aid of Pennsylvania to defray the transportation expenses of her own surviving soldiers and the actual cost incurred in providing the chorus and the officially invited officers of the State and general government. And we shall duly confer with the railroads and railways concerning the crucial question of transporting visitors to and from the field.

A singular error occurred in the name of Miss Regina Rambo under a picture of her in the November (1912) VETERAN. Printers would be amused by the manner of correcting errors in the name, but the corrections were not corrected. The error is on page 512 as "Rijina Rambols."

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY, HARRODSBURG, 1861-65.

[Mary Hunt Afflick, in Houston (Tex.) Post.]

In the first year of the War of the States, when Northern bastiles were filling with Confederate prisoners, the ladies of Harrodsburg, Ky., formed an association to relieve their distress as far as permitted by the authorities and named it "The Southern Aid Society." All women were eligible who were willing to contribute funds, material, or assistance in sending boxes of food and clothing to the needy prisoners. Only relatives were allowed to communicate with the men through officially inspected letters, and various ruses were adopted by these ladies to secure the names of captives, who were at once addressed as beloved "kindred" and asked to declare their necessities.

The society held its first sessions under the executive management of the noble mother of Col. J. Q. Chenowith. The members gathered each afternoon in her pleasant home to sew, knit, and pack boxes for shipment to our imprisoned soldiers. Wealthy women bought material from the Merimen Wool Factory; poor but no less patriotic ones spun and wove jeans and flannel to clothe our shivering heroes. Girls stopped on their way from school to join the busy workers, and those too young to assist otherwise wound yarn and threaded needles. In those days girls were instructed in music, Latin, and French; but they were also taught that knitting, sewing, and knowledge of all home economics were as important womanly accomplishments. It was well for us who endured the hardships of war that such was the case, for we were better enabled to meet its trials of poverty and pestilence and its awful aftermath of reconstruction. Our young hands were no less soft and dimpled, my modern belle; but they knit socks and comforters and sewed rough seams and prepared many dainties to fill the boxes sent to our dear soldiers in their wind-swept Northern prisons. Those contributions to our imprisoned "kindred" carried from Harrodsburg by the old stagecoach gave warmth and cheer to hundreds of men whose wives, mothers, and sisters were praying for them also.

Time passed and war pressed nearer to Kentucky, until in 1862 he filled the State with gory victims. Our lovely town was red with sacrificed blood of wounded heroes brought there from the battle ground of Perryville. Then the members of the Southern Aid Society became indeed sisters of mercy. Up and down the ghastly rows of sufferers in homes and hospitals they went, bearing pillows, blankets, soft bandages, cooling draughts, and loving words of deathless hope. Ah! many a white-haired soldier remembers to-day the sympathetic faces beside his pallet of pain; and could they speak to us now, they would bear witness to their kindness, who passed "over the river" with tender voices cheering them in the death darkness.

During that period after the battle of Perryville each member of the Southern Aid Society became a committee of one to secure comforts for the sick and wounded. This was no light task in our war-smitten land, for it involved self-denial in the home and a great expenditure of time and energy in journeys around the war-swept country. But ever-generous Kentucky responded royally to the needs of her children and the stranger within her gates. Dives gave his gold and Lazarus his crumb. The rich woman sent her delicacies to the sick and made for the wounded lint of her fine linen. The poverty-stricken grandmother gave her last cup of coffee to the fever-weakened, and tore her faded calico garments into bandages for the hospitals. The poor laborer contributed his dooryard fruits, and the great land owner the yellow wealth

of his grainfields, and the small farmer's wife the milk and butter that represented all of her humble wealth.

"Ah! those were trial days indeed in which the fibrous years
Have taken root so deeply that they quiver to their tops
Whene'er you stir the dust of such a day."

Time healed the wounds of war, but left its dreadful battle scars of graves. Many of them rested on the green bosom of Kentucky, and in June, 1865, the Southern Aid Society set apart a day to cover those at Harrodsburg with flowers. My mother was then president of the organization, and the offerings were brought to our house to be arranged by the ladies. There were loads and loads of blossoms, rare exotics from greenhouses, and sweet old-fashioned roses, lilacs, and spice pinks from country gardens. Some were left by polite servants and others by unreconstructed mountaineers clad in homespun, in whose fierce eyes the light of war still burned. This was the first Decoration Day that I remember, and I have never known one so sadly pathetic. Rich and poor rode together in that long procession to Spring Hill Cemetery, and grief broke the walls of caste, for everywhere Mary and Martha were weeping and Rachel was uncomforted.

The Southern Aid Society of Harrodsburg was the first organization of the kind in the border States, and it should have prominence among the initial societies of that great order, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Its members were patriots in the highest sense, and their noble answer to duty's call entitles them to a place on Southland's glory stone, entwined with posterity's whitest immortelles.

When Freedom died on Glory's breast at Appomattox, Southern soldiers went home to meet such women as these of whom I have spoken—women who were no less heroic than men who faced the cannon's smoking mouth. For four years they had dwelt with pestilence and pain and pall and dirge. They had woven their children's garments by the dim candle's light and heard the cry of the famine wolf on their thresholds. They had walked through disaster leaning upon the staff of faith and praying at the altar of each passing hour for God's care over the men and the cause beloved.

The Confederate soldier was the hero of defeat in his patient acceptance of the results of the war. He had shirked no duty before its brazen guns.

"For history tells how the gray met the blue
And gave up their lifeblood. What more could they do?"

Wearing the shield of deathless honor, this matchless man faced changed conditions with a dignity that nothing could destroy. Beside him the woman of the South was the angel of his life who stood in their devastated land and pointed across the dim future to the star of hope.

"O noble heroine! Fair as a dream
Was this woman grand of the old régime,
Braving the missiles of woe and wrath
That swept her idols from war's red path,
Standing all tearless over her slain
With white lips frozen on shrieks of pain,
Weaving with patience life's heavy stint
And daily striking the steel and flint
Of truth and courage till hope's clear spark
Leapt forth to light her on through the dark.
Let history tell to the coming years
How she struggled on through woe and tears,
And walked by her faith and not by her sight
In the cause so loved and its gray-clad knight."

REASON FOR FAITH OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

ADDRESS BY MRS. W. D. LAMAR, PRES. GA. DIV., U. D. C.

Daughters of the Confederacy: Gird yourselves with pride of race, place upon your hearts the emblems of the Confederacy, blazon upon your brows the trinity of virtues pictured on the great seal of Georgia—wisdom, justice, and moderation. Grasp lovingly the hand of your President, and let us find our way along the paths of history to the delectable mountains of unbiased vision prophesied by President Davis: "When time shall have softened passion and prejudice, when reason shall have stripped the mask from misrepresentation, then justice, holding evenly her scales, will require much of past censure and praise to change places." (December, 1888.) How can we Daughters of the Confederacy aid in the triumphant entry of "Truth, the daughter of Time?"

The objects of our organization are memorial, educational, and social. In the fulfillment of the first of these three we have never faltered nor failed. The third is of our very nature. The second we are daily carrying out in various ways, but there are others yet open to us. We first felt the flush of organized life eighteen years ago, pushed to the necessity of active effort by the continued dissemination of unarrested misstatements, by the untended graves of Southern heroes, by unmarked battle fields, and by the distress of widows and orphans of men who had sacrificed wealth and life for the Confederacy.

To conduct a campaign against error, those who would lead must know that they know what they know. In our work we must not only love and honor our heroes and learn the true story of their deeds, but we must know how our people arrived at their course of action when the time for the parting of the ways was come.

It is generally known that many leading men of the South were strongly opposed to seceding from the Union, though firmly convinced of our right to do so—a right that had been claimed seven times prior to 1860, once in 1832 by South Carolina and six times in New England. In 1811 Josiah Quincy advocated the withdrawal of Massachusetts, declaring that the admission of Louisiana to the Union guaranteed the right of separation to all the States, to be effected peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. In 1814 the Hartford Convention withdrew New England from the Union. In 1844 Massachusetts declared that she "would submit her undelimited rights to no body of men on earth." Thus the records repeatedly had shown their assertion in New England of the right to secede from the Union.

The creed of States' rights had been practiced and recognized according to one of the salient features of the now much-battered Constitution of our fathers, and had been taught in the Military Academy at West Point from a book entitled "Rawles's View of the Constitution," in use from 1825 to 1840. From this source were acquired the beliefs that prompted the choice of sides on the part of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Joseph Wheeler, and others of the gods of war that directed the marvelous military maneuvers of the Southern army.

When asked, O Daughters of the Confederacy, why the War between the States should not be called the War of Rebellion, remember that you are daughters of men who held with Rawles's "View of the Constitution:" "The right of secession must be considered an ingredient in the original Constitution of the general government."

Even while Rawles's "View of the Constitution" was temporarily ignored, a well-known effort to try Jefferson Davis for his life on the charge of treason was abandoned, because it would prove that he but followed the faith learned at the mother knee of the country in her training school at West Point. Thus did the Constitution vindicate the Southern people against the charge of being rebels or traitors.

Mr. James Callaway in the Macon Telegraph of recent date cites a telegram to Sherman from Grant which clearly absolves Sherman from devising his destructive march through Georgia and places the baneful conception upon the United States government and the commander in chief of the armies, whose willing instrument Sherman too readily became.

Had Mr. Lincoln lived, the smirch of Reconstruction would not have disgraced the pages of American history.

In his "Twenty Years in Congress" James G. Blaine says: "Throughout the long period of their domination the Southern leaders guarded the treasury with rigid and increasing vigilance against every form of corruption."

Over the sorrowful days of Reconstruction we will pass. The South arose from her poverty and distress and patriotically reentered national life. Men of the Southern and Northern armies have no personal enmity to nurse. Bravery on the one side is the pride of each.

As citizens of the republic we recognize that the government has cared for many graves of Confederate soldiers buried in the North and has marked with simple eloquence of facts and figures the battle fields of Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Shiloh, and Gettysburg. A significant fact was the refusal of the government a few years ago to allow a special escort to Father Sherman, a Catholic priest, son of General Sherman, who desired to be sent through Georgia along the line of that frightful devastation from Atlanta to the sea, and the refusal was based upon the unhappy memory that such action would revive in the South. * * *

Elihu Washburn, of Maine, said to Hon. J. L. M. Curry, a native Georgian, when the latter was visiting Washington City in 1865: "I wish you fellows were back here again." "That is a singular wish," replied Dr. Curry, "after the last four years' experience." "Yes," said the Northerner, "you gave us a great deal of trouble; but you wouldn't steal."

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, said: "The Southern people have an aptness for command combined with the highest sense of honor, and they have above all and giving value to all that supreme and superb constancy which without regard to personal ambition and without yielding to the temptations of wealth can pursue a great object in and out, year after year, generation after generation." Bear in mind, women of the South, that such tributes from such men place us under obligation to maintain this high reputation. * * *

In conclusion, I shall name a great and glorious duty that is ours to the world at large. If ever the implements of war are beaten into plowshares and pruning hooks, it will be through women; and through what company of women can such work come so fittingly and effectually as through women whose whole mission is truth and whose work is benevolent?

The bright light of necessity that discovers the right person for the right place will show that the Southern woman of yesterday and the Southern woman of to-day make the necessary combination that shall bring unto the world "peace for all peoples and for all times." Behold their temple beautiful of peace! No sound of chisel or hammer or saw, yet perfection is stamped upon it from turret to foundation stone.

THE LAST ROLL

DEATHS IN J. E. B. STUART CAMP, 45. U. C. V., SINCE 1891.

[The men were privates or noncommissioned officers except when rank is given, and the letter before the regiment indicates the company.]

Aimhart, G. W., E, 11th N. C. Inf.
 Anthony, Dr. J. A., Surgeon 7th Tenn. Inf.
 Atcheson, Ed, G, 12th Tex. Cav.
 Barnes, James, E, 18th Tex. Cav.
 Beck, A. J., E, 20th Tex. Cav.
 Beck, J. J., B, 20th Tex. Cav.
 Becker, Lewis, G, 12th Tex. Cav.
 Bowers, J. W., A, 17th Miss. Inf.
 Brady, Charles, E, 36th Va. Inf.
 Britton, G. W., Ferrell's Bat. Art.
 Cannon, E., Captain Co. K, Shire's Texas Rangers.
 Chapman, G. W., A, 13th Tex. Inf.
 Clay, E. B., Color Sergeant Co. C, 14th Ark. Cav.
 Clayton, C. C., K, 12th Miss. Cav.
 Covin, J. W., I, 12th Miss. Cav.
 Cowart, S., 6th Ga. Inf.
 Coyle, B. F., Bugler 20th Tex. Cav.
 Crews, H. H., G, 66th N. C. Inf.
 Dashiell, Dr. W. B., Surgeon Parson's Brigade.
 DeGuire, J. N., First Lieutenant Co. E, 20th Tex. Cav.
 Dempsey, David, G, 19th Tex. Inf.
 Doigg, M. T., E, 20th Ala. Inf.
 Dorsey, W. J., C, 10th Miss. Inf.
 Drake, James, F, 4th Ala. Cav.
 East, T. J., E, 1st Miss. Cav.
 Fender, J. W., F, 43d Tenn. Inf.
 Fletcher, J. L., I, 23d Miss. Inf.
 Fogleman, Mason, G, 12th Tex. Cav.
 George, F. M., Captain Co. E, 1st Tex. Inf.
 Gore, J. C., E, 4th La. Inf.
 Gray, G. W., A, 9th Tenn. Bat.
 Gray, J. D., F, 4th Tenn. Cav.
 Hamilton, J. D., Captain Co. D, 14th Tex. Cav.
 Hannah, S. H., K, 15th Miss. Inf.
 Hardin, John, A, 6th Tex. Cav.
 Hibbler, George M., Morgan's Cavalry.
 Hightower, W. T., C, 30th Miss. Inf.
 Hughes, J. W., F, 11th Miss. Inf.
 Hunt, T. M., D, 7th Miss. Bat.
 Ingram, Capt. J. M.
 Irvine, W. D., I, Morgan's Battalion.
 Jackson, W. L., Young's Texas Cavalry.
 Johnson, M. A., B, 9th Tenn. Inf.
 King, A. E., F, 24th Miss. Inf.
 Mayfield, A. J., A, 17th Ark. Inf.
 Michie, Bob, E, 17th Tex. Inf.
 Munroe, W. L., Lent. Co. I, 2d Texas Partisan Rangers.
 Mullins, E. M., A, 4th Tex. Cav.
 Northeutt, W. J., B, 19th La. Inf.
 Parsons, Dr. H. L., Surgeon Churchill's Division.
 Pettigrew, S. A., C, 8th Tex. Inf.

Piper, J. J., C, 40th Ala. Inf.
 Piper, W. B., K, 12th Ala. Inf.
 Rector, S. A., K, 18th Ala. Inf.
 Richardson, Simon, First Lieut. Co. E, 2d Mo. Inf.
 Russell, G. W., D, 41st Miss. Inf.
 Samples, John W., B, Phillip's Legion.
 Scruggs, S. R., B, 5th Ala. Cav.
 Spira, James, I, 12th Tex. Cav.
 Sprawls, F. M., C, 12th La. Inf.
 Stovall, T. P., B, 12th Miss. Cav.
 Stowers, R. I., 1st Miss. Light Art.
 Sullivan, A. P., F, Duff's Tex. Cav.
 Thompson, W. L., B, Point Cup, La. Bat. Art.
 Turner, John, E, 20th Tex. Cav.
 Twitty, W. C., Captain Co. E, 54th Ala. Inf.
 Verner, W. L., G, 41st Miss. Inf.
 Walker, J. T., I, 2d Ark. Inf.
 Weaver, J. D., W. P. Lane's Texas Cavalry.
 Whiteside, J. T., C, 5th Tenn. Cav.
 Williams, W. A., G, 7th Tex. Cav.
 Wright, John, I, 20th Tenn. Inf.
 Yarbrough, M. Y., 9th Tenn. Cav.
 [Reported by Vic Reinhardt, Adjutant of the Camp.]

CAPT. CHARLES A. FUDGE.

Charles Alexander Fudge, captain in the 45th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A., died at his home in Tazewell, Va., on November 2, 1912.

He was born in March, 1837, near Gratton. His father was Reuben Conrad Fudge, and his mother was Nancy Wilburn Harman, daughter of Hezekiah Harman, an influential citizen of his day.



CAPT. C. A. FUDGE.

Captain Fudge entered the Confederate service in 1861 as lieutenant of Company H, 45th Virginia Infantry. In 1862 he was promoted to the office of captain of his company. He fought through many severe battles. In leading a charge at Piedmont in 1864 he received a wound in the right shoulder which sent him to the hospital and incapacitated him for

further service in the war. He was a gallant, loyal soldier, proud of his record. In peace as well as war he was as true as steel. In Church and business he was equally prominent.

At a recent meeting of the Tazewell Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the following resolutions were passed as a tribute of admiration to Captain Fudge:

"We deprecate war; we love peace. Some of us older Daughters who passed through the sixties know that war is what General Sherman described it to be. We are not proud of the war, but we are proud of the valourous deeds of the Southern soldiery who made possible the imperishable world-wide renown of our Lee and Jackson.

"Resolved, That we as Daughters of the Confederacy revere and honor the name and memory of Capt. C. A. Fudge as a gallant soldier in time of war and as a patriot in time of peace, always true to his convictions.

"Resolved, further, That a copy of this tribute be furnished the local papers and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication, and that a copy be spread upon our minutes."

Committee: Mesdames C. A. Thompson, G. W. Gillespie, and H. G. Peerg, Sr.

THOMAS WARREN.

Thomas Warren, the son of Mervyn J. Warren and Mary L. Sloss, was born May 13, 1847, at Florence, Ala.; and died at St. Louis, Mo., November 8, 1912.

Before he was sixteen years of age Mr. Warren enlisted in the Confederate army. He served until the close of the war, and surrendered under Gen. N. B. Forrest at Selma, Ala. After the war he went to St. Louis, where he spent the remainder of his life, except for a few years' residence in Memphis. His efforts toward the betterment of the river front and his desire to install a fleet of steel barges to ply to and from New Orleans were the great ambitions of his life, and the future will perhaps yet see the fulfillment that was denied him. Another of his ideas was to put in operation a gravity system by which this great fleet of steel barges would carry the heavy weight of downward commerce and without effort bring back the upward weight of lighter freights, so that continued streams of commerce would give ideal effect to the world's transportation facilities. His schemes were much digested, and we shall possibly yet see the fruition of his hopes.

Mr. Warren is survived by his second wife (Emma Houston), three sons (William, Mervyn, and James), and also by a daughter (Ruth Warren). His sisters are: Mrs. A. M. O'Neal, of Florence, Ala.; Mrs. J. E. Gilbert, of Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. R. C. Newsom, of Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. C. M. Watson, of Florence, Ala.; Miss Katherine Warren, of Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Willie Warren, of New Orleans, La. James S. Warren, of Memphis, Tenn., and William H. G. Warren, of New Orleans, also survive him.

The Confederate veterans of St. Louis, with a guard of honor and many wreaths of beautiful flowers, paid tribute to his memory, and many friends carried his remains in sorrow to his tomb in Odd Fellows' Cemetery.

BRANSON.—William J. Branson, a member of the 48th Virginia Regiment, died at his home in Castlewood, Va., recently, aged seventy years. He was wounded on the second day at Gettysburg, and never fully recovered. He was a gallant soldier and a model citizen.

COMBS.—W. J. Combs, of the 16th Virginia Cavalry, died at Honaker, Va., on the 7th of November. He was an upright member of McElhancy Camp, U. C. V., Lebanon, Va.

CAPT. THOMAS W. GIVENS.

Capt. T. W. Givens, one of Florida's oldest citizens, died October 16, 1912. He was a veteran of the Seminole War of 1857-58 and also of the War of the States. He entered the Confederate service at the first call of the Governor of Florida, April 1, 1861. He enlisted in the 2d Florida Infantry



CAPT. THOMAS W. GIVENS.

and went to Virginia, and was later commissioned captain of Captain McKay's Florida Infantry. He was in continuous service until captured at Gettysburg and sent to Johnson's Island. He was exchanged only a few weeks before General Lee surrendered. He was one of the organizers of the Confederate Veterans of Florida and an active promoter of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home of Florida, and was a trustee of said institution at the time of his death. For the past six years he had represented Florida as a member of the Monumental Committee, U. C. V. He was for six years in staff service in the Department of Tennessee with the rank of Colonel, and was appointed Assistant Inspector General, with the rank of Colonel, on the staff of Gen. George W.

Gordon, Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans.

Taps have sounded for the gallant soldier. Forever the bugles of battle are silent, and already his spirit is basking in the sunshine of the just.

WILLIAM S. SAWRIE.

William S. Sawrie, a Confederate veteran and for many years a prominent business man of the South, died in Nashville during October last at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Webb. Mr. Sawrie was born in Alabama in 1843, but came to Nashville some years before the outbreak of the war. In 1861 he enlisted in Company B, Rock City Guards, Mancy's Brigade, 1st Tennessee Regiment. He served throughout the war, and at its close had been advanced to the rank of adjutant general of Govan's Brigade.

In 1867 he entered the merchandise brokerage business, of which he made a great success, and since his retirement from active business he divided his time between Nashville and Florida. He was one of Nashville's pioneer business men, was honest and upright, and was respected and beloved by all who knew him. News of his death has been received with profound regret by the entire community in which he lived.

MRS. KATE CHAPMAN.

The organizer of Sumter Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. Kate Chapman, died in Livingston, Ala., on June 29, 1912, and the Chapter adopted resolutions in her honor which were submitted by the committee, Mesdames J. P. Spratt, H. L. Mellen, and C. J. Brockway.

She was one of their most esteemed charter members. Her untiring energy and remarkable efficiency were constantly used for the good of the organization, and her sympathetic heart and helpful hands responded to every call of duty. Her Chapter and appreciative friends and neighbors extend their sympathy to her children and relatives in their sorrow.

CAPT. D. D. PEDEN.

Capt. David Dantzler Peden, of Houston, Tex., died October 25, 1912, at the home of his son, D. D. Peden, Jr., in Houston. His death followed a brief illness of ten days. He was nearly seventy-seven years old.

Captain Peden was President of the Peden Iron and Steel Company of Houston, the largest hardware and supply house in the entire Southwest. He is survived by his two sons (E. A. and D. D. Peden, Jr.), seven grandchildren, one sister (Mrs. J. W. Sullivan, of Houston), and his stepmother (Mrs. Andrew G. Peden, of Concord, Ga.).

Captain Peden was an active elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Houston. He descended from a long line of Presbyterian stock, his father having been the pastor successively of some of the old South Carolina Presbyterian Churches, and in his latter years in Houston he devoted most of his time and gave much of his means to charity. He had practically retired from active business.

Captain Peden's record as a soldier in the Confederate army was excellent. He participated in hard fighting at and near Gettysburg and around Richmond. He was during the greater part of the war directly under the command of Gen. Stonewall Jackson.

He was born in Spartanburg County, S. C., November 2, 1835, at the home of his grandparents, David and Elizabeth Miller Dantzler. His parents were Rev. Andrew G. and Margaret Dantzler Peden, and his father was the twelfth child of David Peden, who was the youngest of ten children of John and Margaret Peden, the founder of the South Carolina family of Peden. As a boy he lived in Williamsburg County, S. C., where his father was pastor successively of the Indian-town and Williamsburg Presbyterian Churches. The latter was located near Kingstree. His mother, a sister, and a brother are buried at Kingstree. His father moved to Pike County, Ga., in 1848, and the son was sent to the high school at Lagrange, Ga., and in 1855 or 1856 he entered the Georgia Military Institute, located at Marietta. When the War of the States began he volunteered, and his military training became valuable in fitting him to drill the volunteers from his section.

The regiment of which Captain Peden's company became a part was mustered into service as the 3d Independent Georgia Regiment. It later became known as the 12th Georgia Regiment. Just prior to the opening of the Gettysburg campaign in the spring of 1863 he was assigned to duty on the staff of Maj. Gen. R. E. Rodes as inspector general of the division, an honor that came to him as a genuine surprise. Captain Peden was severely wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill. His division was the last to charge on General McClellan's stronghold. Captain Peden was leading his company at double-quick time when a shell of the enemy exploded

directly in front of him, destroying the sight of his right eye and lacerating his hands and face in a number of places.

At the close of the war he returned to his farm in Calhoun County, Ga., and in May, 1865, was married to Miss Fannie D. Plowden, a native of Sumter County, S. C. For about ten years following he was engaged in farming in Calhoun and Pike Counties. Difficulties in procuring reliable labor with which to carry on the work prompted him to abandon the farm and move to Griffin, where he successfully engaged in the cotton warehouse and fertilizer business. Later he was elected cashier of different banks in Griffin.

His two sons, Edwin A. Peden and D. D. Peden, Jr., in the meantime had moved to Houston, where they became engaged in business. In order that the family should all be together, Captain Peden and his wife decided to move to Texas, and went to Houston in 1891. He and his two sons engaged in the iron and steel business under the firm name of Peden & Co. This company is now known as the Peden Iron and Steel Company, and is among the largest houses of its kind in the Southwest.

Captain Peden's career as an active Church member dates back to his residence at Griffin, Ga., where he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and Sunday school superintendent.



WILLIAM DONIPHAN FRAZEE.

A sketch of this comrade appeared in the VETERAN for November, page 527. He was a native of Kentucky, but died in Okolona, Miss. Comrade Frazee became an eminent lawyer. He was appointed chancellor by the Governor of Mississippi, postmaster at Okolona, and to government offices by Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft.

RESOLUTIONS ON DEATH OF MRS. MARY I. DUPRE.

Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has removed from earth to heaven Mrs. Mary I. DuPre, a most devoted and much-loved member; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That the William B. Bate Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, express deep appreciation of her worth as a kindly, cultured Christian woman, of her invaluable service, superb liberality, and great loyalty to us.

2. That while we shall miss "the touch of a vanished hand,

and the sound of a voice that is still," we rejoice that her valiant spirit may now in some congenial clime "rest under the shade of the trees."

3. That we gratefully acknowledge her last act of liberality in leaving us a bequest, and lovingly we pay this tribute to her memory and worth.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to two of our treasured and beloved members, two of Mrs. DuPre's nieces, Mrs. Mazie Bate Mastin and Mrs. Susie Bate Childs; also that these resolutions be spread upon the pages of the minutes of the William B. Bate Chapter, U. D. C., and published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Committee: Mesdames W. R. Bryan, W. M. Waterfield, B. F. Blankenship, M. M. Ginn, T. L. Herbert, W. T. Davis.

COL. A. G. WEAVER.

Col. A. G. Weaver died at the family residence in Santa Anna, Tex., August 31, 1912. He had been in declining health for several months. Funeral services were held at the U. D. C. Tabernacle, conducted by Revs. W. H. Doss and G. W. Light. A multitude of Colonel Weaver's friends gathered at the Tabernacle, for which he had contributed of his time and money, to show their esteem for the memory of a true friend, an honored citizen, and a worthy Christian. At the conclusion of the church service the burial was by the Masons.

Colonel Weaver was born in Monroe County, Miss., March 29, 1838, a little more than seventy-four years ago. He moved with his father's family to Texas in 1853. He was married on July 7, 1865, to Miss Arena B. Allison, by whom he is survived.

During the War of the States Mr. Weaver served as lieutenant of scouts in Parson's Brigade under Captain Maddox. After the war he returned to Leon County and farmed for two or three years, then entered successfully the mercantile business. In 1892 he moved to Coleman County and acquired what became the Weaver ranch. In 1906 he helped to organize the First National Bank of San Angelo. He was vice president and a director at the time of his death. He never took advantage of the financial troubles of others, but practiced the Golden Rule. He was a Royal Arch Mason and a faithful member of the Methodist Protestant Church.

The twain reared to worthy manhood and womanhood five daughters and seven sons—to wit: Mrs. Alice Bennett, of Eden; Mrs. R. D. Moore, of Fort Worth; Mrs. E. M. Critz, of Coleman; Mrs. Nettie Mitchell and Mrs. A. B. Strozier, of Santa Anna; A. C. Weaver, of Ozona; Norman K. Weaver, of Fort Worth; A. U. Burgess, T. W., Ernest, and Leon Weaver, of Santa Anna.

J. M. CAMPBELL.

Our Adjutant of Camp S. B. Maxey at Lyman, Tex., Capt. J. M. Campbell, while at work on October 16, 1912, placed his hands over his heart and exclaimed, "O my God!" and fell to the ground, dying instantly.

Comrade Campbell was born in Cumberland County, N. C., September 14, 1837, and moved to Texas in 1854, settling at Hockley. At the first call for volunteers he enlisted as a private in Company E, Bray's Texas Cavalry, was elected orderly sergeant of his company, and served the entire four years of the war. After the surrender he returned to Texas and located at Navasota and engaged in merchandising. In the spring of 1876 he moved to Ellis County, and in 1883 he moved to Motley County and engaged in the live stock business. During recent years he was postmaster at Lyman, Tex.

Comrade Campbell was a typical Southern gentleman of the old school, a prince among men, truly an old-fashioned Carolinian, unselfish, loyal to his friends, and highly respected; indeed, he was loved by all who knew him. He was a great favorite with the ladies and children, always cheerful and anxious to serve all who came his way. His only child, Mrs. Winnie Butler, lives in New York City. A sister and four brothers are in East Texas. He had been for many years a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church.

[By his Camp Commander, C. A. Cribbs, Matador, Tex.]



W. D. HARRIS.

W. D. Harris was born at McLemoresville, Tenn., May 9, 1836; and passed away at his home in Bentonville, Ark., May 19, 1912, having reached the ripe age of seventy-six years.

When but four years of age he was taken by his parents to White Bluff, Ark., where he grew to young manhood, and then moved to Red Bluff, in Jefferson County. He enlisted in the Confederate service from Pine Bluff, Ark., in the spring of 1862 as a member of Company G, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, Cabell's Brigade, under Gen. Sterling Price. He served as a scout, in which he honored himself and his country as a true soldier. He was in all the battles of the Missouri raid until wounded at Pilot Knob. After his recovery he was again sent out as a scout, taking part in the battles of Taylorsville and Prairie Grove, and was ever at the forefront of battle.

Comrade Harris was actively interested in Confederate matters and was an ardent admirer of the U. D. C. He was a special friend of the James H. Berry Chapter, of Bentonville, which he aided in many of its undertakings. He was a consistent Christian from his youth, laboring with the greatest zeal in behalf of his Church. In all the relations of life he bore himself nobly, and those who knew him best loved him most. He was a patient sufferer to the end, cheerful and uncomplaining, and his wife, children, and many friends mourn the passing of his bright spirit.

COL. RICHARD W. PHIPPS.

Col. "Dick" Phipps, of the 19th Mississippi Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, died at his home in Terra Ceia, Fla., on October 21, 1912, ten days after his seventy-ninth birthday. He lived to a ripe old age, but the four years he gave to the service of the Confederacy were to him the sum and the substance of his life and achievement. His one great passion was his devotion to the cause of the South.

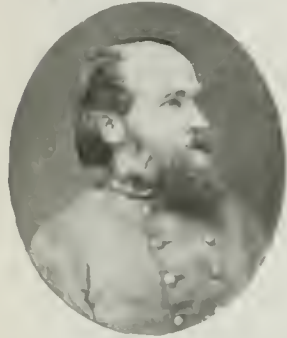
In the period of dissension before the war Colonel Phipps was an ardent secessionist. When the war came he was among the first to enlist, and was with his command from Bull Run to Appomattox. Since the war he had been unswerving in his loyalty and devotion to the principles for which he fought. He was of that type of soldier who gave the best that was in him when his services were needed, and never talked about his achievements afterwards.

The University Mississippian of Oxford states of him:

"Probably no one character among the whole of the alumni of the University is of more unique interest and esteem and worthy of higher consideration as a type of what our institution was capable of putting out even in its earlier days

than Colonel Phipps, one of the pioneers of the University.

"Colonel Phipps was born October 1, 1833, in Marshall County, Tenn., and moved with his parents to the vicinity of Oxford, Miss., early in 1843. He received his primary education in the schools of that place. He entered the University of Mississippi the first day it opened, in November, 1848, and graduated four years later with first honors and delivered the valedictory address. He



COL. R. W. PHIPPS.

studied law at Cumberland University, was admitted to the bar, and practiced in Oxford until the beginning of the War of the States. Immediately upon the bursting of the war cloud he assisted in raising a company in Oxford and was elected its first lieutenant. It was mustered into service May 14, 1861, and at once departed for Richmond. There his company joined with others from Mississippi to form the 19th Mississippi Regiment, which had the distinction of being the first regiment from Mississippi to enlist for the entire war. It then became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia and made a record second to none in that fine army. He never missed a skirmish from Bull Run to Appomattox.

"Colonel Phipps was promoted successively from a lieutenant to the colonelcy of his regiment, and during the retreat from Richmond and Petersburg commanded his brigade. At the ceremony of stacking arms at Appomattox he commanded all the Mississippi troops in the Army of Northern Virginia, three brigades in all. In August, 1865, he was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Mississippi, and in November of that year was elected to the legislature without opposition. He served until the government was overthrown by the Federal military. As Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee he conducted the campaign in Lafayette County that resulted in the overthrow of carpetbag rule. He served as President of the Alumni Association of the University for eighteen consecutive years, holding this position until he removed from Mississippi."

HON. BENJAMIN DAILEY.

It is with much sorrow that the old war veterans of the West Virginia Division of the U. C. V. announce the sudden death of that splendid soldier in war and highly honored citizen in peace, Benjamin Dailey, who so suddenly passed to his just reward at his home in Moorefield from the final effects of a wound received in battle. Since the war closed he was a splendid citizen, a lawyer of marked ability, and so known of all men, as well as a man of strong integrity of character, trusted and honored. He took a lively interest in making the reunion in this beautiful valley and at his home among this splendid people a success, and gave his time, his thoughts, and his heart to the cause. He was the chosen one to give us welcome to the hearts and homes of the grand people of this the South Branch Valley.

We join with his widow and family and friends of this community in sorrow and sympathy at the sudden and untimely death of this heroic soldier in war and splendid man and useful and honored citizen in peace, and shall attend his funeral as a body. The Adjutant General will communicate this testimonial to the widow and family and have it published in newspapers of this Division and in the VETERAN.

Committee: J. Coleman Alderson (Chairman), John S. Pancake, W. B. Colston, H. C. Avis, Wayne P. Ferguson, A. C. L. Gatewood, W. H. Cackley, Henry Mitchell, A. P. Pence.

[The above resolutions were unanimously adopted by the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., at Moorefield and signed by Robert White, Major General in command, and A. C. L. Gatewood, Adjutant General.]

GEORGE W. HART.

George W. Hart was born in Chambers County, Ala., on July 4, 1845; and died at his home in the same county on October 25, 1912. He leaves a widow and four children, all adults. The picture of Mrs. Hart is given with his.



GEORGE W. HART AND WIFE.

George W. Hart was a Christian and a devoted husband and father. He cherished the memories of the Confederacy, and was a most loyal friend to the VETERAN, which he always read with the greatest pleasure. He was one of the best soldiers that ever wore the gray. He was orderly sergeant of Company F, 61st Alabama Regiment, and never shirked the call of duty and never flinched in a fight. A brave, gallant comrade, he was always ready for service.

WILLIAM HUGH BROWN.

W. H. Brown was born in 1843 in Maury County, Tenn., in the ancestral home where his grandfather, Col. Hugh Brown, settled in 1762. Colonel Brown was a leader in the organization of Jackson College, where his grandson and

great-nephews, John C. and Neil S. Brown, and many other distinguished citizens were educated.

William H. Brown entered the Confederate army at sixteen in Capt. Henry Pointer's company, 3d Tennessee Infantry. After the fall of Fort Donelson he did staff duty in Forrest's Cavalry, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865.



WILLIAM HUGH BROWN.

Returning home, he became a prosperous farmer. He was actively interested in churches and schools, like his distinguished ancestor, giving assistance liberally. For many years he taught a Bible class in the Presbyterian Church, which he joined at the age of fourteen years. He is survived by his wife and two worthy children.

ISAAC LEWIS CLARKE.

Issac L. Clarke was born near Abingdon, Va., on February 19, 1825. He was named for Rev. Isaac Lewis, of precious memory, of Knoxville, Tenn., who was the father's pastor at the time of his birth. The family was noted for its piety and hospitality.

At the breaking out of the War of the States he volunteered in Company D, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade, Fitz Lee's Division, Stuart's Corps. He was wounded in the battle at Rude's Hill, and in the battle of Mount Jackson, November 24, 1864, he received four wounds—one in each hand, one in the right shoulder, and the other in the left wrist. Eight balls passed through his cape but did not hit him. Sergt. Mike Ireson, who was near him, galloped up, caught his horse, and took him off the field. These

wounds disabled him for the rest of the war. These honored scars were conspicuous. After the war he turned his attention to mercantile and educational pursuits.

On July 27, 1869, at Abingdon, Va., Comrade Clarke married Miss Virginia Stokes. His bride was born and reared in Salem, Roanoke County, Va. He was chairman of the County School Board for several years, and was for a time business manager of Martha Washington College. He also was in charge of Eureka Hotel (now Belmont) one year. His last business service was spent in charge of Washington Springs for two years. He became too feeble to longer engage in public life. His married life was a happy one. He is survived by his faithful and devoted wife and an only child, who is the wife of Rev. Thomas B. Hamilton, of Bluefield, W. Va.

Issac Lewis Clarke served well his day and generation. As a member of the Church he strove earnestly to do his duty.

During the last few months of his life he exemplified the beauties of our holy religion. He lived well, he died well, and it is well with his soul. Throughout his entire affliction he showed great patience. He died on December 28, 1911, and was laid away in the family square in Sinking Spring Cemetery, Abingdon, Va. His funeral was conducted by the writer for the William E. Jones Camp of Confederate Veterans, assisted by his pastor, Rev. J. M. Carter, Dr. S. D. Long, and Rev. G. D. French for the Church.

[From sketch by Rev. H. C. Neal.]

M. A. THOMAS.

M. A. Thomas, a veteran of the War of the States, died at his home in Lynchburg, Va., in October. Funeral services at his late residence were conducted by Rev. W. A. Ayers, pastor of the College Hill Baptist Church. The interment was at Spring Hill Cemetery, the burial services being conducted by the Garland-Rodes Camp, U. C. V., with W. S. Gregory in charge. Taps were sounded by Frank Dawson.



M. A. THOMAS.

Mr. Thomas was a gallant soldier, and never ceased to cherish the cause of the South in all the long years that had followed the great struggle.

PROTEST AGAINST FALSE HISTORIES.

MRS. F. E. RIGNEY TO THE MISSOURI DIVISION, U. D. C.

In behalf of our children I wish to speak briefly in regard to the histories which have been and are still being taught in our public schools. History is a true narration of past events. The correct sources from which a historian should write are the records of the people of whom he is writing. We do not want the children of America misled by the falsehoods that some of the present-day histories contain. We assuredly do not want the children of the South taught that their forebears were rioters and rebels. We should not stand idly by and permit these misstatements to stand, for we can never change the impression which children receive from such teaching. The youths of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow, and now is the time to teach them history. The War of the States is over. It has passed into history, and the future will know it only through printed pages.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have voluntarily assumed the obligation of seeing that the heroes of the South are properly honored and remembered, and we have further obligated ourselves to see that the world receives a true history of the South. Elson's history is unfair to the Southern people. Virginia and Georgia first agitated the subject of correcting Elson's mistakes or of eliminating his history from the public schools. Mrs. John Francis Davis, one of our late gifted State Historians, introduced the subject in Missouri at our last Convention. As a result of her work a joint committee of United Daughters of the Confederacy and Camp 80 of Kansas City Veterans made an appeal to the superintendent of public schools in Kansas City either to cease using the history or to eliminate that part which spoke unjustly of our Southern men and women. Through the superintendent the matter was taken up with the author, who promised that in the next edition of the work he would eliminate the objectionable matter.

Such a historian is unworthy of belief. If his history was a false record of events when written, he is not a good historian. If it was a true record when written, nothing has since transpired to make it false, and the history should not be corrected. A historian who will correct his work to suit the fancy and desire of each State or community only to save his book from elimination from public schools and thereby save himself from financial loss is not a suitable historian.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Blake L. Woodson, by her vigilance and interest in having the truth taught to our children, McMaster's history has been eliminated from many of our schools.

The people of the South should insist that their children be taught the truth about our great war without partiality or prejudice. To accomplish this the Daughters of the Confederacy in their several States must see to it that the schools use only such books as are fair and honest, for in no surer way may we redeem our pledge to give to the world the true story of our struggle.

[Mrs. Rigney's comment about the author who would change his record to suit the demands of any class is worthy of consideration and prompt action. No patriot, wherever he may reside, should fail to condemn the Elson history. An author who shows such partisan bias should be repudiated, North as well as South, and publishers who continue to print such books should be made to realize that the American people will not have their goods.]

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

[Under this head important information is sought.]

A FEDERAL WANTS TO FIND A CONFEDERATE LIEUTENANT.

Through the National Tribune inquiry is made for a certain young officer of the Southern army who befriended an enemy. George Maine, Sr., 26th Illinois, Stevens Point, Wis., says that he was captured on the right of Tunnel Hill when a Confederate lieutenant stopped his men from robbing him. He would like to know if the lieutenant is still living.

WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT L. T. TURNER.

C. S. Turner, publisher of the Dade County Times, writes: "My father, L. T. Turner, enlisted as a private and corporal in Company A, 23d Alabama Infantry, on September 27, 1861. Col. Joseph B. Bibb was first in command of the regiment and later Col. John J. Longmire, the latter serving until the close of the war. I should like to hear from his comrades."

GREETING TO LOUISIANA COMRADES.

Charles Warren, of Buchanan, Ky., writes:

"I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for several years, and I scarcely ever see anything from New Orleans. I have lived in Kentucky since the close of the war. In 1861 I enlisted in Houma Parish, Terrebone, La., for one year. Our company, the Grevoit Guards, was made a part of the 1st Louisiana Battalion, commanded by Charles Dreux. We were hurried to Bethel Church, on the Peninsula, under General McGruder. At the end of a year we were discharged. I re-enlisted and served to the close of the war. I was at New Market, Gettysburg, and in other battles, and was never wounded or captured. I am now seventy-four years old and am successful in business in Kentucky.

"I read in the August VETERAN of the widow of an old comrade asking information, and I replied by affidavit, which I hope will help her secure her pension.

"I should like to hear from my comrades in the 1st Louisiana or in Thomas E. Jackson's battery of light artillery, attached to Jenkins's Cavalry. Micajah Woods, of Charlottesville, Va., was a lieutenant in our battery. I saw a notice of his death in the VETERAN. Randolph Blain, a lawyer of Louisville, Ky., was another lieutenant. Our captain died soon after the war closed. John Hampton, William Sands, and John Snick, comrades in the battery, are also dead."

MRS. HANNAH NICHOLSON TUNNELL.

Mrs. J. B. Sinclair, Sr., Historian of the Old Dominion Dragoons Chapter, U. D. C., at Hampton, Va., seeks information about Mrs. Hannah Nicholson Tunnell. Mrs. Sinclair writes:

"The Daughters of the Confederacy of the Virginia Peninsula are interested in getting all the information possible about this brave woman. We want to put a stone at her grave, and want an accurate account of her courageous performances. We know that on the morning of June 10, 1861, Mrs. Tunnell left her home near Hampton and went unattended through a wooded country and warned a portion of Magruder's army of the advance of Butler's forces, and it is thought that this brave act helped to save the day to the Confederates in the battle of Big Bethel. An account of this is given by Gen. James H. Lane and by Rev. E. C. Gordon, both of whom were in the battle of Big Bethel; but we should be grateful for further facts and details before our memorial to Mrs. Tunnell is completed."



DELIVERING CROSSES OF HONOR TO CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN TACOMA, WASH.

The State of Washington has three Chapters of the U. D. C., and ever since their organization it has been their great desire to be able to confer some crosses of honor. Spokane and Seattle succeeded in conferring a few, but only a few and one at a time; so you can imagine our delight when we Daughters of Tacoma found that we had in the city and in the county twenty veterans who were entitled to the great honor. We ordered the crosses promptly, but the receipt was delayed.

We wrote personal letters to the veterans asking them to a reception at my home on November 15. I felt much honored in being hostess at such an auspicious occasion. This is the rainy season with us, and so we had only nine veterans at the reception; but we had the daughters of two others to receive the crosses for their fathers. One daughter said that it was her father's birthday, and she was sure that he could not receive a gift that he would value so highly. Of the other nine, some were too feeble to come and others lived too far in the country to come in, but their crosses will be delivered.

Much interest was shown in the occasion, and already the Chapter is reaping results which will promote our growth in the State. The veterans all seemed in their happiest spirits. While they were not all orators, each told stories that reached the heart of every listener. One minute the crowd was in tears and the next every one laughed. We had an hour of impromptu speech-making, dialect stories, and jokes, ending with three hearty, soul-stirring cheers for the old Confeds. It awakened us to the many duties which yet lie within our province. After old-fashioned Southern refreshments were served to the strains of "Dixie," the crowd was loath to go home. As the guests went their several ways to their homes I am sure there was abroad in the air more genuine Southern patriotism than ever abided in the city of Tacoma before. Each day since we have had some echo from it. A lady telephoned to say that she was a cripple and could not attend, but she wished to join our Chapter. An old veteran who served in the 10th Tennessee Cavalry was in distress without any means, and he wished to take a sick daughter to willing friends in Oregon. I conferred with the Commandant of the Camp here, and we immediately raised the necessary funds.

[From report by Grace Pulliam Cain, Tacoma.]

IMPORTANT ACTION BY MISSOURI VETERANS.

The Missouri Veterans were delighted with the hospitality extended at the Warrensburg Reunion. Hearty indorsement was given in the adoption of resolutions submitted by their committee, John B. Stone, John W. Halleburton, and George W. Lankford. They expressed gratitude not only to the people generally but especially to the M. M. Parsons Camp, to the ladies "who made our lives better and brighter," and to the Federal soldier-residents who cooperated cordially and without stint in their entertainment.

A message of sympathy and admiration was sent to the Past Commander of the Division, Col. Elijah Gates, now ninety years old and suffering from his many wounds and other afflictions.

A resolution favoring a closer union by the Sons of Veterans with their organization was cordially adopted. The Division favored associate membership with people in Missouri who favor a rigid scrutiny of such histories as treat of the causes of the war, believing that it would be highly beneficial to the cause of truth.

The convention commended the appointment of the retiring Major General, J. William Towson, to represent Missouri comrades at the Gettysburg Reunion.

"THE ISLAND OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS."

A writer in the Atlanta Constitution says that Miss Will Allen Dromgoole's book, "The Island of Beautiful Things," has been called a novel of the heart because it is in very truth just that; for "the author has played on the tenderest chords of life, those most susceptible and human, suffusing the reader in a wave of melody and harmony. The Man has just returned from years on the barren plains, where he went to nurse the wound of a disappointed love. It has not healed and he resents having to return home, but he had to answer the mother call. How the friendship of his little comrade 'Fuzzy-Wuz,' who creeps into the crook of his arm and the nooks of his heart, makes him forget the insistent call of the plains and leads him on to the discovery of the island of beautiful things, makes a story so appealing that it lingers long in one's mind and heart."

MARY JOHNSTON'S NEW BOOK, "CEASE FIRING."

Miss Johnston's "Cease Firing" is a sequel to "The Long Roll," and completes the romance of the earlier volume and also brings to an end its stirring record of the war.

The new book is listed among the season's output of fiction; and taken as such and read entirely for the sake of the story it tells, it is very much worth while. Its love story is a slender thread of romance—a fair and tender tale—set in the midst of the fitful, shifting tragedy of a world in arms. It is an idyl with epic phases, and in the end it holds something of the exquisite sweetness that marks the final scene of the author's "Goddess of Reason." Yvette, listening with dulling ears for the high song of the lark, and Desiree, lifting dying eyes to the far sweet lights of home—both learn in dying that Love holds all things, even Death.

But to the majority of readers the love story in "Cease Firing," as was true of "The Long Roll," is only an incident in the book, while the great and terrible drama of war is its dominant and unforgettable theme. It is in such work that the writer is at her best; and however much her military portraits and pictures have been criticized, it is impossible to deny her sincerity and earnestness. Her study is painstaking as well as eager, and her old-time love of a good story, her unerring dramatic instinct, and her strange witchery of word-coloring, all combine to vivify with new beauties and meanings her vital and convincing array of facts.

Her work has developed in scope and in meaning as it has advanced. In "The Long Roll" she depicts some tremendous scenes in the vast drama of the great war, as she shows Jackson's devoted army performing its marvels of valor and endurance at the behest of a simple professor of military tactics grown by its knowledge of his genius into a very god of war.

But in the new book the scene is enormously larger than in the earlier volume. The struggle of the entire South, from the siege of Vicksburg to the surrender at Appomattox, is here disclosed in a mighty panorama of compelling heroism and despair. It seems impossible that a volume so small should hold so vast a scene. Battle follows battle in tragic succession—Port Gibson, Gettysburg, Kelly's Ford, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, the Wilderness, the Crater. It is the stupendous struggle of a beleaguered people against the fearful odds of exhausted resources, against poverty, hunger, nakedness, and in the end against brutality that spared neither age nor sex.

It was Miss Johnston's own father who commanded the Botetourt Artillery in the battle of Port Gibson, and who shouted to his gunners from the midst of a storm of shot and shell: "A habit's a habit, men! This battery's got the habit of being steadfast. Keep it up! Keep it up!" And from this fighting father of the sixties, from whose own lips she learned these stories, she must have gotten her masculine grasp of the details and tactics of battles and campaigns. Throughout the entire volume it is not only the movements of the troops, the battles, the skirmishes, the marches that are given with accuracy and spirit, but there is always also a personal sense of the human unit in these marching, battling armies, with a wonderful knowledge of the lands in which the vast struggle took place and a tremendous vision of the meaning and method of military generalship and the maneuvering of armies.

The vision embraces the entire sweep of country through which the gray armies marched and fought, and the whole

life of the South, with all its beauty, joyousness, and valor, becomes here a country-wide scene in which to set a splendid drama. Here is Vicksburg facing its siege with gayety and courage; then a panoramic picture of a war-ridden stretch of mountain, valley, and roadway reaching miles on miles between; then Richmond holding valiantly as the end drew on to its accustomed habits of light-hearted bravery, yet praying the age-old prayer, "From plague, pestilence, and famine, from battle, murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us;" and then that weary, hungry march in the springtime, when the Army of Northern Virginia moved desperately on and on and on—under flowering fruit trees, April verdure, and a clearing sky, on and on and on—to Appomattox and the end.

Miss Johnston dwells but little on the glory and glamour of war. Her book is filled for the most part with the heroisms and tragedies of the struggle, and the figures of the great commanders stand out like luminous portraits against a moving background of marching armies, thunderous charges, wavering battle lines, tragic victories, and valiant retreats. Unending marches, sieges, and battles follow each other in countless repetitions, "as old as the ages, as monotonous as the desert wind." And in heroic outline against the vague and fitful horror of it all appear the figures of the heroes of the strife.

First, Jefferson Davis, "tall, lean as an Indian, clear-cut, distinguished theorist and idealist, patriot, eminently able, he looked like an eagle from his eyrie."

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, "spare, of medium height, with grizzled hair, mustache, and imperial, riding a beautiful chestnut mare. He rode very firmly, sitting straight and soldierly, a slight, indomitable figure, instinct with intellectual strength. * * * When he lifted his hat to the cheering lines and smiled, there came a winsomeness to his quiet face. He was mingled Scotch and English, somewhat stubborn, very pale."

Grant, "a plain, straightforward, not over-imaginative, introspective, or sophisticated person, who did not so much plan great campaigns as take unswervingly the next common-sense step."

Bragg, "brave, able in his own way, but melancholy, depressed, ill in body and in mind, at war with himself and exacting with his subordinates." * * *

Forrest, "a strange figure, an uneducated countryman, with no military training or influence; a man of violence and magnanimities, a big smoky personality, here dark, here broadly, clearly lighted."

Patrick Cleburne, "with graying hair above his steel-gray eyes, Irishman of the county of Cork, one-time soldier in the English army, he was not only a commander but a comrade fighting with his men."

Cheatham, "with his veteran division predestined to grim fighting, coming into battle with the precision of a stone from David's sling."

Then there were Hardee, "one of the best," and Hood, "the fighter," and "dear Dick Ewell," and the Army of Tennessee, "stanch and cheerful, gaunt and heroic, like its brother, the Army of Northern Virginia."

Readers of the story soon realize that through its thought there runs a note of fatalism, imbibed, no doubt, by the writer from the spirit of that same army whose record she has studied so well. She feels that not only the inexhaustible resources of the North but the unconquerable forces of nature worked against the South's dream of freedom and empire. Floods and frost, insufferable heat and intolerable cold, dis-

ease, hunger, and death sapped at the strength of the men in gray with a triumph more sure and far more cruel than all the cannon and sword of the ever-fresh ranks of blue. Nature herself lent her insidious strength to the flesh-and-blood enemies of the tattered gray ranks, and the sodden morass and mire that led to Vicksburg, the choking dust of Chickamauga, the relentless rains that followed Gettysburg, the water-filled rifle pits of Kennesaw Mountain, the bitter frost and the blood-tracked and frozen earth that lay between Franklin and Nashville, and the abnormal dampness and chill of that dreadful South Carolina winter of '64 and '65 were but a part of the overwhelming odds that drove those indomitable gray armies to their predestined doom.

A notable phase of the book is its intimate, tragic, and convincing picture of Sherman's ruthless march to the sea. The story is one of devastation that war-time men and women who lived through its horror will pass on to their children's children—the burned villages, the blackened country with gaunt and lonely chimneys standing up from smoking ruins, the famine, the broken hearts, the human passions let loose, the anger, the greed and lust, the shrunken good, the mounting evil, and for the object and meaning of so barbarous a manner of warfare as the words of Sherman proclaim.

There is a wonderful chapter in the book on the battle of Chickamauga, "The River of Death," an awful victory where death howled through the vale and the ghosts of ten thousand of the dead, "rising like mist from Chickamauga, passed like thin smoke across the moon."

A still more wonderful chapter tells of Gettysburg, our high tide of glory and defeat; and here, as throughout the book, a masterful union of accurate military detail and unerring imaginative insight join to make the story one that stirs the blood and haunts the memory. This chapter on Gettysburg was published some months ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was at once accepted as one of the most dramatic descriptions of the battle ever written.

Only once in the entire book does the writer forget the blood and tears of war and allow us to gaze with quickened breath on its full panoply of romance and display. It was on a June morning something more than a month after Chancellorsville when General Lee reviewed Stuart's Cavalry on a wood-set plain to the north of Culpeper Courthouse. Death was forgotten on that early summer's day, and the zest of victory was in the air. The "army lifted its eyes to the crimson banner with its thirteen stars, and June was in every soldier's heart." "To the right and left there sprang a rustling. The sun strengthened, the mists began to lift, and the bugles blared together. Into the very atmosphere sifted something like golden laughter." A shout arose: "Jeb Stuart! Jeb Stuart!" "Out of the misty forest, borne high, a vivid square in a sea of pearl, came a battle flag crimson and blue and thirteen-starred. Forth it paced, held high by a mounted standard bearer." Then "from the misty middle of the plain came with tramp and jingle another mounted party. One rode ahead on a gray horse. Noble of face, simple and courteous, he came to the great flag and grandeur came with him—General Lee, General Lee!"

Another review held somewhat close to this one in point of time shows something of the brilliancy and hope of war, but suggests also its hardships, perils, and uncertainties. It was on the day when President Davis and General Johnston reviewed the forces that were to defend Vicksburg. "Past the President of the Confederacy on that day," says the record, "went an array of men that could be matched on

the whole earth only by the other armies of the Confederacy. * * * How spare they were and how young and ragged! There were men from well-nigh every Southern State—from Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Missouri, Texas, Kentucky, the Carolinas—but whether they came from lands of cotton and cane or from lands of apples and wheat, they were alike lean and bronzed and ragged and young. Men in their prime were there and men past their prime. There did not lack graybeards. Despite this the impression was overwhelmingly one of youth. * * * Brigade by brigade, infantry, cavalry, artillery, with smoke-stained, shot-riddled colors, with bright used muskets, with guns, with war horses, with bands playing 'Dixie,' they went by Mr. Davis and General Johnston under the live oak." But even in the martial eagerness of the picture there are hints of future disaster, and the whole picture suggests the sternness and hardship rather than the glory of war.

As time lessens year by year the intensity of the personal interest felt by American readers in the events of the War of the States, we begin more and more, as the students and readers of other countries have already done, to ask for histories that are good literature as well as good history. If a record of the war is to have permanent value, it must have literary excellence as well as historical accuracy. Such works as Mr. Davis's history of the Confederacy, Robert Lee's memoir of his father, Colonel Henderson's life of Stonewall Jackson, and Ellen Glasgow's "Battle Ground" have won for the story of the South a permanent place among the enduring works of English literature. And to the list of these great books and others of their kind the South must be forever grateful for the addition of Miss Johnston's dual romance of the war. Lovers of fiction the world over will gain from the story a new understanding of our people's stupendous fight for liberty, and in our own land the books will keep the heroic record alive in the hearts of generations born too late to learn the story first-hand from the lips of the men who made it.

REVIEW OF SOME OTHER NEW BOOKS.

[Data from review of Philip F. Brown's "Reminiscences of the War," by E. R. Chesterman.]

The sturdy old "Johnny Reb" who wrote this interesting pamphlet—and, by the way, he isn't so old after all—has long been the proprietor of Blue Ridge Springs, Botetourt County, Va. Phil Brown joined the Confederate army as a member of the Petersburg Grays (Company B) in April, 1861. He was offered a clerical position, but he decided to remain in the ranks. A "bomb-proof" job didn't suit his ambitions.

Mr. Brown got his first whiff of powder at White Oak Swamp. Later he was at Second Manassas and in the Maryland Campaign, but a wound in the arm disabled him for field service. He fell into the hands of the Yanks, who treated him with exceptional kindness, probably on account of his youth and ever-affable manners. He also had a brief glimpse of prison life at Fort McHenry before his escape.

A bit of cloth was mixed with the bone in the young soldier's arm following the extraction of the bullet, and for a time gangrene threatened; but his brother, a physician, relieved him. When well again young Brown got an honorable discharge from the army, and he clerked in the American Hotel, Richmond, in which he had some experiences almost as thrilling as those of a soldier, for he frequently encountered drunken soldiers under perilous conditions.

The pamphlet abounds in incidents which are well described, sometimes with almost startling vividness. Not the least interesting features of the book are the author's reminiscences of war-time life in Richmond and of the feverish hours that marked the evacuation of the city. In the publication are excellent pictures of the Confederate capital just after the evacuation, and another showing the hustling metropolis as it is now. Mr. Brown's compositions are consistently interesting, while his memory is amazingly retentive. Many things are of value to historians, and "his pamphlet lacks neither atmosphere nor local color." The book was printed by a country office, and has its share of typographical errors. So the author's spelling is like Josh Billings's and Artemas Ward's in some places, whereas he is an expert in orthography and a man of exceptional accuracy in all things.

[Comrade Brown writes of his interest in the sketch of Mrs. Prichard in the October VETERAN, and states that two of her sons, John and Charles, were in the same company in which he served, and the latter was wounded the same day that he was. This booklet, "Reminiscences of the War" (price, 25 cents), will be sent to any one who will secure a new subscriber to the VETERAN.

"THE GARDEN OF MEMORY."

Stories of the War of the States told by Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, compiled by the H. L. Grinstead Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, of Camden, Ark., under the above title, is not only interesting but very valuable for its accuracy. The contents are contributions by members of that Chapter and their relatives and friends who took part in the stirring scenes of the sixties.

True, it is in a sense local, as it deals with the experiences and incidents in the lives of citizens of Camden and Ouachita Counties; yet it is a part of the history of the Confederacy told in an unbiased way by those who knew and have given the facts.

J. E. Lide's "Escape from Prison" is a valuable contribution to Southern history; while Mrs. Virginia Stinson, Mrs. Ida Victoria Goodwill, and others present graphic and amusing pictures of social life in Camden during the war.

The record of several regiments of soldiers from South Arkansas by Dr. J. N. Bragg, Col. A. S. Morgan, Col. John R. Thornton, and others made it important as a historic publication; and a list of veterans, members of Hugh McCollum Camp, U. C. V., is embodied in the book.

The book is handsomely illustrated by full-page pictures of historical places in and near Camden, together with photo-gravures of Confederate veterans in their uniform, the Confederate monument, with a list of men buried near it. It is reviewed and cordially commended by Col. J. C. Wright, of Whelen Springs, Ark., who commanded as lieutenant colonel the 26th Arkansas Infantry and later Wright's Arkansas Cavalry Regiment.

The zeal with which this book is placed before the public by members of the H. L. Grinstead Chapter, U. D. C., of Camden, illustrates the interest of our Confederate Daughters in the great cause. One of the staunch advocates of this work is delightfully recalled in the activities of Mrs. J. T. Sifford, of Camden, at the reunion there a few years ago when Commander in Chief Gen. Clement A. Evans was a guest of that city.

Send all orders to Mrs. W. P. Ritchie, Secretary U. D. C., Camden, Ark. Fifty cents, postpaid.

"THE SIEGE."

Mr. John S. Williams might have put the title of his book in the plural, since it is the history of two sieges instead of one that makes up the plot of this stirring "novel of love and war." The first siege is the historic one of Grant's investment and capture of the courageous little city of Vicksburg, and the second, and no less vital siege, is that in which the hero of the tale, after a long and tedious defense on the heroine's part, finally storms and takes the innermost fortress of a woman's heart.

The story opens with the meeting of the convention by whose action Mississippi was withdrawn from the Union. The plot follows the fortunes of the State through the four long years of war and the still harder ones of Reconstruction, and brings its record to a close only when prosperity had once more come to a much-tried commonwealth, and happiness to the two young people about whose fortunes centers the love interest of the tale.

The book shows careful study and research on its author's part, and is filled with a very genuine love for the South and all that pertains to its life and history.



JOHN S. WILLIAMS.

The accompanying portrait represents John S. Williams, author of "The Siege," which perhaps is the strongest piece of historical fiction that has ever been written in justification of the position taken by the South in the War of the States. One critic writing of "The Siege" said: "A novel of the Civil War—of a woman shut up in a besieged city, of her lover fighting with all the power and strength in him at the front not only his enemy but his rivals. Full of the clash of musketry and cannon, full of the love of two people—a man and a woman. As in no other single volume, we see the great Civil War as a huge panorama, the heart-rending scenes and episodes softened by that great and wonderful thing, the pure love of man for woman, conquering against odds."

The Rev. M. A. Matthews, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle, a Southerner and a scholarly gentleman, after reading the book, said: "So far as my knowledge of Mississippi, the South, the secession, and the things leading up to the war is concerned, you have stated the facts of history not too strongly. It has the true Southern ring, and, in my opinion, is really good Southern history. Your subject matter is most interesting, and ought to command the respect, attention, and thought of every honest American."

The author of "The Siege" is a native of Pope County, Ark., where his mother still resides. He has spent several years in the North, and his book reveals to the reader how deeply his love has grown for the Southland as he has learned how unjustly she is criticized by those sections so ignorant of the true character of our Southern people.

"The Siege" is \$1.20 net, and should be secured through any bookstore, or from the publishers, the Cosmopolitan Press 31 East Seventeenth Street, New York, by adding fifteen cents for postage.

"ELMIRA PRISON CAMP."

In a generous volume in which the publishers have spared neither pains nor expense Clay W. Holmes, a member of the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, has presented an exhaustive history of Elmira Prison Camp from July, 1864, to July, 1865.

The author has endeavored to make his work thorough and accurate. His book contains all official correspondence concerning the prison, many letters from Confederate soldiers confined there, personal reminiscences, and as many as could be gotten of the known facts regarding the prison camp. His narratives of prison life and incidents are full of a zest and spirit that give the volume a very real human interest; while his elaborate use of letters, official documents, orders, and records make the work one of historical weight and finality.

Several chapters of the book are given up to the famous tunnel escape, and letters from the six survivors of the adventure describe in detail the secrecy, the patience, and the immense labor that went into the success of their perilous undertaking.

A striking phase of the book is its unconscious vindication of Southern prison authorities of the charge of neglecting or starving their prisoners. The author goes to some length here to explain the difficulties in the way of procuring food and of establishing the necessary sanitary measures for the health of the prisoners at Elmira. And it at once becomes evident that if in a part of the country as far removed from the scene of war as Elmira, and with unlimited resources to draw from, it was difficult to provide for prisoners, in the South, where war, poverty, and famine held the entire land, it was impossible.

The book closes with a description of the National Cemetery at Elmira and gives a complete list of the several thousand Confederate dead who are buried there. In the page describing this last resting place of these prison dead the author quotes a letter from Mr. Marcus B. Toney, of Nashville, expressing surprise and pleasure at the care and reverence shown these Southern graves, suggesting that our men be left to rest undisturbed in a land that had given them so reverent a burial. The author takes occasion in this connection to commend Mr. Toney's modest little volume of reminiscences, "The Privations of a Private," saying of it: "Of all the books

written by Confederate authors that have come to our attention, none compare with this in simple, dignified sweetness."

Mr. Holmes's book as a whole is not one that will be accepted without protest or argument. It will be read with more interest doubtless in the South than in the North, and will be an unending subject of discussion and of interesting personal reminiscences. The volume is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"ON HAZARDOUS SERVICE."

William Gilmore Beymer calls his book "Scouts and Spies of the North and South," and in it he exploits a field of military heroism but little known to readers of war-time literature. The tales are of the secret service branch of military duty and tell impartially of the men and women on both sides of the struggle who as secret agents, spies, messengers, and accredited scouts of their respective governments dared imprisonment or dishonorable death. Few tales of the imagination can equal the thrill and stress of these brave stories from real life hardihood and daring. Not only men but boys little beyond childhood and fragile, earnest women faced every sort of privation and danger to serve the cause of what was in each case true patriotism.

The author writes with a full sense of the bravery of the deeds and plans of which he tells and with an unending dramatic sense of scene and of climax. Yet he has spared no pains to unravel as far as possible the many mysteries and secrets of the lives and deeds which he sets forth.

The volume is made up of ten sketches, the subjects being equally divided between the North and the South. Here is Rowan, for whose services General Sheridan recommended the medal "for valor" bestowed by Congress and cherished by the old scout long after his adventures were over. Here is the dramatic and mysterious story of "Williams, C. S. A.," hanged as a spy near Franklin, Tenn., in 1863, and carrying the secret of his enterprise with him to the grave. Here are Young and Wat Bowie and Landegon and Captain Beall, and here are the Phillippes, like Miss Van Lew, holding direct communication with the North from Richmond, and Mrs. Greenhow sending messages South from Washington.

The chapter on John Beall is perhaps the only one that will be received with protest. The story of Captain Beall's ill-fated enterprise is given with something less of heroism, both as to detail and intention, than is the accepted belief about a man for whose life members of Congress and other prominent men from the North even more than the South pleaded in vain. The little sketch shows every evidence of care and accuracy in its preparation, but in its atmosphere and its conclusions it is untrue to history and will undoubtedly meet with protest and discussion. Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.80.

MRS. HORTON, VICE PRESIDENT OF BOSCOBEL COLLEGE.—An announcement that will give general interest and satisfaction not only to her wide circle of friends but to the Southern public is that Mrs. Carolina Polk Horton has accepted the vice presidency of Boscobel College, Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Horton is a woman of unusual culture and high ideals, and her influence in the school will undoubtedly be manifold in its results. Mrs. Horton is a niece of Gen. Leonidas Polk and a granddaughter of Col. William Polk.

Bear in mind that the VETERAN supplies all Confederate books at or below the publishers' prices, some much below. "The Confederate Military History" (twelve volumes) is just half the price.

ADDITIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

In the February or March VETERAN the full list of contributors will be published. Since the publication of the list in the December number the following sums were added (occasionally an anonymous gift is made): A Southern woman, \$1; Mrs. J. W. Cates, Maryville, Tenn., \$1; J. J. Rogers, Tupelo, Miss., \$5; A. F. Evans, Huntsville, Ala., \$1; W. S. Grimes, Wapello, Iowa, \$5; Capt. M. S. Cockrill, Nashville, Tenn., \$5; F. H. Weston, Columbia, S. C., \$1; Col. E. A. Asbury, Higginsville, Mo. (additional), \$14; Ed de Mondel, Hondo, Tex., \$1; W. K. Sutherlin, Shreveport, La., \$2; B. L. Wynn, Charleston, Miss., \$1; M. L. Morrison, Kingston, Tenn., \$1; George Harvey, Canton, Miss., \$5; W. T. Redwood, Brooksville, Miss., \$1. Total, \$48.50.

The previously published list amounts to \$473 (erroneously printed \$372), and these additions bring the total to date to \$521.50, which is about half the cost of material and labor. But the work will in no way be stinted. Remember that this is the best thing possible for the moral good to come of it.

In these new subscriptions it will be seen that the largest comes from Col. A. E. Asbury, of Higginsville, Mo., who had already contributed \$6. He writes from his winter home in Florida: "I inclose you check for \$14 to make my subscription to the Richard Owen Memorial \$20. I do hope that the Southern people will respond promptly and sufficiently to your last appeal. I was not at any time under Colonel Owen, but felt the hard treatment at Johnson's Island, Point Lookout, Fort Norfolk, and Fort Delaware."

Capt. M. S. Cockrill, of Nashville, who gives \$5, was a student under Colonel Owen, and says that he richly merits it.

CAPTURED WITH THE SECOND LOUISIANA FLAG.

BY J. R. BROWN, COMPANY F, 2D LOUISIANA INFANTRY.

I find in looking over Charles H. Fasnacht's list of flags captured at Spottsylvania, Va., on May 12, 1864, and recently returned to the 2d Louisiana Infantry, that it is correct both as to time and place. I was present at the time of the capture and saw the flag, in the hands of Color Bearer Crawford Cox, of Company A, go down.

Cox, myself, and Seth Cox, of Company A; R. M. Fletcher, of Company F; Sargeant McCord, Captain Elliott, Sergt. Jim Windom, of Company F, and many others were captured and taken to Point Lookout, thence to Elmira, where we remained until March, 1865. We were then sent to Richmond, where we were paroled. Lieut. R. M. Fletcher, Gen. Ed Johnson, Capt. John Elliott, and other commissioned officers were separated from us at Fredericksburg, and we did not see them any more. The officers mentioned were with the immortal six hundred who were sent to Charleston and there put under the fire of the Federal batteries. R. M. Fletcher now lives at Osceola, Ark.

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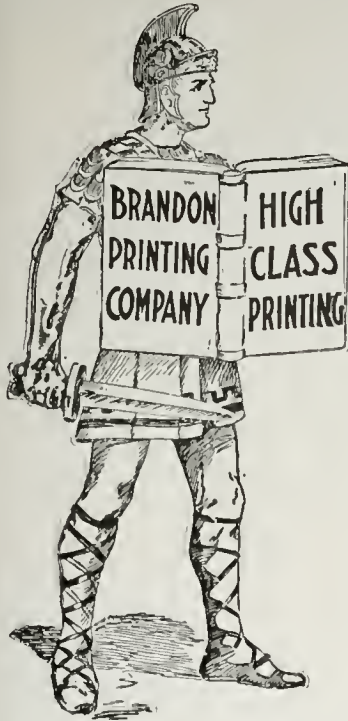
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R. (Dick) Carpenter, of Company B, 10th Louisiana Infantry, which left the city of New Orleans in the spring of 1861, would be pleased to hear from any member of his company. Write him at Cumby, Tex. He has not seen a man of his company since the battle of Gettysburg.

J. N. Gaines, of Brunswick, Mo., says that he would like to hear from or of

some old comrades—George Donald, Dal Pattinger, — Crittenden, Tull Bryant, Jack Hamilton, Jo Bearden, and Dick Brooks. He does not remember to which regiment they belonged, but they were members of Morgan's Cavalry and were with Quirk's Scouts after the Ohio raid during the fall and winter of 1863-64. He also wants to hear of John T. Morgan.

Mrs. G. U. L. Beyers, 504 High Street, Columbia, Tenn., wishes to secure information of the service of Aurelius Whittington, who enlisted in the war from Mount Andrew, Ala. His widow is in need of a pension, and it is hoped that some comrades may be able to give testimony of his service in the Confederate army.

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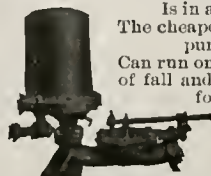
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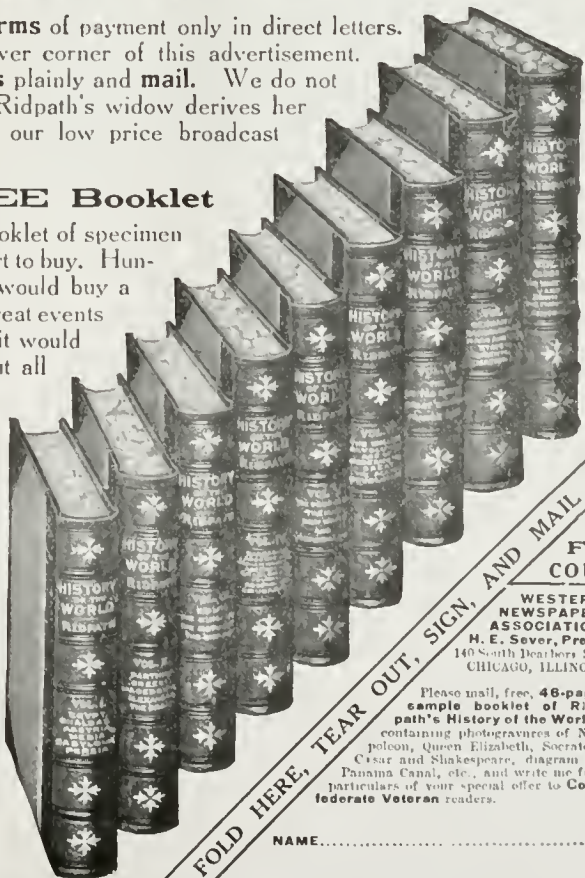
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FEBRUARY, 1913

NUMBER TWO

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The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1913.

No. 2. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
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HISTORIAN GENERAL'S ADDRESS.

The address delivered by Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, before the Convention of that body in Washington has been published in pamphlet form and is worthy of the thoughtful consideration of every man and woman of the South.

The theme of Miss Rutherford's address is of the responsibility devolving upon us to do our full duty in teaching the world the things for which the South stands and the manner of the defense of our traditions and our rights. She reminds us that of the threefold obligations accepted by the organization, one which pledges our support to the impartial preservation of our history is not the least. Her plea is for better and more earnest work in the collection and preservation of the invaluable records, documents, and personal recollections which in the end are to tell the true tale of our history. She reminds the Daughters of the wonderful power of their organization and of the splendid opportunities here at the hand of the present generation which negligence on their part will let pass from their grasp forever.

Her address is filled with many practical suggestions as to the best methods and manner of collecting material and of making the true history of the South as we know it and can prove it an integral part of the accepted history of our country. We are just awakening, she says, to the realization of the fact that our history has not yet been written, and she begs of us that we hold fast to the two foremost qualities of enduring history, truth, and patience; and with these as our guides and helpers give to the world our story as study and research reveal it, without partiality or prejudice.

In an open letter sent out by Miss Rutherford to the chairmen of historical committees and Chapter Historians of the U. D. C. she goes into much valuable detail as to the correct system of collecting and arranging historical data both for its preservation and for its use in future compilation. The little handbook is an inspiration as well as a practical guide.

WHAT THE WAR COST.

An interesting clipping taken from the New York Sun in May, 1893, and recently sent the VETERAN by Comrade L. D. Davis, of El Paso, Ark., goes into much accurate detail as to the tremendous cost to the Union of the War of the States.

The writer of the article does not take up what he calls "consequential damages" of the war, such as the paralysis of certain branches of business, the suspension of trade with the Southern States, and the extinction of a large part of the country's maritime commerce, but discusses only such facts as are afforded by official records, stating that when the figures are mere estimates they are well within bounds.

The losses considered are:

1. The current war expenses paid during the four years by the United States government with money raised by taxation or borrowed upon the nation's credit.
2. The bounties paid to the volunteers by the States or from other sources than the Federal government.
3. The money raised and expended by organizations of citizens for the alleviation of the soldiers' condition.
4. The direct loss to the nation's wealth, resulting from the employment in military service of citizens who otherwise would have been producers.
5. The war claims paid by act of Congress since the war for the destruction of property or for any other reasons.
6. The interest on the war debt to the present time, and then the expenditure for pensions to date.

According to this statement, when the matter is conservatively estimated so that the figures arrived at represent the minimum amount of cost, the result is something only a little less than eight and one-half billion dollars. "These figures," says the clipping, "stagger the imagination. What does it really mean when we say that the money cost of the war to the North alone was that unimaginable amount? * * * To raise money enough to pay the bill in one lump every voter in the United States at the time this article is written would have to contribute more than \$600. If the burden were distributed among the whole earth's population, every human being living anywhere to-day would be taxed about \$6. But," continues the article, "there is a still simpler and more striking way of arriving at the significance of these figures. It cost the North \$8,425,185,017 to keep the Southern States in the Union; while by the census of 1860 the estimated value of the eleven Confederate States, counted State by State, was \$5,202,166,207. Thus it appears that to keep these eleven States under the flag the North paid out three billion dollars more than the entire valuation of all the property of the seceding States."

TO ALABAMA VETERANS—U. D. C. AT CAPITOL.

[Talk by Mrs. Chappell Cory, of Birmingham, to U. C. V.]

* * * But of course you wish to hear most about the laying of the corner stone of Arlington monument. This was indeed a gala day even for Washington, and the weather was ideal—a lovely November day. Some estimate that there were eight thousand present. An immense grand stand was erected, rising tier upon tier in a semicircle, on which were seated the official bodies and committees of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, former U. D. C. Presidents General, State Presidents, other officers, special guests, United Confederate Veterans, Grand Army of the Republic, and Daughters of the American Revolution, with seats for other guests in front.

It was one of the most uplifting spectacles ever witnessed in any land—a supreme moment for every soul present. As I sat there and looked through the gorgeous forest toward the shining river where Lee's home still stands on Southern soil; as I reviewed (how could I help it?) that sorrowful, bitter past; as I thought on the splendid monuments erected to the Northern dead, with all their illuminating records and never a shaft and never a word of praise for a Southern soldier boy; as I looked over at Mary Custis Lee (who was one of the guests), whose life and heart were twined about the home out yonder, even as the ivy about its walls; as I heard the words of wisdom and the meed of praise for the North as well as for the South from the Southern manhood on that stage, I wondered in my human erring soul how they could so forgive and forget. Then as I looked again through the forest, golden and red with falling leaves, and mused on the devastated homes, the libraries and colleges laid in ashes; as I thought of the terrible Reconstruction days and of all the poverty and want, and remembered the riches of the North and how the taxes of our poor people were still used to help the ever-increasing pension of the victorious brother soldier, while our poor old men down in Dixie are still hungry for the necessities, many too proud to ask—when I thought on these things, my heart almost burst within me and almost aloud I cried: "O Southern men and Southern women of the long ago, with the branch of olive in your hand and the waters of Lethe at your feet, I bow in silent reverence before you! God indeed made you the most wonderful people of the earth. But even as I was thinking, a maimed and gray old man, assisted to the speaker's stand by the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, began to speak.

There was a great silence over all that throng, for he was one of the noted of those who fought on "the other side." He too had been listening and remembering, and he poured forth in a torrent of eloquence the thoughts within his great soul. As he bravely and fearlessly paid the tributes due the South and her gallant men and her suffering people, and as he spoke of the pain that was with him day and night in his terrible wounds given him by Southern soldiers, I looked out again under those trees and saw, not the old home by the shining river, but the countless green mounds left there by Southern soldiers. I was reminded that they too of this "other side" had suffered, and that this man, this splendid soldier, Corporal Turner, with his body racked by pain, was greater in his spirit than he had ever been on the field of battle, that in this moment his action was indeed sublime. It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment; and when he ceased to speak countless flags were waved, and with the wild cheers that flooded the air came smothered sobs, for even strong men wept.

So the most glorious lessons of life were that day learned amid tears and smiles, amid weeping and rejoicing. The

beautiful lesson of reconciliation was unwittingly laid in the corner stone and cemented with love and good will toward man. It was delightful to see and hear the master of ceremonies, Colonel Herbert, on this occasion. His happiness was supreme. True as steel to the cause for which he fought, yet always yielding the honors due another, he bore himself with a splendid dignity and Southern chivalry which made every Alabama heart throb with pride.

DECEMBER MEETING OF NEW YORK CHAPTER.

BY MRS. CARRIE PHILLAN BEALE, HISTORIAN.

As Historian of the New York Chapter, U. D. C., I am requested by the President, Mrs. James Henry Parker, to send you an account of the December meeting.

This was the largest and most enthusiastic meeting that the Chapter has held in many years. With its six hundred members, attendance is too large for a private house, consequently meetings are held in the college room of the Hotel Astor. There were two distinguished guests of honor. Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, President of Jefferson Davis Chapter, San Francisco, Cal., gave a charming talk on the work done in San Francisco for old Confederate veterans. She also spoke of the reasons why a woman should not be a member of more than one Chapter in the same city. The other guest was Mrs. T. Lyons, retiring President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Louisville, Ky. She said the New York Chapter was "looked to from south and north, east and west" as the "light upon the hill," and was held up as an inspiration to all other U. D. C. Chapters.

Let me say here that our enthusiastic President will never let this light grow dim as long as she is at the head.

Mrs. J. Renchan made an interesting report of the recent U. D. C. Convention held in Washington, telling of educational, historical, monumental, and other works.

The following contributions were made: To the Solid South Room, \$25 (\$10 of this is to make Mrs. Augustus Jones, the mother of Mrs. James Henry Parke, a life member of the Richmond Confederate Museum); to the Jefferson Davis Home Association of Kentucky, \$5; to the endowment of a chair of history at Peabody Institute, \$50; a Confederate monument in Rockville, S. C., \$5.

The Chapter maintains four scholarships in Christ's School at Arden, N. C. The silver doorplate of Jefferson Davis's office in Richmond, Va., was purchased by the Chapter, and will be sent to the Solid South Room in honor of the New York Chapter's President. The Chapter's Historian read an interesting paper on the literary accomplishments of Winnie Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy." Several members told of the splendid speech of President Taft welcoming the U. D. C. to Washington. The New York Chapter desired to entertain the U. D. C. in 1913.

The Relief Committee, composed of one member from each State, reports at every meeting, and the New York Chapter is ever foremost in works of charity. Historic spots in and around New York are being looked after—the tree at Bay Ridge planted by General Lee, the church in which Stonewall Jackson was baptized, and the house in which Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis lived for fifteen years. In Zion and St. Timothy Church is a beautiful rose window placed there in 1906 by Mrs. Davis in memory of her children.

Realizing that this paper must be short, I desist from writing more, only to say that the members were requested and urged to subscribe to the VETERAN.

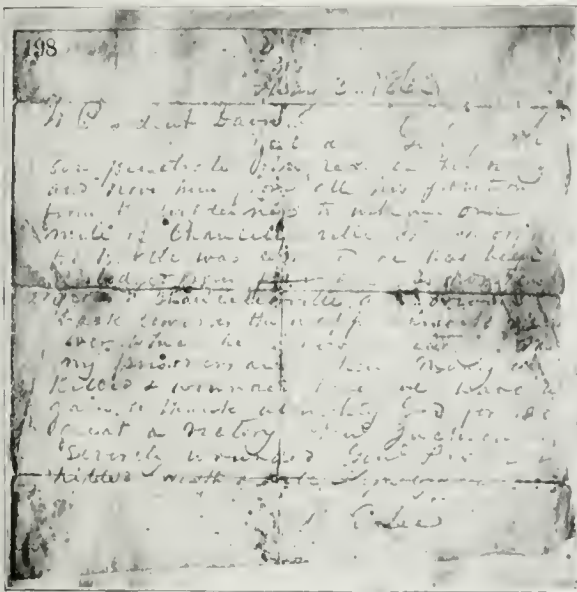
BELATED MESSAGE FROM GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY GEORGE WISE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

In May, 1863, the father of the writer, then living in Fauquier County, Va., visited his five sons, who were in the Confederate service. In ages they were from sixteen to about thirty-one years. The eldest was teller in the Treasury Department at Richmond, the second a lieutenant in the engineering corps, the third a sergeant in Pickett's Division, the fourth on detached service with the Treasury Department at Richmond, and the fifth was a private in the noted Black Horse Cavalry.

My father visited his schoolmate and comrade, Gen. R. E. Lee, whose headquarters were near Chancellorsville. This visit took place on the third of May, 1863, during that famous battle. While with General Lee he asked for a pass through our lines, his home being on the outside. The General handed him a paper and said to him: "George, you had better destroy this paper after you get through our lines; for if those people arrest you and find it on you, they may take you for a spy." Father took the paper, but was not called upon to show it.

After my father's death, in 1887, the following paper, wrapped in a piece of newspaper, was found in his pocketbook. The supposed pass was an important dispatch to President Davis, and is here given as written in facsimile:



The following is a copy from the "War Records":

"MAY 3, 1863.

"To President Davis: Yesterday General Jackson, with three of his divisions, penetrated to the rear of the enemy and drove him from all his positions, from the Wilderness to within one mile of Chancellorsville. He was engaged at the same time in front of two of Longstreet's Divisions. This morning the battle was renewed. He was dislodged from all his positions around Chancellorsville and driven back toward the Rappahannock, over which he is now retreating. Many prisoners were taken, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded is large. We have again to thank Almighty God for a great victory. I regret to state that General Paxton was killed, General Jackson severely wounded, and Generals Heth and A. P. Hill slightly wounded."

[It is evident that General Lee handed Mr. Wise the paper that he intended for a courier. In a personal letter to the

VETERAN Mr. George Wise, the son, in sending photo of the remarkable relic, states: "Whether the dispatch to President Davis has ever been brought to light before, I cannot say; but the original of this paper is framed with a photograph of the General sent by him to me while President of the college at Lexington, Va." The paper shows excited conditions of surroundings unusual with the beloved Lee. But that is reasonable enough. It faced one of the tragedies of that great army. It may be seen that he used an "a" in General Heth's name, which he evidently knew how to spell as well as his own. The war records do not give the above, and this is evidently its first record in print.]

A DELICATE EPISODE WITH GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY A. J. SUMMERS (CO. A, (OTH VA. INF.), MENA, ARK.

The Chalybeate or Red Sweet Spring, in Monroe County, W. Va., is the immaculate resting place of the weary and meditative man. It was the favorite resort of Henry Clay, Alexander H. Stephens, and Robert E. Lee. It was near this picturesque spot that I was born and reared. It was here on a Sunday in June, 1867, that I witnessed a most affecting scene. I was accompanying the proprietor's daughter, Miss Kate Kelley, to the spring. Her little sister Bonnie was with us, playing or romping, without care or serious thought. As we went down the gravel walk we passed General Lee, who sat in the shade of a tree near the walk. We saluted the General as we passed him. We had gone only a few steps when little Bonnie came running to us and said: "Sister Kate, what do you think? That gray-headed man back there called to me and asked me for a kiss, and I smacked him in the face." Kate replied: "Why, how rude you have been! That was General Lee." Without another word Bonnie ran to the General, sank to her knees, crossing herself (she was a Catholic), and begged the General's pardon. The humility of the child so affected the General that he could not speak, and the tears involuntarily rolled down his cheeks. He kissed the forehead of the little girl, thus assuring her of his forgiveness. This little incident demonstrated the tenderness of heart of this great man and the love and affection in which he was held by his countrymen.

AN INCIDENT OF WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

A dear and loyal lady of old Virginia often tells a little incident of General Lee's first visit to White Sulphur Springs after the close of the war. It was the summer after the surrender, and people knew how the great heart of Lee had borne his people's afflictions as a part of his own defeat. They also felt the deep modesty of the man and his dislike of display and demonstration. On the first night of his return to Virginia's best-loved resort of rest and gaiety after the four years' tragedy of the great war, as he came to the door of the big dining room, with its hundreds of guests, there was a little pause of uncertainty. Must they give him some sign of the welcome their hearts held for him? or was it a more tender tribute to let him come in quietly and unnoticed as one of themselves? There was a pause, and then as he crossed the threshold the hundreds of guests, with a sudden spontaneous thought to do reverence to the greatness so simply come among them, rose and stood, silent and with tear-dimmed eyes, until General Lee had taken his seat. It was a tribute not only to the greatness of the man but to the dignity and sense of fitness which unconsciously taught to others always the simplest and most sincere expression of the love and reverence which held them.

[The VETERAN cannot undertake to publish reports generally of the Lee birthday anniversary. It uses brief notes instead.]

BLUE AND GRAY.

The issues indicated by Blue and Gray are becoming vividly marked, and it may be well so to reason about them that all faithful Confederates may act in accord as fully as possible.

The better element of veterans of "the other side" in that memorable controversy of fifty years ago is comprised of men who stood patriotically for the Union. They risked all for its perpetuity and are grateful for success. While they value the perpetuity of the Union above cost, including life, they do not forget the hardships and injustice to the South, and they desire to make amends as far as practicable. The other class of those who were allied with the Union cause were wicked then and are mean still. They do not want affiliation; and if they could, they would revive Reconstruction methods.

On the Southern side the element favoring promiscuous fraternity has not been of the best, yet it includes a fair percentage of patriots. The ultra element is impulsively favored by the VETERAN, yet there are reasons for careful conservatism on the subject. Changed conditions considered, the conviction grows that it is a serious mistake not to regard with genuine friendly sympathy those of the Union side who seek fraternity, since their motives must be thoroughly for the welfare of the whole country. Many of those patriotic Union veterans respect the Confederates above their own comrades as a body. They realize that the South's devotion to the principles of government of the fathers actuated them to the last degree in carnage; that they have been consistent Christian patriots since; and, moreover, that they will stand by their principles while life lasts. These men want to make amends; and, in sober thought, it seems that we should meet them fully halfway. They do not want penitence from the South. They know, of course, that they would not get it, and it would lessen their esteem if such were offered.

The Southern people might reason the more philosophically by recalling as a basis that many of us who were valiant for the Confederacy later on and to the end were pronouncedly for the Union in the beginning, especially the Whig element.

Well, the fight was made and the South at the bitter end surrendered. Then many of the gallant men who won the victory remained for decades in their Northern homes content with peace, little realizing what camp followers and carpetbaggers were doing in the South. If they had known, they would have protested against it. That shame and disgrace will leave a stain which generations to come cannot obliterate. Who can blame the South for being resentful to the crimes of that period? In discussing this phase of the Reconstruction period it is difficult to tolerate reconciliation with the perpetrators of those crimes, and the developments now appearing cause alarm and pain.

But right is right; and the manly men with whom the war ended in 1865, and who now earnestly desire reconciliation, should have coöperation in their efforts. The future well-being of the country pleads for it. Besides, villainous hypocrites are still at work, and with much money they are now clandestinely seeking to bring reproach upon us; and, sad to relate, they are converting some of our best people to their service. They have actually so misguided them that "they know not what they do." The older generation seems to forget the record of dark days, and the younger never knew it. A money power is being wielded in determined spirit to humiliate the Southern people. This statement is not made as to our people in anger, but in deep sorrow.

President Woodrow Wilson spoke well in setting forth that he does not object to "big business" run on proper lines. Coöperation whereby is increased the facility of production as to the needs of mankind is certainly all right, but distressing disregard is being shown in certain sections for more sacred things. In this "Athens of the South" a great university was founded under the direction of a Church dignitary, one condition being that he was to be Board President for life. The benefactor died, the Bishop died, and now through the courts the trustees are seeking to wrest the institution from the control of the Church. Another college for teachers, designed by a great-hearted, beneficent man to benefit the South, was wrested from the control of one of our noblest men, a Confederate soldier, whose loyalty to the South was as true as a mother's to her child. Another combination ostensibly for big business is distressing, and its results threaten deplorable disaster. The time for meditation is at hand. Interests that affect this Southern city over a vast area and thousands of the best people in any land cannot be ignored without regret and irretrievable loss. Sorrow takes the place of anger in a calamity so serious. These things go on and on, while the daily press sends out huzzas for more "big business."

Away back in Reconstruction times a Church sent its emissaries with much money to occupy the South. A multitude of churches were erected and membership grew largely by deserters from the Confederate army. Is it any wonder that "prosperity" did not attend this enterprise? The blessed fact is recalled that no faithful Southerners went with them. That seemed bad enough, but days of deeper anguish have come to many through clandestine methods. Many directly concerned will read between these lines, and a multitude will sympathize afresh with those who are most involved. Let us keep buckled on our armor for truth, for justice, and pray to that Intelligence that knows the secrets of all hearts to spare us from further misunderstandings whereby neighbors and even families are so distressingly divided. May our people who have suffered so much be spared from further encroachments! May we have peace without sacrifice of principle! Surely the entire South is not being so invaded. Who knows?

Be on guard, comrades! Be on the alert, Daughters of the Confederacy! Strange things are occurring now. Investigate and you may find motives back of it all as vile as any insolent history that our enemies in the schoolrooms are teaching our children! Men who would keep "the bottom rail on top" are at work mysteriously, while royal champions of justice who served the Union cause are speaking and writing in our behalf, and they represent many thousands who desire to defend us. Let us therefore extend to them the glad hand; and in the future their children will unite with ours in establishing the truth as to the motives of our people, and the "Well done" will be the plaudit to future generations.

There has never been a more important period for watchfulness than now. So let us accept the gracious coöperation of all good men who can help us. In the strength needed, a liberal spirit is suggested to the U. D. C. as to rules governing membership. While standing firm, be diligent to make favor with worthy people who can help our cause.

Just as the foregoing was written a letter came from Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous (U. S. army retired), Milwaukee, Wis., calling attention to an article in the January VETERAN, page 24. He sends a copy of a letter which he wrote to the Los Angeles Times, in which he states:

"Some one has sent me a letter by William H. Durham in a

Los Angeles paper in which he credits the Department of Wisconsin with complaining of the school histories of the Civil War in Southern States. The Department of Wisconsin did not, in Los Angeles or elsewhere, utter a complaint concerning the matters to which he refers. One member of the department, in a speech to former residents of Wisconsin, now living in Los Angeles, criticized the South's school histories. He spoke for himself, not for or in a department meeting. Wisconsin Grand Army men recognize the fact that the War of the States is over, that such talk as that the Wisconsin speaker indulged in is only calculated to renew bitter feeling between the North and the South, and that it is unwise and unpatriotic. No good can come from it—only harm. I believe that to-day there is not anywhere in the country a more law-abiding, loyal, and country-loving class of people than those of the South.

"It was my privilege to serve through the Spanish-American War and the Philippine insurrection. I found in the army men from every State in the Union, some of whom were soldiers in the War of the States, from both the South and the North, thousands of whom were the sons and grandsons of Confederate soldiers and sons and grandsons of Union soldiers. I never saw better soldier material.

"I believe that the sentiment at the North is almost universal that the South can be trusted to properly solve all of her problems in her own way in due time to the credit and honor of herself and the nation.

"I wish the North were as free from people who are clamoring for a change of our form of government and a new constitution as the South is.

"Let me repeat: No such question was ever brought up in the Department of Wisconsin anywhere; no such question made its appearance in the National Encampment.

"It is a pity, a great pity, that there are still a few, both North and South, who believe that the war is not over."

[Col. J. A. Watrous is Past Department Commander and present Assistant Adjutant General, Department of Wisconsin.]

CRUELTY AT POINT LOOKOUT PRISON.

BY JOHN J. CHASE, POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.

Mr. W. E. Doyle, of Mexia, Tex., writing in May (1912) issue of the *VETERAN*, states: "I thought that Major Brady, the commandant at Point Lookout, was naturally a kind man," etc. I cannot let this pass without a statement of facts. My father, Henry F. Chase, and my uncles, Jonathan and Lawrence Chase, were prisoners there for six months. They all state that Major Brady was a coward and a most inhuman wretch; that, among other things, he ran his horse over a crowd of prisoners as they were all gathered around a woodpile getting arm loads of wood; that he pushed one poor fellow in the mud and broke his arm, and then would not allow his fellow prisoners to help him out. I could recite you other equally cruel, cowardly deeds.

GRAVE OF T. A. CURVAIN AT PHILADELPHIA, MISS.—Tyler P. Jay, of Philadelphia, Miss., writes of the grave of a lone soldier in Harmony Graveyard—Thomas Alexander Curvain, Company C, 10th Texas Cavalry, who died June 29, 1863, at the age of twenty-nine years. It is said that he moved from Alabama to Texas and died in Mississippi. At its last reunion Camp Yates, of Philadelphia, Miss., secured enough money to erect a headstone to his grave, and Comrade Jay thought that some loved ones would be glad to know it.

CHILDREN'S CHAPTER AT SOUTH PITTSBURG.

The Children's Auxiliary to the South Pittsburg (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C., was organized November 1, 1912, with sixteen members, most of whom are enthusiastic workers. Their ages range from one to fifteen years. Miss Margaret Williamson is their splendid director, and she is encouraged and assisted by Mrs. W. E. Carter, President of the South Pittsburg Chapter. They are zealous in the historical work, which is, of course, of untold benefit to them at this impressionable age. One great disappointment to them is that they cannot be given a certificate of membership or some official recognition by the U. D. C. organization. Each child is required to fill out the application blank just as the Daughters are, and their director can cast their votes in the conventions according to the required number (twenty-five members).



CHILDREN'S AUXILIARY, U. D. C., SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENN.

Certainly they have a right to some kind of certificate of membership for their pleasure and protection. Surely at the next convention provision will be made to give these children proper recognition. The flag suspended above the children in the picture is the beautiful flag presented to the "mother of the South Pittsburg Chapter," the late beloved Mrs. S. A. Gant, who was always an inspiration to the Chapter.

DABNEY H. MAURY CHAPTER, U. D. C.

On January 18 an unusually brilliant afternoon marked the annual celebration of General Lee's birthday by the Dabney H. Maury Chapter, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Henry K. Dillard, President of the Chapter, presided. The orators were: Hon. J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, Mayor Blankenberg, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. W. C. Story, widely spoken of as a candidate for next President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution. After the addresses, there followed a reception for distinguished Northern as well as Southern guests.

The occasion was also the sixteenth birthday of the Chapter, and as usual one of the features of the afternoon was a great birthday cake and a bowl of Confederate punch. The Chapter was the first to be formed in the North. Its work has increased every year, positions being obtained for all worthy Southern men and women who need assistance.

[Northern Chapters are favored by these Lee birthday receptions because they need the advantage so rendered.]

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

This issue of the VETERAN fails to contain several features that would have improved it. Circumstances have made it impossible to accomplish all that was desired. The Richard Owen Memorial dedication has been deferred for several reasons. Much more interest is manifested in the event than was expected, and the date has been deferred to such time as will conserve the most general interest. It shall lack nothing to make it a credit to the spirit that created it. Many kind tributes are paid to the undertaking. One that is highly appreciated comes from Mr. Melville E. Stone, General Manager of the Associated Press: "Nobody can feel more appreciative than I do of the splendid work involved. It was fine and chivalrous." The list of contributions grows on, and is appreciated. If the promoter's part should be reduced to \$100, he would be deeply gratified. The complete list, including all contributions, will be published at the time of the dedicatory exercise.

The responses to a recent notice in regard to subscriptions are very satisfying and encouraging. Patrons who remitted previous to January 25 are asked to notice the date on the label of their copies and report if the change has not been made since sending in their renewals. Credit for those coming in after that date will not show until the March number. Many send remittance without giving either name or address, and dependence is entirely upon the post office stamp on envelope. One check for \$2.50 is held until the sender can be located for credit. Be careful always to give your name and address when sending a remittance for any purpose.

SUGGESTED CONFERENCE OF PRISONERS AT CHATTANOOGA.—To the Confederates who were prisoners during the war from 1861 to 1865: What do you say to having a meeting at Chattanooga at the Reunion, May 27-29? I have written to several who were with me in prison at Rock Island. They are all in favor of it. So let us meet and have an old-time handshake. Dr. R. Lin Cave, our chaplain, is in favor of it, and also the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and others. I was a member of Ward's Regiment, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Company 1. (Nashville, Route 8.) S. W. ABBAY.

[The foregoing suggestion merits consideration. Concerted action by all who were in prison might result in an organization beneficial to history. If those who favor it will write concisely to the VETERAN, attention will be given the subject. Other similar suggestions are being received from various sections.]

A special service for the dedication of the Alabama monument at Chickamauga Park will occur during the Chattanooga Reunion, and it will be an interesting feature. The Chickamauga Monument Committee is exercising diligence to have every preparation made. The services will occur at the park in the morning and at the Hotel Patten in the evening. Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, of Montgomery, Ala., is Chairman of the Chickamauga Park Committee.

The address in regard to the first Confederate flag delivered at Washington, D. C., at the time President Taft delivered his address was by Mrs. Fanny Williams instead of Mrs. T. W. Thrash, as stated in December VETERAN, page 558. In the same issue Mrs. Odenheimer was mentioned as First [Vice] President General.

In a request for information furnished by comrades of William Henri Farner, who served in Riley's 4th Texas Cavalry, an error occurred in the address of Mr. Farner's grandson, to whom information was to be sent. It should have been "Aberdeen, Wash." M. F. Gilmer, Commander Pacific Division, U. S. C. V., in correcting the error, writes: "Information for Mr. Cork is sought in order to get a Camp of Sons of Veterans organized in Darrington, Wash." The notice in the VETERAN for July states: "Dr. Farner was taken prisoner in the battle of Trosche, where the regiment was broken up. He was paroled by special arrangement and placed in charge of the post hospital at Galveston."

POSTMASTER FOR NASHVILLE SUGGESTED.

W. H. Fitzgerald, in Nashville Banner: "If there is to be a change in the Nashville post office at the expiration of Major Wills's term, the writer suggests that the President give the position to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Mr. Cunningham is neither a politician nor an office seeker, but is a business man of sound, practical judgment, and his ability to keep the Nashville post office up to its present high standard will not be questioned. As editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN he is one of the most distinguished survivors of the Confederacy, and his recognition by President Wilson would be heartily appreciated by his old comrades."

Although surprised at the foregoing print, the Editor had heard of the subject being discussed by men of the large Publishing House with whom he has mingled indiscriminately for much of twenty years, and the proposed honor elicited sincerest gratitude. But when told of the discussion, he said: "No; Joseph R. Wilson will be the Nashville postmaster." However, Mr. Wilson has evidently another fancy, since it is understood that his friends will press him for Secretary of the United States Senate. The only brother of the President of the United States should be expected to hold a lucrative position. When Benjamin Harrison was elected President, the Editor of the VETERAN wrote to him in behalf of his brother, Carter Harrison, who had resided in the South since the war and had made a worthy citizen. The President was informed that the writer was a Democrat and didn't even ask reply, but the following came: "Although you have set me free from obligation to acknowledge your letter of the 18th inst., it is so generous that I cannot accept a discharge from the pleasant duty of telling you how highly I appreciate your friendly words in behalf of a brother whose plan of life was spoiled by the call of his country to military service." A good position was given Mr. Harrison, and it was worthily filled. The Editor marched with the Murfreesboro Confederate Camp in a body at Carter Harrison's funeral.

A later topic on the subject of the Nashville post office is the commendation of friends of Mr. M. B. Morton, Managing Editor of the Nashville Banner, who is as worthy a Democrat as Woodrow Wilson may have the opportunity of considering. The present very capable occupant, Major Wills, has over a year to serve under his appointment, so no one else need become nervous yet over the prospect of an appointment worth six thousand dollars a year.

FOR JACKSONVILLE REUNION IN 1915.

At a recent meeting in Birmingham of Hardee Camp, No. 39, U. C. V., a resolution to hold the General Reunion of 1915 in Jacksonville, Fla., offered by Capt. D. R. Bize, was adopted by the organization. The resolution states in substance:

"The good people of Jacksonville, Fla., were bidders for our next Reunion. Macon, Ga., was enthusiastic and carried the day at Little Rock. At the Reunion at Macon, Ga., Jacksonville was again an earnest bidder. Chattanooga was there in full force. Her claim was in the majority for the next Reunion. The minority still hold to their hope that Jacksonville, Fla., will be the next place to hold our Reunion in 1915.

"Florida has claims and many attractions for the Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. It was the third State to secede. Thirty-two battles for the Confederacy were fought within her borders, including Olustee, Lake City, Ocean Pond, and others, freely spilling her blood to defeat Federal invasion. Florida existed three hundred and fifty years under the government of three different nations, with evidences preserved that tell the story of the past.

"Florida has never had a Reunion of United Confederate Veterans. Her people want to give more proof of their faith and loyalty to the Southern cause; to have her old soldiers who fought side by side with men from every State that waved the stars and bars, and to impress upon posterity how sacred and how faithful her soldiers were, hand and heart in the struggle for the Confederacy; to meet and mingle with each other and tell of the past, holy and deeply conscientious to vindicate our principles.

"Let our vote be voiced by one single acclamation: 'Jacksonville, Fla., for the Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in 1915!'"

WHAT BECAME OF ADJUTANT HILL?

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Adjutant Hill, of the 13th Georgia Regiment, was a splendid soldier and an expert swordsman. He was considered one of the bravest of Confederates. He often said that he would rather die than give ground in battle, and in that of Sharpsburg he proved it. His sword was as sharp as a pocket-knife.

Just at daylight at Sharpsburg Hooker's Corps, consisting of three heavy lines of infantry and strongly supported by artillery in our front and right, assaulted our thin advance line, consisting of Lawton's (afterwards Gordon's) Georgia Brigade. This line, supported by Walker's Virginia Brigade and extended so as to occupy as much space as possible, repelled several times the heavy charges of the enemy in spite of the cross-fire of artillery, but was finally forced back on Walker's, and this line was at last overwhelmed by numbers and forced back to the little Dunkard church and the wood in the rear. These three brigades fought until they were practically destroyed. Only forty-eight men of the entire six regiments of Lawton's line brigade, which numbered six thousand men a few months before, stood in line the next day to face the enemy.

When last seen Adjutant Hill was in the smoke of battle, surrounded by a large crowd of the enemy, and was using his sharp sword. The next day, when a little time was given to care for the dead and dying, the soldiers of the 13th found about twenty-five of the enemy dead where they last saw Adjutant Hill fighting. Some of them were killed by the sword. Hill's body was not among them, and the Federals

could not or would not tell anything about him. From that day to this the members of the 13th Georgia Regiment have known nothing of their brave adjutant's fate. Perhaps some Federal soldier who was in that carnage may see this and be able to solve the mystery.

A TENNESSEE SOLDIER'S REMINISCENCES.

BY C. S. WILLIAMS, GAINESVILLE, ALA.

The 5th Tennessee Regiment, Company A, to which I belonged, was organized at Mount Vista May 20, 1861, Bryan B. Bunch, Jr., being made our captain. He was good to his men and was always at his post. Our regiment was organized at Paris. We camped at Union City several months, and from there moved to Columbus, Ky., where we remained a long while. During this time the battle of Belmont was fought. We stood in the fort on a high bluff by the river and watched both armies. One of our guns in the fort played on the Federals, and at one firing killed twenty-eight men. They ran our men down under the river bank, but the latter soon rallied and ran them several miles to the cover of their gunboats, capturing many.

After this battle we were sent to Corinth, Miss., thence to Shiloh, where the great battle was fought. Afterwards the army returned to Corinth. We then moved down the railroad, went into Georgia, back to Tennessee, and then into Kentucky. We were in the battles of Chickamauga, Franklin, Nashville, and in many skirmishes.

I had an uncle and cousin with Forrest when he captured two or three Yankee transports at Paris Landing, on the Tennessee River, two miles from where my father lived. The vessels were loaded with army supplies *en route* for Johnsonville. When the boats were unloaded and the General was about to leave, Uncle John asked him where he must report. "Meet me at Johnsonville, which place I will capture to-morrow," answered Forrest. Uncle John, being familiar with the General, then asked him if he was not counting chickens before they hatched, to which Forrest replied: "They are nearly hatched."

General Forrest had to fire two or three shots at the boats before they would surrender, and one of the shots cut a dining table down while the occupants were eating dinner. A Captain Wolf and his wife came off the boat and went to my father's home, where they remained a week. The Captain brought from the boat a very large and handsome salt cellar which had been knocked from the table and gave it to my father. I have it now.

Before General Forrest left, an old lady who lived in the country was present and asked him for a pair of shoes for her little boy. "What number does he wear?" asked the General. "Number eleven," she replied. "Bring your little boy to me and I will fit him," said Forrest.

Forrest captured Johnsonville the next day, as foretold.

A young lieutenant who lived near my father's was at home or furlough. A young Yankee stationed at Fort Hindman, about six miles distant, was in love with a young lady near by. One day he rode up to his sweetheart's house, hitched his fine steed to the gate, and entered. The young lieutenant unhitched the horse and rode away. My father used to tell how even the horses and mules could distinguish the soldiers stationed at Hindman's Fort, and would run at their approach. One old sorrel horse would tear the fence down and the others would all follow, making it impossible for the Yankees to capture any of them.

MORE ABOUT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY C. B. VARNER, SENATOBIA, MISS.

Controversy sometimes, especially in things pertaining to battles and campaigns, serves to establish important facts that otherwise would lie dormant, and to correct errors as well. Such is the case with the few surviving veterans of the War of the States.

It has been a long time since that memorable campaign of Chickamauga. Longstreet's Corps and McLaws's Division were present. I belonged to that famous army corps, and was a member of McLaws's Division, Kershaw's Brigade, 3d South Carolina Regiment. Our brigade opened the fight at Chickamauga. I was wounded while charging a battery on that beautiful Sunday morning. We lost some gallant boys, but we captured the battery.

I think we left Richmond about the 12th of September, 1863. Our brigade was transported in box cars filled inside and out with soldiers. From choice I rode on top of a car the entire trip, day and night.

After that campaign our corps was sent to East Tennessee. We arrived at Knoxville about December 7. The attack on Fort Saunders was made about the 9th. General Longstreet has been sorely criticized for his action in charging so formidable a fortification when so little was to be accomplished. It was indeed a death trap, yet no greater heroism was ever displayed anywhere. Men died by the scores at the base of the fort while trying to scale the walls.

Winter was now coming on. We had drawn no clothing, many had lost their blankets, and we were entirely cut off from any base of supplies and wholly dependent upon the country through which we passed. Our condition was indeed gloomy. The winter was severe and we had but little to eat. Our shoes were made of cow skin which was cut in pieces to fit the feet and then sewed together so as to leave the hair inside.

Moving slowly, we reached Morristown, where we stopped a while, expecting to go into winter quarters. In passing there a few years ago I showed my wife the place where we had camped, recognizing it only by "the lay of the land." Orders came one night to be ready to move without noise. Our officers had learned that a brigade of Yankees had just drawn clothing, shoes, etc., and the object was to surprise them and capture their supplies. We entered the camp, but they had gone, leaving their old clothing, which we were glad to get. I found two pairs of old pants. The waist measure was all right, but in length they hardly came to my knees. I cut the legs from one pair and sewed them to the other, and so it was with me through the winter while picketing and foraging.

In the early spring we moved along the railroad to Greenville, the home of Andrew Johnson, where we stopped several days. I entered the shop where he had worked. What a wonderful man though illiterate! From a tailor's shop in a mountain village he rose to the presidency of the United States. We were sent back to the Army of Virginia, from which we had been separated nearly a year. What a wonderful welcome we had on the bloody battle field of the Wilderness! We had marched nearly all night, stopping about sunrise. Soon we were on the march again, and the roar of cannon told that a battle was on. We were quickly ordered into line of battle, and it happened that we saved the day. The lines of our army had been broken. As we advanced we met our retreating forces, who quickly returned with us to meet the enemy. Our colonel was killed on the old plank road

while leading the charge. The enemy was routed, but at a great sacrifice of officers and men. As I saw General Longstreet carried on a litter from the field bleeding, I thought our hero, who had led in so many battles, was killed.

Many historians of the war have overlooked this wonderful circuit made by Longstreet's Corps. From Gettysburg by way of Richmond, Petersburg, Wilmington, N. C., Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Atlanta, Ga., to Chickamauga, and thence to Knoxville, Bristol, and the Wilderness, they marched. We made a circuit of three thousand miles in less time than a year. Now tell us, reader, do you know of anything that equals this feat of the corps of General Longstreet, the counselor and adviser of our General Lee?

Now, "boys," let us rally and meet at Gettysburg in July and have a jolly good time. I want to meet the "boys of the blue and gray." I admire a noble foe. I want to go to Devil's Den, to Round Top, and to the spot where the last council of war was held by Lee and his generals and listen again to Longstreet's last order: "When you hear Hill's guns on the left, move forward." I want to go to the peach orchard where our General Barksdale was killed. I want to hear those four hundred cannons as they set the elements ablaze with bursting shells and make the mountains tremble.

WHY THE REBELS WORE RIGGED CLOTHES.

BY ELDER J. K. WOMACK.

The legislators of Indiana and Governor Morton, with their wives and daughters, went on a visit of inspection to the prisoners in Camp Morton in 1864. The Confederates were called out for dress parade and were made to look as well as possible. This distinguished body rode in fine carriages. One lady had her carriage stopped about ten feet from the line. Opening the side door of the carriage and pushing her head out, she asked: "Why do you Rebel soldiers dress so poorly?" Crockett Hudson, of Eagleville, Tenn., replied: "Gentlemen of the South have two suits—one that they wear among nice people and one that they wear when killing hogs, and that is the one in which we are dressed to-day." She ordered the carriage to move on.

[This was after Col. Richard Owen was commandant.]

FIRST CONFEDERATE BATTERY AN ORPHAN.

BY MAJ. O. J. SEMMES.

This battery, known in the Trans-Mississippi army as Semmes's Battery, was composed of men who at the formation of the Confederate States enlisted in the regular army for five years. All the officers held commissions as second lieutenants in the regular army. They were: O. J. Semmes, Alabama, Captain; J. Q. M. Barnes, Maryland, J. A. A. West, Georgia, J. D. Mayes, Louisiana, and T. K. Fautleroy, Virginia, Lieutenants. This was the only battery and probably the only company of Confederate regulars in the entire army. The men were mostly Irish and German, and nearly all of them had been soldiers in the United States army, serving in Texas and, at the expiration of their terms, enlisting in the Confederate service.

The battery became widely known in Western Louisiana, all over which it tramped and fought, its fighting career commencing at Baton Rouge and ending with the war. When the Confederacy was no more, the battery became an orphan, as it was not borne on the army roster of any State.

[Captain Semmes was promoted to the rank of major, as was also Lieutenant West. He commanded West's Battery.]

"TARHEELS" TO "YALLER-HAMMERS."

[Henry L. Wyatt Camp, N. C., to Camp Hardee, Ala.]

The Henry L. Wyatt Camp held its regular monthly meeting on January 4 and took up the article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN on Gen. R. F. Hoke compiled by a committee of Camp Hardee and improved by "one of his boys," which was read to the Camp and listened to with absorbing interest. The Camp sends to Camp Hardee greetings and best wishes, and thanks this Alabama Camp for its gracious act in contributing to the honor of one who so well deserved it.

No criticism did our Camp make to the article, but another "boy" of Hoke's would say during the reading: "That's so; I was there." And when the account of New Bern was reached, one of the men said: "I was with General Hoke when he was wounded in the arm at New Bern, and had in my pocket over my heart a silk handkerchief just sent to me from Oxford which I gave to him to bind up his wound." When asked who sent the handkerchief, he blushed like a boy and refused to tell.

To Comrade E. A. Wright, who was active in preparing the article, the Camp sends special greetings. Though we know our own General deserves such praise, it is good to receive it specially so far from home.

Those of the soldiers who were with General Hoke know that the article is true in every particular, and that not a word too much has been said of this grand old "tarheel," of whom our great chieftain, General Lee, thought so well. * * *

In this same VETERAN we enjoyed the "Twenty Years, and All Is Well," by Comrade Cunningham. For twenty years his only thought has been for our good and for our honor and the glory of our cause, keeping our history true and straight, and honoring those of our comrades who, like Jackson, have crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees. His magazine should be in every Camp and read at every meeting and in every U. D. C. Chapter as well. * * *

Our country's lawmakers in making arrangements to care for 40,000 veterans at Gettysburg under canvas, feeding them well and never asking whether they wore the blue or the gray, are doing well.

May we meet at Gettysburg and help to make it the greatest reunion ever held by any soldiers since the world began! May the new year bring to Camp Hardee and all of its members many blessings and nothing to regret!

J. T. B. HOOVER, *Commander*; T. B. PARHAM, *Adjutant*.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF GEN. R. F. HOKE.

HEADQUARTERS HOKE'S DIVISION,
NEAR GREENSBORO, N. C., May 1, 1865.

Soldiers of My Division: On the eve of a long, perhaps final, separation I desire to address to you the last sad words of parting. The fortunes of war have turned the scales against us. The proud banners which you have waved so gloriously on many a field are to be furled, but they are not disgraced. My comrades, your indomitable courage, your heroic fortitude, your patience under suffering have surrounded you with a halo which future years cannot dim. History will bear witness to your valor and succeeding generations will point with admiration to your grand struggle for constitutional freedom. Soldiers, your past is full of glory. Treasure it in your hearts. Remember each gory battle field, each day of victory, each bleeding comrade. Think then of your future.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

You have yielded to overwhelming forces, not to superior valor; you are paroled prisoners, not slaves. The love of liberty which led you in the contest still burns as brightly in your hearts as ever. Cherish it, nourish it, associate it with the history of the past. Transmit it to your children; teach them the rights of freedom and teach them to maintain them; teach them that the proudest day in all your proud career was that on which you enlisted as a Southern soldier, entering that holy brotherhood whose ties are now sealed in the blood of your compatriots who have fallen, and whose history is covered with the brilliant records of the past four years.

Soldiers, amid the imperishable laurels that surmount your brows no brighter leaf adorns you than your late connection with the Army of Northern Virginia. The star that shone with splendor over its oft-repeated field of victory, over the deadly struggles of Manassas Plains, Richmond, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg, has sent its rays and been reflected wherever true courage is admired and wherever freedom has a friend. The star has set in blood, but yet in glory. The army is now of the past. Its banners trail, but not with ignominy; no stain blots its escutcheon, no blood can tinge your face as you proudly announce that you have a part in the past history of the Army of Northern Virginia.

My comrades, we have borne together the same hardships, we have braved the same dangers, we have rejoiced over the same victories; your trials and your patience have excited sympathy and admiration, and I have borne willing witness to your bravery. It is with a heart full of grateful emotion for your service and ready obedience that I take leave of you.

May the future of every one of you be as happy as your past career has been brilliant, and may no cloud ever dim the brightness of your fame! The past looms before me in all its illuminating grandeur. Its memories are a part of the past life of each one of you. But it is all over now. The sad, dark veil of defeat is between us and a lifetime of sorrow is our only heritage.

You carry to your homes the heartfelt wishes of your General for your prosperity.

My command, farewell! R. F. HOKE, *Major General*.

ERROR IN REPORTED COMMAND OF CAPT. T. W. GIVENS.—Mrs. M. F. McKay, of Tampa, Fla., corrects an error in the Last Roll sketch of Capt. Thomas W. Givens in which it states that he was transferred from the 2d Florida to McKay's Florida Infantry, whereas it should have stated the 8th Florida Infantry, which served in Virginia. Mrs. McKay accords with the records in the statement that "there was no such organization."

J. W. Bausell, Commander of McElhany Camp, U. C. V., of Lebanon, Va., compliments the VETERAN as follows: "Confederate veterans are under lasting obligations to you for the able manner in which you have conducted the VETERAN, which I consider one of the best advertising mediums in the South, as more people read it than any other magazine. I cannot hold my VETERAN until I read it for the number of applications to borrow it."

[The favor of address for sample copies is sought more diligently now than ever before. Do not fail to send same to-day.]

TRUE TRIBUTE TO A GREAT MAN.

EXPRESSIONS ON GEN. R. E. LEE BY LORD WOLSELEY.

His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor, and genial courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes that seemed to look into your heart whilst they searched your brain. I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and of finer mettle than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew, a very few of whom I have read, are worthy to be classed. I have met but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be. My friend Charles Gordon was one, General Lee was the other. * * *

When all the angry feelings roused by secession are buried with those which existed when the Declaration of Independence was written, when Americans can review the history of their last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side of that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.

"THE SOUTH OF YESTERDAY."

It is difficult to conceive of a more interesting entertainment than that in which Miss Mildred Rutherford gave her unique and charming lecture, "The South of Yesterday." Mr. Lawton Evans very happily introduced Miss Rutherford, paying a beautiful tribute to this cultured Southern woman, who is impressing the young people with the truths of Southern history. A more attractive picture can hardly be imagined than that presented by Miss Rutherford's appearance.

She began her remarks by giving a splendid and faithful description of "Old Marse," the lordly planter of the Old South, "Old Miss," and the young members of the family. The old plantation, as she pictured it, was seen in the mind's eye of every member of the audience—the "big house," its spacious grounds, the long avenue of magnolias, or possibly oaks, to the rear of the house, along which were the quarters of the contented slaves, whose pride in belonging to "Old Marse" was as intense as the affection cherished for "Old Miss" and "de chillun." She referred to the log-rollings, the corn-shuckings, and particularly the hog-killings, a time to which the little ones, white and black, looked forward with happiness unutterable. And then the Christmases! Such Christmases! One could see the children crawl out of bed and watch the door for the woolly heads that would peep in and joyously exclaim: "Christmas gif! Christmas gif!" Miss Rutherford's lectures are not characterized by flights of rhetoric. Such would be superfluous. She prefers to speak of her lecture as a talk, which makes it all the more entertaining and delightful. Every member of the large and enthusiastic audience went away with impressions and memories that will long be cherished.—*Augusta Chronicle*.

The Southern people will never be favored by an abler advocate on these high lines than Miss Rutherford. Reunions of Veterans and Conventions of Daughters in every Southern State should endeavor to have her present.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT HENDERSON, N. C.

A solemn memorial service was recently held at the Methodist Protestant Church of Henderson, N. C., by Henry L. Wyatt Camp, U. C. V., in honor of comrades who have answered their last roll call during the past year. The veterans were assisted in the exercises by the Vance County Chapter, U. D. C., with Mrs. S. P. Cooper, President, and the Orren Randolph Smith Children's Chapter, with Mrs. M. J. O'Neil, Leader.

The services were opened with an invocation by Rev. I. W. Hughes, Chaplain of the Camp, and the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" sung by the audience, after which came a forceful talk by Commander J. T. B. Hoover.

Following this there were eulogies on Comrade J. D. Ayscue, of Company D, 8th North Carolina Infantry, by T. M. Pittman; Comrade I. C. Bobbitt, of Company G, 30th North Carolina Infantry, by R. S. McCain; Comrade James H. Pool, Company B, 1st North Carolina Infantry, by Bennett Perry; Comrade W. H. Hart, Company D, 12th North Carolina Infantry, by A. J. Harris; Comrade J. H. Grissom, of Company B, 1st North Carolina Infantry, by T. T. Hlicks; Comrade George C. Clark, of Company C, 12th North Carolina Infantry, by J. H. Bridgers; Comrade and Vice Commander Simpson Dean, of Company A, 30th North Carolina Infantry, by Rev. I. W. Hughes; Comrade Silas Powell, by Dr. F. R. Harris.

There were also solos, "The Open Door," by Mr. Richard Jones, and "I Would Not Live Alike," by Miss Blanche Gregory, with Miss Mabel Harris at the organ.

The Camp met at the courthouse and marched in uniform to the church, and after the services there attended the funeral of Comrade James P. Massenburt, of Company B, 3d Virginia Regiment, so that his memory was honored with that of his comrades gone before.

ANOTHER COLORADO VETERAN.—N. W. Harris, of Waco, Tex., writes to the VETERAN: "In your last September number a report from the Denver Chapter, U. D. C., speaks of Major Semper as 'the only living veteran who went from Colorado to join the Confederate army.' The Daughters are mistaken. In July, 1861, I left Denver for my old home in Virginia from which I had been away six years. I traveled by stage from Denver to St. Joseph, Mo. When I got to Fort Kearney, Neb., I heard of the battle of Manassas. After some trying experiences, I got to my father's home, near Richmond, and found that my younger brother was already in the army, and I joined his company, G, 1st Virginia Cavalry. This company was raised in Amelia County, Va. After an absence of more than fifty years, I was in Denver this summer, and passed over the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad to Brush, Colo., almost the same route of the stage line of 1861. I found in the place of sagebrush the finest of irrigated farms."

WANTS TO HEAR FROM JOHN BOWIE.—B. I. Hall, writing from Wartrace, asks for the whereabouts of John Bowie, who, with a comrade, was captured by some Federal Home Guards near Versailles, Tenn., in the summer of '64 and kept in a sinkhole in the woods all day. Bowie had been shot in the foot, and young Hall, then only a boy, brought cold water and poured it over the wound all day. Bowie lived near Franklin, Tenn. Will Cole had charge of the guard and Hall pleaded for the prisoners' lives, and they were spared.

SECOND KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

BY S. P. MARTIN, M.D., EAST PRAIRIE, MO.

My father told me many years ago that he belonged to Company B, 2d Kentucky (Woodward's Cavalry) Regiment of Volunteers, Given Campbell, Captain. I find from the Adjutant General's records at Frankfort, Ky., that he enlisted and was elected second lieutenant of the above company December 9, 1862. He also said that he belonged to Buford's Brigade, Loring's Division, Wheeler's Corps. I have read carefully every number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and find no mention of Woodward's Regiment. In Wyeth's "History of Forrest" I find mention of Buford's Brigade, but none of the 2d Kentucky Regiment; also in Henry George's "History of the 3d, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky" I find much concerning Buford's Brigade, but no 2d Kentucky is mentioned.

In Du Bois's "Life of Wheeler" I find no mention of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry as belonging under him, although he describes the battle or skirmish where my father was wounded, Farmington, Tenn., October 6, 1863.

I see in "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy" that Given Campbell commanded President Davis's last escort of Tennessee. Having seen in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that Hazard P. Baker, of Canton, Ky., was a member of the escort, also Dr. Sanders, of New Boston, Tex., I wrote them; but their memory is poor concerning events, although they remember my father and number of company each. They give a list of battles that the company fought in, but in no history are they given credit. Dr. Sanders says that Stoneman the raider was captured by this company and surrendered to Campbell.

Can you throw any light on the subject as to why this regiment is never mentioned as being either under Wheeler or Forrest? I find that there were two Kentucky cavalry regiments, one Morgan's command and the other Woodward's. I think Woodward's is now designated the 15th Kentucky Cavalry. Can you give me any information as to the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Woodward's Regiment, or refer me to any history where I can get an account?

I see in the "History of Trigg County, Ky.," page 80, that Dr. John Cunningham was captain of Company D, 2d Kentucky Regiment Cavalry. It seems to me that every State should compile a regimental history of its Confederate troops.

[In "The Military Annals of Tennessee," by Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, there is a chapter devoted to "Woodward's 2d Kentucky Cavalry," written by Hon. Austin Peay, of Garrettsburg, Ky., and giving a concise yet full sketch of that splendid body of men which the writer calls "a regiment composed of the flower of the youth of Kentucky and Tennessee."]

SERVICE OF TWENTY-SIXTH N. C. REGIMENT.

BY C. H. BEALE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

In the November (1912) issue of the VETERAN I see a letter from Mrs. M. T. Norris, of Raleigh, N. C., a relative of Col. James T. Adams, colonel of the 26th North Carolina Regiment. She says the 26th North Carolina Regiment was first Ransom's Brigade, but in 1862 it was assigned to Pettigrew's Brigade. The lady is in error. The first brigade that the 26th North Carolina was assigned to was L. O. B. Branch's second brigade of North Carolina State troops. It was a very large brigade, and was composed of the 7th, 18th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 33d, 37th, and 35th North Carolina Infantry, 2d Regiment of Cavalry commanded by Colonel Spruell, Peter Evans's battalion of cavalry, Whitford's Artillery, Whitty's Light

Artillery, and Evelyn's Maryland Battalion of Heavy Artillery. The battle of New Bern was fought by L. O. B. Branch's brigade. The battle opened on March 9, 1862, and was given up on the 14th of March, 1862. We there fought Burnside, who had twenty-two gunboats and 18,000 land forces.

I was a member of Company D, 27th North Carolina, and was detailed orderly on the staff of General Branch. I had charge of the couriers, and carried dispatches to various officers of this command. After the battle of New Bern, Branch's Brigade, on account of its size, was divided, and Col. Bob Ransom, of the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, was promoted to general and was given a brigade from Branch's command. Then the 26th was assigned to Ransom's Brigade. The 1st Regiment, under Ransom, did not participate in the fight at New Bern.

[In Miss Rutherford's address before the recent U. D. C. Convention in Washington she says of the 26th North Carolina Regiment that "it sustained the heaviest loss ever sustained by any regiment on either side during the war. Eight hundred of these men fell in Pickett's charge, killed or wounded, and only eighty were left to tell the tale."]

INCIDENT OF THE APPLE TREE.

BY B. H. TEAGUE, AIKEN, S. C.

Col. Henry E. Young, a member of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff, has the following to say in a newspaper article about the celebrated apple tree at Appomattox under which it is generally believed General Lee surrendered: "The day was comparatively warm for the 9th of April; and as few trees had put out their foliage, the shade of the celebrated apple tree was pleasant. However, it was damp, and the staff spread their waterproof coats under the apple tree, General Lee taking his seat there. As soon as this was seen, the owner of a neighboring house came out and insisted on General Lee's taking a more comfortable seat in his home near by. There General Lee was sitting when General Babcock came with the message from General Grant asking General Lee to meet him at Appomattox courthouse. General Grant then occupied the house of Mr. McLean. As General Lee came up General Grant stepped out of the house and, offering his hand to General Lee, apologized for having on no sword, as it was several miles behind in his wagon. There was no surrender under the celebrated apple tree, nor did General Lee remain there more than a few minutes. General Lee had communicated with General Grant previous to his temporary stop at the apple tree." The incident has no historical significance, but I relate it simply as an occurrence.

My regiment, the Hampton Legion, South Carolina Volunteers, having been paroled, was disbanded, and my company in starting home rode through the town of Appomattox; and when we came to where two of the streets crossed, the column halted. We noticed a Federal soldier cutting on a tree by the roadside near a house. He was asked why he was cutting it into such small pieces. He said it was the tree under which General Lee surrendered, and that the boys in blue wanted pieces of it for souvenirs. A chip from his ax happened to fly toward my file, and I picked it up and broke it in halves and shared with a comrade. Twenty-five years afterwards, talking over the circumstance with this comrade, I regretfully remarked that I had lost my piece, whereupon he offered to share his part with me, which he did subsequently, and it is now preserved among other relics in a collection in the hands of the U. D. C.

LIEUT. JOHN WILSON ON SNODGRASS HILL.

BY MRS. J. B. TUTWILER, REC. SEC. ALA. DIV., U. D. C., DOTHAN.

In view of the unveiling by Alabama women of a monument to the bravery of Alabama soldiers who fell in the battle of Chickamauga, it will be of more than passing interest to tell of the gallant courage even unto death of a soldier who fell there. The composite courage of the Confederate soldier is a treasured heritage of the South; it illumines the most precious page in our history. But dearer still is the story of individual valor.

Last summer I heard for the first time of the gallant Lieut. John Wilson and his charge up Snodgrass Hill. We were at a reunion of the Houston County veterans, and two of his comrades told the story. They had waited anxiously for the time when they might together corroborate its incidents. A great day for the veterans of Camp Bartow it was. The forenoon had passed all too quickly in speech-making, songs, and a drill by the "boys of the sixties." The bountiful basket dinner spread by the good housewives of Pansy and the neighboring country had been thoroughly enjoyed. The shade of sheltering trees and the companionship of their pipes conspired to make the old men reminiscent, and they were ready to tell their cherished tales.

Mr. C. F. Duncan, of Company G, 6th Florida Regiment, began thus: "It was at Chickamauga, on the west side of Snodgrass Hill, that I witnessed what was to me the bravest act of all those long, hard four years of war. We had been fighting two days, and it was Sunday afternoon, almost at the end of the battle. We were in a company made up of fragments of several companies which had been depleted during the battle, and we were under command of Lieut. John Wilson. Lieutenant Wilson was from Quincy, Fla., and had enlisted with us near River Junction, near Apalachicola, at an old fort called the 'Arsenal,' built by Andrew Jackson. We were ordered to take a battery from an Ohio regiment stationed on top of the hill. Twice we had gone up the hill to be repulsed with terrible loss. Then we charged for the third time amid shot and shell that fell like rain. Scarcely had we started up the hill when a cannon ball struck the Lieutenant Wilson on the leg, shattering the bone. With the blood flowing from the wound, he shouted to us to come on, and he led that charge to victory, crawling on his hands and one knee. We took the battery and captured more than a hundred Ohio soldiers besides. That was the last battery taken in that battle. At the moment of victory Lieutenant Wilson cried: 'We have gained the needed time. I am willing to die.' A man named Miles rushed to his assistance, saying: 'You are too good a man to die, and you shan't die here.' Taking him in his arms, he bore him from the battle field."

Here Mr. Duncan's memory grew dim, for he was himself severely wounded in the charge. Then Mr. Daniel, his comrade and mate for four years, a member of the same company, took up the story. He corrected Mr. Duncan's impression that Lieutenant Wilson died immediately in the arms of Miles, and continued: "He was carried to a farmhouse in the valley which had been temporarily converted into a hospital, and in a day or so after that his leg was cut off by the army surgeon. I was waiting outside and I saw his leg when they threw it out of a window on top of a pile of arms and legs that would have filled a wagon. Yes, it was a pity to wait so long to take his leg off; but you see that was the way of war. There were so many that he had to wait his turn with the surgeons. That night when we gathered

for roll call there were only fifty-four out of the one hundred and fifty-four that made the charge, and of our company (G) we had left only two stacks of guns. All the rest were killed or wounded. Lieutenant Wilson survived the shock of having his leg amputated and was carried soon afterwards to a hospital in Atlanta. Some weeks later his brother went to see him, and, believing him able to stand the trip, started to take him home. His strength failed, however, and he died on the train between Atlanta and Columbus."

GENERAL LEE TO AUTHOR OF SCHOOL HISTORY.

[James Calloway, in Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

William M. McDonald, of Virginia, while preparing a school history, wrote to General Lee asking some questions. General Lee replied from Lexington, Va., April 15, 1865:

"My Dear Sir: I hope that your school history may be of such character as will insure its broadest circulation and prove both interesting and instructive to the youth of the whole country. As regards the information you desire, if you will refer to my official report of March 6, 1863, which was published in Richmond in 1864, you will find the general reasons which governed my actions.

"In relation to your first question, I will state that in crossing the Potomac I did not propose to invade the North, for I did not believe the Army of Northern Virginia was strong enough for the purpose, nor was I in any degree influenced by popular expectation. My movement was simply intended to threaten Washington, call the Federal army north of that river, relieve our territory, and enable us to subsist the army.

"I considered it useless to attack the fortifications around Alexandria and Washington, behind which the Federal army had taken refuge; and, indeed, I could not have maintained the army in Fairfax, so barren was it of subsistence and so devoid were we of transportation.

"After reaching Frederick City, finding that the enemy still retained his position at Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and that it became necessary to dislodge him in order to open our communications through the valley for the purpose of obtaining from Richmond the ammunition, clothing, etc., of which we were in great need, after detaching the necessary troops for the purpose, I was left with two divisions (Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's) to mask the operation. That was an entirely too weak a force to march on Baltimore, which you say was expected, even if such a movement had been expedient.

"As to the battle of Gettysburg, I must again refer you to the official accounts. Its loss was occasioned by a combination of circumstances. It was commenced in the absence of correct intelligence. It was continued in the effort to overcome the difficulties by which we were surrounded, and would have been gained could one determined and united blow have been delivered by our whole line. As it was, victory trembled in the balance for three days, and the battle resulted in the infliction of as great amount of injury as was received and in frustrating the Federal campaign for the season."

SOMETHING OF BATTLE FIELD MAPS.

BY CHARLES F. BAKER, AUGUSTA, GA.

The August (1912) number of the *VETERAN* contained an article by Maj. Wilbur F. Foster on "Battle Field Maps in Georgia." It was very complete in all its details, and at the close Major Foster said: "Some of the officers named are still living, and may be induced to furnish further facts."

In pursuance of that suggestion I have sent the VETERAN a fragment of an unfinished military map on which, as assistant engineer and draftsman, I was at work at the close of the war. I cut this out and brought it home with me as a



CHARLES F. BAKER.

souvenir. I came into the topographical corps of the Army of Tennessee in August, 1864, by transfer from the Battalion of Georgia Cadets, which had seen some months' active service in the field. I was assigned to duty under Capt. J. C. Wrenshall, who was in charge of the engineer's office in

Macon, Ga., one of the officers to whom Major Foster alludes in his article. The detail under Captain Wrenshall were plotting the field notes and duplicating maps for use in the army. The field notes for the portion of the map sent the VETERAN were taken by W. J. McCullough, of Marietta, Ga., and assistants by horseback reconnoissance and were plotted by me. The fragment is part of a map of Calhoun County, Ala., showing roads, houses with owners' names, creeks, bridges, fords, and the topography of the country generally, and is a specimen and illustration of the work then done by the engineers, as graphically told by Major Foster's article.

I would further mention that during the time from August, 1864, to April, 1865, much work in map-making was done in the Macon office. There was accumulated a quantity of valuable maps of battle fields showing the position of troops engaged on both sides as well as general topographical maps of the country from Tennessee down to Atlanta. In March, 1865, Lieutenant Colonel Presstman, of the engineers, came through Macon on his way to Richmond, Va., and gathered up the most valuable maps and took them with him to deposit with the Confederate War Department in connection with a report he was to make. *En route* to Richmond Colonel Presstman was accidentally killed at Danville, Va., by an engine. What became of the papers he had was never ascertained, so far as I am aware. The residue of maps left in the Macon office fell into the hands of Federal General Wilson, who captured the place in the last days, about the time of General Lee's surrender.

The papers lost by reason of the death of Colonel Presstman were of inestimable historic value. Many of the maps were beautifully drawn, and there are no duplicates. It is to be hoped that they are still in existence somewhere and will come to their place in the books and records of the great war.

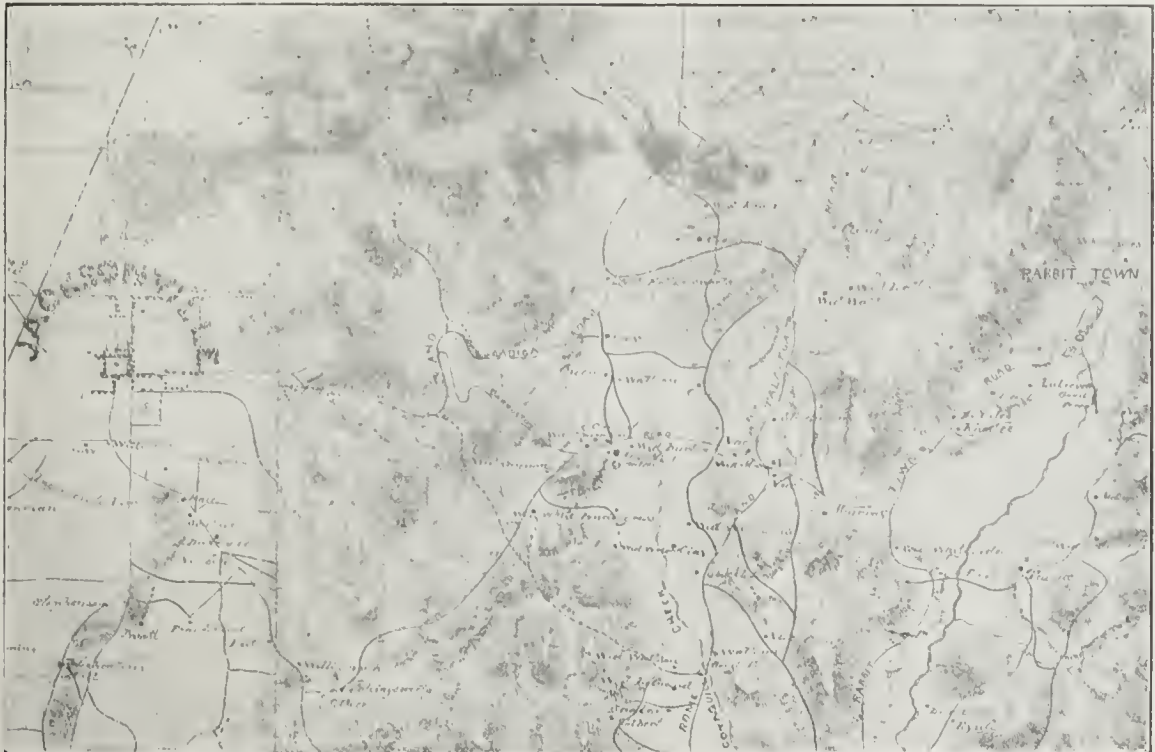


PHOTO-ENGRAVING FROM A PART OF ONE OF THE MAPS MADE BY MR. BAKER, OF AUGUSTA, GA., WHILE IN SERVICE.

SOUTHERN WOMAN VISITS LEXINGTON, V.A.

[Mrs. R. T. Neel, in Huntington (W. Va.) Advertiser.]

A punctured tire kept us at Clifton Forge till it was late in the afternoon, when we started again on our journey through the glorious mountains of Virginia; and when the last glint of the setting sun had left us, we were scarcely more than beginning our ascent of North Mountain. * * * Looking out away below us, we saw silhouetted against the starlit sky ridge after ridge of the majestic mountain we were crossing. Higher and higher we climbed, our car showing its power when it came to real mountain-climbing. * * * At last about eleven o'clock the lights of a town twinkled out at us, and, going on, we found that we were in Lexington. We had not thought we could take in this town (we had been hurrying to get to Goshen), but it was with deepest joy that we were in this place of such sacred associations, which has kept aloof from the coarseness and greed of the money-getting world and whose people are still of the Old South—a people with whom honor and uprightness come first, where the aristocracy is the aristocracy of birth and breeding and innate refinement and kindly hospitality.

Both hotels were full, but we domiciled in the hospitable home of a daughter of the famous Judge Brokenbro, and it was a granddaughter of his who the next morning showed us the places which we had so much wished to see.

Although we were in the town only a few hours, there was crowded into our minds and hearts enough of thrill and awe and wonder for a lifetime. Revelations of the past made that which had been only history become live and real to us. There opened up before me as never before the life of that brave man, that earnest Christian, that incomparable general, Stonewall Jackson. And I saw that other one, so true and faithful in all things, also equally as brave and noble a soldier in the higher cause of the great Master, Robert E. Lee.

I seemed to see the South before the war in its pride and glory and the boys who went into that war. Boys! I never realized before how young they were; boys in the full flush of their young manhood, so eager, so full of splendid daring; boys the gold of whose souls shone forth in the fiery test of that awful four years. And I saw the grief and the hopeless despair of the South when, after it had given all of its youth and brightness, it lost all, when its beautiful land lay desolate and drear. But it was the Southland still. In the hearts of the people dwelt the same brave, unconquerable spirit. And because of this they have treasured the memory of their heroes. I am proud that their heroes are my heroes too, for my father was one of those boys, and in my mother's heart still lives the spirit of the South.

We went to the Virginia Military Institute, established in 1839. Standing in bold relief, the time-honored buildings for a background and the wide green campus sweeping out in front, were two remarkable statues in bronze—one of Stonewall Jackson, the other called "Virginia Mourning Her Dead." They were both made by Ezekiel. As I looked at them I said to myself: "No artist, no matter how great, could ever have executed that work who had not known and loved the great Jackson, who had not himself felt the heart throbs of the South in that terrible struggle." And then I found that Ezekiel was one of those boy cadets who rushed so gallantly to the front at New Market.

I gazed at that figure of Jackson, standing with his head thrown back, his field glasses only just lowered from his eyes, his hand on his sword, the skirt of his long military coat

blown back by the wind, and on his face a look of sternness and determination. And as I looked the veil was lifted and I beheld the real Jackson, not a figure in bronze. I knew that he had wrestled with the Lord in prayer before the determination of his plan of attack came into his face; and then as my eyes dropped to the words, "Chancellorsville, 1863," I saw him as he entered into glory and received his crown of reward.

The other statue, "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," is the figure of a woman sitting bowed with grief. There is sadness unutterable in every line of her face and form. She seemed almost to be saying: "Why must it have been so? I gave so many of my sons to that noble cause. And I lost all—my children and their homes and the cause for which they fought." And I, the tears running down my face, echoed her cry: "Why must it have been so?"

At Washington and Lee University we went into the little chapel that is built over Lee's tomb. And O it is holy ground indeed! Instinctively our step was softened and our voices lowered. We went on down into his office, kept just as it was when he used it. We saw his chairs, his table, the book-case holding the books he read, the faded carpet on the floor, and our hearts were deeply touched and softened. That is the room in which he worked and studied. Across the court is the tomb where his body lies, but his spirit has joined that of his comrade Jackson in that upper and better land.

A WEARY NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM J. SLATTER, WINCHESTER, TENN.

(Dedicated to an able minister who loves me.)

How long, how very long the night doth seem to be!
I've tried in vain to sleep, but there's no sleep for me.
"Look to the east," the wise men said; so Masons say.
I look. 'Tis vain. I see no sign of coming day.

But—well, I know 'twill surely come. The sun will rise
And give earth light and blot a while stars from the skies.
O could it also blot for aye from heart of man
The horrid use he makes of life that's called a span!

Blot out his self-conceit, blot out his sordid ways,
That he may prove by acts his merit to our praise!
Blot out his love for gain and love of paltry pelf,
And lead his thoughts to those in need, not to himself!

And will this come? Ah! will it ever? Ye men of brain,
Please tell me this and how you know, for I'm amain;
I'm drifting, drifting, very old and very gray,
And Nature says that I, like you, must pass away.

Before I go where all will be forever dark,
I crave some little light, if but a tiny spark.
'Tis this: Did that creative Power that made us men
Tell you alone how I should live or die or when?

Make you the regulators of my life on earth?
And give you aught to do, dear sirs, as to my birth?
Is not creative power manifest and true
In me—yes, me—as well as manifest in you?

Then preach and pray to thwart design; but as for me,
I worship only where the mind and heart are free
And look to God, who left our intellect so dim,
To wander in the dark and wonder who made him.

PENSIONING RETIRED PRESIDENTS.

[The National Tribune, while opposing the acceptance of the Carnegie pension to retired Presidents, states that it "meets with deserved approval by the press and speakers."]

While it was supposed that the pay of \$75,000 a year would be sufficient to enable every President to lay up something to support himself with dignity for the years that remained to him, yet it may not be improper for Congress to make provision for a pension. Other countries do it for their leading statesmen, and a Prime Minister of England receives a pension of \$10,000 a year after his retirement from office, no matter how short his term may have been. * * * The demands upon the ex-Presidents are very considerable, and there is some reason for placing a portion of the burden upon the whole people. They have to live in a fitting manner, appear at public functions, and perform other duties which are a considerable tax upon them and which militate against their earning a proper livelihood in whatever business they may enter. The pension would not be a severe tax upon the Treasury, as Presidents have lived, as a rule, but a few years after they retired from office. The following will show the number of years some of them lived after retirement: Washington, 3; Jackson, 8; Buchanan, 8; Harrison, 8; Grant, 9; Hayes, 12; Cleveland, 12; Pierce, 13; Tyler, 17; Jefferson, 18; Madison, 19; John Quincy Adams, 19; Van Buren, 22; Fillmore, 22; John Adams, 22; Arthur, 2.

Several of our Presidents were in financial straits during the remainder of their lives. Conspicuous among these were Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. Congress helped Jefferson out by paying him a big price for his library. Washington died the richest man in the country. Both the Adamses were fairly well off, but John Quincy was glad to accept election to the House of Representatives, and died while a member of Congress. Jackson was a thrifty man, and died fairly rich for those days. Van Buren also had a competency. Polk had a considerable plantation, on which he lived until he died. Fillmore returned to the practice of the law at Buffalo, and made a good income. Pierce also returned to the practice of the law, and made an income sufficient for his style of living in New Hampshire. Buchanan had been an officeholder all of his life, and had managed to save something from the salary of each position he occupied. It was currently reported that he saved \$10,000 while in the White House. Andrew Johnson got back into politics, and was elected Governor and Senator from Tennessee. General Grant had accumulated some money before he retired, but he lost it all in unfortunate business relations, and Congress restored him to his position as general of the army of the United States. Hayes retired to his home at Fremont, Ohio, and lived quietly until his death. Arthur lived quietly in retirement. Cleveland saved very little, if anything, during his term of office, and was much concerned as to his future. He was induced to remove to New York, resume the practice of law, and be the recipient of such profitable employment as is distributed among eminent lawyers in the way of refereeships, etc. General Harrison returned to the practice of law, and gained a greater income than he had ever before received. Roosevelt went to Africa, and on returning to the United States embarked in politics.

It is repugnant that an ex-President should accept any sum from private benevolence. When President Taft retires, he will be a comparatively young man with a high reputation for ability, and will possibly do as President Cleveland did, go to some large city and resume the practice of law.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE PERVERTED.

BY MRS. ROBERT HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

It is interesting, in a way, to note the unanimity and pertinacity with which those writers who dote upon centralized government hark back to the Declaration of Independence as a foundation for their sophistries. In reality the Declaration was simply an announcement that the colonies were independent of England, as they already were of each other.

After the Revolutionary War it was found that money had been borrowed for carrying on the contest, and it was hard to decide who was to pay it. This and other commercial considerations brought about the adoption of the Constitution, and not an uncontrollable desire to fall patriotically into each other's arms. New York, Rhode Island, Virginia, and North Carolina refused to come into the Union until the tenth section was added, which provided that the States were at liberty to recall the authority they had delegated to the general government at the pleasure of their respective peoples.

One of the reasons assigned by the colonists for rebelling against King George was that the king had stirred up insurrection among their African slaves. Thus we see that the words, "All men are born free and equal," in the Declaration could not have been intended to apply to the freedom of the slaves, notwithstanding it has been made the pretext for so many aggressions.

The time is late to be harrowing over old contentions about which there was never much if any real difference of opinion. The Northern leaders, from Horace Greeley to General Scott, expressed themselves as believing that the seceded States had done nothing more than they had a right to do or as being unwilling to coerce them. Scott opposed to the last the sending of troops to Sumter, which was recognized as an act of aggression that justified resistance. Northern States had threatened to break up the Union more frequently than those of the South. It is not denied from any source that the right of secession was officially taught at West Point Military Academy. It is historically true that Jefferson Davis was not tried for treason because the United States courts were convinced that he could not be convicted under the law.

The real motive for bringing on the war was far removed from any interpretation of the Constitution. After the slave trade which had been carried on by New England had been abolished by law, those States had no source of wealth until the development of the cotton industry. The Eastern manufacturers obtained the staple at a low price and returned it to the South in goods at an enormous profit, protected by an unjust tariff. This, and not slavery, was the cause of the trouble with South Carolina in 1832. At that time cotton was about the only export crop of the United States, and was manipulated by Eastern capitalists to control the markets of Europe (it has from time immemorial been controlled by New York City), a domination which is held to this day with an iron grasp. From Mr. Alfriend we quote: "When asked, 'Why not let the South go?' Abraham Lincoln, the President, in 1861 said: 'Let the South go? Where, then, will we get our revenue?'"

Virginia sent commissioners to Lincoln asking him if he proposed to allow her to control her own internal affairs. He replied that he would collect revenue from her people. Knowing that this could not be done peaceably, her suffragans voted to secede and joined the Confederacy. After the South had gone to housekeeping for herself, it was found necessary to get a pretext for forcing her back into the Union to save

the finances of the other section; so the "few brave and hungry men" and "firing on the flag," etc., were called into requisition with the subtle belief that if the pocket nerve of the stronger party were satisfied, the persons involved would seek to justify the author of the plan, which has come to pass. How can any one believe that the war came on from views of constitutional interpretation?

EXCITING CAPTURE NEAR DREWRY'S BLUFF.

BY W. W. TRYOR, DILLWYN, VA.

In May, 1863, two squadrons of the Yankee fleet lay below Drewry's Bluff, one at or near Deep Bottom and the other near Curl's Neck, a boat (I forget the name) armed with four guns and a crew of some fifty or sixty marines whose business it was to carry messages from one squadron to the other, burn barns, and rob poultry houses. Three companies of the 25th Virginia Battalion, with a section of the Rock-bridge Artillery, were directed to go into the rear of the enemy and destroy this boat and its crew if possible.

Sometime in May we were ordered to report to Col. W. M. Elliott's headquarters in marching order. We left our camp at Chaffin's farm about 7 P.M., going east toward the enemy's rear. We were cautioned to be as quiet as possible. We marched slowly and were frequently halted for reports from our cavalry scouts in front. We stopped for the last time, I suppose, about three o'clock in the morning, when many of the weary soldiers dropped to the ground and were soon asleep. We had marched about fifteen or eighteen miles. Soon after sunrise we were startled by "Attention, men; fall in!" Then "Forward, quick march!" was commanded.

Soon we came in sight of the Pickett farm, and my attention was called to a burning barn to our right on the farm of Mrs. Taylor. Those civilized (?) people had fired it on their way up the river. We deployed and made a dash for the river at double-quick, but there was no enemy in sight and all was quiet. Some of the thirsty soldiers were soon at the well, from which point there was a full view of the river for a mile. The boys reported the enemy advancing. Our prize was leisurely steaming right into a deadly ambush that would land many of them into eternity in a few minutes. A willow hedge along the banks of the river completely concealed us. They slowed up for some purpose, and just as they got opposite our battery they stopped. All three of our guns opened fire with three-second shells. They made a feeble resistance, firing only one shot at us, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the boat was riddled with shot and shell from our battery and was rapidly sinking. A white flag was raised, and we promptly ceased firing. Soon we had twenty-seven prisoners ashore. Lieutenant Bass boarded her and reported a sickening scene in the dining hall.

Our work was at an end, but we were not out of danger. Bang! bang! whiz! whiz! came the big, screaming shot and shell from the enemy's gunboats, who had gotten our range from the dust. The order to deploy and rapidly retire was promptly obeyed. We were not running from the Yankees, but we did not have any more business in that locality. They gave us a hot time until we got out of range of their guns.

Among the prisoners there was a boy about twelve or thirteen years old. I felt sorry for him. He was weeping like a child who dreaded us as if we were cannibals. I told the boy that nobody would dare to mistreat him. He was sent to Richmond next morning. I have always had a desire to see that boy again and know his name and have him tell me his experience in that bloody trap from which he escaped alive.

A BLOODLESS SKIRMISH IN MISSOURI.

BY CAPT. W. S. GULLETT, CO. F, 3D MISSOURI CAVALRY.

As a reader of the *VETERAN* I see very little about the campaigns, fights, and skirmishes that took place in the devastated country of Southwest Missouri. As I went into the war and was an officer from that region, I shall report some of the fights and scimmages that took place there. One little skirmish took place at Neosho early in 1862. The Federal Colonel Hubbard came to Neosho with about one hundred and twenty-five men. There were then no regular Confederate soldiers in that part of the country nearer than Col. Stand Waitie's Indians, from seventy-five to one hundred miles away.

But a lot of us boys, with Colonel Coffee, were camped out on Cowskin Creek, about thirty miles from Neosho. When we heard that Yanks were in Neosho, we all got on the war path. There were thirty-five of us, and we had high aspirations. We had about fifteen double-barreled shotguns, a few rifles, and some small pistols.

About this time Col. Stand Waitie, accompanied by one of his staff officers, visited Colonel Coffee, and he decided to go along and see the fight, although he had no weapon but a big Bowie knife.

We went up to Neosho to make the attack in the night, and reached there just at daybreak. We expected to find the Federal-all asleep in the courthouse; but they were ready for us, having moved out three or four hundred yards to the top of a high hill. When Colonel Coffee made the attack on the courthouse, we made so much noise with our Indian yell that the Yanks thought the Southern army with all the wild Indians of the West were after them. Col. Stand Waitie went around to our right to get on a high point to see the fight, and in so doing he ran upon a Yank asleep on guard. He woke up just as Stand Waitie was about to step on him and jumped up with a fine six-shooting rifle in his hand. Col. Stand Waitie had a very fine red Indian blanket which he dropped as he caught hold of the Yank's gun. The Yank saw that the Colonel had a death grip on the gun, so he tripped him and threw him; then while he was down he snatched up the fine red blanket and hiked out. The Colonel got the fine gun, but lost his red blanket.

When this Yank got into the Federal lines and told Hubbard that the woods were teeming with Indians, the blanket proved his story, and Colonel Hubbard hiked out for Cassville, about forty miles away. No one was hurt on either side. So ended the first Neosho "wind fight." Most of the boys had up to that date never heard a cannon or a gun fired in battle.

SHERMAN PAID TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATES.

Report from Paris, Tex.: "Herbert Martin, who accompanied the remains of his father, John Martin, to this city from Birmingham, Ala., gave to Adj. W. J. Notley, of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, to file among its archives, a clipping found among his father's papers containing the following extract from a tribute paid to the Confederate States Cavalry by Gen. W. F. Sherman: 'War suits them, and the rascals are brave, fine riders, bold to rashness, and dangerous subjects in every sense. They are the most dangerous men which this war has turned loose on the world. When the resources of the country are exhausted, we must employ them. They are the best cavalry in the world.'"

[W. P. Witt, of Ochiltree, Tex., sent the foregoing. It is now an old clipping. General Sherman could hardly have "employed" such men.]

REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

BY J. I. CAMPBELL, CO. B, 1ST TEXAS CAVALRY.

Yes, I was a private soldier in spite of the fact that it has often been said that only officers have survived the years since the great war. It was with a lieutenant's commission for State service in my pocket that I went to join Capt. Ed Beaumont's company of cavalry as a private soldier for Confederate service. (Captain Beaumont was afterwards promoted to major.) I was so young and tender-looking that it was with reluctance that the Captain took me in. I saw it and felt hurt. But in the after days of hardships and perils he depended upon me, and I even loved and honored him. I know not whether he is dead or alive.

Our company was made up principally from the counties of Victoria, Goliad, and Jackson. After organization the company went into camp on Spring Creek, a mile or two above the town of Victoria. Here we were joined to other companies of cavalry, out of which was organized Yeager's Battalion under command of Major Yeager, of Seguin. Early the following year we were removed to the Rio Grande and placed under command of Gen. Ham P. Bee. Major Taylor's battalion of cavalry uniting with us, we formed the 1st Texas Cavalry, commanded by Col. A. Buchel, once an officer of rank in the United States service. Colonel Buchel came to us by appointment from the 6th Texas Infantry, of which he had been lieutenant colonel. As he came by appointment, the men were highly incensed because they thought their right to elect had been invaded. We were camped upon the banks of Caricetas Lake, and we planned to gather a mob and duck the Colonel in the lake until he should agree to resign. We could not, however, find a leader reckless enough to assume the responsibility for such action, and so the mob dispersed and the plan, fortunately for us, miscarried. We were left with a colonel who, having been bred to the profession of arms, was a soldier and a gentleman, an ideal commander, the peer of any one of his rank in the entire army.

After having scoured the country for eleven months, from Caricetas Lake, twenty-five miles above Brownsville, across to the headwaters of Colorado de Sal, and down to the mouth of the Rio Grande River, we went back into Texas. E. J. Davis, a traitor to the Southern cause, had fled into Mexico. A stranger dressed in the uniform of a Confederate major, calling himself "Major Dalruple, from New Orleans," came to Brownsville, and after organizing a secret expedition composed of soldiers from our command went to Bagdad, a town at the mouth of the Rio Grande in Mexico, and arrested E. J. Davis and another traitor companion of his by the name of Montgomery and brought them across to the Texas side under fire of the Mexican guards and started up the river for Brownsville. After proceeding about halfway, they held a council, as a result of which they hung Montgomery to a mesquite tree. Thinking to exhibit Davis as a trophy of their achievement, they kept him to deliver to the military authorities. Mexico, not unwilling to stand for such proceeding upon her soil, demanded the surrender of the prisoners. Of course, as Montgomery had "escaped," they could only surrender E. J. Davis.

We returned to Texas and camped near the mouth of "Old Caney," where we spent an uneventful period until after the Federals had landed in force and established a fort at the lower end of Matagorda Peninsula. For a time they kept us guessing. But ere long keen-visioned Lieutenant Davis, from Brown's Regiment, was dispatched with six men (three from

his regiment and three from Buchel's, the writer included) to ascertain whether that fort had been evacuated. We went the sixty miles to the fort and found fresh tracks and wet spots in the sand, but the fort was unoccupied. We hurried back and made our report. Where had those Federals gone?

After making hurried preparation, we took up the line of march for Louisiana, joining General Taylor's forces between Pleasant Hill and Mansfield. With them we returned to within two miles of Mansfield, where that memorable stand was made in which we routed the enemy and sent them back to their gunboats. But on their retreat they rallied and fought us stubbornly even into the night. The next day, being hotly pursued, they made a bold stand beyond an old field near Pleasant Hill. This was a sad day for us in loss of men and officers. Our Colonel Buchel, acting as brigadier general, received a mortal wound and died in the hospital at Mansfield. The writer's horse was killed and he was himself so seriously wounded that, taken to the hospital, he was placed immediately in the "death room." After some days he was removed from this scene of constant death into a part of the hospital more encouraging to his hopes of life. Here Philip Holt, a comrade in arms of the same company and regiment, who was now doing duty in the commissary department, proffered any attention or assistance that might be in his power. He even offered the use of all the money he had.

I was borne off the battle field by "Mete" Scott and an unknown soldier. Where is "Mete?" Who was the other?

MAJ. GEN. STERLING PRICE.

BY ESTHER SIMMONS (THIRTEEN YEARS OLD), ST. LOUIS, MO.

Maj. Gen. Sterling Price was born in Virginia September 11, 1809, was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and shortly thereafter moved to Missouri. He served in the State legislature and in Congress, was a colonel of cavalry during the Mexican War, aided in the conquest of New Mexico, was Governor of this great State for four years, and at the outbreak of the War of the States was made major general of the Confederate States army. He fought with a determination to win at all times. He was successful in several of his numerous engagements, and had the love and respect of all his soldiers. He was familiarly spoken of as "Old Pap Price." He defeated General Lyon at Wilson's Creek and captured Colonel Mulligan and his whole command at Lexington, Mo., and was equally notable in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana. In the Mississippi campaign under Generals Beauregard and Pemberton he was placed in command of the brigades of Drayton, Churchill, Tappan, and Parsons, and finally as commander of the Army of Missouri, composing the divisions of Fagan, Marmaduke, and Shelby. After the close of the war he went to Mexico, but returned in 1866 and died in 1867.

It may be said that he was a "Stonewall of the West," for his "boys" had the utmost confidence in him and were ever ready to obey his commands and willing to follow him wherever he led. The enemy seemed to fear Price's soldiers more than any others. During the war the ladies of Louisiana presented to General Price for his valor and conduct as a soldier and deliverer a sword incased in a gold scabbard that cost \$1,000 in gold. This sword is on exhibition in the Missouri Room at the Confederate Museum (the old Jefferson Davis mansion), at Richmond, Va., and I hope that at some time every one of our little Chapters will be able to view it. In closing my article I ask for three loud cheers to the memory of Gen. Sterling Price.

FIGHT IN THE NIGHT—A STRANGE EPISODE.

BY JAMES E. CLARK, 3D VA. CAV., SUNNY SIDE, VA.

In reply to your request in the September VETERAN for brief reports of experiences of Confederate soldiers, I send one about a cavalry night fight in the Army of Northern Virginia during October or November, 1864, in Spottsylvania County, Va. It was a charge with pistols.

The Yankees were in force on an eminence some eight hundred yards in our front, with a body of timber between us and a sharp depression about halfway between the two lines. Lieutenant Colonel Carter, of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, led the charge in the dark. The enemy discerned us by the flash of our pistols. In the depression the two bodies crashed into each other, and no one could tell friend from foe. Soon I heard the shrill voice of the colonel: "Face about!" In turning my horse, I knew not whither, a limb struck my head and knocked my hat off. Without thought I threw my foot out of the stirrup and swept my hand around in the direction I imagined it had fallen. Failing to put my hand on the hat, I immediately remounted. To my utter consternation, not a sound could I hear in any direction. I was stupefied with fright. Mechanically I dismounted, led my horse out of the road into the timber, and was there alone in the darkness, with no sound but the beating of my terrified heart.

You old cavalry boys may laugh at my predicament, but honestly I was scared nearly to death. A few moments before this I was trying to kill Yankees. Placing my pistol against some soldier, not knowing whether Yankee or Rebel, I pulled the trigger; but fortunately it snapped, for ever since that tragic moment I have thought it might have been one of my own troop. The silence was worse than the ring of the pistol. Bareheaded in the darkness, not knowing the direction our command went, I tried to collect courage to move; but a scared soldier in the dark is a poor drill master for himself.

After some ten minutes I determined to move. The leaves were so dry that my own feet and the horse's made a noise like Niagara; yet with a desperate effort I moved on, knowing no more than my horse. I had gone some hundred yards when, lo! the sound of footsteps. I halted and waited. In a few moments the man advanced to within some ten steps. I summoned my lost courage and demanded: "Who are you?" He replied: "Who are you?" I replied: "I will fire unless you identify yourself." Then he said: "Member of the Nottoway Troop, 3d Virginia Cavalry." If an angel had come down, he could not have been more joyously welcomed. Reinforced, two were a multitude in that crisis. We went back into the road and started to find our command, and soon found the Yankee pickets. We flanked them, went back into the timber, and had a refreshing sleep. I called on an old citizen, bought a straw hat, and soon found our command.

This episode, though happening forty-eight years ago, remains more distinct in every detail than some matters of recent occurrence.

LEE WATCHED GRANT AT LOCUST GROVE.

BY B. L. WYNN, CHARLESTON, MISS.

During the latter part of April, 1864, President Davis, accompanied by Col. Randolph Tucker and General Lee (the latter's headquarters were near Orange C. H.), rode up to Clark's Mountain, where I as sergeant had charge of the signal station. This promontory overlooked much of the country lying between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock Rivers, where Grant's army was encamped. Having pointed out to

General Lee the various encampments of the enemy and the changes they had recently made, General Lee said to Mr. Davis: "I think those people over there are going to make a move soon." Then turning to me, he said: "Sergeant, do you keep a guard on watch at night?" I replied that I did not. "Well," said he, "you must put one on."

I now quote from my diary: "May 1, 1864. All quiet in front. Burnside reported coming up."

About midnight of the 3d the guard called me to the glass. Occasionally I could catch glimpses of troops as they passed between me and their camp fires, but could not make out in which direction they were moving. I signaled to General Lee at once what I saw. He asked me if I could make out whether they were coming toward Germania Ford or Liberty Mills. I replied that I could not. His next message was that I make a report to him as early in the morning as possible.

An hour or so after this the following from General Lee passed over the line or station: "General Ewell, have your command ready to move by daylight."

Longstreet's Division was encamped near Orange C. H. Ewell's was some four or five miles northeast of Clark's Mountain along the Rapidan, and his headquarters were at the Morton house. On the morning of the 4th I signaled General Lee that the enemy was moving down the river, that clouds of dust were rising from all the roads leading southeast and toward Fredericksburg, and that Germania Ford seemed to be their objective point.

Referring to my diary, I find this:

"May 4. Both armies making for Locust Grove.

"May 5. General Ewell engaged the enemy near Locust Grove, driving them back and taking two thousand prisoners and four pieces of artillery. Gen. A. P. Hill repulsed them on the right.

"May 6. Generals Longstreet and Hill engaged the enemy to-day, turning his flank and capturing fifteen hundred men. General Heth's division, running out of ammunition, fell back in disorder. Longstreet was wounded in the shoulder and General Jenkins killed. Late in the evening General Gordon flanked the enemy, capturing two brigades, five hundred men, and six thousand muskets."

Thus ended the first two days' fighting in that long and eventful campaign beginning at Locust Grove and ending at Appomattox, in all of which it may be truthfully stated that General Lee was never driven from a position or lost a fight. Grant's forces were continually augmented by the arrival of fresh troops.

PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO JOHN LATIMER.

BY W. A. CALLOWAY, ATLANTA, GA.

I have read the VETERAN for many years. When it comes each month, all other reading matter is put aside until it is carefully perused. I have secured a number of subscribers by merely mentioning it to friends. It is an easy matter to get them, and each reader should make it his business to get at least one new one each year. Just think, reader, what an impetus this would give to the circulation! I wish that more of the old soldiers would give their personal observations of experiences in battles and camp life in general. These letters are read with pleasure by many, especially by old soldiers.

My real object in writing this is to tell about John Latimer, of Lagrange, Ga., a noble boy long since gone to his reward. He was my lifelong friend, schoolmate, and messmate in the army. More than that, we were rivals, each contending for the same girl; but neither of us won her. We were

members of Young's (formerly Croft's) Battery, of Columbus, Ga. Latimer was effeminate in appearance and manner; he was handsome, refined, and modest. His voice was of a silvery tone and he sang sweetly. Well do I remember his strolling about the camp and singing,

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight!
Make me a child again just for to-night."

I never saw him out of humor, no matter how trying the circumstances; a pleasant smile always lit up his face. He was a general favorite. Strangely enough, the rough element felt at home with him.

This quiet, unpretentious young man was the gunner of my piece of artillery, and in the many battles in which we were engaged I never saw him manifest the least excitement. He knew no fear. When shot and shell were flying thick about us, even with the enemy charging our battery and in close quarters, he took as deliberate aim as if at target practice. We had Kilpatrick's raiders surrounded near Morrow's Station, below Atlanta, and in a furious charge to cut through our lines they ran completely over us, wounding eight of my company with their sabers; but Latimer turned his gun on them and kept up the fire until the last Yankee had disappeared. Then, turning to the boys, he made the jocular remark: "Those fellows had a lot of nerve." In following up the fleeing cavalry we found that his aim had been accurate, for many dead and wounded men and horses lay along the road, felled by our double charge of grape and canister.

It usually required a number of shots for a gunner to get the range and put his shells to the right spot, but not so with Latimer. His first fire would occasionally put the enemy to flight. He went through the four years of war without a scratch, yet we were in front of Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta. We were the advance guard under Forrest in Hood's Campaign from Atlanta to Franklin and Nashville, and the rear guard back to the Tennessee River after that disastrous affair, fighting continuously to save the remnant of the army from capture and utter destruction.

After the war Latimer opened a small store at his old home town; but after a year or two he went to New Orleans, where he married. Then he went West, and died some twenty years ago. I doubt if his death was ever mentioned in any paper of his native State. Maybe some of those who love the memory of this noble boy will appreciate this feeble effort to give what is due to a character so eminently worthy of emulation.

THE CUSTER RELICS IN WASHINGTON.

BY ROBERT H. WATKINS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

An interesting collection of relics has been installed in the Hall of History of the National Museum in this city consisting of articles donated and loaned by Mrs. George A. Custer, widow of Brevet Major General Custer, U. S. A.

General Custer is best remembered by his prowess as an Indian fighter. The collection includes a memento of this phase of his career in the form of the white buckskin coat in which he is generally pictured as a scout and plainsman. The garment looks as though the General had just taken it off and hung it up. It has deep collar and cuffs, is heavily fringed with slashed buckskin trimmings, and the buttons are of the regular army pattern of the period. This coat calls to mind the services rendered by General Custer in the campaigns against the Sioux in 1875 and 1876, in the last of which, in the battle of Big Horn, he met his death.

Accompanying the coat is a yellow-plumed cavalry helmet and a buckskin gauntlet, both worn during his active service against the Indians from 1866 to 1876 while lieutenant colonel. There is also a blue regular army officer's coat with two starred straps, plush collar and cuffs. This coat he wore on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Bacon, February 9, 1854. A straight cavalry saber of tremendous size is included in the collection. It was a spoil of war captured by Major Drew, who presented it to General Custer. It has a Toledo blade on which in Spanish is engraved: "Do not draw me without cause, nor sheathe me without honor."

A Virginia State flag captured by him in 1861 when a lieutenant in the Army of the Potomac attests in the collection Custer's courage in the War of the States.

Another homely but historically notable article in the display is half of a white towel that figured conspicuously in the last clash of arms preceding the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. It is explained that while General Lee had gone for an interview with General Grant, leaving General Longstreet in command, General Gordon's division became hard pressed and called upon Longstreet for assistance. Not able to furnish the aid desired, Longstreet sent his inspector general, Maj. R. M. Sims, to suggest to Gordon the sending of a flag of truce to the Federals requesting suspension of hostilities pending the interview between Generals Lee and Grant. Following this suggestion, Gordon at once dispatched Sims to the Federal commander, Sheridan, with this request. As Major Sims galloped toward the Federal lines he searched his haversack for something white with which to cover his advance, but found only a towel. This he drew forth and waved above his head as he approached the enemy. The Union soldiers caught sight of the white towel, held their fire, and under this improvised flag Sims was allowed to enter the lines, where he was met by Colonel Whitaker and was taken to General Custer, in command of that part of the field. Neither of the officers was willing then to declare a temporary suspension of hostilities, and Sims was obliged to return to his lines without accomplishing his purpose. He left the truce towel with Colonel Whitaker, who took half of it and gave the other part to General Custer. Shortly after this incident Generals Sheridan and Gordon met and established a temporary truce which held until the conference between Grant and Lee terminated hostilities between the last armies in the Virginia field.

Most important in the collection of war relics is a little oval wooden table, much battered and scarred, on which General Grant wrote the letter containing the terms of surrender of General Lee at the home of Wilmer McLean, near Appomattox C. H. Immediately after this event the table was purchased by Sheridan and given to Custer as a present for his wife. General Sheridan's letter of presentation, dated April 10, 1865, the day following the surrender, accompanies the relic in the collection.

The display also includes a pin made from a piece of conch shell, once a button from a coat of General Washington's, which was presented by a kinsman of Washington to Custer. Later General Custer had it mounted in gold for his wife, who wore it for many years as a brooch.

Consolidated articles do not attract the casual reader as when they are leaded and many paragraphs are used. Articles in the VETERAN are condensed because of so great demand for space. Observe this, please, and read every article.

FIRST FIGHTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY GEORGE W. WILSON, RAPHINE, VA.

The statement that Archer's Brigade brought on the fight at Gettysburg induces me to tell of the company that shed the first blood on Pennsylvania soil. It was in the winter of '62 and '63. The 14th Virginia Regiment was formed at Salem, Va., and assigned to Gen. Albert G. Jenkins's brigade of cavalry in May, 1863. We were camped at Tinkling Spring Church, in Augusta County, five or six miles from Staunton, and drilled every day while there. We were inspected by the chief inspector of the C. S. A., who pronounced the 14th Virginia Regiment the second best mounted men in the service. The 14th was made up of ten companies from the valley counties and three companies from Greenbrier County, now West Virginia, and numbered about 1,100 men.

The brigade consisted of the 14th, 16th, and 17th Regiments and Witcher's and Sweeney's Battalions. In June the brigade moved down the valley from Staunton, going in front of General Lee's army, and had several fights with Federal cavalry before we came to the Potomac River. We led the way to Greencastle, Pa., and went into camp just north of that village on the right of the Harrisburg Pike. On the following morning a portion of our company (twenty or thirty men) was detailed to go toward Harrisburg with orders that if we found the Federal cavalry to "toll them in." After going three or four miles, we went up a hill, and just as we got to the top we ran into a company hunting for us. We obeyed orders strictly by drawing them in. The brigade was not ready for such guests that early in the morning. Some of the men were cooking their breakfast and some were still asleep, while their horses were out in the clover field. We fell back in good order four abreast. When we got in sight of the brigade, the captain, J. A. Wilson, saw what the result would be if he let them run into camp shooting and yelling. So just as we neared the camp the captain ordered us to dismount and get over the fence and let our horses run into camp. Besides our pistols and sabers, each man carried a short Enfield rifle.

The scheme was fine, and every time we would shoot a man or horse would go down. A big fellow charged right up to us riding a magnificent big horse. We put four balls through the man. The horse was also shot. We buried the man near his dead horse. My brother took a ring from his finger which he still had years afterwards. We recaptured a prisoner that we had taken a few days before and who got away from us. He was shot in the leg and our surgeon amputated it. There were many wounded men and crippled and dead horses. Their bugler sounded the retreat, which they willingly obeyed after we finished up with them. Those who could go were soon out of sight. General Jenkins soon formed his men on foot and, coming up, asked Colonel Cochran about the men "who put up such a good fight." He was told that it was the Churchville Cavalry from Augusta County, and one of the first companies that went to the front in 1861. Not one of us received a scratch in the encounter.

Several years ago, during a reunion at Gettysburg, Captain Wilson met the captain commanding the Federal company, who said he had always wanted to meet the man he fought at Greencastle and who had cut his company to pieces. The Federal government has erected a monument at that place to show where the first blood was shed on Pennsylvania soil. [In the "War Records," Vol. XXVI., Parts I. and II., this affair is mentioned with the statement that there are no circumstantial reports on file.—EDITOR.]

General Jenkins was wounded in the first day's fight at Gettysburg near a college, and he was never with us again.

We were transferred to Beale's Brigade, William H. F. Lee's division. Our regiment, the 14th, made the last charge that was made at Appomattox, capturing two guns and the gunners. Our flag bearer, James A. Wilson, was killed that morning after going through the war.



MONUMENT AT MATHEWS C. H., VA.

At Mathews Courthouse, on a notable day of September last, the people of Mathews County, Va., unveiled a monument to "the memory of Confederate soldiers living and dead" who went out from that county to fight for the cause of the South. Col. Robert E. Lee, a grandson of General Lee, was the orator of the day, and his eloquence was a memorable feature.

The monument was erected through the efforts of the Lane-Diggs Camp, U. C. V., and the Sallie Thompkins Chapter, U. D. C. It is a beautiful piece of work and is an enduring memorial to the valor and patriotism of this "most Tidewater of all the Tidewater country."

ABOUT THE SECOND MISSOURI CAVALRY.

BY C. Y. FORD, ODESSA, MO.

Knowing that the one great object of the VETERAN is to publish a true history of our War of the States, I wish to correct a statement made by Gen. R. B. Coleman in his sketch "Scouting in Missouri and Arkansas" last year. He writes of Capt. S. H. Ford, 2d Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Brigade. Now, this is an error; for the 2d Missouri Cavalry was never a part of Shelby's Brigade, and as a Confederate organization never did any service in the Trans-Mississippi Department. It was organized in Springfield, Mo., in the winter of 1861 as a battalion, commanded by Col. Robert McCulloch; and when we reached Memphis early in 1862 on our way to Corinth, it recruited several more companies from Gen. Jeff Thompson's troops and was made the 2d Missouri Cavalry. Joseph O. Shelby was with us on our march to Corinth as captain of a company of Missouri State troops. Consequently this regiment was organized before Shelby was in the Confederate service. I was in the regiment at its organization and surrendered with it under the matchless Gen. N. B. Forrest.

EVENTS IN TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

BY DANIEL T. RICKMAN, AUXVASSE, CALLOWAY COUNTY, MO.

In the fall of 1864 a number of us enlisted in Company D, Colonel Perkin's battalion of Missouri cavalry, in gallant old Gen. ("Pap") Sterling Price's army. Capt. Alex Day, now of Pueblo, Colo., and Lieuts. Joe Boyd and John Kelso commanded the company. I was sergeant. We were recruited principally in Audrian County, with a few from Calloway and some from Boone and other near-by counties, making a splendid body of men armed with double-barreled shotguns, rifles, and six-shooters. We were well mounted and clothed in homespun, hardly any two of us being clad alike. The privates had to furnish their own equipments, as we were severed from any communication with the Richmond government, and Missouri was teeming with bluecoats in every nook and corner. The Yankees poured into Missouri from adjacent Northern States like Pharaoh's locusts.

In September we received orders to come from our hiding places and rendezvous in North Calloway County preparatory to getting out of Northern Missouri. I readily remember the names of some of the comrades, among them: B. Hodges, Jim Hall, John M. Sanford, Will and Jim Kester, Nathan Nip, Fount Bishop, Abe Eller, "Splinter Leg" Hall, Dig Levaugh, Joe Watts, Collison Singer, Colonel Swan, the Burt boys, Nic McIntosh, Joe McGee, Tom Narrison, Lum Scott. It was a big company.

We broke camp and marched southwest through Boone County to near Rocheport, on the Missouri River, which we swam and joined Price's command near Boonville. Thence we moved up the river. At Glasgow a battle was fought by the commands of Gens. J. B. Clark and Joe Shelby, in which Shelby's captured rich stores and a large number of prisoners. We resumed our march westerly to Marshall, where heavy skirmishing took place; then on to Lexington, where Price defeated Blunt. We finally arrived at Jackson County, where Marmaduke engaged the enemy at Independence, and Cabell and Fagan were at the crossing of Blue River. Shelby and Jackson were in a death grapple at West Port fighting Curtis's overwhelming command. Parsons's and the new recruits kept reinforcing the commands of first one and then the other and guarding the wagon train. All these engagements were going on at the same time or nearly so.

At Independence we crossed over the battle ground where Capt. George Todd, of Quantrill's old command, was killed. The whole country seemed to be alive with Yankees. Curtis, Pleasanton, Sanborn, and Smith were all after us. Price had from sixteen thousand to eighteen thousand armed men.

We finally made our escape, moving south. It has ever been a marvel to me how any of Price's men escaped from those terrible environments, but we did until we reached Mine Creek. The morning being foggy, Marmaduke and Gen. "Tige" Cabell, in charge of the rear, were almost entirely surrounded, and Generals Marmaduke and Cabell with about half of their commands were captured. Marmaduke's men were dressed in blue and could not easily be told from Yankees, so a part of them cut their way through and reached our line, which was then deployed to check the advance of the victorious Yankees. This the new recruits did perfectly until the recall of Gen. Joe Shelby (who was far in advance south) to capture Fort Scott.

Quite a brush occurred at Nutonia, where Shelby and others swept the jayhawkers from the field. After that the Yankees followed far behind us. At Cane Hill we had a great

feast of apples. Many of our command were here dismounted, horses having given out, and were put in infantry. My own horse was still good, so I rode a little farther. Nothing much was captured by the enemy. Teams were poor and gave out, so we were compelled to abandon some wagons and one cannon. Then some of the mounted men gave up their horses to haul the wagons. A wet snow added much to our discomfort.

At Weber Falls we crossed the Arkansas, John Sanford riding astride a cannon that had the mascot of the 6th Missouri Battery—a black bear. (Does any comrade know what became of the bear?) My horse here gave out, so I shouldered my saddle and carried it along with my other accouterments, which was done by all the new recruits, as we had no wagon or tent and very few guns. Foraging was the only way to get a living. Our mess feasted on a beef head one night. Joe McGee and Dig Levaugh ate an owl. Old Stand Watie sent us some meal, so we had our first bread in 22 days. Crossing Red River into Texas near Clarksville, on over near Boston, John Sanford, Nat Craig, Sonny Davis, and I were left in a negro cabin with a cotton seed bed, being stricken with typhoid. Dr. Christian and Joe Burton waited on us. On our recovery we made our way to Fulton, thence to Louisville, Ark., where, with our command, we wintered.

From there we moved to our drill ground at Collinsburg and on back to Shreveport. While here we were ordered to march again, when all of the battalion demurred unless we were supplied with wagons to haul our camp outfit, which were provided later. We Missouri men were not in the best of humor anyway, as it was rumored that a contemplated court-martial of dear old "Pap" Price was on hand because the raid had not furnished better results. We all would have stood by Price to a man. He was a tactician, strategist, and a good general. Many times on long, tedious marches he would dismount and walk with his men, giving his horse to some sick soldier. No general could have done better unsupported than he did. All who followed him knew what hardships he endured. The Texans were also loyal to him.

Lee and Johnston having surrendered, Price surrendered us in the spring of '65 at Shreveport. Being paroled, we embarked on the *Mariah Denning*, an old stock boat, and landed in St. Louis ragged and half starved. Many of us were penniless, having lost all except the knowledge of our desperate fighting and that we were right.

I am a Halifax County Virginian by birth, seventy-eight years old, hale and hearty, with a good home. I am a member of Kannan Camp, U. C. V., Mexico, Mo. I have always taken an interest in everything pertaining to our great and righteous cause. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is prized by me and my friends. God bless the old boys of the gray and the noble women of the South! Long may they live and prosper!

BUILD MONUMENT TO FAITHFUL SLAVES.

Mrs. Edward Carter, of Warrenton, Va., writes: "I see in the September VETERAN the suggestion of a monument being erected in memory of the old-time Southern negroes. I hope very much that such a monument will be erected. I believe there would be a liberal response throughout the entire South to such an appeal. No people could be more faithful and more deserving of appreciation. I have the deepest veneration for their memory. Of all the monuments erected in the South, none would appeal to my heart more feelingly. Such a monument would also show to the world the devotion which existed in the South between master and servant."

THE CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY MRS. W. J. BEHAN, PRESIDENT.

As early as 1861 the women of the South organized to do practically the same work as that done by the Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R.—one to care for those who wore the blue, the other to minister to the wants of the men who wore the gray.

From 1861 to 1865 it was the women of the Confederacy who responded to every call for help, who nursed the sick and wounded, and contributed in many ways through the Soldiers' Aid Societies to the cause for which father and son, husband and brother had sacrificed life and fortune. After the surrender in 1865, these women reorganized and adopted the name of "Ladies' Memorial Association." They assumed the sacred task of caring for the graves of Confederate soldiers.

In 1889 President Jefferson Davis wrote his great book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and dedicated it to the women of the Confederacy. One has only to read the beautiful lines of that dedication to appreciate the value of such a tribute from our President; it is a monument to them. Many of the women whom Jefferson Davis so honored are still alive and active. They compose the great confederation known as the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

It would take too much space to enumerate the associations composing the confederation, many of them dating their origin as far back as 1866, and to tell of their faithful and zealous work for the cause from the date of their organization to the present time. In the States of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia there are to-day Memorial Associations caring for and maintaining at their own expense Confederate cemeteries and monuments.

In the city of Richmond, Va., is the Confederate Museum, formerly the White House of the Confederacy, opened on



MRS. W. J. BEHAN, PRESIDENT C. S. M. A.

February 22, 1896, under the auspices of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society. In Petersburg, Va., the Ladies' Memorial Association has under way the rehabilitation of old Blandford Church, and will make of it one of the grandest memorials to be found in any country.

The Jefferson Davis Monument Association of New Orleans secured a site from the city authorities which by a city ordinance was named Jefferson Davis Parkway. It has been planted with trees and shrubbery, and on a raised mound there has been placed a life-size bronze statue of Jefferson Davis.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association gave material aid to the U. C. V. and the U. D. C. in the erection of the Jefferson Davis monument in Richmond, Va., which was dedicated June, 1907. Through the efforts of these memorial women pictures of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and other prominent Confederates have been placed in the schools of the South. They have raised their voice in protest against false histories, claiming that in the North as well as the South only the truth should be taught if we ever hope to have this a reunited country. They assisted the late Gen. S. D. Lee and Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., in securing the favorable passage of the Foraker Bill, which provides for an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars which is being expended for the proper care and maintenance of the graves of Confederate soldiers buried in the North.

It is to the Memorial Association of Columbus, Ga., that the whole country owes the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves and of establishing the observance of Memorial Day, so called in the South, but known as Decoration Day in the North.

PLEA FOR A BRAVE CONFEDERATE WOMAN.

BY COL. GEORGE WYTHE BAYLOR, GUADALAJARA, MEXICO.

Some fifty years ago there came to Bowling Green, Ky., a beautiful young woman, and, as I remember now, she had plenty of money and brought some of her servants with her. She began the same kind of blessed work that made Florence Nightingale famous.

At that time I was senior aide to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. One day as we sat before a good hickory fire in the Blackburn home the General turned suddenly toward me in his chair and said: "Lieutenant Baylor, why don't you make love to Mrs. Newsom? She is young, accomplished, rich, beautiful, and her heart is in the Southern cause." The only reason I did not was because there was another beautiful face ever before me. A group of pretty girls had come up from Nashville to give a concert for the hospital fund. Among them was one who sang "Within a Mile of Edenboro Town" exquisitely, and another, not a sister, who sang the "Echo Song" like an angel. Alas! she is now with the choir that sang to the shepherds on Judea's plains. Her songs opened my heart, and pretty Mollie Bang took possession of it.

How well I remember the scene later as we passed through Nashville, where the streets were lined with brave, defiant women, as we moved on south! Those Nashville women fed us bountifully. Our general was looking ahead in the great game of war to Shiloh, where his heart's blood now mingles with the dust. I lingered only long enough to go to see my sweetheart. She sang "The Long, Long, Weary Day" for me; and if her sweet brown eyes were not traitors, they said: "I love you." I kissed her hand and said: "If God spares my life, when the war is over I'll come to see you." It is only a sweet dream now. I never saw her again.

Pretty Mrs. Newsom followed the Confederate flag until

it was furled. A North Carolinian, a gallant Confederate soldier, made her his wife. We need not follow her various trials after his death; but we find her, after years of work, in the Pension Office, nearly blind, with her hair gray, and old age at her door. She desires to publish a book giving her experience as a nurse. Such a book with illustrations should be welcome in every Southern library. The proceeds from the sale of it would make easy the rest of her days.

Let me make a personal plea to every Chapter of the U. D. C. and every Camp of the U. C. V. that bears the name of my old commander, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, to use their influence in behalf of this brave Confederate woman while she is still alive. She is as much entitled to a monument as Stonewall Jackson or our idol, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Let us hope that she will have all the money she needs to publish her book. I am now an octogenarian and the only Johnnie Reb in this beautiful city of 120,000 people. Will I call in vain for aid for Mrs. Trader Newsom?

A SONG OF FORGOTTEN MEN.

BY EDWIN S. SHEPPE.

I sing of neglected heroes,
 A song of forgotten men
 Who marched at the call of duty
 Through wilderness, bog, and fen;
 Who bore the burden of battle
 As they tramped from mountain to sea—
 The soldiers who charged with Jackson,
 And the men who fought with Lee.

They craved neither rank nor title,
 Position nor honors high,
 But only a chance for service,
 The chance to do or to die.
 And where are they now, those brave ones
 Who never defeated would be?
 They rest in the shade with Jackson,
 In the shade of the trees with Lee.

To them, the heroes forgotten,
 Who on the red field went down,
 Bedazzling the world with their glory,
 By deeds of immortal renown,
 Unveil the shaft, O ye Daughters,
 That far generations may see
 How true was your hearts' devotion
 To the men who fought with Lee.

O men with courage of iron,
 O women with hearts of gold,
 Of all that you did and suffered,
 The half has never been told!
 But the name of your fame and glory
 In the bosoms of millions to be
 Shall march through the years with Jackson
 And live through the ages with Lee.

Then a song for the unnamed heroes,
 A song of forgotten men
 Who marched at the call of duty
 Through wilderness, bog, and fen;
 Who bore the burden of battle
 As they tramped from mountain to sea—
 The soldiers who charged with Jackson,
 And the men who fought with Lee.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT FT. ROBINET, CORINTH.

BY MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS INGE, HON. PRES. U. D. C.

Friends, tread lightly; this is hallowed ground!
 Brave Southern soldiers a rest hath found;
 War's richest spoils lie beneath this sod,
 Their souls forever with their God.

This spire pointing toward heaven's gate,
 By the U. D. C.'s of the Lone Star State,
 For W. P. Rogers, her glory-crowned son,
 Who lies buried here, yet his fame lives on.

To the unknown Confederate dead
 Whose dust mingles with the blood they shed,
 A tablet is placed to mark the site
 Where heroes died for Southern rights.

Brave Texas soldiers left their homes,
 Their country's call to heed,
 For Southern rights were first at heart
 And this the hour of need.

They met the foe; their ranks were swept;
 They fell with armor bright,
 All honor to our brave defenders
 Who died for equal rights!

No tattoo beats, no roll of drum,
 Nor bugle's stirring strain
 Can awake the silent sleepers
 That here so long hath lain.

Sleep on, courageous soldiers;
 We would not disturb thy rest;
 We know our Heavenly Father's will
 For a nation—"He knoweth best."

Tread softly; this park is sacred ground;
 The Southern soldiers sweet peace have found,
 Their bodies lie beneath this sod,
 Their souls forever with their God.

MOVING PICTURE SHOW IN CHICAGO.

BY DR. R. A. HALLEY, EDITOR OF FUEL.

I was at a moving picture show the other night and seated just behind two boys who were of the age to enjoy intensely the war drama being portrayed. In one part of the picture a small detachment of Confederates charged up the earth-works and the Federals behind departed swiftly, the Confederates firing after them.

"Gee!" said one of the boys. "I bet they hit many a one. Them Southerners are good shooters. There was a big battle and one of them shot my grandpa in the leg."

"O shucks!" said the other. "He wasn't shooting at your grandpa."

"Sure he was shooting at him," excitedly exclaimed the other. "If he wasn't shooting at my grandpa, how did he hit him?"

A Southern girl in the history class of a Chicago high school did not believe all she saw in her book. To her the teacher, having in mind the "Battle above the Clouds" fiction, turned and asked: "What was the most notable achievement of Gen. Joseph Hooker during the war?"

"Getting out of Virginia one dark night before General Lee caught him," came the unexpected answer.

With a look but no comment the teacher simply passed the question to the next pupil and got the expected reply.

A STARTLING EXPERIENCE.

BY SERGT. B. F. BROWN, COMPANY L, 1ST S. C. VOLUNTEERS.

Just after the fight near Jericho Ford, on the North Anna in Virginia, late in May, 1864, I was in charge of the cooking detail. It had been raining and the night was very dark. We had to go a long distance for water with which to do the cooking, and we finished about one o'clock in the morning.

The Confederate lines were near Noel's Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, and were protected by breastworks. In the rear of the lines about two hundred yards was our provost guard. The breastworks crossed a wagon road, but there was a wide opening in the works, so that the road was not obstructed. When the detail was ready to return to the lines with the cooked food for the men, I cut a stick about three feet long and, sharpening one end, shoved it through the middle of several loaves of the bread and put the stick over my shoulder as the easier way to carry the load. I started off in advance of the detail, following the wagon road, which was narrow with bushes on both sides of it. I passed the provost guard without seeing any of them. Continuing on, I passed through the opening in the breastworks without knowing it. I was very tired and must have been in a daze from fatigue. There were troops in the works right at the gap, but they must have been asleep. They were greatly fatigued, for in eighteen days we had fought in the battle of the Wilderness, the Bloody Angle (Spottsylvania), and the North Anna.

Continuing my walk along the road, I saw two or three men lying around on the ground near the road in a little clearing, but I paid no special attention to them. I believed I was still in the rear of the lines and that these men were of the provost guard, but in reality it was our picket line. Pickets are not so alert when videttes are in front of them, and these must have been asleep. I continued along the dark, narrow road for two hundred yards, perhaps, when from the bushes on my right a demand came to halt. I stopped; but not seeing any one, I walked on. Again came the demand to halt. I replied: "What do you mean by halting me?" I went through the bushes to where the man was standing, a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the road. He was not in the least disconcerted; and if he had not been cool-headed, he might have shot me. The stick of bread on my shoulder, gun fashion, must have given me the appearance of being armed. He felt my clothes and the buttons on my jacket and scrutinized me as well as he could in the darkness to ascertain, I suppose, whether I was a Confederate or a Union soldier. He asked me no questions, but to convince him I pulled the stick of bread from my shoulder and said: "Can't you see that I belong to the cooking detail?" "Come with me," was his answer, and back we went, not on the road, but through the woods, until we came to a thin line of troops. He called for the lieutenant in command and told him all the particulars. The officer was a level-headed man and saw that I was lost. He asked me what command I belonged to, and I replied very explicitly: "Company L, 1st South Carolina Volunteers." "Where is your command?" he said. I pointed in the direction of the Union lines and answered: "Right over there." The lieutenant said, "I see what is the matter with you," and conducted me to the road. Instantly I realized where I was, and I exclaimed: "Lieutenant, is it possible that I am in front on the picket line?" "Yes," he answered, "and the man who halted you out yonder and brought you to me is a vidette."

I thanked the lieutenant and was soon with my company. I never for one moment suspected danger. If I had, I would

not have committed such a foolhardy act as going up to the man through the bushes in the dark. If I had passed our vidette, I would have walked straight into the Union lines. And to-day, instead of being the possessor of the Appomattox parole and the Southern cross of honor, it might be said of me: "He was a deserter."

THE SALVATION ARMY WAR CRY ADMONISHED.

The editor of the War Cry should not make such comment as reported by Stephen Elmore, Commander of a Confederate Camp, in the following:

"At a regular meeting of Camp Schuyler Sutton, No. 1663, U. C. V., attention was called to a paragraph in the October 5, 1912, number of the War Cry which is designated as the 'Official Gazette of the Salvation Army in the United States.' Said paragraph is under the head of 'World's Reformers,' and it states: 'He must have a consuming desire to change things. He should feel as Abraham Lincoln did when he saw the poor slaves when on that trip to New Orleans. He said as his soul stirred within him: "Some day I'll strike at this, and when I do God help me to strike hard." He struck hard when the time came and he reformed things.'

"This Camp condemns the covert thrust and the evident gloating of the author over the terrible results of the War of the States and its cruelties to the South, whose people were struck hard.

"We are not inclined to an effort to further the circulation of any paper that doles out such insidious stuff. No reference is intended to the local members of the Salvation Army except as to such literature.

"The San Angelo newspapers and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, Tenn., are requested to publish this."

[The VETERAN thanks Comrade Elmore for his timely criticism. The Salvation Army has ever had the unstinted friendship of the Southern people, and the misleading, ungracious, and unjust comment demands an apology. Mr. Lincoln is on record as having said that as President he had no right to interfere with the subject, and yet he did it in violation of his oath of office. The War Cry's editor should post himself and be careful not to publish that which misleads as to the truth and which will impair the good work that is being done by "reformers" whose lives, as a rule, bespeak the pity and the sympathy of devout people. Whatever of commendation and appreciation may be had for Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart, the truth should not be sacrificed to honor his memory.—Ed.]

A VINDICATION OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

BY ROBERT L. PRESTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In a recent editorial in the Boston Transcript readers of the paper are instructed as to the history and meaning of the Ku-Klux Klan. The editor writes in part: "The New Englander of twenty-two or twenty-three is pardonable if he asks, 'What was the Ku-Klux Klan?' It was the 'Black Hand' in politics, used for politics, though it never sank to the level of blackmail. Its purposes were to frighten negroes out of voting the Republican ticket, to paralyze the Freedmen's Bureau, to run out carpetbaggers, Northern school-teachers, and, in general, by terror to unsettle the results of the war. In the beginning it was little more than a secret vigilance committee which kept the recently emancipated slaves in order, enforced law, and, in general, took the place of the old machinery of justice which had not recovered from the war. It soon passed under the control of a more brutal element which saw its political possibilities. The founders

dropped out and the Ku-Klux, stopping at nothing, made itself felt by fire, blood, and suffering. It developed into an atrocious organization for whose suppression it was necessary to pass a Federal law known as the 'Ku-Klux Act.'"

Verily, the New England historians, great and small, have followed the Biblical injunction: "Feed me with food convenient for me." Is it not time now, forty-seven years after the war, to strengthen the diet of "the New Englander of twenty-two or twenty-three," to give him more nourishing food, and to cease coddling him with the broth that has for so many years been served up to him? Would it not be safe now to give him an insight into some of the horrors of Reconstruction in the Southern States and to tell him the facts?

The treatment accorded the Southern States after the war showed how just and well grounded were their apprehensions when the Republican party in 1861 obtained control of the government. They felt the beginning of their political extinction, and they saw with stupefaction that calm, cold, determined band of their enemies in their secret meetings at the Revere House in Boston—Dr. Howe, known as a philanthropist; Frank Sanborn, an instructor of youth; Gerritt Smith, also called a philanthropist; and Theodore Parker, a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus—calmly arranging the details of Brown's venture, furnishing him with arms and supplying him with money, and plotting an armed invasion. They saw that they were in the house of their enemies, and they resolved to leave.

Of the four years of the War of the States the young New Englander has a fair idea, but it would be well to let him know that soon after the beginning of the war a resolution was presented and passed both houses of Congress almost unanimously to the effect that the sole object of the war was the preservation of the Union, and that when that object was accomplished the army was to be disbanded. With this amount of information to start with we may omit the war and enlighten him on the subject of the Ku-Klux Klan.

The Ku-Klux Klan was largely instrumental in preserving civilization in the South, which, thanks to the Thad Stevenses and Sumners of the day, came near being engulfed in the unfathomable abyss of negro rule. The history of the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment would be instructive reading. Our young friend would see that it was fraudulent, the work of negroes and carpetbaggers supported by bayonets. The white people of the South being prostrate and disfranchised and the negro being in supreme control, every avenue of hope was closed. The situation was desperate. Helplessness and despair were on every hand with the black shadow of the negro hovering over all.

At this juncture a few of the representative young men of the South formed an association for the purpose of getting rid of the negro as their political ruler. Among its organizers were Gen. George W. Gordon and Gen. N. B. Forrest, and its rank and file as well as its leaders were composed of many of the highest types of Southern manhood. It was called the "Ku-Klux Klan," and the sole object of its formation and existence was the rescue of the South from the clutches of the destruction that enveloped it. If it was "dangerous and defiant," it was so only to the heel of the oppressor. If it was "criminal," it was so only to the wreckers of civilization in the exhausted South. If it was the "Black Hand" in politics, how much blacker were the hands and hearts of the contrivers of the scheme that condemned that fair land to degradation and decay! That one of its purposes was "to keep

negroes from voting the Republican ticket" showed its sense of law and the Constitution. The States alone, according to the Constitution, have the right to determine the qualifications of their electorates, and nothing but violence could deprive them of it. If one of its objects was "to paralyze the Freedmen's Bureau," surely no indictment can lie against it for its efforts to crush what turned out to be a gigantic fraud and swindle. If its purpose was "to run out carpetbaggers," its mission was a most holy one. The carpetbaggers were the foulest birds of prey that ever sank their talons into the bodies of their victims; human vultures they were, sucking the last drops of blood from a helpless and exhausted people. If Northern school-teachers were run out by the Ku-Klux Klan, it was a good riddance of a most undesirable and pernicious element, hostile to the white people of the South and breeders of discord. These teachers never affiliated with the better classes of the South, because they were their enemies. They came as aliens and as aliens they remained. Southern school-teachers had never invaded the North and stirred up strife in the industrial system of New England or incited the ground-down mill workers to rise against those who were coming wealth from their and their children's overworked bodies and brains. Why did Northern school-teachers undertake to undermine the social system of the South?

Finally, it was charged that one of the purposes of the Ku-Klux Klan was "in general by terror to unsettle the results of the war." What results? As already stated, the sole object of the war, as distinctly announced by Congress in the beginning, was the restoration of the Union. The Union was restored. The South had absolutely surrendered and had put its State governments into operation.

The Ku-Klux Klan left neither the White Caps nor the Night Riders as its successors, as the editorial charges, any more than it left the mill strikers of New England or the Pittsburg rioters or the Chicago anarchists as its successors. The White Caps originated in Indiana thirty years after the war, as did the Night Riders in Kentucky ten years later. The Ku-Klux Klan left no successors. It did its share in freeing parts of the South from tyranny and degradation, and to it and the white minorities in all the black districts of the South that resisted that avalanche of terror should be raised a monument more enduring than bronze.

The Anglo-Saxon has frequently subjected other races to his own civilization, but history records no instance in which any other race has robbed him of his own. Utterly crushed as they were, the fierce fire of the race was not yet extinguished in the Southern people.

The Ku-Klux Klan blazed up as the last flame from the embers of an expiring people. The fate of a mighty race hung in the balance. It was the last remnant of fast-failing strength that the South threw into the unequal struggle, and it saved a nation. If occasional injustices marked the close of its career, they were few and far between, such as are inevitable in every civil convulsion. It sprang up in the twinkling of an eye as a mighty protest against a crime unspeakably hideous and disgusting and without a parallel in the history of the world. Of it it may truly be said: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." It did its share in keeping alive the torch of civilization already so dimly burning in that unhappy land, and in shielding its women and children from a desolation worse than "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" or "the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

ADAMS'S BRIGADE IN BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY PAT HENRY, MAJOR GENERAL MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

This brigade was composed of the 6th, 14th, 15th, 23d, and 43d Mississippi Regiments. The 6th was commanded by Col. Robert Lowry (afterwards brigadier general), the 14th by Col. W. L. Doss, the 15th by Col. Michael Farrell, the 20th by Col. W. N. Brown, the 23d by Major Garrett, and the 43d by Col. Richard Harrison. This brigade, with those of Brigadier Generals Featherston and Scott, of Louisiana, made the division, commanded by Maj. Gen. W. W. Loring, which was a part of the corps commanded by Lieut. Gen. Alexander P. Stewart.

Arriving in the neighborhood of Franklin on the evening of the battle, November 30, 1864, Stewart's Corps was assigned to the right of our line, the right resting on Harpeth River, the left near the gin house (some fifty yards or more to the right). The brigades of Generals Featherston and Scott were in advance, while Adams's Brigade was in reserve with orders to keep about one hundred yards in the rear of the advancing brigades. The advance of Loring's Division was obstructed by a deep railroad cut, by an abatis, and by a hedge of osage orange. This abatis was most elaborate, the boughs of the osage hedge being interlocked; while the sharpened planks, sloped so as to strike the breast, were set deep in the ground, nailed to crosspieces. It was almost impossible to get through this hedge, and our heaviest loss was occasioned while our men were trying to pull away the abatis. Let it be remembered that this hedge and abatis were only about thirty feet in front of the enemy's intrenchment, which was protected by head logs.

As Adams's Brigade reached the open ground in front of the enemy's works, the shots from the enemy passing through the ranks of Featherston's advanced brigade did considerable damage to the reserves (Adams's Brigade), who, seeing the front line roughly handled and staggering under the close fire of the enemy, without orders raised a yell and charged to the rescue. It seemed that the front line had melted from the earth. In vain did General Adams with his staff officers, Capt. Thomas Gibson, his A. A. G., and Lieut. Pat Henry, A. I. G. (who had been detailed from the 6th Mississippi during the Georgia campaign), who were riding with him on the left of the brigade, try to stop them; but their fighting blood was to the fore, and go in they would. Seeing this, General Adams directed Captain Gibson to go to the right and Lieutenant Henry to stay with the left, while he went to the center, remarking as he rode off: "I can be found in the center if needed." This was the last order given by him, so far as I know, nor did I see Captain Gibson again during the battle. He was wounded after we separated. I know this gallant officer did his duty, for he was never known to do otherwise.

When the left wing of Adams's Brigade reached the abatis under the most galling fire, literally in their faces (the enemy being armed with repeating rifles), and an enfilade fire from the fort beyond the Harpeth River, these devoted men tried in vain to pull up the obstruction or force their way through it. But for this we would have captured the works. As it was, many of our men got through and into the ditch around their works, where they remained until the enemy withdrew about midnight. The brigade lost about 337 officers and men killed and wounded. Among the officers killed was our glorious commander, Gen. John Adams, who died on the

breastworks of the Federals; Col. Michael Farrell, the gallant commander of the 15th; the dashing Rorer, lieutenant colonel of the 20th; brave old Crompton, major of the 14th; Captain Smith, the intrepid commander of Company E, 15th, who, with quite a number of his devoted men, fell trying to work his way through the abatis. Lieut. Charles Campbell, of



MAJ. PATRICK HENRY, OF GENERAL ADAMS'S STAFF.

this company, lost his leg, and the gallant Lieutenant Donohoe, of the 14th, was killed as he was trying to scale an embrasure of a Federal battery, leading on his men. Such individual acts of daring were exhibited at Franklin were never equaled. Other officers and men, equally as true, gallant, and brave, yielded up their lives in this terrible conflict, one of the bloodiest of the war.

When the left wing of the brigade went down before the wondrous fire of the Federals, being stopped in the charge by that powerful abatis and impenetrable hedge, I started to report conditions to General Adams. Not finding him in the center, I rode on to the right and crossed the railroad, where I found grand old Dick Harrison, colonel of the 43d, drawing off his decimated regiment. There I learned of General Adams's death. How I ever rode from the left of the brigade along that firing line and lived, God alone knows; to him is due the praise. Neither I nor my horse was touched.

Night closed the battle for those not in the ditch of the enemy's breastworks. Those in the ditch, and there were many from all commands, kept up a steady fire until the enemy withdrew. I have often thought what might have been the effect had we had artillery with which to have fired that gin house standing on the Federal line of battle. The loss to our army was terrific. Throughout it all Adams's Brigade did its whole duty, proving itself worthy of our accomplished and devoted commander. We are proud of his glorious record, for on that fated field he wrote his name

among the immortals. His gallant bearing won encomiums from the enemy, among whom he fell pierced by nine wounds, yet asking to be sent back to his men. When told that this was impossible and sorrow was expressed at his untimely fate, he replied: "It is a soldier's duty to die for his country."

When General Adams was assigned to the command of this brigade (composed entirely of Mississippi troops, as stated), it was resented by officers and men. We thought that we should have had a Mississippi brigadier, but this feeling soon passed away, it being recognized that he was a fine soldier, a knightly commander, and a Christian gentleman. We soon learned and appreciated his work, and his untimely death, while it reflected glory on his brigade, brought genuine sorrow and sadness to every officer and soldier of his command. Knowing him as I did, having served so long as inspector of his brigade, I want to say that he was not only one of the bravest but one of the most conscientious and truly religious men I ever knew. He was as modest as a woman, rather retiring in his disposition, of the strictest integrity. He scorned

or blanket. There was nothing of the fanatic about him, nor did he make parade of his religion; he simply worshiped his God. Even now the old men of his brigade speak his name in reverence and affection, and as a token of my veneration for him I write these memories.

WHEN CAPTAIN FREEMAN WAS KILLED.

BY MARTIN HOUSTON, CHILHOWIE, VA.

I note in the JUNE (1911) VETERAN Judge J. H. Henderson's report of the killing of Capt. Samuel L. Freeman. I was in that fight. I belonged to Company C, 9th Tennessee, Biddle's Cavalry. We were advancing on Franklin from Spring Hill by way of the Lewisburg Pike. My recollection is that there was not a loaded gun in the brigade. The four companies of the 4th United States Regulars surprised and captured Freeman's Battery on the elevation on the pike south of Douglas Church. There was a field on our left and a woodland on our right. The field was inclosed with a high stone fence along the pike at the narrow lane which divided the church lot from the field.

Biddle's Regiment was immediately in front of the battery. I think the regiment was going down a slope when we heard the first fire. We knew not what it meant. We were rushed forward to the narrow lane at the church, turned into the lane, and up the hill to a thicket which was on the side of the bluff and near a spring on the south side of the lane. We dismounted, loaded our guns, formed a line, and marched back across the bottom to the rock fence. While we were crossing the bottom to the rock fence the Yankees commenced firing on us, but did not hit any one, although their bullets tore up the ground at our feet. We crossed the rock fence and the pike into the woods, and then turned at right angle with the pike and moved up on the east side of the pike to where the battery was. We had a few men wounded in the charge and one killed.

Between our line and the artillery was a low rail fence that the Yankees took advantage of and where they held us in check very stubbornly. The artillery stood on a small piece of ground near the pike. I think I was about two hundred yards from the pike. We finally repulsed them. There was a good deal of firing at them as they ran away, and several of them were killed and wounded near the battery.

I have always been at a loss to know why Colonel Biddle did not form his men on horseback at right angle with the pike, load their guns, and charge them instead of going up that little land on foot. We certainly could have relieved the battery very quickly. I do not think there were any troops engaged except Biddle's Regiment and the artillerymen.

After we ran the Yankees off we saw a considerable force of troops that we supposed were Yankees. There were in my company two or three boys who had been drilled in artillery. These boys took charge of the Freeman guns and sent a few shots at what we supposed were Yankees; but soon a noted Texas flag that we all knew was discovered, which proved to us that it was Armstrong's Brigade.

Captain Freeman was shot in the mouth and his face was badly powder-burned.

[Judge John H. Henderson, of Franklin, who has espoused the cause of marking the spot where Captain Freeman was killed, his sister having given the land in perpetuity, is preparing to erect a splendid marker—a monument—on the spot, and Captain Freeman's friends, whether comrades or not, should contribute liberally and now.—EDITOR.]



GEN. JOHN ADAMS.

that which was not honorable, and lived in daily communion with his God. I rarely ever knew him to lie down at night that he did not read from his rubric and say his prayers. This was often beset with difficulties on forced marches, but "Billie," his faithful servant, generally had a piece of candle stuck in a bayonet or a torch close to the General's pallet

A LITTLE SECESSION MAID.

BY EUDORA INEZ MOORE.

A little secession maid was she
 In the winter of eighteen sixty-three;
 She loved the South with all her might,
 And was sure the cause was just and right.

The name of Yank was enough to scare
 And to raise on her head the very hair,
 For had she not heard of horrible things—
 How the Yankees would snatch from one's hand the rings?

She was walking out one pleasant day
 When she saw a gunboat down the bay;
 It was coming as fast as steam could bring
 The black, sanatic-looking thing.

The Yankees are coming! The news soon spread,
 And many a heart was filled with dread.
 The girl rushed home with face all pale,
 And with lips a-tremble told the tale.

Soon other vessels steamed up the bay,
 And the bluecoats landed without delay;
 They pitched their tents at her very door,
 And did not even her leave implore.

The maid kept closely out of view,
 But often peeped the window through.
 She saw the Yanks pass back and forth;
 They looked as others, those men of the North.

Among the many that passed each day
 She noted resemblance to friends away.
 There was one she surely had not mistook
 That wore her soldier brother's look.

It was very tiresome thus to be
 Kept in such lonely privacy.
 From her Southern friends she could hear
 Never a word her heart to cheer.

One day a Yankee lieutenant came
 And heard from her father the maiden's name.
 He requested that he might sometime come
 For a little while to visit her home.

"It is so lonely in camp," he said;
 "'Twould be a privilege great indeed."
 So her father gave the required consent,
 And the Yankee lieutenant came and went.

He was tall and handsome, with smiling eyes
 That had caught their color from summer skies;
 And although he wore a suit of blue,
 He had a heart that was kind and true.

The little maid soon lost her fear
 And ceased to tremble when he was near;
 Her face would brighten with a smile
 As she listened to hear him talk the while.

In spring the Yanks were ordered away;
 Their transports were waiting in the bay.
 When he came to bid her a last adieu,
 She said: "May God watch over you!"

The author inclosed the following note: "During the winter of 1863-64 the Federals went into winter quarters at Indianola, Tex., and for about three months we were entirely shut off

from the rest of the world. I had two brothers in the Confederate army, one being a Terry Ranger, and you may know the anxiety we felt for him."

THE VETERAN'S DREAM.

[Author's name not given.]

Across the horizon of yesterday
 Dim figures are marching along,
 And ringing again across the long years
 I can hear the old battle song.

The cannons again are rumbling low
 Their bass in the anthem of war,
 And cavalymen are saddling again
 To ride on their forays once more.

Long infantry columns tramp up from the South,
 Their gray coats grayer with dust,
 As they answer the call of the war god's voice
 To fight and to die if they must.

Old battle lines form in the midst again,
 Blue ranks front our ranks of gray,
 And the battle flags fluttering over our heads
 Urge us on to brave effort that day.

A sharp command, and the bugle trills
 Its order to waiting men,
 And from leveled guns and cannon throats
 Death leaps with a laugh again.

Again the wild blare of the bugle's note,
 And the lines spring forth to the "charge;"
 And at night many comrades who marched at dawn
 Are dead on the battle's marge.

The sergeant, calling the roll at eve
 By the light of camp fires near,
 Hears, "Dead on the field," "Taken prisoner,"
 Interspersed with the answers, "Here."

Each night I have sat and seen those scenes,
 Every evening of every year;
 And though those days are forever fled,
 Age seems but to make them more clear.

Each night I hear them calling the roll
 On the dim hereafter's shore,
 And every time as I hear my name
 I long to say "Present" once more.

They're nearly all gone now, my friends in gray;
 Each year more answer that roll,
 And something is whispering to my heart
 That those ranks will soon be whole.

Old Time's passed me o'er for some reason
 When he made up his details each year,
 And I guess it's for rear guard duty
 That he's leaving me waiting here.

Ah! well, when His orderly does appear
 To give me the long-delayed order,
 There'll be joy in my heart as I obey
 And say "friend" when I'm stopped on life's border.

For they'll pass me in through the pickets,
 And I'll greet my old friends of yore,
 And we'll camp in peace with no bugle calls
 To bid us fare forth to war.

DESIGNS FOR CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

[From Journal of the Confederate Congress.]

On February 12, 1861, Thomas R. R. Cobb presented designs for a flag, seal, and coat of arms forwarded by Edwin V. Sharp, of Augusta, Ga., which were referred to the select committee on the flag.

On February 13, 1861, Mr. Stephens presented a communication on the subject of a flag and seal of the Confederate States, also for a seal of the State.

On February 14, 1861, Mr. Boyce presented to Congress two models for a flag, and Mr. Stephens presented to Congress a flag. Mr. Walker presented two models for a flag. Mr. Toombs presented a model for a flag with a communication from Joseph M. Shellman. Referred to select committee on flag and seal.

On February 15 Mr. Stephens presented a design for a seal with a communication from a citizen of Richmond County, Ga. Referred to the committee.

On February 16 designs for flags were presented by Bartow Cobb Declonet and Memminger. All referred to the committee.

On February 22 Mr. Hale laid before Congress a paper relative to a flag for the C. S., together with designs for a flag by H. A. Pond. Referred to committee.

On July 23 Mr. Wright presented a design, which was referred.

On February 26 Mr. Hale presented a design for a flag. Referred. Mr. Curry presented two papers in regard to a flag, and Mr. Hill presented one.

On February 27 Mr. Wright presented a model for a flag. Referred to committee. Mr. Miles presented a model for a flag.

On February 28 Mr. Curry and Mr. Hill presented a design each for a flag.

On March 4 Mr. Hill presented a communication from a lady of Darien, Ga., in relation to a flag.

On February 27, 1862, a joint Committee on Flag and Seal, composed of Boteler, of Virginia, W. R. Smith, of Alabama, and Gregg, of Texas, was appointed.

On March 14 Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, presented several devices for a flag.

On March 21 Mr. Orr presented several devices for a Confederate States flag by J. H. H., of South Carolina.

On March 22, 1862, Mrs. Preston presented a device for flag and arms of the C. S. A. by John D. Haviland, late of Dragoons, U. S. A.

On March 31 the President laid before the Senate several devices for a Confederate States flag designed by Miss L. Augusta Faust, of South Carolina.

On April 5 the President *pro tem* submitted various devices for a flag by M. Fannie Whitfield, of North Carolina.

On April 12, 1862, Mr. Oldham presented a device for a flag by Lucien Hopson.

On September 8 report of Flag Committee (April 19) to be resubmitted. Mr. Orr presented two designs by Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina; referred.

On September 24, 1862, the bill establishing the seal was adopted and sixty dollars ordered paid to Mr. Julius Baumgarten in making drawings of seals for the committee.

On February 22, 1863, Mr. Yancy presented a design for a flag.

On April 12, 1863, Mr. Clay offered a resolution, which was considered and agreed to, as to the propriety of adopting "a

cavalier" as the seal of the C. S. A., using the equestrian statue of Washington in Richmond.

On April 20, 1863, Mr. Mitchell presented a flag design.

April 26, 1863, adopted bill to establish flag to the C. S. A.

On March 7 Mr. Miles offered a resolution, which was adopted, that all designs and models of flags be returned to the several authors at their own expense whenever they shall apply for them.

On May 21 Mr. Miles offered a resolution, agreed to, that ninety dollars be allowed to A. B. Clitherall for cost of flag, together with cost of flagstaff, halyard, freight, etc.

It may be seen that a multitude of designs were submitted, and yet the history is deficient, so far as observed, as to final action by the Congress.

SECRET SERVICE AT SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

BY T. R. INMAN, TROY, TENN.

Noticing in the VETERAN sometime ago a call from Mr. F. T. Miller for data concerning the secret service of the Confederacy, I send you a brief item concerning matters with which I was connected.

When General Bragg's army was encamped at Shelbyville in 1862, I was a soldier in Col. Hume R. Fields's regiment, which was a consolidation of the 1st and 27th Tennessee Infantry and in General Maney's brigade.

At that time a great many of the citizens in and around Shelbyville were Union men, but were noncombatants. It became known that these people were secretly trying to discourage Southern soldiers and to persuade them to desert and return to their homes, and were offering them assistance in getting away. It was also believed that Federal spies were inside our lines.

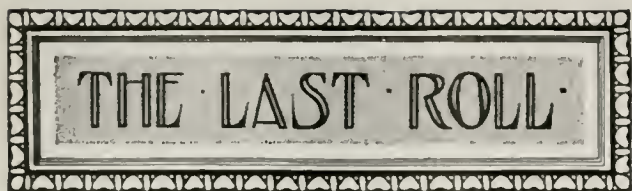
General Palmer sent the following order to Colonel Fields: "Send me five men with grit, courage, and caution." Colonel Fields then detailed Dave Newsom, Jim McEwen, Frank Carl, a Dutchman by the name of Heller, and myself with orders to report to General Palmer as secretly as possible.

On reaching General Palmer's headquarters we were sworn to secrecy, and he then gave us our instructions. We were ordered to act as a secret vigilance committee to watch out for spies, both those who might be in disguise from the Federal lines and also those Union men who as citizens were trying to dissuade our soldiers from remaining in the army. We were to report to him in person any suspicious acts on the part of any such men. We were also directed to consult with a Mr. Matthews and accept his advice on all local matters. I saw Matthews but once afterwards.

A part of our detail were out every night, and our vigilance was such that all interference on the part of Union men was stopped. Once we got so close to a suspicious character that he ran past the lines, allowing the pickets to fire on him; but he made his escape and we never knew who he was.

One of our men, Dave Newsom, while in this service went to visit his mother, who lived on the Cumberland River about nine miles below Nashville, and in doing so had to go through the Federal lines. While at his mother's some Federal soldiers came to raid her smokehouse, which he undertook to defend single-handed. Being a giant both in size and strength, he killed three of them with a stick or pole on which the meat was hung and wounded several others, but was overpowered and shot on the spot.

We were in this service about two months. All are dead now except Jim McEwen and myself.



CAPT. ROBERT DAVIS SMITH.

[Data from the Maury County Democrat.]

Capt. R. D. Smith was the friend of everybody. He was the oldest son of Rev. Franklin Gillette and Sara Anthony Smith. He died at Columbia, Tenn., in the house in which he was born and in which he had lived all his life. His education was obtained under famous tutors of Virginia, and his devotion to books and school duties instilled in him ripe and marked learning. He was prominent as an educator.

When the war broke out between the States, he enlisted in Company B, 2d Tennessee Infantry, in which he served with that courageous spirit and ever-alert watchfulness that endeared him to his comrades and brought to him promotion, for he was soon on the staff of Generals Cleburne and Walthall as ordnance officer, which position he filled with ability.

Captain Smith was elected Division Commander of the Confederate Veterans of Tennessee some years ago without his solicitation and during his absence from the State. He was ever a devoted Confederate, and on several occasions delivered addresses in the North, where he always defended his native Southland. When he left his home in defense of the Southern cause, his father gave him a negro boy named John Smith, who was about the same age of the young soldier. John was as true as life itself, and they went through the entire conflict together, returned home together, and were ever afterwards together; for when the summons came, John was at his bedside. The day was the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Perryville.

Captain Smith's parents were founders of the Columbia Athenæum, long one of the best educational institutions in the South, and in '71 Captain Smith was elected President. He was one of the leading factors in the cause of education.

Captain Smith was married to Miss Margaret I. Thomas, daughter of Hon. James H. Thomas, a member of the Congress of the United States, also of the Confederate States. Of three children, Franklin Gillette Smith is the only survivor.

Captain Smith was always actively identified with the Episcopal Church. He was also a prominent Mason, and was honored with perpetual life membership in the Columbia Lodge without dues. He exhibited unusually pleasant manners, and was modest and retiring. He was ever actively identified with every movement for the advancement of social conditions and contributed liberally. His home was a center of refinement and social culture and of hospitality.

[Conspicuous and delightful in later years was the relation between Captain Smith and the son Frank, who will ever have comfort in his unstinted relations with the father. Captain Smith was one of the first ardent advocates of the VETERAN. In a talk to the girls in the Athenæum about it he commended it without stint, saying that they might read everything in it without ever a blush. His comradeship and his companionship were a blessing. Some years ago he was so dreadfully ill that his life was despaired of, but after recovery his charm of mind made association with him all the more comforting.—EDITOR.]

CAPT. GEORGE M. GRAYSON.

Suddenly from heart failure on July 13, 1912, at his home in Frederick, Md., Capt. George M. Grayson answered the last roll call. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., May 6, 1841, and educated in the Upperville Military and Bloomfield Academies, in Albemarle County. He left the latter in the spring of 1861 to enter the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company F, 7th Virginia Infantry, with which he served with conspicuous gallantry through all the battles of the old Stonewall Brigade, from First Manassas to Appomattox. He had ten kinsmen, all gallant soldiers, in the Army of Northern Virginia. His only brother, Capt. Alex Grayson, was killed in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg.

After Lee's surrender he returned to his ruined home and engaged in farming. In 1899 he removed to Frederick, Md., and engaged in merchandising. He had returned home from a long trip through Pennsylvania but a few days before the summons came.

Captain Grayson took an active interest in the public affairs of his adopted city, and did much charitable work. He was a delegate to the Baltimore Convention and voted for Woodrow Wilson. Captain Grayson was one of nature's noblemen, a splendid specimen of the old Virginia gentleman, warm-hearted, courteous, generous, and unselfish. He loved his fellow man and saw beauty in all creation. To know him was to love him. In every relation of life "all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's, and truth's." He is survived by his widow, six daughters, and grandchildren.

[From sketch by Thomas H. Neilson, his lifelong friend.]

REV. M. H. LANE, D.D.

Rev. Marshall Hall Lane, D.D., Baptist orator and a well-known educator in the South, died in Atlanta November 18, 1912, from a stroke of apoplexy sustained two weeks before. He was sixty-seven years old, and retired from active work several years ago because of ill health.

Dr. Lane had been pastor of many Georgia Churches as a Baptist minister. Two years ago he returned, broken down in health, from Nashville, Tenn., where he was pastor of the Central Baptist Church. He had traveled two years in Kentucky as an evangelist, and for six years had had charge of Harn Institute at Cave Springs. At one time he was President of Monroe Female College.

He was born at Washington, Ga., July 9, 1844. He entered the Confederate army at the age of seventeen as a member of Wingfield's Battery, Cutt's Battalion, A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and served throughout the war. At the close of the struggle he entered Rocky Institute, and afterwards went to the University of Virginia, where he studied law. Upon his return to Georgia he formed a law partnership with Generals Toombs and DuBose, but three years later decided to become a minister.

He was married in 1868, and is survived by eleven children and their mother, who was Miss Undine Brown, daughter of a prominent physician of Hancock County, Ga.

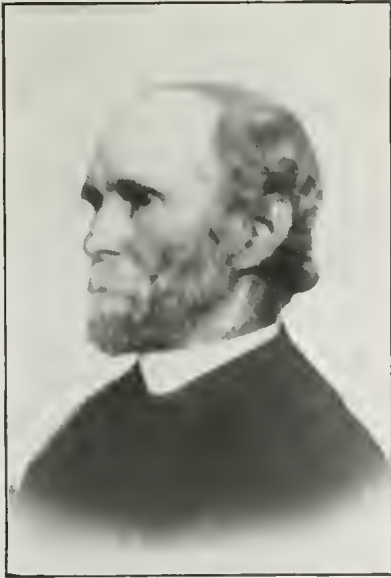
BRAWLEY.—W. Robert Brawley, aged seventy-one years, died at his home in Coddle Creek Township, Iredell County, N. C., October 31, 1912. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company K, 56th Regiment, Ransom's Brigade. Four other members of that notable company from Iredell County now survive. Comrade Brawley is survived by his aged mother, who is in her ninety-second year. He was never married.

JAMES ALEXANDER BIGGS.

James A. Biggs, the son of James and Sarah Temple Biggs, was born near Midway, Green County, February 8, 1837; and passed away at his home in Knoxville, Tenn., on April 30, 1912, after a few days' illness, and was laid to rest in beautiful Greenwood Cemetery. He married Augusta E. McKinney, of Riceville, Tenn., by whom he was the father of five daughters and one son—viz.: Mrs. Edgar Menefee, Wylie, Tex.; Mrs. Marvin Morris, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Misses Mary, Augusta, and Jennie West Biggs, and Elbert M. Biggs, of Knoxville.

From a sketch of his military record, which he had not quite completed, the following notes are made:

At the outbreak of the War of the States Mr. Biggs was a student at Tusculum College, Tennessee. Though the faculty were all ardent Union men, most of the students, who were from surrounding States, espoused the cause of the South, and much friction resulted.



JAMES ALEXANDER BIGGS.

About May 1, 1861, school was dismissed and he enlisted in Company I, 29th Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Powell commanding.

The regiment joined General Zollicoffer, then on the march to Kentucky; but as Mr. Biggs was stricken with fever, he was left behind at Knoxville. In February, 1862, he rejoined his regiment at Gainesville, Tenn., thence marching to Murfreesboro. He was in the battle of Shiloh. Later he was with the 20th Tennessee, Col. J. L. Bottles commanding.

In the summer of 1863 he was captured with three hundred others near Greeneville. As they were being sent to Camp Morton, Ind., he and three others cut their way out of the car, jumped from the train near Nashville, and escaped. He later joined Vaughn's Mounted Infantry in East Tennessee, and was with it until the close of the war. He surrendered at Washington, Ga.

Mr. Biggs was one of the escort to President Davis on his way through the Carolinas and as far as Washington, Ga., after the surrender of General Lee, and he received his portion of the silver which was distributed at Washington.

CHAMBERS.—S. G. Chambers, one of the "old boys" who never missed a Reunion, died at Glasgow, Ky., on December 9, 1912, in his seventieth year. He was a good soldier of the 1st Kentucky (Orphan) Brigade, and served four years.

WINLOCK.—Dr. J. T. Winlock died on the 27th of November, 1912, at his home, near Hiseville, Barren County, Ky. He was a soldier of the 1st Kentucky Brigade, and served the full four years. He was in his seventieth year.

ALEXANDER BAILLIE KELL.

The death of Mr. Alexander B. Kell, which occurred at Sunnyside, Ga., on the 30th of September, marked the passing of a "gentleman of the old school," a man of royal lineage, going back by known ancestry to King John Baliol of Scotland. He was a graduate of Princeton College, a soldier in Wheeler's Cavalry, and a devoted Christian. His father was John Kell, of Sunbury, Ga., and his mother Margery Baillie, of Darien. He was never married and made his home with the family of his only brother, Capt. John McIntosh Kell, of the Confederate navy, where he died in his eighty-fifth year, respected and beloved by family and friends.

Mr. Kell was a consistent, devoted member of the Episcopal Church in Griffin. Judged by the highest standards of morality and Christianity, his life was an eminent success and his death a glorious triumph. "The pure in heart shall see God."

DR. ABE RHEA.

Dr. Abe Rhea was born February 25, 1830; and died September 8, 1912.

In 1861 he enlisted in the war as a private in Company B, 13th Tennessee Infantry. He was soon made surgeon of the regiment and later post surgeon with the rank of Major, C. S. A., and served as such until the close of the war.

To know Dr. Rhea was to appreciate him. He loved God supremely and his fellow man as himself.

[From sketch by Robert J. Rhodes, Whiteville, Tenn.]

SYLVESTER A. SUMMERS.

S. A. Summers was born in Cabell County, Va. (now W. Va.), in January, 1838; and died at his home in Milton, W. Va., May 9, 1912. He joined the Border Rangers, Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry, Captain (afterwards Brigadier General) Jenkins, in May, 1861, and was made bugler of his company. In 1863 he was promoted to bugler of the regiment, and in 1864 to brigade bugler, as which he served to the end. He was faithful to duty and always cheerful. He was in many battles, but was never wounded. He died beloved and in the faith of his fathers.

DEATHS IN ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CAMP, TYLER, TEX.

The following members of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 48, died since January 1, 1911:

W. W. Adams, Co. C, 14th Tex. Inf., died June 30, 1911.

James R. Asnell, Co. D, 4th La. Cav., died July 9, 1912.

L. T. Bell, Jones's Miss. Cav., died November 19, 1911.

Dr. D. H. Connally died June 21, 1912.

P. W. Chase, Jeff Davis's Legion, died March 15, 1912.

J. H. Christian, Co. F, Phillips's Legion, died Aug. 20, 1911.

Joe C. Edwards, Co. D, 15th Tex. Cav., died March 9, 1912.

B. F. Erwin, Douglas's Battery, died June 4, 1911.

Jeptha Ellrod, Co. C, 11th Ga. Inf., died August 2, 1911.

A. J. Faucett, Co. A, 12th Tenn. Cav., died Nov. 17, 1912.

W. E. Freeman, Co. I, 23d Ga. Inf., December 14, 1912.

G. S. Gilchrist, Faulkner's Cavalry, died November 9, 1912.

J. R. Herrin, Co. D, 3d Ala. Inf., died July 23, 1912.

R. H. Panell, Co. A, 2d Ga. Cav., died March 5, 1912.

E. W. Smith, Douglas's Battery, died December 7, 1912.

Frank Y. Smith, Co. II, 4th Fla. Inf., died July 29, 1912.

M. B. Still, Co. B, Willis's Battalion, died July 20, 1911.

M. V. Thedford, Co. D, 15th Tex. Inf., died Jan. 25, 1912.

Elihu Wiggins, Co. H, 1st Ala. Inf., died Sept. 5, 1911.

F. J. Wood, Co. F, 7th Tex. Inf., died January 18, 1911.

[Report from John F. Hade, Commander of the Camp.]

JAMES McMILLION.

James McMillion was born in Greenbrier County, Va., May 7, 1835. In 1845 his parents moved to Daviess County, Mo., where all his life was spent with the exception of four years in the Confederate army. His father died in 1848 and his mother in 1878. After his father's death he remained with his mother and only sister and cared for them for twenty-three years. He was twice married, and both of his wives preceded him to the grave.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861; was first with Col. Richard Child's Missourians, and later went to the 1st Missouri Cavalry, which was a part of Gen. F. M. Cockrell's brigade. His first active service was for Missouri. But the overwhelming number of the Federals soon compelled the gallant Missouri troops to leave their State. No part of the Southern army endured more privations than did the Missourians. Mr. McMillion's command was in many hard-fought battles east of the Mississippi. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Franklin, and afterwards made his way into Alabama, where he was nursed by some noble women. He was an admirer of his brigade commander, General Cockrell, who gained fame as a soldier and later as United States Senator. He was also an admirer of Gen. Sterling Price, and believed with most Missouri soldiers that had General Price been in full command instead of a subordinate some of the hard-fought battles in the Trans-Mississippi Department would have resulted in much greater victories to the Southern cause.

Mr. McMillion died August 2, 1912. No one in his community had more friends than he. Ex-Federals as well as ex-Confederates were his friends, and in his death a good citizen has gone to his reward.

MRS. JAMES S. BOYNTON.

[Data from sketch by Lucien P. Goodrich.]

Mrs. J. S. Boynton died recently at her country home in Walton County, Ga. For nearly thirty years Mrs. Boynton had been identified with the people of Griffin, and was most highly esteemed. Going to Griffin in 1883 as the bride of the late Gov. James S. Boynton, she continued to reside there until Governor Boynton's death, in 1902. After that she spent much time at her former home in Walton County.

For threescore years and ten she exemplified the highest type of culture and refinement. She was the originator of the Boynton Chapter, U. D. C., which bears the name of her distinguished husband. She was its President many years continuously since the organization of the Chapter. At its last annual meeting she was elected President for life.

Mrs. Boynton contributed liberally to every public enterprise, and with willing hands gave alms. It seemed that her mission was to make others happy, and the countless persons in sorrow were gladdened by the flowers which she scattered along their pathway.

[The VETERAN pays tribute gladly to this good woman from personal acquaintance with her and her family for many years. The foregoing does not contain enough in her honor.]

DR. JOHN GREER.

Dr. John Greer was born in Shelby County, Tenn., in 1842, and later went with his parents to Grenada, Miss., where he answered the call of Mississippi for troops. He became a member of Company C, 15th Mississippi Regiment, Sears's Brigade, in April, 1861, and was with that command until the surrender, receiving his discharge at Greensboro, N. C.

In 1871 and 1872 Dr. Greer attended the Medical College at Louisville, Ky., and in 1873 began the practice of medicine, in which he continued for the rest of his life. His death occurred on September 19, 1912. Dr. Greer was married to Miss Julia Barmore, of Choctaw County, Miss., who survives him with several children. His interest in Confederate matters extended through life. He was a member of the U. C. V. and attended many reunions.



CAPT. JAMES A. WIGGS.

James A. Wiggs was born in Holly Springs, Miss., May 17, 1837. He joined the Confederate army as a private in the 4th Tennessee Regiment in May, 1861, and during the first year of the war he was appointed Assistant Quartermaster General of Tennessee. He soon resigned this position and was appointed captain of artillery in the provisional Confederate army. He was chief of ordnance on the staff of Gen. S. D. Lee when the siege of Vicksburg commenced, but was transferred to the staff of Gen. F. A. Shoup as chief of artillery, and was captured during the siege. After being exchanged he was appointed chief of staff for Gen. B. M. Thomas at Mobile. After the evacuation of Mobile he was appointed chief of artillery for the district of North Mississippi, West Tennessee, and East Louisiana on the staff of Gen. M. J. Wright at Grenada. He was paroled at Jackson, Miss., as lieutenant colonel of artillery May 23, 1865.

In 1884 Captain Wiggs married Mrs. Mary Outlaw, of Mississippi, and they lived happily at their handsome country home, south of Starkville, Miss., until his death on January 27, 1911.

WILLIAM R. PEEK.

At his home at Rose Hill, Miss., on November 26, William R. Peek answered the silent call at the age of sixty-nine years. He was a native of Alabama and enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia under the immortal Lee until the surrender at Appomattox. In his death Jasper County Camp, U. C. V., has lost a true and loyal member.

DEATHS IN CAMP LOMAX, MONTGOMERY, ALA., DURING 1912.

Wiley Booth, Company H, 6th Alabama Regiment, died January 23.

D. C. Tharin, First Sergeant Company F, 6th Alabama Regiment, died February 3.

H. C. Washburn, Montgomery True Blues, 3d Alabama Regiment, died February 3.

W. S. Ward, Semple's Battery, Montgomery, died November 16.

Daniel Smith Patterson, Company K, 12th Alabama Regiment. He was mustered in from Macon County, Ala., in August, 1861, and surrendered at Appomattox April 9, 1865. He was born in Marianna, Fla., March 18, 1838; and died in Montgomery December 21, 1912. He was made assistant surgeon of the regiment.

[From George E. Brewer, Chaplain of Camp, Montgomery.]



GEN. JOSEPH A. REEVES.

After a long life of useful service, at Camden, Ark., on October 12, 1912, Gen. Joseph A. Reeves passed from earth, honorably discharged from further service here. The esteem in which he was held by his comrades and by all who knew him is truthfully expressed in the resolutions adopted by Hugh McCullom Camp, to which he had belonged from its organization and of which he was for many years the head.

On the morning of General Reeves's funeral all business was suspended, and many friends from the country and comrades from a distance attended. The veterans escorted the body to the Episcopal church, of which he had been a zealous member, warden, and vestryman. The church was filled to overflowing, and there was a wealth of flowers. After the service the remains were escorted to the cemetery, where the following tribute to his memory was paid by a comrade: "Next to his God and family, Comrade Reeves loved best his native Southland, the cause to which he gave four years of his young manhood, and the loyal compatriots who shared

with him the privations and dangers and glories of those eventful years. And it was his wish that when all religious rites had been observed the scant remnant of those who honorably wore the gray should consign his body to the tomb. I shall not speak of Joe Reeves's personal service as a soldier. He was a typical Confederate and always did his duty, and no man was more patriotic or loyal to the cause. * * * Joe Reeves loved and honored the Confederate soldier and wished him to occupy the post of honor at his grave."

Joseph A. Reeves was born in Troup County, Ga., August 22, 1836. He went to Camden, Ark., in 1859 and engaged in mercantile business, to which he devoted his life, except the four years he was in the service. The disastrous results of war left him penniless, but he again "won out" and acquired a competency for old age. He was generous and unselfish.

In April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Camden City Guards, 6th Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Col. "Dick" Lyon, the second regiment to leave South Arkansas and one of the best in the Confederate service. He was soon promoted to the captaincy of the company and was offered promotion on the staff, but declined it. This place he held until near the close, participating in all the battles in which that regiment so signally distinguished itself, including Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Resaca, Pickett's Mill, Kennesaw Mountain, and the battles around Atlanta. After the Atlanta campaign he was detailed by Gen. Pat Cleburne to return to Arkansas and enlist recruits for his company, which was reduced to a mere skeleton, and he was engaged in this service to the end.

At the close of the war he returned to Camden and took up the duties of a citizen again. He married Miss Elizabeth Parker, of a pioneer family of Camden, who bore him three children, two sons and one daughter, all filling honorable and useful positions in the world. She died earlier in the year. He was an ideal husband and father, and his home life was very happy. No more gallant soldier, useful citizen, or consistent Christian ever lived in Arkansas. In 1900 he was made Commander of the Fourth Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V., with the rank of Brigadier General.

[From a sketch by J. C. Wright, Whelen Springs, Ark.]

W. H. ROBERSON.

W. H. Roberson was born in Tallahatchie County, Miss., in 1845; and died December 5, 1912, at Charleston, in the same State. After services in his home, conducted by Rev. Mr. Stumph, the Baptist minister of whose Church he was a member, his remains were taken in charge by the Masonic order and laid to rest in the Boland Cemetery.

Mr. Roberson is survived by his wife and an only son. He was an honorable, capable business man, leaving a worthy record among his fellow townsmen as well as among business men of other cities.

At the age of sixteen Mr. Roberson joined Company F, Tallahatchie Rifles, 21st Mississippi Infantry, Barksdale's Brigade, distinguished in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia. He took part in the many and tedious marches of that famous army, endured its privations, and shed his blood for the cause he loved.

He rarely missed a Reunion, and always wore with great pride his cross of honor. He was a great favorite with his old comrades, and leaves many good friends among them.]

[From a sketch by B. L. Hyun, Charleston, Miss.]

CAPT. L. H. FEATHERSTON.

Capt. L. H. Featherston was born in Heard County, Ga., in 1844. He enlisted in Company K, 56th Georgia Regiment, about the age of sixteen, and served the entire four years. He was slightly wounded at Baker's Creek, Miss. His principal service was with the Army of Tennessee, under the leadership of Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Hood.

After the war he moved from Georgia to Louisiana during the Reconstruction period. In 1867 he was married to Miss Josephine Cleveland, of Claiborne Parish, La. He died on May 10, 1912, in Macon, Ga., while there in attendance on the annual Reunion, U. C. V. His remains were returned to Homer, La., under the care of his son, Mr. L. H. Featherston, Jr. of Mississippi.

The funeral was the most impressive ever witnessed in Homer. In the long march from the home to Arlington Cemetery the veterans of Claiborne followed their dead commander, keeping time with the muffled music and carrying at half mast the Confederate stars and bars. The service was conducted by Rev. A. S. Lutz, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, and Rev. W. L. Hamil, Chaplain of the Camp. The veterans acted as pallbearers and the band rendered the funeral march. Taps were sounded and a military salute was fired above the mound.

W. L. Hamil, Chaplain of U. C. V. Camp No. 548, Claiborne Parish, La., who contributes this memoir, quotes from a tribute by Lieut. I. J. Stephens, Company K, 56th Georgia, of Newnan, Ga., in which he says: "No man in the company was more highly appreciated for his soldierly qualities and lovable traits or for his valor upon the field of battle. The writer could name many acts of kindness which endeared him to his comrades. Just before the close of the war the 56th Regiment was consolidated with the 42d Georgia, and Captain Featherston was made adjutant of the regiment. often met him at reunions, and had a pleasant greeting."

He also quotes from his brother, Prof. John H. Featherston, of Macon, Ga., at whose home Captain Featherston breathed his last: "He died as a true, brave Confederate soldier, an advocate of State rights under the Constitution, a noble and true Georgian, and a steadfast believer in God. He was a kind and affectionate husband and father, high-minded and big-souled, a noble knight, and a true patriot."

As Commander of Camp No. 548, Claiborne Veterans, Captain Featherston was truly alive to all of the interests of his comrades, and especially did he look after the interests of widows and veterans. Every veteran in Claiborne Parish mourns the loss of so good and noble a Commander. Besides a host of friends, he leaves an affectionate Christian wife and devoted children.

A comrade of the late David S. DuBose, Company K, 7th South Carolina Regiment, writes of him from Gulfport, Miss.: "He came of an old Huguenot family and was one of the bravest of men, standing for the cause to the end." It is regretted that other data are not given of Comrade DuBose. The "War Records," Vol. XXXV., page 576, contains a letter from Maj. John D. Ashmore to General Beanregard, in which he wrote from Greenville February 7, 1864: "Lieutenant DuBose, with ten picked men, the flower of Boykin's company, and fleet horses, is posted on the road to advance if necessary in any direction indicating the enemy's approach and to report after reconnoitering their strength." This indicates confidence in the skill and the courage of the officer.

JUDGE WILLIAM DENNIS VANCE.

On October 26, 1912, Judge W. D. Vance, aged sixty-eight years, died at his home in Pine Bluff, Ark.

Judge Vance was a member of J. Ed Murry Camp, U. C. V. He fought the Indians before the War of the States. In March, 1861, he became a member of Company H, 2d Texas Cavalry, Colonel Ford commanding. He was with forces that captured Galveston and the Harriet Lane in Galveston Bay. He was wounded only once. He entered the army as a private, but was advanced to third lieutenant, serving until his command was disbanded at Hempstead, Tex., in 1865.

After the war Judge Vance came to Arkansas, and for fourteen years was justice of the peace in Pine Bluff. He leaves a widow, two sons, and one daughter. Our Camp has lost a true mother, the family a good father and husband.

[Sketch by Wm. Norton, W. L. DeWoody, J. E. Parker.]



CAPT. JAMES W. PATTERSON.

A sketch of Captain Patterson appeared in the VETERAN for October, 1912, page 473. Although a Virginian, he was living in Georgia when the war began, and he organized a company of infantry in Lowndes County, of which he was made captain. This afterwards became Company I, of the 12th Georgia Regiment, serving under Col. (afterwards Gen.) Edward Johnson, of Virginia. Captain Patterson was often detailed with his company on special service away from the regiment, performing much arduous duty in reconnoitering and scouting in the mountains. After his command was attached to Stonewall Jackson's army, the 12th Georgia bore a conspicuous part in the battle at McDowell, in Highland County, Va.; and while in command of his company and cheering his men Captain Patterson lost his life, as did other brave officers of the command. His body was taken to Richmond and now lies in beautiful Hollywood.

["War Records," Series I., Volume XII., Part I., page 476, contains the statement that in that battle the 12th Georgia lost in killed and wounded one hundred and seventy-five officers and men. Four of the captains were killed—viz., Dawson, Furlow, McMillan, and Patterson.]

W. R. PARRAMORE.

W. R. Parramore was born in Pickens County, Ala., in April, 1837, and in childhood was taken by his parents to Mississippi, where he was reared on a farm. In 1862 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company C,

35th Mississippi Regiment, Sears's Brigade, and was in many hard-fought battles. Among his experiences was the siege of Vicksburg. He was captured at Blakeley and sent to Ship Island. He was paroled at Vicksburg and captured the second time after being exchanged, his final release being in June, 1865. After his return from the war, he settled on a farm and discharged the duties of his citizenship most honorably. His death occurred on November 11, 1912. His wife, who was Miss Sallie Clark, of Oktibeha County, Miss., survives him.

MRS. SARA P. FLEWELLEN.

After a long life of usefulness and good deeds, Mrs. Sara P. Flewellen, widow of the late Prof. A. C. Flewellen, died at her home, Hill House, at East Highlands, near Columbus, Ga., on September 19, 1912.

Few women have lived in that community who have been so universally loved and esteemed as she was during her eventful life, and her departure will be a source of sorrow to many.

The only near relative surviving Mrs. Flewellen is her brother, Col. W. S. Shepherd, one of the most prominent citizens of Columbus. Their devotion was beautiful.

in her efforts to further the good of the causes she had so generously championed. She was a leading spirit in U. D. C. work, assisted in forming the first Chapter in Ohio, and later organized the Ohio State Division and served as its President. She helped materially in the establishment of the Kentucky Veterans' Home at Pewee Valley, furnishing the library there herself. She was a member of the Confederated Memorial Association and a Director of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association.

Mrs. Worcester was a woman of most magnetic personality; and this, with the wonderful control of her voice, made her a charming speaker and one who moved her audience at will to laughter or to tears.

Among the many charities to which Mrs. Worcester had given her time and her talents were the Floral Mission of Cincinnati, the Home for the Friendless and Foundlings (of which she was Secretary and also President), the Ohio Hospital for Women and Children and the Home for Incurables (in both of which she was a director), the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, the Y. W. C. A., and the Ohio Humane Society. Her life was indeed one of valiant service for her Master and for the people of her love, and many friends pay grateful tribute to her memory.

MRS. SARAH L. ARCHER.

The death of Mrs. Sarah L. Archer at her home in Limestone County, Tex., on December 7, 1912, takes from the community a woman of unusual personality and charm, and one whose life was a romantic link between the perilous old days of pioneer privations and dangers and the more prosaic comforts of our modern times.

Mrs. Archer was the daughter of Stephen Crist, and was born in 1838 in Fort Houston, where her family had gone for protection from the Indians, whose constant hostilities still menaced the frontier.

Mrs. Archer was married three times. Her first husband, John Chaffin, joined the Confederate army in Texas and was stationed at Galveston. Her last husband, Mr. John R. Archer, was also a Confederate soldier. He was captured at Blakeley, Ala., and imprisoned at Ship Island.

JAMES CALVIN HOWARD.

James C. Howard was born April 5, 1840. On August 16, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army, becoming a member of Lanier's Dragoons, under Capt. W. C. Holland, Company E, 5th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry. His first engagement was at Mill Springs. The command was reorganized in 1862, and Comrade Howard joined Ashby's 2d Tennessee Cavalry and fought at Goose Creek, Boonesboro, Richmond, Perryville, and Harrisburg. He was sent to Middle Tennessee, and for fourteen days before the battle of Murfreesboro he was in the saddle skirmishing around Woodbury and Lavergne. In the battle of Murfreesboro he was on the right wing the first day and on the left wing the second. He was with General Wheeler's men when they captured Thomas's wagon train and five hundred beef cattle. He was in the battle of Chickamauga and was sent later to London and Philadelphia, Tenn., and afterwards again joined Wheeler. He was captured at Shelbyville October 8, 1863, and sent to Johnson's Island, where he was held until June 12, 1865.

[The above record was sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. Kittie J. Henley, whose husband, Lieut. C. F. Henley, was a comrade in arms and a college mate of Lieutenant Howard, and who testifies as to his faithfulness and bravery.]



MRS. THOMAS M. WORCESTER.

Mrs. Thomas M. Worcester died at her home in Cincinnati on October 13, 1912, and was buried in Highland Cemetery. For the last four years of her life Mrs. Worcester was in poor health and was forced to give up the active work in philanthropic and patriotic enterprises in which she had so long been engaged. But previously she had been untiring

WILLIAM E. BELL.

William E. Bell, a member of Company C, 5th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, died at his home, near Mossy Creek, Va., March 12, 1912. He enlisted at the beginning of the war and served until the end at Appomattox, most of the time with the sharpshooters of his regiment. He was one of eighteen young men of the name (brothers and cousins) who went to the front from the same neighborhood and served in the same company, six of whom were killed or died from wounds and five of whom died from disease during the war. Mr. Bell was wounded at Sailor's Creek; and except for the few weeks he was at home recovering from his wound, he was with his company at the front during the entire four years of the war.

CAPT. LANE W. BRANDON.

Died in New Orleans, where he had lately resided, on November 24, 1912, Capt. Lane W. Brandon, in his seventy-sixth year. He entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, at Woodville, Miss., as a private in a company organized by his father, of the 16th Mississippi Regiment. His father, W. M. Brandon, rose to the rank of brigadier general, and the son became captain of his company. He was greatly esteemed for his many virtues—tried in many ways and ever proved true. His death was the first break in his family circle. His wife and four daughters survive him. Captain Brandon was a member of West Feliciana Camp, No. 798, U. C. V.

ROBERT HENRY THOMSON.

Robert H. Thomson was born in Limestone County, Ala., on November 11, 1842; and died on December 18, 1912, at the age of seventy years. He served as a member of Company G, 35th Alabama Infantry, Buford's Brigade, Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps.

He never married, but lived with a brother on the farm where he was born. He became a member of the Church in early life and lived a consistent Christian. He was an honored citizen of his community.

WIFE OF CHAPLAIN M. B. DEWITT.

Mrs. Mary Hibbett DeWitt was born in Sumner County, Tenn., December 28, 1839; and died in Nashville October 16, 1912. She was the daughter of John J. and Nancy Parker Hibbett, who were pioneers and lived for over fifty years near Castalian Springs, a section famous for pioneer sacrifice. Her father was long a leading elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and his home was cordially familiar to old-time preachers. They reared five sons and four daughters. Mrs. DeWitt was educated at Bledsoe Academy and at Greenwood Seminary, near Lebanon, Tenn.

In 1860 Mary Hibbett was married to Rev. Marcus B. DeWitt, a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. Their married life of forty-one years was one of beautiful devotion and mutual helpfulness. During the War of the States Rev. Mr. DeWitt was chaplain of the 8th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. Mrs. DeWitt accompanied him through the campaigns around Chattanooga. During the battle of Chickamauga she established a hospital at the Napier home and devoted several days and nights to the care of the wounded while her husband was with his regiment upon the battle field. After the battle she ministered to the wounded where they fell.

After the war they resided in Huntsville, Ala., East Nashville, Tenn., McMinnville, Tenn., McKeesport, Pa., Springfield,

Mo., and Hopkinsville, Ky. In 1875 they acquired a home in East Nashville, where the family lived for many years. Eight children were born to them, of whom four survive: Mrs. B. M. Settle, of Bowling Green, Ky.; John H. DeWitt, Mrs. W. A. Skelton, and Dr. Paul DeWitt, of Nashville.

Mrs. DeWitt was of a deeply spiritual nature, gentle and lovely, yet strong in intellect and character. Her husband was widely known and beloved as chaplain in the Army of Tennessee. He was diligent as a comrade as well as a pastor.



MRS. MARY FRANCES HUGHES.

Mrs. Mary F. Hughes ("Fanny," as she was familiarly called) was born June 20, 1832, at Jackson, Tenn.; and died February 17, 1911, at her home, near Nashville. When a girl her parents moved to Grenada, Miss. After her father's death at that place, the family moved to Saundersville, Tenn., where she married L. F. Hughes.

When the clouds of war hovered over our Southland and the toxin was sounded, her husband left home, family, and friends to join the 44th Tennessee Regiment. He was orderly sergeant of Company H, and engaged in all of the principal battles. He was fighting right beside his captain, John Womack, when Womack lost his leg and Sergeant Hughes was severely wounded. Captain Womack is now an inmate of our Soldiers' Home.

All through the war Fanny Hughes was faithful and loyal to the South. Cultured and refined, with a tender and sympathizing heart, she scattered sunshine and happiness among the weary-hearted. Her presence was like the sparkling dew that falls silently and invisibly from the heavens, scattering and spreading itself and brightening and refreshing everything with which it came in contact. Her mother and President Jefferson Davis were first cousins. While her husband was valiantly fighting for the cause we loved so well, this noble woman was bravely fighting life's battles in her home, around which clustered all the love and tenderness and watchful care of a loving mother's devotion. Besides rearing and educating four children of her own, she took into her home seven homeless orphans and gave to them the same tender love and devotion that she gave to her own.

MAJ. J. COLEMAN ALDERSON.

The thin gray line, ever thinning, is gradually fading away. What a band of heroes are gathering in Valhalla! Among them none is more worthy to sit than Major Alderson.

The first call to arms brought from his schoolroom on the day Virginia seceded, April 17, 1861, J. Coleman Alderson, then a student about to be graduated from Allegheny College; and from that day until the curtain was rung down on the theater of war at Appomattox young Alderson was in active service, except when in Federal prison or disabled by wounds. Joining the Greenbrier Cavalry as a private, he was soon promoted to first lieutenant for efficiency. He twice refused advancement, as the transfer would have taken him from the gallant comrades with whom he had enlisted. He participated in more than one hundred battles and skirmishes, great and small. He was in four hand-to-hand saber fights. He was twice wounded and once captured.

In the terrible campaign in East Tennessee during the winter of 1863-64, under Gen. William E. Jones, when Longstreet had Burnside surrounded at Knoxville, Lieutenant Alderson often had the command of the five companies composing the 36th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. Jones's Brigade almost entirely supplied Longstreet's Corps with provisions captured from the enemy, his own command subsisting chiefly upon parched corn. Half clothed and many of them barefooted, the command marched at night and fought by day the most of the winter, with the mercury often below zero. They well justified Longstreet's assertion that "Jones's Brigade had performed more active and efficient service that winter than all the armies of the Confederacy." At the burial of Stonewall Jackson, Major Alderson's company (A), 36th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, was the escort of honor.



MAJ. J. COLEMAN ALDERSON.

On the morning of July 3, 1863, Alderson was detailed on General Rhodes's staff and delivered one of the first orders on the Confederate side which opened the battle of Gettysburg. He selected Oak Hill for Colonel Carter's artillery, which saved General Heth's division from annihilation July 1, 1863; and he assisted in releasing General Ewell from the body of his horse, which was killed by a shell that also splintered the General's wooden leg. Early the next morning Major Alderson had a narrow escape from a shell which wounded Gen. Albert Gallatin Jenkins and killed his horse while the General was showing Major Alderson from a map where to place his command.

Major Alderson was wounded near Hagerstown, Md., July 6, 1863, when Stuart repulsed Gregg's Cavalry, and on July 12, 1864, on Piney River, Amherst County, Va., near his birthplace, when he captured Gen. William Fry's advance guard and was himself captured while trying to maintain a position he had been ordered to hold. He was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he remained until exchanged, in February, 1865. Reduced to a skeleton by his imprisonment, he set out for the front as soon as he was able to ride, and had nearly reached Appomattox Courthouse on April 10 when he was informed of Lee's surrender. An account of his prison experience at Camp Chase appears in the June (1912) VETERAN.

Major Alderson was the only other person present at the interview between General Lee and General Longstreet on the afternoon of July 1, 1863, when Longstreet, having failed to arrive earlier, as ordered, was directed to occupy Little Round Top by daylight the next morning, which he did not attempt to do until four o'clock the following afternoon, shortly after the Federals had taken possession of it.

After the close of the war, Major Alderson went to Kansas, where for three years during the troublesome Indian times he had charge of the Butterfield Freight and Express Company, operating between Atchison and Denver. Returning East in 1869, he located at Wheeling, W. Va., and for twenty-seven years was engaged in business there, his operations extending over a large part of the State, particularly in coal and timber lands, of which he was a large buyer. He founded Williamson, W. Va., now the county seat of Mingo County, and other towns in the State, as also Lock Lynn Heights and Mountain Lake Park in Maryland. He was an important factor in the development of his State, acquiring a large fortune therefrom.

Major Alderson was born at Locust Grove, Amherst County, Va., October 29, 1839; and died at his home in Charleston, W. Va., November 28, 1912, after a brief illness. He was the eldest son of Rev. Lewis A. and Eliza Floyd Alderson, members of old and aristocratic Virginia families. He was a man of military bearing and commanding, distinguished in appearance, being about six feet three inches in height and very erect and of most genial manners and kindly disposition. Although active and prominent in the councils of the Democratic party, he never sought that political preferment which his friends would have been glad to give him, but was unremitting in his efforts in their behalf. Charleston has lost a valued citizen and the old veterans a loyal comrade.

Major Alderson was twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Price, of Lewisburg, Va., daughter of Ex-Governor Samuel Price whom he married in 1874, and who died in 1875. In 1904 he married Miss Mary Kirker, of Wellsburg, who survives him. He had no children; but his nephew, George P. Alderson, a Charleston lawyer, was treated as a son.

[Sketch by Maynard F. Stiles, Charleston, W. Va.]

GEORGE D. CASON.

George D. Cason, aged sixty-three years, a Confederate veteran and a lifelong resident of Callaway County, Mo., died recently at his home, near New Bloomfield. He was born May 18, 1844, on the farm on which he died. He was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Guthrie in 1872. His wife and one son survive.

Comrade Cason served in the war under Capt. George R. Brooks. He was taken prisoner and confined nine months in the Gratiot Prison. Upon his return to the army he took part in engagements in Missouri and Arkansas. He led an active and useful life, and was held in high esteem.

B. F. ROBERTS, JR.

B. F. Roberts, Jr., was born January 8, 1844, in Williamson County, Tenn.; and died November 20, 1912, at his home in Franklin.

At the age of seventeen he enlisted in Company B, 24th Tennessee Infantry, which served much in Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee. He participated with his regiment in the battle of Murfreesboro and in all other battles in which his regiment engaged until the close of the war. Frequently during the Atlanta campaign he volunteered for scout service within the enemy's lines, performing his duty with intelligence, fidelity, and promptness. He was wounded at Missionary Ridge and again in an effort to scale the Federal main line of works at Franklin. He was paroled during the spring of 1865. The testimony by an officer of his regiment is that he never shirked a duty nor failed a comrade.

He was a charter member of McEwen Bivouac, at one time its President, and continued in good standing until his death. He was ever diligent to entertain or serve a comrade. In civil life he took an active interest in the affairs of his coun-



B. F. ROBERTS, JR.

try, State, and community. He was for more than twenty years a member of the County Court and at one period its presiding officer. As a soldier and citizen loyalty to principle, devotion to high ideals, and uncompromising opposition to wrong were his commanding characteristics.

CALVIN M. TOOMBS.

On December 12, 1912, Calvin M. Toombs, of Pickens, Miss., answered the last roll call of earth. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, and was a member of W. A. Montgomery's scout company, Wirt Adams's cavalry brigade, when only sixteen years of age. He served in the battles of Jackson, Concord Church, Rolling Fork, Clinton, Goodman, and



CALVIN M. TOOMBS.

Scypsic, and was one of the twenty-four Confederates who held Osburn's Brigade of Cavalry for three hours between Rolling Fork and Helena when a desperate effort was being made to remove the sick soldiers from Helena to the east side of the Sunflower at Holland's Landing. This engagement was a fight from the Fork to Anguilla, and on every one hundred yards of the way Calvin Toombs was conspicuous for his gallant conduct, and was complimented by his captain in the presence of the company. He was wounded at Concord Church, Yazoo County. He settled at Pickens after the war, and was a justice of the peace for many years. He is survived by three children, Capt. Lewis A. Toombs, Mrs. Charles N. Maryman, and Miss Fannie Toombs. He was buried in his Confederate uniform at Pickens with Masonic and Woodman honors.

ROBERT M. RODGERS.

Taps have again sounded, and Comrade R. M. Rodgers answered to "last roll" on July 20, 1912, at his home in Sheridan, Ark. Comrade Rodgers was a good soldier. He participated in many a hard-fought battle, among them Jenkins's Ferry, Ark., where he lost his left arm.

Much of Mr. Rodgers's life was given up to his profession of teaching. Several years ago he established a country normal school in which he taught for three months of the year, doing a great work for the improvement of the schools of his State. At the time of his death he was the newly elected Treasurer of Grant County, Ark. He was a loyal member of George W. Murphy Camp, No. 1059, U. C. V. A wife and three daughters survive him.

[Sketch by S. R. Cobb, of George W. Murphy Camp.]

MRS. ELIZABETH HELM BRUCE.

On January 16, 1913, the last sad rites were held for the widow of Judge H. W. Bruce, of Louisville, who died January 22, 1903, near the tenth anniversary of his death.

Mrs. Bruce was a daughter of Gov. John Helm, of Eliza-



MRS. ELIZABETH HELM BRUCE.

bethtown, Ky., and was married to Judge Bruce on January 12, 1856. Five children were born to them: Helm and Alexander Bruce, Misses E. B. and Maria Preston Bruce, and Mrs. Thomas Floyd Smith. Her years were threescore ten and six. She was a faithful U. D. C., was Treasurer of the Association that erected the fine Confederate monument in Louisville, and had served the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter as its President and as an active working member. Hers was one of the most distinguished families in Kentucky.

WILLIAM G. RAOUL.

Death claimed recently W. G. Raoul, of Atlanta, Ga. He had been a prominent and most useful citizen of his adopted city and State for many years. His career as a railroad man was successful throughout, and he left an estate valued at three-quarters of a million dollars, which he left principally to his widow and ten children. One bequest of \$50,000 was made for use by the Anti-Tuberculosis League, a cause which he espoused years ago.

Comrade Raoul served in the Washington Artillery, C. S. A., and at the last (New Orleans) Reunion he and the Editor of the VETERAN were breakfast guests of the late beloved Andrew R. Blakeley at the St. Charles Hotel. Busy Blakeley had excused himself from the table when Mr. Raoul, in talking of their association in the army, recalled the time when Blakeley lost an eye in battle, and said that he was stunned to unconsciousness and ran around and around in a circle for some time. These comrades were messmates and devoted friends.

Mr. Raoul was an excellent citizen and most worthily esteemed. As a traveling companion an opportunity had been enjoyed to estimate him as one whose life tended largely to exalt the Confederate soldier class.

WILLIAM O. DRIVER.

William O. Driver, aged seventy-two, who was born and reared in Nashville, died at Fort Thomas, Ky., at the home of his niece, Mrs. H. S. Thomas, in December, 1912. His parents were of the early settlers of Nashville. As a Confederate soldier he participated in many battles in the War of the States and was wounded several times. He was a member of Company B, 1st Tennessee Regiment, and was paroled at Montgomery, Ala., in May, 1865. Mr. Driver was a bachelor and a fine business man; and while he did not seek prominence, he was well known and highly esteemed by his friends.

CAPT. P. SID. JONES.

Capt. P. Sid. Jones, of Birmingham, an official of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, died recently at his home. His illness was short and his death was unexpected. The funeral service was held in Nashville, where Captain Jones resided for a number of years.

Captain Jones was a native of Shelbyville, Ky. At the age of eighteen years he went to Louisville and enlisted in the Union army. He was promoted to the rank of captain for meritorious service. He was one of the best-known railroad men in Alabama, and was District Passenger Agent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at the time of his death.

Captain Jones's wife was Miss Jessie Fall, of Nashville, who, with the children—Sidney Bradford Jones, of Sheffield, Ala., and Malvern and Norman Jones, of Colon, Panama—survive him. Captain Jones's mother, Mrs. Harriet Jones, had resided in Louisville with her son-in-law until her death, about two years ago.

While a soldier in the cause of the Union, the war ended with him in 1865, and his associates were ever afterwards so much with Confederates that many friends doubtless never knew that he had served on "the other side." He had always



CAPT. P. SID. JONES.

been a subscriber to the VETERAN, and on December 14 he remitted for 1913. Captain Jones was a brother-in-law to M. H. Smith, President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company.

Confederate Veteran.

ALEXANDER B. WHITE, DECEASED.

The dark shadow of a great sorrow fell upon the heart of Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Paris, Tenn., President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in the death of her husband, which occurred on December 22, 1912, after a long period of declining health.

Mr. White was born and reared at Paris. He was the second son and namesake of Alexander B. White, formerly of Shelbyville, Ky., and a nephew of the late Thomas Porter White, a prominent merchant of Louisville, Ky., his paternal grandmother having been a Porter. His mother was Miss Belle Lamb, of Paris. His father died when he was quite young, and to his mother fell the charge of directing his entrance into manhood. By her wise and loving counsel he was imbued with a kind and considerate spirit and an integrity that knew no compromise. He early developed a fine business capacity, and when in his teens he began his career in the business world, where his every undertaking met with merited success. At the time of his death he held a high place in the financial world and was at the head of various commercial enterprises of Paris.

In character he was brave and generous, kind and obliging. His sympathy was wide, as was his continuous charity. Many young men who started poor owe their success in life to his generosity; many a poor widow shared his open-handed liberality, and the helpless victims of adversity found him ever ready to help them on their way. There was ever a bluff, straightforward word of cheer to give them courage to begin the battle anew. Everybody in Paris knew him. In his going they feel the loss of one who made life the brighter.

He was a public-spirited citizen, aiding in every effort for the advancement of his people. Ruggedly sincere, he was a true friend without cant or hypocrisy, possessing in a high degree the confidence of his many associates. He delighted in entertaining friends, and the doors of his home stood ever hospitably open with a hearty welcome. Successful in all his varied interests, unsought honors came to him, though he cared little for them, having no desire for worldly preferment for himself.

He lived close to nature, was fond of his horse, the woods and fields, and outdoor life. A sanguine nature, prodigal of good cheer, he was blessed with an optimism that made life a pleasure.

In 1890 Alexander B. White was married to Miss Rassie Hoskins, of Meridian, Miss. Of this union, there is one daughter, Miss Mildred. In his last illness he was attended by the loving ministrations of this devoted wife and daughter, and everything possible was done for his comfort to the end.

The funeral services, "beautiful with the solemnity of simplicity," were held in the First Methodist Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. C. A. Waterfield, and Rev. D. T. Spaulding, of the Baptist Church. The altar was a mass of flowers, the dark velvet of the casket being completely hidden beneath a profusion of snowy lilies, roses, and hyacinths. Floral tributes were sent from all sections, North and South; from State officials, public organizations of which Mr. White was a member, civic bodies, various Divisions of the U. D. C., and from true and devoted friends. These fragile blossoms told in mute yet eloquent language of the esteem in which he and his family were held.

Mrs. White has the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of thousands of Daughters in her great bereavement.

REMARKS BY REV. D. T. SPAULDING AT THE FUNERAL.

It has always been a custom to wait until death to speak of the noble traits of character, and often to magnify the faults while living. But such was not the case with A. B. White. The people of his city and county did not fail to realize his true worth, and they have been outspoken all along the pathway of his life; for no truer man has ever lived in Paris, Tenn., than A. B. White. Correct in all his dealings, always ready to help the poor and needy, and never advertising his charitable deeds, he was always in the lead when called upon for help.

His life was spent with the people of his birth. He served them well from the beginning to the end of his useful career, and it is evident that he was stronger the day of his death than ever before. He was honored for what he really was. Positive in his make-up, he was easily understood. In few words he often spoke volumes; he did not depend upon others to do what he conceived to be his duty.

As a banker he stood second to none, and in the very beginning of life he proved himself a grand success. He was cashier of the Commercial Bank for thirty-two years, during which long period there was never a day when his friends could not depend upon him in every struggle in life.

As a husband he was ever loyal and true, always ready and always glad to furnish every comfort of life. As a father he was loving and kind, administering to every want and furnishing all the opportunities which life afforded. In fact, he was always happy when his wife and daughter were happy.



ALEXANDER B. WHITE.

A little more than a year ago the news came over the wires that one of our women had been honored as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and how we rejoiced to know that one of our own had been placed at the head of so worthy an organization—the highest honor in the gift of the women of the United States—and to know

that she justly deserved all that was done for her! In her faithfulness to her beloved husband a crown of glory has been placed upon her head and more honors conferred than any nation can confer.

A newspaper special announcing the death of Mr. White said: "Although but fifty-four years of age, a man in the prime of life, as it were, he was sometimes called the guardian of Henry County, and the people from every walk of life consulted with him and valued his opinions. He had few enemies and his friends were legion. This fact was clearly shown during his illness, when countless letters and telegrams came to the White home, and hundreds of people in all walks of life called to show their interest in this man. His large charities were known only in a general way up to the time of his severe illness, when people who had been the beneficiaries of his big-heartedness have given to the public a better idea of the extent of his assistance to others."

[The foregoing comes from friends. The Editor of the VETERAN knew but little of Mr. White in mature life; but a memorable long night journey when A. B. White, a stalwart youth, was his traveling companion has ever given pleasure. During his affliction, which continued severe, his faithful wife was steadfastly by him. With heart almost breaking at times, she worked on and on in the responsibility that had been assigned her as President General, U. D. C.; so that while the thousands and thousands whose servant she was, and is, were unaware of conditions surrounding her, they had the benefit of faithful service. Shut in her beautiful home, in a gloom that only the hope of the hereafter can penetrate, the wife and mother "did what she could," assisted by the young daughter; and all was well done, as her elaborate report in quite a booklet read by Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, First Vice President General, and followed in the reading by copies distributed in the great Convention at Washington, in addition to the large and care-taking correspondence necessary besides, testify. This great work, however, was doubtless a blessing to her, and Mr. White's earnest interest in it was a blessing to him.]

HISTORIC PLACE AT DANVILLE, VA.

The "last Capitol of the Confederacy" is secured for historic purposes and as an ornament to the city of Danville, Va. All honor to her citizens! They have shown what a people can do when thoroughly aroused in a worthy cause. Of the \$48,000, the agreed purchase price, \$18,000 has been secured. The United Daughters have on hand so much just now that the Danville members are not expecting their cooperation except sentimentally; but on Friday of the U. D. C. Convention Mrs. Claude Swanson, wife of the junior Senator from Virginia, presented the matter in her own happy, gracious way, and the Convention received it most heartily and resolved to "uphold" the Danville Chapter in its worthy work.

HISTORY OF THE U. D. C. IN TENNESSEE.

The history of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Tennessee Division, is to appear in book form in the near future; and it will be read with interest not only by members of the organization but by veterans as well, for the story of the work done by the splendid body of women who form this noble organization in behalf of needy survivors of the Confederate armies, and in an educational and historical way to do justice to the cause of the South with memorials in marble makes a tribute to the valor of our heroes with their worthy records.

For nearly twenty years this patriotic band of Tennessee women have been performing these unselfish services, and it is entirely in order and is, indeed, a happy thought that the history is to be compiled and preserved. The author is a well-known and accomplished Tennessee woman, of distinguished ancestry, and entirely sympathetic with the theme of which she will treat, as her contributions to the press have shown. Under the *nom de plume* of "Anna Bland" she has already admirably described some of the notable features of U. D. C. work for the daily press.

The time is at hand when the history of the origin and achievements of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in each of the States where it is in existence should be written; and the Tennessee Division, representing the State where the national association was created, is to be congratulated on having the highly creditable record of its deeds and aims fully and ably gathered into form for posterity to read and treasure. The address of the author is, Mrs. Frances Marshall Morgan, Franklin, Tenn.

"HAND-WOVEN COVERLETS."

In the notice of the book on "Hand-Woven Coverlets" appearing in the VETERAN for December, page 585, a mistake was made in giving Houghton, Mifflin & Co. as the publishers. It should have been Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. This is the latest work by Eliza Calvert Hall, author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," so highly commended by President Roosevelt. The book is handsomely illustrated with sixteen full-page color plates, showing some designs of these intricate creations, while forty-eight additional illustrations in black and white enrich the subject matter most entertainingly. The book, postpaid, for \$4.20.

"DIXIE BOOK OF DAYS."

[Review by Katherine Atherton Grimes.]

Only one with a heart vibrant with the wonderful beauty and pathos of the South could have compiled the "Dixie Book of Days." There is not a false note in it. From cover to cover it breathes the very spirit of the South—its fire and tenderness, its passion and gentleness—and over all is the haunting tragedy of the Southern Confederacy, a tendriled memory twining about every heartstring in Dixie.

Every day has its own message from some great Southern writer—every day of the year. But it is a book for many years instead of one—a book to be read and reread after the days numbered in its pages are past; a book to dream over and carry in your heart. It is called a calendar, but it is a calendar of thought and ideals rather than of passing time.

It means much to the South that its best of song and story has been gathered by so appreciative a hand and given to the world in so beautiful and lasting a form. It means much to the North that at last the rare devotion and chivalry marking the Old South have become the legacy of the nation.

Page Publishing Association, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Price, postpaid, \$1.10.

A CORRECTION.—In the article by Marcus D. Herring, which appeared in the VETERAN for January, 1913, page 23, the "Colonel" Jones spoken of should have been "Cal" Jones, an abbreviation of "Calhoun." Contributors should write very plainly all proper names, that such errors may be avoided.

Don't forget that all Confederate books are supplied by the VETERAN.



CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL, D. A. R.

Mrs. John Miller Horton, of Buffalo, candidate for President General, D. A. R., is described as a representative type of the women of that society, a woman of affairs, and as well known in Washington as in her own home city. Mrs. Horton has the distinction of being the originator of the idea to secure an appropriation from Congress to reprint the present old "War Records."

Mrs. Lizzie T. Still, Kilgore, Tex., widow of Anderson LeGrand Still, who was a member of Company H, 19th Texas Regiment, would like to hear from a survivor who can give the record of the company as well as furnish some information of the record of Comrade Still.

W. T. Locke, Batesville, Ark., seeks information of the war record of John Maddox, who was going to school at Franklin, Tenn., when the war began, and joined Starnes's Battery. He was captured near the close of the war, and was released from prison after the surrender. This inquiry is made in behalf of his widow.

Information is wanted of the service of Private J. A. Kelly, Company G, 4th Alabama Infantry. Members of this regiment who can certify to such service will kindly communicate with the Commander of Camp Sterling Price, Dallas, Tex. This information is needed to get Comrade Kelly into the Confederate Home at Austin.

The Buffalo Chapter, D. A. R., to which Mrs. Horton belongs was a pioneer in giving illustrated lectures to foreigners on a patriotic and educational line for the development of an understanding in them of American ideals and life. Mrs. Horton herself has written and arranged a lecture on New York State. These lectures are given in the night schools.

WHO CAN LOCATE THIS YOUNG SOLDIER?—Mrs. Helen M. Long, President of the Newnan (Ga.) Chapter, U. D. C., writes: "During the summer of 1863 or 1864 a young soldier was carried to the home of Maj. Hugh Brewster, at Newnan, Ga., sick from fever. He died there and was buried in the family lot. All that was ever known of him was just his name—Lieutenant Paine (or Payne). Last summer the Newnan Chapter marked his grave with a headstone in keeping with those who sleep in Soldiers' Square. It may be that some relative or friend, through the VETERAN, can locate the long-missing soldier boy."

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noke, Va.

In this number of the VETERAN appears an "Appeal" from Duval Porter, of Cascade, Va., in the interest of a book he wishes to publish, and for which he is trying to get orders in advance of publication. The price of the book is to be \$1.25, postpaid, but no remittance is to be made until the book is ready. Just send your order in now so that he may know whether it will be possible to get it published. This will encourage a deserving comrade.

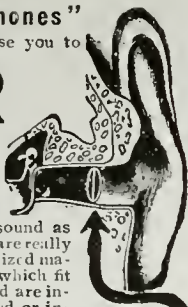
Comrade E. Eargle, of Company K, 66th Georgia Infantry, wishes to hear from any members of his command who remember him. He writes: "I enlisted August 4, 1863; was sent to the hospital on March 4, 1864; was furloughed April 18 for sixty days, and extended thirty days; was cut off by Sherman on June 18; reported back in November, and was sent to Meridian, Miss., and put on detached service." He was under Capt. T. L. Langston and Col. J. C. Nesbit. Address, Route 3, Atlanta, Tex.

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AN APPEAL TO LOVERS OF THE SOUTHERN CAUSE AND ITS FRIENDS.

Having been frequently advised by friends in whose literary judgment I have confidence to publish my poems in book form, and having found a publisher who is willing to undertake the work on receipt of my subscription list, I make this appeal for orders. Many of these poems have appeared in leading Southern newspapers and magazines, and extracts from the letters of noted and distinguished men who have seen these poems are here given. I was a member of Company A, 41th Virginia Regiment, and shall appreciate your order for the book. It will be handsomely gotten up both as to type and binding. Send your order to Duval Porter, Cascade, Va.

Testimonials.

From John Temple Graves, of Georgia.
 —I thank you for your inclosure of March 7 containing "Visions of Jefferson." The poem is one of force and power and most brilliantly written, and I value it very highly.

From Mr. J. Stewart Bryan, Richmond, Va.
 —I have just read your beautiful poem on Mrs. Joseph Bryan, and I have seldom seen a more just appreciation of my mother's life and service.

From Senator Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia.
 I have read with much pleasure some recent poems and articles from your pen which were written with your usual grace and ability.

From Ex-Governor A. J. Montague, of Virginia.
 —I thank you for your poem, "Visions of Jefferson," which I have read with great interest and pleasure and shall reread several times.

From Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President University of Virginia.
 —Your poem on Gettysburg I have read with great interest. It possesses pathos, dignity, and power.

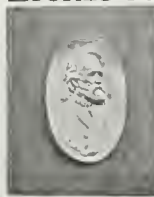
From Dr. B. M. Walker, Danville, Va.
 —The poem of Duval Porter on Gettysburg is a thrilling masterpiece of word-painting of one of the greatest of battles, and is alone worth the price of the book.

FROM THE PRESS.

Duval Porter, well known in this section as a gifted literary man, will, we learn, in the near future offer to the public an edition of his poems entitled "Lyrics of the Southern Cause and Other Poems." Those who have read Mr. Porter's poems, published in this and other papers, speak of them in the very highest terms. Many of them are patriotic epics, thrilling in description and beautiful in expression.—*Danville Register.*

A poem on "Memorial Day" by Mr. Duval Porter, and dedicated to the Mildred Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy of Martinsville, was read here on Memorial Day by Mr. A. L. Graveley. It is a great poem and produced a profound impression.—*Henry Bulletin.*

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BROTHER

Accidentally discovered root will cure both tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. **O. H. Stokes, Mohawk, Fla.**

The Index for 1912 is now ready for distribution, and will be sent on application accompanied by a two-cent stamp.

The widow of Hardin Fikes, who joined the Confederate army from Knox County, Tenn., is in destitute circumstances and wishes to make application for a pension. She asks that any of his surviving comrades will kindly write what they know of his record as a soldier. Address Nancy F. McCan, care George W. Mesker, Tracy, Ky.

Mrs. Ethel McDonald Rice, 7627 Normal Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is exceedingly anxious to procure the war record of her father, Andrew Jackson McDonald, but is not sure whether he enlisted in Alabama or Louisiana, nor does she know his company or regiment. He was called "Jack Mack" by his friends, and doubtless some of those of war times will recall him from this.

Mrs. Jane F. Carr, 251 Ponce de Leon Avenue, Atlanta, Ga., seeks to establish the war record of her husband, Elias Reuben Carr, as a Confederate soldier. He and Richard P. Glenn were in business in Clarksville, Tenn., at the beginning of the war. They closed out their business and Mr. Carr enlisted in the Confederate army, but his wife does not know where he enlisted. He was a native of Logan County. She will appreciate hearing from any comrades who remember him.

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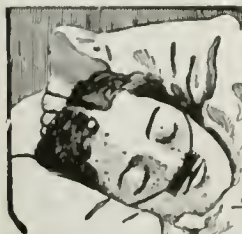
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ANNOUNCEMENT

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As compiled, expanded, and indexed by **MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS**, President of the Association.

The **DIXIE BOOK OF DAYS** is a unique volume of quotations for every day of the month and year, based upon the history and literature of the South. Every subject of importance touching upon the history of the South or commemorative of its authors is clearly set forth in this little volume.

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The **DIXIE BOOK OF DAYS** is handsomely bound, and sells for \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.10. The Page Publishing Association also announces the annual issue of the **Dixie Calendar**, likewise containing quotations from Southern expressions in prose and verse. This calendar retails at \$1.00 the copy, postpaid, but for the remainder of the year it is offered to the **Daughters of the Confederacy** at half price the single copy.

 **The Dixie Calendar** is also edited by **MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS**, and contributions for future editions will be not only welcomed but liberally paid for, whether selected from Southern authors or are original and humorous.

NOTE.—The Page Publishing Association was organized in 1911 "with a view to systematic co-operation with responsible publishing houses in promoting a knowledge of the best that is produced in American history, particularly in the field of the less known authentic history of the South and West."

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Confederate Monuments

Many Camps and Chapters to Erect Memorials in 1913

WE HAVE just received orders for Confederate monuments from the Chapters at Graham, Tex., Hazlehurst, Miss., and from the Camp at Franklin, La., which are to be unveiled during 1913. In addition to the above, we are now at work on monuments to be unveiled this year at Conyers, Ga., Lebanon, Va., Meridian, Miss., Little Rock, Ark., Jacksonville, Fla., Chickamauga, Ga., and several others. Last year we erected monuments for the Camps and Chapters at Beaumont, Tex., Bay City, Tex., Hertford, N. C., Sussex Courthouse, Va., Ellisville, Miss., Laurel, Miss., Mathews, Va., Milledgeville, Ga., Mt. Pleasant, Tex., Newcastle, Va., Plaquemine, La., and Vaiden, Miss.

With the assistance which we give the Chapters and Camps in building memorials, it is only a question of taking up the matter and creating enthusiasm. These Chapters and Camps for whom we have just completed monuments, and for whom we are now building memorials, refused to put off the movement; and they now have, or soon will have, beautiful memorials which they can enjoy themselves, and which the old heroes of the sixties can enjoy before it is too late.

Why postpone the matter? You want to honor the women and soldiers of the Confederacy in this beautiful way. Then why not take up the matter with us now?

We have helped more than a hundred Camps and Chapters, and we can help yours.

Write to-day and let us give you suggestions. We will gladly give you all assistance possible without any charge, and you incur no obligations whatever.

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Confederate Veteran.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

MARCH, 1913

NUMBER THREE

Campaign for Recruits

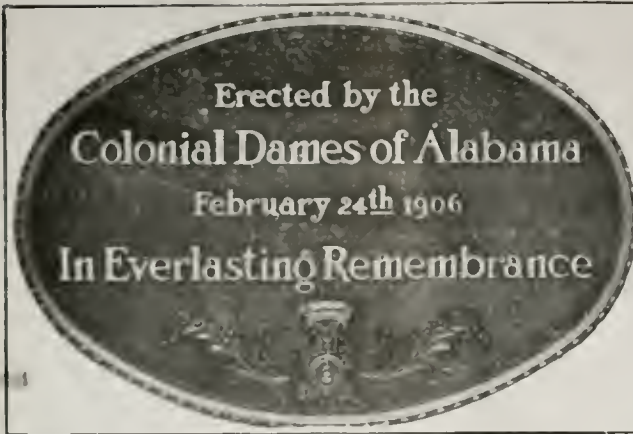
THE United Daughters of the Confederacy "can do anything," co-operatively, to which they may apply themselves. They all need funds, and there is no other source whereby they can acquire as much as through the VETERAN. Each Chapter can help the cause by increase of its circulation in the community.

The VETERAN will give every Chapter the regular commission to agents, and distribute valuable books as prizes: Ten sets, new edition, of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis, two volumes each, cloth, \$10.00; three sets, cloth, of the "Confederate Military History," twelve volumes, \$48.00 per set, and two sets, cloth, of this same history in single volumes. These to go to Chapters in the State of which the volume treats.

These books at retail would bring over \$300.00. They are on hand, paid for, and ready for delivery. This contest to end with June. Blanks will be furnished on application.

This proposition originates with the VETERAN, and is made without suggestion, in the belief that the United Daughters will enter into the competition, knowing that each Chapter will be well paid, whether it gets any of the prizes or not. Small Chapters will have better chance in proportion, but competition is open to every Chapter.





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of Georgia, touch on the Constitutional questions and
the Civil and Political events which brought on the
Confederate movement, while the military history of
the States is given by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of
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H. Hill, Jr., of North Carolina; Gen. Ellison Capers,
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Wheeler, Alabama; Col. Chas. E. Hooker, Mississippi;
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in every private library South and every public library
in the country. Order at once, and if not conven-
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payments. Address

Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

B. B. Chisholm, of Mings, Tex., is interested in securing the war record of A. J. Pelham, of Thurber, Tex., who is blind and destitute, now in his seventy-seventh year. Comrade Pelham enlisted in the last days of February, 1863, at Alexandria, La., in the heavy artillery, and went to Fort Derusha, La., under Capt. John Kelso, serving ten months. His lieutenant was Uriah Westbrook. He was later transferred to the Capt. Sam Todd special cavalry at Dick Taylor's headquarters, Alexandria, La., and served on the courier line between Fort

Derusha and Alexandria until the surrender. In this service his lieutenants were the Clark brothers. "Uncle Jack" Pelham, as he is familiarly called, is a scholar and a gentleman, having taught school in Texas and Louisiana for twenty-eight years, and has become destitute in his old age. His record is wanted for the purpose of securing him a pension.

The VETERAN office needs some numbers of back volumes to make up some files, and asks that those who have them will write and state condition. It will

give credit on subscription in advance for good copies. Those wanted are January and March of 1907; January, March, May, June, September, October, December, 1905; January, March, June, September, October, 1900.

J. I. Campbell, Company B, 1st Texas Cavalry, now living at Mart, Tex., would like to hear from Philip Holt, Mark Kennedy, "Met" Scott, or any other old comrades of Buchel's Regiment. He would be particularly glad to know if Maj. Ed Beaumont is living and where.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

CHARGE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. }
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1913.

No. 3.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

VISIT TO THE PANAMA CANAL.

This issue of the VETERAN fails to contain interesting articles received late because the Editor accepts an invitation to visit the Panama Canal. He hopes to be able to make report of it that will compensate for the lack in this issue and a little delay of the April number.

The Panama Canal will doubtless concern the South more than any other commercial enterprise of any period, and it is desired that our people may become familiar with every detail of conditions that will follow its completion.

OFFICIAL ORDER ABOUT THE U. C. V. REUNION

General Order No. 9 from headquarters of United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., January 22, 1913, states:

"After consultation with the people of Chattanooga and a full discussion as to the best dates for the twenty-third U. C. V. Reunion, May 27-29 was fixed as the time for this great assemblage.

"For a second time in its history Chattanooga is to have the honor and privilege of entertaining the survivors of the illustrious army who followed the stars and bars and wore the gray.

"The Confederate soldiers who knew the Chattanooga of 1861-65 and 1890 will be gratified to go there in 1913. It will amaze the Confederates who battled for the possession of that stronghold in 1864 to realize what half a century has done for this splendid city, now taking rank in population, wealth, and manufacturing as one of the great cities of the Southland, with its daily increase of three millions of wealth.

"Tennessee, justly called the Volunteer State, loses nothing in comparison with the heroes of any land or clime. Large and small, 772 engagements occurred on Tennessee soil, one for every other day of the war. The roll of generals, beginning alphabetically with John Adams and closing with the name Felix K. Zollicoffer, presents an array of skill and valor unexcelled in the annals of war. The men behind the guns, the real power of all armies, on the bloodiest fields of the Department of Northern Virginia, Tennessee, and Mississippi, are radiant with all the attributes which constitute the grandeur of the Anglo-Saxon soldier. There are but few spots about Chattanooga that are not connected with superb memories of Southern chivalry and valor. And when the few thousand survivors of that mighty host of 600,000 who volunteered to defend the homes and fire-sides of the South-

land shall review the sacrifices and dangers of the battles and conflicts around Chattanooga, their superbest achievements will render the twenty-third Reunion one of the most delightful that has ever been known by the members of the Association.

"The unlimited hospitality of the people of Chattanooga is pledged to the entertainment of those who come within its borders on this occasion, and the chief desire of the host is to see that the veterans, those who fought and marched and so often triumphed in conflict, shall have gentlest care and warmest touches of Tennessee hospitality.

"With Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain overshadowing the beautiful city beside the Tennessee, and with the somber heights looking down upon Chickamauga, 'the field of blood,' and one of the most terrible of the conflicts in the war, every Confederate will find a glad welcome and have an opportunity to enjoy a study of the inspiring area.

"A visit to Chickamauga Battlefield Park will be one of the most attractive entertainments. The government has expended vast sums to beautify and improve it, and it is one of the most beautiful of military parks in the world.

"There will be no lack of anything that will render the stay of the veterans comfortable and pleasant, and the Commander in Chief expresses the hope that a very large number of veterans will aid in making this Reunion at Chattanooga one of the most memorable in the history of the organization. None can forget what Tennessee did for the Confederate cause; none died more gloriously than the men of Tennessee. The Confederate survivors will welcome their comrades to Chattanooga, and every man, woman, and child will aid in having Chattanooga make a new record as the hostess of the Confederate Reunions. All the Camps and Brigade, Division, and Department Commanders are urged to publish officially all required information concerning the railway and other arrangements for making the meeting a success. Additional orders will be issued from these headquarters as details are furnished by the local committees.

"The Commanding General has already visited Chattanooga to confer with its committee as to the plans for the meeting, and will again be on the ground to aid the committee. He will see to it that such quiet will be secured in the convention hall as will enable the delegates to transact all business in a proper manner.

"Remember that only the members of Camps who have paid

the annual dues are entitled to sit as delegates. No officer has any authority to disregard this rule.

"The General commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meetings at the same time.

"The General commanding sincerely hopes that the press of the entire country will endeavor to stir up interest in the coming meeting.

BENNETT H. YOUNG, *General Commanding*;

WILLIAM E. MICKLE, *Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.*"

REUNION SUGGESTIONS AND COMMENTS.

BY W. O. CONNOR, CHIEF OF STAFF, GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

As the years go by, the men of the sixties grow more and more feeble and the ranks grow thinner and thinner, and it seems to me that it is time to cut out of our Reunions a good portion of the display features. The maid of honor and sponsor feature is not only a very beautiful feature but a very expensive one also.

If more facilities were furnished for the getting together of the veterans in a social way, and more efforts were made for their special pleasure, it would be better than the balls and receptions and theatricals that comparatively few veterans care to attend. I take it that nine out of ten of the veterans who attend the Reunions do so with a hope of meeting the comrades with whom they camped, with whom they marched, and with whom they fought side by side. Furnish them with large halls or covered spaces with ample seats somewhere convenient to the central part of the town in which they meet.

My idea is not to cut out the part taken by the Sons of Veterans and the Daughters. They may make that more prominent if they choose, but have it separate from that of the veterans. The parades, if all have them, might come at different times, so that each would have a better opportunity to see the other. The veterans are now fifty-two years older than in 1861; and while they still step pretty lively, as evidenced in many parades, yet in the nature of things it requires some effort to do so.

The only sport I care for is fishing, and recently in talking to a fellow fisherman I said: "You must remember that you are getting old." "Yes," he said, "that is a fact; but about the only way I know it is that when I go fishing and go to step over a log my toes hit, and they didn't use to do it."

Another thing. The Reunions are usually held in May. Why can't they be held in July, "after crops are laid by," which is a more leisure time not only with the farmers but with the people generally, and that would give everybody a chance to attend. I know that the plea is made that the weather is too hot in July; but suppose we should have an increase of five or ten degrees in the weather, which would hardly be the case, who is there that cannot stand that much and who would not be willing to stand that much for four or five days?

I hope that we will have a glorious Reunion at Chattanooga. I want to stand out on the extremity of Lookout Point on the spot that I stood on Tuesday, November 24, 1863, and looked down upon the celebrated battle above the clouds (?), with fifteen hundred or two thousand Confederates against Hooker's command of eight or ten thousand Federals. Battle! Why, I suppose we had a thousand engagements during the war which never got into history that amounted to more than that battle above the clouds.

"STATISTICS FROM ROCK ISLAND PRISON."

In answer to an article by W. H. Phillips in the January VETERAN, under the above caption, Comrade J. W. Minnich, "Ex-Barrack No. 47," writes to commend the correctness of the figures given except in a single instance. The items in the article are: Total number of prisoners, 12,215; died, 1,900; joined the United States navy, 1,077; joined the United States frontier, 1,797; escaped, 45; transferred to other prisons, 71; unwilling to be exchanged, 1,175; exchanged, 3,000.

These figures, Comrade Minnich says, tally exactly with his own record kept while a prisoner at Rock Island, except for one item.

"Unwilling to be exchanged, 1,175," he writes, "is a statement in which I cannot concur. That was the number remaining in prison June 18, 1865, awaiting their 'exchange' or discharge. The discharging of the prisoners had then been going on for some time. The barracks were usually emptied by States, and I was sent away with the Tennesseans. I was there for three days after the above figures were given out, and the fact that several hundred men were discharged during that time proves that they were not as a whole unwilling to go. That some of the number were, for reasons best known to themselves, unwilling to return to the South is logical, but to include among them the whole 1,175 is unjust to the hundreds of brave and loyal Confederates who were still in prison at that time."

FOR A MEETING OF ROCK ISLAND SURVIVORS.—P. A. Elliott, of Moundville, Ala., makes the following suggestion: "During the reunion of Confederate comrades at Chattanooga I think it would be a good idea for the survivors of Rock Island Prison to meet at a certain place and have a reunion among themselves. Mrs. Kate Perry-Mosher will be there and will make the occasion one of intense interest. Most of the prisoners were captured in the Tennessee Army, and no doubt there will be a large number of them at this gathering. I was captured on Missionary Ridge in November and was taken to Rock Island Prison, and remained there till the last of June, 1865, about nineteen months in all. I would like to hear of or from some personal friends I met there: James Busheart, of Kentucky; Frank Darnelle, of Nashville; A. J. Eason, of Tennessee; — Hurt, of Kentucky; Oliver Cromwell, of East Alabama; Collinsworth, of South Alabama; Bmyard, of Mississippi. All were members of Barrack 15."

"THE BLOODY SHIRT" AGAIN.

In an article in the Los Angeles Times of September 15, 1912, protesting against the published report of a meeting of the Wisconsin Veterans' Association in its rather venomous attack on "The Spirit of the South," Dr. William C. Harrison, of Los Angeles, gives some convincing figures to prove the heroic fight made by the Southern people during the four years of our great war.

"The South asks no more vindication than the plain truth," writes Dr. Harrison. The figures he gives are taken from the War Record office at Washington, and go far toward showing why the South is proud of the history of her armies and eager to build monuments and memorials to her soldiers and to put on faithful record for her children the story of her struggle.

PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C., TO DAUGHTERS.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS WIDELY PUBLISHED.

"Mr. Dear Friends: As the holy Christmas time drew near, heavy sorrow came to me, as most of you know, in the death of my husband, my true friend and comrade in all things. In wanting me to serve you again this year with this deep shadow over me he showed his wisdom, as he did in all things, for he knew how it would help and strengthen me. Your many telegrams, your tender letters of sympathy and love, and the beautiful floral tributes from the general organization and from many Chapters have drawn me closer to you and make me feel that we are indeed a great band of sisters. Work is good for me, and I shall give our cause the time and attention it requires. I hope to have prompt coöperation from every one of you. You can make the work easier for all the officers.

"To extend the time of bestowal of crosses of honor indefinitely should not cause any veteran, widow, or descendant to put off making out applications for crosses or make any Chapter dilatory about ordering and bestowing them. The great number of crosses conferred in 1912, when bestowal was expected to end, shows how Chapters and individuals can work when necessary; and if all Chapter Presidents will urge through their local papers the importance of filling out the proper papers promptly, the work of bestowing crosses can be finished in two years. Let me urge you to do this.

"Let every Chapter observe Shiloh Day in April. Have a meeting for Shiloh. Several Division Historians have prepared in their yearbooks Shiloh programs, and such material will be sent the Chapters through the Shiloh directors by the Shiloh Monument Committee in March. On Shiloh Day help on the great cause of this monument by doing something to increase this fund. Every Daughter of the Confederacy should send out at least one Shiloh post card on the anniversary of the battle. These post cards can be obtained from the State Shiloh Directors or from the Director General. You did well for Shiloh in 1912. Please do as well this year. Let every Chapter go on record as giving for Shiloh in 1913.

"Many of the great battle fields are losing their outlines, although heroes sleep there. Mark these graves and the most important points on the battle grounds until fitting monuments can be erected.

"Don't forget that we have many veterans and women of the Confederacy not in Confederate Homes who are fighting to keep the wolf from the door, and that the years are weighing on them more and more heavily. Do not wait for them to ask for help, but seek them out and give them the helping hand with the cheerful sympathy they need. Help those entitled to pensions to get them. Remember our debt to Mrs. Ella King Trader.

"I fear that we are not sufficiently alive to the need of historical work and of garnering important material which may be carelessly destroyed. Let me urge every one to look out for material in letters and papers and secure it if possible.

"The *per capita* tax of Chapters is due March 1. Delinquent taxes, or taxes for new members, should be paid thirty days before the November Convention. Don't be marked 'delinquent.' Remember, too, that the demands on the treasury are heavy, and by paying your taxes at the proper time, March, you make the work easier and lighter for your Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Pulaski, Va. If you wait until just before the convention, she will be terribly burdened and clerical help will be necessary.

"Several Divisions, I understand, have sent in but few, if

any, application or eligibility papers to the Registrar General. All members must be registered, and they should be numbered in the proper order. By this oversight or neglect new members would rank as members of longer standing. Please send all papers promptly to our new Registrar General, Mrs. Orlando Haliburton, 1410 Spring Street, Little Rock, Ark., and clear up all old or back registrations.

"Every member of the organization should have a certificate of membership. She should require it of the Chapter after her application papers have been examined and she has been accepted as a member. Chapter Presidents should see that every member has a certificate. The number of certificates issued last year did not keep pace with the new members admitted, so some failed to comply with the constitution carefully. Only one Division ordered and issued certificates as it gained members. Chapter Presidents should not order more certificates than the Chapter needs for its members. Recently a Chapter issued to new members certificates signed by my immediate predecessor, who has been out of office more than a year, and signed by a State President who has been out of office for almost two years. Members should refuse to accept certificates signed by other than the correct officers.

"All credential committees of Chapters should see that all application papers are completely made out, that they show clearly the relationship of the applicant to the relative on whose record she makes application, and that all papers are properly signed and indorsed. Increase our membership all you can, but do it only with eligible and desirable members.

"When I was made a Vice President of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association, I could not give the matter much consideration. Lately I have resigned from the Association and requested that no communication should be sent out bearing my name.

"As the U. D. C. constitution prohibits its Chapters from federating with other organizations, I trust none of the Chapters will sign the petitions of this Association or of any association, nor contribute funds to any, but give of their substance only to causes undertaken and indorsed by the U. D. C. as an organization. With so many causes—relief work, education, and two great monuments—needing all we can possibly do for them, we cannot afford as Chapters to lessen the results of the work of our own organization by working for other causes and associations."

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT, U. D. C., AWARDED FOR 1913.

As many new members were added to the organization in 1912 in the effort of Divisions to win the certificate of merit offered by me—Virginia, the winner, nearly 2,000; Georgia, nearly 1,000; Mississippi, nearly 800; South Carolina, 500; Tennessee, 400—I have decided to repeat the offer of a handsome certificate of merit to that Division or to that Chapter not in a Division making the largest increase of membership during 1913. This, as last year, will be determined by the per cent of increase; so the smallest Division or Chapter has a better chance really than the large ones if they will work. The decision will be made this year, as last year, on the largest general increase, on number of new Chapters, new Children's Chapters, *per capita* tax paid, and representation in the New Orleans Convention, with this added obligation: Number of certificates of membership to new members.

All papers showing membership of 1912 and increase for 1913 must reach me by October 25, 1913.

MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, *President General U. D. C.*

MONUMENT TO COLONEL ROGERS.

Delay in reporting the dedication of the monument to Col. W. P. Rogers, of Texas, at Corinth, Miss., in August, 1912, is deeply regretted. It occurred rather through the desire to give a worthy report than through a lack of interest. The event is memorable, and the people of that section did themselves high credit in connection with it. Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President of the Mississippi Division, made an address worthy of the occasion, and that is saying much.

The monument commemorates the famous field where Colonel Rogers fell in his gallant charge upon Fort Robinette and the forces of General Rosecrans. The fine shaft is of white marble and bears these inscriptions:



COL. W. P. ROGERS.

East side, facing the grave:

"William P. Rogers,
A Native of Alabama,
December 17, A.D. 1817.
Captain of Mississippi Rifles,
1845-47.

First Man to Mount Walls of Monterey.
United States Consul to Mexico, 1849.

Signed Ordinance of Secession of Texas, Feb. 1, 1861.
Colonel 2d Texas Infantry.
Brevet Brigade Commander."

North side:

"Fell Leading Moore's Brigade, Fort Robinette,
October 4, 1862.

"He was one of the bravest men that ever led a charge. Bury him with military honors.' (Maj. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Commanding Army of the Cumberland, U. S. A.)"



VIEW OF COLONEL ROGERS BEFORE MONUMENT WAS ERECTED.

South side:

"The gallantry which attracted the enemy at Corinth was in keeping with the character he acquired in the former service.' (Jefferson Davis).

"His last words were: 'Men, save yourselves or sell your lives as dear as possible.'"

West side:

"Erected by the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the surviving members of the family, and admiring friends, August 15, A.D. 1912."

By the grateful acknowledgment of the entire Texas Division, Mrs. J. M. Brownson, charter President of the William P. Rogers Chapter, was given the privilege of beginning the work for the erection of the memorial as well as the highest honor at its completion.



THE MONUMENT TO COLONEL ROGERS.

At the same time that the monument was dedicated a beautiful marker to the unknown dead of Colonel Rogers's charge was unveiled through the generous work of Mrs. G. W. Bynum, assisted by the Rogers brothers, of Grand Junction. The ceremonies of the occasion were touching and appropriate. There was an invocation by Rev. J. H. Felts, followed by the address of welcome for Mississippi by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose and the response for the State of Texas by Mrs. Hal W. Greer. Then the monument was unveiled by Mabel and Bollin Outlar, great-grandchildren of Colonel Rogers, and there was a salute to the monument by John Austin Samders, great-grandson of Colonel Rogers, with the sword of his famous ancestor.

After this came the unveiling of the marker to the unknown dead by little Margaret Bynum, granddaughter of Major and Mrs. Bynum, presentation of the monument by Mrs. J. M. Brownson, Chairman of the Monument Committee, its accept-

ance by Mrs. N. B. Curlee, and its acceptance for the city by Major T. E. Henry. Rev. W. P. Bolling, of Fulton, Ky., delivered an address. After the decoration of the graves by the veterans, assisted by a group of lovely little girls, the band with muffled drum played "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground."

Hon. T. M. Johnston was master of ceremonies and rendered invaluable service in the perfecting of a very beautiful program.



The Editor of the *VETERAN*, who was a guest of the occasion, subscribed the first \$5 toward a fund for the maintenance of Fort Robinette. The *VETERAN* is especially indebted to Miss Elizabeth Kilpatrick, of Corinth, for data in the foregoing. This young woman exhibited the zeal of a veteran in making the occasion a success in every way.

DR. CRAWFORD W. LONG.

On March 30, 1912, the University of Pennsylvania unveiled in one of its halls a bronze memorial tablet in honor of Dr. Crawford W. Long, the pioneer of anaesthesia and the first to suggest and employ ether inhalation during surgical operations. Dr. Long was a native of Georgia, and he and Alexander Stephens were the two men selected by that State to represent her in Statuary Hall in Washington. He died after making little or no effort to establish his claim as the discoverer of anaesthesia, but since his death the honor of his great work has been more and more widely accorded him. He exhibited to medical men and to the community in 1842 his use of sulphuric ether as an anaesthetic.

Wells performed his operations with nitrous oxide gas in December, 1844. Morton exhibited his use of his secret remedy "Letheon" in September, 1846.

In 1877 Dr. Marion Sims, upon hearing of Dr. Long's first operations on an anaesthetized patient, communicated with Dr. Long and soon convinced himself of his claim and published a pamphlet entitled "The Discovery of Anaesthesia," advocating Dr. Long's claims as to priority in the use of sulphuric ether to produce anaesthesia in surgical operations.

Crawford W. Long was born in Danielsville, Ga., on November 1, 1815. He graduated as Master of Arts at Franklin College, and with the second honor at the age of nineteen. In 1839 he graduated from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. After graduation he spent one year in a New York hospital, where he made such a reputation for himself as a surgeon that he was urged to apply for a

position in the United States navy. Obedient to his father's wishes, however, he returned to practice in his native State, and in 1841 he located in Jefferson, a small country town.

Early in the War of the States Dr. Long was appointed by the Governor of Georgia as one of the few physicians to remain at home to attend the sick. Later, when the university buildings were used as a hospital and many sick and wounded were sent there for treatment, he was one of the surgeons who attended them. At the close of the war, when Athens was made a United States garrison, as there was no surgeon, the position of contract surgeon was offered him. His reply was: "I cannot accept. I cannot take the oath. I have done everything in my power for the South." Said Colonel Blucher: "Your reputation for honor and integrity is such that no oath will be required." He accepted the position.

Sometime after this Henri L. Stuart, one of the founders of the Woman's Hospital in New York, presented a bust of Long to the University of Georgia.

In April, 1910, a very imposing monument, presented by Dr. L. G. Hardman to the Jackson County Medical Society at Jefferson in memory of Dr. Long, and overlooking the spot where the first operation was performed by painless surgery, was unveiled before the Georgia Medical Society by Dr. Long's daughter, Miss Emma Long.

Of American surgeons, the late Dr. Grandy, Surgeon U. S. A., and Dr. Hugh H. Young, of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, have by their writings done much to advance the claims of Dr. Long. Dr. George Foy, of Dublin, Ireland, an ardent friend of the South, has been for years a most enthusiastic supporter. Through his influence Long is recognized in Great Britain and Europe as the discoverer of anaesthesia. In 1910 Dr. Foy requested that Dr. Long's proofs of his first use of sulphuric ether in painless dentistry should be exhibited at the meeting of the Medical Congress of Great Britain, to be held in London. His daughters took them over and placed them in the hands of the president of the anaesthetic section, Sir Frederick Hewett, the king's anaesthetist. They were exhibited in the Medical Museum and attracted much attention. Dr. Dudley Buxton, of London, has recently eulogized Long and his discovery before the Royal Society of Medicine.

MISS KATIE DAFFAN'S GIFT FROM TEXAS DAUGHTERS.—The Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, presented to Miss Katie Daffan, three years President of the State Division, a very handsome pin as a testimonial of their appreciation of her service to the Division and her service to the Confederate veterans of Texas. The pin is very handsome. From a bar made of her initials, "K. D.," in diamonds is suspended an enameled flag of the Confederacy and the insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. This occurred two years ago, but the notice happened to get into the wrong niche and has just been discovered.

MEETING AFTER FORTY-SEVEN YEARS AT HELENA, ARK.—Judge Greenfield Quarles, of Helena, Ark., and Capt. B. F. Quarles, of Meridian, Miss., were both captured and sent to Camp Douglas. Judge Quarles was captured in the battle of Franklin and Captain Quarles in that of Resaca, Ga., while commanding a company of scouts in the rear of the Federal army, where they were engaged in destroying army supplies. These two veterans, along toward the shady side of life, met for the first time since their imprisonment at Camp Douglas at Judge Quarles's home town, Helena, Ark.—a most agreeable reunion.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PRIZES TO CHAPTERS, U. D. C.

Just how to dispose of prizes offered to Daughters of the Confederacy who may secure new subscriptions to the VETERAN has not been worked out. That is not important at present. Only a few Chapters may undertake to secure them. Ten sets of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" will make ten Chapters happy if only ten subscriptions are secured, one by each Chapter; while the three sets of the "Confederate Military History," twelve volumes, cloth, which the VETERAN sells at \$24 per set (and that is only one-half the publishers' price), may be secured for three more subscriptions if only one be sent by each Chapter competing. The prizes are sure, so the subject is worthy of attention.

The three sets of the "Confederate Military History" and the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" will be sent to Chapters sending the largest number in proportion to membership on the Recording Secretary General's books.

The two sets in single volumes will be sent respectively to States in which the Chapters are located. Other premiums may be offered later.

It is necessary that each Chapter intending to compete write to the office giving notice and securing subscription blanks, etc.

It is anticipated that the President General will kindly suggest how this work may be done most effectively. Suggestions from any of the multitude of friends in the great organization will be appreciated. If the Daughters will consider the subject, they can realize the power that would result from general coöperation, and every member will be paid handsomely for what she may do in sending new subscriptions. Blanks and terms will be sent on application.

PREPARATION OF SOUTHERN STATISTICS.

Matthew Page Andrews makes some interesting announcements. In issuing his series of publications bearing upon Southern history and literature he desires to correspond with those interested in the same lines of research. He seeks additional material suitable for quotation in his annual publication, "The Dixie Calendar."

Many of our readers are familiar with the nature of this Calendar and with the scope of its quotations, both historical and literary. He would pay for such as he can use.

Mr. Andrews is the son of a Confederate veteran and has many personal friends among the Daughters of the Confederacy, and he bespeaks further interest in their memorial, historical, and literary work.

Appropriate quotations from the writings of any of our Southern authors would be acceptable, or humorous original compositions, especially humorous in dialect. Quotations should be brief—say from 75 to 100 words in length.

He writes: "I believe that the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Veterans, and Sons of Veterans will gladly coöperate with me in this work, which is offered to the Daughters of the Confederacy at a special rate or discount, which will enable them to make it practically their own publication, and which

already has yielded a substantial revenue to some of the Chapters for their local memorial work or for the Arlington and Shiloh monument funds.

It is a general belief of the majority of the people of this great country that prison pens and prison privations and casualties existed in the South only, and it is not realized that in the North a greater proportion of prisoners died in confinement than in the South.

CONFEDERATES IN GRAY AT GETTYSBURG.

[From Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Thousands unborn when the battle of Gettysburg was fought will be at the coming anniversary. They will want to know who fought with Meade, who marched with Lee, who took part in the assaults on Round Top and Culp's Hill, who stood unflinchingly against these terrible onslaughts, who was with Pickett in that last desperate attempt at victory, who was with the band that wrote in blood the record of the highest achievement in devotion at the stone wall on Cemetery Hill. The presence of men in blue and the men in gray will visualize the answer. Everybody will want to see the heroes of that Titanic struggle who still survive. Let all who attend that anniversary see these men in the garb in which they fought. In this there will be no disloyalty to the stars and stripes. Indeed, it is incomprehensible that from any source could come so long after Appomattox any protest that savors of narrow, petty sectionalism.

TERMS THAT SOUTHERNERS SHOULD KNOW.

Somebody sends a report of "beautiful exercises" as marking Lee's birthday. A marked paragraph begins: "And to the younger men and women of this audience I would say that you have a right to feel proud of this splendid structure of a new South that has risen under your hands."

That "new South" stops further investigation of the merit of the tribute. The speaker who is so behind with the trend of conditions need not expect space in the VETERAN. The young politician who seeks notoriety and favor with the Confederate element and uses "new" South and "lost" cause and refers to Gens. Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston as Johnson, omitting the "t," shows clearly that he is not informed as he should be, and in the press of articles these inexcusable blunders cause assignment to the wastebasket.

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY AND THE KENTUCKY D. A. R.—The Kentucky State Convention, D. A. R., meets this year in Paducah, and the local D. A. R. Chapter there will seek the honor of State Regent for their townswoman, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney. Mrs. McKinney has served as President of the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., and for several years has been Recording Secretary General of the general organization. She recently created a delightful surprise in sending out the Washington (D. C.) Convention minutes of six hundred pages. The VETERAN would not like to miss an opportunity to acknowledge special indebtedness to Mrs. McKinney for its synopsis of proceedings during the past few years.

Mr. W. H. Tinsley, of Salem, Va., writes the Washington (D. C.) Herald in regard to the Lincoln memorial. He favors the tribute to President Lincoln, but wants the memorial to be also to President Davis. When such a monument is dedicated, the bands should play "My Old Kentucky Home."

GENERAL CARTER AT FRANKLIN.

BY J. B. GRACEY.

I have read many accounts of the battle of Franklin and its gallant slain, and notice always a conspicuous absence of the name of Gen. John C. Carter, who fell there mortally wounded, and who was one of the bravest of the brave. He had been colonel of the 38th Tennessee, and was promoted just before the battle of Franklin. Tennessee had no more courageous son than this one whom the boys called "Little Napoleon."

General Carter was possessed of a strange fancy that as long as he could center his thoughts on his own safety no bullet could find him. He said to Dr. Roane, our surgeon: "Just as I forgot all danger, they got me."

I believe in equal and exact justice to all men. I have just read a long article in the Commercial-Appeal on the subject of the proposed park at Franklin; and noticing again the omission of General Carter's name, I make this protest.

[To illustrate General Carter's valor as a subordinate officer, at the battle of Shiloh he was a captain in the 38th Tennessee, and Col. R. F. Looney in a report of the services rendered by that regiment says: "Capt. John C. Carter deserves the highest praise for his great coolness and high courage displayed throughout the entire engagement. At one time he took the flag and, urging his men forward, rendered me great assistance in moving the entire regiment." The criticism as to the continued oversight of General Carter is timely.]

GRACE—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Representative Mann, the Republican floor leader in Congress, in a speech advocating the Lincoln monument bill, is quoted as expressing views that were worthy long ago:

"Mr. Speaker: It is now nearly half a century since the War

of the States closed and Abraham Lincoln passed beyond. There has been a lapse of time which ought to permit us to survey the situation with little bias and little passion. I have put the War of the States behind me as a great conflict which was probably inevitable. There were patriots on both sides, gallant men in opposition; but the question of the Union was settled with the end of the war, and no one now would reopen the controverted question so bitterly contested.



MISS MARGARET ANDERSON,
Maid of Honor, Chattanooga Reunion.

"I think we can well afford to do that which shows that the country is reunited, with the passions of war passed by, if

not forgotten. I would erect a memorial to Abraham Lincoln on the farther side of the Washington Monument, just this side of the Potomac River, across the river from the home of



MISS MARY COX, OF BRISTOL,
Sponsor Tennessee Division, Chattanooga Reunion.

Robert E. Lee and the burial place of both Union and Confederate soldiers. And across the Potomac River, joining the then Confederate States with the Union—aye, Mr. Speaker, in the course of years not far distant I would construct a roadway from Washington to Mount Vernon, from Mount Vernon to Richmond; and at the other end of that roadway have the government of the United States construct a memorial to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States.

"When we have done that, we have shown to the world that the hearts of all Americans beat in the present as in the past with respect and love for their leaders on both sides. We can afford to forget the animosities and the passions in the peace that passeth all understanding."

NORTHERN MISSIONARIES TO THE SOUTH.

A real experience is given under the caption of "A Visit to a Mountain Home" in Children's Home Missions, published in New York. It tells about the order of life in a mountain home in the South: "The owner of the home and of a hundred acres of land had never seen a railroad train. He had never been twenty miles from his home. He could not read or write, and yet 'before the war' he owned a hundred slaves. The house which sheltered him, his wife, and an aged sister, who honestly believed herself to represent the 'blue blood' of the South, consisted of two rooms and a 'lean-to,' in which the cooking was done. The room occupied by the sister was the entire width of the house and boasted two small windows, in each of which were four panes of glass. There were two beds in this room, and in one of these the guest found rest at night and sought, with little encouragement, to make the acquaintance of the Southern lady who frequently had to remove her snuff stick to answer a question. She could neither read nor write."

The article goes on at length as inconsistently as the above. It is unbelievable that a family who boasted that they were of the "blue blood" and had owned a hundred slaves were such as have been described. It is a shame to send out, in the name of religion, such literature concerning conditions in "the benighted Southland."

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

J. C. Witcher, of Bells, Tex., makes inquiry in regard to the following: While Sherman's army was occupying Atlanta, Shamon's Scouts captured a quartermaster who was a major and about twenty-five Federals inside their lines on Peachtree Creek as they were dressing a beef. The next morning about daylight Comrade Witcher and others started with their prisoners to Union Station, some forty miles away, the nearest railway point where they could be turned over. At Covington that night the citizens fed them and treated them well, but refused to guard the prisoners, who had to be put in jail for safe-keeping. Comrade Witcher hopes to get in communication with that major. He would like to meet him at Gettysburg. He says they were all nice men and gave no trouble.

J. H. Sullivan, President of the City Bank at Spalding, Nebr., inquires about a picture of his father and mother which was lost by his brother, Dennis Sullivan, of Company B, 55th Illinois Volunteers, when taken prisoner at Atlanta, Ga., on July 22, 1864. He was sent to Andersonville. The picture was a tintype and highly prized as being the only likeness of his parents. Mr. Sullivan also had a cousin, Patrick Sullivan, in the Confederate army, in the 1st Tennessee Artillery, who was taken prisoner at Vicksburg. He now lives at Kirkland, Wash.

Mrs. S. P. Lewis, of Muldraugh, Ky., seeks information of her husband, Samuel P. Lewis, of the 54th Virginia Regiment, Company K. He was with his company when it was disbanded in North Carolina at the close of the war.

Mrs. H. E. Jones, of Rockdale, Tex., desires information of any who served in Company K, 10th Mississippi Regiment, Confederate army.

WIDOW OF A TENNESSEE VETERAN IN ALABAMA.

Rev. W. T. Allen, Chaplain General U. S. C. V., Jacksonville, Ala., asks that any one, whether in the War of the States or not, who knows from personal knowledge that William Alexander Thompson was in the Confederate army and honorably discharged will write to him at once. His widow is old, in ill health, and without any means of support whatever. There is no one upon whom she can depend for a living, and he wishes to get a pension for her. She says that Mr. Thompson enlisted at Shelbyville, Tenn., and served under Captain Bounds (or Bonds) in the 44th Tennessee, and was wounded at Chickamauga and Franklin, Tenn.

J. W. Lillard, of Decatur, Tenn., writes: "In the VETERAN of January, 1913, page 18, appears 'Events of 1861-65 Recalled' under my name as author, when it should be J. H. Guinn. I copied these for Mr. Guinn and mailed them to you, and it is probably my fault in not making the matter clear. But I wish to make proper correction. I am not old enough to have been at places mentioned in the account, and Mr. Guinn was there."

NOTICE TO CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.—Dr. J. B. Lee, of Waxahatchie, Tex., wishes to hear from any participants in the battle fought at Poison Springs, Ark. At the time a great deal of cotton and corn was destroyed on the plantation of his grandfather, which lies about three miles south of where the battle was fought. He wishes to ascertain whether it was destroyed by Union or Confederate soldiers. The Federals, under General Steele, were defeated in this battle.

TRIBUTES TO THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

[Judge R. B. Haughton, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

The time was when bitterness existed between the sections of the country, but the evidences have been too numerous of late not to show that this has passed away. Brave men on both sides admit the bravery of their former antagonists and join with them in praise of the heroism of all contestants; messages of greeting pass from one national gathering to another, and the veterans of both armies in joint assemblages exchange compliments over the records of the past.

Not only has this imperishable record of kindly feeling been made, but also a more enduring form of it has been abundantly manifested. In Madison, Wis., a far northerly State, stands a monument to the Confederate soldier. Baltimore has a beautiful monument dedicated to this cause. There is a Confederate monument in the metropolis of our country, New York City. A former Federal officer, Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, at his own expense placed a handsome marker at the entrance to the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, and with the aid of other Northern men erected a handsome arch there. On it, by direction of these friendly antagonists, there is inscribed the one word "Americans."

Every year the G. A. R. Post at Sandusky, Ohio, holds memorial services over the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried at Johnson's Island. A handsome Confederate monument stands in the city of Chicago, and the money that was paid for its erection was largely by Northern men. The United States government has placed headstones at the graves of the Confederate soldiers who were buried at Columbus, Ohio, Springfield and Rock Island, Ill., and various other Northern prison points, and has erected monuments to them at Philadelphia and Germantown, Pa., Finnis Point, N. J., Johnson's Island, Ohio, Indianapolis and Lafayette, Ind., and almost within the city limits of St. Louis, at Alton, Ill. In these kindly acts it spent the sum of \$200,000 under a bill sponsored by Senator Foraker, of Ohio.

A handsome Confederate monument is being erected in Arlington Cemetery, near the National Capitol, and every one remembers the recent laying of its corner stone at which Corporal Tanner spoke such generous and kindly words; and the reception for the U. D. C. at which President Taft made so beautiful a greeting.

As a fitting climax to these friendly acts, by consent of the Congress of the United States, in the place of probably the greatest honor in the country—Statuary Hall, under the dome of the Capitol in Washington—stands a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee in full Confederate uniform.

This kindly feeling exists on both sides. As an evidence of it, for some months past the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., has been raising funds from all over the South actually to erect a monument to a Federal soldier!

Surely our city fathers will not let it be said that St. Louis is less magnanimous than the rest of our country. This monument is intended to record an essential part of a great event in our history. Let it be done fully and correctly.

ARKANSAS VETERAN NEEDS A PENSION.—J. L. Nevels, of Carthage, Ark., needs a pension. He belonged to Withers's Light Artillery, from Jackson, Miss. After the battle of Baker's Creek, he joined Barlow's Battery and then — Cavalry. Address information to J. G. Wylie, Carthage, Ark.

CONFERENCE OF GETTYSBURG COMMISSION.

BY GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

A conference of the Pennsylvania Gettysburg Commission, Governor Tener, of Pennsylvania, and others interested, was held in Philadelphia January 23 and 24. I attended as the representative of the U. C. V. The meeting was most harmonious and the best of good feeling prevailed. Nearly all present were veterans of the gray or the blue during the great war, and the commingling was deeply impressive. The Union veterans seemed as anxious to honor the Confederates as the latter were to reciprocate such sentiment. True soldiers, men who fought, have ever been ready to meet in friendly conference.

Much was accomplished for the furtherance of the great object in view, but a matter of general interest concerned Confederate uniforms and tattered Confederate battle flags. Gen. T. H. Robertson, of Texas, opened the question with the same undaunted effectiveness with which he wheeled his batteries into action during the great battle. He was indorsed by Gen. J. Thompson Brown, of Virginia, Sergt. J. C. Scarborough, of North Carolina, and others.

Governor Tener, of Pennsylvania, said on the subject: "I want it well understood by the whole Confederate soldiery that you are coming as guests of the State of which I have the honor to be the chief executive, and that it will make no difference to me or the State whether the man from the South comes in citizen's attire or wears the old gray uniform. Whether the uniform be blue or gray, the wearer will be heartily welcome. No one has greater admiration for the Confederate soldier and for the superb manner in which he fought his battles than I have. As Pennsylvania is the host, all that need concern you as representatives of the several States is the bringing of your veteran soldiers here. Pennsylvania will do the rest, and we hope our guests will enjoy the occasion as much as we will."

The hospitable words of Governor Tener were received with great applause, and thus it was decided that the old Confederates might come as they pleased and would be most warmly welcomed.

The general sentiment of the North, voiced by its press and the official action of G. A. R. Posts, approves most highly what Governor Tener so patriotically said. It is expressed most eloquently in the following extract from a published letter from a gallant Union veteran, Col. Andrew Cowan, of Louisville, Ky.: "I have said to my comrades of the G. A. R. and to my friends of the U. C. V. that this fiftieth anniversary of the battle will be a celebration of the peace and good will that we are both striving for. We shall meet on the greatest battle field of the War of the States, and we shall remember that it is a field of glory, where honor and courage and patriotism inspired us under whichever flag we followed. We should be invited to take part in that celebration without subjection to any restraint which is not proper, patriotic, and lawful. We should therefore go as individuals, as Posts of the G. A. R., and as Camps of the U. C. V., wearing any dress we choose. We shall go there as survivors of a war which no human power had been able to avert. The victors in blue will greet with open arms the vanquished in gray, who fought there for a cause they believed was right, and they fought well. We are united now in love for one country and one flag, but neither we nor they have ceased to love the flags that led us in that fight. Bring them back from every State! The starry banner and the Southern cross—unfurl them again

at Gettysburg. The celebration would be colorless without them. Bring them back, unfurl them again, and side by side with 'Old Glory' the soldiers of Grant and Meade and the soldiers of Lee and Longstreet, brave and loyal, will march together in peace and good will at Gettysburg. Spread the message throughout the land: 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

We shall go to Gettysburg, not to battle, but to seal a lasting peace, wearing our gray and bearing the banners which we so gallantly followed on that gory field. We will show that we are willing to bury forever the bitterness of the past, preserving, however, our immortal laurels of valor both of the Confederates and the Federals—the valor of the American soldier.

The Confederate veterans who go will have to pay their own transportation expenses, but will be cared for when they reach the field. The United States government and the State of Pennsylvania are erecting a modern camp to accommodate at least 40,000 veterans, and under the skillful direction of Maj. J. E. Normoyle, United States army, it will be a complete and commodious camp. There will be issued cots, blankets, mess equipments; quarters and cooked rations will be supplied; hospitals, if unfortunately any such may be needed, will be provided; and everything will be done for the comfort, convenience, and enjoyment of the veterans.

MEMORIAL BUST OF SIDNEY LANIER.

The will of the late Mrs. Sue Mims, widow of Livingston Mims, who was for a time a partner with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in insurance, who died last month near Boston, was filed for probate in Atlanta. One of the most interesting features of the will was a bequest of \$1,000 to be used in erecting in Piedmont Park, Atlanta, a memorial bust and tablet to the South's loved poet, Sidney Lanier. The will stipulated that his "Centennial Hymn," or the opening lines, should be engraved on the tablet. Mrs. Sam Inman and Robert F. Maddox were named to carry out this work. Money for this fund is to come from the sale of Mrs. Mims's diamonds and jewelry.

Mrs. Mims left \$6,200 to the First Christian Science Church of Atlanta and all of her Christian Science literature, including many letters from Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

The sum of \$500 was left to the city of Atlanta for beautifying Mims Park in Davis Street, \$200 to be used in beautifying the public square of her native town of Brandon, Miss., \$200 for the Atlanta Associated Charities, \$200 for the Old Woman's Home of Atlanta, \$100 for a girls' night school in Atlanta, and there were bequests of \$100 each to various women friends and distant women relatives.

Her estate is estimated at \$40,000 in value.

FITTING TRIBUTE TO CHARLES H. BAILEY.

At Clarksville, Tenn., on February 8, a memorial tablet was unveiled at the courthouse to commemorate the late C. D. Bailey, who for more than forty years served his county in an official capacity. He was a resident of Montgomery County during his entire life, except four years of service in the Confederate army, and his spotless character and faithful service as a public official caused this unusual tribute. During the service several short addresses were made by those who had known Mr. Bailey best. Many business houses were closed.

A sketch of Comrade Bailey appears on page 134 of the VETERAN for 1905, together with an excellent likeness.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
WASHINGTON CONVENTION TO FEBRUARY 12, 1913.

Alabama: Father Ryan Chapter, \$5; Dothan Chapter, \$5; Yancy Chapter, \$2; James Cantey Chapter, \$2.28; Tusculumbia Chapter, \$5.

Arkansas: J. H. Berry Chapter, Bentonville, \$2.50; Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, \$5; R. H. Crockett Chapter, Rison, \$5; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Dardanelle, \$5.

California: Mrs. C. C. Clay, in the name of A. S. Johnston Chapter, No. 79, San Francisco, \$25.

Florida: Mrs. Robert Howard Gamble, in memory of William Wirt Robinson, \$5.

Kentucky: Tom Barrett Chapter, Ghent, \$10; Edmonia Roberts Chapter, Lebanon, \$1; Confederate Home Chapter, Pewee Valley, \$6; Reginald Thompson Chapter, La Grange (for Lee picture), \$2.50; Reginald Thompson Chapter, La Grange (for Confederate banners), 12 cents; Hamilton Guards, C. of C., Paris, \$5; Mrs. N. W. Muir, Bardstown (post cards), \$2; Mrs. Horace Lutten, Fulton (two copies of "Heroes in Gray"), 20 cents; Miss Coby Froman, Ghent (post cards), \$2.50.

Maryland: Miss Anna B. Jackson (personal), Baltimore, \$10.

Mississippi: R. W. Millsaps (personal), Jackson, \$5; Mrs. L. J. Henderson (personal), Greenwood, \$5.

New Mexico: Joe Wheeler Chapter, Roswell, \$6.

New York: Mrs. L. R. Schuyler (personal), \$5; New York Chapter, \$25; Mrs. James H. Parker (personal), \$10; Shiloh Christmas sale, \$1.35; New York C. of C., \$5.

Oklahoma: Lee-Jackson Chapter, Chickasha, \$5.

Pennsylvania: Philadelphia Chapter, \$25.

Tennessee: Musidora McCory Chapter, Jackson, \$70.75; Shiloh Chapter (from W. B. Pippin), Savannah, 50 cents; Mrs. Frances L. Petman (personal), Puryear, \$10; R. E. Lee Chapter, Puryear, \$2.44; Martin Chapter, \$10; Mrs. A. E. Rison (personal), Paris, \$1; Mrs. A. H. Lankford (personal), Paris, \$1; "Heroes in Gray," 10 cents.

Texas: Mrs. Hal Peck (personal), Corsicana, \$1.

Virginia: Mrs. W. N. Fishburn, in memory of C. D. Hill, \$5. Interest, \$81.54.

Total collections since last report, \$512.93.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$17,356.23.

To expense of Mrs. Hall, \$10; Newton enterprise, \$6.40.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$17,852.76.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

RECEIPTS FROM DECEMBER 9, 1912, TO FEBRUARY 9, 1913.

Illinois: Stonewall Chapter, Chicago, \$5.

Italy: Car. M. Ezekiel, Rome, \$5.

Missouri: Master Jack Doyle, East Prairie, \$1.

New Mexico: A. R. O'Quinn, Carlsbad, \$1; E. B. Armstrong, Carlsbad, \$1; E. Hendricks, Carlsbad, \$1; J. E. Laverty, Carlsbad, \$1.

New York: Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, New York City, \$1; New York Chapter, New York City, \$5; Mrs. J. E. Wood, Scarsdale, \$1; Mrs. T. B. Coles, Brooklyn, \$3.

North Carolina: J. M. Rogers, Winston-Salem, \$3.

Ohio: H. G. Boon, Cleveland, \$1.

Oklahoma: J. H. W. Roberts, Yukon, \$1; Mrs. S. Barbee, Wagoner, \$3; R. A. Weddington, Wagoner, \$1; A. G. M. Lay, Marietta, \$1; R. C. Smith, Chickasha, \$1; M. F. Courtney,

Chickasha, \$1; H. Hopkins, Chickasha, \$1; W. A. Hopkins, Chickasha, \$1; D. Downs, Chickasha, \$1; Jack Hale, Napels, \$10.

Pennsylvania: James G. Phillips, Marcus Hook, \$2; R. D. McEachern, Pittsburg, \$1; Dr. John M. Gentry, Wellsboro, \$1; Miss Edna Watson, Scranton, \$1; R. G. Lobb, Washington, \$1; W. K. Beard, Philadelphia, \$2; Bunford Samuel, Philadelphia, \$2.

South Carolina: J. Rose Hanahan, Charleston, \$1; J. L. Coker, Hartsville, \$10; James T. Rice, Iva, \$1; G. L. Salley, Orangeburg, \$1; William J. McCormack, Charleston, \$1; Augustine T. Smith, Charleston, \$5; J. A. Rhame, Lynchburg, \$1; A. W. Jager, Charleston, \$3; T. C. Chiles, Troy, \$1; Mrs. E. C. Legare, Charleston, \$2; C. O. Wheeler, Darlington, \$1; Chester Chapter, Chester, \$1; Francis H. Weston, Columbia, \$5.

Tennessee: A. Ingle, Baileyton, \$1; Dr. E. T. Jones, Bristol, \$1; H. I. Livingston, Brownsville, \$1; J. A. Wilder, Brownsville, \$1; J. A. Mann, Brownsville, \$1; R. F. Johnson, Brownsville, \$1; J. P. Ogilvie, Chapel Hill, \$1; Joseph E. Washington, Cedar Hill, \$5; J. M. Rogers, Clarksville, \$5; James W. Blackmore, Gallatin, \$10; Col. Tom W. Neal, Dyersburg, \$1; T. W. Green, Keeling, \$2; S. R. Carden, Jefferson City, \$1; N. D. Bachman, Bristol, \$2; Rev. A. S. Johnson, Jackson, \$1; Thomas H. Meredith, Lawrenceburg, \$2; D. G. Jackson, Lebanon, \$1; J. C. C. Ewing, Lewisburg, \$1; Dr. E. G. Foute, McGhee, \$1; W. G. Gadley, Monterey, \$1; F. W. Taylor, Morristown, \$5; S. O. Wheeler, Morristown, \$2; Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, Memphis, \$6; J. E. Shelton, Mason, \$2; an old friend, Nashville, \$5.

Texas: Miss Florence Whiteside, San Antonio, \$5.

WORDS FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[Mrs. George E. Pickett, in New York World.]

On my way from Boston I stopped in New York once when the ex-President of our Confederacy and Mrs. Davis were there in the interest of his book, and I went to see them.

"Mr. Davis," I said, "had I come from the South, I should be laden with loving messages from your people. But even in abolition Boston you are held in high esteem as one sincere, honest, and earnest."

"Yes," he said, "though we disagreed on many issues, I believe I held the respect of my fellow Senators from Massachusetts."

"But you were not a secessionist in the beginning, Mr. Davis, were you?"

"No; neither in the beginning nor the ending," he smiled. "But to me the sovereignty of the State was paramount to the sovereignty of the Union. And I held my seat in the Senate until Mississippi seceded and called upon me to follow and defend her. Then I sorrowfully resigned the position in which my State had placed me and in which I could no longer represent her, and accepted the new work. I was on my way to Montgomery when I received, much to my regret, the message that I had been elected provisional President of the Confederate States of America. I regretted it then and have regretted it ever since."

C. R. Cock, of Greenville, Miss., writes: "My comrade, Ledbetter, belonged to the 2d Arkansas Cavalry. He was wounded in a skirmish at Water Valley, Miss., in December, 1863. If alive, I should be glad to hear from him."

THE RICHARD OWEN STORY.

[The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.]

A most unusual, if not an unprecedented, event is to occur in Indianapolis soon in the dedication of a memorial bust in the State Capitol to Col. Richard Owen by men who were Confederate prisoners in Camp Morton during the early months of 1862.

Colonel Owen, as commander of the 60th Indiana Regiment, was assigned to duty as commandant of the prison in February, 1862, when over 4,000 of the prisoners from Fort Donelson were sent there. This large number of prisoners was placed in the Fair Grounds before suitable arrangements could be made for their comfort. The buildings were mainly stalls for horses and other stock in summer time, with the cracks from dried planks so open that the snow and bitter winds caused much suffering; and as there had not been made proper provision for food supply, the scant ration for twenty-four hours was generally eaten immediately after being issued. Through this period of starvation for about two weeks there was no levity among the prisoners. They were very angry because of hunger. However, the commandant of the prison was such a fatherly man, and was so zealous in his efforts to provide food and other comforts for the prisoners, that they grew speedily not only to respect him, but bore sincere affection for him, and no prisoner was ever heard to utter a murmur against him. Not only was the sentiment prevalent then, but through the intervening half century no mention has ever been heard of him by Confederate soldiers except in gratitude.

Partisan government authorities were displeased with the spirit of esteem for Colonel Owen, and an order to send him "to the front" with his regiment was issued. Soon afterwards his command was pitted against the Confederates at Mumfordsville, Ky., and all were captured. The commander of the victorious forces, riding up to the 10th Indiana Regiment where they had stacked their arms, said: "Colonel Owen, in consideration of your kindness to the prisoners at Camp Morton, you are free to go at will."

The eminent Owen family of which Richard Owen was a member located at New Harmony, Ind., over a century ago. Robert Owen, the father of Richard, bought out the Rapites of that place, who had accumulated a million dollars' worth of community property. Robert Owen was a man of philanthropic traits, spending more than one fortune of his own accumulation largely in behalf of the poor in factories. Two years ago the women of Indiana erected a monument in Indianapolis to Richard Owen's brother, Robert Dale Owen, for his zeal in procuring a change in the Indiana laws whereby women could own and control their own property.

Col. Richard Owen, whose deeds of kindness and invariable acts of courtesy to prisoners under his charge won their esteem, is being honored by these prisoners and their friends. Just previous to the war he was a teacher in the Nashville Military Academy, associated with Bushrod Johnson, a Northern man also, who became a major general in the Confederate army; while Dr. Owen, through his attachment for the Union, returned to his native Indiana and became lieutenant colonel of the 15th Indiana Regiment and then colonel of the 6th Regiment. He also commanded for a time the 1st Brigade of the 10th Army Corps. The life of a soldier, however, was not congenial to him, and he resigned in 1863 to accept a professorship in the University of Indiana.

While Commandant at Camp Morton, Colonel Owen was criticized by an Indianapolis paper for his consideration of

the prisoners. (See "War Records," Series II., Vol. III., pages 515-519.) This report shows that he merits the appreciation of all good men of either army or of any army. It is a credit to him as a devoted Union man and as the highest type of a just man.

Two years ago Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who is one of the few surviving prisoners, resolved upon paying tribute to Colonel Owen, and this dedication to occur at Indianapolis is the result. Governor Marshall, now Vice President elect, has cooperated with him most cordially, and he is expected to participate in the dedication just before becoming Vice President.

Miss Belle Kinney, of New York, who was reared in Nashville, is doing her best work on this memorial, entertaining equal enthusiasm with the promoter. She gave a reception at its exhibition recently at her studio, 61 Fifth Avenue, which was a brilliant success. Mrs. Henry Parker, President of the New York Chapter, U. D. C., assisted Miss Kinney in receiving. Many Daughters of the Confederacy, friends of Colonel Owen's family and of Mr. Cunningham, were present.

No expense is being spared to make this memorial a pride to the people of the South and to make it an ornament in the Capitol of Indiana, which cost \$2,000,000. Mr. Cunningham is soliciting contributions for this work, and a little more than half the cost has been contributed; but whatever be the result of assistance, the memorial will be perfected without stint.

N. D. Bachman, of Bristol, Tenn.-Va., who is one of the youngest among the "old soldiers," having enlisted at the age of sixteen in April, 1861, and surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox, expresses his interest in the Owen Memorial and sends a contribution. He says: "During my experience as a soldier I had a constant horror of being taken prisoner or being shot in the back, and fortunately I escaped both. I have been a reader of the VETERAN from its first issue, and have noted with pleasure and sincere approbation your praiseworthy efforts to raise funds to erect a memorial tablet in honor of Col. Richard Owen; and my tardiness in making a contribution for this purpose is unjustifiable, for I have always felt that the poor fellows who were so unfortunate as to be in a Northern prison, and who were patriotic enough to endure it rather than to yield to the offers of freedom by a sacrifice of honor, were more heroic and faithful, if possible, than we who were left and who had the opportunity to fight it out to a finish.

A contribution of five dollars from Mrs. Mary Blount Thomas, of Washington, D. C., comes with a letter giving encouragement to the Richard Owen Memorial undertaking, in which she states: "Your enterprise to commemorate your appreciation of a just and humane man has awakened my most enthusiastic admiration. No sentiment could be more tenderly beautiful. I wish you abundant success in your exalted undertaking. My husband, James E. Thomas, was a prisoner of war for nearly two years at Alton and Fort Delaware."

A postscript to Miss Kinney's letter reads as follows: "Since the bust cannot be made smaller to look well, I have continued working on it as fast as possible, and will do so, but must hear from you regarding the rest of the expense. * * * I am intensely interested and hope to make a success of it. Mr. Horace P. Owen has written lovely letters and sent a coat of his father's."

The dedication of the memorial is expected to occur in the spring.

PRISON LIFE AT FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR.

BY J. H. TOMB, CHIEF ENGINEER C. S. N., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

When Farragut passed Fort Jackson and St. Philip, below New Orleans, on April 24, 1862, I was attached to the C. S. McRea as third assistant engineer. Capt. Thomas Huger was in command. The enemy was sighted by the quartermaster on duty about 3:30 A.M. just below the point, and we were soon engaged with the first of the ships. After the engagement the McRea, badly cut up, reported ready for action at 9 A.M. under the command of Lieutenant Reed. Commander Mitchell ordered the McRea to proceed up to New Orleans with the wounded under a flag of truce. Captain Huger and Captain McIntosh, badly wounded, were going along. After landing the wounded, she was to return to her position at the forts; but when ready to return she was so badly injured that she sank near the landing, and "our wardrobe was lost."

When about to start for New Orleans, Engineer Fagan Dent and I volunteered for the Landees, a large steamer belonging to the State navy, and whose crew had left her about the time Farragut put in his appearance, the instructions of Commander Mitchell being to tow the nondescript Louisiana, one of the worst imitations of an ironclad ever put afloat, below the point and drive Porter's fleet away; but just then the forts surrendered and the white flag was up on Fort Jackson. Commander Mitchell decided to blow up what was left of the regular navy, and the Louisiana went up. This made such a bad impression on Porter that in place of sending us up to New Orleans under parole he sent us North as prisoners of war.

There had been quite a fleet of the State navy just before Farragut turned up; but with the exception of two stuck in the mud below quarantine point and the Governor Moore, commanded by Lieut. B. Kennon, who did such splendid work in sinking the Varum, nothing was seen of them after the Yankees turned the point, and I guess they are going yet.

We were sent to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, on the Rhode Island, and while laying at anchor the opportunity was given those who wished to desert the Confederacy for the United States to do so, and I regret to say that a few did so. When we landed at Fort Warren, we were assigned quarters in casemates, our bunks being of pine boards three in a row, one above the other, having a supply of straw and one blanket. Our rations were good and sufficient. I was fortunate enough to secure a position on the water commission, and along with another Reb each day we would march back and forth with a large barrel supported on side bars, a Yank with a gun acting as an escort, who frequently ordered us to "hump ourselves." We would rest the barrel on the ground and make a rough estimate as to the water consumed by each fellow in the casemate. I was promoted from the water to the swill department, and again my partner and I failed to get a clear idea of what was doing, as we found that we had to carry more swill away than we had brought water. I lost this position also, and was made housekeeper. I was again promoted to second cook, and was doing well; but becoming interested in hearing about the Yanks being cleaned out by Lee, I failed to put the potatoes in the soup in time, and the result was that I was fired again. After thinking over this, I decided that I was best adapted to the duty of assistant commissary; and as it called for little work and any amount of rest, I held it with credit to myself and profit to the mess.

Colonel Dimick, who was in command of Fort Warren,

was a regular army officer, as were also all of his staff, and they were as considerate in their treatment of the prisoners as we could wish for. The privates were also regulars; and as I had reason to find out before the war was over, there was less sectional feeling with them than with the volunteers. After a time Colonel Dimick put us on parole and let us go out on the ground outside of the fort, and we certainly appreciated it.

Major McPherson, who was quartermaster, was a fine officer and most accommodating. There was an order not to pay a Reb more than \$5 at one time from any funds in his hands; but when I had a suit made at Oak Hall, in Boston, for \$35, he gave me the money. I was very much in need of clothes, and the good people of Baltimore sent a lot to the fort. I had been waiting to buy them myself.

There were quite a number of prisoners in the fort from Maryland not connected with the service, and they were all fine men. There was a Dr. Magill, from Baltimore, who had the pleasure of looking after our health; and if at any time we got sick, he had pills like grapes called "Magill scrapes," and the thought of those pills caused us all to keep well. Up to the time we left Fort Warren to be exchanged I doubt if there was an officer or private but felt most kindly to Colonel Dimick and his staff, and we had nothing to complain of either as to treatment or rations while under his charge.

When we reached Fortress Monroe, however, and were put aboard the Knickerbocker to be sent up the James, we found out how fortunate we were in being sent to Fort Warren in place of Fort Delaware. There were several thousand Confederates on the steamer. I paid one dollar for three cups of coffee for myself and two sick Rebs who had come from Fort Delaware. It was not until Lieutenant Perry, who had us in charge, made them break open the boxes did we get rations. There were hundreds of our men who had been in Fort Delaware and other prisons that would never recover. It was so on all the other transports.

When we arrived at Akin's Landing and had begun to make a line for shore, I assisted over the gang plank some of our poor fellows that I felt would never see their homes again. One poor fellow from Tennessee was a mere skeleton, and said he was thankful that he could lie in Dixie and not in that — Delaware. A good many Yanks passed us as we proceeded on our way by land to Richmond who were to be exchanged in our place, and they were all in better condition than ours were who came from Fort Delaware. I think it was more the lack of humanity on the part of the officer in charge of our men than the fault of the Yankee general, who no doubt issued rations to them as they did to us at Fort Warren.

THE BURNING OF THE ALICE DEAN.

A short article which appeared recently in the Memphis Scimitar gives a dramatic account of the burning of the Alice Dean by John Morgan. According to this writer, General Morgan and his men, after a certain hazardous foraging expedition in Kentucky, had been pursued to the banks of the Ohio by two regiments of Union soldiers and were about to be captured. The only escape lay in crossing the river just where they had drawn up at the mouth of a creek below Brandenburg. Morgan sent out scouts and received a report that two steamers were rounding the bend below. He ordered the boats captured, but the first one put on extra steam and escaped. The second boat was the Alice Dean, gayly

flying the Union flag. She was hailed. Her captain thought it best to land, for he had hundreds of tons of freight on board and many passengers. General Morgan sent word that all he wanted was to get his men across the Ohio River. The captain promised to ferry the army. It took over an hour to accomplish this, and when it was finished Morgan ordered the boat set on fire. All the passengers escaped with the crew, but all the freight was destroyed, except what Morgan's men could take with them.

Comrade J. H. Robb, of Greenville, Miss., in a letter to the Greenville Democrat ventures some corrections of the Scimitar's article, saying that he himself had some connection with the events related, and that he hopes his letter may put him in touch with others who know something about it.

"General Morgan and his main command," writes Comrade Robb, "were not within fifty miles of the Ohio River when the *Alice Dean* was captured, and we did not reach the river until about ten o'clock on the morning after the boat was captured by Capt. Sam Taylor and his little army of ten men, who had been detailed ahead the day before to arrange for our transportation across the river. When we reached the river, we found Captain Taylor with the steamboats *Alice Dean* and General Combs waiting for us. He reported that he had found the *Alice Dean* lying at the wharf, and after a little parley took possession and immediately steamed down the river and captured another boat, the General Combs. (Sam Taylor was one of the seven who escaped from the Ohio penitentiary with General Morgan.) Our command consisted of about 2,000 men (most of us boys) and their horses, two Parrott guns and two mountain howitzers, which could not have been put across in two hours, as it required a little more than that time to silence a small battery on the Indian side and to put a quietus on two improvised gunboats which had attacked us from above and below. It was a pity to destroy such a boat as the *Alice Dean*; but she was in the government service and heavily laden with army supplies, and it was our object to destroy everything that had U. S. on it, except mules and horses and such other supplies as we could make use of. The boys were elated when they learned that they would cross the river on steamboats and would not have to swim across clinging to the manes and tails of their horses, as was our custom in crossing the Cumberland and Tennessee and other streams; and then, too, they had a treat in the music afforded by the calliope on the *Alice Dean*, and greatly enjoyed the appropriate tunes, such as 'Life on the Ocean Wave' as an opener and, after the torch was applied, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.'"

BRAVE MISSISSIPPIANS IN VIRGINIA.

BY L. R. BURRESS, BROWNSVILLE, TEX.

Featherstone's Brigade, of which the 10th Mississippi Infantry formed a part, awoke one morning under murderous fire at Beaver Dam Creek, one of the battle fields in front of Richmond. Company K of this regiment lost thirty-six men killed and wounded. Other companies suffered much. The color bearer of the regiment fell early in the engagement.

After the battle was over, Major Mullens called to Private Jim Moser, of Company K, to take the flag which was still in the grasp of the fallen color bearer. Jim replied: "Major, every man that ever carried that flag into battle has been killed, and I had rather keep my musket."

Answering, Major Mullens said: "True, every one has fallen; but a regiment without a flag exhibits a want of

chivalry. If you will bear the colors, a brave soldier will lead us."

After a moment's hesitation, Jim in sublime affection said: "Let me tell my company good-by." He approached the remaining comrades, taking each by the hand and bidding them be courageous and honor the flag under which he was to fall. He approached the writer of this sketch and, embracing him affectionately, said: "Write to mother and tell her how I fell."

The flag borne by Jim was soon on its way to Cold Harbor, or Gaines's Mill, another field soon to be baptized by a crimson tide from both gray and blue.

The battle line was formed. General Wilcox, commanding this division of Longstreet's Corps, recognized Jim and, calling to him, said: "Jim, do you see the crest of the hill beyond this open field? When the command to charge is given, carry the flag to the top of that hill." It is well to say that the hill pulsated with chivalric life clothed in blue, fortified by three lines of intrenchments and an abatis seemingly impossible had there been no foe to face.

The command, "Forward, double-quick, march!" was given. The colors obeyed. The men hesitated. They were urged to follow the flag. The lines then began to move, but wavered some. The flag was far out in front when some one called out: "Jim, bring the colors back to the line." To this Jim answered: "Bring the line up to the colors. The colors are going where commanded."

The words were distinctly heard, as firing had not begun. Such a spirit bearing aloft our banner begat such enthusiasm that the lines no longer hesitated; but, like lightning from Jove, they leaped out to follow the flag. Terror seized the lines in blue, and as they fled their abatis proved a very abattoir. On rushed the gray; but Jim, alas! had fallen, and never did a winding sheet more beautifully wrap the dead than that flag shrouded him.

Our company had numbered sixty-seven in the beginning of the Seven Days' battle. In the end, after Malvern Hill, only two of us were left, John Saunders and the writer. We put aside our muskets and slept in each other's arms. He and I were together in every battle and skirmish in which the regiment took part until Antietam Creek, in Maryland, where John fell in fulfillment of a presentiment expressed to me the day before, after the surrender of Harper's Ferry. Offering me a gold dollar, he said: "We have been the only members of our company to go into every battle the regiment has fought. We will go in one more to-morrow. I will fall. You take this gold dollar as a souvenir to remember me." I answered that I too might fall; that he had better send the dollar to his father. "No," said he; "the bullet is not molded that will kill you." To satisfy this comrade of more than ten pitched battles, I took the coin; but a more precious souvenir now is mine—the memory of a fellow soldier enshrined in my heart forever.

Private John Allen, then a mere boy, but afterwards United States Congressman from Mississippi, held the dollar and other keepsakes until the battle was over.

At one point on this battle field five men in gray were confronted by solid lines of men in blue. When the command was given to the five to hold the line at all hazards, one of them said: "The odds are too great. We will be slaughtered if we remain." "Then be slaughtered or hold the line," said the intrepid officer, "and let the enemy walk over your dead bodies." "We will stay, live or die," was the response. And there they did stay until the end.

SERVED IN THE ARMY AND THEN IN THE NAVY.

[Lewis Cole, of Paris, Tenn., tells of his experiences in the 55th Tennessee Regiment and on the Tennessee.]

I was born March 9, 1836, in Benton County, Tenn. When the war began, in 1861, I enlisted, and my company was ordered to Trenton, Tenn., where on September 22 we were sworn in. We remained there and drilled until November, when we were sent to Columbus, Ky., where we were organized into a battalion under the command of Col. William Jones, after which we became Company A, 55th Tennessee Regiment, under Col. A. J. Brown. On March 1, 1862, we were sent to Island No. 10. We waded through water and mud to support Rucker's Battery, stationed between No. 10 and Hickman, Ky.

On April 8 we were surrendered to the Federal forces and sent to Chicago, thence to Madison, Wis., thence back to Chicago, and were exchanged after some five months' imprisonment. We landed at Vicksburg, Miss., about September 1, 1862, and marched out to Jackson, Miss., where we were reorganized and rearmed. The 55th and 46th Tennessee Infantry were consolidated. We were moved to Holly Springs, thence back to Port Hudson via Jackson, Miss.

On April 12, 1863, we participated in skirmishes, were under bombardment, and were at Port Hudson when the Mississippi, an old war vessel on which Admiral Dewey was an officer, was burned. We made a forced march from Port Hudson to intersect Grierson at Williams's bridge on Amite River, but were an hour or so late and missed our game. After resting a few days, we went to Crystal Springs, Miss., thence to Jackson, where we maneuvered under Gen. Joe E. Johnston, and with his army marched near to Vicksburg just before General Pemberton surrendered. We returned to Jackson and were in the siege of that place. We stole away at night, going eastward.

After various maneuvers we were ordered to Meridian, Miss., and thence to Mobile. From Mobile we were sent on the coast to guard a wharf. From there we went back to Mobile and thence via Atlanta to Dalton, Ga., where we remained until January 18, 1864, when we were ordered to Mobile again; and then after a few days we went to Morton, Miss., to meet General Sherman's forces. We "went through the rubbers" and arrived at Mobile again.

Having had a pretty good insight into infantry fighting, marching, hunger, and thirst, we were assigned to the navy department. The noble Tennessee was at that time being finished in Mobile Bay, and Admiral Buchanan requested volunteers to man it, together with a company of marines numbering from one to two hundred men.

I drew my pay, cut loose from the army, and went aboard the Tennessee on February 22, 1864. A memorable experience was in getting to Fort Morgan. It was no small matter to get over the bar; but by building "camels" and by a vast amount of work we finally reached the fort.

By this date the landsmen had been drilled in the navy service and had had a good time. Rations were cooked and nicely prepared for us. It was customary to drill once a day. Captain Johnson made a little talk and informed us that when certain names were called such men would step to the front. After the remarks of the Captain, four men were called out. I was one of the number. I was scared, but I could not imagine what I had done. Appearing before Admiral Buchanan, he said: "Well, my laddies, I have had my eye on you since you have been aboard, and I have always

found you at your post. I have a full crew of seamen, as many as the law allows me; but I will take the authority to advance you four men, and your wages will be raised to \$18 per month." My scare departed.

From Fort Morgan we could see the Federal fleet some eight or ten miles out on the Gulf. With our glasses we had been watching them for weeks. On August 6 the enemy began steaming up, and Admiral Buchanan gave orders to strip the deck for a fight. Then we received our arms—pikes, cutlasses, and pistols. The marines were armed with muskets. About six o'clock that morning the fight began. Buchanan had the Tennessee and three small wooden vessels, but one of them was crippled. After about fifteen or twenty minutes under fire, the Admiral walked out on deck and signaled the three little boats to take cover under the fort, leaving only the Tennessee to combat with a fleet of seventeen ships commanded by Admiral Farragut.

Shot and shell screamed for over four hours. We burned one of their ships and blew up another with a torpedo. The Brooklyn, on board of which they took me after the fight, had seventy holes through her, her rigging was stripped, and three of her guns were dismounted. On her blood-stained deck there were thirteen dead and many wounded. As to the damage on the other vessels, I know but little, although about "seven hundred killed and wounded" was reported. We had only one man killed and Admiral Buchanan was wounded in the leg. After the long and terrible conflict, Captain Johnson went below, where they had carried the Admiral to dress his wound, and informed him that the tiller rope and chains were cut entirely away and the tiller head knocked off, and that necessity would require a surrender. Buchanan replied: "Sink her, but never give her up." Right here I may say that there was never a braver or better hero than Admiral Buchanan.

During the whole time I stood at the wheel with a heavy gun shooting 128-pound balls with twenty-five pounds of powder. The gun would recoil within four feet of me every time she fired. We had only six guns, while the fleet we were fighting had about two hundred.

We were carried as prisoners to New Orleans, thence to Ship Island, Miss., on March 2, 1865. We were then exchanged and carried back to Mobile. I was put on the gunboat Huntsville, which participated in the fight at Blakeley, Ala. From thence we went to Demopolis, Ala., where on May 10, 1865, we were paroled.

I am now seventy-six years old. If any other Tennessean was on the Tennessee or any comrade is now alive, I should rejoice to get a letter from him. I think I was the only Tennessean on the ship, except one who took the oath of allegiance to the Federal government at Fort Morgan after we had surrendered. I don't count him. I have been taking and reading the *VETERAN* for three years, and regret that I did not take every volume since its publication began.

At the recent meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., J. M. Hartsfield was elected Commander of the Camp by a single vote. He received forty-one votes and the other nominee, Maj. F. M. Burrows, forty.

Commander Hartsfield was born in Panola County, Miss., in 1845. He entered the army at the age of seventeen at Winchester, Va. His first battle was at Fredericksburg in December, 1862. He was wounded and six months later was forced to return to his home. He was a member of Company H, 17th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, A. N. V.

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER—VII., VIII.

BY SAMUEL HANKINS, SOLDIERS' HOME, GULFPORT, MISS.

We received orders to cook three days' rations, which signified that a move was on hand. However, we did not move. A similar order was given some days later; and as we still did not move, we began to fell those long pine trees and to split slats and boards for shanties against the bad weather. The timber was the best that could have been found for the purpose. Streets were laid off, and in less than four days we had a city of about three thousand males. Some flexible bush or vine was used in fastening the framework, as there were no nails in the army. All the time we were working I did all that I could in my bare feet.

A few days after completing our quarters a member of our company who was wounded and had been at home on furlough returned. He brought with him a full suit of good woolen clothing, also underwear and a pair of homemade shoes and socks that my dear mother had sent me. Everything except the shoes had been made by her own hands. It was indeed a happy surprise, as I was not expecting anything of the kind. During the war I never asked for anything from home. Having left without the consent of my parents, I wanted to show them what an independent, resolute son they had, and I did so completely.

Instead of moving on, as we expected, we remained where we stacked arms that night of the snow until the 1st of April following. The unused tree tops made excellent firewood, though the black smoke made every one look like he had just prepared himself to appear on the stage to sing "Shoo, Fly! Don't Bother Me."

Our rations during the entire stay consisted of only unsifted corn meal and very poor beef. Only on two occasions were we issued a day's ration of flour. Each sergeant would throw all the beef belonging to his mess into a large camp kettle and boil it down, leaving two or three inches of water, or gravy, as we called it. In this we dipped our unsifted corn bread; so the one who ate the most bread ate the most bran. There was not a sifter in the camp. This diet proved wholesome; we all fattened on it and had the very best health.

About the 1st of April we were ordered to join General Longstreet, near Suffolk, Va. This move was made by rail a portion of the way and the remainder overland. The enemy had been in possession of Suffolk for several months, and had felled every tree for at least a mile west of the city. They had built forts and had dug rifle pits that extended across the west side of the town. The timber cut was mostly scrub pine, and the entire area was a mass of tree stumps. We reached the western vicinity of Suffolk an hour or so before sunset and went into camp. I rushed back to meet our cooking utensil wagon to try to be the first to get the skillet allowed our company.

I had gone perhaps a mile when I noticed a man with a skillet on his head walking very fast toward me and occupying the middle of the road. When near enough, I noticed that he was the hardest-looking specimen I had ever met. His hair was long, his beard heavy and unkempt, his eyes badly crossed, and he had unusually long arms and legs. He also stammered badly in his speech, which I learned soon. He could have played the wild man to perfection at a side show. I stepped aside to give him the right of way, and as I did so I ventured to ask him to what regiment he belonged. He halted suddenly, half about faced, and, holding out at arm's length his skillet, or spider, as it was called by some, began:

"I—I belong to the fif-fif-fifth Nor-North Carolina. Now, ca-call m-m-me T-T-Tarheel, d— you, a-a-and I—I will k-knock you in t-the head with this spider." To have called him a Tarheel would have been the last act of my life, and the fright he had given me was next to my railroad fright on that bridge at Farnville. Soon I met our wagon, although I missed the skillet. The driver told me that one of the company had taken it before starting on the march that morning.

On returning I found that I had been selected on a detail of six men from each company for picket duty that night at nine o'clock to remain until nine the next night. We were issued one hundred rounds of ammunition each. Between eight and nine o'clock we moved to the edge of the cut timber, taking spades and shovels. Our scouts had captured their outside pickets, so we had nothing to do but creep through the underbrush to within rifle range of their pits, where we deployed into squads of three some twenty-five yards apart, each squad digging a pit about thirty inches deep, and wide and long enough to accommodate three men, the dirt being thrown in front.

At daylight firing began all along the line, and there was a regular bang! bang! the entire day. Several were killed by exposing themselves foolishly, one from our pit. At one time a very large eagle was soaring high about midway between the lines when firing began at the king of birds. Hundreds of shots were made before he was brought down between the lines, there to remain uncalled for by either side.

This picket duty was kept up nearly the entire month of April. When not raining, the service was not so bad, except for the uncomfortable feeling of being cramped up for twenty-four hours in succession. On two or three occasions the hard rains would nearly fill our pits with water. We would bail it out with our caps, though we had to sit with our feet in water most of the time. Why this movement I never knew, as there was never any effort made to capture the place.

We left Suffolk about the 1st of May on a quick march. The enemy had sent out a force in the direction of Black Water River. General Longstreet ordered our brigade to intercept them. We started about dark with orders not to speak above a whisper and not to shun the water. The country was low, flat, and sandy, and there were many ponds in the road deep and long through which we had to wade. We marched all night at quick step without a single halt with wet shoes filled with sand and skinned feet. We reached our old quarters and fortifications at Black Water about eight o'clock in the morning, ahead of the enemy. The distance traveled was said to be forty-five miles. The enemy made no attempt to cross the river.

The third day after our arrival Colonel Stone took a canvass of his regiment for a volunteer to sit on a horse all night about one-fourth of a mile in advance of the outside picket post. Such duty was not compulsory and had to be a voluntary act, for which I had a perfect fondness. On reaching our company the colonel wanted to know of our captain if he had a man who would volunteer to perform that duty. The captain's answer was that he didn't know whether he had a man that would do so or not, but he had a boy who would; so I was called and told what was wanted. I jumped at the proposition like a trout for a live minnow. The horse given me, a fine, spirited animal, belonged to our lieutenant.

About dark I was conducted to my post of duty on the main road that ran through the swamp on the opposite side

of the river from the camp. It was low and flat, covered with white sand. From my post I could see several hundred feet. There was no possible chance for the enemy to flank me, as on both sides there was a perfect jungle of vines, briars, and water. It was said that many wild animals, such as catamounts, wildcats, and a few panthers, inhabited the swamp; so there I was left, with my rifle across the pommel of my saddle, with instructions to fire at the approach of the enemy and fall back as fast as the horse could travel to the picket line, so as to give them time to be in readiness.

My horse soon became restless, tramping about, snorting, and pawing up the earth. The mosquitoes and gnats being bad, I soon found out that I was in for it. Several times during the night I could hear, or imagine so, the snarl of some ferocious animal or see the enemy approaching; while the little frogs were calling, "John Brown, John Brown," and the bullfrogs were saying, "He's drunk, he's drunk," all through one of the longest nights of my life. At sunrise I was relieved, fully satisfied with volunteering.

We remained at that point only a week or two, during which time occurred the saddest event of the war in the death of Stonewall Jackson. He was our favorite commander, and I had never until then entertained any doubt as to our final success, for in him we had implicit faith. Many tears were shed on that dark day.

OUR next move was up the Rappahannock River near Fredericksburg, where we were attached to General Heth's division, A. P. Hill's corps, and did picket duty along the banks of the river until General Lee began his move the latter part of June into the enemy's country. On this move we forded the Potomac River. It was rather wide, but only about waist deep at the time. The water, however, was swift. The river bed was very rough and slippery, so that wading was extremely difficult. Many got a ducking, to the great amusement of those who escaped. The artillery and wagons and those on horseback had to cross about a hundred yards below us. Some officer seated on his horse about midway the river was yelling at us to close up, when his horse stumbled and he went headforemost over the horse's head into the water. An uproar by the soldiers followed this catastrophe. Our own brigade was the second to cross. Looking back after reaching the opposite side, we saw the army, miles in length, winding its way through the mountains like a huge snake down into the river. It was a grand sight.

Our first night in camp in Maryland was in the vicinity of Hagerstown. I was on provost duty that night, which was to keep the soldiers out of town. We made only a few arrests. The reason we had so little trouble was that General Lee had issued very stringent orders about molesting private property and committing depredations, and his men well understood him.

Hagerstown was strongly Union in sentiment, so all along the streets could be heard female voices singing Northern war songs; but they had nothing that compared with "Dixie."

The next morning, while the army was passing through the town and before we were relieved from duty, General Lee appeared. The female population nearly went wild over him. All along the street through which he passed there was a perfect wringing of hands with these exclamations, "O what a grand man he is!" and "Don't you wish he was ours?"

That night we camped in Pennsylvania just over the line. As we marched along the next day we found most of the homes abandoned, the owners having fled to the mountains.

Some in their haste to depart had not even closed their doors, leaving everything exposed. Nothing was molested by our men. I did not see the smoke going up from a single dwelling or any other building fired by our men while in the enemy's country. The citizens expected it by way of retaliation. Our army took only food for man and beast and exchanged old army mules for their large, overgrown horses. This was a mistake, as one mule is worth a dozen horses for military service.

On the night of June 30 we bivouacked on the summit of a high mountain, during which a heavy rain fell, drenching us. The following morning we marched down from the mountain to the pike that led to Gettysburg and then on in that direction.

Between nine and ten o'clock on July 1 we halted at the foot of a hill and fronted, when our colonel (Stone) came down the line, stopping in front of each company and giving instructions. On reaching ours he remarked: "Men, clean out your guns, load, and be ready. We are going to have it!" Our first lieutenant, Whitley, had been under arrest a few days for disobeying some petty order and had kept along with the company at will. To him the colonel remarked: "Lieutenant Whitley, you can take command." "Thank you, Colonel," said Whitley, obeying. We then marched to the top of the hill.

Up to this time not a report of a gun of any kind had we heard that morning.

Other regiments filed to the left until Heth's Division was all in line except the 11th Mississippi, which was on detached duty. In front of the entire line there was a large opening descending into a small valley, and across this up a slope to the edge of a line of timber. The entire opening appeared to be covered with wheat ready for harvest. To our left we could see a long way down the valley, though to our right only a short distance could be seen on account of hills. Twenty or thirty paces in front of us Bradford's Mississippi Battery had unlimbered and been placed in line. Just as we came to a front I noticed one of the gunners directly in front of me lean backward (as did all the rest) and jerk the wire that fired the first shot as a signal for the opening of the greatest battle ever fought on the American Continent. I saw the shell when it exploded in the air over the enemy's line, which extended just in front of the skirt of timber as far as we could see both to the right and left. They were in the wheat, however, lying down, though plainly seen, while their officers rode up and down their lines. As soon as the shell from our gun exploded I noticed the smoke rise from one of their guns. Then came the report and shell which exploded over our heads, but did no damage.

In the meantime we had thrown out a skirmish line. J. B. Gambrell, now a noted Baptist divine in Texas, was then a gallant young lieutenant and a member of our regiment, and no braver man ever lived. He was given command of our skirmishers, who soon became engaged all along the line, while the artillery duel began. We moved forward while our line of skirmishers kept pressing back that of the enemy.

After we had advanced through the wheat, across the valley, and up the slope to within good shot of their line, they jumped to their feet and opened fire on us. We continued advancing and firing. They began to fall back until we had reached a shallow railroad cut, where they met with reinforcements. In this cut a hand-to-hand fight took place. Soon they gave way and were driven through the streets of

the town. Lieutenant General Reynolds, in command of the Federal forces, was killed in front of our regiment near the railroad.

I was wounded at the railroad cut. A Minie ball struck me on my instep and broke the bones of my foot, lodging against the heel leader. I am thankful that it was not in the heel. The wound was most painful. I was taken back a few yards to where I found four others of my company wounded about the same time that I was. They were Weems, Humphreys, Wilson, and Keays. Wilson died a few minutes later. Keays, being shot in the arm, was able to walk and passed on to the rear, leaving Weems, Humphreys, and myself. Our place of "safety" was very much exposed, as shot and shell were tearing up the earth all about us.

Now, I have given an exact statement as to the manner in which the opening of the battle actually occurred. Some historians ignore Heth's Division, which actually opened the battle. In looking over several school histories I find things which I know from personal knowledge are untrue. It seems impossible to get an impartial history of the War of the States. Gen. J. R. Davis's brigade of Mississippians (of Heth's Division), including the 55th North Carolina, to which I belonged, fought every day, while at least two-thirds of the army fought only on the second and third days.

When General Lee saw the cut-up and worn-out condition of our men on the third day in the field, he remarked that they should not be there.

My company entered the battle on the first day with forty-six men. On the night of the third day, after all was over, only two remained for duty. They were Rufus Jones and Berry Scott.

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE IN WASHINGTON.

[From the Meridian Dispatch.]

Mississippi was brilliantly in evidence at the opening exercises of the General Convention, U. D. C., at Continental Hall, Washington, on November 12. Mrs. Monroe McClurg, of Greenwood, responded to President Taft's address of welcome in a delightful and eloquent manner, and every daughter of the South felt proud of her. At the close of her remarks Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of West Point, the handsome State President of the Mississippi Division, presented Mrs. McClurg with an enormous bouquet of white chrysanthemums tied with red tulle. Her words of graciousness and beauty were well received. In part she said: "Virginia has been called the mother of Presidents and Mississippi the mother of great men; but to-night, after listening to this wonderful woman, surely you will agree that the Magnolia State is, indeed, the mother of great women." Later in her remarks she called the names of the great Mississippi statesmen, Jefferson Davis, L. Q. C. Lamar, J. Z. George, Edward Carey Walthall, A. J. McLaurin, Hernando De Soto, Money, and then she mentioned "that great leader of men, that master mind, Hon. John Sharp Williams." Great applause greeted Mrs. Rose's brilliant brief address.

An entertainment was given by the Mississippi Society of Washington at the Confederate Veterans' Hall. A beautiful program was arranged, and Mrs. Rose gave her masterpiece, "Arlington, Its Past and Present," being accorded an avalanche of congratulations at its close and presented with flowers by the society and the Mississippi delegation. Captain Beall, formerly of West Point, Miss., was chairman upon this happy occasion, and Senator Williams and Representative Humphries were present.

FATE OF JUDGE JAMES R. CHILCOAT.

James R. Chilcoat was a member of the 41st Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Morton with others, remaining in prison from February until September, when he was exchanged. He was then discharged from service on account of his age. Prison life aged Mr. Chilcoat very rapidly. He lived peacefully at home until April, 1864, at which time a regiment of Federal soldiers, Colonel Hawley in command, camped at Fayetteville, Mr. Chilcoat's home. Marching orders were brought to Colonel Hawley by Captain Brixy, who had a group of men tearing up the railroad track from Fayetteville. Sometime after the soldier left, Mrs. Chilcoat discovered that two negro boys had left home riding a favorite mare, with a fine yearling colt following. Mr. Chilcoat procured a horse and went after them. He overtook the Federal at Mulberry, where they had halted. He found the horses and claimed them. The men who had them said they would kill him if he took them. Mr. Chilcoat then went to Colonel Hawley and told him of the threats; but he disbelieved them, saying they were made merely to frighten Mr. Chilcoat from his purpose. The men swore to Mr. Hawley that the horses belonged to them. However, many of the soldiers had seen a young daughter of Mr. Chilcoat's ride the mare and recognized it. Mr. Chilcoat called the colt by name, and its actions clearly indicated that he had made a pet of it, teaching it many tricks. A Captain Gardiner said, "Mr. Chilcoat, I know they are your property, and I will see you through our picket lines," which he did.

Mr. Chilcoat no doubt feared that he would be followed, so he left the pike and went through the woods about two miles from Mulberry, where his body was found murdered, also the horses badly wounded. His family, though apprehensive of danger from his long absence, learned nothing of the murder until the next morning. A family that lived near the place heard the shots, but were afraid to investigate that night. Captain Gardiner went to Fayetteville immediately upon learning of Mr. Chilcoat's death. There was no evidence as to who had committed the crime, but they were supposed to be members of Brixy's gang.

Mr. Chilcoat was a true Southerner, and Colonel Hawley's men, some of whom boarded at his house, were very friendly to him. He was a genial, jolly man, friendly to everybody. He loved music and played a flute which he carried through his service and was permitted to use while in prison. Some of his old comrades have said: "Mr. Chilcoat kept us alive in prison with his flute. He often brought us to tears with 'Home, Sweet Home.'" For eight years he was Circuit Court Clerk and afterwards County Judge, known as Judge Chilcoat. He was murdered about the time John Massey and two other Southern soldiers were shot in Fayetteville.

[The Editor of the VETERAN was in the same barrack with Mr. Chilcoat at Camp Morton, and has remembered him these fifty years as a most charming entertainer: hence he gives place to the foregoing story.]

CONFEDERATES IN THEIR "NIGHT CLOTHES."—A subscriber writes: "In a communication in your issue of December, 1912, E. M. Hicks, in speaking about the daybreak charge on Fort Steadman by Gen. J. B. Gordon's men, says: 'We took some prisoners and killed and wounded a good many, some escaping in their night clothes.' Now, I want to ask Mr. Hicks what he means by 'in their night clothes.'" [While there is no signature, the vein of humor suggests Adjutant General Mickle. Does he mistake? The Federals might have had 'em.]

TEXAS CAVALRY EXPEDITION IN 1861-62.

PERILOUS AND EXHAUSTIVE EXPEDITION INTO NEW MEXICO.

BY GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.

[This article will constitute one of the chapters in General Young's new book, "Confederate Cavalry Laurels."]

Only three rivers escape from the American Desert: the Columbia, Colorado, and Rio Grande. The Rio Grande rises far up amidst the mountains of Colorado, close to the Montana line. It was named by the Spaniards Rio Grande, or Grande River, because of its great length. It was sometimes called Rio Bravo Del Norte, "Big River of the North." Fighting its way through mountain gorges, through canyons, and cutting channels deep down into rocky defiles, it forces a passage over nature's fiercest obstacles and drives its currents through New Mexico and Colorado for nine hundred miles, and then, turning southwardly, it commingles with the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. For nearly nine hundred miles it is the boundary between the republics of Mexico and the United States.

Moved by love of conquest or desire to spread the gospel, the Spaniards and Portuguese followed the meandering courses of the stream for hundreds of miles, overcoming the barriers which nature had placed in the pathway of those who sought to conquer the wild and inhospitable zones through which this great stream passed in its search for a home in the far-off sea. Navigable for only four hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, it held out no hope to those who might seek an easy way to its source. The great trail which led from the settlements on the Atlantic to the new-found land on the Pacific required the travelers to pass the Rio Grande near Santa Fe. There was no chance to start at El Paso and lead travel northward by the Rio Grande to the heart of New Mexico and then give it an outlet to the Pacific Ocean. The men who pushed from the East to the Golden Gate preferred to mark out a line from the Missouri River overland through Missouri, Kansas and Colorado, Indian Territory and New Mexico. A southern trail might have been shorter, but mountains intervened and nature forced the highway for wagon trains by Santa Fe from the east. The pioneer spirit was strongest in the Missouri valley, and the population on the Mississippi was content to let those farther north pursue the passage to the Pacific by the northern route. A thin line of settlements had been established along the trail; but no large population was willing then to endure the hardships which surrounded those who lived in those isolated regions, and the white man refused to pass southward by the Rio Grande or the Mexican border, for the country was so inhospitable that it held out no inducements to immigration, commerce, or settlement.

When the War of the States began to stir the hearts of the people of the Southland, after a brief delay Texas, that great empire with more than two hundred and sixty-six thousand square miles, though thinly populated, caught the patriotic spirit and cast herself heart and soul into the struggle of the Southland for liberty and independence.

In February, 1861, an ordinance of secession was passed, and nine years later Texas was readmitted into the Union. Gen. H. H. Sibley, a native of Louisiana, who had resigned from the United States army to enter the Southern service, left New Mexico, where he had been stationed, and visited Texas, and by his zeal and enthusiasm impressed the people of Texas with the belief that the conquest of New Mexico was both feasible and important up the Rio Grande to Santa Fe;

that it would cut in twain the land communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, and by reason of its strategic importance would prove of tremendous value to the Confederate States. The project was bold, daring, but ill considered, and in the end, while sustained by courage and heroism which certainly has no superior in the great story of Southern manhood, proved a most unfortunate and distressing failure. From El Paso, on the extreme western boundary of Texas, the Santa Fe by the route along the Rio Grande River was something like six hundred miles. The Santa Fe Railroad of later days has rendered this journey easy and pleasant; but in 1861-62 the route was a vast wilderness, producing not enough food to sustain the sparse number of people who had settled along this trail. Venomous reptiles hid themselves in the recesses of the sandy and rocky ways or laid in wait for victims amidst the numerous stones which marked every mile. The very shrubbery seemed to defy the advance of civilization, and the thorns and thistles which stood out on every trail appeared to enter fierce protests against habitation by man or beast.

In the earlier days of the war, before experience had come to make men deliberate and count the cost ere entering upon any great military enterprise, it was only necessary for some one to cry "Forward!" and chivalrous patriots were ready to follow wherever any leader might bid them go.

The 4th, 5th, and 7th Texas Mounted Regiments were mustered into the Confederate States service for three years, or during the war. This enlistment took place in October, 1861. James Riley commanded the 4th (later, at the head of his regiment, in Louisiana he met a soldier's death), Thomas Green the 5th, and William Steele the 7th Regiment. These brigades were under the command of Brig. Gen. H. H. Sibley. Later Thomas Green was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. These regiments reorganized and then became known as Green's Brigade. General Sibley, who died a glorious death at Jenkins Ferry in 1864, and Gen. William Steele, who later played so distinguished a part in the Trans-Mississippi Department, were officers of rank in this unfortunate campaign. When the true story of the war shall be recorded, it will be seen that no men who marched under the stars and bars did more to win the admiration and the applause of the Southland than those who composed this wonderful organization.

At this early period of the war arms were scarce. The fortunes of the war through capture had not then reached down into Texas, and these soldiers, armed with shotguns and hunting rifles, were prepared to render the best service that such an equipment could evolve. Memories came to these soldiers of the history and career of Mexican lancers. Many of them had mingled with the Mexicans and heard the stories of the charges of the Mexican lancers and of the execution which they made with their foes; and disregarding the suggestions of superiors, two companies of the 5th Regiment were induced to exchange their guns for the mediæval weapon—the Mexican lance.

The troops were enlisted and sworn in at San Antonio, and before beginning the most difficult part of their journey up the Rio Grande marched from Santa Fe to El Paso, six hundred miles, in broken detachments. At this point the government had accumulated a small supply of commissary stores. Between San Antonio and Santa Fe there was not a town or village which could have furnished from its own storage a full day's supply of rations for the command. The settlements were not only few in number but very far apart,

with small population and inimical to the Southern cause. It thus came about that the troops were compelled to carry their commissaries. These were very meager and were transported in wagons drawn by small Mexican mules. Meat was provided through beeves that were driven on foot. No forage of any kind was to be had other than the grass which grew upon the plains. As if to make the journey still more difficult, water was extremely scarce. On many parts of the journey both men and beasts were compelled to go as long as thirty-six hours before relieving their thirst. The men mitigated these conditions by economy with their canteens, but the beasts suffered the more from their burning thirst. There were not then living in the entire territory from El Paso to Santa Fe as many as three hundred sincere Southern sympathizers. The great majority of the population were poor, illiterate Mexicans who had a traditional hatred to all Texans. The secession of Texas from Mexico in 1835, the Santa Fe expedition in 1841, and the war between the United States and Mexico in 1846 had planted in the minds of these rude frontiersmen bitter memories of the United States and their flag. And they discriminated not between the stars and stripes and the stars and bars.

So almost without exception this brigade, when leaving El Paso and ascending the great river, found itself in a hostile country, a country so devoid of food that it was hardly able to maintain its own people from want, and which with great difficulty supplied them with the bare necessities of life.

To make this journey still more difficult for the Confederates, General Canby, then and later on showing himself to be a wise and sagacious officer, had already by force or by purchase secured for the support of Federal troops whatever the needs of these poor people could spare. Most of the great marches of the war made by cavalry were through countries that could at least supply food for a few hours for men and beast. None of them undertook to haul their commissary stores six hundred miles or to rely upon beef driven afoot.

The great passion of the brigade was to be led forward; they had gone to war to fight and were anxious to find somebody to engage in conflict. Practically no preparations had been made to arrange for the wants of the soldiers. No foresight provided stores where food might be garnered or wells dug from which one of the greatest essentials of marches might be supplied. The brigade on this expedition consisted of the 4th and 5th Regiments and part of the 7th, reinforced by five companies of Bailey's Regiment, Teel's Light Battery, and Copwoods's independent company, aggregating twenty-five hundred men. One-sixth of all the men were required for the protection of the train of supplies and herd of beeves, and therefore not to be relied upon in case of battle.

General Canby through couriers had full notice of the coming expedition and its purposes, and he quickly availed himself of the topographical as well as the physical condition of the country in preparing for the emergency. About a hundred and fifty miles north of El Paso on the river had been constructed a defense named Fort Craig. This fortification was situated on the west bank of the stream and within musket range of the only road leading from El Paso to Santa Fe. Here General Canby had concentrated over four thousand troops, regulars and volunteers, including infantry and cavalry, with abundant supplies. As the Confederates could travel only one road, the Federal general had only to sit down and await their coming, having ample time to obstruct the narrow path along which they must reach Santa Fe.

This march was undertaken in the midst of winter. To those who led and those who followed the expedition an hour's time was of tremendous importance, and neither want of preparation nor danger could deter them from pushing on to some point where they might meet a foe. Zeal and haste to fight was universal with the Southern soldiers in the earlier days of the struggle. Without any disparagement of their splendid courage under all conditions, it may be said that the experience greatly lessened the intensity of this feeling.

Beyond Santa Fe, in the northeast part of the territory, another fortification called Fort Union had been constructed and manned, and here again were established large depots of supplies. Troops had come down from Colorado, United States regulars had been hurried hither, and still farther from the west the patriotic voices had called for volunteers from California, and these were in haste *en route* to the scene of hostilities.

A march so ill considered and so inadequately provided for, with weather becoming cold, demanded most strenuous sacrifices from the men of Texas who were engaged in this hazardous work. The Confederates had no tents; their clothing was confined to that which they wore; there was no covering at night except their saddle blankets; and yet while the fierceness of the climate and the ill provided commissaries spread disease and death among these gallant Confederates, they were pushing forward with what would seem to thinking men very little hope and yet without fear. It was not long until disease began to reach out with its gaunt fingers and touch many of these chivalrous men. Pneumonia with its fatal grip was laying hold of the advancing heroes; and under such conditions pneumonia rarely allowed any of its victims to escape.

On the 18th of February, 1862, the command came in sight of Fort Craig. Surveys and reconnoissance soon convinced even the inexperienced that the capture of the fort by direct assault would be practically impossible; that it would be equally impossible to follow the road which the fort commanded; and to run such a gauntlet simply meant certain decimation, if not destruction of the entire command. A council of war determined that the wise thing was to turn the fort by crossing to the east bank of the Rio Grande and to march by it to the point called Valverde Green Valley, some nine miles above Fort Craig. To carry out this plan required a tremendous amount of fortitude. There was no roadway, and it was almost impassable for wagons. It had never been traveled and lay across deep and wide gulleys and over steep sand hills. Men and animals were beset by poisonous thorns which infested every bush, and tramping over stones rendered almost every resting place for their feet insecure. Yet they struggled, stumbled, and toiled over the arduous way that the exigencies of the hour forced them to pass. After laborious, depressing, and dangerous work, two days later, on the evening of the 20th, the command reached the point opposite Fort Craig, only seven miles from their starting place on the 10th. Here the weary troopers and wearier mules and the thirsty cattle were encamped for the night. The beasts had no water; the men only scant supply in their canteens. The conditions were enough to quail the hearts of any soldiers and to dampen the ardor of any patriots; but everybody realized that the very desperate conditions required supreme valor.

Long before the sun had come over the mountain tops to illuminate and brighten the valley with its cheering beams the

march was begun, so as to reach at the earliest moment possible the river at some point above Fort Craig and begin the advance again upon the traveled highway, which, while rough, was nothing in comparison to the two days' march along the inhospitable ground over which those brave soldiers had with uncomplaining fortitude forced their way during the past forty-eight hours.

The Federal commander did not sit still in the fort. Though partially advised of this movement on the part of the Confederates, he pushed his forces north along the road; and when the advance guard of the Confederates reached the river, their enemies were there to dispute its passage. To provide against loss of the cattle driven on foot, upon which they depended for meat, and for the protection of the train of commissaries, quite a large portion of the Confederate force was detailed. The very desperateness of the situation stirred the hearts of the Confederates with noblest courage. Only about two thousand fighting men were left. After details were made for the protection of the cattle and the train and these had been left behind at the camp from which they had marched out in the morning, they forced the battle. There was nothing for the Confederates to do but to win. The Federals were not averse to fighting, and so they crossed the river with thirty-eight hundred men, including a battery of six twelve-pounders and two twenty-pounders. A force sufficiently large to protect Fort Craig against the assault had been left within its walls.

Those two thousand Confederates, now hungry and thirsty, were to oppose in a position chosen by the Federal commander a force nearly twice as large as their own. With a fierceness born of difficulty and of courage quickened by the unpropitious surroundings, the conflict was short, sharp, and decisive. The Federals were driven back into the fort, with a considerable loss of officers and men, and their six-gun battery was captured by the Confederates. The casualties on the Confederate side in this battle of Valverde were less than those of the Federals, but included in the list were several of the most promising and prominent officers who at this time were sorely needed. Colonel Green, who commanded the 5th Regiment, owing to the illness of General Sibley, was in direct command. He was a skillful and experienced soldier, and was later to demonstrate such great genius as a commander that when he died at Blair's Landing in April, 1863, it was said of him by the Federal generals that the ablest man west of the Mississippi had been lost to the Southern cause.

While the battle had been won and the enemy driven back to the fort, it was not decisive. The Federals were safe in the fort, and the Confederates with their small number of fighting men were not sufficiently strong, nor did they have the necessary ammunition to carry the fort by assault. The little Confederate army was not in a condition to sit down and hesitate and argue or even to delay action, and a council of war determined that the wisest thing was to push on to Santa Fe in the hope of inducing the enemy at Fort Craig to follow along the trail, come out into the open, and risk the issue of another contest.

The desperate condition of the Confederates was apparent to any well-informed military man; and General Canby, with an army at Fort Craig twice as large as that of the Confederates and a still larger force at Fort Union, northeast from Santa Fe, all well supplied with food and ammunition, decided that he had only to abide his time and wait. He understood perfectly the character of the country, the antagonism

of the people to the Confederate cause, and the limited resources for providing maintenance for man or beast. He knew the exact number of the Confederate command. He understood that they would be unable to carry out the Confederate plan and closely calculated the difficulties which awaited these brave men, who, seemingly violating the laws of prudence and ignoring caution, were pressing forward without support, apparently indifferent to consequences.

In possession of Fort Craig, south of Santa Fe, and Fort Union, north of Santa Fe, both defending the well-known and traveled north and south road, which was the only passable exit from the territory, with troops which largely outnumbered his foes, half of whom were regulars and well equipped, exceeding Confederates four thousand in number, the Federal commander foresaw that the end could not be very far off, and that waiting was the wise and sagacious course to pursue. No one need tell him that the Confederates could have no hope for reinforcements. His spies had already assured him of the meager supplies and vast number of sick and the many graves along the road of the Confederate march. These told him that disease and hunger would be efficient allies, and that only a few weeks could possibly intervene before the Confederates would be compelled to abandon the territory and most probably be forced by want and starvation to surrender. With a force twice as large as their own behind them and another twice as large in front of them, with only one traveled route along which they could pass, and that totally inadequate for the supply of food for the invading Confederates, the condition of these brave men became desperate. Though the conditions were so discouraging, General Green and his subordinates advanced to Albuquerque and Santa Fe and took possession of the intermediate towns and villages.

On the 20th of March, about sixteen miles north of Santa Fe, a second battle occurred in Glorieta Canyon. Here the worn Confederates came in contact with Federal troops which had been sent forward from Fort Union. The Confederates held possession of the field of battle, but something worse than the loss of some men had occurred. Adequate provision had not been made for the protection of the rear of these gallant Confederates, and by an attack of the Federal forces their entire supplies had been captured; and while the Federal soldiers had been defeated and fell back to Fort Union and the Confederates to Santa Fe, dread hunger was now staring these brave invaders in the face. It was not fear of their enemies; but lack of food, more terrible than bullets, never fails to strike terror to the hearts of soldiers.

The situation had been thoroughly tried out; the Confederates had now been reduced to less than two thousand men. They were practically destitute of provisions and ammunition. One regiment had been dismounted; its horses were reduced not only in flesh but in number. So some walking and some riding, but all still brave, these Confederates now prepared to abandon the territory for which they had risked and suffered so much. In a few hours the retreat to El Paso was begun. Leaving strong forces at Forts Union and Craig to protect them from any possible force that the Confederates could bring to their assault, all available Union soldiers were rushed forward to contest the retreat of General Green and his men and to cut off every hope of escape. The only thing General Canby failed to fully comprehend was the supreme courage and valor of his foes, the intrepidity and skill of their leaders, the capacity of men and officers for fatigue, and their readiness if needs be to die rather than surrender as prisoners of war.

Officers and men all understood the gravity of the situation. They realized that safety lay not only in retreat but also in the thorough preservation of *esprit de corps*, and that to escape meant the coöperation and courage of every man who now composed the depleted command.

At Peralta, a small town on the Rio Grande below Albuquerque, the Confederates occupied the town; but before them in battle array were six thousand Federals well armed, and this was the numerical problem that faced the tired, half-clad, and brave men of the South. There was not the slightest disposition or intention of running away from conflict; so all day long the Confederates, with their ill-equipped force, calmly awaited the attack of the Federals. Again there was something that the men who were following the stars and bars feared more than the men in blue—starvation. This was now their most dreaded enemy; and this, accompanied by the weather conditions, made a combination that would strike terror to the hearts of any ordinary men.

Along the Rio Grande River the temperature rises during the day to a hundred and thirty degrees, and by midnight it has dropped to ninety degrees, alternating between summer heat and winter frosts. These climatic changes shatter even the rocks that so greatly abound in this dreary region, and, accompanied by the lack of warm and necessary clothing, depleted the energies of the Confederates, but at the same time stirred them to renewed activities.

There was only one feasible route open to the retreating invaders. This was down the Rio Grande, and across this single path was a Union army numbering more than three times those who essayed to escape. The Confederates forded from the east bank to the west side of the river, and for several days both forces, Union and Confederate, marched southward along the stream on opposite sides. Now and then they exchanged shots. General Green soon discovered that to avoid an engagement, which he was not prepared to risk, he must do something to escape from the presence of the enemy, so superior in numbers, food, and equipment. The thought of capture aroused not only his heart but the hearts of all his men to the heroic resolve to do and dare all that was possible to avoid the misfortune of a surrender.

From out of the conflict one thing had been brought, and these brave men were desirous of bearing this back to Texas, so that the great march should not be without one trophy; and like grim death they hung to the six-pound battery that they had captured at Valverde a short while before. They had hauled these cannons over the wilds which safety had forced them to traverse; they had pushed and pulled them to the crest of hills to find that they could only be lowered with ropes to the depths below; and each hour of suffering and companionship with the mute and inanimate guns seemed to add renewed purpose to save them, if their saving was to be compassed by human determination and indomitable will.

Councils of war were called, and it was resolved to leave the river and march inland over mountains and canyons and through forests that had never been trod by civilized steps. Neither Spaniards nor Portuguese, stirred by religion or love of gold or gain, had ventured to traverse the country through which General Green and his men now undertook to march. Half clad, nearly starved, footsore, with both nature and men rising up to oppose their escape, without water sometimes for two days, except the little saved in their canteens, they hazarded this perilous journey. Trees and vines and shrubbery with poisonous thorns stood in their pathway.

With axes and knives they hewed them down, and boldly and fearlessly plunged into the wilderness to escape their pursuing and alert foes. Over this rough and thorny road they traveled for nearly a hundred miles, and then, guided by the sun, moon, and stars, nature's pointers, they reached the river highway along which they traveled in the early winter and struck the Rio Grande some distance below Fort Craig. With exuberant joy they realized that they had left their comrades behind. Reports of their extremity had traveled ahead; and shortly after they came again to the river, friends anxious for their success had placed rations to greet them on the desolate line they had pursued to aid their country and its cause. The way was now open to return to El Paso, from which five months before they had set out with such high hopes and with such dazzling visions of fame and glory.

One-fourth of their number had died in battle or from wounds or sickness, and three-fourths of the survivors marched into San Antonio on foot. Eight months had passed since the expedition started. More than three men each day, from either wounds or on the battle field or through disease, had gone down to death, and along the march of twelve hundred miles each way, on an average of every four miles, beside this devious and suffering road was the grave of some comrade to tell of the ravages and sorrows of war.

Barring the battery which had been captured in the earlier periods of the expedition, the brigade came back empty-handed; but the men who composed it brought with them a spirit of courage, a quickened patriotism, a self-reliance, a steadiness of purpose, and a conception of war that was to make them one of the most distinguished and successful organizations of the world's greatest war, trained for future services and for succeeding triumphs and victories which would endear them not only to the hearts of the people of Texas but all the others who yearned for Southern independence.

After a few months of rest, remounted and recruited, this splendid command entered upon a new career of active service. Through the campaigns of 1863 and 1864 they were to make honorable records for themselves at Bisland, Fortoche, Berwick Bay, Lafourche, Fort Butler, Donaldsville, Boudreaux, Opelousas, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Blair's Landing, and Yellow Bayou. At Blair's Landing General Green met the fate of a chivalrous, patriotic commander; he died with his face to the foe. He and his command were second to none in all the highest and best elements of any cavalrymen who were enlisted on the Southern side. The sad, unfortunate experiences of the march into New Mexico proved a great education for those valiant and gallant soldiers. And while they may have been less fortunate than the cavalry commands east of the Mississippi in having chroniclers to applaud their heroism, yet in their splendid career they were never exceeded in the highest elements of soldiery by any of those whose fame as champions of the Southland and examples of its manhood has been heralded in every land where military exploits have found students, readers, or admirers.

EXERCISES IN HONOR OF GEN. R. E. LEE AT LEXINGTON, VA.
—On January 18 the Sons of Veterans of Lexington, Va., gave their annual dinner, in honor of General Lee's birthday, to the Veterans of Rockbridge County. One hundred Veterans and eighty Sons sat down to a feast of good things served by the Daughters of the Confederacy in ante-bellum Southern abundance, and the old soldiers once again went over the stirring tales of the sixties, to the interest and delight of the Sons.

FLAG OF THE SEVENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS.

BY F. A. ROZIERNE, 4316 43D AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

In the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, the 72d Regiment, Illinois Infantry (the Chicago First Board of Trade Regiment), of which I was a member, and the 50th Ohio Infantry held the position at and immediately west of Columbia Pike, south of Franklin, near the Carter house and in front of a locust grove. These two regiments had hastily thrown up double lines of defense works, and some five different Confederate brigades charged, in turn, on the works. These assaults continued into a late hour of the night, but were persistently repulsed. In one of these charges about one hundred and seventy men and officers of General Sears's brigade (whose names and names of regiments I have), of Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps, were in a hand-to-hand fight at our trenches and inside our works when our national flag was dropped on the ground between the trenches. Obscured by darkness and smoke in the conflict, our men were unable to recover it, although forcing the Confederates back over the lost ground. In this repulse our State flag and some seventy men were captured.

Sharp's Brigade, composed of the 7th, 9th, 10th, 41st, and 44th Mississippi Infantry (Ed Johnson's Division, Lee's Corps), was engaged in these charges. The late Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, commanding this brigade, in a letter to Judge J. P. Young, of Memphis, tells of this battle, and among other trophies captured by his brigade he describes one as follows: "It was a magnificent silk flag with a golden shield on the staff, and on the flag itself the inscription: 'Presented to [the title of the regiment being obliterated] Volunteers by the Chicago Board of Trade.'" Omitting the title of the regiment, which through hard usage was either torn out or obliterated, this description fully identifies our State flag that was lost with the men on the outer line of our works. Here ends our present knowledge of our regimental colors.

Surgeon W. G. McKinzie, of the 24th South Carolina Infantry, was placed in charge of a detail from that regiment to inter the remains of the dead the following morning, and it seems to me most probable that those men would have discovered the national flag dropped between the works.

Gen. E. T. Sykes informs me that the Confederate army regulations required that all captured flags and standards be turned over to superior officers in command, and by them to the War Department at Richmond. Thus far I have been unable to find any further record or trace of the flag either under identification of the 72d Illinois Infantry or the Chicago Board of Trade Regiment. My inquiries of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, the Historical Commission of South Carolina, Gen. Dunbar Rowland, of Mississippi, John S. Reynolds, Augusta, S. C., Gen. E. Carlton, Decatur, Miss., Confederate Home at Beauvoir, Miss., New Orleans Picayune, Memphis Commercial-Appeal, Gen. John A. Webb, of Mississippi, Judge J. P. Young, Memphis, Rev. Sears (son of General Sears), G. L. Cowan and Colonel Carter, of Franklin, Tenn., and many other persons in the South, also of the War Department at Washington, the Military Academy at West Point, and the Adjutant General of this State have thus far failed to gain any tangible information.

My theory now is that, inasmuch as there appears to be no official record of it, this flag must have fallen into the hands of some individual member of the troops engaged in this strife who retains it as a souvenir of that terrible conflict. But how to find it is the question.

Recent discovery among the effects of the late General Hardee of the flag of the 30th Illinois Infantry, lost before Atlanta on July 22, 1864, and which is now in this city to be delivered to the survivors of that regiment, inspires the hope that we may some day be similarly favored.

On the supposition that our colors had not passed through the regular channel to the war departments or memorial collections, I sent out circular letters to one hundred and eighty-four Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Tennessee and Mississippi, resulting in no more tangible information than that Mrs. Sharp, the widow of the late Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, in a letter to Miss Mary B. Harrison (April 22, 1912) stated that the flag referred to in this circular letter had been sent to Richmond. Also Mr. T. H. Sharp, son of the General, in his letter to Mrs. C. E. Wright (May 2, 1912) says that he remembers his father's speaking of this flag, and that it had been sent to Richmond. Still the incident of finding the lost battle flag of the 30th Illinois (October, 1911) among the forgotten effects of General Hardee leads to the thought that possibly our flag never reached Richmond, where it is said that no record or trace of it exists. However, I purpose to make a personal search at Richmond, at Washington, and at the Military Academy at West Point, where is stored a mass of unidentified flags and trophies.

In my communications on this matter I have invariably met with the most hearty cordiality and prompt attention from the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Veterans, and historical institutions, always ready to aid and suggest in my efforts to find our lost but ever-treasured flag. I most sincerely appreciate their kindly interest. Any information or suggestion that you can grant me will be most gratefully appreciated by myself and the one hundred and fifty survivors of the 72 Illinois Infantry, who long to see our regimental colors once more.

[It would be not only a gracious but an eminently just thing for those who may know how to investigate to help find this flag. Remember the Golden Rule.]

THIRTIETH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

A. P. Adamson, of Rex, Ga., is the author of a brief history of the 30th Georgia Regiment, written in answer to a request of his comrades that he put on record the history of the part they took in the great War of the States. The opening pages of the book give a brief and simple epitome of the causes of the war. Then come a sketch of the organization of the 30th Georgia and a brief account of the stirring details of its war record. Following this is a short history of each company and a complete roll of each, together with sketches of officers and of a number of members.

The concluding chapters of the book relate to the hardships endured by Confederate prisoners of war, discussed from the author's personal knowledge, and to the trials of Southern people in Reconstruction days.

The book is published by the Mills Printing Company, Rex, Ga. Price, \$1.

Three of Mr. Adamson's sons are engaged in newspaper work in New York. One of them, Robert Lee, at one time on the Atlanta Constitution, left a later position on the New York World to become secretary to Mayor Gaynor. Two other sons, Tilden and Walter, both served in the war with Spain, and are now well-known newspaper men—one city editor of the Brooklyn Eagle and the other a reporter on a New York daily.

HOW A BOY WON HIS SPURS AT ANTIETAM.

FROM SKETCH BY MRS. B. A. C. EMERSON, DENVER, COLO.

Early in the morning of the battle of Antietam Colonel Ransom's brigade of North Carolina regiments was sent to the aid of Stonewall Jackson's hard-pressed lines. In this brigade, in the 35th North Carolina, was William S. Hood, the boy who won his spurs on that day. The incidents are detailed by Capt. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of the 35th:

"During a lull in the battle General Jackson, with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, visited our lines, which were in the famous 'West Woods.' General Jackson had on an old worn uniform, his slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he was riding Little Sorrel. He rode up to where Colonel Ransom was standing and said he wanted him to take a battery that was in sight. Colonel Ransom replied that he would try if ordered, but was afraid he would fail. Jackson replied that he had just witnessed his charge upon that battery, and he thought that if he would try again he could take it. Colonel Ransom said he had tried it, and when he got on top of the hill he saw what he thought was the greater part of McClellan's army behind it. Jackson asked: 'Have you a good climber in your command?' Colonel Ransom called for volunteers, and Private William S. Hood, of Company H, jumped up and said he could climb. Jackson picked out a tall hickory tree and told him to go up it. Hood pulled off his shoes in a jiffy and went up like a squirrel.

"When Hood was near the top, Jackson, sitting on his horse under the tree, asked him: 'How many troops are over there?' Hood, uttering an exclamation of amazement, replied: 'Oceans of them.' Jackson sternly said: 'Count the flags, sir!' Hood began, 'One, two, three, four,' etc., General Jackson repeating after him the numbers until he had counted thirty-nine, when Jackson said: 'That will do; come down.' All this time the enemy's sharpshooters were firing at Hood."

When this sketch appeared in the newspapers before its publication in the State's history (North Carolina regiments), it brought a communication from Capt. D. G. Maxwell, Company H, 35th North Carolina, of Charlotte, which is so creditable to the gallant boy, Private William S. Hood, that it is incorporated as part of the record of this regiment. It states:

"In regard to the battle of Sharpsburg there are several additional incidents I shall relate. When going into action that morning, Colonel Ransom himself carried the regimental colors, but was not wounded. His command captured the battery which they had charged, but were afterwards forced to fall back and take their original position at the foot of a hill in the woods. Just here a Yankee officer mounted on a bobtail horse rode up to the abandoned battery, apparently to view our position, when I suppose one hundred guns were fired at him. He sat unconcernedly on his horse, when Colonel Ransom cried out: 'Cease firing; don't shoot that brave man.' The Yankee officer withdrew as deliberately as he came.

"Shortly thereafter, the firing having ceased in our immediate front, and before Private Hood had volunteered to climb the tree for General Jackson, Colonel Ransom came and ordered me to detail the best man in my company to go forward and ascertain the position and movements of the enemy. Immediately young Hood sprang to his feet (we were all lying down) and asked permission to go; and as he struck a 'turkey trot' across the field with his gun at a trail, I could see a smile of admiration on the face of the old Roman as he asked the name of the boy soldier and commanded me to lie down and report to him on Hood's return.

"Hood was gone for at least an hour, which was a long time under the circumstances, so long that both Colonel Ransom and I were uneasy as to his fate. Finally he returned and gave such a satisfactory account of all he had seen that Colonel Ransom complimented him and ordered him to return to his company. Hood told me that on the field among the dead and wounded he found a Federal officer badly wounded and crying for water. He gave the officer his canteen. The wounded man offered to give Hood his gold watch and chain and all the money he had to carry him within our lines for treatment. Hood told him that it was an impossibility; but when he encountered the Yankee pickets he informed them of this officer's condition and proposed to conduct them to the place where he was lying, which proposition was readily accepted. The officer was placed upon a stretcher and carried within the Federal lines. Hood could easily have been captured; but his magnanimity to this wounded officer gained for him the admiration of the Federal pickets, who treated him kindly, gave him coffee, and allowed him to return.

"A short time after Hood's return General Jackson made his request for a man to climb the tree. Hood again volunteered, as Colonel Burgwyn states, except that he did not 'take off his shoes in a jiffy,' from the fact that he had no shoes on his feet, they being so sore that he could not wear any. He was not only barefooted but ragged and dirty. His condition, however, was not an exception.

"After our retreat across the Potomac, Gen. Robert Ransom left an order with me for Private Hood to report to him. Soon thereafter we resumed our march toward Martinsburg, Va. I saw nothing more of Hood until late in the afternoon, when General Ransom passed our regiment in a gallop, Hood following him on one of the General's horses, with spurs on his bare feet. He lifted his old cap and saluted as he passed. He remained with Gen. Robert Ransom as courier until Col. Matt Ransom was promoted to brigadier general. General Matt then took Hood on his staff of couriers.

"William S. Hood was only sixteen years old when he enlisted. He was a handsome boy with black eyes, long black hair, and fair skin—indeed, a noble type of a Southern lad. He wrote a beautiful hand, and was often detailed to assist in making out reports, pay rolls, etc. He was a son of A. I. Hood, of Mecklenburg County."

In the assault on Fort Steadman on March 25, 1865, Gen. Matt Ransom commanded his own and Wallace's South Carolina Brigade. In his report of this brilliant but disastrous attack General Lee said: "The two brigades commanded by General Ransom behaved most handsomely." The 35th lost largely in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Here Hood was killed. General Ransom clothed the body of the brave boy in a general's uniform and laid it tenderly in a grave far from the home of his childhood, in old Mecklenburg County.

DID NOT CROSS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—Peter Pelham, of Poulan, Ga., corrects an error: "In the article you published for me in the January (1913) VETERAN an error occurs, and some of the dear old boys are writing to me about it. The article says, 'We hurried on across the Mississippi.' The facts are, we hurried on to cross the Mississippi and join Gen. Kirby Smith, but when we heard that General Smith had surrendered we turned our horses toward our homes in Alabama and disbanded in small squads. I think Jack Clark, A. F. Hardy, and others were with me as far as Jacksonville, Ala. I do not remember where Lieutenant Reynolds left us."

SKINNING A HOG WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

BY A PRIVATE IN THE 1ST ALABAMA CAVALRY.

I was a private in Company E of the 1st Alabama Cavalry under Joe Wheeler, and the incidents herein related occurred during the siege of Knoxville by General Longstreet. These incidents do not reflect any credit on me as a soldier; for if there was any man in the army that a good soldier disliked, it was one who was a habitual straggler, and these occurrences happened during a protracted trip by myself and a comrade.

Our regiment was sent out on a scouting expedition down the river on the north side; and when about opposite Loudon, Tenn. (on the south side of the river), I was sent across the river with a message to the officer in command of our brigade wagon train, which was located a short distance from Loudon. I crossed the river about dusk on a pontoon bridge, found the officer in command, delivered the message, and started back. Upon reaching the river I found that they were removing the bridge and I could not cross, so I went back to spend the night with the teamsters of the train. Quite a number of sick and dismantled men were in the camp, including a special friend, "Bill" (with a crippled horse), who had been left with the train.

There was excitement among the teamsters because of a rumor that the enemy was approaching Loudon from the south to capture the wagon train. Bill and I went out from the camp a short distance, built a fire, and sat down to discuss ways and means of crossing the river on the morrow and reaching our command. We finally rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep. To our disappointment, when we awoke the next morning there was not a wagon in sight. It seemed that they had quietly slipped out during the night without disturbing us. Consequently we were confused. All we could learn was that the enemy was advancing on both sides of the river. We did not think it good generalship to attempt to hold the town under the circumstances, for Bill and I were the only Confederate soldiers that we knew of in that vicinity. With Bill's crippled horse and without a gun we quietly started to overtake the wagon train, if possible. It had taken Jackson's old army route, which led through a mountainous and sparsely settled country. However, as Bill's horse was not fit to ride, we took it time about on my horse, so we made slow headway.

About sundown we learned that the train was several hours ahead of us and traveling with speed. We began to look for a place where we could get something to eat, as we had been without food all day and were tired. We found an old citizen who invited us into his house, gave us a good supper and a nice bed (the first we had seen for months), and fed our horses. We feared that it would not be safe to remain overnight, as there were bushwhackers and horse thieves in that locality. The old man assured us, however, that we would be perfectly safe. So we put our saddles in our room and tied our horses to an apple tree in the yard near our window, intending to keep watch; but being very tired, both of us went to sleep and did not awake until about sunrise the next morning to find that we were two horses short. We always thought that our clever (?) old landlord had a hand in the job.

Following the horses' tracks some distance across the field, we found Bill's old crippled horse grazing. My horse was a good one, but I never saw him afterwards. We decided to move on, so we fastened both of our saddles on the crippled horse, put him in the road ahead of us, and went in the wake of the wagon train, keeping a sharp lookout for horses.

Although the trip lasted some ten days, we failed to find a mount worth stealing. Nothing notable occurred for several

days, until late one evening we saw a log cabin near the road. Bill, as usual, suggested that I go and solicit grub, as we had no money and were very hungry. I went to the gate and hailed. A middle-aged lady came out in the yard, followed by a bunch of children ranging from little tots up to perhaps fifteen years, all neatly dressed in homespun. I stated that we had been cut off from our command and had been on a long tramp trying to overtake them; that our feet were blistered from walking; that we had no money and were hungry. I asked her to give us some bread. Without answering my question, she leaned forward and, looking me straight in the face, said: "Do you-uns belong to Mr. Bragg's company?" I told her that we did. "Do you know Mike Mulligan? He belongs to Mr. Bragg's company." I told her that I knew Mike well and that he and I were great friends. She opened the gate and told me to call my friend and "come right in." I deplore now that I so lied to that old lady about her husband.

When we were seated on the porch she began asking about Mike. She said that when she last heard from him he was in the hospital very sick. Did he ever get the jeans coat that she spun and made, and a lot of yarn socks, all of which she had sent to him by Bill Spraggins, a neighbor who had been at home on a furlough? I told her that I had seen Mike only a few days before, that he was well, that he had received all the articles she had sent him, and that Mike was looking fine. In the meantime she put some little fellows to chasing a bunch of yellow-legged chickens in the yard; and, of course, we began to feel good at the prospect of fried chicken for supper—provided the old lady didn't overtake me in a lie. I steered clear of the truth and had a lie ready for every question she put to me about Mike. She finally went to prepare supper for us and apologized for having nothing "real nice" to offer us, as nothing was too good for a friend of Mike's. When we went in to supper, we were greeted with a high stack of fried chicken, old-fashioned corn bread, buttermilk, honey, etc.

After supper the conversation was principally in regard to the war, concerning which the old lady asked a lot of questions—how long did we think it would last? what would be the result? etc. She finally said she wanted to ask a special favor; that she could not write, neither could Mike; that she had to depend on a neighbor to write for her, and would I please write to Mike and tell him all about our visit to his house, how glad she was to hear such good news from him, and for him to get a furlough and come home. Also tell him that Bill Spraggins's baby had been very sick, and old lady Spraggins's oldest son, Jim, had been conscripted and carried off to the war, and a lot of other neighborhood happenings. I told the good old lady that I would take pleasure in complying with her request at the earliest opportunity. But it never happened to be convenient for me to write to Mike. All this time Bill had very little to say, but when we went to our room to retire he abused me for lying. We had a good night's sleep and were up early.

After partaking of a substantial breakfast, we thanked Mrs. Mulligan for her kind hospitality and bade good-by. After a special request, should we ever pass that way again, to be sure and call, we started on feeling much refreshed. This straggling had become monotonous. We were still following in the wake of the train, but we seemed to be getting farther behind all the time. We could not learn where they were going. We kept on hoping that something would happen in our favor. The country was more mountainous and very sparsely settled. This, I think, was in Cherokee County, N. C.

About two days after we left Mrs. Mulligan's we came, late in the evening, in sight of a house off from the road. I tried again a plea for grub. I left Bill with his old horse in the road and went to the house and hailed. A portly old lady came out in the yard, followed by three grown red-headed girls, barefooted and ugly. They were about as rough a set of females as I ever saw, and I wanted to retreat at once, but was afraid Bill would laugh at me. So lifting my hat to the crowd, I began my grub speech. But the old lady stopped me and said: "Are you a Southern soldier?" Not knowing what her political views were, I made the mistake of telling her that I was. "Well," she said, "your sort can't get anything here, so you can just move on." I then asked her to please tell me how far it was to the next house, and she guessed it was about ten miles. I asked her if she would give me a chunk of fire, as I did not suppose that they had ever seen a sulphur match. She turned to one of the girls and told her to "go and get that fellow some fire and let him go." I thanked her for the fire, bade them good-by, and started away when the old lady called to me and said: "See here, young man! I have some fat shoats in an old field that the road runs through, about half a mile from here, and I want you to let them alone." I told her that I would not bother her hogs.

I went back to where I left Bill, thinking all the time of the fat shoats in the old field. Bill asked me what luck I had. I told him that I had not met with as kind a reception as I did at Mrs. Mulligan's, and that the old lady did not hand out any grub, but told me where she had some fat shoats and gave me some fire. As we had a good rifle, I thought we could make out, so we went on down the road. When we came to the old field, sure enough there was a bunch of shoats, just as the old lady had said, and it did not take long to dispatch one of them by putting a bullet between its eyes. We dragged it to a branch that ran through the old field, took out its entrails and threw them into the branch, and were making preparations to move on when we heard a clatter of hoofs coming down the road which we first thought was a platoon of cavalry, but which proved to be that bunch of red-headed women armed with pitchforks and weeding hoes. It seemed that they had heard the report of the gun and guessed what the game was. We didn't have time to make any preparations for defense, so I grabbed the hog and dived into a dense thicket near by, leaving Bill to look out for himself and the old horse. When I thought I was at a safe distance, I stopped and listened to hear from Bill, who was frailing the old horse, trying to get him to move on. They were rather slow, and both fell into the hands of the enemy. I was sorry for Bill and told him that he should have left the old horse and got out of the way as I had done, but he reminded me that all we had was tied on the old horse and he couldn't afford to leave him. Well, they did not hurt Bill nor carry him away as a prisoner, but the language they used in bemoaning him wouldn't be fit for the Sunday school. They fished out the parts that we had thrown into the branch, gathered them up in their skirts, and, firing a parting salute of "cuss" words at Bill, moved back up the road.

When I got out of the thicket and found Bill, we congratulated ourselves on getting off as light as we did. By this time it was dark. In the stampede we had lost our barlow knife (the only thing of the kind we had), the fire had died out from the chunk, and I had also lost the gun and hog. We finally found the gun and hog, however, but not the knife. We put the hog on the old horse and moved on up the road.

The night was very dark and we were about fagged out. We moved on for several hours, trying to devise some plan to use that hog, as we were extremely hungry. We saw a light in the distance where the woods had been on fire, and an old pine log was burning. We got some fire, went some distance from the road, and built a fire in a hollow so that no one in passing the road could see the light. I remembered that Bill had a small pair of scissors in his pocket. I asked him what about his little scissors, and he fumbled through his pockets and found them. We broke the blades apart, sharpened them as best we could on a rock, and skinned the hog, which was a tedious job. Finally we got his hide off and tore out his ribs, broiled them over the fire, and made a hearty meal of them without bread or salt, after which we rolled up in our blankets and dreamed of the red-headed women with pitchforks.

During the small hours of the night we were disturbed by the approach of horses. Soon we were under the eyes of four mounted men armed with carbines, sabers, and pistols. Our first thought was that we would be dispatched in short order for killing that old lady's hog. They did not molest us, but made us build a fire by which they dismounted, ate some grub, remounted, and rode away. They evidently were horse thieves; but as our horse was very lame, they didn't want him.

We were off early the next morning, carrying the remainder of our hog; and after striking a more civilized country, we had a part of the hog cooked and gave the other part for bread and went on our way. We sold one of our saddles for forty dollars, after which we fared very well. Finally we overtook the train somewhere in Georgia, and in the course of time succeeded in getting a mount each and finding our regiment south of Knoxville on the French Broad River.

The foregoing is written from memory after a lapse of nearly fifty years.

INJUSTICE TO THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

BY A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

Comrade George C. Brewer, of Montgomery, Ala., reiterates his complaints expressed in a former article in the *VETERAN*, reasserting that great injustice had been done to the Confederate army of the West by disparaging and minimizing its service and deeds as in comparison with the army in Virginia. As this is the third article published in the *VETERAN* along the same lines, a word on the other side, if there be any other side, may be consistent.

Comrade Brewer in his former article demurs to the proceedings at Macon, Ga., claiming that the Western army was ignored so completely that no one could have learned from the speakers that there was such a thing in existence as the Army of Tennessee. I was not present at the Macon Reunion; but I have attended five other Reunions, and I never observed anything of the kind. At Nashville during the great Exposition the principal speakers, as I recall, were Bob Taylor and General Bates. I was present at the second great Reunion at Richmond, Va., where the bulk of the attendance was from the Virginia army. The speakers of the principal day were Gen. Stephen D. Lee, our Commander in Chief; Gen. Bennett Young, our present Commander; and James H. Berry, that "grand old war horse," as we of Arkansas delight to call him. (And, by the way, in the family with whom I was staying the ladies expressed the opinion that Senator Berry's speech was the best of the occasion.) These were all Western men, not to speak of the great oration de-

livered at the dedication of the Jefferson Davis monument by Carmack, of Tennessee. I was not present at the last great Reunion at New Orleans; but the principal oration of that occasion was by Judge John H. Rogers, of Arkansas, a soldier in the Western army, and it was, in my opinion, the greatest speech ever delivered upon that theme. At Little Rock a large majority of attendants were from the Western army, and this army was much in evidence during the proceedings.

I am sure that Comrade Brewer did not intend it, but the sentiment of his two articles does to some extent reflect upon the impartial conduct of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as a medium of communication between all soldiers. I am sure he will agree with me that Editor Cunningham has made for us a great magazine, conducted upon the highest plane of justice and equity, and who was himself a soldier in the Western army. No one can read his modest but graphic description of his own experience in the great battle of Franklin without a thrill of sympathy and admiration.

In reference to the VETERAN, I venture to make the assertion, having been a close reader of it for twenty years, that a large majority of the correspondents have been from the Western army and wrote of its operations and achievements. Does all this imply discrimination against the Army of Northern Virginia or any disparagement of its deeds? Certainly not. It results from the fact that the magazine is located in the Middle West, in the very center of the operation of the Army of Tennessee. It is natural that the people adjacent should regard it as more of a home institution than is possible for the more distant States and contribute to it more liberally.

In conclusion, will my dear Comrade Brewer allow me to suggest that the drawing of invidious comparisons between the two great armies of the South and their leaders does not tend to promote that spirit of harmony and fraternity which has been the crowning glory of our Confederate organization? The greatest consolation that a Confederate soldier can have in looking back over the scenes of the great conflict is not as to where he fought or under whom, but that he did his duty under whatever circumstances he was placed.

BROWN'S BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY T. I. CORN, COMPANY K, 32D TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

We received battle orders at Lafayette, Ga., and on Friday night, September 18, we camped on the east bank of the Chickamauga River. About daylight Saturday morning, just after we had waded the river and gotten on the west bank, the enemy discovered our position and opened fire on us, throwing us into some confusion before our line could be formed. As soon as we had recovered, a right flank movement was ordered, and our column was marched in a north-west direction, with General Stewart and General Brown.

When we had gone about a hundred and fifty yards, we were halted. Captain Carns came from the front and reported that all his men were killed and his guns captured. General Stewart then ordered General Brown to retake the guns, and we began a rapid advance. The ground was open, but the enemy was in the woods. The battle was now on in dead earnest, and it was like a cyclone of fire. Our advance was steady, but the enemy made a stubborn defense. However, when we got in close range, our fire was too much for them, and all that did not run were either killed or wounded. The dead and dying of both sides covered the ground.

In this action General Brown was unhorsed by grapeshot. We lost many artillery horses in this fight. I saw thirteen dead in one pile. The Confederates set the woods on fire while the battle was on, which, with the shouts of the men, the boom of the cannon, and the roar of the small arms, was an event never to be forgotten.

Brown's Brigade was made up of the 3d, 18th, 32d, 45th, and 26th Tennessee Regiments.

On the Saturday preceding the memorable Sunday of September 20, 1863, just at sundown, Brown's Brigade was moved up close to the enemy's lines and the men ordered to lie on their arms. By midnight the temperature had fallen low enough to bring a light frost; and some of the men, getting very chilly, stirred up some smoldering logs. The flames flashed out suddenly and showed the enemy our position and brought on us an alarming fire of artillery and small arms, knocking the limbs from the trees about us and causing no little excitement. General Brown rushed to the front and gave us a reprimand severe enough to settle the matter of having a fire for the rest of the night.

We held to our arms through the hours that followed, expecting an attack at any minute. The enemy were very near. We could hear them at work building breastworks of the fallen trees and brush, and it did not give us a very comfortable feeling as to the troubles we would have to contend with on the morrow.

We were ordered to assault the enemy about sunrise. Just as we began the advance our provisions for the day came and were unloaded on the ground right behind us. We had time for only a look and had nothing to eat that day. I mention this only to show something of what war is. We had barely gotten out of sight of our rations when we were in deadly conflict with the enemy. Our men advanced rapidly, and were soon close in front of a battery which was sowing grape and shrapnel among us like a farmer sows his wheat. When we had gotten so close to the guns that I was sure we would have them in a few seconds, the solid earth seemed suddenly to sink from under our feet, and I was hurled violently to the ground. A shell had exploded immediately in our front, killing and wounding a number of our men. I was knocked senseless, and when I came to myself I was lying in a ghastly heap of dead and wounded. As my mind became clear, I realized that I had lost my bearings and that my regiment was nowhere in sight. My senses told me that I had better leave, and I did not go in the direction of the firing, either.

I found my command some distance to the rear and joined the brigade as it moved to the right and formed in front of the enemy's center, their lines being somewhat in the shape of a horseshoe. We struck this center with a vim that cut the lines in two and threw about four thousand prisoners into our hands. The enemy fell back from the center all the way to their extreme right. This was about noon, and from that time on the battle raged with great fierceness until the rout came.

My regiment, the 32d Tennessee, was ordered forward to support a battery that was in an open field about two hundred yards in front of the enemy's lines. We were formed just behind the guns and were ordered to lie down in a cornfield; and as the corn was too small to hide us, as many as could lay in between the ridges.

The artillery duel between the two forces was fearful, and no less terrible was the continuous roll of small arms. The

enemy had taken fence rails and had made a long line of breastworks, and both infantry and artillery were fighting from behind this defense. Finally we dismounted several of their guns and set the rails on fire. Our troops on the right made a direct move, and the enemy's rout was soon complete. In all that awful war I never saw such hasty and headlong flight from a battle field as this. By sunset the battle was over.

A FEDERAL'S EXPERIENCE AT MANASSAS.

Capt. Henry A. Castle, of St. Paul, Minn., has written a remarkable story of the late J. O. Milne, of Minnesota, on the battle field of Manassas. A party had gone there after dedicating a fine monument to the 1st Minnesota Regiment for gallantry in that battle. The coincidence is worthy of note that the finest monument on the Chickamauga field is to the 2d Minnesota Regiment.

Captain Castle's well-written paper occupies several columns in a daily paper. He describes the journey of four men to Manassas, one of whom was Major Milne, who had lain forty-eight hours on the battle field with three wounds and left for dead. When the time came for his burial, one of the men engaged in burying the dead and sending the living to the hospital said that the young soldier opened his eyes a little while before; and although his removal seemed useless, Colonel Henry, whose aged mother had been killed at her home, the Henry house, being in charge of the party, took his saddle blanket and had the nearly dead boy put on it and sent to the hospital. Later he was taken to Richmond, and after a long suspense between life and death was released and sent to his home, where a funeral service had been arranged but was not held because of a letter the night previous saying he was not dead, as had been reported, and because his mother had such a presentiment.

While being carried to the hospital, a Union woman who was in Virginia gave him a bottle of wine, which was greatly beneficial. Years afterwards he met that lady by accident in Chicago, and she recognized him and told him of the wine.

On the way to the battle field Major Milne told the story of how some man took his saddle blanket and used it to convey him to the hospital, and of other things in connection with the event; and when the party was with Judge Henry, he told about it, verifying Major Milne's account, in the following vivid language: "Tuesday afternoon I passed back and forth over the whole area for which I was responsible to see that no one had been neglected, and again came across the little Yankee lying under this tree. I called the men and said: 'Why don't you bury this man?' One of them said: 'He is not dead yet; he opened his eyes only a little while ago.' 'Then,' I said, 'why don't you haul him off?' They said: 'He would not live to get to Manassas, and we thought he would die and then we would bury him.' I told them that that was a cold-blooded idea, and that they must put him in the wagon and haul him away. They said he was wounded in three or four places, and they did not dare even to lift him up. I saw that if they had a blanket they could carry him safely; so I went to my horse, standing near, took the blanket from under the saddle, spread it on the ground, and they carefully lifted him with it, carried him to the wagon, and hauled him off. I have often wondered what became of that little Yankee. He lay farthest to the front of any of the Federals left on the field."

During this intensely dramatic recital, confirming as it did even to minute particulars Major Milne's previously told

story, the nerves of the auditors were naturally strained to the highest pitch, and Milne himself was agitated, his face deeply flushed and his eyes streaming with tears. When the statement was finished, he cried out: "I am that little Yankee! I told these men precisely the same story on the way here, and now I know whom I have to thank for saving my life."

Major Milne climbed the fence with some of his associates, went to the tree, surveyed its surroundings, and fully agreed with Judge Henry that this was the exact spot where he fell and lay and was so miraculously rescued.

The party drove back to Manassas, taking the next train for Washington. They had indeed spent an eventful day.

[This story comprises some of the most vivid coincidences on record. Mr. Castle has written in good spirit throughout.]

AN INCIDENT OF BENTONVILLE.

BY J. A. JONES, 51ST ALA. PARTISAN RANGERS, BIRMINGHAM.

This incident occurred in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in March, 1865. General Wheeler's force, numbering about 4,700, constituted the extreme left wing of Johnston's army, and on account of Sherman's largely superior force our lines were stretched to a deplorable thinness. About 2 P.M. on the second day of the battle the enemy in Wheeler's front, known as the 17th Federal Army Corps, impetuously charged our lines, evidently for the purpose of turning our flank and getting in the rear of our army. We were dismounted and were virtually without breastworks, and of necessity had to give way before the terrible onslaught of 20,000 bayonet-gleaming muskets.

The 8th Texas, on our extreme left, was mounted; and its colonel, seeing the situation, withdrew, taking a new position still farther to the left and out of sight of the enemy in some scrubby pines. When the head of the Federal column reached his center, he was upon it with such dare-devil ferocity as to throw it into great confusion, which quickly turned into rout.

By this time Wheeler's dismounted men were on their horses, and, joining the Texans with the Rebel yell, followed the Federals nearly to their breastworks, a mile away. We killed and wounded a good many, but lost not a man. The enemy never fired a shot from the time they left their works until they returned.

An interesting little incident occurred upon our return. The space separating the two lines of battle was swampy, covered here and there with large shallow ponds. As we returned to our lines, which we did in a leisurely way and with little or no order, notwithstanding the enemy's shells were singing a dirge in the treetops overhead, I rode through one of these ponds with two men of my regiment. In going through my horse shied, and, looking around, I saw a Federal lieutenant of infantry leaning against a tree, badly wounded, with bloody water all around. I checked my horse, returned to him, and offered to place him on my horse and carry him to our division hospital, where he would be immediately cared for. His answer was: "You go to h—, you d— Rebel. I had rather die and go to h— than have your polluted hands touch me." My two comrades, hearing our conversation, returned, both assuring the wounded man that we would gladly carry him where his wounds would have careful attention; but he grew worse and worse and cursed the South and all Confederate soldiers. So we left him to his fate. He was about twenty-two years of age, well dressed and very handsome.

GEN. R. E. LEE AT GETTYSBURG ON FIRST DAY.

BY W. G. M'DOWELL, HISTORIAN OF CAMP AT LEXINGTON, VA.

I cannot understand how Maj. E. C. Gordon, brother of Gen. John B. Gordon, has fallen into the error that Gen. R. E. Lee was not present at Gettysburg on the first day, July 1, 1863. (See CONFEDERATE VETERAN for October, 1912.) This is too serious an error to pass uncorrected. The following brief references I think will convince any one that Major Gordon is mistaken:

"General Lee arrived on the battle field about the same time with General Early's troops." (See "Memoirs of Gen. W. N. Pendleton," by Mrs. Susan P. Lee, page 283; "Memoirs of Gen. R. E. Lee," by Gen. A. R. Long, page 276; "R. E. Lee," by Bruce, page 279; Gen. Fitz Lee's "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee," page 271; "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee," by John Esten Cooke, page 303.) I could name others, but think these authorities, giving the same in substance, sufficient.

I have a friend, a private in the ranks, of undoubted veracity and fine memory, and who knew General Lee personally, who tells me that he was present when General Lee arrived upon the field about 2 P.M. on July 1, 1863. He recalls this incident in connection with his arrival. One of his regimental officers spoke to General Lee in his presence and said: "General, you have a new man to contend with to-day." The General replied: "Yes, sir. I have been trying to place him." When the General rode off, the officer turned to a fellow officer and remarked: "Doesn't General Lee know General Meade?" He received the reply: "Perhaps he meant to recall his rank."

I have heard from a Confederate colonel, who was present on the occasion, the best reason assigned why the Confederate army was halted on that occasion and failed to occupy Cemetery Ridge. The Confederate column was halted by a staff officer (on the staff of his father) riding up from the rear very much excited and reporting that he had just seen a corps of the Federal army flanking us and coming up in our rear. A halt was made and a brigade detached and sent back to verify the report. When it returned, the statement was reported as incorrect, and that the supposed enemy was a brigade of our own cavalry. Two hours of time had been lost by this misstatement.

Gen. Fitz Lee's corroboration of this incident may be seen, as stated, in his "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee."

I think Major Gordon has fallen into his error in this way: There were two meetings or conferences for consultation. One was between Generals Lee, Early, Ewell, and Rhodes on the evening of July 1 (see an address by General Early at Lexington, Va., January 19, 1873), at which time General Lee yielded to the entreaty of his subordinates to postpone the attack until daylight the next morning, though it was contrary to his own judgment, and this is why he assumed all responsibility for the delay and failure. General Lee also agreed to make the attack the next morning from his right instead of his left, as the left presented many obstacles. The attack was not made until four o'clock the next afternoon, when Meade's whole army had arrived on the field.

I have no desire to discuss whose fault it was. This has been done by men who were participants and in close touch with the plans of General Lee.

This conference of Lee, Early, Ewell, and Rhodes is the one to which Mr. H. Remain Duval refers. The other conference to which Major Gordon refers was held at two o'clock on the morning of July 2, when Early, Ewell, Johnston, and

Gordon were present. Hence I think both gentlemen may be right. I have read somewhere that Gen. John B. Gordon offered to take Cemetery Ridge on the evening of the 1st with his own brigade if permitted to do so, so impatient was he to hold this point of vantage; and his after career proved that he would have taken it or died in the attempt.

I write only for the truth of history and have no desire to engage in a controversy.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BEAUMONT.

On November 27, 1912, a monument to Confederate soldiers was unveiled at Beaumont, Tex., by the citizens of that place. The memorial is a marble shaft surmounted by the bronze figure of a private Confederate soldier standing at parade rest. The inscription on one side reads: "Our Confederate soldiers." Below are two Confederate flags crossed. On the reverse side is inscribed in part: "Erected by Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 75, U. C. V., and the citizens of Beaumont. In memory of the Confederate soldier rendered immortal by his deeds of valor, sacrifices, and achievements, 1861-65, which are without a parallel in all history."

The monument stands in the northwest corner of Keith Park, in the heart of the city.

At two o'clock the veterans, including many from other counties and a sprinkling of Grand Army men, were formed in a column of twos by Capt. J. A. Brickhouse, marshal of the day, and marched to the scene of the unveiling, preceded by a decorated float carrying thirteen little girls, each bearing a Confederate flag and representing one of the thirteen States. They were in charge of Miss Issie Redman, Camp sponsor.

First in the parade were the county and State officials, headed by a squad of mounted police and followed by a band. Next to the veterans came the Daughters of the Confederacy, headed by Mrs. Hal W. Greer, President of the Division of Texas, followed by the Sons, Boy Scouts, and more than a thousand school children carrying Confederate flags. Lastly came the Fire Brigade, in charge of Chief Eastham.

On arriving at the park the thirteen little girls formed a cordon around the base of the monument, and Capt. George W. Kidd, master of ceremonies, introduced George B. Norton, D.D., who offered an earnest invocation. At the close of the prayer little Miss Eddie Kuhn, granddaughter of Capt. J. A. Brickhouse, unveiled the monument with the words: "We as granddaughters of Confederate soldiers now unveil to your view this monument, erected in memory of those whose valor and achievements will live in history while patriotism and civilization endure."

Captain Kidd then introduced Col. J. B. Endt, who stated the object of meeting and paid tribute to Confederate soldiers.

Hon. Martin Dies, member of Congress, was next introduced and delivered the oration of the day.

Judge W. H. Pope then introduced Mrs. Hal W. Greer, who delivered a charming recitation.

Judge Robert Rogers, of Atlanta, Ga., then being introduced, addressed the school children upon the character of the Confederate soldier and the women of the South.

Judge Gordon Russell, of the Federal bench, followed in delineation of the Confederate soldier and his cause.

Rabbi Samuel Rosinger delivered the dedicatory address in a most scholarly manner. Speaking of the Confederate soldiers, he said they were men who were actuated in life not by utilitarian but by ideal motives, not by pelf but by principle and the call of duty.

CONFEDERATE KENTUCKY.

[From an address delivered at Louisville, Ky., October 8, 1912, before a joint meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, and the George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., by Rev. Frank M. Thomas, D.D.]

In no mood of bitterness do we meet to-day. "With malice toward none and with charity toward all," we turn again the page which our fathers penned with deathless deeds half a century ago. Strong in that devotion which they ever taught us to maintain for our reunited nation, we remember the part they played in that saddest, mightiest drama of modern times.

Confederate Kentucky! What a theme! How it appeals to the philosopher who recalls the fact that it is in the Kentucky resolutions penned by Jefferson that we have the ferment of State sovereignty which afterwards leavened the whole Southland with its mighty working! How it appeals to the sociologist who knows what deep root the idea of gradual emancipation took in this State, and how in time it too would have leavened the whole South had not the abolitionist, forgetting the gap between the ideal and the real, fanned the passions of both sections into the awful flames of civil war! How it appeals to the statesman who reflects on the long and heroic labors of the Sage of Ashland to prevent the bloody conflict which came at last! How it appeals to the Church historian who remembers that it was in the city of Louisville that the Convention met which provided for the setting up of the Southern branch of a great Protestant denomination, because under the laws of several States its members could not emancipate their slaves, and on this account their Northern brethren would not fellowship with them! And let us not forget that it is here in this city that one of the South's greatest protagonists, Bishop Henry Bidleman Bascom, sleeps in peace. Nor let it ever be forgotten that another mighty and tireless defender of the South, Albert Taylor Bledsoe, soldier, mathematician, theologian, was a son of Kentucky.

In the fact that Kentucky for sixty years played such a conspicuous part in the great debates which ushered in the War of the States lies in no small measure the explanation of Confederate Kentucky. Not to perpetuate human slavery did our fathers leave home and fireside to march under the blood-red cross of the Southland, but to maintain those eternal rights of local self-government which ever since Rummymede their forefathers had been gradually wresting from the favored few who had gathered all authority unto themselves.

Let it never be forgotten that the leader of the Southern hosts, Jefferson Davis, was himself a son of Kentucky; that he who stands next to the immortal Lee in the ranks of the South's great commanders, he who gave up his glorious life in the hour of victory, Albert Sidney Johnston, was a son of Kentucky; that Kentucky sent that finest specimen of her manhood, John Cabell Breckenridge, to add luster to the Southern cause both in the councils of State and on the field of battle. Besides these, there was a glorious company; Buckner, the gray eagle of Glen Lily; Preston, that Bayard of chivalry; Morgan, that avatar of the saddle and the sword; Roger Hanson, who at the beginning of the war spoke against secession and who fell at Stone's River, saying with his dying breath, "I shall die in a just cause, having done my duty"; Ben Hardin, the deathless hero of a deathless brigade; Humphrey Marshall, mighty scion of a mighty race; "Cerro Gordo" Williams, a hero of two wars; Adam Johnson, than whom no braver soul ever drew breath; and Graves,

that "oriflame of battle." With these immortals I see a great company of heroes—colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, and that hero of heroes, the private soldier.

Such were the men who went out from Kentucky—the very flower of her manhood, a virile stock but one generation removed from the vigor of pioneer days, whose men were at home in the saddle, keen of eye, of iron nerve, and with a strong dash of cavalier blood. Is it any wonder that Professor Shaler, a Union soldier, declares that in searching for a body of troops which should exemplify in the fullest measure the moral state of the people from which they sprang he was forced to settle upon the Orphan Brigade as the one command in both armies which best illustrates the noblest virtues of the true American stock? He says: "When first recruited, this brigade contained about five thousand men. From the beginning it proved as trustworthy a body of infantry as ever marched in line of battle. * * * In May, 1864, this brigade, then in the army of General Johnston, marched out of Dalton, 1,140 strong, at the beginning of the great retreat upon Atlanta before the army of Sherman. In the subsequent hundred and twenty days, or until September 3, the brigade was almost continuously in action or on the march. In this period the men of the command received 1,860 death or hospital wounds, the dead counted as wounds, and but one wound being counted for each visitation to the hospital. At the end of this time there were less than fifty men who had not been wounded during the hundred and twenty days. There were two hundred and forty left for duty, and less than ten men deserted. A search into the history of warlike exploits has failed to show me any endurance through the worst trials of war surpassing this. We must remember that the men of this command were at each stage of their retreat going farther from their firesides. It is easy for men to endure great trials under circumstances of victory. Soldiers of ordinary goodness will stand several defeats; but to endure the despair which such adverse conditions bring for more than a hundred days demands a moral and physical patience which has never been excelled."

If those who were our fathers' opponents in arms can thus justly praise them, have we not a right to recall their heroism and deathless virtues? If the troops who went out from Kentucky to aid their Southern brethren lacked aught of numbers, they made it up in immortal manhood. Go where the tide of battle rose highest, and there Kentuckians wrote their names in blood and fire. Go to Shiloh's red field, where Gov. George Johnson, our first and only Confederate Governor, fell as a private along with seven hundred sons of Kentucky. Go to Baton Rouge, where the sands of Louisiana drank up the lifeblood of Kentucky's bravest in that desperate attack. Go to Stone's River, where under that awful fire the Orphan Brigade lost its commander and many brave men. Go to Chickamauga, where the waves of battle rolled back and forth those two long, terrible September days, and where the brigade was again orphaned by the death of its commander, Ben Hardin Helm. Go along that battle trail which leads from Dalton southward, that trail starred with many a deadly field—Rocky Face Gap, Resaca, Dallas—and then close by the doomed city of Atlanta to Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, and then on into South Carolina, where the men of the Orphan Brigade fought the last battle east of the Mississippi. It is a trail of blood, yet in the light of history it turns to gold, a shining way along which the glorified spirits of our fathers are still marching.

Let no man speak slightly of Kentucky's part in the Confederacy. On almost every battle field of the South Kentuckians were found fighting for the stars and bars, especially in the great battles of the West, where as nowhere else the men of American blood and brawn faced each other and fought to the last. Who swept like gray ghosts through Indiana and Ohio, carrying terror into the very homes of the enemy? Kentuckians under Morgan, Duke, and Hines. Who dared to raid Vermont from the Canadian border? A young Kentuckian, now the eloquent and devoted Commander in Chief of the fast-fading gray army. Who fought in the ranks of Lee's ragged immortals in the terrible conflicts in the mother State? Many a Kentuckian unknown to fame.

Were we to select the single instance of greatest personal bravery which has come to our knowledge, it would be the act of a young Kentuckian who lost a limb while following "Marse Robert." The closing days of the war found him in a hospital, with a wooden leg fitted to the scarcely healed stump. The news that General Lee was being hard pressed came to that hospital from afar, the sound of battle echoing on the evening breeze. At last this young Kentuckian, fitting his wooden leg to his tender limb, took his crutch and gun and hobbled away down the railroad track in the direction of Appomattox. He had not gone far before the wooden limb began to pain him; so taking it off, he threw it across his shoulder and hobbled on to the aid of the weary, wasted regiments fighting to the last under Lee and Gordon. Where will you find in all the annals of war the equal of this crippled Kentuckian painfully hobbling on one leg to the aid of his Southland?

Such was the spirit of Confederate Kentucky. Crippled by divisions at home, maimed by the brutality of a Burbridge, Confederate Kentucky fought on to the end and wept because she had not another Morgan and another Orphan Brigade to give to the cause of the South. And to-day, as much so as any other Southern State, she keeps alive the traditions of the Confederacy. While the government of more than one of her Southern sisters has passed into the hands of those "who know not Joseph," Kentucky early placed the great seal of the commonwealth in the keeping of her Confederate sons; and to-day, almost half a century since Appomattox, an old Confederate still sits as Governor in the Capitol at Frankfort. Kentucky's chief city, Louisville, although at the very gateway of the South, is deeply imbued with the Southern spirit. But two public monuments adorn her streets, one to Thomas Jefferson and the other to the man in gray. For forty-five years the Courier-Journal, read by most Kentuckians more regularly than their Bibles, has been published by ex-Confederates and edited by the most brilliant of living journalists, once the editor of the Confederate Chattanooga Rebel. Out yonder in the golden autumn glow of Pewee Valley the most comfortable, best-managed Confederate Home in all the Southland provides a resting place for many a weary hero quietly awaiting the bugle call from above.

It is well known that love of country flourishes best in lands where the patriot must war with nature or man to protect his hearthstone. So the love of the South which glows within the Kentucky heart is warmer and deeper because of the chill of this borderland in which we live.

The VETERAN has had in type for some time the necrology report of Kentucky by which it may be seen that, although "united we stand, divided we fall," Kentucky sons who have died in a few years were largely on the Southern side.

SON FINDS HIS FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN T. WITHERS.

My father, William Pitts Withers, of Windsor, Mo., enlisted in the Windsor Guards, General Shelby's command, Gordon's Division, on August 20, 1862. From the time he left home until his death he was with his command in Arkansas, and my mother received only two letters from him, these being smuggled through the lines.

At this time there was only one railroad in Arkansas, from Little Rock to Duvall's Bluff. Midway between the towns there was a prairie. In August, 1864, while the Federals were cutting hay on this prairie, they built a stockade and a railroad switch and called it Ashley Station. On the morning of August 24 my father's command surprised the Federals, captured the place, burned the hay, and retired with a number of prisoners. My father was mortally wounded, a Minie ball passing through his body. Two of his comrades, Bridge Ham and John Thornton, held him on his horse, took him off the field, and left him in the woods. He lay without attention till late that night, when Bridge Ham found him, put him on his horse, and rode with him seven miles to the home of William Johnson. There he died the next morning, and was buried that afternoon between two soldiers who were brought there dead the night before. My mother did not hear of his death until Price made his raid into Missouri that fall.

When I was older I sought his grave. I went to John Thornton, who was with him when he died and who helped to bury him. He told me that it would be impossible to find the grave, as it was out in the open woods. Another difficulty was that Ashley Station had been abandoned and no one could locate the place.

In 1911 I was traveling in Arkansas and was in Little Rock at the time of the Confederate Reunion there. While talking to an old soldier I spoke of my father's death and of my desire to find his grave. The soldier gave me the name of a civil engineer in Little Rock who had laid out the railroad and who told me that Ashley Station was near Carlisle. He also told me that Captain Wheat was in the battle. I went to see Captain Wheat, and he encouraged me by saying that the fact of the battle's being fought there would make those lone soldiers' graves a noted spot, and that if I could find some one who lived in the locality at that time I would have no trouble in finding the grave.

I went to Duvall's Bluff and learned that Ben Grey, the liveryman, came from near Carlisle. I was delighted to find that Mr. Grey was reared by Mr. Johnson, at whose house my father died, and that he knew of the grave; also that Mrs. Johnson remembered my father quite well. He said the coffins for the three soldiers were made of walnut lumber taken from the floor of a near-by church, and that they were buried in the woods for fear the Federal troops would discover them.

That afternoon we drove out twenty miles to the Johnson home, now abandoned, then east into the woods, and soon I stood by my father's grave made nearly forty-one years before. The search I had dreamed of so long was over, and I had succeeded in this the one great purpose and desire of my life. A monument, on one side of which is my father's name, from whence he came, and the date and cause of his death, now marks the spot.

Send names of friends for sample copies of the VETERAN.

LAST NURSE OF MRS. R. E. LEE.

BY JOHN A. M'NEEL, LEXINGTON, VA.

"Aunt Mary," wife of George Washington, colored, is a woman of unusual character. She was the constant attendant and nurse of the wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee during the last two years of Mrs. Lee's life. She has a cataract on both eyes, and is totally blind in one eye and almost so in the other.

The late Dr. Barton, of Lexington, was General Lee's family physician, and for years Mary's mother was Dr. Barton's cook; and Mary, a likely young negress, was first housemaid in Dr. Barton's home, and afterwards the Doctor selected her as the nurse for his distinguished patient.

Mary has some prized treasures, presented to her by Mrs. Lee, which she cherishes very dearly. Chief among them is a neat English Testament published by the University Press at Cambridge, Mass. Upon the flyleaf of this little Testament was written by Mrs. Lee: "Mary Logan, from her friend, Mary Custis Lee, Alexandria, 24th May, 1873." Mrs. Lee died on November 5 following.

Mary tells how she liked to stand by Mrs. Lee and turn the leaves of the Bible for that lady, who, on account of her afflicted arms and hands, could not do so. This was a daily custom with Mrs. Lee, and she read aloud for Mary's benefit.

Mary was taken to Charlottesville sometime ago to be treated for her cataract by Dr. Hedges. And on December 6, 1912, Drs. Hedges and Compton wrote to me: "We now feel that a cataract extraction would be practically useless. If the cataract should ever develop in the right eye, we shall be glad to operate on it for her. She has been a model patient."

the last twenty-eight years. When overtaken with this affliction, about one year ago, Mary and George, who is now in his eightieth year, did washing and ironing; but they are now entirely dependent. George was a noted blacksmith during the war, making horseshoe nails and shoeing the Confederate cavalry and artillery horses. Both of them were born slaves.

THE OLD BLACK MAMMY.

BY WALTER A. CLARK.

The outside world has never had and never will possess a proper conception of the peculiar relations that existed between "marster" and "mistess" and those who called them such in the old slave days. The tender kindness that lay in the hearts of master and slave, mistress and maid, mammy and child, and that threw its grace and glamour over old-time Southern life, is a lost chord whose melody will never ring again in earth or sea or sky. Looking back to those old days—to Mary, my old-time nurse, whose gentle care so blessed my tender years; Mary beside whose confined form I stood within the chancel of the little church where she had been so long a worshiper and tried to pay an earnest tribute to her long and blameless life; and to all the faithful hearts and hands that made "heaven lie about us in our infancy"—a tribute comes from my old-time heart:

She bends beneath the weight of years
With feeble step and slow,
But in her heart there throbs and shines
The light of long ago;

Of days when on her dear old face
There played an angel smile,
As in her blessed arms she held
And crooned to sleep her chile.

The color of a lowly race
Shone with its ebony glow,
And yet the old black mammy's soul
Was white as driven snow.

Her toil-worn hands were kind and true
Through all her bonded years
To mistess and her little ones
In gladness and in tears.

And through war's wearying agony
Her heart was free from guile,
And loyal to the bitter end
To mistess and her chile.

Her ranks are waning year by year
On Southern hill and plain;
And when the last black mammy's gone,
She'll never come again.

Yet somewhere on the radiant hills,
Beyond earth's woe and wife,
Her dear old arms will fold again
Old mistess and her chile.

God bless her till her weary feet
Shall touch the shining shore;
God keep her 'mid the cherubim,
At rest for evermore!



MARY WASHINGTON.

This picture of Mary Washington was made recently. She is sixty-two years old. She has lived in a rented house for

THE LAST ROLL

Who says they sleep, those sons who keep
 Alive our altar fires?
 Theirs was a cause blazoned in laws,
 Writ by immortal sires.
 On yonder hill, with glory still
 Musing the litany
 Of their dear land—this deathless band,
 Sacred to liberty.

[Sam M. Gaines, in memory of his comrade, Hunter Holmes Marshall, Jr., killed near Amelia C. H., Va., April 4, 1865.]

JAMES E. HUMES, SR.

James Edwin Humes was born on the Sidney Vale plantation, on the James River, in Rockbridge County, Va., near the Natural Bridge, September 10, 1840. His paternal grandfather, John Humes, came from the northern part of Ireland to the United States near the close of the eighteenth century. He was distinguished as a mechanical engineer, and superintended the building of the first United States mint at Philadelphia. Under his care the machinery and dies for coining were constructed. President Jefferson presented him with a medal as a testimonial of his excellent service. John Humes also was the engineer constructing the first Fairmont waterworks in Philadelphia. Subsequently he superintended the manufacture of cannon for the Confederate government at the Treddygear Iron Works, Richmond. He had been superintendent of the Harper's Ferry arsenal, and under his care were made the special guns, portable boats, and other equipment for Lewis and Clark in making their various explorations in the Northwest. He was an intimate friend of Clark, and subsequently when Clark became Governor he frequently visited Mr. Humes in the latter's home in Miller County, Mo.

The father of the deceased, William Humes, was a well-known planter and wealthy woolen manufacturer, having large interests in Central Missouri, and he conducted at the same time a large milling business and manufactured woolen goods. His woolen mill was one of the first mills of the kind established west of the Mississippi River.

The boyhood of James Edwin Humes was at the family homestead in Morgan County, Mo., near Versailles. He was a strong, sturdy youth and fond of physical activity, being a fearless rider, an expert shot, and an enthusiastic hunter and sportsman. This mode of life developed in him great physical power and enabled him to withstand the hardships of his eventful life. At the outbreak of the War of the States he enlisted in the Confederate service as a private soldier and was advanced to lieutenant. He served in infantry, cavalry, artillery, and in the navy. He was in more than fifty battles and skirmishes, among them Vicksburg, Shiloh, Cold Harbor, Wilderness, Manassas, Petersburg, Fair Oaks, and Gettysburg. He saw service under several of the Confederate leaders. He was frequently detailed in command of parties for special attacks on batteries, etc. [The "War Records" show that "James Humes" did important service

in this way.] He was slightly wounded several times, and in one of the battles in Virginia he received a wound which compelled him to give up service for about three months. During that time, however, while in Georgia he went out to see the fight at Altoona Pass. There he became so enthused that, despite his disability, he grabbed a musket from a fallen soldier and went into that historic fight.

At the close of the war Gen. Jubal Early and other Confederates organized a colony of their former soldiers to locate in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico. Mr. Humes, with nine of his comrades, went to Mexico, intending to engage in cotton-growing in that republic; but conditions were not satisfactory, and after wandering through various parts of Mexico they reached the Rio Grande and once more entered the United States. He then went to Virginia; but owing to the unsettled and disastrous conditions prevailing



JAMES E. HUMES.

there, a relative, Captain Yeatman, a ship owner, who had a line of sailing vessels plying between Norfolk and the Orient, invited Mr. Humes to accompany him on a trip to China. They touched at Aspinwall and crossed over the Panama Railroad. They sailed around the Horn and went to Nagasaki, Japan, Hongkong, and Manila. On their return voyage they arrived at Havre, France, and went to Paris and Italy before returning to the United States. James E. Humes then returned to his old home in Missouri and engaged in the lumber trade with his brothers, Joseph and Thomas, and in manufacturing woolen goods. The firm was prosperous for years, but later became involved by indorsing for friends, and the deceased was again thrown on his own resources.

In 1872 he married Miss Allie Rowland, of Virginia, and with her and their small children he went to Arkansas, where for some years he engaged in farming. Subsequently he went to Texas and then to New Mexico, where he engaged in freighting for the large cattle companies. That part of the country was then overrun with cutthroats and bandits, and on many occasions Mr. Humes stood off a bunch of bandits or put to flight the prowling band of Apache marauders.

In 1889 Mr. Humes moved to Post Falls, Idaho, where he lived a number of years. Four years ago he purchased a large wheat farm near Wilbur, which he was conducting at the time of his death.

Without special advantages, Mr. Humes can be said to have lived a successful life. He saw much of adversity and the harder phases of existence. His life was continually one of strenuous service for others. In spite of the vicissitudes of fortune and the many adverse conditions he had from time to time to encounter, he successfully reared a large family, fighting for them, working for them, and training them all in the fear of God. Recently he made a visit to relatives in Spokane and vicinity, and remarked at the time that he was ready any time for the last "roll call." He paid visits to all of his children, who fortunately were all living near by at various points in the inland empire. Complying with an urgent request from one of his nephews, he sat for a photograph, and at the time said: "This probably is the last picture I shall ever have taken." A few days later, on arriving at the town of Wilbur, Wash., he slipped on the icy sidewalk and suffered a fracture of the hip bone which, with complications, resulted in his death on Tuesday, December 17, 1912.

BEN PATTERSON.

Ben Patterson, for eighteen years Adjutant of Camp Egbert J. Jones, died recently in Huntsville, Ala.

Comrade Patterson was mustered into the Confederate service at La Grange College in March, 1862, as second sergeant of Company E, 35th Alabama Infantry. His first active service was at Corinth, Miss., following which he took part in Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's campaign about Baton Rouge, Baker's Creek, Jackson, Atlanta, Peachtree Creek, and New Hope Church, and later was under General Hood at Franklin and at Nashville. He was promoted to second lieutenant, and at Nashville was detached acting adjutant general on the staff of Col. John Snodgrass, commanding the brigade of Gen. T. N. Scott after the latter was wounded at Franklin.

Comrade Patterson was not only faithful as a Confederate soldier, but was true to his duty in all walks of life. He followed the traditions of a patriotic family, his father having served as an aid under Andrew Jackson in the Indian wars and afterwards holding the position of United States Marshal for the district of Northern Alabama by President Buchanan's appointment.

At a meeting of Camp Egbert J. Jones resolutions of sorrow on the death of Comrade Patterson were passed.

[Sketch by A. W. Mosely, Adjutant of Camp E. J. Jones.]

T. J. KING.

Comrade T. J. King, who died at his home, in Louisiana, on July 16, 1912, was born in Livingston Parish, La., and at the age of twenty-two years enlisted in the Confederate army. He served during the entire war as color bearer under General Hood. Shortly after his return from the war he was married to Miss Julia J. Causey, who died in 1907. To this union there were born twelve children, ten of whom survive.

Since 1871 Mr. King had been a resident of Lake, Ascension

Parish. He served several terms as police juror and as a member of the parish school board. He was of sterling qualities, courageous in the discharge of duty, genial, and courteous.

HON. J. C. TURNER.

Hon. J. C. Turner died at his home in Arkadelphia, Ark., on November 13, 1912. He had lived to a ripe old age, and his life was an active and useful one. He was born and reared on a farm near Benton, Ark., where he resided until the outbreak of the War of the States. At that time he was a mere boy, but he shouldered a musket and tendered his services for the defense of his country. He made as brave a soldier as ever faced a cannon, and to his dying day "Big Jim" Turner was a loyal and true friend to the Confederate soldier and to the South.

When the war was over, he engaged in farming on an extensive scale in Hempstead County. He remained there until about twenty years ago, when he moved to Arkadelphia.

Politically, Mr. Turner was a rock-ribbed Democrat, and was as true to his party as is the needle to the pole. During his residence in Clark County he had filled many positions of trust. He served as Representative for four years and as Mayor of Arkadelphia for a long period of time.

PHILIP BARBOUR MITCHELL.

Philip B. Mitchell was born in Giles County, Tenn., May 29, 1813, the son of James W. and Martha (Reed) Mitchell. He was educated at Pulaski and at the Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn.

In April, 1861, while in college at Lebanon, he enlisted in the 3d Tennessee Infantry, and served in that regiment until the battle of Fort Donelson, where he was severely wounded and was discharged. After recovering, he reenlisted in the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, with which command he remained until the surrender under Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina.

After that he moved with his father to Blackland, Prentiss County, Miss. He married Miss Augusta Street in November, 1870, and they resided near Rienzi until 1881, when they moved to Booneville, Miss., where he died on June 12, 1912.

Phil Mitchell was a loyal veteran, and was esteemed by his comrades. He was elected several times to command the W. H. H. Tyson Camp, U. C. V., at Booneville, Miss. He held this position at the time of his death. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. His career as a private citizen was of the same character as that when a soldier. As husband and father he was faithful and devoted. His wife preceded him to the life beyond several years ago. There survive him four sons and three daughters—James, George, Philip, Vance, Mrs. Harry K. Cross, Mrs. K. E. Alexander, and Miss Clara Mitchell. This family of sons and daughters are upright, industrious, neighborly, God-loving, intelligent, and useful men and women.

ROBERT C. LINDSEY.

Another Confederate veteran has fallen from the ranks. Robert C. Lindsey departed this life December 22, 1912. He was born November 7, 1841, and reared near Princeton, Ark., but lived the latter years of his life at Toledo, Cleveland County.

At the age of seventeen he joined the 1st Arkansas Regiment, under Col. James F. Fagan. This regiment was afterwards sent to Virginia and fought in the first battle of Manassas, in Joseph E. Johnston's command. Comrade Lindsey fol-



BEN PATTERSON.

lowed his beloved flag through many fields of carnage—at Corinth, Shiloh, and others—and was in the siege of Vicksburg.

In 1868 he was married to Miss Joanna Lee, of Drew County, who, with two sons, remains to mourn his death. He was devoted to his family, especially his five grandchildren. A consistent member of the Baptist Church, he lived a quiet, unobtrusive life, a worthy citizen, ever loyal to the Southern cause, which he loved so well.

[From a sketch by Mrs. J. M. Raines.]

CAPT. W. J. DONALDSON.

William J. Donaldson was born in Savannah, Ga., September 21, 1824; and died in Ashley County, Ark., July 22, 1912.

He moved to Arkansas in the latter part of 1860. He joined the army in April, 1862, and was made captain of Company A, 1st Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department, Pleasant's Brigade. He was in the Prairie Grove and Helena fights, and was taken prisoner at Helena and sent North to Johnson's Island, where he remained until paroled. In January, 1865, he rejoined his command and was mustered out in April.

At the close of the war he returned home and engaged in farming until crippled by paralysis in November, 1884. He had been a member of the M. E. Church, South, for thirty-five years. He leaves a wife.

ROBERT H. MAYS.

Robert H. Mays, son of William and Charlotte Mays, of Campbell County, Va., was born in July, 1846; and died at Rustburg, Va., January 4, 1913.

In 1864 he enlisted in Company G, 2d Virginia Cavalry, and was a brave soldier and faithful comrade to the war's close. He was in many battles, but was never wounded. Comrade Mays was a member of the Baptist Church, and was a commendable type of a Christian gentleman.

D. R. Evans, a lifelong friend and comrade of the war, pays a beautiful tribute to his memory. He says: "We were boyhood friends and schoolmates and fellow soldiers, and I never knew him to be anything but the simple, genial, kind-hearted, and courageous soldier and citizen that his friends believed him to be."

MRS. JONNIE ALLEN GEORGE.

Mrs. Jonnie Allen George died in Seattle Christmas eve after a long illness, and was buried at Little Rock, Ark. She was a writer of much talent, and was at her best probably in her stories for children and her tales in negro dialect. She was a Southern woman, born in Alabama forty-nine years ago, and she lived in the South for most of her life. Her aged father, the Rev. M. E. Butt, is still living in Alabama.

In 1883 she was married to Dr. Albert Philip George. Six years later he died at Conway, Ark., and Mrs. George then devoted herself to writing. As a newspaper woman she had much experience on St. Louis and Little Rock papers.

Mrs. George was very active in club affairs in Portland, Oregon. In 1907 she was President of the Oregon Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

She leaves two daughters—Mrs. William J. (Mimizelle) Milliken, of Memphis, Tenn., and Miss Kathleen George, of Seattle. Both were prominent in University of Washington.

At the Chicago Exposition Mrs. George attended the Woman's Congress as the representative of Southern women, and she was put on the same program with Miss Helen Gould, Mrs. Potter Palmer, and a Russian princess.

[From sketch in Portland (Oregon) Daily Journal.]

JOHN B. BOYD.

J. B. Boyd, veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia, died in Mobile, Ala., December 26, 1912. He was a native of Potetourt County, Va., and served in Taylor's Battery, Huger's Battalion of Artillery. He was paroled at Appomattox, and after the surrender came South and engaged in railroad work until he retired a few years ago.

Comrade Boyd had no relatives living in the South; and should this notice of his death meet the eye of any member of his family, it is hoped that they will communicate with the writer. He was buried by the Semmes Camp in Mobile.

"So be our passing—

Our tasks accomplished and the long day done,
Our wages taken, and in our hearts some late lark singing—
May we be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene as death!"

[From a sketch by Neil McCarron, of Mobile, Ala.]



DR. A. BRUCE McCASKILL.

Dr. A. B. McCaskill died at his home, in Albany, Ga., on February 21, 1912. He was of Scotch ancestry, born in Macon County, Ga., on October 6, 1846. He attended school at Marshallville and Macon, and when only fifteen years old he ran away from home to join an older brother and other relatives in Virginia, serving with the 12th Georgia Regiment. Owing to his age, he could not enlist, but was allowed to stay with the regiment, and he participated in some of the hardest fighting of the war. After much hard service in Virginia, he returned to Georgia to accept a lieutenantcy in the 5th Georgia Reserves, with which command he served until the surrender.

He was justly proud of his record in the Confederate army and always took an active interest in the affairs of the Confederate veterans. He was an enthusiastic member of Camp William Slaughter, No. 971, U. C. V., of Albany, and was liberal in aiding his needy comrades. He read medicine after the war and graduated from the Augusta Medical College. He became a most skilled and successful physician, and he

attended and treated all veterans free. He was a most interesting social companion, and was the life of all such gatherings. He was a fine specimen of man, of commanding presence. He leaves a devoted wife and six sons to mourn his going and to honor the name they bear. His body was carried to Marshallville for burial, and an escort from his Camp accompanied the remains to their last resting place. No truer friend, more gallant soldier or polished gentleman ever lived than Dr. A. Bruce McCaskill.

[From a sketch by B. F. Brimberry.]



CAPT. CHARLES J. VANMETER.

Capt. Charles J. Vanmeter, who died recently at his home, in Bowling Green, Ky., was a man widely known for his broad-minded philanthropy. He was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the native citizens of Bowling Green.

After being educated in the schools of his native town, Captain Vanmeter began life as a clerk under his father. Soon becoming tired of a mercantile life, he went to and conducted one of his father's farms. In 1856, together with his brother and Captain Leiter, he built a steamboat. On its maiden trip the boat was frozen up at Carrollton for seven weeks. But the business soon became a very remunerative one, Captain Vanmeter having charge of the office in Bowling Green. The business grew, and subsequently the Bowling Green Navigation Company was formed. This old company is well remembered by the older citizens, and they often speak of that period as the halcyon days of the city.

Captain Vanmeter had been living a retired life for a number of years. He was much interested in educational work, and it was through his generosity that old Vanmeter Hall at the former Normal School was made a possibility, he furnishing the funds for its erection. When the State took charge of the school and bought the Potter College property and erected a handsome, stately building, it was named

in his honor. It is one of the most substantial buildings in the State. In all public enterprises Captain Vanmeter had always been a leader, and many projects through his untiring energies have been made possibilities.

WILSON TROUSDAL.

Wilson Trousdale was born May 14, 1845, near Columbia, Tenn., and enlisted in Company A, 48th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., in September, 1861. The regiment performed its first service in Kentucky, and was afterwards sent to Fort Donelson, where it was captured with the other forces there and the men sent to Camp Douglas and imprisoned for seven months. They were exchanged at Vicksburg. After the regiment had been reorganized it took part in the fighting about Vicksburg and in the Big Black Campaign; and later, after some hard service along the coast of Mississippi and Florida, was sent to join the Army of Tennessee at Dalton. It remained there a month, and then, after a second term of service along the coast, it became a permanent part of Quarles's Brigade, Lowry's (afterwards E. C. Walthall's) Division, Polk's (later A. P. Stewart's) Corps.

Comrade Trousdale was in the battles of New Hope Church, Kennesaw, Lost, and Pine Mountains, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy Station. During General Hood's campaign into Tennessee at Mount Pleasant he came within a few miles of his home, and was here given his first furlough in three years. He went home with nothing on his feet but fresh beef hide, having been practically without shoes since he left Dalton.

After Franklin Comrade Trousdale served as courier to Gen. G. D. Johnston until after the battle of Bentonville. Here the army was consolidated, and he was transferred to the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, with which he surrendered and was paroled.

He had three brothers in the same regiment with him—David, who was first lieutenant of the company and is still living; Tom, who died in a hospital in Mississippi in 1863; and William Henry, who was killed at Kingston in 1865, and for whom William Henry Trousdale Camp at Columbia was named. It was his son, David Trousdale, who killed the two robbers who had held up a Southern Pacific train near El Paso last year.

Wilson Trousdale died December 17, 1912, leaving behind him a family of four boys and three girls. He was a member of William Henry Trousdale Camp and of Leonidas Polk Bivouac. He was a true soldier and an honorable and widely honored man.

CHARLES STEWART DURNING.

Charles S. Durning was born in Cape Girardeau County, Mo., March 10, 1830; and passed from this life on January 10, 1913, at his residence in Van Alstyne in the eighty-third year of his life. He went to Texas in 1853 and located in Grayson County, where he lived, except while in the Confederate army, until his death.

At the close of the war he returned to Grayson County and at once took charge of Captain Bowen's mill on Sister Grove Creek, where as manager he was universally popular with the customers and made the mill a success. He accumulated means to buy a fine tract of black land on the waters of the East Fork of the Trinity River.

On November 19, 1868, he was married to Miss Hester George, who survives him. Comrade Durning was a member of the Masonic fraternity and also of the Missionary Baptist Church.

CAPT. J. H. CLAYTON.

Capt. James H. Clayton, one of the oldest and most honored citizens of Murfreesboro, Tenn., died at his home there on January 3, 1913.

The following tribute, an expression from J. B. Palmer Bivouac, of which he was a member, was read by Capt. Richard Beard at the funeral services: "Capt. James H. Clayton was born near Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 7, 1833; and died January 3, 1913. He spent all the years of his life in this town and county, except the four years of his service in the Confederate army. He joined Captain Lowe's company, 23d Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, October 5, 1861, and was assigned to duty as quartermaster sergent, but was soon after made the acting quartermaster of the regiment. Although under the rules of war it was the duty of the quartermaster to remain in the rear, he was constantly at the front, and at Shiloh he passed through the whole of the engagement in the very thickest of the fight. At this time he was attached to General Cleburne's brigade, which had just been formed. In 1862 he was commissioned quartermaster with the rank of captain. He was with General Bragg in his campaign in Kentucky in the fall of 1862, and was with his regiment at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. In the spring of 1864 the 23d Tennessee, commanded by Col. Richard Keeble, with Bushrod Johnson's brigade, was ordered to Virginia, and was in the lines around Petersburg during the closing scenes of the war. About two months before the surrender he was brigade quartermaster with the rank of major and served on the staff of General McCombs. He was with the remnants of the army on its retreat from Petersburg and Richmond to Appomattox Courthouse. There he surrendered and received his parole. During the four years he had done his duty faithfully and well. He had 'fought the good fight and kept the faith.' No higher eulogy can be paid to him."

On his return home after the war Captain Clayton became actively engaged in the mercantile business, and was a successful merchant until he retired from business on account of advancing age. He was Mayor of Murfreesboro in 1881-82, and during his administration the city government made some wonderful advances. He was a member of the local lodge I. O. O. F., of the K. of P., and of the Presbyterian Church.

In October, 1868, Captain Clayton was married to Miss Hadessa Cowan, of Shelbyville, who was a member of one of the largest and best-known families of Shelbyville and Nashville. He is survived by his wife and eight children: Misses Emma, Jennie, and Mary, James H. Jr., and George, of Murfreesboro; Mrs. Harry Luck, of Nashville; and Robert Clayton, of Denver, Colo.

JOHN V. WORLEY.

J. V. Worley was born in Hardin County, Tenn., February 24, 1838; and died at his home, near Crump, four miles west of Savannah, November 20, 1912.

On September 20, 1860, he was married to Miss Eliza R. Churchwell, who died October 11, 1879. He was married the second time on July 1, 1880, to Miss Catharine J. Perkins, who survives him. On October 15, 1861, he enlisted in Captain Eldridge's (Memphis) Battery, C. S. A. Hon. Luke Wright was a lieutenant in this company. Comrade Worley served in this company in the battle of Shiloh, in the Kentucky Campaign in 1862, and in the battle of Perryville. He was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. He was captured at the latter place and sent to Rock

Island Prison, where he was confined until near the close of the war, being subjected to the relentless cruelties of savage, inhuman guards.

John Worley was a true soldier and a good citizen. He was industrious, upright, and a zealous Christian. Although he had been in precarious health for months, his sudden end was unexpected.

[From sketch by Capt. J. W. Irwin, Savannah, Tenn.]



SAMUEL DeBERRY SCARBOROUGH.

S. DeB. Scarborough was born in Stewart County, Tenn., November 11, 1835; and died in his native county October 6, 1912, in his seventy-seventh year.

He wore the gray in the sixties and was well known as a true soldier in every sense. Even in his latter years nothing delighted him more than to talk of his comrades in war days. He enlisted in the 14th Tennessee, and served mainly under Stonewall Jackson in Virginia. Those who knew him in battle testify to his heroism. This illustration is told by a comrade: "A perilous charge on the enemy was about to be made. The breastworks to be crossed were most formidable, and much doubt was expressed about taking the fort until Scarborough volunteered to lead the way. He was first over the embankment, and he did not stop till he was astride the enemy's biggest gun. This so elated and encouraged his companions that the fort was easily taken."

Not only was he a true soldier, but he lived a godly life. For many years he was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and was conspicuous as the preacher's friend. For years he engaged in the mercantile business at Dover, Tenn., but on account of years and infirmities he had retired.

Mr. Scarborough was married February 27, 1870, to Miss Martha Walter. To them were born twelve children, all but two of whom were with him to the end. One of his last requests was for his daughter to read in God's Word 1 Corinthians xv. and John xiv.

Brave old soldier, farewell! Thy warfare is ended, the last roll call has been answered. His cross has been laid at the feet of the great Commander, and he wears a crown everlasting.

JAMES T. NIX.

At a recent meeting of Camp Beauregard, Louisiana Division, U. C. V., a tribute of respect was paid to the memory of Comrade J. T. Nix, who died in New Orleans in December, 1912. The tribute in part is as follows: "In the loss of Comrade James T. Nix this Camp has lost one of its oldest members; one who joined the Camp in October, 1899, less than a year after its organization; who was elected Commandant on March 16, 1901; a comrade who evinced his interest and progress, and who had seen the Camp grow from a few members up to several hundred and take its rank as the "Banner Camp of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans Confederation." Our comrade came from a long list of warriors, a paternal ancestor on his maternal side having been presented with a sword by King George for special acts of bravery in the French and Indian wars during colonial times; and his father, who was one of the first to enter the Confederate army, being a member of the South Carolina Volunteers, enlisting February 1, 1861, and served until the end of the war, being paroled in 1865. The military spirit of the family is shown in the fact that the son of our comrade, R. R. Nix, is a graduate of West Point, and is now an ordnance officer in the United States army. The activity of our deceased comrade in Confederate affairs was only one of the many in which he was engaged. He was a Thirty-Second Degree Mason, Past Grand Chancellor of the Louisiana Knights of Pythias, and prominent in other similar bodies. He was born in Hampton, S. C., June 12, 1852, and was a resident of New Orleans for over twenty years."



COL. T. S. KENAN.

Thomas Stephen Kenan was born at Kenansville, Duplin County, N. C., in 1838; and died at his home, in Raleigh, N. C., December 23, 1911. His brother, Capt. James G. Kenan, followed him in two weeks' time, the latter's death occurring January 9, 1912.

Colonel Kenan served as Supreme Court Reporter and Attorney-General of his State from 1877 to 1885, and was ap-

pointed Supreme Court Clerk in 1886, and held this position till the day of his death. In May, 1868, he married Miss Sally Dortch, of Mississippi, who survives him. He was one of the first to offer his services to the Confederacy, and his company, the Duplin Rifles, was among the few companies enrolled early in 1861 for six months' service. On the reorganization of the company under the same name early in the following year Tom Kenan was elected captain and the company enrolled as Company C of the 43d North Carolina State Troops. Captain Kenan was made colonel of the regiment, and his brother James succeeded him as captain of the company.

James Kenan was wounded on the first day's battle at Gettysburg, and the Colonel was wounded on the third day while leading his regiment. Both were captured on the retreat of our army from Gettysburg and endured the hardships of prison life on Johnson's Island till near the close of the war.

Colonel Kenan retained an abiding interest in the old Confederate veterans, and was helping to commemorate their deeds of bravery on the Gettysburg Commission.

COL. J. E. THOMAS.

Another brave veteran of the South has obeyed the last summons of his great Commander in Chief. On January 2, 1913, Col. J. E. Thomas died at his home in Birmingham's beautiful suburb, Woodlawn. He was born near Richmond, Va., seventy-three years ago and reared in a cultured Christian home. He finished his education at the university of his native State and prepared to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he was confirmed and reared, but later decided to turn his abilities into other channels.

When the war clouds gathered, he was among the first to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy, and served throughout the four long years in Gen. William Mahone's division of Lee's army. He saw hard service at Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and on many other fields.

After the war he directed his life to different lines of business activities, holding places of honor and trust and winning a high place in the confidence of the business world. He spent some time in Texas, where he met Miss Minnie Seaman, of Wetumpka, Ala., who had taught in the public schools of Waco, and on June 2, 1887, they were united in marriage. During 1898 they located in Woodlawn, where they had since lived, loved by the entire community.

Colonel Thomas was in deepest nature a gentleman—pure-minded, truth-loving, charitable, and patriotic. He was broad of mind, generous in thought and speech and act. His life in all its relationships was simple and sincere. He was Secretary of Camp Forrest, Woodlawn, at the time of his death, and for a number of terms had served the district as justice of the peace. His wife, relatives, and many friends mourn their loss.

[By his devoted friend, Rev. Charles Calvin Weaver, Ph.D.]

DEATHS IN JAMES A. JACKSON CAMP, MONTICELLO, ARK.

Sam Hathaway, Co. F, 2d Ark. Cav., died Feb. 3, 1911.

Ed Bowden, Co. C, 3d Ark. Inf., died June 23, 1911.

J. A. Priddy, Co. I, 10th Mo. Cav., died June 21, 1911.

J. A. Berryman, Co. B, 2d Ark. Cav., died July 3, 1911.

M. G. Hogue, Co. F, 18th Ark. Inf., died June 23, 1911.

G. B. Veasy, Co. B, Monroe's Regt., died Sept. 11, 1911.

R. H. Riley, Co. E, 3d Ga. Cav., died July 3, 1911.

F. P. S. Harrold, Co. E, 26th Ark. Inf., died Dec. 13, 1911.

J. B. Hancock, 1st Lieut. Co. A, 6th Ala. Inf., Sept. 3, 1912.

[Reported by Dr. W. A. Brown, Adjutant.]

MRS. JAMES A. BURTON.

In the resolutions passed by Drayton Rutherford Chapter, No. 152, on the death of Mrs. James A. Burton, a beautiful tribute is paid to the memory of a noble life and character.

Mrs. Burton, who died in Newberry, S. C., on December 11, 1912, was a member of this Chapter, and was at the time of her death State Registrar for South Carolina.

The resolution says in part: "She was endowed with many gifts and had to a marked degree an enthusiasm and whole-heartedness which enabled her to undertake and faithfully discharge every trust committed to her. Especially dear to her was the work of the U. D. C., and to her as President for three years of the Drayton Rutherford Chapter, of Newberry, is due much of the success of that Chapter. Her life was full of hope and purpose, and in her death the world has suffered an irreparable loss."

ARCHIBALD YOUNG.

Archibald Young died at his residence, in Washington City, February 25, 1913. He was a native of South Carolina and descended from a distinguished family in that State. As a youth he entered the Confederate army, serving with credit during the entire war under Gen. John H. Morgan. He commenced the practice of law in Arkansas, subsequently removing to Washington City, where he held an important office in the Interior Department in the Cleveland administration. This he resigned and again commenced the practice of law, which he continued successfully until the time of his death. He was a member of the Confederate Camp in Washington, in which he always took much interest. He was a man of extensive reading. He leaves many warm and devoted friends.

[Data from Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C.]

CAPT. SCHUYLER LOWE.

Capt. Schuyler Lowe, who won his title as commander of a battery and who served the Confederacy throughout the four years of war, died in Independence, Mo., January 10, 1913.

Captain Lowe enlisted in 1861, and was temporarily in command of a company of recruits in the battle of Rock Creek in June of that year. Later he became a cavalryman in the regular service under Gen. Sterling Price. He was afterwards transferred to the Army of Tennessee, and during the siege of Vicksburg was in command of the battery named for him. After the capture of Vicksburg, he was sent as a prisoner to Fort Delaware and then to Charleston, and was one of the "immortal six hundred" who lay for a time between the fires of both friend and foe.

Captain Lowe was born in 1834 in Washington County, Ky. At the age of nineteen he went to Independence, where he lived until his death. In February, 1860, but little more than a year before his enlistment, he married Miss Mary Jane Parker; and in February, 1910, these two celebrated their golden wedding. He is survived by his wife and five children: Mrs. H. C. Abbott, of Springer, N. Mex.; Mrs. W. A. Colt, of Las Animas, Colo.; Mrs. Samuel T. Pendleton, of Independence; Miss Susie Lowe, who lives at the home of her parents and teaches in Kansas City; and Parker Lowe, of Rocky Ford, Colo.

WEED.—Capt. F. F. Weed passed away on January 5, 1913. He was an officer in the 9th Missouri Confederate Infantry, and was a brave, accomplished, and true Southerner. Captain Weed left Missouri many years ago and located in California. He died at his home in Maricopa.

WILLIAM BLOUNT SHEPARD.

A wireless message received in February by his brother-in-law, Col. Bennahan Cameron, announced the sudden death from apoplexy at sea, off the island of Jamaica, of Mr. William Blount Shepard, of Edenton, N. C.

Mr. Shepard belonged to a distinguished family, being a son of Hon. William Biddle Shepard, for many years a member of Congress from the Edenton District prior to the War of the States, whose wife was Anne Daves Collins. He was in the sixty-ninth year of his age, having been born in Elizabeth City on the 28th of November, 1844. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and at an early age entered the Confederate army as aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant, on the staff of Gen. J. Johnston Pettigrew. He served under this distinguished commander in many battles, including Gettysburg. He often stated that Pettigrew's horse was so far urged forward by his rider on the heights of Cemetery Ridge that the horse's head was over the farthest wall and his breast against it when the General received a wound in the right hand. This wound caused him to postpone writing a report of the action, which would have given North Carolina her credit due as "farthest at Gettysburg." At that time, said Mr. Shepard, three North Carolina brigades were at that wall (Pettigrew's old brigade, Lane's Brigade, and Scales's Brigade), together with Archer's Tennessee Brigade. Some of these troops were over the wall. Pettigrew was then commanding the division of General Heth, who had been wounded on the afternoon of the first day, and this division was supported by the two brigades of Pender's Division—viz., Scales and Lane. On the Confederate retreat across the Potomac General Pettigrew was selected by General Lee to command his rear guard, and was mortally wounded at Falling Waters before his report of Gettysburg could be written. Mr. Shepard was with his commander at Falling Waters and carried him to a farmhouse near Winchester, later bringing his remains home. After the death of General Pettigrew, Mr. Shepard joined Selden's Battery, Army of Tennessee.

Following the war Mr. Shepard settled at Edenton, near which place he had large agricultural interests. He later removed to Norfolk, and there engaged in the mercantile business, but eventually returned to Edenton, where he spent the remainder of his life, giving his attention to agriculture, cotton-milling, and banking. He was a Democrat in politics, and took an active interest in the welfare of his State and county. He was chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Chowan County from 1884 to 1892, a member of the General Assembly of 1893-94, and Vice President of the Bank of Edenton. He was also a retired officer of the State Guard, having been captain of the Albemarle Guards of Edenton. He was an active churchman, and served as vestryman of St. Paul's Church. He was also a member of several patriotic societies, including the Sons of the Revolution and the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association. As a Mason he belonged to Unanimity Lodge, No. 7, of Edenton.

He was three times married—first to Miss Louise C. Harrison, of Alabama, by whom he left two children, Thomas H. Shepard, Esq., of Edenton, and Mrs. Louise McCorkle, of Alabama. His second wife was Miss Pauline C. Cameron, daughter of Hon. Paul C. Cameron, of Hillsboro, by whom he left a daughter, who was married to the late Dr. William A. Graham, of Durham. His third wife was Miss Mildred C. Cameron, likewise a daughter of Hon. Paul Cameron.

[Sketch by Col. Bennahan Cameron.]

FOUR DEATHS IN FORT WORTH CAMP.

After the election of officers, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of respect on the death of four members, which occurred since the last regular meeting. The members whose death occurred during this time were J. W. Whittsell, D. A. Knox, Enoch Harding, and W. M. McKinney.

WILLIAM S. MORRIS.

W. S. Morris, of Charlottesville, Va., died July 7, 1912, at the age of sixty-eight. He served in Pickett's Division, Company B, 14th Virginia Infantry. Four brothers were in the Confederate army, of whom only two survive, George H. Morris, of Fork Union, Va., and T. A. Morris, of Batavia, Ark.

REV. JOSEPH PEARCE.

Rev. Joseph Pearce was born in Weakley County, Tenn., January 10, 1835; and died near Ripley, Miss., May 17, 1912. He was an orphan and was reared in Columbia, Tenn., but later made his home in Mississippi.

He enlisted in the 34th Mississippi Regiment in March, 1862, and was wounded during the early part of that summer and sent to the hospital at Marietta. As soon as he had recovered he joined a cavalry command, and was with it until the surrender. He was a prisoner for a short time during the war, but was kindly treated by his captors. He was a brave champion of the Confederacy and a true soldier of the cross, and was ever ready to help the needy. He was a constant reader of the VETERAN, and it was a matter of pride to him that his cross of honor was bestowed by the U. D. C. of Tennessee, his native State.

[From a sketch by his daughter.]

TRIBUTE BY CONFEDERATES TO ALEXANDER B. WHITE.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered spread on the minutes by Camp Fitzgerald, No. 1284:

"Whereas on December 22, 1912, God in his all-wise providence removed from our midst Alexander B. White, the true and tried friend of the ex-Confederate soldier; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. White Fitzgerald Camp, No. 1284, realizes that it has lost a true friend, one who was always ready to respond to any and all worthy calls for help among us. And we hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to his devoted wife and daughter and invoke God's blessings to follow them in their untiring efforts in perpetuating the memory of the Southern Confederacy, and also to his many friends and relatives.

Resolved, further, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family and also Paris papers and the VETERAN."

JOHN W. PEACOCK.

The death of John W. Peacock occurred at the home of his sister, Miss Ora Peacock, in Bellbuckle, Tenn., in February, 1913. Comrade Peacock was born in the noted town of Bellbuckle, from which he ever registered, although he had lived in Nashville and in New York City for forty years.

Soon after the war he secured a hotel clerkship in Nashville, and was continually at the best hotel until he removed to New York, where in the Hoffman House he became widely known; and for years, it may be said, he was the most prominent hotel clerk in the United States. He dressed immaculately, and was thoroughly up with the most progressive methods in hotel life. He had the reputation of never forgetting anybody, and the arrival of a multimillionaire found

him confronted by a Confederate veteran who could match him in every aristocratic whim. News of his death will sadden the heart of many a friend. To the writer, who was a neighbor boy, no hotel in the metropolis will ever seem so homelike again.

WILLIAM GEORGE WATKINS.

W. G. Watkins was born in Mason (now West) County, W. Va., in March, 1833; and died in December, 1912, being seventy-nine years of age. He was reared in the State of his nativity, and his early life was that of a farmer's boy. In 1853 he went to Henry County, Mo., where he engaged in farming and in a sawmill enterprise.

He was one of the first in Henry County to offer his services to the cause of the South, enlisting in Captain Owens's company of Missouri State Guards. Six months later he joined Shelby's Brigade in the 4th Missouri Cavalry, and was commissioned as captain. Being authorized to recruit a company, he went to Saline County; and while operating there he was arrested and taken to St. Louis, where he was confined in the Gratiot Street Prison. He was tried by a military commission for being found within the lines of the regularly organized forces of the United States while having in his possession commissions of the Confederacy, and was sentenced to be shot. This sentence was approved by the President and ordered to be carried into effect September 24 in St. Louis under the direction of the provost marshal general. With a number of his fellow prisoners he made his escape by tunneling under the walls of the prison. He rejoined his command at Batesville, Ark., and continued in active service until the close of the war. He then returned to Clinton and afterwards made it his home, save some months he spent in Texas. He was married in 1867 to Miss Mary Spencer, who died nearly a quarter of a century ago, childless.

Mr. Watkins is survived by his sister, Miss Kate Watkins, with whom he made his home, and two brothers, John F., of Kansas City, and James F., of Appleton City.

REV. JAMES F. WATKINS.

Rev. James F. Watkins was born July 13, 1843, at Point Pleasant, in what is now West Virginia; and died in Missouri December 26, 1912. When ten years old he went with his father's family and settled on a farm near Clinton, Mo. He served for nearly the entire period of the War of the States under Gen. Sterling Price. In 1868 he entered the Westminster College, at Fulton, Mo. Later he studied theology under Dr. Nathan L. Rice, a prominent theologian.

After his ordination on April 7, 1871, by the Presbytery of Lafayette, Mr. Watkins supplied the Churches of Clinton, Brownington, Papinsville, and Bolivar until 1874. Aside from three or four years in evangelistic work in Texas, Mr. Watkins's ministry was in Missouri.

J. D. POWELL.

J. D. Powell was born at Paris, Tenn., December 20, 1833; and died at his home, near Collierville, Tenn., on September 10, 1912, leaving a widow and four children. He enlisted in Company C, 4th Tennessee Infantry, in April and was sworn into service on May 15, 1861. From that company he was transferred to the quartermaster's department, where he served until the fall of 1864, when he joined the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's old regiment. His record in the service was that of a brave and faithful soldier.

PORTRAITS

MADE BY CORNELIUS HANKINS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

For twenty years Mr. Cornelius Hankins has been engaged in his chosen profession as artist, and of his portrait work notable examples may be seen in Montgomery, Ala., Jackson, Miss., Richmond, Va., and Memphis and Nashville, Tenn. Some of his best work may also be seen in Columbus, Miss., Selma, Ala., and in Lexington, Ky. The State of Tennessee has bought for its Capitol his life-size, full-length portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and later ordered a companion portrait of Gen. N. B. Forrest and also purchased his portrait of Gen. B. F. Cheatham and one of Jefferson Davis.

The city of Memphis has secured for its new City Hall five of Mr. Hankins's portraits of its Mayors—viz., Clapp, Overton, Bethell, Douglas, and Malone. One of his most noted Memphis portraits is that of Gen. Luke E. Wright.

Montgomery has in the State Capitol Mr. Hankins's portraits of General Wheeler, President Davis, General Forrest, and Governor Patton. The State Capitol of Mississippi has his portrait of General Lowery; while that of Senator Yardman, of that State, is very pleasing to the Senator's friends.



GEN. R. E. LEE.

From life-size portrait in the Tennessee State Capitol, by Cornelius Hankins, Nashville, Tenn.

Richmond, Va., has more Confederate portraits by him than has any other city. John E. Laughton, Jr., Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, of Richmond, writes that the Camp has purchased twelve of Mr. Hankins's portraits, and

the work is entirely satisfactory. Former Gov. Charles T. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, says intimate friends pronounced Mr. Hankins's life-size portrait of himself an excellent likeness and skillfully executed.



GUSTAVUS A. HENRY.

From life-size portrait in the Tennessee State Capitol, by Cornelius Hankins, Nashville, Tenn.

Portraits of Gov. A. S. Marks, Col. A. S. Colyer, and Hon. Robert L. Taylor are with the Tennessee Historical Society. Six portraits of distinguished professors are in the Peabody Normal College, and the late Gov. James D. Porter wrote: "They are admired as works of art and excellent as likenesses."

Gen. G. W. C. Lee, eldest son of Robert E. Lee, writes: "The photograph of the portrait of my father by Cornelius Hankins is, judging from the photograph, the best likeness I have seen in any oil painting of General Lee since the war of 1861-65."

The late General Thruston, an officer of the Union army, wrote that Mr. Hankins's portrait of Gen. N. B. Forrest is "a fine picture and very much admired."

Mr. Hankins is a younger brother of Samuel Hankins, whose "Simple Story of a Soldier" is being widely read in a book and as a serial in the VETERAN.

MARY MILDRED SULLIVAN CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The report of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy submitted by the President, Mrs. Livingston Rewe Schuyler, offers something of an inspiration in the way of good work accomplished. In the ten short months of the Chapter's existence, through the generosity and zeal of its members, it is able to report the sum of \$2,510 for the monument at Arlington, \$25 for Shiloh, \$40 for charity, and \$395 for education.

THE GIRLS WE LEFT BEHIND US.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, TENNESSEE.

In the December VETERAN I read with much interest Hon. W. J. Brown's address at Jackson, Miss., on "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The recollection of that old song stirred memories of those old days in the sixties when under the music of the ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum. It always revives the sleeping embers of war-time memories, and I often wonder why it was not adopted as the national anthem of the Confederacy instead of "Dixie." It ever propelled the martial spirit that determined action in battle, and in its symphony it was the soothing balm to our rough-and-tumble life in camp. It is a panacea to drive away humdrum life, and I recall old times at home when I stepped to its dulcet sound like "a three-year-old champing his bit and ready to go." As a soldier boy when the drum and fife played it I stepped to the tune on the march in harmony with the exact time its martial accents prompted. When the band played it, I was taken back home to father and mother and loved ones and, above all, to the sweet and winning smiles of the "Dulcinea" of my youth.

"Who bade me go with smiling tears,
Who scorned the renegade,
Who, silencing my trembling fears,
Watched, cheered, then wept and prayed;
Who nursed my wounds with tender care,
And then when all was lost,
Who lifted me from my despair,
And counted not the cost."

In this ruminating all the old war songs come before me now: "Just before the Battle, Mother," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "Lorena," "Joe Bowers," "Life on the Vicksburg Bluff," "When This Cruel War Is Over," "Light Up the Camp Fire, Boys, Bring in the Old Tambourine," "Tune Up the Fiddle and the Bow," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It beat "The Yellow Rose of Texas," is more thrilling than "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and was most affecting to the soldiers of all the sentimental productions to entertains us on the tramp. It causes still more music to my soul than the stringed instrumental pieces of those days: "Leather Breeches," "Devil's Dream," "Fisher's Horn Pipe," "Billy in the Low Ground," "Karve Dat Possum," or "Toddy in the Morning." As the spirit-stirring strains attract our old soldiers' ears, they begin to pat, and the soul-inspiring song strikes others, they begin to dance, and the welkin fairly rings when you come to these lines:

"If ever I get through this war,
And Lincoln's chain don't bind me,
I'll make my way to Tennessee,
To the girl I left behind me."

SAWBUCK, A NOTED DOG IN THE VIRGINIA ARMY.

FROM A LETTER BY JOHN O. CASLER, ARDMORE, OKLA.

I was greatly interested some time ago by an article in the VETERAN about a dog that went through the war with Carlton's Battery and was killed at Appomattox.

I knew of another soldier dog. This one was called "Saw-buck" by his master, and he was the special pet and mascot of the Louisiana Brigade in Jackson's old division, 2d Corps, A. N. V., called the 4th, or Stafford's, Brigade. Sawbuck was

a bird dog of medium size and with black and white spots. He always went into battle with the boys, and would run up and down the lines watching the fight. At last, however, he was wounded in the fore leg, and after that he remained in the rear when the firing was going on. He knew nearly every member of the brigade; and often in the evening, when the division was going into camp and he happened to be lost, he would stand by the road and watch the stragglers, and as soon as one of his own brigade came by he would follow him into camp.

"PARLIAMENTARY" RULES MADE EASY.

Mrs. Longan's little book of parliamentary law claims the interest of Southern people, not only because its author is a Southern woman and a member of the U. D. C., but because of its merit as well. The work is founded upon general parliamentary law as laid down by Jefferson, Robert, Reed, and Cushing, so long accepted as authorities upon this subject, and its rules are applicable to any organization or assembly. No new rules are made, but the old ones are collected in a new way that is easily understood. The best result of her work is in its simplicity.

J. N. Greenwood, Superintendent of Schools, Kansas City, Mo., says of the work: "It is the best manual for all ordinary purposes ever published by an American author." Champ Clark also indorses it as "a most excellent work."

THE BATTLE OF TUPELO, OR HARRISBURG, MISS.


Engene H. Allman, 121 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala., who was a member of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry and was in Forrest's command at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., is now publishing a beautiful map of the battle field of Tupelo (or Harrisburg), Miss., showing the positions of each command of Generals Forrest and A. J. Smith, with a list of casualties of officers and men, which is authentic. The battle was fought July 13-15, 1864. The map is embellished with half-tones of Gens. N. B. Forrest and A. J. Smith and representations of the Confederate and United States flags. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of money order for 50 cents.

WHAT BECAME OF JOHN R. GAINES?—J. A. Leslie, of Tazewell, Va., is anxious to learn something of an old friend of his childhood of whom he writes: "At the close of the war there drifted to our little village and to my father's house in Bedford County, Va., a tall, lean, lank, red-headed soldier, John Robert Gaines, who said his home was on or near Red River, and that he belonged to the Texas Rangers. He was a saddle and harness maker by trade, and opened a shop in the neighborhood, boarding with our family, where he remained a year or so. Nothing has been heard of him since he left the neighborhood unexpectedly. I should like to learn something of this man who became my hero in recounting his experiences in battle and in fighting Indians in his native Texas."

A most interesting booklet, "Reminiscences of the War between the States, 1861-65," by Phil F. Brown, Company C, 12th Virginia Regiment, Mahone's old brigade, will be presented (for the asking) to each patron sending a new subscription to the VETERAN. Or send 25 cents in stamps to Phil F. Brown, Blue Ridge Springs, Va., stating that you saw the advertisement in the VETERAN.

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Mrs. G. W. Hatch, of Augusta, Ark., would like to hear from some comrades of her husband, G. W. Hatch, who belonged to Company C, Bell's Regiment, Hawthorne's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, who can testify to his service as a soldier.

J. N. Vaughan, Route 3, Prairie Grove, Ark., seeks to establish his war record through testimony of comrades, who are requested to write to him. He enlisted in the 3d Louisiana, joining Captain Kidd's company at Claiborne, La.; and was discharged at Alexandria on May 8, 1865. He is eighty-four years of age, nearly blind, and needs a pension.

The widow of Anderson B. Fly, who served in the 2d Mississippi Regiment (infantry or cavalry) as chaplain at first and afterwards as captain of a company, will be glad to hear from any surviving comrades who can help her to prove his record as a soldier.

H. L. Edwards, Gainesville, Tex., wishes to hear from some surviving members of his company and regiment—Company E, 48th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. George Nixon. His captains were Dooley McKinney and James Cooper. Comrade Edwards was reared near Columbia, Tenn., and his command was made up there.

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Capt. John Kennedy, of Selma, Miss.,
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to complete his file. Any one who can
furnish them will please write to him
direct.

Mrs. James H. Gill, President Stanley-
Posey Chapter, U. D. C., Atoka, Okla.,
wishes to hear from surviving comrades
of James Ellis Manes, who enlisted at
Spring Creek Church, Ark., in 1862, at
the age of seventeen, in Company E,
23d Arkansas Infantry; was attached to
Colonel Moore's brigade at Helena, Ark.,
under Colonel Charles Adams; surren-
dered at Port Hudson July 8, 1863, un-
der O. P. Lyle; was exchanged in the
fall of 1863 and served in Rufe Ander-
son's company in Phillips County, Ark.,
under O. P. Lyle, until the surrender at
Vicksburg, Ark., in 1865.

J. M. Gann, of Paint Rock, Tex., who
served in Company B, 1st Arkansas
Cavalry, would like to hear from any of
his old comrades who can testify as to
his service, as he needs a pension.

Mrs. Frances A. Naylor, 1017 South
Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Cal., seeks
to secure the war record of her hus-
band, Edwin W. Naylor, who as a mere
lad joined Morgan's command. He was
born in St. Augustine, Tex., but on the
death of his parents had been sent to
relatives in Kentucky, and was living
with his grandmother, Mrs. Charles
Ewell, near Paducah, when he ran away
from school to join the army. His wife
thinks that old friends at Paducah or
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W. W. Marr, of Madisonville, Tenn., would like to hear of or from Cal Hall, with whom he was in prison at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind.

G. T. Bryant, of Cameron, Tex., Route No. 3, wishes to hear from any surviving members of Company G, 40th North Carolina Regiment.

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Mrs. E. A. Boyer, 302 Lacy Street, Palestine, Tex., seeks information of her long-lost brother, Rev. J. C. Harris, who was last heard from at Hope or Little Rock, Ark.

Edgar Crozier, 4012 Cretcher Street, Dallas, Tex., is trying to locate a book written about 1803 by Chaplain Davis, of the 4th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, on Company B. Some of our patrons may know of it.

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As a historical account of the peace movement, the work is practically complete; for the Baroness describes all the peace conferences, most of which she attended and where she was usually a speaker, what was accomplished at them, and what was done in the interim. The two volumes are full of the names of distinguished people with whom the Baroness was on terms of delightful intimacy, and many quoted letters which they wrote in reply to her communications in regard to the cause.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Whether read from the standpoint of the pacifist looking for a trustworthy and unabridged record of his cause, or from that of the psychologist, seeing in it a human document of importance, or even from that of the general reader seeking information or entertainment, these Memoirs will prove of absorbing interest. The translator's work deserves special mention for accuracy and fluency.—*New York Times*.

An absorbingly interesting account.—*Review of Reviews*.

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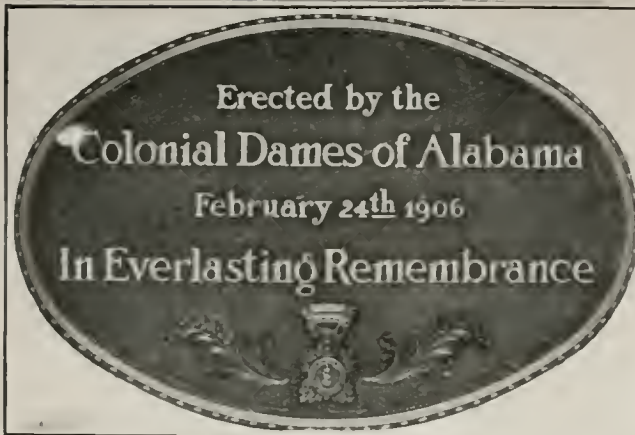
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Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. W. Woodford Woody, of Tulsa, Okla., seeks information of his father's war record, of which he writes: "C. E. Woody volunteered in the C. S. A. in August, 1861, and became a member of Company F, 34th Virginia. His company was organized at Halifax C. H., Va., and served under Capt. H. H. Hurt in Henry A. Wise's brigade. In 1863 this company was sent to Charleston, S. C., and stationed on James Island, in Charleston Harbor; in 1864 the company was around Petersburg, and was in

the fight at Appomattox, where it surrendered with Lee." It is said that C. E. Woody was a first lieutenant under Col. T. F. Goode.

Dr. John M. Dunn, formerly of Springfield, Mo., but who has been living at Richmond, Ark., for the past forty years, was in the service of the Confederacy both as soldier and doctor, principally in Northwest Arkansas, having charge in old Cave Hill of a hospital camp where the soldiers had smallpox.

He would be glad to hear from some of the comrades of war times. He is still active and a very popular physician.

John W. Patterson, 507 Peter Smith Street, Fort Worth, Tex., who was second lieutenant of Company H, 7th Mississippi Regiment, Moreland's Battalion, Roddey's Brigade of Cavalry, and served to the close of the war, will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades, as their testimony is needed in his application for a pension.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1913.

No. 4.

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

PRIZES TO EVERY CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are invited to join in a competition which will be a certain gain to every Chapter in the organization that will cooperate. The regular agent's commission of twenty-five per cent will be allowed on every subscription to the VETERAN received, and in addition \$3.40 worth of books (publishers' prices) will be given to Chapters securing the largest lists in proportion to their membership. Time for award of prizes is extended to December.

The prizes are: Ten sets of "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" (new edition), by Jefferson Davis; three sets (cloth) of the "Confederate Military History," twelve volumes, valued at \$48 per set, and two sets in single volumes. Chapters having the largest lists are given choice.

This makes three prizes with \$48 each, ten at \$10 each, and twenty-four at \$4 each. The statement is repeated that "these prizes are on hand, paid for, and ready for delivery."

Daughters, do you realize what this proposition means? It is made in good faith. The books are the most valuable Confederate records in existence. Where Chapters do not have libraries, the books can be sold. The smaller Chapters in many instances will have advantage over the larger. If a Chapter of ten members procures only ten new subscriptions, it may secure a \$48 set of books, while a Chapter with a thousand members would have to procure a thousand subscriptions to have equal chance. If your Chapter will engage in the work, please give notice at once, so that proper supplies may be furnished. Address the VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

THE FINE BUST OF COL. RICHARD OWEN.

The perfected bust of Col. Richard Owen on the title-page of this number must gratify all who are interested in the extraordinary undertaking of such a tribute to the commandant of a prison. The story has been told repeatedly, but each issue of the VETERAN has so many new readers that the briefest mention is made herein at present. See page 150.

The family of Colonel Owen appreciates highly the inception and the work so far completed. The surviving son, Mr. Horace P. Owen, of New Harmony, Ind., writes of the bust: "It illustrates most forcibly the high conception of the sculptor's power and brilliancy of execution. * * * The pose, the drapery, and the splendid contour of the whole must be most gratifying to Miss Kinney, and it stamps her at once as an artist of unusual ability and fast-growing fame."

It is expected that the great work of art in bronze will be seen at an exhibition in Nashville in May, and it will probably be shown at the Chattanooga Reunion before being placed permanently in the Capitol of Colonel Owen's native State and in the city where his kindness was unstinted and unceasing to Confederate prisoners half a century ago.

VETERANS PROTEST AGAINST RAILROAD RATES.

News comes from Texas that the Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 158, Confederate Veterans, will not be represented at the annual Reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn., in May if the railroads hold firm in their announced intention of charging a rate of one and one-third cents per mile each way. A resolution to this effect was recently adopted at a meeting of the Camp.

The members of this Camp, which is the largest in the South, and which has already paid its per capita dues for five hundred members, declare that they are not trying to force the railroads into allowing the reduced rate, but by the resolution wish to imply that they are not financially situated to pay the extra charge and they make protest against it.

NOTES CROWDED OUT OF CANAL SKETCH.—Robinson's well-printed and beautifully engraved book about "Fifty Years in Panama" has been received from Comrade J. C. Warren, Local Freight Agent of the Panama Railroad in Colon. He was formerly assistant general superintendent of the railroad company. Colonel Warren went there thirty years ago with Mr. Rives, an eminent railroad man, in whose honor a Tennessee railroad junction town was named. Colonel Warren is a Virginian and was five times wounded at Gettysburg.

A dinner at Colonel Gaillard's is the more delightfully remembered by the presence of Col. W. L. Sibert and his good wife and Governor and Mrs. Thatcher. The Siberts are from Alabama, as is Colonel Gorgas, while the Gaillards are from South Carolina. Governor and Mrs. Thatcher are from Frankfort, Ky. Their home is richly decorated with tropical plants. It seems a pity to depopulate the Canal Zone, of ten by fifty miles, for tanglewood protection, except in the terminal cities.

Colonel Goethal's home is on the top of the highest hill at Culebra, and a pleasanter place is not recalled. Unstinted hospitality, with guests from the States, dispelled the idea of distance and surroundings. The atmosphere of army life, conveying the sentiment of gallantry, promptness, and economy, permeates everywhere on the Isthmus over which he is chief.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING FEBRUARY 28, 1913.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$15. Contributed by John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 964, U. D. C., Paragould, Ark., \$5; Varina J. Davis Chapter, No. 252, U. D. C., Fort Smith, Ark., \$5; Margaret Rose Chapter, No. 1335, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$5.

Southern Cross Chapter, No. 804, U. D. C., Washington, \$8.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$18. Contributed by Mrs. R. C. May, of Miami, Fla., \$8; New Smyrna Chapter, No. 825, U. D. C., New Smyrna, Fla., \$5; Burkeville Chapter, No. 71, U. D. C., Burkeville, Fla., \$5.

Mrs. Nannie Duff Silva, Director for Oregon, \$6.

Mrs. Turner Ashby Blythe, Director for Pennsylvania, \$5. Cash donation from Mrs. Lewis.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$48.97. Contributed by Clemson Graded Schools, \$2.21; Winthrop Training and Practice School, \$3.73; Brunson High School, \$2.13; Yorkville Graded School, \$4.25; Fodder School, \$1.05; Greenville Graded Schools, \$13.85; faculty and cadets, Clemson College, \$16.75; Misses Zimmerman, \$5.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$53. Contributed by O. M. Roberts Chapter, No. 440, U. D. C., Houston, Tex., \$25; Hannibal Boone Chapter, No. 253, U. D. C., Navasota, Tex., \$5; Mrs. S. P. Talley Chapter, No. 229, U. D. C., Temple, Tex., \$8.50; Camp Beuchel Chapter, No. 1121, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Tex., \$5; Mrs. J. V. C. Christiansen, \$4.50; Mrs. W. P. Baugh, for Borie Baugh, \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$105.25. Contributed by Richmond Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., \$74.25; source not stated, \$31.

Confederate Memorial Day Committee (1912) of the District of Columbia, Capt. John M. Hickey, Chairman, through Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, Treasurer Finance Committee, \$700.

Mr. Bruce L. Rice, of New York, N. Y., \$10.

Total for month, \$969.22.

Balance on hand February 1, 1913, \$22,595.27.

Total to be accounted for \$23,564.49.

Balance on hand March 1, 1913, \$23,569.49.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

FOR THE ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

The excellent work of Mrs. Simon Baruch in behalf of the Arlington monument fund deserves record in the *VETERAN*. In her report at the recent convention in Washington Mrs. Baruch stated that because of the appeal of a circular sent out by Mrs. Schuyler in behalf of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, of New York, she had solicited subscriptions for the Confederate monument at Arlington and presented sums aggregating \$2,173. She stated that her son, Bernard M. Baruch, had given \$500; Thomas F. Ryan, of Virginia, \$500; Frank J. Gould, \$500; Hamilton S. Borough, \$50; Jacob H. Schiff, \$100; Guggenheim Brothers, \$400; Dr. Simon Baruch, \$15; Daniel G. Reed, \$100.

VIRGINIA CONTRIBUTIONS TO ARLINGTON.

The contributions from Virginia for the Arlington monument handed in by Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek at the Convention in Washington amounted to \$1,964. Of this sum, a generous amount came from the little town of Alexandria through the efforts of Mrs. L. W. Reid, President of the 17th Virginia Regiment Chapter, who sends the following itemized account of contributions: From the people of Alexandria, \$500; 17th Virginia Regiment Chapter, of Alexandria, \$100; Mrs. Lati-

mer Small, of Pennsylvania, \$50; Miss Annie R. Jackson, of Baltimore, \$25; Mrs. George Simpson, in the names of her two sons, \$20; Mrs. M. A. Smoot, in the name of her grandson, \$5. Total, \$700.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN AT RIPLEY, TENN.

The above illustrates the handsome fountain which adorns the courtyard at Ripley, Tenn., erected through the efforts of John Sutherland Chapter, U. D. C., of that place, in honor of the Confederate soldiers of Lauderdale County. In the early spring of last year this Chapter decided to build a fountain, and Mrs. J. L. DeVinney, President, appointed the following committee to assist her in raising the funds necessary: Mrs. L. B. Archer, Mrs. M. E. Davenport, Mrs. G. A. Lusk, Mrs. W. T. Nagle, Mrs. E. Bowden, Mrs. R. L. Fortner, Miss Allie Young, and Miss Loula Foster. This committee went before the County Court and the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of Ripley, and from both bodies received \$450 appropriation, besides several private subscriptions. This gave them a nice start, and they easily raised the balance of \$200, making the fountain cost approximately \$600 complete. Victor Dunkerly, of Memphis, architect; McCabe & Co., of Ripley, contractors



The fountain is sixteen feet four inches high and the diameter of the pool is fourteen feet. A concrete walk surrounds it, and two sanitary flowing fountains are on each side. It is the purpose of the Daughters in the near future to have the names of all the Confederate soldiers of the county inscribed on the granite slab around the pool.

The historians tell us of the heroes of the War of the States, the valor, patriotism, and motives which impelled the men of the South to shoulder their muskets in defense of the principles they held sacred, and they deserve all the encomiums showered upon them; yet to the heroines left at home—their sacrifice, devotion, and loyalty to the cause—is due much credit for the glorious history made.

Another monument in the courtyard there is an old cannon, a silent messenger of a strenuous period, brought from the famous Fort Pillow battle field on the Mississippi River in this county and placed on a carriage as a monument. The Daughters were also instrumental in having this done.

TEXAS LEGISLATURE HONORS MISS DAFFAN.

Hon. P. P. Paddock by unanimous consent offered the following resolution:

"Whereas Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans Association of the South, has honored Texas and honored one of the most worthy women of the State, who has given unstintingly of her time and talents to the interests of the Confederate veterans, one of the United Daughters of the Confederacy whom we all delight to love



MISS KATE DAFFAN.

and honor, Miss Kate Daffan, with the position of sponsor for the South at the Reunion of Confederate Veterans at Chattanooga, which position she will grace and honor and do credit to our State; therefore be it

Resolved, That in behalf of the people of the State in general and the Confederate veterans in particular the House of Representatives of the Thirty-Third Legislature tender General Young our sincere thanks for this distinguished honor conferred upon Miss Daffan."

ACCOMMODATION OF VETERANS AT REUNIONS.

BY J. F. PARKS, BRYAN, TEX.

The "Reunion Suggestions and Comments," by W. O. Connor, in the March VETERAN are certainly wise and appropriate. Some effort should be made to secure more comfortable quarters for those feeble old men at a moderate cost. Most places provide plenty of tents and cots, but they are often far out, and many had rather pay \$2 or \$3 a day at a comfortable hotel and have a place to rest occasionally. An old veteran said to me: "No, I am not going to the Reunion. I can't do as I did in the sixties—sleep out of doors or in a tent. I need comfortable quarters, and the hotels are usually taken up by the officers and ladies. Of course the ladies must be provided for."

Cities entertaining the U. C. V. try to get big crowds of people who want to have a good time and spend money. Those big crowds fill the city, jam the streets, sidewalks, and hotel lobbies, and feeble old men often can't find a seat, though they may be able to pay for accommodations. There may not be any way to remedy this. I have none to suggest. In a few more years there will be only a few hundred left instead of a few thousand as now, and that remnant may be given comfortable accommodations. The U. C. V.'s are given low rates by the railroads, open to everybody, and thousands take advantage of the rates, thus crowding out the old men that they claim they want to honor and entertain. Often the cars are so crowded that the old veterans can't get seats. Going to the Reunion at Memphis several years ago, I saw coaches crowded on the inside and on the platforms. One old man said he rode fifty miles on the steps, as he could not get on the platform.

I hope I will not be considered selfish. I write this for others more than for myself, as I don't know that I will attend any more Reunions; and if I do, I will take enough cash to pay for all necessary comforts, and hope I can secure them.

Now, Mr. Editor, this is my first and probably my last communication to the VETERAN. Trim it to suit yourself.

COMMENT BY J. N. GAINES, BRUNSWICK, MO.

Comrade W. O. Connor's "Reunion Suggestions" are approved, and I think him correct as to the desire of every old comrade in wishing to meet the boys with whom he messed and fought. To illustrate the difficulty in finding them, I attended a reunion of our old command (Morgan's) at Park's Hill, Ky., a few years ago. None except our men were admitted to an inclosure. We held a two days' meeting; 165 were registered, and after it was over I found several names on the list of friends I had failed to meet. This shows the difficulty of getting together at a larger gathering.

I had printed on a piece of white duck in large red letters: "J. N. Gaines, Headquarters Quirk's Scouts, Morgan's Cavalry, C. S. A." When I went to the Reunion at Dallas, Tex., in 1902, this sign got many of us together. I pinned it on a tent.

The latter part of September or first week in October would suit Missourians better than any other time for Reunion dates. Our harvest and seeding is then over, and there is a lull before corn-gathering. The days are getting shorter then, but the weather is usually pleasant.

"Skimming a Hog with a Pair of Scissors," by that "Little Yaller Hammer," in the March VETERAN brings to my mind that Knoxville campaign immediately after Chickamauga. I was with Captain Dortch, commanding the remnant of Morgan's command, and we foraged and picketed for Longstreet. We routed Colonel Woolford's noted Kentucky cavalry at Philadelphia, Tenn., capturing four nice bright mountain howitzers. Afterwards we were cut off when Sherman came up to relieve Burnside, and we went out through Cherokee County, N. C., by way of Big Bald Mountain and Montvale Springs.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FROM R. T. BEAN, WICHITA, KANS.—For the past two Reunions our Camp has had all members attending to wear a white ribbon about nine inches long with the name of the State in which they enlisted in red letters, also company and regiment. This ribbon has enabled us to be found by many old comrades who, seeing the name of the State, have at once made investigation as to the wearer. If all comrades attending Reunions would wear such a badge, it would lead to meetings of many old friends.

Confederate Veteran.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
FEBRUARY 12 TO MARCH 12, 1913.

Alabama: Post cards sold by Mrs. Webster, \$1; Tuscaloosa Chapter, \$5.

Arkansas: Margaret Rose Chapter, Little Rock, \$5.

California: Mrs. C. C. Clay, in the name of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, \$25; Mrs. C. C. Clay, for her six grandchildren, \$30.

Kentucky: Private Robert Tyler Chapter, Hickman (post cards), \$2.50; Confederate Home Chapter, Pewee Valley (post cards), \$35 cents; Paducah Chapter (post cards), 60 cents.

Washington: Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, \$2; R. E. Lee Chapter, Seattle (by Mrs. Van Wyke), \$10; post cards sold by R. E. Lee Chapter, Seattle, \$2.30; post cards sold by Mildred Lee Chapter, Spokane, \$1.45; post cards sold by Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, 50 cents.

United Daughters of Confederacy: Check from Mrs. C. B. Tate, \$1,000.

Interest, \$4.15.

Total collections since last report, \$1,089.85.

Expense Newton enterprise, \$31.20.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$17,852.76.

Total to date, \$18,911.41.

FLAG OF THE 16TH AND 24TH LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.—Ed O'Brien, who served with Company A, 14th Tennessee Infantry, now Pewee Valley, Ky., replies to the inquiry about the flag of the 16th and 24th Louisiana Volunteers, consolidated, by saying that he has been informed it can be found and in good condition, and he will take pleasure in putting the inquirer on the right track for locating it.

CONFEDERATE CURRENCY.—A correspondent makes inquiry about the currency of the Confederacy. This money was printed mainly in Richmond, Va., and in Columbia, S. C. The VETERAN desires information on this subject.

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

The completed design for the heroic bust to Col. Richard Owen, as shown on title-page of this VETERAN, is not only satisfactory, but the work is much finer than the engraving shows. Happily, it is fine in proportion to the merit of the theme that induced its creation. Miss Belle Kinney, the sculptor, is gratified with it. It should be a pride to every man and woman of the South who desire to show their gratitude for so noble and generous a friend to Confederate prisoners when in a freezing and starving condition. The bronze inscription on tablet under the bust is as follows:

"Col. Richard Owen,

Commandant Camp Morton Prison, 1862.

Tribute by Confederate Prisoners and Their Friends for His Courtesy and Kindness."

It is resolved to make this tribute worthy the cause it represents. Contributions have been most generous of late. Let the good work go on, showing the approval and the appreciation of the Southern people even after a half century.

Among the most spontaneous and heartfelt of the many tributes paid Col. Richard Owen are the words of interest and loving memory that come from the boys who went to school to him in the long-gone days before the great war.

Colonel Owen, it will be remembered, was a professor in the Western Military Institute in Nashville, and the boys he taught there recognized in him the same qualities of kindness and firmness that later came into play in his benevolent guardianship of the prisoners under his charge at Camp Morton and which have called forth, after more than fifty years, the tribute of an unprecedented memorial.

Capt. Joe Phillips, once of Bankhead's Light Artillery, the "Lat" Phillips of schoolboy days at the old institute, tells of how in the advance of General Bragg into Kentucky in 1862 the Confederates captured Munfordsville, and of how in the early morning, after the town was taken, some of the old pupils of the institute who were there gloated over the news that they had "caught old Dick and both of his boys." But for all their satisfaction over such discomfiture not for worlds would they have let any harm come to him, and they were all glad enough when the additional news came that Colonel Owen had been given his liberty.

Captain Phillips says that the boys of the institute felt that this kindly, quiet professor was a man among men. They were always fond of him, and realized without putting it into words that he understood them and believed in them. He was not only kind, but beyond everything else he was reasonable, and he knew when to wink at mischief and when not to see faults, as well as when to use necessary restraint and discipline.

Hon. Joseph E. Washington, of Wessington, Tenn., writes: "I have been greatly impressed by the kind and chivalrous spirit which has prompted you in building a monument to Col. Richard Owen in commemoration of his humane treatment of Confederate prisoners of war while kept under his custody. I was too young to be a soldier, but my admiration for the heroes who wore the gray is none the less great on that account. Nothing has touched me more deeply than the tribute you are paying to the memory of Colonel Owen. I inclose a contribution to your monument fund."

Judge J. H. Martin, of Hawkinsville, Ga., in sending a subscription to the Owen Memorial writes: "The kind treatment by Colonel Owen of our unfortunate soldiers who were incarcerated in Northern prisons was in such striking contrast to the cruel and brutal treatment of other commanders of Northern prisons that I think every Confederate should contribute something according to his means to the Owen monument to show his appreciation of such conduct."

COMPLETE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL TO DATE.

A. C. Swinburn, Vernon, Tex....\$	1 00	Armstrong, J. E., Waterloo, Va....\$	1 00	Benson, B., Augusta, Ga.....\$	2 00
A Friend	5 00	Armstrong, Mrs. Nora Owen, Memphis, Tenn.	25 00	Bevens, Dr. W. E., Newport, Ark.	1 00
A Friend, Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00	Arnold, J. M., Covington, Ky....	1 00	Bishop, A. J., Lake, Ark.....	1 00
Addison Harvey Chapter, U. D. C., Canton, Miss.....	5 00	Arrowsmith, F., Pulaski, Tenn....	1 00	Roger, A. T., Vernon, Tex.....	1 00
Alderson, J. C., Charleston, W. Va.....	1 00	Asbury, Col. A. E., Higginsville, Mo.....	6 00	Bradley, J. P., Linneus, Mo.....	1 00
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn....	1 00	Barron, S. B., Rusk, Tex.....	1 00	Bradstreet, J. R., Vernon, Tex...	50
Allen, P. E., Grand Cane, La....	5 00	Bean, William H., Howe, Tex.....	5 00	Brooke, St. George T., Charleston, W. Va.....	1 00
Anderson, John, Enfield, N. C....	1 00	Beeson, R. M., Savannah, Mo....	1 00	Brosnahan, G. O., Pensacola, Fla.	1 00
Anderson, S. B., Mineola, Tex....	1 00	Behan, W. J., New Orleans, La....	5 00	Brown, B. R., Shouns, Tenn.....	1 00
Anderson, W. A., Holly Springs, Miss.....	1 00	Bell, G. W. R., Galesville, Ala....	1 00	Brownson, Mrs. J. M., Victoria, Tex.	1 00
		Bemiss, W. H., Shelbyville, Ky....	1 00	Brusie, C. A., Plaquemine, La....	1 00
		Bennett, Louis	5 00	Bryant, D. H., Orlando, Fla.....	1 00

Confederate Veteran.

Bulow, T. L., Ridgeway, S. C.,.....	\$ 1 00	Hill, A. B., Memphis, Tenn.,.....	\$ 2 00	Purcer, Luke, McMinnville, Tenn.,	\$ 2 00
Burch, C. M., Fancy Farm, Ky.,...	1 00	Hindman, T. C., Chapter U. D. C.,		Rabb, Mrs. A. W., Muskogee, Okla.,	1 00
Byers, H. C., Sidney, Ia.,.....	1 00	Lonoke, Ark.,.....	1 00	Ray, B. F., Kosciusko, Miss.,.....	1 00
Cameron, E., Raleigh, N. C.,.....	5 00	Hinson, Dr. W. B., Charleston, S.		Reagan, Mrs. John H., Palestine,	
Campbell, J. M., Martinsburg, W.		C.,.....	2 00	Tex.,.....	1 00
Va.,.....	1 00	Holiday, J. D., Indianapolis, Ind.,	2 00	Redd, W. A., Dover, Mo.,.....	1 00
Cannon, J. P., McKenzie, Tenn.,...	1 00	Hopkins, M. A., Sheffield, Ala.,...	1 00	Rhodes, Robert J., Whiteville,	
Carnes, W. W., Memphis, Tenn.,...	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.,	35 00	Tenn.,.....	1 00
Carr, Gen. J. S., Durham, N. C.,...	10 00	Howell, F. A., Durant, Miss.,.....	1 00	Rice, James T., Iva, S. C.,.....	2 00
Carr, L., Charleston, W. Va.,.....	2 00	Humphrey, W. P., Gretna, La.,...	1 00	Riddle, George T., Pulaski, Tenn.,	1 00
Chachere, J. O., Opelousas, La.,...	1 00	Irvine, Capt. J. W., Savannah,		Robertson, Dr. J. J., Ridgeway,	
Chachere, Dr. Theogene, Opelous-		Tenn.,.....	1 00	S. C.,.....	1 00
sas, La.,.....	1 00	Jennings, R. H., Columbia, S. C.,	1 00	Rogers, B. H., Plantersville,	
Chiles, T. C., Greenwood, S. C.,...	1 00	Jett, W. A. L., Murray Hill, N. J.,	1 00	Miss.,.....	1 00
Clapp, J. W., Memphis, Tenn.,...	5 00	Jewell, Gen. William H., Orlando,		Rosamond, J. S., Durant, Miss.,...	1 00
Clark, A. K., Augusta, Ga.,.....	1 00	Fla.,.....	1 00	Rosenberg, Mrs. M. R., Macgill,	
Clarkson, R. A., Fort Smith, Ark.,		Johnson, W. J., Ridgeway, S. C.,	1 00	Galveston, Tex.,.....	5 00
Clegg, H. C., Moncure, N. C.,.....	50	Johnston, Miss Mary, Richmond,		Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn.,...	1 00
Cochran, W. M., Forney, Tex.,.....	1 00	Va.,.....	5 00	Rudisill, S. A., Arkadelphia, Ark.,	1 00
Colvin, R. M., Harrisonburg, Va.,...	3 00	Jones, George M., Springfield, Mo.,	1 00	Ruff, D. W., Ridgeway, S. C.,.....	1 00
Comb, J. H., San Marcos, Tex.,...	1 00	Jones, M. B., Brunswick, Tenn.,...	1 00	Ruff, W. H., Ridgeway, S. C.,.....	1 00
Confederate Veterans Association,		Jones, Russell, Brunswick, Tenn.,	1 00	Rutherford, Mrs. E. H., Versailles,	
Camp 756, U. C. V., Savannah,		Jordan, J. W., Caproilton, Va.,...	1 00	Ky.,.....	3 00
Ga.,.....	10 00	Kern, Mrs. J. W., Kansas City,		Rutledge, J. S., Vernon, Tex.,.....	1 00
Cook, V. Y., Batesville, Ark.,.....	10 00	Mo.,.....	2 00	Sandusky, Richard, Shelbyville,	
Copy of Veteran sold by Mrs. Le-		Kimberly, Miss Mary, Asheville,		Tenn.,.....	2 00
ban, New Orleans, La.,.....	50	N. C.,.....	1 00	Saunders, E. W., Red Bluff, Cal.,...	2 50
Corser, E. S., Minneapolis, Minn.,...	5 00	Kreig, Christian, Nashville, Tenn.,	1 00	Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla.,.....	1 00
Crain, J. H., Lawrenceburg, Ky.,...	2 50	Lee, B. C., Coushatta, La.,.....	1 00	Seagraves, J. F., Middletown, O.,...	2 00
Creager, J. A., Vernon, Tex.,.....	50	Lee, C. H., Jr., Palmouth, Ky.,...	2 00	Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn.,...	1 00
Croft, Mrs. E. A., Aiken, S. C.,.....	1 00	Lee, I. S., Mayersville, Miss.,.....	2 00	Shaifer, A. K., Port Gibson, Miss.,	1 00
Cromwell, T. W., Cynthia, Ky.,...	50	Lee, W. P., Piedmont, S. C.,.....	1 00	Shannahan, J. K., Newcomb, Md.,	2 00
Croom, Dr. J. D., Sr., Maxton, N. C.,	1 00	Lee-Jackson Camp U. C. V., Lex-		Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark.,.....	1 00
Crouch, R. C., Morristown, Tenn.,...	1 00	ington, Va.,.....	1 25	Shipp, J. F., Chattanooga, Tenn.,...	1 00
Crutcher, T. E., Saco, Mont.,.....	2 00	Lester, Capt. John H., Deming, N.		Sims, T. H., Texarkana, Ark.,.....	1 00
Curlie, A., Shreveport, La.,.....	5 00	Mex. (addition),.....	2 00	Sinclair, G. Terry, New York	
Daugherty, J. R., St. Louis, Mo.,...	10 00	Lewis, John H., Memphis, Tenn.,...	1 00	City,.....	1 00
Davidson, H. C., Montgomery,		Lewis, R. B., Longtown, S. C.,...	1 00	Slocum, J. W., Gray, Ga.,.....	1 00
Ala.,.....	1 00	Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.,	5 00	Smith, Judge C. J., Ridgeway, S.	
Davis, B. B., Bucatunna, Miss.,...	1 00	Lipsey, R. C., Lexington, Miss.,...	1 00	C.,.....	50
Davis, J. P., Bucatunna, Miss.,...	1 00	Lockwood, George R., St. Louis,		Smith, J. F., Morgan, Tex.,.....	1 00
Davis, Winnie, Chapter U. D. C.,		Mo.,.....	2 00	Smith, Miss Jessica R., Hender-	
Moorefield, W. Va.,.....	10 00	Love, Mrs. C. H., Barbourville,		son, N. C.,.....	1 00
Dawson, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.,...	2 00	W. Va.,.....	1 00	Smith, W. A., Ansonville, N. C.,...	1 00
Des Portes, J. A., Ridgeway, S. C.,...	1 00	Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis,		Smith, W. A., Ansonville, N. C.,...	1 00
Devenport, J. J., Devenport, Ala.,	5 00	S. C.,.....	1 00	Starr, J. B., Fayetteville, N. C.,...	1 00
DeYoung, R. M., Chase, Ala.,.....	1 00	Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincin-		Stewart, Col. W. H., Portsmouth,	
Dickinson, Hon. J. M., Nashville,	5 00	nati, Ohio,.....	1 00	Va.,.....	1 00
DuBuisson, C. J., Ynzoo City,		Mauget, V. E., Dumedin, Fla.,...	1 00	Stone, J. B., Kansas City, Mo.,...	1 00
Miss.,.....	1 00	Martin, Judge J. H., Hawkins-		Stone, John B., Kansas City, Mo.,...	5 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville,		ville, Ga.,.....	1 00	Stone, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex.,	2 00
Tenn.,.....	1 00	Matlin, Rev. P. T., Franklin,		Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex.,...	1 00
Dwight, Dr. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C.,	50	Tenn.,.....	1 00	Stuckey, D. H., Martinsburg, W.	
Edmonds, J. S., Ridgeway, S. C.,...	50	Mathis, A. J., Vernon, Tex.,.....	50	Va.,.....	1 00
Edmondson, Y. C., Waxahachie,		Maurry, Dabney H., Chapter, U. D.		Sweetman, M. A., Circleville,	
Tex.,.....	1 00	C., Wilmington, Del.,.....	5 00	Ohio,.....	2 00
Ellis, J. C., Bucatunna, Miss.,...	50	Maxey, J. M., New Orleans, La.,...	1 00	Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La.,	1 00
Faison, W. W., Goldsboro, N. C.,...	1 00	McCarys, R. P., Olive Branch,		Swms, S. Y., Peterstown, W. Va.,...	1 00
Faulkner, E. C., Montgomery, Ky.,...	1 00	Miss.,.....	1 00	Tavener, L. N., Parkersburg, W.	
Ferrell, W. S., Vernon, Tex.,.....	1 00	McCaskey, T. B., Bucatunna,		Va.,.....	1 00
Fitzhugh, O. S., Fletcher, W. Va.,...	1 00	Miss.,.....	50	Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C.,...	1 00
Fletcher, Dr. E. J., Bridge, Va.,...	1 00	McEwen, Bivouac, Franklin, Tenn.,	4 00	Team, Dr. J. W., Ridgeway, S. C.,	1 00
Flynn, W. M., South Boston,		McShan, J. T., McShan, Ala.,.....	1 00	Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.,	2 00
Mass.,.....	1 00	Mears, James, Columbus, Ohio,...	1 00	Thomas, Mrs. Mary Blount,	
Foster, Maj. W. P., Nashville,		Miller, W. A., O'Brien, Fla.,.....	1 00	Washington, D. C.,.....	5 00
Tenn.,.....	1 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Ia.,...	1 00	Thompson, A. R., Collinsburg, La.,	1 00
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Balto.,	10 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Ia.,...	5 50	Thompson, R. M., Culpeper, Va.,...	1 00
Fry, E. J., Marshall, Tex.,.....	5 00	Milner, W. J., Birmingham, Ala.,...	1 00	Thompson, W. A., Gurley, La.,...	1 00
Fuller, Mrs. P. A., Jacksonville,		Mlunch, J. W., Grand Isle, La.,...	1 00	Tilghman, Sidel, Madison, N. J.,...	10 00
Fla.,.....	1 00	Mizell, J. King's Ferry, Fla.,...	10 00	Towson, J. William, Shelbina, Mo.,	2 00
Gaillard, Miss Ellen P., Pinopolis,		Moon, W. H., Goodwater, Ala.,...	1 00	Tyler, C. W., Clarksville, Tenn.,...	10 00
S. C.,.....	1 00	Moore, A. J., Newbern, Ala.,.....	1 00	Van Pelt, S. W., Farmville, Va.,...	1 00
Gaines, J. N., Brunswick, Mo.,...	1 00	Moore, Miss E. I., Buda, Tex.,...	1 00	Vanmeter, C. J., Bowling Green,	
Gardner, Mrs. B. A., Brooklyn, N.		Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark.,...	2 50	Ky.,.....	5 00
Y.,.....	1 00	Moore, W. S., Cane Hill, Ark.,...	1 00	Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga.,...	1 00
Gardner, G. N., Nashville, Tenn.,...	1 00	Morrisett, P. T., Newbern, Ala.,...	1 00	Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La.,...	1 00
Gilfoil, J. H., Omega, Ia.,.....	2 00	Mumford, C. B., Kansas City, Mo.,	3 00	Warden, J. M., Wardensville, W.	
Gillelan, C. W., Spring Creek, W.		Va.,.....	1 00	Va.,.....	6 00
Va.,.....	1 00	Myers, J. M., Fishersville, Ky.,...	1 00	Warden, Capt. Jacob, Berryville,	
Gilmer, Peachy, Breckinridge		Myers, Thomas J., Gastonia, N. C.,	1 00	Va.,.....	1 00
Camp, Fincastle, Va.,.....	1 00	Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C.,	1 00	Washington, Hon. J. E., Wes-	
Godwin, James, Fincastle, Va.,...	1 00	Norwood, J. P., Lockesburg, Ark.,...	1 00	yngton, Tenn.,.....	5 00
Gordon, R. H., New York,.....	1 00	Nutt, Mrs. L. A., Alva, Fla.,.....	2 00	Watson, G. W., Jefferson, Tex.,...	1 00
Gorgas, Col. W. C., Canal Zone,...	2 00	Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, Fla.,...	1 00	Watson, Richard Vidmer, Belvi-	
Graham, W. M., Cedar Bluff, Miss.,	1 00	Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville,		dere, Ill.,.....	1 00
Granberry, J. A. II., Waverly		Fla.,.....	1 00	Watts, W. P., Waverly Hall, Ga.,...	1 00
Hall, Ga.,.....	1 00	Paddison, J. R., Mt. Airy, N. C.,...	1 00	Westbrook, M. L., Waco, Tex.,...	1 00
Graves, Theo. H., Anderson, Tex.,	1 00	Palmer, N. G., Ridgeway, S. C.,...	1 00	Whitehead, E. M., Denton, Tex.,...	1 00
Haman, P. A., Learned, Miss.,.....	1 00	Parker, Arthur, Abbeville, S. C.,...	1 00	Whiteside, Miss Florence, Cleve-	
Hammer, Dr. M. R., Newton, Ia.,...	2 00	Parker, P. P., Washington, D. C.,...	1 00	land, Tenn.,.....	1 00
Harbaugh, T. C., Casstown, Ohio,	1 00	Parker, P. P., Washington, D. C.,...	1 00	Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn.,...	1 00
Hardle, W. T., New Orleans, La.,...	5 00	Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss.,	1 00	Wilder, E. G., Socrum, Fla.,.....	1 00
Hardwick, C. H., Richmond, Va.,...	2 50	Parsons, M. M., Camp, U. C. V.,		Williamson, Mrs. M. R., Nashville,	
Hargis, J. R., Taylor, Tex.,.....	1 00	Warrensburg, Mo.,.....	5 00	Tenn.,.....	5 00
Harris, C. I., Mebane, N. C.,.....	1 00	Paulett, S. W., Farmville, Va.,...	1 00	Wilson, C. B., Taylor, Tex.,.....	5 00
Harris, Miss E. S., Mebane, N. C.,	1 00	Peak, W. D., Oliver Springs, Tenn.,	1 00	Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C.,	
Hays, X. B., Kent's Store, La.,...	1 00	Phillips, Capt. Joseph, Nashville,		Savannah, Ga.,.....	2 00
Hearon, H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.,...	1 00	Tenn.,.....	5 00	Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn.,	2 00
Hearon, Mrs. H. P., Bucatunna,		Pickett, George E., Chapter, U. D.		Wray, C. P., Ridgeway, S. C.,.....	1 00
Miss.,.....	1 00	C., Kansas City, Mo.,.....	10 00	Wynn, B. L., Charleston, Miss.,...	5 00
Heartsill, W. W., Marshall, Tex.,...	1 00	Pleasants, Edw., Richmond, Va.,...	1 00	Wyeth, Dr. John A., New York,...	5 00
Hemming, C. C., Colorado		Polk, Dr. W. M., New York City,...	10 00	Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky.,...	10 00
Springs, Colo.,.....	1 00	Porter, J. B., Harmony, Ark.,.....	1 00		
Herbert, Hon. H. A., Washington,		Powell, Rev. L., Owensboro, Ky.,...	1 00		
D. C.,.....	5 00	Powers, L. A., Athens, Tex.,.....	1 00		
Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss.,.....	2 00	Price, J. M., Valley Head, Ala.,...	1 00		

Total\$515 25

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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OFFICIALS OPERATING THE CANAL WORK.

It is a group of eminent men that is directing the work on the great Panama Canal. The personnel is a credit to the great government whose servants the members are, and they are a credit to the Engineering Department, of which nearly all are members.

Col. George W. Goethals, Chairman of the Commission and Chief Engineer, has established a name that will last coexistent with the canal itself. He is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., born in 1858, and a West Point graduate of the 1880 class. He has been in the canal work as chief engineer since February, 1907.

Col. H. F. Hodges was born in Boston in 1860, graduated at West Point in 1881, and is assistant chief engineer. He has been on the canal work since 1907.

Col. William C. Gorgas, senior member of the Commission, was born in Mobile October 3, 1854. He is a graduate of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., and was made colonel and assistant surgeon general by special act of Congress for yellow fever work at Havana in 1903, and has been chief sanitary officer on the Isthmus since March, 1907.

Col. D. D. Gaillard was born in South Carolina, graduated at West Point in 1884, and has been a member of the Canal Commission since April 1, 1907.

Col. H. H. Rousseau was born in Troy, N. Y., April 19, 1870, became an engineer of the United States navy through competitive examination, and has been a member of the Canal Commission since March 16, 1907.

Col. W. L. Sibert was born in Gadsden, Ala., October 12, 1860, graduated at West Point in 1884, and has been a member of the Canal Commission since April, 1907.

Hon. M. H. Thatcher, of Frankfort, Ky., is a member of the Commission in Civil Government, and is called Governor.

The order of business in the great work is military; without red tape. It is conspicuously systematic and open. The Canal Record contains information so thorough that every official and every man may learn for himself just what is being done.

It may be seen that the members have nearly all been on the work about the same period. Their generation is quite the same, and the group ought to be classed as would a general and his lieutenant generals in conducting a great military campaign.

Congress would do well to continue the Commission to the end; and when great ships are crossing the Continental Divide, they should all "come home" with consistent honor.

A proposed change of courts to have one United States judge, with appeal of cases to the United States District Court in New Orleans, seems unfortunate, as many a poor man could not afford the expense.

It is impracticable to tell in the space available in this VETERAN all that would interest its readers of conditions where "continents are cut asunder." It is impossible to say just what will happen when "the storage of fresh water carries great ships between oceans," but it may be expected to be

done effectively. Uncle Sam will take the bills away if necessary now to complete the job. Colonel Goethals told the writer that he intends to send a ship through the canal this year. However, much loose earth may get into the canal channel like the sands into the Mississippi River. It is expected by dredging to clear it speedily.

Patriotic methods are in vogue on the canal. All visitors are shown as if they were delegates sent to see and inspect the work. A sight-seeing train of three or four cars is sent out along the line every day under the direction of Mr. W. M. Baxter, Jr., of Nashville, who shows the visitors along the canal and the locks. Then at an auditorium near the Tilovi Hotel, owned by the Panama Railroad—and it is owned by the United States Government—he, with a splendid enlarged model of the canal, explains the work throughout in detail. Tourists are all zealous in his praise, and the public may anticipate that later on Mr. Baxter will tour the States to give illustrated lectures whereby the large majority of people may secure their best knowledge of the great enterprise. Such a tour would be of much general interest and most instructive to the public.

The rights and property of the French company purchased by the United States have been fully paid for. Of their 80,000,000 cubic yards of excavations, 30,000,000 have been utilized in our work. The allowance for this work in negotiations with the French company was \$29,389,240. The value of the Panama Railroad was placed at \$9,000,000, whereas it cost the French \$18,000,000. The commission is now using one hundred and twelve French locomotives and seven ladder dredges of the French purchase. Because of the lakes made in storage of water it became necessary to change the Panama railroad track throughout its length, and it all lies east of the canal. Strange as it may seem, in crossing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean the direction is to the southeast, and the tide on the Atlantic side is twenty inches, while at the Pacific side it is twenty feet.

The Gatun Dam is prodigious. It is 2,100 feet, or about half a mile, thick at the base; it is 400 feet thick at the water surface and 100 feet wide on the crest, which is 105 feet above sea level and twenty feet above the surface water in the lake. The length of the dam is 7,500 feet, or about one and a half miles. The spillway in cases of high rise in the Chagres River has a capacity of 154,000 cubic feet per second. A description of the Gatun locks is deferred until suitable illustrations may be had.

That the largest heavily laden ships may be raised and lowered eighty-five feet in the distance of less than a mile will stagger the ordinary conception.

The Culebra Cut, which requires an excavation of ninety millions of cubic yards of rock and earth, is the most stupendous of all the undertakings. This bulk would make a band three feet wide and seven feet high that would belt the earth. The cut is nine miles long and is three hundred feet wide at the bottom. The excavation for the nine miles averages about one hundred and twenty feet, while at the Continental Divide it averages three hundred and seventy-five feet, and the excavated area at the top is about one mile in width.

At this time about one hundred and fifty loaded trains of earth and rock are hauled from the cut daily. There are now to be contended with some seventeen slides, involving about one hundred and sixty acres.

In another issue of the VETERAN it is proposed to give additional statistics whereby the magnitude of the work may be as fully comprehended as practicable.

ABOUT PANAMA—THE CANAL ZONE.

A visit to Panama and the Canal Zone recently made by the founder of the VETERAN was the most eventful in the twenty years of the history of the magazine, and considerable space is given herein to an account of it.

An invitation extended during the fall of 1910 by Col. G. W. Goethals, when he, Secretary of War Dickinson, and Gen. Fred Grant were on a visit to Nashville, had been most gratefully appreciated, being considered a tribute to Engineer P. D. Cunningham, whom Colonel Goethals had slated to go with him to the Canal Zone, as well as to the Editor of the magazine whose patronage is most benefited in the great enterprise of international concern—the Panama Canal.



GROUP OF FRIENDS WITH COLONEL GOETHALS IN NASHVILLE.

[Colonel Goethals is the central figure standing, with Secretary of War Dickinson and Gen. Fred D. Grant seated.]

Some friends who contemplated a visit in February solicited the companionship of the Editor, but their route was via New Orleans; so the plan was adopted to engage sailing dates whereby all would arrive in Colon on the same day. The vessel sailing from New York arrived after the New Orleans vessel, and a delightful greeting was had at the pier.

The trip, while made as an outing, in part contemplated a report of the great canal enterprise. Unhappily, a threatened illness did not yield by the journey, as was anxiously anticipated, but it held on and on until after the return journey was completed. The blessing of good friends, however, was demonstrated, and two reports following these general notes, including the sea voyage data, are designed for the general readers of the interior country who are unfamiliar with the sea. To have sailed on coast lines, many times having been out for a day or so at a time, had not conveyed an adequate idea of a week's sail on the wide ocean.

On this journey the good ship Cristobal, additional account of which is given, had hardly entered the open sea when an alarming sense of prison life for a week caused depression of spirit, as it would require more time from the VETERAN, going and returning, than had ever been given except while in hospitals; and although a smoother sail was never made, perhaps, a restless spirit prevented more than two hours in stateroom during any of the thirteen nights at sea, and the illness never yielded to balmy conditions, so that the journey was indeed a wretched experience. This feature of the trip would not be mentioned except that the report cannot be written without poignancy of spirit.

On the Isthmus the Editor's good friends, Mr. and Mrs.

Frank S. Washburn, of Nashville, seemed to comprehend the misfortune, and every considerate assistance was rendered. Mr. Washburn is evidently without a peer as a traveler, while his good wife and others of their party were thoughtful and zealous in making the journey and observations an occasion of pleasure and profit. Mr. Washburn was good to write the report herein of the great work in his own masterly way. He has successfully conducted large engineering enterprises, notably in connection with the water supplies of New York and Boston, the nitrate industry in Chile, coal-mining in England and Wales, and electrical manufactures in America; while at present he is at the head of the great cyanamide industry of this country whereby fertilizers are gathered from the atmosphere, the principal plant of which is at Niagara Falls, New York. Mr. Washburn was consulting engineer for a syndicate of twenty-five men who, with a quarter of a billion dollars, were planning to build a canal at Panama or Nicaragua when they were persuaded to let the United States government take the job, and he spent part of three years in the Panama and Nicaragua areas. On this visit Mr. Washburn was well and very active, and yielded graciously to the plea that he prepare a report for the VETERAN, although he had to do it *en route* to New Orleans, as he had engaged to go from there to Arizona.

Mr. John M. Ewen, of Chicago, Chairman of the Harbor Commission of that city, also chiefly active in carrying forward the plan for a single universal terminal system for all the railroads entering Chicago, and prominently identified with the movement for an improved waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and his associate, Mr. Addison A. Righter, were visitors in the zone. The former was with Mr. Washburn throughout his investigations.

The organization, methods, and appliances with which the work of the Panama Canal is carried on are of direct and immediate interest not only to the large engineering enterprises with which these gentlemen are connected in business, but also to the great public interests with which Mr. Ewen is so closely identified. Their investigation of everything is carried on with a thoroughness and understanding which only engineers can give. Their expressions of admiration and commendation for the design and methods of conducting the work and for the men identified with it were as enthusiastic as those expressed by the ordinary layman who has not the special knowledge of the engineer to bring to bear upon the matter.

Additional to the work on the canal, Judge William H. Jackson, a member of the supreme court of the Canal Zone, came further to the rescue in supplying a report of the prevailing civil government of the zone. Judge Jackson is a native Tennessean, named for his uncle, William H. Jackson, of Confederate cavalry fame. Kindness on the part of every government official to the Editor is gratefully mentioned.

Col. W. C. Gorgas, of the health department of the zone, who has done marvelous work in establishing health conditions in Panama and Colon and throughout the Canal Zone, is a son of Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Chief of the Ordnance Department, C. S. A., and of whose mother there is a sketch in the "Last Roll," was graciously considerate. In the great canal enterprise the people of the United States treasure in grateful remembrance the wonderful life-saving achievements of Colonel Gorgas. The Ancon Hospital comprises eighty-seven acres, on which there are one hundred and seven hospital buildings, and in them nowadays there are from twelve hundred to sixteen hundred patients. There have been received therein for treatment 140,000 men. Col. Charles F. Mason, of Virginia, has been the Superintendent for the past four years,

while Dr. W. R. Noble looks after the sick throughout the Isthmus, using a hospital car across the Isthmus daily. He is a Tennessean, and his wife is a daughter of the late Dr. N. T. Lupton, of Vanderbilt University. All the buildings in the

hundred miles, was a pleasure worth the trip. Mrs. Gaillard has the most noted home on the Isthmus because of her wonderful orchids and floral ornamentations which almost hide the beautiful home. Pictures of the four years' progress in this development are given herewith.

GROWTH OF TROPICAL PLANTS IN THE ZONE.



RESIDENCE OF COL. W. C. GORGAS.

zone are wired against mosquitos. In some way they seem to have been eradicated from that section. In several journeys from ocean to ocean there was neither seen, heard, nor felt one of the pests. Most effective in the fight against mosquitos is the distribution of coal oil. The Union Oil Company of California has five ships in the trade. They carry to Panama from San Pedro and another California port from 45,000 to 75,000 barrels, each ship making one trip a month. This oil is distributed through a pipe line extending from Panama to Colon, with fifteen reservoirs, the outfit being supplied at a cost of a million dollars. It was put in in 1909 and rebuilt on the highlands in 1911. This oil is supplied to the government at \$1.10 per barrel.

It is a pleasing coincidence that at the moment Colonel Gorgas was called upon by the Editor he had signed a letter and check, which had not been folded, ordering the VETERAN continued to him and to be sent to four others who could not pay for it.

To see Col. D. D. Gaillard, who has long had charge of the tremendous work of opening the Culebra Cut and clearing off the slides of enormous proportions, who was one of the International Boundary Commission, and who was zealous in advancing the young engineer, Paul D. Cunningham, together with the zealous and kindly interest of his wife during that period, from El Paso to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of seven



COLONEL GAILLARD'S HOME IN 1908.



COLONEL GAILLARD'S HOME IN 1913.



COL. D. D. GAILLARD AND WIFE.



ENTRANCE TO THE HOME IN 1913.

[This kodak of Colonel Gaillard was caught by Superintendent F. R. Woodman, in charge of drills on Culebra Cut.]

[The above shows the progress of tropical plants in Colonel Gaillard's home in less than five years. It illustrates what can be done there in that period.]

INCIDENTS OF A SEA TRIP TO PANAMA—THE CRISTOBAL.

On February 20 the Cristobal set sail at 3:30 P.M. from New York for Panama. The Panama Railroad Steamship Line consists of the following vessels that ply between Colon and New York: The Colon, 6,000 tons; the Panama, 6,000 tons; the Allianca, 4,000 tons; the Advance, 3,000 tons; the Ancon and the Cristobal, 10,000 tons each. All but the two larger vessels make the voyage in six days, they requiring seven days. All are equipped with wireless telegraphy and up-to-date passenger accommodations. The Cristobal, on which the voyage was made, is a splendid ship and remarkable for its steadiness even in severe weather.

In 1902 there was launched from the Maryland Steel Company's docks at Sparrow's Point the Tremont, a freight ship with a capacity of 10,000 tons. Its length is five hundred and five feet, with fifty-eight feet beam. The aggregate cost, including changes to add passenger service, was about \$700,000. Work was begun on the vessel in 1900, and its maiden trip from New York to San Francisco was from July 31 to September 24, 1912, fifty-four days without a stop. Its draft on sailing was twenty-eight feet, two inches. Upon arrival at San Francisco there were left 920 tons of the 3,575 tons taken on board for the trip, reducing the draft to twenty-three feet, two inches. This voyage, without a stop, was 13,779 miles long. The start was from New York in midsummer (July 31), and in going around Cape Horn a month later it was midwinter and very cold. The ship sailed thence to Seattle, 720 miles, whence it began the career of twenty-one trips aggregating 277,095 miles. They extended from Seattle via Yokohama, Kobe, Mogi, Manila, Hongkong, and back by the same cities to Seattle each time. During the summer months it would stop at Vermosa for tea, taking on board quantities as large as 3,000 tons by measurement methods. The coal required for each trip was nearly 5,475 tons. The ship laid up for several months, from July 28 to January, 1909, on one occasion at Brembleton, the navy yard near Seattle.

On the return trip to New York the voyage was made in 1908, beginning January 1 and ending on April 3, the exact time being fifty-one days and twenty-one hours. It made but two stops on the return, one midway the Magellan Straits and the other at St. Lucia, in the British possessions, where 450 tons of coal were taken on board, loaded mainly by women with baskets weighing from 110 to 137 pounds on their heads. In Japan women worked with men in loading coal.



COL. D. D. GAILLARD AT HIS DESK.

In June, 1908, the ship was purchased by the Panama Railroad and Steamship Company and the name changed to Cristobal, which is the United States port adjacent to Colon. This writing is on the outgoing of the forty-first voyage, which distance is 1,972 miles. The remarkable record is made as above quoted by Mr. W. E. Purington, who has been chief engineer of the ship through its remarkable career and has preserved its minute history from the beginning. Mr. Purington has served as chief engineer throughout, making all the voyages, save three, to Panama, and in all the eleven years there has been but little change in the machinery and there has never been an accident worthy of note. This is certainly a good record for a ship of ten thousand tons displacement in 467,654 miles of voyages.

The Cristobal record is given as illustrating something of steamships. It is easy to consider the statement that a vessel may in fifty-four days go a distance of 13,779 miles; but readers not familiar with the sea will be profoundly impressed by the fact that machinery can be so well made as to make the distance of more than half around the world without a moment's check. Even this trip of nearly two thousand miles without at all stopping the machinery seems remarkable.

Many things might be told of the trip that would interest VETERAN readers. During the week's voyage there would occasionally appear a ship, never passing very near, only one within a mile (this was the Panama, of the same line), and there were no whistles blown. Wireless operators had their chat about anything the officers wanted to know. Distances between places indicated were often very great. For instance, it is 664 miles after passing Hatteras to the next point seen, and from Island Navassa, owned by the United States, to Colon it is 611 miles. Near Navassa Island passengers were entertained by maneuvers of United States battleships and torpedo boat destroyers. It seemed odd to see these ships far into the area that floated the British flag, exercising as a company at drill in the "wild waste of water." For a long distance Hayti, "the negro republic," was sighted. To the east of that is Porto Rico. Crossing the Caribbean Sea, a distance of 611 miles, was without incident of interest; nothing was observable save water, sky or cloud, and the ship. Early on the 27th the Colon, of the same line, a lighter and faster ship, appeared far in the rear and gradually gained upon us, but was second in arriving at the Cristobal dock. This lengthy sketch of the Cristobal is specially for readers who are not familiar with sea travel. When a ship is on sea on such a voyage, every passenger is in a sense a prisoner, and the assumption of honesty is so general that rarely is a stateroom locked any more than would be rooms in a family residence with none but members of the family present. Formal introductions are not expected and are rarely made.

The towns Cristobal and Colon are adjacent in the Canal Zone, with only a street separating them, as are Panama and Ancon on the Pacific side. Colon and Panama are the two places reserved by the Panamanian government in its perpetual lease to the United States at \$250,000 a year for a distance of five miles on each side of the center of the canal—a strip ten miles from ocean to ocean.

The return trip to New York was on the Colon. Two days were on rough sea, but the popular and obliging Capt. N. W. Mowbray, whose life has been that of a sailor, said: "Passengers are safer here than at home."

THE CANAL FROM AN ENGINEER'S VIEW POINT.

BY MR. FRANK S. WASHBURN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

He who expects to find the Panama Canal great and interesting wholly or chiefly from the standpoint of its engineering problems will be pleasantly disappointed. To the thoughtful, discerning visitor on the Isthmus the great project now nearing completion and at the acme of its activity unfolds itself as a great national self-revelation. There is revealed in this greatest of engineering works the highest economic qualities our national life has to offer. Foremost stands many-sided honesty in the administration of the work, extending not only to the physical integrity of the material and workmanship, but as well to the exercise of civil government within the zone and the establishment and maintenance of healthful living conditions. The gross dishonesty of misappropriation of funds in one form and another is unknown, as well as the more refined kinds of dishonesty involved in exaggerated self-interest and personal jealousies resulting in lack of devotion to and patriotism for the cause. Seldom has the world seen a finer example of devotion to a cause for love and admiration of the result than the work of the canal force of forty thousand workmen and their chiefs. From the water boys to the chief it is "our" canal, and the word "we" in their mouths has attained a new and glorious significance.

Barring the problem involved in the plan of the Gatun Dam, it is substantially correct to say that the Panama Canal presents no serious new questions in design. Problems which inevitably attend structures of unprecedented size constructed under exceptionally harsh conditions such as these at Panama are problems of administration. It is right here that the observer is most impressed. First of all came the transformation of the Isthmus from the so-called unhealthiest spot on earth to one of the healthiest. Yellow and malarial fevers are the bane of tropical existence, and the immediate cause is the mosquito. Colonel Gorgas's campaign for the establishment and maintenance of sanitary conditions on the Isthmus, carried on under a staff of executives, inspectors, workmen, and doctors, has cost fifteen million dollars. Swamps have been drained and many filled and obliterated, miles of streams have had their banks trimmed and treated with oil and carbolic acid, Colon and Panama have been provided with sewerage and water supply systems, and thousands of houses and their surroundings have been scrupulously cleaned and, through the vigilance of a great force of inspectors, are kept clean. The death rate now compares favorably with the best of Northern communities. The working force of approximately fifty thousand men, together with their families, must be housed and fed, and this great undertaking is performed, together with other duties, by an independent organization known as the Quartermaster's Department. A part of the wage consideration is the house, or living quarters, and for the most part the accommodations thus provided are far superior in themselves and their surroundings to the standard to which their occupants are accustomed at home. The feeding of this great army, outside of those in family quarters, on the tap of the bell, with military precision, three times a day is in itself an enormous task, and, wonderful to relate, it is accomplished with the greatest degree of satisfaction to the thousands of hungry boarders. The rates are nine cents per ration at the colored camps, thirteen and a half cents per meal for European common labor, and thirty cents per meal at the white commissary hotels. The commissary conducts these feeding places, of which there are three grades—nineteen hotels, sixteen

messes chiefly for Spanish employees, and nineteen negro laborers' kitchens, together with eighteen general retail stores, with ice plants, bakery, etc.—all on the cooperative plan. The business amounts to six million dollars per year, ninety per cent of which is expended in the United States.

The preservation of order and decency and the administration of justice are delicate and important functions carried out with practical perfection, lacking which nothing else could be well done. The Canal Zone, a strip across the Isthmus ten miles in width and approximately forty-five miles long, including the three marine miles in each ocean, was ceded by Panama to the United States. The type of government adopted is an autocracy based upon the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States. There is a judiciary with circuit and supreme courts and departments of police, fire, public works, schools, etc. The civil government of the zone during the construction of the canal is estimated to exceed \$7,000,000.



COL. WILLIAM C. GORGAS.

Thus it is to be seen that the purely engineering features of the canal have a brilliant setting of superb human effort along almost every line of human activity. It may be viewed as the apotheosis of the engineer, the leader who typifies this age of mechanics, to the accomplishment of whose designs the greatest of executives, administrators, and jurists are striving in earnest cooperation in the Panama Canal Zone. The socialist might find much in the broadcast cooperative spirit and performance on the Isthmus to support his theory of government. Nor is it certain that this vigorous man-handling of old, cherished tropical fetichisms will not upset other theories which have been held in universal reverence. For instance, when inquiry is made of Colonel Goethals as to the reason for the husky, vigorous aspect of the laborers, he replies that it is because their work demands active exercise, and only

through vigorous work can one keep healthy in the tropics. If so, what is to become of the theories of Benjamin Kidd and others of the same school?

It would seem almost an artificiality to mention the names of Colonel Goethals and Colonel Gorgas without joining in the universal expression of admiration of their character and attainments. It is a matter of great national good fortune that these men should have been assigned each to his respective responsibilities. We must not fail at the same time to see Colonel Goethals and the remarkable executive system of which he is the head in their proper relations. The one-man scheme of government, a "beneficent autocracy," was evolved through the earlier years of stress and turmoil during which our government was constructing the canal. Colonel Goethals was eventually selected as one and the chief factor in this scheme of organization. It is the confident belief of thousands that no one else could have filled the place so acceptably. It is also equally certain that the scheme of government adopted is entitled to the credit of being the first and greatest factor in accomplishing the results.

The great docks, the great gash cut in the earth's crust known as Culebra Cut, the dams, channels, the summit artificial lake to have one hundred and sixty-four square miles of area—all divide interest in the mind of the visitor with the tools with which these great works have been constructed. First comes the complicated, ever-changing construction railway system, with its five hundred miles of track of heavy rails, 4,300 cars, and 270 locomotives. This system, with headway between heavy trains in some sections of only one and a half minutes, and with the constant shifting of tracks amounting in certain restricted sections to one mile per day, developed unique problems in train management of extreme difficulty. Only the most consummate skill and originality could have devised a system which enables the enormous traffic to be handled as it is handled without delay and uncertainties, and practically free from accidents.

Next of the inanimate tools is the strictly American institution, the steam shovel, over one hundred of which are at work. It is not strictly accurate to call the steam shovel inanimate, however, for the runners say their machines can do anything but talk. No other kind of excavator is to be compared with this American institution; without it there might have been no canal. Then for the masses of concrete is another class of tools also typically American—namely, the concrete mixing and conveying machinery. These are the showiest things on the canal, being great steel structures



ONE OF THE GREAT STEAM SHOVELS AT WORK.

towering over the locks a hundred feet and more, stretching great arms over enormous storage piles of sand and stone, mixing the concrete in great cement concrete factories inclosed in their bases and delivering the product far out on the opposite side direct into the forms or molds of the structures. Eight of these on Miraflores Lock have assembled the raw materials, mixed, and poured 4,000 cubic yards of concrete in nine hours.

It is not the inanimate tool nor its designer and maker which deserves the highest praise nor to whom we should feel most thankful for the successful completion of this work.



AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF THE CULEBRA CUT.

The Jamaican negro has been the greatest single factor considered as a means of constructing the canal. The advantage has been a reciprocal one, for the thousands who have received the high wages paid by Uncle Sam were rescued from poverty in Jamaica. Of the forty thousand workmen now engaged, approximately eighty per cent are Jamaicans, and this proportion has not varied materially for several years. They do every kind of service from common labor (receiving ten cents an hour, cheap meals, and free lodging), drillmen, trainmen, handy men, and operators about mixers and track shifters (receiving twenty cents an hour), to riveters and steel drillers on the great lock gates, receiving thirty cents an hour. They are employed as bell boys, porters, news stand attendants, telephone operators about the great government transient hotel, the Tivoli, at Panama, and also as clerks, counters, and checkers in the quartermaster's department. The Jamaican does not rise to the level of the executive or superintendent or the steam shovel runner, whose skill brings him from two hundred to two hundred and thirty-five dollars per month. But when it shall be asked who built Uncle Sam's canal, the answer that it was the Jamaican negro is not misleading nor inaccurate.

After all, what is this thing we call the Panama Canal? It touches so many sides of human interest that there are many answers of many kinds. In every answer the impression of greatness predominates. Its every part is stupendous in size. Its construction has involved the subjugation of great natural forces at a staggering cost. Its history begins with the survey by Charles V. of Spain in 1534, and is a tale of successive master minds endeavoring to undertake the joining of the oceans as the dearest ambition of their lives, only to end, just prior to the United States becoming the builder, in its forming the background and means to the greatest swindle the world has ever known. To the publicist and student it looms up as the possible means by which the whole trend of human activity may be turned to the Orient as the future theater for human development.

To the everyday engineer the canal is an artificial water course equipped to carry ships of a maximum draft of forty feet in salt water, a beam of one hundred and ten feet, and a

length of one thousand feet, say of 120,000 tons displacement, from one great ocean to the other. The hazard, time, and expense necessary to the construction of a sea level canal were the deciding factors in the adoption of a lock canal, by which a vessel in transit mounts to a great artificial lake of one hundred and sixty-four square miles area, with its surface eighty-five feet above mean sea level. The shores of Gatun Lake extend to within seven miles of the Atlantic entrance, and are approached by a sea level channel of five hundred feet bottom width and forty-one feet depth at mean tide. Here is the Gatun Dam, which impounds the waters of the Chagres River watershed and forms the lake. Here also are the duplicate parallel locks in three flights of twenty-eight feet four inches lift each. A somewhat sinuous channel from fifteen hundred feet to five hundred feet width and twenty-two miles long is to be outlined by buoys across the lake to an artificial arm or prolongation excavated through the Continental Divide to a maximum depth of cutting of five hundred and fifty-seven feet. This straight rock and earth gash of three hundred feet bottom width and nine miles in length is the famous Culebra Cut.

It is in this excavation of unprecedented depth that the canal builders have laid themselves most open to the attack of natural forces, particularly that of gravity, bringing enormous pressures to bear on strata of doubtful strength and upon planes of separation between earth and rock strata of doubtful stability. The surface materials on the Isthmus are primarily diorites, basalts, and other igneous intrusive rocks forming the cores of the high, symmetrical, domelike peaks that are there scattered over the earth's surface. Upon the lower slopes of and between these hills the formation is of a variety of conglomerates, all containing pieces of the primary rocks in a matrix of clay. In addition to the conglomerates are clay shales of little strength which readily decompose when exposed to the air. The dip of the rock underlying this mass of treacherous material is sharply to the west and south-west almost at right angles with the canal.

There have come together, therefore, quite unavoidably, a combination of untoward conditions—namely, a chronically

sliding, unstable surface material, an open excavation in it of unprecedented depth, and the direction of the cutting parallel to the dip of the rocks and planes of weakness. The slides which have already announced themselves amount to 20,000,000 cubic yards, a quarter of the estimated amount of excavation within the theoretical prism of the canal. They are not serious in themselves, as their bulk has been determined and the cost and length of time to remove them has been estimated with reasonable accuracy. The men on the job uniformly deny any feelings of apprehension; it is a part of the cult of the canal to take counsel of one's hopes. To the visitor anxious for the completest success of his country's great undertaking, and therefore taking counsel of his fears, the question will obtrude itself as to whether it may not be that the present slides are introductory to a movement of greater extent.

The Culebra Cut ends in the Pedro Miguel parallel locks of a single lift of thirty feet. There is a small basin with a surface elevation of fifty-five feet above mean tide and one mile across, intervening between the Pedro Miguel locks and the Miraflores locks. The latter are parallel and in two flights. They discharge directly into the sea entrance canal to the Pacific seven miles to deep water in Panama Bay. The entrance channel has the standard bottom width of five hundred feet and a depth of forty-five feet at mean tide. As the tidal variation in Panama Bay is twenty feet, there is thus insured a minimum depth of thirty-five feet at low tide. There are auxiliary works, such as sea walls protecting ships in Limon Bay off Colon at the Atlantic entrance from the effect of storms, similar structures connecting a chain of three islands off Panama, the new port of Balboa at the canal entrance in Panama Bay, commercial docks, a dry dock and marine repair shops at Balboa, fortifications at each entrance, lighthouses, and all the requirements and accompaniments of great sea-ports. But it must have meant more than these material things to the engineers who have built the canal and the administrators of sanitation, subsistence, law, and justice. For how otherwise are we to explain this surpassing example of devotion, coöperation, and disinterestedness leading to the greatest national accomplishments in an age of great things?



THE CULEBRA CUT AS IT WAS LEFT BY THE FRENCH.

LAW MEASURES IN THE CANAL ZONE.

BY HON. WILLIAM H. JACKSON, CULEBRA, CANAL ZONE.

[Judge Jackson was a member of the Superior Court of Cincinnati for five years before going to the Isthmus. He is a son of the late Hon. Howell E. Jackson, of the United States Supreme Court.]

The Canal Zone strip, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, ten miles in width, was acquired by treaty with the republic of Panama of February 26, 1904. By this treaty the government acquired, not the ownership of the land, but the sovereignty, which carried with it the right to construct, own, maintain, operate, and sanitize the strip of land for the purpose of an interoceanic canal in perpetuity. For this acquisition the United States government paid by this treaty the sum of ten million dollars cash and agreed to pay an annual rental of \$250,000 after January 1, 1914, in perpetuity.

While the object in view was the construction of an interoceanic canal, incidentally thereto other things were very necessary and important, such as, for instance, the great question of sanitation, making the place habitable, and also the matter of the government of the strip of land which had passed under the jurisdiction of the United States.

Immediately after the treaty Congress, on February 28, 1904, passed an act placing the entire work of the construction of the canal, together with the government of the Canal Zone, in the hands of the President, giving the President full power to regulate by way of legislation until the expiration of the Fifty-Eighth Congress. President Roosevelt then by a letter of May 9, 1904, delegated the work of construction, sanitation, and government to the Secretary of War through a commission of seven, which commission had been provided for in the act mentioned as of February 28, 1904.

In President Roosevelt's letter it was provided that the laws of the land, with which the inhabitants were familiar and which were in force on February 26, 1904, "will continue in force in the Canal Zone and in other places on the Isthmus over which the United States has jurisdiction until altered or annulled by the said commission; but there are certain great principles of government, which have been made the basis of an existence as a nation, which we deem essential to

the rule of law and the maintenance of order, and which shall have force in said zone. The principles referred to may be generally stated as a declaration of the well-known Bill of Rights relating to the right of life, liberty, and property according to process of law," etc.

From this it will be seen that the Isthmian Canal Commission is a body having legislative as well as executive and administrative functions. The President practically delegated to the Canal Commission all the legislative, executive, and administrative functions with which he had been clothed by the act of Congress of February 28, 1904.

Of this Commission of seven, not less than three of them must be members of the United States army and not less than one of the United States navy. Neither politics nor geographical section has ever in the slightest degree entered into the selection of members of the Commission. The Commission is at present constituted of Col. George W. Goethals, Chairman and Chief Engineer; Col. H. F. Hodges, Vice Chairman; H. H. Rousseau, representing the navy; Col. W. C. Gorgas, Chief Sanitary Officer; Mr. M. H. Thatcher, head of the Department of Civil Administration; Col. W. L. Sibert and Col. D. D. Gaillard. The four last named are all from Southern States, and the first three are from Northern States. So the Commission now consists of five representatives of the army, one of the navy, and one civilian, the civilian being the Hon. M. H. Thatcher, of Kentucky, the head of the Department of Civil Administration. The chairman has the right to assign any member of the Commission to the performance of such duties as he sees fit to designate, and he exercises a controlling influence in all matters delegated to the Commission which is hardly realized by those not living in the Canal Zone. It has frequently been referred to as a "benevolent despotism."

Before the appointment of Colonel Goethals to the important positions of chairman and chief engineer they were separate.

The head of the Department of Civil Administration has to do with all matters pertaining to civil government, practically the same as the Governor of a State. He has charge of public schools, of public roads, of the department of police, of the fire department, of taxes and revenues, of post offices,



THE CULEBRA CUT AT PRESENT—HELEN, DAUGHTER OF JUDGE JACKSON.

etc., and he also is invested with the right of pardon. However, the head of the Department of Civil Administration is but a member of the Commission, and the chairman of the Commission may be said to be the supreme authority in all departments.

Of course it was necessary that courts should be organized and established to maintain order. This was necessary, considering that there were living in the zone forty or fifty thousand natives, many of whom were property owners, and, in addition, that the Canal Commission and the Panama Railroad Company employ from forty to fifty thousand men who live in the zone. There are people here representing at least fifty different nationalities, speaking many different languages. In order that the great work of constructing the canal should go on, law and order as enforced by the courts is of the highest importance and greatest necessity. The Commission, therefore, acting as a legislative body, created, with the approval of Congress and the President, a supreme court consisting of three judges and four district courts. Each judge of the supreme court also sits as a circuit judge for the trial of *mis prius* cases, both civil and criminal. Appeals lie from the circuit courts to the supreme court, consisting, as I have said, of the three circuit judges. The present members of that court are: Hon. H. A. Gudger, of North Carolina, Chief Justice, who is circuit judge for the Pacific Division; Hon. Thomas E. Brown, Jr., of New York, who acts as circuit judge of the Atlantic Division; and Hon. William H. Jackson, a native Tennessean, who acts as circuit judge of the Central Division. The district judges have jurisdiction in all misdemeanor cases, where they are empowered to impose punishment not in excess of thirty days in jail and a \$100 fine; also in all civil cases where the amount involved does not exceed \$100. They also act as committing magistrates in all felony cases. Appeals lie from the district courts to the circuit courts in all misdemeanor cases. The circuit courts have original jurisdiction in all cases of felonies and in all civil cases, unlimited as to amount.

The trial of all civil cases is without a jury; so also is the trial of all criminal cases except where the punishment may be either death or imprisonment for life—in other words, where the defendant is charged with murder in the first degree. And then he is entitled to a jury only where he files a written demand therefor five days before the trial. Failing so to do, he waives his right to a trial by jury even when on trial for his life.

There are, of course, pros and cons as to the advisability of not having the right to a jury in a criminal case. Personally, I am a great believer in the ancient and honorable traditions of the jury where a man's life or liberty is involved, which, to my mind, is a bulwark of the safety of the citizen.

But juries are not allowed here for several reasons. First, because they must of course be juries of white men, and the selection of the jury takes too many important operatives away from construction work, which is here, of course, the "object all sublime." In the next place, in the few jury trials that have been had here a white man has never been known to be convicted by a jury. Therefore whenever a white man kills another one in the Canal Zone he considers that it is his inalienable right to be tried for murder in the first degree, so that he may demand a jury and be forthwith tried and promptly acquitted. If the "unfeeling" prosecuting attorney indicts him for anything less than murder in the first degree, whereby he must be tried by a stern and unfeeling judge, sworn to en-

force the law impartially, he feels that he is being deprived of his inalienable right.

The laws that the courts are called upon to enforce in the Canal Zone are very anomalous. As I have told you before, the letter of President Roosevelt of May 9, 1904, to the then Secretary of War Taft provided that the laws which were in force on February 20, 1904, should continue in force in the Canal Zone. That was simply a recognition of the principle of international law which prevails in all civilized countries—namely, that conquered territory or ceded territory is always governed by its own laws, usages, and customs until altered or amended by the new sovereignty. Now, the law in force when the treaty with Panama was made was the Code Napoleon, which is the law prevailing in all Latin-American countries and also in the State of Louisiana. However, the commission adopted for its criminal laws the criminal code of California, also the code of criminal and civil procedure of California, the conditions in California as to its people, customs, habits, and even familiarity with the Spanish language being more nearly similar to the zone than any other State in the Union. But this left in force the Code Napoleon for all civil matters, so that the judges of the circuit and the supreme courts have the anomaly of enforcing here the code of California in criminal cases and the Code Napoleon in all civil cases.

I may say that the Constitution of the United States does not of its own force apply in the Canal Zone. This has been so held by the supreme court of the Canal Zone and by the Supreme Court of the United States. There is no constitution here. The will of the President of the United States, represented by executive orders issued by him from Washington, represents the fundamental law of the Canal Zone which the courts are bound to follow, and there is no appeal from the decision of the supreme court of the Canal Zone: its judgments and decrees are final.

This is so as to the law as it now stands. However, you must remember that in August, 1912, Congress passed what is known as the Adamson Bill, which provides in substance that when the work of the canal is sufficiently advanced to justify it the President may abolish the present Isthmian Canal Commission and, in fact, the entire form of government as it now exists here and appoint in lieu of the Commission a Governor, who shall exercise supreme control in the Canal Zone, possessing, in fact, greater powers than those possessed by the Governor of any State in the Union. The Adamson Bill also abolishes the supreme court of three judges and creates in lieu thereof one United States district judge for the entire zone, and provides for an appeal from this judge to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at New Orleans, with an appeal therefrom to the Supreme Court of the United States. And this bill also provides for the right of jury trials in all cases, criminal and civil, the same as in the United States. It is my personal opinion that the act of Congress reorganizing the courts in the Canal Zone was a mistake. I think one judge will be unequal to the task, especially when you consider that jury trials will necessitate a great deal of delay, much more than now without juries.

There are jails in practically every town in the Canal Zone, where offenders are committed for misdemeanors, and there is also a large penitentiary at Empire. This penitentiary was formerly a large concrete building at Culebra, which a short time ago was considered permanent, but which has had to be abandoned on account of the slides.

LIFE ON THE SOUTHERN PLANTATION DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY FRANCES CALDWELL HIGGINS, TEACHERS' COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY.

[The annual prize offered by the Daughters of the Confederacy for the best essay written by a student of Teachers' College, Columbia University, was won this year by Frances Caldwell Higgins, of Montevallo, Ala. Miss Higgins's subject was "Life on the Southern Plantation During the War between the States." The wonderful record here given, with all its proofs at hand, is one by which no student of American history can fail to be benefited, and Miss Higgins's own testimony as to the broadening and stimulating effects of the study necessary for such work adds new proof of the wisdom that originated and that maintains this yearly competition. The subject of the essay was one of five topics suggested by Dr. Dunbar Rowland, Director of the Department of Archives and History for the State of Mississippi. The judges of the contest were Dr. Dunbar Rowland, Prof. Marshall S. Brown, of the University of New York, and Professor Phillips, of the University of Michigan. Here follows the essay in full.]

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The "liad" of the South has not yet been written. Generations must still pass, memories grow yet dimmer, wounds less tender before she can teach in song the lesson of her devotion to a principle learned in suffering. Back from that fiery furnace for almost half a century, the South still presents a sad picture in its waste fields, its impoverished people, its little voice in the council halls of the nation. There were few shadows in her feudal past, and she was too proud and too content in her institutions to note any remonstrance which seemed but the ignorant interference of an alien world.

The crash came; it buried in common ruin master and slave, rich and poor. From that wreck, however, there arose three records that will stand: First, the fortitude of the women of the Confederacy, whose unflinching zeal and indomitable spirit transformed great sacrifices into great joys, women of whom the worst ever charged by their enemies concerned their fidelity to their cause; secondly, the superb courage, the heroic endurance, the splendid enthusiasm of the Southern soldiers who, starved and outnumbered, still fought on, not knowing when they were whipped; and, thirdly, the loyal devotion of that child race elevated from savagery to Christianized civilization through the beneficent tutelage of Anglo-Saxon masters, a devotion that was the wonder of the invading armies of their liberators. These three figures will stand out from the pages of the great struggle as a heritage. With the first and the last, the women and the slaves, this "little journey" into the past is concerned.

That the setting may be adequate, it is not amiss to sketch rapidly in rough outline the typical plantation of slavery days.

The "big house," with its great halls, big rooms, and imposing colonnades, usually dated back to colonial times, as did its furniture of mahogany or walnut, the big "tester" beds, the straight-back chairs and sofas. In the "front yard" were many flowering shrubs, crape myrtle, cape jasmine, and magnolia, or maybe an elaborately planned flower garden, the work of an English landscape gardener. The house, surrounded by magnificent oaks, elms, and hickories, was fenced off from the fields by brown worm fences or Cherokee rose hedges or the English eglantine. On one side was the orchard, and beyond were the barns and stables. The "back yard," ample and well planned, held the kitchen, the smokehouse (as the meat house was called), the chicken houses, and mammy's house. Farther off were the other buildings necessary for the diversified life of each little village, for such practically was every plantation. The blacksmith shop, the gin and loom houses, and the washhouse were all clustered together; and yet farther away were the "quarters," the homes of the negroes, cabins usually of one room and a shed, each with its small garden plot and orchard in the rear. Somewhat apart were the meetinghouse and the home of the overseer. Over such a community of sometimes hundreds of people was the mistress called to preside, now that husband and sons were at the front.

"That strange condition—a strong will and a frail body—how far and how long did it carry many a tenderly reared Southern woman in the cruel days of '61 to '65!" The mainstays of the mistress were the "aristocrats" among the slaves, who were divided into two large classes, the house servants and the field hands. First of all was her "mammy," who had doubtless nursed her and her children, a most efficient and loyal ally at all times, often serving three generations; then in order of importance came her maid, butler, and carriage driver. Few overseers were to be had during the war, they too having shouldered arms. So her head man was an old uncle, respected alike by both black and white, to whom was intrusted the carrying out of the plans for the field hands. These servants, ready with counsel and work, always faithfully shared with their "mistis" the care of the plantation.

On the mistress, of course, fell the burden and the heat of the day. She was overseer, doctor, nurse, counselor, seamstress, teacher, housekeeper, protector, mother, priest. Never an hour of the day but her dependents put upon her some demand, real or fancied. She visited their cabins, baptized their children, gathered them on Sunday afternoons for biblical instruction, comforted their sick, and read the ritual of the Church for their dead. All day she was turning here and there, pinching, piercing, saving, racking her brain for devices to make both ends meet in the struggle to feed and clothe her children and servants as the coils of the blockade drew ever closer and more relentlessly about her. At night her thoughts and prayers were given to the soldier boys in gray whose chief support and inspiration she was throughout that fierce and awful struggle. Well it was for her that day nor night brought surcease of demand; she was given no time to brood over the black news from the front that steadily grew day by day.

The most perplexing problem that the South grappled with during the war was that of money, a problem never adequately met by the Confederate government. The planter found himself forced to attempt to secure supplies with money

practically valueless and to farm with few mules and wagons, which were largely turned over to the army. In 1864 treasury notes to the value of a billion dollars were in circulation, besides those issued by States, cities, factories, banks, insurance companies, railroads, and firms. (Rhodes, Vol. V., pp. 344-5.) Grocers and tobacconists put out shinplasters. Sixteen-penny nails passed current at five cents apiece; postage stamps were freely used for money; there was a carnival of fiat money. (Schwab, pp. 156-64.) Private individuals hoarded the little gold in their possession. Prices soared. Before the war closed, the simplest necessities were exorbitantly high. Wood was \$5 a stick; cotton, \$1.25 a pound; beans, \$160 a bushel; flour, \$1,000 a barrel. (Jones, p. 118, et seq.) Even at these prices goods or provisions were not to be had because of the blockade. A planter of the time wittily said: "Before the war I came to town to buy supplies with my money in my pocket, and brought the purchases back in a wagon. Now I go with my money in a wagon and bring my purchases back in my pocket."

The echoes of the guns of Sumter had scarcely died away before the Federal government began its plans for a blockade of Southern ports. Soon a most effective blockade was established, and the South was "bottled up," her seaboard guarded by a cordon of fleets and her borders by blue-coated soldiers. Thus encompassed by land and sea, the people of the Confederate States were thrown on their own ingenuity and their narrow territory for the maintenance of life. They must clothe and feed the women, children, and slaves, and provide for their armies. Their difficulties were tremendously increased because they had been an agricultural people pure and simple, and with them agriculture had meant allegiance to King Cotton. On cotton, rice, and tobacco the South had had practically a world monopoly. In 1860 her exported cotton was worth \$202,741,351, and in 1862, in two short years, it was worth only \$4,000,000. (Wilson, Vol. IV., p. 211.) With the vast wealth of her cotton she had drawn to her ports the manufactured products and the foodstuffs of the North and of Europe. The world gladly brought to her doors its wares in exchange for her gold; therefore she had few factories of any kind. This fact increased her deprivations many fold. Closed between living walls of soldiery and the guarded seas, this people found themselves lacking every necessity—cloth, hats, shoes, tools, nails, drugs, and all the foodstuffs save what they could raise.

As the staple was not marketable, as well as because the immediate need was for grain, the Confederate government issued orders that planters should put only one-tenth of their land into the cultivation of cotton, if any at all, and that they should give one-tenth of all the provisions raised to the support of the armies. (Clayton, p. 124.) This command was obviously wise, yet it laid on the lands of the South the new demand of producing foodstuffs and made useless to the planter his chief knowledge, that of raising cotton. Some lands of the South are but little adapted to the production of grain, yet at the dictates of need grain must be planted. The entire country set about the raising of foodstuffs—wheat, rye, oats, corn, peas, pumpkins, and ground peas. When the crops were laid by, the middle furrows were plowed up and planted in ground peas, chufas, and sweet potato cuttings, all of which crops were fed to the hogs that the corn might be saved for the soldiers. Great stress was laid upon the necessity of growing wheat, but both climate and soil were against it. The little wheat raised gave much trouble to thrash and grind, for no plantation was furnished with proper machinery;

the rudest methods were resorted to, such as thrashing with homemade flails. Flour was at all times a rare luxury, and it was a proud day when any woman could issue to a friend the invitation: "Come, take dinner with us; we have a barrel of flour." Early in the war flour sold for \$300 a barrel, and the price rose to the figure already quoted, \$1,000. In its place corn meal was used, and used in every thinkable way. Corn was the staunchest ally of the Southern plantation as of the Southern armies, history recording that Lee's army had for weeks before their surrender been living on parched corn. From corn meal the lady of the mansion had made her bread, pound cake, waffles, starch, "coffee," and whisky.

To live on corn alone, however, is hard; so the fields and woods were searched for contributions to the larder. Peas, heretofore considered fit for cattle only, were promoted to the table; roots of all sorts were tried for palatability. The fare of the plantation home was usually eggs, corn bread, peas, and dried apples, with meat occasionally; but the last was considered more necessary for the slaves who labored in the fields, and so it was saved for them.

What had always been deemed staple and unfailing articles of diet became rare luxuries. Every possible substitute for the old-time fare was readily seized upon and, if at all possible, used. The mistress of the mansion found many kinds of "coffee" for her choice. Okra seeds she probably considered the best; but other unheard-of things were tried, such as sweet potatoes chopped fine and parched, chestnuts, peanuts, chicory, cotton seed, wheat, and corn meal. Sufficiently browned, all made a dark-looking beverage called by the laws of necessity "coffee." The price of the genuine article rose from \$30 to \$70 a pound, and was seldom obtainable at any price. (Hague, p. 101.)

Tea was as precious, the small stores in every home being hoarded for the sick, and in its place decoctions were generally made of the leaves of the currant, holly, blackberry, sage, and raspberry, the last being fairly good, so Southern women who lived through the war yet contend. (Rhodes, Vol. V., p. 351.) A favorite drink used then by the negroes was sassafras tea made from the roots of the sassafras shrub.

Sugar, brown and rich-looking, was made from sorghum and ribbon cane, even from watermelons. (Hague, p. 31.) Planters carried bits of it about in their pockets to compare with their neighbors to see who had best succeeded in its manufacture. Sirup was plentiful, and was also made from cane by the rudest machinery. One cane mill journeyed the rounds from plantation to plantation; the bruised cane was fed to the hogs as a part of their scant food.

Salt became very precious. There were only a few salt manufactories in the whole South; and as it was a necessity for the curing of hams and bacon, it became a matter of no little importance. The brine from each year's curing was always boiled down and evaporated. The earthen floors in old smokehouses were dug up for the sake of the salty drippings which the dirt contained and boiled and evaporated that no salty savor might be lost. (Wilson, Vol. IV., p. 294.) Salt sold for \$16 a pound.

Soda was needed even for the mixtures of corn meal, and it was obtained by burning corncobs, preferably red cobs, which were supposed to be richest in alkali. The ashes of the cob were placed in a jar and water poured on them; a spoonful or more of this mixture was used for soda.

Chickens, ducks, and turkeys were never so valuable. They gave rich returns in eggs, and certain diminutive negroes kept themselves busy hunting the nests hidden in the shrub-

bery or under the houses. Great delight was always evidenced on finding a guinea's nest, that fowl being ingenious in the hiding of her nest. A rich "find" was rewarded on the appearance of the little negro at "de big house" with his cap heaped up with eggs, usually by the mistress applauding him and encouraging him more materially with cake or some other of "de white folks' eatin'."

The edge of starvation for her family and dependents being thus turned largely by nature's bounty, the next problem of the mistress was to set about making cloth, for the wherewithal she should clothe and be clothed was here if she could only manufacture it. Every house became a small cloth factory with its loom, carding frames, cards, spinning wheel, and warping frame. Everywhere was to be heard the whirr, hum, and clang of wheel and loom. "Looms which had not seen thread since the Revolution were hauled from attics and put to making homespun." (Wilson, Vol. IV., p. 293.) The women of the household had to learn to spin and then teach the negro women. Those who were most expert were put at the loom to weave; others were kept constantly at the spinning wheel. To make sufficient cloth for scores and scores of people is by no means easy; so the mistress often called to her aid the services of the nonslaveholding women whose husbands were in the army. It was not an uncommon thing for the mistress of the plantation to drive miles with her carriage filled with hanks of thread ready for the loom to the home of one of these poorer women, and in return for her services give her sirup, sugar, or any eatable of home manufacture. This spinning and weaving was a tedious process. The soft cotton threads broke very easily, and a thread must be mended at once, for a flimsy place in the web would ruin the cloth. Where the number of slaves was large, the spinning and weaving went on the year round. Great was the rejoicing when by hook or crook there chanced to be secured a bale of sheeting, or osnaburg. It gave a brief breathing spell to the woman. In a message of January, 1862, Jefferson Davis said: "In the homes of our noble women the loom and the spinning wheel may be heard throughout the land." The variety of weaves developed was remarkable, much fertility of design being shown. There was cloth in broad and narrow stripes, in checks large and small, plaids, "salt and pepper," cloth plain and twilled, in many colors and combinations of color.

This homespun was used for practically every purpose where cloth was needed. Dresses were made of it and worn as proudly as silks would have been. Popular all during the war were "homespun parties" and "homespun weddings," where everybody was dressed in this cotton cloth. Dyed with the products of fields and woods, the clothes were not bad-looking. The women eagerly searched for coloring matter with which to dye this cloth; all sorts of roots, barks, leaves, and berries were tried. A favorite dye was from the hulls of the black walnut, which gave a beautiful dark brown; the roots of the pine trees made a deep garnet, and the leaves of the myrtle a rich gray. Copperas and old iron, such as nails and bits of chain, served to "set" the dye.

During the last two years of the war many sheep were raised for the sake of their wool. The carding of this wool into rolls by the ordinary hand cards was a tedious process, and yet excellent blankets were made. Wool was not so plentiful, however, that unusual expedients did not have to be resorted to in making blankets. The long tree moss and cow's hair were used for weaving blankets, especially for the soldiers. (Rhodes, Vol. V., p. 356.)

Buttons were of various kinds. A rude machine was invented to cut them out of wood, and the wooden buttons were either covered with scraps of cloth or worn bare. They were also made of cloth entirely, as many ply as was needed being buttonholed together. More novel but common material was pine bark, pasteboard, the shell of the gourd, and dried persimmon seeds. (Hague, p. 70.) The pasteboard used for making buttons and scores of other things, even shoes, was itself homemade, of successive layers of paper glued together with meal paste, sometimes strengthened by a piece of old cloth ironed while still moist from the paste.

Shoes would wear out, and their replacing was not easy. Sandals and moccasins of various material appeared, even wooden clogs shod with iron. (Wilson, Vol. IV., p. 294.) Men were sent to follow the army and gather up the hides of the animals slaughtered for the soldiers' food. The hides were tanned on the plantation by a simple process of burying from three to six months in a solution of red oak bark. Riding saddles were robbed of their skirts, which were replaced by homespun, and the hides of horses, hogs, and dogs were utilized. Most of these home-tanned and homemade leather shoes were sent to the soldiers. The shoes of the women and children were made of cloth or knit of the homespun thread, woolen cloth, if possible to be had, for Sunday wear, and jeans, or homespun, for every day; these cloth uppers were sewed to the old soles of worn-out shoes or new ones made of the home-tanned leather. As time went on, prices rose: shoes sold for \$150 a pair, and they rose to \$375 for women's shoes and \$500 for boots. For the blacking for these homemade shoes a mixture was made of soot and lard, which was smeared on with a brush of swine bristles, and some sort of shine was aimed at by spreading over this blacking a paste made of bolted meal or flour.

The making of sewing thread was possibly the most tedious task of all. The strand of cotton had to be drawn out very evenly and fine, and it broke continually. Many evenings were spent around the fire drawing out these threads of cotton and winding them on pieces of shucks in lieu of wooden spools. This homemade thread was not suited to a machine, so all sewing had to be done by hand. There were many knots, "but a good needful of thread could be had between the knots." These cotton threads, spun very coarse, were woven on rude frames into rope.

Headgear was not hard to obtain. The hats the feminine contingent had possessed at the opening of the war were made over many times; and when few scraps of them remained, again were the fields drafted for contributions. The saw palmetto grows wild in Southern fields, and the leaves dried and bleached as well as they could be were for Sunday wear. Nearer at hand and presenting fewer difficulties to handle were corn shucks, wheat and oat straws, and "bonnet squash," or "dishrag gourd"; pine straw also was used. Dyed any desired color and made into various shapes, chiefly the Shaker style, trimmed with bits of tarlatan, old party dresses, duck and turkey feathers, these hats made a brave show inasmuch as women folk from '61 to '65 were undisturbed by all fashions and rumors of fashions. On the plantation and in all social gatherings the style was one, and that one the unquestioned dictate of necessity. No fashion papers got through the blockade, though now and then women on the plantation would hear the news that a blockade runner had brought into a near-by town "real store-bought things," and the rumor would stir alive thoughts of an almost forgotten world and of bygone days of plenty. At such a time the mistress of the

house was often overtaken with a great desire to see how the articles looked; so she would have her carriage driver hitch up his one remaining team and drive her miles over roads almost impassable from disuse to see displayed in the shop of the little country town a few bolts of calico priced at \$12 a yard, note paper at \$80 a quire, and shoes at \$300 a pair. If her better judgment was overruled and vanity tempted her to put \$108 into a calico dress, she took great pride and pains in inclosing a sample of her "new print dress" in letters to all her friends, as she was accustomed to do with samples of her homespun goods and dyed stuffs of which she was especially proud.

Other lesser needs of milady's wardrobe were further tests of her patience and ingenuity. All pins and hairpins were carefully straightened out, oiled to prevent rust, and counted and guarded as treasures. (Century, October, 1889, p. 939.) Pins she could devise by capping thorns with wax or using them as they came from the bush, a practice not yet forgotten by Southern negroes. Every piece of silk was used for trimming, good taste and patriotism both demanding that no woman should appear robed in a fabric so indicative of past plenty, however great its age.

Many were the articles knitted or crocheted with long wooden needles made of seasoned oak or hickory. The wool, carded or spun fine, was made into shawls, gloves, sacks, hoods, or stockings, shoes, belts, collars, and suspenders. Many attractive designs were worked out—flowers, diamonds, crosses, and squares.

Straw- and willow-braiding was learned. (Jones, Vol. II., p. 16.) Besides the bats thus made, fans, baskets, and mats appeared woven of palmetto straw and willow. This art was also taught the slaves; and many of them, men and women, spent the winter evenings weaving willow withes, straw, and shucks into chair bottoms and door mats.

Miscellaneous household needs were constantly facing the patient ingenuity of the housekeeper. Means of lighting were various. Kerosene was succeeded by cotton seed and ground pea oil, and then followed candles of resin and beeswax. The last were made by dipping strings three or four yards long into the melted mixture, successive coats being dried till the desired size was reached. These candles were twisted about a bottle; the portion to be lighted was held in position by being pressed with the thumb into the mouth of the bottle. Naturally these candles required constant attention. Many homes were reduced to the light of the fire in winter, kept in a brilliant blaze by lightwood knots or pine heaped on constantly by little negroes whose duty it was to gather this pine and feed the fires. Matches soon gave out; so at night fires were banked, and great was the consternation if the coals died out.

Many were the plantation devices for crockery and cooking utensils. A rude pottery was made from the native clays, but it could not withstand fire. Wooden platters and trays were cut out very skillfully, considering the tools available. For glasses bottles were cut off near the neck with heated wires and the sharp edges filed down. (Century, October, 1889, p. 944.) Wilson relates that the housekeeper had her scanty store of conveniences drafted by the government. Her brass preserving kettles and every piece of household brass went into cannon; her leaden window weights were hurled at the enemy in bullets; her glass demijohns, many of which were from Revolutionary days, were converted into contact torpedoes to close the channels of Southern rivers. (Wilson, Vol. IV., p. 298.) The last, the historian relates, did most effective service.

Soot or "oak balls" furnished ink; pokeberries, red ink. Paper was an item. Brown paper, wall paper, any scrap of any kind of paper was used for letter-writing. (Rhodes, Vol. IV., p. 358.) Shingles were used for memorandum books. (Richmond Examiner, quoted by Rhodes, Vol. V., p. 357.) Atties were searched for old letters the envelopes of which were turned inside out and every blank page used again. Starch was made of wheat bran, green corn, and sweet potatoes. A mixture of flour and the meat of a baked Spanish potato replaced putty.

The woods and fields were not the storehouses alone, but also the drug stores. The need for drugs was dire, for they too had early been declared contraband by the North. General Sherman tells in his "Memoirs" (Vol. I., p. 284) of a coffin being allowed to pass his lines which was afterwards discovered to have been packed full of medicines, a subterfuge born of desperation. The medicines for the plantation were weed and shrub and root of the forest and wayside. Berries of the dogwood tree and the bark of the willow, poplar, cherry, and wahoo were steeped in whisky and used as a specific for chills in the place of quinine, according to the formula promulgated by the surgeon general of the Confederacy. Cordials from blackberry roots and from ripe persimmons were prescribed for stomach troubles, sirup of mullein and wild cherry bark for colds. Women were appealed to for help in growing medicinal herbs, especially the poppy for opium. The manner of extracting the opium was as crude as possible. When the bulb of the poppy was ripe, it was pricked with a large needle and put in a cup for the gum to exude. "The soporific influence of this drug was not excelled by that of the imported article." The palma Christi, or castor bean plant, was brought from the forest and planted in the garden for the sake of its beans, from which the pure castor oil is extracted. The negroes could give valuable advice in the search for the "yarbs," the knowledge of nature's remedies being supposed to be a part of their native equipment.

In every community sewing societies were formed to make clothing for the soldiers. The women for a radius of ten miles or more would meet once a week in different plantation homes and there spend the afternoons and evenings making suits, knitting socks, rolling bandages, and packing boxes for the army. The cloth material was given from the scant supply of the neighborhood housewives; cloth, blankets, quilts, socks, gloves, and scarfs were donated. The braver spirits among the women attempted merriment over the makeshifts hit on at these sewing societies, but there was little reality in the merriment. Every kind of stuff possible to be made into men's clothes was gladly seized upon. The history of the period records the motley array of Lee's army at the surrender. Small wonder! The women folk at home had not alone contributed their household silver and utensils to the maintenance of the Confederacy, but they had also clad their soldier boys in their last remnants of household goods. Coats were tailored out of oilcloth table covers lined with flannel and considered doubly serviceable in that they were coat, overcoat, and raincoat, all in one. (Century, October, 1889, p. 939.) Carpets likewise were cut up for suits and lined with cotton. They were considered more acceptable, though, for blankets. A historical fact worth noting parenthetically is that the Richmond Examiner of December 7, 1863, stated that the legislature of Alabama by joint resolution ordered that the carpets in the Statehouse be taken up and cut into blankets for the soldiers. Whether or not this was the begin-

ning of the idea, it spread until many Confederate soldiers were carrying carpet blankets and the floors of the Southern homes were bare. (MacGuire, p. 169.) Great need arose with the surgeons for linen in the dressing of wounds, and again the housekeeper gave. Sheets, slips, and covers were pulled out of cedar chests and made into garments, rolled into bandages, or picked into lint. There was perhaps "not a fine sheet left in the blockaded South." (Hague, p. 115.) The mistress of the mansion before the close of the war presided over bare floors, barren cupboards, and empty linen chests.

After weeks of sewing, making blankets, and knitting, all donated articles were collected and a day set apart for packing the boxes for the army. These boxes often took months in transit. The supplies were for a general distribution, ordinarily, the soldiers from the more favored class, of course, having their individual supplies from home sent them. Many Southern soldiers of the slave-owning class had body servants with them, and these negroes, whenever possible, made their way back and forth between the army and home, keeping their masters furnished with whatever the home people had. Naturally the coming of these negro "boys" was eagerly looked for on the plantation in "de big house" for their tidings and in the cabins, because the negro is a hero worshiper. His strong dramatic talent always stands forth when he is the center of an admiring group, and these young Sambos, to hear their tales on these trips home, were the real heroes of the war.

Besides these sewing societies that made up supplies for the soldiers, another form of social gathering on the plantation was the spinning bees for the benefit of poorer women with large families and soldier husbands. Wheels, cards, and cotton were packed in a wagon and hauled to the appointed place; the women would pit themselves against each other, racing to see who could accomplish the most during the evening. Never before in the South had the bond of brotherhood been so close as during the days of sacrifice and gloom. The princely planter with hundreds of slaves and the "poor white" with none were linked in a common cause on which was staked their all. The women particularly felt the touch of "Ithuriel's spear of universal sympathy"; for the hearts of rich and poor alike were on the battle field or bowed in resignation for the loss of loved ones slain in support of the cause. The richer gave to the poorer from his own impoverished store, even to the point of self-denial.

One thing of which the Southern plantation was destitute during the war and for which woman's ingenuity found no substitute was literature. The few city papers that kept up publication were not to be had because of lack of communication; in the cities where published they sold at from 50 cents to \$1 each. (Eggleston, *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1874, p. 339.) A firm in Mobile reprinted a few books which met with a ready sale. Among them was Hugo's "Les Misérables" and Dickens's "Great Expectations." The first was eagerly enjoyed throughout the South and became popularly known as "Lee's Misérables," a name which passed current most appropriately for the Confederate army. Eggleston in his "Recollections" tells of buying a copy of Owen Meredith's "Tannhäuser" bound in coarse wall paper for \$70, a price for the time most reasonable. The plantation life, though, was, on the whole, devoid of new literature. Libraries were ransacked again and again for reading matter and the garrets for old newspapers and magazines.

The schooling of the children went on as usual, save that most of the neighborhood schools were broken up, and tutors

were employed, often some Southern girl whose home had been destroyed by the touch of war. Sometimes this duty was added to the many of the over-busy mother, and she met it as efficiently as all the other demands. The textbooks were those used for generations, and little was attempted beyond the elements of an education.

The matter of getting letters to the front was not easy. There were private letter carriers, but the charge was almost prohibitive. Between Richmond and Washington, for instance, the postage at one time was \$1.50, and the delivery of mail was never sure at any time. (Rhodes, Vol. III., p. 550.) Naturally this fact added heavily to the anxiety of the women at home and contributed not a little to the persistent belief on their part that the Confederacy could not fail.

An occurrence of frequent happening was the entertaining of refugees, people fleeing before the advancing armies of the North, or of soldiers on furlough or engaged in some mission for the army. At such times the plantation set forth its best, though that best was sweet potato coffee, peas, and corn bread. No Confederate soldier was ever turned away hungry, despite the fact that his sufficiency might mean sacrifice for the family. These chance soldier visitors were heartily welcomed, not alone because open hospitality had long been the law of the land, but because they were fighting for the cause so dear to every Southern woman. They could bring some news of the outside world, and were often made the bearers of letters for the soldiers, even this insecure means of communication being gladly tried. Eggleston tells a charming bit of history. He recounts the fact that it became known among the women of his acquaintance that the soldiers greatly valued letters, and that the ladies at once adopted as part of their self-appointed duty to the army the writing of weekly letters to every soldier known to them, the boys in gray little realizing that missives from women friends were part of the scheme to keep them inspired. (*Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1874, p. 661.)

In meeting the exigencies of the situation as to food, clothing, and medicines the responsibilities of these women on the plantation by no means ended. The work of planting and cultivating the crops must go on (Clayton, p. 115, et seq.); so with the help of some good old uncle to act in the place of the one-time overseer the mistress carried on the plantation work as best she could. The old man came each night to report the progress of the day and receive instructions for the morrow, on his shoulder a basket of fleecy cotton for the spinners. Every few days the mistress would have her horse saddled and ride over the whole plantation, ostensibly on a tour of inspection; though, truth to tell, little did she know practically of what ought to be done. Nightly letters to husbands or sons told of the farm work, and the replies sometimes gave advice or instructions. It was also her duty to keep the daily life of the slaves disturbed as little as possible; a wise policy, since it was well known among them—indeed, freely discussed between owners and slaves—just what the issue of the war meant to them as a race. With the wisdom in view of keeping them as much as possible in their accustomed channels of thought, their festivities as well as their work went on as of old. The annual barbecue, fodder-pulling season, hog-killing time, corn-shucking, log-rollings, and the gayeries "in de Chris'mus" lacked nothing of their former zest and fun-making. Since none of these festivities, however, possessed any distinctive war features, and being as they had always been, it is not necessary to enter here into any details concerning them.

As the war advanced and the land became more and more heavily hung with mourning, the atmosphere of gloom penetrated the quarters, and the result was "big 'stracted meetin's," when waves of religious frenzy would sweep from plantation to plantation, characterized by a half-crazed fervor almost alarming. For a time all dancing and fun-making of any kind was at an end. "De banjo" and "de fiddle" would not only be silenced, but often their frames would be broken and the sad remnants hung on the wall as reminders of past "ongodliness." As a rule, however, the life of the slaves was disturbed amazingly little by the war. At any time they could have torn in twain the thin fabric between them and freedom. Old men, women, and children of the dominant race by thousands, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, were wholly at their mercy, and the whites knew it. All that the slaves needed to gain their freedom was to rise and assert it, and they knew it. The one thing the distant soldier had to base hope on for his family at the mercy of his slaves was his belief in the character of the negro as he had hitherto known it—a character affectionate, loyal to attachments, usually uncommonly strong in the case of slaves and owners. The bond oftener than not was an intimate one, and upon the almost reverential attitude of the negroes to their masters, strengthened by generations of friendly contact, the people of the South based their faint hope of safety from a slave uprising, that black dread never far from the breasts of the whites. But the negroes worked in the fields as cheerfully as they had always done, or in their cabins, with that calm patience which is a universal characteristic of the race awaiting their inevitable emancipation.

The horror of a slave insurrection must not be overlooked as one that brooded grimly in the hearts of Southern plantation women for those four long years. And what a horror of possibility it really was! Mrs. Burton Harrison says of this unspoken terror: "It was a black, dark, hoding oppression altogether hateful, taking it to bed at night to awake to confront it through a vigil of nervous terror. The notes of the whippoorwill in the sweetgum swamp, the mutterings of the distant thunderstorm, and even the rustle of the night winds in the oaks were filled with nameless dread. In the daytime it was impossible to associate with the tawny skins any suspicion, but at night the possibility stalked grim. Rusty bolts were drawn, antiquated firearms were loaded, hasty graves were made in the cellar for silverware, and yet women went quietly about their daily vocations, giving no sign of the inward apprehension."

In one respect the slaves did give serious trouble. Their excitable and strained imaginations kept in constant repetition the alarming cry: "De Yankees is comin'!" Whatever may have been their secret feelings—and their sphinxlike manner gave no hint of those feelings—through the whites that cry never failed to strike a desperate horror. The alarm never went the rounds but pandemonium prevailed on the plantation. The cattle and hogs were driven off to the swamp; the carriage driver was hurried to the woods with his horses; valuables were hidden in the most unexpected places; jewelry was put into jars and lowered into wells, wrapped in rags and thrown into bushes, hidden in the meal or pea barrel, and sometimes given to the mammy to wear under her clothes; bags of money were buried under sitting hens; caves, hollow trees, and old stumps became receptacles for valuable possessions. (Smedes, p. 201.) Even the children would catch the contagion of fear and preparation. The little girls would bury their dolls, the boys their toy guns. Many and frequent

were the "exhumings and reinterments as the almost daily rumors of the war were cheering or alarming."

When the Yankees did come, the treatment accorded the prostrate people of the South varied greatly, largely according to the individual commander and his influence over his men. The country was full of highwaymen of the lowest character, the offscourings of two armies; and contending with such a class, as well as the invading armies, it is not to be wondered at that upon the plantation folk of the South were visited many outrages. Of these wretched experiences it is needless here to speak. They were the fortunes of war, such fortunes as are visited upon the conquered even in this day and generation.

It is hard to make this retrospect without adding with a sigh of the heart: "The pity of it, the vast pity of it!" "The history of the Confederacy," says Eggleston, "will appear the story of a dream to those who read it, and there are parts of it which seem a nightmare to those who helped make it."

As the spring of '65 approached, the end of the fourth year of the struggle, the resources of the South had been drained to the dregs. The pall thickened; the heroic tragedy drew to its close. Yet the people on the plantations who had striven so bravely to live their lives—indeed, the entire people of the South, despite "the hunger, nakedness, death, pestilence, and fire and sword everywhere"—were quite unready to believe the end had come or could come. "Faith in Lee and his ragged, freezing, starving army amounted to a superstition." In quiet family burying grounds on a thousand plantations and on many a far-off battle field the kindly sod lay above tens of thousands of the flower of Southern manhood. Vain had been their sacrifice; vain the starvation, the cold, the ruin, the devastation; vain the widowed and the orphaned; vain a nation's dead. Hope for the cause at last must die. Lee surrendered. The Confederacy was no more. Life on the old plantation was forever gone from American annals save as a memory. One duty yet remained for the women who had lived that life without cry of pain or despondency: it was to plant on the grave of that past signals of gentleness and fortitude, of loyalty and courage, of fealty to the right as one's conscience sees it—a fit heritage from Americans to Americans for generations yet unborn.

ETHNOGENESIS.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Thank him who placed us here
Beneath so kind a sky; the very sun
Takes part with us; and on our errands run
All breezes of the ocean; dew and rain
Do noiseless battle for us; and the year
And all the gentle daughters in her train
March in our ranks, and in our service wield
Long spears of golden grain!
A yellow blossom as her fairy shield,
June flings her azure banner to the wind;
While in the order of their birth
Her sisters pass, and many an ample field
Grows white beneath their steps, till now, behold,
Its endless sheets unfold
The snow of Southern summers! Let the earth
Rejoice; beneath those fleeces soft and warm
Our happy land shall sleep
In a repose as deep
As if we lay intrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and Arctic storm.

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER—IX., X.

BY SAMUEL HANKINS, SOLDIERS' HOME, GULFPORT, MISS.

Shortly after being shot, and before my wound was dressed, I began to cramp. The pain was so severe that I yelled for help. Never have I felt such agony. James Schell, now a citizen of Aberdeen, Miss., who had been an old schoolmate of mine, and a member of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, heard my cry and ran to me, calling for more help. Two others came, and the three rubbed my leg vigorously and drenched me with brandy. As soon as I was relieved somewhat Jim called a surgeon to come and cut for the ball. Jim and the two others got astride of me, holding me to the ground, while the surgeon cut with his knife. It felt like he was using one that he had kept on hand for sharpening slate pencils. After probing he took some tweezers and began searching for the ball, which he soon extricated and handed to me, remarking that I would get a furlough. I have the ball to-day. Jim dressed my wound nicely; also that of Weems, who was shot through the thigh, and that of Humphreys, who was shot in the right side and liver, a wound that proved fatal. Then an old oilcloth was spread on the ground by some of the field nurses, and we were all three placed on it with a rock each for a pillow, Humphreys being placed in the center. Jim Schell told me that I was going into lockjaw, which was the reason I had cramped so. A man shot in the foot died of lockjaw within a few feet of me just before I began to cramp. The poor fellow did not get the attention I did, as all the surgeons and assistants were busy; so I feel that I am indebted to Jim for my existence at this time, and I am sorry that I have not added more to the credit column of his good deeds account.

Our wounds were redressed once by the surgeon before General Lee began falling back on the fourth day, taking all his wounded that were able to sit upright in ambulances. Weems, Humphreys, and I were not taken. I begged hard to go, and was taken to an ambulance a few feet away, but became so sick that I could not hold up my head. The surgeon then told me that I could not travel, that I would fall into the hands of the enemy, but would be paroled in a few days. All the time that he was saying this to me Weems and Humphreys were begging me to remain with them, so I consented.

On the morning of July 5, about thirty minutes after General Lee's rear guard had passed out of sight, a long line of Union cavalry, mostly dismounted, came along gathering up guns, breaking them and dropping them. A few feet in front of us one of the men picked up a gun, caught it at the muzzle, and, raising the stock end high over his head, intended to break it on a rock in front of him. As it struck the rock it exploded, killing him instantly. I felt like the little boy who dropped and broke his jug containing molasses and, seeing it run over the ground, exclaimed: "O for a thousand tongues!" Only with me it was: "O for a thousand such guns!"

The movements and actions of the enemy fully convinced me that they did not want to interfere any more with General Lee, and were not certain that he had left; they also feared that he might return for the guns. Not a word was spoken to us by any of them; so there we were, prisoners of a civil war and expecting to be treated as such, though it turned out very differently. What I say in regard to our treatment has never before been published, except in a short article that I wrote two years ago for my county paper. The treatment so

much complained of by prisoners at Andersonville and other places was mild in comparison. No attention whatever had we until Weems and I were taken up on the evening of July 18, Humphreys having died on the 15th. No sooner had breath left his body than two soldiers dragged him by the heels from between us to the front some six or eight feet, where they covered him slightly with shovels of dirt. Such was the manner of burial of another of our noble young men like Crompton at Gaines's Farm.

If the good Lord had not sent us rain every day, we would have perished for water. There happened to be a few small gullies that would hold a canteen or two of water some six or eight spaces from us to which Weems and I would crawl the best we could, fill our canteens, then crawl back to our oilcloth and proceed to dress our wounds, using the same bandages, but washing them each day. I would assist Weems with his wound, he in turn would assist me, and we both together would dress the wound of Humphreys. The water was the same which had fallen on the field where dozens of dead men lay covered, just as they had fallen, with only a few shovels of dirt, also hundreds of dead horses. This we had to drink during our stay of about seventeen days, except the four days before General Lee left the field; and during the time on two occasions when a passing soldier dropped us some hard-tack and a small piece of salt pork the latter had to be eaten uncooked. No doubt hundreds perished for lack of water and attention. I feel satisfied that if either Mr. Lincoln or General Meade had been informed of this needless, cruel neglect he would not have allowed it.

Immediately upon General Lee's departure from the field the Federals began to look after their own wounded and burying their dead. This was to be expected, and was not complained of; but after that, instead of helping us poor suffering and dying Confederates, they engaged in destroying old guns and hauling captured supplies to the railroad. True, they threw a few shovels of dirt over our dead. The horses they dragged up into long rows, attempting to burn them. They failed in this, but raised a fearful stench. Our utterly cruel treatment was caused by some subordinate who no doubt was denied cool drinks and who was not where the weary are at rest. It was there that I discovered in advance of General Sherman that war was h—.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee the year before his death heard of my treatment from some one and sent for me. When we met, he told me what he had heard in regard to our treatment on the battle field of Gettysburg as prisoners of war, and wanted to know if such was a fact. I assured him that it was true just as he had heard it, and that I had a living witness, W. K. Weems, at Baldwin, Miss., who shared the same cruelty with me. He then asked me why they neglected us so long. I answered the same as I have here written. He then said: "Well, well! That surpasses anything that I ever read or heard of in civil warfare."

On July 6 Mr. Lincoln, with several of his Cabinet and a large cavalry escort, rode over the field. They passed just in front of us. Had I known then that Mr. Lincoln was the good man he was and could have gotten an audience with him, I was in a condition to have offered him some overtures that were not considered at the Hampton Roads meeting, which might have been acceptable with him and restored peace whereby thousands of lives would have been saved.

Late in the afternoon of July 18 a Dutchman with his dump cart halted in front of us and ordered Weems and myself to crawl in, "and be d— quick about it," which we did as soon

as we could gather our effects together. My entire wardrobe and furniture consisted of the following articles: One short army shirt, one old sockless and stringless brogan shoe, one flopped hat with a hole in the crown through which my hair of long growth hung out, giving me the appearance of the wild boy from Bitter Creek, and one greasy haversack containing my pocketknife and empty pocketbook; also the pocketbook and gold ring that had belonged to Charley Humphreys. My furniture consisted of one pair of rude crutches that I had made with my pocketknife. My trousers were worn out to the waistband before the battle. I had held on to the waistband, its use being to hold my shirt in position. However, while lying on the field I found it to be a perfect incubator for graybacks, so I discarded it. Weems had the advantage of me in worldly effects in that he did possess a pair of seatless and kneecless trousers. My army jacket had also worn out and felt uncomfortable because of the hot weather, so I let that go with my waistband.

Our Dutchman soon had us jolting over a stony field. As the sun was setting he dumped us out by the side of the railroad track along with about two hundred and fifty other wounded who had been gathered up during the day. Here we all remained overnight. I noticed as we approached the railroad a pile of old broken guns from six to eight feet high extending along the track for several yards.

That night a train of cattle arrived which were unloaded the next morning, and those same cars, uncleaned, were backed up to us and we were ordered to get in. This we did with much difficulty and pain. We were soon off, though none of us could learn our destination.

A few months ago United States Senator Col. James Gordon, of Mississippi, was banqueted in Memphis, when some old war papers were read and listened to with much interest. One was a letter from a Federal officer to his superior wherein he made great complaint about the treatment he had received at our hands while a prisoner of war, being conveyed to some place in a cold box car. I was glad to hear of this, for I felt that I had found one Yankee that I could even up with, though I would far rather travel in a refrigerator than in the filthy stock cars we were forced to use.

We soon reached York City, Pa., where the bridge had been wrecked, and we were delayed. While there our car doors were crowded with citizens of all ages and descriptions begging us to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, promising if we complied that we would be provided with a home and would be well cared for until the war was over, when money would be provided to send us home. Of the two hundred and fifty naked, starved, and crippled Confederates, not one accepted the proposition. While there the doubt as to our final success that had begun to form in my mind when Jackson was killed was strengthened. I saw a crowd of young men and older ones subject to military duty dressed in citizen's clothes, and knew that all such in our Confederacy were in service. With the overwhelming majority the Federals had in the field, with such a surplus in the Northern States from which to draw and the ports all open to them, the thought overwhelmed me as to how we could ever hope to overcome such gigantic obstacles.

We were soon moving back over our same route with no knowledge obtainable as to our destination until we reached the city of Baltimore. By some means our lady friends and sympathizers there had learned of our coming, and hundreds were at the station with baskets filled with everything good to eat. As our train stopped, and before any of us alighted,

they rushed for the car doors, falling over each other in their eagerness to be the first to greet us. Basket after basket was pushed in to us, and the way we poor fellows did eat! There was enough left to feed many times our number.

We were then ordered to leave the cars. I had been hoping that the sweet women and girls would retire before I had to get out clad as I was, though there were many in the same fix. Some of the ladies had brought clothing for us, but were not allowed to distribute it. A double line was formed along the cars, and I slipped in, taking my position in the rear rank, using the front rank for a blind and the cars for a back-ground. When in line, we were ordered to left-face and move off. Some of us were on crutches; others used sticks, boards, or anything available. On reaching the first street we were ordered to file right in the center. Down the street we went to the wharf on the bay, where we were to embark. The population were jammed thick to watch us; even the housetops were covered. A heavy guard walked on both sides of us as we slowly moved along. I think we were the first prisoners of war that had ever entered the city, and I am sure a more motley crew was never seen. All of us were wounded, and we represented nearly every Southern State. Many tears of sympathy were shed for us as we marched. I overheard one well-dressed aged lady, who was weeping, remark that she had five boys in the Confederate service and wished she had as many more. For this she was arrested. Several arrests were made as we passed along. No doubt there are many grandmothers in Baltimore to-day who will recall this incident, which took place in the afternoon of July 19, 1863.

After reaching the wharf, we had to remain there an hour for preparations to be made on the steamship *Nellie Pentze*, which was to take us. While waiting I stood leaning on my crutches, my left leg swollen up to my body and greatly inflamed, when a sweet young lady about sixteen years old approached me with her servant, who carried a basket well filled with packages of nice cake. She handed me two of the packages and began to converse with me. She first wanted to know my native State and all about my relatives. She said she was sorry she was not allowed to give me clothing. I was in no spirit, clad as I was, to converse with such a charming creature, although I could not miss the opportunity.

When we went aboard our vessel, I took my position on deck for better or worse, mostly the latter. Not one of us had been solicited to take the oath of allegiance while in the city of Baltimore. We moved off down the bay. It was a lovely sunset evening, and, looking back, we could see thousands of hats and handkerchiefs waving us farewell. We were soon out at sea. During the night a heavy thunderstorm arose. The sails were hauled down and the sailors were running everywhere, seemingly excited. I remained on deck, where the lightning flashed across me every few moments, followed by sprays of water that drenched me. Our ship was tossed like a cracker box, and we were a very sick set.

[This serial, "Simple Story of a Soldier," has been published in a neat booklet with a picture of the author, and is sent, postpaid, for twenty-five cents. Send a new subscription to the *VETERAN*, and it will be mailed free.]

(Concluded in two more chapters.)

HE WAS A GOOD SOLDIER—HE "SHIVERED" IN BATTLE.—"Tell me," said a lady to an old soldier, "were you cool in battle?" "Cool?" said the truthful veteran. "Why, I fairly shivered!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

An invitation sent to the different Confederate veterans in his community to meet at the home of Dr. Robert C. Norris, Villa Americano, Estado de S. Paulo, Brazil, S. A., on August 20, 1912, to be photographed for the VETERAN, was answered by the following whose pictures appear in the group.



From left to right, front row: Joseph L. Minchen, aged 71, Company I, 4th Florida Infantry; Louis Demaret, aged 73, Company C, 5th Texas Infantry; William F. Pyles, aged 67, 2d Battalion, Morgan's Cavalry; E. B. Pyles, aged 66, 2d Battalion, Morgan's Cavalry.

Second row: Robert C. Norris, aged 75, enlisted under Capt. Theodore O'Hara, author of "Bivouac of the Dead," in Company F, 15th Alabama, promoted to lieutenant, and served as such to the close in Company A, 60th Alabama; W. H. Prestige, aged 72, Company A, 3d Alabama Cavalry; N. B. McAlpin, aged 66, Company C, 2d Alabama Cavalry; John R. Buford, aged 72, a Virginia military cadet, assigned to artillery in Hilliard's Legion; Joseph E. Whitaker, aged 76, enlisted in Company A, 24th Mississippi Infantry, and promoted to lieutenant.

Dr. Yancey Jones and Charles Norris photographed the "boys," and afterwards the crowd partook of a lunch provided by the hostess. They warmed up, exchanged experiences, and at a late hour dispersed with thanks to the host and hostess, expressing the pleasure afforded to each. A meeting was planned for the coming year.

AN INCIDENT OF SECOND MANASSAS.

BY P. G. PALMER, SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

Of those who gave up their lives for our Southern Confederacy, five were young South Carolinians, two of whom had graduated from Wofford College, Spartanburg, in July, 1860; the other three were students of the same college. They enlisted as Palmetto Sharpshooters, which company became K, 5th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers. The regiment was first commanded by Col. (afterwards Maj. Gen.) Micah Jenkins.

The five young men were messmates and fought in a group. It was on the evening of the last day's fight of Second Manassas that the whole group, consisting of Theodotus L. Capers, James J. Palmer (graduates of the same class), H. A. McSwain (son of Rev. Mr. McSwain, of the M. E. Church), Whetford Smith (only son of Rev. Whetford Smith, Sr., a professor in Wofford College), and R. A. Watson, while lying down resting, were fired upon by a Federal artillery, and all

were killed by the explosion of a single shell. At the second shot the body of T. L. Capers was lacerated. James Palmer was killed by one of the bullets with which the shell was filled. One other young man, John E. Walker, who also had been a student at Wofford and a classmate of the writer, was wounded. He was also the son of a Methodist preacher, Rev. Charles Walker, who died in 1856. All were gallant and Christian young men who served in the ranks and nobly and heroically performed their duty.

James J. Palmer entered service in the Palmetto Guard of Charleston on the 13th of April, 1861, and went to Virginia with that company. At a reorganization he joined Company K, Palmetto Sharpshooters, to be with his classmate, Thomas C. Duncan, who was killed in the battle of Seven Pines. Duncan was a son of Prof. David Duncan, of Wofford College. J. J. Palmer stopped long enough to pin a note on the breast of his dead friend and comrade asking that his body be sent to his brother, Rev. James Duncan, in Richmond. J. J. Palmer's body was removed from the battle field after the war and a stone was placed over his grave. The Misses Dogan, who saw after the removal of the bodies, sent his father the ball that killed him and a piece of bone, which were buried in his father's coffin. T. L. Capers's body was also removed. Such was the fate of many of the best and noblest of our young Southern men, who never shirked any duty and were always at the front on the firing line.

Gen. Micah Jenkins said to the father of J. J. Palmer: "Sir, your son is a noble young man, and is always in the right place." We can only feel that their noble young lives were not given in vain, and that our cause should not be spoken of as "lost."

ROBBERY OF ALEX BOMAR'S HOUSE IN MISSOURI.

BY MRS. RUTH A. BOMAR, RICH HILL, MO.

My husband was a Confederate soldier and scout in Captain Purcell's Missouri Confederate cavalry. I and our three children were living three miles south of Mexico, Mo., in the fall of 1864. General Price was advancing into Missouri, and many North Missourians desired to join him south of the Missouri River. Captains Quantrill, Todd, and William Anderson were ordered to terrorize the Federal garrisons in North Missouri so as to hold the enemy at their places while the new recruits crossed the Missouri River. Anderson was dashing in and out about Fayette, Huntsville, Mount Zion, High Hill, and Danville, dealing death and terror to the Federal home guards.

The Union people thought that Mexico, a strong Southern town occupied at that time by the Federals, was to be attacked by Quantrill's command. The rear guard of the reinforcements, consisting of sixteen men, robbed our house of everything of value. I and the children were not at home at the time. Returning home, I, being a strong young (Virginia) woman twenty-two years old, walked to Mexico and reported to the Federal provost marshal, who was a very nice man. He caused a search, and the stolen goods were found in the quarters of those sixteen men of the rear guard. They were put under arrest and taken away on the North Missouri Valley train to St. Joseph to be tried by a military court for stealing and making war on women, children, and noncombatants. Quantrill's command stopped said train and took off the sixteen thieves and shot them to death.

Major Johnston then started out with a picked command of desperate men in quest of Quantrill. Johnston found Quan-

trill's command, commanded at that time by Todd and Bill Anderson, Quantrill being in the Blackfoot Hills wounded. Neither side was surprised. Both commands were desperate and carried black flags. They met in the open prairie, with the result that Quantrill's crowd lost but one man, while the Union crowd was practically annihilated.

The bodies of the sixteen thieves were shipped to Mexico, and one of them was buried in my husband's wedding suit that he had stolen. These are facts, as many people yet living know. The Centralia massacre was precipitated by the robbery of our home.

My husband served under Marmaduke and was a color guard. He died near Rich Hill, Mo., March 13, 1896. I have long been a member of the U. D. C. My two boys, three daughters, and grandchildren are true Southerners, and take a great interest in having a true history as nearly as can be. Success to the VETERAN and to the Daughters and Sons.

PLEA THAT MELLOW'S THE HEART.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Let me to-day do something which shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store;
And may be I so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
Let me not hurt by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need
Or sin by silence where I should defend.
However meager be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind;
A word of courage or a thought of health
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.
Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say:
"Because of some good act to beast or man,
The world is better that I lived to-day."

POETIC TRIBUTE TO JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

BY ROSWELL V. BOOTH, VICKSBURG, MISS.

I read with interest in the December VETERAN the sketch of Judge Alexander W. Terrell, of Texas, which recalls an incident of interest.

Some twenty years ago a wandering lecturer delivered an address in Vicksburg on the life and death of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of the martyred President Lincoln. He gave a graphic and detailed account of Booth's death, which he witnessed, and the manner in which Booth was killed in his father's barn in Virginia. He refuted the story that was current at the time, now known to be false, that his remains were carried out by his captors and buried in the ocean. At the conclusion of his address he read a poem, evidently inspired by this legend, which was published anonymously shortly after Booth's death, but of which the speaker said the general belief at the time was that Judge A. W. Terrell was the author.

I requested the loan of his manuscript that I might embalm it in my book of "Pencilings by the Way," not because it reflected my own or the sentiments of the people of the South even at the time touching his awful crime, but to preserve the exquisite poetic gem that sparkles in its lines; and the inflamed passions existing at the moment engendered by our terrible war furnish a sufficient apology for the bitterness of the sentiment expressed in the verses:

"Give him a sepulcher
Broad as the sweep
Of the tidal wave's measureless motion;
In the arms of the deep
Lay our hero to sleep,
'Mid the pearls of the fetterless ocean.

It was liberty slain
That so maddened his brain
To avenge the dead idol he cherished;
So 'tis meet that the main,
Ne'er curbed by a chain,
Should entomb the last freeman now perished.

For the dust of the brave
Could not rest in the grave
Of a land where blind force hath dominion.
Then give him a grave
Underneath the blue wave,
Which the tyrants of earth cannot pinion.

He who dared break the rod
Of the blackamoor's god,
All the host of the despot defying,
Could not rest 'neath the sod
That his minions had trod,
Who was shamed by his glory in dying.

Then hide him away
From the sad eye of day,
'Mid the coral of sea-green abysses,
Where the mermaids so gay,
As they sport 'neath the spray,
May purple his pale lips with kisses.

As the ocean streams roll
From the gulf to the pole,
Let them mourn him with musical dirges;
And the tempest shall toll
For the peace of his soul,
More sublime than the sound of its surges.

He has written his name
In bright letters of fame
In the pathway of liberty's portal;
And the serfs who now blame
Will crimson with shame
When they learn they have cursed an immortal.

He hath died for the weal
Of a world 'neath the heel
Of too many a merciless Nero;
But while yet there is steel,
Every tyrant shall feel
That God's vengeance but waits for its hero.

Then give him a sepulcher
Broad as the sweep
Of the tidal wave's measureless motion;
In the arms of the deep
Lay our Brutus to sleep,
Since his life was as free as the ocean."

[The spirit of this author illustrates the inflamed spirit of many people at that time.]

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

STORY TOLD AT A WOMAN'S BANQUET ON LEE'S ANNIVERSARY.

The many Nashville Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy were banqueted in Nashville, at the famous old Maxwell House, on account of Gen. R. E. Lee's birthday, January 19, 1913. The occasion was as interesting as novel. The presiding genius was Miss Mollie Claiborne, of Chapter No. 1. The ceremony was interesting throughout. There were more speakers among the Daughters than men. One of the male guests made a talk about the organization in response to a request of Miss Claiborne, who said: "You must make a talk. What will be your theme?" He at once designated "The Daughters of the Confederacy." He thought he knew all about the organization.

Introducing his theme, the speaker said:

"The situation recalled the effort to find a Tennessee boy in San Antonio a good many years ago. The name of the street and number were given; I had gone quite into the suburbs and was discouraged in my search, when I hailed two grown-up lads and asked if they lived in San Antonio, to which one replied that he did and could tell me anything I wanted to know. 'Well,' said I, 'where will I find — Street and number?' Considering my question for a time thoughtfully, he replied: 'Hang me if I can tell anything about the streets.' It illustrates my condition here now. I ought to know all about these Daughters and their work, having been an honorary member from the beginning and having attended every convention of the general organization in its history; but I am in the dilemma of the Texas lad when called upon to tell the story of this organization of women, the most extraordinary in the world's history.

"Nashville will ever feel proud that the Daughters of the Confederacy in a 'National' organization, as it was first called, had its birth in this city. The first meeting held under the name, at which time officers were elected, was on May 9, 1893. Home folks, as a rule, however, seem to forget their birthright.

"The record of the U. D. C. is comparable only to that of the men who served through the war,

"Who bade us go with smiling tears,
Who scorned the renegade;
Who, silencing their trembling fears,
Watched, cheered, then wept and prayed;
Who nursed our wounds with tender care,
Who lifted us from our despair,
And counted not the cost—
The women of the South.'

"The struggle of our Southern women to perfect the organization, because of their lack of information upon parliamentary law, their first constitution, their revised constitution, and their amended constitution, with supplemental by-laws, and their changes year by year, was monstrous; but through their unyielding determination to achieve the best results they strove on and on for perfection as if they intended implicitly that the Daughters of the Confederacy should last through all future generations of this government. And well may they.

"When at the Little Rock Convention, in 1898, the proposed cross of honor project was discussed, their one honorary member became impatient. He believed their cross would soon become so common that its use would be ridiculed. He recalled the futile efforts of the veterans to establish their official badge, and he deplored that the Daughters were spending too much time and money only to be defeated through impostors. He saw how determined were the leaders to safe-

guard it, and year after year the custodian of the crosses made enemies; and yet, as determined as Medes or Persians, they held on and on to the rules until the cross became a badge of honor that is respected wherever seen. In no sense has any organization created more sincere esteem than that of the Daughters in maintaining the dignity of these crosses. This fact is dwelt upon to illustrate the power of our women in carrying out what they resolved should be done to maintain the 'story of the glory of the men who wore the gray.'

"No men of any organization have ever equaled these Daughters in their achievements for the most unselfish and most sacred purpose in any history of any people during any period. They have demonstrated their capacity to manage anything the purpose of which is the exaltation of mankind.

"In this connection reference is made to several Presidents General who at the expiration of their terms of office have reentered the duties of membership in their Chapters at home, and with wisdom worthy to preside before any parliamentary bodies in the world they go year after year to these general U. D. C. conventions and cooperate with their sisters in office for the advancement of the great interests involved as no other class would. They have created and maintained the profound respect of the highest officials in the land. This was illustrated in the national capital at the time of their last convention when the President of the Daughters of the American Revolution—a Kentucky woman, one of whose children when quite a child delighted her father by saying with childish directness, 'I am a Kentucky Democrat born in Illinois'—rejoiced in the opportunity to offer the D. A. R. hall for the President's reception, and yet was soon in distress when a faction of the organization charged that the 'Rebel flag would desecrate the hall.' The President, Mrs. M. T. Scott, greatly disturbed by the opposition, was reassured by President Taft that she had done the proper thing to decorate with the Confederate flag, and that he would furnish the President's flag to go with it. That grouping of the stars and bars with the stars and stripes on the platform, and over them the flag of the chief magistrate of the nation, illustrated the standing of our Confederate women.

"Daughters, be of good cheer over what you have achieved. From the little beginning here in Nashville there are now 80,000 members, according to the Secretary General's report; while it is estimated that there are now 85,000 members comprised in twenty-one State Divisions, with 1,440 Chapters, beginning with No. 1 to Nashville Chapter, issued September 11, 1894. In addition, there are one or two Chapters in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Nebraska, Utah, Oregon, and in the City of Mexico (it requires five Chapters in a State to entitle them to a Deacon, besides the children's Chapters that are 'a great host' in themselves. Only sixty-nine Chapters have been canceled in the history of the organization. The growth during the past year is extraordinary: Virginia added 1,993 new members and twelve Chapters; Georgia, 918 members and eight Chapters; Mississippi, 700 members; South Carolina, 460; Tennessee, 396. Virginia received the certificate of merit for the largest increase offered by the President General.

The amount of relief work done by the various Divisions and Chapters in caring for indigent veterans and women of the Confederacy aggregates thousands of dollars annually. The Daughters have ministered to and made comfortable veterans and their families in their Homes. Chapters out of the South have at their own expense sent veterans back to their old home States to enter Confederate Homes. The

Texas Daughters have built a home for Confederate women, and they presented it to the State last year. The organization is now considering the procuring and maintenance of a home for the women of the Confederacy, which later may be used for aged and indigent members of the organization.

In history the Daughters are doing wonderful work in securing valuable papers and letters and seeing to it that correct and impartial textbooks are used. They are placing portraits of President Davis, General Lee, and other Southern notables in schools and colleges, and having school buildings given historical names. Historical programs are furnished by all Chapters of a Division by the Division Historian, sometimes accompanied by a valuable paper with data from the Historian.

"A new department is being taken up this year in the study of Southern literature, and this will be stressed at the New Orleans Convention. In the education of descendants of Confederate veterans the U. D. C. are doing grand work, and have a large number of scholarships in the different States and many free and valuable ones under the direct jurisdiction of the organization, some valued as high as \$1,000 per year. The Washington and Lee University gives \$300 per annum. The value of eleven U. D. C. scholarships is \$2,560. Twenty-four States support 197 scholarships valued at \$22,022. In 1912 the U. D. C. placed 208 scholarships as their tribute to the education of Southern youths, and a scholarship was presented by Chicago University for promotion of the study of the true history of the South and another from Loretta Mother House, of Kentucky, valued at \$1,000.

"Monuments to Confederate soldiers for the entire country are due largely to the U. D. C. The most important monument and most expensive yet erected by them is that to President Jefferson Davis at Richmond, which cost \$71,000. Enthusiastic work is now being done for handsome monuments at Arlington and Shiloh, costing \$50,000 each.

"In conclusion, I suggest that the Legislature of Tennessee should by all means contribute \$5,000 to the Shiloh monument to be erected on Tennessee soil in honor of thousands of her sons who fought and many of whom gave their lives for their State in that sanguinary battle." The woman's monument at the capital deserves \$10,000.

MEMORIAL DAY POEM OF MUCH INTEREST.

[The well-known Southern poem reproduced below has had the unique distinction of being used as an argument for a legal decision in a court of justice. Suit was brought in the city court of Montgomery, Ala., attacking the constitutionality of a law passed by the legislature exempting Confederate soldiers from certain taxes, complaint being made on the ground that it was class legislation and in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment. The act was upheld by the Hon. Armistead Brown, presiding judge, in a very able and comprehensive opinion rendered April 26, 1912, from which we quote a portion of the concluding paragraph: "Our Constitution provides that 'no title of nobility or hereditary distinction, privilege, or honor shall ever be granted or conferred in this State.' This is well. * * * But the title of nobility has been conferred by the public sentiment of the State upon the Confederate veterans, and this fact must be reckoned with in construing laws when their reasonableness is attacked." This public sentiment, this practical classification in the minds and hearts of our people and the reasons for it are well expressed in a poem written by a former resident of Montgomery.]

POEM BY MISS ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS.

I see them slowly marching, year by year
A lessening band, to that lone camping ground
Where their companions in the days that tried
Men's souls have grounded arms forever.
Ease has seldom been their portion; bronzed by sun
And bit by winter's cold, they bear the scars
And blows of envious time as valiantly
As once they bore the buffetings of war.
For them a nation's coffers have not bled
To salve their wounds with gold; but when, worn out
With fatal victories, they left the field
Where valor long had strove in vain with might,
Like that great son of Rome whose conquering arm
Did not disdain to guide the plow, they sheathed
Their swords, and, asking aid of none but God,
By honest toil redeemed and glorified
The land their fruitless valor could not save.
Lo! where they come an ever-lessening band,
Torn by life's storms and chilled by numbing frosts
Of thankless years, they falter not nor fail
In the great strife with human wrong and woe,
Till one by one the great commander, Death,
Gives word to break their ranks and join the vast
Encampment 'neath the white and serried stones
Where Fame shall write their lasting epitaph:
"Not conquered, but worn out with conquering."

CAREER OF GEN. BEN McCULLOCH.

BY COL. E. I. STIRMAN, OF HIS COMMAND.

Gen. Ben McCulloch was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., November 11, 1811, of Scotch-Irish descent. His forefathers helped to wrest Kentucky and Tennessee from the Indians. His father, Alex McCulloch, won distinction as aid-de-camp to Gen. James Coffee under Gen. Andrew Jackson in the British and Creek wars of 1812 and 1813.

General McCulloch spent his boyhood days in Dyer County, Tenn., hunting, fishing, and boating. He was an expert shot and hunter, while his experience as a flatboatman was useful in his military career. In 1835 he joined a party of hunters and trappers for a tour of the Rocky Mountains; but on learning of the expedition of Col. David Crockett to aid Texas in her struggle for independence, he immediately started for Nacogdoches. Reaching there too late, he hastened to the Brazos River. Illness, however, prevented his being in the battle of the Alamo.

Upon his recovery he joined the army of Gen. Sam Houston on the eve of the battle of San Jacinto, and he made such a favorable impression on General Houston that he placed him in command of a piece of artillery. His cool and daring bravery in the battle won the highest commendation from the commander.

In 1839 General McCulloch was elected a member of the Texas Congress, where he made an enviable reputation as a legislator. He became famous as an Indian fighter, and was engaged in many skirmishes with the Mexican raiders and the Indians of the plains. When Texas was admitted into the Union, he was elected to the legislature, and at its first session he was appointed major general of the State Guards.

At the opening of the war with Mexico he raised a picked company of Texas Rangers and reported for duty to Gen. Zachary Taylor, then in command of the United States troops on the Rio Grande, and was at once sent forward one

hundred miles into Mexico on one of the most trying and hazardous expeditions of the war. There he learned the numbers and position of Gen. Santa Anna's army. With the information thus gained he guided General Taylor and his army into that strong position, which shortly after became the battle ground of Buena Vista, and proved not only the salvation of the United States army but crowned it with a glorious victory. In this battle he was sent forward in command of his rangers with instructions to "feel the enemy" and if necessary press them, which he did by a furious charge, driving in their outposts, killing and capturing many of them, and winning from General Taylor high praise for his skill and daring. In recognition of his merits he was promoted to the rank of major. In 1852 he was appointed by the United States government marshal for the entire State of Texas.

In 1861, when the war broke out between the States, he was appointed colonel in the Confederate army and assigned to the command of all Texas troops. As such commander he demanded and secured the surrender of the Federal garrison at San Antonio on May 14, 1861. Immediately thereafter he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and placed in command of all the Confederate troops from Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas, and was directed to proceed to Northwest Arkansas and organize an army to protect the country from an invasion by Missouri Federals, then threatened by General Lyon from St. Louis, Mo. Under General Price, commanding the Missouri State troops in Southwestern Missouri, he was chief in command at the battle of Oak Hills, or Wilson's Creek, ten miles southwest of Springfield, Mo., where he won a glorious victory over Generals Lyon and Sigel on August 10, 1861, killing the former and utterly routing the latter.

In April, 1862, Gen. Van Dorn, who had been assigned to the command of all Confederate troops west of the Mississippi, McCulloch, commanding the Confederates, and Price, commanding the Missouri troops, united their commands in Northwestern Arkansas, and, under Van Dorn, advanced to meet Schofield's and Sigel's Federal commands. They were advancing from Springfield, Mo., and had reached the northwestern corner of Arkansas and were camped on Sugar Creek in and near Bentonville when Gen. Van Dorn drove that portion of Schofield's army near Bentonville and pressed it back on the main force at Elkhorn Tavern. He passed around the Federal right and attacked it in the rear near Elkhorn Tavern on the morning of May 6, 1862. Price commanded the left wing and McCulloch the right, and early in the morning Price struck Schofield with such vigor that he pressed his army back on the oak brakes and into the valley of Sugar Creek. McCulloch hearing Price's guns and perceiving that he was driving Schofield south, he hurled General McIntosh's command, composing the 6th and 9th Texas and W. H. Brook's battalion, in a charge against General Sigel, capturing the battery, with General Herron, and scattering two German regiments to the four winds, killing and capturing quite a number. It was a most brilliant cavalry charge. The Federals were driven into the valley and on to the oak brakes of Sugar Creek. Had the Confederates not been north of Sigel, it is thought that he would have fled from the field, as he did at Oak Hills.

The ground between the two armies was covered with a thick growth of small oak trees. General McCulloch rode out in front of his lines alone to determine the position of the enemy and was killed. He was in the habit of making such personal reconnaissances. I often saw him riding through our camp alone in citizen's garb, with a small breech-loading

rifle swung across his shoulders, going in the direction of the enemy. Shortly after he passed in front of our lines, which had reformed, I saw a courier ride up to General McIntosh, and the two rode off in the direction that General Price was pressing Schofield. Soon afterwards we learned that General McCulloch had been killed and that McIntosh was in command of our wing. In less than two hours General McIntosh had likewise been killed, and General Herbert was in command. Early in the afternoon Herbert was captured, and the command devolved upon Gen. Albert Pike, who was a lawyer-poet but not a soldier.

We had never left the position that we held after the charge was made until 3:30 P.M., when we were ordered by General Pike to withdraw from the field. We did so in as good order as we ever went on dress parade. Price was still fighting on our left, and we supposed we were being taken around to engage somewhere else. The next day at noon, when we had gone twenty miles, we still heard Price fighting. When Gen. Van Dorn found that his right wing had left the field and that Schofield and Sigel were now both assailing Price, he ordered a retreat. But for the loss of McCulloch and McIntosh killed and Herbert captured, doubtless we would have captured Schofield's entire army.

(COMMENT UPON THE ABOVE BY BEN McCULLOCH HORN.

In selecting Buena Vista as the best field for General Taylor to offer battle to Santa Anna, with his vastly superior numbers, General McCulloch thus early in his life gave evidence of his ability as a military commander. He was later, in the War of the States, recognized by his opponent, General Sigel, of the Federal army, in his account of the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elk Horn Tavern, as follows: "He was a good rough-and-ready fighter, energetic in battle and quick in discovering danger or finding the weak point of his antagonist. He was an excellent organizer, disciplinarian, and administrator, and was indefatigable in recruiting and equipping troops. His care for them was proverbial, and his ability in laying out encampments was extraordinary and challenged the admiration of our officers."

President Davis and General McCulloch were warm personal friends, and both won distinction in the battle of Buena Vista, and so accredited in General Taylor's official report of the battle. Mr. Davis presented McCulloch with the sash he wore on the field that day, and it was still owned a few years ago by a member of Gen. Henry McCulloch's family, a brother of Gen. Ben McCulloch.

Gen. Ben McCulloch was the first civilian appointed to the rank of brigadier general in the Confederate army. He was, like General Forrest, a soldier by instinct.

The manner of his death was indicative of the man. His troops had driven the enemy out of two positions, and while they were forming for a third charge he went forward alone to make a personal reconnoiter of the ground in his front. It was thickly covered with undergrowth, and he was instantly killed by a sharpshooter of the enemy. That shot undoubtedly decided the battle of Pea Ridge and deprived the Confederacy of one of its best officers.

Mrs. Howard Hall, of Cheriton, Va., asks the addresses of the following officers of Jeter's South Carolina Battery: Capt. Robert Boyce, Lieut. (afterwards Capt.) B. A. Jeter, Lieut. S. W. Porter, Lieut. H. F. Scaife, Lieut. William Monroe, Surgeon Anderson. She is a daughter of Dr. Otho Becker, surgeon of the battery, and wants incidents of her father's army life to add to the memoir of him that she is preparing.



"It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wings,
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high."

MOTHER OF HENRY W. GRADY.

Mrs. Anne Grady died January 31, 1913, at the residence of her granddaughter, Mrs. Eugene R. Black, on Peachtree Street, Atlanta. She was born in Nacoochee Valley, Ga., January 23, 1831. She came of good old Georgia stock, the Lamars, the Bennings, the Cobbs, and the Gartrells. They were noted for their learning and brilliancy in statesmanship and culture, and this daughter of the family inherited their gifts. It was from her that Henry Grady, the orator, the thinker, the statesman, derived those talents which made him Georgia's most brilliant son.

The Atlanta Journal quotes from Lucian Lamar Knight in his "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians": "The beautiful poise of character which enabled Mr. Grady to move so tranquilly through an era of great political unrest came from the serene woman who was never known to harbor an unkind resentment. And likewise it was the ever-present example as well as the faithful precept of this good mother in Israel that impressed upon the lad in knee trousers the divine lesson of forgiveness and who became the future peacemaker.

Her beautiful poise of character was the outcome of many troubles. When but six years old her mother died, and she went to live with her father's sister, Mrs. Anne Gartrell, in Clarke County. When her father married a second time, they returned to Dahlonga, where she was living with her aunt when she met William Samons Grady, of North Carolina. They were married after a month's engagement and went to Fort Hemtree, a North Carolina trading post. Following a short residence there, they moved to Athens, Ga. Here Mr. Grady went into business. Two sons, Henry W. and William S., Jr., had been born to them when Mr. Grady was seized with the gold fever and went to California with Mrs. Grady's father and brothers.

This was a time of trial for the wife left at home with the little ones. Letters were four months in reaching her, and

two of them bore the news that her father had been drowned and a brother shipwrecked. Mr. Grady was not successful in the gold fields, but on his return to Athens he prospered.

They were living in happiness with five other children besides their two boys when the war broke out. Again the wife was left at home anxiously waiting when the news came that Major Grady had been badly wounded at Petersburg. She went to him, remained with him in a retreat, and was at his bedside when he died.

She was left a widow at the age of thirty-three, with four fatherless children. She had previously lost two little ones within ten days of each other, while another died from scarlet fever contracted from a soldier whom Mrs. Grady had lodged one night. A few months later her youngest child, a boy, died.

The war was very cruel to her. Besides her husband and children, she had lost two brothers—one from disease and another in battle near Atlanta. Her last brother died three years after the war closed. She was left without a home, as the fortune left by her husband had dwindled away. Her greatest sorrow came soon after Henry, her pride, her oldest boy, was cut down in the zenith of his glory. She went to live in Brunswick with her daughter Mattie, who had married W. A. Kenyon. This was in June, 1891. The following year this daughter died and she buried her in Athens.

The spring after this her only sister, Mrs. Nicholson, passed away, and Mrs. Grady was left as the sole survivor of her family, save for William, her son, and the two children of Henry Grady. After the death of her son, Mrs. Grady went to Atlanta, and had been living with her granddaughter, Mrs. Eugene Black, for the last ten years.

CHARLES STANDISH COLLINS.

Comrade Charles S. Collins was born at Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va., October 17, 1846. The family removed to Memphis, Tenn., while Charles was a child. His father, Rev. Charles C. Collins, was President of the State Female College, at Memphis.

Comrade Collins was educated at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., where he took high honors. He was married May 31, 1871, to Miss Kate Comfort, of Panola, Miss. They went to Little Rock in 1871. He practiced law until his health failed. He served one term as a member of the House in the Arkansas Legislature. He always took an active interest in the political and civil questions of the day, and was always on the side of morality and good government. He was ever an advocate of charitable and benevolent enterprises, and was a leading member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Little Rock. He was a member of Far West Lodge of Odd Fellows, and took a zealous interest in that order.

Comrade Collins's service as a Confederate soldier is given in his application for Camp membership: "Enlisted in February, 1862, in Company L (Capt. Ed Dole), 154th Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Preston Smith's brigade, General Cheatham's division, as a private." He was discharged after the siege of Corinth on account of his youth and physical disability. He joined Omer R. Weaver Camp on May 13, 1897.

Comrade Collins departed this life at his home, in Little Rock, on December 14, 1912. His remains were interred in Oakland Cemetery. The Camp membership attended in a body upon the call of Commander George L. Basham.

Comrade Collins is survived by his wife, four sons, and three daughters: Charles C., of St. Louis, Mo.; James M., of Stuttgart, Ark.; John C., of East St. Louis, Ill.; Charles S.,

Jr., of Marseilles, Ill.; Mrs. Guy E. Thompson, Mrs. James R. Fletcher, and Mrs. W. J. Tharp, of Little Rock. One sister, Mrs. T. A. Lamb, lives in New York, and one brother, John S. Collins, in St. Louis, Mo.

The committee on resolutions, composed of George Thornburg, Ransom Gulley, and J. D. Wood, recommended the adoption of the following:

"Resolved, That we tender to Mrs. Collins, the widow, and the other surviving relatives of our departed comrade our sincere sympathy; also that a copy of this report be spread upon the minutes of the Camp, a copy be sent to the widow, and a copy for publication to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."



E. S. ENGLAND.

E. S. England was born in Clarksville, Ga., on January 15, 1838, of English and Scotch ancestry. He was a member of a family of nine children, seven boys and two girls.

The boyhood days of Comrade England were spent on a farm in Habersham County, Ga., with his widowed mother. His educational advantages were poor, but he always profited by his opportunities.

After spending some years of his young manhood in California, he went to Texas in 1885 and located near Campbell. He afterwards moved to the vicinity of Commerce, and later engaged in business there until his death, in October, 1912.

At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the 24th Georgia Infantry; but learning before he had been sworn in that his younger brother, E. T. England, had already enlisted in the Troup Artillery of Athens, Ga., he joined him and became a member of that organization in April, 1861. He went with the Troup Artillery from Athens to Savannah and from there to Richmond. The command was then ordered to Manassas, the guns going by railroad, while the men and horses tramped through the country. They were too late, however, for the battle of Manassas and were stopped for some time at Gor-

donsville, and from there they were ordered to White Sulphur Springs and put under the command of General Lee.

Comrade England was at the Wilderness, at Cold Harbor, Antietam, Gettysburg, and other battles in which the Troup Artillery took part. To the end of his life he loved the story of those heroic days and expressed his unshaken belief in the doctrines for which he had fought.

In 1868 he married Miss Sallie Virginia Bagwell, the daughter of Capt. J. M. Bagwell, of Carnesville, Ga. He is survived by three sons (Linton B., the eldest, and Carlton T., both of Commerce, Tex., and Claude C. England, now of St. Louis) and three daughters (Mrs. Jessie Freeze, Mrs. Annie Cobb, and Mrs. Etta Kennedy, of Greenville, Tex.).

He was a member of the Methodist Church and was faithful to every trust. He was on his way to the Macon Reunion last May when a wreck on the New Orleans and Northwestern Railroad occurred near Hattiesburg, and the shock of that accident undoubtedly hastened his death.

P. R. BEALL.

P. R. Beall, lovingly called by his close friends and relatives "Pete," was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., November 30, 1842; and died at Mission, Tex., January 11, 1913, aged seventy years. His home was in St. Louis, Mo. His family consisted of a wife, four daughters, and one son, who reside at Cave City, Ky. He went with his parents to Texas in 1850, and in 1851 they located near Mountain Peak, Ellis County. He had been a commercial traveler for forty-three years, and was called by the drummers the "pathfinder."

Comrade Beall answered the first call to arms in 1861 and was sworn into service August 23, 1861, as a member of Company H, 12th Texas Cavalry, and served until the end. His father, Richard Beall, was a member of the company.

Of a large family of brothers and sisters of Comrade Beall, only two now are left—Mrs. E. H. Griffin, of Waxahachie, Tex., and Hon. Jack Beall, a member of Congress.

H. H. BOOZER.

Henry H. Boozer was born November 17, 1836, in South Carolina, and died in Calhoun County, Ala., November 13, 1912. In 1861 he enlisted in Company B, 30th Alabama Infantry, to which command he still belonged at the close of the war. He was wounded once in one of the battles of Virginia.

Mr. Boozer emigrated to Calhoun County, Ala., in early life, and at the close of the war he again took up his residence there and remained until his death. A wife survives.

SHULL.—W. F. Shull died January 18, 1912. Early in 1861 he assisted in organizing a company in Watanga County, N. C., and was elected second lieutenant of the company, which became Company E, 37th North Carolina. When the company was reënlisted in the spring of 1862, he was elected first lieutenant; and his captain being in prison, he was in command during the campaign of 1862 around Richmond. He lost his right arm at Second Manassas in August, 1862.

BROWN.—S. J. Brown died October 8, 1912. On July 19, 1861, he joined Company D, 1st North Carolina Cavalry, and served till early in 1863, when he was appointed second lieutenant in Company F, 7th North Carolina Battalion, afterwards Company A, 6th North Carolina Cavalry. The 5th and 7th Battalions composed the 6th Regiment. The company was the only one from Johnson County in the Confederate army. Comrade Brown was paroled at Wakefield, N. C., April 20, 1865, under Gen. L. S. Baker.

G. P. ALSTON.

G. P. Alston died at his home, near Detroit, Tipton County, Tenn., on November 28, 1912, in his seventy-second year. He was born near Wake College, in North Carolina, on October 14, 1841, and was carried to Tipton County by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Alston, when a mere child. The family settled seven miles east of Randolph, then a prominent landing on the Mississippi River. Here he grew to manhood, being educated under the tutorage of the late Dr. James Holmes and Capt. James I. Hall.

Early in 1861 he, with about one hundred of Tipton County's young sons, enlisted in Company C, 9th Tennessee Infantry, with Capt. D. J. Wood as their first captain. In all the hard-fought battles in which this regiment took part during the war Gus Alston was always found at his post. Every call of duty was met cheerfully and performed faithfully. At the surrender of the one hundred men who had enlisted with him only nine answered the roll call, and Comrade Alston was one of them.

Making his way back to the old home after the surrender, he chose farming as his occupation, and by his sterling integrity and kindness endeared himself to all who knew him.

Comrade Alston was the last of five brothers—Medicus, Samuel, Thomas, and Joe. The first-named died on the battle field of Perryville, Ky., the rest since the war ended. He was also the last of his branch of this family to bear the name, his only son, Dr. Medicus Alston, having died about two years ago. He is survived by his widow and one step-daughter and one sister, who has a large family of sons and daughters. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and worshiped in Ravenscroft Chapel, a replica of the chapel in which his mother worshiped more than sixty years ago. He was buried in the old Ravenscroft Chapel Cemetery by the Rev. Prentice A. Pugh, of Holy Trinity Church, Memphis, assisted by Mr. George H. Batchelor, lay reader, Grace Church, Memphis.

COL. L. T. BRIEN.

Colonel Brien was the son of Robert Coleman Brien and Ann Tiernan. He was born in Urbana District, Md., on December 22, 1827; and died at Frederick November 25, 1912.

In May, 1861, he entered the Confederate service. His gallant bearing and fine horsemanship attracted the notice of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, then colonel of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, who made him his aid and afterwards chief of staff. At the reorganization in 1862 he was elected colonel of the 1st Virginia Cavalry; but Stuart could not spare him, and persuaded him to continue the duties of his adjutant general. Perhaps no better adjutant existed in the Confederacy. After the death of Stuart, at Yellow Tavern in May, 1864, Colonel Brien was appointed chief of staff by Maj. Gen. William H. Fitzhugh Lee.

In 1865 Colonel Brien went to New York to engage in the commission business, but afterwards became interested in the building of railroads. In 1874 he went West with James C. Clarke as general manager of the Illinois Central Railroad, and was his assistant manager for three years. In 1882 he returned to Urbana and purchased Tyrone, a beautiful home. He was married in 1874 to Miss Mary V. Wilson, of Baltimore.

While connected with the Illinois Central, Colonel Brien carried through the very difficult engineering feat of reducing the gauge of six hundred miles of Southern Railroad tracks to a uniform width with that of the Northern roads all in one day and without stopping a single train. A force of 4,000 men was employed in the work.

The many friends of Colonel Brien will hear with regret of his death. With him has passed a splendid man, soldier, and gentleman.

HARRY BURR JOHNSON.

H. B. Johnson enlisted in Frank Kerr's Battery, of Jackson, Miss., January 23, 1861, and was mustered into the Confederate army at Pensacola, Fla., April 9, 1861. He reenlisted in Capt. Charles Swett's battery from Vicksburg March 6, 1862, at Mobile, Ala. He served under Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Bragg. The battery was attached to Hotchkiss's Battalion of Artillery in Gen. Pat Cleburne's division. They were supported by Texas and Arkansas brigades for over two years. The battery was commanded by Lieutenant Shannon. They confronted Sherman's army all through the Georgia Campaign. He was captured at a spring near Lone Mountain, Ga., June 14, 1864, by a Kentucky regiment, and was taken to Nashville by the 22d Connecticut. Capt. Horace Tarr.

CAPT. R. G. LANHAM.

Among those who have responded to the last roll call, none is more deserving of honorable mention than Capt. Robert C. Lanham, who died March 25, 1912, at his home in Texas, where he had been living for the last forty-two years.

Captain Lanham, the second son of Col. Thomas W. Lanham, was born in Edgefield County, S. C., March 24, 1841. On January 8, 1861, he enlisted in Capt. Robert Merriwether's company of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, Col. Maxey Gregg commanding, and took part in the reduction of Fort Sumter. When the term of enlistment had expired, the regiment was disbanded, and Captain Lanham then joined Company H, 9th Regiment, and was elected first lieutenant, serving until the reorganization of the regiment at Yorktown, Va., in March, 1862. He then joined Company D, 6th Regiment, Col. John Bratton commanding, and served as first lieutenant. His captain, J. W. Walker, was killed at Seven Pines, and he was given command of the company. He was in the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, and was at Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg, after which his command was ordered to the coast near Suffolk, Va. After the battle of Gettysburg, his regiment rejoined Longstreet's Corps and went to Chickamauga, but got there only in time to follow up the retreat.

Captain Lanham took part in the battle of the Wilderness, the battles of Cold Harbor and Spotsylvania, and the siege at Petersburg. He was wounded while in the rifle pits at Deep Bottom. He surrendered at Appomattox.

C. H. Low.

C. H. Low died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Hagau, at Winchester, Ky., on March 5, 1913. He had for the past five years been a prominent figure in every enterprising movement in his community. He was born on December 21, 1829, in Fayette County, the son of Solomon Low and Rebecca Shyrook. He was married on February 22, 1855, to Miss Mollie A. Harris, and lived all of his married life in North Middletown and Winchester. He enlisted in the Confederate army in Company D, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, and served in Morgan's command through some of the sharpest fighting of the war.

Of the several children in his father's family, only two are left, Mrs. Helen Hutsell and Miss Eliza Low, of Lexington. He leaves a wife and three children, Mrs. Charles Hagau and Misses Charlesana and Nancy Rebecca Low.

COL. JOHN CREPPS WICKLIFFE.

Another comrade to answer the last roll was Col. John Crepps Wickliffe, of Bardstown. A descendant of one of the best families of Kentucky, he early enlisted in the cause of the South in the War of the States, and won honors as a soldier in the famous Kentucky brigade of the Army of Tennessee. And when war's shrill clarion ceased to sound, he at once recognized the situation and returned promptly to the arts of peace and to the practice of law in his native State. He soon won distinction in that profession, having by the votes of his people been elected to a service of ten years as judge of the Tenth Judicial District of Kentucky. Afterwards, under appointment from President Grover Cleveland, he served four years as United States District Attorney for Kentucky.

In all the relations of life, as citizen, soldier, jurist, Federal attorney, or as father and husband, he had few equals.

Colonel Wickliffe was born on July 11, 1830, being the youngest son of Gov. Charles A. Wickliffe, of Bardstown, Ky. After the usual course at the schools in his native town, he entered and graduated from the noted Center College, of Danville. He then, after two years' study, graduated from the Transylvania Law School, of Lexington, Ky., and at once commenced the practice of his profession with his father.



COL. JOHN C. WICKLIFFE.

When the cloud of war began to cast its shadow over the country in the latter part of 1860 and early in 1861, John C. Wickliffe did not hesitate as to which side his allegiance was due, but promptly raised a company of infantry and joined other Kentucky volunteers assembling near Bowling Green in the fall of 1861 under Gen. S. B. Buckner. His company was assigned as Company B of the 9th Kentucky Infantry, commanded by Col. Thomas H. Hunt, of Lexington. Soon afterwards the Kentucky infantry regiments, the 9th Kentucky included, were formed into a brigade, with Gen. Roger Hanson as the first commander.

The Kentucky Brigade (afterwards called the Orphan Bri-

gade) then became a part of the Army of Tennessee, sharing all its vicissitudes and fortunes and participating in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, all the movements and battles of the famous Dalton to Atlanta campaign, the battle of Peachtree Creek, the two days' fight at Jonesboro on August 31 and September 1, and the fall of Atlanta. It did not participate in the battle of Perryville, Ky., as it had been previously assigned to a force under Gen. John C. Breckenridge and sent to the Lower Mississippi to capture Baton Rouge. Captain Wickliffe, who had been promoted to major of his regiment, commanded it in the battle at Baton Rouge resulting from the movement.

Giving in detail the services of this brigade of gentlemen soldiers would be writing the history of the Army of Tennessee and of the war of the West, which is beyond the province of this sketch. Suffice it to say that in all the characteristics which constitute the highest soldierly conduct it was the equal of any brigade of the entire Confederate army. Two of its commanding officers were killed in battle, Gen. Roger Hanson at Murfreesboro and Gen. Ben Hardin Helm at Chickamauga.

In the end Major Wickliffe had become lieutenant colonel of his regiment, and as such commanded the 9th Kentucky at the surrender of General Johnston's army in North Carolina in April, 1865.

When the end of the war came at that date, Colonel Wickliffe returned to his native city and at once resumed the practice of his profession, the law. He was not destined long to remain in private life, however, for he had become so prominent a lawyer that on the death of Judge George W. Kavanaugh, the judge of the Tenth Judicial District of Kentucky, on December 10, 1870, Colonel Wickliffe was elected to fill out the four years remaining of his term. In 1874 he was again elected for the full term of six years as judge of that judicial district. At the end of his term he resumed the practice of law. In 1885 he was appointed by President Grover Cleveland as United States District Attorney for the State of Kentucky, and served four years. He then resumed the practice of law until 1894, when he became the victim of that dread disease paralysis, which shattered his constitution physically and, to a certain extent, mentally. He never fully recovered from the attack, and for the last few years he had received the tenderest care of his children. He passed away after a long and lingering illness on January 3, 1913, at the home of his daughter, Theodosia C. Stewart, in Attalla, Ala., and was buried by the side of his wife, who had preceded him many years, in the cemetery at Lexington, Ky.

John Crepps Wickliffe was united in marriage to Miss Eleanor Curd, of Lexington, Ky., on November 2, 1853. To them were born six children, two sons and four daughters. One of the sons, John C., married Miss Sallie Mattingly, and Charles C. died unmarried.

[The foregoing sketch is by Col. W. D. Pickett, of General Hardee's staff. In the "War Records," Series I, Vol. XV., p. 81, General Breckinridge commends Major Wickliffe for gallant conduct at Baton Rouge, and in the same volume, p. 84, John A. Buckner speaks in high praise of his services during the closing engagements on Comite River. Again in Series I, Vol. XXX., Part II., Gen. J. H. Lewis refers to Major Wickliffe's gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga.]

McGUIRE.—The death of Associate Thomas J. McGuire, of Georgia, on December 26, 1912, is announced by Clarence R. Hatton, Adjutant of the Confederate Camp of New York.

GEN. G. W. C. LEE.

Gen. George Washington Custis Lee, oldest son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, died on February 18, 1913, at Ravensworth, in Burke, Fairfax County, Va., the home of his sister, Mrs. W. H. F. Lee, the widow of Gen. W. H. F. Lee.

General Lee was born at Fortress Monroe in September, 1832. His early education was received in some of the old-time schools of Virginia, where he studied until his appointment as a cadet at West Point by President Andrew Jackson. He completed the course there with honor, and had served for seven years in the United States army when our great war began. During the four years of that struggle he was aid and military adviser to President Davis, and was in command of the troops immediately around Richmond. In 1864 he was made a major general.

When the war was over, General Lee accepted a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and later, in 1871, he succeeded his father as President of Washington and Lee University. Some time ago he was forced to retire on account of ill health, and the remaining years of his life were spent at Ravensworth.

He was buried at Lexington by the side of his father and mother in the memorial chapel of the university and under Valentine's wonderful recumbent statue of his father. The casket was borne to its resting place by pallbearers chosen from the student body of Washington and Lee and from the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute; while the officers and faculty of the two institutions, together with a representation of Lee-Jackson Camp, U. C. V., of which General Lee was a member, constituted a guard of honor. The body was carried from the Lee Memorial Church, where the services were held, to the chapel where it was to be buried through long lines of students and cadets. Following the family and pallbearers as they entered the church came a small body of colored men who had served General Lee during his residence at Lexington and who were numbered among his friends.

The following kindred of General Lee followed his body to the mausoleum: Capt. and Mrs. Robert E. Lee and their young daughter, Miss Mary Custis Lee, of King William County; Mrs. William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, of Ravensworth, whose husband, a brother of the deceased, died some years ago, and her two sons, Robert E. Lee, of Washington, and Dr. G. Bolling Lee, of New York; and a cousin, Judge John Penn Lee, of Rocky Mount. His only surviving sister, Miss Mary Custis Lee, who was with him during his last days, was unable to attend the funeral. Other members of this immediate party were: Col. Walter Taylor, of Norfolk, adjutant to Gen. Robert E. Lee; Mr. James Tucker, of San Francisco, an army associate of Gen. Custis Lee; Rev. G. B. Strickler, of Richmond, rector of the Board of Trustees of Washington and Lee; and Miss Frances C. Cox, of Washington.

In a tribute by the Confederate Veteran Camp in New York Gen. Henry T. Douglas, for the Camp, said:

"Comrades: Out of the crown has fallen its fairest jewel. It becomes my sad duty to announce to the Camp the death of Gen. G. W. C. Lee, which occurred at Ravensworth on February 18, 1913. He was the eldest son of our beloved commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and since his death the representative of that distinguished family. To-night we lay our tribute of affection upon his bier.

"There were few men so accomplished and so well fitted to bear aloft the banner of his great father as Custis Lee. Graduated at the head of his class from West Point, his life

had been devoted to the study of his profession, and no man of his generation more splendidly adorned it. At the beginning of our great war he was selected by President Davis as one of his aids, which kept him for years from active service in the field, which he so much desired. It was the opinion of those who knew him best that had he been given the opportunity he would have shown those qualities in the command of armies which so distinguished Gen. Robert E. Lee.



MAJ. GEN. G. W. C. LEE.

"How true it is that death loves a shining mark! And so as the years roll by one by one of those splendid characters which have adorned our history fall by the wayside and pass into oblivion. Shall we not try to live so that when our time comes our names may be chronicled as worthy of comradeship in so knightly a company?

"Resolved: 1. That the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York have heard with profound sorrow and regret of the death of that splendid gentleman and distinguished soldier, Gen. G. W. C. Lee. As the eldest son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, he represented since the death of his father that distinguished family. Circumstances over which he had no control deprived him for a long period of the opportunity to show in the field the matchless qualities for command which distinguished his great father.

"2. That the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York extend to his family their profound sympathies in the great sorrow that has been visited upon them, and that these resolutions, properly engrossed, shall be forwarded to Col. Robert E. Lee, representing the family."

Gen. Custis Lee had been a staunch and zealous friend to the VETERAN throughout its history. He sought to procure for the VETERAN an autograph signature of his grandfather, Light-Horse Harry Lee, and after several years he wrote that he gave it up as a hopeless undertaking. His gift of \$100 to purchase the Jefferson Davis birthplace was sent without solicitation.

SON OF LEE.

Blameless son of a blameless sire,
 Star that rose for us higher, higher.
 When the great sun drew from our lives its fire;
 All that the leader father willed,
 All that his arm dropped unfulfilled,
 Sought ere the mighty heart was stilled,
 Wrought perfect by his son.

To have kept undiminished the name of Lee
 Was more than ever the battle, the citadel to have won;
 And yet to round, to finish what the sire had but begun
 Was immortality.

(By Flora E. Stevens, Kansas City, Mo.)



R. E. LEE, JR., AND MAJ. GENs. G. W. C. AND W. H. F. LEE.

JOHN McPHERSON DESAUSURE.

J. M. DeSaussure was born in Camden, S. C.; and died in Gulfport, Miss., on December 3, 1912, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was the son of Maj. John M. DeSaussure, who was a member of the Secession Convention of South Carolina, and who sent two sons to the Confederate army. One of them, Lieut. Henry DeSaussure, was killed leading his company at Frazier's Farm in 1862; and the other, John M. DeSaussure, enlisted in Camden, S. C., in May, 1861, in Company C, 9th Regiment. In 1862, when the 9th Regiment was merged into the 6th, he was transferred to Company K, 7th South Carolina Cavalry; and in 1863 he was again transferred to the staff of Gen. J. B. Kershaw, and was detailed as scout in 1864. He served in Virginia, and was wounded at Cold Harbor and Old Church. He was ever loyal to the cause, and never doubted the right and justice of the things for which he fought. He was a member of the U. C. V. Camp in Amite City, La., and was buried by them there. For many years he was very active in the ranks of the U. C. V., and was Adjutant of the Camp, and always attended the Reunions in the different cities. He was Aid-de-Camp with the rank of Major on the staffs of three succeeding Commanders of the Louisiana Division.

MRS. J. P. CANNON.

Mrs. J. P. Cannon died at her home, in McKenzie, Tenn., on the evening of February 4, in her sixty-fifth year. Mrs. Cannon's illness dated back for a period of three years; but for the past few months she had been declining rapidly, and her death was not unexpected.

On the afternoon that her friends gathered to pay a last tribute to her memory the house would not hold the throng of those who had come to mourn for her. She had lived a full and beautiful Christian life, and among the wide circle of those who loved her she will be missed in every place where womanly goodness and gentleness are the things that count.

She is survived by her husband (Dr. J. P. Cannon), three daughters (Mesdames R. B. Moore, of McKenzie, A. J. Smith, of Clinton, Ky., and Horace Jordan, of Camden), two sons (Lloyd and Turner Cannon, of McKenzie), a brother (W. L. Carroll), and a sister (Mrs. W. B. Everett).

DR. R. Y. RUDICIL.

Robert Young Rudicil, M.D., died at his residence, at Tryon Factory, near Summerville, Ga., December 24, 1912. He was born at Spartanburg, S. C., April 8, 1832, and was educated at Golightly's, receiving a good classical and English education. He studied medicine under Dr. W. P. Compton, and graduated at the Medical College of South Carolina in 1855.

Comrade Rudicil entered the Confederate army as a member of Company B, 9th Georgia Regiment of Infantry, Bartow's Brigade. Soon after his enlistment he was commissioned surgeon and assigned to the 6th Georgia Cavalry, Col. Jack Hart commanding. This regiment served under General Forrest until after the battle of Chickamauga, when it was transferred to Wheeler, serving with his corps until the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., in May, 1865. He was wounded at Campbellsville, Tenn., the day after General Kelley was killed, about September 5, 1864. In 1901 he was surgeon general on the staff of General Wood, 9th Georgia Brigade, U. C. V., and was a member of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy from its organization. He was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy, and was esteemed and loved as a general practitioner of medicine and surgery. He represented Chattooga County several years in the State legislature, the last two years of his political life in the Senate. His second wife and two sons survive. He was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church and a Royal Arch Mason.

WILLIAMS.—W. W. Williams was born in Tennessee in 1833; and died at his home, in Opelika, Ala., on September 16, 1912. He was a member of Company B, 8th Tennessee Regiment, Donaldson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He leaves a wife and five children.

BUNCE.—David Bunce, of Lagriff, Tex., died in a hospital in Victoria January 24, 1912. He was born in Wiltshire, England, in 1841 and went to Texas when a mere boy. During the War of the States he was a member of Company A, Waller's Battalion, Green's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department.

NASH.—J. H. Nash belonged to Company A, 6th North Carolina Cavalry, and served in that command from his enlistment to the close of the war, when the men were disbanded at Ridgeway, N. C., on April 17, 1865. He died July 5, 1912.

M. L. WOOLLEY.

M. L. Woolley was born in St. Clair County, Ala., February 24, 1843. He was a son of Judge Woolley, who held office in that county for seven years before he died. He was twelve years of age when his father died.

When the war broke out, he quit school and enlisted as a private in the Confederate army with Company A, commanded by Capt. Tom Hayden, under Colonel Forney, of the 10th Alabama. This regiment served in Virginia in Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, Anderson's Division, Hill's Corps. Comrade Woolley was once wounded and disabled for several weeks. It has often been said that when volunteers were called for to go in dangerous places he was always one of the first to step out and offer his services, and that never did he shirk duty at any time.

He was married to Miss Alpha Jones, of Bibb County, Ala., November 30, 1865, and farmed there one year with his brother Basil, who died in 1866. In 1867 he, with his wife and babe, moved to Bastrop County, Tex., and first rented and then bought one hundred and twenty acres of land there. He improved three homes on this land and sold out, dealt some in cattle, and finally bought land and settled in Comanche County, where he lived until his death, in July, 1912. He prospered in Texas and left a good farm for his wife and for each of his six children (all married). Two or three months before his death he professed religion, and he was willing to go when the summons came. By his request Rev. Mac Smith, of the Methodist Church, conducted the funeral services. He was buried in the Toliver Cemetery.

If any of his comrades read this and see that I have made any mistake, they will please correct them in the VETERAN.

[Written by his widow, Mrs. A. G. Woolley, Carlton, Tex.]

MRS. AMELIA GORGAS.

The recent death of Mrs. Amelia Gorgas at Tuscaloosa, Ala., removed from the place she had filled so well one of the most beautiful characters of the Old South and one whose loveliness persisted through every time and change.

Mrs. Gorgas was a woman whose long years had touched life in every phase. She was born in Greensboro, Ala., in June, 1836. Her father, John Gayle, was Governor of Alabama from 1832 to 1836, and Mrs. Gorgas as a tiny girl lived in the old Governor's mansion in Tuscaloosa. She was educated at a famous girls' school at Columbia, Tenn., and in 1853 was married to Josiah Gorgas, a graduate of West Point and a hero of the war with Mexico.

At the beginning of the War of the States General Gorgas was made Chief of Ordnance for the Confederacy, and he and his lovely young wife lived in Richmond at the heart of the heroism and brilliancy that made up the brave and dramatic life of the Southern capital. After the close of the war General Gorgas lived in Brierfield, Ala., until 1870, when he was elected Vice Chancellor of the University of the South, and for eight years he and his family were a vital part in the growth and development of the unique town of Sewanee, Tenn.

In 1878 General Gorgas became President of the University of Alabama, and Mrs. Gorgas had lived in Tuscaloosa since that time. When her husband died, in 1883, she was made librarian of the university, a position which she only gave up after twenty-four years of service. The last years of her life were spent with her three daughters in their home on the university campus, where her interest and sympathy in all things pertaining to the university life and progress became a guiding influence to students and friends alike.

Mrs. Gorgas died on the morning of January 3, 1913. She leaves behind her a son (Dr. William C. Gorgas, of Panama) and four daughters (Mrs. G. D. Paulfrey, of Franklin, La., Miss Maria Gorgas, Miss Nannie Gorgas, and Miss Jessie Gorgas, of Tuscaloosa).

Resolutions of respect and love passed by members of the "Kettledrum" express the sentiment of all who knew Mrs. Gorgas during any of the eighty-six years of her beautiful life.



MRS. GORGAS AND HER SON, DR. W. C. GORGAS.

"Mrs. Gorgas achieved supreme excellence in all the rare qualities that men and women most admire. Born and bred of the best of a gracious and unique civilization, her young womanhood, caught in the grip of a great revolution, was passed in days of storm and tragedy. The strength of her middle life was spent amid the passion of reconstruction and the rebuilding of the land she loved. Her mature years were devoted to an unselfish service to the young men of Alabama, who loved her with an unflinching devotion. Though Mrs. Gorgas lived far beyond the normal span of years that measure human life, she had no old age. Had she lived even another decade, she would still have been young, for youth is a matter of the heart and of the purpose."

W. L. GRESHAM.

W. L. Gresham, who died on the 3d of June, 1911, enlisted in Wilson's Cavalry in 1861. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Rock Island Prison, from which he was exchanged, and then served in Morgan's Cavalry. He made a brave and gallant soldier, faithful in service as he ever proved to be in other relations of life, kind and loving always. He died alone upon the road from his farm to his home, yet God was there to take his loving spirit home.

[From a tribute by his devoted brother.]

MRS. JAMES ARNOLD.

At the family home, in Wartrace, Tenn., March 11, 1913, Nannie Francis, the wife of Comrade James Arnold, died suddenly of paralysis of the throat. She was apparently in usual health till about an hour before her death. Mrs. Arnold was sixty-four years old, and was throughout her life zealous in good works. She was reared in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and was active in its service. After her marriage she joined the Baptist Church with her husband. As wife, mother, and friend she will be greatly missed. She was of Confederate stock. (See page 551 of VETERAN for December, 1910, for sketch of her brother.) She is survived by her husband, two daughters, one sister, and two brothers.



B. W. McCLURE.

Baker W. McClure was born November 27, 1841, in Ballard County, Ky. He entered the Confederate army in June, 1861, in Company B, 3d Kentucky Infantry, and participated with that regiment in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Hatchie Bridge, Vicksburg, Baker's Creek, Jackson, Edwards's Depot, Raymond, and Port Hudson. In July, 1863, he was elected second lieutenant in Company E, of the newly organized 12th Kentucky Cavalry, and at the reorganization of this company in November following he was promoted to first lieutenant, thenceforth serving with General Forrest, and from March 15, 1864, with the Kentucky brigade of Forrest's Cavalry. This brigade was composed of the following regiments: 3d, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, and the 12th Kentucky Cavalry, and was commanded respectively by Brig. Gen. H. B. Lyon, formerly of the 8th, and Col. Ed Crossland, of the 7th.

Lieutenant McClure, with this brigade, was engaged in all the battles and campaigns in which Forrest's Cavalry participated: Okolona, Union City, Second Paducah, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Old Town Creek, Athens, Sulphur Trestle, Tarpley's Shop, Pulaski, Columbia, Johnsonville, and all the battles incident to Hood's Nashville campaign, covering the

rear in Hood's disastrous retreat from Nashville, in which diurnal engagements took place. He participated with the brigade in the Selma (Ala.) campaign in the spring of 1865, which terminated April 2. He surrendered at Columbus, Miss., May 16, 1865. He was married March 24, 1872, at Clinton, Ky., to Elizabeth Todd, who died June 22, 1891. He died on December 4, 1912, in Hickman County, Ky.

W. W. WADSWORTH.

William White Wadsworth was born in Autauga County, Ala., in 1840; and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. W. Jackson, in Wadsworth, on November 23, 1912. Three children survive him.

Comrade Wadsworth was an enterprising and daring scout during the stirring years of his service to the Confederacy, and the story of his adventures as told in a vivid bit of autobiography is thrilling. He was several times rejected as a soldier because of physical disability, but finally was accepted as a member of Company H, 3d Alabama Cavalry, and began his active service under Col. T. H. Mauldin in the Shelbyville fight. He was in various raids and skirmishes that harassed Rosecrans's army, and was on regular or scout duty through Tennessee and Georgia from Chickamanga on to Dalton, Savannah, and into the Carolinas. He was desperately wounded in March, 1865, while encountering a body of Sherman's scouts with messages for General Schofield.

WILLIAM FOREE BEARD, M.D.

Dr. W. F. Beard, who died at his home, in Shelbyville, Ky., on January 8, was a member of an honored pioneer family of his native State. He was born at the old family home, near Lexington.

Dr. Beard began the study of medicine in 1855, and received his degree in 1858. Practicing in Oldham County until January, 1859, he removed to Christiansburg, to which place he returned at the close of the War of the States, and remained until 1890, when he moved to Shelbyville, where he was engaged in the practice of his profession until his death.

At the outbreak of the war he was commissioned assistant surgeon of the 38th Tennessee Infantry, and in 1862 he was promoted to surgeon and assigned to the 41st Alabama Infantry. Later he was transferred to the 32d Alabama Infantry, serving with it until July, 1863, when he was again assigned to the 41st Alabama, and, as senior surgeon of Gracie's Alabama Brigade, served with it until he was paroled at Appomattox. He was a member of the John H. Waller Camp, U. C. V., No. 273, and since the first Reunion at Louisville a member of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy, at one time Vice President, and was elected President of this organization at the Reunion in Mobile in 1911 and reelected in Macon. He was also a trustee on the board of the Kentucky Confederate Soldiers' Home, at Pewee Valley. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and a delegation from DeMolay Commandery, K. T., attended his funeral. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and was a deacon of the Shelbyville Church for many years.

In 1860 Dr. Beard married Miss Matilda Roberts, and three years ago they celebrated their golden anniversary at their home, in Shelbyville. She, with six prosperous sons and daughters, survives him.

No man of his State was ever more widely loved and respected than Dr. Beard, and the beautiful tribute paid him in the funeral oration of Gen. Bennett H. Young voices the respect and sorrow of an entire community.

GEN. GATES P. THRUSTON.

One of the most remarkable survivors of the great war on the Union side was Gen. G. P. Thruston, who died at his home in Nashville December 9, 1912. He was born in Dayton, Ohio, July 11, 1835, of mingled English, French, Scotch, and Dutch descent. Although General Thruston's ancestors were of the early Virginia settlers, his father moved early to Dayton, Ohio, among which people he became prominent and popular, and the son's devotion to the State of his birth was ever exemplified by ardent loyalty. He graduated at Miami University and at the Cincinnati Law School in 1859.

In August, 1861, he raised a company and served as a captain at Shiloh and Perryville. At Stone's River he had charge of an ammunition train of seventy-nine wagons, taking it across the country to Rosecrans's sorely beset army. It was feared that the train had been captured by General Wheeler and the army would be without ammunition; but Thruston got through all right, so much to General Rosecrans's delight that he promoted Thruston to major on the field for gallantry. Soon General McCook made him chief of staff to the 20th Corps, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. At Chickamauga he again distinguished himself, when he was brevetted lieutenant colonel "for faithful and meritorious service" and a brigadier general "for gallantry at Stone's River and Chickamauga."

After the war General Thruston settled at Nashville, began the practice of law, and won his way to public esteem and the confidence of all the people. He served as a member of the Nashville Board of Education, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Watkins Institute, and a member of the Humane Commission. He was long an active member of the Presbyterian Church.

He first married Miss Ida Hamilton, a Tennessee girl, and after her death married Miss Fannie Dorman, another member of a prominent Tennessee family. His son, named for him and born of his first wife, died only a few months ago—a brilliant young man, but his health failed and no skill could relieve him. This was a grievous stroke to the father's heart. He is survived by a young son of the second marriage, his sister (Mrs. Eliza Thruston Houk), a half-brother, and several half-sisters. He interested himself much in the history of Tennessee, especially its archaeology, wrote many valuable papers on these subjects, and donated a great collection of relics to the Vanderbilt University.

General Thruston had been President of the Army of the Cumberland Society for several years. He and Gen. G. M. Dodge, President of the Army of the Tennessee, were very zealous for their organizations and failed not to enlist the kindest consideration of Confederates. Both of these officers were insisted in their patronage of the *VETERAN*. General Thruston was also Secretary of the Shiloh Battle Field Commission, and took an active interest in its affairs.

Too feeble to go alone to the last meeting at Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1912, the Editor of the *VETERAN* went also. He introduced General Thruston at a large camp fire on the boat, stating that the General had lived in the South since the war and could tell them of our people. Of a thousand or so passengers on the steamboat, "the *VETERAN* man" was perhaps the only Confederate. Although this call upon the General was unexpected, he made a worthy presentation of conditions in the South.

General Thruston was a beloved and generous citizen of his adopted city, ever enterprising in its upbuilding, and in his will he left thirty thousand dollars in benefactions to history,

art, and charitable organizations. His sister, Mrs. Houk, as the family belongings were all being shipped to Ohio, requested the Editor to take charge of many military books and papers in regard to the Army of the Cumberland and the Shiloh Park Commission, also some valuable pictures, engravings, etc., to dispose of as General Thruston would have done.



GEN. G. P. THRUSTON.

A pathetic story was given in the *VETERAN* for June, 1905, by General Thruston which illustrates his sentiment:

"A memorial volume of Miami (Ohio) University gives an account of the death and burial of Joel Allen Battle, Jr., Adjutant of the 20th Tennessee Regiment (Confederate), commanded by Col. Joel A. Battle, his father. He was a favorite student of that university before the war. I was his intimate friend and college mate. We expected him to settle in Ohio, but the war called him back to Tennessee, and he became an officer in his father's regiment. In March, 1862, my regiment, the 1st Ohio Infantry, was encamped south of Nashville, and I had charge of the picket line. Upon invitation of Dr. W. C. Blackman I went to his home, beyond our lines, to meet Allen Battle's wife and sisters. . . . As I was leaving them I remarked that when we got to Pittsburg Landing and captured Colonel Battle and Allen I would see that they received the kindest treatment. 'I assure you, sir,' said one of his sisters with a smile, 'that they will have no occasion to accept your kindness.' In the bloody battle of Shiloh the dear, handsome young Allen was killed in the forefront and his gallant father was captured. . . . Three of his classmates in the Union army buried him as tenderly and as sorrowfully as if he were a brother."

At noon on March 27 the Editor of the VETERAN handed a note to Hon. Newton White, Speaker of the Tennessee State Senate, suggesting that, the legislature being in session, it appropriate \$5,000 to the flood sufferers in Ohio and \$1,000 to like sufferers in Indiana, the two States more recently suffering from the disastrous floods and fires. In a postscript to the letter he stated that the late Gen. Gates P. Thruston, who died a few months ago, in his will bequeathed to Nashville and the State \$30,000, and that the General's only surviving son, born in Nashville, now resides in Dayton, Ohio, with the nearest of the General's relations. On that same day the Senate took up the matter and voted to send \$1,000 each to Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska.

"CONSCIENCE MONEY" REMITTED.—A letter was received by Gen. Gates P. Thruston, of Nashville, Tenn., on December 11, 1911, from Pasadena, Cal.: "The inclosed one hundred dollars, New York Exchange, is the return of a kindness done many years ago." The recipient never knew from whom the letter and the remittance came, only the envelope and postmark indicating where and when the letter was mailed.

THE BOYS IN GRAY AT GETTYSBURG.

It now seems, after all, that the opposition of some of the members of the G. A. R. to gray uniforms at the Gettysburg Reunion in no way expressed the general sentiment of veterans of the North.

Dr. Samuel E. Eastman, of Elmira, N. Y., Chaplain of Baldwin Post, No. 6, G. A. R., at a meeting of his post is quoted as saying: "A ridiculous opposition to the appearing in their gray uniforms of the ex-Confederate soldiers at the meeting in Gettysburg this summer has been voiced and circulated North and South. No one knows better than the boys in blue how valiantly the boys in gray did their duty fighting for their ideal at Gettysburg and on all the battle fields of that cruel war. I am sure the opposition began and has been entertained only by those who had no experience in and only knowledge by hearsay and reading of that bloody strife, for I cannot believe that any Northern soldier of the Civil War, much less one who was in the hard-fought battle on the Gettysburg field, can otherwise than wish to see the Southern soldier in the gray uniform with which he became so familiar during those years of struggle for the right as it was given to both sides to see the right."

Dr. Eastman's remarks were made as a preliminary to the following: "Commander, I move you, sir, that Baldwin Post, No. 6, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, hereby express its regret that this sentiment in opposition to the wearing of the gray by the Southern soldier at the entertainment in Gettysburg next summer should have been uttered and gained currency, and also express its earnest hope to meet there in cordial fellowship the old boys in gray in their familiar uniforms."

Commenting on the subject in a letter to Dr. Eastman, Col. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A., retired, said: "I was delighted to know that your large Post had promptly cuffed the ears of the little fellows who are prating against the old veterans of the South appearing at the Gettysburg Reunion in their uniforms. Good Lord, save us! Speaking for myself, I would vote to have them come in their old uniforms or new uniforms in gray and bring along their voices, and now and then indulge in the old-time Rebel yell. I want to see the uniform and hear the yell when it will not scare the life out of me as

they used to do when I saw them coming over the field or up the hill or waiting for us to come in their direction. All honor to Baldwin Post! I would like to take the hand of each member and give it a good hearty shake and thank him sincerely for voting in favor of the resolution you introduced. I wish every Post in all of the departments would speak out as plainly and patriotically as Baldwin Post has spoken. Let us convey to the old fellows down South, who had the hardest end of the stick, that with us the war is over, and that we look upon them as American soldiers and shall be delighted to meet them on the field of Gettysburg."

U. D. C. IN CINCINNATI.

BY MRS. DUDLEY TAYLOR, PRESIDENT STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Having seen nothing in the VETERAN about the U. D. C. Chapters in the North, I should like to tell you something of what we are doing. Of course in a Northern city we are more or less handicapped, but we usually get what we ask for.

Our Chapter has a membership of fifty, and we hold regular monthly meetings at the Sinton Hotel during the winter season and at the homes of our suburban members in the spring. We gave a beautiful reception and entertainment at the Sinton in celebration of General Lee's birthday, and invited the Kentucky Chapters as our guests. We maintain a scholarship in Miss Berry's school at Rome, Ga., of \$50. Having educated a boy there, we are at present giving the tuition to his sister. We have the care now of a Confederate widow, sending her \$5 per week until she is able to do for herself. She is bedridden, and the prospects are not very flattering for her being better. We have just given Ex-President Taft a life membership in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., in appreciation of his courtesy to the Daughters while in convention in Washington, D. C.

We have numerous little affairs during the year to increase our exchequer, and we are now preparing to give an Easter sale of edibles and fancy articles to be held in a down-town district. Our most stupendous undertaking was the holding of a luncheon at the exposition given here some time ago, by which we netted about \$800.

The Ohio Division has been composed of but two Chapters, the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Columbus and the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Cincinnati; but within the past few months there has been organized at Cleveland, Ohio, another Chapter, the Alex. H. Stephens Chapter, which is evidently flourishing. We have fine prospects for another Chapter in Dayton.

We will hold the Ohio State Convention here in Cincinnati next October, and the resident Chapter will be the hostess of the occasion.

J. W. Homer, of Louisville, Kans., writes: "I wish to make a suggestion which I believe would greatly add to the pleasure of the old soldiers when they meet at Gettysburg next July. Each veteran should wear something that would designate the regiment and State to which he belonged."

LINCOLN MEMORIAL PAINTING, "LINCOLN AND THE SOLDIERS." --United States Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, now deceased, standing before this painting in the Capitol, said: "I was an officer in the Confederate army at Gettysburg, and was severely wounded. I say unreservedly that the government should own this magnificent painting. It should never leave the Capitol. It is historically fair to both armies."

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

P. C. Hughes, Lock Box 267, Leavenworth, Kans., seeks information of Charles Hughes, who enlisted in Company B, 29th Tennessee Regiment, at Knoxville (Camp Cummings), Tenn. During or after the war he married Miss Mary Ann Regan (or Ragan), and about thirty years ago removed to Montana, where he died in 1908. Mrs. Hughes died recently. The Hughes and Regan relatives and friends are asked to kindly write to Mr. Hughes at Leavenworth, as matters of importance to the heirs are involved in this.

INQUIRY ABOUT TWO ALABAMA SOLDIERS.

F. C. Larimore, 19 North Main Street, Mount Vernon, Ohio, inquires about two Alabama Confederate soldiers. He belonged to Company G, 20th Ohio, and was wounded in the left knee and both hands in the battle of Shiloh before he was sixteen years of age. He was put on the City of Memphis, a hospital boat, about midnight April 7, 1862, and finally was bedded in the cabin between two Confederate soldiers, both wounded and prisoners. They remained together until they reached Mound City, Ill., when he was taken to the hospital and the Confederates elsewhere.

CONFEDERATE WIDOW IN NEED.

R. A. Jackson, of Somerset, Ky., makes inquiry for the record of George S. Barnes, who lived at Cowan, Tenn., enlisted in the Confederate army early in the war, served some time, and was in prison (?) at Fort Delaware. He is dead, and his widow, Samantha Ann (Short) Barnes, makes application for a pension under the recent act of the legislature of Kentucky. She does not know what command her husband was in. This information would be of lasting benefit to a destitute widow of a Confederate.

WANTS TO LOCATE FAMILY OR FRIENDS.—Mrs. John Jones, Historian of the E. V. White Chapter, Pooleville, Md., writes: "In September, 1862, before the battle of Antietam, a company of cavalry from the 12th Virginia was stationed for a week in a grove near Barnesville, Montgomery County, Md. This company belonged to J. E. B. Stuart's command, and was under Captain Weller, Lieutenants Tyson and Williams, and Dr. Lacy was the surgeon. The last two mentioned were killed in a skirmish near the village just before the battle of Antietam and several others wounded, one of whom, named Griffin, died afterwards. The ladies of the town secured coffins and had these men buried in the old Methodist cemetery. After the war the bodies of Lieutenant Williams and Dr. Lacy were removed by relatives, but that of Griffin still lies in the cemetery. He said he had three brothers in the Confederate army." Mrs. Jones also mentions others who were in the company and from whom she would like to hear: Braxton Selden, J. B. Cotton, and a Mr. Ellis.

NEEDS A PENSION.—Mr. Frank M. Hagan, of New Haven, Ky., writes: "Mrs. Paul C. Harlow, near here, wishes to apply for a pension as a widow of a Confederate veteran under the new law recently passed in Kentucky. Her husband lived at Wartburg, Morgan County, Tenn., when the war began and worked for William Schooler's mill. He joined the Confederate army at Indian Tavern, and the only men remembered to have joined with him were Joe Bird, Dave McPeters, and a man named Mullins. Part of the war he was employed shoeing horses. Mrs. Harlow is in great need." The writer is a son of Edward C. Hagan, of Company B, 9th Kentucky Infantry. He would appreciate any information sent him.

LIFE AND LECTURES OF BOB TAYLOR.

The two volumes of the life and literary productions of Senator Robert L. Taylor, recently issued by the Bob Taylor Publishing Company, of Nashville, make permanent for the lasting possession of a people who loved him the story and the spirit of a remarkable life.

The first volume, "The Life and Career," is compiled by the three surviving brothers of Senator Taylor, and gives a faithful and brilliant portrayal of his life walk through all of its windings and eventful years—his struggles, his triumphs, and the leading incidents of a humorous and heroic kind.



The other volume, "Lectures and Best Literary Productions of Bob Taylor," is the only complete compilation of the Senator's writings ever issued. It contains his nine famous lectures delivered throughout the country, which made him premier of the American platform for twenty years and moved a continent to laughter and tears. This book contains also the unfinished lecture, "Uncle Sam," which the Senator was building with special care at the time his last illness overtook him. In addition to the ten lectures, this volume presents numerous addresses, famous sayings, and stories of "Our Bob" which the world will welcome.

The books are well bound, are charmingly illustrated, and cannot fail to be received with interest by the people of the entire country. The volumes are sold separately in silk cloth at \$2 a volume or \$4 a set; in half morocco, \$2.75 a volume or \$5 a set; in full morocco (the de luxe edition), \$5.50 a volume or \$10 a set.

U. C. V. MINUTES.—Complete sets of the U. C. V. Minutes can be obtained from Gen. William E. Mickle, New Orleans, nicely bound in gray cloth at \$15 per set of six volumes, or single volume at \$2.50. Paper-bound copies of the Camp list are sent at 50 cents and the Minutes at 50 cents, postpaid.

FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL, D. A. R.

Mrs. William Cumming Story, Honorary State Regent of New York, is a candidate for the office of President General of the D. A. R. at the election to be held in Washington in April. Mrs. Story is descended from distinguished ancestors. Twenty-three men of her family were in the War of the Revolution, and among them several who had the honor of the personal friendship of General Washington. The beautiful old family home, still standing in State Street, New York, is now the home of "My Lady of the Rosary."



MRS. WILLIAM CUMMING STORY.

The first D. A. R. office held by Mrs. Story was the presidency of the first society of the Children of the American Revolution organized in New York City, and the ability and energy displayed by her then have won success in the many positions of honor she has held since. During her term of office as President of the New York City Federation of Clubs the membership of the organization increased from 20,000 to 60,000, and under her guidance what had threatened to become but an uneasy union of warring factions grew into a harmonious body of earnest workers.

A recent utterance of Mrs. Story is of special interest to the people of the South. "No patriotic society," she declared, "can pay tribute to the heroes of the North without paying equal homage to the men of the South, and the whole nation now should be united in memorial tribute to its soldiers of the War of the States."

BOOKLET ABOUT GETTYSBURG.

The Western Maryland Railway Company has issued from its Passenger Department in Baltimore a very charming and instructive little booklet called "Gettysburg—Past and Present." The pamphlet contains a history and description of the little town from the old days of inconspicuous peace and prosperity to its modern setting of dramatic memories.

A war map shows the positions of the two armies and the locations of the various geographical points whose names are now parts of history, and a vivid and concise sketch of the three days' battle completes an interesting presentation of the scenery and history of the memorable place toward which many eyes will soon be turned.

"THE STOCK EXCHANGE FROM WITHIN."

That the vague and widespread prejudice against Wall Street is largely a matter of ignorance and misunderstanding is the belief of the author of the present work, and his effort as a member of the Exchange is to take the public into his confidence in matters generally but little known. The book is announced as one which "is at once a defense of a great institution and a challenge to its critics written by a member of the Stock Exchange who may be presumed to understand his subject. Before jumping to the conclusion," continues the announcement, "that 'short-selling' is immoral, or that speculation should be restrained by law, or that the Stock Exchange should be incorporated, or that an unholy alliance exists between the Exchange and the banks, at least read the other side of the question."

The writer speaks of the Exchange as a greatly misunderstood institution, and goes at length and with much force and earnestness into its history and meaning, its aims, its development, and its benefits. Some interesting pages are given up to a discussion of the London Exchange, and a vigorous account is also given of the wonderful work of the Paris Bourse in the rehabilitation of France after the prostration and despair of the Prussian War.

The book is in no sense of the word an official apology from the Stock Exchange; but its intimate presentation of the subject from an inside standpoint, its many quotations from the world's famous economists, and its excerpts from various legal and historical precedents make it in all a volume of peculiar interest and value.

THE COURIER-JOURNAL.

On March 25 the Louisville Courier-Journal issued a mammoth and very splendid edition to celebrate its entrance upon the forty-fifth year of its age and also to commemorate its recent occupation of its ideal new quarters at Green and Third Streets, a move that was made in a wonderful way between two editions of the great paper.

The Courier-Journal grew out of a combination of the Journal, the Courier, and the Democrat, the three daily papers of Louisville, dating back, respectively, to 1830, 1843, and 1844. The new paper was born amid the wreck of the Confederacy. Says Colonel Watterson: "Reconstruction, as it was called (ruin, desolation, and chaos were a fitter name for it), had just begun. The South was, as it were, in irons, waiting the executioner. The Constitution of the United States hung in the balance. The Federal Union faced a sectional despotism. The spirit of the time was martial law."

In the years that followed the paper has kept faith with its people and their ideals, yet above all else it has placed the solidarity of the Union and the restoration of the South in that Union, seeking to pour some sunshine into the daily life of the community. Without obtrusion to support the law, without ostentation to aid the Church, it has been a kindly, cleanly visitor to each man's fireside.

Bear in mind continually that nearly all Confederate literature can be had by application to the VETERAN.

ATTENTION!—Survivors of Rock Island and other prisons of war are requested to meet at the Auditorium in Chattanooga at 4 P.M. on the 27th of May, the opening day of the Reunion. It is hoped there will be good attendance.

HAMPTON'S RAID IN THE REAR OF GRANT'S ARMY.—Request is made by John Franck, of Hannah, Ga., that some one write an account of Hampton's raid in the rear of Grant's army at Petersburg, Va., when he captured many fine beef cattle, wagons, and teams, and landed them safely inside the Confederate lines.

BOYS IN THE WAR.—Maj. C. Newell, 220 3d Street, Portland, Oregon, has in contemplation a book, to be prepared for school use, on the boys in the armies of the Union and Confederacy under eleven years of age when they went into service. He will appreciate hearing of any that served in the Confederate army. It is well known that many boys of tender age joined the ranks of the Confederacy, and doubtless there were a number of them in the class of which he wishes to write.

DID FIELD'S DIVISION GARRISON FORT HARRISON?—An inquiry comes from J. B. Work, 1240 E. 69th Street, Chicago, Ill., as to whether Field's command, brigade, or division garrisoned Fort Harrison on the Confederate lines north of the James River, Virginia, when it was captured in September, 1864. He will also be glad to have reference to volume and page of the "War Records" where can be found detailed reports from C. S. A. commanders covering that action.

WILL NEVER LOVE ANOTHER COUNTRY.—A Confederate commander used to tell the following story: He was sitting by the roadside one blazing hot day when a dilapidated soldier, his clothing in rags, a shoe lacking, his head bandaged, and his arm in a sling, passed. He was soliloquizing in this manner: "I love my country. I'd fight for my country. I'd starve and go thirsty for my country. I'd die for my country. But if ever this war is over, I'll never love another country."—*Judge.*

GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG'S ACCOUNT OF THE TEXAS CAVALRY EXPEDITION.—In the print of my article on the "Texas Cavalry Expedition in 1861-62" errors occur. In the second column General Sibley is reported as dying at Jenkins Ferry in 1864. It was General Scurry who fell there. General Sibley survived the war a number of years. On the second page the battle of Val Verde is incorrectly named Valverda. On the third page the variations of the thermometer should have been from one hundred and thirty almost to the freezing point.

LARGEST CONTRIBUTION TO THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME.—Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., writes: "The Jefferson Davis Monument Association, of New Orleans, has done a very handsome thing by the Jefferson Davis Home Association. After erecting a splendid monument to President Davis at New Orleans, all bills having been paid, there was a balance of \$700.65 remaining in the treasury. The Jefferson Davis Monument Association transferred this fund by unanimous consent to the Kentucky corporation. The work on the Jefferson Davis Park at Fairview, Ky., is progressing, and in a few weeks the stone wall around the park will be completed. The subscription made by the Jefferson Davis Monument Association is the largest one that has been received, and the generosity and kindness of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, of which Mrs. W. J. Behan is President, will be appreciated and remembered by all of the people of the South."

WORTHY TRIBUTE TO THE VETERAN.

[Montgomery Advertiser.]

The Advertiser goes out of its way voluntarily to say a word in behalf of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the excellent monthly magazine published at Nashville by Mr. S. A. Cunningham in the interest of the men who wore the gray and in the interest of Confederate literature. Without any suggestion from any one, this newspaper urges a more generous patronage of the VETERAN. It is in its twenty-first year, ably edited, and is sold at the nominal price of \$1 a year.

The Advertiser knows that the VETERAN is published largely as a "labor of love." Its publisher has realized no fortune from his labors. He is doing a great work and is entitled to an audience of 100,000 paid readers.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN officially represents the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Sons of Veterans, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

In a short while the annual Reunion of the Confederate Veterans will be held in Chattanooga. Soon after that will come the great and glorious reunion of the blue and gray at Gettysburg. The Advertiser asks that before these occasions come people who read this will subscribe for the VETERAN.

[The foregoing elicits the sincerest gratitude. Think of what the combined press of the South would do for the cause if spontaneous tribute was paid by it generally! The Advertiser states the situation exactly. To copy articles from the VETERAN, giving credit, would do good. Weekly exchanges are not asked, preference being to have proofs of articles, so that many of them could help practically in this way.]

Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes of the VETERAN: "I think your February number was the best you ever printed. I sincerely wish that we of the North had as enterprising a publication to represent us as the old veterans of the South have in the VETERAN. May you live long and add to their pleasure and, I may say, to the pleasure of those of the North who are fortunate enough to be your readers! Now and then a number comes that makes a Yankee soldier sit up and take notice, but he is too old to fight back and is too thoroughly mellowed to hold any grudge against such a heroic old enemy as he met half a century ago. You have my best wishes for continued good health and success in your enterprise."

IMPORTANT OMISSION CORRECTED—LEE'S BIRTHDAY IN PHILADELPHIA.—In the article appearing on page 55 of the February VETERAN the account of the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter's celebration in commemorating the birth of General Lee mention was omitted of the two stars of the occasion. Mrs. J. Griff Edwards came from Portsmouth, Va., to sing "Dixie," and charmed her audience, as she always does. Since that date Mrs. Edwards has had another sorrow in the death of her devoted mother. She expects to attend the Chattanooga Reunion, however. Col. Frank X. Ward, formerly of Baltimore, now of Philadelphia, one of the surviving officers who witnessed the surrender at Appomattox, gave an interesting account of what happened on that day. Colonel Ward is said to have been the first person wounded in the war. As a citizen of Baltimore he is recorded in the "War Records," Series II., Vol. I., page 677, in a large list of representative Marylanders who declared themselves in favor of immediate recognition of the Confederate States by the United States and declared in favor of cooperating with Virginia if the Old Dominion State should secede.

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Mrs. A. Dickinson, 324 North Eighth Street, Louisville, Ky., would like to hear from any surviving members of Baxter's Bittery, Kentucky troops, who remember her father, Malachi Beggs. He was later of the Orphan Brigade.

J. H. Cosgrove, of Shreveport, La., is interested in establishing the war record of William Strube, a citizen of Shreveport, so that he may become a member of the U. C. V. Camp there. Comrade Strube served under Maj. O. J. Semmes, who commanded Semmes's Battery.

Mrs. Bettie Crittenden, of Forney, Tex., is anxious to know if any one picked up a small brown leather pocket Bible on the battle field of Nashville. Her husband, John Crittenden, used it all during the war, and had it when killed at Nashville. It had been her mother's, and in it was a record of the Browning family. She will appreciate any information of it.

Mrs. C. A. Rose, 818 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va., wants the war record of Capt. Charles Alexander Swann, who was from Virginia, and is said to have served in an engineering corps under Stonewall Jackson. He was the man who first discovered St. Paul's Church to be on fire the day of the evacuation of Richmond and helped to put it out. She will appreciate hearing from any of his comrades.

John W. Newman, of Winchester, Tenn., went into the army from Jefferson County, East Tennessee, in 1862, and served in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, and was also at Vicksburg, where he had a bad spell of fever which settled in his legs. He is now old and helpless and wants to hear from some of his comrades of Company C, 31st Tennessee Regiment, Vaughan's Brigade, who can help establish his record and thus enable him to get a pension.

Mrs. W. W. Anderson, Pryor, Okla., would be glad to hear from any surviving comrades of her father, J. W. Washburne, captain and assistant quartermaster, C. S. A., November 19, 1861, State of Arkansas, as she is anxious to establish his war record, as well as that of her two uncles, H. E. A. Washburne, who was first lieutenant of Company B, first battalion Seminole Mounted Volunteers, and enlisted November 21, 1862, and Herman Ridge, Company D, Watie's 1st Cherokee Regiment, July 12, 1861.

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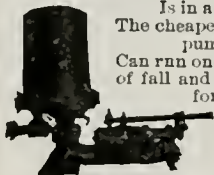
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F. W. Hurlburt, 310 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., wants a copy of the **VETERAN** for July, 1912, in good condition.

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T. S. Tramel, Mayo, Fla., asks for the names and addresses of some survivors of the North Georgia Regiment of Wheeler's Cavalry or Brigade, officers preferred.

Rev. R. H. McCaslin, of Bowling Green, Ky., seeks to learn the war records of John and William McCaslin, who were from Monroe County, Tenn. John was a private and William a lieutenant in the Confederate army.

Capt. John H. Lester, of Deming, N. Mex., is anxious to locate one Capt. William Harper, who commanded in the 7th (afterwards 9th) Alabama Cavalry,

as he wishes some data in regard to that regiment. He met Captain Harper at Dallas, Tex., in 1902, and he gave his address as somewhere in Arkansas.



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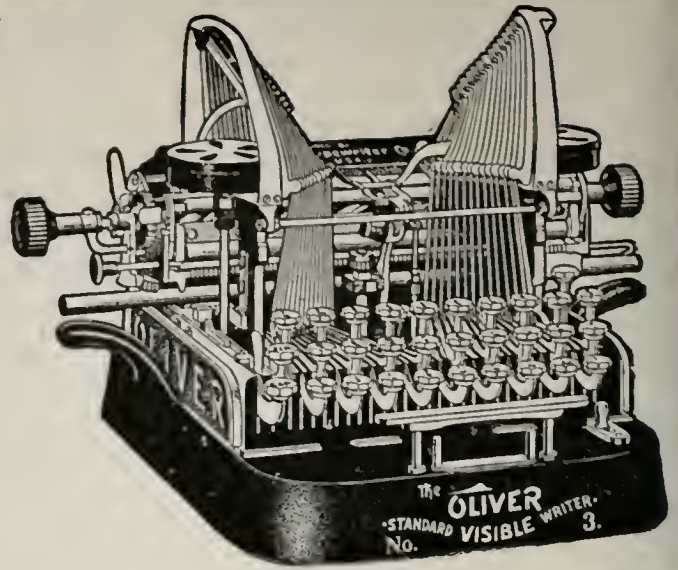
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THE McNEEL MARBLE COMPANY, MARIETTA, GA.

Magazine Of Antique Firearms

A Monthly Periodical
Devoted To The His-
tory of Firearms. ❀ ❀

November 1911

CONTAINING:--

The Wetschgi Pistol by Louis S. Weingartner.

An Early American Whaling Gun by Geo. C. Stone.

The Double Barreled Cannon of Athens, Georgia by James W. Canak

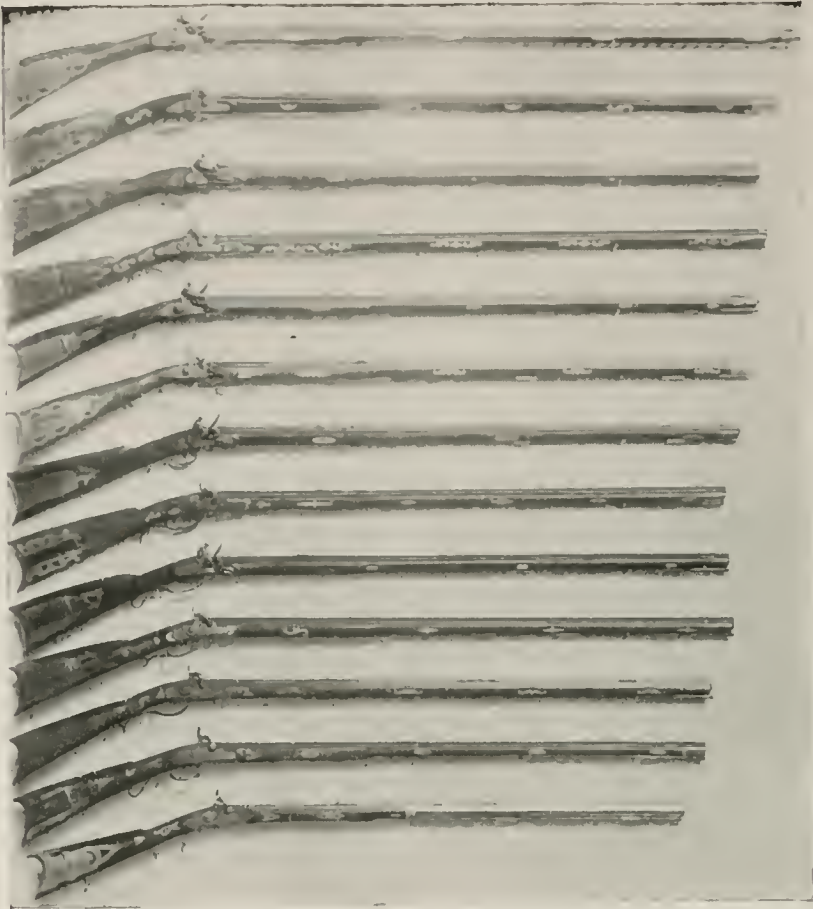
How I Became a Collector of Firearms by W. E. Hamilton.

Collecting Revolvers in the South by C. A. Damon.

Twenty-five cents the copy ❀

Two Dollars the year. ❀❀❀❀

[Published By
Jno. N. Clements
Athens, Tenn.]



Thirteen Kentucky Rifles belonging to W. E. Hamilton Collection, Des Moines, Iowa - Right View.



MAGAZINE OF ANTIQUE FIREARMS

A Monthly Periodical Devoted To
The History Of Firearms

NOVEMBER, 1911

Volume II

Number 4



The Wetschgi Pistol.—Right Side View.

The Wetschgi Pistol

By Louis S. Weingartner

THE PISTOL, of which is reproduced a drawing and photograph from four viewpoints in this issue, was made at the end of the seventeenth century by Wetschgi Augustus, who died in Vienna A. D. 1690. The pistol contains two magazines, one (A), which contains the powder, and the other (B), contains the balls, twenty-one in all. An additional priming magazine (H) is on the outside of the lock and close to the flash pan. To load one depresses the muzzle and turns or rotates the cylinder (C) by means of its exterior lever. One of the balls contained in the magazine (B) drops into the cavity (E), which comes opposite the magazine (B). At the same

time the powder chamber (D) of the cylinder is filled with powder from the magazine (A). When continuing to rotate the cylinder, the ball contained in the cavity (E) falls into the funnel-shaped breech, and by a continual motion of the cylinder the cavity (D) is brought opposite the breech in the barrel, where it remains until the shot is fired. During this time the reduced prolongation of the cylinder at the exterior rotates and scoops from the magazine (H) a sufficient quantity of powder to prime the flash pan. A continued movement closes the flash pan cover (G) and brings the hammer to full cock. When the pistol is fired, the priming charge shown at (E) com-

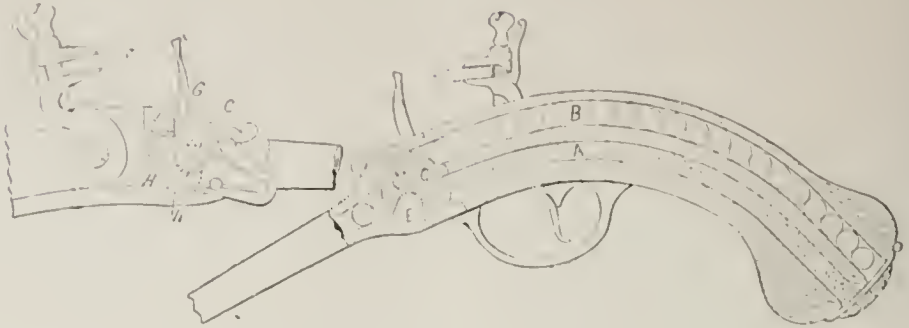
indicates the fire through the two small holes to the charge contained in the cylinder.

The weapon bears the following inscription: "L'OFFICIER E. F. INVENTEIL WETSCHGI, MAJ. d'ETAT."

It may readily be seen that unless the revolving cylinder is accurately

weapons are Jan Sander, of Hanover, and Antonio Constantin, of Ferrara, Italy.

From a military point of view, the design of the arm gives evidence of being far in advance of its time. If every thing works properly, the arm can be fired nearly as quickly as a



Sectional Drawing of Wetschgi Pistol.

filled, the danger of using such a weapon must be great, the powder in the butt, sufficient for twenty-one charges, being separated from the barrel only by the revolving cylinder, which serves as a false breech for the barrel.

A weapon of like construction to the

modern arm of today. Very little time is required for charging it and it is only necessary to fill the compartments with bullets and powder through the orifice

F, with no counting and measuring. The charges are automatically measured, and the load is fully as accurate



The Wetschgi Pistol - Top View.

above is in the Musée d'Artillerie, Paris, and is catalogued as M1766, but very few of these weapons, either gun or pistol, are known to be in existence. Among others who have built similar

as that of metallic cartridges.⁷

Altogether, the design and workmanship of the pistol make it a most valuable and remarkable relic.

Greener has the following to say



The Wetschgi Pistol -Bottom View.

about the above pistol: "There are many splendid emanations of genius for gunnery, but the most perfect we have even seen is a pistol made in the

seventeenth century by Wetschgi Augsburg. We have seen it fire twenty-one shots without a failure and with one supply of ammunition."



The Wetschgi Pistol.



ORIGIN OF FIREARM MECHANISMS.

WHEN the Spanish conquerors followed Columbus across the seas, they brought with them to America, cross bows and match lock guns. Although guns had been made light enough to be carried and fired by soldiers since about 1350, and mechanisms had been applied to their breeches, for tipping the lighted coal of the slow match into the priming

powder perhaps as early as 1375; yet the art of gunmaking was, of course, in its infancy, and the match lock gun remained an undeveloped firearm until after the year 1500. Already, human minds were at work on the problem of shooting several consecutive shots rapidly out of the same gun and even in that far-off time there was the beginning of the modern revolver. -Mark Field Catalogue.



Figure 2. Grudchos and Eggers' Whaling Gun.

An Early American Whaling Gun

By Geo. C. Stone

IN the earliest days of whaling the harpoon and lance were the only weapons used, later the gun and bomb lance were invented.

The harpoon used by the American sperm whalers was not the symmetrical double barbed affair usually seen in whaling pictures, but the "toggle iron," so-called because the head was pivoted on the shaft so that it could swing around to make a toggle and so have a much better hold than the

through holes in the head and shank. As soon as there was a pull back on the line the pin sheared and the head assumed the position shown by the dotted lines. The head was of steel and had a very sharp edge, the shank and socket were of very soft tough iron. The socket was fastened to a wooden shaft and the line was fastened around the lower part of the shank above the socket. The length from the point to the attachment of the line was about

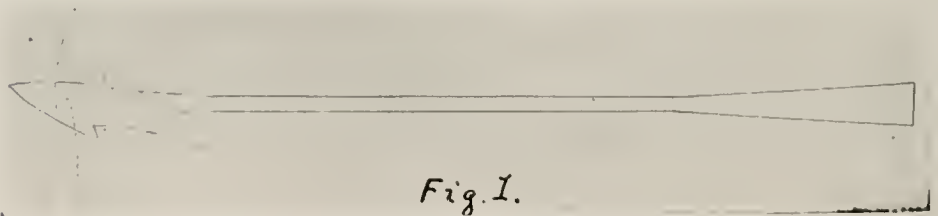


Figure 1. Whalers' Harpoon in Position for Throwing.

double barbed harpoon. When thrown the head was in position shown by the full lines in figure 1, being held there by a small wooden plug that passed

two feet, and a good harpooner would send the iron up to the butches.

Once fast to the whale the crew would haul the boat up to him as

soon as possible and the officer would endeavor to kill him with the lance. The lance had a diamond or heart-shaped cutting edge about two inches wide on the end of an iron shaft four or five feet long, the other end of the shaft terminated in a socket which was fixed to a long wooden handle. It was always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to get close enough to the whale

overboard or to the other end of the boat.

The gun shown in figure 2 was made by Grudelos and Eggers, of New Bedford, Mass. The barrel is half octagon, twenty inches long, one inch bore, and a quarter of an inch thick at the muzzle. The lock and stock are in no way peculiar. The length is three feet and the weight fifteen pounds, ten



Figure 3. Bomb for Use in Whaling Gun.

to use the lance effectively. In case of a fighting whale it was also very dangerous.

The bomb lance and gun were invented to make the killing of the whale easier and more certain. In this they were effective but they were never popular with the older whalers. In

owners. In the illustration a bomb is shown hanging below the gun.

The bomb, figure 3, is the most interesting part of the outfit. It is itself a gun, but one that is designed to burst the first time it is fired, in fact its usefulness depends upon its bursting. The upper figure of number 4

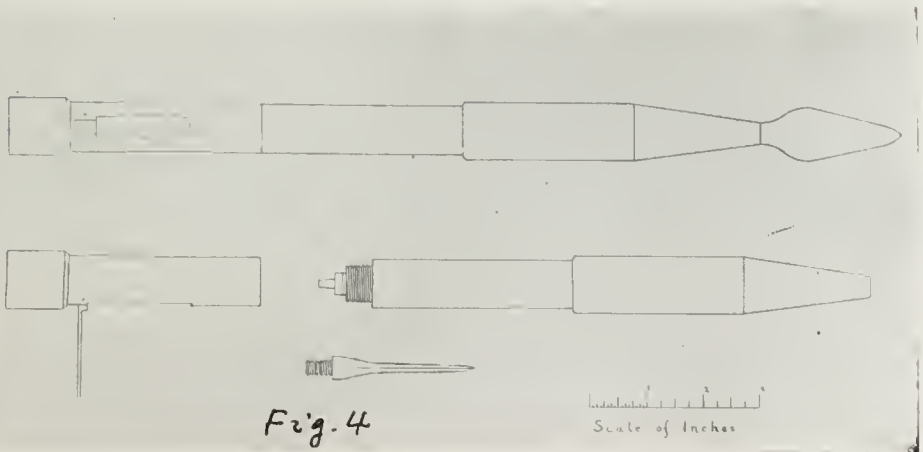


Figure 4. The Bomb Put Together and the Different Parts.

the first place they were expensive, but the main reason was that the recoil of the gun was so severe that it usually knocked the man that fired it

shows the bomb put together, the others the different parts. Beginning at the breech end the first section

Continued on page 81

The Double Barreled Cannon, of Athens, Georgia.

By James W. Camak.

THE city of Athens, Georgia, is the owner of the one of the most unique relics of the Civil War in existence. It is a double barreled cannon; the only one in the United States, and perhaps the only one in the world.

It stands in the park in front of the City Hall, pointing north from the wall overlooking the peaceful valley of the Oconee as it was intended to do in the sixties to protect the Confederacy against

the Civil War. The gun is about four feet long with a bore about three inches in diameter, the axis of each barrel being inclined at a very slight angle from the other, the reason for which will be explained later. It has three touch holes; one for each barrel by which they could be fired independently of each other, and one in the center connecting with both barrels which would fire them simultaneously,



The Double Barreled Cannon, of Athens, Georgia.

memory at Athens from Sherman's invaders. There it stands, its voice is as mute as those who cast it half a century ago; a relic of the dead past, and an object of curiosity to tourists who visit the Classic City of the State of Georgia.

The cannon was invented by Dr. John Gilleland, a dentist of Jackson County, Georgia, and was cast at the Athens Foundry and Machine Works during

the Civil War. The gun was intended for the use of chain shot. While the use of chain shot in naval warfare for the cutting of sails and rigging of sailing vessels was an old idea, this gun involved a new principle. In the old method the two balls chained together were fired from the same barrel, and circled round each other in their flight. In this gun the two balls, chained together, were to be fired at the same

instant, one from each of the two barrels set at slight angles to each other. As the balls separated, the chain would be drawn tight, then they would travel parallel to each other, the chain between like an immense scythe, cutting down a whole row of troops.

But like many other scientific theories it would not work in practice; it was a failure. It was found almost impossible to make both barrels explode at exactly the same instant, in which case the ball that left the barrel first being held back by the chain would swing round in a circle before starting on its onward journey, making it as dangerous to be behind the gun as in front. When both barrels did happen to explode exactly together, no chain was found strong enough to hold the balls together in flight. With their tendency to separate the chain always snapped and the balls parted company. Once in trial practice with a very strong chain between the balls, it made a successful shot. A thicket of young pines at which it was aimed looked as if a

narrow cyclone, or a giant mowing machine had passed through. In one respect only was it successful; at short range both barrels loaded with canister or grape shot and fired at the same time, it would, like a bell-mouth blunderbuss, scatter bullets over an acre of ground and obliterate any body of troops charging directly upon it.

It was used in one skirmish only. That was when Sherman in his march through Georgia sent Stoneman and his raiders to burn Athens. Then the old cannon on the hills three miles from town helped to beat them off. In that skirmish it was loaded with shell without the chain, but it was not accurate.

The carriage on which the gun now stands is not the original one, but a reproduction as near as possible of the original.

This is the history of the famous double barreled cannon of Athens, Georgia; a gun that in time of peace has acquired a reputation that it failed to make for itself in time of war.



AN EARLY AMERICAN WHALING GUN

(Continued from page 79)

contains the lock. The trigger is hinged at the back end and folds flat in a recess in the body of the bomb when it is placed in the gun; as soon as it is fired the trigger swings out to the position shown in the lower figure and it is fired as it enters the body of the whale. The hammer is a cup and moves forward in a straight line, to cock if the bomb must be taken apart and the hammer pushed back by a piece of wood or metal. The bell, at the rear

of this section, which is of larger diameter is of lead. The next piece, which screws into the one just described, has a nipple on the back end and contains the bursting charge of powder. The enlarged part of this piece is also covered with lead. The remaining piece is a steel spear head which screws into the front end of the powder chamber closing the opening by which it is filled.

The bomb weights, unloaded, a pound and a half of practically one tenth the weight of the gun which explains why the recoil is so severe.

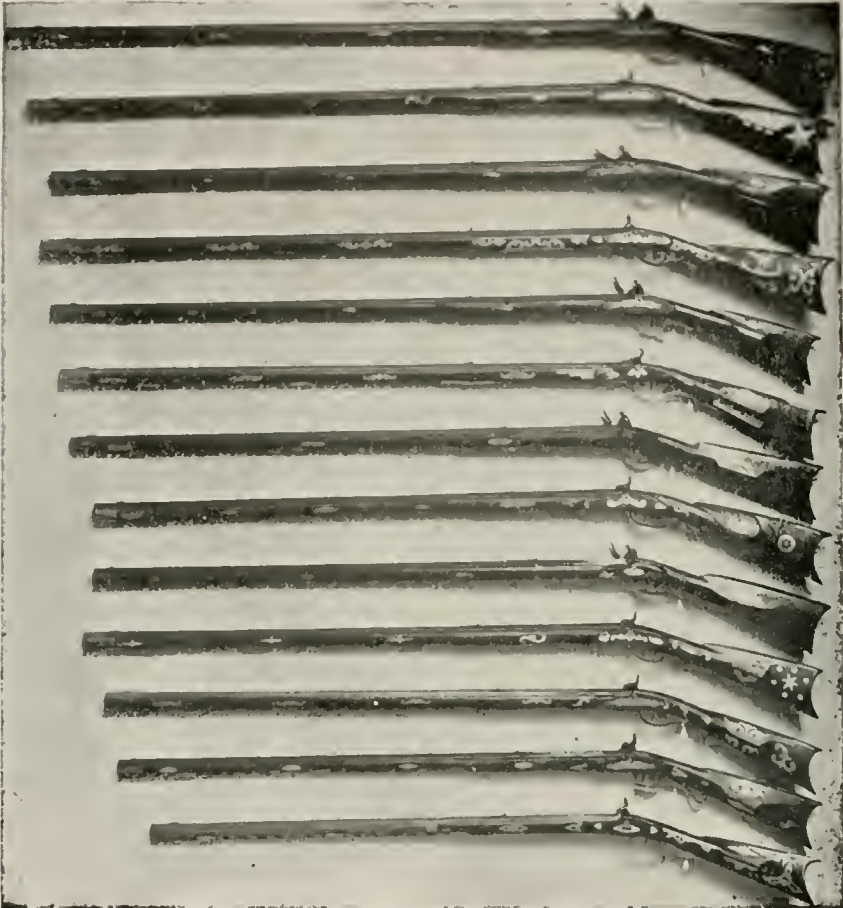
How I Became a Collector of Firearms

By W. E. Hamilton.

SIXTY YEARS AGO my grandfather migrated from Pennsylvania to Iowa and brought with him a beautiful, long Kentucky rifle, made by one of the Golehers. It had a full,

rod was striped like a barber pole and tipped with brass to match muzzle.

The gun finally passed to my father and was considered the finest gun in the country. My father met with re-



Thirteen Kentucky Rifles Belonging to W. E. Hamilton Collection, Des Moines, Iowa.—Left View.

curly maple stock, elegant patch box, with buff plate, trigger guard, rod loops and muzzle tips to match. The stock was inlaid with thirty pieces of silver, consisting of scrolls, crescents, stars, shields, diamonds and grip plate, all finely fitted and engraved. The ram-

verses and disposed of it for what then forty years ago was a big price. I learned to shoot with it before I was able to hold it "off-hand," and was sorry to see it go, so made up my mind to own it myself as soon as I could spare the funds. Boys did not earn money

very fast in those days, and by the time I could afford it the old treasure had disappeared from the locality. I made a long and diligent search for it, first by writing all my father's old friends, and then my own. Next I canvassed the country in person and called upon all the gunsmiths in that section, but no one had seen the Golcher. About this time I accepted a position as traveling salesman, which gave me another opportunity to search for the gun, and for several years I visited many towns and cities in this and adjoining states, always taking time to check up the gunsmiths, pawn shops and second-hand stores. I occasionally met with some good ones, and finally decided to possess at least one as nearly like my beauty as possible,—and then I became a collector.

The result is that in thirty-five years I have gathered only a few dozens of guns of my ideal type that are really satisfactory; but I am still hunting and hoping to find my rifle. Thus you see I have been a specialist,—“Kentucks” only.

I think it is a mistake to specialize. At least it was for me, for I have passed by many fine and rare pistols, revolvers and guns that I could have easily possessed for a small price that would now be interesting and valuable. Don't buy junk. And don't specialize too much.

Catalogue of Hamilton Rifles Shown in Frontispiece and Accompanying Illustrtion.

No 1 at Top to 13 as follows:

No. 1. Full stock curly maple, 63½ inches long, octagon barrel 47¾ inches, calibre .38, smooth bore, flint lock, name on barrel S. MILLER, on lock LEVICK, running turkey engraved on lock plate in front of hammer, brass mounted, eleven Sterling silver ornaments on stock.

No. 2. Full stock curly maple, 61½ inches long, octagon barrel 45 inches,

rifled, 80 balls to pound, cap lock, name on same J. BISHOP, warranted, brass mounted, eighteen German silver ornaments on stock.

No. 3. Full stock curly maple, 59½ inches long, octagon barrel 43¼ inches long, rifled, 80 balls to pound, flint lock, name on barrel M. SCHULL, brass mounted, ten Sterling silver ornaments on stock.

No. 4. Full stock curly maple, 60¼ inches long, octagon barrel 44½ inches, rifled, 80 balls to pound, cap lock, name on barrel W. BARNHART, brass mounted, six Sterling silver ornaments on barrel and fifty four on stock.

No. 5. Full stock curly maple, 59¼ inches long, octagon and round barrel 44 inches, calibre .54, smooth bore, flint lock, JOS. GOLCHER on lock plate, brass mounted, eleven German silver ornaments.

No. 6. Full stock curly maple, 58¾ inches long, octagon barrel 44 inches, rifled, 80 balls to the pound, cap lock with protector, JACOB RUSLIY on barrel in gold, also scrolls and other designs in gold, three leaf sights gold trimmed, solid Sterling silver mounted with thirty ornaments on stock, S. SPANGLER in silver, on lock plate.

No. 7. Full stock curly maple, 57½ inches long, octagon barrel 42 inches, rifled, 90 balls to the pound, flint lock, J. J. HENRY on lock plate, brass mounted, eight German silver ornaments.

No. 8. Full stock curly maple, 56¾ inches long, octagon barrel 40½ inches, rifled, 60 balls to pound, cap lock, A. B. on barrel, brass and German silver mounted, 32 German silver ornaments.

No. 9. Full stock red wood like cherry, 56½ inches long, octagon barrel 41 inches, 44 calibre, smooth bore, flint lock, patent breech, M. SMITH on barrel, brass mounted, ten Sterling silver ornaments, eight silver wire scrolls.

No. 10. Full stock curly maple, 57

inches long, octagon barrel 41½ inches, rifled, 80 balls to the pound, cap lock, H. YESLEY on barrel, SHAW on lock plate, brass mounted, thirty-six Sterling silver ornaments.

No. 11. Full stock curly maple, 57¼ inches long, octagon barrel, 40½ inches, rifled, 60 balls to the pound, cap lock, G. GOLCHER on lock plate, brass mounted, twenty-eight German silver ornaments.

No. 12. Full stock curly maple, 54½

inches long, octagon barrel, 39 inches, rifled, 80 balls to the pound, cap lock, J. KITTINGER on barrel, J. WEIBLE, 1855, on cheek piece, brass mounted, twenty-six German silver ornaments.

No. 13. Half stock curly maple, 51¾ inches long, octagon barrel 36 inches, rifled, 90 balls to the pound, cap lock, no name, German silver mounted, twenty-two German silver ornaments.

These guns are all in good working order. Nos. 6, 7 and 13 are nearly as perfect as new.



Collecting Revolvers in the South

By C. A. Damon.

THE WRITER has two revolvers in his collection which may be of interest to brother collectors. Both are brass frame, cap and ball, army size, and Confederate make. Many years ago while indulging in a "love feast," all by myself in the back room of an old gunsmith's shop in a southern city, I ran across the frame of a Colt's revolver. I was looking for dragoon Colts', and, incidentally, anything I could use when this frame showed up. It attracted my attention but I was at loss to understand why.

Gradually it dawned upon me that I had never seen or heard of a brass frame Colt. After cleaning it up a little, I found 2093 stamped on the left side of the frame just below the cylinder. No Colt is ever numbered in that place, nor with such large numbers. Under the frame appears the legend "C. S." Then I knew I had found a jewel. After some more search the tang and trigger guard came to light. Then I remembered seeing a peculiar barrel in another part of the shop, and after an hour's search dis-

covered it, and while looking for it had unearthed the cylinder. All the larger parts bear the shop number 2093.

At that time I did not know that there was such a thing ever made as a Confederate imitation Colt. The stock was missing as well as some of the smaller working parts, but they were readily supplied from numerous Colts' in the heaps of junk I was sorting over. The workmanship is rather crude and the fitting poor. Evidently there was little machine work on it except with a turning lathe. All the other parts look as if they were filed out by hand. This type of revolver was made by Geo. Todd at Austin, Texas, during the Civil War, so his son told me.

I also have a brass frame imitation Whitney or Remington, six shot, 36 calibre, 7 inch octagon barrel marked "C. S." on one side of frame, number 268 on the cylinder and on the barrel, "Spiller & Burr." This specimen is better made and in far better condition than the Colt's. Will some brother collector please tell me where this firm was located and any other information obtainable regarding it?

If you do not enjoy rummaging around an old shop and digging up wrecks of firearms you are not entitled to the name of "Collector." No one ever gets a greater thrill from finding a diamond or nugget of gold in a gold mine than a collector does on unearthing a rare specimen. As pleasant an afternoon as I ever passed was under an old house in a Southern city sorting over several wagon loads of old guns and pistols. It was hot weather and the dust and dirt made it necessary to shed as much clothing as the law would allow. A light was necessary and the only available one was a large church wax candle which I did not consider a desecration as it was used in a cause that was sacred to me. This half day's work netted me over two hundred pounds of specimens besides fifty Colt revolvers all in fairly good shape so far as looks were concerned although they

needed a few parts as repairs. Such finds as these do not occur very often, and the two above mentioned instances are the only "real killings" I ever made.



THE INTERNATIONAL SALUTE.

TWENTY-ONE GUNS, the number fired in the international salute, were not selected at random. The number was chosen by our Government because it was the number long used by the British for their international salute. Why the British used twenty-one guns was no doubt due to an early custom which had for a warship salute seven guns. A fort was allowed to fire three times as many as a warship, because in those days it was difficult to keep powder in good condition at sea. It could be kept in good condition on land, and consequently the shore battery was allowed a larger number, or twenty-one. When the time arrived that better powder was made and that it could be carried at sea without deterioration, the warship was allowed the same number of guns as the shore battery, and the twenty-one of today are the result.

- National Guard Magazine.



Editor *Antique Firearms*, I notice you have mistaken an "L" for an "S" in my question about the so-called "Beech & Rigdon" Colts. As it has been dubbed an absurdity, which is more or less a reflection on me, will you not kindly print an "errata" in your next issue? I am fortunate to own a Leech & Rigdon Colt in almost pristine condition, and the first word begins with an "L."—E. B. B.



Stone cannon balls are yet used in some of the eastern countries.

Magazine of Antique Firearms

A Periodical Devoted to the History of Firearms. Published Each Month by Jno. N. Clements at the Shearman Building, Main Street, Athens, Tennessee, U. S. A.

Entered as second class matter July 5, 1911 at the post office at Athens, Tennessee, Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription, \$2.00 per year, in advance in America. In Europe and Asia, \$2.25. Advertising Rates Given Upon Application. 2 2 2 2 2 2

Edited by G. ELSWORTH BROWN. Official Organ of the "AMERICAN SOCIETY OF ANTIQUE WEAPON COLLECTORS." 2 2 2 2 2

AS WE ALL KNOW the tournament originated in France as it would be likely to do, and the word is derived from the French word, *tournoier*, meaning to joust, to tilt, to turn, as was a knightly sport of the middle ages in which combatants engaged one another with the object of exhibiting their courage, prowess and skill in the use of arms. It consisted of three personal contests held in the enclosed space around which, in galleries, sat the nobles and ladies to witness the sport, the outside being thronged with eager spectators from the lower orders.

At the sound of the trumpet, the combatants, covered by steel and known only by their emblazoned shields, dashed at full gallop from the opposite ends of the field and meeting with a terrific shock, one or the other was gradually unhorsed, their lances often being shivered to pieces. The vanquished were thrown bruised and bleeding to the ground; and the victor was rewarded by receiving his horse and armor, and sometimes by the privilege of naming some lady, who, with the title of Queen of Love, presided over the remainder of the tournament. In other cases he received a scarf, ribbon, a glove or some token from the lady in whose honor the tournament was held. Sir Henry Lee rode as Queen Elizabeth's champion in the tilt yard of Whitehall, until years forced him to surrender that gallant office to the Earl of Cumberland who wore the queen's glove pinned to the flap of his hat.

The tournament from the first was held to be a sport for men of noble birth and on the continent where the nobility was more exactly definite than it was in England the lists were jealously closed to all but the privileged class. Thus it was that sovereigns deigned to engage in this costly sport—it being used sometimes as a means of promoting peace and good will between warring nations aside from its appeal to the royal taste for pomp and pageantry.

The weddings of princes and magnates and at the crowning of kings the knights gathered at the joustings which had become as much a part of the ceremonies as the banquet and the minstrelsy. Here fabled glories of the round table were revived by princely hosts, who would assemble, a gallant company to keep open house and hold the field against all comers, as did Mortimer, the queen's lover, when, on the eve of his fall, he brought all the chivalry of the land to the place where he held his round table.

The most famous tournament of history and one on which was lavished all manner of expense and prodigality, was the celebrated meeting of Henry VIII, of England and Francis I, of France, who, for a political sham, met in what is known as the Field of the Cloth of Gold in France, but on ground belonging to England.

On the day arranged for the meeting King Henry and all his court went over to Calias and thence to Ardres and

Guisnes, where all manner of costly magnificence was lavished on the decorations of the show; many of the knights and gentlemen being so superbly dressed that it was said that they carried their whole estates on their shoulders.

There were sham castles, temporary chapels, fountains running wine free as water to all comers, silk tents, gold lace and foil, gilt lions and such things without end, and in the midst of all this pomp and display, the rich Cardinal Woolsey, all unmindful of his impending downfall, outshown and outglittered all the assembled noblemen and gentlemen.

After a treaty made between the two kings with as much solemnity as if they intended to keep it, the lists, 900 feet long and 300 feet broad, were opened for the tournament; the queens of France and England looking on amidst the great array of lords and ladies, with their glittering show of gold and lace and royal sumptuousness.

Then for ten days the two sovereigns fought five combats every day, and always beat their polite adversaries, though they do not say that the king of England, being thrown in a wrestle one day by the king of France, lost his kingly temper with his brother-in-arms and wanted to make a quarrel of it.

There are numerous stories about the famous Cloth of Gold bout which have come down even to us of this day. What a tremendous sensation all these fine doings must have caused in the latter part of the middle ages, when such splendor and magnificence was not so common as it is now!

All remember Scott's elaborate and painstaking description of the tournament in which the unknown knight, Ivanhoe, rode and when the fair Rowena was crowned.

After going on at some length describing the five magnificent pavilions adorned with pennons of the chosen colors which belonged to the five contestants, he tells also of the galleries

spread with tapestries and carpets and cushions for the convenience of ladies and nobles, while a narrow space between these galleries and the lists gave accommodations for yeomanry and spectators of a better sort than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre.

The promiscuous multitudes arranged themselves as best they could on large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground enabled them to have a fair view of the performance.

In the very center of the galleries, at a point exactly opposite where the shock of the combat was to take place, was one raised higher than the others, more richly decorated and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Opposite this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height and more gaily, if less sumptuously, decorated. A train of pages and young maidens, the most beautiful that could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honor was designed for the queen of love and beauty.

All this has a glittering romanticism about it typical of the age. It was a time when chivalry was in its enthronement, when beauty was supremely praised and physical and military prowess was the ideal of manhood. It was a time when men would ride to their death with a smile on their lips just for the slightest token from their ladies fair.

While the usual arms were blunted lances or swords, and the restrictions above the entire contest were from the sovereigns themselves, yet the game was often flagrantly violated, and the dangers of the combat were so fear-

ful as to result in the serious maiming of the combatants and often the loss of life itself. The death of Henry II. of France as the result of the loss of an eye in a tilt with Comte de Montgomery, led to its abolishment in that century, and after the age of chivalry passed and with it the change in customs and manners of the people of England, this royal sport came gradually to be known as a thing of the past.

except, now and then, its revision has occurred on state and military occasions, with many of the dangerous features eliminated.

In our own country, the annual military tournaments held at Castle Garden, New York, furnish an occasion for the display of military fetes and splendid riding wherein the West Point cadets and other picked riders of the army show their prowess.



An Inherited Love For Arms

By James W. Camak.

HOW did I become a collector of firearms? Well I suppose I inherited the taste for arms, I am of Scotch-English descent. My ancestors on one side of my family were Scotch "Borderers," who, when times were dull and they felt the need of amusement, would raid the English side of the "border" where my English ancestors would meet them and drive them back, and vice versa. When the kingdoms of Scotland and England were united perhaps they found the times dull and uninteresting, certain it is that they had their own religious opinions which they refused to change for King or Parliament, so came to America in 1630 and landed in Connecticut. They evidently did not like New England for they drifted South following the frontier line of the Colonies, New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, but always settled where the rifle was the most essential article of household furniture. My mother is as good a rifle shot as I am, and all my girl cousins are good shots.

As a small boy nothing entertained me so much as pictures of knights in armor and battle scenes. As I grew older I devoured Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales" with intense interest. I made up my mind then that some day I would own a "long rifle." I now own

three of them. Later, Mark Twain's "Roughing It" made me want a pepper box pistol. I now have two.

The beginning of my collection was a sword captured in the Civil War that was given me, before I was old enough to own a gun by an old lady who knew my weakness. I still have it and regard it as one of the choice pieces of my collection.

I have never "specialized." Any thing in the way of arms appeals to me. My collection has Indian stone tomahawks, spears and arrow-heads, a suit of Japanese armor, various swords and daggers, and pistols and guns of all descriptions which I have picked up, one at a time, here and there. I have never had the money to invest in a collection of arms, nor do I think that is the way to acquire one to get the true enjoyment out of it. It is the pleasure of the hunt, the discovery of some rare old piece in some out of the way corner, then bargaining to obtain it, many an old relic that can not be bought for money can be traded for if you can discover what the owner wants more, that appeals to the true collector and keeps up his zest and interest in his collection; not buying them in job lots in which he soon loses interest.

(Continued on page 92)

Collectors and Their Collections

THE most important sale of shoulder firearms yet held in this country was consummated on the fifteenth of November when the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company realized over \$1400.00 for the 205 arms offered.

About 35 collectors attended the sale and a large number of bids were received from a distance, showing con-

from the advertisement in *Antique Firearms* than from all the other periodicals combined that were used.

Among the prominent collectors the following were present, Mr. Harner and Mr. Nagy of Philadelphia, Mr. Pugson of New Haven, Mr. Ray of Brooklyn, Mr. Foster of Newark, Messrs. Southwick, Begegan and Metabe of



Geo. N. Henry in His Den at Steubenville, Ohio.

clusively the keen interest of the collecting fraternity. Curiously enough the greatest interest was shown in the sporting pieces, the military arms being less eagerly bid for, and consequently selling for lower prices. In the latter class many bargains were to be had, and in fact many pieces sold below their value, but all in all the sale was a great success, over 1500 catalogues being distributed among collectors, and Mr. Van Rensselaer says three times as many inquiries resulted

New York City, Mr. Sylvester of Princeton, etc. Mr. Van Rensselaer was gratified at the interest manifested and states he will collect pistols only from now on.

Lieut. Col. Chas. C. Guy of Glens Falls, New York, is one of the most active collectors of firearms in that vicinity. He was born in Virginia, and at the age of two years his parents removed to Sandy Hill, the present site

of Hudson Falls, New York, where they resided during the summers of each year until Col. Guy was about sixteen. His parents took him back to Virginia every winter. At the age of ten years Col. Guy became very much interested in collecting war and Indian relics, and has kept it up ever since. He holds the record of having visited every battle and skirmish ground of

and explaining them to all who wish to see them. In 1891 Col. Guy married Miss B. Evalena Brown of Canastota, New York. In 1874 Col. Guy had the misfortune to lose his right leg, same having to be amputated between the knee and hip. Col. Guy is very much interested in firearms and no doubt will be glad to hear from others of the fraternity.



A View in the Lookout War Museum, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

the Civil War in Virginia, and has many interesting relics that he picked up himself.

During the time that he has been collecting war relics, guns and pistols, he has been able to secure a very fine collection of Indian relics, at the present time this collection numbers over 2,500 specimens. These Indian relics and old firearms are displayed in his den and he takes pleasure in showing

Mr. Bicerly was in Ohio on a short trip recently. He visited Mr. Henry, of Steubenville, and says he has a fine den and collection. He also called upon Mr. Aull of Martin's Ferry whom he has known for a long time. Mr. Aull has a fine collection of pistols, 250 in number, and all in fine condition.

Col. Gary F. Spence, an enthusiastic and discriminating collector of Knox-

ville, Tenn., spent several days hunting in the mountains near Tellico last month. Col. Spence's party bagged three wild turkeys and forty quails besides securing a whole lot of exercise.

Referring to the group of rare American repeating arms in the Bierly collection shown in this issue—

No. 1. Pettengill Army Revolver marked "PETTENGILL'S PATENT, 1856." A very complicated hammerless revolver, length 14 inches, barrel $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, calibre 45, number of shots 6.

No. 2. Pettengill Revolver, pocket size,

screw in front of the trigger guard a tube of disc primers are inserted, the mechanism feeds them automatically to the nipples, Length $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches, barrel 7 inches, cal. 44, number of shots 6.

No. 5. Springfield Arms Co. revolver. Marked "SPRINGFIELD ARMS CO." Warner's patent, 6 shots, length 11 inches, cal. 38.

No. 4. Perry's Breech Loading Pistol. Marked "PERRY'S PAT. FIREARMS CO., NEWARK, N. J." D. Perry's patent. Calibre 48, length 13 inches, barrel 6 inches.

No. 6. Alsop Revolver, Cal. 38, Percussion. Number of shots 5, paper cart-



Some Interesting Pistols from the Bierly Collection.

marked as no. 1. Length 10 inches, barrel $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, cal. 32. Number of shots 6.

No. 3. Butterfield's Revolver. Marked "BUTTERFIELD'S PAT. 1855, PHILADELPHIA." By removing the thumb

no. 9. Marked "C. H. ALSOP'S Pat. NOV. 26, 1861." Length $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, barrel $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

No. 7. Sharp's Breech Loading Pistol. Cal. 58, marked "C. SHARP & CO'S RIFLE WORKS, PHILADELPHIA, PA."

Length 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, barrel 6 inches.

No. 8. Sharps Breech Loading Pistol, Cal. .42. Marked "SHARPS' PATENT ARMS MANUFACTORY, FAIRMONT, PHILA., PA." Length 9 inches, barrel 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

No. 9. Marston 3 Barrel Pistol. Barrels one above the other. Cal. .38. Metallic cartridge, rim fire. This pistol has an indicator showing which barrels have been fired. W. W. Marston's Patent of May 26, 1857. Made in New York City. Improved 1864. Length 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, barrels 4 inches.

No. 10. Marston 3 Barrel Pistol. Same as no. 9, except smaller, 6 inches in length, barrels 3 inches.

No. 11. Wheeler Double Barrel Pistol, Cal. .38. Metallic cartridge, rim fire, superposed barrels turning half way round to fire. Henry E. Wheeler's patent of June 19, 1856. Marked "AMERICAN ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS."

No. 12. Wheeler's Double Barrel Pistol, Cal. .22 and .32. Metallic cartridge, rim fire, superposed barrels. Marked same as number 11.

No. 13. Belgian Double Barrel Revolver, Cal. .22. 4 shots. Superposed barrels, Degechaland patent.

No. 14. Churchill's Patent Revolver.

No. 15. Welch Revolver. Cal. .36. Ten shots, percussion paper cartridges. Has two hammers, ten nipples, five chambers in cylinder, two cartridges in each. U. Welch's patent of Feb. 8, 1859. Marked "WALCH FIRE ARMS CO., PARK ROW, NEW YORK." Steel frame.

No. 16. Same as no. 15, except has a brass frame.

No. 17. Beal's Revolver. Cal. .31. 7 shots, paper cartridge. F. Beal's patent of June 24, 1856. Marked "E. WHITEKEY, WHITEVILLE, CONN."

No. 18. Beal's Revolver, same as no. 17, except smaller size.

No. 19. Lindsay's Revolver. Single barrel, two hammers, cal. .38. Marked "J. P. LINDSAY'S MANTG. CO., NEW YORK." Patented Feb. 8, 1855.

No. 20. French Revolver. Calibre .22. Superposed barrels, 4 shots, folding trigger, silver plated.



An Inherited Love for Arms

Continued from page 88

My collection is a very small one but I think I have a few very good pieces. Of many of them I know a part of their history and they are like personal friends. Collecting in this way is not expensive, and affords the greatest pleasure—a pleasure that will never lose interest.



A PROMINENT COLLECTOR.

Geo. H. Todd, Jr., of Montgomery, Alabama, is an enthusiastic collector of firearms. Mr. Todd's collection is one of the largest in the state and contains over five hundred specimens, of which some are very rare. His father, who bears the same name, was proprietor of a sporting goods store and manufactured firearms during the Civil War. He—the elder Mr. Todd—is yet hale and hearty, although in his seventy-fourth year. He is one of the few surviving armorers of the Confederacy.



JOSEPH BRANT'S MUSKET.

The musket recovered by Engineer Keer of Ottawa and supposed to have belonged to Chief Joseph Brant could not have been used in the battle of Lundy's Lane by the doughty Indian as alleged because Chief Brant died in 1807. It is believed, however, that the musket might have been used by Chief Brant's son, Joseph, who participated in the war of 1803. R. James, B. C. Can.



CATALOGUE OF THE
J. L. TRAVIS COLLECTION
OF ANTIQUE WEAPONS.

Number 133	No. of Ones Made Like It 500
Variety <i>Savage Army Revolver</i>	Original Cost <i>\$20 each</i>
<i>Cal. 36 S. & W. Pat. 1852</i>	Material <i>Iron, Steel & Wood</i>
General Name <i>Savage Revolver</i>	Condition <i>Inv. except stock</i>
Special Name <i>"Savage 3625"</i>	<i>Slightly Dented</i>
Patented <i>(1854) June 17, 1854</i>	Obtained From <i>P. K. F.</i>
Invented By <i>H. S. North</i>	A Brief History of Its Service <i>Carried</i>
Made By <i>Savage & Co. Conn.</i>	<i>during 1814 by C. Hubbs,</i>
When Made <i>1811-1862</i>	<i>a Federal Soldier</i>
Made For <i>U. S. Army</i>	<i>from Indiana</i>

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY
of
ANTIQUWEAPON COLLECTORS
A Fraternal and Historical organization for the collector of ancient arms. Founded April 1909. Address all communications to the Secretary, Geo. F. Brown, 5507 Howe Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Received too late for last issue

The American Society of Antique Weapon Collectors held a meeting at its headquarters, 6322 Frankstown Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., on Friday evening, September 29th with the following member present: President Otto J. Bierly, Vice President Dr. G. F. E. Wilhelm, Perry Johnston, S. Mildner, H. G. Reel, G. Yessell, E. Martin, J. E. Foss and Secretary Geo. F. Brown. A few rare pistols were exhibited by members and after some pleasant discussion the meeting was brought to a close. Next meeting, October 29th.

GEO. F. BROWN, Sec'y.

THE INDEX CARD CATALOGUE

IF YOU HAVE NOT already Catalogued your collection of Firearms, it is, no doubt, your intention to do so and we wish to call your attention to our Card Index System which consists of a series of cards, numbered consecutively, with small cards numbered to correspond with them. The cards are 6 by 9 inches in size, at the top of which is placed the name of the collection and on which are blank places showing the following specifications:—Variety, General Name, Special Name, Patented, Invented By, Made By, When Made, Made For, Number of Ones Made Like It, Original Cost, Material, Condition, Obtained From, and a Brief History of its Service. The number on the card is made to match that on a tag which is placed on the weapon.

The advantage of the Card System over the book catalogue is that in case a specimen is disposed of, you need only to destroy its special card and place in its stead one of like number. Therefore, it is not necessary to spoil the series as it is with a book.

These cards tags and are printed especially to your order and the prices in sets numbered printed with the collector's name on the top and postpaid are as follows:

- 100 SETS TAGS AND CARDS, \$1.50
- 250 SETS TAGS AND CARDS, \$2.75
- 500 SETS TAGS AND CARDS, \$4.00

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ATHENS : : : : TENNESSEE.

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Catalogues of the Van Rensselaer Sale of Firearms at 50 cents each. : : : :

The MELVIN-CLAYTON SALES CO.,
20 E. 20th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE PUBLISHER has a few extra copies of Magazine of Antique Firearms for the following months which are offered for sale at the regular price of 25 cents per copy: April, May, July, August and Sept. No copies are left of the June and October issues.

The numbers offered for sale above are positively the only back numbers to be had any where at any price.

BUREAU OF RESEARCH

The service of this bureau is free to all readers of this magazine. Those desiring information concerning old firearms shall be given authentic answers to any question directed to this bureau.

Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. The questions and answers of general interest will be published under this head each month. Address

BUREAU OF RESEARCH,
"Magazine of Antique Firearms,"
 Athens, Tennessee.

Question: 1. What is the rarity of Freeman's patent revolver of Dec. 12th, 1862? 2. Where can I find the best authorities on U. S. government horse pistols, flint and percussion lock? 3. What is an H. Aston or N. Johnson U. S. percussion pistol worth in fine condition? 4. Were Harper's Ferry and North horse pistols manufactured from 1806 to 1856? — W. H. K.

Answer: 1. The Freeman revolver in question must be rare. Specimens of Freeman revolvers in most collections are dated Dec. 6th, 1862. 2. Consult Vol. I Firearms in American History, Catalogue of U. S. Cartridge Co.'s collection, Mark Field Sale Catalogue, and files of this magazine. 3. There is no standard of prices for any firearm which the collector seeks. I know of collectors who have paid \$10 and \$12 for an H. Aston or an N. Johnson and others who have gotten just as good specimens for 25 cents each. There is a rule that will work in most instances where you are doubtful as to what to pay for an old firearm: Consider, first, what you feel like paying; don't exceed this amount, and, second, be sure to save as much as possible by buying for the least amount the owner will take. 4. Harper's Ferry pistols were made only for a few years after 1806.

Question: I have just secured a fine 6 shot revolver marked "JAMES WARNER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS." Calibre about .31. When was it made? — C. W.

Answer: It was made sometime in

the early fifties. If its cylinder is made to revolve by means of a shaft direct from the tumbler it is one of Warner's patent of Jan. 7, 1854. If the cylinder is revolved by a ratchet wheel it is one of Warner's July 28, 1857 patents.

Question: I have an old repeating pistol about 9 inches long with ring trigger resembling that of a Savage revolver. Magazine containing cartridges extends full length of barrel. Only mark is "PATENT 1854. NEW HAVEN, CONN." Who were its manufacturers? — G. J. J.

Answer: From description and drawing you sent I can safely say that you have a "Volcanic," made by the Volcanic Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

Question: I have a small pistol, about .40 or .41 calibre, steel frame, rifled barrel, length over all 5 inches. Barrel loads at breech with rim fire cartridges. Marked "X. L. DERRINGER, PATENTED APRIL 6, 1870." Was this specimen made by Henry Deringer of Philadelphia? — R. L. B.

Answer: If the trade mark is spelled with two R's DERRINGER as you give it, Henry Deringer evidently did not make it. See pages 34-32 Vol. I, No. 2 of this magazine.

Your paper *Antique Firearms* and Sawyer's book on the revolver have stirred up an abnormal demand for Paterson Colt arms, but the chances for every collector getting some of them is about the same as their being struck by lightning. — Davis Bros., Ohio.

**OLD GUNS AND PISTOLS.
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Heavy Kentucky Flint Rifle,
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Frank Wesson Carbine,
Lindner Carbine,
Sharp's Carbine with Maynard Tape
Lock.

Starr Carbine, 56 calibre, rim fire,
Maynard Carbine, with Tape Lock,
Palmer Carbine,
F. S. Musketoon,
Parker Snow Co. altered Musket,
Brown Bolt Action Musket,
Perry Rifle,
Henry Rifle, first model.

Murray Confederate Carbine—Col-
umbus, Ga.

Deringer F. S. Flint Rifle,
1808 F. S. "Henry" Flint Musket,
1835 F. S. "Waters" Flint Musket,
1818 F. S. "Springfield" Flint Musket,
1818 F. S. "Whitney" Flint Musket,
Sharp's Breech Loading rifle, 1st
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tols.

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ctic Travel, First Editions, Old China
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Pistols and Guns showing marked
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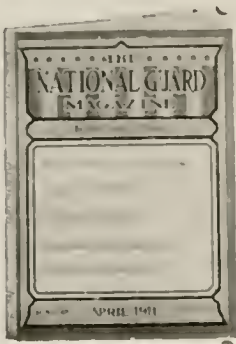
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ADDRESS
OF THE
PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES

DELIVERED AT A JOINT SESSION OF THE
TWO HOUSES OF CONGRESS

DECEMBER 2, 1913



WASHINGTON
1913



ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Congress:

In pursuance of my constitutional duty to "give to the Congress information of the state of the Union," I take the liberty of addressing you on several matters which ought, as it seems to me, particularly to engage the attention of your honorable bodies, as of all who study the welfare and progress of the Nation.

I shall ask your indulgence if I venture to depart in some degree from the usual custom of setting before you in formal review the many matters which have engaged the attention and called for the action of the several departments of the Government or which look to them for early treatment in the future, because the list is long, very long, and would suffer in the abbreviation to which I should have to subject it. I shall submit to you the reports of the heads of the several departments, in which these subjects are set forth in careful detail, and beg that they may receive the thoughtful attention of your committees and of all Members of the Congress who may have the leisure to study them. Their obvious importance, as constituting the very substance of the business of the Government, makes comment and emphasis on my part unnecessary.

The country, I am thankful to say, is at peace with all the world, and many happy manifestations multiply about us of a growing cordiality and sense of community of interest among the nations, foreshadowing an age of settled peace and good will. More and more readily each decade do the nations manifest their willingness to bind themselves by solemn treaty to the processes of peace, the processes of frankness and fair concession. So far the United States has stood at the front of such negotiations. She will, I earnestly hope and confidently believe, give fresh proof of her sincere adherence to the cause of international friendship by ratifying the several treaties of arbitration awaiting renewal by the Senate. In addition to these, it has been the privilege of the Department of State to gain the assent,

in principle, of no less than 31 nations, representing four-fifths of the population of the world, to the negotiation of treaties by which it shall be agreed that whenever differences of interest or of policy arise which can not be resolved by the ordinary processes of diplomacy they shall be publicly analyzed, discussed, and reported upon by a tribunal chosen by the parties before either nation determines its course of action.

There is only one possible standard by which to determine controversies between the United States and other nations, and that is compounded of these two elements: Our own honor and our obligations to the peace of the world. A test so compounded ought easily to be made to govern both the establishment of new treaty obligations and the interpretation of those already assumed.

There is but one cloud upon our horizon. That has shown itself to the south of us, and hangs over Mexico. There can be no certain prospect of peace in America until Gen. Huerta has surrendered his usurped authority in Mexico; until it is understood on all hands, indeed, that such pretended governments will not be countenanced or dealt with by the Government of the United States. We are the friends of constitutional government in America; we are more than its friends, we are its champions; because in no other way can our neighbors, to whom we would wish in every way to make proof of our friendship, work out their own development in peace and liberty. Mexico has no Government. The attempt to maintain one at the City of Mexico has broken down, and a mere military despotism has been set up which has hardly more than the semblance of national authority. It originated in the usurpation of Victoriano Huerta, who, after a brief attempt to play the part of constitutional President, has at last cast aside even the pretense of legal right and declared himself dictator. As a consequence, a condition of affairs now exists in Mexico which has made it doubtful whether even the most elementary and fundamental rights either of her own people or of the citizens of other countries resident within her territory can long be successfully safeguarded, and which threatens, if long continued, to imperil the interests of peace, order, and tolerable life in the lands immediately to the south of us. Even if the usurper had succeeded in his purposes, in despite of the constitution of the Republic and the rights of its people, he would have set up noth-

ing but a precarious and hateful power, which could have lasted but a little while, and whose eventual downfall would have left the country in a more deplorable condition than ever. But he has not succeeded. He has forfeited the respect and the moral support even of those who were at one time willing to see him succeed. Little by little he has been completely isolated. By a little every day his power and prestige are crumbling and the collapse is not far away. We shall not, I believe, be obliged to alter our policy of watchful waiting. And then, when the end comes, we shall hope to see constitutional order restored in distressed Mexico by the concert and energy of such of her leaders as prefer the liberty of their people to their own ambitions.

I turn to matters of domestic concern. You already have under consideration a bill for the reform of our system of banking and currency, for which the country waits with impatience, as for something fundamental to its whole business life and necessary to set credit free from arbitrary and artificial restraints. I need not say how earnestly I hope for its early enactment into law. I take leave to beg that the whole energy and attention of the Senate be concentrated upon it till the matter is successfully disposed of. And yet I feel that the request is not needed—that the Members of that great House need no urging in this service to the country.

I present to you, in addition, the urgent necessity that special provision be made also for facilitating the credits needed by the farmers of the country. The pending currency bill does the farmers a great service. It puts them upon an equal footing with other business men and masters of enterprise, as it should; and upon its passage they will find themselves quit of many of the difficulties which now hamper them in the field of credit. The farmers, of course, ask and should be given no special privilege, such as extending to them the credit of the Government itself. What they need and should obtain is legislation which will make their own abundant and substantial credit resources available as a foundation for joint, concerted local action in their own behalf in getting the capital they must use. It is to this we should now address ourselves.

It has, singularly enough, come to pass that we have allowed the industry of our farms to lag behind the other activities of the country in its development. I need not stop to tell you how fundamental

to the life of the Nation is the production of its food. Our thoughts may ordinarily be concentrated upon the cities and the hives of industry, upon the cries of the crowded market place and the clangor of the factory, but it is from the quiet interspaces of the open valleys and the free hillsides that we draw the sources of life and of prosperity, from the farm and the ranch, from the forest and the mine. Without these every street would be silent, every office deserted, every factory fallen into disrepair. And yet the farmer does not stand upon the same footing with the forester and the miner in the market of credit. He is the servant of the seasons. Nature determines how long he must wait for his crops, and will not be hurried in her processes. He may give his note, but the season of its maturity depends upon the season when his crop matures, lies at the gates of the market where his products are sold. And the security he gives is of a character not known in the broker's office or as familiarly as it might be on the counter of the banker.

The Agricultural Department of the Government is seeking to assist as never before to make farming an efficient business, of wide cooperative effort, in quick touch with the markets for foodstuffs. The farmers and the Government will henceforth work together as real partners in this field, where we now begin to see our way very clearly and where many intelligent plans are already being put into execution. The Treasury of the United States has, by a timely and well-considered distribution of its deposits, facilitated the moving of the crops in the present season and prevented the scarcity of available funds too often experienced at such times. But we must not allow ourselves to depend upon extraordinary expedients. We must add the means by which the farmer may make his credit constantly and easily available and command when he will the capital by which to support and expand his business. We lag behind many other great countries of the modern world in attempting to do this. Systems of rural credit have been studied and developed on the other side of the water while we left our farmers to shift for themselves in the ordinary money market. You have but to look about you in any rural district to see the result, the handicap and embarrassment which have been put upon those who produce our food.

Conscious of this backwardness and neglect on our part, the Congress recently authorized the creation of a special commission to study

the various systems of rural credit which have been put into operation in Europe, and this commission is already prepared to report. Its report ought to make it easier for us to determine what methods will be best suited to our own farmers. I hope and believe that the committees of the Senate and House will address themselves to this matter with the most fruitful results, and I believe that the studies and recently formed plans of the Department of Agriculture may be made to serve them very greatly in their work of framing appropriate and adequate legislation. It would be indiscreet and presumptuous in anyone to dogmatize upon so great and many-sided a question, but I feel confident that common counsel will produce the results we must all desire.

Turn from the farm to the world of business which centers in the city and in the factory, and I think that all thoughtful observers will agree that the immediate service we owe the business communities of the country is to prevent private monopoly more effectually than it has yet been prevented. I think it will be easily agreed that we should let the Sherman antitrust law stand, unaltered, as it is, with its debatable ground about it, but that we should as much as possible reduce the area of that debatable ground by further and more explicit legislation; and should also supplement that great act by legislation which will not only clarify it but also facilitate its administration and make it fairer to all concerned. No doubt we shall all wish, and the country will expect, this to be the central subject of our deliberations during the present session; but it is a subject so many-sided and so deserving of careful and discriminating discussion that I shall take the liberty of addressing you upon it in a special message at a later date than this. It is of capital importance that the business men of this country should be relieved of all uncertainties of law with regard to their enterprises and investments and a clear path indicated which they can travel without anxiety. It is as important that they should be relieved of embarrassment and set free to prosper as that private monopoly should be destroyed. The ways of action should be thrown wide open.

I turn to a subject which I hope can be handled promptly and without serious controversy of any kind. I mean the method of selecting nominees for the Presidency of the United States. I feel confident that I do not misinterpret the wishes or the expectations of

the country when I urge the prompt enactment of legislation which will provide for primary elections throughout the country at which the voters of the several parties may choose their nominees for the Presidency without the intervention of nominating conventions. I venture the suggestion that this legislation should provide for the retention of party conventions, but only for the purpose of declaring and accepting the verdict of the primaries and formulating the platforms of the parties; and I suggest that these conventions should consist not of delegates chosen for this single purpose, but of the nominees for Congress, the nominees for vacant seats in the Senate of the United States, the Senators whose terms have not yet closed, the national committees, and the candidates for the Presidency themselves, in order that platforms may be framed by those responsible to the people for carrying them into effect.

These are all matters of vital domestic concern, and besides them, outside the charmed circle of our own national life in which our affections command us, as well as our consciences, there stand out our obligations toward our territories over sea. Here we are trustees. Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, are ours, indeed, but not ours to do what we please with. Such territories, once regarded as mere possessions, are no longer to be selfishly exploited; they are part of the domain of public conscience and of serviceable and enlightened statesmanship. We must administer them for the people who live in them and with the same sense of responsibility to them as toward our own people in our domestic affairs. No doubt we shall successfully enough bind Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands to ourselves by ties of justice and interest and affection, but the performance of our duty toward the Philippines is a more difficult and debatable matter. We can satisfy the obligations of generous justice toward the people of Porto Rico by giving them the ample and familiar rights and privileges accorded our own citizens in our own territories and our obligations toward the people of Hawaii by perfecting the provisions for self-government already granted them, but in the Philippines we must go further. We must hold steadily in view their ultimate independence, and we must move toward the time of that independence as steadily as the way can be cleared and the foundations thoughtfully and permanently laid. ✓

Acting under the authority conferred upon the President by Congress, I have already accorded the people of the islands a majority in both houses of their legislative body by appointing five instead of four native citizens to the membership of the commission. I believe that in this way we shall make proof of their capacity in counsel and their sense of responsibility in the exercise of political power, and that the success of this step will be sure to clear our view for the steps which are to follow. Step by step we should extend and perfect the system of self-government in the islands, making test of them and modifying them as experience discloses their successes and their failures; that we should more and more put under the control of the native citizens of the archipelago the essential instruments of their life, their local instrumentalities of government, their schools, all the common interests of their communities, and so by counsel and experience set up a government which all the world will see to be suitable to a people whose affairs are under their own control. At last, I hope and believe, we are beginning to gain the confidence of the Filipino peoples. By their counsel and experience, rather than by our own, we shall learn how best to serve them and how soon it will be possible and wise to withdraw our supervision. Let us once find the path and set out with firm and confident tread upon it and we shall not wander from it or linger upon it.

A duty faces us with regard to Alaska which seems to me very pressing and very imperative; perhaps I should say a double duty, for it concerns both the political and the material development of the Territory. The people of Alaska should be given the full Territorial form of government, and Alaska, as a storehouse, should be unlocked. One key to it is a system of railways. These the Government should itself build and administer, and the ports and terminals it should itself control in the interest of all who wish to use them for the service and development of the country and its people.

But the construction of railways is only the first step; is only thrusting in the key to the storehouse and throwing back the lock and opening the door. How the tempting resources of the country are to be exploited is another matter, to which I shall take the liberty of from time to time calling your attention, for it is a policy which must be worked out by well-considered stages, not upon theory,

but upon lines of practical expediency. It is part of our general problem of conservation. We have a freer hand in working out the problem in Alaska than in the States of the Union; and yet the principle and object are the same, wherever we touch it. We must use the resources of the country, not lock them up. There need be no conflict or jealousy as between State and Federal authorities, for there can be no essential difference of purpose between them. The resources in question must be used, but not destroyed or wasted; used, but not monopolized upon any narrow idea of individual rights as against the abiding interests of communities. That a policy can be worked out by conference and concession which will release these resources and yet not jeopard or dissipate them, I for one have no doubt; and it can be done on lines of regulation which need be no less acceptable to the people and governments of the States concerned than to the people and Government of the Nation at large, whose heritage these resources are. We must bend our counsels to this end. A common purpose ought to make agreement easy.

Three or four matters of special importance and significance I beg that you will permit me to mention in closing.

Our Bureau of Mines ought to be equipped and empowered to render even more effectual service than it renders now in improving the conditions of mine labor and making the mines more economically productive as well as more safe. This is an all-important part of the work of conservation; and the conservation of human life and energy lies even nearer to our interest than the preservation from waste of our material resources.

We owe it, in mere justice to the railway employees of the country, to provide for them a fair and effective employers' liability act; and a law that we can stand by in this matter will be no less to the advantage of those who administer the railroads of the country than to the advantage of those whom they employ. The experience of a large number of the States abundantly proves that.

We ought to devote ourselves to meeting pressing demands of plain justice like this as earnestly as to the accomplishment of political and economic reforms. Social justice comes first. Law is the machinery for its realization and is vital only as it expresses and embodies it. ✓

An international congress for the discussion of all questions that affect safety at sea is now sitting in London at the suggestion of our own Government. So soon as the conclusions of that congress can be learned and considered we ought to address ourselves, among other things, to the prompt alleviation of the very unsafe, unjust, and burdensome conditions which now surround the employment of sailors and render it extremely difficult to obtain the services of spirited and competent men such as every ship needs if it is to be safely handled and brought to port.

May I not express the very real pleasure I have experienced in cooperating with this Congress and sharing with it the labors of common service to which it has devoted itself so unreservedly during the past seven months of uncomplaining concentration upon the business of legislation? Surely it is a proper and pertinent part of my report on "the state of the Union" to express my admiration for the diligence, the good temper, and the full comprehension of public duty which has already been manifested by both the Houses; and I hope that it may not be deemed an impertinent intrusion of myself into the picture if I say with how much and how constant satisfaction I have availed myself of the privilege of putting my time and energy at their disposal alike in counsel and in action.





Confederate Veteran.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

MAY, 1913

FIFTH NUMBER



Signal Mountain Inn

ELEVATION, 2,000 FEET

Modern fireproof stone structure, equipped with every luxury and convenience of the modern all-year resort.

Mineral and freestone water.

Beautiful colonial dining room.

Magnificent grill room of the Old English Tavern style.

Cuisine a model of modern hygiene.

Every opportunity for outdoor recreation: golf links, tennis courts, automobile driveways, carriage drives, and horseback paths.

Rates, \$1.50 per day and up. European plan.

Monthly rates on application.

For further particulars, address

F. W. de FRIESS, Manager



Signal Mountain Place

Chattanooga's new high-class suburban addition, situated on Signal Mountain, 2,000 feet above sea level, a few miles from the center of the city.

This addition contains all the modern improvements of the city, including complete water lines, sewer lines, electric light lines, telephone lines, and street car service to the heart of the city.



THIS property is also covered with wise restrictions so necessary to the maintenance of first-class property.

Above improvements, which are made by the company, together with the hotel and parks, enable residents to enjoy the pleasures and comforts of the country combined with the conveniences and privileges of the city.

Prices of lots range from \$350 to \$4,000, according to size and location.

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The Chattanooga Corporation

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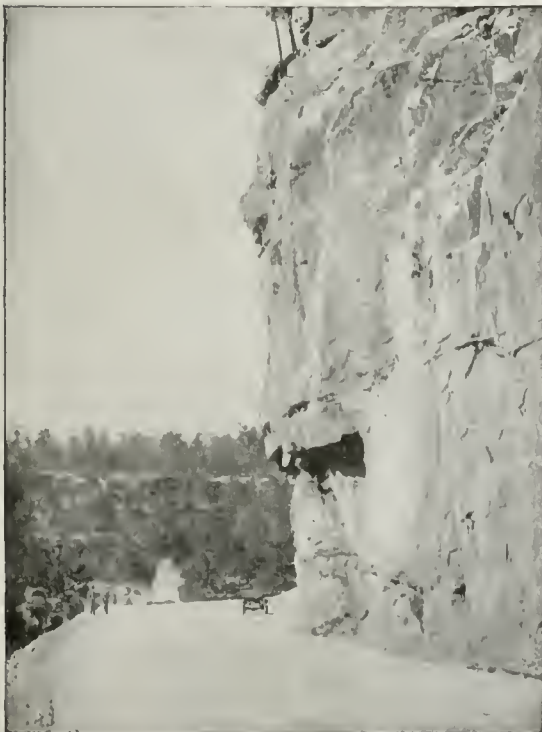
Tennessee



WILLIAMS POINT, SIGNAL MOUNTAIN
Elevation, 1,500 Feet



VIEW OF SIGNAL MOUNTAIN
Automobile Boulevard



JONES POINT
Elevation of Road, 1,500 Feet. Bluff, 300 Feet High



WATERFALL ADJOINING HOTEL GROUNDS
Elevation, 1,500 Feet at Falls and Lake



When you look at your watch you want to feel sure that it is telling you the truth.

A minute or two means much to you if you have an important appointment or a train to catch.

When you buy a watch here you have our guarantee that it will keep time correctly from the very moment it enters your possession. We adjust it thoroughly before it leaves the store.

**WE GUARANTEE BOTH
MOVEMENT AND CASE**

We are offering exceptional values in
WATCHES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

The very best makes, in solid gold and gold filled cases

Ladies' Watches

- 20-year Gold Filled,
with Elgin or Wal-
tham movement..... \$12.50 to \$16.50
- 25-year Gold Filled,
with Elgin or Wal-
tham movement..... 14.00 to 30.00
- 14K. Solid Gold, with
Elgin or Waltham
movement..... 18.00 to 40.00
- Watch Bracelets, \$10 and up.

Gentlemen's Watches

- This Model Silverize Watch,
with Elgin movement..... \$ 5 50
- 20-year Gold Filled..... 12.50
- 25-year Gold Filled..... 15.00
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Any watch sent by prepaid ex-
press with privilege of return-
ing if not satisfactory.

Our new store is the finest
Jewelry Store in the entire
South.

THE
**B. H. STIEF
JEWELRY
COMPANY**

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CHURCH STREET
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NASHVILLE, TENN.



Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the *VETERAN* is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *VETERAN* is the best advertising medium for the entire South.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. {
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1913.

No. 5.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

CHATTANOOGA ISSUE OF THE VETERAN.

"For reasons that will justify, it is proposed to make the May *VETERAN* a distinctively Chattanooga number. Such a proposition was never before made to any city; but Chattanooga was for several years the home of the Editor, and his associations are so connected with that thriving, enterprising city that it is quite fitting and pleasing to send abroad the most attractive issue of the *VETERAN* that has ever been published, and to devote largely the space to a showing of that thrifty, clan-nish people—clannish in the sense of coöperating for general prosperity. Such an issue will interest a multitude of survivors, especially of the Army of Tennessee and of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

"The large and expensive issue will be devoted to a business showing of the many prosperous industries of the city in spaces of from one-fourth page to two pages—not more. Advertising of the most attractive nature is specially sought. The paper used will be so fine that any engraving may be printed with fine effect. For every dollar spent with this edition a copy of the *VETERAN* will be supplied free, if request be made in time. With liberal coöperation in this way, the edition will be a valued historic souvenir worthy of preservation for generations not yet numbered." * * *

The foregoing was distributed with prints of many of the rare engravings herein reproduced, and it was designed to accomplish more for the advancement of Chattanooga than all of the other publications that would be issued, as it is to be read carefully by many thousands who would go to the Reunion. Such an unstinted plan of service, it was believed,

would be appreciated. An efficient representative was engaged especially for the purpose of seeing the people who should take advantage of the extraordinary opportunity. The Retail Merchants' Association, incredible as it may seem, has its "clearing house," and it had adopted a rule not to advertise in any other publication than local. The representative of the *VETERAN* was diligent for weeks, receiving many courtesies from members of the Association, but was unable to induce them to change the rule. This is the first time in the *VETERAN*'s twenty years of official representation of all the Confederate organizations that such a thing has occurred. Other associations were slow to coöperate, and these reasons account for disappointment that may appear in these eighty pages. However, the best possible under these conditions has been done.

It is a sad comment that a city asking the Reunion in the South has a business organization that is so ignorant of conditions as to ignore, if not defy, an interest that is sacred to all the representative people who will be in attendance. Chattanooga is not the only city with a clearing house. Even a Nashville bank that had been advertising in the *VETERAN* was required to cancel its contract of \$4 per month because the "clearing house" demanded it, although it had been the exclusive bank of the publication for nearly twenty years.

The peculiar situation, the business spaces not being ordered until so late a period, causes the hold-over of much intended for this issue and an awkwardness in the make-up that is regretted. It is expected that the June number will be issued in time for distribution at the Reunion.



BRIDGE OVER TENNESSEE RIVER, CHATTANOOGA, BUILT BY THE ARMY SERVICE FORCE IN OCTOBER, 1863.

PROGRAM OF PARADES.

TWENTY-THIRD REUNION U. C. V., CHATTANOOGA, MAY 27-29.

On May 27, at 9 A.M., Eleventh United States Cavalry, commanded by Col. James Lockett; at 4 P.M., all sponsors, maids of honor, and distinguished women in automobiles.

On May 28, at 4 P.M., sons of Confederate soldiers and all militia companies.

On May 29, at 11 A.M., the United Confederate Veterans, with sponsors and maids of honor of the Commander in Chief, the Lieutenant, and Major Generals.

ORDERS OF FORMATION AND MARCH.

The Veterans' plan of march in order designated:

Platoon mounted police riding fifty paces in advance.

Grand Marshal John P. Hickman and Maj. W. J. Bass, with General Hickman's staff.

Eleventh Cavalry Band, mounted, fifty paces in advance.

Commander in Chief Gen. Bennett H. Young and staff; sponsor of the South, Miss Kate Daffan, and maids of honor in carriages, accompanied by two outriders, Capt. Jack M. Bass and Capt. George P. Smartt, special aids on the staff of General Young; Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, and other officers of Confederate Southern Memorial Association in carriages.

Trans-Mississippi Department.

Lieut. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, commanding Department, and staff; sponsor and maids of honor in carriages.

Maj. Gen. Felix Robertson, commanding Texas Division, and staff, headed by a band; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Texas veterans in auto trucks; followed by Texas Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. Thomas Green, commanding Arkansas Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Arkansas veterans in auto trucks; followed by Arkansas Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. J. Will Hall, commanding Missouri Division, and staff, headed by a band; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Missouri veterans in auto trucks; followed by Missouri Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. D. M. Hailey, commanding Oklahoma Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Oklahoma veterans in auto trucks; followed by Oklahoma Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. J. P. Reins, commanding Northwest Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble veterans in auto trucks; followed by Northwest Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. William C. Harrison, commanding Pacific Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble veterans in auto trucks; followed by Pacific Brigades in numerical order.

Department of Army of Northern Virginia.

Lieut. Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, commanding Department,



GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, COMMANDER IN CHIEF.



SCENES IN CHATTANOOGA DURING THE WAR, 1863.

and staff, headed by a band; Department sponsor and maids of honor in carriages.

Maj. Gen. Stith Bolling, commanding Virginia Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Virginia veterans in auto trucks; followed by Virginia Brigades marching in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, commanding Maryland Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Maryland veterans in auto trucks; followed by Maryland Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. Julian S. Carr, commanding North Carolina Division, and staff, headed by a band; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble North Carolina veterans in auto trucks; followed by North Carolina Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. B. H. Teagne, commanding South Carolina Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble South Carolina veterans in auto trucks; followed by South Carolina Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. Charles S. Peyton, commanding West Virginia Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble West Virginia veterans in auto trucks; followed by West Virginia Brigades in numerical order.

Department of Army of Tennessee.

Lieut. Gen. George P. Harrison, commanding Department, and staff, headed by a band; Department sponsor and maids of honor in carriages.

Maj. Gen. Harvey E. Jones, commanding Alabama Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Alabama veterans in auto trucks; followed by Alabama Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. B. W. Partridge, commanding Florida Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Florida veterans in auto trucks; followed by Florida Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. H. A. Davenport, commanding Georgia Division, and staff, headed by a band; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Georgia veterans in auto trucks; followed by Georgia Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. W. B. Haldeman, commanding Kentucky Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Kentucky veterans in auto trucks; followed by Kentucky Brigades in numerical order.

Maj. Gen. Thomas J. Shaffer, commanding Louisiana Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Louisiana veterans in auto trucks.

Maj. Gen. Patrick Henry, commanding Mississippi Division, and staff, headed by a band; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Mississippi veterans in auto trucks; followed by Mississippi Brigades in numerical order.

Brig. Gen. Robert C. Crouch, commanding Tennessee Division, and staff; Division sponsor and maids of honor in carriages; feeble Tennessee veterans in auto trucks; followed by Tennessee Brigades in numerical order.

Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

Maj. Gen. H. A. Tyler, commanding, and staff, accompanied by Dr. John Allen Wyeth; Corps sponsor and maids of honor; feeble veterans in auto trucks; followed by mounted veterans in numerical order.

The United Confederate Veterans parade will exclude all except what is specifically set out in order of formation. Under the unanimous action of the Convention held at Birmingham, Ala., no woman shall appear in any parade of the United Confederate Veterans riding astride, as they are in the parades representing the women of the South prior to Appomattox. The Aids to the Assistant Chief Marshal will put the commands in line, and shall exclude all parties not mentioned herein.

John P. Hickman, Commandant Tennessee Division, U. C. V., is chief marshal, and W. J. Bass, of local parade committee, is assistant chief marshal.

THE VETERAN (TWENTY VOLUMES) IN ARKANSAS COLLEGE.—On April 12 Dr. Eugene R. Long, President of the Arkansas College, at Batesville, placed in its library the twenty volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, splendidly bound, as a gift from Col. V. Y. Cook, of Batesville. Dr. Long writes in acknowledgment: "Much of the really valuable material in recent years has been incorporated in magazines, and no part of a public library of to-day is more important than that section. No periodical publication, if I mistake not, having the Confederacy as its topic has survived as long as this one; and I will place it upon a list of magazines ordered for our reading room, beginning with Volume XXI., and keep set intact." Colonel Cook has been as unstinted with his time and his money for the Confederate cause as any survivor. Years ago the VETERAN credited him with having done more than any other man to give Arkansas its rightful position in history for the cause of the South.

THE STORY STONEMALL JACKSON LAUGHED AT.—We were coming from Strasburg, Va., to Winchester in an omnibus, General Jackson and part of his staff. I was with my father, Maj. Wells Hawks, who told this story: "In the early days a Pilgrim father was going out in the woods with his gun. He met a man who asked: 'Where are you going?' 'Out in the woods.' 'Why do you carry your gun?' 'I might meet an Indian.' 'I thought you were a Calvinist.' 'I am a Calvinist.' 'Don't you believe you can't die till your time comes?' 'I know I can't die till my time comes.' 'Then why carry a gun?' 'Because I might meet an Indian whose time had come.' And General Jackson laughed."—*M. M. Logge, in Lippincott's.*



JOHN P. HICKMAN, MAJOR GENERAL, U. C. V.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

DEDICATION OF RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

June 9 is the date fixed for whatever of ceremony there may be in placing the bronze memorial to Col. Richard Owen in the Capitol building at Indianapolis as a tribute from Confederates who were prisoners in Camp Morton in 1862 and their friends.

This unprecedented undertaking has elicited widespread concern and sympathy throughout the country. Dr. William L. Brown, President of the Indiana University, wrote: "I am profoundly interested in the erection of a monument to Col. Richard Owen. Your proposal seems to me one of the most remarkable in the history of our country. I should think it altogether likely that the President of the United States, who in his person represents the North and the South, would feel that such an occasion called for his presence." This letter was sent to the Vice President, to whom all deference is held, and the following communications have been received from him:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., April 22, 1913.

"I thank you for your kind letter with reference to the unveiling of the bust of Colonel Owen. I do not see how it is going to be possible for me now to suggest a date, unless that day should be June 9, it being necessary for me to be in Indianapolis on June 10. I am afraid to suggest any other, for Congress may be in session and I could not go. I will address the President with reference to the matter, and will in due season communicate to you his response."

On April 25 the Vice President wrote: "I have communicated with the President, who says that if anything would induce him to make an exception to his rule your proposal would; but that he has made a solemn pledge to attend strictly to political duties the first year in office, and is compelled, regretfully, to decline. Sincerely yours, THOS. R. MARSHALL."

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FROM APRIL VETERAN.

A Southern Woman, \$1; Mrs. J. W. Cates, Maryville, Tenn., \$1; J. J. Rogers, Tupelo, Miss., \$5; A. F. Evans, Huntsville, Ala., \$1; W. S. Grimes, Wapulla, Ia., \$5; Capt. M. S. Cockrill, Nashville, \$5; F. H. Weston, Columbia, S. C., \$1; Col. A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, Mo. (additional), \$14; Ed DeMondel, Hondo, Tex., \$1; W. K. Sutherlin, Shreveport, La., \$2; B. L. Wynn, Charleston, Miss., \$1; M. L. Morrison, Kingston, Tenn., \$1; Geo. Harvey, Canton, Miss., \$5; W. T. Redwood, Brooksville, Miss., \$1; W. H. Moon, Goodwater, Ala., \$1; G. A. Broasnaham, Pensacola, Fla., \$1; John T. Heard, Robinson, Ga., \$1; W. C. Pryor, La Grange, Ky., \$1; H. A. Russell, Atlanta, Ga., \$1; Oklahoma Chapter U. D. C., Oklahoma City, Okla., \$2.50; Mrs. M. Livingstone, Lockney, Tex., \$1; H. A. Crane, Savannah, Ga., \$2; W. S. Davidson, Beaumont, Tex.; O. S. Morton, Richmond, Va., \$1.

Some of the foregoing were published in connection with letters on the subject, but omitted from the tabulated list.

This excellent work, which is satisfactorily made under most economical plans, will be dedicated and payments made by S. A. Cunningham, who will appreciate cooperation of friends.

PANAMA CANAL PROSPECTS.

So important and so deeply interesting is the Panama Canal undertaking that it is designed to publish more about it from time to time. A special from Washington, D. C., of April 22 states: "Colonel Goethals, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, in a report to the War Department reiterates the hope he expressed some time ago that he would pass a ship through the canal before the close of the present year. The statement came in response to an inquiry from Secretary Garrison as to whether it would be possible to grant the request of Captain Amundsen, the explorer, that he be allowed to take his ship Fram through the canal when he starts for the Antaretic regions from the west coast of South America next winter. Colonel Goethals said: 'The opening of the Panama Canal for the passage of vessels has always been predicated on the question of slides and the completion of the lock gates. The present schedule contemplates admitting the water into Culebra Cut early in October and the completion of one flight of locks at each end of the canal by that date. The passage of boats then depends upon the condition of the slides. It is hoped that we will be able to pass a ship before the close of the year; and if this can be accomplished, the Fram will have no difficulty in making the transit of the canal, and every facility will be offered for its doing so. No assurances, however, can be given in the matter at this time.'"

More miscellaneous data, with illustrations of the great locks, will be a feature of interest ere long in the VETERAN.



MR. FRANK S. WASHBURN,

Author of article on Panama Canal in April VETERAN.

William P. Ball, of Monterey, Cal., writes of some heavy losses in his cattle and sheep down in Old Mexico. All of his horses and fine cattle were lost, and out of twenty thousand sheep he managed to save five thousand. He would like to meet with "the boys" at Chattanooga, but says he cannot do it, as he is now ninety-one years old and "begins to feel weak and feeble."

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG COMMISSION.

Pennsylvania, by Act of the State Assembly approved May 13, 1909, created the above Commission, which was to consider and arrange for a proper and fitting observance at Gettysburg of the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle with authority to invite the coöperation of Congress and of other States and commonwealths. That Commission formally invited Congress and her sister States and commonwealths to participate. They also invited the coöperation and participation of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the United Confederate Veterans. In June, 1910, Congress created a joint special committee of coöperation.

Each State, commonwealth, and Territory, the District of Columbia, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska, by their respective Governors, has an accredited representative, and both the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans appointed a general committee thereon respectively.

In October, 1910, Pennsylvania invited and arranged for the first general conference of her Commission, the Congressional committee, officers of the War Department, the representatives to her Commission, including the chairmen of the G. A. R. and U. C. V. committees, at Gettysburg, Pa. This was followed, in May, 1912, and January, 1913, at Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia, Pa., respectively, to be followed by the fourth conference early in May at Gettysburg, when all remaining details will be perfected. At these general conferences it was decided that the celebration shall be a great reunion at Gettysburg, Pa., from the North, South, East, and West of veterans of the War of the States July 1-4, 1913.

Pennsylvania will provide at Gettysburg during July 1, 2, 3, and 4, 1913, for forty thousand "honorably discharged veterans of the War of the States," and it and the Federal government will each pay \$150,000 for the War Department. With the \$300,000 they will create and maintain a great camp around the battle field, complete in all its provisions of camp and garrison equipment, with all quar-



JOSEPH F. SHIPP, QUARTERMASTER GENERAL, U. C. V.

[General Shipp has held this office throughout the career of the organization, and has ever been one of its most faithful members.]

termaster, commissary, hospital, and other necessary supplies ample for such forty thousand veterans.

The camp comprises about two hundred and eighty contiguous acres, starting about two hundred yards from the high-water mark monument on the battle field and lying to the southwest of the town and partly upon the scene of the first day's fight. It consists of 5,000 tents, with a capacity of twelve men each, but now to hold but eight veterans, each veteran being supplied with a separate cot, blanket, and mess kit (the latter to become his property), each tent to contain also two hand basins, one water bucket, and two lanterns for candles and candles for each. Towels, soap, and other toilet articles must be provided by the veteran himself. Meals are to be served him at tables adjoining the kitchen at the end of each company street. His baggage must be restricted to hand baggage only, the handling and care of which rests with him. All mail matter and telegrams must be plainly addressed to the individual veteran, giving also the State delegation to which he belongs. The Pennsylvania Commission will have charge of the order of exercises during the celebration; the physical control of the camp and grounds and the movements of troops and marching bodies therein are to be in charge of the Secretary of War under officers detailed by him.

Upon a State, through its representative to the Commission, advising definitely how many veterans will be present from that State as guests, the Pennsylvania Commission will assign to that State a section of the camp, with sufficient tents, but making no assignments save to an entire State.



THE FAMOUS RAILROAD CUT AT ALLATOONA, GA.

To avoid congesting by the railroads at Gettysburg in bringing and taking away our guests, the camp will be opened in complete readiness for the reception of veterans on Sunday, June 29, 1913, the first meal to be served being supper that evening, and will continue open until the following Sunday, July 6, 1913, the last meal to be served being breakfast that morning, no one under any circumstances whatsoever being allowed in the camp before or after these dates.

Only veterans of the War of the States may be provided food, shelter, and entertainment within the great camp around the battle field; therefore no woman nor child nor any man not such veteran will be given such food, shelter, or entertainment therein, and no veteran accompanied at Gettysburg by a woman or child or man not such veteran will be given any such food, shelter, or entertainment, and no sleeping, toilet, or other arrangements that would make it possible for women or children to sleep or be fed in the camp. No veteran should bring to Gettysburg any member of his family or other person for whom he will so have to obtain food and quarters outside the camp, unless all arrangements therefor have first been made and secured by him for them before he or they come to Gettysburg.

That the great Reunion may be enjoyed fully, only those for whom provision has been made will be entertained.

There will be exacted authentic credentials from every individual veteran showing him to be an honorably discharged veteran (pension certificates will suffice).

The Trunk Line Passenger Association, in which territory Gettysburg is, has granted a one and three-fifths round trip excursion rate, good going June 25 and returning to original starting point by July 15, a twenty-day ticket good only on same route going and coming and costing two cents per mile; but each State must make its own arrangements with similar associations covering the territory from that State to Pennsylvania. The railroads at Gettysburg refuse, because of lack of room, to park any cars on side tracks.

The program for the four days' exercises and entertainment is not yet perfected, but the tentative suggestions are:

July 1 is Veterans' Day. There will be appropriate exercises under the joint direction of the Pennsylvania Commission and the Commanders in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans.

July 2 is Military Day, and will be under the direction of the chief of staff of the United States army. Special detachments of each arm of the regular service may participate.

July 3 is Civic Day, for orations, a sermon, and music.

July 4 is National Day. The Chief Justice of the United States will preside. Forenoon, oration by the President of the United States; high noon, he to lay the corner stone of a great peace memorial; evening, fireworks.

A great tent, seating between ten thousand and fifteen thousand veterans, will be erected immediately adjoining the camp, and therein will occur the above exercises, excepting the military parade and fireworks, and therein, save for the hours set apart for the above exercises, the veterans may hold all reunions they may desire, the tent being arranged to be subdivided into numerous separate inclosures. All such organizations desiring to hold therein such reunions must address, before June 1, Lieut. Col. Lewis E. Beitler, Secretary Pennsylvania-Gettysburg Commission, Room No. 509 Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa., stating explicitly the name of the organization or association, the day, date, and hour reservation is desired, and as accurately as possible the number of veterans

who will participate therein. All such reunions therein will be allowed only after due and formal application is so made, and official reservation is granted by letter to the proper officer of such organization. All veterans of the War of the States, North and South, are urged to wear their army, corps, division, brigade, and society badges as a means of identification to their comrades in like commands, in the expectation that it will assist in imparting information as to when and where their different organizations meet and in bringing together comrades who would otherwise by reason of lapse of time fail to recognize each other.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM SOUTHERN STATES.

Alabama: Hon. E. M. Byrne, Selma.

Arkansas: Maj. Gen. James F. Smith, Little Rock.

Florida: Gen. E. M. Law, Bartow.

Georgia: Gen. Andrew J. West, Atlanta.

Kentucky: Col. Andrew Cowan (Chairman), Louisville.

Louisiana: Col. J. B. Sinnott, New Orleans.

Maryland: Capt. John R. King (Chairman), Baltimore.

Mississippi: Col. W. A. Montgomery, Edwards.

Missouri: Col. T. B. Rodgers, G. A. R. Headquarters, St. Louis.

North Carolina: Sergt. J. C. Scarborough, Winton.

Oklahoma: Hon. William Higgins, Bartlesville.

South Carolina: Hon. W. Jasper Talbert, Parksville.



HON. H. CLAY EVANS, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

[Member of Congress, First Assistant Postmaster-General, United States Commissioner of Pensions, Consul General to London, now city official in Chattanooga.]

Tennessee: Hon. Luke E. Wright, Memphis.
 Texas: Gen. Felix H. Robertson, Crawford.
 Virginia: Gen. J. Thompson Brown, Richmond.
 West Virginia: Gen. Romeo H. Freer, Harrisville.

U. C. V. COMMISSION ON GETTYSBURG REUNION.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker (Chairman), Charleston, S. C.; Col. W. W. Screws, Montgomery, Ala.; Gen. Thomas Green, Sr., Pine Bluff, Ark.; Gen. A. D. Williams, Jacksonville, Fla.; Col. W. N. Harrison, Atlanta, Ga.; Col. George C. Norton, Louisville, Ky.; Gen. T. W. Castleman, 202 New Courthouse Building, New Orleans, La.; Col. Bartlett S. Johnston, Baltimore, Md.; Hon. T. E. Cooper, Jackson, Miss.; Gen. J. William Towson, Shelbina, Mo.; Hon. A. W. Graham, Oxford, N. C.; Gen. John Threadgill, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Col. C. K. Henderson, Aiken, S. C.; Col. S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.; Gen. Felix H. Robertson, Crawford, Tex.; Gen. J. Thompson Brown, Richmond, Va.; Col. R. Preston Chew, Charlestown, Jefferson County, W. Va.; J. P. Rains, Esq., Butte, Mont.; Gen. W. C. Harrison, Los Angeles, Cal.



WHEN FIRST CANNON WAS FIRED AT CHICKAMAUGA.

SAW GEN. LEE ON FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN C. M'INNIS, LARGO, FLA.

I know of my own knowledge that General Lee was at Gettysburg on the first day of the battle, for I saw him there. I belonged to Company 1, 52d North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division. We opened the fight with Archer's Tennessee Brigade. We heard the guns in front as we came on, and as we got nearer we saw that we were in the lead that morning. We filed to the right, marching by fours, and right-faced in line of battle, the 52d being on the extreme right, with the 26th North Carolina on our left.

General Reynolds, of the Federal army, was killed here and General Archer wounded and captured. We held our lines with some fierce fighting until after twelve o'clock. We then made a charge and drove the enemy back across Willoughby Run and routed them. It was here that the 26th lost so heavily. Our captain too was killed, but we had them on the run. After that we right-about faced and marched back over the hill, about-faced again, then marched about three hundred yards to the right. This was on Willoughby Run. General Lee was sitting on his horse just across the Run, and we boys cheered him. He raised his hat. It was about 3:15 in the afternoon. I knew him well.

Pettigrew's Brigade did not fight on the second day. We rested till late in the evening, then moved to the right, where General Barksdale was killed in the peach orchard. I was wounded the third day right up at the stone wall where Colonel Marshall, of the 52d North Carolina, was killed. I was just a boy then and remember vividly every detail of the great fight that came within my knowledge.

Dr. C. B. Fleet, of Lynchburg, Va., to W. G. McDowell:

"I have read with interest your article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of March entitled 'Gen. R. E. Lee at Gettysburg on the First Day.' Permit me to add a little incident corroborative of what you there state. I belonged to the Fredericksburg Artillery, and we opened that battle, having our first position in front of a brick building (a tavern, I think) about three or four miles from Gettysburg on the road from Cashtown. We moved forward to three other positions during the day. When we took our third position, there was a railroad cut diagonally across our front in which were a number of the enemy's infantry who were annoying us with Minie balls. One of the companies of our battalion soon drove them out with a well-directed shot fired into the cut. In falling back this regiment left, a hundred yards more or less in their front, two flags in the ground, a regimental and a United States national flag. Immediately three men from each side rushed forward to secure these flags. General firing had ceased for a while, and these men had a hand-to-hand contest over these flags with shots from each side, with the result that two of each side were disabled (killed or wounded), and one Yankee carried off one of the flags, while the Confederate rushed



NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST,

Grandson of the "Wizard of the Saddle" and the efficient Adjutant General of the U. S. C. V.

successfully back to our lines with the other, amid the rousing cheers of his comrades. The bravery of this little contest thrilled every heart.

"General Lee was told of the episode, and about two o'clock rode up near our battery and called for this gallant soldier and thanked him in his dignified, courteous way for his action and told him that he would see that it was reported to the War Department in Richmond. I was within five feet of him as he sat on Traveler and heard every word he said. I remember thinking at the time that I would have been willing to lose an arm to be the recipient of such praise from such a source. I could get numbers of men of my own company to corroborate this statement if necessary."

ALL STATES OF THE CONFEDERACY SHOULD ACT.

J. Thompson Brown, Commissioner of Virginia, writes from Richmond, Va., to Maj. Gen. Stith Bolling, commanding the Virginia Division, U. C. V. (Petersburg, Va.), which letter applies in its purpose to all the States:

"As Commissioner for the State of Virginia, Gettysburg Celebration, July 1-4, I request of you the number of comrades of the Virginia Division, U. C. V., that you wish camping and commissary arrangements made for at the coming celebration on the battle field of Gettysburg, July 1-4, 1913. As soon as your report is received preparations for quartermaster and commissary accommodations for the number you will report will at once be ordered. The great importance of the earliest practicable information is because ample and abundant preparations will be made but for only the number you report. While the preparations necessitated for the sheltering and feeding of this vast army of veterans now being made by our generous host, the State of Pennsylvania, will be ample and abundant for all veterans officially reported as attendants, nevertheless these preparations are limited. The Virginia Division, U. C. V., is requested to be prompt in forwarding its report as soon as practicable to be approximately accurate. Request has been made of the Grand Commander of Virginia asking for a report of all veterans in the State of Virginia not members of the Virginia Division, U. C. V."

In another circular letter General Bolling urges prompt attention and that the above facts be made known in all Camps. Comrades and the public should remember that the government at Washington has appropriated \$150,000, the same as that contributed for the success of the Gettysburg gathering.

VIRGINIANS URGED TO ATTEND CHATTANOOGA REUNION.

Maj. Gen. Stith Bolling, of Petersburg, Va., issues "General Orders No. 8," and, after the usual notices about payment of dues, etc., states:

"The citizens of Chattanooga have thrown open their doors this the second time and invited the survivors of the Confederacy to partake of their hospitality. The General commanding most earnestly requests all old soldiers of Virginia who can do so to attend this Reunion and show our hosts our appreciation of their hospitality by aiding them in making this gathering of "Old Vets" and their friends a memorable occasion. Railroad rates for the Reunion will be the usual reduced rates for the round-trip tickets.

"The General commanding with pleasure announces, at the request of the President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederate Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time and place."

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

[A clipping from an old scrapbook gives the following dramatic picture of one of the saddest tragedies of the great war from the Charleston Mercury.]

The Yankees from time to time throw a shell into the city, and nobody seems to mind it. But misfortune willed that a shell should throw the entire community into mourning.

Miss Anna Pickens, the daughter of our former Governor, never consented to leave the city. Despite the representations of General Beauregard, she remained, braving shells and "Greek" fire, tending the wounded, and cheering all with her presence. Among the wounded officers under her ministering care was Mr. Andrew de Rochelle, a descendant of one of the noblest Huguenot families of this city. This young man was full of the liveliest gratitude for his fair nurse. Gratitude gave birth to a more tender sentiment, his suit was listened to, Governor Pickens gave his consent, and the marriage was fixed for yesterday, the 23d of April.

Lieutenant De Rochelle was on duty at Fort Sumter in the morning, and it was determined that the ceremony should take place at the residence of General Donham in the evening at seven o'clock. At the moment when the Episcopal clergyman was asking the bride if she was ready a shell fell upon the roof of the building, penetrated to the room where the company were assembled, burst, and wounded nine persons, and among the rest Miss Anna Pickens. We cannot describe the scene that followed. Order was at last reestablished and the wounded were removed, all except the bride, who lay motionless upon the carpet. Her betrothed, kneeling and bending over her, was weeping bitterly and trying to stanch the blood



MISS EMMA LANE, ADA, OKLA.,
Maid of Honor for the Chickasaw Brigade.

that welled from a terrible wound under her left breast. A surgeon came and declared that Miss Pickens had not longer than two hours to live. We shall paint the general despair.

When the wounded girl recovered her consciousness, she asked to know her fate, and when they hesitated to tell her she said: "Andrew, I beg you to tell me the truth. If I must die, I can die worthy of you." The young soldier's tears were his answer; and Miss Anna, summoning all her strength, attempted to smile. Nothing could be more heart-rending than to see the agony of this brave girl struggling in the embrace of death and against a terrible mortal pang. Governor Pickens, whose courage is known, was almost without consciousness, and Mrs. Pickens looked upon her child with the dry and haggard eye of one whose reason totters.

Lieutenant De Rochelle was the first to speak. "Anna," he cried, "I will die soon too, but I would have you die my wife. There is yet time to unite us."

The young girl did not reply; she was too weak. A slight flush rose for an instant to her pale cheek. It could be seen that joy and pain were struggling in her spirit for the mastery. Lying upon a sofa, her bridal dress all stained with blood, her hair disheveled, she had never been more beautiful. Helpless as she was, Lieutenant De Rochelle took her hand and requested the Rev. Mr. Dickinson to proceed with the ceremony. When it was time for the dying girl to say "Yes," her lips parted several times, but she could not articulate. At last the word was spoken, and a slight foam rested upon her lips. The dying agony was near. The minister sobbed as he proceeded with the ceremony. An hour afterwards all was over, and the bridal chamber was the chamber of death.



MISS CATHERINE EDMISTON,
Sponsor for the Chickasaw (Okla.) Brigade.

ROCK ISLAND PRISONERS TO MEET AT CHATTANOOGA.—P. A. Elliott, of Moundville, Ala., writes to commend the gathering of Rock Island prisoners at the Reunion in Chattanooga. He says: "In the March VETERAN I suggested that all of the Rock

Island prisoners appoint a place at which to meet in Chattanooga and have a good social time talking over the perilous days we had at Rock Island. I should be glad to meet Graham, of Mississippi, Howard, of North Alabama, Hollingworth, of North Alabama, Franklin, of Nashville, Darnell, of Nashville, Miles Covington and Ellis, of Middle Tennessee, and a 'big Missourian' named Young. Young had a fight in the barracks with an Irishman named Rutledge. I will tell at the Reunion which got the better of the fight. We would be glad to hear in some way of these comrades of Barrack 15. I left Rock Island late in June, arriving at home in time for a barbecue the next day. We were a motley set, but the girls liked us.

T. A. Cocke, of Eastern Texas, a Rock Islander, writes:

"For nearly half a century in seclusion and silence I have patiently bided my time 'twixt farm, store, and the school-room away out here in Eastern Texas, even in the busy fields and marts of the Elberta peach and the equally popular and celebrated Acme tomato. But now I cast aside the veil and reveal the fact that I have not been dead, but hiding out and indulging in the needed task of reconstruction. To my *Alma Mater* (the University of Mississippi) I was reported dead soon after the last sound of the cannon's roar had ceased.

"I shall celebrate my seventy-eighth birthday on May 22. A dear sweet cousin in Mississippi made me a present of a yearly subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN last year, and we hope to keep the subscription paid for the rest of our family life, for my wife is just as strong a Reb as I am.

"I was one of three who started the patriotic organization of the C. T. K. in Rock Island Prison and was commissioned a colonel during our last week in Richmond.

"I swore to reconstruction in 1867 after landing in Texas in 1866. I have been a Sunday school superintendent and a public school teacher ever since such an institution was re-organized, nor have I ever taught my pupils aught but patriotic pride in the task of reconstruction and a growing love for our noble Uncle Sam. I have been too busy in an honest endeavor to educate my three boys and three girls to attend more than one Reunion (at Dallas), but if spared I want to go to Chattanooga in May. I am anxious to meet all kin and comrades there who ever knew and loved me."

[In "War Records," Series II., Vol. VIII., page 201, Thomas A. Cocke was the leader of ten prisoners who sent a petition to President Davis February 9, 1865, asking favor in organizing ten companies of one hundred and thirty men each to be taken into the cavalry service on being exchanged. This was to counteract the pressure of the Northern prison authorities to induce the men to enlist in the United States navy. The paper was received in Richmond and was referred to the Secretary of War by Burton Harrison, private secretary of the President.]



GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS'S HEADQUARTERS, CHATTANOOGA.

WILLIAM GIBBS M'ADOO.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY TO PRESIDENT WILSON.

In a public address made some time ago by Mr. McAdoo he expressed the spirit that is perhaps the keynote of his career. He said: "I was brought up in Georgia in the path of General Sherman's famous march to the sea. As Henry Grady once remarked, 'General Sherman was a bit careless with fire,' and for this reason, among other things, he has never been a popular man in Georgia. For myself, however, I feel that I owe General Sherman a debt of gratitude. I believe that character is produced and developed to the highest degree by hardships, sufferings, and poverty. I have never doubted that whatever of character I have developed has been in a large measure due to the surroundings and conditions which General Sherman forced upon the people of our section during that great war."

Whether we agree with Mr. McAdoo and give the credit to his success, as he himself does, to the training power of misfortune, or whether we feel with the majority of his admirers that it was the strength and steadfastness of his own character which overcame the difficulties that faced him, it is a fact beyond discussion that in personality as well as in great work he is one of the big forces of this country.

Mr. McAdoo comes of a family that has been prominent in the public and military achievements of the South for more than two centuries, and he himself was hardly more than a boy when he assumed the family habit of activity and service in public affairs.

Mr. McAdoo's father, Judge William G. McAdoo, was a soldier in both the Mexican War and the War of the States. He was for two years District Attorney-General of the State of Tennessee, and in his later years was professor of English and history in the University of Tennessee. The son was born in 1863 and was reared in the midst of the poverty and struggle that followed the devastations of our great war. After securing what education was possible for his early years, he entered the University of Tennessee, but was forced to leave college in his junior term. He secured a position as clerk in the United States Circuit Court, and gave his spare time to the study of law. In spite of all difficulties, however, he was admitted to the bar when but twenty-one, and in a short time became division counsel for the Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia, and afterwards for the old Richmond and Danville Railroad.

In 1892, when Mr. McAdoo was twenty-nine years of age, he moved to New York City and began the practice of law. A few years later he formed a partnership with the Hon. William McAdoo, formerly Congressman from New Jersey. In 1902 he organized the corporation which constructed the first successful tunnels under the Hudson River connecting the cities on the Jersey side of the river with the great business and shopping centers of New York. The undertaking had been regarded as a tremendous and uncertain experiment. Two previous attempts to construct these tunnels had failed, and a capital of \$60,000,000 was required to carry out this third attempt. The force and earnestness which enabled Mr. McAdoo to persuade capitalists to invest in what seemed so hazardous a venture, and the energy and ability with which he organized the great work and not only carried it through to complete success but made of it later a model of working efficiency, all prove in a most convincing way the practical greatness of the man and his work.

One of Mr. McAdoo's strongest and most outspoken be-

liefs is that, contrary to popular opinion, corporations do have souls, and that the quality of the soul of a corporation is determined by the spirit of its management.

In his address to the Harvard students on "The Relations between Public Service Corporations and the Public" he said: "I assert that no corporation is soulless; that, on the contrary, every corporation has a soul; that the soul of such corporation is the soul of its dominant individual, usually the president; that the management of the corporation reflects



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS, RINGGOLD, GA., 1863.

the prevailing soul almost as infallibly as a looking-glass reflects an object set before it. If that soul be selfish, little, and narrow, the policy of the corporation will be selfish, little, and narrow; if it be broad, progressive, liberal, and honest, the policy of the corporation will be broad, progressive, liberal, and honest. It is inevitable that the rank and file of the corporation (by which I mean its employees) will in time imitate the spirit of its dominant factor. Go over the lines of any public service utility to-day and carefully observe the general details of its service and equipment, the manners of its employees and their attitude to the public, and you will get a fairly good reflection of the soul of its management."

Later, viewing the question from the outlook of the corporation, he said: "While the public considers the corporations 'soulless,' the corporations consider the public as much so or more. It must be admitted that the attitude of the public to the corporations is characterized by suspicion, by ill-concealed resentment, by a feeling that the corporation has no rights which ought to be respected, and that any advantage taken of a corporation is justifiable, if not commendable. The average person has a code of ethics for dealing with a corporation entirely different from that for dealing with an individual; and the code for the corporation is morally wrong, while that for the individual is morally right. I have always believed that the public, like the corporation, has a



ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL AT TUNNEL HILL, GA.

soul; that the public at large is reasonable; that it is just as responsive to decent treatment as an individual."

He concludes: "We believe that that railroad is best which serves the public best; that decent treatment of the public evokes decent treatment from the public; that recognition by the corporation of the just rights of the people results in recognition by the people of the just rights of the corporation. A square deal for the people and a square deal for the corporation! The latter is as essential as the former."

The Editor of the *VETERAN* has taken much interest in these enterprises, and has corresponded with Mr. McAdoo on the subject. A letter last year by Mr. McAdoo states: "I have read your interesting account of your proposed arcade across City Hall Park. It shows a great deal of foresight; and if it could have been worked out in connection with the Brooklyn Bridge so as to form an extension of its approach, I should think it would have produced good results. Certainly it would have been a great convenience to the public."

The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph states: "The Secretary of the Treasury, W. G. McAdoo, came into prominence as a tunnel builder. Others dreamed of tunneling the Hudson; he did it. Though a lawyer, yet his achievement as builder of the great system of railway tunnels of New York City stamped him as a man of enterprise and a developer. He was born in Georgia in 1863, but was educated at the University of Tennessee. He is President of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company. He, like his assistant, is a man of large financial affairs."



GEN. J. T. WILDER,

Member of the Chickamauga and Chattahoochee National Military Park Commission.



GEN. R. M. KNOX, U. C. V., PINE BLUFF, ARK.

[Comrade Knox has ever been active and most liberal in all Confederate matters. He continues a bank officer, but is taking life easy. He is very fond of the beautiful mare who has served him regularly for seventeen years.]

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 12 TO APRIL 15, 1913.

- Canada: George Lydiatt, Toronto, Ont., \$1.
- Florida: W. T. Hardison, Stuart, \$5.
- Louisiana: Jefferson Davis Monument Association of New Orleans, in liquidation, \$700.65.
- North Carolina: Rev. E. A. Osborne, Charlotte, \$1.10.
- Oklahoma: Col. William Penn Adair Chapter, Tahlequah, \$1.
- South Carolina: W. G. Hinson, Charleston, \$5.
- Tennessee: F. L. Blume, Nashville, \$2; Maj. W. L. Danley, Nashville, \$5; Maj. W. H. Weakley, Nashville, \$2; a lady friend, Nashville, \$1; Luke Purcer, McMinnville, \$2; G. W. Crosby, Noelton, Nashville, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pardue, Fardue, \$5; M. L. Morrison, Kingston, \$1; H. C. Wilson, Pulaski, \$10; C. W. Robertson, M.D., Somerville, \$1.10; William L. Rhea, Knoxville, \$1; Mrs. T. J. Welch, Savannah, \$3; Dr. H. A. Laws, Thompsons Station, \$2; Walter S. Bearden, Shelbyville, \$1; T. R. Read, Morristown, \$25; S. C. Read, Morristown, \$25; Viola Read, Morristown, \$25; W. T. Rogers, Knoxville, \$1; J. M. Brooks, Pulaski, \$1; H. T. Ault, Knoxville, \$1; Confederate Historical Association, Memphis, \$10; Mrs. O. Z. Bond, Mount Pleasant, \$1; John Hilton, Talbott, \$1; Mrs. D. H. Bruce, Joppa, \$1.
- Texas: George W. Littlefield, Austin, \$100; W. T. James, Bryan, \$1; J. C. McNeill, Sr., Brazoria, \$5; Mrs. Hal W. Greer, Laredo, \$1; Mr. Frank McKnight, Arlington, \$1; Web Ditto, Arlington, \$1; Mr. C. D. King, Arlington, \$1; Jeff D. Montgomery, Brady, \$1; Thomas N. Hill, Beaumont, \$1; L. B. England, Commerce, \$1; F. J. Trigg, Cliffside, \$1; J. A. Bridges, Center, \$1; Abner J. Strobel, Chenango, \$2; W. R. Murphy, Athens, \$1; F. J. Ogburn, Brazoria, \$1; Mrs. Paul Jones, Chico, \$2; J. T. Downs, Dallas, \$2; Millard Patterson, El Paso, \$5; B. F. Wathen, Dallas, \$5; B. T. Smith, Athens, \$1; Leonidas Hall, Dallas, \$1; G. B. Dean, Detroit, \$2; M. M. Thompson, Dallas, \$1; Dr. B. S. Halliburton, Devine, \$1; O. M. Hancock, Boonsville, \$1; Rufus Hardy, Corsicana, \$1; T. A. Roseborough, Arlington, \$1; J. W. Ditto, Arlington, \$1; a Texas friend, \$1; Mrs. C. E. Kelly, El Paso, \$2; Yancey McKeown, Forney, \$2.50; H. M. Trueheart, Galveston, \$10; T. N. Curry, Grand Saline, \$1; R. J. Thomas, Fort Worth, \$1; Joseph E. Johnston Camp, Childress, \$6; K. M. Van Zandt, Fort Worth, \$25; anonymous from Texas, \$2; Thomas H. Baldy, Gatesville, \$2; G. W. Wilkins, Gomez, \$1; Frank Neely, Hubbard, \$1; Dr. J. B. Funn, Hubbard, \$1; Dr. M. P. Harwood, Hubbard, \$1; B. Snell, San Angelo, \$1.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING MARCH 31, 1913.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$5. Contributed by Hamburg Chapter, No. 1336, U. D. C., Hamburg, Ark.

Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, San Francisco, Cal., pledges, \$117.

Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, Director for New York, \$201. Card party given by Mrs. Henry Pearson, Chairman.

Johnson Hagood Chapter, No. —, U. D. C., Barnwell, S. C., \$1.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$164.52. Contributed by Paul McMichael Chapter, No. 427, U. D. C., Orangeburg, S. C., \$10; Ann White Chapter, No. 123, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C., \$25.85; Clinton Graded School, \$6.16; Winstonsboro Graded School, \$7.46; Hampton-Lee Chapter, No. 128, U. D. C., Greer, S. C., \$5.15; Greer Graded School, \$5; Black Oak Chapter, No. 734, U. D. C., Pinopolis, S. C., \$9.75; Magnolia Street School, Greenwood, S. C., \$2.25; McClellansville High School, \$1.35; Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C., \$35; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 9, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C., \$25; Oolenary School, \$1; Dacusville School, \$1; Fairfax School, \$2.55; John Hames Chapter, No. 493, U. D. C., Jonesville, S. C., \$4.50; Chester Chapter, No. 234, U. D. C., Chester, S. C., \$2.50; St. Matthews Chapter, No. 958, U. D. C., St. Matthews, S. C., \$10; Summerville School, \$5; C. Irvine Walker Chapter, No. 190, U. D. C., Summerville, S. C., \$5.

Lone Star Chapter, No. 189, U. D. C., San Marcos, Tex., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$173.32. Contributed by Turner Ashby Chapter, No. 162, U. D. C., Harrisonburg, Va., \$25; Dr. Harvey Black Chapter, No. 174, U. D. C., Blacksburg, Va., \$5; Stonewall Chapter, No. 176, U. D. C., Berryville, Va., \$2; Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., \$5.25; H. A. Carrington Chapter, No. 1055, U. D. C., Charlotte, Va., \$5; not listed, \$131.07.

Mrs. Marie Burrows Sayre, Director for Washington, \$32. Contributed by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 885, U. D. C., Seattle, Wash., \$10; sale of articles, \$22.

Col. Francis G. Caffey, Treasurer, New York, N. Y., \$820. Contributed by John W. Weed, New York, N. Y., \$25; John P. East, New York, N. Y., \$25; John M. Glenn, New York, N. Y., \$10; Joseph A. Sperry, New York, N. Y., \$10; R. R. Brown, New York, N. Y., \$5; Paul Jones, New York, N. Y., \$2; M. S. Hagenmeyer, New York, N. Y., \$10; M. E. Davis, New York, N. Y., \$1; John A. Wyeth, New York, N. Y., \$100; R. S. Lovett, New York, N. Y., \$25; J. K. Glennon, New York, N. Y., \$5; Walker Bowman, New York, N. Y., \$2; R. L. Crawford, New York, N. Y., \$25; Archibald Watson, New York, N. Y., \$10; Anderson Gratz, New York, N. Y., \$10; Bernhard P. Wall, New York, N. Y., \$2; Wharton Green, New York, N. Y., \$1; E. L. Rhett, New York, N. Y., \$10; Thomas F. Ryan, New York, N. Y., \$500; William E. G. Gaillard, New York, N. Y., \$10; Joshua Brown, New York, N. Y., \$5; William D. Gaillard, New York, N. Y., \$25; Louis M. Cohen, New York, N. Y., \$2.

Receipts for month of March, 1913, \$1,518.84.

Balance on hand March 1, 1913, \$23,564.49.

Total to be accounted for, \$25,083.33.

To Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor, fifth payment on contract for monument (making total paid to him \$20,000), \$5,000.

Balance on hand April 1, 1913, \$20,083.33.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

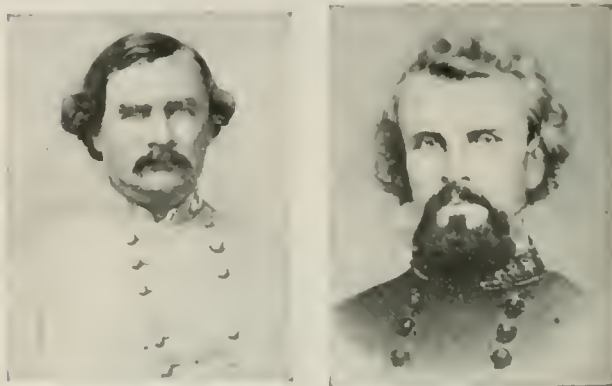
HISTORY OF THE FOURTH ALABAMA CAVALRY.

BY DR. JOHN A. WYETH (CO. 1, 4TH ALA. CAV.), NEW YORK CITY.

Arrangements having been made for a reunion in Chattanooga of the survivors of Russell's Regiment, 4th Alabama Cavalry, and a request made to collect material for a history of the regiment, I hope representatives of each of the companies will be present and have on hand data of interest so that such a history may be written. Four companies—the nucleus of this famous regiment—were in Forrest's old battalion and were of the immortal band which refused to surrender to Grant and escaped from the unnecessary and disgraceful surrender at Fort Donelson. These men at least are entitled to a place in history.

Mr. L. H. Wilson, of Chattanooga, has made arrangements to accommodate these veterans and will reply to inquiries.

GENERALS CHEATHAM AND FORREST.



MAJ. GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM.

LIEUT. GEN. N. B. FORREST.

The above pictures were kept in a family album since 1865. Both were made by T. F. Saltsman, Nashville, after the war.

A REMINISCENCE OF CHAMPION HILL.

BY D. M. MATTHEWS, RYLIE, TEX.

I was born in Tishomingo County, Miss., March 1, 1844; and joined Captain Shackelford's company, H, 26th Mississippi Regiment, under Col. A. E. Reynolds. We were captured at Fort Donelson, in the Western Army.

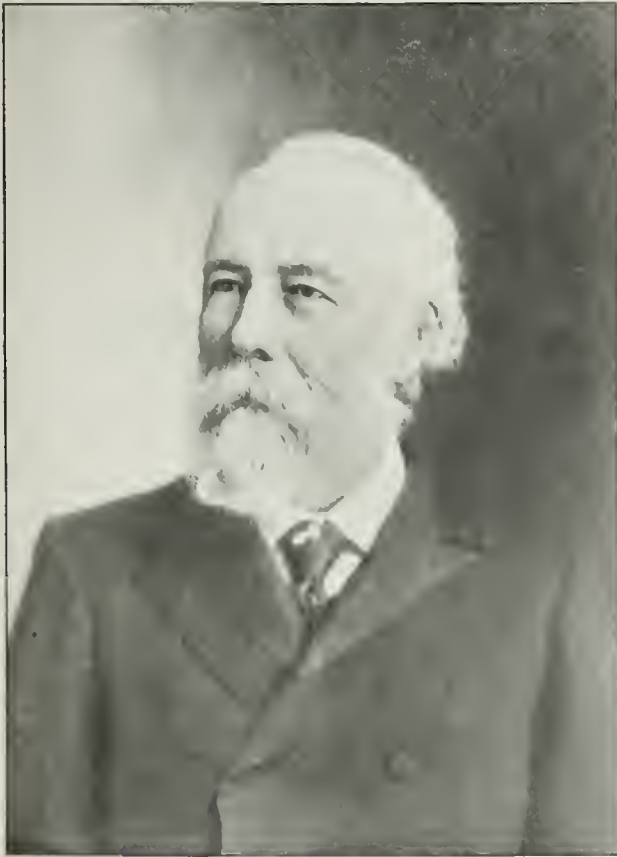
The 26th saw hard service under Generals Tilghman, Loring, Pemberton, and Johnston from Coldwater to Coffeerville, Grenada, Greenwood, Fort Pemberton, Jackson, Big Black, Raymond, Grand Gulf, and many other places. We were at Baker's Creek, or Champion Hill, where the knightly General Tilghman was killed while personally directing the shots at a Federal battery some four or five hundred yards distant. The 26th Mississippi was supporting the battery near which General Tilghman was killed, and I was about thirty feet from him when he fell. The wildest confusion then prevailed for a short time, and but for the appearance of the daring, one-armed General Loring on his fast-racing, nick-tailed roan horse there is no telling what might have happened. General Loring moved quietly a little to the right, where there were a few trees and a rail fence, and said: "Boys, don't let those d—n Yankees have that battery." He never told us to "lie down"; he didn't have to. We stayed there under the fire of sharpshooters and bombshells until nearly sundown. Orders were given to fall back to Vicksburg, but Loring swore he would not take his men to Vicksburg, and he didn't.

HISTORICAL DATA ABOUT THE CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

BY J. P. SMARTT, CHATTANOOGA, ASSISTANT IN HISTORICAL WORK SINCE 1894.

As a perpetual memorial to American valor the government of the United States, by act of Congress, approved August 19, 1890, passed an act creating the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park and providing for the appointment of a park commission by the Secretary of War for its development and maintenance. Under the provisions of this act about seven thousand acres have been acquired, including almost the entire battle field of Chickamauga, with the important reservations on Lookout Mountain (Point Park), the Cravens House slope, Orchard Knob and Tunnel Hill, DeLong Point, the Ohio monument, and Bragg's headquarters reservations on Missionary Ridge. This embraces the most important fighting positions in the battles of Chickamauga, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge.

In the process of developing the park about one hundred miles of substantial macadam roads have been built, including approaches from Ringgold, Lafayette, and Stephens Gap, Ga., and from St. Elmo, Tenn., to McFarland's Gap, Ga.



THE LATE GEN. HENRY VAN NESS BOYNTON

Was Chairman of Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission.

The Missionary Ridge Boulevard from Tunnel Hill to Ross-ville Gap passes over and near the Confederate line on the crest for over eight miles, and is in plain view of the Union line of assault in the valley on November 25, 1863. This drive is one of the most substantial, as well as historically interesting, in the park, traversing points of the fiercest fighting on the Ridge and in view of all the battle fields in

the park, including Grant's headquarters on Orchard Knob. Its historic interest and scenic beauty are not surpassed in the world's history. In this same process the following monuments, markers, historic tablets, locality tablets, guns (cannon), and observation towers have been erected and appropriations made:

Alabama, \$25,000.

Connecticut, 1 monument, \$5,000.

Florida, \$15,000.

Georgia, 1 State monument and 55 markers, \$25,000.

Illinois: Chickamauga, 37 monuments and 33 markers; Chattanooga and vicinity, 18 monuments and 19 markers. \$80,000.

Indiana: Chickamauga, 39 monuments and 75 markers, \$38,000.

Iowa: Chattanooga and vicinity, 3 monuments, \$35,000.

Kansas: Chickamauga, 1 monument and 2 markers; Chattanooga, 2 monuments. \$8,000.

Kentucky: Chickamauga, 1 monument and 23 markers, \$15,000.

Maryland: Chattanooga, 1 monument, \$7,000.

Massachusetts: Chattanooga, 1 monument, \$2,500.

Michigan: Chickamauga, 10 monuments and 11 markers; Chattanooga, 2 monuments and 1 marker. \$37,500.

Minnesota: Chickamauga, 4 monuments; Chattanooga, 1 monument. \$15,000.

Missouri: Chickamauga, 1 monument and 4 markers; Chattanooga, 2 monuments and 14 markers. \$5,000.

New Jersey: Chattanooga, 1 monument, \$5,000.

New York: Chattanooga, 7 monuments, \$95,000.

Ohio: Chickamauga, 55 monuments and 53 markers; Chattanooga, 11 monuments and 70 markers. \$28,200.

Pennsylvania: Chickamauga, 7 monuments and 1 marker; Chattanooga, 9 monuments and 6 markers. \$65,000.

Tennessee: Chickamauga, 4 monuments and 47 markers, \$10,000.

Wisconsin: Chickamauga, 0 monuments and 5 markers; Chattanooga, 1 monument and 2 markers. \$37,000.

South Carolina: Chickamauga, 1 monument and 10 markers, \$10,000.

North Carolina has markers at Chickamauga.

United States: Nine granite monuments to United States regular troops and 23 shell monuments, Chickamauga, \$10,000; Landrum Monument, Chickamauga, \$2,000; Carnes Battery Monument, Chickamauga, \$1,000.

Total monuments by States, United States regulars, shell monuments, and by individuals, Chickamauga, 204; markers, 310. Chattanooga and vicinity, monuments, 60; markers, 112. State appropriations (approximately), \$676,200. United States' appropriation in addition, about two million dollars. Total, over two and a half million dollars.

Two hundred and forty-eight guns are mounted on their carriages in battery, as follows:

In Chickamauga Park, 96 guns, marking 40 Confederate batteries; 100 guns, marking 44 Union batteries. In Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Orchard Knob, 20 guns, marking 10 Union batteries; 20 guns, marking 10 Confederate batteries.

Bronze historical tablets, Chattanooga, 61.

Army and corps headquarters, shell monuments, 14.
 Memorial shell monuments, brigade commanders killed, 5
 Union, 4 Confederate. Total, 9.
 Historical tablets, about 700; distance and locality, 360.
 Iron observation towers, 5 (70 feet high to observatory).
 Wilder monument observation tower, 85 feet.

Battles in and adjoining the park and reached by its roads:
 Chickamauga, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, Ringgold
 Gap, Missionary Ridge, Wauhatchie, Brown's Ferry.

Other Southern States are being urged by the Commission to erect heroic State monuments, regimental monuments, and markers, and some of them have the subject under favorable consideration. Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia—each has a record of heroic, inspiring, and brilliant service performed on these fields not surpassed by the soldiers of the States that have erected monuments, but up to this time no memorials have been erected by the above-named States.

As the ranks are being rapidly depleted by death and pensions will be decreasing, would it not be commendable to make amends for seeming lack of interest in perpetuating the memory of patriotic and heroic service on these fields by the erection of enduring memorials? While Alabama has a conditional appropriation of \$25,000, as a State it has not taken definite action. But the noble women of the Memorial Association of the State, with Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, of Montgomery, Ala., as chairman of the committee, have erected an imposing and enduring memorial to the soldiers of that State engaged at Chickamauga. The action of this Association is a touching testimonial of the love, devotion, and sense of appreciation of these loyal women who conceived this tribute and is unique in being the first and only memorial erected by the patriotic women of any State on these historic fields. These women are entitled to the gratitude and esteem of every loyal Confederate and every lover of an ennobling deed. May the action of this Association be an inspiration to other Associations and States!

In addition to the improvement and maintenance of roads, the Commission is engaged in restoring war-time buildings, re-foresting the cleared ground that was in timber during the battle, and a general supervision of the development of the park. An important work is that of comparing and correcting the texts of tablets and inscriptions on monuments to bring them in harmony with each other and with the official reports as to time, distance, and movement. Additional historical tablets are also being prepared and the texts of others shortened that larger letters may be used and the tablets made more legible when, in the discretion of the Commission, corrections, changes, and additions are desirable.

The Park Commission is composed of Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, Athens, Ohio, Chairman; Maj. J. B. Cumming, Augusta, Ga.; and Gen. John T. Wilder, Chattanooga. Mr. Richard B. Randolph is Superintendent of the park, Col. Baxter Smith is Assistant Secretary of the Commission, and J. P. Smartt has been Assistant in Historical Work since 1894.

The wisdom of the creation of the National Military Park at Chickamauga and Chattanooga must be apparent to any thinking man, not only because of the persistent and desperate character of the fighting of the two days' battle at Chickamauga, where the contending armies were quite equally balanced, but because of the strategic importance of Chattanooga to either army as the gateway for military movements. To defend it the largest army ever concentrated in the West

by the Confederacy—certainly the largest ever commanded by the ranking officer of the Army of Tennessee—was in evidence at Chickamauga.

The aggregate of all arms, Union and Confederate, engaged in the campaign of battles, now noted in the park, was



MAJ. JOSEPH B. CUMMING,

Member of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission.

about one hundred and fifty thousand men, representing nearly every State in the Union except the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast sections. Every living member of this vast army and the descendants of the dead have an ever-increasing interest, pride, and gratitude for the establishment and development of the park, and more than one-fourth of them and their descendants and relatives sustain a blood relation to these fields. The killed and mortally wounded in these engagements amounted to more than five thousand, giving a hallowed interest in these scenes of conflict to their surviving comrades, friends, and relatives. [This means 5,000 killed.]

It has been said by Maj. Charles D. McGuffey in his interesting history of Chattanooga that "by reason of the location of Chattanooga on the great through lines of travel, this great park system, which includes this city and its suburbs, is now visited by more people than any other national park; and as a field for the practical study of military tactics and maneuvers on a real battle ground with mountains, valleys, rivers, bridges, fords, fields, and forests it will undoubtedly attract the attention of our military men and will be more appreciated as time goes on."

The correctness of Major McGuffey's statement is evidenced by the recent recommendation of the Secretary of War that a cavalry brigade post be located at Chickamauga, by the recent action of Congress increasing Fort Oglethorpe (now occupied by the 11th Cavalry) to that extent, and by the reasons above given. The development of the park project is also a striking object lesson of the necessity for arbitration and uninterrupted peace among our own people.

The man who unmasked his life as a target to be pierced



GEN. CHARLES H. GROSVENOR,

Chairman Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission.

by the storm of shot and shell that penetrated the air with the unceasing whir, shriek, and deafening shock of volleying artillery and exploding shell, the zip, thud, and death-dealing,



CAPT. JAMES POLK SMARTT.

awe-inspiring continuous roll of musketry that swept over these scenes of conflict with a terror beyond adequate de-

scription, and with a fatality appalling to civilization—who has not a profound respect for the convictions of the men who were behind these forces of destruction and for a government that has established a new precedent in the world's history by perpetuating in memorials of metal and stone the heroism and patriotism of both sides?

SOUTH FOUGHT FOR THE CONSTITUTION.

In Chattanooga last October Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, delivered the annual oration before the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. The General told his audience that it was high time to quit waving the "bloody shirt"; that the war is over, and that we are all Americans now. "The Southern soldier fought for the principle he thought to be right," said the speaker, "and he did the best he could. In studying the history of the War of the States one should not stop at Appomattox, but should follow the Southern soldier as he builded up a nation from desolation and ruin."

Referring to the causes that led up to the war, he said: "My old comrades may think it unwise in what I am going to say, but the students of to-day don't know the real causes that led up to the rebellion. What was the seed sown that caused it? The Constitution of the United States is almost the wisdom of the Almighty. The greatest of English statesmen have said that the hand that wrote it must have been inspired by God. Yet an omission from that Constitution caused the war of the rebellion. Now if there is a Confederate soldier in the house I want him to stand up. Figuratively speaking, I am going to defend him. 'An indissoluble union of indissoluble States' was an omission from the Federal Constitution that caused the war. Washington, politician that he was, realized what he was doing when he wrote to the Governor of Massachusetts just before that State adopted the Constitution and said that Patrick Henry was going up and down the State of Virginia preaching against the adoption of the Constitution; that if Massachusetts did not adopt it before Virginia, it was lost. Massachusetts adopted it. Washington was a great politician. You Confederate soldiers did not believe that you were compelled to stay in the Union. Lee, Jackson, Calhoun, and other great men of the South stood upon that question. They did what they believed to be right. They saw the Constitution as it was adopted without the clause, 'an indissoluble union of indissoluble States.' Who is here to call them criminals? Certainly not I."

He said he believed the most important consideration that concerned the American people to-day was that "they think ahead of the lawmaking power." They do things without law. He also believed that limitations of repeal should have been placed in the Constitution.

The Woman's Beauvoir Home Memorial Association, whose efforts so far have been chiefly devoted to the care of the veterans living in the Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, is now turning its attention to the work of preserving this last home of President Davis as a memorial to him. The matter was left in the hands of the Association by Mrs. Davis when she sold Beauvoir to the Veterans, and active work will soon begin in the collection of the original furnishings of the home. To aid in gathering funds for the work, Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough has written a song called "Beauvoir," which is published with music by Jean Buckley and sold for the benefit of the Association. Copies of the song may be ordered from Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, Greenwood, Miss. Price, 50 cents.

ALABAMA MONUMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA.

The unveiling program for May 28 will occur in Chickamauga Park, to be participated in by representatives of the State of Alabama, Confederate Veterans, and United States government officials. The 11th Cavalry Band will render the music during the raising and lowering of Old Glory (name given by a Nashville man) and the beloved Southern banner. Special seats have been reserved to the right of the monument for Alabama's Chickamauga veterans, prominent among whom are Maj. Gen. Harvey E. Jones, commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V.; Maj. W. W. Screws, who was the orator at the Macon Reunion last year; and Mr. M. B. Houghton, the author of "The Real Lincoln" and "Two Boys of the Army." The Oglethorpe Fort commander will, with his appointed escort, raise Old Glory; while Gov. Emmet O'Neal, a son of Gen. Asbury O'Neal, who was also a Governor of Alabama, will, with his staff, accompanied by the beloved grandson of President Davis, Mrs. John B. Gordon, and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, again unfurl an Alabama battle flag which fifty years ago led Alabamians on the Chickamauga battle field.

Maj. Gen. Harvey E. Jones, U. C. V., will preside. Mrs. J. A. Wardlaw, of Chattanooga, formerly an Alabamian, will with her local committee of women lay floral tributes, "sweet with their honor and gratitude and moist with tears of memory," at the feet of Alabama's living Confederate veterans.

On the speakers' stand will be the Park Commissioners; the Superintendent of the Park; Lieut. Bennett H. Young, one of Morgan's men; Gen. John H. Morgan, who first saw the light in Alabama; Maj. Gen. Harvey E. Jones, who was promoted for bravery in the Chickamauga battle. Col. W. W. Screws will present the historic women who will unveil the monument, together with their matrons of honor, Commanders of Alabama Brigades, the Department Commanders, and the beloved editor of the *VETERAN*, S. A. Cunningham.

The address will be given by Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, who will be introduced by General Young, Commander U. C. V.

The Park Commission will receive the monument through a member, Maj. Joseph B. Cumming, of Augusta, Ga.

Alabama will have to unveil the monument eleven historic women of the State, with representatives from Georgia, Tennessee, and Louisiana. Each lady will have her matron of honor, who will place a historic wreath at the base of the monument. On the monument, a marble shaft, is engraved:

"IN TENDER MEMORY OF ALABAMA SOLDIERS WHO FOUGHT AND FELL ON THE CHICKAMAUGA BATTLE FIELD."

"This shaft shall point to those exciting scenes and visions long since flown.

For memory is the only friend that grief can call its own."

Upon the conclusion of the exercises the veterans and their friends will see the park and attend exercises at the Post.

THE ALABAMA NIGHT PROGRAM.

This will be one of the important Reunion nights. The efficient chairman will be that inimitable soldier and editor, Maj. W. W. Screws, of Alabama. The exercises will require an hour and a half and will be held at Camp Stewart. A fifteen-minute address will be made by Hon. T. Sid Frazier, of Alabama, in a "Tribute to the Memorial Association Women." Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh will give a ten-minute talk on "The Historic South," and then the speaker of the evening, the Commander in Chief of the Veterans, Gen. Bennett H. Young, will speak of "The Confederate Private." The Confederate Choirs will furnish the music. Major Screws will introduce the speakers, the Chickamauga Committee, and the unveilers with their escort of honor.

Alabama Day has been so called because that State will through its monument dedication take precedent over other States. It is fitting, too, because Semple's Battery and Longstreet's Corps did much to save the day for Dixie. That day will also be considered Memorial Day for all States whose troops met the enemy fifty years ago at Chickamauga.

The presiding genius of the day will be Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, whose womanly tact and enthusiasm, joined with her genuine executive ability, made possible this splendid tribute. Mrs. Leigh is the wife of a distinguished scientist and bears in her own charming personality the noble and versatile traits of a long line of distinguished ancestors, among



MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH.



MRS. J. A. WARDLAW, OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

[Mrs. Wardlaw has had active charge of arrangements.]

them no less a person than the first Governor of Jamestown Island. She is widely known through the South for her splendid work for the Southern cause, and in her present position as Chairman of the Alabama Chickamauga Committee of the Ladies' Memorial Association she has once more shown her love and faithfulness to the memory of the heroes who are gone.

Six other noble women are associated with Mrs. Leigh in her work for the monument.

Miss Tocoa Cizart, the designer of the memorial, is a most gifted woman and one who claims an added interest from the fact that she is the niece of Lieut. Hamilton McIntyre, of General Wheeler's staff, who was dangerously wounded just before Chickamauga while detailed on special duty.

Mrs. Anna Goldstwaite Seibels, a beloved woman of the sixties, is a sister of Dick Goldstwaite, of Semple's Battery, which made the famous artillery charge at Chickamauga.

Mrs. R. P. Dexter is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Carnot Bellinger, the givers and endowers of the first organized hospital for soldiers, "the original Soldiers' Home."

Miss Pauline Hausman is the worthy daughter of a father and mother whose memories are blessed for their constant kindness in alleviating the sufferings of the South's soldiers.

Mrs. George Raoul is a woman of splendid birth and character and one who has been untiring in her personal devotion to the raising of funds for the Alabama monument.

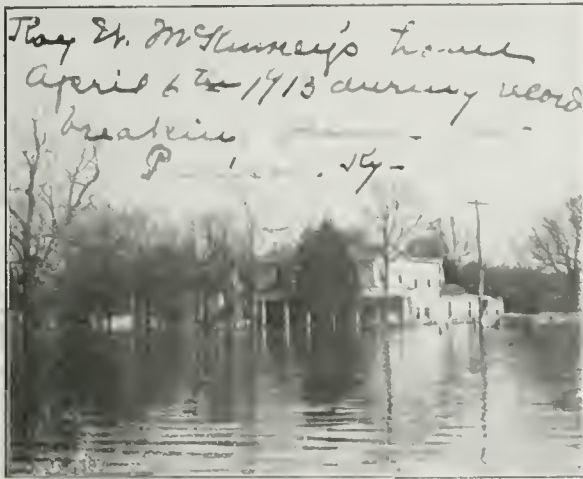
Mrs. John W. A. Sanford, Jr., a daughter-in-law of General Sanford, is the designer of the State flag of Alabama, and is a woman of unusual force and charm.

REMARKABLE GROUP OF COMRADES.

The following-named six veterans rendered faithful service to the Confederacy: William Jerome Willingham, Mike Word, Pitts McMurray, Don Singleterry, D. J. Murphy, and Jap Nall. They enlisted at the beginning of the war in Company E, 12th Tennessee Infantry, and participated with that regiment in the battles of Belmont, Mo., and Shiloh. Upon the reorganization of the army in June, 1862, this company, being composed entirely of Kentuckians, was transferred to the 3d Kentucky Infantry and became Company L, so serving until March 15, 1864. Then they were mounted and assigned to General Forrest's cavalry, and with it served until the end, in May, 1865. The 3d, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky Regiments constituted the Kentucky brigade.

In addition to Belmont and Shiloh, they were in the battles of Bolivar, Davis's Mill, Corinth, Hatcher's Bridge, Coffeeville, Champion Hill, Jackson, Vicksburg, Paducah, Brice's Cross Roads, Harrisburg, and Old Town Creek. Then they were in the raid into Middle Tennessee during September, 1864, and in the battles generally incident to Hood's Nashville campaign in the winter of 1864. This included Lawrenceburg, Shoal Creek, Campbellville, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, Murfreesboro, and the fights in the rear of Hood's Infantry on their fearful retreat. They seldom missed a roll call.

Willingham became first sergeant and was esteemed by the entire regiment. He has attended all the general Reunions.



Incidentally, while referring to flood conditions at Paducah, Mrs. Roy McKinney wrote, after stating that the water was two inches deep in their library at the time the above picture was made: "I have lived in the great valley all the days of my life, but never before had any trouble keeping my feet dry."

GEN. M. C. BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—A lady from South Carolina writes to correct a statement about Gen. M. C. Butler in the VETERAN of last December. She quotes from the article on "Sam Davis Memorial Window in Richmond": "Members of the U. D. C. from North Carolina officiated in the dedication of a fine portrait of Gen. M. C. Butler, of the Old North State." "General Butler," says the correction, "was a South Carolinian, and this portrait was presented to the Museum by a Chapter from Columbia."



WILLINGHAM, WORD, M'MURRAY, SINGLETERRY, MURPHY, NALL.

The man shown in the picture next to the post is W. J. Willingham, first sergeant; just to his right, Mike Word; second (in gray coat), Pitts McMurray; just in McMurray's front, Don Singleterry; second, farther down, Jap Nall; the other (in front of Willingham), D. J. Murphy.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—In sending statement of dues to subscribers it frequently happens that remittance and bills cross each other in the mail; therefore if dues for 1913 have been paid recently, please disregard the statement.

A CHEROKEE ROSEBUSH.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

In the spring of 1862 Rev. Dr. Bachman, then a lieutenant in the Confederate service, went to Chattanooga on official business to consult with Col. Daniel F. Coker, on the staff of Gen. S. R. Anderson, and later transferred to Texas and thence to Virginia. Colonel Coker was a Virginian, the uncle of the late Mrs. John T. Read, of Chattanooga, and at that time owned the beautiful estate on the Rossville road known as Oakland, afterwards the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watkins and adjoining the plantation of Gen. George L. Gillespie, father of Mrs. Anna Watkins, of Knoxville, Mrs. James A. Caldwell, of Chattanooga, and Maj. Gen. Gillespie, of the United States army. The charming family included some lovely daughters, and Henry M. Ashley, related to Gen. Turner Ashley and a nephew of Colonel Coker, also resided there; so Oakland had many attractions to offset the tedium of settling war accounts, and many were the rides and pleasant gatherings before the dark days of the Confederacy.

Colonel Coker also owned a summer place on Lookout Mountain near where Mr. J. B. Linn's house still stands, which is a landmark of ante-bellum days.

Two of the Coker children died in 1851 on Lookout Mountain and were buried in the family graveyard there, near Saddle Rock. Upon an occasion when the family went up to the mountain Lieutenant Bachman accompanied them, he and Miss Sally Coker riding horseback, and while there planted a Cherokee rosebush to mark the resting place of the children. The Coker family are scattered and gone; but the little rosebush, now grown into a stem as large as a man's wrist, still clammers above the little graves, inclosed by the iron fence. I looked upon it last autumn and saw the rose leaves as,

"Withered and dead, they fell to the ground,
And silently covered an ancient mound."



RAILROAD AT BASE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IN 1863.

GIVE CHANNING M. SMITH A CROSS OF HONOR.

The VETERAN is in receipt of a letter from A. Fontaine Rose, Adjutant Joe Kendall Camp, of Warrenton, Va., which is as follows: "I inclose you something I should like very



REV. J. W. BACHMAN, CHAPLAIN GENERAL U. C. V.

much to see in the VETERAN. It was sent to me by an old soldier who wished to prove that he was worthy of a cross of honor, but who positively forbade me to have it published. I finally persuaded him to let me send it to the VETERAN."

The first of these letters is from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and is dated "Headquarters Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, April 20, 1864." It says: "Colonel, I have the honor to report the following affair, which occurred in the operation within the enemy's lines on the 16th inst.: Private Channing M. Smith, Richard Lewis, and Lowe, acting as scouts in Fauquier County, met and attacked five of the enemy, killing four, the other escaping. This affair reflects great credit on the valor and skill of the gallant scouts who executed it, and too much praise cannot be awarded to them. These exploits serve to inspire confidence in our cause and keep our enemies in a state of constant and wholesome terror. The attention of the commanding general is called to these young men, who are constantly giving evidence of their gallantry and daring by similar exploits."

The second letter is an indorsement by General Lee: "I have on several previous occasions called the attention of the Secretary of War to the gallantry of Channing M. Smith and other scouts of the army."

The third letter was written by Gen. Robert E. Lee after the war had closed, and is dated at Lexington, Va., November 6, 1865: "Mr. Channing M. Smith served in the cavalry of the Confederate army, and was one of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's most trusted scouts. He was frequently sent in charge of detached parties to watch the enemy and gain information of his movements, and always acquitted himself well. He sometimes acted under my special directions, and was intelligent and faithful in the discharge of every duty.

DAUGHTERS AND WORKERS FOR THE REUNION.

BY MRS. FANNIE WEST OEHMIG, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter and the Gen. Francis M. Walker Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, are hoping to make the coming Reunion of Confederate Veterans one of unusual interest and pleasure. There is much of historic importance to be seen around our mountain city, and they wish to do everything possible for the men who fought for the South on the occasion of their visit fifty years afterwards. These two Chapters will give a reception in honor of Confederate veterans on Tuesday evening, May 27, and expect it to be a most attractive feature of the Reunion.

at the head of the Incline in the beautiful mountain park the words "Welcome, Confederate Veterans" in dainty white and red flowers will greet those desiring to see the battle field "above the clouds."

At Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge the Veterans will be welcomed and given the most hospitable treatment, and four miles of the beautiful boulevard will be outlined with magnificent homes in Confederate decorations.

Our hearts are full of welcome, and we are filled with the joy of having the men who wore the gray the guests of our city. We hope to make their road a path of flowers. Every deed we perform for them and every kind word will be as wrought in gold and will "make us wondrous rich in heaven."

OLD DARKY "LEFT BEHIND."

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

[The poem is sketched from slavery times and is partly founded on a true incident in Mrs. Hyde's family history. The faithfulness of the old darky which is pictured is not a new story, and, as Mrs. Hyde herself says, might be told with slightly different settings by many Southern families.]

Ol' Marse, ol' Mis' done gone away;
 He went to de wah, en I heerd 'em say
 He wuz at Malvern Hill. Dummo 'bout hit,
 But somebody got hurt ef Marse Tom fit.
 All de darkies leab de ol' place
 'Cept me. I hatter take keer ob Mis' Grace.
 'Caze I promised Marse Tom when he lef' home
 I'd stay an' wu'k on de farm 'twell he come.

Po' ol' Mis'!

Her step git slow an' her hair tu'n gray.
 En she call me in de big house en say:
 "Ned, tain't no use ter wait. I'll hab ter go.
 Fur he ain't nebber comin' back home no mo'."
 She's buried up on de orchard hill.
 When de briers is down, you kin see her grabe still.
 Mockin' birds gimme a tune as dey pass,
 When Ise wu'kin' aroun' mowin' de grass.
 I ax 'em: "Kin you tell me dis?
 Whar's ol' Marse? Did he ebber find ol' Mis'?
 De ol' man's lonesome an' doan' want ter stay.
 Fer ol' Marse en ol' Mis' bofe gone away."



MRS. GARNETT ANDREWS, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
 General Chairman Reunion Entertainment Committee.

A rest room will be provided with every comfort and convenience for the visiting ladies at the First Baptist Church, and committees of local Daughters will take charge and be ready to welcome all visitors. They would like to have them come and register, use the telephone, and any desired information will be given as fully as possible. Similar rooms have been fitted up at the Campbell Furniture Company's store and at the beautiful Rhodes-Mahoney furniture store with the entrance on Broad Street.

Two of our large dry goods firms, D. B. Loveman & Co and Miller Brothers Company, will fit up information booths in their stores for the convenience of visitors.

The ladies of St. Elmo, Rossville, North Chattanooga, Highland Park, Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain are very busy in their preparations for our distinguished guests. Just



GETTING A BOAT THROUGH THE "SUCK" ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER IN 1863.

LEADERS IN TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPT., C. S. A.

[A toast concerning "Local Leaders," by Miss Adele White, President Upton Hays Chapter, U. D. C., at the union breakfast at the Baltimore Hotel, given by the five Kansas City Chapters, U. D. C., jointly with the Jackson County Camps, United Confederate Veterans.]

"Fixed in conviction and purpose,
Ride on, ride on, ride on.
Let it affect whom it may,
Let it bring down whom it will—
Ride on."

No words can better describe Confederate operations in Western Missouri than these of immortal Charles Dickens. Always opposed by superior numbers and equipment, it was necessary for the boys in gray to decisively

"Strike, and strike again, and be away."

There were developed in this locality some of the greatest cavalry leaders of history and cavalry tactics that have since been embodied in the military training of all nations. The beloved Sterling Price, Governor of Missouri purely by the power of affection of the people to whom he was "Pap Price," of perfect physique and imperious face, six feet two in stature, rode his immense white horse Bucephalus with the ease and grace acquired only by constant life in the saddle of a thoroughbred charger, and his figure thus mounted and painted by Bingham in the scene of the battle of Pea Ridge is the admiration of all who behold this picture in the U. D. C. halls at Richmond.

The acts and principles of men evolve from sequence. The viewpoint makes the difference. Shelby had preferred the peaceful pursuit of hemp manufacture when at the beginning of the war he was offered a commission by his Federal kinsman, Gen. Francis P. Blair. Later, seeing his neighbors without offense pillaged and murdered by license of this same authority, he deemed the South in the right, and without previous military training became a great cavalry leader. The gallant John T. Hughes (comrade of Doniphan and Price in the Mexican War), who lost his life in the battle of Independence, was a Federal land receiver at Parkville when the war began, and his idea of the right brought him to the Southern cause. Upton Hays, entirely occupied with a pastoral career and his home life (his marriage at twenty to Margaret Watts, then only thirteen, was a pure love match), was freighting for the Federal government across the plains, and saw his all destroyed and his neighbors' houses in flames when he joined Price; and the record of his career, which came too soon to the end, stands unmatched for dash and brilliancy of achievement.

Similar causes brought out Jeremiah Vard Cockrell, Robert Remick, and L. M. Lewis, all three Methodist preachers; Gideon W. Thompson, Sidney D. Jackman, Alfred Bryant, John E. McCombs, Dewitt C. Hunter, John C. Tracy, George S. Rathburn, Lewis Bohanan, John T. Coffee, Beal J. Jeans, Charles Gilkey, David Shanks, George Winship, John N. Edwards, John Grooms, George C. Webb, Turner Gill, William Lucas, Harry Vivian, O. F. Redd, William Johnson, B. F. Gordon, and the dauntless William Gregg—all men of irreproachable character who were strong partisans for the government until Federal control fell into the hands of those who said that the principles of such men were beyond recognition.

And while naming officers we must not forget Francis Marion Cockrell, George C. Vest, Earl Van Dorn, John S.

Marmaduke, L. A. Maclean, T. C. Hindman, William L. Cabell, John B. Clark, Jr., Colton Greene, Solomon G. Kitchen, Thomas H. Rosser, J. F. Davies, Thomas R. Freeman, Moses W. Smith, M. Jeff Thompson, Benjamin Elliott, William Martin, James S. Raines, Hi Bledsoe, Thomas L. Snead, Ben McCulloch, M. M. Parsons, Harry Guboir, William T. Barlow, Milton Shull, and D. A. Williams; nor can we overlook those other hosts of battle, the privates, all "brave and honorable men," who went to the front at that time when

"Missouri's western border lay
In that tornado's wasting path,
And 'near the Kansas line' for aye
It fell in all its greatest wrath."



MRS. MAUD COLEY HUDSON, PARIS, TENN.,

Daughter of Capt. W. H. Coley, President Tennessee Pension Board, and
Major of Honor for Tennessee Division, U. C. V.

A LOST "L" AND A CORRECTION.—By an unfortunate mistake in print the meaning might have been entirely lost from a very beautiful paragraph in Mrs. W. S. Clagett's article on "What Crosses of Honor Stand For" in the January VETERAN. The mistake is, however, so evidently a misprint that even a casual reader will almost unconsciously replace the lost "L," whose absence did the damage. Mrs. Clagett's copy read, "A satire of heraldry," and "a satire of heraldry," a very different thing, is what the printer's lost letter allowed her to say. The entire paragraph is as follows: "It was the St. Andrew's cross, a satire of heraldry significant of strength and progress, that led the Confederate hosts to battle, the cross of blue, studded with a white star for each of the thirteen seceding States, resting upon a square of red."

VICIOUS PARTISAN COMMENT ON THE U. D. C.

There is not enough of humor in the *VETERAN*. Apology is occasionally made for it. A man whose family name does not appear in the "War Records," containing over 70,000 names, writes a Brooklyn paper under the caption, "Daughters of the Confederacy Divided," in which he states:

"As a result of some of their extraordinary doings at their national convention held in Washington recently the United Daughters of the Confederacy are hopelessly divided. The death knell of this organization is thus sounded; and as it has never had the backing of the United Confederate Veterans nor of the loyal and progressive citizens of the New South [It is such writers who use New South.—Ed.], the bitter split in the U. D. C. ranks is hailed everywhere as marking the dawn of a new era in the history of our reunited country. [It is not pleasant to have the term "reunited" country used by such writers.—Ed.]

"As guests of the patriotic citizens of Washington, D. C. who in a thousand ways made their Southern neighbors cordially welcome and doubly comfortable [His reference to "doubly comfortable" indicates the slur that will not be overlooked.—Ed.], the rabid and disloyal fire eaters of this petticoat society by outvoting their patriotic members insisted on reversing the program for decorating the capital city with American flags and our national tricolors. Instead of that, a motion prevailed that the stars and bars, the emblem of slavery, secession, treason, and bitterness, should be used for their decorations throughout the city, and immediately all the U. D. C. hands were set busily to work to carry out the ante-bellum program. Being their invited guests, the loyal citizens of Washington were barred from resenting the deep and brazen insult. In their matchless magnanimity they

swallowed their righteous wrath, relying upon the patriotism and good sense of the great American people to ultimately right this grave and brazen offense of the U. D. C.

"The Daughters of the American Revolution gratuitously provided a convention hall for the exclusive use of the U. D. C. during their stay in Washington, the hall having been secured at great cost and inconvenience to the Washington members of the D. A. R. This hall was originally planned to be draped and decorated with American flags and the national tricolors, but by a close test vote a motion prevailed that the flags of the lost cause [Another term such people persist in using.—Ed.]—the stars and bars—should hold exclusive sway even in the electric illuminations. As guests of the big-hearted and patriotic members of the D. A. R., this insult and matchless offense to civic decency went unpunished; but it was nobly resented by many progressive and patriotic members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

The writer goes on to praise all other organizations of women and concludes in regard to the U. D. C.: "And now that their doom is sealed forever, it is a matter of great exultation throughout our reunited country."

Readers of the *VETERAN*, North as well as South, know how diligently it seeks a reunited country on terms of the fathers, but not with such a class (it is hard to use so mild a term as class) as this writer. The shame of it is that the *Brooklyn Eagle* would print such a libel. Humor was the controlling idea in taking up these villainous representations, but in concluding it is unavoidably regarded seriously.

The only unfortunate thing which occurred in the proceedings of the Washington meeting of the U. D. C. was a report on a Confederate flag soon after President Taft made his great speech to the Daughters. It was regretted by them, but the President understood the situation.



DIVISION OF GEN. S. G. FRENCH STORMING THE FEDERAL STRONGHOLD AT ALLATOONA OCTOBER 5, 1864.

THE REBEL YELL.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Comrade Alexander Hunter, a Virginian, now of Washington, D. C., gives an account of the Rebel yell that differs from that given by other writers; and after a dissertation upon the country life of men who served in the Confederate army, he describes their consequent lung power.]

I heard the Rebel yell in a modified form when Lee's army was in winter quarters at Gurney's Station, near Fredericksburg. The holiday season had passed, and many a Reb who had received a box from home had long since digested the contents and lay in his dugout sighing for the "fleshpots of Egypt." It was a bright, warm day in January, although forty-eight hours previously it had snowed steadily, and the earth was covered with its fleecy mantle knee-deep.

BATTLE WITH SNOWBALLS.

About noon the men of Longstreet's old brigade, composed of the 1st, 7th, 11th, and 17th Virginia Regiments, were summoned from their tents by a most unwonted uproar; and seeing a cloud of skirmishers lead the way, they fired the snowballs as if each man were the prize pitcher of a crack baseball team. The men caught on and fell into line with greater alacrity than they ever did before. It was time to be on the jump, for it was not a minute before the soldiers were steadied in line of battle and had molded an armful of snowballs before the Texans were upon us. They came cheering and hallooing, and their onset swept us away. Those who were not rolling in the snow struck for the rear; and once out of gunshot distance, they went to work getting in a fresh supply of ammunition, waiting for their chance. It soon came. A loud shout,

and Pickett's Brigade caught Hood's on the flank and doubled them up; and while Pickett's men were screaming "Victory!" a fresh brigade struck them in the rear, and they went to pieces. Soon there was great cheering by thousands of voices, but it was mere shouting, not the Rebel yell. * * *

Though in many battles, I never but once noticed it particularly, for as one of the performers I was struck with my own performance and did not notice others' efforts.

On the fateful day, the 31st of August, 1862, Longstreet had gotten through Thoroughfare Gap and formed his men in a double line of battle about half a mile in length. The ground, old fields, was destitute of trees, and the whole view was plain and distinct. In our front the Federal infantry came surging toward us, uttering the measured hurrahs that had neither sentiment nor music, and the sound had no sinister meaning to any "grayback" on that field. Their batteries were advanced and were magnificently served. The way their shells covered the ground was marvelous. The order, "Attention! Dress to the colors!" caused the old 1st Brigade to line up as perfectly as if on dress parade. On our right were four brigades, all standing motionless and voiceless. In our rear was Hood's Brigade of Texans, and joined to them, as I remember it, were several other brigades, composing our second line of battle; and the ground quivered, the air grew murky from the musketry fire, while the white smoke of the cannon made a faint fog that made things unreal.

Suddenly the hurrahs of the enemy were plainly heard. They were in a depression of the ground, and when they emerged a few hundreds of yards distant they came sweeping upon us in grand style. The order received was, "Dress to the colors!" and the long-looked-for command, "Forward, guide center! Charge!" We swept onward, driving back



SNOWBALL BATTLE BETWEEN CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS, NEAR DALTON, MARCH 22, 1864, THE "BATTLE" MOST PLEASANTLY REMEMBERED BY THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

their first line and making for a six-gun battery. They poured grape and canister into us, making many a gap. My! but those cannoneers were brave men; they fired their last round of grape right in our faces. Our line, ragged and torn, surged forward, but we could go no farther. The enemy's reserves came up and broke our line into scattered fragments. But we rallied and the Rebel yell commenced as we sprang forward. I could not gauge its swell or volume. Just at this juncture I was wounded in the arm, my musket dropped from my hand, and then I leaned against one of the captured guns and took a survey of the scene. Our men were scattered in groups, mostly kneeling and lying, but keeping up a galling fire. The plain in our front seemed to be covered with bluecoats as far as the eye could reach.

It was at this time that our second line started across that storm-swept plain. The batteries of the enemy were served magnificently, so they plowed and harrowed the ground.

It was a hurly-burly of fire, flame, smoke, and dust. When our reserve, led by Hood's Texas Brigade, the pride and glory of the Army of Northern Virginia, came on a run, gathering up all the fragments of the other commands in their front, and this second line dashed straight at the enemy, then I heard the Rebel yell with all its appalling significance.

It was growing late, the sun was low in the west, and before me was the most superlative scene of grandeur my eyes ever rested upon. Stretching out nearly a mile was the second line of Longstreet, curved like a half moon, and the whole reserve in motion, with guns at a trail, while the rays of the setting sun on the polished barrels of the muskets and the steel bayonets ran up and down the line a scintillating wave of fire. It was the very acme of "glorious war." Every battery on both sides was in action, and the supreme hour had come.

Pope had resolved to "make or break," and piled in all his reserves in one mighty effort to sweep the field. The Federals advanced, it seemed, with the resistless power of an avalanche, and with their hurrahs, the belching of the cannon, the rattling of the musketry a commotion was made that seemed to fill the world with turmoil; but higher, shriller, clearer above all rose the Rebel yell. I never in my life heard such a fearsome, awful sound. The Federal officers spoke by the card when they said that in many instances this yell caused their ranks to break before the Rebel charge was made.

That Rebel yell as I heard it that evening while leaning against the cannon made a lifelong impression on me. I have often dreamed of it; above the uproar of a great battle it dominated. On those charging columns of blue it had a decided effect, for it portended capture, mutilation, or death and brought eternity very near.

WHERE COL. JOHN B. HUTCHESON WAS KILLED.—Comrade Lynn, of Breckenridge, Tex., who was a member of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command, wants some information about the personal history of his old colonel, John B. Hutcheson, outside of his record as a soldier. Comrade Lynn writes: "I was the last man that spoke to Colonel Hutcheson on earth. I delivered a dispatch to him on the battle field of Woodbury, Tenn. He gave me orders, and I had hardly gone thirty feet when a shell burst in the midst of his staff, killing him instantly. I caught his horse as it ran away, and found blood and brains on the saddle. I should also like to hear from members of Graves's six-gun battery at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, also from the old boys of Company B, 4th Kentucky Infantry. I hope to meet many old comrades in Chattanooga this spring."



CLEBURNE'S DIVISION REPULSED SHERMAN'S FORCES ON MISSIONARY RIDGE NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

FLAG OF THE THIRD KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

BY L. B. CASTLEBERRY, BOONVILLE, ARK.

I write of the flag of the 3d Kentucky Regiment of Mounted Infantry, Forrest's Cavalry. After the Hood raid in Middle Tennessee, Lyons's brigade went into quarters at Waverly, Miss., to rest and recuperate until late in March, 1865. The last review of Forrest's Cavalry was at West Point, Miss. Immediately thereafter the command moved out toward Tuscaloosa, Ala. It was understood that a large force of Federals, under command of General Wilson, was marching through from Chickasaw to Selma, and that we were on our way to intercept him. We camped somewhere between Waverly, Miss., and Tuscaloosa, Ala. Just before we left camp some one gave me the flag and asked me to carry it; but I replied that I did not want to give up my gun for a flag—that I was target enough. However, he insisted that I carry it, when Kirkpatrick heard the conversation and said he would carry it. The flag was handed to him. This must have been on the 28th or 29th of March, as on the 31st we met the enemy several miles southwest of Montevallo, where they were burning iron works. We drove them back to Montevallo. After about three hours, skirmishing under command of Capt. T. C. Miller, the Federals charged and captured several of us, I being among the number.

If there was any other regiment engaged except ours (the 3d Kentucky), I didn't know it. General Wilson's command was said to be 15,000 strong. We prisoners were taken to Selma and put in a stockade and kept there till after Lee surrendered. Kirkpatrick was also captured near Selma. I asked him what became of our flag, and he said that when he saw he would be captured he put it in a hollow log not far from Selma. After Lee surrendered, we were taken to Montgomery, Ala., and there on the 14th of April, 1865,

about one thousand of us were paroled and went to our homes in Western Kentucky. We traveled on the train from Columbus, Miss., to Okolona by way of Artesia, and I reached home on the 11th of May, my twentieth birthday.

DECORATION DAY DANCES.

BY MRS. A. JEFFERSON NELSON, SEATTLE, WASH.

In one of the Virginia papers, the Southside Sentinel, I note a sentiment which appeals most earnestly to me in reference to Decoration Day races, Decoration Day baseball, and Decoration Day dances. The Sentinel closes thus: "The true patriotic heart and mind never contemplated such conditions when an annual memorial service was first conceived."

For years Virginia was my home. Fortune has transferred me and mine to the Pacific Coast, where there are many loyal Southern hearts, but where our cause lies comparatively silent in the grave. I was taught to revere Memorial Day and to decorate the graves of both the blue and the gray. It is truly a Decoration Day, yet more distinctly Memorial Day. Let us truly enjoy the day, yet in no way connect it with anything but dignity and respect for those whose memory the event is intended to honor. Let us not do away with the habit of memorial service at the graves of our departed heroes and have the story of the sixties reviewed annually.

ONLY HIS LIFE TO GIVE.—A good story is told of Comrade ("Col. Bill") Cowden, a well-known lawyer of Lewisburg, Tenn. His practice extended over a wide area of sparsely settled country. He was genial and gifted, but reckless about money. On one of his lonely journeys a highwayman demanded his money or his life, and he replied: "My friend, you must be a stranger in these parts. Everybody in this section knows that I never did have any money."



BATTLE OF RINGGOLD, GA., NOVEMBER 27, 1863, BETWEEN THE FORCES OF PAT CLEBURNE AND JOSEPH HOOKER.

SECOND MISSOURI CAVALRY.

In an interesting communication the Upton Hays Chapter, U. D. C., of 432 Westport Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., gives the following history of a famous Missouri regiment:

"Seeing the comment in a recent issue of the *VETERAN* by C. Y. Ford, of Odessa, Mo., about the 2d Missouri Cavalry leads us to state that Gen. R. B. Coleman and C. Y. Ford are both right. Capt. Sail H. Ford, written of by General Coleman, was first lieutenant (later succeeding Wood Small, his captain) in Company F, 2d Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A., as organized by Upton Hays and with which he fought the battles of Little Blue and Lone Jack. After Hays fell, at Newtonia, this regiment, which had suffered severe losses, was reorganized as the 12th Missouri Cavalry with Beal J. Jeans as colonel, and at about the same time the battalion under Col. Robert McCulloch was recruited to a regiment and named the 2d Missouri Cavalry. After Colonel Jeans was disabled on the field he was succeeded by Col. Charles Gilkey, who lost his life fighting a gunboat on the White River. David Shanks then became colonel of this regiment, which was reorganized and newly recruited and named the 6th Missouri Cavalry. When Shanks fell, at Castle Rock, Willhue Ervin took command and led the regiment through Price's raid, the battle of Westport, and to the end. This was the Jackson County (Mo.) regiment, the head and front of the Iron Brigade, led by five colonels, four lost on fields of battle. Where is this record equaled?

"The Upton Hays Chapter, U. D. C., is very anxious to obtain for a memorial record the names of all survivors at this time of this regiment as organized above, and also of all survivors of the Quantrell command, which organized at the same time and jointly with Hays's 2d Missouri Cavalry."

APPEAL FOR LAST CONFEDERATE CAPITOL.

Danville, Va., has the honor of being the last capital of the Confederacy, and the beautiful edifice known as the "Sutherland Home" was the last capitol of the Confederacy, as it was in that house that President Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet held their last official meeting. As is generally known, President Davis was attending religious services in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., of which he was a member, Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, when he received a telegram announcing the fact that Petersburg and Richmond would be evacuated that day or night. He left the church at once and made preparations to leave that night for Danville, Va. He and his Cabinet remained in Danville one week. While there President Davis was the guest of Maj. William T. Sutherland, and a Cabinet meeting was held on Saturday night, April 8, in that residence.

On Sunday morning, April 9, President Davis and his Cabinet attended religious services, and a lady who was present gives the following account of it: "On the Sunday that President Davis spent in Danville there was a union service in the Presbyterian church, as it was the largest in the town. Dr. Moses D. Hoge preached the sermon, his text being 1 Peter v. 10, and it was a very fine and comforting sermon. It was the saddest service I ever attended. The distinguished guests and every one present felt that the end of the war was near."

The news of General Lee's surrender was received that afternoon. A hurried meeting of the Cabinet was held at Major Sutherland's that night, and the President left Monday morning for the South. His capture occurred May 10 near Irwinville, Ga.

The citizens of Danville have purchased the Sutherland home, "the last Capitol of the Confederacy," to be kept as a Confederate memorial building. The purchase price is \$48,000.



BATTLE OF RESACA, MAY 16, 1864, BETWEEN THE FORCES OF GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON AND W. T. SHERMAN.

One payment has been made on it, and this appeal is to every Camp of Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Memorial Association, and every Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, wherever located, to assist the Danville Confederate Memorial Association in paying for the building and grounds.

All contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Frank Talbot, President, or Mr. C. G. Holland, Secretary Danville Confederate Memorial Association.

INQUIRY FOR A KENTUCKY CONGRESSMAN.—J. W. Cook, of Helena, Ark., writes: "On December 16, 1864, I was a member of Company A, 43d Mississippi Infantry, and was captured at Nashville just at the close of the second day of the battle there. After being held in an annex of the penitentiary with many others for a few days, we were loaded on a freight train to be transported to prison. We spent one night in a wayside prison in Louisville, and crossed the Ohio River the next morning at New Albany and were drawn up for another train for Chicago. While we were waiting for this train an elderly gentleman of distinguished appearance made his way through the guards and came to the writer and Tom Bingham, of the 4th Louisiana Regiment, introduced himself, and said: 'Boys, would you like to go home? I am Congressman from this district and will have you released, as you are under age.' I thanked him and asked: 'Under what terms?' 'That you take the oath,' he said. 'O, we can't do that; we can't desert our colors.' But he said: 'There is no chance for you. You are being sent to Camp Douglas, at Chicago, and will be held there.' I thanked him again and told him I could not help it; that I could not desert my own people. Now I do not remember who this Congressman was, and I am very anxious to know his name, whether he is still alive or not. I trust some of your Indiana or Louisville correspondents can inform me."

THE CAPTURE OF BEVERLY, W. VA.

BY REV. LESLIE H. DAVIS, D.D., FREDERICKTOWN, MO.

On January 7, 1865, the cavalry under Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, including the 7th, 11th, and 12th Regiments and Col. Lige White's battalion and a small detachment of General Payne's brigade, moved out from Swoope's Depot, near Staunton, Va., on what may be considered one of the most trying adventures of the War of the States.

This splendid brigade, which had followed Turner Ashby until he fell, was now depleted by stern service and impoverished resources, and reduced perhaps to less than six hundred effective men. Their destination was now Beverly, where two regiments, the 8th Ohio Cavalry and the 34th Ohio Infantry, were in winter quarters. The command reached McDowell's, and remained until Monday, the 9th, in camp near the historic battle field where Stonewall Jackson had met and repulsed Millroy in his advance on Staunton.

On leaving McDowell ten miles put us at Monterey, and we bivouacked for the night on a slope of the Alleghany. The snow was deep and a cold rain continued all night. Pine tops and cedar were pressed into service, and on these we spread our scanty bedding, using our rubber blankets to protect us from the rain. The line of march afforded an impressive lesson to the soldier boy. The route led across the Greenbrier River. To our left were forts and quarters, where a part of the Southern troops had wintered in the earlier days of the struggle. Owing to the depth of the snow, there were times when we followed in single file the turnpike which led across Cheat Mountain. A halt was made twelve miles from Beverly near the residence of a Mr. Hutten. Just a little farther on was the Tygart River and some evidences of the town of Huttonville, which had been burned by the Federal forces in 1861. Here we remained until nine



BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, NEAR MARIETTA, GA., JUNE 24, 1864.

o'clock, with orders to kindle no fires. Then, leaving the valley road and river to our left, we followed a rather secluded route, occasionally halting and awaiting the report of scouts.

The night was very cold, and during these stops we could keep from freezing only by running and jumping. With the town just to our left, we reached a point where there were two or three high mounds a little more than half a mile north-east of the town. With the horses in care of a detail of men, we dismounted and moved toward the enemy, who was in winter quarters, built of small logs, bordering on the north-east part of the town. When within fifty yards of the camp, a charge was ordered, and by early morning, ere the gray had begun to dawn (according to my diary), 593 prisoners had been taken. Before the charge was ordered several horsemen surrendered to some of the staff officers. These had been on guard and, the relief pickets having taken their places, were returning to camp unconscious of peril. Their surprise was complete. A few men fell during the conflict. One on the Southern side, I especially remember, was named Gregg, from Frederick County, Md., and of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry. Some fled across the river and kept up an occasional fire during the day and succeeding night. The brigade and prisoners moved about two miles up the river and remained in camp until the next morning, when the line of march was resumed. On the night of the 12th we camped on the river south of Huttonsville. On the night of the 13th we stopped on Elk River near the dwelling of William Gibson. Between cold and fatigue, guard duty was a torture those bitter nights.

On the following day we crossed Greenbrier River at Marlin Bottom, thence through Huntersville and Warm Springs, in Bath County, which had furnished the 11th Virginia Cav-

alry two valiant companies, and arrived at our old camping ground January 18. Thus in twelve days was performed one of the most strenuous and stirring adventures of the conflict. Few events manifested greater sacrifice and endurance, while the suffering among the prisoners was almost beyond description. Many of them had been run out of their quarters bare-footed and without coats, caps, shoes, etc. Men were detailed to gather up the clothing, yet there were misfits and great destitution.

INQUIRY BY DR. JOHN GEORGE.

Dr. John George, who belonged to Company G, 1st Missouri Infantry, would like to hear from or of any of his comrades who were with him while cut off from his command after the battles of Champion Hill and Baker's Creek, Miss. Dr. George writes that James Kellogg, Major McQuinty, Dink Price, Bill Halley, and Bill Talley were with him, and that after many attempts, almost losing their lives trying to get into Vicksburg and back to their command, they gave up in despair and went to Arkadelphia, Ark., where Dr. George's brother, Gaines George, was in service. They were transferred and sent to Marshall, Tex., and from there to Tyler, where some more of the boys came to them. Among them were Dr. George's old captain, R. C. Newport, and John and Ben Spaulding, of St. Joe, Mo.

The officers in command of the arsenal at Tyler were Colonel Hill, Captain Roberts, and Major Alexander. The head workmen in charge were Joe Ramsey, Barney Panter, and Mr. Short.

Dr. George would like to hear from any of them. Write him in care of Mrs. W. O. Deason, Shawnee, Okla.



DURING TRUCE IN BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 27, 1864.

Confederates proposed it on account of Federal wounded being burned by forest fire. They helped to save their enemies.

Confederate Veteran.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS—ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. S. F. E. ROSE, PRESIDENT MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

Unwavering, undaunted, our soldiers in gray,
 Never fearing nor doubting, they marched on their way
 In defense of the Southland their lives were as naught;
 Those heroes of Dixie, how nobly they fought!
 Ever before them a cause that was just,
 Down even to death they were true to their trust.

Cold, hungry, and footsore, often half clad,
 On many a battle field with hearts heavy and sad,
 Never faltering, our heroes, 'mid shot and 'mid shell,
 For love of the Southland, ever bravely they fell.
 Each day as their comrades went down in the fray,
 Death ever near, they kneeled down to pray;
 Each home with its loved ones, the Father above,
 Round them would circle his protection and love.
 Amid the dead and dying, life's blood ebbing fast,
 Their thoughts were with mother and home in the past,
 Ever hoping for victory to crown them at last.

Veterans now of that fast-vanishing line,
 Each day bringing nearer the vast shores of time,
 Through the pages of history your deeds will be told,
 Each year growing brighter as new glories unfold.
 Round your memory the evergreen wreath will entwine,
 And the Daughters will cherish your courage sublime.
 Now and forever will your country adore,
 So calm be your rest and peace evermore.

COMMANDANT U. S. C. V., CHATTANOOGA.

Thomas C. Thompson, Mayor of Chattanooga and Commander of the J. W. Bachman Sons of Veterans, is a representative of an eminent South Carolina family that was devoted to the cause of the Confederate States. He is the son of Hon. Hugh S. Thompson, who had five brothers and his mother eight brothers in the army. His father, afterwards Governor of the State, was professor of belles-lettres in the Charleston branch of the South Carolina Military Academy at the beginning of the war, during which he commanded a battalion of cadets on the coast of the State. He was born at Charleston, S. C., January 24, 1836, the grandson of Judge Waddy Thompson, Chancellor of South Carolina twenty-six years from 1805, and nephew of Gen. Waddy Thompson, conspicuous in Congress during Jackson's administration, Minister to Mexico under President Tyler, and an active worker in the Confederate cause. He was graduated in 1856 at the South Carolina Military Academy, of which he was made assistant professor in 1858 and professor in 1859.

After the war Capt. Hugh Thompson was Principal of the Columbia Male Academy sixteen years, and in 1876, in the famous political revolution under the leadership of Wade Hampton, he was elected State Superintendent of Education. By reelections he held this office until 1882, and he rendered valuable service to the State. Then he was informally selected for the presidency of the State University, but pending that election he was nominated for Governor of the State. He was triumphantly elected and in 1884 was reelected. In 1886 he resigned the office to accept that of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, which position he also filled with honor. Before President Cleveland's retirement Governor Thompson was appointed a member of the Civil Service Commission, and served until 1892, when he resigned to become Comptroller of the New York life Insurance Company.

Henry T. Thompson, a son of Governor Thompson, was his secretary. He is one of the leading military men of the State, and as captain of the Darlington Guards won distinction during the dispensary riots, upholding the administration, although not in sympathy with Governor Tillman. When war was declared with Spain, in 1898, he and his company immediately offered their services to the State, and he was promoted to major and put in command of an independent battalion, a nucleus of the 2d Regiment, of which he was commissioned lieutenant colonel. He served in the 7th Army Corps under Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in Cuba, and was mustered out in 1899.



THOMAS C. THOMPSON,

Commander of J. W. Bachman Camp U. S. C. V.

Thomas C. Thompson, with mention of whom this sketch began, was educated at the Columbia (S. C.) Male Academy. He was engaged in the cotton trade at Charleston and with the house of Inman & Co., Atlanta, until embarking in insurance work. He is now Manager for Tennessee of the National Life Insurance Company, of Montpelier, Vt. He was first elected Mayor of Chattanooga in 1909. In 1911, when Chattanooga's government was changed to the commission form, although his term had not expired, he voluntarily went before the people with the other candidates for places on the Board of Commissioners and was elected.

He was enthusiastic in launching the first Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans formed in Chattanooga, which comprises a large representation of the city's manhood. At a meeting held on February 25, when the guest of honor was Adjt. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, of Memphis, grandson of the "Wizard of the Saddle," Mr. Joe Pogue proposed that the name of the new Camp be the "Jonathan W. Bachman," which name was chosen unanimously by a rising vote. Rev. J. W. Bachman, D.D., is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Chattanooga, and no more popular name could have been given this new Camp. The following officers were elected: Mayor T. C. Thompson, Commandant; Earl N. Webster, Adjutant; John Chambliss, Treasurer. The Credentials Committee are J. B. French, E. N. Webster, and E. E. Brown.

MONUMENT TO NINE CONFEDERATE BROTHERS.

There was erected recently in old Cross Creek Cemetery, Fayetteville, N. C., a unique monument, as it commemorates the deeds of nine brothers who served as Confederate soldiers, all of them volunteering in 1861. It was reared by a son of one of these heroes, who himself at the age of fifteen years served (unenlisted on account of his youth) during the last year. This monument stands near the one reared to the memory of the Confederate heroes by the women of Fayetteville. On the base of the front side is this inscription: "Erected for father and eight uncles by John R. Tolar, who from the age of fifteen served unenlisted in the Army of Tennessee, C. S. A., during the last year of the war."



TO NINE CONFEDERATE BROTHERS.

On the front side of the monument is inscribed: "In memory of nine Tolar brothers, sons of Robert and Frances Tolar, all born in Cumberland County, N. C. All volunteered in 1861. They gave their best service to their country as Confederate soldiers."

On the three other sides of the shaft the names of the nine heroes are engraved.

The oldest of these brothers, William J. Tolar, was engaged in turpentine manufacturing in Horry District, S. C. When the State seceded, he belonged to the Brooks Rifle Guards, a military company, which tendered its service to the State immediately and at once went into State service on the South Carolina coast. In July, 1861, the 10th South Carolina Regiment was organized, and this company became Company B of that regiment. In the spring of 1862 the regiment went to Corinth, Miss., joining the Western army, and here it was reenlisted for the war. William J. Tolar, who had been a

lieutenant, was elected captain, and filled that position till the war ended. He was severely and thought to be fatally wounded in a charge of the company in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864. He was too seriously disabled for later active service. His regimental commander, that splendid soldier and courteous gentleman, Col. (now Gen.) C. I. Walker, said in a letter to the writer of this that he always "felt satisfied when the gallant Captain Tolar commanded the skirmish line," and another officer wrote that Captain Tolar was one of the most gallant soldiers he ever knew. He was a zealous and consistent member of the Baptist Church from his early youth, and was indeed a Christian gentleman. He crossed over the river, with all his family at his bedside, in Bladen County, N. C., January 20, 1896.

John H. Tolar, the second brother, was engaged in turpentine manufacturing in Marion, S. C., when the war came on, and he enlisted in one of the first companies organized in that district. The company was assigned to Orr's Rifle Regiment. It was sent promptly to Virginia, and took part in nearly all the battles in which Lee's army engaged. He was a very devout Christian and often conducted prayer meetings in his regiment. He had one of those peculiar presentiments that Gen. J. B. Gordon in his book refers to. On his last furlough home when he bade his family good-by he told his wife he would never see her again. Just before going into the battle of the Wilderness on May 5, 1864, he led his company in prayer and told one of his comrades that he would be killed in that battle. He led his men in a charge; and as one after another of the field officers was shot down, it became his duty, though only a lieutenant, to assume command of the left wing of his regiment, and while leading another charge he was shot through the head.

Robert M. Tolar, the third brother, entered the service in the fall of 1861 in Company I, 51st North Carolina Regiment, and was later transferred to Munn's Battery of heavy artillery. His service was entirely in North and South Carolina, in battles and skirmishes around Kinston and in the sieges of Charleston and Fort Fisher. He was captured in the surrender of Fort Fisher. He was a faithful soldier and an earnest Christian. He passed away on July 20, 1912.

Matthew A. Tolar, the fourth brother, is living in Valdosta, Ga. His military service was in Cumming's North Carolina Battery from early in 1861 to the close of the war. He was in North Carolina with his battery to the end of the war. His captain said he was a splendid soldier, but he passed through it all unhurt.

Thomas B. Tolar, the fifth brother, joined his brother William's company (B, 10th South Carolina Infantry) in the early fall of 1861, and served faithfully till wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862. He never fully recovered from the effects of this wound, and died in the hospital at Union Point, Ga., the following August.

Sampson B. Tolar, the sixth brother, was among the first volunteers in North Carolina after the State seceded, joining the Bladen County Guards, which became Company K, 18th North Carolina Regiment. This command went early to Virginia and served in the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendering at Appomattox. Sampson was wounded at Hanover Courthouse in May, 1862, which wound unfitted him for later active service, and he was honorably discharged, but served in a clerical capacity under his brother Alf in an enrolling office the latter part of the war. He joined his comrades on the other side on July 31, 1909.

Alfred H. Tolar, the seventh brother, joined the Bladen County Guards with his brother "Samp" early in 1861, and served in Virginia till severely wounded and disabled at Gettysburg. When he was sufficiently recovered he was made enrolling and recruiting officer in Harnett County, N. C. He was promoted over his superior officers from a junior lieutenantcy to captain for gallantry on the battle field, and a fellow officer of the 18th North Carolina said: "Capt. Alf Tolar was the coolest and bravest man I ever saw in battle." He lives in Houston, Tex., and is one of the two now living.

Haynes L. Tolar, the eighth brother, volunteered in Company K, 18th North Carolina Regiment, early in 1861, and served faithfully till the seven days' fighting around Richmond, in June, 1862, when, being detailed to guard prisoners in Richmond, his gun was accidentally discharged by which he was instantly killed.

Joseph M. Tolar, the ninth and youngest of the nine brothers, volunteered when a mere boy about the end of 1861, and served in Cumming's North Carolina Battery till the war ended, making a good soldier. He went through the war unhurt, and lived an honored and consistent Christian life till he passed away, on May 9, 1904, in Sanford, Fla.

There were ten brothers and one daughter in the family; and the youngest brother, A. Haywood Tolar, was in anguish because his father would not let him leave home and join the army at fourteen years of age, when his cousin, John R. Tolar, went away at the age of fifteen. The only daughter married M. Y. Singletary, and he was a Confederate soldier.

FIRST CHEROKEE (IND. T.) CAVALRY, C. S. A.

BY R. B. COLEMAN, ADJT. GEN. OKLA. DIV., U. C. V.

The First Cherokee Confederate Cavalry was organized at old Fort Wayne, in Delaware District, Cherokee Nation, July 27, 1861. Stand Watie was commissioned colonel by Gen. Albert Pike, of the Confederate States army, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians. The field officers were as follows: Stand Watie, Colonel commanding; Thomas F. Taylor, Lieutenant Colonel; Elias E. Bowdnot, Major; Charles E. Watie, Adjutant; George W. Adair, Quartermaster; Joseph M. Starr, Sr., Commissary; W. T. Adair, M.D., Surgeon; W. D. Polson, Assistant Surgeon; Rev. J. N. Slover, Chaplain; G. W. West, Sergeant Major.

Its captains were as follows: Company A, Buzzard; Company B, Robert C. Parks; Company C, Daniel H. Coody; Company D, James M. Bell; Company E, Joseph F. Thompson; Company F, Joseph F. Smallwood; Company G, George H. Starr; Company H, John Thompson Mayes; Company I, Bluford West Alberty; Company J, J. Porum Davis; Company K, Jack Spears; Company L, James Thompson.

This famous regiment participated in the following battles and skirmishes from 1861 to 1865: Wilson Creek, Newtonia, Short Creek, and Neosho, Mo.; also at Fort Wayne, Grove Cabin Creek (twice), Bird Creek, Fort Gibson, Bayou Manaid, Barren Fork, Camp Creek, Webber's Falls, and Honey Springs, Ind. T. Then at Pea Ridge, Mo., Prairie Grove and Poison Springs, Ark., and Mazzard Prairie, Ind. T., and many minor flurries and sharp skirmishes. They were brave to the last.

This regiment was the nucleus from which was formed the Cherokee Brigade of Cavalry, commanded by Brevet Brig. Gen. Stand Watie, and was composed of the 2d Cherokee Cavalry, the 1st Creek Cavalry, and John Jumpers's battalion of Semino'e cavalry, and was assigned to Sam Bell Maxie's division of Texas troops.

It is very fitting that a monument be erected at Tahlequah, Okla., formerly the capital of the Cherokee Nation, to the memory of Gen. Stand Watie and the brave, patriotic Cherokees in the war for States' rights and white supremacy.

A TOUCHING MEMORY.

BY T. I. LINDSEY, WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO.

One of the most heartbreaking sights I ever saw was one that I chanced upon during the week after the battle at Savannah. Among several dead awaiting burial was a boy dressed in a neat gray uniform, the gold stripes across his breast denoting that he had been a Confederate drummer. His age could not have exceeded eleven or twelve years, and his exceptionally neat and embroidered uniform was evidence that he had been a household pet and that dainty fingers had plied the needle. He lay with his hands across his breast, a profusion of blond curls scattered about his waxlike face, and he appeared as though he was peacefully sleeping and dreaming of loving arms and lips that would wake him once more for another day of childish happiness.

As I looked at him I thought of a pleasant Southern home. I could see a pretty young mother only a few short years back bending over the cradle and brushing away the curling locks to give the good night kiss. I could see her when she gave him her last farewell with her streaming eyes and throbbing heart, and could hear her sweet "God bless you, my darling!" But he was there dead among strangers who were enemies to the cause for which he died. He is only a memory now, but through all the years a tear will start when I think of the blond curls and pretty white face of that dead Confederate boy.

TWO GALLANT YOUNG SEAMEN.

The untimely death of Midshipman W. L. Bullock, Jr., who was killed by a fall from the mainmast of the training ship Hartford at Annapolis last October, recalls with melancholy interest the death of a boyish sailor, an uncle of young Bullock's, who lost his life in the service of the Confederate navy.

The hero of the earlier story, John F. Holden, lacking six weeks of graduating at the United States Naval Academy, and before Tennessee, his native State, had seceded, resigned his place in the United States navy to cast his lot with the South. He enlisted under Admiral Semmes (at that time commander of the Confederate ship *Star of the West*) at New Orleans. He was assigned to help fit up the new ship *Sumter*. Semmes called for volunteers to carry an anchor across the Mississippi River, to which call he and three others responded; their boat was swamped, and all were drowned.

Admiral Semmes in his "Service Afloat" describes the accident in a letter of condolence to the father of the young gentleman which sufficiently explains the disaster:

"NEW ORLEANS, May 18, 1861.

"Sir: It becomes my melancholy duty to inform you of the death by drowning yesterday of your son, Midshipman John F. Holden, of the C. S. steamer *Sumter*. Your son was temporarily attached to the receiving ship (late *Star of the West*) at this place whilst the *Sumter* was being prepared for sea, and whilst engaged in carrying out an anchor in a boat belonging to that ship met his melancholy fate, along with three of the crew, by the swamping of the boat.

"I offer you, my dear sir, my heartfelt condolence in this sad bereavement. You have lost a cherished son and the government a valuable and promising young officer."

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER—XI., XII.

(Concluded.)

BY SAMUEL HANKINS, SOLDIERS' HOME, GULFPORT, MISS.

July 20 came and still no land was in sight, nor could we determine our destination. During the day there were three deaths from wounds. They received a sea burial. Early on the 22d we spied land, much to our relief. Soon we entered the bay at New York, thence up East River to the north end of Long Island, where there was a long, narrow island eighty acres in area called David's Island. Here the Federals had erected twenty-two pavilions in a line, with a mess room between each two. The building extended nearly the entire length of the island. Each pavilion was divided into four wards which contained twenty cots each. A doctor's office stood in front and a bathroom in the rear. This pavilion had been used by their soldiers as a hospital, and had just been vacated. As there were 2,500 Confederates on the island, tents had to be erected in order to accommodate all.

Upon our arrival we were at once divested of all wearing apparel, which was burned, and each one given a bath. Then a hospital suit was provided, which consisted of a long gray gown fastened at the waist with a green cord, also hose and blue cloth slippers. I was consigned to Pavilion 4, Ward 1. Irish women were employed to scrub the floors daily, and everything was kept neat. There was a large steam laundry kept going constantly for the use of all. In one large general kitchen food was prepared and sent to mess rooms, and there were several "lady" kitchens where fancy dishes were prepared for the sickest patients. The diet was changed each day, and it was good. Those not able to go to the mess room were served at their cots. There was only one church, Episcopal, which we attended when able. We had access to a good library; in fact, the whole island was at our disposal. When the tide went out, we gathered clams for bait and fished. We had moved from Hades to heaven, and everything possible was done for our comfort. Everybody was pleasant to us; my own nurse was like a brother. I hated being a prisoner, though, and detested the spelling in flowers of "Constitution," "Union," and "Abraham Lincoln."

Many sympathizers from New York visited us every day and brought things. A number of deaths occurred, caused by gangrene. When as many as two hundred and fifty or three hundred were able to travel, they were given a suit of clothing and sent away to be paroled. I had gangrene and was in the last squadron moved. The clothing given was from our friends in the city. The suits for the last squadron were a little nicer than any previously given. I was very proud of mine. The coat was a seal-brown frock with a double row of staff buttons in front.

There was a very long gangway extending from the ground to the deck of the vessel along which we had to pass in single file. At the foot of this six or eight soldiers were standing. As I approached one of them ordered me to take off my coat. This I reluctantly did, some one holding my crutches for me. The soldier took it and cut off every button, then handed it to two other soldiers, who twisted it as tight as they could and held it over a block, while another with an ax whacked off the tail just below the waist. They then handed the body part back to me, which I refused to accept, tossing it into the water. I was mad. All of us were treated in the same manner. Some sensibly put the remainder of their coats on, as the weather was cold. This was the only mean act toward us while there, and none before us received such treatment.

While sailing down the bay at New York we passed many gunboats anchored at different places doing picket duty. As we passed the captain was hailed by the commander of each boat and asked our destination. He, a perfect giant in stature, was standing on deck where I lay with the toes of his No. 14 shoes jammed in my side. He answered: "Fortress Monroe." "What is your cargo?" was then asked. In a voice like a fog horn the captain answered: "D— bobtail Rebels." I wished I was a David with a good sling shot so I could have presented his head to Mr. Davis.

On our arrival at Fortress Monroe we were transferred to a steamboat that carried us up the James River to City Point, below Richmond, where we were to be paroled. Our boat landed, all of us eager enough to again stand in dear old Dixie. We were not allowed to go ashore for about an hour, when the oath was administered to each one and we were free. The first question I asked was if Vicksburg and Port Hudson were still holding out. Both places had surrendered, so the Northern papers stated, the day I was captured.

A train was in readiness that carried us to Petersburg. On arriving there we were consigned to our different State hospitals. I was placed in the South Carolina hospital, as Mississippi did not have one. Here I found a vast difference in the food compared to that of David's Island. It was the best our poor country could furnish. The tea and coffee were fearful; the tea tasted like tobacco stems. I remained here a few days awaiting the meeting of the medical board, who were to examine wounds and grant furloughs. I was granted sixty days. I then requested transportation, and was soon on my way home.

The railroads were badly damaged, so it took a long time to reach a place a short distance away. I noticed that a great change had taken place during my confinement of four months. Everything seemed so desolate. When I reached Okolona, Miss., I learned that the enemy had visited our section, taking everything. My own family, having been left without subsistence, had been taken to a place of hiding by some faithful old darkies. I secured a horse and an old darky to pilot me, and started for that section of the country where I had been told they had gone. The following day I met one of our servants, who was overjoyed to see me and told me that mother was about two miles away. We turned into an old blind road with bushes in the center and followed it a mile, reaching a scrub pine field. In the center of this field stood a double log cabin, the refuge of my family. Notwithstanding the surroundings, our meeting was a happy one. I found that the Yankees had taken from my mother everything, and those faithful darkies had done odd jobs to get meat and bread for the family.

After a few days at home, my wound inflamed and I was confined to my bed for some time. Before my sixty days' furlough was out the medical board of the county extended it sixty days longer. Before the expiration of that time a cavalry company was organized, which I joined, thinking I would no longer be useful for infantry service. I was elected first lieutenant by a handsome majority and secured the goods for a uniform, having a tailor make it who charged the most outrageous price. An uncle furnished me a good horse, and I was soon equipped and ready.

Our company was an independent one, the government furnishing nothing. After all was in readiness, we moved off to locate the enemy. As soon as we located them, finding that they were too numerous, we turned our attention to locating

smaller forces. We were brave all right, but no company in the army could surpass us in prudence. Occasionally we would not locate the enemy in time, and would be forced to exchange a few shots, but not many. Dave Braden told this joke on our company: He had been wounded and was unable to serve in the infantry, his wound crippling him for life. He could have been discharged, but such was not his wish. Well, Dave started out to find our company, intending to join us. He wore a Yankee overcoat. He heard that we were at Iuka, Miss., and made for that place. On reaching there he was told that we had only a few hours before passed through Iuka going southward. He said he moved on with as little delay as possible, hoping to overtake us. Often he would see a cavalryman in full tilt disappear at the turn of the road; but he thought nothing of this, as the common practice with cavalrymen was to be running. One warm day some distance south of Selma, Ala., he pulled off his Yankee overcoat and sat upon it. He then overtook the fleeing cavalryman, who said he was our rear guard and that the enemy had been pursuing him all the way from Iuka, Miss.

We decided to attach ourselves to some regiment, which was soon accomplished. This was a foolish act on our part, for in a few days we were dismounted and sent as infantry by rail to take part in the battle of Harrisburg, Miss. After this battle we were ordered direct by rail to Atlanta, Ga., and there placed in the ditches, where we took part in the battle of July 28, after which we went to Selma, Ala., where our horses had been sent. They were in a bad condition.

At this time I was appointed to detail certain disabled men and some unserviceable horses, appointing well men to look after them, and to select some suitable place for a recruiting camp. This easy appointment came through a friendship existing between my father and his colonel.

After gathering my command together with a few wagons and tents, I proceeded with my caravan to a chain of mountains in Alabama, where I found an ideal spot and a large spring of cold water. In the valley was excellent grazing for the horses. Here I proceeded to appoint my commissioned and noncommissioned officers—captains and lieutenants, also quartermaster and commissary—with full power to act as if appointed by the head of the government.

To give an idea of war prices in the South I mention that a pair of cotton cards formerly priced at fifty cents sold then for \$80. Salt was \$80 per sack and butter \$4 per pound; while a night's lodging was about \$15.

My temporary surgeon called at my quarters and said that his sick men needed stimulants. All government distilleries had shut down for want of material, and whisky was issued only to those fatally wounded on the field and to favorite officers who would not be denied. I hadn't enough money to purchase the article which had to be bought from moonshiners. We had several soreback government horses, the only kind on the market, as all horses in good condition were pressed into service. I had no trouble in selling one which was pronounced incurable for \$1,500.

After being sworn to secrecy, I was piloted to the locality of the still, whose owner was an Irishman. The still consisted of two large washpots, the top one upside down. A narrow wooden arm about four feet long and five inches in diameter extended from the pots to a small dogwood sapling around which two or three gun barrels had been twisted and the end attached to the arm and used as a worm. This, with a few hollow gum tubes, composed the outfit. They had on

hand one barrel of stimulants said to contain thirty-seven and a half gallons at \$40 per gallon, F. O. B. the slide, the only mode of conveyance, as there was no wagon road. The amount came to exactly \$1,500, the price paid for the horse. On its arrival in camp there was no delay in opening it. Our chemist pronounced it one-fourth meal, one-fourth sorghum cane seed, one-fourth china berries, and one-fourth pine tops. Our doctor said it would do, as no other was to be found, and instructed his sick to use it freely, internally, externally, and eternally, and he did likewise. In a few days he cited me to the rosy cheeks of his patients, which I had already noticed. About the time the barrel was empty I received orders to report to our command with our men and horses. On our arrival there comrades wanted to know why so many red eyes and noses. We answered: "Mountain air."

Our captain was wounded and permanently disabled on July 28, 1864, at Atlanta, Ga., though he would never resign, which disappointed me, as I was first lieutenant and wanted to be captain by promotion. During my absence the company had been in command of our second lieutenant and were in camp about eight miles from Rome, Ga., which was occupied by the enemy. It was growing late in the fall of '64, and the enemy had such a strong hold in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi that all we could do was to keep out of the way.

A few days after our return to our command I concluded to hunt something to eat better than we had in camp. I took the main road that led to Rome. After going a few miles, I found a place where I was told I could obtain something. The good lady of the house at once prepared my dinner, which consisted of a cup of good corn meal coffee, corn dodgers, baked sweet potatoes, sorghum molasses, and buttermilk. I enjoyed the feast very much. After paying for same, I was returning to camp when I heard a voice to my right at the top of a hill calling "Halt!" I looked and saw five or six mounted bluecoats. My horse and I took in the situation at once. I got flat on his back, pressed both spurs into his side, and flew. "Halt! halt! halt!" Bang! bang! zip! zip! came the bullets. We were going at such a gait that we could not halt. The fence rails seemed a sheet of solid timber. The Yankees kept shooting until the road turned into timber. They must have been poor shots or did not want to hurt us, for not a scratch was made upon me or upon my horse except that a ball had passed through one end of my blanket, which was rolled and strapped to the back of my saddle. Often a man would be sent out as a decoy, leading those in pursuit to be fired upon from ambush. Probably they so mistook me.

Several days later I decided to ride out again in a different direction, accompanied by Lieutenant Foster, of our regiment. We went about three miles and found a place where a similar dinner was served us as previously described. On our return we heard a voice in our rear calling on us to halt, and found that eight or ten Yankee cavalrymen were in full tilt after us. We had several hundred yards the start and moved at breakneck speed. A small creek had to be forded, the water being about two feet deep, which we crossed in a gallop. As we reached the opposite bank, Foster's horse stumbled and fell to his knees, Foster going over his head, pulling off the horse's bridle as he passed over. He started on foot as fast as he could, yelling to me to wait. I replied that I would do so at the judge's stand. His horse got on his feet and galloped after Foster, soon overtaking him. How far the Yankees followed us we could not tell. I decided after this experience to live on such food as we had in camp.

I could not understand why we were kept at one place so long. We were too weak to stop the advance of a small army and there was nothing to protect, as the country had been divested of everything, both armies having occupied it. We would go out occasionally, have a little skirmish, and have a man or two killed. The Creator never made men equal to the Confederate soldier. For many months none of us had the least hope of success, yet we would stand and be shot at for our country. Our poor government had about exhausted supplies of every kind and had not paid any of her soldiers for months. For example, my own claim (unpaid at the surrender) as first lieutenant in cavalry at \$90 per month for fourteen months amounted to \$1,260. Notwithstanding all rations were cut short, complaints were seldom heard.

Winter was fast approaching when we were ordered into Alabama and from there to Mississippi, where we were constantly on the move. The enemy was everywhere and we had little territory in which to operate. We were at no time longer than two or three days at one place, having to hunt food for man and beast. Occasionally a remote neighborhood could be found that had not been molested, but not often.

The first month of the spring of '65 found us pitifully subsisting upon anything obtainable. We were near Selma, Ala., when the expected news came of General Lee's surrender.

Thus ended the severest war ever fought in this country or any other. Father against son, brother against brother! My father had an only brother who was a surgeon of an Illinois regiment in the Union army; while my father, Maj. E. L. Hankins, served throughout the war in the Confederate army, commanding Ashcraft's Regiment, composed of the 2d and 3d Battalions of Mississippi Cavalry.

The time is growing near when there will be none of us left to tell the "story of the glory of the men who wore the gray," so I have made the foregoing as my contribution.



SAMUEL HANKINS, THE AUTHOR.

[This "Simple Story of a Soldier" is completed in book form at 25 cents or sent for a new subscription. Ask for it.]

ANSWER FROM THE SALVATION ARMY.

The following letter from William H. Cox, editor of the *Salvation Army War Cry*, is appreciated by the VETERAN:

"Your February number has just been handed to me, and on page seventy-four I am surprised and quite a little concerned about a brief article headed 'The Salvation Army War Cry Admonished,' in which exception is taken to a paragraph from an article appearing in our October 5, 1912, number. I must express the greatest regret that any one's feelings have been hurt by said paragraph, as I feel sure that such a thing was farthest from the mind of the writer, who is, by the way, an Australian. The article was sent to us from that country, so that the writer, with us, could have no possible intention of giving offense to you or any of the Confederate veterans, who so nobly stood by their cause during the War of the States.

"Allow me to say officially that we have nothing but words and feelings of admiration for the bravery of those engaged in the Confederate cause. It is nothing to us that you did not win. Your deeds of heroism will stand out as a part of the record of our beloved country for all time. And once again I must express my utmost regret that offense was taken at the paragraph mentioned. Please believe me when I say that such a thing was farthest from our thoughts or desires."

OPPORTUNITIES OF VETERANS AT GETTYSBURG.

BY DR. R. W. DOUTHAT, GETTYSBURG BATTLE LECTURER.

Just what arrangements the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Battle of Gettysburg Commission has made for the first and last days of the great meeting of the veterans of both armies I have not learned; but if I had been a member of the Commission, I would have urged the propriety of making the meeting of Union and Confederate veterans a national exhibition of true patriotism and of a more perfect reconciliation between our Northern and Southern peoples.

How? By having the veterans who come to Gettysburg line up opposite each other, Confederates on one side and Union soldiers on the other, say twenty feet apart, and then have a patriotic speech of ten minutes' length delivered by a Confederate and another of the same length by a Union soldier, by men whose lives have proved them worthy and well qualified for the duty. Then after the speeches let the Confederate at one end of the line and the Union soldier at the other end give the same command: "Forward! Guide right! March!" And when the two lines get near enough, let them give the command, "Halt!" and every man give his opponent a hearty handshake, and if possible utter the words: "I forgive." Then let the welkin ring with loud huzzahs from all the multitude. After this, while the bands play the "Star-Spangled Banner," let veterans go to their quarters.

This would make the grandest Fourth of July celebration our country has ever known, and the people would return to their homes with higher conceptions of their fatherland, and could then sing with greater love our national hymn:

"My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

Yes, and the old soldiers, having uttered the words "I forgive," would retire on that evening with a greater soul peace than ever before had flooded their hearts. Even heaven itself would seem to hover over such a scene and God's blessing follow the nation that had such patriotism enthroned.

[Dr. Douthat was one of Lee's captains who passed through the "avalanche of fire" July 3, 1863.—EDITOR.]

RELIGION IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES.

BY REV. JAMES H. McNEELY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

It is remarkable that in the general histories of the great war of 1861-65 between the States, as far as I have seen, there is scarcely a reference, certainly not even a meager account, of one of the most wonderful features of the war—viz., the great revivals of religion that prevailed in the armies of the Confederacy, especially in 1863 and 1864. Yet these profound religious movements did more than anything else to support and encourage the devotion of our people to their cause amid sufferings and sacrifices. And the same religious spirit enabled them to bear with patience their defeat and to set themselves to rebuild from the wastes and ruin of the war.

I have seen two detailed histories of those revivals—one by Rev. J. William Jones, Chaplain General of the U. C. V., entitled "Christ in the Camp", the other by Rev. Dr. W. W. Bennett, of Richmond, Va., entitled "A Narrative of the Great Revival Which Prevailed in the Southern Armies." These authors were chaplains in the Army of Northern Virginia; both were distinguished ministers of the Baptist Church. While these histories naturally are largely taken up with the work in our Virginia army, in which the writers served, by extensive correspondence and examination of newspapers they gathered a satisfactory account of the revivals in our Army of Tennessee and the Trans-Mississippi Department.

In recent years doubts have been expressed in some newspapers as to the genuineness of the professed conversions and as to the type of piety resulting from those revivals; and also there have been aspersions on the character of the men who served as chaplains in the Southern armies. They have been

charged with shirking dangers and hardships and of seeking easy places about headquarters. So I propose to give a brief account of the great spiritual work of those days in which I personally took part.

My connection with the army began at Fort Donelson in the fall of 1861, just after my graduation at the theological school, and I enlisted as a private soldier in the 49th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. I was detailed to serve as chaplain, and was without a commission until January, 1864, when I was commissioned by the War Department. I was with my regiment at Port Hudson, in the campaign for the relief of Vicksburg, next to Mobile, then in the North Georgia campaign of 1864, and in Hood's advance to and withdrawal from Tennessee, being in the rear guard of that disastrous retreat. In March, 1865, being partially blind, I was assigned to duty as chaplain of the post at Tuscaloosa, Ala., where I was paroled May 20, 1865. I lived the life of a private soldier, having my mess with the men. I went into every action with them. I preached at every opportunity and ministered to the sick and wounded in hospital, in camp, in the trenches, and on the battle field. I saw the effect on men's conduct of the religion of Jesus Christ when they accepted him as a personal Saviour.

Of course the ministers of the gospel as chaplains were the leaders in religious work. There were two classes of these: those commissioned by the government and those appointed as missionaries by the Churches, when all the denominations sent their best men to this service. The chaplains were under military orders and stayed with their commands; the missionaries came and went to various commands as needed.



WINTER SCENE ON SNODGRASS HILL, CHICKAMAUGA—SECOND MINNESOTA MONUMENT.



CAPTURED CONFEDERATE CANNON ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA.

While occasionally one might be found who was lazy or shirking or self-seeking, yet I never saw a nobler body of men, earnest, devoted, consecrated, self-sacrificing for the welfare of the men. They preached the gospel in its purity and simplicity. When we were in camp or in winter quarters they held services almost continuously, and they were diligent in hospitals and infirmaries looking after the sick and the wounded. They secured religious literature for distribution among the men. Many of them became efficient helpers to the surgeons, especially after battles. I carried my canteen of whisky, my bottle of morphia and rolls of bandages, and on the field I could relieve pain, start reaction, and bind up a minor wound until the surgeon could attend it. The men appreciated a faithful chaplain; and however careless and indifferent to religion a soldier might be, I never saw one but who was glad to see the preacher when he was seriously wounded.

An effective help to religious work was the influence, the example, and the active coöperation of many of our officers of every grade, from the company lieutenant to the general in command. A very large proportion of our officers were men of piety, officers in their home Churches. Not only were Generals Lee and Jackson men of pronounced Christian character, for which they were conspicuous, but a great many generals in all of our armies were active workers for Christ and did all they could to promote the spiritual welfare of the men, giving every facility to the chaplains to hold services and attending in person. Many of the officers were ministers of the gospel. Lieutenant General Polk, bishop of the Episcopal Church, several brigadier generals, and many colonels and captains preached on occasion.

There were a great many earnest, zealous Christians among the private soldiers, and they were very efficient helpers. By their prayer meetings, Sunday schools, and singing they aroused and maintained interest in religion. They attended the regular preaching service in great numbers, and would speak personally to their comrades, urging acceptance of Christ. One of my chief helpers was a giant who sang and by his singing gathered my congregation.

There was a delightful spirit of harmony among the ministers of all denominations, which also pervaded the ranks. As frequently as was convenient the chaplains met together to report their work and discuss plans and arrange to help each other. When we were in winter quarters or in camp for any considerable time, certain places were designated for religious service. The men would build arbors or even large rooms where they could meet not only for preaching, but for

reading, writing, discussions, or general comradeship. When we were in the trenches, as at Atlanta, services were held at night just in the rear of the lines. Sometimes men were killed in these congregations by a stray bullet or shell. The order of service was much like that at an old-fashioned camp meeting—singing, prayer, preaching, exhortation, calling on those interested to rise, and personal counsel with the anxious. I have had fifteen hundred in the audience, and from two hundred to three hundred would rise asking for prayer.

Of course many professions turned out vain, but I am confident that the large majority were really converted, as they showed it throughout their lives. Many were killed in battle or died in hospitals, cheered by the eternal hope. Many went through the war and on returning home became active members of the Churches, living and dying in the faith. A number of them became ministers of the gospel.

The estimates of the total number of confessions of faith in Christ vary greatly. It has been placed as high as 150,000 and as low as 50,000. I estimate 100,000 as fair.

While the Southern people bow in submission to the will of God in the defeat of their effort for an independent and separate government, we should find compensation in the evidences of God's favor to us in the mighty spiritual uplift beginning with religious lives in the army.

TWO IRISHMEN CAPTURED EACH OTHER.

BY S. H. BOSWORTH, BEVERLY, W. VA.

In 1864 Gen. William L. Jackson's brigade was in Pocahontas County and the enemy was in Randolph, and only the scouting parties from each side occupied the considerable territory that lay between the opposing commands.

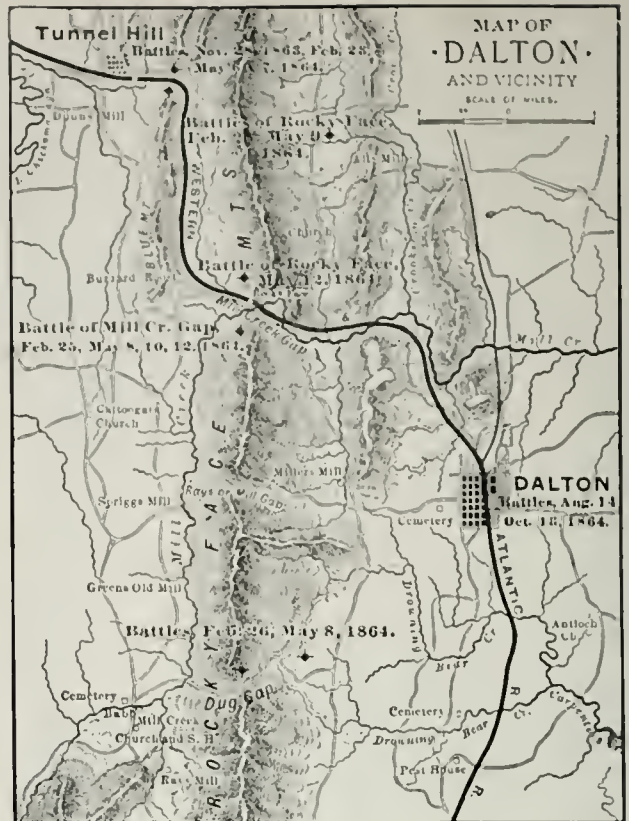
Among the men of Jackson's Cavalry was an Irishman by the name of John Baker, who was fond of whisky. One day he went to a stillhouse in the neutral territory to get his canteen filled, and when he came out there was a Yankee with his gun ready to fire, who told him to surrender.

"Certainly," said Johnny, and handed over his gun. They started off together, each on his own horse, and they had not gone far before Baker discovered that his captor was also an Irishman. "What's the use quarreling over this thing?" said Johnny. "We're both from the same country. Have a drink." The Yankee was agreeable and took the canteen and turned it up for a long drink. When he took it down, John's pistol was pointed at his breast with the remark: "Maybe you'll surrender to me now." This the Federal did without delay, and Baker carried him prisoner back to Jackson's camp.

Confederate Veteran.

CHATTANOOGA AND SURROUNDINGS.

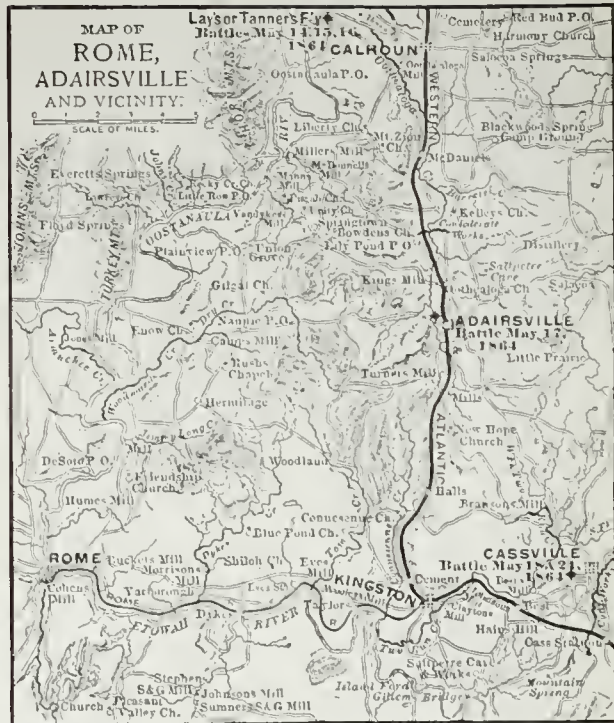
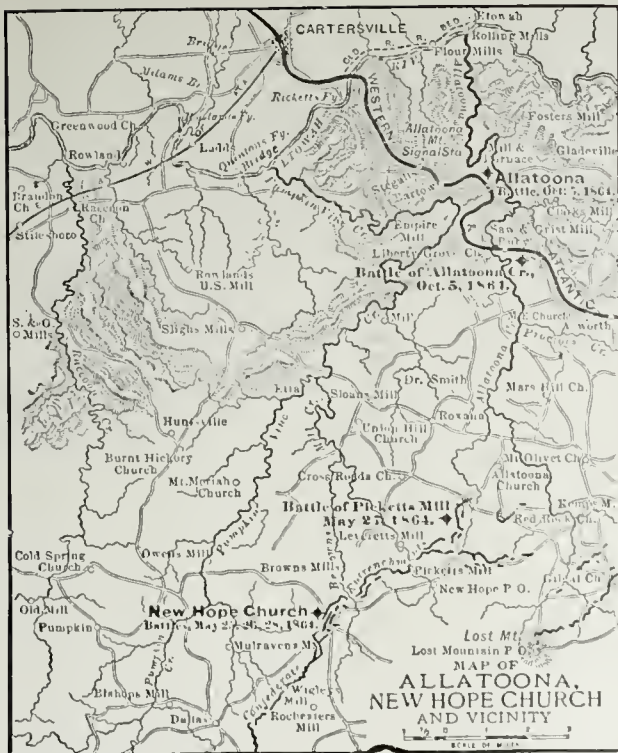
Herewith are presented vivid places in the history of the battle of Chickamauga and various points in the Georgia Campaign for more than half the distance to Atlanta. The area between Chickamauga Park and Dalton, including Ringgold and Tunnel Hill, is unimportant. From Rocky Face the Confederates had distinct views of Sherman's large army, but the campaign began in earnest from Dalton.



These maps were made as of the time that the various dates appear.



MOCCASIN BEND, CHATTANOOGA, AND VICINITY. VIEW FROM POINT PARK, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. THIS FINE



The battle of Allatoona Pass on Hood's advance to Tennessee later on is one of note for the valor of both sides. The gallant Gen. S. G. French was in command of the Confederate forces in that sanguinary assault.

Although Rome is prominent on this map, the main armies did not pass there. Streight surrendered to Forrest near there. The "Hundred Days' Fighting in Georgia" is a term Confederates who were in that campaign accept as a fitting description of that memorable period of the great war.



VIEW COMES THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA, AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY COMPANY.

STORY OF THE STAR OF THE WEST.

BY H. M. CLARKSON, A.M., M.P., FORMER SURGEON U. S. A.

Charleston, with its beautiful harbor, always a point of historical interest and naturally defensible, was in 1860 guarded by four fortresses. Castle Pinckney, built on a shoal near the city, was ungarrisoned and of minor importance; Fort Johnson, on James Island, was comparatively of little use; Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, three or four miles from Charleston, was built on the site of the little fort of palmetto logs made memorable in the war for independence by General Moultrie's heroic defense against the British fleet in 1776. Fort Sumter was the most important, rising apparently out of the sea in the middle of the entrance to the harbor about a mile from Fort Moultrie and three and one-half miles from the city. It was built of brick and concrete masonry, and its walls, sixty feet high and from eight to twelve feet in thickness, were pierced for three tiers of guns, the first tier for forty-two pounders, the other two for eight-inch and ten-inch Columbiads.

During the fateful year of 1860 Colonel Gardiner, of the United States army, who had been in command of Charleston Harbor, with headquarters at Fort Moultrie, being unjustly suspected of sympathy with the secessionists, was removed from his post on November 20 and was succeeded by Maj. Robert Anderson, of Kentucky, a brave and gallant officer, who had distinguished himself in the war with Mexico. Major Anderson found all the harbor defenses in poor condition, and so wrote to Adjutant General Cooper, of the United States army, calling special attention to Fort Moultrie "as inviting attack by its weakness."

Anderson's position was delicate and every day apparently more and more threatening. Although the Carolinians allowed a continuance of mail facilities between Charleston and his headquarters at Fort Moultrie, and while he witnessed the seemingly warlike preparations going on around him, he could hear of nothing encouraging to him from his government at Washington. Consequently on the night of the 26th of December, just before the rising of a full moon and after spiking his guns and burning everything of consequence, he moved secretly by means of small boats the little garrison of seven officers and sixty-one artillerymen, with a few women and children, from Fort Moultrie to the more defensible stronghold of Sumter. Early next morning, as the dawn was breaking over the waters of the harbor, the smoke of the burning material revealed to the astonished people of the city this change of base. The secret was out, and great was the indignation. The citizens looked upon this movement as an overt act of war and as a direct violation of a compact which they claimed had been made on December 9, 1860, by Mr. Buchanan, who was then President, with the State authorities of South Carolina to the effect that "no reinforcements should be sent into those forts, and their military status should remain as at present."

John B. Floyd, of Virginia, then Secretary of War in Buchanan's Cabinet, claiming that the solemn pledge of the government had been violated, insisted that the national troops must be withdrawn from the harbor of Charleston. President Buchanan refused to do this, on the advice of General Scott, the commander in chief of the United States army. Thereupon Secretary Floyd resigned from the Cabinet, and at the



LOOKING UP BY THE CRAVENS HOUSE TO THE POINT HOTEL AND END OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

first call for troops to invade Virginia he entered into the service of the South.

Excitement was now at its height. The South Carolina Convention, still in session, requested Gov. F. W. Pickens to take possession of Fort Moultrie, Fort Johnson, and Castle Pinckney. This was done with all possible celerity. The State Military Academy was used as a general rendezvous. The government arsenal, with its military stores, was seized. Two hundred men under command of Col. J. J. Pettigrew (who was killed in 1863 when covering Lee's retreat from Gettysburg with a brigade raised and equipped by himself) were sent to seize Castle Pinckney, the commander of which, after a slight resistance, fled to Fort Sumter. At the same time Col. Wilmot G. DeSaussure, with a force of two hundred and twenty-five artillerymen, landed on Sullivan's Island and occupied Fort Moultrie, its solitary sentinel having surrendered on demand. Here a flag of secession was raised; but as it was after nightfall, and it could not be seen by the people of Charleston, three rockets were sent up to announce the arrival. In the meantime Maj. P. F. Stevens, of the State Military Academy, had been ordered with a detachment of State cadets, about fifty in number, to build and man on Morris Island, on the opposite side of the harbor, a battery of three 24-pounders, bearing on Ship Channel. On the afternoon of the same day an armed local steamer, bringing from the city the lately arrived Columbia Flying Artillery, under command of Capt. Allen J. Green, began patrolling the harbor.

After continuing this work through the night, the steamer landed the artillerymen on the beach of Sullivan's Island. The company finally marched into Fort Moultrie to report to Maj. R. S. Ripley, who had been made commandant of the fort. To this company the writer belonged, having fallen in with it as the men were rapidly marched through Charleston to report for duty on the island. It was made impossible for a vessel to enter Charleston Harbor and reach Sumter without passing within range of guns of large caliber pointing either from Fort Moultrie or from the Morris Island battery.

On the afternoon of the day following the evacuation of Moultrie a message was sent by Governor Pickens to Major Anderson requesting him to return to the abandoned fort. This Anderson refused to do. On the contrary, the Federal officer sent an adjutant next day to the commander of Fort Moultrie asking by what authority was he "with armed men in that fort of the United States." He received the reply: "By the authority of the sovereign State of South Carolina and by command of her government."

Meanwhile Messrs. Barnwell, Adams, and Orr were sent as commissioners from South Carolina to Washington to

treat with the national authorities for the delivery of all forts, magazines, lighthouses, and their real estate and appurtenances within the limits of South Carolina and to offer to pay an apportionment of the public debt. These commissioners urged in a letter the removal of all United States troops from the Charleston Harbor, their presence tending to "bring to a bloody issue questions which ought to be settled with temperance and judgment." This letter of the commissioners was called "insulting." President Buchanan was firm. The commissioners replied: "By your course you have probably rendered civil war inevitable. Be it so. If you force this issue upon us, South Carolina will accept it and, relying upon Almighty God, will endeavor to perform the great duty which lies before her bravely and thoroughly." This letter was returned to the commissioners indorsed with the words: "This paper the President declines to receive." The commissioners returned to South Carolina and awaited events.

Let us turn next to the dismantled fort, where we had left the young artillerymen from Columbia just entering its guarded portals. They are on detail duty assisting the machinists and mechanics of the city and others, all laboring to restore this fort to its former efficiency—unspiking of cannon, repairing of gun carriages, remounting parapets, removing débris—until all is in order and a new flagstaff raised from which a palmetto flag flaps in the breezes.

Early in the month of January, 1861, the writer, a private, received his first promotion, being made a corporal, with the office of gunner, and was put in charge of a ten-inch Columbiad, which was arranged so as to bear either upon Fort Sumter or toward the sea. It was Gun No. 13. We all loved her as if she were a living thing, so we fondly called her "Edith." And Edith's mettle was soon tested.

At early dawn on Wednesday morning, January 9, 1861, a strange vessel flying the national colors and heading directly for Fort Sumter was sighted by our scouting steamer, the General Clinch, which at once burned colored lights as a signal to our sentinels. As soon as these signs were seen from the parapet of Fort Moultrie every man was at his post.

On came the intruder, some distance in the wake of our little watch boat, steaming up Ship Channel, which runs parallel with Morris Island. When within two miles of Fort Sumter and within range of Fort Moultrie, the State cadets on Morris Island, under command of Major Stevens, opened fire on her, the shot ricocheting across her bow. Instantly a large American ensign was hoisted in defiance. Quick as thought Major Ripley, who had been standing, glass in hand, just behind the writer, gave the command: "Gunner No. 13, prepare to fire. Fire!"

Not a moment for thought. The order was instantly repeated. A burst of smoke, a boom like the roar of thunder, and the ten-inch columbiad had dropped its huge ball in front of the vessel's bow as a challenge to the unwelcome stranger.

Our Edith had spoken in threatening tones that shook the masonry upon which she crouched, and before the reverberations had died along the shore there came from the Morris Island battery a second shot, falling harmlessly astern of the steamer, and quickly followed by a third, aimed directly at the vessel, which, crashing through her coal bunker, but without material damage, caused her to change her course and scurry out to sea.

It has since been authoritatively stated by officers of the Sumter garrison that when the Star of the West hoisted her ensign to the fore, and after Fort Moultrie had disputed her



N., C. & ST. L. RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS CHATTANOOGA CREEK.

passage, Major Anderson, having his attention called to the fact that his guns could reach Fort Moultrie but not the Morris Island battery, gave instructions to one of his officers to take command of a battery of two 42-pounders, bearing on Fort Moultrie, and to be in readiness for action. At this critical moment Lieut. Richard Kidder Meade, a young Virginian (who after the fall of Fort Sumter resigned his commission as a United States officer and immediately cast his lot with the Confederacy), earnestly entreated that the order to fire on Fort Moultrie, which would commence civil war, should not be given. Just then the Star of the West turned about and Henderson said: "Hold on. Do not fire. I will wait." And thus by this timely but unexpected interference was immediate bloodshed avoided, and because of it Gun No. 12 on the parapet of Moultrie was not answered, and the corporal in charge, after many vicissitudes of military service, was surrendered in May, 1865, under General Forrest.

And so failed the pet scheme of General Scott and the glorious expedition of the splendidly equipped Star of the West, with its full complement of men, arms, and ammunition, and with its three months' store of provisions. In the words of Governor Pickens in his message to the South Carolina Legislature on November 6, 1861, the enterprise was taken "under special orders from the lieutenant general of the United States, marked by special circumstances of treachery and duplicity," adding that "the cannon which opened upon the Star of the West called half a million freemen to arms."

The question, "Who fired the first shot of the war?" an inquiry of no historical importance, has been discussed controversially; but, strange as it may seem, even at this late day through ignorance the question is almost invariably answered incorrectly. The questioner is very apt to confound the bombardment of Fort Sumter with the defeat of General Scott's effort to reinforce that stronghold.

The names of those who fired the first shots have been verified by the writer after a careful investigation of several years, based upon the national and South Carolina State records and the testimony of eyewitnesses yet living.

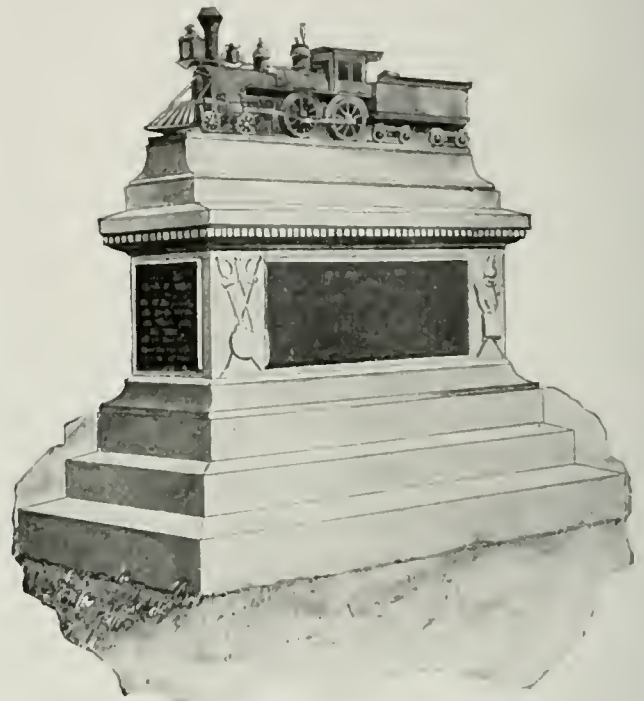
As these shots challenging the Star of the West were fired on January 9, 1861, three months and three days prior to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the question of the firing of the first shot on the latter occasion sinks into insignificance.

Four shots were fired at the United States steamer Star of the West by the State troops or militia of South Carolina. Three of the shots were fired from the Morris Island battery by the South Carolina cadets, the first Morris Island shot being fired by Capt. J. M. Whilden, of Company A, who was in command, and who sighted the gun and gave the order to fire. The lanyard was pulled by Cadet G. W. Haynesworth. This was a challenging shot and was directed at the vessel. As the Star of the West came on, another shot was fired from the Morris Island battery directly at the vessel, the gun being in charge of S. B. Pickens, by whom it was sighted; but the shot fell astern of the ship. The third shot from the Morris Island Battery was fired by T. B. Ferguson, who fired Gun No. 2 in the center of the battery. This shot struck the ship, and the steamer turned its course to the north again.

At about the same time one shot was fired from Fort Moultrie, Maj. R. B. Ripley in command. This was also in the nature of a challenging shot, and was fired from a ten-inch Columbiad in charge of the writer, who sighted, aimed, and dropped his shot in front of the vessel, the lanyard being pulled by Robert Howell.

Some have thought that this last-mentioned shot from Fort Moultrie was the first single shot of the war of secession, but this cannot be established with certainty. Probably the battery on Morris Island was the first to challenge the Star of the West, although the shot directed by the writer may have been synchronous with it. Certainly this affair of January 9, 1861, was the first "firing on the flag" that is so popularly attributed to the bombardment of Fort Sumter three months later.

But the immediate object of this paper is to throw as much light as possible on one of the events that led to the opening of the greatest war of modern times. Moreover, during a long official connection with the public school system of Virginia the writer was often questioned by teachers as well as by pupils concerning the early days of secession and his experiences in those stirring times. This narration, therefore, is in a measure the fulfillment of promises then made.



MONUMENT TO HISTORIC ENGINE "THE GENERAL."

BROWN AND BROWNE—CORRECT SPELLING OF NAMES.—Maj. A. J. Tynes, of Tazewell, Va., Assistant Inspector General of the Ninth District Grand Camp of Virginia, commends the VETERAN for its criticism in regard to the frequent careless spelling of the name of two of our greatest generals, as "Johnson" without the "t." Major Tynes is himself a member of Browne-Harman Camp, U. C. V., the name of which, he says, in numbers of letters, some of them official, is spelled "Brown-Harman," without the distinguishing "e" at the end of the name of Browne. The Camp was named in honor of two brave boys of Tazewell, Va., who won in succession and by gallantry the command of the 45th Virginia Infantry Regiment, and each of whom fell in battle. Col. W. H. Browne fell at Piedmont and Col. E. H. Harman in the bloody fight of Cloyd's Farm. There have been many gallant soldiers by the name of Brown; but it happens that the one the Tazewell veterans desire to honor was named Browne, and they cannot but feel a desire to have it spelled that way.

A MOTHER OF SOLDIERS.

BY W. M. BURCH, HARTFORD, ALA.

Mrs. Mary K. Lewis was born in Jackson County, Fla., and lived there until twelve years of age. She then moved with her parents to Dale County, Ala., now Geneva County. At the age of fifteen she went back to Florida to attend school. She met Mr. Lewis there, and in about three months they were married. They then moved to Alabama, where they have lived ever since.

Mr. Lewis was born in South Carolina, and at the age of six years he moved to the State of Florida. "Uncle" Green Lewis, as he was commonly called, was one of the old pioneers of this State and served through the Indian war. He then settled down to work to help civilize the country. He died in 1872.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis had ten children born to them, seven boys and three girls. They had three sons and one son-in-law that went to the Confederate army. John and Charlie Lewis and Tom Bigbie, their son-in-law, left their homes in the spring of 1862 with a company of as fine-looking young men as ever left the State. I remember well how cheerful they were the day they met at old Pondtown Precinct with their life and drums. Some of them kissed their mothers for the last time. They were mustered into the 33d Alabama Regiment at Greenville on March 17, 1862, half a century ago, under Captain Cooper, and became Company G. Charlie Lewis was captured somewhere in Kentucky. He was sick at the time, and died a prisoner. John Lewis was killed in a train wreck near Knoxville, Tenn. There were nine of Company G killed in this wreck. John and Burney Hughes, two brothers, were sitting on the same seat eating a lunch; John was killed and Burney was not hurt.

Tom Bigbie, Mrs. Lewis's son-in-law, was captured in the battle of Peachtree Creek and was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and died in prison. Will Lewis was younger and went to the company later on at Dalton, Ga. He was slightly wounded in the foot at Kennesaw Mountain, surrendered at Greensborough, N. C., and is still living.

Mrs. Lewis was ninety-one years old in March, 1913. She enjoys good health and can do ordinary housework. Grandma Lewis has forty-eight grandchildren, eighty-four great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. She walks to town, two miles away, to do her shopping. Her daily occupation is spinning and knitting wool socks. She spins a beautiful thread, breaks her own wool, cards it into rolls, spins, and prepares it for knitting. She spun, knit, and sold twenty-four pair of wool socks in 1912.

"ANOTHER MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERACY."

[Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, March 9, 1912.]

Mrs. Sarah Cunningham was the only child of John Fox, a pioneer of Monroe County, Ala. Her birth occurred on the 2d of March, 1823, and her ninetieth birthday was celebrated at the home of her son, John Cunningham, of Evergreen, Ala., on Sunday, March 2.

Sarah Fox married Dr. William Cunningham, a prominent physician and large planter of Monroe County, Ala., who represented that county in the legislature of 1842. He was a widower with three sons, William, James, and Robert, who were prominent Confederate soldiers. William Cunningham was assistant surgeon of the 10th Alabama Volunteers, James was lieutenant colonel of the 2d Alabama Cavalry, and Robert a lieutenant in the same company. They are all deceased.

Mrs. Cunningham is in splendid health and cherishes the memories of the sixties, when she superintended the servants who were busily engaged in spinning and weaving clothes for the boys who wore the gray. Her only children are Miss Willie Cunningham and John Cunningham, both of Evergreen,

MADE A UNIFORM IN ONE DAY.—C. O. Spencer, of 694 Beale Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., writes: "My mother was a Southern woman, Mrs. W. A. Ayres, who lived a mile from Salem, Miss. One day during the war there came to our house a Confederate soldier who was badly in need of a uniform and who had only time to stay with us overnight. My mother sent a negro man six miles to the house of a relative and had two sheep driven up from the pasture and sheared, one black and one white to make the gray mixture. The wool was then picked, washed, carded, spun, woven, cut out, and sewed into garments, and by nine o'clock the next morning was on Captain Marr's back instead of the backs of the sheep, a beautiful gray uniform!"

THE FIRST NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Comrade Marcus D. Herring, of Byhalia, Miss., sends some personal recollections of the early part played in the drama of the sixties by the well-known North Carolina regiment of which he was a member. The Lillington Rifles, of which he writes, left Long Creek early in 1861 to become a part of the 1st North Carolina, and soon found that service in the field was very different from the music and general good cheer that marked their drilling days at Warrenton.

The regiment came to its first battle through many hardships of the march and of the camp. Through one long and miserable season of picket duty, for instance, just after the battle of Seven Pines, they were on guard in force during two weeks of almost continual rain; and after this, being sent to help turn McClellan's right flank, they marched all night and in the morning found themselves near the Chickahominy and facing a line of breastworks on the opposite side of the river. They lay all morning in the broiling June sun, and in spite of the heat they slept. One young fellow lay on his back with the scorching sun beating on his face, when President Davis, then on a visit to this particular division of the army, saw the boy and stooped and picked up his hat and placed it over his face.

In the engagement that followed the regiment gained its first full knowledge of battle and of carnage and exhibited the material of which it was made. As an evidence of how small the things that linger longest in the mind, Comrade Herring tells of the odor of the trampled pennyroyal which mingled with the strange and acrid smell peculiar to a battle field in a perfume so pungent and haunting as to hold in its suggestive memory a vivid picture of that heroic day through all the intervening years of life.

When the order came to charge that day, the 1st North Carolina advanced in a run in direct range of strong breastworks, and the carnage was terrible. The men were halted in a deep cut before the works were reached, and after some fierce fighting were compelled to fall back out of range. They slept that night on their arms, while the pale moon in ghostly silence watched over the tired camp.

In the charge just described Colonel Stokes was mortally wounded, Lieutenant Colonel McDowell and Adjutant Miller were wounded, and Major Skinner was killed. Sewell lost every field officer, and the slaughter of the men was terrible.

THE LAST ROLL

CAPT. J. A. WILSON

Capt. Joe A. Wilson died at his home, in Lexington, Mo., on March 20, 1913. He was born on the Sac and Fox Reservation, on the Des Moines River, Iowa, January 30, 1840. His grandfather, General Street, was a government Indian agent who rendered his country signal service in treating with the Sac and Fox Indians.

In 1851 the Wilson family moved to Lexington, and young Wilson studied civil engineering under his father, who was a graduate of West Point, and soon made a reputation for proficiency in his calling. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the Confederate army, and his first service was at the battle of Lexington, Mo. He afterwards went south with General Price and took part in some of the hardest fought battles of the war, serving in the ranks through all the four years. When the war ended he returned to Lexington, and after taking part in various other enterprises he devoted the final years of his activity to civil engineering. He was married in 1867 to Miss Mariella Young, who survives him.

Captain Wilson was a member of the Presbyterian Church, the K. of P. and Odd Fellows' lodges, and Lexington Chapter, Confederate Veterans, and his keen interest in life and his droll wit made him a well-loved and welcome companion wherever he was known.

HARRY B. JOHNSON.

H. Burr Johnson died at his home, in Houston, Tex., December 23, 1912.

Comrade Johnson was born December 6, 1841, at Buffalo, N. Y. He became interested in maritime affairs through the shipping operations on Lake Erie; and later, going to Boston, was shanghaied and taken on board a ship to Algiers. There it happened that his uncle, who was American Consul, learned of his being there and had him sent home.

At the age of eighteen years he moved to Mississippi, and at the outbreak of the War of the States he enlisted in a local company and was sent to Florida. Later he joined Swett's Battery, Warren's Light Artillery, of Vicksburg, Miss., and served until he was captured, in June, 1864, at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., and held prisoner until the close of hostilities. He was in the battles of Woodville and Farmington, Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Liberty Gap, Chickamunga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold, and Rocky Face. During the Georgia campaign, where he was made inspector of coast artillery, he was at Resaca, Calhoun, Cartersville, Allatoona, Gilgal, Powder Spring, Pine Mountain, New Hope, Kennesaw Line, Atlanta, Peach Tree Creek, and Jonesboro.

At the close of the war Mr. Johnson joined a company of one hundred men, who entered Mexico and offered their services to one of the causes in the revolutionary disturbances then going on. The men refused to serve under Mexican officers and returned. He went to New Orleans and entered the Western Union Telegraph service as commercial news agent. He was later transferred to Galveston. At the time of his death he was a member of the Order of Railway Conductors.

His railroad service began in 1872, when he was employed under Jim Fisk as passenger agent of the Erie Railroad. He was the last person with whom Fisk spoke before he was killed. He went to Texas forty-five years ago, and had lived there ever since. He is survived by his wife and one daughter.

JUDGE G. T. MORGAN.

Judge G. T. Morgan, who died recently in Russellville, Ky., was born in Logan County seventy-five years ago. He was a Confederate soldier, having served throughout the War of the States in Gen. John H. Morgan's original regiment, the 2d Kentucky Cavalry. He was a member of Camp Caldwell, U. C. V., and was one of the principal workers in the building of the Logan County Confederate monument now standing in the little park in Russellville.

NEWTON VAN BUREN BROCK.

At the age of seventy-one years Newton V. Brock died at his home in Mingus, Tex., on October 12, 1912. He served in the 9th Texas Cavalry, and was a brave and patriotic soldier. He was a member of Camp Erath, U. C. V. He was prompt in attendance and devoted to its achievement. He was married to Miss Mary Buckner in 1866, and is survived by two daughters and a son. He lived a consistent Christian life for nearly fifty years, faithful in all his relations to the Church, to society, and always ready to lend a helping hand to unfortunate humanity.



CAPT. POLK PRINCE.

Polk Prince, a gallant soldier of the South, died recently at his home, in Montgomery County, Ky., aged sixty-eight years.

Comrade Prince was born at Keysburg, Ky., but lived the greater part of his life in Montgomery County. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a boy of seventeen, serving as a member of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Duke's Regiment, John H. Morgan's command. After the war he became a successful stock raiser and one of the most extensive farmers of his section of the State. He was one of the leaders in the organization of the Tobacco Growers' Association at Guthrie, Ky., in 1904. He was twice married, and is survived by his second wife, two brothers, and a sister.

COL. DANIEL H. HORN.

Col. D. H. Horn was born in Conecuh County, Ala., May 7, 1822; and died September 19, 1912. In 1844 he married Miss Kisiah Flowers. He volunteered and was sworn into the Confederate service February 2, 1862, at Greenville, Ala.

He raised a company which was organized into the 33d Alabama, and he was elected lieutenant colonel. He was later transferred to the 57th Alabama. Colonel Horn was in the battles of Corinth, Chattanooga, Perryville, New Hope Church, Peachtree, Columbus, Kingston, Franklin, Bentonville, and many others.

He was paroled in May, 1865, and in 1866 he moved to Washington County, Fla.

Before the war Colonel Horn served four terms in the legislature of Alabama, three in the Senate and one in the House. He was a member of the Missionary

Baptist Church. He was a staunch Democrat, a Master Mason, a member of Arion Lodge, No. 40, F. and A. M., of Chipley, Fla.; also a member of Camp McMillan, No. 217, U. C. V.

Mrs. Horn died before her husband. Three sons, two daughters, and a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren survive him. He was buried with the honors of his Church, his lodge, and his Camp.



D. H. HORN.



CAPT. J. J. O'NEILL.

On February 9, 1913, Capt. J. J. O'Neill, aged sixty-eight years, died at his home, in Rome, Ga.

At the age of seventeen, in May, 1861, he enlisted in the army at Acworth, Ga. His father, J. B. O'Neill, was captain of Company A, 18th Georgia Regiment, and he was in most of the battles with his regiment from Yorktown to Gettysburg. On September 10, 1863, he was transferred to Company

L, 6th Georgia Cavalry, and took part in the battle of Chickamauga. He was wounded in the battle of Mossy Creek, December 29, 1863. He rejoined his company at Resaca, Ga., and took part in battles from there to Atlanta. He was promoted from first sergeant to second lieutenant on the battle field at New Hope Church. He was captured and escaped at Liberty, Tenn. He surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

Captain O'Neal had lived in Rome for more than thirty years, serving long as the executive head of the O'Neill Manufacturing Company, which he had built up to a concern of large proportions. A wife and three children survive him.

JAMES G. CARSON.

J. G. Carson was born in September, 1836, in Rock Castle County, Ky., of Virginia parents. In 1861 he enlisted in Capt. Henry Smith's company, Boyd's Battalion, General Gates's command, and most of his service was in Arkansas and Missouri. He was wounded in the engagement at Pea Ridge. Afterwards he became a member of the 32d Arkansas, known as Matlock's Regiment, McKay's Brigade, in which he was a lieutenant in Company G. In 1865 he became a member of General Marmaduke's escort.

After the war Comrade Carson was in the railroad freight service on the plains between Denver and Salt Lake and later in Montana, and his after life was filled with the stirring memories of those dangerous pioneer days. In 1875 he married Miss Anna Dysart, began his new life at the old homestead of his bride, near Elmwood, in Saline County, Mo., and there he spent the remaining years of his life. He is survived by his wife and his only daughter, Mrs. Roy L. Davis.

As a soldier, pioneer, citizen, neighbor, friend, husband, and father Comrade Carson lived a splendid manhood.

[From a tribute by Hubert P. Davis.]

EDWARD RICE.

The sudden death of Comrade Edward Rice in North Middleton, Bourbon County, Ky., saddened his entire community.

Comrade Rice's record as a soldier began in the early days of the war, when he enlisted in Capt. James G. Bedford's company, 3d Battalion of Kentucky Cavalry, under Gen. John H. Morgan. He served with courage and faithfulness throughout the war, surrendering at Mount Sterling, Ky., in April, 1865.

The record of the years that followed was no less worthy than that of his career as a soldier. He was a broad minded citizen and wise philanthropist, and was unceasing in his benefactions to his old Confederate comrades or their widows and orphans. He was a member of the Christian Church and an ardent Mason, and his death has been the occasion of many and genuine tributes of admiration and respect.

[From a sketch by James R. Rogers, Paris, Ky.]

S. C. GOLLADAY.

Early in February, 1913, Samuel C. Golladay, a veteran of the great war, dropped dead of apoplexy in front of the post office in Woodstock, Va. During the war Comrade Golladay was a member of Company E, White's Battalion, and was a gallant soldier. He was the first man to respond to the call of "Rally!" in the battle of Brandy Station, and in a few minutes the entire battalion rallied with him. He had been a member of the Lutheran Church for a number of years. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Carrie Neeb, and four sons, Thomas, of Washington, Ernest, Curtis, and W. L., of Woodstock.

CAPT. W. L. MARTIN.

Capt. W. L. Martin died at his home, in Mercury, Tex., on January 15, 1913, at the age of seventy-six. He was born in Arkansas, his parents having moved there from Virginia in 1828. He was educated in Columbia, Tenn., and in Kentucky.

His first army service was at the capture of the United States arsenal at Little Rock as second sergeant in the noted company made up at Helena and commanded by the "Stonewall" of the West. This company became a part of the 15th Arkansas Infantry and was commanded by the lamented Cleburne as its colonel. About this time Gen. T. C. Hindman was making up a regiment to go to Virginia, and young Martin secured a transfer to it and was elected first lieutenant. The regiment was turned back at Knoxville and went to Memphis, where it was named the 2d Arkansas, and its career afterwards was an integral and brilliant part of the history of the Army of Tennessee, it being in every one of the battles of that army from Woodson on to Bentonville. But few of its number survived, and Captain Martin was one of them.

At Shiloh his sword scabbard was shot away and his haversack emptied of its meager store of rations. He was seriously wounded in this battle, but rejoined his command at Chattanooga on the eve of its Kentucky Campaign, having traveled for weeks on horseback to get there. Feeble and suffering still from his Shiloh wound, Captain Martin had to ride on the march, but he never failed to dismount and go with his company in every engagement. He was in the bloody battle of Perryville, where many of his comrades were slaughtered. When the army went to Chickamauga Captain Martin, being still lame, was detached by order of the Secretary of War and sent on special service to Shreveport, La., under Kirby Smith. He was captured soon afterwards and confined at Camp Chase until the close of the war.

In 1867 Captain Martin married a daughter of Colonel Biscoe, of Helena. She was a sister of General Hindman's wife, and she lived only a year after her marriage. After the death of his wife he moved to Mercury, Tex., and married. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Lillian Lee.

[From a sketch by Mrs. H. C. Whiteside.]

JOHN BOOKER KENNEDY.

John B. Kennedy was born November 6, 1841, on the beautiful Kennedy Farm, near Wales, Giles County, Tenn. He was the eldest son of John and Patsy Kennedy, of distinguished Kentucky lineage. When he was eight years of age his father died, and two years later the frail, gentle mother passed away, leaving her children to be reared by an aunt. The father left a fine estate for his children, which was managed by a guardian. Young Kennedy attended school in Pulaski, then went to Center College, at Danville, Ky. Returning from college in May, 1861, he became a soldier of the Confederacy, enlisting in Company A, 3d Tennessee. He bore his part bravely in all the hardships, battles, and imprisonment his regiment endured in the four years' struggle. His regiment was in the general surrender at Fort Donelson, and after seven months' imprisonment at Camp Douglas the men were exchanged at Vicksburg September 16, 1862. He was conspicuous for gallantry in several of the many conflicts of the war, distinguishing himself by undaunted courage and firm adherence to his high ideal of duty. He was thrice wounded—at Raymond, Miss., at Chickamauga, and again at Jonesboro, Ga. In February, 1865, he was captured with a scouting party and kept under guard until March 17, when he ran away from the guard while they were shooting

at him. Traveling by night, he made his way back to his regiment. One night while making his way back he ate supper with an old negro and his wife. He told them he was a Confederate soldier, and they directed him how to avoid the near-by town in possession of Federals. He took part in the last battle of the Confederacy at Bentonville, N. C., and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C. Wrapping the blood-stained, bullet-torn flag under his clothing, he marched from Greensboro to his home, in Tennessee, where he gave the flag to Mrs. Calvin H. Walker, widow of the colonel of the 3d Tennessee who had been killed just prior to the surrender. How fitting that this historic flag should have draped the casket within which his gray-clad form lay in its last sleep!

At the close of the war Mr. Kennedy at once took active part in the rehabilitation of his desolated State. He was one of the original six who organized the famous Ku Klux Klan in Pulaski, and helped to name this weird and mystic order which proved the salvation of the Southland in the dark days of Reconstruction, and he was the last of the original six.



JOHN BOOKER KENNEDY.

In 1869 he was married to Miss Alice McClain, of Lawrenceburg, Tenn., who was the pride and joy of his young manhood and the comfort and solace of his declining years. To them a son was born, Joseph McClain Kennedy, who became a brilliant and talented young physician, and whose early death was a crushing blow to his parents.

Mr. Kennedy creditably held the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Lawrence County for twenty-two years. For fourteen years he was Secretary of Mimosa Lodge, F. and A. M. He was a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac at Nashville. After months of pain, he passed away on February 13, 1913.

[From tribute by Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, Pulaski, Tenn.]

CAPT. E. D. PILLOW.

Capt. Edward D. Pillow died at his home, in Helena, Ark., on the morning of February 10. Mr. Pillow was born in Maury County, Tenn., in 1846, and was the eldest son of Maj. Jerome B. Pillow and a nephew of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow.

On his fifteenth birthday Captain Pillow ran away from home and joined the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, under General Wheeler. He saw active service from the time he entered the army until his regiment surrendered, at Charlotte, N. C. He was one of the most prominent men in Eastern Arkansas and one of the largest and most successful planters in the State.

He leaves a widow, one daughter (Mrs. Robert Gordon, Jr.), two sisters (Mrs. W. D. Bethell, of Denver, Colo., and Mrs. John M. Gray, Sr., of Nashville, Tenn.), and one brother (Mr. Jerome B. Pillow, of Helena).



W. W. WADSWORTH.

A sketch of Comrade Wadsworth appeared in the *VETERAN* for April, page 181. He served in the 3d Alabama Cavalry. He was severely wounded in March, 1865. He died at Wadsworth, Ala., November 23, 1912.

JUDGE WILLIAM H. POPE.

Judge W. H. Pope, of Beaumont, Tex., died at Waco on the afternoon of February 15. He was born at Washington, Wilkes County, Ga., on February 15, 1847, the son of Alexander Pope, a Georgian, distinguished in public life.

While a boy not yet in his teens young Pope accompanied his father and family when they removed to Texas and located at Marshall. Here William H. Pope spent his boyhood days until 1863, when, at the age of sixteen years, he joined Terry's Scouts, a cavalry company, and saw gallant service in the States of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas until the close of the war. He returned to Marshall, and a few years later became a student of the University of Virginia, graduating with distinction. Going back to Marshall, he took up the study of law and in 1871 was admitted to the bar. In a remarkably short while he became an eminent criminal lawyer of Texas.

In 1882 he was elected to the State Senate from the Marshall District, and served his people with signal ability for ten consecutive years. While in the Senate Judge Pope was

the author of the law requiring separate compartments for white and negro passengers on railroad trains and street cars and known as the "Jim Crow" law. He also left the stamp and impress of his personality upon much other legislation.

During the administration of Governor Ross, Judge Pope was named as commissioner to represent the State of Texas in prosecuting certain claims against the Federal government growing out of services rendered by the Texas State Rangers in suppressing Indian uprisings on the Texas frontier. To prosecute these claims Judge Pope went to Washington and remained four years. He secured the payment of these claims in full, and that was the crowning achievement of his career.

In 1898 Judge Pope removed from Marshall to Beaumont. In 1902 he was elected judge of the Fifty-Eighth District Court, an office to which he was several times reelected and which he held until his death.

In 1872 Judge Pope married Miss Fannie Stedman, the daughter of Col. William Stedman, of Marshall, at one time Attorney-General of Texas. Of this marriage three daughters and a son were born, who, together with the bereaved widow, survive. The daughters are: Mrs. Claud Lancaster, of Marshall, Mrs. William Harrell, of Austin, and Mrs. R. H. Russell, of Los Angeles, Cal. W. H. Pope resides at Beaumont.

DR. A. T. BELL.

Entered into his eternal rest at the Confederate Home, Pikesville, Md., February 24, 1913, Alexander T. Bell, late major (surgeon) of the Confederate army, Army of Northern Virginia. Dr. Bell was born at Norfolk, Va., seventy-seven years ago. He studied medicine at the University of Virginia, graduating there with high honors. At the commencement of the War of the States he was a resident physician of a New York hospital. He resigned and offered his services to the Governor of Virginia. At the organization of the 3d Virginia Cavalry he was commissioned as assistant surgeon. He served in this regiment until July, 1863, when he was transferred to Moorman's Lynchburg Battery of the Stuart Horse Artillery. A few months after his transfer the batteries of the Horse Artillery were divided into battalions, commanded by Maj. R. P. Chew and James Breathed. Moorman's Battery, to which he was attached, became a part of Breathed's Battalion. He was then promoted to major and served with Breathed's Battalion to the close of the war.

Dr. Bell was a very skillful surgeon, performing most difficult operations with success even with the crude surgical appliances of those trying days. He was in every general engagement in which the Army of Northern Virginia participated, and was oftener seen at the gun among the boys than with his ambulance. The Federal authorities, recognizing his ability, retained him at one of the Federal hospitals at Richmond, Va., six months after hostilities had ceased. At the conclusion of his duties in Richmond he went to Baltimore, and there built up the large practice which he held until a few years ago, when, owing to ill health and the infirmities of age, he was compelled to enter the Confederate States Home. He was very useful while at the Home, where he gave all his medical skill and knowledge to the service of his old comrades.

He is survived by his widow and married daughter (living in Glasgow, Scotland), a son (a practicing physician in Southeast London), a daughter (living in Jacksonville, Fla.), and a brother and sister (living in Norfolk). He was interred in the Episcopal Cemetery at Norfolk.

[By his friend and comrade, H. H. Matthews, of Breathed's Battery.]

J. SMITH DAVISON.

Mr. J. Smith Davison, of Strasburg, Va., who recently answered the last roll, was a gallant Confederate veteran, a kind, hospitable, and courteous Southern gentleman, and a Christian.

Born in the famed Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, Mr. Davison was sojourning in Saline County, Mo., when the storm broke in the spring of 1861. He had been a Union man; but when Lincoln called on the border Southern States for troops to invade and conquer their sister States, he stood with the South.

This young Virginian served through the war with Sterling Price and Marmaduke, acting for a time as courier or aid to General Marmaduke. He was wounded during the battle of Helena.

After the war Mr. Davison returned to his native State and married Miss Mary E. Bowman. He spent the remainder of his life on their farm, Mt. Pleasant, in Shenandoah County, Va. It was here that the writer of this sketch, the son of a Confederate, made the acquaintance of Mr. Davison; and from that time for twenty years, until Mr. Davison's death, in February, 1913, he esteemed him as a friend.



J. S. DAVISON.

MAJ. J. A. ROSS.

Maj. Jesse A. Ross, Commander of James C. Monroe Camp, No. 574, U. C. V., Arkadelphia, Ark., departed this life on February 4, 1913, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a native of Alabama, but went to Arkansas with his father when a small boy. In his early manhood he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company A, Colonel Gratiot's infantry regiment, and with his command participated in the battle of Oak Hill and other engagements in North Arkansas. After serving one year in the State troops, he enlisted in the 4th Arkansas Battalion Infantry, and with this command went east of the Mississippi River, where it became a part of the Army of Tennessee. He took part in many engagements in the Tennessee and Georgia campaigns. He was wounded in the battle of Peachtree Creek. He was captured at Nashville, Tenn., and taken to Johnson's Island, where he remained until near the close of the war, when he was exchanged and again took charge of his command. By his gallantry and good conduct he had risen from the ranks to the rank of major and the command of his battalion.

In 1874 Major Ross was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention and contributed materially to the enactment of laws under the new code. He was clerk of Clark County eight years and four years a member of the State Senate, and was afterwards Register of the United States Land Office during President Cleveland's administration. He was a splendid type of Confederate soldier and old-time Southerner.

[In "War Records," Series I., Vol. XX., Part I., Maj. Jesse A. Ross gives an interesting account of the battle of Murfreesboro, in which he states, after a description of part of the battle in which his men were engaged: "The men of my

battalion took as deliberate aim as if at target practice, each shot telling with fearful effect. Never before have I seen such a reckless disregard of life exhibited." In Series I., Vol. XXX., Part II., page 500, Col. D. Coleman, commanding the brigade, said: "He drove the enemy by successive charges." This was near Ringgold, Ga., Major Ross commanding the 4th and the 31st Arkansas Regiments, consolidated.]

DEATH AMONG DOCTORS IN TEXAS.

In the death list of doctors in a Texas medical journal four of the six deceased physicians reported were Confederate soldiers—viz.: Dr. Felix H. Johnson, born in Tusahoma, Ala., in 1846; and died October 11, 1911. He was of a family of seven sons and daughters. His father was Dr. E. M. P. Johnson, of Alabama, who moved to Texas in 1852. Dr. James Newton Cheny died the same day as did Dr. F. H. Johnson, and was fourteen years older. He was a native Georgian. He practiced medicine in Newborn, Ga., until 1884, when he moved to Navarro County, Tex.

Dr. Thomas M. Colley died in October, 1911. He was born in Wilkes County, Ga., in 1835. He entered the service as a private, but was made surgeon with the rank of major.

DR. R. P. TALLEY.

Dr. R. P. Talley, of Temple, Tex., died October 28, 1911. He was born in Georgia in 1836, the eldest of eleven children. He enlisted in the service of the Confederacy in Company D, 23d Georgia, and was elected second lieutenant. After the battle of Seven Pines, he was made adjutant, which position he held until 1864, when he became steward in Howard Grove Hospital, Richmond. In 1864, at the expense of the Confederate government, he completed his medical course in the College of Virginia. He was then sent as assistant surgeon to Raleigh, N. C., where he remained until June, 1865.

After the surrender he resumed his practice at home. He



DR. R. P. TALLEY.

moved to Texas in 1867 and located at Davilla, Milam County. After four years of practice he went to New Orleans for other medical lectures. In 1876 he went to New York for a postgraduate course in the University of the City of New York, and in 1877 he was given the first postgraduate diploma ever issued from that institution. He next located in Belton. In 1890 he moved to Temple and spent the latter years of his life there.

Dr. Talley was united in marriage in 1867 with Miss Lavinia C. Porter in Hall County, Ga. Four children, all of whom, with the mother, survive, were born of the union. Dr. Talley was great as a philosopher as well as a physician. He was active in politics and in educational progress. Up to the time when disease laid him low he was fully abreast with changes which had been brought about in the sciences, in government, and in literature. He was firm in his convictions and a man of advanced thought. It is said that Dr. Talley antedated Koch with the "germ theory." He always treated his patients along advanced lines. He was an interesting character and a charming conversationalist, discussing with choicest diction and a wealth of thought literature, history, and other subjects in which he took great interest.

DEATHS IN STONEWALL CAMP, U. C. V., PORTSMOUTH, VA.

COWPER.—Clarence Cowper died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., May 30, 1912, at the age of seventy-one years. He was a private in Company C, 16th Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded in the right hand near Petersburg, yet he served to the end.

ALLEN.—Capt. Henry A. Allen died at his home in Portsmouth July 17, 1912, at the age of eighty years. He entered the service April 20, 1861, as a private in the Old Dominion Guards, Company K, 9th Virginia Infantry Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He participated in the big battles of Virginia, and was captured at Gettysburg. He was one of the six hundred Confederate officers sent to Morris Island, S. C., and placed under fire of our guns at Charleston. He was later taken to Fort Delaware, and was paroled June 11, 1865. He was a gallant soldier and one of the best-known and best-loved citizens of the city in which he lived.

JOHNSTON.—Theophilus Johnston died at his home, in East Orange, N. J., July 13, 1912, at the age of eighty-one years. He entered the service of the Confederate States at Portsmouth, Va., April 20, 1861, as a private in the Portsmouth Rifles, Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in all the great battles in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged up to and including that at Gettysburg, in which he was captured. When exchanged, he returned to his command, and was detailed for work in the Confederate States Navy Department, where he remained until the end of the war. He was a true and faithful soldier.

TOOMER.—Lieut. Charles O. Toomer died at his home, in Portsmouth, May 10, 1867, at the age of twenty-four years. At the breaking out of the war he was a cadet at the University of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa, and was sent to different parts of the State to drill new companies then being organized. But being anxious to see active service, he volunteered in April, 1862, in a company being organized in Tuscaloosa, and was elected a sergeant and afterwards promoted to lieutenant. This was Company F, 41st Alabama Infantry, which

was soon ordered to join the army of General Bragg at Chattanooga. From this time on he was actively engaged in all the battles and skirmishes of his regiment, and at different times was under Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Longstreet. He was actively engaged around Richmond and Petersburg, and just before the surrender of General Lee he was captured and sent to a Northern prison. When paroled he returned to his home and soon died from the effects of hardships endured on battle fields and in prison. He was wounded once, but participated in over forty battles in which one or more men of his company was either killed or wounded. He was a brave officer and devoted friend.

MAUPIN.—Dr. George W. O. Maupin, Jr., died at his home, in Portsmouth, September 17, 1912, at the age of sixty-four years. He entered the service of the Confederate States as a private in the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues. At the breaking out of the war Dr. Maupin was a lad of sixteen years; and after Portsmouth and Norfolk were evacuated, in May, 1862, he ran the blockade and joined the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, then at Petersburg, and from then on he was engaged in numerous battles around Petersburg until the surrender. Dr. Maupin was engaged in the practice of medicine at the time of his death and was Surgeon of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V. He was a noble man and beloved of many friends.

MCDONELL.—George W. R. McDonell died at the Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va., September 25, 1912, at the age of sixty-eight years. His remains were taken to Portsmouth, Va., and interred in Cedar Grove Cemetery. He entered the service of the Confederate States April 20, 1861, as a private in the Portsmouth Light Artillery (Grimes's Battery). He was wounded July 4, 1862, and May 6, 1864. He was promoted to sergeant and participated in thirty-four engagements, from May, 1862, to the close of the war. Sergeant McDonell was a brave soldier, ready at any time for a brush with the enemy. He was Past Commander of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Portsmouth, Va.

LEWIS.—Edward J. Lewis died at the Soldiers' Home, in Raleigh, N. C., November 5, 1912, at the age of eighty-two years. He entered the service in April, 1861, as a private in the artillery stationed at the Naval Hospital Point at Portsmouth, Va. After the evacuation of Portsmouth and Norfolk by our forces, he was attached to the naval brigade and ordered to Staunton River to help protect the railroad bridge. From there he was ordered to Brushy Mountain to assist in protecting government property, from there to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and from there with a detachment to the Confederate States Treasury Guard. Mr. Lewis was a member of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Portsmouth, Va., and a true and faithful soldier.

CRISMOND.—James P. Crismond died at his home, in Portsmouth, October 10, 1912, at the age of eighty-five years. He entered the service April 20, 1861, as a private in the Old Dominion Guards, Company K, 9th Virginia Infantry. He was detailed to work in the navy yard in Portsmouth and also at Richmond, and was enrolled in the naval battalion, in which he served to the end of the war.

WILLIAMS.—J. Herbert Williams died at his home, in Matthews C. H., Mathews County, Va., October 21, 1912, at the age of sixty-eight years. He entered the service April 20, 1861, as a private in the Portsmouth Rifles, Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, and in March, 1862, was detailed to assist

in building gunboats for the navy, in which work he continued until 1864, when he was ordered to report to his company for field duty. He was captured in the battle at Five Forks in April, 1865, and sent to Point Lookout Prison. He was paroled June 5, 1865. He was Past Commander of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Portsmouth. He was a devoted husband and father and a brave soldier.

SHANNON.—Assistant Surgeon Jesse C. Shannon died at his home, Great Bridge, Norfolk County, Va., December 8, 1868, at the age of thirty-three years. He entered the service at Shiloh, Camden County, N. C., May 30, 1861, as first lieutenant in a company of infantry called the North Carolina Defenders. It was sent to Hatteras, N. C., and was captured when that place was taken, August 28, 1861. He was sent to Fort Warren with other prisoners, and was exchanged in December following. He reentered the service and was commissioned assistant surgeon of the 68th North Carolina Infantry. In September, 1864, he resigned as assistant surgeon and helped to organize an independent command that operated in Eastern North Carolina, where he served until the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. Soon after the war he located at Great Bridge, Norfolk County, Va., and engaged in the practice of medicine. Dr. Shannon was a brave, faithful soldier and a devoted son and husband.

EMMERSON.—Capt. John Emmerson died at his home, in Portsmouth, March 12, 1885, at the age of sixty-four years. He entered the service of the Confederate States at Norfolk in March, 1862, as a corporal in the Independent Signal Corps. Later he was promoted to commissary, with the rank of captain, and assigned to the 57th Regiment, North Carolina Infantry. In 1864 he was transferred to Southwest Virginia, in which department he served as commissary until the close of the war. Captain Emmerson was born in Portsmouth, Va., and was one of its best-known citizens, a devoted husband and father.

RUSTIC.—John T. Rustic died at his home, in Portsmouth, August 18, 1912, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, eleven months. He entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, as a carpenter in the Confederate States navy, and was on the Confederate States steamer Patrick Henry in the engagement in Hampton Roads. He was transferred as superintendent in the construction of gunboats on the Tombigbee River, and continued in that service until the close of the war.

MATTHEWS.—Alonzo Matthews died at his home, in Portsmouth, September 7, 1912, at the age of seventy-one years. He entered the Confederate service in June, 1861, as a private in the Portsmouth Light Artillery (Grimes's Battery), and participated in the memorable battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. After the battle of Sharpsburg he, with some other members of the battery, was transferred to Huger's Battery, in which he served to the end of the war. He was a brave soldier and true friend.

PETERS.—William R. Peters died at his home, in Portsmouth, February 6, 1913, at the age of seventy years. He entered the Confederate service in May, 1862, as a private in the Independent Signal Corps, serving on the James and Appomattox Rivers until 1864, when he was transferred as signal officer on one of the blockade runners. His steamer was in the port of Havana when Wilmington, N. C., was cap-

tured. He then made his way to Galveston, Tex., on the steamer Lark and rejoined the army. He was surrendered at Meridian, Miss., May 11, 1865, and paroled. He was a member of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Portsmouth, Va., and in his death the city lost one of its best citizens and his wife a devoted husband.

With the foregoing sketches Adjt. Thomas Shannon writes: "I send you fourteen sketches of deceased comrades of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Portsmouth, who died since my last report, April 10, 1912, except that the names of Lieut. Charles O. Toomer, who died May 10, 1867, Assistant Surgeon Dr. Jesse C. Shannon, who died December 8, 1868, and Capt. John Emmerson, who died March 12, 1865, are included. They died before the organization of this Camp, but their names have been added to our roster; and in consideration for their families we report their deaths, that there may be official record in the VETERAN."

DR. J. M. THOMPSON.

Dr. J. M. Thompson, a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia, died recently in his home, in Cuero, Tex., and was laid to rest in Hillside Cemetery. The life of Comrade Thompson was a splendid proof of the truth of Joseph E. Johnston's famous saying that a good soldier makes a good citizen. He was tireless in answering the calls of suffering humanity which his profession gave him the skill to help, and he was no less earnest in his work for charity than in that which brought him profit. Many friends mourn his passing.

[From a sketch by Valentine Hardt.]

DR. A. B. LOVING.

Dr. A. B. Loving, a splendid physician, died at his home, in Pine Bluff, Ark., February 8, 1913, after a long illness.

Dr. Loving became a member of Company C, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, at the beginning of the War of the States, and he followed Gen. N. B. Forrest to the close of the war. He leaves a widow and two children to mourn his death. Dr. Loving stood high with the medical fraternity, and was truly a Christian gentleman.

[Data from William Norton, of Pine Bluff, Ark.]

JOHN AKIN EPPERLY.

On February 16, 1913, the body of J. A. Epperly was laid to rest beside that of his wife, who had been buried three days before.

Comrade Epperly was a member of Company D, 54th Virginia Infantry. He marched and fought with that regiment through the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, and North Carolina, and was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at the surrender, on April 26, 1865, and there received, along with the other Confederates, \$1 (Mexican) as payment in full for his services. This silver dollar and his bronze cross of honor were buried with him.

Comrade Epperly was a faithful soldier of his country and of the Cross, living through his seventy-eight years uprightly.

[From a sketch by W. H. Morgan, Floyd, Va.]

SANDIDGE.—M. P. Sandidge was born in Elbert County, Ga., April 8, 1840; and died on February 20, 1913, in Tate County, Miss. He volunteered in the Confederate army in April, 1861, and served with Company F, 22d Mississippi Regiment, Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division, Polk's Corps. His service was faithful until the surrender.

DR. PEYTON LEONIDAS HURT.

In his home town, Boonville, Mo., Dr. Peyton L. Hurt was stricken with heart failure while on the street and in the pursuit of his profession on the afternoon of February 24, 1913, and expired before his wife and daughter could reach him. He was a Confederate veteran and one of the most prominent and popular physicians in his State.

Dr. Hurt was born August 26, 1845, in Charlton County, Mo., and was nearing his sixty-eighth year when the end came. He graduated from the famous old Jefferson Medical College about 1870, and had practiced without intermission in Boonville since 1873. He was a member of George B. Harper Camp, No. 714, U. C. V., of Cooper County, and only last summer the Richmond Grays Chapter, U. D. C., of Fayette, Mo., conferred upon him and other members of the Camp the Confederate cross of honor. He was a prisoner of war in the Gratiot Street Prison, in St. Louis, at the close of the war.

Dr. Hurt was big in stature, in heart and soul. Moved by charitable impulses, he probably did more practice without price among people in need than any physician in the State. As a result Mrs. Hurt was requested to allow his friends of all classes and conditions the privilege of placing a monument over his grave on which will be chiseled in stone this inscription: "The poor man's doctor. Erected by his friends." This popular request in the spirit in which it was most delicately suggested speaks more in its silent simplicity for the noble life and popularity of the man than the richest shaft could possibly proclaim in its grandeur, as it is a mark of the love of the patient for the physician, who went as willingly to the poor as to the rich, and will be an object lesson in charity of purpose and deed.

[From sketch by Samuel W. Rammel, Boonville, Mo.]



CAPT. D. D. PEDEN.

In the January VETERAN a sketch of Capt. David Dantzler Peden appeared on page 34. Captain Peden's was one of the oldest of South Carolina families. His father was a Presbyterian minister, Rev. Andrew G. Peden, and his mother, Mar-

garet Dantzler, was of a well-known Southern family. The father moved to Georgia in 1848, and Captain Peden commanded a company in the 3d Georgia Regiment.

JUDGE JONATHAN HARALSON.

Judge Jonathan Haralson, for sixteen years associate justice of the Alabama Supreme Court, died recently at his home, in Montgomery, Ala. He was one of the most distinguished jurists of Alabama, and retired from the bench in 1908. He was in his eighty-second year.

Jonathan Haralson was born October 18, 1830, in Lowndes County, Ala., the son of William Browning Haralson, an early settler from Georgia in Lowndes County. He graduated from the University of Alabama in 1851 with the degree of A.B., receiving the degree of A.M. from the same institution in 1854. After receiving his degree of LL.D. from the University of Louisiana in 1853, he practiced law at Selma.

During the War of the States Judge Haralson was the agent at Selma of the Nitro and Mining Bureau of the Confederate States. In 1876 he was appointed by Governor Houston as judge of the city court of Selma, which office he held until 1892, when he was elected associate justice of the Alabama Supreme Court. He was again re-elected associate justice in 1898, and remained on the bench until he retired in 1908.

Judge Haralson was for many years a trustee of Howard College and also of Dallas Academy. He was also a trustee of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. In 1892 Mercer University, Macon, Ga., conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mattie Ellen Thompson, daughter of John W. Thompson, of Columbus, Ga. On May 20, 1860, he married Miss Lida J. McFadden, daughter of Robert H. McFadden, of Greensboro, Ala. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and two granddaughters.

C. J. CHARTER.

Another brave soldier of the Confederacy answered the last roll call when C. J. Charter passed away July 30, 1912.

He was a native of Tennessee and lived most of his life in his native State. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, and was a member of the Maury Light Artillery. He was captured with his command when Fort Donelson was taken, and was a prisoner for more than six months. Afterwards he joined the 9th Battalion, Ashby's Brigade, in Columbia, Tenn. He served in the cavalry the last two years of the war, and surrendered with the Confederate forces in North Carolina in 1865, and from there he rode home on a mule.

After this Comrade Charter began the life of a farmer. On September 9, 1869, he was married to Miss Victoria Bowles, of Florida. He attended every Confederate Reunion, except the last two, which he missed because of declining health.

In the old family graveyard near Jones Valley, Hickman County, Tenn., he was buried in his Confederate uniform. He was carried to the grave by some of his old comrades. Rev. Dr. McGowan conducted the services, and the last hymn was the one sung at the close of every Reunion, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

He is survived by his wife, one son (Clifford Charter), two daughters (Mrs. John Bratton, of Nashville, and Miss Lilla Charter), and five grandchildren.

[From a sketch by Mrs. N. M. Roberts.]

KEISER.—B. Keiser died at Wharton, Tex., in December, 1912. He served during the war as a member of the 8th Texas Regiment, organized in Victoria.

DEATHS IN NEWMAN (GA.) CAMP.

[Camp No. 1161, U. C. V., met for the purpose of reading and adopting resolutions upon the deaths of Comrades John L. Baily, Nathan H. Young, Samuel A. Foster.]

YOUNG.—Nathan H. Young was born in Coweta County, Ga. He joined Company B, 1st Georgia Cavalry, sometime in 1863; and surrendered at Gainesboro, N. C., in April, 1865. A comrade writing of Wheeler's Cavalry, to which Comrade Young belonged, says "From Chattanooga to Atlanta we were almost constantly under fire; from Atlanta to Savannah and on through South Carolina we contested every step, fighting daily and riding almost every night, harassing the enemy." After the surrender Comrade Young bravely took up the fight for bread, and kept it up until February 4, 1913, when, weary and worn, he gave up life's struggle. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was in the truest sense a Christian gentleman.

FOSTER.—Comrade Foster was born May 24, 1838, in Abbeville, S. C.; and died at Haralson, Ga., January 14, 1913. When about eleven years old his parents moved to Coweta County, Ga., and he lived in or near Haralson the remainder of his life. He leaves a wife and four children. Early in March, 1862, he joined Company A, 41st Georgia Regiment Infantry, which was assigned to the Army of Tennessee, then in Mississippi. He was in the siege of Vicksburg and surrendered with the army there. After his parole had expired, he returned to service, and was at Chickamauga under General Bragg. He served under General Johnston in the Dalton-to-Atlanta campaign. At New Hope Church he was severely wounded and disabled for further service. After the war he married and resumed the occupation of farming. He was a member of the Lutheran Church and was a noble and worthy man.

BAILLY.—John L. Bailey was born in Coweta County, Ga., February 23, 1844; and left college early in 1861, joining Company A, 7th Georgia Infantry. He remained with that company during the entire war. He was wounded in the second battle of Manassas and was captured in August, 1864, near Richmond, and remained in prison until June, 1865. After his release he returned to his home and engaged in farming. He married Miss Virginia Goodwyn in 1868, and continued to reside at his old home until his death, July 30, 1912, just fifty-one years to a day after he was mustered into service as a soldier. He was a member of the Methodist Church from his boyhood and was a man who was loved and honored by all who knew him.

WILLIAM H. BRADFORD.

W. H. Bradford departed this life on September 9, 1912, at the home of his niece, Mrs. Groover, in Jacksonville, Fla. His father, Thomas J. Bradford, was one of the pioneer settlers of Leon County.

In 1861, when the call was made by the South, three brothers responded, and William H. enlisted as a private in Scott's Battalion of Cavalry. He participated in many battles, including the last encounter in Florida, the battle of Natural Bridge, in March, 1865. In it he fired the first shot. Colonel Scott said of him: "Of all the men in my command, not one was so slow to speak or so quick to act as he."

Mr. Bradford lived for many years in Gainesville, Fla., where he was highly respected. He held the office of City Tax Assessor for several terms. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church at the time of his death, and had lived nearly eighty years.

JOHN R. HAGUE.

John R. Hague was born in the old fort at Newnansville, Fla., July 11, 1838. He died at his farm, near Hague, on December 24, 1912. He was a soldier throughout the Indian War, where he saw much service, and was discharged at Fort Meade at its close.

At the call of the South he enlisted as a private in Capt. P. B. H. Dudley's company, at Gainesville, Fla., in March, 1861. The company became a part of the Seventh Florida Regiment, under Col. M. S. Perry. Soon afterwards they became a part of the Western army, where they underwent great hardships and performed much arduous service. He was a faithful soldier and yielded only when all was lost.

He returned to his home, near Newnansville, and engaged in farming. He was a successful farmer. He lived a good life, and was a consistent member of the Methodist Church from his boyhood. He is survived by his devoted wife, one daughter, and six sons.



THOMAS S. BOWEN.

Our beloved comrade, Thomas S. Bowen, died at his home in Atlanta, Ga., March 12, 1913. He had been in failing health since the death of his wife in September, 1912, but continued at his business until within a few weeks of his death. His end was peaceful. As in life he braved every emergency unflinchingly, he so entered the "valley of the shadow."

Comrade Bowen was born in Massachusetts seventy-four years ago. In early life he became a citizen of Jacksonville, Ala. Responding to the first call for troops issued by the Governor of his adopted State, he enlisted in the first company that left his county, which was of the 10th Alabama Infantry. At the end of that enlistment he joined Col. (later Senator) John T. Morgan's 51st Alabama Regiment of Parti-

san Rangers, and was made a lieutenant in Company A. The regiment served in Hagan's Brigade, Martin's Division of Wheeler's Cavalry. This command participated in every battle of the Army of Tennessee, from Nashville to the surrender, and in many skirmishes of which there is no record.

Much of Lieutenant Bowen's service was in command of scouting parties following Sherman's vanted march to the sea, and it was the current understanding that where Wheeler's scouts came in contact with Sherman's bums burning houses and abusing women they gave no quarter.

In this service Comrade Bowen was engaged in many hand-to-hand encounters, but so modest was he that he rarely ever spoke of his exploits, many of which, however, have been learned from comrades or from the official records. This same modesty of demeanor marked Comrade Bowen in every relation of life.

He was Lieutenant Commander and a much-esteemed member of Camp A, Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry, U. C. V. The Camp attended his funeral in a body, and its floral tribute was the Confederate battle flag.

At a meeting of Camp Wheeler held April 4 resolutions were adopted by a rising vote and with bowed heads.

[The resolutions set forth that which appears in the sketch, and are signed by Col. J. S. Prather and W. C. Dodson, Chairman of the committee.]



JAMES ANDERSON HARTMAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN lost a good friend when James A. Hartman passed away in Rockwall, Tex., October 10, 1912. Comrade Hartman was born in Washington County, Tenn., in the year 1842; and early in the first days of the War of the States he enlisted in Captain Turner's company, F, 43d Tennessee Infantry, the regiment being commanded by Colonel Gillespie, and served as a private soldier in all the battles in which that regiment was engaged. He was in the long and bloody siege of Vicksburg, where for many days he slept in the trenches under the light of the stars. He passed through all the war without a wound.

Mr. Hartman was well known throughout his county and was esteemed for his independent and manly character. He

was trusted by the people and held many offices of responsibility, both county and municipal. He belonged to that class of men who opened up and made this country great.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was his hobby. He never missed a chance to send it a subscription, and I have heard him say: "A man who pretends to love the South and the cause for which it suffered and won't take the VETERAN ought to be ashamed of himself."

He went to Texas forty-seven years ago and built the first cotton gin ever operated in his section of the State. At the time of his death he owned and operated one of the finest gins in his county. His widow, four sons, and two daughters survive him. He was buried at old historic Mt. Zion, near Rockwall, by the Odd Fellows, of which order he was an honored and zealous member.

[From a sketch by "J. H. C."]

C. B. BARNWELL.

In the death of Cuthbert B. Barnwell on February 15, 1913, in Savannah, Ga., his community has lost a good citizen, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers a wise associate, the Knights of Pythias a faithful member, and the Confederate Veterans a brave comrade.

When a mere boy Comrade Barnwell entered the Confederate army in 1861 as a member of the Savannah Volunteer Guards, serving with them until the surrender at Appomattox. He then returned to Savannah and started life anew. He soon won a place in the love and esteem of every one who knew him. He was steadfast as a friend, faithful as a soldier, respected as a citizen; and in his declining years, with his cross of honor on his breast, he became an object lesson of patriotism to the present generation.

[From tribute by a lifelong and devoted friend.]

JOHN HENRY WILLIAMSON.

J. H. Williamson was born in North Carolina July 25, 1838; and died July 25, 1912, at Cabot, Ark., aged seventy-four years. Comrade Williamson was on a visit to relatives in Georgia in 1861, and joined Capt. John R. Hart's company and was sworn into the Confederate service at Lynchburg, Va. He afterwards joined the 21st Georgia Infantry, commanded by Col. John T. Mercer, and was transferred from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of Tennessee and changed from infantry to cavalry. The first fight of Comrade Williamson and his command was at Perryville, Ky., and they then followed the East Tennessee campaign to Chickamauga, and went from there with General Longstreet to Knoxville. Their next duty in this campaign was to guard the outposts of Longstreet's army while in winter quarters in 1863-64. They joined the Army of Tennessee again at Resaca. They were in the engagements at Marietta, Pine Mountain, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy Station, and Franklin, and went back again to fight Sherman at Savannah and Aiken, S. C. In the spotted horse fight in North Carolina the 6th Georgia Cavalry was commanded by Captain Lay, of Comrade Williamson's company. The last fight was at Bentonville, N. C. In all of these many battles Mr. Williamson was never wounded nor sick and never had a furlough. He answered to roll call four years without missing.

He married in North Carolina, and in 1868 moved to Cabot, Ark., where he lived until his death as a loving husband, a glad father, and a good citizen.

[From memoir by Comrade Curtis Green, of Oglesby, Tex.]

EDGAR THOMAS HAWTHORN.

E. T. Hawthorn answered the last call at the home of his son, T. E. Hawthorn, in Apopka, Orange County, Fla., on March 1, 1913. He was born at Madison, Ga., in September, 1837. In 1854 he moved with his father's family to Florida. They settled at the present town site of Hawthorn, which was named for his father, who was a soldier in the Indian War, having served under Captain McLeod, 1st Regiment Mounted Volunteers. In May, 1862, this son enlisted as a private in Capt. W. E. Chambers's company, Company C, 2d Florida Regiment of Cavalry, and served until the surrender, when he returned to Hawthorn and engaged in farming. He was a successful and prominent citizen. He is survived by his wife and two children.

CHARLES A. LEUSHUER.

Comrade C. A. Leushuer was one of Pat Cleburne's boys. He followed Bragg, Johnston, and Hood from Tullahoma to Franklin, where he was captured and sent to Camp Douglass. After his exchange, on Red River, he was taken to Shreveport, La., from which place he walked to Victoria, Tex., where he afterwards lived and died.

He held the office of County Treasurer for twenty years. His death occurred January 21, 1913. Interment was in Evergreen Cemetery, Camp W. R. S. Currey attending.

MORRIS.—Burford Morris, member of Company D, 34th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A., died near Sunbury, Ohio, on March 7, aged eighty-four years, and was buried beside his wife. This comrade was respected by all who knew him.

CAPT. W. F. PACE.

William Fletcher Pace, who died in a hospital at Eureka Springs, Ark., on August 31, 1912, was born in Temple, Tex., July 1, 1840. He grew to manhood in Dent County, Mo.

His first experience as a soldier was in service in that State. On June 14, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, 1st Regiment, 7th Brigade, of the Missouri State Guards. This brigade (McBride's) was composed of two regiments of infantry and one of mounted rifles, the first being under the command of Colonel Wingo.

After the battle of Wilson Creek, Mr. Pace was transferred to the mounted rifles, under Colonel Freeman. He was wounded during the attack on Salem, Mo., by the fracture of his left thigh. While he was still disabled therefrom his period of enlistment expired and his discharge was received.

On August 10, 1862, he entered the regular Confederate service as a member of Company E, 8th Missouri Infantry, commanded by Col. Charles S. Mitchell, and formed part of Gen. D. M. Frost's brigade. Comrade Pace was soon promoted to the lieutenantancy of Company F, and he commanded the company until he resigned to take part in the last great raid into Missouri under Price. He was wounded in the right shoulder while with Price, but escaped becoming a prisoner. He was thereafter unable to return to his command.

After the war Captain Pace became a resident of Harrison, Ark., where he lived nearly forty years. On August 21, 1866, he married Miss Sarah Jane Howell, of Howell County, Mo. Three sons and three daughters, together with the wife, survive Captain Pace, and all were present during his last illness.

Captain Pace taught private schools for several years and was in business for a time, but his life work was in the law. His success in the law may be realized from an address delivered at Fayetteville, Ark., in November, 1912, by Mr. C. D.

James, of Eureka Springs, in which he said: "As a lawyer Captain Pace had few equals and no superiors. He was painstaking in his cases and always thoroughly prepared for every legal battle. He possessed both an analytical and judicial mind and most remarkably discriminating mental powers * * * In him were combined the strong advocate, the good lawyer, a logical and technical pleader—a rare combination."



CAPT. W. F. PACE.

During Reconstruction he was as brave as he had been during the war. He was of strong convictions and of fearless disposition in restoring order and maintaining the rights of the Southern people. Afterwards he retained no trace of bitterness, and he often said he wished his children to grow up with minds unprejudiced on the subject. He believed that if the Confederacy had been victorious the Union would have been preserved. He was pleased that two of his sons wore the Federal uniform during the Spanish-American War.

The following words are quoted from an address given by Captain Pace at Fayetteville, Ark., January 10, 1909, as a response upon behalf of the recipients of the Southern cross of honor bestowed by Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C.: "The Confederate soldier was without a predecessor and will be without a successor. He knew that the odds were against him and the result doubtful; still, possessed of a lofty patriotism and an earnest desire to transmit to his children unimpaired the constitutional liberty by his fathers bestowed, he exposed himself to the death-dealing missiles of the enemy freely and without a tremor. * * * I am proud of the survivor who struggled on and did the best he could, giving to the world sons and daughters who would rather not exist than to be degenerate cowards who would not dare to do right."

The speaker thus outlined the motives that had dominated his own life: lofty patriotism, love of liberty, unflinching bravery, the willingness to struggle in the face of defeat, never asking which side would win, but which side was right.

CAPT. GEORGE F. HAGER.

Captain Hager was born in Smith County, Tenn., on February 17, 1841. In June, 1861, he enlisted in Company F, 6th Kentucky Infantry, and was shortly afterwards transferred to the 8th Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry, with which he continued until the command was consolidated with the 1st Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry, from which on June 2, 1862, was formed the 2d Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. C. R. Barteau. Captain Hager was elected a lieutenant in this command, and served in that capacity until late in the war, when the 2d and 21st Regiments of Tennessee Cavalry were consolidated and he became a lieutenant in Company K, and was surrendered as such at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

Captain Hager was one of the charter members of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, organized in 1886, and was Recording Secretary of the association for several years. He afterwards organized Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry, and was elected captain. He was also a member of the Tennessee Board of Pension Examiners, having been unanimously elected by the Bivouacs and Camps of Middle Tennessee. He had previously served on the Board for ten years without compensation. He died at Goodlettsville March 28, 1913.

Resolutions adopted by Frank Cheatham Bivouac say in part: "In the death of Captain Hager the South lost one of its most valiant soldiers, society an honest and upright citizen, the Bivouac a devoted member, and his family an affectionate husband and father. He had but few faults and many virtues."



CAPT. GEORGE F. HAGER.

Captain Hager will be greatly missed at the Reunion in Chattanooga, as Troop A, his command of Forrest's old soldiers, has for years been the leading feature of Reunion parades and its appearance the unfailing occasion of larger interest and enthusiasm. James R. Sadler, a member of Troop A, has been elected Captain of the Troop.

MAJ. ORREN RANDOLPH SMITH.

Maj. O. R. Smith, veteran of three wars, fell out of ranks at Henderson, N. C., on March 3, 1913. He was born in Warren County, N. C., December 18, 1827, of Revolutionary stock. His ancestry and environment so combined to produce a profoundly patriotic sentiment and a lively militant spirit that he became a veteran of the Mexican War and received an honorable discharge August 7, 1848, before attaining his majority. Ten years later he saw further military service in Utah under Col. Albert Sidney Johnston.

In 1861, having returned to North Carolina, he entered the Confederate service under the flag which he had himself designed, and closed this service with the rank of major.

Upon the organization of the Confederacy and before the secession of his own State, Major Smith, in response to a call for designs of a flag for the new nation, made and submitted the design first adopted—viz., a blue field and three stripes. The field was of the depth of two stripes and bore seven white stars in a circle. The center stripe was white, with a red one above and below. Two of these flags were made—a small one, which was forwarded to the proper officials and accepted, and a large one, which was raised at Louisburg, Franklin County, N. C., on March 18, 1861. At the annual session of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Washington November 12, 1912, Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, daughter of Gen. Robert Ransom, in behalf of Major Smith, made an eloquent presentation of "a magnificent silk Confederate flag, an exact copy of the original design made by Mr. Smith." This was fittingly accepted by Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, First Vice President General, and committed to the care of Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, Va., Custodian of the Association.

It was given to Major Smith to receive two most graceful expressions of appreciation not long before his death. During last year a children's Chapter, auxiliary to the local Chapter, U. D. C., was organized at Henderson and adopted his name as that of the Chapter; and on January 10, 1913, the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., presented him with a beautiful and richly jeweled gold pendant inscribed: "Designer of Stars and Bars, Maj. O. R. Smith, from North Carolina U. D. C., January 10, 1913, Henderson, N. C."

Major Smith had been feeble for many months, and his departure was not unexpected. The funeral service, at the Church of the Holy Innocents, was largely attended. The body, clad in Confederate uniform and covered with the stars and stripes and the stars and bars (the latter a gift of the Orren Randolph Smith Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy), was escorted to its resting place by a detachment of the North Carolina National Guard and his comrades of the Confederate veterans, to whose sadly thinning ranks no recruits or reinforcements ever come. They laid him away with military honors.

[The foregoing sketch is by Thomas M. Pittman.]

Unhappily the "War Records" do not contain reports of this flag design, and for the verification of history the VETERAN would appreciate testimony. If any person living could tell through what Confederate official the design was submitted, it would help to "keep the record straight." The record is silent as to the command in which he was promoted to major. The VETERAN seeks to do worthy honor to the memory of this hero of three wars. See the fine picture of him in the April (1911) VETERAN, page 170. That on the title-page of this issue is of him as a typical veteran.

GREETING AND COUNSEL WITH THE DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRES. GEN. U. D. C., PARIS, TENN.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy I have been away from my desk and work for our beloved cause for several weeks, seeking rest and relaxation from long-continued strain in a cruise to Panama and the West Indies. The sea voyage, the diversion of new scenes and different people, and all the wonders of the tropics have been most beneficial, and I now return to my U. D. C. work with renewed zeal and energy in clearing my desk of the accumulated mail.

Many State conventions will be held in May, and it will be my pleasure to attend some of them and see the inner work of our Divisions, and I trust all these conventions may be imbued with the spirit of harmony, with tolerance, and consideration for the views and wishes of their inexperienced members, and that in all they do they will not forget to keep before them as the *ultima Thule* the real good of the Division and the general organization rather than personal, factional triumphs.

At the Confederate Reunion at Chattanooga in May I shall represent you as matron of honor for the South, and I hope many of you will attend the Reunion and do all you can to honor the men who wore the gray of the Confederacy.

Besides the U. C. V., the organization of the U. S. C. V. should be dear to us. Many of its members are our brothers in blood, and the U. D. C. should give them warm support as an organization and should hold out a helping hand to them in an effort to organize new Camps or revive Camps that are languishing. We want that Confederate organization to flourish along with ours. Many of its members are active business men with little time to give to this work, and they need and will gladly accept our aid. I wish every Chapter of the U. D. C. would take up this matter with their brothers and see how many Camps can be organized before the Chattanooga Reunion, so that their meeting there may renew the strength and enthusiasm of their organization. I ask this of Tennessee Chapters in particular, because of State pride in having their meeting in your State a brilliant one and in appreciation of the compliment to one of our able Tennessee sons, Gen. J. P. Norfleet, in being elected Commander in Chief. You should be interested in and help him and his Adjutant in their effort to double the number of Camps of Sons of Veterans in Tennessee before their Reunion in May.

Remember, too, that while in Chattanooga I desire to meet every Daughter there. I want to know you personally and want us to get into close touch. You may find me at the Hotel Patten, U. C. V. headquarters.

Remember, it is not optional about members receiving certificates of membership; but every member must have one, and those issued now must be signed by the officers now in office. Chapter Presidents should see to this.

Don't forget your work and pledges for Arlington and Shiloh. These funds are growing, but not as rapidly as is desirable and important.

I am hoping that all Divisions will enter the contest for my "Certificate of Merit," and that every Chapter of a Division will help their Division by adding some members to our organization. The U. D. C. organization should be much larger than it is. See that all eligibility papers are correct and all blanks completely filled.

[The United Daughters are ever ready to advance the cause, and the Sons of Veterans should ever rally upon their plea.]

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT TENN. DIV., U. D. C.

BY MRS. HARRIET HOLLAND, JACKSON, TENN.

I have returned from a long sojourn in Florida and am at my desk to advance the Division work before the heat of summer. Through the VETERAN I urge Chapters to attend the annual session in Knoxville May 14 with all pledges met—both *per capita* taxes paid, \$1 each sent for relief fund to Mrs. Latham, Rayburn Avenue, Memphis, and \$1 each for the Trader fund to Mrs. Timberlake, 1016 Vermont Avenue, Washington, D. C.

We hope for the presence of our founder and mother, Mrs. Caroline M. Goodlett, and our President General, Mrs. A. B. White. Others of the general officers are to be with us—viz: General Treasurer, Mrs. C. B. Tate, of Virginia; our Recording Secretary, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky; Mrs. Stone, of Texas, our former President General, who will be *en route* to the Chattanooga Reunion; Miss Rutherford, of Georgia, the Historian General, who is to lecture on Historical Evening.

My Vice Presidents are falling in with the recommendation of our President General, Mrs. White, and holding district meetings. Mrs. W. T. Young, of Nashville, held a fine session, of which good reports reach me. Mrs. Dobbins held hers last fall in Jackson before leaving for a winter in Florida. Mrs. Carter expects to hold hers this month at South Pittsburg. Virginia and South Carolina held district sessions last year, and they resulted in great enthusiasm and uplift to the State work.

I shall urge my Division Chapters to work for the splendid prizes offered this year for subscriptions to the VETERAN.



MISS MARGARET TREVATHAN,
Maid of Honor for Tennessee Division, U. C. V.

NEW CHAPTER, U. D. C., IN VIRGINIA.

Ye Olde Arlington Chapter, U. D. C., was organized by Mrs. Bell, State Registrar of the Virginia Division, November 18, 1912, at the home of Mrs. W. G. Pendleton, Eastville, Va. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Howard Hall; First Vice President, Mrs. W. G. Pendleton; Second

Vice President, Mrs. W. M. Upshur; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Cabel Flournoy; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Bessie Thompson; Treasurer, Miss Margaret S. Wilkins; Registrar, Mrs. William B. Fitzhugh; Historian, Mrs. E. F. Nottingham.

WORK OF A NEW CHAPTER IN ARKANSAS.

Mrs. H. C. Lawhorn, President of Elliott-Fletcher Chapter, U. D. C., Blytheville, Ark., sends a good report of that young Chapter. It was organized last October with a charter membership of twelve, and it now has twenty-one members, all enthusiastic and interested in the Chapter meetings. This Chapter donated \$25 to the Shiloh fund, \$5 to the Trader fund, and \$5 for the monument to Confederate soldiers buried in Oakland Cemetery, Little Rock. As evidence of its interest in the VETERAN and the wish to build up a good library, the Chapter has entered the contest for one of the prizes offered by the VETERAN, and expects to win.



MISS KATHERINE TODHUNTER,
Sponsor for Missouri Division at Chattanooga.

The Missouri delegation to the Reunion seeks to be one of the fullest of the Veteran Divisions. Gen. J. Will Hall and his staff are to leave Kansas City on the morning of May 24 in special sleepers, and will pass through St. Louis and Nashville, arriving at Chattanooga at 7 A.M. May 26. Friends and comrades are to join the party all along the route, adding constantly new interest to the zest of the journey.

The Missouri Veterans are taking a lively interest in it, and hope to keep up their reputation for good attendance.

REUNION OF WAR PRISONERS.—Comrade J. Stokes Vinson, of Hiram, Ark., writes: "I am much interested in the proposed reunion of war prisoners at Chattanooga, and I am hoping to

meet everybody now left of the Fort Donelson prisoners who were in Camp Douglas, and also the last of the captured men from the battle of Nashville who were taken to Camp Chase and kept in Prisons No. 2 and 3. I would like to meet Colonel Hawkins, who had charge of our "grub" affairs part of the time at Camp Chase. The VETERAN's stories of battles and campaigns—Port Hudson, Jackson, Chickamauga, and Nashville—bring a throng of memories to fill my mind."

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL WHEELER.

It is seven years since that gallant soldier and courteous gentleman, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, went to answer the call of reveille in that other country. Much of his life is a part of the history of our country forever; but there are many little personal incidents which will be lost to his children and grandchildren when all the old veterans and his comrades of the sixties have followed him over the river to report to the Great Commander.

All over this broad country there are many men among the old veterans and also of the younger generation who admired and loved him. If all of them would write some little memory or incident or tribute or some slight expression of their love and admiration and send to his family at Wheeler, Ala., it would be of inexpressible value to the grandchildren who never saw him, and would give to them a closer knowledge of his personal character and would also be of great value in the history of his life when it is written. We feel great confidence in a hearty and earnest response to this suggestion.

"THE MEN IN GRAY."

In a small volume that may be read through in a single sitting Dr. Cave has put the whole matter of the meaning and spirit of the South's attitude in the tremendous controversy that brought on the tragic and heroic events of our great War of the States. The book opens with the author's oration on "The Men in Gray" delivered at the unveiling, some years ago, of the soldiers' and sailors' monuments on Libby Hill in Richmond. The address attracted much attention at the time, and was quoted and commented upon by many papers both North and South. "It is a concise but clear statement of the causes that led up to the war," said one of the Virginia papers, "and an accurate pen picture of the private soldier such as we know him to have been. * * * It is a speech from which nothing can be taken and to which nothing can be added without injury."

Of the two other papers in the volume, one, "A Defense of the South," pictures with knowledge and faithfulness the often misunderstood social conditions of the South in the era that preceded the war, and states with brevity and force the real issues that culminated in the great conflict.

The last paper, "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty," goes back into history to explain the true spirit that animated the South in its advocacy of State rights, and proves beyond controversy just where loyalty and just where rebellion lay.

The little book is a convincing exponent of its cause, and finds a fitting place in the library of every earnest student of American history. The work is dedicated to "the memory of the men in gray who with matchless courage fought to maintain the principles of the Constitution and perpetuate the government established by their fathers, and whose heroic deeds crowned the South with deathless glory."

"The Men in Gray." R. C. Cave. Cloth, \$1. Address CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

CHATTANOOGA TIMES—PART OF ITS HISTORY.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham's connection with the Chattanooga Times explains the reasons for his special interest in this Reunion. In 1870 two of his journalistic friends in Nashville told him that the Times was for sale and requested him to go and investigate the plant and terms. He complied, and after a conference with the owner, Mr. Z. C. Patten, he returned and reported a most liberal proposition, expecting them to accept it promptly, but they failed to do so. He returned to Mr. Patten and explained, when he said: "Let me sell it to you." Such a thought had never occurred to Mr. Cunningham, who explained a series of misfortunes whereby it was useless to consider the subject, to which Mr. Patten replied: "You can buy the Chattanooga Times." The terms were perfectly satisfactory, the entire purchase being on credit with no security. He possessed just half enough money to pay the Associated Press charges for one week, and notes for the entire purchase were payable in bank. An uncongenial partnership was made, and that was succeeded by two partners, both of whose interests were later purchased, and a struggle to pay bills ensued which was even worse than much of the war.

A singular combination of circumstances occurred in 1877 whereby the local manager of the Associated Press sold the exclusive use of the report to a rival daily paper, and it was at once thought that the Times would have to surrender. Happily the train schedule from Knoxville at the time was such that, all else being ready, the arrival of Knoxville papers, or copy of press report, enabled the Times to send out its issues on time with as full reports of news as its rival, and the saving of that expense enabled the owner to build its first domicile. A picture of the little building is given with the owner (who wore a beard at that time) and his son, a lad of eight years, standing in the doorway and the foreman standing in front of the building. (Enlarged prints of this picture adorn the offices of the New York Times and the VETERAN through the courtesy of Mr. Ochs.)

In 1878 Mr. Cunningham leased the Times, and in 1880 he sold it to Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, who still owns it. The contrast between the two buildings illustrates the marvelous growth and achievements of that city. Many men would have rested content upon such laurels, but not Mr. Ochs. He was under severe pressure for a time by the depreciation of prop-



FIRST BUILDING OF CHATTANOOGA TIMES, 1878.

Standing in doorway are S. A. Cunningham and son, P. D. Cunningham.

erty in Chattanooga; but instead of yielding to conditions, he appeared unexpectedly before the newspaper world as purchaser of the New York Times, and with its success in printing "all the news that's fit to print" he is perhaps the most successful newspaper publisher in the United States.

In addition to the great building, more than twenty stories high, on Times Square, New York City, he has recently built the Times Annex in that vicinity, devoted entirely to the printing of the paper, with a capacity exceeding a ton per minute.



MR. ADOLPH OCHS, NEW YORK,

Owner of the Chattanooga Times and the New York Times.

Business transactions with Mr. Adolph Ochs demonstrated him to be a man most liberal-minded and of strictest business integrity. When he bought the Chattanooga Times he depended upon the help of friends, who were not willing to pay an agreed value, so he has worked his way onward and upward through his indefatigable energy.

The New York Times is a credit to American journalism, and is second to no other as an enterprising and a reliable newspaper. With his eminent success Mr. Ochs has ever remembered in a practical way his employees, his coworkers. He made Col. J. E. McGowan editor of the paper for life, and he never ceased an active interest in the old printers, remembering them by name to the end.

The Times's new printing outfit in the New York Times Annex must be the most complete ever built. A description of this plant is a story incredible to the ordinary understanding, and it would take pages to describe it. When running at full speed the completed work is done with amazing speed. Twelve tons of type metal may be used in dressing the ten presses. The inking plant holds eight and a half tons. To print 288,000 24-page papers per hour requires 102 rolls of paper weighing 1,400 pounds each, or 142,800 pounds of paper, which is more than a ton per minute. The street floor of the Times Annex contains twenty iron tables, each ten feet long, upon which the great paper is handled.



THE CHATTANOOGA TIMES BUILDING.

FORMER OWNER OF THE CHATTANOOGA TIMES.



Z. C. PATTEN.

Mr. Z. C. Patten is a splendid type of a broad-minded and successful man of business, and is a citizen of whom Chatta-

nooga and Tennessee may well be proud. He is indeed one of the most successful business men in the entire State. Mr. Patten was born in Jefferson County, N. Y., in 1840; and served during the War of the States first as a noncommissioned officer in the 115th Illinois Volunteers and later as lieutenant in the 149th New York Infantry. He was wounded at Chickamauga. He came to Chattanooga in 1865 and began his business life there as a member of the firm of Patten & Payne, dealers in books and stationery. He was owner of the Chattanooga Times at the time that it was bought by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, in 1876. He was connected with the founding of the Chattanooga Medicine Company, the Aeme Kitchen Furniture Company, the Stone Fort Land Company, and the Volunteer State Life Insurance Company, all of which are in successful operation. By his energy and his wise counsel he has added much to the prosperity of his adopted city.

By Mr. Patten's own statement he cast his first vote in Tennessee for Emerson Etheridge for Governor and his second for Senter, both of whom opposed the policy of Reconstruction.

The Times and the Chattanooga News have rendered much service to the VETERAN in behalf of this issue.

VOLUNTARY APPEAL FOR THE VETERAN—A NEW KIND.

John J. Thornton, of the Moundville (Ala.) News, recently published the following little editorial whose suggestion has since found favor with various other papers of the South: "Just a word in behalf of that class of our dear old Confederate veterans whose minds crave such literature as furnishes reminiscences of the bloody conflict, but whose depleted purses forbid the great pleasure. Why do not the young people's Confederate veterans' associations contribute paid-up subscriptions to such veterans as are worthy to that popular veteran's journal, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN? Think over your list of acquaintances, and you will not go far before you come across some worthy old veteran of the bloody conflict whose life could be brightened in this simple and easy way. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a monthly magazine devoted exclusively to the Confederate cause, and every month contains sketches of the various battles and other interesting articles of the Confederacy. It would afford hours of sincere pleasure and prove a favor highly appreciated by many veterans."

The family of George Clinton Brower, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., desires to learn something of his record as a soldier. He enlisted in 1861, and served in Col. Wirt Adams's Mississippi cavalry until he died of exhaustion at Selma, Ala., in December, 1864. He is mentioned by his superior officer for his fidelity, activity, and courage in whatever post he filled, as private soldier, sharpshooter, detailed clerk, etc. Any surviving comrades of his will confer a favor by communicating with Rev. H. E. Hayden, 32 Mallery Place, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Mrs. Ethel McDonald Rice, 7027 Normal Avenue, Chicago, Ill., seeks the war record of her father, A. J. McDonald, who joined Regiment No. 9 at Vernon, La., in May, 1861. This regiment was sent to Virginia, and McDonald was badly wounded in the hip and leg and captured by the enemy and put in prison. Nothing further is known of his service.

WHITE'S BATTERY TO BE GUESTS OF R. W. HAGAN.—The surviving members of White's Battery, Wheeler's Cavalry command, visiting Chattanooga at the Reunion in May are earnestly and cordially invited to make their home and headquarters with R. W. Hagan, North Chattanooga, an old member of the battery.

CHATTANOOGA THE SOUTH'S MANUFACTURING CENTER WITH MANY ADVANTAGES.

BY CAPT. C. D. MITCHELL, PRESIDENT TENNESSEE MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

Only about a score and a half years ago manufacturing in the South was a negligible quantity. The few industrial plants, scattered here and there over a large area, found themselves "strangers in a strange land," though, like the prophets of old, they were "not without honor save in their own country." Southern people were slow to believe that manufacturing was a legitimate asset of their section, nor would they admit that high grade products worthy of their patronage could be made in the South. Perhaps it is ever a long "wilderness journey" from an "Egypt" to a "promised land," and so, alas! but few of the early pilgrims have been permitted to view the present-day outlook.

During the last decade the records of Southern progress are almost past belief, and yet they are only forecasts of future possibilities. The picture they unfold shows how the iron and steel and coal interests are to hold a dominating place in the world's business, how the country which produces three-fourths of the world's supply of cotton is destined to become the great center of its manufacturing; how electrical development will bring capital to harness the South's unlimited water power, to build interurban railways and industrial factories; and how foreign trade, which ever seeks shortest lines and those of least resistance, will call for our Southern products to supply the markets of the Orient and the isles of the sea. Indeed, the "star of empire" is rapidly tending southward, and "wise men" are following its course and pitching their tents with us, because they would share our opportunities. What have we to offer them?

The trial balance shows that with only twenty-seven per cent of the area of the United States we have more than forty per cent of its standing timber; that the South has four times as many square miles of coal lands as all Europe, and last year we mined one hundred and twenty million tons of bituminous coal, which was two and one-half times as much as was mined in the entire United States thirty years ago; that our iron ore deposits of various kinds are beyond computation; and that nowhere in any country to the same extent are found such materials as coal, iron, copper, marble, phosphate rock, gas, water power, etc., that make for profitable manufacturing, as here in the South.

From 1900 to 1910 manufacturing capital in the South increased over one hundred and twenty per cent, the production of pig iron increased over forty per cent, the value of our mineral products increased over two hundred and fifty per cent, our export trade increased over thirty per cent, and, keeping pace with this advance movement, our agricultural products increased over one hundred per cent.

With these facts and figures it requires no prophet to foresee that by the law of natural selection there will be, must be, in our Southland a great center of manufacturing activity and industrial progress, a metropolitan hub city, and by the same law that center will be Chattanooga.

There are several reasons why this will be so:

First, and perhaps foremost, within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles of Chattanooga lies a territory the richest in manufacturing materials and minerals, including water power, that the sun shines on. The world wants the products that can be made out of these raw materials. Capital is only waiting for an invitation and a "square deal" to come and share our opportunities, while the millions of unemployed will welcome the call to engage in its work and enjoy its benefits.

Since the favored hand of Chattanooga is permitted to rest in this rich pocket, it is here to safeguard, develop, and see that the door of opportunity is opened and kept open.

Second. We are blessed with a climate unsurpassed for health and most favorable for manufacturing, and we are located in nature's gateway of commerce. Our eight trunk line railways radiating in all directions like spokes of a wheel afford ample transportation facilities, and to crown all we are given a great river which will soon be open to all-year navigation to float our products to "the ends of the earth."

Third. The button is now ready to be touched bringing Chattanooga an electric current—100,000 horse power—to turn her factory wheels, making her at once the dynamo city of the South. The advent of this new force marks a distinct era in her march to industrial progress and supremacy.

Fourth. Chattanooga is now the recognized center of Southern industries. Her products are more varied, better known, and more widely distributed than those of any other city. The amount of her manufacturing capital and the number of skilled employees are larger than in any other Southern city.

But the most potent factor to win and hold success is her intelligent organization work that is making broad-gauge manufacturers out of her young men; for, after all, it is men that make a city. This being true, the most important work now in hand is to educate our people and teach every boy and girl to know the vital facts concerning our section and city, its resources and future possibilities, that they may grow up to the measure of its work and responsibility. When this seed is sown and yields its fruit, Chattanooga will not only hold her present place, but as the manufacturing center of the coming Southern empire she will surely and steadily increase the distance between herself and all competitors.

DENVER WANTS REUNION OF 1915.

Camp Sterling Price, Sons of Veterans, of Denver, Colo., and the city of Denver are together planning to invite the Veterans to hold their next Reunion in Denver. While the Association will hardly go so far and into a Northern State, yet the VETERAN commends the enterprise of the Sons and the liberality of the big-hearted citizens of the city for the cordiality of their invitation.

Comrades will not forget that the Association has had from Nashville for many years a standing invitation to meet here.

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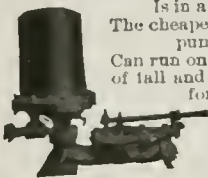
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Mrs. W. H. Lisenbury, residing at 52
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served in a Texas regiment during the
war. He was a Kentuckian, living near
Covington, Ky., but she does not know
where he enlisted, nor in what regiment.

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RESTAURANT
THE QUALITY RESTAURANT
832 Market Street

J. M. Pool, of Rockdale, Tex. (R. F. D. No. 6), wants to find some members of Company D, 20th Texas Cavalry, who can help prove his record and enable him to get a pension.

Any information concerning the life or present whereabouts of Col. James Monroe Warren, of the Confederate army, will be greatly appreciated by his son, Jerry J. Warren, P. O. Box 853, Havana, Cuba.

D. M. Shaw, of Wicker, Ark., would like to hear from any comrades who can testify to his war record, as he wishes to apply for a pension. He went out in Capt. A. A. Pennington's company (H), 23d Regiment, Arkansas Volunteers, and was later under Capt. J. H. Lewis. His colonels were Adams and Liles.

J. G. Fitzgerald, of Brookston, Tex., is very anxious to get a copy of the muster roll of Capt. R. G. Pegram's battery of field artillery, Coit's Battalion, which he says was published in the Index-Appal, of Petersburg, Va., many years ago. He will appreciate hearing from any one who can furnish it.

W. T. Hightower, of Sweetwater, Tex., who was a private in Company C, 30th Mississippi Infantry, says he has been wrongfully reported as dead by the Adjutant of Stewart Camp, U. C. V., at Terrell, Tex. At least he supposes he was referred to, as his initials, company, and regiment were all correctly given. He says he is still alive and not expecting "an early cruise over the Styx."

Thad Daughdrill, of Company B, 43d Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade, now living at Marion, Ala., would be glad to hear from William L. Kent, whose home was at Maryville, Tenn., and also from Tom Harley, of South Carolina, with whom he made the trip home to South Carolina after the surrender. This same comrade also wants to locate a poem which he read while in the ditches in front of Petersburg, beginning:

"Throned in the moonlight, massive and pale,
Moss-covered towers, tell me your tale.
Tell me no story of rapine and war;
I loathe the red chief in his blood-sprinkled car."

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John A. Mitchner, of Selma, Ala., writes that if any of the old comrades of John R. Harris, Company B, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, or his relations are living he will be glad to send a statement of his death and place of burial. Comrade Mitchner thinks he is the only living white person who saw Harris buried in the early spring of 1865. He was a boy then.

W. M. Taylor, of Blytheville, Ark., seeks information of the record of Elisha James Kindred, who, he thinks, commanded a company known as the Henderson Scouts, formed from North Mississippi and Western Tennessee. He wants to find out the number of this company and the regiment with which it served and when mustered out of service.

P. C. Hughes, of the National Military Home, Kansas, seeks information of Charles Hughes, of Company B, 29th Tennessee, C. S. A.

The widow of Capt. Reps A. Davis, Company I, 37th Tennessee Regiment, wishes to hear from some of his company or others who knew of his service. Address John E. Davis at Roscoe, Tex.

If Lieutenant Lubar, of Company I, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, is alive, he will please meet Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Harvey's Scouts, at the Mississippi Headquarters, Chattanooga Reunion, at 9 a.m. May 28.

Mrs. V. K. Edgar, of Greenville, Tex., will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who can testify to the service of her husband, Valentine King Edgar, in the Confederate gun shops of Texas during the war. Such information will enable her to secure a pension, of which she is in need.

Daniel Thompson Dudley, who belonged to the 10th Alabama Regiment, was taken prisoner at Rome, Ga., while in the hospital service and carried to a Northern prison, where he died. His widow seeks to establish her claim to a pension and will appreciate hearing from any of his comrades who can testify to his service. Address her in care of W. A. Barelay, at Burlington, Tex.

Samuel W. Ravenel, of Boonville, Mo., makes inquiry for Capt. W. Perrin Kemp, with whom he served on the staff of Gen. W. B. Taliaferro in the North Carolina Campaign of 1865, and parted with him at Johnston's surrender at Greensboro. He would like very much to hear from or of him now. Captain Kemp was from Maryland, he thinks, and a graduate of the University of Virginia.

S. G. Allan, of Willard, Mo. (Route No. 1), who has been living in that State since 1870 and has gotten out of touch with old comrades of the war, wants to hear from some of those who served with him in Company K, 1st Georgia Regiment. The company was made up in and around Ringgold, Ga., and he joined it at Dalton in May, 1864. He was in the campaign through Georgia to Atlanta, where he was wounded and sent to Augusta.

Mr. William B. Williams, of Wolf Summit, W. Va., Box 97, wants some Confederate money, and will appreciate hearing from those who can supply him, with list of bills and price asked.

William A. Vincent, The Rookery, Chicago, Ill., wants the following: "The Southern Bivouac"; "The Land We Love," Vols. I. and VI.; "Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence," by Maj. Heros Von Borcke.

E. A. Boies, of Mangham, La., would like to get in communication with some survivor of the 10th Maine Regiment, United States Infantry, which captured the 8th Louisiana flag at the little battle of Rappahannock Bridge November 7, 1863.

Mrs. Edith L. Klotz, of McComb City, Miss., wishes to learn of the service of her father, Joseph Chandler Leach, as a Confederate soldier, and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who remember him. He was captain of a Texas cavalry company, she thinks.

John H. Case, of Prospect Station, Tenn., says he would be glad to meet any of his old comrades at the Chattanooga Reunion, as it has been a long time since they were on the battle field of Chickamauga. He was wounded there in the left foot on September 19, 1863.

W. C. Allen, of Latta, S. C., seeks information of the descendants of Benjamin Allen, who moved from Marion County, S. C., before the war to Mississippi, and later, it is supposed, to Louisiana and perhaps Texas. Some of his sons served on the Confederate side during the war, but all trace of the family was lost soon after the war.

J. H. Erwin, 540 Chulnota Avenue, Grand Junction, Colo., would be glad to hear from any surviving members of the 23d Georgia Regiment, with which his father, James Allen Erwin, served during the war. He first joined the regiment as bass drummer in the band, and later went into active service. The 23d Georgia was in Colquitt's Brigade. He would also like to know of any history of the regiment that may have been published.

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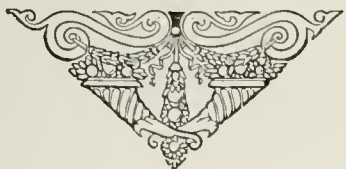
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The restaurant is decorated with the famous Italian Scagliola representation of onyx in its columns and side walls. The ceiling of this vast room, twenty-eight feet above the floor, is of an entirely original design never before seen in this country. The treatment is gold leaf decoration, while mahogany is the prevailing finish of the woodwork and furniture.

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quarters at Hotel Patten, but the great throng at the United Confederate Veterans' Reunion in May will fill it with the biggest crowd in its history.



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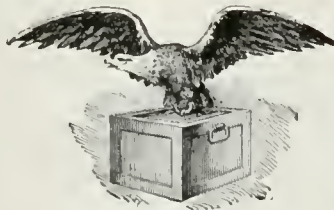
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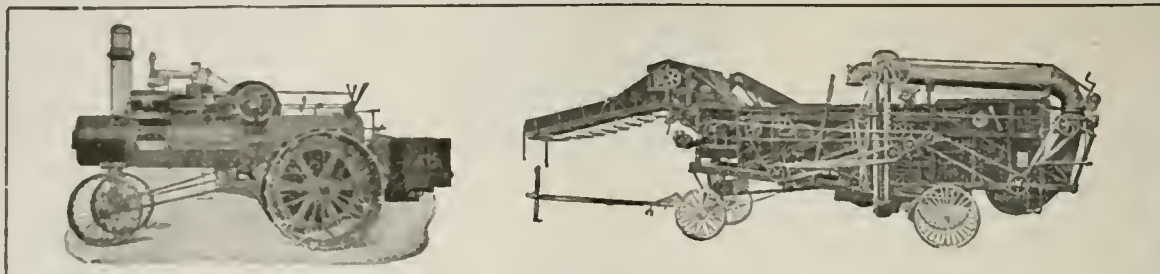
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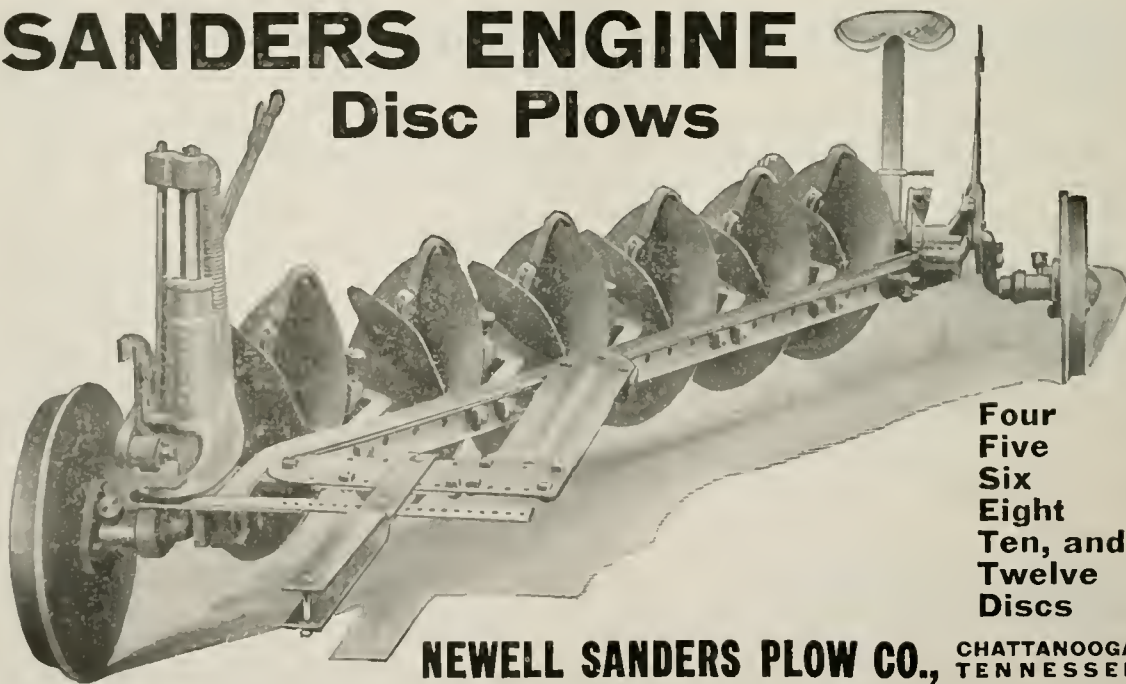
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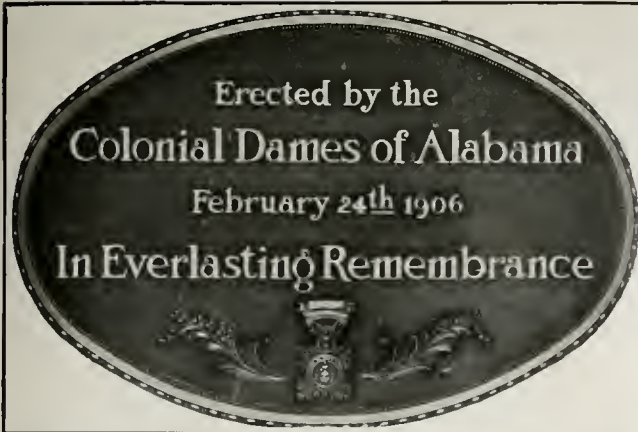
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PRINTING**

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distinctive charm, dignity and
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UNIFORMS

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Coat and trousers with regulation U. C. V. buttons. The best uniform at the price to be had anywhere.

Finer uniforms at moderate prices. Made to order and guaranteed to fit.

Hats, caps, wreaths, cords, buttons, stars, leggings, and insignia of rank of all kinds.

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BATTLE OR NATIONAL FLAGS ON STICKS
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3 inches long	\$0.11 dozen
6 " " "	.25 " "
10 " " "	.29 " "
18 " " "	.68 " "
27 " " "	1.30 " "
36 " " "	1.68 " "

Not less than one dozen of a size sold.

PARCEL POST, PREPAID

Special list of Pins, Novelty, Flags, and Gifts sent on request.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
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Confederate Veteran UNIFORMS

FROM

\$7.50 UP

And Tailor-Made at That

Send for Catalog No. 341 and cloth samples

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CINCINNATI

Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free

Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
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Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1/2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.



"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued." - *Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

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HAS endeavored during its service of fifty-eight years in the United States to exemplify the definition of the words "to insure"—viz., "to make certain or secure." Every loss claimant insured in this Company and affected by the serious conflagrations in this and other countries will, we believe, testify to the sense of security they experience in possessing our policies and of satisfaction at our settlements.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL
Confederate Veteran Reunion

CHATTANOOGA

May 27, 28, and 29, 1913

Very Low Round-Trip Fares
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**WELCOME
 VETERANS!**

The
 Chattanooga
 Manufacturers
 Association
 extends every
 Confederate
 Veteran and
 other visitor,
 especially
 including the
 ladies, a most
 cordial
 welcome to the
 Electric City



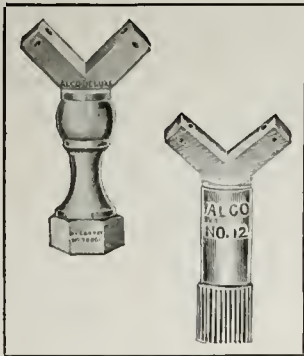
We urge you,
 when here, to
 visit the
 splendid home
 owned by this
 organization,
 adjoining the
 Chamber of
 Commerce
 Building,
 815-817 Broad
 Street

Here we established some years ago a permanent exhibit, which was then unique, and is still the most complete of its kind in the country. Somewhere in the four stories devoted to a permanent exposition of the goods manufactured in the "Chattanooga District" you will find satisfaction for every human, material, or industrial need.

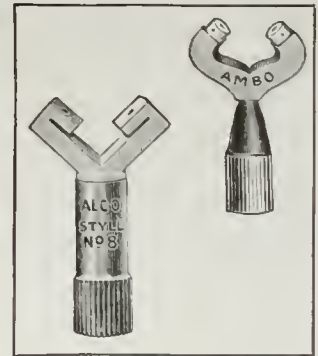
With over 300 factories, making nearly 1,000 different articles, Chattanooga stands preëminent among the cities of the New South, as the home of opportunity.

In this organization we have developed coöperation and economies of production and distribution which inure to the benefit of buyers in this market. The same spirit of coöperation will be evidenced in our hospitality to you while our guests. Every manufacturer in this district is represented among the 1,200 committee workers who are striving to make the 23rd Reunion the most notable in your honored organization.

Chattanooga Manufacturers Association
 CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



ASK BILL!



IN THE days before the art of printing was invented, before the first sheet of papyrus was hung out to dry, or the first clay tablet was molded; in the days before men had learned to blazon their achievements on the hides of animals, or carve them in stone, there was an advertising medium—the Human Tongue—and it is to-day still the most potent medium of them all.

Many an advertising man has burned the midnight oil and sweated blood to insure the success of an advertising campaign; money has been poured out like water to boom a business by all the arts known to advertising and salesmanship, and yet how often the best laid plans have failed—all because the Human Tongue wouldn't wag, or, if it did, wagged the wrong way.

A theatrical manager spends \$50,000 for costumes and scenery, corraiss the prachiest brokers on Broadway, bows in a small fortune on stands and window bills, buys half page spreads in all the daily papers, and works his press agent to a frazzle. Influenced by the ads., the gorgeous posters, the clever press notices, you are on your way to the box office when you meet your friend Bill, who saw the show last night.

"How was it?" you ask. And Bill says, "Rotten!" Just one word, but it's enough. Lithographs, newspaper ads., and press notices are forgotten. The human tongue has wagged—and wagged the wrong way. You wouldn't go to that show now if you had a free pass.

Analyze the proposition. Why is it that one word from Bill is more potent than the columns of really good advertising that headed you towards the box office? Because Bill's expression of opinion is disinterested testimony, and all advertising is the work of special pleaders. You knew when you read the ads. that man who paid for them wanted to sell you a ticket. You knew it wouldn't make a cent's worth of difference to Bill whether you bought a ticket or not. So Bill's word goes.

Every man is a Bill to some other man. The knowledge that each acquires he passes on by word of mouth. If you want a good example of oral advertising, think of the stories you have heard in your time (stories of a kind that never find their way

into print) and consider how quickly the new ones become old, and how the old ones survive from generation to generation.

The salesman is in the same boat with the advertisement. He is a special pleader, not a disinterested witness. You listen while he expatiates on the merits of the article he is trying to sell and—when he is gone you ask Bill!

Bill is the man who really sells goods. Bill knows what's what, and money cannot influence his opinion—he is too numerous. Thousands of tongues are wagging every day and great businesses are being built up or undermined by the multitude of Bills who, knowing the relative merits of competitive apparatus, declare the truth concerning each without fear and without favor.

In less than twelve years the business of the **AMERICAN LAVA COMPANY** has grown from nothing at all to the largest business of its kind in the United States—thanks to Bill. All over the world, wherever Calcium Carbide has gone, there you will find **ALCO Burners**. And wherever you find contented and delighted users of Acetylene, there you will find disinterested witnesses who will testify to the merits of the **ALCO Burners**. Bill works overtime for **ALCO**, although he **IS NOT ON OUR PAY ROLL**.

Every issue of the modern trade journal is an impressive example of the development of the art of advertising. Artist and advertising man, general manager and sales manager have put forth their best efforts to construct advertisements that will attract your attention, that will convince you that the apparatus they wish to sell is the apparatus you should buy.

Doubtless each advertiser honestly believes his own product to be the best. Doubtless, also, all but one advertiser in each line of business is mistaken.

If you are interested in Acetylene Burners and want to know which one of the many makes on the market is really the best—ask Bill. Then for prices on those that Bill tells you are the best you must write to

PAUL J. KRUESI, Sales Manager,
American Lava Co.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

You enjoy Acetylene as the brightest and most reliable light for your motor car. Then why not light your farm or country house, your factory and your church with it? We do not make or sell the generating plant, neither are we in any way interested in the sale of any particular make of apparatus. But we will gladly put you in touch with the makers of good generators if you are interested enough to write us.



CHATTANOOGA



Chattanooga in 1863

*Fifty Years Ago a
Theater of War and
a Mere Village*

CHATTANOOGA district challenges the world to mention a line of business for which there is not a field here. Strategic value of the city is just as great for industry and commerce as it was fifty years ago in military operations. That it is a strategic point is shown by the War Department's choice of Fort Oglethorpe for increase to a brigade post. A glance at the map of the South will show Chattanooga to be the most centrally located of any Southern city. Ten lines of railroad extend in every direction to the markets of the entire South. Two packet companies operate steamers on the Tennessee River, affording water transportation to eleven States the year round.

A belt line with fifty miles of track extends around the city, serving 170 of the manufacturing plants and delivering cars to all the railroads. Many more factory sites on the belt are available. A variety of reasonable, attractive propositions for this kind of property are open. Chattanooga rates apply to and from all points on the belt road, and the switching charges are as low as in any city in the South. Freight rates to and from Chattanooga likewise show an advantage in a comparison.

146,000 electrical horse power, available or nearly ready for delivery from near-by water developments, make the title "Electrical Chattanooga" literally true. Chattanooga is a veritable dynamo of low-priced power, her continued increasing supremacy as a manufacturing center being thus absolutely assured. From the power plants current is furnished for various purposes, including manufacturing in the city and a large adjacent territory. Transmission lines for this power open up and make exceedingly feasible for factory sites thousands of acres that have heretofore had little value save for farming. Hundreds of sites are available on these lines out of the city, and yet near enough to it so that the industry would have advantages of the city.



View of Chattanooga's Manufacturing District

For further information about any phase of Chattanooga district, apply to

CHATTANOOGA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Chattanooga, Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA

To-Day a Thriving, Growing Industrial City of 100,000 People



Market Street Scene

AGRICULTURE presents great possibilities in the Chattanooga district. Farmers elsewhere should establish themselves here and have the advantage of a government expert demonstrator, stationed at Chattanooga, and working throughout Hamilton County under auspices of the Hamilton County Farmers' Association. Abundance of good land is available. There is a great, constantly growing demand on the part of a rapidly increasing population for high-class farm and truck garden products, fresh. Opportunity for market gardeners is heightened by two public markets to be established by the city government this year. High-class farming land is available in all directions from the city, especially with new interurban railroad projects under way or definitely projected.

Chattanooga commands almost an unlimited field in retail and wholesale trade, witnessed by her fine group of retail and jobbing houses. Constant, rapid growth warrants increased facilities by the old, established firms, and entrance by new concerns into the field. Her wide-awake merchants have just completed a Great White Way more than a mile long on the principal business streets.

Perhaps you as a business firm or an individual are planning to make a change of location, and hesitate until you know the respective merits of various cities' school facilities. You can make no better selection than Chattanooga, and if you come here you can rest assured that your children and your employees' children will have access to splendid educational facilities—city public schools, county public schools, preparatory schools, and higher learning as embodied in the University of Chattanooga. Chattanooga public schools include manual training and domestic science. Hamilton County schools have also these practical features and, in addition, agricultural training.



View from Signal Mountain (Walden's Ridge) looking across Tennessee River and Valley to Lookout Mountain. Scene of the famous "Battle above the Clouds."

For further information about any phase of Chattanooga district, apply to

CHATTANOOGA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



ASSEMBLY INN



AUDITORIUM, MONTEAGLE

MONTEAGLE ASSEMBLY AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

Monteagle, Tenn., July 4 - August 30, 1913

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL SESSION

Low Round-Trip Rates Will Be in Effect from Practically All Points Via

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY

MONTEAGLE AS A SUMMER HOME

Monteagle, being 2,200 feet above the sea, enjoys pure mountain air. Pure water, freedom from malaria, absence of extreme temperature, and other conditions most favorable to health and to the spending of a cool, pleasant summer, are fully realized at Monteagle.

OUTDOOR LIFE

Those fond of outdoor life find at Monteagle many opportunities to gratify their desires. There are many views and mountain wonders within close proximity to the Assembly Grounds. Superb views of the valley and distant mountains, of the sunrise and sunset, can be had to great advantage from Warren's Point, Unaka, Lover's Leap, and Leaning Tower.

There are tennis courts, a gymnasium, bowling alleys, croquet grounds, baseball games, picnics, excursions to the Wonder Cave, and many other attractions and diversions.

For complete information as to rates, schedules, etc., inquire at your local ticket office, or write to **W. L. DANLEY**, General Passenger Agent, Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, Nashville, Tenn.

For information respecting board, rooms, renting of cottages, etc., address **F. E. HALLER**, Manager, Memphis, Tenn.

For information respecting the Summer Schools and Platform, and for a copy of the Monteagle Annual for 1913, containing elaborate outlines of the work of the Summer Schools and of the various programs of instruction and entertainment, address **ALLEN G. HALL**, Vanderbilt Law School, Nashville, Tenn.



CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND, MONTEAGLE

Confederate Veteran.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

JUNE, 1913

SIXTH NUMBER

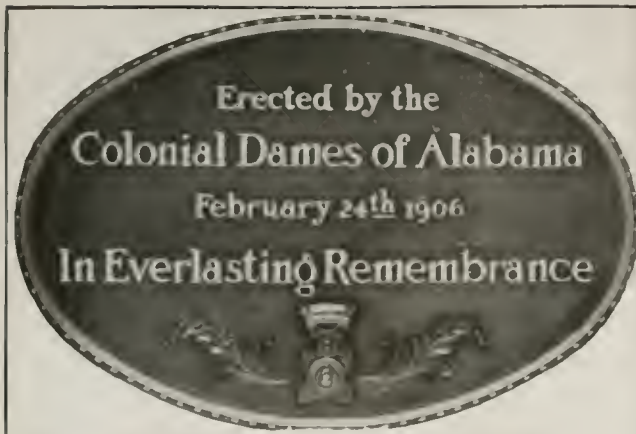


IN CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA NATIONAL MILITARY PARK

The VETERAN is in possession of a letter from General Bragg, that may never be published, which would reverse much of critical sentiment against him. It would make one of the saddest chapters in the four years of tragedies. No man can read it without feeling that injustice has been done General Bragg, and he would be less critical of President Davis in having him as counselor at Richmond after Gen. Joseph E. Johnston succeeded him as Commander of the Army of Tennessee.

The story cannot be told without reflecting upon subordinate officers whose men were ardently devoted to them. General Bragg states of one that his "disobedience of orders enabled the enemy under Hooker to pass Lookout Mountain and join Grant in Chattanooga. . . ." He also charges the officer with treason, and adds: "Thus I yielded to the President's policy and sent _____ instead of _____, my choice, to capture _____." The letter was written to one of his officers, a devoted friend, in 1878.

The Editor of the VETERAN was prejudiced against General Bragg, but facts revealed in the succeeding years demonstrate that he was as faithful as any man of the Confederacy. He kept his wife at their home in Louisiana to care for what she could that was helpful to the Cause, which she did until the Federals literally destroyed what they had, even scattering the feathers from their beds about the yard. The sad story, if generally known, would forever stop criticism of General Braxton Bragg.



MEMORIAL TABLETS

IN THE HIGHEST GRADE OF
STANDARD COPPER BRONZE
HAND-TOOLED THROUGHOUT

SPECIALISTS FOR 25 YEARS IN
ART MEMORIAL TABLETS

PAUL E. CABARET & CO.

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OFFICE AND STUDIO

120-126 ELEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

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ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON REQUEST



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BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.

W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

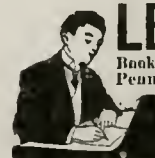
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

Ku Klux Klan

This booklet, published by the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., to be sold and all proceeds to go to erection of monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan.

Price, per copy, 30 cents, postpaid. Address

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, President
Mississippi Division, U. D. C., West Point, Miss.



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Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Banking, Penmanship, English, Arithmetic, Business Letter Writing, Commercial Law, Civil Service.

MONEY BACK if not satisfied on completing course. POSITIONS secured. 8,000 students. Write for free Book on Home Study. Draughon's College, Box 11 12, Nashville, Tenn.

DISTINCTIVE TABLETS IN BRONZE

Estimates and Designs
on Request

Murdock-Reed Company
125 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

L. F. Smith, of Rockwall, Tex., makes inquiry for any surviving members of Company K, 55th Georgia Regiment.

O. W. Parsons, 550 Thirteenth Avenue S. W., Roanoke, Va., would appreciate information of the record of his father, Jesse F. Parsons, who was a member of Company C, 45th Virginia, a part of the war and then in some hospital corps.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the *VETERAN* is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *VETERAN* is the best advertising medium for the entire South.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1913.

No. 6.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

GREETING FROM THE U. D. C. TO THE U. C. V.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Confederate Veterans: I am glad it has fallen to my lot to tell you dear veterans how the Daughters of the Confederacy love and honor you who are crowned with Fame's halo; how for your endurance, your courage, and your pride in your cause you are enshrined in our hearts. Your sacred flag that guided your gray hosts to victory and blazed its starred splendor into fearful fights and battle storms and was for four years afloat in the field of glory is dear to us, and may it be a symbol of the union in love and good works of the U. C. V. and the U. D. C.! May this Reunion be the date of a closer, tenderer drawing together of

the two organizations who have the same origin in love of country, love of the sacred Southland, and of the path where devotion and duty led! You gave to us as a birthright a heritage of glory; and as a tribute of love and appreciation, as one in the "unity of blood," one in the "unity of patriotism," we want to walk with you hand in hand to the fulfillment of all the good to which we are pledged, and which with your wisdom and guidance and assistance we intend to bring to glad fruition. And to you who did all that was possible to brave men, who vindicated your honor and attested your sincerity and your "brave and simple faith," we give "the immortality of love and reverence."

SKETCH OF GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON.

Joseph Eggleston Johnston was born in Cherry Grove, Va., February 3, 1807. At the age of twenty-two years he graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was a commissioned officer in the United States army during the Florida and Mexican wars, in which he served with such distinction as to gain rapid promotion. In June, 1860, he was commissioned quartermaster general of the United States army, with the rank of brigadier general.

When Virginia seceded from the Union, he resigned his commission in the United States army, and was made major general of Virginia volunteers. His great ability soon brought his promotion to the rank of full general in the Confederate States' service. He took an active part in the first battle of Manassas, personally leading a charge with the colors of the 11th Alabama Regiment in his hands. In December, 1863, he succeeded General Bragg in command of the army at Dalton. By the spring of 1864 he had brought a disorganized force to a state of wonderful efficiency. From Dalton he was compelled to retire toward Atlanta, his army frequently engaging General Sherman's forces, and reached Atlanta larger in numbers than when the campaign started, a feat never duplicated in the annals of war.

In July, 1864, General Johnston was succeeded in command by General Hood, but was again given command of the army, superseding General Hood just before the close of the war while the army was stationed in South Carolina.

After the war he engaged in business. He served in Congress from 1876 to 1878, and from 1885 to 1886 he was United States Commissioner of Railways. His death occurred in Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891.



MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE.

THE SHILOH DAY COLLECTION.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER FROM
MARCH 12 TO MAY 12, 1913.

Alabama: Dublin Chapter, post cards, \$10; Bessemer Chapter, \$5; Auburn Chapter, \$1; Florence Chapter, \$5; Sumter Chapter, Livingston, post cards, \$1; John B. Gordon Chapter, Wetumpka, \$7.20; Sheffield Chapter, for "Heroes in Gray," 40 cents; Insleg Chapter, \$2; Clayton Chapter, \$2; Avon Dale Chapter, \$2.

Arkansas: Little Field Chapter, Blytheville, \$25.

California: Mrs. A. R. Jones, commission on "Heroes in Gray," \$8.91; Mrs. M. D. Goodwin (personal), San Diego, \$1; Jefferson Davis Chapter, San Francisco, \$25; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, \$25; R. E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, \$15; Wade Hampton Chapter, Los Angeles, \$2.40; Los Angeles Chapter, \$10; Joseph LeCompte Chapter, Berkeley, \$11.35; E. Kirby Smith Chapter, San Bernardino, \$5.

Colorado: Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, Shiloh Day collection, \$9.

Indiana: Dr. W. H. Field, Evansville, in memory of his father, Capt. D. H. Field, \$10; A. C. Field, Evansville, in memory of his father, \$15; P. J. Field, Evansville, in memory of his father, \$10.

Kentucky: Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, Lawrenceburg, post cards, 77 cents; Lexington Chapter, post cards, \$1.50; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, post cards, \$3; J. C. Breckinridge Chapter, Owensboro, post cards, \$1; Mrs. Horace Luten, Fulton, commission on "Heroes in Gray," 10 cents; Dr. Basil C. Duk Chapter, Maysville, \$5; Mayfield Chapter, post cards, \$2.50; Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, Lawrenceburg, post cards, \$1.50; Hennieta Hunt Morgan Chapter, Newport, post cards, \$1.25; Cropps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstow, Shiloh Day collection, \$3.30; Mrs. L. G. Maltby, Maysville, in the name of her mother, Elizabeth Nelson Page, \$10; Col. Tom Johnson Chapter, Princeton, post cards, \$1.75; Lexington Chapter, \$5; C. M. Burch (personal), Fancy Farm, \$1; Paducah Chapter, post cards, 25 cents; A. E. Rees Chapter, Madisonville, post cards, \$2.50.

Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, \$50.

Mississippi: Mrs. Jennie Henderson, post cards, \$1.

Missouri: K. K. Salmon Chapter, Clinton, \$5; post cards sold by Mrs. Kline, \$1.25; B. D. Weeden, Lexington, \$1.

New Mexico: Post cards sold by Mrs. B. F. Harlow, \$1.55.

Oklahoma: S. J. Wilkins Chapter, Atlas, \$5; Chickasaw Chapter, Ardmore, \$1.

Pennsylvania: Six sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Beard, in memory of their grandfather, Col. William K. Beard, \$6.

South Carolina: John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro, \$10; Fairfax Chapter, \$2; Olin M. Dantzler Chapter, St. Matthews, \$2; Charleston Chapter, \$15; Draton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, 5; W. J. Gooding Chapter, Brunson, \$2; Moffatt Grier Chapter, Due West, \$5; Ridge Spring Chapter, \$2; Anne White Chapter, Rock Hill, \$5; Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, \$25; post cards sold at Charleston Convention, \$6 cents; Fairfax Chapter, Lee picture, \$2.50; J. K. Melver Chapter, Darlington, Lee picture, \$2.50.

Tennessee: Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, \$1,700; J. C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, \$5; Russell Hill Chapter, Trenton, \$3.90; Whiteville Auxiliary, Neely Chapter, Bolivar, \$5; V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton, \$5; Clark Chapter, Gallatin, \$5; Maury Chapter, Columbia, \$25; Abner Baker Chapter, Knoxville, \$5; Miss Sue Irving (personal), Savannah, \$1; Mrs. Mareah Sevier (personal), Savannah, \$1; Mrs. D. A. Welch

(personal), Savannah, \$1; Mr. D. A. Welch (personal), Savannah, \$1; M. McCrory Chapter, Jackson, \$5.40; C. M. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, \$5; Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, McKenzie, \$1.45; Frank Cheatham Chapter, Memphis, \$1; South Puttsburg Chapter, \$10.28; Franklin Chapter, \$4.25; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, \$3; Lebanon Chapter, \$10.75; Lewisburg Chapter, \$15; M. L. Hume Chapter, Spring Hill, \$7; Murfreesboro Chapter, \$1.15; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, \$5.25; John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, \$7.90; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, \$15.25; V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton, \$3.25; Mrs. R. P. Abel (personal), Dayton, \$5; John W. Morton Chapter, Camden, \$10; Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, \$25; A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$25; N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, \$10; J. Harvey Mathes Chapter, Memphis, \$10; Martin Chapter, \$5; General Forrest Chapter, Memphis, \$10.

Texas: Post cards sold by Mrs. M. E. Spain, Austin, \$6.50.

Virginia: McComas Chapter, Pearisburg, \$2.50; Lee County Chapter, Jonesville, \$1; Jubal Early Chapter, Rocky Mount, \$2.50; Bull Run Chapter, Wellington, \$2.50; Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, Norfolk, \$10; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Accomac, \$5; Essex Chapter, Tappahannock, \$5; Mrs. E. V. White (personal), Portsmouth, \$10; Amelia Chapter, \$5; Powhatan Chapter, \$1; Danville Chapter, \$5; Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, Alexandria, \$10; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, \$10; Rappahannock Chapter, Washington, \$2; Fincastle Chapter, \$5; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Lexington, \$5; Dr. Harvey Black Chapter, Blacksburg, \$5; Hope-Maury Chapter, Norfolk, \$5; Manassas Chapter, \$5; Tazewell Chapter, \$5.

Washington: Mildred Lee Chapter, Spokane, \$8.40; Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, \$2.

West Virginia: Lee Town Chapter, Kearneysville, \$6.00

Interest, \$61.67.

Total collections since last report, \$2,552.03.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$18,911.41.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$21,464.04.

The Field contributions are given in memory of their father, Capt. W. H. Field, who served four years in the Confederate army, only laying down his arms when General Lee surrendered. Belonging to a prominent family in Missouri, devoted to the South and all its institutions, he enlisted when quite young. He made a brave soldier during four years of hard service. In 1907 he entered "the cloudless and shadowless bright land whose sun never passeth away."

A FEDERAL DESIRES TO COMMUNICATE WITH CONFEDERATES.—H. R. Mayette, Secretary, 124th N. Y. Association, 952-a Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., expects to be at Gettysburg with some of the survivors of his regiment, and they desire to get into communication in advance with some members of the Confederate regiments that confronted them near the Devil's Den July 2. The Confederates belonged to Anderson's Brigade, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, and 50th Georgia; Robertson's Brigade, 3d Arkansas, 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas, and Benning's Brigade, 2d, 15th, 17th, and 20th Georgia.

WANTS TO FIND HIS BROTHER'S SWORD.—Thomas J. McGraw, of the National Military Home, Danville, Ill., is trying to trace the missing sword of his brother, who was captain of Company A, 6th Kentucky Infantry, and who was mortally wounded at Chickamauga and died in the Confederate lines. The sword was marked: "Capt. John D. McGraw, of Covington, Ky."

A VETERAN WHO LOST HIS MEMORY.

In the asylum for the poor and the insane of Shelby County, Tenn., is a nameless Confederate veteran, aged and infirm, and lost to all knowledge of the people for whose defense he gave his youth and strength. The man is known to the attendants of the asylum simply as "Hale." He was found wandering about the streets during the Reunion at Memphis in June, 1909. His memory had left him and he was helpless and forlorn. All attempts to find the comrades with whom he had come were unavailing, and he was taken to the poor-house, where he shares the quarters of the feeble-minded.

urer, Mrs. C. W. Maxwell; Historian, Miss Caroline M. Brevard; Registrar, Mrs. J. W. Stephens; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. F. R. McCormack; Registrar of C. of C., Mrs. Bessie T. Wilson.

PATRIOTIC INTEREST IN THE CANAL.

[The VETERAN has received an interesting letter from Mr. J. Horton Fall, of Nashville, who wrote in part:]

I have read with much interest the article in the April VETERAN giving an account of your visit to Panama. I also enjoyed the interesting paper by Mr. Frank Washburn.

I went to Panama in November, 1911, from the Bankers' Convention at New Orleans, together with about five hundred others. We chartered especially for that occasion four of the largest and best boats of the United Fruit Company, and at Colon a private train was given us by Colonel Goethals, who, by his constant attention, courtesy, and kindness, made our visit one of great interest and pleasure.

I do not hesitate to say that the successful administration of Colonel Goethals on the Canal Zone, the stupendous work so successfully carried on by him, as it impressed us, already has made his name famous throughout the world, and he surely lives in the affection of every patriotic American.

While there I gathered a few facts from the commission; and thinking they might be of interest, I inclose a list of items such as are issued in kind daily from that department: One thousand pounds of coffee, three thousand pounds of codfish, fifteen hundred pounds of corn beef, two thousand pounds of pork loins, twenty thousand loaves of bread, one thousand pounds of cake, five thousand pounds of rolls, twenty two hundred dozen eggs, fourteen hundred pounds of butter, eleven thousand pounds of beef, one hundred barrels of flour, eight tons of potatoes, seven hundred pounds of chicken, four thousand pounds of Rocky Ford melons (in melon season). There are 1,870 employees in the commissary department.

Every one of our citizens who can possibly do so should see the canal before the water is turned in, for undoubtedly it is one of the greatest engineering achievements of the world.



The Daughters of the Confederacy and the Commercial-Appeal of Memphis are making efforts to find the friends or relatives, who are doubtless mourning the old man as dead, and at the Chattanooga Reunion veterans from Memphis are to carry photographs of "Hale" to show to other comrades with the hope that the lonely old soldier may be identified and so restored to his people and his home.

FLORIDA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The following officers have been elected by the Florida Division, U. D. C., to serve through the coming year: President, Sister Esther Carlotta; Vice President, Mrs. H. H. McCreary; Second Vice President, Mrs. John M. Taylor; Third Vice President, Mrs. R. L. Moore; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. S. B. Weaver; Recording Secretary, Mrs. William F. Gwynne; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. B. Jarvis; Treas-



MISS MARGARET READ PEALE,

Mail of Honor to Sponsor in Chief U. S. C. V.

DEDICATION OF RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

June 9 at 2 P.M. has been fixed as the time to dedicate the Richard Owen Memorial in Indianapolis. Gov. Samuel M. Ralston will preside. Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, will make the presentation address, and it is to be accepted for the State by former Gov. Thomas R. Marshall, now Vice President of the United States. Other distinguished men will participate in the ceremony. Friends of the enterprise will be gratified to learn that Governor Ralston and all others who are to participate in the ceremony are well pleased with the opportunity, and the sentiment is general that the unprecedented event will cause an uplift of patriotism and fraternity throughout the country.

The list of contributions to date is herewith given. They are far short of the requisite amount. Acknowledgment of indebtedness to one person of the South is withheld for the present and may ever be, while gratitude is more deeply felt than can be expressed. The memorial is placed at \$3,000. S. A. Cumrill, an assumes all responsibility and will pay the cost, which at present exceeds the receipts (for which he is directly responsible) more than \$500. Whatever of this may

come from Confederates who were prisoners "and their friends" will be most gratefully received and acknowledged. However, the amount that may fall to his part will be gladly given, for no worthier sacrifice can be made. It is desirable that all who wish to contribute will do so at once, so the perfected list may be of permanent record.

The people of Indiana will relieve the promoter of all ceremonial expense. His work is to place in permanent form a memorial to a good man who fifty-one years ago was diligent in all he could do to ameliorate the privation of prisoners from the Confederate army who were under his authority. He was so thoughtful and so generous that he implored his own people, his own family, to send of their library books for the imprisoned men. The story of his career ought to be published in a well-bound volume.

The list of articles to be deposited in the Richard Owen Memorial will include the list of contributors to its construction. These donors' names will ever stand as a testimonial that cannot be excelled in what elevates in patriotism and Christian morals. But for these contributions this superb tribute could not have been erected. Please send your name.

COMPLETE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL TO DATE.

A. Southern Woman,	\$ 1 00	Colvin, R. M. Harrisonburg, Va.,	\$ 3 00	Gillilan, C. W., Spring Creek, W.	
A. Friend, West Virginia,	5 00	Combs, J. H., San Marcos, Tex.,	1 00	Va.,	\$ 2 50
A. Friend, Nashville, Tenn.,	1 00	Confederate Veterans Association,		Godwin, James, Fincastle, Va.,	1 00
Addison Harvey Chapter, U. D. C.,		Camp 756, U. C. V., Savannah,		Gordon, R. H., New York,	1 00
Canton, Miss.,	5 06	Ga.,	10 00	Gorgas, Col. W. C., Canal Zone,	2 00
Alderson, J. C., Charleston, W.		Cook, V. Y., Batesville, Ark.,	10 00	Graham, W. M., Cedar Bluff, Miss.	1 00
Va.,	1 00	Copy of Veteran sold by Mrs. Bu-		Granberry, J. A. H., Waverly	
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn.,	1 00	han, New Orleans, La.,	50	Hall, Ga.,	1 00
Allen, P. E., Grand Cane, La.,	5 00	Corser, E. S., Minneapolis, Minn.,	5 00	Graves, Theo. H., Anderson, Tex.	1 00
Anderson, John, Enfield, N. C.,	1 00	Courson, W. A., Marietta, Ga.,	1 00	Grimes, W. S., Wapello, Ia.,	5 00
Anderson, S. B., Mineola, Tex.,	1 00	Crain, J. H., Lawrenceburg, Ky.,	2 50	Haman, P. A., Larned, Miss.,	1 00
Anderson, W. A., Holly Springs,		Crane, H. A., Savannah, Ga.,	2 00	Hammer, Dr. M. R., Newton, Ia.,	1 00
Miss.,	1 00	Creager, J. A., Vernon, Tex.,	50	Harbaugh, T. C., Cassstown, Ohio,	1 00
Armstrong, J. E., Waterloo, Va.,	1 00	Croft, Mrs. E. A., Aiken, S. C.,	1 00	Hardie, W. T., New Orleans, La.,	5 00
Armstrong, Mrs. Nora Owen,		Cromwell, T. W., Cynthia, Ky.,	50	Hardwick, C. H., Richmond, Va.,	2 50
Memphis, Tenn.,	25 00	Croom, Dr. J. D., Sr., Maxton, N. C.,	1 00	Hargis, J. R., Taylor, Tex.,	1 00
Arnold, J. M., Covington, Ky.,	1 00	Crouch, R. C., Morristown, Tenn.,	1 00	Harris, C. G., Mebane, N. C.,	1 00
Arrowsmith, F., Pulaski, Tenn.,	1 00	Crutcher, T. E., Saco, Mont.,	2 00	Harris, Miss E. S., Mebane, N. C.,	1 00
Asbury, Col. A. E., Higginsville,		Currie, A., Shreveport, La.,	5 00	Harvey, George, Canton, Miss.,	5 00
Mo.,	20 00	Daugherty, J. R., St. Louis, Mo.,	5 00	Hays, X. B., Kent's Store, La.,	1 00
Bachman, N. D., Bristol Va-Tenn.	2 00	Davidson, H. C., Montgomery,		Heard, John T., Robinson, Ga.,	1 00
Balcy, Prof. J. E., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Ala.,	1 00	Hearon, H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.,	1 00
Barron, S. B., Rusk, Tex.,	1 00	Davidson, W. S., Beaumont, Tex.,	5 00	Hearon, Mrs. H. P., Bucatunna,	
Bean, William H., Howe, Tex.,	5 00	Davis, B. B., Bucatunna, Miss.,	1 00	Miss.,	1 00
Beeson, R. M., Savannah, Mo.,	1 00	Davis, J. P., Bucatunna, Miss.,	1 00	Heartsill, W. W., Marshall, Tex.,	1 00
Behan, W. J., New Orleans, La.,	5 00	Davis, Winnie, Chapter U. D. C.,		Hemming, C. C., Colorado	
Bell, G. W. R., Galesville, Ala.,	1 00	Moorefield, W. Va.,	10 00	Springs, Colo.,	1 00
Berniss, W. H., Shelbyville, Ky.,	1 00	Dawson, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.,	2 00	Herbert, Hon. H. A., Washington,	
Bennett, Louis, Weston, W. Va.,	5 00	DeMondel, Ed., Honda, Tex.,	1 00	D. C.,	5 00
Benson, B., Augusta, Ga.,	2 00	Des Portes, J. A., Ridgeway, S. C.,	1 00	Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss.,	2 00
Bevens, Dr. W. E., Newport, Ark.,	1 00	Devenport, J. J., Devenport, Ala.,	5 00	Hill, A. B., Memphis, Tenn.,	2 00
Bishop, A. J., Cafe, Ark.,	1 00	DeYoung, R. M., Chase, Ala.,	1 00	Hindman, T. C., Chapter U. D. C.,	
Bishop, C. M., Staunton, W. Va.,	1 00	Dickinson, Hon. J. M., Nashville,	5 00	Lonoke, Ark.,	1 00
Boger, A. T., Vernon, Tex.,	1 00	DuBuisson, C. J., Yazoo City,		Hinson, Dr. W. E., Charleston, S.	
Bradley, J. P., Linneus, Mo.,	1 00	Miss.,	1 00	C.,	2 00
Bradstreet, J. R., Vernon, Tex.,	50	Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville,		Holliday, J. D., Indianapolis, Ind.,	2 00
Brooke, St. George T., Charles-		Tenn.,	1 00	Hopkins, M. A., Sheffield, Ala.,	1 00
town, W. Va.,	1 00	Dwight, Dr. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C.,	50	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans,	
Brosnahan, G. O., Pensacola, Fla.,	1 00	Edmonds, J. S., Ridgeway, S. C.,	50	La.,	35 00
Brown, B. R., Shouns, Tenn.,	1 00	Edmondson, Y. C., Waxahachie,		Howell, E. A., Durant, Miss.,	1 00
Brownson, Mrs. J. M., Victoria,		Tex.,	1 00	Humphrey, W. P., Gretna, La.,	1 00
Tex.,	1 00	Ellis, J. C., Bucatunna, Miss.,	5 00	Irwin, Capt. J. W., Savannah,	
Brusie, C. A., Plaquemine, La.,	1 00	Evans, A. F., Huntsville, Ala.,	1 00	Tenn.,	1 00
Bryant, D. H., Orlando, Fla.,	1 00	Falson, W. W., Goldsboro, N. C.,	1 00	Jennings, R. H., Columbia, S. C.,	1 00
Bulow, T. L., Ridgeway, S. C.,	1 00	Faulkner, E. C., Montgomery, Ky.,	1 00	Jett, W. A. L., Murray Hill, N. J.,	1 00
Burch, C. M., Fancy Farm, Ky.,	1 00	Fay, J. B., Dunn Loring, Va.,	1 00	Jewell, Gen. W. H., Orlando, Fla.,	1 00
Byars, H. C., Sidney, Ia.,	1 00	Ferrell, W. S., Vernon, Tex.,	1 00	Johnson, M. L., Melrose, N. Mex.,	2 00
Cameron, R., Raleigh, N. C.,	5 00	Fitzhugh, O. S., Fletcher, W. Va.,	1 00	Johnson, W. J., Ridgeway, S. C.,	1 00
Campbell, J. M., Martinsburg, W.		Fletcher, Dr. Frank, Jenkins		Johnston, Miss Mary, Richmond,	
Va.,	1 00	Bridge, Va.,	1 00	Va.,	5 00
Cannon, J. P., McKenzie, Tenn.,	1 00	Flynn, W. M., South Boston,		Jones, George M., Springfield, Mo.,	1 00
Carnes, W. W., Memphis, Tenn.,	1 00	Mass.,	1 00	Jones, M. B., Brunswick, Tenn.,	1 00
Carr, Gen. J. S., Durham, N. C.,	10 00	Foster, Maj. W. F., Nashville,		Jones, Russell, Brunswick, Tenn.,	1 00
Carr, L., Charleston, W. Va.,	2 00	Tenn.,	1 00	Jordan, J. W., Carrollton, Va.,	1 00
Cates, Mrs. J. W., Marysville, Tenn.,	1 00	Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Balto.	10 00	Kern, Mrs. J. W., Kansas City,	
Chachere, J. O., Opelousas, La.,	1 00	Fry, E. J., Marshall, Tex.,	5 00	Mo.,	2 00
Chachere, Dr. Theogene, Opelous-		Fuller, Mrs. F. A., Jacksonville,		Kimberly, Miss Mary, Asheville,	
sas, La.,	1 00	Tex.,	1 00	N. C.,	1 00
Chiles, T. C., Greenwood, S. C.,	1 00	Gaillard, Miss Ellen P., Pinopolis,		Kregl, Christian, Nashville, Tenn.,	1 00
Clapp, J. W., Memphis, Tenn.,	5 00	S. C.,	1 00	Lee, B. C., Coushatta, La.,	1 00
Clark, A. K., Augusta, Ga.,	1 00	Gaines, J. N., Brunswick, Mo.,	1 00	Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky.,	3 00
Clarkson, R. A., Fort Smith, Ark.,	1 00	Gardner, Mrs. B. A., Brooklyn, N.		Lee, I. S., Maversville, Miss.,	2 00
Clegg, H. C., Monroev, N. C.,	50	Y.,	1 00	Lee, W. F., Piedmont, S. C.,	1 00
Cochran, W. M., Forney, Tex.,	1 00	Gardner, G. N., Nashville, Tenn.,	1 00	Lee-Jackson Camp U. C. V., Lex-	
Cockrill, Capt. M. S., Nashville,	5 00	Gilfoll, J. H., Omega, La.,	2 00	ington, Va.,	1 25
Coleman, Col. C., Lexington, Ky.,	1 00				

Lester, Capt. J. H., Deming, N. M. \$	4 00	Peachy-Gilmer-Breckenridge Camp, U. C. V., Fincastle, Va. \$	1 00	Smith, M. V., Luling, Tex. \$	1 00
Lenow, John H., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Peak, W. D., Oliver Springs, Tenn.	1 00	Smith, W. A., Ansonville, N. C.	2 00
Lewis, R. B., Longtown, S. C.	1 00	Phillips, Capt. Joseph, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Smith, W. W., Garnett, Tex.	1 00
Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Pickett, George E., Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.	10 00	Starr, J. B., Fayetteville, N. C.	1 00
Lipsey, R. C., Lexington, Miss.	1 00	Pirtle, Capt., J. B., Louisville, Ky.	5 00	Stewart, Col. W. H., Portsmouth, Va.	1 00
Livingston, Mrs. M., Lockney, Tex.	1 00	Pleasants, Edw., Richmond, Va.	1 00	Stone, John B., Kansas City, Mo.	6 00
Lockwood, George R., St. Louis, Mo.	2 00	Polk, Dr. W. M., New York City.	10 00	Stone, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex.	2 00
Love, Mrs. C. A., Barboursville, W. Va.	1 00	Porter, J. B., Harmony, Ark.	1 00	Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex.	1 00
Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C.	1 00	Powell, Rev. L., Owensboro, Ky.	1 00	Stuckey, D. H., Martinsburg, W. Va.	1 00
Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincinnati, Ohio	10 00	Powers, L. A., Athens, Tex.	1 00	Sutherland, W. K., Shreveport, La.	2 00
Manget, V. E., Dunedin, Fla.	1 00	Price, J. M., Valley Head, Ala.	1 00	Sweetman, M. A., Circleville, Ohio	2 00
Martin, Judge J. H., Hawkinsville, Ga.	1 00	Pryor, W. C., La Grange, Ky.	1 00	Swinburne, A. C., Vernon, Tex.	1 00
Martin, Rev. P. T., Franklin, Tenn.	1 00	Pureer, Luke, McMinnville, Tenn.	2 00	Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La.	1 00
Mathis, A. J., Vernon, Tex.	50	Ray, B. F., Kosciusko, Miss.	1 00	Syms, S. Y., Peterstown, W. Va.	1 00
Maury, Dabney H., Chapter, U. D. C., Wilmington, Del.	5 00	Reagan, Mrs. John H., Palestine, Tex.	1 00	Tavener, L. N., Parkersburg, W. Va.	1 00
McCarys, R. P., Olive Branch, Miss.	1 00	Redd, W. A., Dover, Mo.	1 00	Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C.	1 00
McCaskey, T. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Redwood, W. F., Brooksville, Miss.	1 00	Team, Dr. J. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
McEwen Bivouac, Franklin, Tenn.	4 00	Rhodes, Robert J., Whiteville, Tenn.	1 00	Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
McPherson, Miss Eliza, Tupelo, Miss.	1 00	Rice, James T., Iva, S. C.	2 00	Thomas, Mrs. Mary Blount, Washington, D. C.	5 00
McShan, J. T., McShan, Ala.	1 00	Riddle, George T., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00	Thompson, A. R., Collinsburg, La.	1 00
Means, James, Columbus, Ohio.	1 00	Robb, Mrs. A. W., Muskogee, Okla.	1 00	Thompson, R. H., Culpeper, Va.	1 00
Miller, W. A., O'Brien, Fla.	1 00	Robertson, Dr. J. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Thompson, W. A., Gurley, La.	1 00
Miller, W. J., Burlington, Ia.	6 50	Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss.	1 00	Tilghman, Sidell, Madison, N. J.	10 00
Milner, W. J., Birmingham, Ala.	1 00	Rogers, J. J., Tupelo, Miss.	5 00	Towson, J. William, Shelbyville, Mo.	2 00
Minnich, J. W., Grand Isle, La.	1 00	Rosamond, J. S., Durant, Miss.	1 00	Towler, C. W., Clarksville, Tenn.	10 00
Mizell, J., King's Ferry, Fla.	10 00	Rosenberg, Mrs. M. R., Macgill, Galveston, Tex.	5 00	Vanmeter, C. J., Bowling Green, Ky.	5 00
Moon, W. H., Goodwater, Ala.	1 00	Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00	Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga.	1 00
Moore, A. J., Newbern, Ala.	1 00	Rudisill, S. A., Arkadelphia, Ark.	1 00	Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La.	1 00
Moore, Miss E. I., Buda, Tex.	1 00	Ruff, D. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Warden, J. M., Wardensville, W. Va.	3 00
Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark.	2 50	Ruff, W. H., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Warden, Capt. Jacob, Berryville, Va.	1 00
Moore, W. S., Cane Hill, Ark.	1 00	Russell, H. A., Atlanta, Ga.	1 00	Washington, Hon. J. E., Wessington, Tenn.	5 00
Morrisett, F. T., Newbern, Ala.	1 00	Rutherford, Mrs. E. H., Versailles, Ky.	3 00	Watson, G. W., Jefferson, Tex.	1 00
Morrison, M. L., Kingston, Tenn.	1 00	Rutledge, J. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Watson, Richard Vidmer, Belvidere, Ill.	1 00
Morton, O. S., Richmond, Va.	1 00	Sandusky, Richard, Shelbyville, Tenn.	2 00	Watts, W. P., Waverly Hall, Ga.	1 00
Mumford, C. B., Kansas City, Mo.	3 00	Saunders, E. W., Red Bluff, Cal.	2 50	Westbrook, M. L., Waco, Tex.	1 00
Myers, J. M., Fisherville, Ky.	1 00	Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla.	1 00	Weston, F. H., Columbia, S. C.	1 00
Myers, Thomas J., Gastonia, N. C.	1 00	Seagraves, James, Eaton Rapids, Mich.	2 00	Whitehead, E. M., Denton, Tex.	1 00
Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C.	1 00	Seagraves, J. F., Middletown, O.	2 00	Whiteside, Miss Florence, Cleveland, Tenn.	1 00
Norwood, J. P., Lockesburg, Ark.	1 00	Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00	Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Noyes, J. M., New Orleans, La.	1 00	Shaifer, A. K., Port Gibson, Miss.	1 00	Wildier, E. G., Socrum, Fla.	1 00
Nutt, Mrs. L. A., Alva, Fla.	2 00	Shannahan, J. K., Newcomb, Md.	2 00	Williamson, Mrs. M. R., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, Fla.	1 00	Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark.	1 00	Wilson, C. B., Taylor, Tex.	5 00
Oklahoma City Chapter, U. D. C.	2 50	Shipp, J. F., Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00	Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga.	2 00
Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville, Fla.	1 00	Sims, T. H., Texarkana, Ark.	1 00	Witt, R. R., Lexington, Va.	1 00
Paddison, J. R., Mt. Airy, N. C.	1 00	Sinclair, G. Terry, New York City	1 00	Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn.	2 00
Palmer, N. G., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Slocum, J. W., Gray, Ga.	1 00	Wray, C. P., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Parker, Arthur, Abbeville, S. C.	1 00	Smith, Judge C. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	50	Wynn, B. L., Charleston, Miss.	6 00
Parker, P. P., Washington, N. C.	1 00	Smith, G. W., Chicago, Ill.	1 00	Wyeth, Dr. John A., New York.	5 00
Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss.	1 00	Smith, J. F., Morgan, Tex.	1 00	Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky.	10 00
Parsons, M. M., Camp, U. C. V., Warrensburg, Mo.	5 00	Smith, Miss Jessica R., Henderson, N. C.	2 00		
Panlett, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00				
				Total to May 21.	\$697 25

Since the above was completed a check for ten dollars comes from Mrs. Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex. She had already given five dollars.



SCENE IN CAMP MORTON PRISON IN 1862.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

TO KEEP EVERLASTINGLY AT IT—ALL BUT YOU.

The Nashville Christian Advocate designates May as a "rallying month" in which every pastor of the great M. E. Church, South, is to set forth the claims of the Advocate and adopt such plans as will result in its increased circulation. What a power for increase!

Does it occur to you, comrades and Daughters, that such a movement for the VETERAN would be appropriate and effective? Your answer is assured "Yes, the suggestion is fine, and I wish everybody would do that. Only I will excuse myself. I am busy and otherwise so occupied that the request is really not intended for me." Ah, well! You must be excused, but everybody else is expected to do a small part in building up the circulation to overcome losses by death of those who can have no successors.

The Advocate stresses the point that the most successful way of securing new subscriptions "is by direct personal effort." The editor, Dr. Thomas N. Ivey, a "Tarheel" of hardy stock, who has edited the Church paper for several years, states that this is the first time he has made such a plea. The VETERAN has to keep "everlastingly at it," and it trusts that everybody else but you will do something to increase the list. Its plea should be pathetic to all others. Suppose, however, you send one new subscription as a diversion?

Thousands will be the "you" in the foregoing. However, the work goes on and the best possible will be done for

The story of the glory

Of the men who wore the gray,"

and of the women who without the glory worked their way to a celestial home far away.

DEALING IN SMALL WAY WITH THE VETERAN.

A contributor sends a lengthy communication asking that it be published, as he has "been asked to write it," and adds: "Should you publish it, if you will send me about three sample copies of the VETERAN, I will send them to my friends in —, who are not taking it, and try to induce them to do so, or perhaps it might be better for you to send it."

Another proposed to send a series of articles "to be printed exactly as written," and adds: "When you publish my first installment, I will send my subscription for one year."

Don't forget that the cost to the office of every reading page is not less than \$15, and such suggestions make the consideration tiresome. Don't ever imagine that the VETERAN needs something "to fill up."

Of all sad things, the worst is to receive the VETERAN without giving notice if there be doubt of ability to pay. Money is sometimes contributed for veterans who are unable to pay, but that class is excluded.

MOVEMENT TO PAY TRIBUTE TO MEMORY OF GENERAL LONGSTREET. Miss L. A. Norrell, of Gainesville, Ga., is "planning a memorial for Georgia's General Longstreet." She makes an appeal to the veterans and to the sons of veterans of the War of the States. Miss Norrell will send literature.

GATHERING AT GETTYSBURG.

For half a century the great battle of Gettysburg has been a subject of concern to American soldiers in the "war of the sixties" second to no other. The patriotic men of the North who honored themselves by their heroism in that awful battle have ever so honored their antagonists. The brave will honor the brave. That anticipated gathering at Gettysburg on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle has been fondly cherished for several years. It is not a "celebration" nor a "reunion," but an occasion for patriots who served their country as they believed right to meet, go over the field, and exchange reminiscences.

The Union soldiers who take most active interest are of those who were at the front in the battle, and such men are patriots; they want to pay tribute to the men who fought them. The State of Pennsylvania and the United States government in giving \$150,000 each for the entertainment of veterans of both sides equally have done well. It may be considered as the most important event that has occurred, and its like will not be again. The South is not cooperating generally as well as the occasion merits. Some States have made appropriations to pay expenses of their veterans, but Tennessee has done nothing. While that is so, the railroads have made the most liberal terms ever given except to Confederate Reunions.

S. A. Cunningham has been assigned to the honorable position of representing Tennessee as a State while already under appointment to represent the Confederate Veterans of Tennessee. Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, who is chairman of the Confederate delegations, appoints a conference of the committee at Chattanooga, and the Tennessee representative requests information promptly of all who are going.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Honorary Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans and Southern representative, is a



GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER.

native of South Carolina. He was born in Charleston February 14, 1842, graduated from the South Carolina Military Academy in 1861, and soon afterwards enlisted in the Confederate army. He was promoted during the strife to lieutenant colonel of the 10th South Carolina Regiment. Engaging in business after the war, he advanced to the presidency of the large publishing house

of Walker, Evans & Cogswell, and continued at the head of the firm from 1868 to 1890. For several years he commanded the Department U. C. V., Army of Northern Virginia, and upon the death of Gen. John W. Gordon he succeeded to the important position of Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, and held that position until the election of Gen. Bennett H. Young.

CHATTANOOGA'S MOST BELOVED CITIZEN.

TYPICAL CONFEDERATE RECORD OF REV. J. W. BACHMAN, D.D.

Jonathan Waverly Bachman, Captain C. S. A., was born at Roseland, his father's home, near Kingsport, Tenn., October 9, 1837, and is the fourth son of Jonathan and Frances (Rhea) Bachman, and one of four brothers, all Presbyterian ministers still in active service.

The Bachmans were an old Swiss family who came early in the eighteenth century to Pennsylvania to escape religious persecution. They were peace-loving Quakers who finally came southward through Virginia into Tennessee.

The Rheas were a militant family, descended from "Matthew the Rebel" of Clan Campbell, Scotland, and, coming early to America, were engaged in all the wars in which the United States was involved, furnishing sixty-two members to the Confederacy and one to the Union in the War of the States, including nineteen officers in the list. Among them were four Bachman brothers, Samuel, Jonathan, Lynn, and Robert, the latter a lad of seventeen years.



CAPT. J. W. BACHMAN.

Jonathan Waverly Bachman was in Union Theological Seminary, New York, when the war began, and, volunteering his service to his native State by telegraph, hastened South and enlisted as a private in the 10th Tennessee Regiment. He was soon promoted to be assistant to Col. D. F. Coker in the commissary department. In the spring of 1861 he was licensed to preach at the old Cold Spring Presbyterian Church, near Bristol, wearing the uniform of a Confederate lieutenant. While under Colonel Coker he was detailed upon special service in Virginia, and for a time served under both General Lee and General Jackson, having personal orders from each of them. He was with General Lee at Sewall Mountain when his aid, Colonel Washington, was killed, and was with General Jackson on the Romney campaign, suffering much from cold and exposure, as they were three weeks without tents, and the cold was extreme.

In the spring of 1862 Lieutenant Bachman was in Chattanooga helping Colonel Coker settle the accounts of the regiment. Returning to Sullivan County, he assisted in raising a new regiment, the 60th Tennessee, Colonel Crawford commanding, and was made captain of Company G. The regi-

ment was sent to Mississippi as part of Gen. J. C. Vaughn's brigade, which engaged in the operations before Vicksburg, and under General Pemberton it assisted in the heroic defense of the city from May 23 to July 4, 1863, being stationed on the extreme left, fronting the Mississippi River, just above "Whistling Dick," the gun which sank the Cincinnati.

On account of the illness and disability of the ranking officers, Captain Bachman as senior captain commanded the regiment throughout the siege; and when, with other officers, he was called into a council of war by General Pemberton, he voted to cut their way through the enemy rather than surrender. But they were compelled to surrender, and Captain Bachman, with other prisoners, signed his parole at Vicksburg on July 8. The regiment was afterwards allowed to inscribe "Vicksburg" upon its banner. After a furlough of one month, he reported with his command at Demopolis, Ala.

While a prisoner on parole, clad in his Confederate uniform, he was married between the picket lines on October 20, 1863, to Miss Evalina Dulancy, of Medical Grove, Sullivan County; and after being exchanged resumed command of the regiment and saw much service in Upper East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia under Gen. John Morgan and General Breckinridge. In December, 1864, he was appointed chaplain, but at General Breckinridge's request retained command till an engagement, then pending, was over. During this engagement Captain Bachman's horse was shot under him, and he urged his commission being issued, saying the time might be short either to preach or to fight.

Captain Bachman continued in service till the close of the war; and when he heard of General Lee's surrender, he was with his command at Mount Airy, N. C., endeavoring to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. After the war was over he began preaching in Hawkins County, and endured many afflictions on account of the unsettled conditions in that bitterly divided section of the State. His career as a minister is widely known.

DR. BACHMAN'S CAREER IN CHATTANOOGA.

On the evening of October 9, 1907, the city of Chattanooga honored Dr. Bachman's seventieth birthday by a celebration on the lawn at his home. Practically every organization in



RICHARD B. RANDOLPH, SUPERINTENDENT CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

the duty to take part in the demonstration, and there were bands and music and many speeches of congratulation and affection. The notable phase of the occasion—the keynote, indeed, of the entire demonstration and the burden of the speeches—was: "We love this man." Says an eyewitness of the event: "There was little mention made of Dr. Bachman's public achievements. It was more a record of personal service he had rendered from unselfish instinct that held the hearts of this grateful people."

During the yellow fever epidemic of 1878 most of the ministers left Chattanooga, but Dr. Bachman and Father John, the Catholic priest, refused to leave a people so afflicted; and when Father John died, Dr. Bachman ministered to his last hours and then took up his work for the sick and the dying.

Dr. Bachman went to Chattanooga in 1873, and he has been a part of the life and progress in all the forty years that have followed. After President Garfield's death, he was sent to bear the condolences of the city to the President's widow, and was sent again to carry the same sad messages to Mrs. McKinley after President McKinley died.

In 1910 Dr. Bachman was made Moderator of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly then sitting in the old historic town of Lewisburg, W. Va. In 1861, while being transferred with Loring's Division to join General Jackson at Winchester, he had walked from Pocahontas County into that same Lewisburg a barefooted Confederate soldier. After he was made Moderator, Washington and Lee conferred upon him the degree of D.D., an honor which he already had.

Several years ago Rev. James P. Smith, now the only surviving member of Stonewall Jackson's staff, commented on an unusual occurrence in Dr. Bachman's church. "On a certain Sunday morning in Chattanooga," wrote Dr. Smith, "the Rev. Dr. J. W. Bachman, of the First Presbyterian Church, made an address to his people that moved them greatly. He declined to accept an increase of salary planned by his deacons and unanimously voted by the congregation."

Dr. Smith quotes Dr. Bachman's remarks: "Almost thirty-three years ago some of you who are still here and many others of your fathers and mothers who have passed into glory promised to see that I should be kept free from care and worldly avocations and give myself wholly to the work of the Lord. That vow has been kept on your part. I have never lacked since coming among you for good food, good raiment, and a dwelling place for me and mine. This is better than my Master had; yea, more, I have never known a sorrow or trouble which you have not been quick to relieve and help in all that mortal hands and hearts could do. Time and again you have ministered to more than my necessities and met generously any known desire of mine for travel and recreation. For all this I am profoundly grateful. My manner and habits of life are simple and plain, and it is my desire to keep them so. The salary you are giving is ample for me and mine. A greater regular stipend might create habits of ease and self-indulgence which would be hard to overcome when I get to be an old man. So you see I am not wholly unselfish in what I am going to ask: First, that you will direct your liberality from myself to the poor, to our struggling Churches, and to the causes of missions at home and abroad and our aged ministry. This will make you treasures above. Second, I will request my board of deacons to let my salary remain as it is and present no resolutions in regard to it to the session of the Church. And so we will close this little disagreement by singing 'Blest be the tie that binds.'"

The New York Times in an editorial states: "In these days, when graft and greed are attracting so much attention and moving so many mournfully to contrast the present with a golden age of which, curiously enough, history has no record, it is well perhaps to read with care this significant incident. Now, what are we to think of a man like this?"

Dr. Smith was with General Jackson when he received his mortal wound at Chancellorsville. He and Polk Miller are both to be guests of Dr. Bachman during the Reunion at Chattanooga.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS MISREPRESENTED.

[Mrs. A. B. H., in The Lookout.]

We expect some inaccuracies in moving picture shows, but when endeavoring to present a historical play exhibitors should not go so far astray as to make history ridiculous and heroism mock-heroic. Sometimes a humorous anachronism presents itself which can be pardoned on account of local conditions. Such a one occurred in "Jack Jouett's Ride," a Revolutionary play with the setting near Charlottesville, Va., in which Jefferson is portrayed escaping from Monticello when the Redcoats are approaching; and as he gallops down the driveway we see him plainly pass his own monument and read the inscriptions in the family burying ground. Now every Virginia University man knows that that winding roadway is the only way out and that a modern Jefferson must perforce gallop by his own tombstone, though it is rather a ghoulish performance.

But of quite another character is the play styled "Andrew Jackson." After seeing it and noting that the pictures were made in Chicago, it was not inappropriate that General Pakenham's name was written "Packingham"; but why they chose to make him surrender when he did not is an inexcusable mystery. Fully two-thirds of the play relates to the marriage of General Jackson and Mrs. Robards, which is depicted in a most unfavorable and untruthful light, and Robards subsequently appears to be the deserter who left General Jackson's



COL. BAXTER SMITH, SECRETARY OF THE CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA MILITARY PARK COMMISSION.

army at New Orleans to give information to the British. There was one deserter, and only one, as history records, who escaped to the British lines and told General Pakenham to attack the central portion of General Jackson's forces on that fateful 8th of January, as it was "the weakest point, having nothing but Tennesseans and Kentuckians to guard it." General Pakenham did attack there, and the world knows the result. The next day the unlucky deserter was hanged by the remaining British in full view of both lines; but he was not Robards. Robards was a Kentuckian who had lived in Tennessee; and if he had had any desire to serve the British, he would not have advised them to come within rifle range of men who could shoot out the eye of a squirrel.

The scene in the latter part of the play is supposed to be near New Orleans; and though, as Parton says, "There is scarcely in all Louisiana a hill two hundred feet high," tall cliffs and Western sage grass are much in evidence—in the moving picture. The battle of New Orleans as portrayed is most farcical. A few Americans in colonial uniforms, instead of the old homespun garments which really covered them, fire repeatedly upon one little ship, which appears to be floating upon a small creek; and though apparently every ball strikes it, it still remains

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

General Jackson is seen in the rear of his men in full-dress uniform, feebly waving his sword and seemingly commanding the wasted shot upon this bombproof ship.

In the next scene appears General Jackson with his wife and mother-in-law by his side when sixteen British soldiers come up and lay their swords at his feet, and presently an officer, who is supposed to be Gen. Sir Edward Pakenham (brother-in-law to the Duke of Wellington, and a brave soldier, who is really lying cold in death upon the field below), waddles up and hands his sword to General Jackson, which the great warrior accepts with no change of composure of his "fierce pompadour," and does not return it, as his natural chivalry would dictate.

The great historical play concludes with Mrs. Jackson rushing frantically into her husband's arms and embracing him, followed by the mother-in-law, also embracing him upon the battle field in full view of the discomfited British. Mrs. Jackson was in New Orleans nearly a month after the battle,



THE SOUTH'S MOST NOTED MOUNTAIN—LOOKOUT.

and then came in a quiet motherly fashion, bringing with her their adopted son Andrew to see General Jackson.

Such a play should not be permitted to teach history to Tennessee children. The victory at New Orleans was famous, and by it Jackson made it forever impossible for the British lion to feel that he could terrify the American eagle.

When we consider that England sent a magnificent fleet of more than twoscore ships, carrying nearly 1,000 guns and manned and commanded by Wellington's veteran troops; when we remember that out of a force of more than 12,000 men 2,600 of them in the short space of one-half hour lay upon the ground, killed or wounded, and a crippled fleet floated out of the harbor; and when we recall that the victors were citizen-militia from Tennessee and Kentucky, of inferior numbers, commanded by a man who as a poor little boy had been hacked across the head for refusing to clean a British officer's boots, Tennessee and Kentucky have a right to be proud.

The organization known as the United States Daughters of 1812 takes pains to record the fact that American independence gained by the Revolutionary War was secured by the battle of New Orleans, and historians write down in amazement that on that memorable occasion the American loss was only eight killed and thirteen wounded.

Andrew Jackson was a man, and as the years go by that tall figure grows higher still; and he who gave the name of "Tennessee" to our State and "Volunteers" to our soldiery goes into the Hall of Fame as "Old Hickory," the hero of the War of 1812.

AN INCIDENT OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY N. C. HOWARD, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

I will give a short sketch of a little battle between the 4th and 5th Tennessee Confederates, commanded by Col. Jonathan Lamb, and a part of the right wing of the Federal line at Missionary Ridge. I was a lieutenant in Company A, 5th Tennessee, at the time and got a vivid idea of the skirmish.

We were sent into the valley to support the left wing of our picket line, when for some reason the pickets fell back to the main line on the ridge. Colonel Lamb awaited orders, and we crouched down in a rifle pit about fifty yards from the base of the ridge, with orders not to fire until commanded, and then fire at will.

The Federals advanced with banners flying and flanked our position by a regiment, and they were three lines deep. When they got nearly to the foot of the ridge, we were ordered to fire. It was a deadly volley, and it seemed that every shot took effect, as about half of the regiment in front of us went down. We continued firing with deadly aim for about twenty minutes, when the flanking enemy began to enfilade us, and we had to retreat. Up to this time I don't think that a man of our three hundred had been struck by a shot. The third line of Federals had come up, but no nearer than the first were when we began the firing. We had the steep ridge to climb, and it seemed that every Yankee in a mile was shooting at us. We lost about half of our plucky little band. Those back in the line on the ridge said that we left hundreds of the enemy on the ground.

Barrett Phinizy, of Athens, Ga., seeks information in regard to his uncle, Jacob Phinizy, who served in the 8th Georgia Regiment. He desires to correspond with any comrades of his uncle who knew him.

MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN POETS.

A beautiful monument recently erected in Augusta, Ga., to the memory of Sidney Lanier, Father Ryan, James R. Randall, and Paul Hayne pays fitting tribute to these four well-loved singers of the South. The monument was presented by Mrs. L. W. Cole, of Nashville, to her native city of Augusta as a memorial to four young poets who in their far-away days of obscurity were frequent guests at her father's house and friends to her own girl's years.

The site selected for the monument gives a beautiful setting to the classic simplicity of its outlines. It stands directly opposite St. John's Church and in the midst of a group of ancient and stately elms which make for it an approach and a background of quiet and contemplative loveliness. Scattered about under the shade of the trees will be marble benches where lovers of the dead poets may sit and dream of the poetry and music that never die. The monument is Grecian in spirit and consists of four columns supporting a roof of granite and inclosing a square block of polished stone, on the four sides of which are the tributes to the fair poets:



MODEST VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-80).

"The catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain."

FATHER RYAN (1842-86).

"The higher shrine of love divine
My lowly feet have trod,
I want no fame, no other name
Than this—a priest of God."

JAMES R. RANDALL (1839-1908).

"Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bow!
Than crucifixion of the soul—
Maryland, My Maryland."

PAUL HAYNE (1830-86).

"Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of song's immortal temple lay me down
A beggar, basking by thy radiant gate,
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown."

The ceremonies at the dedication were simple and appropriate. The unveiling was done by Whitefoord R. Cole, Jr.,

of Nashville, grandson of the donor, and Cornelia White, a little maid of Augusta, after which there was a prayer by Rev. S. P. Wiggins, of St. John's Methodist Church, and a chorus, "Maryland, My Maryland," by the school children of Augusta.

Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, then presented the monument in Mrs. Cole's behalf to the city of Augusta, and Mayor Hayne received it on the city's part. This was followed by more music by the school children and the reading of an ode by W. H. Hayne, son of the poet. The exercises were closed with a prayer by Rev. James A. Kane, of St. Patrick's Church.

Perhaps no woman of the South is more widely known and loved than Mrs. Cole. She and her husband, the late E. W. Cole, were founders of the Tennessee Industrial School, in which already more than six thousand boys and girls have been trained to be self-supporting and useful citizens. Mrs. Cole also established the Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University as a memorial to her husband. Personally, Mrs. Cole is a woman of unusual beauty and charm and of brilliant and commanding intellect.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

A little pamphlet privately printed for Mr. Blackburn Esterline, of Washington, describes the farewell dinner given Judah P. Benjamin by his brethren of the English bar on his retirement from active life among them. "The printing," says a foreword to the little book, "is from an old and faded pamphlet late in the possession of a distinguished lawyer of New Orleans who was a relative of Mr. Benjamin." It contained a complete list of the guests (which is too long to be here reproduced), with a description of the dinner (here given), together with the text of the farewell speech by the attorney-general and Mr. Benjamin's reply.

"On Saturday evening, June 30, 1883," says the old account, "a dinner was given to Mr. Judah Philip Benjamin, barrister and bencher of Lincoln's Inn, on his retirement from professional life by the English bench and bar. The entertainment took place in the hall of the Inner Temple, and the table was laid in a manner worthy of the occasion and of the noble and distinguished company present. The attorney-general, Sir Henry James, was in the chair. He was supported by the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Selborne, on the left. Mr. Benjamin occupied the right. After the toast, 'To the Queen,' had been drunk with the usual warmth, the attorney-general rose and proposed the toast of the evening, 'The Health of Mr. Benjamin,' and was received with great enthusiasm."

The two speeches are then given. The attorney-general's is brief and full of cordial friendliness and genuine appreciation of the retiring lawyer's splendid services, and Mr. Benjamin's reply is longer than the first and equally full of sincere affection as well as of regard for the nation and the men who had offered so generous an asylum for his energy and his talents. The occasion was a memorable one and was a fitting close to a romantic and distinguished career.

Mr. Benjamin died in Paris in May, 1884, a little less than a year after leaving England.

Judah Philip Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy during the greater part of the existence of that government, was born at St. Croix, West Indies, August 11, 1811, the son of English Jews then en route to America. Soon after his birth the family settled at Wilmington, N. C. He entered Yale College at fourteen years of age and studied

three years, then making his home at New Orleans, where he was admitted to the bar in 1832. During his early years as a lawyer he published a digest of Supreme Court decisions. In 1840 he was a member of the celebrated law firm of Slidell, Benjamin & Conrad, and in 1845 he sat in the Louisiana Constitutional Convention. In 1847 he was counsel for the United States commission to investigate Spanish land titles in California. On his return he made his residence at Washington and practiced before the United States Supreme Court. He was presidential elector for Louisiana in 1848, was elected United States Senator in 1852, and reelected in 1859.



JUBAH P. BENJAMIN.

On February 4, 1861, he withdrew from the Senate with his colleague and law partner, John Slidell. He was appointed Attorney-General under the Provisional Confederate government, and served until September, 1861, when he was made Secretary of War. On March 18, 1862, he was appointed Secretary of State, which portfolio he held until the end of the government.

Mr. Benjamin then made his way through Florida to the Bahamas and thence to England. He was there admitted to the practice of law in 1867. A year later he published a treatise on the sale of personal property, was made queen's counsel in 1872, and soon afterwards was so famous as to appear solely before the House of Lords and Privy Council. He was given a farewell banquet in 1883, and died at Paris May 8, 1884.

MONUMENT TO WOMEN OF ARKANSAS.

On May 1 in the Capitol grounds at Little Rock a monument was unveiled to "The Confederate Women of Arkansas, 1861-65." The dedication program was an impressive one, with appropriate song, music, and oratory, and with old soldiers of both armies and a noble handful of war-time women of the sixties as honored guests of the day.

Robert L. Rogers, the orator of the occasion, delivered an eloquent tribute to the women of the South during our tragic days of war and Reconstruction.

Gen. Charles Coffin, of Batesville, Ark., presented the monu-

ment to the State on behalf of its builders, and in the course of his address gave a short history of the origin and growth of the movement to pay permanent tribute to our Southern heroines of the war. The speaker recalled the presentation at the Reunion in Richmond in July, 1896, by Dr. G. H. Tichnor of a memorial from the Cavalry Association of New Orleans proposing the erection of such a monument, and his address followed the varying progress of the plan until the matter came into the hands of Gen. Irvine C. Walker as chairman of a committee to further encourage and develop the work. The efforts of this committee were so nearly successful that it adopted a design by Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, Tenn., and at Mobile in 1910 entered into a contract with her for a monument of the same design for each of the Southern States. By this arrangement the price to the several States was reduced. [Previous to the Mobile Reunion the monument committees from various States contracted with Miss Kinney.]

However, immediately after the announcement of this arrangement and the publication of the design, objections began to be made in various quarters, and, strange to say, generally by women, members of various Divisions of the U. D. C., who had as an organization refused to indorse the movement.

Men who could not design a plow stock suddenly became "art critics" and began to deery the Kinney design, and it seems successfully, as up to this time no monument according to her design for the women's monument has been erected, although she has done other high-class and successful work with the approval of the highest art critics, notably the monument to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, recently dedicated at Dalton. [The Mississippi monument is under construction by Miss Kinney, and Tennessee appropriates \$10,000 for her work.]

At the regular meeting of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., at Fort Smith in October, 1906, a resolution was introduced by Comrade J. M. Lucey, of Pine Bluff, providing for a committee of five, including the Commander elect for the succeeding term, to cooperate with the general committee for the purpose of erecting a monument to the Confederate women of Arkansas, which was adopted and a committee was appointed consisting of the following-named comrades: J. M. Lucey, Dan W. Jones, V. Y. Cook, and Charles Coffin, and James H. Berry, Commander elect, as *ex officio* member.

This committee was organized by the election of Comrade J. M. Lucey as chairman and Comrade Jonathan Kellogg, who was not a member of the committee, as secretary. At the next meeting in 1907 Comrade Kellogg, at the suggestion of the committee, was added as a regular member. Comrade J. F. Smith succeeded Comrade Berry as Division Commander.

This committee endeavored by various methods to raise at least the nucleus of a fund, but was only moderately successful; and it was not until an appropriation of \$10,000 was obtained from the legislature for the erection of the monument that the long-delayed result was at last achieved.

When it came to determining the design, the committee found itself equally divided, three members being in favor of the Kinney design—to wit, Comrades J. M. Lucey, V. Y. Cook, and Charles Coffin—and three being opposed to it—viz., Comrades J. F. Smith, Dan W. Jones, and J. Kellogg. At the next meeting Comrade Ben W. Green was added to the committee, and he decided against the Kinney design and several other designs that were submitted. The one accepted was that which was dedicated recently, your orator having voted for it as the next best to the Kinney design, to which Comrades Lucey and Cook adhered to the last.

PLACED MONUMENTS IN THE SOUTH.

The little town of Fitzgerald, Ga., made up of a community of Northern people who have established their homes in the South and of a native population of loyal Southerners, is planning to erect a monument in honor of the blue and the gray armies of our War of the States. Their plans are elaborate. In a classic pavilion of marble are designed to stand bronze figures of Lincoln and Davis and of Lee and Grant clasping hands. Mrs. W. P. Meyer, an influential member of the U. D. C., is Commander of the Blue and Gray Auxiliary, and is an enthusiastic promoter of the peace monument plan.

In Carter County, Tenn., also, in the historic village of Elizabethton, a stone shaft has been erected to the soldiery of the entire country. It was in Carter County, it will be remembered, that John Sevier's men rallied at Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga River, on their way to King's Mountain. Elizabethton sent a full company of soldiers to the Mexican War, and in 1861 Carter County, notwithstanding its situation in the remote eastern part of the State, furnished more men for the Confederacy than there were poll tax payers in it.

THE FLORIDA MONUMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA.

The inscription for the Florida monument to be erected by that State on the Chickamauga battle field is as follows: "This monument has been erected in memory of the soldiers of the State of Florida who took part in the battle fought here, September 19 and 20, 1863, whether they fell in battle or lived to render further service to their State and country."

The site has been located in the McDonald field, east of Slocumb's Louisiana Battery, on the line of advance of Stovall's Brigade, in the Kelly field.

The Florida State Monument Commission is composed of Hon. Samuel Pasco (Chairman), Capt. F. C. Brent, Pulaski Broward, and Gen. E. M. Law. The McNeel Marble Company, of Marietta, Ga., is to do the work.

SPONSOR FOR TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

A letter from Texas contains the following sketch:

"It is most appropriate that Miss Willie Gertrude Storey should represent the Trans-Mississippi Department at the U. C. V. Reunion, for many of her ancestors participated in the War of the States.

"Miss Storey is the daughter of the late Judge L. J. Storey, who, with nine of Miss Storey's uncles, entered the conflict determined to see it through to the end, whatever and whenever that end might be. One of these men, Lieut. Horatio Storey, died as a result of wounds received on the field of Shiloh. Another served a term as prisoner of war in New Orleans, and all save two were officers. Seven of these men served in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

"A biographer of Judge Storey's has said that no man served his State in more capacities and with higher satisfaction. He was connected with the legislature for ten years—four years in the House, four as Senator, and two years as Lieutenant Governor—and for the last sixteen years of his life a member of the Texas Railroad Commission. The late Judge John H. Reagan, the Confederate States Postmaster-General, was a fellow member of the commission for part of that time. Judge Storey succeeded him as chairman of that body, which important position he held until his death.

"Miss Storey at present resides with her mother, Mrs. L. J. Storey, who is custodian of the N. L. Norton Confederate Museum in the State Capitol."

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON MONUMENT AT DALTON.

The first monument yet erected to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is at Dalton, Ga. It is a fitting place to honor his memory, for it was in that vicinity that he did the marvelous work of reorganizing one of the most dispirited armies that had ever done gallant, heroic service. The discipline was so thorough as to electrify the troops; and no matter whether advancing or retreating in the great Georgia campaign, the same implicit



Headquarters of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in Dalton During the Civil War.

confidence was maintained that "Old Joe" knew the best thing to do and that he would do it in the best way and at the right time. Hon. Tomlinson Fort, of Chattanooga, created the inspiration which resulted in the monument, although he did not live to see the work completed. In a memorial address at Dalton he made an appeal to the Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a monument there, and he deposited \$100 as a nucleus to the fund. The Daughters of the Confederacy in Dalton merit the gratitude of Southerners everywhere in this noble, patriotic undertaking.

The Bryan M. Thomas Chapter, U. D. C., of Dalton, under the leadership of Mrs. F. W. Elrod, at that time President of the Chapter, began the work. The VETERAN greeted the good women and urged them to have a bronze statue. It seemed too great an undertaking; but they were so encouraged as they realized its merit that with the determination for which Southern women are famous the fund grew to worthy proportions, and this monument will long be their chief pride. It is located on a most admirable spot. The monument, including the superb base, is sixteen feet high. The statue was made by Miss Belle Kinney, a Southern girl (Nashville), now of New York. At the dedication Miss Kinney described



BEAUTIFUL HOME OF HON. AND MRS. W. C. MARTIN.

[Miss Kinney and her mother were entertained here. Mrs. Martin is a daughter of the late J. Q. A. Lewis, who was widely known and esteemed in the South.]

her conception of the best pose of the figure, which shows the man of master mind in deep thought, while his sword appears rather as a staff. The monument faces the east. The statue of General Johnston in bronze stands at parade rest, surmounting a base of Georgia granite. The base is a semi-circle rising in three tiers, diminishing in size until the huge block of granite on which the figure stands is reached. From the rear of the monument two large arms, resting on concrete, extend outward and forward, being joined to the base. The arms are handsomely carved in laurel leaves. On the front of the pedestal is inscribed underneath a laurel wreath:



"Joseph E. Johnston,
1807-1891.
Brigadier General, U. S. A.;
General, C. S. A.

"Given command of the Confederate forces at Dalton in 1863, he directed the seventy-nine days' campaign to Atlanta, one of the most memorable in the annals of war.

"Erected by Bryan M. Thomas Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Dalton, Ga., 1912."

At the time the work was being prosecuted Mrs. W. C. Martin was President of the Chapter, and she was aided especially by the late Mrs. E. F. Shumate, an ardent member of the Chapter. While the preliminary work was by Mrs. F. W. Elrod when President, who perfected an excellent organization in 1909, to Mrs. Martin and others who were in the work to the close gratitude is due by all Southerners. They raised \$2,000 by subscription, the city of Dalton and Whitfield County each gave \$250, and the great State of Georgia gave an equal sum to all of the others—\$2,500.

Of the records sealed in the base are rosters of Joseph E.

Johnston Camp, the Bryan M. Thomas Chapter, and Camp Jackson, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The exercises were pleasing throughout, and the gathering was perhaps as large as has been seen in Dalton since the events of the sixties. The exercises opened with band music, "Southern Melodies," after which the invocation was offered by Rev. W. R. Foote, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Dalton. The following program was carried out:

Song, "How Firm a Foundation!" quartet.

"Ode to Joseph E. Johnston," Robert Loveman, Southern poet and reader.

Introduction of speaker by Hon. W. C. Martin, of Dalton.

Address by Judge Moses Wright, of Rome.

"Design of Monument," Miss Belle Kinney, sculptor.

Unveiling of monument by Miss Suesylla Thomas.

Presentation of monument to State and city by Hon. M. C. Tarver, of Dalton, State Senator.

Acceptance for State by Hon. S. P. Maddox, of Dalton.

Acceptance for city by Mayor J. F. Harris, of Dalton.



SUESYLLA THOMAS.

Little Miss Suesylla Thomas, who pulled the string which released the canvas coverings, revealing the handsome monument, is a daughter of the late Gen. B. M. Thomas, for whom the Dalton Chapter, U. D. C., was named. The little girl is related to six generals of the Confederate army.

In his remarks Judge Moses Wright, of Rome, Ga., who delivered the dedicatory address, paid high tribute to General Johnston, referring to him as one of the greatest generals the world has produced.

The splendid address made by Judge Wright thrilled the large assembly. He reviewed the career of General Johnston throughout the War of the States, reviewing his record until the time that General Johnston took command of the Army of Tennessee at Dalton and organized when the Georgia campaign began and maintained as such until ordered to turn his army over to General Hood. He described General Johnston's leading General Sherman away from his base of supplies at Chattahoochee, engaging him in numerous battles between Dalton and Atlanta and repulsing the Union forces with many losses. . . .

Said the speaker: "Had General Johnston been left in command, there would have been no march to the sea."

He referred to General Johnston's removal as the saddest part of his experience. He gave three reasons why General Johnston was never duly appreciated during the war—namely: His nature was reticent, unlike the usually warm-hearted, impulsive Southerner. His idea of warfare differed from that of his fellow generals; he wanted the South to pursue a defensive rather than an offensive policy. He was never on good terms with the authorities at Richmond.

Judge Wright told how, after being relieved of the command of the Army of Tennessee, General Johnston patriotically obeyed subsequent orders implicitly. He reminded his audience that the first thing Gen. R. E. Lee did on being given full charge of military affairs of the South was to again place General Johnston in command of the army, then stationed in North Carolina, for General Lee considered Johnston the most able general of the entire war. He told of the terms of the agreement signed between Generals Johnston and General Sherman after the war was over, showing that, though on the losing side, General Johnston dictated the terms of the treaty, which were more advantageous to the South than to the North.

Miss Belle Kinney, who designed the monument, was introduced by Col. S. P. Maddox as "a Southern girl, a native of the grand old State of Tennessee." Miss Kinney told why she adopted the pose. "General Johnston, in command of an army vastly inferior in numbers to General Sherman's army, had to use his brains more than his sword; hence I made the sword subservient to the brain," she said. The statue shows General Johnston with an expression of deep thought on his face, while the point of his sword rests negligently at his feet. Miss Kinney referred to the contract as the biggest ever hoped to secure, that of fashioning the statue of General Johnston.

The platform was at the rear of the monument in a small park on Crawford Street, immediately north of the government building.

ODE TO JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

With Lee and Jackson write his name
Upon the soldier's scroll of fame;
The page of history still shines
With daring done at Seven Pines.

With Lee and Jackson let him rest,
The flag he loved across his breast.
Look! where the warrior doth stand,
Who loved o'er all his native land.

The years come back; again behold
The chieftain with a heart of gold;
Raise the red curtain of the past,
See Johnston breast the roaring blast.

To-day with love we dedicate,
To-day we bury strife and hate,
To-day we meet to honor him
Whose glory time nor years can dim.

Sherman's vast host of him could tell
Within these hills he gave them—well,
It wasn't with much joy and glee
They marched through Georgia to the sea.

He was our warrior; let us lay
A wreath of love on him to-day.
He was our leader; let his deed
Our children's children proudly read.

When God shall call o'er land and sea
His soldier saints to reveille,
The first to come, sans sin or fear—
Old Joe shall leap to answer, "Here."

—Robert Loveman.



ALABAMA MONUMENT IN CHICKAMAUGA NATIONAL MILITARY PARK, DEDICATED AT TIME OF CHATTANOOGA REUNION.

GENERAL OFFICERS OF CONFEDERATE ARMY.

THOSE KILLED IN BATTLE OR DIED OF WOUNDS, AND SURVIVORS.

BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

There were appointed by the President of the Confederate States six full generals of the regular army and two full generals of the provisional army. There were sixteen lieutenant generals appointed and four additional with temporary rank. There were eighty-two regular major generals and thirteen major generals with temporary rank. Originally the highest rank in the regular army was that of brigadier general, of which there were five. Four hundred and twenty brigadier generals were appointed, with sixty-five having temporary rank. Of these, there were five brigadier generals of artillery and twenty-two special appointments to that grade. Nine officers were assigned to duty by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, and one by Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; but none of these were appointed by the President or confirmed by the Senate.

The following-named general officers were killed in battle:

Ashby, Turner, Virginia, Brig. Gen., killed near Harrisburg, Va., June 6, 1862.

Armistead, Louis A., Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Barksdale, William, Mississippi, Brig. Gen., at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

Bartow, F. S., Georgia, at Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.

Bee, Barnard E., South Carolina, Brig. Gen., at Bull Run, Va., July 2, 1861.

Cobb, T. R. R., Georgia, Brig. Gen., at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.

Carter, John C., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Chambliss, J. R., Virginia, Brig. Gen., near Richmond, Va., August 16, 1864.

Cleburne, Patrick R., Arkansas, Maj. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Dearing, James, Virginia, Brig. Gen., at High Bridge, April 6, 1865.

Deshler, James, Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

Doles, George, Georgia, Brig. Gen., at Bethesda Church, May 30, 1864.

Dunovant, John, South Carolina, Brig. Gen., at Vaughn Road, October —, 1864.

Garland, Samuel, Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Garnett, Robert S., Virginia, at Rich Mountain, or Craddock's Ford, July 13, 1861.

Girardey, Victor J. B., Brig. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., August —, 1864.

Gist, S. B., South Carolina, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Gladden, A. H., Louisiana, Brig. Gen., at Shiloh, Sept. 6, 1862.

Godwin, A. C., North Carolina, Brig. Gen., at Winchester, Va., September 29, 1864.

Gordon, James B., North Carolina, Maj. Gen., at Yellow Tavern, Va., May 11, 1864.

Gracie, Archibald, Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., December 2, 1864.

Granbury, H. B., Texas, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Green, Martin E., Missouri, Brig. Gen., at Vicksburg, Miss., June 27, 1863.

Green, Thomas, Texas, Brig. Gen., at Bayou Pierre, April 12, 1864.

Gregg, Maxey, South Carolina, at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.

Gregg, John, Texas, Brig. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., 1864.

Hatton, Robert, Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Seven Pines, Va., May 3, 1862.

Helm, Ben Hardin, Kentucky, Brig. Gen., at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

Hill, Ambrose P., Virginia, Lieut. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.

Jenkins, A. G., Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Cloyd's Mountain, W. Va., May 9, 1864.

Jenkins, Micajah, South Carolina, Brig. Gen., at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

Johnston, A. S., Texas, General, Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.

Jones, John M., Virginia, at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May —, 1864.

Jones, William E., Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Piedmont, Va., June 5, 1864.

Kelley, J. H., Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., September 12, 1864.

McCulloch, Ben, Texas, Brig. Gen., at Battle of Elk Horn, May 7, 1862.

McIntosh, J., Florida, in battle of Pea Ridge, March 7, 1862.

Morgan, John H., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Greeneville, Tenn., September 4, 1864.

Mouton, Alfred, Louisiana, Brig. Gen., at Mansfield, La., April 9, 1864.

Paxton, E. F., Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.

Pegram, John, Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Hatcher's Run, Va., February 5, 1865.

Perrin, Abner M., South Carolina, at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 12, 1864.

Polk, Leonidas, Louisiana, Lieut. Gen., at Pine Mountain, near Marietta, Ga., June 14, 1864.

Randall, Horace, Texas, Brig. Gen., at Jenkins Ferry, Ark., April 30, 1864.

Rains, James E., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 3, 1862.

Rodes, R. E., Alabama, Maj. Gen., at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864.

Sanders, J. C. C., Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., August 21, 1864.

Scurry, William R., Texas, Brig. Gen., at Jenkins Ferry, April 30, 1864.

Slack, W. Y., Missouri, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Pea Ridge, March 6, 1862.

Smith, Preston, Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

Starke, William E., Louisiana, at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, September 17, 1862.

Strahl, Otho French, Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Terrill, James B., Virginia, at battle of the Wilderness, Va., near Bethesda Church, May 31, 1864.

Tracey, Edward D., Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863.

Tyler, Robert C., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Fort Tyler, near West Point, Ga., April 16, 1865.

Willis, Edward, Georgia, Brig. Gen., at Mechanicsville, May 31, 1864.

Warner, Charles S., Maryland, Brig. Gen., at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.

Zellerbach, Felix K., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Mill Springs, and Fishing Creek, Ky., January 19, 1862.

The following named died of wounds received in battle:

Anderson, George B., North Carolina, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, October 10, 1862.

Bell, Samuel, Mississippi, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1864.

DeLoe, Julius, North Carolina, of wounds received at Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 12, 1864.

Johnson, Thomas J. (Stonewall), of wounds received at Gettysburg, May 10, 1863.

Pender, U. D., North Carolina, Maj. Gen., of wounds received at Gettysburg, May 27, 1863.

Posley, Corrie, Mississippi, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Brandy Station, October 14, 1863.

Raussour, Stephen D., North Carolina, Maj. Gen., of wounds received at Cedar Creek, October 22, 1864.

Shelton, Paul J., Georgia, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Gettysburg, June 10, 1863.

Stafford, Lewis A., Louisiana, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at the Wilderness, May 31, 1864.

Stevens, C. H., South Carolina, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1864.

Stuart, J. E. B., Virginia, Maj. Gen., of wounds received at Yellow Tavern, Va., May 12, 1864.

There are one lieutenant general, two major generals, and eighteen brigadier generals surviving as follows:

Buckner, Simon B., Kentucky, Lieutenant General.

Bougain, Camillus J., France, Major General.

Lomas, Lunsford L., Virginia, Major General.

Pryor, Roger A., Virginia, Brigadier General.

Law, Evander M., Alabama, Brigadier General.

Nichols, Francis T., Louisiana, Brigadier General.

Wright, Marcus J., Tennessee, Brigadier General.

Cockrell, Francis M., Missouri, Brigadier General.

Ferguson, Samuel W., Mississippi, Brigadier General.

Kirkland, W. W., North Carolina, Brigadier General.

Johnston, Robert D., North Carolina, Brigadier General.

Gano, R. M., Texas, Brigadier General.

McCausland, John, Virginia, Brigadier General.

Cox, William R., North Carolina, Brigadier General.

Robertson, Felix H., Texas, Brigadier General.

Duke, Basil W., Kentucky, Brigadier General.

McRea, William, North Carolina, Brigadier General.

McComb, William, Tennessee, Brigadier General.

Logan, Thomas M., South Carolina, Brigadier General.

Sims, James P., Georgia, Brigadier General.

SURVIVING (REGULAR) GENERAL OFFICERS OF UNION ARMY.

Major Generals.

G. M. Dodge, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

N. A. Miles (Lieutenant General, U. S. A., retired), Washington, D. C.

P. J. Osterhans (Brigadier General, retired), Frederick Wilhelm Platz, Duisburg, Rhine, Germany.

D. E. Suckles (Major General, retired), New York, N. Y.

Brigadier Generals.

Adelbert Ames, Lowell, Mass.

C. C. Andrews, St. Paul, Minn.

John Beatty, Columbus, Ohio.

J. R. Brooke (Major General, retired).

Cyrus Bussey, Washington, D. C.

G. C. Caldwell, Augusta, Me.

R. F. Cotterson, Minneapolis, Minn.

G. S. Chamberlain, Brunswick, Me.

A. L. Chetlam, Chicago, Ill.

Powell Clayton, Camden, Ark.

Selden Conner, Augusta, Me.

L. A. Grant, Minneapolis, Minn.

D. M. M. Gregg, Reading, Pa.

M. D. Hardin, retired, Chicago, Ill.

Edward Harland, New Haven, Conn.

G. P. Hawkins, retired, Indianapolis, Ind.

F. S. Nickerson, Somerville, Mass.

C. G. Payne, Boston, Mass.

G. Pennypacker, Philadelphia, Pa.

B. R. Pierce, Grand Rapids, Mich.

William H. Seward, Jr., Auburn, N. Y.

W. S. Smith, Medford, Oregon.

MARKER WHERE CAPTAIN FREEMAN WAS KILLED.—It was expected that the marker or monument to the memory of Capt. Samuel L. Freeman on the spot where he was killed, in April, 1863, would be dedicated on the fiftieth anniversary of his death, but the illness in the family of Judge John H. Henderson prevented him from making preparation in time. It will be remembered that his sister, Mrs. Mary J. Warner, will deed the land suitable for the site and an avenue from the turnpike to the spot. Sufficient funds have not been given to place a worthy memorial, but this should be done and friends of Captain Freeman should coöperate promptly in doing it. Report to Judge Henderson at Franklin or to the VETERAN. A list of all contributors will be published.

After the foregoing was written, a conference was had with Judge Henderson in regard to the expense of the monument, with an iron fence to inclose it, and he puts the minimum at \$250. Will friends who appreciate the noble qualities of Captain Freeman and his tragic death bear in mind that only a limited number will be interested, and that as it is decided to build it this summer it is very desirable that they report what will be their pleasure to give promptly?

WANTS TO MEET MEN HE FOUGHT AT GETTYSBURG.—N. M. Howell, of the 124th New York Regiment, wishes to arrange for a meeting with some of the boys in gray who faced his command at Gettysburg on July 2 on the crest of the hill connecting with Devil's Den. "At this point," he writes, "the 4th New York Battery was stationed, and there were three of us whose guns were captured by the brigade in which were the 2d and 17th Georgia Regiments. I will be at the Reunion, and I want to meet on this same battle field some of the old veterans who fought us there so many years ago. I was serving in Ward's Brigade, which held the left of the Union line for nearly two hours before the troops of the 5th Corps came on the field."

FIELD'S COMMAND AT FORT HARRISON.—In answer to the inquiry of J. B. Work, 1240 E. 69th Street, Chicago, as to whether or not Field's command garrisoned Fort Harrison when it was captured in 1864, Comrade W. A. Flanagan, of Company G, 15th Georgia, Benning's Brigade, Field's Division, writes that if this old soldier of the blue will meet him and a comrade by the name of Ware at the reunion at Gettysburg somewhere near the camping quarters of the Pennsylvania Bucktails they will discuss the matter to a finish.

PLEA FOR GEN. R. E. LEE AT THE NORTH.

[A sermon delivered by the Rev. G. Monroe Royce in St. Thomas's Church, New Windsor-on-Hudson, on General Lee.]

On my return to America, after an absence of more than twelve years, I took up my residence for a time in the far South; and when Lincoln's birthday came around, I had the temerity to preach to a Southern congregation upon Lincoln's noble life and character. This, I think, was almost the first time that a Southern pulpit had been used for such a purpose. But the result justified the adventure; for no one, so far as I ever knew, complained of this action as a misuse of the church or questioned its propriety. May I hope for as favorable a hearing to-day by a Northern congregation when I speak upon the great and noble leader of the Southern army?

The main facts of General Lee's life are probably known to you all, and I state them now simply for clearness. * * *

First of all, it is pleasant to remember that General Lee, like General Washington, was a member of our own communion. He lived and died a consistent and devoted communicant of the Episcopal Church. I mention this fact only to pass on to an estimate, however imperfect, of his character as a Christian gentleman and a patriotic citizen. No one will, perhaps, be disposed to question the statement that General Lee was a Christian gentleman; but there may be some who are not disposed to let the statement that General Lee was a patriotic American citizen pass unchallenged, and I propose therefore to go into that question.

Patriotism has always been held as the highest civic virtue, and rightly so, for upon that virtue all loyalty to one's country rests. The word "patriot" comes from *patria*, and *patria* comes from *pater*, which means "father," so that patriotism means a love for one's fatherland. Did General Lee possess that love? Let us see. And, first of all, let us clearly understand that before the war patriotism meant to the citizens of the thirteen original States a love for one's native State rather than for the general government at Washington, which to the majority, I think I may say, of the Southern people had no statehood in itself, but possessed merely a representative or delegated character, a sort of political clearing house for the convenience of the individual States; a trust, as it would now

be called, to safeguard the life and the liberties of the several States; a mutual benefit association, or confederation. This was the way that the United States was regarded at first, not only in the South, but by a very great many people in the North, and it took a long time (fifty years and more) for the conception of the United States as the only national State, in which adhered all the rights and powers of the American people, to take root and grow in the mind of the average American citizen. And it was as hard for a man in Massachusetts or Connecticut as one born in South Carolina or Virginia to feel any special patriotic sentiment for such an impersonal and intangible thing as the United States.

My present point, then, is that the conception of the United States as a *patria*—a "fatherland"—before the war was not visualized in the mind of the American people in any such way as it is at the present day. This truth is clearly revealed in the relative dignity and importance attaching to the Governor of one of the original States before the war, as compared to the decreased dignity and importance attaching to the office of Governor at the present time. There was an idea of nationality associated with each of the original States which has now almost entirely disappeared. These latter-day States are really regarded as mere districts within the United States, and as such can inspire little or no patriotic sentiment.

Hence it has come to pass that the position of United States Senator carries with it more dignity than the office of Governor. We are as a people gradually losing all feeling of patriotism as regards our native States and acquiring a wider, if a less deep, loyalty to the United States. This is for the best; it makes for better citizenship and has destroyed forever the notion that the United States is merely an association of States for mutual aid and protection. That idea of the American Republic vanished when the war of secession failed, and with it vanished the question of State rights—a question which was ably and sincerely debated, pro and con, in the halls of the United States Congress for half a century and more. We are now one undivided nation, one people, one fatherland, fused together in the red-hot furnace of inter-ethnic strife. Yes, the awful war of brother against brother settled that matter once for all time. But we should not forget that honest men, true Americans, loyal citizens were divided upon that question; that there was a time in the history of this country when State loyalty was the highest loyalty and State patriotism the highest patriotism—the only patriotism. And, more than that, it should be remembered in reviewing the life and character of General Lee that the State of Virginia existed long before the United States had any being; and that Virginia was not only General Lee's native State, but was the birthplace of Washington, of Jefferson, of Patrick Henry and Light-Horse Harry Lee, General Lee's father. The history and traditions of Virginia were the history and traditions of General Lee's own family and kindred.

It is true that he had been educated at West Point, the military school maintained by the general government. But West Point was, in the mind of the advocates of State rights, an institution supported jointly by the several States composing the national compact and for their mutual benefit. Each State contributed its part in money and men to this common benefit, and the account was thus automatically balanced from year to year. It was the State that sent the cadet to the Military Academy, and to the State was the service of the soldier due. Such at least was the feeling in the South before the war of secession. Secession was opposed by a very large part of the



Southern people, and General Lee was among that number. And Lee's native State was the very last to go out of the Union. Had Virginia remained in the Union, General Lee's duty and patriotism would have been clear, and he would not have hesitated for one moment to go with his State. It is this conflict of duties that brings about the tragedies of life, and this was the tragedy of General Lee's life. He was an American in every fiber of his being, every pulsation of his heart, and he felt that secession, even if successful, would be fatal to the best interests of America. But what could he do when his native State, with all her glorious history and associations, cast in her lot with the cause of secession? He had no choice but to go with it. He could not draw his sword against his own kindred and his own home. His State was his only fatherland, therefore to say that General Lee was even in this tragical crisis of his life as true an American patriot as Grant or Lincoln is to speak but the simple truth.

But these great Americans, Grant and Lincoln, had come from States that had been cut out of the common territory belonging to all the States, and these men felt, could feel no special patriotism for such a mere political and geographical entity, nor could they in common with most of the Northern people appreciate the intense love of State which Lee and other Southern men felt.

Moreover, Lincoln and Grant and all the Northern people were not called upon to face such a conflict of duties. Their States and the United States took the same course, so that in going with their States they also went with the government of the United States. Hence there were no heartburnings. Again, it must be remembered that the matter of slavery was not the question which was uppermost in the public mind at the beginning of the war. Lee never would have drawn his sword to perpetuate slavery. He did not believe in slavery, but the war complicated and confused matters, and the only direct and clear issue that Lee and Jackson and their like saw and felt was that of State loyalty, which to them was a plain question of patriotism, of love for the fatherland. There were Southern men of high character and undoubted patriotism who went with the United States as against their native States. Such were General Thomas and Admiral Farragut. But I think it will be found that these men were bound to their

States by no such ties of history and tradition as was General Lee; and I believe that the consensus of enlightened opinion, North and South, must finally be that Gen. Robert E. Lee did the natural thing, the honorable thing, and the patriotic thing when he refused to command the United States army which was to invade the South and east in his lot with his native State; that the great dignity and nobleness of his character shines out with the same splendor in this act as in all his acts, and that therefore Gen. Robert E. Lee can be called, and rightly called, as great an American patriot as he was unquestionably a great American warrior. And as time goes on I think it will be seen that the two finest characters in American history since Washington were Lincoln and Lee. The one who was born to nothing and achieved everything; the other who was born to everything and handed the honorable traditions of family and State on to posterity with added luster.

[This publication in the VETERAN is not to indorse all the preacher says, while there is much good in his deductions. That "Lincoln achieves everything," for instance, seems quite extravagant. There is a latent intelligence in every sane man and woman which expands with opportunity, and that was given to Lincoln. The South doesn't forget his kindness of heart, but that renegade Democrat, the villainous Stanton, controlled him. He said that under his oath of office he had no right to interfere with the institution of slavery, and yet under that same oath he proclaimed freedom to slaves in many of the States. References like this are not pleasant; but when American patriots in or out of the pulpit want to do the right thing, they should consider all the facts. The South is indeed grateful for such wholesome truths as set forth by Dr. Royce, especially because they tend to the restoration of fraternity among the States and for the peace of the nation; but the principles involved in the change of government are not justified, because force caused it, and the prediction is made in sorrow that there never can be that devotion to a centralized government that existed during the years of statehood fought for by the New England as well as by the Southern States.]

GRACIOUS EXPRESSION FROM U. S. GRANT III.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, President General U. D. C., received a letter from Washington January 11, 1913, stating:

"My Dear Mrs. White: Shortly after the meeting of your society in this city I had occasion to visit the Capitol, and was much touched to notice that you had placed a wreath—and a very beautiful one—on the statue of my grandfather, General and President Grant. Such a gracious and graceful act on the part of your society deserves sincere gratitude, and I offer you my own thanks from a full heart. I am sure that nothing would give my grandfather greater comfort and happiness, were he still with us, than to know of your tribute to his memory and to realize that his wish for peace and good will among Americans has found public recognition in the act of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"I must beg you to express to the other members of your association the deep appreciation which a grandson must feel.

"Very respectfully yours,
U. S. GRANT III.,
Captain Corps of Engineers, United States Army."

WANTS NEWS OF OLD COMRADES.—N. Lee, of Ackerman, Choctaw County, Ala., asks for information of the few remaining members of Company D, 20th Alabama Regiment, Capt. R. H. Pratt. Comrade Lee enlisted in 1861 at Center-



ville, Bibb County, Ala. He was taken prisoner at Port Gibson and sent to Alton, Ill., but was exchanged in time to take part in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, also in the Georgia campaign. He is seventy years old.



CAPT. J. M. WEIDEMEYER AND WIFE.

The above pictures were made in 1863, fifty years ago, Captain Weidemeyer's at Gulfport, Miss., and his wife's (who was Miss Lelia Crutchfield) at Paris, Tex. They were married November 12, 1853. Captain Weidemeyer answered to the last roll call January 12, 1911, eight years after celebrating their golden wedding (see page 178 of the April number, 1911). Mrs. Weidemeyer spent last winter in Virginia, and she is much with her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Gantt, one of the general officers of the U. D. C. in Jefferson City, Mo., but retains her home at Clinton, Mo. She is a remarkably active woman for so many summers.

In his official report in the "War Records" of the Georgia campaign from Kennesaw Mountain, on September 7, 1864, Gen. F. M. Cockrell, commanding the Missouri brigade, said of Captain Weidemeyer, in connection with others, that as acting ordnance officer he "faithfully discharged every duty."

REUNION IN TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

BY CHARLES RAWLS, TEAGUE, TEX.

The question has been discussed in the VETERAN as to when and where the first Reunion took place. Though there is very little similarity between our first Reunion and the way they are conducted to-day, I claim that ours was not the rear guard of the organization.

In the spring of 1888, when I was Clerk of the District Court for Mills County, Tex., one day Judge J. R. Cowles, a lawyer formerly of Petersburg, Va., and W. H. Thompson, editor of the Goldthwaite Mountaineer, formerly of Greenville, S. C., came into my office on a friendly call. It was not long before our conversation drifted into reminiscences of the Confederate war. When I began to relate an old war story of a rough-and-tumble snow fight between Perry's Florida Brigade, of which I was a member, and Mahone's Virginia Brigade, Judge Cowles excitedly grasped my hand, exclaiming: "Rawls, were you in that snow battle? I was too. I was a member of Mahone's Brigade."

In the course of our conversation we soon found that not one of us could tell an experience but that the others knew something of it. It then occurred to us that if by a casual

meeting twenty-three years after three men who had stood together in those troublous times should thus meet for the first time and know each other why should there not be others? So we decided to make a roster of all the ex-Confederate soldiers in the county, and I was designated to do the work. In a few months our list showed one hundred and forty names. Then a meeting was called at which it was agreed that we would meet at Goldthwaite on a certain day, each man bringing his blankets and rations prepared to camp in regular army style. We built our little fires about over the camp ground, gathered around them, and told our experiences and anecdotes and all the jokes we knew on each other. In fact, there was very little sleeping done. We camped only one night. Shortly afterwards we organized and named our camp. Though I have attended many Reunions since, there have been none that I enjoyed as I did that first one.

BATTLE IN THE SNOW FIFTY YEARS AGO.

During a part of February, 1863, Perry's Florida Brigade and Mahone's Virginia Brigade were camped near each other about two miles out from Fredericksburg, on the Orange and Alexandria Road. On the night of February 21 there fell about ten inches of snow; and as we had no tents, our camp the next morning looked like little banks of snow where the men lay asleep on their pallets. About daylight the boys began to wake up, and as they uncovered their heads the snow would fall in, covering their faces, necks, and shoulders. Then the fun began. The first ones up would run and jerk the blankets off the others, literally covering them with snow, until the whole brigade was up and in a free-for-all snow fight.

It was not long before those on the outskirts of the two brigades began to fire a few shots at each other. Presently some of the boys began to cry out: "Look out, boys! They are coming." And sure enough, with their officers mounted on their horses and the men forming on their colors in regular line of battle, Mahone's Brigade was preparing to charge our camp, which it did in gallant style. Before they reached us we were formed and ready to meet them. Then came off one of "the hardest-fought battles of the war." The snow-balling soon ceased, for as we came together we grabbed each other in a regular hand-to-hand fight, each trying to cram the snow down the other's back. Sometimes two or three were on one or half a dozen in a pile on the ground rubbing the snow in each other's hair and beard or cramming it in their bosoms. Some of us came out of the fight considerably worsted, our colonel, for instance, a fine-looking man, with jet black hair and long, full beard. The Virginians pulled him off his horse, rolled him in the snow, and rubbed his hair and beard full of it.

Well, the wind-up of it was that we, the Floridians, were badly beaten. The Virginians beat us then as badly as we beat the Pennsylvania Bucktails in the battle of Seven Pines, or Hood's Texas Brigade beat the New York Zouaves at Second Manassas.

FLAG OF COMPANY D, 15TH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.—Inquiry is made by Mrs. J. W. Heath, 411 Tilton Avenue, San Mateo, Cal., of the flag captured from Company D, Wigfall Rifles, 15th Mississippi Regiment. The company left Greensboro, Miss., in May, 1861, she thinks. Mrs. Heath was one of the young ladies who assisted in making the flag, and she is deeply concerned in locating it. Her husband was with Stanford's Battery from Grenada, Miss.

CROSSES AND FLOWERS MINGLE IN LOUISIANA.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

New Orleans had a happy blending of Memorial Day exercises and bestowal of crosses of honor.

For the first time in the history of Memorial Day exercises the bestowal of crosses of honor on living veterans was combined in impressive ceremonies with the decoration of the graves.

A faultless spring day was enjoyed for the patriotic observance, and the fairest flowers of the Southland were brought in profusion by devoted Daughters of the Confederacy, who came with arms laden with these floral treasures, and among their flowers shone resplendent a lovely wreath from the Grand Army of the Republic. Veterans of the gray came in autos to visit the graves of their dead comrades and listen to the praises of the cause they loved.

Adj. Gen. M. L. Costley, of the Louisiana Division, acted as master of ceremonies in place of General Shaffer, who was unable to be present. The bestowal of crosses of honor was in charge of the New Orleans Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy through its chairman, Mrs. H. J. Seiferth, and the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter by Mrs. E. C. T. Longmire.

The Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Veterans, and friends assembled at Memorial Hall. Many of the floral offerings were carried out to be placed as directed by the donors. The Lee monument, which had been beautifully decorated by the committee from the New Orleans and Fitzhugh Lee Chapters, with Mrs. H. J. Seiferth chairman, was first visited, and a special car in waiting was soon filled with the patriotic band, who proceeded to the Jefferson Davis monument. This monument was elaborately decorated by the committee of which Mrs. H. J. Prados was chairman.

In a special auto which had been placed at the service of New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., by the Fairchild Auto Company were the venerable life members of the Chapters, the "mothers of veterans," Mes. Almira Phelps, Georgiana Kelly, J. F. Spearing, and F. G. Freret, representatives of the Southern womanhood of 1861-65. Upon reaching the cemetery the Veterans and Daughters proceeded to Metairie Cemetery, where the tombs of the different organizations, the Washington Artillery, the Army of Tennessee, and the Army of Northern Virginia, were visited in turn, the procession winding up at the Confederate tomb in Greenwood, where the exercises of the day were held.

There the invocation was spoken by Rev. John C. Barr, pastor of the Lafayette Presbyterian Church, after which Major Costley stated briefly the purposes of the exercises and introduced the orator of the day, General Booth, who said in part:

"To-day we have strewn flowers upon the graves of our deceased comrades of the armies of the Confederate States of America, and have assembled to do honor to their memory. In doing this we testify to their heroic devotion to duty and also to the fact that they justly claim an honored place in the patriotic history of the republic founded by our forefathers and in the indissoluble union of the States as it is now established.

"Forty-eight years ago we surrendered the national authority of the Confederate flag to forces of superior numbers and to the decree of the God of nations and sorrowfully submitted to his divine will. What a gloom hung over our beloved Southland when we returned to our devastated homes in the sorrows of defeat and under the contumely that attends the unsuccessful revolutionist and the defeated warrior!

The clouds of those dreary days had but one silver lining to encourage us and to inspire a hope for the future, and that was the unswerving loyalty and glorious devotion of the beautiful women of the South as they stood by us in those dark and trying times.

"For a time it looked like the Confederate flag had been furled forever, and hard indeed it was to submit to a providence which appeared to us to favor the injustice and oppression of the victors, who had violated the Constitution by the confiscation of our property and the coercion of our sovereign States into a union which did not then rest upon 'the consent of the governed.' How could we then foresee that the manly struggles of our defeated soldiers, aided and encouraged by the loyalty and devotion of our Southern women, could succeed in the preservation of our civilization, the re-establishment of our States, and the perpetuation of constitutional government?

"During those most trying times of reconstruction, when the victors were placing our former slaves to rule over us, how could we hope that the flag we had so devotedly followed could ever be honored and justified by our former brothers of the North, who were then our despoilers? Yet we now see that within the half century the best legal minds from the Federal side of the strife have admitted that our contentions were legal and justified by the Constitution and laws of the United States when we took up arms in 1861.



MRS. JOHN H. HINEMON,

Chaperon for U. S. C. V. of Arkansas at Chattanooga Reunion.

"And now we see our hallowed and beloved flag of the Confederacy again unfurled and acknowledged by our former foes as the worthy emblem of patriotic devotion to duty and as one of the richest heritages of a reunited people and a great republic. Our fellow citizens who fought us are not now ashamed to come with us when we assemble to do honor to the memory of our deceased comrades and the flag they loved so well. Our loyalty and theirs has been tested and will not be found wanting when our country is imperiled or our liberties threatened. * * *

"We of the ranks of the surviving United Confederate Veterans in thus honoring our dead are performing not only a duty we owe to their memory, but also a duty to the republic and to future generations in the preservation of such ideals as ennoble the citizen and make service and patriotism worth while.

"Now while we are rapidly passing away there is time for neither strife nor faltering. We must stand resolutely together and with the smile of confidence in our faces as we go hence look to our sons and our daughters while we set them the example of loyal lives and duty well performed.

"We should say to our successors: 'Keep up this hallowed custom when we are gone; honor your sires, love your people, your State, and your country while you aid in the great civilization of the future, on which we ask the blessings of Almighty God, where we confidently hope that our sons will be peers among American patriots and our daughters of the beautiful Southland the fairest flowers of the republic.'"

Gen. A. B. Booth was a sergeant in Company K, 3d Louisiana Infantry. He was born May 4, 1844, and entered the Confederate army in 1861 when seventeen years of age, and was paroled May 1, 1865, three days before he was old enough to vote. His company was from Baton Rouge, where he then lived. He was born in Scott County, Ky., but his family settled in Louisiana in 1848.



A. B. BOOTH.

CALVARY FIGHT AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY HORATIO C. HAGGARD, NORFOLK, VA.

In 1862, after the battles around Richmond had been fought and McClellan had withdrawn to his transports, our company (I) was ordered to Fredericksburg. The other three companies of our battalion—Cooper's, Scott's, and Pitt's—followed later. The evening we reached Fredericksburg Major Critcher, in command of a part or all of his battalion, told our captain, James Forbes Simpson, that he need not put out any pickets for the night, as theirs were on the front and would care for our safety.

We found quarters in the old theater, and through a four-foot alley took our horses to the vacant lot in the rear. Being quite jaded, we were all soon asleep on the floor of the theater, and were not disturbed until just before sunrise,

when a man rode by with only a halter on his horse yelling: "Run for your lives! The Yankees are coming!" And, so shouting, he rode at top speed to Major Critcher's headquarters. He completely stampeded his whole command. Many of them mounted their horses with only halters on and rode off, leaving everything, even their headquarters' flag.

Captain Simpson ordered us to get out in the street with our horses and arms and to form line as quickly as possible. But only nine had gotten out when the Yankees came dashing by. W. B. Thompson was killed, H. F. Bell was rendered unconscious by a saber cut over his head, and the other seven were made prisoners. The Yankees charged on to Critcher's headquarters, and in the meantime the remainder of us got out in front of the theater and formed line and waited for them, reserving our fire, as ammunition was scarce. When they were close we gave them a volley and charged them, using our sabers with telling effect. They broke and ran down Princess Anne Street toward the ford of the Rappahannock River. We rode ahead of many of them after giving each one a cut with the saber in passing. We actually straddled their column, and in this way chopped away all along the line, some using pistols. We followed them across the ford and some distance on the Falmouth side. They numbered between five hundred and six hundred, while we had about one hundred. We captured six out of the seven they had taken of our men, and I do not understand why we did not recover the other one, Wiley Walker. We killed, wounded, and captured more than our number.

However, the bravest of all the participants in the episode were the ladies of Fredericksburg. During all of the fighting in Princess Anne and the other streets they were cheering us on, waving their handkerchiefs from porches and windows, notwithstanding the firing by both sides. Even a cowardly man could hardly help being a hero on such an occasion as that. The ladies took almost equal risk with the soldiers. More patriotic or braver women than these are rarely found. During all of the hard-fought battles at Fredericksburg and while Burnside was mobilizing his great army on Falmouth side our company was the only force in the town, watching every movement of the enemy; and those who were not on picket were kept moving about from street to street, making a "bluff" as to our numbers. During those several weeks these same ladies continued to minister to our wants, even bringing buckets of water for our horses.

The man who captured Critcher's Battalion flag was, while bearing it off, killed by Oney Brock, one of our men, from a side yard, where he had gone to seek breakfast, and the flag was recovered.

Major Critcher's men came straggling in after many days, and were very much ashamed at having allowed themselves to be stampeded by one of their men before they had even seen the enemy. After this they were as good as any soldiers.

Our two battalions were consolidated and called the 15th Regiment, with Ball colonel and Critcher lieutenant colonel; and later on, as the regiments dwindled in numbers, the 15th and 5th were consolidated and called the 5th Regiment until the end of the war.

Although I was but sixteen years of age at that time, my memory of the affair is vivid, and I feel that as one of the few still living I should make record of this fight.

[Those who know nothing of battles might reflect unjustly upon Critcher's men by the foregoing. The best soldiers may be stampeded in an effort to avoid capture.]

JAMES H. BERRY.

James H. Berry was born in Jackson County, Ala., on May 15, 1841. When he was seven years old his father moved with his family to Carrollton, Ark., where young Berry spent the remainder of his youth and, after the War between the States, the earlier part of his married life. His father was of humble means, and coming into what was then a frontier State, he and his family lived in the primitive style of pioneers in an environment affording the most limited social and educational advantages. Almost the entire school training acquired by James H. Berry was during one year under a capable master at Rhea's Academy, at Berryville, in Carroll County.

When a boy of eighteen he enlisted as a private soldier in Captain Poyner's company, of the 16th Arkansas Infantry, U. S. A., a regiment that made a splendid record. In the permanent organization of the company he was made a second lieutenant, and that rank he held when, on October 4, 1862, in the severe battle of Corinth, Miss., his right leg was torn away by a grape-shot during a deadly charge against the Federal lines. He was never able again to participate in the battles of his country, but the sacrifice illustrates his fealty to his country. Throughout his life, even to its latest day, his great heart ever beat with loyalty and reverence for the South and the Confederate cause.

When the struggle was over and the exhausted armies of the South had yielded to the inevitable and the soldiers had returned to their wasted, desolated homes, he took up the civic burden with the same stern fortitude that he met the foe in open battle; and in spite of difficulties seemingly insurmountable he forged to the front in domestic, social, professional, and political success, and on to the highest goal that his State could give him.

After the war he first taught a country school; and though maimed in body and with empty purse, he won the love and regard of the noble woman who became the mother of his children and was ever his faithful, loving wife, his unfaltering stay and comforter.

Returning to Carrollton shortly after his marriage, he was admitted to the bar. In 1869 he moved to Bentonville and engaged in the practice of law.

In 1872 he was elected to the Lower House of the General Assembly from Benton County, and at the extra session in 1874 he was made Speaker. In September, 1878, he was elected Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Arkansas, composed of the counties of Benton, Washington, Madison, Carroll, Boone, Newton, Marion, and Searey.

Having rendered most acceptable service as Judge, he became a candidate for Governor of the State; but before announcing his candidacy he resigned the judge's office with its emoluments. He was chosen Governor in 1882. In March, 1885, he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Hon. A. H. Garland, called to the Cabinet of President Cleveland; and he was reelected to the Senate in 1890, in 1895, and in 1901, thus having an uninterrupted term of service as Senator of twenty-two years.

In whatever position the people placed him, he performed its every duty and bore its every responsibility with an eye single to public welfare. No man possessed a higher sense of honor or conformed more scrupulously to its exactions. He was devoted to the people's interests and sympathized with them profoundly in his every public act and utterance.

There was no dubious mystery about his conduct. No sus-

picion of taint ever touched his reputation. No special interest nor manipulator of hoodie ever dared to approach him.

He paid his debts of all kinds and never possessed a dollar that did not come to him by the most unquestionable right. He was poor in purse, but rich in the splendor of an honored name.

Senator Berry's was a useful life. He was ever vigilant, impelled by a restless, nervous energy, with alert and accurate



HON. JAMES H. BERRY.

perception, seasoned withal by an unerring sense of right, devoting his life to public service.

Probably no member of the great legislative body to which he belonged for so many years had a more potential influence with his colleagues. He did not seek to beguile the Senate with alluring rhetoric or seductive speech. He paraded no boastful powers in the great conflicts of discussion. He was content with a simple statement of the reasons which impelled his convictions, and so earnest was he, so clear was his moral perception that his words always found lodgment in the minds and consciences of his hearers.

The predominating characteristic of the man was absolute integrity. He was honest with his fellows and with himself, and was a lover of truth. He was charitable toward all, and never imputed a bad motive when a good one could be considered at all probable. He was upright, courageous, and patriotic; a loyal, faithful friend and a kind and gentle husband and father.

The loss from his death is not to his family, nor the bar, nor the State alone; it is universal.

Committee: Hugh A. Dinsmore, J. Vol Walker, Fayetteville; James F. Read, Fort Smith; C. M. Rice, F. G. Lindsey, W. O. Young, and W. S. Floyd, Bentonville, Ark.

[The foregoing is copied from a more elaborate tribute and

certified to by W. M. Heaslet, Circuit Clerk of Benton County. At the time of his death he was United States Commissioner in charge of marking the graves of Confederates who died in Northern prisons.]

IN MEMORY OF HON. JAMES H. BERRY.

BY GEORGE M. BILGER.

The muffled drums and bugle note,
The martial requiem here,
The banners that so sadly float
Above the soldier's bier;
The thrice ten thousand voices still,
The heads of thousands bowed,
Proclaim the death of one who'd fill
Full well a kingly shroud.
And yet the winding sheet we've brought
No monarch e'er could claim—
The banner under which he fought,
Through battle smoke and flame.
Unmindful of the gory past,
Of marches, wounds, and scars,
He rests, enshrouded, here at last
Within the Stars and Bars.
And while that bonnie flag of blue
Enwraps him in his bed,
The Stars and Stripes, all honor due,
Pays to our noble dead.
And love has brought unto that bed
The noblest tribute seen:
The tears that Southern eyes have shed
O'er that low tent of green.
And still the soldier-statesman lives,
Beloved of Arkansas;
And honor to his worth we give
With every breath we draw.
Then rear a shaft above the sod
And let him read who will:
"Made in the image of his God,
He's kept that likeness still."

DEATH OF REV. R. F. TREDWAY.

Many readers of the *VETERAN* knew and greatly esteemed Rev. R. F. Tredway. He was a Baptist minister, reared in Pittsylvania County, Va. He served his Church in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana. For a few years previous to his death he was in evangelical service, making his home at Mansfield, where he was married to Margie Cunningham. He is survived by his widow and their only child, named for his father. After an absence on a tour of preaching, he returned to Mansfield December 10, 1912, perfectly well and of course happy with his family. They anticipated spending Christmas in their new home. Pneumonia developed, and during the holidays and in nine days after his arrival death claimed him. He was doing noble work with the Home Board of his Church. Hundreds of telegrams and letters were sent to the distressed widow from many sections of the South.

This notice has been delayed in the hope of more extended tribute indicating the nobility of character and the usefulness of this gifted, noble man.

FROM A COMRADE IN BLUE.

L. R. Burress, of Brownsville, Tex., has received a friendly letter from E. Culven, of Faraway Cottage, Ingleside, Ill., a comrade of the blue, commenting with pleasure on Mr. Burress's story in a recent *VETERAN* of the "Brave Mississippians in Virginia." The writer asks for information about a plucky Confederate color bearer at Malvern Hill. He says that his regiment, the 44th New York, charged the Confederate lines and captured a flag, and that the action of the boy who carried the flag was so gallant that the charging men in blue were impressed by it and have remembered it ever since. While his entire command fell back before the fury of the Federals' charge, this boy stood alone and defiant, swinging his flag in their faces. The captured banner, which was inscribed with the name "Seven Pines," was taken to Harrison's Landing and was afterwards sent to Governor Morgan at Albany, N. Y.

"I have not yet," writes Comrade Culven, "succeeded in finding what finally became of it. I am hoping for information concerning it and also about the brave young fellow who bore it and the regiment to which he belonged. Acts like his and Jim Moser's should not be left untold before we pass over to the great Commander's home. * * * Your mention of Gaines's Mill touches me deeply. I was in the fight there also. At Malvern Hill our numbers were like your own, less than three hundred in our regiment when we went in and only a pitiful remnant afterwards."

WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT WILLIAM B. HUSSEY—The widow of William B. Hussey, 900 Lea Avenue, Nashville, Tenn., seeks a pension and asks information about her husband, who was from Huntsville, Ala. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Middleton, Tenn., in the 9th Tennessee Infantry, Company F, Steven's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, of Bragg's army. Dr. J. S. Neeley, of Middleton, Tenn., was his first lieutenant. Mr. Hussey was sent to the hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., sometime in 1863, suffering with rheumatism, and was serving as steward of the hospital at the time of the battles of Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. He was afterwards with Hood in the fighting through Georgia, and was hurt by a piece of shell while in the trenches in front of Atlanta. He was also in Tennessee with Hood, but his widow does not know where he was discharged or what regiment he was in after leaving the hospital. She says: "I know that he served throughout the entire war and took the oath before a provost marshal after he came home to Huntsville. As he was not in an Alabama regiment, it is harder to trace his record. We married in Huntsville in 1882. I belong to Nashville Chapter, No. 1, U. D. C."

GEORGE BOSWELL, OF VIRGINIA, DROWNED IN OHIO.—T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, wrote on April 2: "George Boswell, of the 13th or 16th Virginia, C. S. A., was drowned on our Miami County Fair Ground during our recent flood and was buried in the Casstown (Ohio) Cemetery by charity. Please make this announcement in the *VETERAN*, so that his surviving comrades may know his fate. He was about eighty and very intelligent. He had been camping out for years, and had made many friends. He was buried in the G. A. R. plot, and his grave will be annually decorated. Our great disaster was most horrible. The water got into our house. Thousands in the Miami Valley lost everything, and the death list will never be known. The suffering is very great."

THE LAST ROLL

A MEMORIAL BALLAD

BY A. H. SHARP.

Comrades, courage! We are going
 On a voyage, 'tis our last
 On this onward ebbing flowmg,
 Life's low waves are ebbing fast.
 Shall we dread the shadows sleeping
 Far along the other shore?
 Shall we fear the darkness creeping,
 Creeping nearer more and more?
 Others, bold, have gone before us—
 Comrades who disdained to yield
 When the raging battle bore us
 Onward o'er the stubborn field.
 Promptly from their bivouacs rising
 To the bugle's waking call;
 Promptly into line, despising
 What of danger might befall.
 Warriors of the South! We owe them
 Tribute more than words can tell,
 Mem'ries rich with love, bestow them—
 Shafts of granite where they fell.
 Romance old can tell no truer,
 Nobler tales of daring done,
 History, for deed and doer,
 Braver soul it has not one.
 Life for them was but campaigning
 On the ringing plains of strife,
 Sometimes losing, sometimes gaining,
 Brave always, and that was life.
 O, my friends! What jewels were they
 Where they lay so young and fair!
 Country's jewels! 'Twas for her they
 Flew to arms and death did dare.
 Mother's jewels! She had borne them
 Bravely in her arms till strong.
 Maidens' jewels! They had worn them
 In their throbbing hearts so long.
 Tell your children now their story,
 Lisp it softly, gently tell,
 Not for wages, not for glory;
 'Twas for home and right they fell.

STEPHEN HANNAS.

Stephen Hannas, one of the best-known men of his county, died at his home, near Romney, W. Va., on December 29, 1912, in his seventieth year. During the war he served as a member of Company D, 11th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Maj. E. H. McDonald; and he was the third of that command to die within three months. He was a member of Camp Hampshire, U. C. V. His wife, three sons, and four daughters survive him.

G. N. CLAYTON.

On February 16, 1913, Sergt. G. M. Clayton answered the last roll. Early in 1861, when a boy of sixteen, he had donned the gray, enlisting in the Cane Creek Riflemen, a company made up in Cane Creek Valley and commanded by Capt. Fred Blake and which afterwards became Company H, 25th North Carolina Regiment. He became orderly sergeant of the company and participated in nearly all the engagements of his regiment from the beginning of the Seven Days' Battle about Richmond until he surrendered at Appomattox. He was a good soldier, cool and deliberate and a stranger to fear.

Comrade Clayton was an active Mason, loyal and charitable. He was a member of the Zeb Vance Camp, No. 681, U. C. V., and was laid to rest by the Masons and members of his lodge. He leaves a wife and three children—two sons and one daughter—also two brothers and one sister.

[Memorial by Jas. Reese, W. C. Sales, D. W. Cauble, Com.]



J. T. TALLEY.

John T. Talley, known by the members of his company as "J. T.," died at his home, in Temple, Tex., February 8, 1913. He was born in Heard County, Ga., April 20, 1840. He enlisted in Company E, 17th Alabama Infantry, and served as orderly sergeant. He was with the same company from the beginning to the end of the war, never missing a fight in which it took part until he was wounded in the battle of Franklin. He was captured there and taken to Camp Chase, where he remained till after the surrender, in 1865.

After the war he returned to Randolph County, Ga., where his family had moved in his boyhood and where he married Miss Treacy Stephens in 1865. In 1866 he moved to a farm in Heard County, Ga.; and there remained till 1870, when he sold his farm and moved by the overland route to Bell County, Tex., where he was eminently successful. His health failing, he left his farm in 1907 and moved to Temple.

Comrade Talley had a fine memory. He could give a detailed account of every march and fight in which he had taken part, and his description of these was so vivid and dramatic as always to thrill his listeners.

WILLIAM A. THOMPSON.

William A. Thompson died at his residence, near Gurley, East Feliciana Parish, La., on January 5, 1913, aged sixty-nine years. He was a native of St. Helena Parish, but had resided in East Feliciana since his boyhood. When the War of the States began, he joined the Hunter Rifles, the first company to leave the parish, in April, 1861. This company was attached to the 4th Louisiana Infantry, commanded by Col. H. W. Allen, afterwards Governor of Louisiana.

Comrade Thompson was in all the battles in which his regiment engaged, including Shiloh and Baton Rouge, and later served in the Tennessee and Georgia Campaign. He was wounded only once, and then but slightly. After the war he went home. He was married to Miss Forestine Henderson, of Louisiana, in April, 1868, and to this union were born seven daughters and two sons, all of whom are living except the first-born, a daughter.

Comrade Thompson was a faithful member of the M. E. Church, South, from his young manhood. He was a member of Feliciana Camp, No. 242, U. C. V., and a steadfast subscriber to the VETERAN. He is survived by his wife, six daughters, two sons, and a number of grandchildren.

[Sketch by J. A. White, Adj. S. E. Hunter Camp, No. 1185.]



F. W. SIMPSON.

On January 11, 1913, F. W. Simpson died at his home, in Athens, La. He was born in Chambers County, Ala., in June, 1840; and in 1862 he enlisted in Captain Harrington's company in the 14th Alabama Infantry. He served for two years and then was discharged on account of ill health. He, however, enlisted again and became a member of Captain Wallace's cavalry company, in General Tyler's command, but was at home disabled again by rheumatism when the army surrendered.

He belonged to Claiborne Camp, No. 548, at Homer, La. He was a member of the Baptist Church. In 1867 he married Anne Elizabeth Worrell and went to Louisiana and settled in Claiborne Parish at Arizona, where he lived until three years ago. He then moved to Athens, La., where he died.

CAPT. J. N. BRANHAM.

Capt. J. N. Branham died February 25, 1913, at Woodland Mills, Tenn., at the age of seventy-two years. He was of patriotic stock. His grandfather, Col. Nimrod Washington, commanded a Virginia regiment in the Revolutionary War. Captain Branham enlisted in Company D, 33d Tennessee Regiment, in September, 1861, at Union City. He was in the battle of Shiloh, and was wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., after which he did post duty in Georgia.

After the war Captain Branham returned home, bringing a wife, one of Georgia's fair and true daughters. He was honored by his comrades as Commander of Warren McDonald Bivouac at Union City. He was a member of the Baptist Church and superintendent of the Sunday school, and will be greatly missed by old and young.

[Tribute by Dr. J. F. Osborne, of Trenton, Tenn.]

D. T. RAINWATER.

From resolutions passed by Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V. Dallas, Tex.: "Comrade Rainwater died at his home on February 9, 1913. He was born in Roswell, Ga., August 11, 1845. At the age of sixteen years he entered the Confederate army as a member of the 22d Georgia Regiment, served throughout the war, and was in the surrender at Appomattox. He then returned to his home, and with his kindred and boyhood friends in Northern Georgia went to work for the rebuilding of the South. A year or so later he, with many of the younger element, and accompanied by his wife, went overland to Texas. About 1872 he went to Dallas, and since then had been a business man and resident of that city."

W. P. MANNING.

William P. Manning, Adjutant of Camp Magruder, No. 105, U. C. V., and a prominent figure among Confederate veterans of Galveston, died recently at the family residence after a lingering illness.

Colonel Manning, as he was familiarly known, had been a resident of Galveston for forty years. He was born June 1, 1846, at Mobile, Ala., and lived in that State prior to his going to Galveston. He served with the 22d Georgia Infantry and the Pelham Cadets through the War of the States. He was one of the charter members of Camp Magruder, and was its eleventh Commander. Last year he was elected Adjutant of the Camp, succeeding the late Capt. Thomas H. Edgar.

Surviving are his widow, who was Sophie Egner, and four children, Sam, Will J., Miss Anna, and Miss Lena.

CAPT. J. D. HOLLIDAY.

John Duncan Holliday, a well-known manufacturer of Indianapolis, died at the Methodist Hospital there on March 9, 1913, at the age of seventy-four.

Comrade Holliday was in the early seventies the founder of the Holliday & Wyon Co., manufacturers of harness and saddlery, but had retired from the active management of the business several years ago. He was born in Winchester, Va., in 1838, and on the outbreak of the war enlisted in the Confederate army. He served to the close of the war, rising to the rank of captain of artillery. He often said that as an illustration of his "good luck" every gun in his battery was a captured one.

At the close of hostilities Comrade Holliday went to Indianapolis, and for several years was with his brother, William J. Holliday, in the iron business. He was the oldest trustee of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church. He is survived by a widow and two sons, Edward and Duncan.

A. W. DUMAS.

Comrade A. W. Dumas died at his home, in Heber Springs, Ark., February 24, 1913, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Mr. Dumas served in the Confederate army throughout the war. He was a member of Company 1, 11th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Mahone's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He was in the first battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded. Five days before Lee's surrender he was wounded again in the battle at Petersburg. He was Adjutant of Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., and Aid-de-Camp on General Harley's staff, Oklahoma Division.

Mr. Dumas was born in Mississippi, and after the war settled in Arkansas. He is survived by his devoted wife.

WILLIAM P. DAVIS.

William P. Davis died September 13, 1912, at the residence of his daughter, in Dallas, Tex. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters. He was born in Clarksville, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate army early in the war. In 1867 he was married to Miss Nannie Halliburton.

In a diary kept during the four years of war Comrade Davis tells the story of his services: "I enlisted in 1861 and became a member of Company K, 14th Tennessee Infantry. Our regiment was transferred to Virginia, and served through the Cheat Mountain Campaign under General Lee. In December, 1861, we were sent to Winchester and were put under the command of General Jackson. Later we went to Richmond and afterwards were in the fighting at West Point and were in the battles of Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Mechanicsville, Cedar Mountain, and Manassas, where I was wounded. I was, however, able to rejoin my command in time for Fredericksburg, and was afterwards at Chancellorsville. I was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. I was also in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, and Malvern Hill. I was in the trenches in front of Petersburg in the summer of 1864, and after the hard fighting that intervened was at the evacuation of the little town in April, 1865, and was surrendered under General Lee at Appomattox."

REV. M. M. MOORE.

The following brief notice was found among the personal papers of the Rev. Dr. Moore, rector of All-Saints-by-the-Sea, at Montecito, Cal. It is dated July, 1908, and is directed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, where it appears now in answer to its writer's evident wish to be among the honored list of the VETERAN'S "Last Roll" and as a significant and heart-touching proof of the love and sympathy which exist between the VETERAN and its readers, wherever they may be:

"Rev. Melville M. Moore, of Montecito, Cal., died March 10, 1913. He was born in 1845 in Covington, Ky., where his father, G. G. Moore, was the first rector of Trinity Church. In 1862 he was one of some sixty men recruited in St. Louis County by Capt. Frank Gray for the C. S. A. The company left St. Louis County on the night of August 12 and safely made its way to the Confederate lines in Arkansas. He, with about half the men, joined Company D, 4th Missouri Cavalry, John Q. Burbridge commanding, in which he served until the surrender.

"After the war Mr. Moore engaged in commercial life in New Orleans. In 1876 he entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, being ordained by Bishop J. P. B. Wilmer in Trinity Church, in which parish he served as curate under Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, afterwards Bishop of Mississippi,

with special charge of Trinity Chapel. He was successively rector of Christ Church, Church Hill, Miss.; St. Peter's, Oxford, Miss.; Holy Trinity, Nashville, Tenn.; St. John's, Springfield, Mo.; and for years vicar of All-Saints-by-the-Sea, Montecito, a suburb of Santa Barbara, Cal. Mr. Moore was married three times and leaves one son, Melville M. Moore, Jr., who resides in New Orleans."

JAMES K. LAWLESS.

At his home, Morrystown, Tenn., on February 4, 1913, James K. Lawless answered the last roll call. He was born in Grainger County, Tenn., October 6, 1842. At the beginning of the War of the States and before Tennessee was organized for the conflict he went to Georgia and enlisted in the 1st Georgia Regiment. He was afterwards transferred to Company B, 3d Tennessee Regiment, and served until the close of the war. He was an active member of W. B. Bate Camp, whose members attended his funeral in a body.

Comrade Lawless was a man of upright character, a member of the Baptist Church, and his death is lamented by many friends. He is survived by five sons and one daughter.

A. E. DESHAZO.

Died at Mount Vernon, Tex., on April 4, 1913, Andrew Emmitt Deshazo. He was born in Barbour County, Ala., on December 11, 1842. He moved to Titus County, Tex., in 1869. He was first married to Miss Susan J. Spence, and after her death was again married to Miss Elizabeth Bennett. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter.

Comrade Deshazo enlisted at Clayton, Ala., in Company I, 39th Alabama Infantry, served to the surrender, and was paroled at Augusta, Ga. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., of Mount Vernon, Tex. He was a true Confederate soldier, a good citizen, and a member of the Baptist Church for twenty-seven years prior to his death. The burial service was conducted by Brother W. W. Morris, assisted by Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V.

[Sketch by R. A. Blakey, Commander of the Camp.]



JAMES LANKFORD.

James Lankford died on Christmas morning, 1912, in Saline County, Mo. He was a loyal Confederate and a patriotic citizen of his county, and as a testimony of his affection for his people he left one-fifth of a considerable estate for the maintenance of a town hall and a library at Marshall, to be established and managed by the Confederate veterans, children and grandchildren of Saline County. This sketch was held over for a more extended account of this member of a remarkable family.

MAJ. JOHN BROOME SHERRARD.

On November 30, 1912, Maj. John B. Sherrard, of the 13th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A., Stonewall Brigade, died at his home, in Burnet, Tex., at the age of ninety years. His birth occurred December 13, 1822, at Bloomery, Hampshire County, Va. (now W. Va.). He was the son of Col. Robert Sherrard and Elizabeth Parks (Wilson) Sherrard. His Grandfather Sherrard emigrated from Londonderry, Ireland, about 1784; and his Grandfather Wilson came to Virginia from Carlisle, Pa., with the tide that flowed south, filling its valley.



MAJ. JOHN B. SHERRARD.

On July 5, 1842, he was entered as a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, and was graduated July 4, 1845, standing third in his class. Returning to Hampshire County, he engaged in the mercantile business until 1861. He married in May, 1847, Miss Susan A. Gibson, who died in 1858. Of this union two children survive—namely, David Gibson, of Burnet, Tex., and Mrs. Annie H. Mallett, of Austin, Tex.

Before the war of 1861 Comrade Sherrard organized a militia company, the Hampshire Guards, of which he was elected captain. In the spring of 1861 this company enlisted in the Confederate States service and became Company K, 13th Virginia Infantry, Col. A. P. Hill commanding. It reported for duty at Harper's Ferry on May 19 to Gen. T. J. Jackson. A part of the regiment participated in the battle of Manassas, though Captain Sherrard's company did not reach the field from Winchester in time. On the reorganization of the army, Colonel Hill having been promoted, James A. Walker was elected colonel of the 13th Virginia, James B. Terrill lieutenant colonel, and John B. Sherrard major. All three field officers were graduates of the Virginia Military Institute and were superb soldiers.

The regiment was with General Jackson in his Valley Campaign, and then had to return hurriedly to confront Shields and Fremont in the battle of Cross Keys. In this battle Major Sherrard was placed in command of another small regiment and ordered to picket and hold in check any advance that might be attempted on the right wing. Fremont was repulsed, and the next day our troops recrossed the river and routed Shields. The enemy retreated before the 13th Virginia got into action. The regiment was then ordered to

Richmond. In a letter to the writer some years ago Major Sherrard, in describing the campaign in which his famous regiment took part, stated: "I was proud when 'Old Jack's' troops met and mingled with those brave soldiers of General Lee. I did not know till we got there that we had done anything to be proud of, but they made the woods ring with their cheers. We tackled the enemy at Cold Harbor with about 240, and we left 118 on the field. Walker and I escaped, neither of us being touched, but I lost four relatives in the half hour. We were held in reserve at Malvern Hill till darkness closed the bloody scene there."

Major Sherrard was detailed as provost marshal of the division, and was acting as such when the 13th Virginia formed a part of the column which flanked Pope and got all his rations. This regiment was at Second Manassas, at Chantilly, then on to the Potomac, to Harper's Ferry and its capture, then to Sharpsburg. Major Sherrard was still provost marshal of the division. Up to this time (September, 1864), he had served almost without a day's interruption from May, 1861, never off duty for any cause. Having asked for a few days' leave of absence to visit his family, and his application having been refused, he tendered his resignation. A little later he was appointed to recruiting service.

Some months later he was captured by a scouting party and sent to Camp Chase. A week before the evacuation of Richmond he was exchanged at Ball's Bluff, below Richmond. Before he reached his home he learned of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. He had been a prisoner seventeen months to a day.

In 1867 Major Sherrard removed to Canton, Miss., and there engaged in the mercantile business for four years. In 1870 he removed to Sherman, Tex., and followed the same business; and then to Burnet, Tex., where he engaged in the sheep and cattle business with his son, Col. David G. Sherrard, a distinguished graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. He resided at Burnet until his death, honored and beloved by all who knew him. He was an official of the Presbyterian Church and active in its sessions and courts.

Referring to his prison experience, Major Sherrard in a letter to the writer stated: "I want to put on record a fact, to which testimony can be furnished, as against the charge of our cruelty to prisoners at Andersonville. At Camp Chase, Ohio, the mortality among prisoners was fearful. I had good evidence that in six months, from September 15, 1864, to March 15, 1865, fifteen hundred Confederate prisoners died, mainly of pneumonia. They were short of hospital accommodations, so when a prisoner took the disease in the barracks they would not prescribe for him and would not take him to the hospital till he was in the last stages of the disease. This was simply a legal way of putting our men to death to get rid of them. They adjusted the patients to suit the hospital accommodations. There were about six hundred deaths in February, 1865, over twenty per day. These were prisoners sent from battle fields in Tennessee."

[Joseph R. Anderson, Historiographer V. M. I., Lee, Goochland County, Va.]

DEATHS IN GEN. JOHN PEGRAM CAMP.

Adj. J. L. Coff sends in the following list of deaths in General Pegram Camp, No. 1602, U. C. V., of Valley Head, W. Va., the deaths occurring since March, 1906: S. B. Kittle, W. C. S. Jordan, E. B. Ward, J. N. C. Bell, Josiah Vandeventer, W. J. Hamner, F. H. Dowell, John Varner, S. G. Ferrell, M. N. Pullin, F. M. Hill, J. D. Warner.

COL. THOMAS CLAIBORNE.

Col. Thomas Claiborne was born in Nashville, Tenn., June 20, 1823, and was admitted to the bar of Nashville in 1843. The same year he moved to Trenton, in West Tennessee, where he practiced law and afterwards edited the Trenton True American until after Mr. Polk was elected President. He then went to Washington City and accepted a position in the Register's office, where he remained until the 27th of May, 1864, when he became second lieutenant of Company B of the regiment of mounted rifles which had just been recruited for the war in Mexico and which was sent to the scene of action via New Orleans.

This regiment landed at Vera Cruz under General Scott, and was engaged seventeen days in the siege of that place. The night before the battle of Cerro Gordo young Claiborne was promoted to first lieutenant of Company C, and the next day (April 17) led his company as a part of Twigg's Division in the charge up Alta Hill. At Jalapa he served against the guerrillas and was stationed at Perote Castle. At Huermantla on October 9 he was brevetted captain, his captain, Sam H. Walker, being killed there. He served in various expeditions and was in numerous battles and skirmishes until the close of hostilities.

After this he remained in the United States army until the beginning of the War of the States, when he resigned and went to Richmond to tender his services to the Confederacy. He had been fourteen years in the army when he resigned on May 14, 1861. Reaching Richmond July 1, he was sent to Winchester and placed on the staff of Joseph E. Johnston, and was later appointed by him lieutenant colonel and given charge of the 1st Kentucky Battalion. He was afterwards transferred to the staff of General Johnston as Assistant Inspector General of the Army of Northern Virginia, and then joined Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green, who made him assistant inspector general of his department. He was also appointed provost marshal of the army by General Johnston from Murfreesboro to Corinth, where he was made colonel of cavalry, and served two and a half months, when he went on General Beauregard's staff at Tupelo. When Bragg relieved Beauregard, who had commanded the army after General Johnston's death, Colonel Claiborne was placed by General Hardee in charge of the impedimenta of the army, and he conveyed it from Tupelo to Chattanooga in time for Bragg to go into Kentucky. Later Colonel Claiborne joined the staff of General Buckner at Chattanooga, and served with him in the Kentucky campaign. Returning to Knoxville, he was made chief of cavalry of his department. He was at Perryville and was also in the battle of Murfreesboro, serving there with Hardee, and at Chickamauga with Buckner on the first day, and on the second day of the battle, the 20th of September, with Longstreet. Accompanying Buckner to Mobile, he remained with him until transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he served as assistant inspector general of the department under Gen. Kirby Smith until the surrender.

Colonel Claiborne was a gallant and efficient officer, and among many evidences of the esteem in which he was held is the commendation of his gallant conduct in the battle of Murfreesboro found in the official correspondence of General Hardee, as well as the flattering words of friendly appreciation expressed in a personal letter from General Buckner.

Since the war Colonel Claiborne had lived in and near Nashville. He was the last survivor of the Mounted Rifles.



COL. THOMAS CLAIBORNE.

Colonel Claiborne's father was the son of Maj. Thomas Claiborne, of Nashville, and the grandson of Col. Thomas Claiborne, who served in the first Congress of the United States, and he was the descendant of William Claiborne, Secretary of the Colony of Virginia in 1621. On his mother's side he was descended from the Lewis family of Virginia and North Carolina. His grandfather, with twenty-one kinsmen in his regiment, led the attack at King's Mountain and was wounded. He and two others Lyman C. Draper, in his "Heroes of King's Mountain," mentions as "a magnificent trimvirate of men." Colonel Claiborne was a Royal Arch Mason. He died April 23, 1911, at his residence, in Nashville.

MRS. CATHERINE R. HUDSON.

Mrs. C. R. Hudson, wife of Dr. G. W. Hudson, passed away on Sunday, March 2, 1913, at the family home, in Camden, Ark. She was a devoted member of the Grinstead Chapter, U. D. C., and she was State chaperon at the Confederate Reunion in Little Rock, Ark., in 1911.

In a tribute paid by her Chapter of Daughters they state: "She was a faithful Daughter of the Confederacy; she was always ready to do any work the society assigned her, and what she did was well done; she loved to honor the cause in every way possible. To have known her, to have worked with her, and to have been loved by her was a blessing. We wonder why God in his goodness and mercy came and took one so helpful in her immediate family."

She was the mainstay of an aged mother and husband and of a little son ten years old, whose care and instruction was so necessary to prepare him for life's duties. Her life has been a benediction. May it be an inspiration!

CAPT. ALEXANDER LAWSON.

Capt. Alexander Lawson, member of the famous Orphan Brigade, died at Louisville, Ky., October 9, 1912. He was born in North Carolina in 1839, and at an early age went with his mother to Kentucky. He volunteered in the 6th Kentucky Infantry in June, 1861, at Cave City as orderly sergeant and later was promoted to captain.



CAPT. ALEXANDER LAWSON.

He engaged in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Chickamauga, and all other battles of his command. He was twice carried off the battle field, thought to be fatally wounded, but afterwards returned to the field and engaged in the battle. He was with the men who fought Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. With thirty-two men he was detailed to harass Kilpatrick's command, and was captured November 24, 1864, and held as hostage to be taken

to prison and shot, but he made his escape with Major Lattimore, on parole from the Virginia Army. His command at one time numbered 5,000 men, but at the close of the war surrendered only two hundred and fifty. Of the entire brigade, only fifty men escaped without a wound.

After the war Captain Lawson went to Louisville, Ky., where he held a number of civic positions. He was a Mason and active in politics, a man of striking presence, genial in disposition, and bore himself always with distinction. His wife, Bettie Polk, daughter of Dr. Polk, of Louisville, survives him with four sons and a daughter.



WILLIAM A. WILCOX.

On page 526 of the November (1912) VETERAN appears a brief sketch of Comrade W. A. Wilcox, who served through-

out the war in the 8th Georgia Regiment except while wounded. He was later a State Senator in his native Georgia. He was married in 1869 to Editha, only child of W. W. and Emma Churchill.

MRS. JAMES R. BINFORD.

Col. James R. Binford writes to the Baptist Record of his beloved wife: "On February 28, 1866, I married Frances L.



MRS. J. R. BINFORD (STANDING), MRS. SYKES, AND HER BROTHER, COLONEL BINFORD.

Campbell, a God-given wife. We shared each other's joys and sorrows; and as I knew her as no others could, I deem it my duty to testify to her noble, pure Christian life. Her love for me was ever as pure as the snow; her greatest desire was ever to serve her God, make me happy, and add to the happiness of others. Her heart was free from guilt. She was the light of my life and the joy of my heart, and by her pure life did much to purify mine. Our home was a happy one, demonstrating the fact that 'where there is love there is peace, and where there is peace there is God.' She was ever ready to comfort and console me and to say: 'It is God's will; he doeth all things well.' She was in our home the golden setting in which the brightest jewel was mother; our home was the blossom of which heaven will be the fruit. She made our home the kindest, sweetest place in all the earth; it was the father's kingdom and the children's paradise. On February 21, 1913, the loving, all-wise Heavenly Father, knowing her patient suffering from disease, said: 'Come up higher.'

J. M. CUSTER.

Comrade J. M. Custer was born in 1826; and died in January, 1913. He enlisted in the Confederate army, in Company G, Fristoe's Missouri Cavalry, and served until the end.

After the war Comrade Custer engaged in farming and stock-raising near Alton, Mo., and was a fine citizen as he had been a soldier. He was a member of the Baptist Church and belonged to Alton Lodge of Masons. He leaves a number of children and grandchildren to mourn his death. He was eighty-seven years old.

[J. J. Sitton, Adjutant Camp J. R. Woodside, Alton, Mo.]

JOHN PETER WEBB.

John Peter Webb, a resident of Jackson County, Mo., died at his home, near Oak Grove, February 4, 1913. Mr. Webb was born in Giles County, Tenn., in September, 1832. He went to Missouri with his parents in 1836 and settled on a farm near Oak Grove, where he remained until manhood. Mr. Webb was one of the wealthy farmers of this vicinity, and was highly esteemed by his associates. In 1856 he went to California and returned in April, 1860. In 1861 he enlisted with Capt. John Williams's company, and in 1862 he re-enlisted in Company C, Hays's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade. He surrendered and was paroled at Shreveport, La., in 1865.

Comrade Webb was a member of Upton-Hays Camp of Oak Grove. He was a true soldier of the South, and never lost his sympathy for the cause. He leaves a wife and seven married children.

J. C. JOLLEY.

If it be true that St. Peter stands at the gate and asks of all who knock, "Who art thou?" I am sure in this case the answer would be a proud one: "I am an old soldier just home from the war." The war of life lasted for this soldier nearly eighty years. He fought it bravely and never shirked.

John C. Jolley was born in Marion County, Ga., in 1834, but spent practically all his life in Quitman, his home county. He enlisted early in the war and was orderly sergeant in Company I, 61st Georgia Infantry. He was several times wounded, and carried a Minie ball in his body to his grave. He was a man of great integrity and pursued every duty with his own conviction of right, allowing no man to influence him in any way. He died on February 26, after months of suffering, and is survived by his faithful wife and five loving and dutiful children. He is mourned as a man who had lived without fear or failure.

[From a memoir by his wife.]

RUFUS GILLESPIE.

Rufus Gillespie, who died at Houston, Tex., in September, 1912, was a descendant of men who had fought to establish the republic; and when the separation of the North and South took place, he bore a soldier's part in fighting for his native South. He went to Texas as a youth of twenty-one years and settled at Fort Worth, where he married Miss Mollie Andrews, who died just prior to the breaking out of the war. In 1860 he wedded Miss Anne Walker, of Durhamville, Tenn., who survives him with their five children. Mr. Gillespie was a man who commanded the respect and esteem of his associates for his lovable traits and sterling virtues.

J. E. LIDE.

On the morning of April 10, 1913, Comrade James Eli Lide died at his home, in Camden, Ark., in his seventy-first year.

Comrade Lide joined the Confederate army in June, 1861, as a member of the Camden Knights. He was captured at Island No. 10 and taken to Chicago, but escaped and made his way home. After this he served as sergeant major in the 33d Arkansas, under Colonel Grinstead, until the end of the war. A memorial of him, published by Camp Hugh McCollum, to which he belonged, pays tribute to his memory.

JOHN B. PRITT.

J. B. Pritt, affectionately known from his loyalty to the South as "Dixie" Pritt, died recently at his home, in Huttons-ville, W. Va., in the seventy-third year of his age.

Comrade Pritt married Miss Rose Crickard, of Staunton, and to the union were born eight children, six of whom, with his wife, survive him.

During the four years of the war Comrade Pritt served in Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry, and distinguished himself as a gallant and faithful soldier in Lee's army of heroes.

DEATHS IN CAMP L. D. BRADLEY.

Since the organization of Camp L. D. Bradley, No. 1762, U. C. V., at Teague, Tex., in 1910, the following members have answered the last roll call:

R. W. Beene, Co. D, 8th Tex. Cav.
William Blakeley, Co. H, 1st Miss. Inf.
G. H. Fogleman, Co. F, 8th La. Inf.
R. J. Landus, Co. K, 2d Ala. Cav.
H. H. Peevy, Co. E, 12th La. Inf.
G. W. Williams, Co. E, 22d Miss. Cav.

Others who were not members of the Camp: — Carleton, R. O. Beene, — Latham.

[Reported by C. Rawls, Adjutant.]



JUDGE J. T. CARTHEL.

On Saturday morning, October 3, 1912, Judge J. T. Carthel departed this life at the age of eighty-one, full of years and of honors. Judge Carthel was born in Gibson County, near Trenton. He studied law at Lebanon, Tenn., and practiced his profession in Trenton. He was a member of the legislature just prior to the War of the States; but at the opening of hostilities he, with his brother Joseph, who was killed in battle, enlisted in the army. He served in the commissary department, in Company D, 10th and 20th Cavalry.

At the close of the war Judge Carthel resumed the practice of law in Trenton. In 1876 he was elected circuit judge, and served in that capacity for eight years. After leaving the bench he was for a time President of the Exchange Bank at Trenton. He was a staunch Presbyterian and a ruling elder of his Church. He had a strong mind and a strong will.

WILLIAM A. HARDT.

W. A. Hardt was a member of Company K, 24th Texas Cavalry. He fought under Bragg, Johnston, and Hood, and was taken prisoner in the battle of Franklin and carried to Fort Douglas. He was afterwards exchanged, and after the surrender he walked from Shreveport, La., to Mayesville, Tex., where he lived the rest of his life and reared a large family. He died December 21, 1912, and was buried at Mayesville.



CAPT. W. L. MARTIN.

A sketch of Captain Martin appears in the first column of page 240 of the May VETERAN. His death occurred at his home, in Mercury, Tex., January 15, 1913. He was seventy-six years old. He did much hard service. He was wounded at Shiloh, but had recovered sufficiently to be in the sanguinary battle of Perryville, Ky. His wife was a sister of Gen. T. C. Hindman's wife, daughters of Colonel Biscoe, of Helena, Ark.

CAPT. W. H. TONDEE.

Capt. William H. Tondee was born in Marion County (now Schley), Ga., in 1841; and on November 8, 1912, answered the last roll call at his home, in Lumpkin.

Captain Tondee began his business career when only fifteen. He was living in Savannah at the beginning of the war, and enlisted with the Republican Blues, going with the company to Fort Pulaski for three months' service. He then reenlisted from his old home, Ellaville, Ga., and joined the Schley Volunteers, serving first as orderly sergeant and afterwards as lieutenant. He took part in all the principal battles around Richmond, and was severely wounded at Thoroughfare Gap. After his wound healed he returned to his command, and remained until the surrender.

He came back home penniless, but soon established himself in the business world. A few years ago he removed to Lumpkin, and was there engaged in the warehouse business until his death. He was a member of the Stewart County Camp, and was always a loyal friend of the Daughters of the Confederacy, making liberal contributions to the building of Confederate monuments in Lumpkin and in his old home

town, Ellaville. He was kind to the veterans, and many of them enjoyed the Reunions at his expense. In 1868 he was married to Miss Mary Williams, of Americus.

Captain Tondee was public-spirited and optimistic. He wielded an influence for good citizenship. He was kind in manner, and in his consideration for all men, rich and poor, he exemplified the highest order of gentleman of the Old South.

[From a sketch by M. C. H.]

COL. STANLEY S. CRITTENDEN.

[From the Greenville Daily News.]

Col. S. S. Crittenden died at his home, in Greenville, S. C., May 3, 1913. The news of his death was a shock to the city, for he was on the streets the day before about his business and in the afternoon participated in the exercises of Memorial Day. The funeral services were held at the family home on Broad Street, and the interment was made in Christ Church Cemetery.

Colonel Crittenden was found dead in his bathroom by his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Bedell. Friends were notified of the death, and soon the homestead was the gathering place of scores of Colonel Crittenden's friends and admirers.

On Tuesday evening after the memorial service he sat with his daughter, Mrs. Bedell, and listened to her read. He was cheerful then and in good health, for more than once during the reading of the chapter the two laughed together. This was the last seen of the gallant old gentleman in life. However, Colonel Crittenden's last days were not ones of total happiness. On February 12 Mrs. Crittenden died, and after that the fond husband was in sorrow.

Colonel Crittenden was the oldest native resident of Greenville, having been born there February 22, 1820. It is doubtful if a more beloved and universally popular citizen ever lived in Greenville than Colonel Crittenden. Some years ago he wrote "The Greenville Century Book," a publication chronicling one hundred years of Greenville's history. He contributed largely to newspapers and was a most gifted writer of obituaries. His writings in memory of his dead friends are masterpieces of literature.

A short preface to his book gives important facts concerning his life. It is in part as follows: "My father, Dr. John Crittenden, of Hartford County, Conn., married Miss Sarah M. Stanley, of Rowan County, N. C., in 1813. Shortly after his marriage he settled in the village of Greenville, where he had bought an acre of land on the corner in front of the Mansion House. Except three years at a school in New Jersey, my education was at the old Male Academy in Greenville. In early manhood I was engaged with my father in merchandising and since have been a farmer. I was married in 1835 to Eliza J., daughter of Col. Henry and Mrs. D. A. Lynch. From April, 1861, to April, 1865, I was in the Confederate service as first lieutenant in Capt. J. G. Hawthorne's company, next as adjutant of the 3d Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers (when I received at Seven Pines a severe but not dangerous wound in the left breast from a Minie ball), and as lieutenant colonel of the 3d Regiment, South Carolina Reserves. I was also on the staff of Gen. M. W. Gray a short time. From 1870 to 1880 I was a member of the House of Representatives and Senate of South Carolina. From 1885 to 1890 I was postmaster at Greenville, and for two years, from 1893, was in command of the South Carolina Division of the United Confederate Veterans. At present I am look-

ing later the pensions of my old comrades as Pension Commissioner of Greenville County. My second marriage was on October 3, 1871, to Mrs. Sarah A. Bedell, of Columbia, S. C."

Comrad Crittendon is survived by four children: Mr. S. S. Crittendon, of Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. W. L. Bond, of Fredricksburg, Va.; Mrs. W. H. Goodlett and Mrs. E. C. Bedell, of Greenville, S. C.

ROBERT C. THOMPSON

Comrade Thompson was born June 30, 1830, and died October 1, 1912. In August 1858, he married Miss Frances Wilson, and the Hon. T. Leigh Thompson, well known in Tennessee is a son of this union. In September, 1861, he enlisted in Company H, 41st Tennessee Infantry, and served in the Confederate army until the surrender. In July, 1863, at Atlanta he received a wound from which he suffered all the rest of his life.

From the time of his marriage until his death, Comrade Thompson kept a diary, and the simplicity of the last entry is very characteristic of the man. Under the date September 7, 1861, he wrote this only "Today I am starting to the army."

Comrade Thompson was a member of Dibrrell Bivouac, of Lewisburg, Tenn., and was a steward and a useful member of the M. F. Church, South, with which he was connected the better part of his life. He was a man of the highest sense of integrity and was always outspoken for the best interests of his community and his State. He possessed an even temper and a genial heart, and was unfailingly generous in his judgment of the deeds and motives of his fellow man. His place in life will not easily be filled.

[The Editor of the VETERAN, being of the same regiment, knew Mr. Thompson so pleasantly that for more than fifty years he has never recalled a more conscientious man and gentleman. He was the father of Hon. T. Leigh Thompson, well known and esteemed in Tennessee.]

MRS. MARY MARGARET PRICHARD.

In the passing into life eternal in her ninety-second year on April 23, 1913, of Mrs. Mary M. Prichard, widow of the late William Irwin Prichard, a wonderful personality is gone.

Mrs. Prichard was born at Fleet Hill, Chesterfield County, Va., March 8, 1823. Her parents were Abram Barker Hammatt, of Boston, and Amelia Stokes, his wife, of Fleet Hill. Her father was a direct descendant of John Howland, of the Mayflower. On her mother's side her ancestors were the Conways, of Conway Castle, Wales, the Brooks, the Stokes, and other distinguished families of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Virginia. She was reared in Chesterfield County, and married a banker, "Honest" W. J. Prichard, of Petersburg.

Mrs. Prichard was a splendid specimen of the Creator's handiwork in strength of body and mind, while her character was stronger than both. She possessed in an eminent de-

gree the keen moral instinct which discriminated accurately between right and wrong. While she was endowed with the sterner virtues, she was gentle, sympathetic, and affectionate not only with her own children, but gave shelter to homeless boys who found loving care in her hospitable home, and who will never cease to be grateful for her benedictions.

Four of her boys were consecrated to the Confederate cause. In the zeal of chivalry she devoted her sons to the cause she loved. She sent them forth with her blessing to fight with Lee and Jackson. She consecrated them without conditions; she gave because she loved much.

Mrs. Prichard resided in Petersburg during the War of the States, and her thrilling experiences in the "Cockade City" during the bombardment were the subject of an entire chapter of war remembrances published by Col. A. K. McClure in his Philadelphia Times.

To Mr. and Mrs. Prichard were given twelve children, all of whom are living. There are eight sons and four daughters. The four brave sons who bear the scars of battle are the venerable Capt. William Bond Prichard, of California, who has the distinction of marrying the daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston; John Hammatt, of Mississippi; Charles Everett, of Ohio; Nathan Brooks, of Virginia. Those grown to manhood since the war are: George Armand, of Illinois; Samuel James, of Ohio; Robert White, of Virginia; and Irwin Stokes, of Massachusetts. The daughters are: Mrs. Charles Fetter, of Ohio; Mrs. William G. McDowell, of Virginia; Mrs. Mary S. P. Slicer, of Pennsylvania; and Mrs. John A. Heuser, of Bedford City, Va., with whom Mrs. Prichard made her home.

[From sketch by W. S. Copeland.]



ROBERT C. THOMPSON.



MRS. MARY MARGARET PRICHARD.

The VETERAN for October, 1912, contains an interesting sketch of Mrs. Prichard. The fact that all of her twelve children are still living and four of her eight sons are battle-scarred Confederate veterans, all of whom surrendered at Appomattox, composes a family history evidently not equaled in all the earth. That article mentions that she had twenty-eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

CAPT. HUNTER DAVIDSON.

Capt. Hunter Davidson, one of the few survivors of the historic naval battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac in 1862, died in Pirayn, Paraguay, February 16, 1913, in his eighty-sixth year. He was a graduate of the United States Naval Academy class of 1847 and was "dismissed" from the navy in 1861. He was second in command on the Merrimac, having attained that position by the death of his immediately superior officer during the fight on the previous day against the Federal vessels Cumberland and Congress.

In 1875 Captain Davidson, on the invitation of President Sarmiento, went to Argentina, and remained there for twelve years, directing the department of torpedoes and of naval construction. One of his most important achievements during his residence there, in 1876, was the discovery of the channel between the island of Martin Garcia and the coast of Uruguay. In 1885 he took up his residence in Paraguay, where he married and lived until his death.

Captain Davidson, whose family resided in Cambridge for many years, will be remembered as the first commander of the Maryland Oyster Navy. He is survived by the following children: Mrs. Bowie Gowan, of London, England; Mr. Percy Davidson, who resides in New York; Rev. Hunter Davidson and Rev. Charles S. Davidson, both of the Episcopal Church.

A sketch of Captain Davidson's remarkable career in the Confederate navy appears in the VETERAN of September, 1908.

[A survivor (Williams) of another historic sea fight during the War of the States also lives in Paraguay, at Yegros. He was employed in the construction of the famous cruiser Alabama. He took service aboard of her and was wounded and made prisoner in the memorable fight with the Kearsarge off Cherbourg in 1863, after the sinking of the Alabama.]



CAPT. HUNTER DAVIDSON.



CAPT. WILLIAM JASPER MUSE.

Capt. Will J. Muse lived many years longer than was expected. Born in Bedford County, Tenn., December 5, 1839, he was of suitable age to enlist, and is believed to have been the first volunteer Confederate soldier from his native county.

When the war began he was in charge of the public conveyance line from Tullahoma to Hurricane Springs, Tenn., in the vicinity of which Peter Turney raised the 1st Tennessee Confederate Regiment—raised it before the State seceded—and young Muse joined that regiment. He was chosen captain of Company B and served with that regiment throughout the war, although desperately wounded several times. At Seven Pines he was shot through both thighs, and at Gettysburg he was shot entirely through the body, the Minie ball piercing the lung.

He was County Court Clerk at Shelbyville for twelve years, and served two terms in the State Legislature. He was a trustee of the Soldiers' Home from its organization until his death. Although of limited means, he would not ask for a pension. He was too feeble for active business during the past several years, and resided with his daughter in Nashville.

He was the eldest of seven children of Joseph Colston Muse. Of the four sons, his brother John T. is the only survivor.

WILEY L. BRANNON.

Wiley L. Brannon passed away at his home, in Coffeetown, Miss., a few weeks after reaching his seventy-fourth birthday, April 18, 1913. The day was serene and calm, and thus under a general physical break-up of a few weeks he measured out his days here in perfect harmony with his surroundings.

Wiley to all mankind was the same generous, noble-hearted man. He enlisted as a soldier in the first company organized in Coffeetown, the Yalobusha Rifles, commanded by Capt.

Frank Aldridge and 1st Lieut. (later Maj. Gen.) E. C. Wallace, and assigned as Company H, 15th Mississippi Infantry, which regiment in the Army of Tennessee won laurels in every line that brings honor and fame as a reward for patriotic service. He was wounded severely in the battle of Shiloh, but soon recovered and returned to that duty wherein his manly and soldierly pride made him one of the most lovable comrades in John Adams's brigade and Loring's Division.

He came home after the surrender, married Miss Garner, and is survived by his wife and son, who has a most interesting family of children, all now grown and pursuing honorable vocations. Best of all, he repeatedly said to his friends and family "I have no fear as to my future state." He was laid to rest by his Masonic brethren, a large gathering of people and heard tributes attesting the esteem in which he was held.

[From a tribute by his comrade, Capt. John L. Collins.]



EDWARD STEVENSON STAGG.

Comrade Stagg died suddenly February 10, 1913, at Lebanon, Ky., in the home of his sister, Mrs. Bettie Bohon, with whom he had lived for thirty years.

Mr. Stagg was born August 12, 1839, in Harrodsburg, Ky. In 1861 he answered the call to arms and joined the command of Gen. John H. Morgan. Early in the war he was captured and imprisoned at Camp Chase, where he was desperately ill of typhoid fever. It is said that Comrade Stagg was always the fine picture of a soldier, whether sitting erect on his great black horse, waiting on foot, rifle in hand, for the word of command, or languishing in impatient inaction as he waited for the healing of a wound which cost him his leg.

"This wound," writes a comrade, "was given him at Snow Hill, Tenn., in April, 1863. He was at the front and came to my help just after a shot had broken my arm. Seeing that my broken arm and a wild and wounded mare were more than I could manage, and that a stampede of horsemen was about to occur, he exchanged his sound and sensible horse for my frightened one, and thus enabled me to get to the rear and find a surgeon. But he himself was shortly after this

struck in the foot, and after being disabled was made a prisoner, but was rescued that night by comrades who stole inside the enemy's lines and brought him back to their own camp. After this we two lay for months in neighboring homes in McMinnville, being nursed back to health by devoted women who took us in as strangers and gave us all the care due to brothers."

Comrade Stagg was a sterling patriot and fearless in the expression and defense of his convictions. He was full of sympathy for his aged and disabled comrades and was active in having them admitted to the Kentucky Confederate Home. He was a constant reader of the VETERAN and preserved its numbers. He never married, but was a well-loved member of a wide circle of kindred and friends.

[From a sketch by Rev. John R. Deering.]

A. K. KIRKPATRICK.

Comrade A. K. Kirkpatrick, a member of Woodside Camp, 751, U. C. V., crossed the great river February 1, 1913, near Myrtle, Mo. He was born in 1839 near Batesville, Ark., and enlisted in the Confederate army early in 1861 in Company D, 7th Arkansas Regiment, commanded by Colonel Sheiver, and served until the close of the war. After the war Comrade Kirkpatrick engaged in farming, merchandising, and milling.

Comrade Kirkpatrick was married in 1869 to Miss Viola Kidwell, of Oregon County, Mo. After her death he married Mrs. Dockendorf, who died a year or two ago. He was a lifelong member of the Baptist Church, and was also a Mason and an upright, honorable man. He left no children, but is survived by two brothers, Capt. H. C. Kirkpatrick, Commander of the Camp, and Dr. J. N. Kirkpatrick, of Dalton, Ark.

[By J. J. Sitton, Adjutant Camp J. R. Woodside, Alton, Mo.]



C. H. LOW.

On page 176 of the April VETERAN a sketch of C. H. Low appears. Although born in 1820, his vigor of mind and body was such that he was quite active to the close of his life in progressive enterprises.

UNION VETERAN HONORS HIS ADOPTED SOUTH.

Maj. W. J. Colburn is a native of Chautauqua County, N. Y. He enlisted in the 1st Wisconsin Infantry at Madison in April, 1861, reenlisted in the 3d Wisconsin Battery in August, 1861, was commissioned second lieutenant in August, 1862, and captain and assistant quartermaster in September, 1864, and was brevetted major for meritorious services in March, 1865, and mustered out at Memphis in June, 1866.



MAJ. W. J. COLBURN.

While on duty on the staff of Gen. J. M. Brannan, chief of artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, in Chattanooga in 1864, he made the acquaintance of Miss Ada E. Brabson, eldest daughter of Col. Reese B. Brabson, to whom he was married in September, 1866.

In April, 1867, Major Colburn located in Chattanooga, where he has resided since, and he has been a prominent factor in the development of that thriving city.

Major Colburn has been identified with the Democratic party for more than forty years, and he labored earnestly for the enfranchisement of Confederates in the days of Reconstruction. In those times Major Colburn was steadfast for right principles. The Editor of the *VETERAN* has had proof for over a third of a century that the war ended with him when he was mustered out, in June, 1866. He has been an honorable citizen throughout and has reared a large family that is a credit to their native Tennessee.

HOW A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER SENT LETTERS: HIS WAR-TIME FRANK.—An old soldier from North Carolina tells of the way he used to frank his letters home to his mother in the penniless days of the sixties. He says he would write across the corner of his envelope:

"In camp without a red;
Hard-tack instead of bread.
Postmaster, please push this through;
When old Jeff pays me, I'll pay you."

And he says his letter always went through all right. This illustrates the methods of the Confederacy in getting news of its soldiers to their families.

BUILDERS OF SOUTHERN MONUMENTS.

To the McNeel Marble Company, of Marietta, Ga., is due credit for the taste and finish of many of the handsomest monuments of the South. This firm, which has been in business for more than twenty-one years, has made a specialty of designing and manufacturing Confederate monuments, and a list of more than a hundred memorials erected by them testifies to the popularity of their work.

Monuments by the McNeel people are scattered over the entire South, among them being those to N. G. Gonzales, editor of the State, in the Capitol grounds at Columbia, S. C.; to Lieutenant Brumby, Dewey's flag lieutenant on the Olympia, and to Joel Chandler Harris, both at Atlanta; to H. S. Gould, in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York; to Sam P. Jones, at Cartersville, Ga.; and to E. W. Carmack, soon to be completed, in Nashville.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHATTANOOGA AS THE CITY NOW APPEARS.

Confederate Veteran.

FROM ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE OKLAHOMA SOLDIERS' HOME.



D. M. HALLY, MAJOR GENERAL U. C. A. AND PRESIDENT OF SOLDIERS' HOME.

Gen. John L. Galt, Superintendent, has just filed his annual report for the Confederate Home at Ardmore for the year ending December 31, 1912. This report shows the Home to be in a most flourishing condition. The buildings have been completed and the farm is in a high state of cultivation. The inmates are healthy and satisfied, and the institution is proving to be a home in the fullest sense of the word.

The appropriation for the past year proved insufficient, and many needed improvements were passed to the coming year. The reason for this deficit primarily was the admission of many more



R. A. SNEAD, SECRETARY OF THE HOME BOARD.



THE OKLAHOMA STATE SOLDIERS' HOME AT ARDMORE—A HOME FOR VETERANS AND THEIR WIVES.

veterans than had been expected or provided for, and was augmented by other expenses that were unforeseen at the time the appropriation was made.

It became necessary to use hallways for sleeping rooms in some instances, and wherever possible the veterans were put two in a room. It is obvious from this that another building should be added to provide more adequate sleeping quarters and that the annual appropriation should be increased accordingly.

The farm produced a bountiful crop of corn, cotton, melons, and vegetables, which aided materially in reducing the cost of maintenance. The veterans rendered substantial assistance in caring for the crops and live stock about the Home.

Since the opening of the Home, in June, 1911, seventy-nine veterans and seventeen wives and widows have been admitted. There have been nine deaths, five withdrawals, and three dismissals, which leaves remaining at this time seventy-seven.

One of the notable events of the year was the marriage of a couple of the aged inmates. Another event that attracted State-wide attention was the one hundredth anniversary of Grandma Whittle on June 20 last. Her husband, who is also with her in the Home, is in his ninety-first year.

The comrades are uniformly courteous and contented, and show the same interest in the affairs of the Home as they would were they at their own fireside.

Gen. John L. Galt as Superintendent has been a pronounced success from a business point of view, while he and his estimable wife, by their patience, generosity, and consideration, have endeared themselves to the veteran inmates.

The Board of Trustees are: D. M. Hailey, President, McAlester; John Threadgill, Vice President, Oklahoma City; George A. Bruce, Treasurer, Ardmore; R. A. Sneed, Secretary, Lawton; J. W. Blanton, Rocky; N. F. Hancock, Muskogee; Mrs. W. R. Clements, Oklahoma City.

Since the filing of the above report the legislature has passed an appropriation of \$16,000 to build a hospital; also the appropriation for maintenance for the ensuing two years has been raised to \$35,000. With these funds in hand the Home will be placed upon a firm financial basis. D. M. HAILEY,

Major General Oklahoma Division, U. C. A.

GRANDMA WHITTLE HONORED ON HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY.

On June 20 the centennial celebration of the birthday of Mrs. Whittle took place at this Home. She and her husband are guests here. Mr. Whittle is in the nineties.

Superintendent and Mrs. Galt are proud of this old couple, and gave the celebration at the Home to honor "Grandma" Whittle. The Board of Trustees, including General Hailey, came from different parts and towns of the State, the President of the Daughters came from her home town, and the



GRANDMA WHITTLE ON HER HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY.

house was filled with visitors from far and near, all assembled in honor of this unprecedented event, a hundredth birthday anniversary. "Grandma" was wheeled out to the reception room, where she received hundreds of happy greetings and many beautiful gifts.

Colonel Sneed, of the Board of Trustees, called on several to speak. Among them was Prof. W. A. Evans, a guest of the Home, who spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: This centennial celebration is the first that has ever taken place in a Soldiers' Home, and it will probably be the last one. Now while the bright sun of June is shining and bathing fields and woods with His golden light, while flowers are blooming and birds are singing we have met to bestow our greetings and to lay our offerings on the altar of that picture of beautiful old age, 'Grandma,' as she sits before us, her silver hair waving over a placid brow and kindly beaming eyes. We realize on looking at her how beautiful old age can be, clothed in the fading colors of life's twilight, just before the sun has gone down.

Grandma's memory is still bright and clear on many things that took place long before any of us saw the light. She was born in 1812, when James Madison was President of these United States, about the time of our second war with England. She remembers well when the stars fell, November 13, 1833. She remembers the Haley comet as it appeared in 1835, as well as its return in 1910, and she remembers the great comets of 1843, 1858, 1892, 1874, and 1882. She remembers well the Mexican War.

"She carded, spun, and wove for our soldier boys while they were fighting for the loved and beautiful Southland. God has blessed the noble Southern woman, and now, while life's day is closing with her, she is resting on his promises. Her favorite song, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!" is often sung for her by the veterans of the Home, bringing to her sweet memories of days long gone by.

"My friends, we shall probably never again see the closing days of such a long life as has been the privilege of Grandma to enjoy," and, addressing the venerable saint, he said: "May your last happy days here sweetly glide into still happier ones in heaven!"

The trustees of the Oklahoma Confederate Home are: Gen. D. M. Haley, McAlester, President; Gen. John Threadgill, Oklahoma City, Vice President; Col. R. A. Sneed, Lawton, Secretary; Col. George H. Bruce, Ardmore, Treasurer; Col. J. W. Blanton, Rocky; N. F. Hancock, Muskogee; Mrs. W. R. Clement, Oklahoma City. The Executive Committee is composed of Gen. John Threadgill, Col. R. A. Sneed, and Mrs. W. R. Clement, of Oklahoma City.



MRS. W. R. CLEMENT.

Mrs. Clement has been very active in the cause of the Home from its inception. She traveled over the State in procuring funds for it. She has served as State President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and has been diligent in Confederate and other public matters. She is the only woman trustee of any Confederate Soldiers' Home in the country.



MISS ANNIE S. HENRY, BRANDON, MISS.

Maid of Honor for the South at the Chattanooga Reunion.

Miss Henry is a daughter of Maj. Gen. Pat Henry, commanding the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., granddaughter of Gen. Patrick Henry, a distinguished citizen of Mississippi of ante-bellum days, and a grandniece of Hon. Gustavus A. Henry, who represented Tennessee in the Senate of the Confederate States.



MRS. EMILY WALKER HERR,

Representative in Reunion Arrangements at Chattanooga.

CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. G. T. FULLER, CHAIRMAN, TO THE END OF 1912.

Georgia: Miss Anna Benning, Columbus, \$5; Miss Baxter, Atlanta, \$5 (paid); Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Savannah, \$1 (paid).

Kentucky: Paducah Chapter, Paducah, \$5 (paid); J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, \$10 (paid); Col. Henry George, Pewee Valley, \$10 (paid); Capt. W. J. Stone, Frankfort, \$1 (paid); Mayfield Chapter, Mayfield, \$5 (paid); Gen. H. A. Tyler, Hickman, ten per cent cost of monument, or \$200; Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mayfield, postage (donated), \$1.50.

Mississippi: Mississippi Division, \$5.

Missouri: Missouri Division, \$5; Mrs. E. D. Hornbrook,

Kansas City, \$15; Mrs. W. L. Kline, St. Louis, \$5; Lee-Custis Chapter, C. of C., Kansas City, \$1.

New York: New York Chapter, \$5.

South Carolina: South Carolina Division, \$5 (paid).

Tennessee: Tennessee Division, \$5.

District of Columbia, Beauregard Chapter, Washington, \$5.

Texas: Mrs. M. R. Macgill Rosenberg, Galveston, \$5 (paid).

Total pledges, \$299.50.

Cash received, \$48.50.

Balance due, \$251.

Amount in First National Bank, Mayfield, Ky., \$47.

Amount paid out for postage in 1912, \$1.50.

All those who have made pledges and not paid will please remit without further notice.



Maj. Gen. B. W. Partridge, commanding the Florida Division, U. C. V., with the sponsor of the Division, Miss Martha Hawkins Bailey, of Monticello, and maids of honor, Miss Bessie Legare Williams, of Jacksonville, Miss Mary Bachman Johnson, of St. Petersburg, and Miss Rosa K. Martin, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. Randolph R. Turnbull, Matron of Honor.

FORREST'S CAVALRY

BY REV. J. S. HUNTER, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

After Shiloh the year 1862 was one of active, strenuous service for Forrest's men. These troops were always in conflict with the enemy's outposts, and their scouting parties rendered invaluable service at no expense to the Confederate



MISS LOTTIE WEBB, MAYFIELD, KY.,
Maid of Honor for Forrest Cavalry Corps.

government. The enemy furnished horses, arms, ammunition, and subsistence to these intrepid horsemen.

About December 10, 1862, General Bragg ordered Forrest, with his brigade of two thousand men and a four-gun battery, on a raid into West Tennessee. The command crossed the



MISS GLADYS BOONE, CORINTH, MISS.,
Maid of Honor for Forrest Cavalry Corps.

Tennessee River at Clifton on December 15. It was a daring venture. Winter had set in with cold rain, snow, sleet, and exposure of every sort for these unprotected men, and the country was swarming with Federal soldiers. The first fight was at Lexington, where Forrest's men captured Col. Bob Ingersoll, with his entire regiment, and two rifled Rodman guns, three hundred small arms, two hundred horses, some wagons, ammunition, and other army stores.

The Federal authorities were greatly disturbed at this daring foray into their very midst, and plans were laid for the capture and destruction of the raiders before they could make their way back across the Tennessee River.

At Trenton there was a sharp fight which resulted in the capture on Forrest's part of twelve hundred prisoners, together with one thousand horses and mules, thirteen wagons, and an immense amount of ammunition, food, and clothing.



MISS FLORENCE CLIFF, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
Sponsor for Forrest Cavalry Corps.

From Trenton Forrest pushed on to Union City, and there captured a small garrison and about fifteen hundred paroled prisoners, and all without the firing of a gun.

By December 25 every bridge and trestle on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad from Jackson, Tenn., to Moscow, Ky., had been destroyed. But Forrest had stirred up a hornet's nest. From every quarter he learned that the enemy was planning his destruction, and it was evidently time to get out. He began his retreat toward his own country, and at Parker's Crossroads the hardest battle of the expedition was fought. Here Forrest outgeneraled and outfought a superior force and made his escape to the river, which he recrossed in safety.

This raid of two weeks may be summed up as follows. Three battles—Lexington, Trenton, and Parker's Crossroads—and innumerable skirmishes, many bridges destroyed, twenty stockades captured and burned, twenty-five hundred of the enemy killed and captured, ten pieces of artillery and fifty wagons and teams, ten thousand small arms, one million rounds of ammunition, and eighteen hundred blankets taken from the enemy, and then the Tennessee River recrossed.

SPONSOR IN CHIEF PLEADS FOR VETERANS.

Miss Katie Daffan, chief sponsor at the Chattanooga Reunion, invites her maids of honor and other sponsors and their maids to cooperate for the happiness and the welfare of the soldier veterans. These young ladies will doubtless heed this wise and thoughtful suggestion. Though entertainments will be attractive and alluring, she asks her associates to "place the glorious men of the Confederacy first and remember them," and she concludes: "Should all sponsors and maids cooperate in this, the Chattanooga will be remembered as the greatest of Confederate Reunions."



DEMURRING AGAIN TO ERRONEOUS TITLES.

The Confederate Historical Association Camp, No. 28, of Memphis, Tenn., on April 12, 1913, adopted resolutions deploring the confusion of military titles "which were honestly, justly, and by hard service earned by those entitled to them." Reference is made to the U. C. V. titles, ranging from captain to lieutenant general, "which complimentary titles will be read by future generations as real titles, thus giving credit, with other historical myths, to men not entitled thereto, incidentally doing injustice to those who earned their commissions."

They resolved that "the members of this, the Confederate Historical Association Camp, No. 28, deprecate this hurtful, unjust, unwarranted custom," and expressed the belief that "the Commanders of Departments, States, and Divisions and their staff officers will appreciate the animus of these resolutions and concur with us in the sentiment of same," concluding with the following:

"Resolved, That the chairman of our delegation to the Chattanooga Reunion is hereby instructed to present these resolutions to the proper committee, with the request that same be read before the Convention."

The VETERAN has ever deplored the misleading effect of mixing honorary with real titles. Offense was expressed by its course on that subject years ago, but the custom seems beyond redemption now. All the veterans left could not correct this error effectually through all the remaining time that is left to them.

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

An interesting reminiscence is given in connection with the Chattanooga Reunion. A gentleman, nine years the junior of the writer, called in the Times office to subscribe for the daily issues. He had recently (1878) come from his native Indiana to make his home in the South. Upon seeing a neatly framed sign, "Don't Swear," in the Times office he said: "I want to shake hands with you." A cordial friendship was begun at that moment which has never become lukewarm. He prospered and has been a member of the United States Senate.



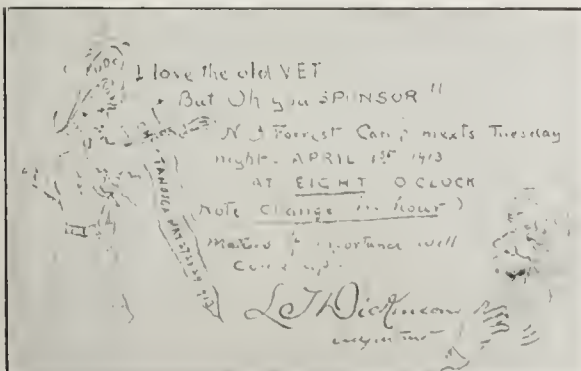
HON. NEWELL SANDERS.

This gentleman, Hon. Newell Sanders, brought his A.B. diploma from the Indiana University and is interested in the tribute that is soon to be paid Richard Owen for his kindness to prisoners in Camp Morton. The present President of that university, Dr. William L. Bryant, is cooperating in the ceremony which is to be had on June 9. (As proprietor of the plow company that bears his name an attractive advertisement was ordered in the Reunion VETERAN.) In all these thirty-five years this friend has lived consistently with the cause for which he expressed interest in 1878.

HOWARD COLLEGE, GALLATIN, TENN.

For the first time in the history of Howard College, one of the oldest institutions of learning in Tennessee, a woman is to be the President. Mrs. Carolina Polk Horton. Mrs. Horton is well known throughout the country as well as in Tennessee, and under her able, enthusiastic management a new era of prosperity for Howard College seems to be assured. Mrs. Horton has selected a most capable faculty of teachers, and the college will offer to pupils every possible educational advantage and opportunity.

The VETERAN extends hearty congratulations to the new Howard College and its President.



L. T. Dickinson, of the N. B. Forrest Camp, is a genial genius, and has been for years a zealous official.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BOYS IN GRAY."

With a love and enthusiasm that spared neither time nor pains, the compiler of this volume of reminiscences has produced a work of peculiar interest and value. Here in a volume of generous proportions the reader and student will find the personal war record of hundreds of members of the Texas Division, U. C. V. These sketches give very briefly the correct biographical details of each other's life, and with this in each case some vivid bit of personal reminiscence and experience.

As it happens, the U. C. V. of Texas, more than the rest of the South, is made up of soldiers from many other States, so that the stories here given cover not only the movements of the original Texas soldiery but those of men from every other part of the Confederacy. The panorama embraces the whole scene of the war, and will win the interest of readers throughout the entire South.

The volume closes with a copy of the Constitution of the Confederacy, the roll of members of the provisional as well as of the regular Congress, and with a chronological list of battles and engagements given by States. The work is compiled and edited by Mamie Yeary, of McGregor, Tex., a member of Pearl Witt Chapter, U. D. C., and is published by Smith & Lamar.

"HISTORIC SOUTHERN MONUMENTS."

[From the Nashville Banner.]

"Historic Southern Monuments" is a volume that should prove of large interest throughout the South. The compiling and arranging of the extensive work was done by Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, of Denver, Colo., and the contents include, besides historic descriptive matter, many beautiful poems bearing upon the subject of the War of the States and its heroes, together with valuable information concerning the men and events of that period. The labor of collecting and classifying the data must have been, as the author declares, "colossal." Engraved photographs are given of the monuments erected in the Southern States. For Tennessee are given the Forrest equestrian statue at Memphis, the Sam Davis monuments at Nashville and Pulaski; the Bolivar, Clarksville, Dyersburg, Fayetteville, Franklin, Lebanon, Paris, Lewisburg monuments; the Harvey Matthis memorial at Memphis; and the Frank Cheatham Bivonae, No. 1, at Nashville. The equestrian Forrest is perhaps the most appealing picture in the book, and is brought out with satisfying idealism combined with realistic strength.

The Southern monuments of Florida, Georgia, Virginia, Arkansas, Kentucky, and Alabama are exceedingly interesting. Tennessee, with her wealth of historic interest attaching to the War of the States and the scene of so many of the great battles of the four years' struggle, does not seem to have done her full part in perpetuating the greatness of her heroes in bronze and marble compared with what some of the other States have done. Six Alabama monuments are shown and seven Arkansas, some of them possessing imposing beauty, especially those at Cumden and Austin. Ten are accredited to Kentucky, including her especially beautiful memorial in the Chickamauga Battlefield Park. This is more than is shown for any one State except Georgia, for which seventeen are reproduced, including two at Chickamauga. Most of these are exceedingly handsome and imposing, in keeping with the present-day style of simple elegance and with the importance of the events they commemorate.

The book will be found valuable for reference, and the read-

ing matter is accurate and interesting. The mechanical work is excellent, and the book should be in the hands of all Southerners to whom pride of section is a matter of love and principle and with whom "Old Confederacy" is a thing for veneration. The author gave two years of hard work to it and has doubtless expended much money toward her work, besides bringing to it the tribute of a loyal and loving heart. For these things it is entitled to a generous Southern support.



MRS. B. A. C. EMERSON.

Mrs. Emerson, author and compiler of "Historic Southern Monuments," is descended from Southern parents—from Virginia by her father and from Kentucky by her mother. Her mother's uncle was one of nineteen men who volunteered to take the stronghold held by the Indians commanded by Tecumseh. After repeated efforts to take it, as a forlorn hope R. M. Johnston called for volunteers, when Garret Wall was one of the first of the nineteen men to step out in line. With these brave men Johnston's forces took the fort and killed Tecumseh.

Mrs. Emerson has been twice married. Her first husband was Col. Alexander J. Calhoun, of Tennessee, a cousin of the South Carolina statesman. Her present husband is Rev. Andrew J. Emerson, D.D., of North Carolina, a minister and for many years engaged in college work. He was a chaplain in General Lee's army, and is a writer of ability.

THE BATTLE OF TUPELO, OR HARRISBURG, MISS.

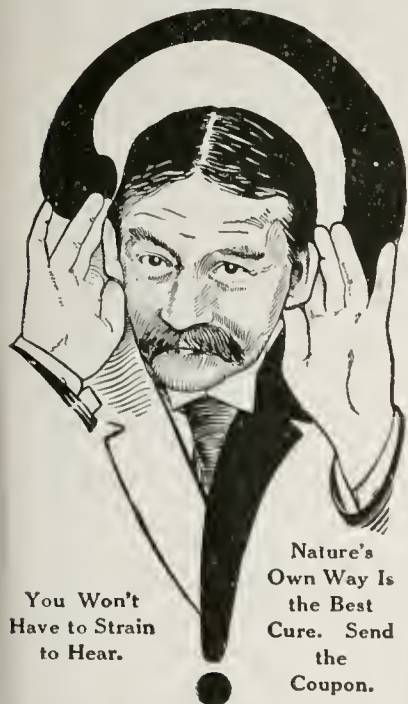
Eugene H. Allman, 121 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala., who was a member of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry and was in Forrest's command at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., is now publishing a beautiful map of the battle field of Tupelo (or Harrisburg), Miss., showing the positions of each command of Generals Forrest and A. J. Smith, with a list of casualties of officers and men which is authentic. The battle was fought July 13-15, 1864. The map is embellished with half-tones of Gens. N. B. Forrest and A. J. Smith and representations of the Confederate and United States flags. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of money order for 50 cents.

Remember that Confederate histories generally and the miscellaneous works advertised in the *VETERAN* are supplied by it at or below the publishers' prices.

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Town..... St. to.....

J. W. Hardy, of Paris, Tex., has a spoon engraved with the initials "T. S. R.," which he took from the body of a first lieutenant of a Pennsylvania regiment in the battle of Chancellorsville. He now seeks to learn of the former owner's family. Comrade Hardy enlisted with Company F, 10th Mississippi Regiment.

Mrs. J. N. Frey, 1405 Thirty-First Street N. W., Washington, D. C., wishes to secure some information of the war record of Charles Philip Sengstack, who was in the medical purveyor's office in Richmond, Va., in 1861, and afterwards in Pickett's Division. It is hoped that some comrade can give the information sought.

The widow of K. Branch (or Kinion Branch) would be glad to hear from any of his surviving comrades who can help her with information of his war record, as she wishes to apply for a pension. He was in an Arkansas cavalry company and serving as captain at the surrender. Address Mrs. Branch in care of H. C. Winburn, Alamo, Tenn., Route No. 1.

Alva C. Smith, 2700 First Avenue, Columbus, Ga., wants the record of the artillery of the Army of Tennessee, especially that of Courtney's Battalion, S. H. Dent's Alabama battery, during the battle of Missionary Ridge, and from there to Dalton, then to Atlanta, and then to Jonesboro, Ga. He will appreciate getting this information and will gladly pay for it.

W. I. Whitaker, of Milledgeville, Ga., has published his reminiscences of the war in pamphlet form, which he is selling at 25 cents for the benefit of the monument fund there. He served in Company —, — Regiment, and other survivors of that command will doubtless recall many of the incidents which he narrates. Send him an order.

Milton M. McLaurine, of Ballsville, Va., would like to know if any members of the 18th Mississippi, 17th Alabama, and 6th North Carolina Regiments are still alive. He had a brother in the 18th Mississippi and one in the 17th Alabama—one killed at Gettysburg and the other at Franklin, Tenn. Comrade McLaurine was at Point Lookout Prison and got out in the name of Daniel Lane, a member of the 6th North Carolina, hence his interest in that regiment.



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Mrs. S. H. Clark, of Paducah, Ky., would like to hear from any one who fought under her uncle, Gen. Nat. Reineau, who fell at Chickamauga.

J. M. Smith, of Newbern, Tenn., Route No. 3, inquires for John Carver, a Confederate soldier, who would be about seventy years old now; also Spence Talley and Ed Pippins.

Mrs. W. H. Smith, of Normangee, Tex., would appreciate hearing from any surviving comrade of her husband, W. H. Smith, who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted at De Soto, Miss., and served in Turner's Battery of Light Artillery.

Henry Copland, of Marquez, Tex., R. F. D. No. 3, wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of Company E (Captain Muldrow), Adams's Regiment, in which he enlisted at Starkville, Miss. He needs their testimony as to his service in order to secure a pension.

Mrs. William C. Segar, of Stormont, Middlesex County, Va., is anxious to get testimony as to the war record of Maj. J. W. Eldridge, of Memphis, Tenn., who entered the army as a private April 1, 1861, and was promoted to the rank of major in May following and transferred to Confederate service in July, 1861. This is for the benefit of his aged widow, who seeks a pension.

Mrs. G. W. Martin, of Birmingham, Ky., wants to correspond with any old soldier who knew her father, Joseph T. Ramsey, during the war, part of which time he served in Morgan's command. He was captured in East Tennessee, and with twelve others escaped with the assistance of a Miss Jackson. His command was disbanded at Spartanburg, S. C., in May, 1865. She will be especially glad to hear from any who were with him at the close.

J. B. Jordan, of Carbon, Tex., makes inquiry for any surviving comrades of his father, C. B. Jordan, who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. C. B. Jordan lived in Smith County, Tex., but enlisted in Shreveport, La., in Crumbar's (or Crump's) Battalion. He went to the hospital in Shreveport for two months for the measles, was transferred to the hospital at Greenwood, and then at Tyler, Tex. His company went on to Little Rock, and he rejoined them somewhere in East Texas, near Marshall, when they returned.

WOODLAND BRONZE WORKS

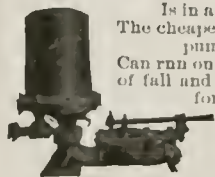
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R. N. Garner, of Comanche, Tex., would appreciate hearing from any surviving members of Company B, 21st Georgia Regiment.

Mrs. T. J. B. Neely, at the Masonic Home, Little Rock, Ark., is desirous of hearing from comrades of Owen's Battery, of Arkansas, who served with her husband in that command during the war. She wishes to make proof of his service in order to secure a pension.

M. F. Marshall, of Carthage, Ark., asks that surviving comrades of H. T. Marshall, who enlisted from Chickasaw County, Miss., and served in Forrest's Cavalry, will kindly give him any information they can of his service for the benefit of his widow, who seeks a pension.

Post Card View

Taken at the funeral of Gen. Robert E. Lee, October, 1870. Showing crowd, Lee Chapel beneath which he is buried, college draped in mourning. Twenty-five cents a dozen. Interesting.

Mrs. M. S. Smith

519 8th Street, - Moundsville, W. Va.

"THE MEN IN GRAY"

By R. C. CAVE

"The Men in Gray," cloth-bound, 143 pages, contains:

1. "The Men in Gray," an oration delivered at the unveiling of the monument to the private soldiers and sailors of the South in Richmond, Va., which created quite a sensation at the time it was delivered, and was discussed for weeks by the press throughout the country. One of the Virginia papers said: "It is a speech from which nothing can be taken and to which nothing can be added without injury. . . . It is a concise but clear statement of the causes that led up to the war and an accurate pen picture of the private soldier such as we know him to have been."

2. "A Defense of the South," a paper which refutes the misrepresentations of the social conditions existing in the South before the war and briefly, sharply, and convincingly states the real issue in the controversy between the sections which culminated in secession and war.

3. "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty," a paper which briefly tells the story of Cavalier fidelity to constituted authority and Puritan rebellion against lawful government, and shows how the spirit of the one was manifested by the South and the spirit of the other dominated the North.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Fort Worth, Tex., says: "After a careful examination, I most heartily indorse 'The Men in Gray,' by Dr. R. C. Cave, of St. Louis. It is a most admirable defense of the South, and is unanswerable. I cordially commend it to all students of Southern history. It should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the South."

Of this book Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Department Army of Tennessee, Louisville, Ky., says: "I have read with almost inexpressible delight Dr. Cave's book, 'The Men in Gray.'"

Every Confederate soldier who wishes his children to understand clearly what he fought for and truly honor him for fighting on the Southern side should place this little volume in their hands. Price, \$1, postpaid.

Commanders of Camps are requested to write for particulars. Address the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

THE "Chattanooga" WAGON



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CHATTANOOGA, TENN., U. S. A.

Mrs. John W. Goodlett, 401 N. Main Street, Austin, Tex., will appreciate hearing from surviving comrades of her husband, who served with Company I, under Capt. T. Dodson, of Battle's Regiment.

S. Y. Lee, of Waco, Tex., is trying to locate the grave of his uncle, S. Y. Lee, of the 4th Alabama Infantry, who was killed September 20, 1863, at Chickamauga and buried in a marked grave. Any information will be thankfully received.

Mrs. S. D. Lyon, of Marked Tree, Ark., is trying to establish the war record of her husband, who served under Gen. N. B. Forrest through the four years of war. She will be very glad to hear from any comrades who remember him. Address her in care of F. B. Davis.

Frank Kieran, of Paterson, N. J. (218 Mill Street), one of the young generation who is interested in things pertaining to the War of the States, would like to get in correspondence with some of the Confederate survivors, as he is a great admirer of the Confederate soldier and wants to know some of them.

Berry Benson, of North Augusta, S. C., would like to hear from any members of the Baker Volunteers that went out from Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. A. A. Tufts, of Camden, Ark., is interested in securing the war record of David Snow, of the 15th Texas Cavalry, 1st Division (Walker's) Trans-Mississippi Department. He enlisted at Fort Worth, Tex., probably in 1863. She would like to hear from some of his old comrades.

Dr. B. A. Hollenberg, 390 Central Park West, New York City, wishes to hear from any surviving members of Company F, 4th Alabama Regiment, who served with him in Virginia, Alabama, and Tennessee. This company was raised in Huntsville, Ala., at the outbreak of the war.

Mrs. C. B. Edwards, of Dayton, Fla., asks for information of her uncles, James, George, and Andrew Fuller, who served in the Confederate army. James was killed, and the others served to the end; but she knows nothing of their records as soldiers, though she thinks they must have belonged to Tennessee troops.



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TO THE

United Confederate Veterans

Greeting

WE JOIN the countless host of those who love the Confederate soldier in wishing you a happy reunion in Chattanooga. We are glad with you that another opportunity offers for you to live over again the stirring days of the sixties. We fancy the scenes about the old camp fire, the long march, the hard battle, the victorious rebel yell—all come back again when comrade meets comrade. These reunions afford a peculiar pleasure for you, and serve to remind us who come after you how much we owe in love and honor to the heroes of the South.

¶ While in Chattanooga be sure to see the beautiful monument which we have just completed on the Chickamauga Battle Field for the State of Florida. It will be unveiled during your reunion.

¶ Trusting that you will enjoy many more happy
 Col V Y Cook
 reunions, and wishing for each one of you all that is
 good, we
 X

Sincerely yours,

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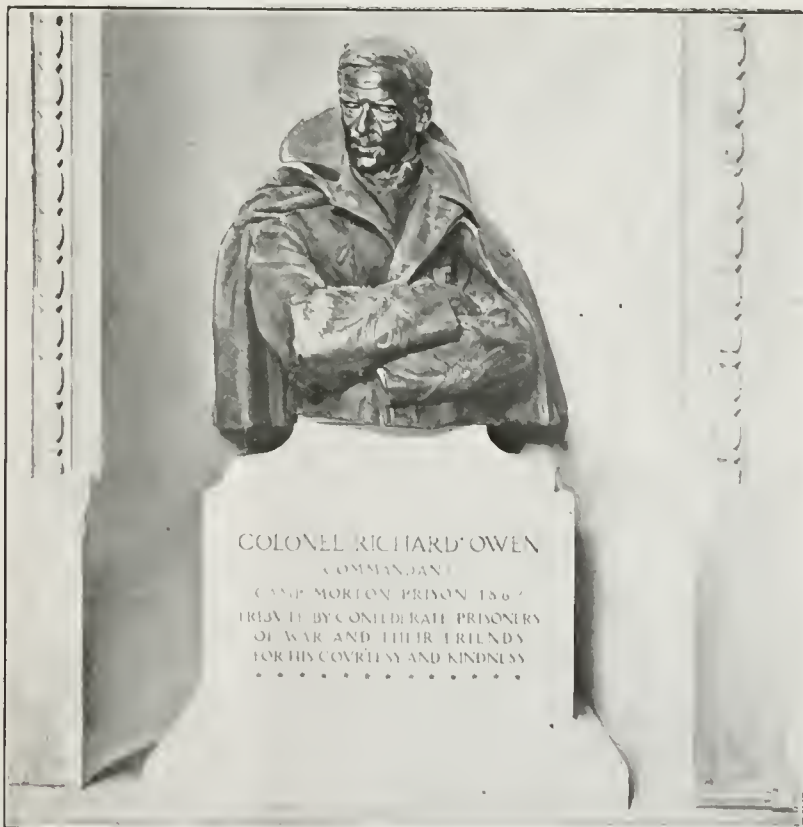
MARIETTA, GEORGIA

Confederate Veteran.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

JULY, 1913

SEVENTH NUMBER •




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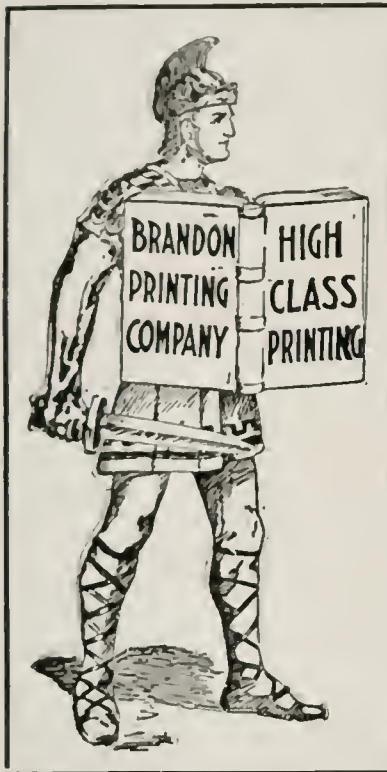
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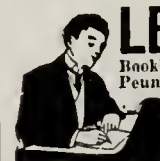
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Ku Klux Klan

This booklet, published by the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., to be sold and all proceeds to go to erection of monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, per copy, 30 cents, postpaid. Address

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, President
Mississippi Division, U. D. C., West Point, Miss.



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125 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Frazier W. Hurlburt, 310 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., says he would like to buy one or two stars from a Confederate officer's coat.

Sam Blythe, of Banks, Ark., inquires for comrades of his old company. He went from Marion County, Ga., on the 1st of September, 1861, having enlisted in Company A, 27th Georgia, Colquitt's Brigade, and served in the Virginia Army.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The VETERAN is the best advertising medium for the entire South.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. }
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1913.

No. 7.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

The bronze bust of Colonel Owen (shown on the front cover) is of heroic size, which was made necessary by the very large niche in which it is placed, and it is so heavy that the use of a derrick was necessary to put it in place. In every respect the work was well done, and no Confederate or friend will ever have occasion to apologize for the artist or of the material. The bronze letters were modeled by hand.

This issue of the VETERAN is like a man in his working clothes. Quite a number of fine engravings and important articles are held over because of pressure for reading space. These delayed articles include Shiloh Monument and the Jefferson Davis Home subscriptions.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.—Hon. Newell Sanders, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$20; Maj. W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn., \$10; M. B. Morton, Nashville, Tenn., \$1; Thomas W. Wrenne, Nashville, Tenn., \$1; Mrs. H. A. Chambers, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$1; M. A. Beard, Waxahachie, Tex., \$3; J. T. Crawford, Pampa, Tex., \$1; Spencer D. Clack, Peacock, Tex., \$1; J. K. Womack, Eagleville, Tenn., \$1; Miss Jessica R. Smith, Henderson, N. C., \$1.

The State of Indiana furnished a list of nearly four thousand prisoners, giving their company and regiment, a copy of which was placed in a copper box in the pedestal, and another list for the Veteran, which it is expected will be used in a pamphlet history of Colonel Owen, together with a list of all contributors. It is expected that this booklet will be printed as soon as contributions will approximately return to Mr. Cunningham the funds he has advanced.

ERROR IN DATE OF GENERAL BRAGG'S LETTER.—Reference to a letter by Gen. Braxton Bragg on the title-page of the June VETERAN is made to correct its date, which is February 8, 1873, instead of "1878." The date was made from memory with the intention of examining the paper, and that important duty was overlooked in the hurry to have the June issue at the Chattanooga Reunion. General Bragg died before the date named.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE VETERAN AT HALF PRICE.—Many issues of the VETERAN contain articles of special interest to some persons who will see this. Orders for numbers for five years back will be filled at fifty cents per dozen. Order them and help to circulate the VETERAN.

Copies of this VETERAN will be distributed at Gettysburg July 1-4, although not prepared specially for that purpose. The August number will contain much of the proceedings and will be sent to all who write for it. Many Union VETERANS are its cordial patrons. While it is ardently loyal to the name it bears, the VETERAN is zealous for the welfare of the entire country and seeks to make an accurate record of the war period and of its causes and effects.

UNVEILING OF RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

The Richard Owen Memorial is in place and is as well done as the promoter could wish. He believes it is the crowning act of his life. It was built with the greatest possible economy, but unstintedly as regards quality of material and skill of the superior artist. The VETERAN designates it as a memorial because it is a sacred tribute to an eminently good man, a man who had the courage to do right whatever might be the cost to him in rank or reputation.

The resolution submitted to both houses of the Indiana Legislature in 1911 indicates the modest aspirations in the outset—viz., to place a memorial tablet so that the people of Indiana, the nation, or any country in the world whose people may visit the Capitol of Indiana, people who have erected the grandest monument to its soldiers in all the wars in its history, will learn a lesson not merely of the kindness of Colonel Owen, but of the appreciation of Southern men and women after fifty years. The resolution referred to, submitted by Hon. W. W. Spencer, is as follows:

"House Concurrent Resolution No. 12:

"Be it resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring therein, that the Governor of this State be authorized to permit the surviving Confederate prisoners who were confined in Camp Morton during the War of the States to erect a tablet to the memory of Col. Richard Owen for his kindness shown such Confederate prisoners; and that the Governor be authorized to designate the spot where said tablet shall be placed, either in the Statehouse, on the grounds of the Statehouse, or the soldiers' monument in the city of Indianapolis."

The resolution was unanimously passed, and the clerk was directed to inform the Senate of its passage.

The petition, it will be seen, does not mention any name, and some writers in commending it make no reference to any person. Confederate prisoners and their friends have the distinction; so the Editor of the VETERAN, who conceived the idea and bears the burden, does not hesitate to solicit the cooperation of all who approve it. It is to honor all alike.

[Introductory to the proceedings Governor Ralston presented Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Chaplain General Army of Tennessee Department, who read an explanatory statement, submitted by S. A. Cunningham, the author, and the consideration that suggested it.]

REASON FOR RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

As one of least significance among more than four thousand prisoners of war confined in Camp Morton fifty-one years ago, it has been my good fortune to have erected here in your State Capitol building a memorial to one of your best men. I have done it through the aid of fellow prisoners, other comrades, and our friends. My conviction is that, in so far as undying souls take cognizance of what is done after their careers have been ended, more than four thousand are glad with me, and that in the greatest reunion ever to occur there will be greeting to me for this deed. Anticipating that joy, I requested of your Governor, Samuel M. Ralston, the privilege of a back seat in this ceremony. However, some one knowing the reason for this event should explain it, as a large majority of those present were not born at that time; so I submit this brief account.

In the South's disaster at Fort Donelson, Tenn., on February 16, 1862, about eight thousand prisoners were taken, and half of us were brought here. Preparations had not been made, and we were subjected to much suffering of cold and hunger—cold throughout that bitter winter and hunger for food at two weeks. The prisoners were mad with each other, and the entire day's rations were eaten immediately. When the supply was enough better to divide the day's food, each prisoner would carry his haversack wherever he went, not trusting his bunk mates with it. While these deplorable conditions prevailed, the prison commandant, Colonel Owen, was busy all day and much of the night in doing all he could to ameliorate conditions. This fact soon became so apparent that the prisoners discussed him in regard to it; and throughout the intervening half century the only complaint I ever heard was by a man who escaped from Camp Morton and, being recaptured hundreds of miles away, was handcuffed by his captor, and blamed Colonel Owen for it.

Colonel Owen was criticized by an Indianapolis paper "for showing too much consideration for the prisoners," and we believed his transfer was because of that. His defense is given, happily, in full in the war records; and it demonstrates that he firmly believed the Union would be restored, that his treatment of the Southerners under his charge would tend to speed the day, and that a "more perfect Union" would result. He was as patriotic in this as when rushing to the charge in battle.

During Colonel Owen's active field service he was conspicuous for his ability and his courage. He confronted Gen. R. E. Lee at Cheat Mountain, Va.; he rendered important service at Arkansas Pass, where the Federal victory was complete; and in the Kentucky campaigning the army commander showed extraordinary regard for the skill with which he carried forward expeditions, much of the time in command of a brigade. It is a pleasing memory that when he was captured at Mumfordsville, Ky., the Confederate general in command rode up to him on the field of surrender and said: "Colonel Owen, in consideration of your kindness to prisoners at Camp Morton, you are free to go at will."

If there is a Providence that directs our deeds, I express humble gratitude for seeing the name "Ernest Dale Owen"

on a law card on one of the great buildings in Chicago some years ago. Instantly I entered the building, took an elevator, and called. The gentleman, in response to my story that I was a prisoner in Camp Morton in 1862 and called hoping I could learn something of Colonel Owen, who was in command there, showed me the most cordial consideration; and I was gratified to learn that, though the Colonel was dead, he had a son, Mr. Horace P. Owen (who served on his father's staff), a resident of New Harmony, Ind. Correspondence with Mr. Horace Owen has been delightful; and I learned the amazing fact that just before the beginning of hostilities his father, who was Prof. Richard Owen, was associated with Bushrod R. Johnson (afterwards a major general in the Confederate army) in conducting educational work in Nashville, Tenn.

So nearly all of the Camp Morton prisoners are dead that I had ambition personally to pay tribute to Colonel Owen. [Your invitations to this ceremony mention him as Richard Dale Owen. The middle name is omitted from the tablet purposely, for in the war records his name is given officially as Richard Owen.]

More than two years ago I called upon your Governor, Thomas R. Marshall, now our Vice President of the United States, and more recently upon your Governor, Samuel M. Ralston; and to them, with many citizens, including veterans, I express unfeigned gratitude for their cordial and zealous cooperation in all arrangements for this event, and I especially mention Hon. W. W. Spencer, who prepared and submitted the first resolution to your State Legislature.

While in the outset my ambition was to place simply a bronze tablet in your beautiful Capitol, the encouragement from the Southern people and the inspiration of a gifted Southern woman, Miss Belle Kinney, the daughter of a Confederate soldier, this memorial of esteem and gratitude are such that I fear no criticism from future generations.

Gratitude to the memory of Colonel Owen is the stronger because he was succeeded by a very different kind of man, whom we designated as a "renegade Kentuckian."

Contributions to this memorial are the more appreciated because they have come unsolicited; and whatever may be the personal sacrifice in money, it is given without stint, as it is the most satisfactory undertaking of a lifetime, and I have learned a new lesson by associating with Indiana Hoosiers.

Gov. S. M. RALSTON PRESIDED.

Gov. Samuel M. Ralston, who succeeded Governor (now Vice President) Marshall, entered most cordially and heartily into the dedicatory service and presided at the ceremony, making the following brief address:

"We are here to-day to pay tribute to the merits of a brave and generous man and to advance the cause of peace. 'Peace on earth, good will toward men' is an American motto, and we are ready to hail as a brother every man helping to make that motto dominant in the lives of men and of nations. It is a great thing to be brave physically; but fortunately for society and the building of nations, neither war nor the war spirit is essential to the development of high moral qualities.

"Col. Richard Owen was physically courageous, but it is impossible to imagine a display of physical courage on his part that would have suggested this event in commemoration of his life. It has its source in virtues possessed by him far superior to anything of a transitory character. In the early part of 1862, while serving his country as colonel of

the 60th Indiana Regiment, he had the power of the sword over the Confederate soldiers committed to his keeping in Camp Morton. Upon the surrender of Fort Donelson in February of that year four thousand Confederates became his prisoners. They were half-starved, half-clothed, and half-frozen when they came to him. Human endurance was nearing its limits with them. The demands of nature made them restless, but as speedily as possible Colonel Owen provided them with whatever relief he could command.

"Colonel Owen was a humane man. He regarded himself as his brother's keeper. The elements of nobility were so mingled in his nature that, though he was vested with absolute authority, he preferred the power of the heart to the power of the sword over those under him. He commanded through love. This gave him a place in the affections of the boys who wore the gray as enduring as life. Out of their love and the love of their loved ones sprang a desire to express in some material form their appreciation of his kindness to fallen foes. In carrying out this desire we have the heart offerings of Confederate soldiers represented by the magnificent piece of art we have assembled to unveil. We should never look upon it without recalling the noble qualities of heart and soul of S. A. Cunningham, who took the initiative in this memorial and consummated the same with much cost to himself in time, labor, and money. Nor should we contemplate this work without a feeling of appreciation of the genius of Miss Belle Kinney, the brilliant young sculptress who wrought it. She has made it reflect in a high degree both thought and feeling. And what a splendid tribute it is to peace—to peace that is truly national in its influence! How creditable it is alike to both giver and receiver, now one and inseparable under 'Old Glory!'

it would be appropriate indeed to have these two distinguished citizens in their representative capacities occupy seats side by side on this platform and the one to present the other to you. They have both served their countrymen well in different positions, but I doubt if either were ever afforded a more agreeable opportunity than this to plead for a broader patriotism."

[Judge Comstock made a most appropriate and pleasing address, but it was not in manuscript and cannot be given now.]

FROM GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG'S PRESENTATION SPEECH.

I find in no history a counterpart of the exercises which have brought this audience together. It is possible only in a republic, where the intelligence and patriotism of its people have reached the highest standard. The former enemies of a brave and gallant soldier have come to build a monument to one who was their foe on the battle field. They have come to point to Richard Owen as one of the great men, a man whose name sheds renown upon the State of Indiana.

S. A. Cunningham was surrendered at Fort Donelson in the early part of 1862, and was brought as a prisoner of war to Camp Morton. Remembering with gratitude the courtesy and kindness of this brave and honorable man, Mr. Cunningham, determining to show appreciation for himself and his fellow prisoners, most of whom are dead, undertook among the men and women of the South to raise sufficient funds to secure and erect this statue. Other monuments have been erected to the soldiers of Indiana, but none has such a delightful flavor of gratitude and love as this memorial which the men and women of the South turn over now to the State of Indiana for perpetual preservation.

As the representative of the South I may be permitted to say in perfect frankness and candor some things on this occasion. This act must not be interpreted in any way as recognizing that the people of the South condone or approve of the treatment meted out to Confederate prisoners held at the various military prisons of the United States during the war. There are many sad things connected with the war that it is wise and patriotic to forget; nor shall I ignore proprieties on this occasion or utter a single word to arouse the least animosity which time has effectively softened. The charge that the South intentionally inflicted wrongs upon any Federal prisoner held in a Confederate prison was a most cruel and groundless slander. Malignant and bloodthirsty politicians, in order to inflame the passions and quicken the hatred of people of the North, undertook by misrepresentation to lead the people of the United States to believe that in the treatment of prisoners of war the Southern authorities deliberately inflicted cruelties upon the helpless men who were held at Andersonville, Raleigh, Florence, and Richmond. There was a time when the South was powerless to meet this cruel charge; but that time has long since passed, and history impartially, just and relentless for truth, has exonerated our people from this cruel and baseless charge.

The history of the exchange of prisoners held on both sides shows that if the policy and wish, not only of Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, and Robert E. Lee, but of the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, had been followed no word of complaint could have arisen. In dealing with the questions that arose in connection with the war we must put ourselves in the same condition and bring about the same surroundings that affected the people of that day. We cannot take the men of 1861 to 1865 and place them with the men of 1913. All of the unhappy things of the war ought to be forgotten



"My friends, I have requested Judge Comstock, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in Indiana, to present to you Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. It occurred to me that

and will be forgotten, but there was never anything that cut so deeply the men and women of the South or that they resented more fiercely than this charge of systematic cruelty toward the prisoners of war. The limelight of history has swept aside all of the cobwebs that have gathered around us. Gen. B. F. Butler, who was Commissioner of Exchange, admitted that in dealing with the question of exchange of prisoners he intentionally put matters offensively for the purpose of preventing exchange; and so deep and so strong was the animosity of the people of the North against this refusal of exchange that he was compelled to justify himself with the following statement:

"I have felt it my duty to give an account with this particular carefulness of my participation in the business of the exchange of prisoners, of the orders under which I acted, and of the negotiations attempted, which comprises a faithful narration of all that was done, so that all may become a matter of history. * * * The anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, and wives to know the exigency which caused this terrible and perhaps, as it may have seemed to them, useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them by horrible deaths, each and all had compelled me to this exposition, so that it may be seen that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the General in Chief, U. S. Grant, of the armies to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan and the success won at so great a cost." * * *

Col. Richard Owen, of the 60th Indiana Regiment, was assigned to the command of Camp Morton with forty-two hundred of the prisoners who had surrendered at Fort Donelson in 1862. Colonel Owen had himself known the people of the South, and a short time previous was a teacher in the Nashville Military Academy, associated with Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, a man of Northern birth, who afterwards became major general of the Confederate army.

Colonel Owen took a distinguished part in the great war. He was criticized for his kindness to the prisoners under his charge and was subsequently sent to the front. * * *

Prominent women of Indiana have erected a monument in this city to Robert Dale Owen, who was so zealous in procuring a change in the Indiana laws whereby women could own and control their own property. That Indiana should have two monuments to two such brothers reflects great glory upon this splendid commonwealth; but it seems to us that of these two monuments the most preferable would be this one erected by men who fought upon the other side from Col. Richard Owen, and who, after a lapse of half a century, are so mindful of his great kindness to them when helpless as prisoners of war as to come and ask the State of Indiana for the privilege of building a monument to one who became illustrious in his humanity.

He was merciful where others were merciless, he was humane where others were inhuman, he was gentle where others were malignant. He rose higher than the passions and prejudices of the hour in which he lived and acted. He was impelled by the highest, greatest, noblest instincts of philanthropy in his treatment of others who had by the misfortunes of war been placed in his charge. He was so patriotic that early during the war he offered his life to his country's call, and over and above this superb patriotism there was the gentle impulse for his fellow men in his great soul. He foresaw with the instincts of a patriot that some time or other the war

would end, and he realized that war was nothing but organized barbarism, and his great heart rose higher than the currents of passion and prejudice. The truest elements of justice and right caused him to treat kindly the men whom he had fought. He understood that, although they differed with him upon constitutional questions, they were entitled to that treatment which civilization accords to those who bear the impress of God.

Criticized and misjudged because he would not mistreat the men who by war's chance had been placed in his charge, he accepted the conditions with complacency, relying upon time to vindicate the splendor and grandeur of his motives. He foresaw that there must be an end to the war. In response to criticism of his conduct he said on April 18, 1862: "As early as a year since I already offered my life to assist in sustaining the government in the struggle to maintain the supremacy of the law; and if no other means were left, I would now gladly sacrifice the remnant of that life to restore to our distracted country such a peace as would bring with it the original strength and harmony of our glorious republic. That we must establish and prove the power and permanence of the general government is certain; but the sooner we can reconcile differences by avoiding ultraism, the greater the chance for our securing again a powerful and united nation."

His great heart made him kind; and his great mind, looking down the vista of years to come, saw that other conditions would arise when it would be possible for the men of the North and the men of the South to be reconciled to each other.

I come to say for the men of the South that, after half a century is gone, they hold the kindest feeling toward this brave, honest, upright, noble, and humane gentleman, and that in all of the monuments that the love of Southern men and women have erected there is none coupled with more genuine pleasure and good feeling than this memorial in his native State in recognition of the philanthropy and humanity of Richard Owen. The people of the South now turn over to the State of Indiana this magnificent tribute to this man who came out of the storm of passion and prejudice and the misfortunes of war as one of the noblest, the truest, and the best of men, and we hope that this splendid memorial will have its influence on ages to come.

Vice President Marshall's address of acceptance is deferred to a later issue. It is due to explain that Mr. Marshall had written that his formal acceptance of the memorial would not be in manuscript; and then on a delightful journey with him and Mrs. Marshall from Nashville to Indianapolis he again stated that he had not written his response to the presentation address, but would have a stenographer record it. When he began his speech a very intelligent-looking woman walked upon the platform with pencil and notebook, so it was presumed a correct and complete report had been made. When Mr. Marshall finished he left at once for an engagement at Terre Haute; and it was presumed that the speech would be published, but it was not, and Mr. W. W. Spencer wired on our going to press that it could not be had. This omission or delay is the more regretted because the ceremonial day was fixed for June 9 so that Mr. Marshall might participate. The brief Associated Press report will be used if it be impossible to get the full text later. Mr. Spencer's message is as follows: "Cannot obtain a copy of Vice President Marshall's speech at the Owen unveiling. He spoke extemporaneously, and his speech was not taken in shorthand."



HON. W. W. SPENCER.

[Mr. Spencer was not only helpful in the beginning, but on and on to the end. He is a graduate of Indiana University, was taught by Professor (Colonel) Owen, and is grateful personally for the tribute. The VETERAN desires to acknowledge in this way his many helpful acts.]

HOW THE FAMILY OF COLONEL OWEN APPRECIATE THE TRIBUTE.

[This letter from the son of Colonel Owen, at New Harmony, Ind., is gratifying in its expressions of appreciation.]

Since my return I have been extremely busy, but felt that all the while I should write you expressing my supreme gratification over the unveiling exercises at Indianapolis on the 9th inst. The program was beautifully arranged and was most appropriate in its every feature. It was the most gratifying occasion of my life and thrilled me with a sensation never before experienced.

I desire now, as the only surviving direct representative of my father, to express my profound appreciation and undying gratitude to the people of the Southland through the medium of that noble-hearted, unselfish, and patriotic Southern gentleman, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, for this magnificent and imperishable tribute to my father's memory, which, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is without a parallel in the annals of war.

I trust that the realization of your long-cherished dream may prove to be the crowning triumph of your life's work, as the world must receive and acknowledge it an event unique in history, actuated by the finest motives that ever influenced the heart of man. Assuring you of my deep and lasting friendship, I remain

Sincerely and faithfully yours, HORACE P. OWEN.

Since the dedication some highly appreciated letters from the North expressing cordial interest have been received. One of them, from E. W. McDaniel, of Indianapolis, here given, may serve to arouse the sons of Southern veterans to their lack of interest in the glorious history of their country. Mr. McDaniel sends an order for the VETERAN and says: "I saw you and heard your worthy fellow Southerners talk at the dedication of the Owen Memorial, and I want to study

you old fellows a little. I lived nearly a year with an old Confederate—Capt. S. P. Allen, of Palestine, Tex.—at one period of my life, and his perfect manhood and gentlemanly deportment made me change my early Northern notions about Southerners. You are interesting to me as is all history of that awful period now past. I am in the market for every scrap of Southern history obtainable which deals with the truth of the old days. I certainly enjoyed your coming to our capital and feel that your visit will result in much good in the restoration of an era of good feeling between your country and ours—all one and the same."

WHEN IT WAS "COLD CHEER AT CAMP MORTON."

DR. JOHN A. WYETH, NEW YORK CITY.

As a member of the staff of the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans I would have been glad to have been present at the unveiling of the memorial statue of Col. Richard Dale Owen. Our comrades who were confined at Camp Morton while he was commander of that prison bear witness to his kindness of heart, his consideration, and his humanity. His removal from that position brought untold misery to those of us who were to come later.

I was in that prison from late in October, 1863, to February 25, 1865; and with the exception of the hospital department, over which alone the spirit of Colonel Owen seemed to hover, I saw nothing of kindness or consideration or humanity on the part of those in command of the prison. When for the benefit of the historian of our War of the States I published, in 1881, in the Century Magazine, my experiences in Camp Morton, I was accused of untruthfulness and was for years the object of abuse and vilification from that portion of the Northern people whose mental caliber was only large enough for prejudice and too narrow to appreciate the moral of the story of the "shield which has two sides." They even went so far in their efforts to detract from the force of my statement to search out my record as a boy and lad in my native village, in the army, and after the war; and when, a short time afterwards, I was invited by the Medical Association of the State of Indiana to deliver a lecture before them on a scientific subject, a political, semi-military organization at Indianapolis waited upon the officers and members of the medical society and informed them that I would be mobbed if I came to Indianapolis, and that they would boycott every physician who showed me any civility. For the sake of my medical friends I did not accept the invitation. Later this noble body of doctors, holding their annual meeting at South Bend, repeated the invitation, and I received at their hands one of the greatest demonstrations of professional esteem and personal friendship I have ever been honored with; and when, in 1901, I was elected President of the American Medical Association, I received the unanimous vote of the Indiana delegation.

All honor to the brave and noble men who fought us openly and fairly as soldiers and to those who, when we were prisoners, showed "that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin"; but no condemnation is too severe for the cowardly men in uniform who shot unarmed prisoners without justifiable provocation or treated them cruelly as they were during the long, weary months of confinement in Camp Morton.

[Dr. Wyeth's article on the treatment of Confederate prisoners in Camp Morton created one of the bitterest discussions on record.]

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PRIZES TO EVERY CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are invited to join in a competition which will be a certain gain to every Chapter in the organization that will cooperate. The regular agent's commission of twenty-five per cent will be allowed on every subscription to the VETERAN received, and in addition \$3.40 worth of books (publishers' prices) will be given to Chapters securing the largest lists in proportion to their membership. Time for award of prizes is extended to December.

The prizes are: Ten sets of "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" (new edition), by Jefferson Davis; three sets (cloth) of the "Confederate Military History," twelve volumes, valued at \$48 per set, and two sets in single volumes. Chapters having the largest lists are given choice.

This makes three prizes of \$48 each, ten at \$10 each, and twenty-four at \$4 each. The statement is repeated that "these prizes are on hand, paid for, and ready for delivery."

Daughters, do you realize what this proposition means? It is made in good faith. The books are the most valuable Confederate records in existence. Where Chapters do not have libraries the books can be sold. The smaller Chapters in many instances will have advantage over the larger. If a Chapter of ten members procures only ten new subscriptions, it may secure a \$48 set of books, while a Chapter with a thousand members would have to procure a thousand subscriptions to have equal chance. If your Chapter will engage in the work, please give notice at once, so that proper supplies may be furnished. Address the VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

FROM MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE'S REUNION REPORT.

These official notices are sent to Divisions when it is desired to reach the Chapters in a short time. Ordinarily I shall communicate with you through the columns of the VETERAN, and I ask all Chapter Presidents to read each month to their Chapters whatever article I may have in the VETERAN. The article will be official, and the information it contains will not be repeated elsewhere. This is not imposing a hardship, for the VETERAN is the official organ of the U. D. C.; therefore every Chapter should have its own copy to keep on file, and through the club rates offered for it a Chapter can with a little work get its own copy free.

I hope that the summer months will not make us laggards, but that all will keep up their work and enthusiasm so that all will be ready for the New Orleans convention with the best reports we have ever had. Hotel Grunewald will be headquarters, and the New Orleans Chapter, the hostess Chapter, is planning everything possible for the convenience and pleasure of the delegates, subordinating all things to the business before the convention.

SENDING ONE DOLLAR TO THE VETERAN.

Don't forget that by sending for one year at a time changes in the mail list have to be made each dozen issues, which costs in the aggregate much money. It would be preferable to receive \$2.50 for three years. So many patrons have much money, and it seems a small business to send for just

one year when that pays for only a part of the year in advance. Remember the three year rate. Besides, consider just a moment whether you have a friend who would add a dollar to yours at the mere suggestion, at the cost of sending your own. If you really like the VETERAN and what it stands for, try it. By your waiting to have a reminder sent and then waiting again the VETERAN loses thousands of dollars. The frightful loss is in extending the time after comrades die, and their families will not even pay what is due. Send for three years anyhow, if you are at all in arrears.

TEN THOUSAND SAMPLE COPIES.

Interested patrons hardly conceive the wide scope of the VETERAN, and they don't think of how much good each could do with a postal card in sending the names of persons to whom sample copies may be mailed. It is a practical proposition. On a card that costs one cent write, say, six names and addresses, and the VETERAN will incur from thirty to sixty cents in sending sample copies, which may result in one or more new subscribers. This card will show your interest in advancing its circulation and influence. Personal friends are not excluded from this request. Are you such a friend? A multitude who ought to act under this head and this plea show but little, if any, greater interest than those who are indifferent to the cause. All friends of the men who sacrificed so much in the sixties should be diligent all the time—the brief period remaining to enlist those who are not familiar with what the VETERAN is doing. You, no matter where you are, can get somebody who does not know the VETERAN interested in it and who would bless you for having done it.

Friends at reunions manifest all the appreciation and devotion to the cause of the VETERAN that can be desired, yet when requested to send names for sample copies—a favor that would cost them one cent and a few minutes' labor—each defers it. This delay causes failure of those who would induce others to try by this simple, inexpensive process. They die, and their neighbors will die in ignorance of its cause and work. Is this right? This appeal is to you. So ardent is the VETERAN's faith in good that may be done that it appeals to its thousands and thousands of readers to spend that one cent to its hundreds and hundreds of dollars, and do it at once. The VETERAN is strong enough now to make its impress upon the nation if this small request would be complied with. Let every friend, everybody who believes in the good it is doing, comply during July of 1913.

The new subscriptions that have been secured recently encourage even against the loss of much where comrades die and their families ignore the obligation to pay even what is due through indulgence extended. They deliberately order the VETERAN stopped, paying no attention to dues.

THE VETERAN IN ARKANSAS COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Dr. Eugene R. Long, the President, acknowledges a handsome donation to the library of Arkansas College, at Batesville: "The twenty volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN have been placed on the shelves of the college library. Much of the really valuable material in recent years has been incorporated in magazines, and no part of a public library of today is more important. No periodical publication having the Confederacy as its topic has survived as long as the VETERAN, and I will have it placed upon the list of magazines ordered for our reading room, beginning with Volume XXI."

This gift of much expense and value is from Col. V. Y. Cook, as true a friend as the VETERAN has ever had.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REUNION, U. C. V.

The twenty-third Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Chattanooga, May 27-29, leaves for its official record the recollection of Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, as Commander in Chief, U. C. V., with Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, of Norfolk, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, Gen. George P. Harrison, of Opelika, Ala., Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, and Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, of Fort Worth, Tex., Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Other official acts were the choice of Jacksonville, Fla., as the place of meeting for the 1913 Reunion and the cordial indorsement of the great peace gathering of the veterans of the South with the North at Gettysburg, to be held on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle.

Beyond these official acts, the Reunion was a time of hallowed memory and reminiscence, of heartfelt renewals of old comradeships, and the strengthening of ties from days of the great war. It was also a gala time for new generations of sons and daughters whose loyalty to the old days of the past adds zest to the beauty and happiness of the present.

And through it all—the parades, the flying of flags, the music and the shouting, the balls, concerts, and receptions—it was the hero in gray, the veteran of fifty years ago, who was the guest of honor and the central figure of interest in all this gay pageantry of memory and patriotism.

The city of Chattanooga was taxed to the limit of its capacity to entertain in comfort the throng of veterans and their friends, but the open heart of its hospitality met all needs. Except for a few threatening clouds and showers at the beginning, the weather throughout the three days was perfect.

FIRST GATHERING OF REUNION.

On Monday afternoon, May 26, there was a meeting of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association at the auditorium, with the President, Mrs. Behan, presiding.

There were speeches of welcome and good fellowship by Mayor Thompson in behalf of Chattanooga, the Hon. Alex W. Chambliss in behalf of the Sons of Veterans, Capt. James Dinkins in behalf of the Veterans, and Mrs. Alexander B. White in behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. M. T. Armstrong, President of the Chattanooga Memorial Association. Mayor Thompson acted as Chairman. After an invocation by Dr. Bachman, there were several addresses interspersed with music by the 11th Cavalry Band, by the Confederate choir, and with solos by Mrs. L. G. Walker, accompanied by Miss Abbie Palmer, a daughter of Dr. Palmer, by Miss Lois Caulk, and by Miss Louise Wilson, of the Confederate choir. The concluding speech of the evening was made by Mrs. Behan, who recounted the work of the Association.

The convention of the Association lasted through the three days of the Reunion. A delicious luncheon was served during this time by Mrs. A. W. Poe and a committee from the U. D. C. Invitations to all the social functions were extended to the officers and delegates. Mrs. Behan was one of the receiving ladies at the grand reception given in honor of the United Confederate Veterans, and was the honor guest at a reception given at the Read House by Mrs. M. T. Armstrong.

Mrs. Behan was named as one of the "historic ladies" to unveil the Alabama monument erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., on the field of Chickamauga. A handsome wreath of palms and flowers tied with the memorial colors was placed on the monument by Miss

Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General, in the name of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

As has been the custom since the organization of the Association, the President was introduced to the Veterans at their opening session and brought them a greeting from the small but faithful band of memorial women, weak in numbers but strong in purpose, who are deeply interested in the welfare of the living and devoted to the memory of the departed heroes of the Confederacy.

The officers presented fine reports of work accomplished during the year. The report of the Historian General was most comprehensive and included the list of monuments of the South and when and by whom erected. In Mrs. Behan's report she referred to the vast sum of money now in the United States Treasury, accumulated from captured, confiscated, and abandoned property and from the cotton tax, and rightfully belonging to the South. She outlined a plan by which Congress should be memorialized and offered a resolution as to the restoration of this money to its natural heirs in the South, which was unanimously adopted. A committee was appointed, composed of the officers and State Vice Presidents, with the President as *ex officio* chairman. The committee will confer and agree upon a plan for bringing this important matter before Congress in December, 1913.

Mrs. Behan's resolutions were in substance the same as those adopted by the Veterans on the cotton tax matter and were received after the other report was prepared.

SONS OF VETERANS.

On Monday evening there was a meeting of the United Sons of Veterans. A large crowd was in attendance, and the occasion was one of good fellowship and hearty enthusiasm.

Business sessions were held in the morning and in the afternoon of the first day, May 27, by both the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Veterans, and by the Veterans again in the evening.

At their afternoon session the Sons elected William W. Old, of Norfolk, Va., to succeed J. P. Norfleet, of Memphis, as Commander in Chief. The new commander is a son of W. W. Old, of Virginia, who served on the staff of Gen. Jubal A. Early in the Valley campaign. Invitations for their 1914 reunion were tendered the Sons by both Birmingham, Ala., and Denver, Colo.; but they will continue to meet as heretofore in the city chosen by the Veterans.

Other officers elected by the Sons were: Dr. A. M. Brailsford, of Mullins, S. C., Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department; J. M. Mullen, Rome, Ga., Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department; Edgar Scurry, of Wichita Falls, Tex., Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The new members of the executive council selected were: John W. Ball, of Rome, Ga.; William Brandon, of Little Rock, Ark.; Seymour Stewart, of St. Louis, Mo.; and W. G. Pritchard, of Charleston, S. C. Dr. Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., was chosen as Historian General.

SPONSORS' PARADE.

On Tuesday afternoon the sponsors and maids of the Reunion, riding through the streets in more than two hundred automobiles, made a procession of loveliness that will not soon be forgotten. The parade was headed by Chief Marshall Bass and his aids, followed by Miss Daffan, sponsor for the South. Then came the official and other sponsors of brigades and Camps, an indescribable line of loveliness whose

They reached its height as the big procession wound its way through Camp Stewart and was cheered to the echo by the gallant old ladies who lined the road to watch it.

VETERANS' MEETING IN CONVENTION

On Tuesday morning, following a parade of the 11th United States Cavalry from Fort Okechobee, which was witnessed with interest by our grizzled and gray veterans and by their sons and daughters, the United Confederate Veterans held their first formal meeting at the city auditorium, the official assembly hall of the convention.

This first session of the Veterans was introduced with a festival of music and song by the Confederate choir, led in admirable fashion by Mrs. Martha Nelson Edwards, of Virginia. The big auditorium, crowded as it was to the limit of its capacity, contained an audience that was spontaneous and cordial in its pleasure and enthusiasm.

Following this, the sponsors, maids of honor, and distinguished guests were presented to the convention, after which there was a prayer by the Chaplain General, J. W. Bachman, and the Veterans were then welcomed to Chattanooga by Mayor T. C. Thompson and to Tennessee by the Governor.

WELCOME BY GOVERNOR HOOPER, OF TENNESSEE.

I deem it the proud privilege of a lifetime to welcome to Tennessee soil the venerable survivors of the world's greatest war. From the dawn of history down to the present hour the measured tread of soldiery has echoed upon the earth, and the vibrant strains of martial music have stirred the hearts of men. There have been wars just and unjust, wars necessary and unnecessary, wars of cruel revenge, of selfish aggrandizement, and of exalted patriotism. Among all the military conflicts, ancient and modern, which have swept our planet with fire and drenched it with blood, none have produced more splendid examples of military prowess and heroic valor among men and loyal devotion and uncomplaining self-sacrifice among women than the War of the States.

The lengthened vista of the centuries lends stature to Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, and Napoleon, and invests with extraordinary splendor the valiant deeds of those who followed them, but when history has obtained the just perspective of Lee and Jackson, they will loom large among the colossal military figures of all time. And, what is better still, they will stand supernal among the chieftains of every race and clime, because they entered the smoke of battle with prayers rather than curses upon their lips. There could have been no such commanders as these without such men as the South furnished to the ranks of the Confederate armies.

We of this generation which has come on since the war of the sixties should not forget that the soldiers on both sides of that contest drank to the bitter dregs a cup which had been prepared for them before they were born and which otherwise might have been passed on to us. The War of the States was an inherited war. The seeds of inevitable conflict had been sown in our Federal Constitution at its very inception, and the aged men we see here to-day were fated to live at a time when these seeds should spring up and bring forth their awful fruitage of civil war.

In the calm light of this peaceful day it is hard for us to realize that fifty years ago the hills and valleys of this immediate country resounded with the roar of artillery and the clash of arms. We habituate ourselves to think of such terrible things as being far away in distance and in time. But there are gray heads here to-day which vividly remember the

valley of Chattanooga as an armed camp and her surrounding ridges and mountains crowned with all the "pomp and circumstance of war."

You are gathered here to-day to perpetuate the sacred memories of the past and to renew the comradeship begun back in the days when your steps were light, your eyes were bright, and the tide of youthful hope surged high in your courageous breasts. No love save that arising from the tenderest ties of nature can exceed the love of a man for the comrades who cramped, mangled, marched, fought, bled, and suffered by his side. No music can ever quicken the pulse of the old soldiers like the calls of a bugle corps.

In behalf of every man, woman, and child in the great Volunteer State I welcome this reunion of Confederate veterans. I likewise greet your strong, manly sons and your surpassingly sweet and beautiful daughters.

We naturally judge all Confederate veterans by those of Tennessee, where for half a century they have struggled to build up the waste places, and even now they stand as leaders of public thought and action in almost every community of our State.

The pleasure of your sojourn amid these historic scenes will be immeasurably augmented by the unexcelled hospitality of a city which rarely permits herself to be second best in any particular.

Let me say upon this impressive occasion that I trust that the wisdom of diplomacy and the justice of arbitration may restrain the passions of war until the Prince of Peace shall have gained supreme possession of the hearts of men; but if this hope cannot yet be realized, I can then wish for our republic no greater boon than that her defenders shall be such men as you were fifty years ago.

As a last word permit me to express the hope that your days may yet be long in this goodly land which the Lord our God has given to us.

REPLY OF GENERAL YOUNG.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the Veterans, responded to the various speeches of welcome. The speaker paid eloquent tribute to the brave men of all ages and peoples, placing as not least among them the intrepid fighters of the plucky little island of Japan. He told of how in the last days of the war with Russia the victors of Port Arthur pushed on to Mukden, where they shouted as they swung into battle: "Barzai, branzai! Clear the way, clear the way! We be the men that come from Port Arthur!"

"Men and women of Tennessee and people of Chattanooga," said the speaker, following up his illustration, "as we come to receive your welcome on this auspicious occasion, we feel that we are not unworthy of what you have done for us. We think that we will not be violating the proprieties of the hour if we would cry out to the world: 'Clear the way, clear the way; we are the men from Manassas, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Gaines's Mill! Clear the way, clear the way; we are the men who fought at Shiloh, at Murfreesboro, at Franklin, at Atlanta, at Resaca, at Brice's Crossroads! Clear the way, clear the way; we are the men who fought at Wilson's Creek, at Galveston, through New Mexico, at Mansfield, at Elkhorn, at Sabine Pass! Clear the way, clear the way!'"

In expressing his appreciation of the welcome given the visitors by the people of Chattanooga General Young said: "We breathe a welcome in the air, the currents of the beautiful river flowing by your city murmur their pleasure at our

presence, and these majestic mountains, witnesses of unsurpassed heroism, standing as stately guardians over the battle fields made historic by the blood of heroes, give acquiescence to your gladness and your joy at the presence of these survivors of the Confederate armies. It could not be otherwise than that the people of the great Volunteer State should rejoice to have once more with them the men who followed the banners of the South. Tennessee gave so much in the effort to win national life for the Confederate States that it could not but be that her citizens should be pleased to look once more upon men who followed Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Bragg, Forrest, Wheeler, Kirby Smith, Price, and Shelby in the most wonderful of all modern wars.

"The veterans," the speaker said, "have a history that speaks now and that will speak for all ages to come of patriotism and heroism." General Young recalled some of the notable battles of the War of the States, dwelling briefly on incidents of each. He also paid high tribute to the women of the South and to each Southern State which was included in the Confederacy.

"The name of the Confederacy," General Young added, "and of the Confederate soldier can never die. The Confederate nation lived only four years. It made more history in those four years than any other nation that ever existed so brief a while. Time, pitiless time, has fearfully thinned the ranks of the men who fought under the Confederate standard. The death roll is ever enlarging, the demands of the grave are calling one in eight every year. A remnant still is here, and that remnant still feels the holiest pride and boundless joy in the renown that crowns the Confederate name. It is ours in all its splendor and grandeur; no hand can rob us of our birthright. There are no recruits to take the place of departing comrades. They are going, going, going, and in a little while will all be gone; but in life, in battle, and in death we still stand for the Confederate soldiery around whose memory a just and impartial fate has woven an unfading wreath of glory."

SPEECH BY GOV. J. B. McCREARY.

Gen. B. H. Young was followed by Gov. J. B. McCreary, of Kentucky. In conclusion Governor McCreary said:

"Time has assuaged the hostilities and smoothed the asperities of war; and now those who were the gray sit side by side in Congressional halls and in the highest judicial courts, and are often partners in business. An ex-Confederate soldier, Hon. Edward J. White, is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and another Confederate soldier, Hon. Horace Lurton, is an Associate Justice of that court. Still another ex-Confederate soldier, Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, was Secretary of War during nearly all of Taft's term as President. And I thank God that I lived long enough to vote in the Senate of the United States to return the captured Confederate flags to the regiments and companies who loved them and fought under them, and that I also voted to appropriate money and authorize the appointment of a Confederate officer to collect the remains of Confederate soldiers buried in Northern graves and to mark their final resting places with appropriate headstones. But the great and crowning act which I will never forget was that I had the honor to help place the statue of Robert E. Lee, the greatest general of the Civil War, in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, with the statues of others of the most distinguished sons of the republic, and by the side of Thomas

Jefferson, ex-President of the United States and author of the Declaration of Independence."

Both the morning and afternoon sessions of the Veterans were marked, as were all other meetings of the Reunion, by the eloquence of the addresses and the interest with which they were received. The speakers of this meeting, in addition to these already mentioned, were Gen. John P. Hickman, who by virtue of his office had much of responsibility and authority, Mrs. Alexander White, President U. D. C., and Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, poet laureate of the Veterans.

Among the prominent Confederate women introduced before the organization were Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Memphis, daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, who commanded the Alabama during the War of the States, and Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, who is the widow of two Confederate officers. Her first husband, Col. Clement C. Clay, was imprisoned with Jefferson Davis when the latter was detained at Fortress Monroe at the end of the war.

An interesting feature of the Wednesday morning session of the Veterans was the presentation of the report of the Confederate committee appointed at the Macon Reunion to cooperate with a similar committee from the G. A. R. in the matter of participation in the semicentennial gathering at Gettysburg. Gen. Irvine C. Walker, Chairman of the committee, urged a large attendance of Southern veterans and reported with appreciation the efforts of Mrs. Alexander White, through the Daughters of the Confederacy, to send such veterans as were anxious to go but who were unable to pay the fare. The report of Mrs. White's efforts was greeted with applause, as was also the statement that Confederate veterans would be welcomed "in their gray uniforms and with their battle-scarred flags."

The committee's report closed with these recommendations:

"Your committee would, in conclusion, recall to their comrades the national importance of this celebration. Never in the history of the world has it been known for two contestants, within fifty years of the close of a mighty struggle culminating after a century of mutterings, to meet and join hands in peace, harmony, and good will for the welfare of their country. Coming together without admitting error on either side, not with eriminations simply glossed over, not with one side boastfully asserting that it was right and the other side admitting its mistake, but each frankly and sincerely acknowledging that the other fought for his construction of a common Constitution and each admiring the valor and heroism with which the other maintained its principles. Let us go to Gettysburg eulogizing the intrepid bravery of the Army of Northern Virginia, but laying a palm upon the heroic Army of the Potomac, both of whom met and fought with magnificent gallantry upon that historic field."

ADDRESS OF HON. DANIEL S. HENDERSON.

Hon. Daniel S. Henderson, appointed by Gen. Bennett H. Young as principal orator of the Reunion, delivered the annual address at the auditorium on Tuesday evening. Colonel Henderson took as his subject "The Call to Confederate Survivors and Their Descendants," and made of his address one whose clear thought and eloquent language held his audience with unwavering interest from first to last. The address as a whole was founded on the main thought of the nation's call to duty of all patriots who would save her from the cankered dangers which threaten her.

One strong call, he said, was for our continued defense

of the freedom of the press and the absolute separation of Church and State. "For these," he declared, "the South ought firmly to stand."

Another call was for the education of the masses. "Above all," said the orator, "we want our people educated, so that they can plainly draw the line between the cry of the wily demagogue, who fools them, and the clear bugle blast of the real statesman, so that they will know whom to select as their officers and representatives in our essentially and necessarily representative government."

Justice to the negro was another strong call to the Southerner, and presents a problem which we alone can solve. Colonel Henderson declared it to be the duty of the South to see that the negro has his fair share of public education according to his credit and qualifications, while we forever say to him, "You cannot be our social equal." On the subject of lynching the speaker said: "There is no excuse for lynching the negro in the South for any crime; for we have the judges of our own kind and character, and it is a poor tribute to us to say that we cannot trust them to administer the law as it should be meted out in every particular case."

"Back to the land" is another call which the South cannot afford to disregard. "No people," said the speaker, "can ever be a great people without the development of its soil and the promotion of agricultural results to feed and clothe the myriads of the world's people." Continuing, he said: "America, and especially the South, has such agricultural possibilities by the application of modern science methods that it can control the markets of the world with breadstuffs and cloth; and the yeomanry of this country, the boys and the girls, grown up amid the broad acres and in the valleys and on our mountains and plains, are the people on whom we are to rely to save the nation when the shock of civil strife comes and socialism and anarchism and dynamitism grapple at our national and statehood's throat."

Colonel Henderson concluded his address with a tribute to the great men of the South and with an appeal to the manhood and womanhood of the South to "protect our country from domestic broils and dissensions as well as from external aggressions."

RECEPTION TO VETERANS.

Tuesday evening a reception was given by the Gen. A. P. Stewart and the Francis M. Walker Chapters, U. D. C., at the Bennett H. Young Pavilion in honor of the veterans.

The reception was the most elaborate social occasion of the Reunion. The immense pavilion was beautifully decorated and lighted, and formed a gorgeous background for the thousands of guests who enjoyed its unstinted hospitality.

This reception of Tuesday was the introductory number in a series of entertainments, both public and private, which proved the charming hospitality of Chattanooga's big-hearted citizens, and did honor to the many distinguished guests within her walls.

PETITION TO PRESIDENT FOR DR. S. E. LEWIS.

Be it resolved by the United Confederate Veterans in convention assembled at Chattanooga, Tenn., May 28, 1913:

1. That the President of the United States be requested to appoint Col. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., to fill the vacancy created by the death of the Hon. James H. Berry, late Commissioner under the law approved March 9, 1906, for marking the graves of Confederate soldiers buried in the Northern States.

2. That the Adjutant General of this organization be directed

to immediately transmit an official copy of these resolutions to the President of the United States for his information.

[Resolutions offered by Rev. John R. Deering, of Kentucky.]

INDORSEMENT OF CONFEDERATE VETERAN BY THE CONVENTION.

The following resolutions were passed unanimously with cheers, upon motion of Dr. H. M. Hamill, Chaplain General, Army of Tennessee Department:

"Resolved: 1. That this Association of United Confederate Veterans in annual convention assembled in the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., May, 1913, again most heartily places its indorsement upon the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the official organ of this and other Confederate organizations, and again with renewed emphasis we urge the claims of this long, faithful, and widely honored magazine upon all our members and upon all who are friends of the Confederate cause and the Confederate soldier.

"2. That to no man more than to Comrade S. A. Cunningham, editor and publisher of the VETERAN, is this body more indebted for years of timely and greatly needed service in behalf of the cause we love and honor, and it is our pride and pleasure to speak this strong appreciation of his noble service."

DEDICATION OF MONUMENTS.

On Wednesday morning, at Chickamauga Park, under a sunny and smiling sky, monuments to the heroic dead of Alabama and Florida were unveiled by representatives from those States in the presence of a throng of visitors who had come to do honor to the occasion. Special trains had arrived early in the day, bringing the men and women who were to honor the unveiling of the two monuments here built to add their tributes to those of the two hundred or more memorials already erected on this great battle field.

The Florida monument was unveiled by Mrs. R. R. Turnbull, of Monticello, Fla., sponsor of the Florida Division, U. C. V. Members of the Florida Commission were introduced by Col. Baxter Smith, of the Chickamauga Park Commission. Gen. E. M. Law, of the Florida Commission, responded, and Senator Pasco delivered the dedication speech. Both Senator Pasco and General Law took part in the battle of Chickamauga. The latter belonged to General Longstreet's corps, while the former was a private in the 3d Florida Regiment.

The Alabama monument was formally presented to the Chickamauga Park Commission by Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh. Among the prominent citizens of Alabama who took part in the ceremony were Gov. Emmett O'Neal and his staff; Capt. Raphael Semmes and escort, from Camps Lomax and Faulkner, of Montgomery; Col. S. H. Dent, of Eufaula, Ala.; Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.; and Alabama's four brigade commanders, Brigadier Generals Fuller, Hooper, Weathers, and Lumpkin.

The monument was accepted on behalf of the government by Capt. J. P. Smart. The principal address of the occasion was delivered by Maj. W. W. Screws, editor of the Montgomery Advertiser, who spoke on "The Women of the Confederacy."

VETERANS' PARADE.

Associated Press dispatches give a notable description of the veterans' parade which closed the splendid Reunion:

"Proudly bearing tattered battle flags, dimmed by powder smoke and time, the gray-clad survivors of the Confederate army marched through the streets, walled on each side with

cheering thousands. Standards borne by cavalymen almost encountered overhead arches formed of entwined Confederate and United States flags. Nearly a thousand of the gray-haired veterans were mounted on the prancing horses of the 11th United States Cavalry tendered by Fort Oglethorpe officials and offering another testimonial of the burial of the bitterness which characterized the War of the States.

"Hundreds of applauding spectators who witnessed the impressive sight were moved to tears by the flood of memories it aroused. No division appeared in a semblance of its entirety. Only a few staunch survivors were left of the more than 600,000 soldiers who represented the Confederacy in the fiercest struggle of modern times.

"From the moment Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, appeared, accompanied by his staff, until the last detachment of veterans passed, the air was rent with shouts and applause. General Young's staff was followed by the 11th United States Cavalry band, the survivors of the Trans-Mississippi Department, the Department of Northern Virginia, the Department of Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry Corps, and one thousand mounted veterans. Interspersed among the different commands were the sponsors of the Divisions of the United Confederate Veterans, in each instance followed by aged soldiers riding in automobiles. The Richmond Howitzers, Pelham Guards, of Macon, Company D, Alabama National Guards, and two companies of Tennessee State Militia acted as official military escorts to the veterans.

"The ranks of the veterans riding in automobiles were swelled from time to time by those who had believed themselves equal to marching in the parade, but who were unable to stand the trying ordeal. Many of these staggered along bravely, attempting to maintain step with their more vigorous comrades. When they were forced to fall out, ready hands were extended by the veterans in the automobiles, and amid renewed cheers from the spectators they were hauled aboard to continue the march under less trying conditions.

"The Trans-Mississippi Department was headed by Lieut. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, of Fort Worth, Tex., Commander, and his staff. Following in close formation were the Texas Divisions in numerical order, headed by Gen. Felix Robertson; the Arkansas Division, led by Gen. Thomas Green; the Missouri Divisions, with their Commander, Gen. J. Will Hall; the Oklahoma Division, under command of Gen. D. M. Hatley; and the Northwest and Pacific Divisions, led by Gen. J. P. Rains and Gen. William C. Harrison, respectively. Next came Lieut. Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, of Norfolk, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department. Divisions and their Commanders in this section were: Virginia, Gen. J. Thompson Brown, Commander; Maryland, Gen. A. C. Trippe, Commander; North Carolina, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander; South Carolina, Gen. B. H. Teague, Commander; West Virginia, Gen. Charles S. Peyton, Commander.

"Lieut. Gen. George P. Harrison, of Opelika, Ala., Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, rode at the head of the State Divisions in that section. Alabama Brigades, headed by Gen. Harvey E. Jones; Florida Brigades, under Gen. W. B. Partridge; Georgia Brigades, with their leader, Gen. H. A. Davenport; Kentucky Brigades, commanded by Gen. W. B. Halderman; Louisiana Brigades, under command of Gen. Thomas S. Shaffer; Mississippi Brigades, led by Gen. Patrick Henry; and Tennessee Brigades, under Gen. R. C. Crouch, composed the Army of Tennessee Department.

"What was considered one of the most impressive and inspiring spectacles in the parade formed the rear—one thousand mounted veterans made up of the survivors of Forrest's Cavalry, with Gen. H. A. Tyler commanding.

"The veterans for the first time since the War of the States were mounted on United States cavalry horses."

UNLIED DAUGHTERS AT THE U. C. V. REUNION.

The Reunion in Chattanooga was especially interesting as to the Daughters of the Confederacy, and several of the general officers were present. Mrs. Alexander B. White, President General, was Matron of Honor for the South, and Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Recording Secretary General, U. D. C., was chaperon for the sponsor of the South. In the parade the Daughters of the Confederacy were assigned a place immediately behind the sponsor and maids of the South, and the carriage was occupied by officers of the Federation.

The Sons of Veterans also accorded the Federation a place of honor in their parade, and the second automobile was occupied by Mrs. Alexander B. White, President General, and her two secretaries, Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. Schnabel.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Veterans:

"Whereas at the United Confederate Veteran Convention held in the city of Macon, Ga., in 1912, a resolution was adopted declaring the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy while in office the matron of honor for the United Confederate Veterans at their annual reunions and entitled to a position of honor on the stage with the Commander in Chief; and whereas the splendid and patriotic organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, now ninety thousand strong, comprises earnest workers in the cause of true history with the Confederate Veterans; and whereas their organization is composed only of the descendants of Confederate veterans; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That it shall be the duty of our Adjutant General to arrange with the reunion committees of the future reunion cities so that the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and her immediate staff shall be the guests of the reunion city.

"2. That they be provided with a carriage and assigned to a position of honor immediately following the staff of the United Confederate Veterans in the general parade."

[Reunion reports continued on page 354.]

W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., writes of Col. E. J. Starman's sketch in April *VETERAN*, correcting the date of the battle of Elk Horn, stating: "It was fought on March 6 and 7, 1862. The 2d and 3d Missouri Infantry and Gates's Cavalry of Missouri troops crossed the Mississippi River from Devall Bluff, Ark., to Memphis and around thence to Corinth, reaching there in the early part of April, soon after the battle of Shiloh. He omitted to state that Colonel Hebert's regiment, 3d Louisiana Infantry, was under General McCulloch; I think the 10th Arkansas also."

James J. Miles served in Company A, 40th Tennessee Infantry. He was captured at Fort Donelson, and later was exchanged. Comrades who can tell of his later service and who know of his release from the army will confer a favor by writing to his son, Lawson Miles, Post Office Box 363, Farlington, Ky. James Miles was teamster for his regiment throughout the war.

MEMOIRS OF CHATTANOOGA REUNION

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CONFEDERATE VETERAN

Dear Daughter of the Confederacy: Last month I attended the great U. C. V. Reunion at Chattanooga, and represented me to the Federal Society of Merit and Honor for the South. I was honored by compliance to our organization by the United Confederate Veterans, and you would be gratified at the many courtesies we saw. President General, for you I gave presence and welcome to the U. S. M. Association, was present. Major Barrett at the opening exercises of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and spoke for you; and Major on Tuesday morning General Young presented me to the veterans and the great assembly in the auditorium, and I spoke for our society. I represented you in all the parades, and through the courtesy of Mr. W. F. Brock, of Chattanooga, General Chairman for the Reunion, the U. D. C. had a special carriage for the veterans' parade, in which rode some general officers and one Honorary President, Mrs. Trench, another Honorary President, Mrs. Clifton, going in the carriage of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Honorary Commander of the Veterans. I was glad to see many of the U. D. C.'s at the Reunion, and was very proud of the beautiful reception for U. C. V.'s given by two of the best and most enthusiastic Chapters of the Tennessee Division, the Gen. A. P. Stewart and Gen. Francis M. Walker.

Thinking of the beautiful and soul stirring Confederate Reunion at Chattanooga brings to mind the great reunion of the blue and the gray to be held at Gettysburg in July. I hope many of our veterans will attend, especially those whose commands were in that battle and helped to make it memorable. I expect great results to come from this meeting. I am very much gratified at the good work being done by the U. D. C.'s, especially by the Virginia Division, toward sending our veterans there, and I appreciate your ready response to my circular letter asking you to raise funds to do this. One of my letters fell into the hands of Gen. Ell Torrance, of Minnesota, Past Commander of the G. A. R., and he and his colleagues on the State Normal College Board are so anxious for many Confederate veterans to go to Gettysburg, and are so desirous that the survivors of both armies should know one another better, believing that thereby the two great sections of our country would be drawn closer together and understand each other better, that after reading my plea they sent me \$145. I offered to turn this over to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of South Carolina, Chairman of the U. C. V. Committee for Gettysburg, but he requested me to use it for veterans that I know; so I am expecting to make happy several veterans of Tennessee who were in the battle, and they will wear their gray uniforms, as they are requested to do, for by it the Northern veterans say they will know them, and they are requested to carry their battle flags.

After returning to Paris from Chattanooga the N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 4, U. C. V., of Chattanooga, notified me that, much to their regret, spurious crosses of honor were sold by some unknown parties on the streets of Chattanooga during the Reunion. This cheapening of our sacred cross is much to be deplored, and it distresses me. I am trying to learn who are the parties who sold them, also who the manufacturers are. Before the next Reunion I trust arrangements can be made to prevent this, for we shall be on the watch for it. In the meantime I ask all Chapters to notify veterans, descendants of veterans, and the public that the genuine Southern cross of honor cannot be bought now, nor at any

time, nor at any place, nor for any price. It can be obtained only through and from a Chapter of the U. D. C., who hold it above price, for it is given—remember it is never sold—as a proud recognition of the valor and faithful service of a Confederate soldier. We gladly and lovingly present the cross to a veteran whose record as a Confederate soldier is unblemished, and I ask each veteran who has not received a cross or is entitled to a second cross, having lost his first one, to notify his local Chapter and make out the papers to secure one. Dear Daughters, keep up your interest in this work, and look up all the veterans in your vicinity or in the near by counties where there may be no Chapter, seek out the veterans in the country districts and see that every veteran gets a cross. Do not put this off; do it now. Many veterans are so feeble; you may let time steal a march on you.

I have had the pleasure of attending two State conventions recently—Mississippi and Tennessee—and the interest and enthusiasm for all our work, especially for Arlington, Shiloh, and the educational work, were most gratifying, as is also the increase in membership.

I hope every Division and Chapter will enter the contest for my Certificate of Merit and add many members to the organization. The certificate will be handsome and worth the winning; besides, there is the reward of many new members. There are many most desirable women who have not yet joined the U. D. C. Get them in. But please see that all members have good records and that their papers are carefully made out. They cannot be too full of data. Chapter officers and credential committees must realize that this is a most important piece of business, and they must require proper records. Every blank should be filled, and the papers should be signed by at least three members of the credentials committee. One indorser is not sufficient when two are called for.

I want all the Chapters to compete for the loving cup offered by Mrs. Rose, of Mississippi, for the best article on "The Women of the Confederacy." This is a fine subject—one dear to our hearts, one that can be filled with experiences and reminiscences of our own loved mothers well worth preserving. So much unwritten history may be given in them, and I hope many articles will be sent in. Even should you not win the loving cup, you are much benefited by the gathering together of the material and putting it on record. I shall ask that all the articles containing personal recollections or facts now recorded for the first time be placed in the Confederate Museum. I want us to gather in all such history. Look over old letters written fifty years ago; in them are mines of information.

Remember I am hoping that the Arlington Monument will be shipped in September, so don't cease to work for that fund during the summer. And don't forget Shiloh. Build up that fund all you can, so we shall soon have these two handsome monuments to our credit and paid for.

How many of you are working to have the doors of Confederate homes—State institutions—opened to veterans who enlisted in that State but are now nonresidents and in need.

Don't forget our relief work. Send money to Mrs. Norman Randolph, Richmond, Va. So many appeals come to me for help for those who are alone and in need in the North.

With the month of May and its many State conventions there were many changes in Division officers. For the benefit of the new officers and for all officers and members of committees I wish to remind them that our organization has grown

so large, it does so much work and is stretching out so, and there is so much for us to do, that we want no drones, but do want and need officers and committee members who will feel pride in their work—those who are going to work and who have the laudable ambition to place their Division or Chapter in the front rank of good work and growth on all lines. The day is past when an office can be accepted only for the honor. An office or committee assignment is a trust, and with it goes work. Your President General expects service, and prompt service, from all of you.

This little lecture is called forth by the report coming to me that some officers fail to send out to their Chapters circular letters and instructions from the general organization, because it is too much trouble. Not to do this because it is work and takes time is a breach of trust. This is my way to keep in touch with the entire organization; so I am making two lists, one of good officers and one of bad. May the second be short! I must know who can be depended upon.

ARLINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

REPORT OF WALLACE W. SREATER, TREASURER, FOR MONTH
ENDING APRIL 30, 1913.

The Confederate Seals Committee, U. D. C., \$84.78

Miss Bessie Topp, Chairman Arlington Monument Committee, California Division, U. D. C., \$158.96

Mrs. Jerry A. Lovell, Director for Colorado, \$5. Contributed by Margaret Howell Davis Hayes Chapter, 1228, U. D. C., Denver, Colo., \$5.

Southern Cross Chapter, No. 804, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., \$2.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$83.82. Contributed by Apalachicola Chapter, U. D. C., Apalachicola, Fla., \$3; Ann Coleman Chapter, U. D. C., Orlando, Fla., \$5; Mrs. J. D. Stringfellow, of J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla., \$2; Mrs. G. R. Broome, J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., \$10; Louis and Silbert Miller, for Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$2.50; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$3.82; Margaret Davis Chapter, C. of C., Marianna, Fla., \$2; William H. Milton Chapter, No. 1030, U. D. C., Marianna, Fla., \$5; Pensacola Chapter, No. 298, U. D. C., Pensacola, Fla., \$5; Southern Cross Chapter, No. 700, U. D. C., Miami, Fla., \$5; Anna Jackson Chapter No. 224, U. D. C., Tallahassee, Fla., \$5; Stars and Bars Chapter, No. 354, U. D. C., Greenwood, Fla., \$2; Mrs. G. E. Pyle, J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., \$1; Mrs. D. Bowers, J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., 50 cents; J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla., \$10; Mrs. J. L. Medlin, J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., \$12.50; Stonewall Chapter, No. 47, U. D. C., Lake City, Fla., \$5; Daniel Tedder Chapter, No. 1231, U. D. C., Liveoak, Fla., \$2.50; Mrs. Harper, J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., \$2.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$111.25. Contributed by Moffatt-Griec Chapter, No. 610, U. D. C., Due West, S. C., \$25; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 146, U. D. C., Anderson, S. C., \$25; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 286, U. D. C., Yorkville, S. C., \$16.00; Ridge Spring Chapter, No. 115, U. D. C., Ridge Spring, S. C., \$10; Secessionville Chapter No. 1011, U. D. C., James Island, S. C., \$10; S. D. Lee Chapter, No. 587, U. D. C., Starr, S. C., \$5; Pendleton Chapter, No. 585, U. D. C., Pendleton, S. C., \$3.50; Calvin Crozier Chapter, No. 1101, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$3; William J. Gooding Chapter, No. 1226, U. D. C., Brunson, S. C., \$2; O. M.

Dantzler Chapter, No. 1414, U. D. C., St. Matthews, S. C., \$2; Cheraw Chapter, No. 84, U. D. C., Cheraw, S. C., \$2; Butler Guards Chapter, C. of C., \$1.85; citizens of Anderson, S. C., \$5.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$23. Contributed by Forrest Chapter, No. 250, U. D. C., Dodd City, Tex., \$5; Floresville Chapter, No. 265, U. D. C., Floresville, Tex., \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1114, U. D. C., Colorado City, Tex., \$1; J. B. Gordon Chapter, No. 330, U. D. C., Huntsville, Tex., \$2; R. B. Levy Chapter, No. 1070, U. D. C., Longview, Tex., \$10.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$104.50. Contributed by Dabney H. Maury Chapter, No. 177, U. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., \$25; Mrs. W. A. Smoot, Alexandria, Va., \$5; sources not stated, \$164.50.

Francis G. Caffey, Treasurer, New York, N. Y., \$251. Contributed by I. R. Oelund, \$25; A. L. Tinsley, \$5; Frances E. Shire, \$2; Charles B. Towns, \$10; J. M. W. Hicks, \$10; A. W. Cochran, \$10; W. F. Taliaferro, \$5; W. D. Mann, \$25; R. Rochester, \$10; D. F. Ramsey, \$25; M. Warley Platzek, \$25; J. C. McReynolds, \$25; Peter Arrington, \$10; A. K. Selden, Jr., \$2; J. S. Lawrence, \$5; Rufus L. Patterson, \$50; C. C. Chestrey, \$1; William C. Duplop, \$5; Charles E. Lawrence, \$1.

Receipts during April, 1913, \$014.31.

Balance on hand April 1, 1913, \$20,083.33.

To be accounted for, \$20,097.64.

Balance on hand May 1, 1913, \$20,097.64.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING MAY 31, 1913

The National Society, U. D. C., \$1,000.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$70. Contributed by Miss Sallie Holmes, Jacksonville, \$1; Mrs. Glover, Jacksonville, \$1; Jekie Denham Palmer Chapter, C. of C., Monticello, \$1; Mrs. C. B. Rogers, Jacksonville, \$5; Anna Dummett Chapter, No. 1080, U. D. C., St. Augustine, \$10; Father Ryan Chapter, No. 431, U. D. C., Bartow, \$10; Cora Stuart Chapter, C. of C., Tallahassee, \$2; Lakeland Chapter, No. 701, U. D. C., Lakeland, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Judsonville, \$5; Miss Vera Parsons, Jacksonville, \$2; Mrs. W. W. Stewart, Jacksonville, \$5; Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Jacksonville, \$10; Mrs. C. B. Rogers, Jacksonville, \$5; Elizabeth Davis Chapter, No. 207, U. D. C., Modesto, \$2; Mrs. G. E. Pyle, Gainesville, \$1; Mrs. McKenzie, Palatka, \$2; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Clearwater, \$3; Mrs. Thomas, Jacksonville, \$1; Mrs. L. L. Bryant, Lakeland, \$1; Mrs. Sebring, Jacksonville, \$1; Mrs. Bates, Jacksonville, \$1; source not stated, \$2.

Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., Baltimore, Md., \$100.

Mrs. Elijah Conklin, Director for Nebraska, \$18. Contributed by Omaha Chapter, No. 704, U. D. C., Omaha.

Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, Director for New York, \$140.88. Contributed by O. St. Alexander, New York, \$5; card party, New York Chapter, \$144.88.

Johnson Haygood Chapter, U. D. C., Barnwell, S. C., \$1.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$231.80. Contributed by South Carolina Division, U. D. C., \$50; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 280, U. D. C., Yorkville, \$25; Edgefield Chapter, No. 1018, U. D. C., Edgefield, \$25; Marlboro Chapter, No. 288, U. D. C., Bennettsville, \$38.70; Murdison School, \$7.52; Bennettsville High School, \$2.15; Boykin School, second grade, \$1.03; William Lester Chapter, No. 1044, U. D. C., Prosperity, \$5; Robert A. Wallace Chapter, No. 687, U. D. C., Greenwood, \$5; Moses Wood Chapter, No. 400, U. D. C., Gaff-

ney, \$3. Barnard E. Bee Chapter, C. of C., Clemson, \$2.
 Greenville Chapter, No. 51, U. D. C., Greenville, \$25.40;
 William J. Goodney Chapter, No. 1226, U. D. C., Bamberg,
 \$1. Graham's Chapter, No. 1418, U. D. C., Denmark, \$5;
 citizens and schools, Denmark, \$5.10. Mrs. A. T. Smythe,
 Charleston, \$10. Francis M. Bamberg Chapter, 1703, U. D. C.,
 \$10. Edgewood schools, \$1. Dixie Auxiliary, Edgefield, \$1.
 Thomas S. Boeck, Director for Virginia, \$27.27. Contributed
 by Essex Chapter, No. 239, U. D. C., Tappahannock, \$10;
 Fredericksburg Chapter, No. 163, U. D. C., Fredericksburg,
 \$7.27. Arthur Herbert Chapter, C. of C., Alexandria, \$5;
 Saltyville Preston Chapter, No. 1426, U. D. C., Saltyville, \$5.
 Dixie Chapter, No. 1103, U. D. C., Seattle, Wash., \$5.
 C. W. Gillilan, Spring Creek, Tex., \$1.
 J. H. Leonard, Wichita, Tex., \$1.
 O. S. Morton, Richmond, Va., \$1.
 Mrs. Mollie R. Maegle Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex., \$124.
 Total for month, \$1,725.95.
 Amount on hand May 1, 1913, \$20,997.64.
 To be accounted for, \$22,723.59.
 Balance on hand June 1, 1913, \$22,723.59.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*

ERROR IN REPORT OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS KILLED IN BATTLE—Errors are reported from Gen. Marcus J. Wright in the *JUNE VETERAN*, pages 281, 290, by Mr. Park Marshall, of Nashville. The first man in alphabetical order should be Gen. John Adams, whose tragic death by the breastworks at Franklin, while his gray horse was dead astride them, is well known. General Adams's saddle, with a bullet hole through it, is a relic in the Tennessee Historical Society.

HINTON, W. VA., HONORS CONFEDERATES.

A circular from Hinton, W. Va., states that a few of the survivors of the Southern soldiers of the War of the States met with Camp Bob Christian, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at Hinton on April 26 last and resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Confederate veterans. It is proposed to erect this memorial in the courthouse park at Hinton, and a committee composed of Judge A. R. Hefflin, of Camp Bob Christian, and Hon. M. M. Warren, of Camp Allen Woodrum, was appointed to secure a concession for its location.

It is a nonpartisan enterprise, and the victor and vanquished alike, with their respective descendants and sympathizers, are earnestly invited to cooperate. The valor of the Southern soldier is to every American citizen, North and South alike, a common heritage of glory; therefore it will be a people's monument in West Virginia. By this tribute heroes of '61-'65 will know that their noble deeds are appreciated.

A finance committee was appointed as follows: M. M. Warren (Chairman), Pence Springs, W. Va.; A. R. Hefflin, D. M. Meador, W. T. Ball, J. H. Jordan, Mrs. S. P. Peck, Mrs. A. R. Hefflin, Mrs. Mary Alvis, Mrs. Nannie B. McLaughlin, Hinton, W. Va.; Miss Jean Miller, Bellepoint, W. Va.; C. L. Miller, Bellepoint, W. Va.; J. H. Lemon, Beckley, W. Va.; Frank A. Prince, Prince, W. Va.; S. L. Walker, Fayetteville, W. Va.; E. P. Huston, Talcott, W. Va.; A. S. Johnson, Union, W. Va.; Thomas H. Dennis, Lewisburg, W. Va.; G. E. Meador, Jumping Branch, W. Va.; J. S. Thurmond, Alderson, W. Va.; James H. George, Alderson, W. Va.; W. C. Hedrick, Barger Springs, W. Va. A joint committee is as follows: A. R. Hefflin, Chairman; W. T. Ball, Secretary; James H. Miller, Treasurer; M. M. Warren, William Prince, E. P. Huston, A. P. Pence.

A WAR-TIME LETTER FROM HAGERSTOWN.

[Below is given an interesting letter written by Maj. M. J. Bass to his wife during the week that followed Gettysburg and presenting an account of the fight from an unofficial standpoint. The letter is dated Hagerstown, Md., July 8, 1863, 50th Georgia Regiment, Longstreet's Corps.]

My Dear Wife: The last letter I wrote you was from the banks of the Potomac River, opposite Williamsport, June 20. We crossed the river that morning and passed on through Maryland into Pennsylvania undisturbed, nothing of any importance occurring until we arrived at Gettysburg, Pa. Here we found the Federals, under command of General Meade, strongly fortified in the mountains. General Ewell's command attacked them on the evening of July 1.

We were about four miles off, but were immediately put in motion, and arrived upon the battle field after dark. The next morning (July 2) we were ordered forward. After maneuvering all day until 3 P.M., we finally got fully into the fight by our desperate charge of a Federal battery. The enemy stood their ground, defending themselves gallantly, and we were repulsed. We charged them the second time, and were repulsed again. We rallied the men and charged the third time almost into the mouths of their cannons, when grape, canister, and musket balls fell in a shower like hail around us. I could hear bones crash like glass in a hail-storm. The ground was covered with the dead and the dying, Federals and Confederates lying in piles together. Our regiment was literally cut to pieces, the Federals suffering equally.

Night coming on, and our men being exhausted, we were compelled to fall back and rest on our arms until morning. I was up all night attending to the wounded, having them carried to a place of safety before renewing the fight the next day.

The morning following we were ordered (this regiment alone) to the extreme right of the line, where the Federal cavalry were attempting to flank us. About three o'clock we found them and soon gave them a good whipping. They ran after a hotly contested fight of about fifteen minutes.

The next morning we were ordered to move, and arrived, after two days of hard marching, at this place, where we are now in line of battle. Fighting is going on every day between the cavalry forces. The loss of our regiment to date is one hundred and twenty-five; of my old company, Cotton Planters' Guards, Fort Gaines, Ga., ten. I am in command of the regiment, Colonel Brown having been wounded in the second charge and being now in the hands of the enemy.

I led the regiment in the third charge on the second day and in the fight on the third. The loss of our whole army is supposed to be about 14,000, that of our enemy about 40,000.

I will write you again soon if spared. Tell Bobbie I have a gun for him, given to me by a Yankee prisoner.

Your husband,

M. G. Bass.

CONFEDERATE WIDOW IN NEED.—Information is asked of George W. Quinn, who served in the 34th Mississippi Infantry. He was captured and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, and died there in August, 1863 or 1864. His widow, still living, is very old and feeble and in destitute circumstances. She can get a small pension if some of her husband's comrades or some one can certify that he actually served in the army. Any one who can give information will please write J. R. Gilchrist at Malvern County, Ark. Information is also asked of W. A. Crow, who enlisted at Jackson, Miss.

COL. "PAT" CHRISTIAN, TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

Samuel Patterson Christian was born in Richmond, Va., October 22, 1835. His ancestors were men of prominence on the Isle of Man, England, early in the fifteenth century. Coming to the colony of Virginia in 1687, they furnished many recruits to the ranks of the Continental army in the Revolutionary War. One of them, lieutenant colonel of the 1st Virginia Regiment, married the sister of Patrick Henry.

His father, whose full name he bore, went to Galveston, Tex., in 1846 and to Houston in 1848. Young Christian's scant education was received mainly at a Methodist college at Rutgersville, Tex., and at Henry Gillette's School, at Cold Springs, Tex. At eighteen years of age he entered the service of the Direct Navigation Company, whose boats were doing a large business between Galveston and Houston.

When the war broke out "Pat" Christian was of those who rushed to fill the ranks of Terry's Texas Rangers, which became a noted regiment. It was raised by Frank Terry to serve in Virginia, but orders were changed and they were sent to Albert Sidney Johnston. Starting in as a lieutenant in Company K, he was elected captain in 1862. He next became major in July, 1863, and lieutenant colonel in March, 1865.



COL. S. P. CHRISTIAN.

While a junior officer of his company he "saved the regiment from itself" at a critical moment, which made him popular, and his regiment never forgot it. On the retreat of Johnston's army through Shelbyville, Tenn., after the fall of Fort Donelson, Terry's regiment was camped along the turnpike, and a couple of the men, for some breach of discipline, were "marking time" under guard on this highway, along which was marching the army going south.

When it was noised through Terry's regiment that the "web-foots" were witnessing the disgrace of their comrades, a mob of indignant sympathizers surrounded them in a fever of mutinous resentment, expressed in angry denunciation of everybody concerned.

Maj. Tom Harrison, commanding the regiment at the time, having heard what had been done, hurried to the mob of rangers, still angry and resentful. Marching through them, game as he was, he exclaimed, with his chest expanded and fire in his eyes: "I am a small man, but I am large enough for this occasion." With glances no less angry, he called out: "Is there any officer of my regiment here who will execute my orders?" For a moment a dead silence prevailed, when Lieutenant Christian, small of stature and mild of mien, but with an air of quiet determination, stepped forward with a salute and replied: "Major, I will." Major Harrison ordered

him to make a detail of picked men and put the prisoners on the pike again to complete their sentence.

The crisis was passed. Pat Christian's prompt assumption of duty brought home to his fellow soldiers the thought that they were amenable to military discipline and must obey orders. Upon sober second thought they dispersed to their tents, convinced that Pat Christian had done the right thing.

Through all the arduous campaigns of a reliable cavalry regiment in a losing cause he endeared himself to his officers and men as he steadily rose in rank until at the end of the war, when, in active command of his regiment, he led them back to Texas and, by the quiet discharge of his duty as a citizen, set (like General Lee) an example for his men.

Again he took command of a boat between Galveston and Houston until the railroads absorbed the water service, when he took charge of a large plantation near Courtney, Tex., belonging to Mr. B. A. Shepherd.

As he grew older he suffered greatly from severe wounds received in several battles, and retired from active duties and spent his remaining years in Houston, Tex., surrendering to the last enemy September 9, 1909.

Performance of duty, quiet strength of purpose, and devotion to principle, with a courage that rose with the demand, were his ruling traits. These were practiced without ostentation from the episode at Shelbyville, Tenn., to the comrades who in the outset regarded him only as the prince of good fellows, genial, unselfish, and full of fun-loving pranks.

He left no children to perpetuate his honored name, but his character cannot fail of everlasting impress upon those who knew him and their descendants. He was survived by a brother, Capt. William Christian, of the 2d Texas Infantry, brevetted for gallantry at the battle of Corinth, Miss., and his wife, Elizabeth Stott, who, since their marriage in 1860, was ever the loyal partner of his happiness and his suffering.

[The foregoing sketch is from B. F. Weems, Adjutant General of the Texas Division, U. C. V.]

General Hardee, in his report of the battle of Murfreesboro ("War Records," Series I.) states: "Capt. S. P. Christian, of Terry's (8th Texas) Rangers, with four companies, charged and took a complete battery of the enemy with all its guns, caissons, horses, and artillerymen."

Gen. John A. Wharton, brigade commander, makes practically the same report and states that he, with others, behaved with the utmost gallantry and judgment.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

At a recent meeting of the Mississippi Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held at Tupelo the following officers were elected: Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, Raymond, Honorary President; Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter, Starkville, President; Mrs. Mary R. Wallace, Beauvoir, Honorary Vice President; Mrs. Madge H. Holmes, Hattiesburg, First Vice President; Mrs. Ella S. Musselwhite, Kosciusko, Second Vice President; Mrs. Minnie G. Cavett, Tupelo, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Lloyd Magruder, Starkville, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Thad B. Lampton, Jackson, Treasurer; Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, Carrollton, Historian; Miss Lizzie B. Craft, Holly Springs, Registrar; Mrs. H. L. Quinn, West Point, Organizer; Mrs. J. J. Cross, Laurel, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. Lizzie Hunter Bicewett, Jackson, Editor Official Organ; Mrs. E. J. Ellis, West Point, Associate Editor; Mrs. Emma McGregor, Hattiesburg, Director Children of the Confederacy.

ANDREW CARNEGIE AND THE CONFEDERATES.

POINTED CORRESPONDENCE OF HISTORIC VALUE.

[Through the kindness of Maj. Henry H. Baker, of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, the VETERAN has come into possession of an interesting correspondence between Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia Times and friend of the South, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie in regard to Colonel McClure's suggestion that Mr. Carnegie devote some of his millions to the relief of the patriotic and impoverished soldier of the South. In inclosing the correspondence to the VETERAN Major Baker writes an interesting letter.]

"The late Col. A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, and my brother, the late Page M. Baker, who was the manager and editor of the Times Democrat, of this city, were close personal friends, and that accounts for these papers being in my possession. Colonel McClure, who was, as you doubtless know, a warm friend of the Southern people, had traveled after the war much in the South, had learned a great deal of the heroism and patriotism of its people, and seen as well the dreadful devastation caused by the cruel and fratricidal War of the States. Colonel McClure conceived the idea that his friend Andrew Carnegie, the great philanthropist, might be induced to create a fund to pension the Southern veterans, and in the fullness of his heart wrote Mr. Carnegie and urgently solicited that he do so. This philanthropist, who afterwards gave millions to educational funds in this country, would not entertain any suggestion looking to the establishment of a fund to pension the men who, as he termed it in his letter to Colonel McClure, 'struck at their country.' It is well that we should throw the mantle of charity around Andrew Carnegie and not criticize his bitterness and resentment toward the Confederate soldiers. But let us hope that the Supreme Being in his infinite wisdom may enlighten Andrew Carnegie and bring him to the realization of the crude estimate he has formed of the motives which actuated the men of the South whose cause was just as sacred as that of the Northern soldier. The whole country now realizes this much and is willing to concede it.

"I do think, however, that the noble spirit which actuated that distinguished statesman, Colonel McClure, should receive the acclaim of our Southern people and the facts be published that the survivors of the Confederate war and their children shall know and remember to the end of time the unselfish and warm-hearted efforts of this great and good man to help them. It must not be forgotten that this champion of the Southern soldier had suffered greatly himself by the war, but the nobility of his character bore no malice. On the contrary, like the true Christian that he was, he forgot it all in its efforts to alleviate the suffering of the dauntless and downtrodden people of our dear old Southern country.

"My late brother and I tarried at his beautiful home in Chambersburg, Pa., and guarded it for a short time on our way to Gettysburg, that no harm should come to his family from the ruthless hands of any rough element in our army who might disregard the orders of General Lee that nothing was to be destroyed in the enemy's country. Little did we dream at that time that such a public-spirited and noble character lived there. His home in Chambersburg was one of the loveliest I ever saw. The spacious grounds were beautifully embellished, the house was covered to its lofty roof with gorgeous clusters of roses, and the attractive shrubbery, vines, and fishponds made the place an ideal country retreat for a man of affairs. I have always remembered this home and

the hospitable and dainty women who, though opposed to our cause, lavished kindness upon us. I well remember as we sat upon the broad balcony discussing the stirring events



COL. PAGE M. BAKER.

of the day how anxiously they watched the grim and ragged Confederate soldiers as they tramped on to participate in one of the greatest battles fought in this country! This superb residence was burned to the ground afterwards, much to the sorrow of both of us."

UNION SOLDIERS TO CARNEGIE.

April 17, 1901.

Hon. Andrew Carnegie—Dear Sir: Having served on the Union side in the War of the Rebellion, we thoroughly tested the bravery of our opponents from the Southern States. It made the contest a terrible one, but it demonstrated the strength of free government. It advanced this country's force, in the opinion of the world's powers, more than a hundred years of peaceful rule would have advanced it. It has given the government of this country a commanding position.

Many of the men we fought against are maimed and poverty-stricken veterans living in their old age upon the meager charity of an impoverished people. They are American citizens, but for obvious reasons the general government cannot pension them nor create Soldiers' Homes for them.

We therefore respectfully suggest the propriety of placing a trust fund in the hands of capable Southern gentlemen for the purpose of assisting the poor, deserving, and maimed soldiers of the Southern army by pensions and by Soldiers' Homes.

We believe many wealthy gentlemen of the North will cheerfully contribute to such a fund, but we first call it to your attention. We feel sure that lasting good to the country and donors will result from such a move.

With great respect, we remain, sincerely yours.

(Signed) Sylvester Bonnaffon, Jr., late captain Company G, 99th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, brevet lieutenant colonel United States Volunteers, Philadelphia, Pa.; John Hayes, last first lieutenant and adjutant 130th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Carlisle, Pa.

COLONEL McCCLURE TO PAGE M. BAKER.

PHILADELPHIA, April 25, 1903.

Mr. Page M. Baker, New Orleans, La.—My Dear Friend: I told you during my visit to New Orleans that I would send you the correspondence I had with Mr. Carnegie about a contribution from him of a million or more in aid of the helpless Confederate soldiers. The original letter to Mr. Carnegie sent by Colonels Hayes and Bonnaffon was entirely their own conception, and they sent it to me because they knew I was personally acquainted with Mr. Carnegie. They are both veteran soldiers and many times wounded in battle. Colonel Hayes is one of the foremost members of the Carlisle bar, and Bonnaffon is treasurer in the office of the collector of the port in this city, and is one of the very few pensioners of

that there shall be in the possession of some one a knowledge of this correspondence, who has seen it and who may some time have occasion to refer to it. You can, therefore, if you wish, take a copy of the letters and then return them to me.

We had a very delightful time in your city, and, indeed, in the entire journey of 8,700 miles through the South and far West and the far North. The generous hospitality extended by your people, and especially by yourself, will always be among the most grateful memories of my life.

Yours truly,

A. K. McCCLURE.

McCCLURE TO CARNEGIE.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1901.

Hon. Andrew Carnegie, Skibo Castle, Ardgay, Scotland—My Dear Friend: Considering our intimate acquaintance in our earlier days, it is needless to say that I have followed with unusual interest the great strides you have made in the business world and the large accumulation of wealth which you are so generously appropriating in the interest of humanity and the advancement of enlightened civilization. The inclosed letter addressed to you by two of our bravest and best Union soldiers, both of whom were probably once personally known to you, and both of whom yet carry Southern bullets in their bodies, was given to me by them with the request that I should forward it to you with my own views on the subject. Mr. Hayes is a leading member of the Carlisle bar and a many times wounded veteran, and Mr. Bonnaffon is also a wounded Union soldier who made a most creditable record during the war. Coming from them, the appeal they make to you for aid to the crippled and helpless veterans of the Confederacy will doubtless induce you to give consideration to the subject. The suggestion is theirs and not mine, but I heartily indorse every word they say.

I have been many times through the South during the last more than twenty years, and have each year been more and more impressed with the terrible want that prevails among a considerable class of those who battled for their convictions in the Southern cause. There are not many of them yet surviving, and it would not require a very large amount, relatively speaking, to add very much to their comfort in the sorrowing evening of their lives. I have visited several of the homes which have been established by the Southern States; but the limited means of the Southern people and governments make it impossible for them to furnish relief to any more than a very small percentage of those who, by reason of wounds or broken health in military service, are entirely unable to earn their bread.

These helpless people were your foes and mine, and we earnestly strove to defeat them; but we are all proud of the heroism they exhibited, and point to their achievements and monuments as telling the story of the gallantry of the American people. The war, sadly as it is deplored, has brought the richest blessings to the whole country. It has given us a measure of advancement which would have been undreamed of in your day or mine, and you have gathered the richest harvest from this matchless progress which was largely stimulated by our great fraternal conflict. You are giving your millions freely to the cause of education and to the cause of humanity. Would it not be grateful to you to add a million or more as a fund to furnish bread to the broken Confederate veterans? The national government cannot do it, as it is forbidden by political expediency. The Southern States cannot do it, because they are financially unable to bear the



COL. A. K. McCCLURE.

the country who, when he was appointed to a government office paying him \$3,000 a year, notified the Pension Department that his pension would be restored to the treasury as long as he held a public office, and he has done so for the last four or five years. You will see, therefore, that the appeal to Carnegie was made by Union soldiers of the very best type.

I was greatly disappointed in Mr. Carnegie's final letter of declination. You will see the answer I made to him, but no reply has ever come.

This correspondence has been seen by no one outside of the parties to the correspondence with the single exception of Gen. Custis Lee. I sent it to him with the request that he see it and return it to me, which he did, and I send it to you with the same instructions, excepting that you are at liberty to take a copy of it if you think proper and return the papers I send you, but at present it must not be published. I desire simply

expense, and I can think of no nobler or better field for your generous philanthropy than to respond to this appeal of two heroic and highly respected Union soldiers by making some provision to temper the sore misfortunes of the disabled Confederate soldiers.

Yours truly, A. K. McCLEURE.

CARNEGIE TO McCLEURE.

SKIBO CASTLE ARDGAY, N. B., 24th June, 1901.

My Dear Colonel Your signature throws me back to the first time I heard or saw you, when you were making a great speech in the Legislature at Harrisburg. I have often wondered what your career would have been had you remained in public life and not gone into the editorial sanctum. I sympathize deeply with the Southern people and have tried to show this by contributions to the libraries at Atlanta, Richmond, and other places, also for Tuskegee. You may be sure I shall keep the South in mind, but the form you suggest needs thinking over and does not appeal to me as exactly the best one.

With every good wish, always very truly yours,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

McCLEURE TO CARNEGIE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1901.

Hon. Andrew Carnegie, Skibo Castle, Ardgay, Scotland—My Dear Friend: It was refreshing to receive your very kind letter of the 24th ult., as it recalls some of the most grateful memories of my life. I hope indeed that you will give very serious consideration to the suggestion made by two gallant and wounded soldiers, Colonel Hayes and Colonel Bonnaffon, which I inclosed to you, for I feel sure that if you understood the conditions of the South you would feel that you could not in any way better use a million or more of money. I am sure it would give more relief to the children of sorrow than any other way that you could expend it.

I have seen these people in their Soldiers' Homes, which are very limited, and have had every opportunity of knowing how fearfully dependent some of these old soldiers are, with their States and their communities really unable to give them bread. Public sentiment has reached a point when such a gift would be generally regarded as a national benefaction, and I most earnestly urge upon you favorable consideration of the proposition.

Sincerely yours, A. K. McCLEURE.

McCLEURE TO CARNEGIE.

PHILADELPHIA, January 29, 1902.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, New York City—My Dear Friend: I was surprised to see your letter addressed to Colonel Watterson and myself on the subject of a contribution from you in support of decayed newspaper men. I certainly never suggested such an application and have made no application to you directly or indirectly for such a contribution. I agree entirely with the views expressed in your letter. Colonel Watterson in his enthusiasm, that seems to have been inspired by the very cordial reception he received here when I presented him to the Pen and Pencil Club, came out with his public appeal to you in support of the home for newspaper men. That was my first knowledge of his purpose to make such an application. I know of no class of men that is so well able to take care of its own brethren who should become superannuated in newspaper work as the journalists of the country; and while I am heartily in sympathy with the movement to establish a home for those who may need it, I

believe that the plan now in course of execution will be quite equal to its accomplishment.

You will remember, my dear old friend, that some months ago I wrote you in Scotland transmitting a personal appeal to you from two of our bravest and best Union soldiers, both bearing honorable scars, appealing to you for a contribution in aid of the helpless Confederate soldiers of the South, as previously stated. I have been much through the South during the last twenty years, and have watched the advancement of that heroic people under the most adverse circumstances with intense interest. Even in their extreme poverty they have done something for the utterly helpless soldiers of the South; but there are very many to-day who are in absolute want, and the Southern States are not able to give them the needed aid.

I never was more earnest nor sincere in my life than in the appeal I made to you to devise some plan to aid the utterly helpless and breadless Confederate soldiers of the South. We have made provision for our Northern soldiers with the most generous liberality, as is shown by our payment of nearly \$150,000,000 annually for many years in support of pensioners and Soldiers' Homes, and those who are capable of filling civil trusts are by law given the preference. The sectional bitterness between the North and the South has perished; the soldiers of the blue and the gray have been side by side in the recent war with Spain in support of the flag, and I think the time has come when some great philanthropist like yourself could render the greatest possible service with the same amount of money by appropriating a few millions for the support of the entirely helpless Confederate soldiers of the South.

In your answer to me you seemed to appreciate the claims of the Southern soldiers for some recognition, but doubted the method I suggested. I now beg to renew the proposition, and ask you to give it careful thought and to evolve some plan satisfactory to yourself by which you can rear what I believe would be ever regarded as the greatest monument you will leave to testify to your tireless and most generous efforts in well-doing. Yours truly,

A. K. McCLEURE.

CARNEGIE TO McCLEURE.

NEW YORK, 1 February, 1902.

My Dear Friend: I have forgiven the Southern soldier, but I could not bring myself to give for his support as such. I have forgiven General Lee for his blunder, but I do not like to see his statue in the Hall of Fame.

These people made a sad mistake, having struck at their country.

I am afraid that I forgive, but do not forget, which the humorist says is trying to settle with the Lord at fifty per cent on the dollar.

I should really like to see you and shake you by the hand again, and this is one of the ends I shall have in view next visit to Philadelphia. You are one of the few still with us who stand for auld lang syne.

Sincerely, with every good wish, ANDREW CARNEGIE.

McCLEURE TO CARNEGIE.

PHILADELPHIA, February 3, 1902.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, New York City—My Dear Friend: Thanks for your very kind letter. I am sorry you take the view you do of the Southern people, but I know that I am an exception to the general rule in my views. I was much in the South beginning five years after the war and for twenty

years thereafter, and the fact that I did not find a man in the South whose acquaintance I thought worth cultivating who did not go with his people in the War of the States taught me to judge them generously. They fought as bravely and earnestly as we did and for a principle that they had maintained from the foundation of the government and that never had been overruled until it was finally settled by the terrible arbitrament of the sword. I have forgiven them, although I was one of the few in the North who suffered very severely by the ravishes of the war, because I know that they were just as sincere as I was; and the monuments which they have erected in the South may now be accepted as monuments, not to the Confederates, but as testimonials of the heroism of the American people. However, you have settled the question, and that ends it.

I want very much to see you and have a chat with you. I am crippled in hand and foot and get about very badly, but otherwise never was in better health in my life and able to do as much work as at any time. One by one our old friends are dropping out until very few remain; and as the circle is lessening, it becomes more and more sacred. When you get over this way let me know in advance and we will cross legs and have a good talk.

Sincerely yours,

A. K. McClure.

COL. A. K. McClure.

Colonel McClure was editor in chief of the Philadelphia Times from 1873 to 1901. His fame as a statesman and a patriot extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The following interesting incident was related by Col. T. T. Wright, of Nashville, in a tribute to Colonel McClure when at the time of his death the flag over the Statehouse at Nashville was hung at half-mast as a testimony of the Southern people's appreciation of his friendship for them:

"Colonel McClure was as loyal to the South as though he were Southern-born. This in the face of the fact that the Confederates burned his magnificent home near Chambersburg, Pa., during the war. Col. Page Baker, of New Orleans, told me of that incident. Colonel Baker was in Gen. Robert E. Lee's command, and the Confederate army was marching through Pennsylvania. Near Chambersburg Colonel Baker noticed a splendid residence surrounded by beautiful lawns. On the porch of the residence stood an aristocratic woman curiously watching the army pass. Colonel Baker approached her and asked for a glass of water. She graciously obtained it for him, and they had a five-minute chat, during which the lady spoke of some of the Confederate soldiers despoiling her grounds. Colonel Baker offered to place a guard around the property to protect it, but she showed him a note from General Lee in which he expressed regret at the action of his men and offered to do anything in his power to protect her property. A few days later, when the army again passed the place, the magnificent residence was in ruins.

"Even after that treatment Colonel McClure did not let his sorrow or his anger interfere with his love for the South. On one occasion, when given a reception in Birmingham, some one remarked to Colonel McClure that the Confederates should not have burned his property. 'Ah!' replied McClure, 'but General Sherman should not have used the torch in the South, either.' From this one incident you may catch a glimpse of the liberality, the broad-mindedness, and the splendid character of the man.

"Any project in the South which seemed worthy of encouragement received Colonel McClure's hearty support," Colonel

Wright added to his tribute. "His influence has caused millions of dollars to be invested in the Southern States. He scorned financial profit from his efforts to increase the prosperity of the South, and nothing could induce him to give space in his publications to any project which he deemed unworthy of support."

INCIDENTS OF SHERMAN'S MARCH IN N. C.

BY CAPT. THEO. F. NORTHROP, KILPATRICK'S CHIEF OF SCOUTS.

On the afternoon of the 15th of March, the day before the battle of Averasborough, the scouts had the advance. We were accompanied by a great many of the foragers, who were always close to the front. We came to a place where the roads forked, and a church, the only building in sight, was located close to the forks of these roads. I decided to investigate the left-hand road before going farther; so I halted the scouts and foragers and took three scouts, and was gone about an hour and a half on the left-hand road. When we returned to the fork of the road, there was not even one man there. We concluded that they had gone on up the road, but here we made a serious mistake. At this point we were only a few hundred yards in advance of Colonel Rhett's main line, and he had thrown out a strong skirmish line and driven back the scouts and foragers for such a distance that we did not see their line, it being in the woods and quite foggy.

We turned to our left, going up the main road by the church and into a hollow spot in the road through which ran a small creek. Rising on the other side, we came immediately in sight of Colonel Rhett's main line, and were within less than a hundred yards of quite a body of mounted men. We were near enough to distinguish them from a company of cavalry, and concluded that they were some generals with staffs, couriers, etc. We had reason to believe afterwards that they were Generals Hardee, Taliaferro, and Hampton.

One of the men with me was Fry, of the 10th Ohio Cavalry. I remember that when we came in sight of the body of horsemen he raised his Spencer to his shoulder and intended to give them a shot. Being more timid than Fry, and remembering about the boy and the hornets' nest, I held him up. We concluded not to go any longer in that direction, so turned about; and as we reached the hollow in the road we met two men coming toward us. One rode up to me and said: "Where are General Hampton and General Taliaferro?" I said: "They are right back there a short distance on the road." If I had said no more, he might have gone on and left us; but I thought that if we didn't take him he would find us out and get us, so I said: "You will have to come with us." As he was the commander of the brigade occupying that ground, this did not strike him favorably, and he wanted to know if I knew who I was talking to.

One of the bravest and best scouts I had by this time had trained the point of his Spencer so close to Rhett's ear that when he discovered we were Yankees he had nothing to do except surrender. We had a clear road to the left fork that we had been an hour on, and we turned up that to our right, went far enough to get beyond the right of Colonel Rhett's skirmish line, when we left the road, turned to our left, and went through a deep, steep ravine which brought us on the left flank of our lines.

Colonel Hamilton, of the 6th Ohio, was in command at that point and skirmishing with Rhett's skirmish lines. I soon met General Kilpatrick, who said as I came in sight: "Hello, Northrop, what troops are these we are fighting?" I said:

"DeLaeter's Division of Heavy Artillery from Charleston. I have one of the brigade commanders with me." "The how you have" he answered. So I introduced him and Col. Alfred Rhett. They talked for about five minutes, then General Kilpatrick said "Take him to General Sherman."

I found General Sherman a mile or so in the rear, with his little tent pitched, cracker boxes for a table, and studying the maps of the country. I remember he asked me about this big ravine which was then our fire, and when I told him that the enemy's line was about 10 or a mile beyond he was much pleased. I waited while he and Rhett had a pleasant conversation, largely about people he had known when located at Charleston long before the war, including many of Rhett's relatives. Then he relieved me and I returned to Kilpatrick.

On the next morning of the battle of Averasborough one of our brigades had been sent to our right. At a time when there was very heavy firing heard in that direction General Kilpatrick said to me "I wish you would ride down and see what it was." I found our brigade in a swamp almost impassable for cavalry, engaged in a desperate fight with infantry with superior numbers but inferior arms, as we had Spencers.

Colonel Jones, with his fighting 8th Indiana Cavalry, was moving to the assistance of the regiment having the advance, who were getting altogether too much of it. I heard him order "Head of column, right! Left into line! Dismount, No. 1! Hold horses, No. 2, 3, and 4! March out!" He put up a loud yell, then told me to tell Kilpatrick that they might go around it, but could not go through, and he proved it soon.

When I returned to Kilpatrick, he said: "I want you to take some of the scouts and investigate the enemy's right flank." Here my experience of the day before aided me. I took the left fork road I had used the day before, went out about half a mile, turned to my right through the woods, and at a short distance found myself right on the enemy's right flank. I found it to be only a thin line with a battery posted only a little way from its end. I had with me John Landegon, a celebrated scout from the Army of the Potomac. We concluded that we could guide a brigade of infantry close to the enemy's line without their discovering it. So Landegon and the few scouts I had with me remained to watch and notify me if the situation changed while I went back and reported to Kilpatrick that if I was given a brigade of infantry I could place them on the enemy's flank, so they could be surprised.

Kilpatrick reported to General Slocum, who was near by, what I said, and he ordered Captain Foraker, of his staff, to go with me and order the first brigade that came on in column to be turned over to me to be guided to the enemy's right.

We again went up the left-hand fork until I thought we were about in the right position, but not near enough to be in sight, when I told Colonel Case where he would find the line, and that I had men in there watching to notify me if there was any change; that I would go and get my men out of his way while he was making his arrangements to attack.

SEEKS INFORMATION ABOUT A. J. BARNET.—F. R. Barnett seeks the war record of his father, who was honorably discharged in March, 1862, on account of disability. He was sworn into the army in April, 1861, at Springfield, Tenn., in Company C, 14th Tennessee Regiment, Col. W. A. Forbes. The discharge was signed by Capt. A. C. Dale, Col. W. A. Forbes, Dr. Martin (regiment doctor), Dr. Wooten, and Stonewall Jackson. Capt. Wash Loe went out as captain, but Capt. A. C. Dale took his place.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERICKSBURG.

BY R. Y. H. SHUMATE, PIEDMONT, S. C.

Over fifty years ago (February 12, 1863) was fought at Fredericksburg, Va., the sanguinary battle which resulted in a victory for General Lee's army. The writer was a member of the Butler Guards, named in honor of Gen. Pierce Butler, of South Carolina, who had won renown in the Mexican War.

I will give a short account of the battle as seen from the viewpoint of a private soldier. All day of the 12th we were in the trenches in the center of our line of battle, which was about four miles long. The snow lay in patches, and we slept on the bare ground, on the bluff one mile this side of the Rappahannock. The morning of the 13th opened dark and foggy. The enemy in great numbers had forced a passage of the river near the city after meeting a very fierce resistance from a regiment of Mississippians posted in rifle pits near the place where they landed. During this time a furious fire of artillery from the enemy was kept up against the city and the riflemen near the river.

The dense fog lifted near noon and the sun shone brightly, revealing to us the splendid army of the enemy, about one mile in our front, marching in solid columns through the plain down the river to attack Jackson's Corps, about two miles to our right. We were for some time silent spectators of this great scene in our front and right. Soon the advancing columns, aided by one hundred cannon, threw themselves against Jackson's veterans, who drove them back with heavy loss. In an hour or two the enemy, some distance to our left near the city, made some desperate assaults on our lines. The Butlers were ordered to the left, and soon were at the foot of Marye's Hill, in a curious old street or road that had been worn down four or five feet by perhaps more than a hundred years of travel. Right at the foot of the famous Marye's Hill we were posted with some Georgians of General Cobb's legion.

The enemy in most gallant style made charge after charge, and they showed as much bravery as any troops that ever fought in any war. There came right in front of my company a most gallant company of Irishmen from some town in Georgia. Some of them came within twenty yards, and the ground was soon covered far and wide with their killed and wounded. In our rear, on top of the hill, was a second line of our troops without any protection, except that the artillery was in redoubts a few hundred yards apart. The enemy lost in killed and wounded in our front about \$5,000 men. Twelve hundred were buried next day in two trenches several hundred yards long. Gen. T. R. Cobb, of Georgia, was killed near where we fought.

I remember some odd incidents of the battle. My youngest brother, fifteen years old, was about ten feet to my left, and he chanced to look my way when the enemy made one of their brave and desperate charges. He saw that I had my gun on the bank and was taking deliberate aim, and he said: "Buddy Bob, look at you. Don't you see you haven't cocked your gun?" I did cock it then and let that bullet go in the midst of the enemy. This was one of fifty shots fired by me in that battle. Some of our men fired seventy-five times. Right in our front there was a garden, and next morning there were counted in it one hundred and eighty-seven dead Federals.

Sergeant S., of our company, had a very fine treble voice; and when the Yanks came very close, he dropped the treble and in very strong bass said: "Boys, put on your bayonets!"

A Federal soldier in our front next day lay severely wounded and calling piteously: "Water, water!" At last he said: "If my friends can't bring me water, will my enemies bring me some?" A man of my regiment, the 2d South Carolina, carried him water at the risk of his own life amid the shouts and applause of the enemy. He relieved the wants of that poor fellow and others who lay near.

On the morning of the 14th we expected the enemy to assault our lines again, and were much disappointed when they failed to attack. During the night we had made our position stronger, and were anxious to meet them on our chosen ground. But under cover of darkness and a rainstorm the enemy recrossed the river and went into winter quarters. We had our quarters in the woods a few miles from the city, and there we spent four months in camp. It was said that General Jackson on the night of the 13th was anxious to advance and either drive them into the river or force a retreat.

OFFICERS OF THE WEST AUGUSTA GUARD.

In sending a sketch of Capt. L. H. Waters for the VETERAN'S "Last Roll" Col. James Bumgardner, of Stanton, Va., includes a group picture of the West Augusta Guard, of whom



OFFICIAL GROUP OF WEST AUGUSTA GUARD.

he is the only survivor, and writes: "Of the officers of the West Augusta Guard, which was organized just before the organization of the 3d Regiment of Virginia Volunteers (afterwards the 5th Regiment Virginia Infantry of the Stonewall Brigade), Capt. W. S. H. Baylor (afterwards Colonel Baylor, of the 5th Infantry) was killed in the second battle of Manassas, Lieut. Henry King Cochran was killed just after the burning of Chambersburg, Lieut. (afterwards Capt.) Thomas A. Burke died three years ago, and Captain Waters recently."

Colonel Bumgardner is mentioned in "War Records," Series I., Volume XII, Part I., page 303, by Colonel Harmon, who states: "It is due to my personal staff to mention Adj. James Bumgardner in the very highest terms for his gallantry and intrepidity."

WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT JOHN F. HARRIS.—MRS. S. C. Harris, of 2503 Highland Street, Dallas, Tex., asks for information about her husband, John F. Harris, that she may secure a pension as his widow. She only knows that he served under General Forrest, and that, although he was wounded at Shiloh, he would never ask for a pension, saying that he could make a living without it. He has been dead ten years now, and his widow is old and in need.

A TRIO WHO PAID DEARLY FOR A NAP.

BY J. M. FINLEY, ATHENS, LA.

For nearly fifty years I have lived an active life—farming, selling books, and preaching—but now as old age begins to come on, my thoughts go back across the gulf of time to those stirring and hazardous days of my boyhood in the sixties.

It was a starving army that followed Lee from Petersburg to Appomattox, and we were at our limit of endurance from constant marching and loss of sleep. Now and then I and two comrades, William H. Maulden and George Williams, both of Alabama, would fall out of ranks, wander off a little to the side, and drop down for a few minutes' sleep. Each time the rear guard waked us, saying: "The enemy is just behind." One morning about sunrise we came upon some of our boys parching corn. We histered a few ears for our own breakfast and then hurried on. About ten o'clock we joined a line that was facing for battle, then after a little pushed on again. About two o'clock we dropped down to rest, but were almost immediately aroused by a charge of Federal cavalry who captured our wagon train and killed all its escort but two. Naturally we moved on from this; in fact, we ran almost a quarter of a mile, crossed a creek, and came to the brow of a hill. Here, to our consternation, we found no friends, but a blue line of infantry marching straight at us across a field. We fired several shots apiece at them and then ran again; but we were running parallel to a rail fence, and suddenly discovered ourselves ambushed by a squad of Federal cavalry. After some deliberation on my part, we all three surrendered; and our captor brandished his pistol, swearing to shoot us unless we ran abreast of his horse, which immediately fell into a lively gallop with which we were forced to keep pace. Our captor then proceeded to rob us of our worthless little rolls of Confederate money and soon began shouting out either threats of death which we learned afterwards he would not have hesitated to carry out. In a short while, however, we opportunely ran into a blue line of infantry standing at rest. Here we received courteous treatment and consideration. Learning a few days later of Lee's surrender, we expected, of course, to be paroled. But instead of that we were taken to Newport News and held prisoners until July. We were guarded by beastly negroes and cowardly white men, who took advantage of our helplessness to vent upon us the passions of an overwrought time. Many of the prisoners were shot for failure to keep petty rules or died from enforced hardships. We were fed on raw codfish and hard-tack, and some of the men were too enfeebled to survive the rigors of such a régime.

MRS. ELLA KING NEWSOM TRADER.

[The following article was prepared as a tribute by four devoted women who were friends of Mrs. Trader's youth and whose faithfulness and love are unchanged by years and circumstances: Anna Gaut Manlove, Mary Jordan White, Mary Overall Headley, and Teresa Estill Shook. The memoir was written by Mrs. Manlove from her own personal recollections.]

Mrs. Ella King Newsom Trader, the daughter of Rev. T. S. N. King, was born at Brandon, Miss. When she was quite a little girl her father moved to Arkansas, where she grew to womanhood. There also went Dr. Frank Newsom, from Tennessee, whom Ella King, yet in her teens, met and married. This marriage was a very happy one; but the young husband soon died, leaving his young accomplished wife a childless widow with an ample fortune. From her Arkansas

Some she went with her young sisters to Winchester, Tenn., rented a house, and made an attractive home for these sisters as long as they were in Mary Sharp College.

A few weeks after I was sent to Mary Sharp College the house in which I was boarding was burned to the ground, and the inmates were left standing half clad upon the frost-covered grass. Mrs. Newsom took my sister and myself into her home. With loving-kindness she put shoes and stockings on my bare feet and helped to straighten out the chaos of clothing tossed from the windows of the burning building. Mrs. Newsom's house was our home for some time afterwards.

I mention the above as a keynote to the life of this lovely young woman doing good to others as opportunity offered. During my four years of college life I was almost a weekly guest in her home, with its living room so well equipped—a piano, guitar, fine library, and all the leading magazines. Hence I feel that I knew Mrs. Newsom, or, as we familiarly called her, Miss Ella, very well, and it is a great pleasure for me to write of her and her work.

When the war of 1860-65 was upon us, she took her sisters back to Arkansas, and with five servants of her own returned to Memphis, Tenn., to minister to the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. Mrs. Newsom's initial work was in the City Hospital under Dr. Kellar; then she went to the Southern Mothers' Home, organized and managed by Mrs. Laws, where she gained more experience. The Overton Hospital, under Drs. Tenner and Maeston, then called her as matron. She remained there until December, 1861, and then, with her five servants and a carload of supplies, she went to Bowling Green, Ky. Diligently working from four o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night in buildings wholly unsuited to hospital use, she soon had all the buildings doing duty as hospitals shipshape and comfortable. This work was done at the request of General Floyd and his corps of surgeons. When Fort Donelson fell, Mrs. Newsom came to Nashville, Tenn., and established a hospital in the Howard School building, and before the Federal army occupied that city all the patients were removed to Winchester, Tenn.

Chattanooga, Tenn., in the Crutchfield House, was Mrs. Newsom's next field of labor. A hospital, called in her honor the Newsom, was also opened there. To Atlanta, Ga., and Corinth, Miss., as the call came she responded. A carload of hospital supplies, much of it at her own expense, was gathered for each new field, and she carried her own servants, by this time well fitted for the work.

Instead of the one hospital which she had had in mind to establish in memory of her husband, she spent four years of her life and much of her fortune in caring for the sick and wounded of the Confederate army. She was lovingly and gratefully called the Florence Nightingale of the South. General Hardee said that her services to the South were like those of Queen Louise to Prussia, equal to the aid of an army corps in battle.

After the war was over, wifehood, motherhood, and mourning for her dead were again her lot. As the wife of Colonel Trader she was the mother of several children, who died in infancy. Only one child, little Mary, was left at the death of Colonel Trader. With this little girl Mrs. Trader went to Washington to accept a position in the Pension Department which friends had secured for her. After a time Mary grew to womanhood, and through Senator Bate, of Tennessee, also secured a place in the Pension Department. Here the aging mother and daughter, frail in body, have steadily worked as

they have been able. Now Mrs. Trader is nearly fourscore years of age. She has lost the sight of one eye and is quite deaf; therefore she is no longer able to earn a support or partial support, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have planned to contribute to her maintenance.



MRS. ELLA K. TRADER NEWSOM.

When we think how for four long years she smoothed the pathway to the grave for thousands of dying men and of how many times she bent low to take the last whispering message from a dying husband to an absent wife or a dying son to a far-away mother, there are few among us who will not be glad to help her now in her time of old age and need.

SECRET SERVICE IN ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

BY R. B. ANDERSON, DENTON, TEX.

The secret service is a branch of the army about which we hear comparatively little; yet no skirmish, battle, or campaign can be planned without its aid. To-day we have air craft, and the armies of the world spend millions of dollars in the effort to facilitate means of finding out an enemy's position, his plans, and his weak points. We had nothing of the kind during the War of the States, but had to depend on the secret service to keep our commanders informed as to the enemy's movements, his strength, or any other necessary information. This could be done only by private scouts and spies, and a scout could only uncover that in which he came in personal contact. I have heard officers high in command express wonder as to how our commanders knew the position and strength of the enemy. In most cases we knew every brigade commander's name and where he was stationed in the opposing army. We knew after each battle what loss the enemy had sustained almost as well as their own commanders.

Few people have any idea how hazardous the life of these

scouts was. We were termed the "eyes and ears of the army." My first detail as a private scout was in Mississippi when General Van Dorn sent me to Holly Springs, where General Grant was collecting supplies with the intention of marching into Tennessee. I was ordered to locate Grant's force, so that we could attack him and withdraw his attention from his supplies, which we then might capture and burn. History tells how we succeeded and caused Grant to abandon his campaign into Tennessee.

I remained with Van Dorn until he was killed at Spring Hill, when I joined Capt. Henry Shaw, commanding Bragg's private scouts, and from that time on Bragg knew every move his opponent made. He knew who commanded every brigade in the enemy's army; he knew how much artillery and its caliber. After the battle of Murfreesboro he knew what loss the enemy had sustained and was advised to push his victory, which, however, he failed to do. At Chickamauga he was well posted about the enemy's strength and knew where he was to cross the river. Before Bragg evacuated Chattanooga he knew the disposition of the enemy's commands in the engagement. He was duly informed also of the beaten condition of Rosecrans's army after the battle, and the great wonder to us was that he did not capture all of the Federal force there. He rested on Missionary Ridge and waited until Sherman marched through from Memphis with a big army and left General Dodge in Pulaski with ten thousand men to prevent Bragg's scouts from keeping tab on all he was doing. General Dodge is said to have expressed the belief that we knew his thoughts as well as his actions.

After Sam Davis had been hanged and Shaw sent to prison, Alex Gregg took command of the scouts that remained, and all the way from Dalton to Atlanta Joe Johnston knew Sherman's every plan. This was a succession of flank movements, and our Joe knew all about them. Sherman never caught him napping. Every time Sherman's cavalry got a few miles from the main army Wheeler pounced down on them and made them mighty glad to get back under Sherman's wing. Wherever one of their wagon trains camped for two nights at one place Joe Wheeler escorted it off. At Cartersville he went in and drove out one hundred wagons loaded with bacon and coffee. All this was made possible by the information obtained by the scouts.

It is not every man that can make a good private scout. I have taken men with me on these excursions that were as brave and fearless as men ever get to be, but the nervous strain would so work on them that it would unman them completely. I had one man tell me that he would rather ten times over stand up in line of battle and fight than engage in private scout duty. But those whose nerves could stand it loved the duty and the danger and held to it to the last. And when old Joe Johnston laid down his sword, I was still in Sherman's rear counting his regiments and his artillery.

ERRORS IN NAME AND PLACE CORRECTED.—D. H. Russell, of Anderson, S. C., makes a plea for historical accuracy. Referring to some typographical errors in the VETERAN, he says: "It always pains me to see inaccuracies in statements of facts in the VETERAN connected with persons or places concerning the war, and especially so when it refers to our leading officers and important places. The VETERAN is preserving history, and those who come after us may be misled. I know that the Editor is as anxious as I am to keep the record straight, but it sometimes seems almost inexcusable. The VETERAN for May, page 214, contains a reference to Gen.

Turner Ashley. Every soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia knew of Gen. Turner Ashby. Then on page 218 mention is made that General Lee's army was in winter quarters at 'Gurney's' Station, near Fredericksburg. No such station is there, and there will ever be linked with the name of Stonewall Jackson Guinea Station, for there he met the last enemy. The name is sometimes called Guiney. Mistakes are exasperating, but they call for more careful proof-reading." [The Editor acknowledges the justice of this reproof and wishes it were possible for him to give every article in the VETERAN its final reading, for such errors as these, which can be placed on the proof reader, could be avoided. There are other errors made, however, which are blamable upon careless correspondents who will not take the trouble to verify statements, expecting the Editor to look after such details, and it is difficult to avoid some slips.]

ENJOYS NEWS OF WAR COMRADES.—John C. Baird, of Homer, La., writes: "I was a member of Company E, 1st Alabama Cavalry, but served about six months of the four years in Wiggin's Battery while waiting to replace my horse, which had been killed. I had thought there were only two of my old company living; but I saw an article in the March VETERAN on 'Skinning a Hog with a Pair of Scissors,' by a member of the company who I guess was John Frasier. One of my comrades that I remember well was left for dead on the battle field, but about five years ago a letter came from him through the VETERAN telling me about his recovery from his wound and his imprisonment at Rock Island."

WANTS TO FIND CAPTAIN WEST.—Walter R. Savage, a former member of the 26th Illinois Regiment, 723 West Third Street, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I want information concerning a young Captain West, who befriended me on the battle field at Franklin, Tenn., at night on November 30, 1864. I was badly wounded, lying on the cold, frosted ground, and this Captain West secured a blanket for me. He too was wounded in the head. I wrote his name down in a pocket memorandum book which I still have: 'A. J. West, 41st Georgia Regiment, acting aid on the staff of General Stevenson.' If I can learn anything about Captain West, who at that time seemed to be a boy of eighteen or twenty, I shall feel grateful to you."

WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT MRS. SALLY ISABELL.—W. F. Gay, of Newborn, Ga., wishes to find a Mrs. Sally Isabell, who had him taken off a train at Charlottesville, Va., when he had been badly wounded, carried to a hospital, and operated on by the surgeon, and by so doing undoubtedly saved his life. "Mrs. Isabell," he writes, "was a niece of the Bibb family, of Charlottesville, and was living there during the war. She had married Captain Isabell, of Hickman, Ky., who served in the West under General Wheeler. Mrs. Isabell was on a visit to her relatives and was a devoted worker in the hospital among the wounded. I am now seventy-two years old, and would like to know if my preserver is still living that I may thank her for the last time in life for her kindness to me and to my old mother, to whom she wrote that she was taking a sister's place to her wounded boy and that she treated me as a brother. If she should see this, I hope she will let me hear from her."

Notices of those who wish to find friends are free, as are also notices that seek the war records for pensions or their widows; but all such ought to be subscribers.

THE LAST ROLL

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD, BY SAM M. GAINES.

The flight of years can bring no rust
To dim their fame in song and story;
The graves that hold their hallowed dust
Have not outlived their deeds of glory.

CAPT. JAMES H. WATERS.

Capt. James H. Waters departed this life on May 13, 1913, at the Odd Fellows' Home in Lynchburg, Va., in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He came from New Jersey to Staunton, Va., in 1850. He engaged in business, married Miss Elizabeth Carroll, a native of Staunton, and promptly identified himself with the people of that place. He was one of the original enlisted members of that renowned volunteer company, the West Augusta Guard, which was organized in 1858, was in service during the John Brown raid in 1859, and on during the entire period of the War of the States. It was in service during the late war with Spain, and is now one of the best companies in the volunteer military service of Virginia.

At the organization of the company Captain Waters was elected first lieutenant; and when the company was ordered to Charlestown during the John Brown raid, Capt. (afterwards Col.) William S. H. Baylor (who was later killed at Manassas on August 29, 1862, while leading the Stonewall Brigade in a desperate charge) was prostrated with typhoid fever, and Captain Waters commanded the company.

The West Augusta Guard was of the 5th Regiment of Virginia Infantry, in the Stonewall Brigade. This regiment was organized about the 12th of April, 1861, as "a volunteer regiment of Virginia militia," and William S. H. Baylor, captain of the West Augusta Guard, was made colonel.

On April 17, 1861, the West Augusta Guard, under command of Lieutenant Waters, by command of the Governor of Virginia, left Staunton for Harper's Ferry. The order of the Governor reached Staunton about 8 A.M. of that day, and the company embarked about 6 P.M. of the same day. There were of the company on that April day (1861) one hundred and twenty-five men, rank and file. When the roll was called, one hundred and twenty-three answered to their names and boarded the train. Captain Waters was commissioned as captain in May, 1861, and commanded the company at Falling Waters, First Manassas, during the Romney expedition of General Jackson, and at Kernstown. In July, 1862, he was made commissary of the 5th Regiment with the rank of captain, and was soon afterwards made commissary of the Stonewall Brigade, and served in that capacity until the close of the war.

In 1880 he was made chief of the police department of Staunton, in which capacity he rendered devoted and efficient service until 1900, when he was retired by reason of advanced age and infirmity. After his retirement as chief of police of Staunton, Captain Waters went to the Odd Fellows' Home in Lynchburg, where he remained until his death. His funeral service was held in the Odd Fellows' Home, after which his body was transported to Staunton and on the 15th of May,

1913, was buried in Thornrose Cemetery. His body was followed to its final resting place by the three sole survivors of the men who originally enlisted in the West Augusta Guard—viz., Henry Hyer, William Wholly, and James Bumgardner, Jr. [See sketch of West Augusta Guard on page 343.]

Captain Waters was a member of the Episcopal Church, and his entire life was an illustration of the best and noblest qualities of the Christian, the soldier, and the gentleman.

[Sketch by James Bumgardner, Jr., of Staunton, Va.]

J. W. MOORE.

John William Moore, a prominent citizen of his community, died recently at his home, in Broadway, Va.

Mr. Moore was the son of the late Amos and Elizabeth Moffett Moore, and was the oldest citizen of Broadway. He was born at Turleytown January 8, 1831, and had spent practically his entire life in his native community. At the outbreak of the War of the States he enlisted in Company B, 7th Virginia Cavalry, as a private, and later was made quartermaster of his company. He served the entire four years, and was an ideal soldier of the Confederate army.

"Uncle John," as he was affectionately called, was beloved by everybody, especially the children of the town. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Elizabeth Fishback, of Dayton, who died about thirty years ago. To this union there were born five children, only two of whom survive, Mrs. Sidney M. Williams, of Broadway, and G. E. Moore, of Turleytown. In 1887 he married Miss Barbara Katherine Neff, who survives. He was a devoted husband and father, a loyal neighbor and friend.



W. B. HALLIBURTON.

W. B. Halliburton was born in Gibson County, Tenn., in 1831, the son of a pioneer Baptist minister, and lived to the age of seventy-six years. He was married to Miss Mary E. Allen November 19, 1856. At the beginning of the War of the States he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served in Company K, 47th Tennessee Infantry Regiment. He was captured in June, 1864, and remained in prison until May, 1864. He never lost his love for the Confederate cause, and was ever glad to meet with his old soldier comrades. He was buried in a Confederate uniform.

Comrade Halliburton was a Master Mason at twenty-two,

and was made a Royal Arch Mason years ago. He was loyal to his lodge and to his Church, of which he had been a member since his boyhood. He was a kind and upright man and a sincere Christian.

CAPT. GEORGE T. TODD.

George Thomas Todd, captain of Company A, 1st Texas Regiment, 1st Texas Brigade (Hood's), died at his home, in Jefferson, Tex., January 27, 1913, in the seventy-fourth year



CAPT. GEORGE TODD.

of his age. He was born in Matthews County, Va., in May, 1839, and was the grandson of George Thomas Todd, a wealthy planter of Caroline County, Va., a contemporary and friend of Thomas Jefferson, John Randolph, and other early statesmen, who often visited his home at the Old Mansion at Bowling Green. Captain Todd, a conspicuous lawyer of Eastern Texas, was the son of William S. Todd, who was in his day one of the most eminent men in the early history of Texas, a member of the Secession Convention, and a signer of the Ordinance of Secession in 1861.

Captain Todd was educated at Hampton Academy and the University of Virginia, which he left at the outbreak of the war to return to his home, in Jefferson, Tex., where he volunteered as a private in Black's company, A, Marion Rifles, 1st Texas Infantry. Captain Black was killed at Bethel, Va., and Todd was elected captain of the company. This regiment was first commanded by Col. Lewis T. Wigfall, afterwards by Col. Hugh McLeod, and then by Col. John B. Hood, of the famous Hood's Brigade. The 1st Texas participated in all the great battles from Manassas to the Wilderness and Chickamauga. They took part in the battles around Richmond, from Seven Pines to Malvern Hill. They were engaged in the Second Manassas and at Sharpsburg (or Antietam), where Captain Todd was severely wounded. They were at Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness. These decimated commands were consolidated by general order, and upon the application of Captain Todd he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department and made adjutant of the cavalry regiment of Col. (afterwards Gen.) Walter P. Lane, in which service he was engaged to the end of the war

and which command was never surrendered. It brought its guns, camp equipage, wagons, and teams home and distributed them among the men, the enemy not getting a gun or a mule.

On his return home Captain Todd began the practice of law in Jefferson, and resided there continuously up to his death, a period of nearly fifty years. At the first State election prior to Reconstruction he was elected District Attorney of his father's old district, which office he creditably held for about eighteen months, when he, along with all other civil officers, was removed by the military authorities as "an impediment to reconstruction." Soon afterwards he took part in the defense of the celebrated "stockade case," in which nearly one hundred citizens were arrested and tried for their lives by a military court. He was afterwards elected and served as a member of the seventeenth Legislature of Texas. He was a prominent Mason and a lifelong Democrat.

Captain Todd was twice married, first to Miss Edwina VanDyke and then to Miss Marion Miller.

For fifty years Captain Todd was an active member of the Baptist Church at Jefferson. He lived a simple, useful, and noble life. He died peacefully while asleep.

[From a sketch by Charles S. Todd.]

MRS. SALLIE NESBITT SIZEMORE.

Mrs. Sallie Nesbitt Sizemore was born in Dickson County, Tenn.; and died at the home of her son, Claude H. Sizemore, in Dickson, April 1, 1912, aged seventy-eight years. She was a great-niece of Samuel McAdoo, one of the pioneers in establishing the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in this country. She became a member of the Cumberland Church when a child, and was a faithful and loyal Christian all her life. She was married to Dr. R. H. Sizemore, who died at Erin, Tenn., in 1879. He was a surgeon in the army during the War of the States, and she soon felt that loyalty to her husband demanded her presence with him in his delicate work. She went to him, and for two years or longer she was by his side. Many of the old soldiers say she was God's angel among the wounded and dying. At her funeral veterans of the gray were her pallbearers. She constantly went among the sick and dying, administering medicine and giving such help as was possible. She assisted her husband in dissecting, often standing with limbs all around her, she holding the tallow candle, the only light available, while her husband was amputating and otherwise attending the soldiers.

Her life throughout the war was full of courage and adventure. At one time, on hearing of the hunger of a starving Rebel, she determined to get some potatoes near by; and though the army on both sides were in brittle array, she passed somehow the pickets, got the potatoes, and returned, and was reprimanded by her husband for taking such risks. Her simple reply was: "I got the potatoes." At another time, at the point of a pistol, she forced a horse thief to put back her horse in the stable, warning him that to carry out his orders would result in his death. She was taken to Atlanta while the city was being shelled, but made her escape in a meat car. In a difficulty between a Federal officer and her husband she threw herself between them to save her husband from the drawn sword in the officer's hand. She defied the officer and called him a coward. She knew no fear of anything or anybody. She fully believed her life was safe anywhere. Day or night, if she felt that duty called, she did not hesitate, but at once would go out in the night that she might be a help somewhere. She was a typical "Southern woman of the sixties."

REV. DR. GEORGE SMITH

Rev. George Gilman Smith died recently at his home, in Macon, Ga., in his seventy-seventh year. Dr. Smith was for more than fifty years a prominent minister of the Methodist Church and a well-known and well-loved writer. His work was largely with the educational department of his Church, and his historical books dealing with the lives of the bishops are considered standard. Among his successful published books are: "History of Methodism in Georgia and Florida," "Life and Letters of Bishop James O. Andrew," "Life and Times of Bishop George F. Pierce," "Life of Bishop Francis Asbury," "The Story of Georgia and the Georgia People." Besides these, he wrote more than a score of books for children. His contributions to many religious publications in a department called "Fireside Sermons" have been read for a number of years by thousands of people.

Dr. Smith was born at Sheffield in what was then Newton, but is now Rockdale, County. He went into the ministry in his early manhood and gave his whole life to Church work in its various forms.

Dr. Smith was in some of the hardest-fought battles of the Confederacy, and in an engagement at South Mountain, Md., he received a wound which practically deprived him of the use of his left arm for the rest of his life.

WILLIAM H. AND JOHN L. MCKINNEY.

The two brothers, William H. and John L. McKinney, were born and reared in Lincoln County, Tenn. They were mere boys when they enlisted in the Confederate army, and during the first year William served in the infantry and John in the artillery. Owing to their extreme youth, they were then permitted to return home, and afterwards joined a cavalry company made up by Capt. W. W. McDowell and Lieut. J. J. Davis, with young W. H. McKinney as orderly sergeant. This was Company E, Balentine's Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade. Everybody in the regiment knew Sergt. "Billy" McKinney, who was a good soldier and a jovial comrade. After the war the McKinney family moved to Texas, but "Billy" went to Mississippi and bought a mill near Cotton Plant, and was killed there by a boiler explosion in 1880.

John J. McKinney was in the same company with his brother, and was always a gallant and ready soldier. After the war he went with his father to Texas, and afterwards married and moved to Palo Pinto County, where he reared a large family of children and died in January, 1912.

DANIEL M. KEY.

On Sunday, April 20, 1913, Daniel M. Key, grandson of the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," died at the Soldiers' Home at Pikesville, Md.

Born in Anne Arundel County in June, 1841, Daniel M. Key enlisted in the Confederate service in June, 1861, at Harper's Ferry as a member of Company D, 1st Maryland Regiment. After a year's service and having been honorably discharged, he enlisted again in White's Battalion, 35th Virginia Regiment, intending to serve during the remainder of the war; but in November, 1863, he was wounded in the knee. This put him out of the conflict, and when the surrender was made at Appomattox he was in a hospital in Richmond.

Some years ago, with his brother John and a cousin, Clarence Key, Mr. Key entered the Home at Pikesville. Clarence Key died some years ago.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH SMITH.

On May 15 Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Smith, widow of the late Orren Randolph Smith, of Henderson, N. C., died at Raleigh. She was the daughter of Willis Foulke Riddick and Sarah E. Hunter, and was born at Sunbury, N. C. Her great-grandfather, Capt. James Riddick, was one of the original members of the Order of the Cincinnati. She was first married to Edwin J. H. McCambell, of Lexington, Va., a law partner of the War Governor of Virginia; and after his death she was married to Orren Randolph Smith, of Henderson, N. C., said to be the designer of the Stars and Bars.

Mrs. Smith was a woman of unusual mental ability, and as a schoolgirl was considered the best Latin scholar in Virginia. Much of her girlhood was passed in a family of lawyers, and it was said that at eighteen she knew Blackstone thoroughly and could have passed the Virginia examination in law.

Her funeral was held on the afternoon of May 16, and after a beautiful service in Holy Innocents Church, of Henderson, she was laid to rest beside her husband, whose death was reported in the June VETERAN. She is survived by an only daughter, Jessica Randolph Smith.



EDWARD RICE.

On page 239 of the May VETERAN appears a brief sketch of Edward Rice, who died suddenly in North Middleton, Bourbon County, Ky. He made a good soldier under Gen. John H. Morgan.

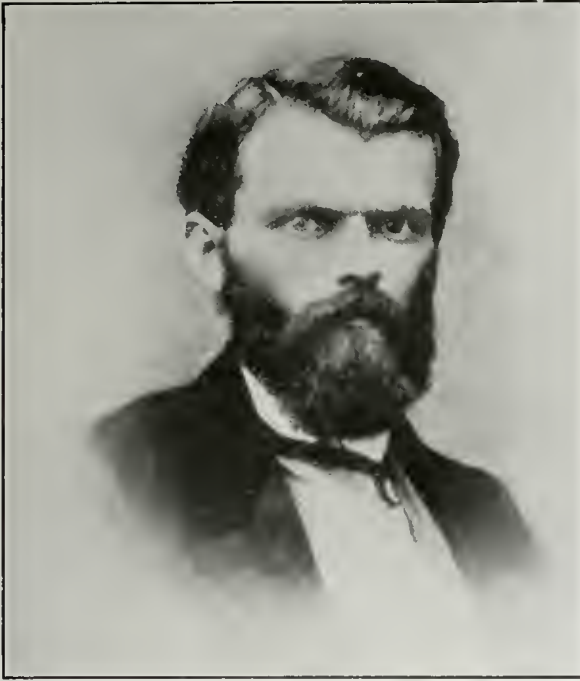
JOHN G. UPTON.

Comrade J. G. Upton passed away September 10, 1910, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Louis Burris, in Warrensburg, Mo.

"Uncle Jack," as he was familiarly known, was one of four brothers who fought for the South. He served under Gen. F. M. Cockrell, Company A, 5th Missouri, for four years, and was at Vicksburg and in many hard-fought battles.

After the war he returned home and engaged in mercantile business. He never married, but devoted his life to his aged parents until they passed away. His funeral services were conducted by the Masons and the M. M. Parsons Camp,

U. C. V., of which he was a member. The veterans acted as pallbearers. A touching incident was the pinning on of his cross of honor for the last time, his niece, Miss Nellie Burns, who had presented it to him in 1906, once more placing it upon his breast that he might wear it even in his grave.



ARTEMUS A. CONNOR.

Artemus A. Connor was born in Orangeburg County, S. C., May 14, 1840; and died in Columbia, S. C., January 20, 1913. After graduating from Wofford College in the class of '61, he volunteered for the defense of his country, and served her faithfully as a member of Company F, 2d Regiment South Carolina Artillery.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar."

JOHN HICKMAN HENDERSON.

Comrade Henderson was born in Madison County, Tenn., in February, 1837; and died in White County, Ark., December 24, 1912. He wore the gray in the sixties, serving throughout the entire war in the Trans-Mississippi Department under Price, Hindman, Holmes, and Evans. He enlisted at Searcy under Dandridge McRae, and in the reorganization that followed his company became a part of Colonel Glenn's 36th Arkansas Regiment. He passed through many trying times in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, and finally surrendered under General Kirby-Smith.

Comrade Henderson was a fine soldier and a good man. He was a lifelong member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He was twice married, and is survived by his second wife and his eight children, seven sons and one daughter, all of whom were with him at the last.

[From a tribute by J. Stoke Vinson, Hiram, Ark.]

DR. J. S. CAMERON.

The passing of Dr. James Strong Cameron, who died recently at his home, in Red Bluff, Cal., marks the end of a useful and in many ways an extraordinary career, and the closing of the banks and business houses in Red Bluff during the hours of his funeral was a testimony of the esteem in which he was held by his community.

J. S. Cameron was born in Edgefield District, S. C., November 20, 1842. He was a son of James Cameron, being of a family of seven children and the last surviving member of the family. His father was of Scotch descent and was a wealthy cotton planter and merchant.

In August, 1861, Dr. Cameron enlisted at Fairfax Court-house, Va., and served under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston until his commander was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines. He was subsequently with General Lee in Northern Virginia, and was then transferred to South Carolina, where he was on duty until the close of the war. Although under twenty years of age when the war closed, he had many hard experiences, having been wounded thirteen times.

At the close of the war Dr. Cameron resumed his studies at the Jefferson Medical College, and in 1867 went by way of Panama to California. He entered the Toland Medical College, San Francisco, founded by his uncle, and graduated from there in November, 1868, and then went to Red Bluff and began the practice of medicine. He had resided there continuously since.

Dr. Cameron was married to Miss Augusta Gerke in San Francisco March 10, 1870. Her father, Henry Gerke, set out the Stanford vineyard and for years owned a ranch near Vina. Mrs. Cameron died November 6, 1880, leaving two children. Dr. Cameron was a member of Vesper Lodge, No. 84, F. and A. M., Chapter No. 40, R. A. M., Red Bluff Commandery, No. 17, K. T., and had taken the Scottish Rite degree. He was a member of the State Medical Society and the American Medical Society, and of Camp Pap Price, United Confederate Veterans, at Colusa.

CHARLOTTE LEE WILSON.

Miss Charlotte Wilson died recently at Elkins, W. Va., of pneumonia contracted while on a visit to Washington to see the inauguration of the new President.

Miss Wilson was born in Beverly, but had made her home for some years in Elkins, where she served faithfully and well as assistant in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Randolph County through several succeeding administrations. She was an ardent Confederate, taking great pride in her father's record as a Southern soldier, and was one of the organizers of the Randolph Chapter, U. D. C., of Elkins. She was also a member of the John Hart Chapter, D. A. R.

Miss Wilson was a talented writer and a very charming public reader, and was widely loved for the bright mind and sunny disposition which were constantly characteristic of her.

C. R. ANDERSON.

Comrade C. R. Anderson died at his home, in Independence, Mo., April 17, 1913, in the eighty-third year of his age. He enlisted in the Confederate service from Lafayette County, Mo., in 1861, was captured near Vicksburg, and held prisoner at Elmira, N. Y., until the close of the war. "Uncle Charley" was a member of the Christian Church for sixty years, and during his long life was held in high esteem by a large circle of friends and neighbors.

[Sketch by M. A. Dyer, Higginsville, Mo.]

JAMES F. IZLAR.

Comrade James F. Izlar was one of five brothers who entered the service of the Confederate States. He was born in Orangeburg District November 25, 1832. In 1851 he entered Emory College, Oxford, Ga., from which he graduated with honor in 1855. After spending a year in teaching, he took up the study of law under Thomas J. Glover, was admitted to the practice of law in 1857, and was eminently successful. In 1889 he was elected judge of the First Circuit, where he served for five years, after which he was elected to the Congress of the United States, serving one term. He afterwards resumed the practice of law, and soon regained a leading position among the attorneys of the Orangeburg bar.

In 1860 Comrade Izlar was among the first to respond to South Carolina's call for volunteers, and in the early part of January, 1861, he joined the Edisto Rifles, under Capt. Thomas J. Glover, and was elected lieutenant. Upon the organization of Haygood's 1st Regiment Captain Glover was elected lieutenant in command of that regiment, John V. Glover becoming captain and Lieutenant Izlar becoming first lieutenant. In 1862 the Edisto Rifles became a part of the 25th Regiment (Lutaw), South Carolina Volunteers. Captain Glover was made major and Lieutenant Izlar was made captain of the company.

Comrade Izlar was several times mentioned for gallantry and meritorious conduct in battle, and frequently commanded the regiment and also the picket lines. He served in the following engagements: Fort Sumter, Pocotaligo, Secessionville, and also at Battery Wagner. In May, 1864, the Edisto Rifles were ordered to Virginia with Haygood's Brigade, and were in the battles of Walhalla Junction, Swift Creek, Drewry's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, trenches at Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Darbytown Road, and Fort Fisher, N. C., where Captain Izlar was captured and confined at Fort Columbus, N. Y., from which he was paroled several months after the surrender of Johnston's army.

As a soldier James F. Izlar discharged his duties promptly and without fear, being frequently called to perform hazardous and dangerous service. He was the first Commander of Camp Thomas J. Glover, No. 457, United Confederate Veterans, and was retained in that office until his death. As a citizen of Orangeburg he was respected and honored. He was a lover of Masonry, and at the time of his death had been chosen to receive the highest degree of that order. He was a member of the Church of the Redeemer (Episcopal), and had served a number of years as warden. At his death a beautiful tribute was paid him by the bar of Orangeburg. He was twice married, first to Miss Fannie Lovell and afterwards to Miss Alston. He is survived by three sons and four daughters and by his second wife.

[From a tribute of respect from Camp Glover by Asbury Coward, F. A. Schiffley, F. S. Dibble, Committee.]

W. H. TALBOT.

On December 30, 1912, Comrade W. H. Talbot died suddenly at his home, in Brownwood, Tex.

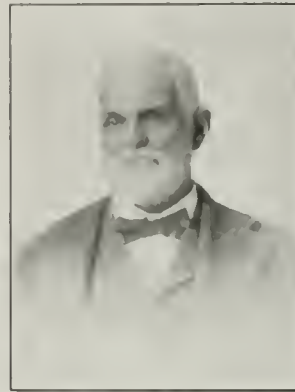
William H. Talbot was born April 24, 1817, near Orion, Ala. He lived on the family plantation until sixteen years of age, when he joined Company A, 39th Alabama Regiment, under the command of Joseph E. Johnston, and served throughout all the campaigns and under the various commanders of the Western Army until the surrender at Greens-

boro, N. C. The 39th Alabama Regiment was consolidated with the 22d, 25th, and 50th Alabama after the battle of Bentonville; so at the time of the surrender at Greensboro he was in Company H, 22d Alabama, under Colonel Tolman.

He returned to his home in May, 1865, to find his father and mother and two younger sisters with nothing but the plantation and with the negroes and most of the stock gone. The two other boys of the family had been killed in battle, and young Talbot, then but a boy, set about to assist in the care of the almost helpless family. In 1885 he moved from Montgomery County, Ala., to Brownwood, Tex., and had since made his home there. His wife survives him.

GODFREY C. STANCILL.

Godfrey C. Stancill was born April 27, 1837, in North Carolina; and died in Springfield, Mo., January 6, 1912. His father



GODFREY C. STANCILL.

was Caswell Stancill and his mother Rebecca Ann, daughter of Col. Renel Anderson, of North Carolina. His parents moved to Mississippi in 1841.

Comrade Stancill enlisted in the early part of the war and became a member of the 21st Mississippi Regiment, Humphrey's Brigade, Longstreet's Division. He was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines and again in the battle of the Wilderness on the same day in which a brother of his was killed, and

his remains are still among the unknown dead.

N. L. McREE.

Comrade McRee was born in Gibson County, Tenn., September 16, 1846; and died in Trenton September 4, 1912. He was a Confederate soldier in Capt. Tom Gay's company of Col. R. M. Russell's regiment, Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Cavalry Corps, with which he served until surrendered and paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 9, 1865.

He became a member of the Presbyterian Church in 1863, and was a deacon and treasurer from that time until his death. He was a druggist by profession, and remained in the business all his life. He was widely known and dearly beloved, a good soldier and a good citizen.

WILLIAM MOORE.

On March 13, 1913, William Moore, familiarly and affectionately known as "Uncle Bill," died in Gregg County, Tex.

Comrade Moore was born in Rhea County, Tenn., in January, 1830. In 1845 he went to Texas and settled near Fredonia, in Gregg County, where he spent the rest of his life. In 1871 he married Miss America Lumbus, who died six years later; and in September, 1879, he was married a second time to Miss Sallie E. Hardegree, who, with five children and a number of grandchildren, survives him.

Comrade Moore was a member of the 17th Texas Infantry and helped to send General Banks down Red River. He was one of eight brothers, all of whom served in the Southern army. He was a brave soldier, a faithful comrade, and an earnest and sincere Christian.

C. H. MEDLOCK.

Constantine H. Medlock was born May 17, 1835, in Harde-man County, Tenn.; and died in Benton, Ark., January 10, 1913. He was married in 1855 to Mrs. Nancy J. Carpenter, who died in 1863. He then married her half sister, Miss Mariah L. Smith. In the War of the States he first joined General Hagan's escort. After the battle at Helena, he was assigned to Company B, in Colonel Crawford's Arkansas Cavalry, which operated in Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, and in which he ranked as sergeant and forage master. He took part in the battles of Helena, Poison Spring, Mark's Mill, Perry Grove, and Jenkins's Ferry. He surrendered in Texas in 1865.

When death came years afterwards he met it as bravely as he had met life, and on a lovely Sabbath afternoon old Confederate veterans filled up his grave. He was a Mason and a member of the Methodist Church, South. The writer, who was chaplain of the 52d North Carolina Regiment, of ficiated at his funeral.

[Sketch by Rev. James M. Cline, Benton, Ark.]

JESSE M. PEARSON.

Jesse Mercer Pearson was born in Catahoula Parish, La., January 27, 1839; and died in Union Parish July 13, 1912. He served in the Confederate army with Company C, 17th Louisiana Volunteers.

Resolutions signed by W. R. Chandler, Adjutant, say in part: "In the death of Comrade Pearson Camp Sid Griffin, No. 379, feels that it has sustained a great loss. We desire to put on record the profound sorrow which we feel and to extend to the grief-stricken family our deepest sympathy."

Adjutant Chandler reports also the death of W. H. Kennedy, who was born in Dallas County, Ala., September 13, 1840, and moved to Union Parish, La., in 1841. He volunteered with Captain Farmer May 10, 1862, and served with bravery and devotion until the close of the war. He was a loyal and well-loved member of Camp Sid Griffin, No. 379.

J. M. ROLLINS.

J. Mart Rollins was born in Pike County, Miss., June 24, 1839. The family removed to Oktibbeha County, Miss., where young Mart was brought up to manhood, receiving a common school education. He entered the service of the Confederate States in May, 1861, going out as color sergeant of the Agency Rifles, later Company G, 14th Mississippi Infantry. He was slightly wounded at Fort Donelson, and when the forces surrendered there he was taken prisoner and sent to Camp Douglas, where he remained until exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862.

In the reorganization of the regiment he was made second lieutenant of his company, and served as such in the Mississippi campaigns of 1863, in one of which battles he received another slight wound. He went through the Georgia campaigns of 1864, and was with his command at Franklin and Nashville. Following his colors into North Carolina, he fought at Bentonville and other places in that State, in the meantime having been promoted to first lieutenant.

After the war Comrade Rollins went to Texas and in 1868 located near Farmersville, Hunt County, where he lived until his death, on March 31, 1913. In January, 1871, he was married to Miss Rebecca Boland, who died in March, 1900, leaving thirteen children, nine boys and four girls, of whom twelve survive him. He was a good soldier, a worthy citizen, and a faithful father.

BYNUM JEROME DRAKE.

Bynum Jerome Drake was born in Alabama July 5, 1840; and died in Hempstead County, Ark. He was a gentleman of the old school, a Christian, and one of the most respected men in his county. It was his boast that he had been a reader of the VETERAN from the first issue until his death. His captain, W. R. Selvidge, of Ardmore, Okla., says of him: "He was as good, true, and brave a soldier as we had in our command."

Mr. Drake enlisted as a private in Company E, 11th Arkansas Infantry, Jabez M. Smith colonel. He was captured at Island No. 10 April 7, 1862, was taken to Camp Douglas, and was exchanged September 6. He went with the reorganized regiment to Port Hudson, then was sent to intercept Banks's moving out of New Orleans. Later the men were mounted and remained in the country between Canton, Miss., and Baton Rouge, La., until the close of the war.

Comrade Drake surrendered at Jackson, Miss., April 9, 1865. He took part in a large number of big battles, but was never seriously wounded. His life was a success, his death a triumph.

THOMAS HUNTER.

Thomas Hunter, pioneer and ex-Confederate soldier, died at his home, in Safford, Ariz., February 1, 1913, in his sixty-ninth year. He was born in Bienville Parish, La., in 1844, and when the war broke out he left school to enlist while yet under seventeen in the 4th South Carolina Regiment from Pickers County. This regiment went to Virginia and was on the Peninsula facing McClellan when its time of enlistment expired. At the reorganization of the army he went to Richmond with three or four comrades and joined Rhett's Battery of Artillery. He served with this command until January, 1864. Rhett's Battery being a part of Alexander's Battalion of Artillery. He participated in the battles of Ball's Bluff and Bull Run while in the infantry, and after he went into the artillery he participated in Seven Pines, the Seven Days' Battle in front of Richmond, the second battle of Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Chickamanga. He was also in the fighting with Longstreet in East Tennessee in the campaign including the engagements at Loudon, Campbell Station, and the siege of Knoxville. He afterwards served in the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he went into the cavalry arm of the service, joining Captain Landage's company of Colonel Harrison's regiment. In this service he was engaged in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., acting as courier for General Majors until the close of the war.

After the war Comrade Hunter left the South and went overland to California in company with many others who were seeking new homes after the desolation of the war. In 1868 he married Miss Ollie Gallaspy, and in 1878, with his family, moved to Arizona, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was one of the pioneers whose sacrifices and earnest and heroic work blazed the way for progress and made possible the civilization of the State of his adoption. He is survived by his second wife, to whom he was married in 1894, and by four daughters.

JEFF J. DAVIS.

Lieut. J. J. Davis was born in South Carolina in 1835; and died in New Albany, Miss., in 1911. He was living near New Albany, Miss., when the war began, and joined Company F, 2d Mississippi Regiment, which did service in Virginia. After

his year of service in this command, Comrade Davis returned home and helped organize a cavalry company, with W. W. McDowell as captain and himself as lieutenant, which became Company E, Valentine's Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division.

Comrade Davis was in every engagement in which his company took part, and was wounded only once. He was made prisoner at Selma, Ala. He was a good soldier and a fair-minded and energetic citizen, and lived a full and useful life.

MAJ. JOHN W. ELDRIDGE.

Major Eldridge entered the Tennessee State service April 1, 1861, as a private from Memphis. In May he was promoted to the rank of major and was transferred to the Confederate service in July of the same year. In October, by authority of the Secretary of War, he raised the light battery of which he was captain and which was known as Eldridge's Battery. He reported to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green and took part in the battle at Corinth, where he won the praise of General Donelson for gallant and efficient service. In January, 1863, he became a major on the recommendation of Gens. Braxton Bragg and Breckinridge. He was assigned to duty with Maj. Gen. A. P. Stewart as chief of artillery, had command of his batteries at Hooper's Gap and Chickamauga, and was mentioned in the official report of that battle by General Stewart for gallantry and effective use of artillery "at the right time and place."

JAMES CALVIN HOWARD.

James C. Howard was born April 5, 1840; and died November 27, 1912, at Maryville, Tenn. He joined the Confederate army August 16, 1861, at Knoxville, Tenn., becoming a member of Lanier's Dragoons under Capt. W. C. Holland, Company E, 5th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, Lieut. Col. George R. McClellan commander. His first engagement was at Mill Springs.

The command was reorganized in 1862, and Comrade Howard joined Ashby's 2d Tennessee Cavalry. He fought at Goose Creek, Boonesboro, Big Hill, Richmond, Perryville, and at Harrisburg, Miss. He was sent to Middle Tennessee, and for fourteen days before the battle of Murfreesboro he was in the saddle skirmishing around Woodbury and Laverne. In the battle of Murfreesboro he was on the right wing the first day and on the left wing the second. He was with General Wheeler when they captured Thomas's wagon train and live hundred beef cattle. He was in the battle of Chickamauga and was sent to Loudon and Philadelphia, Tenn., and afterwards again joined Wheeler in Middle Tennessee, and was captured at Shelbyville October 8, 1863. He was sent to Johnson's Island and was liberated June 12, 1865.

[The above record was sent the VETERAN by Mrs. Kittie J. Henley, whose husband, Lieut. C. F. Henley, was a comrade in arms and a college mate of Lieutenant Howard, and who testifies as to his faithfulness and his bravery.]

WILLIAM F. ST. CLAIR.

On October 26, 1912, William Francis St. Clair, a gallant ex-Confederate soldier, passed away at his home in Hartselle, Ala. Mr. St. Clair was born in Greene County, Ga. In early manhood he was married to Miss Jennie Bowles, of the same place. Of five children born to this union, four survive.

About thirty years ago Mr. St. Clair left Georgia and moved to Hartselle, Ala., where he became identified with the mercantile life of that place. His wife having died, he married Miss Rebecca Evans, who survives him.

When the War of the States began Mr. St. Clair was a lad of fifteen, living at the parental home in Crawfordville, Ga. He ran away from home and enlisted in the Confederate army; but through the intercession of Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, who was a friend of the family, he was returned to his parents. In a very short while, however, he ran away again. So no further effort was made to have him return. He became a member of Company A, 20th Georgia Infantry, and his experiences as a soldier were large and varied.

In the years that followed the war his interest in the Confederate cause never faltered, and his heart went out toward his comrades and their widows and orphans. To him as much as, if not more than, any other man is due the fact that Camp Friendship, No. 383, U. C. V., has a wigwag for its use as long as it has an existence.

By his own request he was buried in his gray uniform, with the Confederate colors pinned upon his breast.

Mr. St. Clair was a relative of Miss Carrie Belle St. Clair, author of "The Homespun Dress," which was sung around camp fires from the Mississippi to the Potomac. He was also a relative of Robert Fulton, the steamboat inventor.

H. A. SYMPSON.

Henry A. Sympson, of Hodgenville, Larue County, Ky., was born June 11, 1840; and died February 23, 1913. At the beginning of the war he went through the lines from Lebanon, Ky., and joined Company G, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, September 20, 1861. He was paroled from Camp Chase February 12, 1865. Comrade Sympson was a true and loyal Confederate soldier, a fine man, and a good citizen.

[From a sketch by J. B. Davenport.]

JUDGE ODIE WILSON PUTNAM.

Comrade O. W. Putnam, who died at his home, in Canton, Cherokee County, Ga., on Christmas eve, 1912, was in his eighty-first year. He was born in Hall County, Ga., March 31, 1832. He had lived to a ripe old age and was ready at the Commander's call.

In his twenty-ninth year, in June, 1861, he enlisted as a lieutenant in Company E, 18th Regiment Georgia Volunteers, commanded at that time by Col. William F. Wofford as a part of Hood's Brigade. In the battle of Gettysburg he was severely wounded by a gunshot that caused the loss of his left arm. In this same battle he was made a prisoner, and was held at Johnson's Island from July, 1863, to March, 1865.

After the war he returned to Cherokee County to share in the common struggle for the South's rehabilitation. His fellow citizens honored him for more than twenty years with responsible county offices. In every walk of life, soldier or citizen, public or private, he proved to be the simple, genial, kind-hearted man that his friends believed him to be. A consistent member of the Baptist Church, living a quiet, unobtrusive life worthy of every trust reposed,

"No ostentation marked his tranquil way;
Each duty was performed without delay."

His married life of forty-four years was marked by the fidelity characteristic of his whole life. Two devoted daughters and their families, together with his devoted companion, survive.

"There is no death; the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore."

AURELIUS K. SHAY.

A letter from James N. Gilmer (adjutant 15th Alabama Regiment), of the John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., Seattle, Wash., announces the death of Comrade Aurelius K. Shay, of heart failure, at the age of seventy-four years.

Comrade Shay enlisted from New Orleans in 1861 with an artillery company, the Louisiana Guards. Later his company was assigned to the 2d Regiment, Louisiana Infantry. He served in the Virginia army under Stonewall Jackson, and was so severely wounded through the knee in the battle of Cedar Mountain that he was incapacitated for further field service. He was then assigned to the commissary department, where he served to the close of the war. He was instrumental in the organization of the John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., at Seattle, and also the Camp of Sons of Veterans, all of whom mourn his sudden passing.

GEN. FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS.

W. O. Hart, of New Orleans, writes: "In the VETERAN for June, in the list of the surviving generals of the Confederate army, you have the name of Francis T. Nicholls, which, by the way, you spell with one "F" instead of two. This eminent gentleman, however, who was twice Governor of Louisiana, for fourteen years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Associate Justice up to the time of his retirement under special constitutional amendment adopted just to meet his case, died on January 4, 1912."

[There is omitted from the surviving brigadier generals in the list (page 200, JUNE VETERAN) Generals George P. Harrison, of Alabama, Thomas Benton Smith, of Tennessee, and T. T. Munford, of Virginia. Generals Harrison and Munford were at the Chattanooga Reunion.]

JUDGE J. F. FOSTER

Another soldier of Lee's army passed from earth when James Fleetwood Foster breathed his last at midnight of January 20, 1913, at his home, in Birmingham, Ala. Judge Foster was born in Mobile September 15, 1842, and grew to manhood there. At the call to arms, in 1861, he went with the famous Mobile Rifles, Company K, 3d Alabama Regiment, to Virginia, and served there throughout the war. Returning to the Gulf City, he became a member of a wholesale grocery firm, a member of the Strikers' Society, and was one of the founders and the first Master of Athelstan Lodge. Soon after the war he was married to Miss Emma Fowler, youngest daughter of the late Daniel and Mary Coan Fowler, pioneers of Mobile, who gave three sons to the Confederacy. Mrs. Foster died two years ago, and three children—two sons and a daughter—survive, all residing in Birmingham.

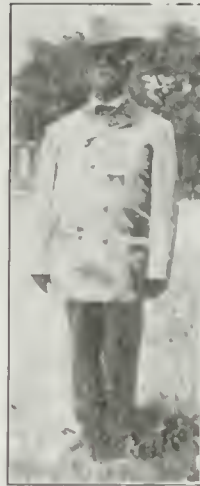
In 1878 Judge Foster moved to Camden, Ala., where he held the various positions of superintendent of education, circuit clerk, and probate judge of Wilcox County. He was one of the originators of Camp Franklin K. Beck, No. 224, U. C. V., and its Adjutant until his removal to Birmingham, when he became a member of Camp William J. Hardee, U. C. V. He was an orator of unusual force, and had delivered memorial addresses on notable occasions for many years. He was also an authority on the early history of Alabama, and while editor of the Wilcox Banner wrote a number of valuable articles on steamboating on the Alabama River in ante-bellum days.

He was in all a true gentleman of the Old South, and was laid to rest with the cross upon his breast and with the battle flag of the Confederacy draped about his bier.

Judge Foster had been an admirer of the VETERAN since its beginning, and one of the last acts of his life was to renew his subscription thereto.

JAMES LAWRENCE BAILEY.

James L. Bailey was born at Lewisburg, W. Va., April 1, 1843. His parents later moved to Palmyra, Mo., where he attended the school from which he ran away to enlist in the Confederate army at eighteen. He joined the 22d Virginia Infantry and later was ordnance sergeant, serving through-



JAMES L. BAILEY.

out the war. Two of his brothers, Maj. R. A. Bailey and Calder Bailey, were in the Confederate army and killed in battle. Another brother, Dr. E. H. C. Bailey, was a surgeon, and afterwards located at Demopolis, Ala.

After the war ended Mr. Bailey was a druggist, first in Selma, Ala., and afterwards in Demopolis, where he conducted the business successfully until shortly before his death. In 1871 he married Miss Annie Cornish, who died December 10, 1912; and from the time of her death his health declined. He was taken to the United States Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Ark., and died there April 28. By his own request he was buried in his Confederate uniform, and a bugler sounded "taps" over his grave.

His company captain and lieutenant are said to be still living, Mr. Hendrickson and Mr. Huddleston.

[From a tribute by Edward B. Bailey, First Lieutenant Medical Reserve Corps, United States Army.]

J. T. BOAZ.

J. T. Boaz was born in Graves County, Ky. At the breaking out of the War of the States, when a mere boy, he enlisted in Company A, 7th Kentucky, and served throughout the war. He fought at Shiloh,



J. T. BOAZ.

Baker's Creek, Corinth, Jackson, Miss., Paducah, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Franklin, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Montevallo, and Selma, and was with General Forrest in all his fights and skirmishes during the last year and a half of the war.

When the conflict was over, Comrade Boaz settled down to the life of a good citizen, and there were none better. He passed into the great beyond February 20, 1913, leaving behind him a wife, to whom he had been united November 19, 1868, and seven of

the ten children born to the union—namely: Mrs. Jess Olive, of Dukedom, Tenn.; Thomas Taylor Boaz, of Fulton, Ky.; Howard C. Boaz, of New Orleans; Lloyd C. Boaz, of Fulton, Ky.; John Allen Boaz, Misses Ova and Bess, of Fulton, Ky.—all living up to the noble example set by their parents.

CHRISTIANCOGNI UNION REPORT

[Continued from page 333.]

REPORT OF CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Executive Governor J. Fisher Elbert, of Virginia, President of the Confederate Memorial Association, made the report of the Association, which he stated:

"The corner stone of the Confederate Memorial Institute was laid May 20, 1912, with appropriate Masonic ceremonies. Gen. Robert Wine, of West Virginia, was the orator of the occasion.

"The work is now nearing completion. The building will be passed within the next six weeks. It is located in a beautiful park of about five and one-half acres, the gift of the citizens of the city of Virginia, and it is our purpose to make the park one of the most beautiful in the city of Richmond, so that the building and the park together will constitute a memorial to the cause to perpetuate which the Confederate Memorial Institute is created. The location is on the boulevard, between Stuart Avenue and Kensington Street. The structure stands one hundred and fifty feet back from the boulevard upon a dignified setting and a suitable approach to the building. A broad flight of stone steps leads from the lower level to the terrace, flanked on each side by stone balustrades. The terrace itself, extending some twenty-five feet from the building and eight feet above the lower level, is continued around the ends of the building, giving access to the grounds in the rear.

"The building, which is faced throughout with Indiana limestone, consists of a central pavilion with a wing on each side, having a total length of one hundred and fifty feet and a height from the terrace level to the top of the parapet of forty-four feet. The main entrance is behind a portico of four columns of Indiana limestone of the Roman Ionic order, twenty-five feet in height, reached by a flight of stone steps. The two wings on the outside are divided into panels by means of pilasters of slight projection; and below the cornice which crowns the whole large stones are provided which, it is hoped, at no distant day will be transformed by the art of the sculptor into carved panels to serve as suitable memorials of some of the great events of that time which the whole building is designed to commemorate.

"Passing through the main entrance, which is guarded by bronze doors six feet wide and seventeen feet high, the visitor enters the entrance hall ten feet long and twenty feet wide. The floor of the hall is of Georgia marble. The walls are divided into panels by pilasters of a warm, cream-colored marble supporting a cornice of the Roman Doric order. The ceiling of the hall is in the form of a curved vault with an ornamental skylight of 'leaded' glass occupying the greater portion of its extent. In the tympana formed by the spaces above the cornice and the surface of the ceiling vault at each end of the hall will be placed a reproduction of the battle flag of the Confederacy done in color; and in the upper portions of the spaces below the cornice and between the pilasters will be panels of ornamental design, each containing a reproduction of a seal of one of the eleven original Confederate States. Opposite the main entrance, opening on the main entrance hall, are situated the office of the secretary and the coat room.

"Turning to the left from the entrance hall, one enters the memorial hall, the most interesting and important room of the building. Its dimensions are: Length, 40 feet; width, 34 feet; height from floor to ceiling, 29 feet. The architec-

tural features of this room are designed to act as a frame for the paintings which are to occupy all the wall spaces. The finish, which will be of quartered white oak, consists of fluted plasters with carved Corinthian capitals, with a cornice of the same order above with ornamented moldings, the pilasters, standing on a base some three feet in height, which is carried around the room, forming a wainscoting.

"It has long been our ambition to make this the most beautiful memorial room in the South. We have at last been able to have our wishes gratified by the generous gift of twenty thousand dollars made by Thomas F. Ryan, of Virginia. Our intention is to decorate the walls of this room with military paintings illustrative of the war; and we have engaged the services of Charles Hoffbauer, a distinguished artist of Paris, who has done important work for the French government. When this work is completed it will not be exceeded in value and beauty by any similar mural paintings in any country.

"This room, like the entrance hall, will be lighted from above by means of the skylight of leaded glass of classic design.

"The north wing of the building will be devoted to the library. This room will be divided into alcoves by means of bookcases of oak some seven feet in height and projecting eight feet from the side walls, the ends being decorated with small pilasters and panels. All the woodwork of this room will be of oak and will have an ornamented plaster cornice. Like the memorial hall, it will obtain its light from above. It is proposed to place upon its walls a large painting of President Davis and his Cabinet, portraits of the war governors of the South, and other paintings commemorative of the civil history of the Confederacy.

"It will be seen that the interior of the building divides itself into three main divisions—the entrance hall with its dependencies, the memorial hall, and the library.

"The landscape architect who has been engaged to beautify the park in which the building is located is a most eminent man.

"The building, when completed, will cost, including the landscape work, about \$140,000. It will be seen from the report of the Treasurer, George L. Christian, that we had a balance in the treasury on May 15, 1913, of \$116,140.16. We have paid out for the building to date \$105,601.80, leaving \$35,000 to be paid as soon as the work is completed.

"We make an earnest appeal for books for the library, which we desire to make one of the most complete and valuable in war material of any in all the South. We especially ask for books and manuscripts that bear upon the history of our cause, and will gratefully appreciate the earnest co-operation of all of our Confederate organizations in our efforts to secure a collection the historic value of which will be appreciated by all students who desire to know the true history of our great struggle for constitutional freedom.

"Maj. D. L. Thornton having resigned as a member of the Board of Trustees from Kentucky, the vacancy thus created has been filled by the election of Rev. R. J. McBryde, of Louisville.

"Gen. Julian S. Carr has been selected a member of the Board from North Carolina to fill the vacancy created by the death of Col. Thomas S. Kenan."

PARADE OF THE SONS OF VETERANS.

On Wednesday afternoon there was a parade of the Sons of Veterans, together with the sponsors, maids of honor,

and the visiting military companies. The spectacle afforded was an inspiring one, and was received with enthusiasm by the eager crowd that thronged the streets to witness it.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

The most impressive gathering of the Reunion was that held at noon on Wednesday, when the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Memorial Association met to join in solemn service to the memory of the dead.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. James Powers Smith, the last survivor of Stonewall Jackson's staff.

Dr. R. Lin Cave, of Nashville, the first speaker, outlined the purpose and the growth of the Memorial Association and explained the significance of this annual meeting in honor of the dead. The most important thing now left for us, said Dr. Cave, is that we see to it that the world is given a correct history of the South and its cause. He was most forcible in emphasizing this important subject.

Rev. J. W. Bachman presided over the meeting, in which the stirring martial songs of battle and heroism gave place to solemn hymns of memory and devotion. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," rendered by the band, was joined in by the entire assembly. A beautiful feature of the service was a rendition on the violin of "My Rosary" by Miss Marjorie Castagnino, mascot of the Confederate choir. Miss Louise Wilson, also of the Confederate choir, sang "The Vacant Chair," after which the audience, standing, joined together in "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder," when taps were sounded and the service was at an end.

FINAL SESSION.

The final business session of the Veterans was held Wednesday afternoon, when General Young and other leading officers were reelected and Jacksonville, Fla., was chosen as the next place of meeting.

Important questions taken up for discussion were the memorials and resolutions of Frank Cheatham Bivouac concerning the return of the "cotton tax." There were also resolutions protesting against an age barrier in the appointment of Confederate veterans to office, resolutions concerning the recognition of the Confederate navy and concerning the regulation of Veteran Camps, and also as to the honors and position of the members of the U. D. C. at reunions.

The resolution of the Memorial Committee of the Chattanooga Reunion Association was also favorably acted upon; and it was agreed that, since the States of Georgia, Florida, and Alabama have erected monuments in Chickamauga Park, the matter be taken up by a special committee and through the proper channels, with the object of getting other States to erect fitting memorials.

Another resolution of interest was the one which approved the joint English and American celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Ghent, and suggested that a committee of veterans represent the association at the centennial and take proper part in the celebration.

GENERAL MICKLE'S REPORT.

The annual report of Gen. William E. Mickle, of New Orleans, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, was submitted to the Veterans on Wednesday of the Reunion. The report was in part as follows:

"It is a source of pleasure that I am able to say that at no period in the history of the Association has such a large percentage of Camps paid their dues as in 1913. The amounts,

of course, are smaller, but the number paying is far in excess of any preceding year.

"I cannot think that those holding commissions do not realize the burden of responsibility resting on their shoulders. For some cause, however, their responses for the past year have not been so ready nor so numerous as formerly. Holding all the honors the Association can bestow, they should manifest their affection and patriotism in a way more beneficial to the organization.

"I am pleased to say that there are yet a few old Confederates not in the U. C. V. who desire to become connected with this glorious federation, and during the past year there have been eleven charters issued to new Camps.

"For the reasons stated in the past, and which will ever prevail, forty Camps have forfeited charters.

"The following table shows the Camps by divisions:

	Added and Reinstated.	Dropped for Nonpayment of Dues.	Net on Roster.
Texas	10	10	107
Georgia	4	1	136
Mississippi	84
Alabama	2	3	80
Kentucky	75
South Carolina	2	6	70
Arkansas	..	1	60
Virginia	..	4	63
North Carolina	1	3	62
Tennessee	1	3	58
Oklahoma	1	2	57
Louisiana	2	3	48
Florida	1	1	47
Missouri	..	2	41
West Virginia	1	..	23
Northwest	..	1	14
Pacific	14
Maryland	12
Totals	15	40	1,150

SUMMARY OF CAMPS BY DEPARTMENTS.

Army of Tennessee	528	529
Trans-Mississippi	392	407
Army of Northern Virginia	230	230

"Cash receipts for the year 1912 were \$5,540.20, and the expenditures were \$5,700.20."

Much of the proceedings at the Reunion is necessarily abbreviated, and some events are unavoidably omitted.

The people of Chattanooga, by their unstinted hospitality and persistent labors, secured the appreciation and lasting gratitude of thousands of Confederate veterans, which fact becomes a lasting blessing in good will of fellow men.

FOUND HIS SKILLET AFTER FIFTY YEARS. James I. Jones writes from Monteagle, Tenn., verifying a published story, except as to the right name, which he states is A. L. Cheaires instead of Thears, as printed. Comrade Jones was of the same company (K) as Cheaires, in the 154th Tennessee Infantry. [This regiment was a contestant for the 1st Regiment number and, failing in that, asked for No. 154, and was so favored.] The story is that Cheaires hid his skillet under a log on Missionary Ridge; and the Confederates falling back, he failed to get it. He had not been in that section since; but he said that he could find it, although the log had rotted, and he did.

GENERAL LEE'S CHAMBERSBURG ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS A. N. V.,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA., JUNE 27, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 73

The commanding general has marked with satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the first ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the unsullied reputation of the army, and the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless and wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain. The commanding general therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

WHY GENERAL EARLY BURNED CHAMBERSBURG.

BY B. L. WYNN, CHARLESTON, MISS.

Touching the authenticity of the dispatch from General Early in regard to the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., I will state that I was passing his tent when he asked me if we (signal corps) had the line open to Staunton. I replied that we had. He then with pencil wrote and handed to me the message in question. I sent it to Staunton, had it repeated back, and informed the General that it had been received and would be sent from there by wire to General Lee. This among several others I preserved and brought home with me; but this one, the most important, I have been unable to find. On Wednesday, August 3, I copied this dispatch from the original into my diary, and from it I made the copy sent you. There is no question as to its genuineness or authenticity. I would make affidavit to this statement.

On August 2, 1864, General Lee sent the following:

"General Early:

"The 6th and part of the 10th Corps still in Washington. I think you can do good service in the Valley. Break the railroads, collect supplies, and threaten Pennsylvania.

"R. E. LEE."

Not having seen the autobiography of General Early, I can't say whether this dispatch is in it or not. [It is in the book.]

"BUNKER HILL, August 3, 1864.

"General Lee, Petersburg

"On the 20th of July McCausland entered Chambersburg and, by my orders, demanded \$100,000 in gold or \$500,000 in Northern money as compensation for several houses of citizens of Jefferson County burned by order of Hunter, with directions, in default of payment, to burn the town. The money was not paid, and the town was burned. I alone am responsible for this act. Northern papers of the 2d acknowledge the defeat of Grant at Petersburg on the 30th with heavy loss. The 6th and 10th Corps, after moving to Harper's Ferry, have retired down the river—in all probability to Frederick.

J. A. EARLY, *Lieut. Gen.*"

Saturday, July 28, 1864, General Early telegraphed to General Lee: "The 2d and 10th Corps have gone to Washington, and I will resume offensive operations to-morrow morning."

General Lee telegraphed to General Early: "Transportation has been furnished for the 2d Corps to come back to Washington from Petersburg." He also said that he (Early) must keep reinforcements from Grant.

"Saturday, June 4, 1 P.M.

"Gen. R. E. Lee:

"I am at Turner's. Heth had gone before your note was received directing his detention. All quiet here. Enemy's skirmishers came up toward Hunley's corner—to see what had become of us, I suppose. No indication of an advance on their flank as yet. My skirmishers are well out in front on the left. I think I am secure, and will watch every opportunity.

J. A. EARLY, *Maj. Gen.*"

"Headquarters A. N. V., April 21, 1864.

"Generals Ewell and Hill:

"General Hoke reports that he assaulted enemy's works at Plymouth yesterday and captured them with one brigadier general, sixteen hundred officers and men, and twenty-five pieces of artillery.

R. E. LEE."

"September 13.

"Enemy's cavalry within two and a half miles of Winchester are now falling back.

FITZ LEE."

"September 14.

"We are now in line of battle. General Anderson is moving to intercept them. Enemy has disappeared.

"B. L. WYNN, *Signal Corps.*"

"Headquarters A. N. V., July 29, 1864.

"General Early:

"Dispatch received. Rosser won't be fit for duty for a month, I fear. I recommended Ransom's application to be relieved soon. Will McCausland do for a cavalry commander?

"(Signed)

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

"Winchester, Va., August 18, 1864.

"General Lee, Petersburg:

"Yesterday morning Sheridan's forces were discovered falling back. I immediately pursued and came up with a division of the 6th Corps and a large force of cavalry at this place, which I attacked and drove through the town, capturing over two hundred prisoners. Wilson's division from Grant's army has arrived and was in the field. I hear of no new force of infantry. The enemy has fallen back toward Harper's Ferry. Anderson has effected a junction with me here.

"J. A. EARLY, *Lieut. Gen.*"

[Much controversy has occurred in the VETERAN concerning the burning of Chambersburg, and many believed that it was accidental.]

U. D. C. MEMORIAL SERVICE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

On May 29 the Philadelphia Chapter held a memorial service at Pittville National Cemetery, Philadelphia. The children of the Chapter marched, carrying garlands and singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The Rev. J. Thompson Cole, Chaplain of the Chapter, conducted the service and made a short and eloquent address.

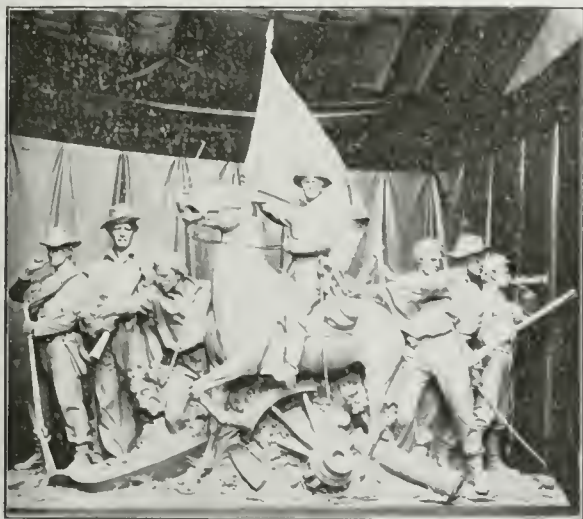
Miss Kathleen Mason, one of the children, recited "The Deathless Dead," by Father Ryan, which brought tears to the eyes of many.

More than one hundred members and as many guests, including Union veterans, attended the exercises and joined in the singing of the hymns. At the conclusion of the services the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried in the cemetery were decorated with flowers.

At the recent election of officers for the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C., the following was the result: Mrs. E. Frederick Oates, President; Mrs. T. Ashby Plythe and Mrs. P. H. Lane, Vice Presidents; Mrs. George C. Davies, Recording Secretary; Mrs. H. R. Robins, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. A. E. Thaw, Treasurer; Mrs. Joseph C. Farnshaw, Registrar; Miss Margaret Rientzel, Historian, with Mrs. Wyatt Owen assistant; Mrs. Neville B. Craig, Recorder Cross of Honor

VIRGINIA STATE MEMORIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

The Virginia State memorial for the battle field of Gettysburg is to stand on Confederate Avenue, just out of Spangler's Woods, almost on the very spot from which General Lee viewed the famous charge of Pickett's Division. A figure of Lee on horseback will surmount the granite pedestal, at present the only part of the memorial which has been set in place. In front of this granite base and beneath the statue is to be a noble group in bronze, the work of the sculptor F. William Sievers, of Richmond, who is also doing the figure of Lee.



Mr. Sievers's group is animate with the life and reality of an actual battle field, yet is gathered here together with all of an artist's fine sense of outline, proportion, and dramatic significance. The figures represent the three branches of the service, and the men are chosen from the various stations in life, from which the ranks of Lee's army were recruited, in unforgettable proof of the pervading and leveling power of patriotism. Lee on Traveler will look out over the group when all is complete, and the whole will face Bloody Angle.

RELATIONS BETWEEN BUCKNER AND GRANT.

Two years ago Col. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., wrote Gen. S. B. Buckner some inquiries the answers to which will be interesting and of historic value. Colonel Sykes was a prominent staff officer in the War of the States; and having learned of some generous deeds of General Grant, he wrote of their authenticity to General Buckner. One was an inquiry as to reported acts of kindness to General Buckner by General Grant. General Buckner wrote in reply to Colonel Sykes on July 9, 1911:

"My Dear Colonel Sykes: Many incorrect versions have been published in regard to the incident to which you refer. The simple facts are as follows: We were schoolmates, though not classmates, at West Point and were very good friends. We served together in Worth's Division in the Mexican War. About 1853 he resigned from the army, his regiment being stationed in California. He landed in New York. He stopped at the old Astor House, and, being without friends, was ejected from the hotel and his baggage seized for the payment of his bill. I was then stationed in New York, and, knowing the proprietor of the Astor, Mr. Stetson, I accompanied Captain Grant to the hotel, introduced him to Mr. Stetson as my friend, and requested him to restore Captain Grant to his room, assuring him that his brother would soon be in New York and would pay his bill, also that I would be responsible for its payment. Mr. Stetson complied with my request. Captain Grant's brother soon joined him, settled his bill, and they went away together.

"My next meeting with Grant was as his prisoner at Fort Donelson. After the surrender I called at General Grant's headquarters on his boat, and after transacting some business in connection with the surrender he accompanied me to the bow of the boat as I was leaving and in a very quiet and modest way tendered me the use of his purse. I was touched by his generous offer; but as I had announced my purpose to share the fate of my men, I felt that I could not accept a favor that could not be extended to them; therefore, thanking him for his magnanimous act, I declined to accept the generous proffer of his aid. In neither of these incidents did a cent pass from one to the other."

Concluding his letter, General Buckner wrote: "These are the simple facts in regard to these incidents which you may use as you please."

PUBLISHING HOUSES DISCREDIT THEMSELVES.

Confidential letters of a highly important and highly respectful nature (?) come from houses of extensive reputation, signed according to purport by the vice president or some other leading member, in dainty envelopes with self-addressed "Private to Mr. —" (such officer's name). This space is given in a plea, for the sake of business dignity, to remember that Puck's opinion of the reputed concern of Mr. V. for the public was expressed years ago. The "confidential concern" for a "dear friend" by so important a member as the "vice president" of a large business house is too repugnant to be regarded with patience. The class of men designated to be reached in this way certainly would have more respect for a less sentimental circular than one addressed to "Dear Friend." This small method has evidently a catch coming that would make the recipient regret that he did not at once throw the proposition into the wastebasket. Dignified business concerns should show more respect for the class they pretend to seek.

WIKI WIKI OF THE DAVIS DAVIS CHURCH.

BY JUDGE J. B. CLEMENTS, IRWINGVILLE, GA.

I have seen a number of published articles describing the place where President Davis was captured, and not one of them was correct. Different parties have described it in different directions and at different distances from Irwinville. Some have said that his tent was pitched in thick woods, while it truly there are no thick woods about there except in the branch a few steps from the north of where the tent stood. Some are writing about the monument contemplated to be erected at Fitzgerald to the blue and the gray, which article was published in the Macon Telegraph a short time ago, stating that Fitzgerald covered the exact spot where the tent stood, when in fact, Fitzgerald is ten miles distant.

I give an accurate description of the place in order that the truth may be known. In order to be sure that I was correct in all my statements, I wrote to Judge J. B. Clements, of Irwinville, who, with his mother, now owns the land which at the time of the capture belonged to his father, Hon. R. W. Clements, deceased, who then lived near the spot and personally knew the facts, and Judge Clements kindly answered all my questions and sustained my recollection of the facts. Mr. R. W. Clements, my close and intimate friend, showed me the exact spot where the tent stood and gave me the details of the capture. For over thirty years I passed the spot at least four times a year.

The tent of Mr. Davis was on lot of land number 51 in the third land district of Irwin County, Ga., and in the nine hundred and first Military District. The tent stood about seventy-five yards from the original east land line of the lot number 51 and the west line of lot of land number 52. Lots of land in Irwin County are in square shape and contain four hundred and ninety acres each, and the land runs north, south, east, and west. The spot is due north of and about one and a quarter miles from Irwinville.

President Davis and party crossed the Ocmulgee River at Poor Robin Springs ferry, near Abbeville, and traveled the road leading from Abbeville to Irwinville. The tent was pitched on the west side of this road and about fifteen or twenty steps from the road as it then ran. The road was afterwards changed and made farther to the east and on the land line between lots of land numbers 51 and 52, and so runs now. The tent was in an open spot west of three large pines. There were no thickets, no undergrowth, no small pine saplings, and nothing but pine trees and wire grass surrounded the tent. Lightning struck and killed all three of the trees. About the time Fitzgerald was being settled some fifteen Yankees went to the place and cut down the stumps of the trees and had a wagon to haul them off, and just as they had finished cutting down the stumps Mr. R. W. Clements and his son, Judge J. B. Clements, appeared upon the scene with double barreled shotguns and drove the plunderers away. A few steps north of where the tent stood a branch runs from east to west across the Abbeville and Irwinville road, and on each side of this branch the woods are thick.

There were two detachments of the Federal cavalry pursuing Mr. Davis. One detachment went by Bowen's mill and the other took the Abbeville and Irwinville road, the same road Mr. Davis had traveled. These two detachments met, one going north and the other south, near the branch, and in the darkness, taking each other for foes, engaged in a fight on the road and north of the branch. In this fight two men were killed and one wounded, and a horse was killed on the

east side of the road and about one hundred and fifty yards from where the tent stood. The two dead men were taken back to Abbeville and buried. Between where the horse was killed and where the tent stood bloody rags were found on some stumps on the west side of the road.

At the time of the capture Dr. White kept a hotel in Irwinville, and it has been said that Mr. Davis the evening before his capture went into Irwinville and bought supplies and conversed some time with parties at the hotel without disclosing his identity. Mr. Davis had with him some brandy, and the Federal soldiers took it and poured some of it out on the ground.

In 1880 I cut from the branch close to where the tent stood a beautiful bamboo walking cane and sent it to Mr. Davis, and he in his own peculiar handwriting wrote me quite a nice letter, which I have neatly framed and hanging in my parlor. From that letter I make the following quotation: "The cane you sent to me is doubly valuable by its association with a sad misadventure which has been the theme of many scandalous falsehoods and which I cannot remember otherwise than as a crowning misfortune without shame."

The place of Mr. Davis's capture is unchanged except that the three pine trees are gone, as above stated. The round timber has never had an axe in it. It is a pretty place. It was always the wish of Mr. R. W. Clements to donate the land to the State on condition that it be fenced with a substantial wire fence and a suitable tablet placed there, and on condition also that the State should forever retain ownership. Mrs. R. W. Clements and Judge J. B. Clements authorized me in 1868 to tender two acres of the land to the State. I wrote to Governor Candler about it, and he promised to look after the matter, but afterwards wrote me that he had inadvertently overlooked it. Mrs. Clements and Judge Clements are still anxious to carry out the wish of Mr. R. W. Clements, and I am authorized to tender it on their behalf to the State on the same conditions. The State could accept the land and have erected a good substantial fence and then turn it over to the Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a suitable monument, it being provided that when the Daughters cease to exist the land shall forever remain the property of the State. I intend bringing the matter before the next legislature. It is a shame that the spot has not been appropriately marked, and I hope that the State will accept the land and take steps to have it properly cared for.

[Judge Martin has been sorely afflicted through blood poisoning since last September and also by a fall, so that his kindness and patriotic purposes in sending this report are appreciated all the more.]

WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT HIS FATHER.

C. S. TURNER, publisher of the Dade County Times, writes: "My father, L. T. Turner, enlisted as a private in Company A, 2d Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., on September 27, 1861, and was soon made a corporal. Colonel Bibb was first in command of the regiment, and later Colonel Longire assumed command, serving until the close of the war. I should like to get in communication with some of my father's comrades in order to get more information regarding his service. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is doing a great work in compiling information and true historical facts, and it should be greatly appreciated and generously supported by all true sons and daughters of the Confederacy. Should this be read by any old soldier who suffered and fought with my father, will he not kindly let me hear from him?"

A CONFEDERATE (REDMAN) BURIED IN IOWA.

P. D. Swick, Adjutant of W. C. Crooks Post, G. A. R., Boone, Iowa, who was a member of Battery H, 1st Illinois Light Artillery, writes of a Confederate buried in the cemetery there of whom some information is wanted, that the grave may be properly marked. The man's name was Redman, and he belonged to a Tennessee regiment. He was taken prisoner, and died at Rock Island in 1863 or 1864. Mr. Swick says of him:

"This man, before the war, lived for a short time in Boone County, when his brother, George B. Redman, was sheriff of the county. At the breaking out of the war he went back South, enlisted, was captured, and died in prison. His brother went to Rock Island, secured the body, and had it buried in the Boone Cemetery. For many years this grave has been decorated on Decoration Day by the members of the G. A. R. The Redmans are all gone from this vicinity; and as a number of the G. A. R.'s wish to erect a marker at this grave, we want to learn his full name, company, and regiment, so that the stone will show coming generations the last resting place of a Confederate soldier here in the North.

"Another reason why we want to do this is that in 1863 Thomas E. Aylesworth, who died here last year, was a member of the 20th Indiana Battery, stationed at Nashville. He was taken sick; and a Southern lady, seeing his condition, took him to her home, fed and nursed him, thus saving his life. Every other one of his company afflicted as he was died. Her name was Redman, and she told him that her husband and son were in the Confederate army, and that her son was then a prisoner in the North. She did this for him with the hope that some Northern mother would do as much for her boy. Afterwards, when Aylesworth came to Boone and found that this boy had died and was buried here, he made it his business as long as he lived to care for his grave, and on every memorial day he placed upon it the choicest bouquet he could procure in memory of that Southern mother who saved his life. For the last two or three years he was physically unable to attend to it himself, and he sent the flowers to me, and I placed them for him.

"If any of the VETERAN readers can give the information desired, I will be very glad, as we will then raise funds and place a stone at this grave, now unmarked."

GLORIA VICIIS.

BY LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT

Upon the battle field I visited last year grew a wonderful wealth of white daisies piled drift upon drift like the banks of snow that glitter in the light of the winter sun. So blossom the flowers of peace and love and hope in the hearts which yet fondly cherish the memory of the long-gone days of darkness and of blood.

Though the dream nation about which clustered so many beautiful visions will never take its place among the courts and powers of earth, yet in the higher realms of thought, where the ideal is the true real, it dwells in a glory which transmutes into a golden veil of light the war clouds by which it was enshrouded. That dream nation did not crumble into ruins and fade away into naught.

And now the gallant sons of heroic fathers who fell on battle fields of the North and South stand together to defend our common country. * * * "Dixie" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" are blending into the noblest battle hymn that ever thrilled the heart of soldier to deeds immortal.

Three phases of loyalty sway the Southern heart to-day—loyalty to memory, loyalty to present duty, loyalty to hope. There is no rivalry among these phases of the same noble sentiment. Together they work for the evolution of a regenerated nation. He who is untrue to the past is recreant to the present and faithless to the future.

CAPTURE OF A STOCKADE NEAR LITTLE ROCK.

The capture of a stockade and the 18th United States Cavalry by fourteen of A. A. Crawford's company, in 1864 is reported by J. R. McAdoo, one of the fourteen:

"The stockade was built of split pine logs twenty-four feet square and five feet high, with portholes twelve inches below the top to shoot through. A large round tent was set in the stockade. The stockade was two miles west of the Union Depot in Little Rock, and the United States squad of cavalry was kept there to protect one hundred negroes who were chopping wood to burn into charcoal for the shops at Little Rock. The negroes with arms were located one hundred yards from the stockade.

"The situation was ascertained by our Henry Santee. Our little band was a mile or so from Benton. Santee came to camp late one evening and informed us of the situation. It was suggested that we get more help, but Santee said: 'We will start after dark and close in on them just after daylight.' Just think of our risk! Eighteen well-armed men in a stockade, with one hundred negroes to fall back on! We rode all night very quietly, and when it was good daylight we were marching by twos some two hundred and fifty six yards opposite the stockade, and by an understanding we turned to the north, and fourteen abreast marched to within forty yards of the stockade, our eyes wide open and our hearts in our throats, knowing full well that we were going to victory or death. At this moment they received us with a few shots, and we could see plainly what had to be done. We made a dash for the bluecoats behind the wall, spurring our steeds' heads to the wall. Rising in our stirrups, it put us within ten or fifteen feet of the Yankees. Before the smoke cleared away, the writer emptied two pistols and one shotgun.

"We lost one horse; Santee was shot in the leg and a ball struck him on the left breast, but luckily it hit a memorandum book, which deflected its course. We brought out fifteen prisoners. I never saw any of the negroes.

"The following men composed the fourteen: A. J. Chandler, George Ebbs, Henry Santee, Cal Lewis, Had Rowan, J. R. McAdoo, David Burch, G. W. Winters, C. Medlock, Marion Horn, Josh Snow, W. H. Collie, — Gaither, John Campbell."

Mr. McAdoo requests information from any survivors. He thinks that the only other members living are Medlock, Winters, and Collie.

NEW U. D. C. CHAPTER, AT BATH, VA.—Bath Chapter, U. D. C., was organized October 30, 1912, by Mrs. J. E. F. Cassell, past President of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, Va., in the home of Mrs. William M. McAlister, at Warm Springs, Va. The officers are: Mrs. H. H. Byrd, President; Mrs. J. H. McClintie and Miss Sommers Anderson, Vice Presidents; Miss Virginia Payne, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Robert Wilkinson, Treasurer; Mrs. George Criser, Registrar; Miss May MacDonald, Historian. The formation of this Chapter was secured through the efforts of Mrs. J. H. McClintie, a non-resident member of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C.

GENERAL LEE'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS.

"General Lee—His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-65, with Personal Reminiscences," by Walter H. Taylor, Adjutant General of the Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A., is one of the most valuable and interesting accounts of the series of campaigns and battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The story illustrates the wonderful military genius of the great soldier, and justifies the judgment of ex-President Roosevelt that he was without question the very greatest general that the English-speaking race has ever produced, even though his last great opponent was the equal of Marlborough or Wellington.

The narrative is written in plain, direct, simple style, so that the reader without technical knowledge can easily understand the strategy of campaigns, the tactics of battles, the aim and purpose of the great movements of the armies. The official relations of the author with General Lee stamp his statements with authority as thoroughly trustworthy. He has personal knowledge of the things of which he writes. The course of the story is enlivened with delightful reminiscences, which bring out some of the most pleasing features of the hero's character—his magnanimity, his genial humor, his tender sympathy, and his personal magnetism. There are also anecdotes and incidents related that indicate the peculiarities or the eccentricities of various associates of the chief, and there are episodes that thrill us with the pathos or inspire us with the generous chivalry of heroic deeds.

The accounts of the great battles are illustrated by splendidly engraved maps of the battle fields. The book impresses me as the most satisfactory account of the military achievements of General Lee against overwhelming odds in men and resources. Moreover, the narrative leaves the impression that Lee the man was greater than Lee the general, his character grander than his work. The book is on sale by the Nisbaum Book and News Company, Norfolk, Va.

[The above review was written by Rev. James H. McNeilly.]

Mrs. J. F. E. Cussell, residing at Staunton, Va., desires to hear from surviving comrades of her father, Jacob ("Jake") H. Pickett. He enlisted at Centerville (now Milnesville), Augusta County, Va., where he was residing at the time, and served the last two years of the War of the States.

Virgil Coursey, of Giles, Tex., who was a member of Company K, 14th Texas Infantry, desires to hear from any of his old company.

"MARY CAREY."

The great reading public, so often held responsible for the trashiness of current literature, made no mistake when it put "Mary Carey" on our list of best sellers some two years or more ago. Not since the first appearance of "Mrs. Wiggs" has the book world brought for our refreshment so genuine and likable a person as this same Mary, "frequently Martha." Mary is altogether spontaneous and delicious, almost too charming to be true, perhaps, yet entirely human, and in all so inexhaustible a source of laughter and tears that we accept her in good faith only because we now and then find her like in real life.

Mrs. Boshier is an idealist. She writes of the real things of life with insight and sympathy, yet sees to it always that the good wins out, that dreams come true, and that unselfishness, friendliness, and genuine love find always their sure and just reward; and the host of readers that she has won testify to

the much-maligned public's appreciation of just such faithful optimism as is hers.

A new edition of "Mary Carey" has just been issued at a price which brings it within reach of many new readers.

"THE HEART OF A SOLDIER"

Lovers of romance and students of history must alike be grateful to Mrs. George E. Pickett for her generosity in giving into their keeping the war-time love letters of her husband. Had the letters been less tender and sincere, we might regret their publication; but so spontaneous are they and so genuine that the personal element is forgotten for the human, and they take their place as a vital part of the courage and heroism that lives in the history of our great war.



GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT AND WIFE.

The letters begin with the opening days of the conflict when Capt. George Pickett, U. S. A., left the far Western army post at which he was stationed and went home to Virginia to cast his fortunes with his own people, and they follow with an undercurrent of eager tenderness and sentiment the great events that came after until peace and prosperity had come again to our distracted land.

The letters make in all a very beautiful bit of real-life romance and are sincerely typical of their time and people.

The volume is published by Seth Moyle, New York. \$1.30.

"THE BUGLES OF GETTYSBURG."

This little war-time romance by the widow of Gen. George E. Pickett is written to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Gettysburg. The book is written in a spirit that appeals to the hearts of all, both North and South. It is published by F. G. Browne & Co., of Chicago.

"PICKETT AND HIS MEN."

J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, has issued a new edition of "Pickett and His Men," by La Salle Corbell Pickett. The book is based upon original material of private document and personal reminiscence in sole possession of the author, and is a full and sympathetic story of some of the great men and deeds of the War of the States and of many of the events that led up to it.



GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, FORT WORTH, TEX., AND HIS FOURTEEN DAUGHTERS AND SONS.

Top row, standing, left to right: Alice Van Zandt Williams, Edmund Pendleton Van Zandt, Virginia Van Zandt Diboll, Elias Beall Van Zandt, Ida Van Zandt Smith, Richard L. Van Zandt, Annie Van Zandt Attwell, Isaac Van Zandt, Frances Cooke Van Zandt Sloan.

Bottom row, sitting, left to right: K. M. Van Zandt, Jr., Florence Van Zandt Jennings, K. M. Van Zandt, Albert Sidney Johnston Van Zandt, Mary Louisa Van Zandt Hendricks, Margaret Colville Van Zandt Miller.

GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT VISITS NASHVILLE.

[Returning from the Rennon, General Van Zandt visited Nashville and enjoyed being with relatives and friends. A personal letter after his return is interesting. In that letter he states:]

I enjoyed my visit to Tennessee, brief as it was, very much. I was glad to be with you in the home of the VETERAN, which has been and is the most potent factor in promoting and protecting the welfare of our noble organization, the United Confederate Veterans. The surviving Confederate soldiers owe you a debt of gratitude which they can never pay. You have given much of your life's work to them.

My visit to Nashville recalled many pleasant memories. Sixty years ago I was a student at Franklin College, five miles east of Nashville. When I entered that school, in the session of 1862-63, the lamented Sam Freeman, who was shamefully killed after he had surrendered near Franklin, was a member of the senior class. I learned to know him and to esteem him because of his noble young manhood. I rejoiced to learn that there is to be erected a monument to his memory, and I am glad to have the opportunity to contribute to it.

The trip from Texas to Nashville in 1862, to me, a boy of scarce sixteen years, was one never to be forgotten from Shreveport, La., to Memphis via New Orleans by steamboat, and from Memphis to Nashville by stagecoach. The return to Texas, two years later, was on horseback.

I was in and around Nashville several times during the war, and in the fall of 1867 I took a drove of steers from this place to Nashville and fed them in that vicinity during the winter of 1867-68. In crossing the river at Nashville on the suspension bridge I was permitted to drive only twelve head across at one time, and the steers were held on the Public Square. I was told that many members of the Legislature, which was then in session, came down at the noon

recess and saw them and were thereby induced to vote against a bill then pending to prohibit the introduction of Texas cattle into Tennessee.

I was much pleased to be told that over twenty per cent of the subscribers to the VETERAN live in Texas. I shall try to increase the number.

THE BATTLE OF TUPELO, OR HARRISBURG, MISS.

Eugene H. Allman, 121 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala., who was a member of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry and was in Forrest's command at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., is now publishing a beautiful map of the battle field of Tupelo (or Harrisburg), Miss., showing the positions of each command of Generals Forrest and A. J. Smith, with a list of casualties of officers and men which is authentic. The battle was fought July 13-15, 1864. The map is embellished with half-tones of Gens. N. B. Forrest and A. J. Smith and representations of the Confederate and United States flags. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of money order for 50 cents.

A NOTED SOUTHERN SCHOOL.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Stonewall Jackson Institute on the inside back cover of this number. This school was established "as a fitting monument to the hero whose name it bears; and its prime object is to develop in its pupils that thoroughness, uprightness, and fidelity to duty, even in the smallest particular, which so characterized the life of Stonewall Jackson." It is the only school, so far as we know, that bears his name and the stamp of his character, and deserves consideration from all who cherish his memory.

NEW YORK CITY FOR U. D. C. CONVENTION IN 1914.

BY MISS KINNIE E. SMITH, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

EDITOR CONFEDERATE VETERAN: Because I think it unjust that our United Daughters of the Confederacy object to holding their annual convention north of the Mason and Dixon line, I want to say a few words in favor of New York City for the annual convention in 1914.

I live on the border in West Virginia, which furnished many brave Southern soldiers. Though a little girl in short dresses, I was a prisoner of war, put in the Wheeling jail, and was to have been sent to Camp Chase. I had to "cuss," taking the ironclad oath "to the restored State of Virginia." I know how united the Southern U. D. C.'s are and how much unanimity and affection they have for their noble cause, but I also know how difficult it is for the Southern people on the border and in the North to maintain the same, therefore I do think the Northern States ought to have a chance to show what they can do.

If the "Rebs" can unite with the "Yanks" at Gettysburg, surely the U. D. C.'s can hold one convention in New York City. I have no ax to grind, have no intention of attending the convention, and have had no influence brought to bear on the subject. I attended the last two conventions at Richmond and Washington; and when I found that New York had raised five thousand dollars, with a promise of doubling that amount, I felt that we ought to respond to the call.

Let us recall some New York history. Before the war actually began Mayor Word proposed that the city of New York should announce herself as an independent republic rather than side with the President. In January, 1861, a Democratic convention met in Albany to protest against forcible measures against the South. When the first States seceded Gov. Horatio Seymour was among the first to declare that the South had suffered wrongs that justified her secession, and said that the States should not be pinned to the Union by bayonets. As Governor he opposed the war and emancipation, and had an enormous following. He also opposed the draft and called the war "the ungodly conflict that is distracting the land." After the war he was selected by the Democrats as their candidate for the presidency. The city of New York defied the Federal government for four days about the time of the battle of Gettysburg. Ten thousand infantry and three batteries of artillery were sent from the Army of the Potomac to intimidate it.

The editors, the Franklin brothers, were incarcerated by Secretary Seward in Fort Lafayette for proving by letters and speeches that the Southern States had a right to secede, that prosecution of the war was aggressive and wrong, and that the South was really occupying the position at that time that the original States did in the Revolution. In several towns nearly as many persons were enlisted for the Southern Confederacy as for the United States.

At Wilmington, Del., a salute of one hundred guns was fired at the secession of South Carolina. In the western part of Connecticut the people were discontented with Lincoln's policy toward the revolting States.

How kind the New York people were to the prisoners in their near-by forts! Horace Greeley was the first to go security for our President Jefferson Davis, befriending him and others. There is a Chapter of U. D. C. numbering five hundred members and a large influential Southern Society, representing many of our oldest and best Southern families; and their wish, I am sure, would be to give a warm welcome

to their friends from the sunny South. There are many of the new generation in the North who are reading history and are friendly in every way to those whom they have been taught to consider rebels and who have never been South.

We want our lovely women of the South to go to them and show them how divine a thing a Southern woman can be made. We do not want to confine ourselves to a few States, but carry our bonnie flag and our history to every State in our Union. As Sunshine Hawks says:

"Unfurl that banner; it stands for right,

Wave it forever, day and night.

Unfurl it so; beneath it may stand

The fairest women in God's land."

Hurrah for New York City and the U. D. C.!

FURLED BANNERS OF THE SOUTH.

[From article by Anne Bachman Hyde, Chattanooga News.]

From the beginning to the close of the War of the States the flags used by the Confederate States of America were four in number.

The Provisional Congress, C. S. A., appointed a "Committee on a Proper Flag for the Confederate States of America," and the flag recommended by them and known as the "Stars and Bars" floated over the Capitol at Montgomery, Ala., March 4, 1861.

The union blue had in the center a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the seven States in the Confederacy—viz., South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. Other stars were added as the following States joined the original seven, Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee, Missouri, and Ken-



MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE,

Matron of Honor on Staff of Commander in Chief.

tucky, till the number of stars represented thirteen States, the same number as the original States of the Union.

The design was similar to that of the United States flag, but the stripes, or bars, were only three, one white between two red; or rather, to use the words of the recommendation,



MISS EVA D. BACHMAN, CHATTANOOGA.

"a red field with a white space extending horizontally through the center and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag, the red spaces above and below to be the same width as the white."

The close similarity of this flag caused it to be mistaken for that of the United States in the first battle of Manassas, Va., July 21, 1861, and after this the battle flag was designed; but the "Stars and Bars" has been the flag of love and memory and the one selected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be the center of their insignia wreathed about with laurel.

After First Manassas the second or battle flag was designed by General Beauregard and adopted by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and was used throughout the war. It is square, having a St. Andrew's cross (not a Greek cross, as stated in flag catalogues) of blue edged with white, with thirteen equal five-pointed stars upon a red field, the whole bordered with white. The cross is the same diagonal as the St. Andrew's of the Scottish ensign, which was blended with the cross of St. George in the Union Jack of Great Britain; and the Southern cross on the battle field became as famed in song and story as the fiery one which flitted from clan to clan in the Highlands. The battle flag was appropriately adopted by the United Confederate Veterans as their emblem. It is square and not rectangular.

The third flag, the national flag, established by Congress

May 1, 1863, at Richmond, Va., is a pure white flag, the length double the width, with the Union or battle flag on the white field; and this was considered the national emblem.

In calm weather, when this flag drooped around the staff, so much of the white field showed that it was frequently mistaken for a flag of truce, and its use was discontinued.

In its stead, on March 4, 1865, Congress established another national flag, the last flag of the Confederacy, which is similar to the flag of truce; but the width was to be two-thirds of its length, with the Union or battle flag to be in width three-fifths of the flag, and an end of the broad band of red was placed across the white field, so that when drooping much of the red showed. This flag was scarcely used, but as the recognized Confederate national flag it has been adopted by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans as their emblem.

The bonnie blue flag was the Texas State flag, first used by the Confederate volunteers. It bore a large white star on a blue field, and was immortalized by the gifted Irishman, Harry McCarthy, in the well-known song:

"Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag
That bears a single star!"

It is claimed by North Carolina that Maj. O. R. Smith, who died in March of the present year, made and submitted the design of the flag first adopted; and in January, 1913, the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., presented him with a gold pendant inscribed: "Designer of Stars and Bars."

As material in the South grew scarcer, and often, too, for sentimental reasons, many flags were made from bridal robes fastened together with dainty stitches and embroidered with loving inscriptions. Some of these flags, stained with blood and torn by shot and shell, are in the Confederate Museum in Richmond. Among them is the battle flag of the 13th Virginia Infantry, made from the wedding dress of Mrs. A. P. Hill, a sister of Gen. John H. Morgan, and whose brave husband, Gen. A. P. Hill, fell before Petersburg April 2, 1865. Also there is to be seen the flag of the 15th Virginia Infantry, made from the wedding dress of Mrs. Catherine Heth Morrison, and that of the Marion Light Artillery, of Florida, made from a crape shawl which formed part of the wedding trousseau of Mrs. J. J. Dickson.

The presentation of these homemade flags was always a great event in the small towns and cities, where whole companies of soldiers were often related; and one brave young officer in accepting a flag from a fair cousin said: "Good-by, sweet one. I take it from thee and promise to honor it to the end." Alas! he was brought home under its folds.

These flags were more than mere national emblems. As they floated above them in the din of battle or the long despair of the trenches, the soldiers thought of homes and firesides, of sweethearts and wives, and often beneath the silken stars a Southern boy saw in fancy the bright eyes of her who had given the banner into his keeping.

The little homemade envelopes which carried the war-time letters were often ornamented with pictures, and on one of them, lying before me, which passed from the hands of one lover to another, is the faded drawing of the "Stars and Bars" and written beneath it:

"For the flag of my country in triumph shall wave
O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's grave."

It is postmarked "Romney, Va., January 25, 1862," and the heart chills as it recalls the frozen march and bivouac and grows colder still with memory of a low mound in the distant mountains which for fifty years has had carved on the rude headstone a Confederate flag.

UNION VETERAN AT CONFEDERATE REUNION.

BY A. G. PETERSON, FORMERLY COMMANDER RANSOM POST, ST. LOUIS, AND G. A. R. OF MISSOURI.

At the kindly invitation of an ex Confederate soldier, a personal friend, I went to Chattanooga, Tenn., to attend the recent Reunion to observe the differences between a national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic and the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

In the past twenty seven years I have attended every national encampment of the G. A. R. except two, extending from Portland, Me., to San Francisco and last year at Los Angeles, Cal. I have been asked to write my impressions of the Reunion of the Confederate veterans as seen from the point of an ex Union soldier. Being simply a retired business man—now on a visit to my daughter in Nashville—I can only in a plain, matter-of-fact way give my impressions of it.

Wearing the little brown button of the Grand Army, I take it for granted that many old Confederates I met recognized me as an ex-Union soldier, and as such in my mingling with them I was treated most kindly. They were exceedingly cordial in their greeting, genuinely frank in their conversation, and I was made to feel perfectly at home among them.

One thing that came under my special observation was the gray uniforms worn by the officers of the organization, also the titles by which these officers were known. This was, to me, so entirely different from the G. A. R. that I could not but be impressed with the difference. In our organization we all wear a plain blue uniform, with brass buttons and no ornamentation; neither have we officers with such titles, Generals, etc., down to colonels—every man with us, it makes no difference how high his rank was in the Union army, is a comrade. General Sherman, who was the first Commander of Ransom Post, St. Louis, of which I have the honor of being a member, at all of our gatherings, when addressed as General, invariably called to the attention of the comrade so designating him the fact that he was a comrade and that he would so like to be regarded.

According to my opinion, the uniforms of the officers of the United Confederate Veterans, with their gold braid, shoulder straps, and buttons so arranged as to indicate their rank, is not conducive to that cordiality and good feeling that we have in our organization.

While I believe that the old soldiers of the South are today loyal to the government and would in the event that soldiers be required would in spirit take up arms to defend it, yet I could not help but notice the absence of the national colors during the parade which was the event of the gathering. While there were a hundred or more ex-Confederate flags being carried in the parade, there were only two United States flags. The bands played "Dixie" continuously, and the Rebel yell was conspicuous during the parade; I looked upon this, however, as only being natural.

As far as personal appearance of the ex-soldiers of the South is concerned, I see no difference between them and the Northern ex-soldiers. Both are bent with years, and the hairs of each are frosted with age. This mighty host of a past generation is fast disappearing, and in the next decade scarcely one will be here to answer the roll call. They will have gone to join the army above.

I was rather unfavorably impressed during my visit to Chattanooga with one thing for which the ex-Confederates were not responsible, and no doubt they felt as I did about it. On

the edge of the sidewalks extending over the gutters on one of the principal streets, reaching from one end to the other, booths were erected in which were sold lemonade, sandwiches, and coffee; but many of these booths were openly run with gambling devices, with the consent of the city authorities and the committee having the Reunion in charge. In speaking of this regrettable condition to several leading business men of Chattanooga I was informed that it would not be allowed during the national encampment of the G. A. R., which will be held September 15-20.

Another noticeable difference between the soldiers of the two armies is in the matter of sponsors and maids of honor. While it is an exceedingly pretty custom and adds to the pleasure of our friends of the South, yet in cities with limited hotel capacity the elaborate entertainment given the ladies leaves no room for the old soldiers, who consequently must put up with less comfortable accommodations. The beautiful ladies of the Southland were out in full force, and many commendations did I hear of them.

The citizens of Chattanooga are to be congratulated upon the very handsome manner in which all the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of those who attended the Reunion were carried out.

It being the fiftieth year since the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and the battles immediately preceding and following these events, Chattanooga will be taxed to its utmost capacity to take care of the old Union soldiers, their wives, daughters, and friends who will go to that city next September; and in this gathering no one will give them a more cordial welcome than our ex-Confederate friends of Tennessee.

YELLOW FEVER TIMES IN CHATTANOOGA.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

In the June VETERAN an article on "Chattanooga's Most Beloved Citizen," Rev. J. W. Bachman, is thoroughly well deserved; but there is a correction that should be made, an injustice which was not evidently intended. The article says: "During the yellow fever epidemic of 1878 most of the ministers left Chattanooga; but Dr. Bachman and Father John, the Catholic priest, refused to leave a people so afflicted; and when Father John died Dr. Bachman ministered to his last hours and then took up his work for the sick and dying." This entire paragraph is at variance with the facts. "Most of the ministers" did not leave. Only two out of seven resident ministers in charge of Churches left. Father John did not die in Chattanooga during the yellow fever epidemic. The five who remained in Chattanooga throughout the epidemic, according to seniority of pastorates, were: Rev. Father Ryan, Catholic priest; Rev. H. H. Sneed, rector of St. Paul's Church; Rev. J. W. Bachman, First Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. W. Smith, pastor Second Methodist Church, South; and the pastor of the First Methodist Church, South (name forgotten).

Father Ryan died at his post early in the epidemic. The others remained through the entire epidemic. Father John came to Chattanooga during the epidemic and was declared an immune. He labored faithfully, and at one time was sick and was visited by Dr. Bachman, in company with the writer.

The citizens of Chattanooga honored the resident ministers who remained in the city with suitable expressions of their esteem and confidence, two of whom, I remember, were presented gold watches, one bearing the inscription, "Citizens of Chattanooga to —; yellow fever epidemic, 1878."

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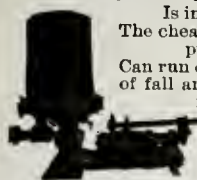
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R. D. Norris, of Waycross, Ga., reports having taken a subscription from some one during the Chattanooga Reunion, but failed to put down the name and address. This office will be glad to fill the subscription upon notice from such subscriber.

Mrs. C. L. Barton, Franklin, Ky., seeks information of the war record of her husband, C. L. Barton, who was living in Greeneville, Tenn., when he enlisted, becoming a member of Company B of Morgan's regiment of cavalry. He was only seventeen years old at the time.

Mrs. John Shield, Hamlin, Tex., Box 591, wants to establish the war record of her father, Reuben Craig, and she asks that survivors of his company (E) of the 11th Mississippi Regiment will kindly write her what they remember of his service.

WANTED—Information concerning Balthasar Freihofer, who was born in Germany in 1810, emigrated to America in 1848, and apparently was a Confederate soldier, possibly killed in the war. Persons who knew of him or his heirs will please address William H. Davies, 408 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

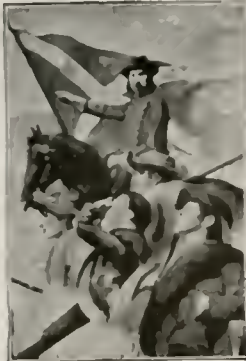
The VETERAN Office would like to get complete volumes of the VETERAN for 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806; the numbers for January, February, March, April, May, July, September, and October, 1808; January, February, March, and September, 1900; and August and December, 1905. Write in advance as to condition of copies, as these are wanted for binding, and only good, clean copies are acceptable. Will give credit on subscription or remit at the regular subscription price.

W. P. Bickley, Farmersville, Tex., makes inquiry for the burial place of an uncle, Robert P. Bickley, Orderly Sergeant of Company A, 51st Virginia Infantry. He first served under General Loring, then changed to Williams's and Breckinridge's and General Early's corps. At Fort Donelson he was shot through the left arm, the ball lodging in his side. He was put on a boat with other wounded and sent up the Cumberland River, and was never heard of again. It is supposed that he was put off at Clarksville, Tenn. All of his messmates were killed in that battle except Captain Bruce.

Mrs. Susan C. Justice, of Crossville, Ala., Route 2, would like to hear from some comrade of her husband, Smith Wyatt Justice, who can testify to his war record. He was in the Western army, but she does not know his company or regiment. It is thought that he was employed by the Confederate government in some capacity near Chattanooga.

E. H. Cocks, of Owensboro, Ky., seeks information of the service of his grandfather, Bowler Cocks, and his father, Thomas H. Cocks, both of whom were in the Confederate army, but he does not know their commands. He has been told that his father was with Miller's Battery. He thinks they were living at Memphis, Tenn., at the breaking out of the war.

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MISS H. COCKERILLE, Welcome, Md.

Miss Lou Luttrell, of Oxford, Ala., would like to hear from any comrades of her uncle, Dr. Henry Snow, who was with Company D, 5th Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade.

J. H. Cosgrove, Shreveport, La., Box 853, asks for the address of Major Semmes, who commanded a battery during the war. This inquiry is in behalf of a comrade who served under him.

Mrs. Rebecca J. Goodman, Jacksonville, Ala., desires to locate two witnesses who can testify to her husband's war record. Dr. John Goodman enlisted from White Plains, Tenn., in 1861 as captain of Company A, 43d Tennessee Volunteers. He was transferred as surgeon to the medical department in 1862, and was mustered out at Greensboro, N. C., at the close of the war.

Mrs. F. C. Scherer, Columbiana, Ohio, is anxious to learn something of her father, Robert Irvin, who was a member of the 13th Battalion Partisan Rangers of Louisiana. He was a private in Company B. She has not heard of him since shortly after the war while she and her brother were living with grandparents at Steubenville, Ohio. It is hoped that some information may be received of his whereabouts, if living, or of his burial place.

Todd M. George, Lee's Summit, Mo., is in search of any survivors who can give information concerning Col. Thomas J. Dohyns, who was elected colonel of the 3d Louisiana Battalion of Polish Brigade (afterwards called "Tiger Rifles") at Amite City, La., at the beginning of the war, and who organized and drilled a regiment, with which he went as far as Grand Junction, Tenn., when ordered to Richmond, but was compelled to give up his march on account of his health.

Mrs. Martin Holbrook, 68 Tuttle Avenue, Mobile, Ala., is trying to establish the record of her father, Thomas McGeoy, who was in the clothing department of the commissary at Nashville. She thinks he was in Nashville when that city was taken. He was stationed in Murfreesboro in December after Memphis was taken and drilled with the Home Guards. His uncle, Tom (or John) Brown, enlisted with the Murfreesboro Rifles, or Volunteers. It is thought that he may have been in Col. Luke Finlay's command.



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The VETERAN office wants copies of the VETERAN for January, February, March, and September, 1900; August and December, 1905; and January, 1898. Only copies good for binding wanted.

Mrs. I. L. Bragg, Coleman, Tex., wishes to know if there are any surviving members of Kolb's Artillery that left Enfaula, Ala., in the fall of 1861. Her father, William M. Spurlin, went out with them, and she will appreciate any information of his service.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Still, of Kilgore, Tex., wishes to secure a pension and needs to establish the war record of her husband, Andrew Legrand Still, who was with Captain Minter, of Company K, 19th Texas Infantry. He served at Marshall, Tex., guarding the powder works, and was dismissed at the close of the war.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

AUGUST, 1913

EIGHTH NUMBER



General Orders No. 9, Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, April 10, 1865:

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to the result from no distrust of them. But, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, *General.*



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REV. WALTER BRANHAM CAPERS, PRESIDENT, COLUMBIA, TENN.

Mrs. J. A. R. King, of Unadilla, Ga., wishes to learn the whereabouts of any member of Company I (Captain Sellers), 13th Alabama Regiment, who remembers her husband, Ed King. He was living in Tallapoosa City, Ala., when he left for the army.

WANTED—To secure information of one John Townson (sometimes spelled Townsen and later Townsend), who went from Pennsylvania to Kentucky in the fifties of the last century and is believed to have been located in or near Lexington or Louisville, Ky. If living, it is desired to locate him; if dead, to prove that fact. It is thought that he may have been in the Confederate army and surviving comrades would remember him as a soldier and since the war if he survived. Any information will be appreciated by the firm of Peck, Shields & Clark, West End Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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President Louis C. Perry.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

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SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1913.

No. 8.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

HEROES ENTERTAINED BY THEIR PEERS.

So absorbing are the Gettysburg gathering—not reunion—reports that many pages on various other topics are held over.

Veterans' Day was the best day of the week. Commander in Chief Beers, of the G. A. R., and Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., made addresses entirely acceptable to the most sensitive of either side. Judge Beers's speech was well delivered and acceptable to all present. General Young typified the impulsive Southerner by saying: "You will see my written speech in the newspapers." The introductory words in his extemporaneous address, which illustrate the spirit that prevailed at the meeting, were: "I am more than half a thousand miles from my home, but I am at home anywhere in the confines of this my country. We men of the South are here to-day with unshaken faith in the justice of the cause for which we fought. We have no apologies for aught we did in the past. As we bring no regrets, we ask none. If any Confederate soldier came here with even the thought in his mind that in that great struggle he was wrong, his uniform should be torn from him and he should hang his head in shame." He quite typified our beloved and lamented Gen. John B. Gordon by his magnetic expressions of broad patriotism, assuming that the Confederates were equally deserving in every sense with their former foes.

A staff correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger wrote of him: "There is a new hero of Gettysburg. He wears the gray. He is Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. On this the anniversary of the decisive battle of the Civil War he has poured an oratorical cement into the wounds of a half century's duration and has made a nation whole.

"Salute General Young, you men of the North; take him to your breast and confer upon him your unfettered affection. In words of Southern gold, speaking of the people of the South, he has carried a wonderful message to Gettysburg. As he delivered it the tears of men of the blue and gray mingled. His message was of a country transformed from enmity to amity. This great speech, made with all the fire and spirit which has its home in the generous Southland, was the crowning feature of the day, which puts a fifty-year notch in the gun stock of time, the day on which the battle opened here."

Special attention is deserved by the Virginia delegation, consisting of 3,700 veterans. Governor Mann was the only Governor there, except McCreary, of Kentucky, who was a Confederate soldier. Governor Mann was popular and promi-

nent all the while. He was enthusiastic in every detail of the meeting, and superb was he in accepting the flag of the 55th Virginia returned to Virginia by Col. W. D. Mann, of Massachusetts, who captured it at Gettysburg. The Virginians passed in review on Seminary Avenue, and it was there that the presentation ceremony occurred. The VETERAN anticipates a record of this event. No other State made a better display, save Pennsylvania, than did the Old Dominion.

A BONA FIDE BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

An old letter written by a young officer in Lee's army as it marched into Pennsylvania in 1863 tells a pretty story—as pretty, indeed, as the Barbara Frietchie incident, and in this case true. The extract is taken verbatim from the letter.

"GREENCASTLE, PA., June 24, 1863.

"Yesterday my men were marching victoriously through the little town of Greencastle, the bands all playing 'The Bonny Blue Flag,' 'Maryland,' and 'Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still,' and the soldiers all happy and hopeful, joyously keeping time to the music, many following it with their voices and making up for the want of welcome they were not receiving in the enemy's country by cheering themselves and giving themselves a welcome.

"As the band, playing 'Dixie,' was passing a vine-covered home a young girl rushed out on the porch and waved a United States flag. Then, either fearing that it might be taken away from her or finding it too large and unwieldy, she fastened it around her as an apron and, taking hold of it on each side and waving it in defiance, called out with all the strength of her girlish voice and all the courage of her brave young heart: 'Traitors, traitors, traitors, come and take this flag, the man of you who dares!'

"Knowing that many of my men were from a section of the country which had been within the enemy's lines, and fearing lest some might forget their manhood, I took off my hat and bowed to her, saluted her flag, and then turned, facing my men, who felt and saw my unspoken order. And don't you know that they were all Virginians and didn't forget it, and that almost every man lifted his cap and cheered the little maiden who, though she kept on waving her flag, ceased calling us traitors, till, letting it drop in front of her, she cried out: 'O, I wish—I wish I had a Rebel flag; I'd wave that too!'

"We left the little girl standing there with the flag gathered in her arms as if too sacred to be waved now that even the enemy had done it reverence."

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: Judging by the letters and inquiries coming to me about our Southern cross of honor, veterans as well as descendants need more information about the crosses and the way to obtain them. I cannot reach all localities myself, so I want every Chapter President to publish in her local papers an article about the cross, explaining among other things that the United Daughters of the Confederacy give this little brown cross to every Confederate veteran who faithfully served the Southern Confederacy from the time of his enlistment until his honorable discharge; that one can be obtained by making out papers setting forth this service, and that in no other way can a cross be gotten. Explain everything and that veterans must apply to the nearest local Chapter for the proper papers.

You know the names of those receiving crosses are published in the local papers before presentation. In addition to their names, please publish their records (they are honorable and should be known to their friends and the public), and when descendants receive a cross the name of the father and his record also should be published. Some Chapters have always done this, and all should do it. Emphasize the fact that the cross is for the veteran, and that no one else—no widow nor descendant—can wear it. I am doing all I can to protect the cross from illegal selling, and our manufacturers promise me their full cooperation and have redoubled their precautions to prevent any one's getting a cross or orders filled except to accredited officials.

Our educational work grows in importance, and I hope every Division has arranged or will arrange for every scholarship, State and general, to be filled by September. We must not let one be vacant this year, and thus let some descendant of a Confederate veteran be the loser thereby. At the Washington Convention the endowment of a scholarship in an Alabama State institution as a memorial to Mrs. James, the designer of the seals sold for the benefit of the Arlington and Shiloh monument funds, was indorsed. Mrs. M. I. Hoskins, of Florence, Ala., is chairman of this committee, and the request that all Chapters contribute to this endowment fund has been approved by me; also the work for the Jefferson Davis Home, in Kentucky, has received my approval.

Let me tell you of a book of songs that is a very valuable collection and will be helpful for Chapter meetings. It contains all the Southern songs you may need, and it contains besides all those songs we love because they appeal to the heart. It is the finest collection I know of—"A Folio of Old Songs," collected by Mrs. S. F. Watson, of Waxahachie, Tex., and gotten out by the Texas Division, U. D. C.

Credential committees of Chapters must require good records of those applying for membership. The application papers should give specific facts about the service of the veterans through whom they seek admittance, what service and where given. Do not accept generalities that tell nothing. Protect the membership of your Chapter and of the organization. Do realize the importance of this.

All of you who sent veterans to the Gettysburg reunion should feel fully repaid for doing so and congratulate yourselves that you did this act of love, for the dear old men enjoyed themselves so much and have written me such beautiful letters of thanks, one giving me his mess kit. General Young has written me: "We had a delightful time at Gettysburg. There never was anything like it and never will be anything like it again. We were treated with the utmost

courtesy and consideration, and there was not the slightest friction throughout the entire three days."

Faithfully yours,

MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE.

FAITHFUL FRIEND OF CONFEDERATES.

The most pleasant incident of the journey to Gettysburg occurred at Columbus, Ohio. A greeting had been wired to Col. W. H. Knauss, who has done so much and continually for the Confederate graves in Camp Chase Cemetery and who has ever been so zealously patriotic. Many sorrows have come upon him and his family. The partner of his life had died; a lovely daughter, Mrs. Gamble, who attended some of our most delightful general Reunions, had died also, and Colonel Knauss was too much afflicted to go to Gettysburg; but he had hobbled into the station. Mr. Gamble had the two lovely grandchildren, Catherine E. and Victor Knauss Gamble, to meet us, and gave greetings from Gen. Bennett Young, Maj. J. H. Leathers and J. B. Pirtle, and Capt. George C. Norton, all of whom were Kentucky officials to the Gettysburg assembly. Friends of Colonel Knauss of both armies urged him to go in their care, but he was unable to go.



MRS. WILLIAM H. KNAUSS.

A coincidence worthy of note in this connection is that this excellent engraving of Mrs. W. H. Knauss was discovered out of its place (in the cut room) about the time of her death, some two years ago, and the plate on the title-page of this issue, so happily representing the spirit of the Gettysburg meeting, is from a memorial to Mrs. John T. Gamble, the daughter of Colonel Knauss, who a short time before her death said to her father: "Those who are opposing and condemning you for your good work do not appreciate the satisfaction and pleasure you are giving to the loved kindred of the dead Confederates; so don't give it up."

Comrades of James, George, and Andrew Fuller are requested to write to Mrs. Peter Thornton, 116 East Fifth Street, Newport, Ky. She thinks James was killed in battle, but George and Andrew served throughout the war. They enlisted from Tennessee.

THE VETERAN TO EACH CROSS-OF-HONOR MAN.

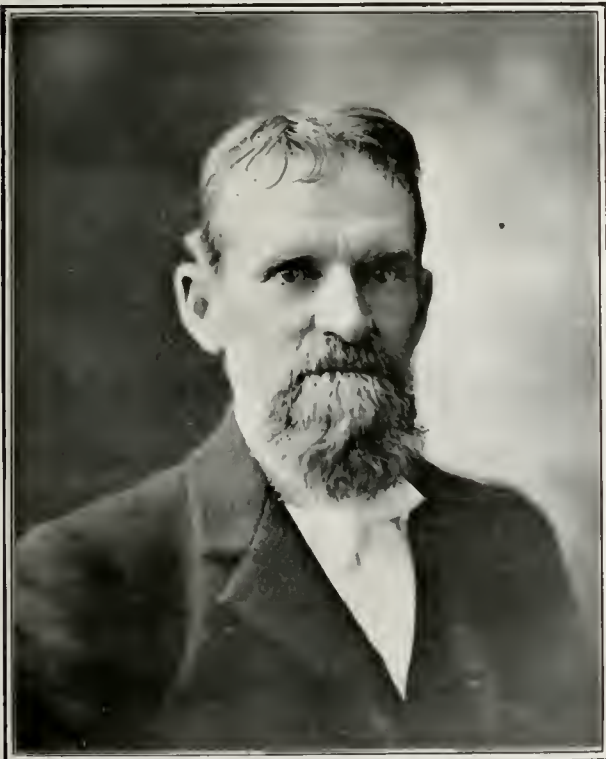
Every man who is entitled to a cross of honor should receive the VETERAN. Will comrades and the Daughters of the Confederacy cooperate in this achievement? There are rich, great-hearted men who would gladly contribute in this way if a plan should be adopted to do it systematically. And it could be, as each Chapter of the U. D. C. has a record of the men it has so honored. This is the most practical plan that ever has occurred to the management. Will Camps and Chapters make out a list of cross-of-honor men and report as fully as practicable which of them are getting the VETERAN and note the names of such as are unable to pay?

PUBLIC SERVICE APPRECIATED.

An interesting and appropriate ceremony was performed in Nashville recently in the presentation of a loving cup to Maj. E. C. Lewis for his services to the city in advancing interest in the public parks. The event furnishes an opportunity for the VETERAN to pay tribute to this capable, public-spirited gentleman who would not receive any other than just such a tribute. He has earned it in many worthy ways.

This reference is, however, to another feature than that of his specific service to the "City Beautiful." The VETERAN would, in addition, call attention to the public indebtedness to him in behalf of the Sam Davis monument. It was not only Major Lewis's genius that prepared the design for that fine memorial, but he superintended the work of its construction with muscle as well as brain, so that the promoter of that noble tribute to a matchless soldier and man never recalls the undertaking without renewed sentiments of gratitude to Major Lewis.

This acknowledgment to him is made at a good distance. His character and disposition are illustrated in the fact that



MAJ. EUGENE CASTNER LEWIS.

in his first contribution (and one of the largest) to the undertaking he objected to the credit, saying: "Why didn't you use it and say nothing?" There never was a man going about doing good more utterly indifferent as to whether the public appreciates it or not.

PRIZE ESSAY ON GETTYSBURG.

The prize offered by Ye Olde Arlington Chapter, U. D. C., for the best essay on the battle of Gettysburg written by a pupil of the high schools of Northampton County, Va., was won by Fitzgerald Flournoy, fourteen years old, the son of Rev. William Cabell Flournoy, of Bay View, Va.

The essay is a most creditable piece of work. It shows careful study on its young author's part and an ability to assimilate his information and set forth his facts with emphasis and judgment, giving a clear and vigorous picture of the battle as seen with the eagerness and interest of a studious young mind. An appended list of authorities consulted shows the care that went into the preparation of this essay: "History of the United States," by Alexander H. Stephens, "Life of R. E. Lee," by Philip A. Bruce, "Encyclopedia of American History," "Official War Records," the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, "General Lee at Gettysburg," by James P. Smith, D.D., and "Cease Firing," by Mary Johnston.

MAJ. EUGENE C. GORDON.

Maj. E. C. Gordon, a brother of Gen. John B. Gordon and himself a prominent veteran of the Confederate army, died July 14, 1913, on a train on the way from Tennessee to his home, in Amarillo, Tex.

Major Gordon was the descendant of a family of seven brothers who emigrated from Scotland to North Carolina and Virginia and who were all Revolutionary soldiers. The fighting blood of their ancestors flowed strongly in the veins of the younger generation. The record of John B. Gordon is known to every Confederate. This brother also served with gallantry as major of the 25th Alabama Cavalry.

A younger brother, Augustus M. Gordon, was one of the youngest colonels in the Southern army and was killed in battle. General and Major Gordon were associated in several business enterprises, among others being the building of the Georgia-Pacific Railroad, now known as the Southern, running between Atlanta and Birmingham.

Major Gordon was the leading man for some time in railroad development in Tennessee, making his headquarters much of the time in Clarksville. He was leader in the development of New Decatur, Ala. He was an active and enthusiastic advocate of his enterprises, and was lavish in the supply of comfort and luxuries to his family.

For many years following the war Major Gordon made his home in Alabama, moving to Texas a few years ago. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Henry S. Bishop, of Amarillo, and Mrs. Allen E. Turner, formerly of Atlanta, now of New Orleans.

The special attention of VETERAN patrons is called to the school advertisements beginning with this number, and their cordial consideration of the advantages offered by these schools is also asked. There is nothing more important in the upbuilding of the South than the education of our boys and girls, that they may be men and women of the future who shall help make our section a leader in all that tends to the betterment of mankind.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE OWEN MEMORIAL.

Maj. W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn., \$10; M. B. Morton, Nashville, Tenn., \$1; Thomas W. Wrenne, Nashville, Tenn., \$1; J. William Noyes, New Orleans, La., \$5; R. C. Carnell, Waverly, Tenn., \$1; Hampden Osborne, Columbus, Miss., \$1; M. V. Gribble, Temple, Tex., \$1; Bowie Pelham Camp, U. C. V., No. 572, Bowie, Tex., \$5; Mrs. Grafton Fenno, West Lynn, Mass., 25 cents; W. B. Hill, Petersburg, W. Va., \$1; C. T. Cheek, Nashville, Tenn., \$5; H. L. Hart, Troy, Tenn., \$1; Alden McLellan, New Orleans, La., \$3; W. M. Peck, Sherman, Tex., \$1; Mrs. M. B. Waties, Tallahassee, Fla., \$1; B. L. Wynn, Charleston, Miss., \$4; Gen. J. William Towson, Shelby, Mo., \$5; Clay Sharkey, Jackson, Miss., \$1.10.



FROM DEFECTIVE FLASH-LIGHT PICTURE.

Remember that ere long an important booklet will be issued containing a list of those who helped to pay this most extraordinary tribute by Confederates who were prisoners and their friends to Commandant Col. Richard Owen for his courtesy and kindness.

The State of Indiana furnished a list of nearly four thousand prisoners, giving their company and regiment, a copy of which was placed in a copper box in the pedestal, and another list for the Veteran, which it is expected will be used in a pamphlet history of Colonel Owen, together with a list of all contributors. It is expected that this booklet will be printed as soon as contributions will approximately return to Mr. Cunningham the funds he has advanced.

No more delicate tribute has been paid to Colonel Owen than in a sentence by Hon. Newell Sanders, formerly a United States Senator: "Doctor Owen was my teacher for four years at the Indiana University. He was especially kind and helpful to those of us who were from the country and behind in our studies."

SKETCHES FOR "LAST ROLL" MUST BE SHORTER.

A change in the order of sketches for the Last Roll to occupy less space must be made. These sketches should be confined also to patrons, except for unusual reasons. If a real hero was too poor to be a patron, space will be given. There is no "pay space" in the reading columns, hence everything will be condensed to conform to the Editor's judgment.

COMPANY E, FIRST ALABAMA CAVALRY.

Comrade John C. Baird, of Homer, La., writes: "In the March number of the VETERAN, page 122, a private in Company E, 1st Alabama Cavalry, gives some of his East Tennessee experiences. Now, as I was a private also in this company and regiment from its organization to the surrender in North Carolina, and was also with General Longstreet at the siege of Knoxville, I am anxious to learn who this comrade is and who 'Bill' was. There were so few of us left at the surrender that I had thought for a long time that only three of us were still living. I can recall the names of nearly all of Company E, and will be glad to hear from this comrade."

THE "INDISSOLUBLE UNION."—John Cone, Groveland, Cal., writes about it: "Apropos of that part of General Grosvenor's Chattanooga address quoted in the May VETERAN (page 211) referring to the omission of the words 'indissoluble Union' from the American Constitution, I should like to point out that, so far from being a mere unintentional omission, the fathers fought around it, knowing very well (as they did) that with such a clause there would be no hope of its ratification by the colonies. Hence that question was purposely left entirely open; and ever afterwards, up to the close of the War of the States, the right of 'dissolution' was boldly claimed on both sides of the line. This is history. There is plenty of proof, of which I am content to cite here only one. In his farewell address Washington, who had been President of the Constitutional Convention, advised the States to remain united, adding, 'United we stand, divided we fall,' thus clearly implying that the Union could be dissolved."

MARJORIE CASTAGNINO, MEMPHIS, TENN.,
Mascot for First Tennessee Choir.

PROPOSED HONOR TO AUTHOR OF "DIXIE."

Valuable knowledge through an intimate friendship which began in the early days of his career as a minstrel has induced Al G. Field to suggest to the senate of New York University that the name of Daniel D. Emmett, author of "Dixie," be inscribed on one of the panels of the Hall of Fame for Great Americans. Only persons who have been dead ten or more years may be chosen for this honor, and fifty-one votes of a possible one hundred must be secured before a name will be accepted by the judges. Twenty-nine candidates have thus far been honored. Worthy is this simple-hearted, honest man.

Mr. Field was a protégé of Mr. Emmett when the latter was at the zenith of his prosperity. In his declining years the song writer made a farewell tour of the country under Mr. Field's management, and for several years remained on the minstrel's salary list without leaving his home.

Daniel Decatur Emmett was the author of many songs, but none of them attained the popularity of "Dixie," which is applauded as vigorously in the North as in the South. His songs are based on the folklore of the Southern people and contain a strong human sentiment.

An unknown donor provided \$250,000 for the erection of the Hall of Fame building. It is in the form of a semicircle, connecting two of the university buildings, and is provided with a museum consisting of a corridor and six halls to contain mementos of the names that are inscribed above. A colonnade over this has provisions for one hundred and fifty panels. The last of these will be inscribed in the year 2000. The names now inscribed in that Hall of Fame are: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph

Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David F. Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, John J. Audubon, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William E. Channing, Gilbert Stuart, and Asa Gray.

THREESCORE AND TEN, YOUNG.

Will Allen Dromgoole, the well-known author, gave through the Nashville Banner of July 21 so pleasant a sketch that, whether deserved or not, it will please many friends:

"It isn't good policy to be giving away people's ages; but when one is as proud of his years and wears them with as much grace and dignity as does Mr. Sumner A. Cunningham, there is no harm in the disclosure. Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor and owner of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to-day observed the seventieth anniversary of his birth, and by a strange coincidence it is also the anniversary of his first meeting with his wife, whose memory has been the chief glory of his life.

"People all over the South will be interested in wishing many happy returns of the day to this good friend and gallant gentleman whose hand and heart alike belong to his friends. It will not be easy to believe that he has already reached the threescore-and-ten milepost, but such is the case. Perhaps the secret of his youthfulness is a constant and unabated amount of employment and that wholesome and friendly interest in all that pertains to his fellow men which has endeared him to all people with whom his lot has been cast. It goes without saying that his friends wish him many years still for the completion of the great work on which he has been for years engaged, the compiling of Confederate history, and also for the calm and unalloyed enjoyment of the 'resting time' which he has earned, that time when the years go softly and life smiles serenely in the face of duties well done."

A surprising notice comes from the Minneapolis Tribune of July 21 in which the editor mentions this birthday anniversary, and the sender of the clipping by a "one-time opponent" adds beautiful words of appreciation of the VETERAN. It seems odd that so insignificant a matter is recorded in Minneapolis.

VETERAN STILL YOUNG AT SEVENTY-TWO.

W. H. Mitchell, Coleman's Falls, Va., writes: "I have been a reader of the VETERAN for a number of years and always enjoy its stories. I enlisted in 1861 and served four years, during most of which time I belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee. I was in the first and second battles of Manassas. Altogether I was in seven pitched battles and in innumerable skirmishes. I belonged to Company F, 28th Virginia Regiment, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps. I was wounded twice during the fighting in front of Richmond. The day I was first wounded the enemy were driven to Malvern Hill under cover of the gunboats. The same day in that same fight Stonewall Jackson was driving the enemy toward Richmond while we attacked them in the front and drove them to Malvern Hill. I would like to hear from any of my comrades who were in the 28th Virginia Regiment or in any of the battles mentioned. I was seventy-two years old in October, 1912. I am a farmer and am still young enough to plow with a big plow. I was married in 1866, and have nine children."



MRS. ALLEN PORTER, KANSAS CITY,
Matron of Honor Missouri Division.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

WORSE THAN THE WAR—WHO CAN NAME IT?

What General Sherman said of our war baffles the effort to describe the decade that followed it. It is mysterious that the heroes who fought on and on for the Union solely that it be perpetuated, and who showed their just esteem for Confederates at Gettysburg, have not through these fifty years realized that the South in its helplessness was subjected to worse persecution than war. In conference with many Union veterans at Gettysburg, who were bold in claiming that the Confederates should have all the advantages that they enjoyed, none of them referred to those awful times called Reconstruction. They evidently have never comprehended the conditions and have not known that the policy of administrations in rewarding renegades intensified our disastrous conditions. Confederate traitors have ever been detested.

More lasting devotion to the principles of the Revolution, when the men under General Washington were "rebels," cannot be conceived than in the faithfulness of the Southern people. That they did not conform to the appeal of Job's wife proves patriotism beyond anything in the annals of mankind. The large gathering of Confederates at Gettysburg made no plea of any kind to those who were so generous in every way, but we would have them know we would not "forget." To ask forgiveness is not in the vocabulary of those who said "Amen" to the hearty greetings extended, and they are men who would be pained to hear Confederates make concession of principle.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT UPON REQUEST.

General appeal is made to patrons and friends of the VETERAN for addresses to which sample copies may be sent. In this way it is desired to reach thousands who are not familiar with the VETERAN, although other thousands have been zealous patrons for a score of years.

The VETERAN undertakes without stint all that it is possible to do for dependent comrades, and its patrons are like-minded generally, but many are not as diligent as they would be if they could realize the importance of being prompt. Let every one of them be diligent in sending names of those who ought to cooperate, as many of them would do so at the mere suggestion, and in many instances they would greatly favor the friends whose names they send. Patrons so favored in some instances express sincere regret that they had not been informed sooner and seek to purchase all the back issues. Send by next mail such names as occur to you.

Because daily papers on reunion occasions give elaborate illustrations of prominent men and beautiful women, there is a fancy that they cost nothing of consequence and of course the VETERAN would like to print them. The aggregate cost should not be borne by the publisher; so when an engraving appears, the cost of \$2 should be borne by interested persons.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE VETERAN AT HALF PRICE.—Many issues of the VETERAN contain articles of special interest to some persons who will see this. Orders for numbers for five years back will be filled at fifty cents per dozen. Order them and help to circulate the VETERAN.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Comrades who receive requests to renew often worry unnecessarily because it is not at once convenient. The VETERAN is never so pressed for funds as to require this, although its current expenses are far more than many imagine. The disastrous fact, in a general way, is that men to whom indulgence is extended die or the subscription happens to be continued to unappreciative persons who are indifferent to the spirit, and they decline to pay or even to give notice. For these reasons it is imperative that the management have response to the notices sent out. To the indifferent this statement is emphasized. The management cannot discriminate, hence the honest patron by delay causes much expense and labor in sending notices, and, worst of all, so many of this class cause extension of time which entails serious loss. If every patron who pays would be careful to inform the VETERAN office when a subscriber dies, it would be helpful against such loss.

In being compelled to drop many subscriptions—because patrons will not answer—renewed diligence must be exercised to maintain the twenty thousand circulation which has been the average for more than a decade. Every friend is urged to cooperate now if in no other way than by sending addresses for sample copies. Patrons can help in this way far beyond what they imagine. Two illustrations are given in proof:



P. A. McDAVID, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Comrade P. A. McDavid, of Greenville, S. C., where the VETERAN had a fair proportion of patrons for twenty years, has secured over a hundred new subscribers within the past six months; and at Shreveport, La., F. C. Marsden has done as well within that time, and has also kept the old subscriptions well paid up. In 18 months he has added 169 names.

In asking this cooperation, friends, the appeal is boldly made. Those of you who are interested especially know that much gratuitous service is asked by men and women who seek pensions in the various Southern States. These people are poor, and the VETERAN helps them gladly.

GETTYSBURG, GETTYSBURG.

Many surprises have occurred in reports of the great gathering, July 1-4, on the battle field of Gettysburg, as they universally expressed pleasure and satisfaction. The VETERAN affirms the accuracy of what has been published and adds that the "half has never been told." That 35,000 Federals and one-seventh as many Confederate veterans spent from four to six days in conference, and that not a word of discord was heard seems incredible.

The best explanation that can be given is that the men invited were those who engaged in the battle. They were men who fought at the front, and the Federals had an example that never was excelled, unless at Franklin (the carnage in that comparatively small area was perhaps the worst in all history), of Confederate valor, and they met peerless foes. The gathering, therefore, was composed of as valiant men as ever met on any field of battle, and the men fought for principles that were dearer to them than life. Such men never entertain personal animosity. When a battle was over, they always did what they could to relieve the suffering of the wounded enemy in their hands, whom they genuinely respected.

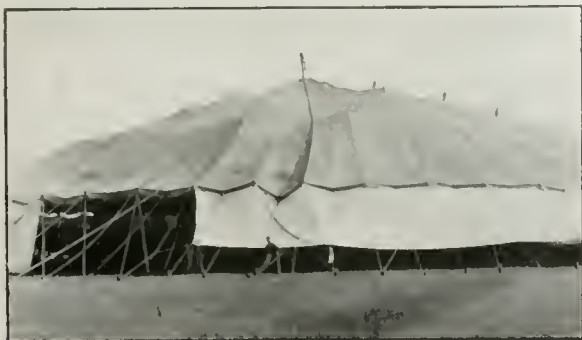
The "Blue and the Gray" is a term not pleasing to the Editor of this magazine. For years an element both South and North has diligently advocated "reunions of the Blue and the Gray," and many seek the notoriety of pictures showing them with clasped hands. This class generally have no record back of them to elicit admiration, and the best soldier-veterans are repulsed by it on each side. The VETERAN does not call the Gettysburg affair a reunion; so with these premises don't let anybody imagine that the marvelous experience at Gettysburg have gotten it off its base.

Putting the last as first is to use President Wilson's address here, for it was the last public event of the gathering.

Governor Tener, of Pennsylvania, arose and said: "Veterans, ladies, and gentlemen, I present to you the President of the United States." The President arose at once and in a clear, easy voice read his address.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

Friends and Fellow Citizens: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met here upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, and what is signified. But fifty years have gone by since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those fifty years have meant.



THE GREAT TENT FOR ASSEMBLIES AT GETTYSBURG.
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What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor and the maturity and might of a great nation. How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten—except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men then arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other's eyes. How complete the Union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as State after State has been added to this our great family of freemen! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might of the great nation we love with undivided hearts! How full of large and confident promise that a life will be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and with a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those fifty crowded years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

But do we deem the nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter sacrifice. They were willing to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us, to be done in another way but not in another spirit. Our day is not over; it is upon us in full tide.

Have affairs paused? Does the nation stand still? Is what the fifty years have wrought since those days of battle finished, rounded out, and completed? Here is a great people, great with every force that has ever beaten in the lifeblood of mankind. And it is secure. There is no one within its borders, there is no power among the nations of the earth to make it afraid. But has it yet squared itself with its own great standards set up at its birth, when it made that first noble, naive appeal to the moral judgment of mankind to take notice that a government had now at last been established which was to serve men, not masters? It is secure in everything except the satisfaction that its life is right, adjusted to the uttermost to the standards of righteousness and humanity. The days of sacrifice and cleansing are not closed. We have harder things to do than were done in the heroic days of war, because harder to see clearly, requiring more vision, more calm balance of judgment, a more candid searching of the very springs of right.

Look around you upon the field of Gettysburg. Picture the array, the fire heats and agony of battle, column hurled against column, battery bellowing to battery. Valor? Yes. Greater no man shall see in war, and self-sacrifice and loss to the uttermost, the high recklessness of exalted devotion which does not count the cost. We are made by these tragic, epic things to know what it costs to make a nation—the blood and sacrifice of multitudes of unknown men lifted to a great stature in the view of all generations by knowing no limit to their manly willingness to serve. In armies thus marshaled from the ranks of freemen you will see, as it were, a nation embattled, the leaders and the led, and may know, if you will, how little except in form its action differs in days of peace from its action in days of war.

May we break camp now and be at ease? Are the forces that fight for the nation dispersed, disbanded, gone to their homes, forgetful of the common cause? Are our forces disorganized, without constituted leaders and the might of men consciously united because we contend, not with armies, but

with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places? Are we content to lie still? Does our Union mean sympathy, our peace contentment, our vigor right action, our maturity self-comprehension and a clear confidence in choosing what we shall do? War fitted us for action, and action never ceases.

I have been chosen the leader of the nation. I cannot justify the choice by any qualities of my own; but so it has come about, and here I stand. Whom do I command? The ghostly hosts who fought upon these battle fields long ago and are gone? These gallant gentlemen, stricken in years, whose fighting days are over, their glory won? What are the orders for them, and who rallies them? I have in my mind another host whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work out in days of peace and settled order the life of a great nation. That host is the people themselves, the great and the small, without class or difference of kind or race or origin, and undivided in interest, if we have but the vision to guide and direct them and order their lives aright in what we do. Our constitutions are the articles of enlistment. The orders of the day are the laws upon our statute books. What we strive for is their freedom, their right to lift themselves from day to day and behold the things they have hoped for, and so make way for still better days for those whom they love who are to come after them. The recruits are the little children crowding in. The quartermaster's stores are in the mines and forests and fields, in the shops and factories. Every day something must be done to push the campaign forward, and it must be done by plan and with an eye to some great destiny.

How shall we hold such thoughts in our hearts and not be moved? I would not have you lie even to-day wholly in the past, but would wish to stand with you in the light that streams upon us now out of that great day gone by. Here is the nation God has builded by our hands. What shall we do with it? Who stands ready to act again and always in the spirit of this day of reunion and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country's life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interests of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow men in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded, and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love.

The speech was listened to intently by all who were near enough to hear. The President at once turned to go away, but was greeted by a few men near at hand. The Editor of the VETERAN, who had a good opportunity, being near, introduced to him Miss Henrietta Meade, the youngest and last surviving child of Gen. George Meade, and whose direct ancestor was the first President of Princeton College. The President greeted her most cordially and seemed anxious to tarry, but he could not well do so. Daughters of Gens. A. P. Hill and Harry Heth were near Miss Meade, but, according to plan, the President moved on and out to the private car that was to take him to his summer resting place. The speech did not create enthusiasm, but his auditors evidently took as much interest in its consideration as if they had not heard it.

Complaint was made that the President did not accept promptly the invitation to attend and that he did not prolong

his visit to Gettysburg, but it should be remembered that he could not visit the battle field and mingle with friends as did others. The man occupying his exalted position cannot do such things. Thousands would have followed him everywhere, and it seemed well for him to depart. His declination to accept the invitation when first made was consistent with his reply to Vice President Marshall's invitation to attend the Richard Owen Memorial dedication at Indianapolis in June, when he said that he would break a pledge for that if for anything, which was that he would give the first year of his administration to political matters.



GOV. JOHN K. TENER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Remarkable interest was shown by the Confederates in Governor Tener, some of them expressing a desire to see him our next President of the United States.

John Kinley Tener was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, on July 25, 1863. He is one of ten children of the late George E. and Susan Tener, the former a native of County Tyrone, the latter of Nottingham, England.

In the early seventies Mr. Tener came to the United States, taking up his residence in Pittsburg. He received his education in the public and high schools of Pittsburg. After leaving school he became associated with manufacturing firms about Pittsburg. In the years 1885-90 he played professional baseball with the Chicago National League team and later with the "team that circled the globe." In 1891 he was Cashier and later President of the First National Bank of Charleroi.

In 1889 Mr. Tener was married to Miss Harriet Day, of Haverhill, Mass. In 1904 he was elected Grand Treasurer of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and in 1907 he became Grand Exalted Ruler of that organization.

In 1908 Mr. Tener made his first appearance politically, when he was elected to Congress from the Twenty-Fourth Pennsylvania District. In June, 1910, he was renominated, but two weeks later was the unanimous choice for Governor of the Republican Convention held in Harrisburg, Pa., on June 22, 1910. He was inaugurated Governor on January 17, 1911.

During his service in Congress Mr. Tener took a prominent part in the activities of the Rivers and Harbors Committee. He is a Mason and a clubman of Pittsburg.

THE MAN WHO MANAGED AT GETTYSBURG.

In connection with the great gathering of veterans from the two armies who made that battle field second in fame to no other in history, Confederates will read with interest a sketch of the man who was most active in bringing to its great success the marvelous and happy event. Lieut. Col. Lewis E. Beitler (pronounced as Biteler), born in the central war days (October 4, 1863), is the man referred to. He was educated in the Philadelphia public schools and took a partial course in the law school of the University of Pennsylvania. He entered public life as private secretary to Edwin H. Pfitler, Mayor of Philadelphia, April, 1887-91, and continued as private secretary to Mayor Edwin S. Smooth from 1891 to 1895, resigning to become private secretary to Daniel H. Hastings, Governor of Pennsylvania, January, 1895-99. On March 1, 1899, he was appointed by Governor Stone as Deputy Secretary of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, continuing as such throughout that administration, being re-appointed by Governor Pennypacker in January, 1903, and by Governor Stuart in January, 1907, and resigning under Governor Tener March 1, 1911.



LIEUT. COL. LEWIS E. BEITLER.

He was appointed Field Secretary for the Battle of Gettysburg Commission in December, 1911, and Secretary in July, 1912. As Field Secretary he visited during January, February, and March, 1912, the Governors and addressed the legislatures of all the States whose General Assemblies were then in session—viz., South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey—extending Pennsylvania's invitation to join with her and the national government in the celebration.

In March, 1912, he appeared before the Joint Congressional Committee to urge the necessary legislation before Congress,

and followed same until it was enacted into a law by President Taft's signature August 26, 1912 whereby Pennsylvania guaranteed \$150,000, and the national government then appropriated a similar amount and authorized and directed the War Department with the \$300,000 thus set apart to create and maintain the great camp at Gettysburg. This \$300,000 appearing on June 20 last to the present Secretary of War adequate to provide for but forty thousand veterans, he advised Pennsylvania that no provision for the care and entertainment of any above that number could nor would be made unless Pennsylvania assumed the entire cost for every veteran above that number. Ascertaining from the War Department officials then on duty at Gettysburg that approximately \$25,000 or \$35,000 more from Pennsylvania would be needed, an emergency appropriation bill carrying \$35,000 was immediately introduced in the closing hour of her General Assembly and unanimously passed at 6 A.M. Saturday, June 28, the Legislature then adjourning *sine die* at twelve o'clock noon, thus making Pennsylvania's appropriation for the care and entertainment of her guests and the transportation and care and entertainment of her own veterans total \$450,000, an amount her General Assemblies of 1900, 1911, and 1913 approved without a dissenting vote.

He was appointed Major and A. D. C. Division Staff, N. G. P., in 1900, Lieutenant Colonel and Division Ordnance Officer, N. G. P., in 1904, Lieutenant Colonel and A. D. C. to Governor Pennypacker in 1905, Lieutenant Colonel and A. D. C. to Governor Stuart in 1907, and now continues as Lieutenant Colonel and Aid-de-Camp to Governor Tener.

As Secretary of the Battle of Gettysburg Commission he became the executive officer thereof in Pennsylvania and in its relations to all the other commonwealths, States, and territories, and to the national government.

At Gettysburg on the evening of July 3, 1913, on the Pennsylvania College campus, where fifty years before the two armies had met in desperate, deadly conflict, he was presented a medal of gold by his associates of the Pennsylvania Commission and a silver loving cup and an album bound in blue and gray and gold by the representatives of the Pennsylvania Commission from all the States in the Union, the album containing an address to him prepared by Col. Andrew Cowan, of Kentucky, and signed by all the representatives, each of whom also contributed an autograph personal letter likewise bound therein. The inscription upon the loving cup, which was presented by Col. Edward O. Shelton, of Massachusetts, is:

"To Lieut. Col. Lewis E. Beitler, Secretary
Pennsylvania Gettysburg Commission,
Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration
of the
Battle of Gettysburg,
July 1-4, 1913.

A mark of esteem and appreciation of his services
In making the great celebration possible.
From his friends the representatives
From all the States in the Union
To the Pennsylvania Commission.
July 4, 1913."

Colonel Beitler was active and unreserved in combating the incorrect report circulated and revived again and again that the Confederate flag and the gray uniforms would be objectionable at Gettysburg. In every way he showed absolutely impartial consideration of these things.

GOVERNOR TENNER'S WELCOME TO THE VETERANS.

Governor Tenner, of Pennsylvania, said in his greeting:

"I extend a welcome to the soldiers and sailors for the brave and gray survivors of the hosts of brave men who fifty years ago wrote upon the pages of the world's martial history the enduring fame and glory of the American soldier."

"We are to-day on the greatest battle field of the Civil War and of the world, not to commemorate a victory, but rather to glorify the spirit of national brotherhood and national unity which since the close of the war has enabled this republic to move forward and upward until to-day she leads the nations of the earth in all that makes for the advancement and uplift of the human race."

"We meet on this occasion to participate in a ceremony that stands unmatched in all recorded time, for nowhere in history have men who opposed each other in mighty battle come together in peaceful reunion fifty years after that memorable struggle and grateful that in defeat or victory there was left no stain upon American manhood and no question as to the bravery or devotion to duty of the American soldier."

"To-day soldiers of both armies gather as American citizens, the Union soldiers in some instances journeying from Southern States and Confederate soldiers from Northern States. They come from homes North and South, from homes where they have reared a common progeny and where, through the influence of the fireside, the school, and the Church, they have helped to knit together all sections of our country in fraternal comradeship and perfect unity. The great heart of the whole people of Pennsylvania goes out to you as honored guests of the nation and State. Our sincerest desires is for your greatest enjoyment while here, and our fondest wish is that when you return to your homes you may recall a most pleasant memory the scenes and incidents of this day and time."

GOVERNORS' DAY.

On Governors' Day one of the best suggestions came from Ohio when Governor Cox urged that the National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., be turned over to the Confederates for use as a home for the veterans who fought under the Southern flag. The audience approved by hearty applause.

Vice President Marshall, one of the speakers on Governors' Day, said: "There is now no difference between the North and the South except cold bread and hot biscuits."

Hon. Champ Clark made a fine talk in which he said: "The valor displayed in the war was not Northern valor; it was not Southern valor; but, thank the Almighty God, it was American valor."

The Richmond Times-Dispatch tells this story: "A few days ago an old soldier in Ohio who was at Gettysburg fifty years ago received his transportation to attend the celebration then in progress upon that world-famed field of battle. He returned it to Governor Cox with the information that, although he was at Gettysburg on the day of the fight, he took no part in it, because he was a paroled prisoner. He was a non-combatant, and so with strict and scrupulous regard for truth he felt that he could not honorably accept what he thought the State meant for combatants alone. When Governor Cox received the old fellow's letter, he immediately returned the transportation and invited him to accompany the Ohio contingent as the guest of the State."

Governor Elberhart, of Minnesota, amused the audience by saying in a mock-serious manner: "What an indescribable

pleasure must be experienced by Vice President Marshall, who presides over the Senate, and Speaker Clark, who presides over the House, to come here and look into the faces of so many honest men!"

ADDRESS OF GOV. JAMES B. McCREARY, OF KENTUCKY.

It gives me pleasure to be here to-day in obedience to an act of the General Assembly of the commonwealth of Kentucky which authorized the appointment of a commission to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg. As a member of the United Confederate Veterans' Association I earnestly and heartily unite with the representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic in the hope that this great reunion will mark the final and complete reconciliation of all who belonged to the opposing armies of the Civil War, fifty years ago.

I am filled with emotion as I look upon survivors of the armies of the Civil War and remember that here at Gettysburg was fought one of its greatest and most decisive battles.

We are not here with battle flags, charging brigades, roaring cannon, rattling musketry, and dead and dying soldiers; but we are here in friendship and fraternity, good will and glorious peace. Those who composed the two great armies half a century ago now stand together as friends and behold the bow of peace and promise in the sky and look with pleasure upon the flag of our country as it presents the stars of the United States and represents a reunited people. This is a glorious gathering, and He who said, "On earth peace, good will toward men," will bless and approve of this gathering.

The battle field of Gettysburg is immortal. Here for three days two great armies wrestled over hill and plain in terrific conflict. Here is the farthest northern point to which Confederate armies ever marched. Here Union soldiers and Confederate soldiers by their bravery, self-sacrifice, and endurance won the admiration of the world. Here great lessons were taught—one that the Union must be preserved; another that the States have rights which must be maintained; and, in the words of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, "That the nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

We may properly apply to the soldiers of both armies the words of Pericles pronounced in memory of the Athenians



SCENE ON CONFEDERATE AVENUE, GETTYSBURG.

who fell in the Sarnian War: "They are immortal, and from the honors they received and the happiness they enjoyed we conclude that they are immortal; and every soldier who dies for his country is entitled to be honored."

There are no more patriotic people than Confederate veterans. Reconciliation and patriotism were both shown when the tocsin of war was sounded a few years ago at the beginning of the Spanish-American War, and former Confederate soldiers and sons of Confederate soldiers enlisted and helped to carry the stars and stripes to victory on land and sea; and if needed, Confederate soldiers and sons of Confederate soldiers would again show their patriotism in the same way.

The scenes and incidents, cares and conflicts of the Civil War are now in the past; but there remains not only the memory of valor and victories, of sacrifices and successes of brave men and splendid women, but there is also the consolation that Confederates have submitted in good faith to the results of the Civil War, have changed their desolate places into happy homes, have substituted peace and prosperity where there were wreck and ruin, and have done their duty in making the Southern States in progress and development, in agriculture, in manufacture, in educational facilities, and in industrial achievements forge to the front and attract the attention and win the admiration of the civilized world.

An ex-Confederate soldier, Hon. Edward J. White, is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and another Confederate soldier, Hon. Horace Lurton, is an Associate Justice of that court. Still another ex-Confederate soldier, Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, was Secretary of War during nearly all of Taft's term as President. I thank God that I lived long enough to vote in the Senate of the United States to return the captured Confederate flags to the regiments and companies who loved them and who fought under them, and that I also voted to appropriate money and authorize the appointment of a Confederate officer to collect the remains of Confederate soldiers buried in Northern graves and to mark their final resting places with appropriate headstones. But the great and crowning act, which I shall never forget, was that I had the honor to help place the statue of Robert E. Lee, the great general of the Civil War, in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, with the statues of others of the most distinguished sons of the republic and by the side of the statue of George Washington, our first President.

While those of us who were soldiers when the battle of Gettysburg was fought will always remember the glory and the gloom of that period, we may well thank God to-day that the benediction of peace and reconciliation spreads over our great republic, and we realize that the immortal words now most conspicuous are: "One country, one constitution, one flag, and one destiny."

ENTERTAINMENT AT LUTHERAN SEMINARY.

[This is given as a sample of the entertainment supplied.]

John Alden Singmaster, D.D., President of the Gettysburg Lutheran Theological Seminary, was host for the Commission entertaining at the Seminary. Mrs. Elsie Singmaster Lewars, daughter of Dr. Singmaster, was in charge of the dining hall, and she was ever on the alert for the welfare of the guests. Girls from schools in near-by towns served as waitresses.

The Pennsylvania Commission headquarters staff, under Col. L. E. Beitler, was represented by George F. Ingram, of Philadelphia, and John A. Spencer, of Harrisburg, Pa., who looked after interests of guests untiringly day and night.

The Boy Scouts located at the seminary during the celebra-

tion were of Troop 7, Patrol 3, of Philadelphia: Clinton Wunderlich (Patrol Leader), Harrison Matsinger, Lawrence Osgood, Edward Meloney, Raymond Betz, Fred Schadt, Carl Jaeschke, Fritz Jaeschke. These bright lads were ready to run at any moment to serve guests, and no compensation other than gratitude could be extended.

The special guests entertained at the seminary were:

Miss Henrietta Meade, youngest and only living child of seven children, and ten grandchildren of General Meade, all living in Pennsylvania.

William Hodges Mann, Governor of Virginia, and his staff: Gen. J. Thompson Brown, Adjutant General; Col. W. B. Freeman, Richmond; Col. Ralph Parker Neals, Richmond; Col. C. A. Dempsey, Richmond; Col. Robert F. Leady, Richmond; Col. E. E. Goodwin; Col. Robert A. Hutchinson, Richmond; Col. J. F. Templeton, Waynesboro; Col. J. P. Boyer, Tazewell; Col. W. J. Nelms, Newport News; Maj. G. O. Leach, Front Royal.

Gen. Samuel Griffin, Virginia; Gen. L. A. Grant, Minnesota; Nannie Randolph Heth, Washington, D. C.; Gen. E. M. Law, Florida; Gen. James Macgill and wife, Virginia; Mrs. Priscilla Bridges and Mrs. Henrietta Bridges, Pennsylvania; Gen. Andrew J. West, Georgia; Hon. E. M. Byrne, Alabama; Gen. A. D. Williams, Florida; Gen. D. M. Haley,



THE SEMINARY ON SEMINARY RIDGE. PHOTO 1863.

Oklahoma; Gen. T. W. Castleman, Louisiana; Gen. C. Irvine Walker, South Carolina; Maj. Robert Lee Longstreet, Christiancy Pickett, John Longstreet Wheelchel, James Longstreet Wheelchel, and George Pickett III, Washington, D. C.; Gen. Felix Houston Robertson, Texas; S. A. Cunningham, Tennessee; Gen. William Cole Harrison, California; General Shaffer, Louisiana; Hon. Tim E. Cooper, Mississippi; Col. S. K. Henderson and Gen. B. H. Teague, South Carolina; Gen. J. William Towson, Missouri. (See sketch of seminary, page 382.)

GUESTS FROM THE SOUTH AT GETTYSBURG.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Southern representative from Charleston, S. C., states as to the number in attendance from Southern States at Gettysburg that it was impossible to ascertain exact figures, but that the following is approximately correct: Alabama, 200; Arkansas, 25; Florida, 150; Georgia, 250; Kentucky, 25; Louisiana, 125; Maryland, 110; District of Columbia, 100; Mississippi, 100; Missouri, 125; North Carolina, 1,265; Oklahoma, 2; South Carolina, 300; Tennes-

800, Texas, 140, Virginia, 3,270, West Virginia, 563, miscellaneous quartered in town, etc., 100. Total, 7,010.

General Walker reports visitors not Confederate veterans from the South in addition to the above: Maryland, 830, District of Columbia, 300, Missouri, 300, West Virginia, 502 Total from the South, 9,022.

A FINE OLIVE LEAF EXPOSED AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

A reference to Colonel Schoonmaker, President of the Gettysburg Commission, by B. H. Teague, of Aiken, S. C., is comforting. Such was the class of men at Gettysburg.

"Representing South Carolina on the Gettysburg Semicentennial Commission, it was my good fortune to be in touch with its chairman, Gen. J. M. Schoonmaker, on more than one occasion. Whether presiding at the meetings of the Commission or as host in his private car at Gettysburg (for he is at the head of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad Company), he was the same affable and courteous gentleman. General Schoonmaker was colonel of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment, and at the end of the great war he was a brevet brigadier general of United States volunteers. He distinguished himself on September 19, 1864, by a brilliant charge on the Confederate works at Winchester, Va., and was highly complimented in general orders by his commanding general.

But the incident in his army career that should crown his noble deed with a wreath of deepest regard and praise by Confederates is the following: When the Federal forces under General Hunter moved up the Valley of Virginia, Colonel Schoonmaker, in command of the advance guard, occupied Lexington. There was no force to oppose him; the cadets of the Virginia Military Academy even had left the town on his approach. The Virginia Military Institute was deserted and contained nothing but scattered books, etc. He refrained from burning the buildings, as was expected. At the grave of Gen. Stonewall Jackson a Confederate flag in the excitement of the occasion had failed of removal. The ladies of the town, fearing that Colonel Schoonmaker would look upon it as an act of defiance, called upon him as a committee and informed him that it was left there through oversight and offered to remove it themselves. The gallant colonel refused their request, but ordered a detachment from the two regiments under his command to surround the grave. At his order

a military salute was fired over the grave and the Confederate flag was tenderly taken down and with his compliments returned to the ladies. This was done before he raised the stars and stripes over the town. The next day General Hunter put him under arrest for 'not having sense enough to burn the buildings,' as he averred.

"Such is the splendid man that the Governor of Pennsylvania put at the head of its Gettysburg Commission, and who, with his efficient assistants, has made the celebration such a complete and wonderful success. Its happy and friendly impress and influence for good to all the people of this country will be felt for years to come."

[Although General Schoonmaker does not look old enough to have served in the war of the sixties, his service was such that it is mentioned in nine volumes of the "War Records." One of the fine historic Gettysburg pictures shows him in the forefront of a cavalry charge.]

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER'S EDITORIAL ABOUT GETTYSBURG.

Gettysburg was a name written in blood in the records of history in 1863, and the crimson inscription is ineffaceable.

If those three days of battle brought triumph to the North, they brought a glory to the South that time can never dim and that will make resplendent forever the memories of the men who wore the gray.

The valor of the Confederates, the genius of their leaders for battle, the spirit of their officers and men to do and, if need be, to die but brighten the renown and heighten the fame of the heroes of the North who withstood the attacks of such splendid soldiers, who repulsed the rushes and charges of such valiant troops.

Martial story contains no more thrilling narrative than that effort of the Virginians and North Carolinians under Pickett and Pettigrew to storm the very center of the Federal position. * * *

The reunion, fifty years after, stands alone in the annals of the world, for no similar event has ever taken place.

No country that civil war has devastated ever recovered so quickly as did our own republic. No nation that was ever so divided was ever so quickly and so completely reunited as our Union, and none of the past centuries ever beheld the hearty, cordial, sincere affiliation of the soldiers of two hostile armies



TYPICAL OFFICERS' QUARTERS ON BATTLE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

in a semicentennial of the very climax of a great war as was witnessed at Gettysburg on the first four days of July, 1913.

The reunion of the veterans upon the heights and valleys of Gettysburg effaces every taint of resentment or rancor or of antagonism on account of the war from the hearts of the people of the United States, and it has made stouter and stronger the bonds of patriotism which attach our citizens to their beloved country.



STATUE OF GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE.

[This statue is near the "high-tide" mark, close to the Armistead marker, and faces the magnificent memorial now being erected by Virginia crowned by an equestrian statue of Lee.]

DESCRIPTION OF CHARGE BY PICKETT'S DIVISION.

Numbers of the men seemed to have a premonition of death, and many stories are told of how they used to sit around the camp fire and predict the time. Captain Thompson as he sat by the camp fire at the foot of Bemer's Hill the night of July 2 suddenly got up and said: "Well, boys, I shouldn't wonder if I leave you to-morrow, and when I do it will be quick." Next morning he mounted a caisson during the heat of the battle, and a shell bursting beneath him hurled him into eternity.

Scarcely had the battle begun before powerful shells began to fall about the farmhouse where General Meade had his headquarters. The shells tore off the steps and ripped open a bag of oats. For an hour and three-quarters the storm of fire continued. The slaughter of the horses belonging to the aids and orderlies which had been tethered in the yard was pitiable. They reared and plunged in terror in a helpless way, only to be shot to death in the end. Mr. Wilkinson, the war correspondent of the New York Times, who was at headquarters during this storm of shot and shell, tells of an ambulance driven by a frenzied soldier at full speed, with one of the horses running on three legs, the left hind leg having been shot off at the hip. The horses seemed terror-stricken during the battle, and when their riders were killed they would run wildly after the commands as if seeking human aid. An orderly who was carrying a message tells how he was riding rapidly with a dispatch when he suddenly heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs behind him; and supposing that he was being pursued by a Confederate, he put spurs to his horse and in-

creased his pace without looking behind. After traveling for some distance he discovered that the horse following him was riderless. The man was worn out, and the sudden shock of satisfaction was so great that he fell from his horse and the two riderless animals cantered off together. As soon as the orderly revived he captured both horses and rode into camp with both animals unhurt. Thousands of horses were killed during the battle. Many stories of their faithfulness to the riders might be told, and it seems most fitting that these brute victims of the war should be remembered in some manner. The State of Pennsylvania realized this, and the monuments in memory of its cavalry occasionally show the figure of a horse carved on memorials.

About ten o'clock Longstreet had massed seventy-five guns in one battery, Hill sixty-three, and Ewell enough to bring the number to one hundred and fifty. It was evident that Lee would make a desperate center charge. A few minutes later the signal guns were fired, and before their echoes had died away the whole line of Confederate batteries was blazing like a volcano. The terrific cannonade darkened the noonday sky, and the Union soldiers found themselves in the midst of a pitiless storm of shot. Soldiers and officers leaped for the guns when the firing began, only to fall mortally wounded. Some died while eating their dinners, others with pipes in their mouths, and one, a young pale-faced Pennsylvanian, fell dead while looking at a miniature of his sister. During the heaviest fire an officer who rode out to give an order tells that a man raised up just as the horse was about to step on him and said: "Don't ride over me, captain. My hands are gone and I cannot even crawl." He held up the bloody stumps appealingly, but before the officer could reply a shell had snuffed out the life of the wounded man.

This indescribable scene kept up for about two hours, when the Union batteries were ordered to cease firing so that they might husband their ammunition for what every man knew was coming—a charge by the now desperate Confederates. The Union generals tried to repair the damages caused by the cannonade, reforming ranks and replacing dismantled guns and begging the men to stand firm. The troops under Pickett's charge were in readiness to advance. Pickett himself, cool and collected, was watching the effect of the artillery fire when a courier brought him word that the Union guns had slackened fire and the moment had arrived for the charge. Pickett handed the note to Longstreet, at his side. "General, shall I advance?" Pickett asked his chief. Longstreet, mastered by his emotions, could only nod in assent and turn away. "I shall lead my division forward, sir," was Pickett's reply.

Then followed a scene unequalled in the military history of the world, and one in which friend and foe alike have borne testimony to the courage and fortitude with which this gallant band met the ordeal of having to endure a terrible fire without the power of returning it. The distance to the center of the Union lines was nearly a mile, and for more than half that distance the boys of the Southland marched as if on holiday parade with flags and banners glistening in the sunlight. One company was singing "Bonnie Blue Flag" and the band of a regiment in the rear was playing Southern airs. They were unmolested by the batteries of the Union forces, which were preparing to open their death-dealing fire at the proper time.

When they came within close range the roar of the Federal guns was heard, and wide gaps were torn in the ranks of Pickett's men, only to be filled up again by others; and yet on

the men, dismayed by the danger and checked by the murderous work of the Union forces surrounding them, right into the jaws of death. It seemed that they were aiming for the stump of trees which stood on the very summit of the ridge. Cushing, though badly wounded, had stood by his guns at this point until the guns were disabled and nearly all his gunners killed or wounded. The two guns still in working order were wheeled down to the stone wall, and for a time did deadly work in the ranks of the Confederates. The men under Lieutenant Colonel Koopersperger, in conjunction with the men of the 60th, hugged the stone wall. Pickett's men came on and, discovering a vacant portion of the wall, began to leap over. Then two companies of the 60th swung back in order to protect the wall, and a hand-to-hand conflict of the most desperate character took place. A Confederate called out to James Donnelly, of the 60th, to surrender, leveling his musket to fire at the same time; but before he could pull the trigger Donnelly, who was a boy about eighteen years of age, held the man with the barrel of his gun. Corporal Bradley, of the company, was killed about this time, having his skull crushed by a Confederate soldier while attempting to beat back the men who were coming over the wall.

General Armistead, who led one of Pickett's front brigades, reached the farthest point of the Confederate advance, and with his hand upon a Union gun, while under the shadow of the flags of his brigade, fell mortally wounded.

The struggle was soon over, for Pickett's men were outnumbered and the loss of Armistead had been a sad blow. Over four thousand were made prisoners and as many more were lying on the field or cold in death. Virginia on that day yielded up as a sacrifice to the Confederate cause her gallant, chivalrous sons who with unflinching step and unsurpassed bravery bore almost alone the brunt of a charge perhaps the most heroic and daring in the annals of warfare.

The battle of Gettysburg was over. The cost of men had been frightful, for the losses of the two armies had been more than fifty thousand, about evenly divided between the two sides. The weary Confederates retreated to their waiting lines on Seminary Ridge, and Lee then began his retreat to Virginia. The high-water mark of the Confederacy had been reached, and now the waters were receding, not at Gettysburg alone, but in the Southwest as well, for almost at the same hour that Pickett's charge occurred Grant and Pemberton arranged for the surrender of Vicksburg.

"A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons."



DRIVEWAY WHERE ASCENT TO ROUND TOP BEGINS.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL ON "PICKETT'S CHARGE."

When Pickett's men swept over the stone wall on Cemetery Hill and planted the blue flag of Virginia upon the crest surrounded by the Federal guns, the high-water mark of the Confederacy had been reached, and from that hour it receded until it was finally lost at Appomattox.

Other deeds of valor had been wrought upon the first and second days of the fighting, but the episode upon which memory and imagination have lingered with both sadness and pride is the charge in which the three days' struggle reached its climax, because of the magnificent courage of the men who crossed fourteen hundred yards under the withering fire and cross-fire of the Federal marksmen, and because the repulse of that charge marked the turning point of the war.

See them come! For more than an hour the terrific artillery duel has gone on, one hundred and forty guns on Seminary Ridge "volleying and thundering" and ninety guns on Cemetery Hill steadily replying. Longstreet looks affectionately upon the man who as a boy had fought beside him at Chapultepec and, unwilling to trust his voice, silently bows his head. There is spring in the step and confidence on the faces of these five thousand Virginians as they swing down the slope. In all the assaulting division numbers about 14,000 men. They emerge from the smoke, face the fury of round shot, shell, and musketry, halt and reform their lines under fire, break into a double-quick, with canister and grape decimating their files, and at last reach the top of the hill, leap the wall, and engage the Union men hand to hand. But the Virginians do not receive the support upon which they must depend. Federal reserves rush upon them and stand four ranks deep about the head of the column. And Pickett goes back down that flame-swept hill, leaving behind three of every four of his five thousand men, himself and a lieutenant colonel the only surviving field officers of the division.

Fame has been kind to General Pickett; not so kind to General Meade. Never mind the questions which the military historians argue. Some one erred, or Pickett's men would have been supported when they reached the crest. Let the partisans of Lee and Longstreet continue their debate over the order which sent those men across that wide space, every foot of it under the concentrated fire of artillery, to attack a great army on fortified heights beyond. All the States of the Union claim those men to day, and the veterans of the North, no less than those of the South, pay them their tribute of admiration. The Old Guard at Waterloo, the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and Pickett's men at Gettysburg—these three. Are there any others?

Let us not forget the beautiful aftermath—how that day in 1865, when Lincoln entered the captured capital of the Confederacy, he went to the home of the man who led the charge and greeted almost with fatherly tenderness Pickett's young wife and left his regards for "George."

[The VETERAN throughout its score of years in history-making has been controlled by the spirit that thousands of others deserved like applause with Pickett's men at Gettysburg. All deserve praise and none censure. It so happened that the final test of human strength and courage was assigned to that Virginia division, and the foregoing description of the Journal explains the situation quite accurately. Pickett's Division was composed of typical Confederate soldiers, and it was that command that proved the test. Like Sam Davis, of Tennessee, who stood the test of proving that honor was more than life, while many others would have died equally honored,

it is to him the honor goes. So let Pickett's Division have the glory without, however, any diminution of praise and gratitude to every Confederate command in the great battle of Gettysburg. The Journal delicately yet strongly censures the failure of a superior officer to support Pickett's command.]

COMMENT BY ANOTHER OHIO EDITOR.

John T. Duff, editor of the Newcomerstown (Ohio) Index and who served in the 1st West Virginia Infantry, wrote to his paper from Gettysburg on July 4:

"It is believed that the world has scarce ever witnessed such a scene. Not more than a hundred yards distant—the President's clear, patriotic voice reaching that sacred spot—is the Bloody Angle, where the flower of Virginia veterans under Pickett went to their doom, carrying the hopes of the Confederate cause with them.

"On the platform just behind the President sits the daughter of General Meade, Miss Henrietta, his last surviving child, and several of his grandchildren, and about her are gathered in gray distinguished sons and daughters of the South—daughters of Confederate generals who were in that battle. United States Senators and Governors from the Southland with a chivalry that is as touching as it is beautiful are paying sincerest respect to the daughter of the great Union general who with blood and iron turned back the tide of Confederate success.

"Now the President closes his brief address—almost as short as that of the immortal Lincoln on that other dedication day—and from ten thousand throats goes up a mighty shout of rejoicing. It is the ecstatic shout of a people who realize as never before that the day of differences and jealousies is past. It is the glad echo of him who declared on this same field that this is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and that it must not perish from the earth. From this immortal field will return to their homes fifty thousand grizzled veterans of the blue and the gray, who henceforth will preach a new gospel of fraternity and charity.

"The relations between the old veterans of the different sections were from first to last the most cordial—so cordial, in fact, as to be a matter of special notice to the thousands of civilians who mingled daily with the old soldiers in their camps. On Wednesday evening Massachusetts took a notion that it would be a great stunt to call on the Confederates in a body. The big Massachusetts band was accordingly called into requisition, and in fifteen minutes thousands of Massachusetts Yankees were in line behind the band marching in ranks of four in the direction of the Confederate camps. Massachusetts, however, could not monopolize the glory. Ohio, whose quarters were nearest Massachusetts, fell in, and then New Jersey, until thousands of bluecoats were making a descent upon the Johnnies.

"But the Johnnies were no more to be caught napping than they were that day fifty years before. When the head of the Massachusetts column reached the foot of the Virginia camp, they found Virginia and Georgia lined up on each side with bared heads. Then came a scene that was indescribable. The enemies of four years' bloody fighting wept like children. The lines were broken and the march as it reached Ewell's old headquarters was more of an old-fashioned Virginia love feast than a military pageant.

"Georgia quickly called out the Atlanta drum corps and marched to the scene a thousand strong. 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Way Down South in Dixie' were played by the bands and sung by the marchers indiscriminately."

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WHAT THE 111TH NEW YORK REGIMENT HEROES SAY.

At a meeting of the survivors of the 111th New York Infantry on the field of carnage R. L. Drummond, of Auburn (who greeted the editor of the *VETERAN* at Gettysburg), said: " * * * As we who wore the blue meet and clasp hands with those who wore the gray we do not forget that they too fought bravely and well upon this historic field; that they also gave their bravest and their best; that here whole companies of some of their best regiments lost their identity and not a soul answered to the roll call. We do not forget that upon their regimental and company rolls are also often written the words, 'Killed at Gettysburg.' We do not forget, but desire to recognize before the whole world, their splendid efforts to raise a devastated country from its ruin and ashes and their long fight to wrest their land from the hands of those who had taken possession of it for the purposes of greed and gain; and we are ready to admit that in their lives and their respective States and localities the soldiers of both the blue and the gray became good citizens, all worthy in its best and highest sense of the word American.

"It is because of these things that we, a mere handful of the gray-haired, bent, and broken men, survivors of the 111th New York Infantry, speak for those present and for those who in their old age and feebleness could not at this hour meet with us upon this spot hallowed by the sacrifice and memory of our comrades, yet who are thinking of us here and uniting with us in the sentiment:

"O veterans of the blue and gray, who fought at Gettysburg!
The purposes of God are true, his judgment stands revealed;
The pangs of war have rent the veil, and lo, his high decree:
One heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag from sea to sea."

In speaking of the carnage in the regiment he said: "You are the remnant of that grand old regiment which went out from the home of Seward more than a thousand strong. You represent what is left of that splendid fighting organization which never faltered in the line of duty and which lost seventy-one per cent of its number at the battle of Gettysburg."

Drummond's reference to Brig. Gen. C. D. McDougal:

"For the first time in the history of the regiment your gallant Commander feels constrained by circumstances beyond his control to say 'Go on, boys!' instead of 'Come on, boys!' He is no longer twenty-four, as when, with erect form, clarion voice, and flashing eye, he led you upon this hard-fought field; but he is seventy-four, his white head is a crown of glory, his eye is somewhat dimmed by age; but while it has been one of the great longings of his life to witness the wonderful scenes of this greatest reunion, it was not considered prudent for him to make the journey, but I assure you that he is with us in the spirit. What kind words and deeds, what practical



GLIMPSE OF FAMOUS LITTLE ROUND TOP.

evidences of friendship, what grand courtesies we have all received from this gallant soldier!"

What Colonel MacDougal wrote:

"* * * Any man who gives his life for a principle in which he believes is a hero; and in this great contest, no matter from whence they came or on which side they fought, they were American soldiers. They died for the cause they thought just. * * * We honor the men who wore the gray. We honor their splendid courage; we honor the 'wild charge they made' here; we honor their fidelity to the cause for which so many of them gave the last measure of devotion.

"And, fellow soldiers, were it left to me, I would erect other monuments here. I would allow the Confederates to place a monument on the field commemorative of the charge of Pettigrew and Pickett. I would erect a shaft on the spot where the gallant Armistead fell within our lines, his hat on his sword and leading his brave followers.

"More than this, I would raise an arch commemorative of American valor across the chief avenue of our nation's capitol or at the entrance of the national cemetery at Arlington. I would cover the arch with the faces and names of the most illustrious officers on both sides of the great struggle. I would erect it to infuse the spirit of valor in the breasts of the youth of our land, to show to the nations of the earth that he whom we once called 'rebel' we now hail as friend and brother, believing that he is as true to the old flag to-day as you who fought to protect it, and to demonstrate that every vindictive and uncharitable recollection of the unhappy strife is forever banished. I would rear that arch as a notice to the world that we have a united country, and that they who insult our flag, with its increasing stars, do it at their peril.

"God bless this Union of the blue and the gray;

God bless the North and the South;

May we forever remain a happy and united nation!"

TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD OF GETTYSBURG.

The regular army paid tribute on July 4 to the thousands who sleep under the sod at Gettysburg. A bugle sang out in silver a sweet call that wandered over the field where Lee and Meade made history.

The big flag before the headquarters of General Liggett, the United States commander in charge, moved slowly halfway down the shaft in front of the tent, the men standing with shoulders squared, trim in summer uniforms of white.

Somewhere the guns of the 3d Battery burst in staccato salute. Every officer over the length and breadth of the wide field, every enlisted man turned away from the duties of the moment and faced the flag, heels together, head up, and eyes alight with the sentiment of the hour.

As the last gun of the 48th sent the echoes clattering about Seminary Ridge and Round Top, there was solemn silence, the hush of peace. Old veterans who did not realize perhaps exactly what was going on stood silent under the spell of the universal feeling that seemed to sweep the field. Even the clatter of pots and pans in the mess tents was hushed and the yells of cooks about to dish up a meal were lowered to whispers.

For five minutes the great camp was quiet. Then the bugle spoke again in notes more joyous. The silken flag leaped up the staff to its very pinnacle, the noises that forty thousand men can make resumed their sway, and the regular army's tribute to the dead of a reunited nation was paid.

That five minutes' silence was probably the last formal mark of the semicentennial celebration. Only a few minutes before

President Wilson spoke in the big tent to the veterans of the two armies, and only a short time afterwards thousands of those who were left began their preparations for departure.

RATIONS IN CAMP AT GETTYSBURG.

G. W. B. Hale, of Rock Mound, Va., writes of the veterans from that place to Gettysburg. Forty-five went by special car and, despite the heat, had a pleasant trip save for the blocked condition of travel on the Western Maryland Railroad. Arriving there at 3 A.M., they were met by Scouts and directed to the camp assigned them. Each tent had cots or mattresses and blankets, wash basins, etc.

"Breakfast, dinner, and supper each day were served and the table fare was abundant. It was prepared by skilled cooks, and was decidedly of the best esculent kind. Good coffee, iced tea, butter, scrambled eggs, boiled eggs, fried potatoes, breakfast bacon, and beefsteak at each morning meal. The dinners and suppers were equally fine. Our menu for dinner July 4 consisted of chicken, fresh salmon, stewed corn, sweet and Irish potatoes, roast beef, mutton, macaroni, iced tea, coffee, ice cream, cake, and pastry.

"The Northern veterans, whom we accosted as 'Yanks,' were cordial, generous, and accommodating. Their greeting was extremely pleasant, and their greatest joy seemed to be a hearty handshake with the boys who wore the gray.

"The Gettysburg gathering was the most wonderful occasion of the kind that ever took place. History never has recorded such a remarkable event, such a colossal, munificent, and hearty greeting of former foes."

GOV. MANN DOESN'T FAVOR GATHERING AT RICHMOND IN 1915.

Gov. W. H. Mann, who was conspicuous at Gettysburg in every commendable way, has checked the idea of a celebration at Richmond on the fiftieth anniversary of its abandonment. He has declared strongly against any form of reunion in Richmond in 1915 which would savor of a celebration of the defeat of the Confederate forces or observing the anniversary of the evacuation of Richmond. The Times-Dispatch states:

"The Governor returned from Gettysburg much refreshed by a week of open-air life, which he specially enjoyed after much close confinement. A press dispatch from Gettysburg quoted Governor Mann and General Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, as favoring a grand reunion of the blue and gray in Richmond in 1915 on the anniversary of the evacuation.

"There was absolutely no foundation for such a report," said the Governor. "I have not said anything of the sort to any one, and am not in favor of any such celebration. The Gettysburg reunion was an entirely different affair. The spirit of Gettysburg was of friendship and of kindly relations. It was not a celebration of victory or of defeat. It was an effort to bring the old soldiers together to cement kindly relations and to further the idea that all are American citizens. There were no questions asked and no comment made as to the past, but all were on a common footing. The arrangements made by the State of Pennsylvania were excellent, every provision being made for the comfort of all the visitors.

"Such a friendly gathering of American citizens who were soldiers in both armies on the field of Gettysburg was a very different thing from the proposed celebration of the passing and fall of a government. I participated with pleasure and pride at the celebration just closed at Gettysburg, but any reunion which celebrated the fall and burning of Richmond would be woefully inappropriate."

A TRAGEDY OF GETTYSBURG.

S. WILKESON'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE TO THE N. Y. TIMES.

[Mr. Wilkeson, who was the Washington correspondent of the New York Times, had a son, Bayard Wilkeson, who was killed in the battle and who was found by his father and buried on the field. Note the date of this letter.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC, July 4, 1863.

Who can write the history of a battle whose eyes are immovably fastened upon a central figure of transcendently absorbing interest—the dead body of an oldest born, crushed by a shell in a position where a battery should never have been sent, and abandoned to death in a building where surgeons dared not to stay?

The battle of Gettysburg! I am told that it commenced on the 1st of July a mile north of the town between two weak brigades of infantry and some doomed artillery and the whole force of the Rebel army. Among other costs of this error was the death of Reynolds. Its value was priceless, however, though priceless was the young and the old blood with which it was bought. The error put us on the defensive and gave us the choice of positions.

From the moment that our artillery and infantry rolled back through the main street of Gettysburg and rolled out of the town to the circle of eminence south of it we were not to attack, but to be attacked. The risks, the difficulties, and the disadvantages of the coming battle were the enemy's. Ours were the heights for artillery; ours the short inside lines for maneuvering and reinforcing; ours the cover of stone walls, fences, and the crests of hills. The ground upon which we were driven to accept battle was wonderfully favorable to us. A popular description of it would be to say that it was in form an elongated and somewhat sharpened horseshoe, with the toe to Gettysburg and the heel to the south.

Lee's plan of battle was simple. He massed his troops upon the east side of this shoe of position and thundered on it obstinately to break it. The shelling of our batteries from the nearest overlooking hill and the unflinching courage and complete discipline of the Army of the Potomac repelled the attack. * * *

The battle commenced at daylight on the side of the horseshoe position exactly opposite to that which Ewell had sworn to crush through. Musketry preceded the rising of the sun. A thick wood veiled this fight, but out of its leafy darkness arose the smoke, and the surging and swelling of the fire, from intermittent to continuous and crushing, told of the wise tactics of the Rebels of attacking and changing their troops.

Suddenly at about ten o'clock in the forenoon the firing on the east side and everywhere about our lines ceased. A silence as of deep sleep fell upon the field of battle. Our army cooked, ate, and slumbered. The Rebel army moved one hundred and twenty guns to the west and massed there Longstreet's Corps and Hill's Corps to hurl them upon the very weakest point of our entire position.

Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, one o'clock! In the shadow cast by the tiny farmhouse, 16x20, which General Meade had made his headquarters, lay wearied staff officers and tired reporters. A shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and to American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned, whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and

screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard, burst next to the fence on both sides, garnished as usual with the hitched horses of aids and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another. Sixteen lay dead and mangled before the firing ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the expression of being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of a hard, cruel war touched all hearts.

Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells an ambulance driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed presented to all of us the marvelous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock.

A shell tore up the little step of the headquarters cottage and ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another soon carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst opposite the open door; another ripped through the low garret. The remaining pillar went almost immediately to the howl of a fixed shot that Whitworth must have made.

During the fire the horses twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair. Not an orderly, not an ambulance, not a straggler was to be seen upon the plain swept by this tempest of orchestral death thirty minutes after it commenced. Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery trying to cut from the field every battery we had in position to resist their proposed infantry attack, and to sweep away the slight defenses behind which our infantry was waiting?

Forty minutes, fifty minutes counted on watches that ran O so languidly! Shells through the two lower rooms! A shell into the chimney that did not explode! Shells in the yard! The air thicker and fuller and more deafening with the howling and whirring of these infernal missiles! The chief of staff struck—Seth Williams—loved and respected throughout the army! * * * Then there was a lull, and we knew that the Rebel infantry were charging. And splendidly they did this work—the highest and severest test of the stuff that soldiers are made of.

Hill's Division in line of battle came first on the double-quick, their muskets at the "right shoulder shift." Longstreet's came as the support at the usual distance with war cries and a savage insolence as yet untutored by defeat. They rushed in perfect order across the open field up to the muzzles of the guns, which tore lanes through them as they came. But they met men who were their equals in spirit and their superiors in tenacity. There never was better fighting since Thermopylae than was done yesterday by our infantry and artillery. The Rebels were over our defenses. They had cleared cannoneers and horses from one of the guns and were whirling it around to use upon us. The bayonet drove them back.

But so hard pressed was this brave infantry that at one time from the exhaustion of their ammunition every battery upon the principal crest of attack was silent except Cowan's. His service of grape and canister was awful. It enabled our line, outnumbered two to one, first to beat back Longstreet and then to charge upon him and take a great number of his men prisoners.

So terrible was our musketry and artillery fire that when Armistead's Brigade was checked in its charge and stood reel-

ing all of its men dropped their muskets and crawled on their hands and knees underneath the stream of shot till close to our troops, where they made signs of surrendering. They passed through our ranks hardly noticed and slowly went down the slope to the road in the rear. The Rebels retreated to their lines and opened anew the storm of shell and shot from their one hundred and twenty guns.

Those who remained at the riddled headquarters will never forget the crouching and dodging and running of the butternut-colored captives when they got under their friends' fire. It was appalling to us good soldiers even as they were.

What remains to say of the fight? It straggled surlily at the middle of the horseshoe on the west, grew big and angry at the heel on the southwest, lasted there till eight o'clock in the evening, when the fighting 6th Corps went joyously by as a reinforcement through the wood bright with coffee-pots on the fire.

A DEFEAT THAT TURNED TO VICTORY.

The Bristol (Conn.) Press says of the gathering: "The Gettysburg reunion has rather more than met most sanguine expectations. It is a heavy tax on the strength and health of many of the veterans who attended, but it has been worth the cost. More stress is placed upon the reunion feature than the military. * * * The semicentennial is notable and conspicuous for its fraternal greeting of the two armies, for the evidence of the complete reconciliation of sections. The long history of the strife of men on this old world offers nothing to compare with this celebration. Nothing could be more cordial or genuine than the greetings of 'Johnny' and 'Yank.'"

GETTYSBURG—THE BATTLE AND THE RETREAT.

BY FELIX RICHARD GALLOWAY.

Company A, Cutt's Artillery Battalion, was ordered to take position on Orchard Hill at 9 A.M. on the day of Pickett's charge. The first section, to which I belonged, was placed in position on the extreme left. We had two ten-pound Parrott rifles. One gun was stationed about forty feet from the dry well or ice house. We held the most prominent and dangerous position on the entire Southern line. Our other guns were all on our right. Our company was short of cannoneers. Orders came about 1 P.M. to prepare each gun to fire one hundred rounds and then cease firing for Pickett's men to make the charge, and we made the necessary preparations. When the order came at the given signal, we commenced firing, and fired forty rounds before there was any reply.

All at once the entire front of Cemetery Ridge seemed to light up in a blaze. I well knew what was coming and bowed my head to the inevitable. It came like a fierce hailstorm. The tops of the trees near us were cut off, the limbs broken, and the leaves fairly covered us. The noise was like the blast of a trumpet on a mountain side. I was completely dazed, but still held to the sponge staff. We soon discovered that the enemy's gunners did not have our range; the shells went too high, exploding over our heads. We then had an open view of our position. About ten yards in our front was a sharp elevation in the ground. I think this saved our company from complete annihilation. About the ninetieth round I was nearly exhausted, covered with wet powder, standing half bent to dodge the balls.

One of the men who had often heard me express my sentiments in camp said to me: "Say, where is your God and your mother's prayer." I said to him: "I am only wet with powder. Not a bone is broken."

The firing continued. It seemed to me as if our gun would at each discharge spring high in the air, while the breech sent out much water. Not a word was said except by Capt. L. E. Spivey: "Stand by your guns! Load, fire!" I kept my eyes on number two, fully aware that a hot gun and an open vent meant no arms and hands for number one, the rammer. At this time I bent my head and could plainly feel the wind of the shells as they passed over our heads. The only thing I then dreaded was the shrapnel shell, for it would strike before exploding.

The elevation in our front was now plainly seen by us. The shell would strike and explode or ricochet over our heads. Nothing but a well-aimed straight shot could have silenced our gun. When we had fired the last of the one hundred shots, the firing on both sides seemed to lessen. At this time Captain Spivey called for help. I went to him and gave all the assistance I could. We had three men badly wounded, two of whom died the next day. Our company did their whole duty. * * *

There is, I learn, a ten-pound rifle cannon in a museum in Philadelphia that was taken from the field of Gettysburg with a shell of the same caliber imbedded in the breech.

We left our winter quarters near Orange Courthouse late in June, 1863. I have heard that the condition of General Lee's army was one of the main causes for the invasion. We had been in camp all winter, thinly clad and poorly fed, but still there was no murmuring. I think now and did then that General Lee acted wisely. It was all that he could do in view of the condition of his men. Many of the men were afflicted with scurvy. At least half of the men were so blind that the other half had to lead them in case of a night march. The old saying came true: "If the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch."

When the invasion began, an order came for the men to respect private property on the march, to conduct ourselves as Southern gentlemen, and to pay for what we needed; but the most important thing was to eat all the vegetables we could get—cabbage, raw onions, etc.—and have for our dessert Maryland cherries. Some of our men told this joke on "Uncle Bob," that he was seen with a huge limb of a cherry tree in his lap eating cherries for dear life.

The evening during and after Pickett's charge we had orders directly from General Lee to take our company, as it was so badly crippled, to the rear directly on the road to Sharpsburg. We had proceeded about one mile when we came to a fine spring, where a halt was made. We washed and removed the wet powder from our faces and hands; in fact, we cleaned up the best we could under the conditions. Just as we finished orders came to march all the gun carriages (twelve), including the caissons which had passed behind some trees in the bend of the road where several of the cannoneers were getting ready to follow on foot. All our canteens were filled with water and we were ready for the march.

Just at this time we saw a general in full uniform, with his staff of at least a dozen men, approach on our right. When they got near they suddenly halted, and one of them came to us in a gallop and said very abruptly: "What are you doing here? That is General Lee yonder [pointing his finger], and he wants to know if you are skulkers from the battle line."

I said to him: "You can inform him that we are Georgians, and they never skulk. We are Cutt's Artillery Battalion, and are here by his direct orders to take Company A of that

command to the rear, as they were badly crippled in the artillery fight."

He then returned immediately, and General Lee rode up on Traveler and said: "I now know who you are and hope there is no offense given." He then turned to Thomas Morgan, one of our best young men, and requested him to give him a drink of water. Tom gave him his new canteen full of water and I handed him a new tin cup that had been given to me the day before by a Pennsylvania Dutch woman. They all drank freely, bade us a polite adieu, and went in the direction of the firing, which was Pickett's famous charge.

We all loved and admired General Lee, believing him to be the greatest commander in the army and knowing that, best of all, he was a kind-hearted man and a gentleman.

We then hurried forward and found that our company had halted at the hospital camp to inquire concerning our wounded comrades. As I came up Dr. William H. Green, once a member of Company A, said to me: "You see that pile of hands, feet, arms, fingers, ears, noses, and legs, about four bushels, over there? John Tyson's leg and Dupont Gary's arm are in it. We did the best we could for them and sent them farther to the rear for safety." They both died that night.

I hurried on to overtake our guns. Whether Pickett's men were whipped or not, I did not know at that time, but I was fully convinced that I had enough of war. On I went in a trot to overtake Company A, sick at heart and as despondent as a man could be. It was then about dark. We had taken a short-cut road which passed over some small mountains. A citizen of that dark country saw me as I paused by the roadside and said: "Are you hungry?" "No," I replied; "I am starving to death. I can't stand it much longer." He said: "I am sorry for thee, but I have no bread; but if thee will go to that tree yonder [pointing to one as large as my body], and if thee will get some of the bark from it, thee will find it a good substitute for bread." I soon cut a nice strip of bark from this tree and ate it, and now in my old age I can inform "thee" that it beats no bread badly.

Then on we went, passing through Greencastle, a little town completely deserted. It was raining slowly but continuously, and we marched all night, the mud in the road being from six inches to two feet deep. At eight o'clock the next morning we parked our guns in the little town of Sharpsburg, where we got something to eat and a few hours' rest. We soon spread our wet blankets and clothing on the gun carriages to dry, spread a tarpaulin to dry in front of each gun, and then prepared our breakfast, which consisted of bacon and army crackers, or hard-tack, as we called them, each about twice as large but not so good as crackers of this day. But then with us it was quantity and not quality. We then all lay down to sleep for the first time in forty-eight hours, each man by his gun. I lay down on the tarpaulin just in front of our gun and slept finely for several hours. Only one sentinel was placed on duty this time, William Harp, one of our best young men. He had picked up on the battle field several friction primers and was amusing himself by firing them on the guns as he passed down the line. I was asleep about thirty feet in front of our gun, which, as it happened, had been carried from the battle field with its charge of powder still inside. Fortunately for me, we had left it at the extreme highest elevation. When "Billy" got to this gun he tried one of these primers, and it fired off immediately. I never heard such a noise in my life. It threw

about a peck of burning power all over me, burning me badly. Just as we ourselves found out what was the matter a troop of our own cavalry surrounded us and demanded to know what we meant. The whole army was aroused by the noise, thinking it was a signal gun for help. General Lee was not far off, and he sent an order to place the offending sentinel on double duty for three days. Billy was the sentinel, and he was the worst scared man in the army; I was the next, I believe.

The next morning we crossed the Potomac River with our guns. The water was clear and from four to six feet deep. Owing to the condition of our horses, we had to walk and wade the river. I had just received from home a fine pair of Dutch sole boots which I valued very highly. I stepped out of line, pulled off my boots, and placed them on my shoulder to wade the river; but to my sorrow the bottom was covered with a small pebble rock which lacerated my feet in a terrible manner. I would certainly have fainted had I the time for that kind of proceeding.

LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The picture of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, which was founded in 1826, may be seen on page 381. The management of the seminary was loyal to the government, of course, and at the meeting of the directors after the battle it was "resolved that no compensation be solicited from the government for damages sustained to the buildings." Freewill offerings aggregated \$4,216, the government paid \$660 for use of the building as a hospital, and in three months it was ready for proper use again.

At the close of the first day's battle this building was used as a hospital by the Confederates. Into the library and recitation rooms about five hundred of the wounded were taken, and amputations were made wholly without anesthetics of any kind. In the fall the dead were taken up and sent to the National Cemetery or to cemeteries in the South.

The cupola was the choice observation point during the days of battle. It is stated that from it General Lee detected the weakness of the left center in the Federal battle line, and that this conception caused the desperate and fatal charge of Pickett's Division.

In writing about the battle Mrs. Elsie Singmaster Lewars, of whose interesting book "Gettysburg" mention is made in this VETERAN, and daughter of the President of the seminary, referring to the seminary and the college, states: "Never was there a more peaceful village than Gettysburg, nor a village more suited in its quietness and seclusion to academic pursuits. Never had two institutions whose greatest object was the spreading of the gospel of peace a more terrible baptism of fire and blood."

The criticism of the movement to Gettysburg and the attack of the Federals behind breastworks there is impulsively made. No greater mystery can confront students of that war period. If Lee had secured the Seminary and Cemetery Ridges, Culp's Hill, the Round Tops, and Devil's Den and held them, they would have been of no more value to us than the Everglades in Florida. Why was the battle of Gettysburg fought?

A. M. Stith, of Elizabethtown, Ky., wants to hear from any soldiers of Company B, 41st Alabama Regiment, who knew A. M. Stith or Sam Smith, formerly with the 6th Kentucky.

It is a great kindness to answer such inquiries.

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY WILL HENRY THOMPSON.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled.
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee.
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet.
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet.

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost.

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars
And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still.

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

GENERAL WALKER REPRESENTED THE CONFEDERATES.

To Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, S. C., now Honorary Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, is largely due the success of the celebration and the great peace event. An important feature of the celebration could not have been carried out without the participation of representative Confederates; and General Walker being Commander in Chief of the U. C. V. when the Gettysburg Commission asked the Confederate Veterans to participate, through his official position he was enabled to enlist many of his Confederate comrades in the great movement. The Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. most cordially indorsed the invitation of the Gettysburg Celebration Commission and asked the Confederates to meet them at Gettysburg.

LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO GEN. A. J. WEST.

It was presented with interesting ceremonies on the morning of July 2 before a large assemblage. Judge George Hill-eyer, who made the presentation speech, warmly thanked General West for his untiring efforts during the months past in working with the commission on the plans and many details of the giant reunion. General West had given his time wholeheartedly, visiting Gettysburg three times and at his own expense to meet with the commission. The inscription is as follows: "Presented to Gen. Andrew J. West on the battle field of Gettysburg July 1, 1913, by his Georgia comrades for his unselfish work in their behalf."

General West is very proud of the tribute. The Atlanta Constitution prints a picture of the massive silver held by him for the view.

W. L. TIMBERLAKE WRITES FROM MOBILE, ALA.

I note in the VETERAN for June three errors, which I hope you will pardon me for calling your attention to:

1. The omission of Gen. John Adams's name on page 289. General Adams was killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.
2. Gen. John Gregg was killed at Charles City Road, below Richmond, October 7, 1864, and not at Petersburg.
3. The 13th Virginia Infantry was not in the Stonewall Brigade. It was composed of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d Virginia Regiments.

GENERAL PICKETT AT GETTYSBURG.

In her preface to the volume of her husband's letters, just published by Mrs. George E. Pickett, there is an unforgettable picture of the charge at Gettysburg: "Down the slope into the smoke-filled valley the devoted men followed Pickett as he rode in advance upon his black war horse. Their ranks were thinned and torn and shattered by the tempest of lead which from every side was turned upon them. Smoke and flame surrounded them. But from the rear the men sprang to fill the gaps in front as they pressed after their leader through the tempest of iron. Five thousand Virginians followed him at the start; but when the Southern flag floated on the ridge, in less than half an hour not two thousand were left to rally beneath it, and those for only one glorious, victory-intoxicated moment. They were not strong enough to hold the position they had so dearly won, and broken-hearted, even at the moment of immortal triumph, Pickett led his remaining men down the slope again. He dismounted and walked beside the stretcher upon which General Kemper, one of his officers, was being carried, fanning him and speaking cheerfully to comfort him in his suffering. When he reached Seminary Ridge again and reported to General Lee, his face was wet with tears as he pointed to the crimson valley and said: 'My noble division lies there.' 'General Pickett,' said the commander, 'you and your men have covered yourselves with glory.' 'Not all the glory in the world, General Lee,' Pickett replied, 'could atone for the widows and orphans this day has made.'"

At General Lee's request, General Pickett's full report of the charge at Gettysburg was destroyed, and consequently no full description is allowed to appear here in his letters; but even the extracts given are filled with dramatic meaning.

On the day after the great fight General Pickett wrote: "It seems selfish and inhuman to speak of love, haunted as I am with the unnecessary sacrifice of the lives of so many of my brave boys. I can't think of anything but the desolate homes in Virginia and the unknown dead in Pennsylvania. At the beginning of the fight I was so sanguine, so sure of success. Early in the morning I was assured by E. P. Alexander that General Lee had ordered that every brigade in his command was to charge Cemetery Hill, so I had no fear of not being supported. Alexander also assured me of the support of his artillery, which would move ahead of my division in the advance. He told me that he had borrowed seven twelve-pound howitzers from Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, which he had put in reserve to accompany me. In the morning I rode with him while he, by Longstreet's orders, selected the salient angle of the wood in which my line was formed, which line was just on the left of his seventy-five guns. At about a quarter to three o'clock, when his written order to make the charge was handed to me, and dear old Peter after reading it in sorrow and fear reluctantly bowed his head in assent, I obeyed, leading my three brigades straight on the enemy's front. You never saw anything like it. They moved across that field of death as a battalion marches forward in line of battle upon drill, each commander in front of his command, leading and cheering on his men. Two lines of the enemy's infantry were driven back, two lines of guns were taken, and no support came. Pendleton without Alexander's knowledge had sent four of the guns which he had loaned him to some other part of the field, and the other three guns could not be found. Two brigades which were to have followed me had (poor fellows!) been seriously engaged in the fights of the two previous days. Both of their commanding

officers had been killed; and while they had been replaced by gallant, competent officers, these new leaders were unknown to the men. Ah! if I had only had my other two brigades, a different story would have been flashed to the world. It was too late to retreat, and to go on was death or capture. Poor old Dick Garnett did not dismount, as did the others of us, and he was killed instantly, falling from his horse. Kemper, desperately wounded, was brought from the field and subsequently taken prisoner. Dear old Lewis Armistead (God bless him!) was mortally wounded at the head of his command after planting the flag of Virginia within the enemy's lines. Seven of my colonels were killed and one was mortally wounded; nine of my lieutenant colonels were wounded and three killed. Only one field officer of my whole command, Colonel Cabell, was unhurt, and the loss of my company officers was in proportion. I wonder, dear, if in the light of the great eternity we shall any of us feel that this was for the best and shall have learned to say, 'Thy will be done?' No castles to-day, sweetheart. No, the bricks of happiness and the mortar of love must lie untouched in the lowering gloom. Pray, dear, for the sorrowing ones."

A letter written just three hours before Lee's surrender closes the intimate and human record that Mrs. Pickett's generosity has allowed us to share.

"To-morrow, my darling," wrote General Pickett, "may see our flag furled forever. Jackerie, our faithful old mail carrier, sobs behind me as I write. He bears to-night this his last message from me as 'our Cupid.' And, first, he is commissioned with three orders which I know you will obey as fearlessly as the bravest of your brother soldiers: Keep up a stout heart, believe that I shall come back to you, and know that God reigns. After to-night you will be my whole command—staff, field officers, men—all. * * * Lee's surrender is imminent. It is finished—the suffering, the horrors, the anguish of these last hours of struggle. The glorious gift of your love will help me to bear the memory of them. Peace is born!"

MEMORIAL SERVICE, NEW YORK CAMP, U. C. V.

The Baltimore Sun, in reporting the Confederate Memorial Day service by the New York Camp, states:

"There was a large attendance. The line of march was formed at the Mount Hope Station, preceded by two buglers and the color bearers carrying the Confederate battle flag, the United States flag, and the camp flag.

"Commanded by Gen. Henry T. Douglas, formerly of Virginia, the line of veterans and their associate members, the Sons of Veterans, members of the Southern Society and other State societies, the New York Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Dixie Daughters, the Mildred Sullivan Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Juniors marched to the lot.

"The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Nathan A. Seagle, of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church. Maj. A. S. Keily delivered an oration; and addresses were delivered by F. S. Hipkins and Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of the Mildred Sullivan Chapter. The choir of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church sang "America" and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." The exercises closed with benediction and taps, after which the graves were strewn with flowers.

"The arrangements were in charge of Commander Gen. H. T. Douglas, Adjt. C. R. Hutton, and Comrades Charles V. Wagner and Robert W. Gwathmey."

PROPOSED ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR COURTESIES.

The Editor of the *VETERAN* prepared this paper to submit to Confederates on the closing day at Gettysburg and gave it to our Commander in Chief to present if opportunity occurred:

"Confederate Veterans to the Veterans of the Union Army Who Fought Them Fifty Years Ago—Greeting: During these anniversary days of the battle of Gettysburg we have been guests of the State of Pennsylvania in hospitality that surpasses all records in history. For this fraternal, patriotic service we are sincerely grateful. The State that has been so unstinted in honoring its heroic dead of every battle field where its citizen-soldiers suffered privation and death, and that has so royally entertained the veteran soldiers of all the States in this great Union, deserves lasting gratitude of patriots, and we of the South who fought under the other flag feel impelled to express formally while here our sentiments.

"We also desire to record profound gratitude to the rank and file of your men from all the States here represented who risked their lives that the Union be perpetuated. For this universal expression of your kindness we confess our surprise beyond anything that has occurred during the past half century, and we cannot but feel that you have in fact through these years been what you demonstrated you were in battle.

"We deary the statement that it took time to soften asperities, for there never was personal bitterness between the men who fought for their convictions; and we believe that, had you known the true conditions in our prostrated Southland following President Lincoln's death, which distressed us equally with yourselves, wherein camp followers subjected us to prolonged persecution, you would have gone South again and proved your appreciation of your equally patriotic foes.

"In conclusion, comrades, now that the battle of life is



THE TENTED FIELD AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 1-4, 1913. SAID TO BE



THE GREAT ENCAMPMENT ON GETTYSBURG BATTLE FIELD, NEAR THE CENTRAL PART OF AREA OVER WHICH

near an end with all of us, may the Omnipotent God reward you in accord with your sincerity!"

The opportunity to present this paper did not occur. President Wilson's visit was the absorbing event of the day. Some ten thousand people gathered in the great tent all in expectancy, and were entertained by several bands of music until the President's arrival. The most distinguished of all Americans then walked upon the platform.

HOW THE GETTYSBURG GATHERING STARTED.

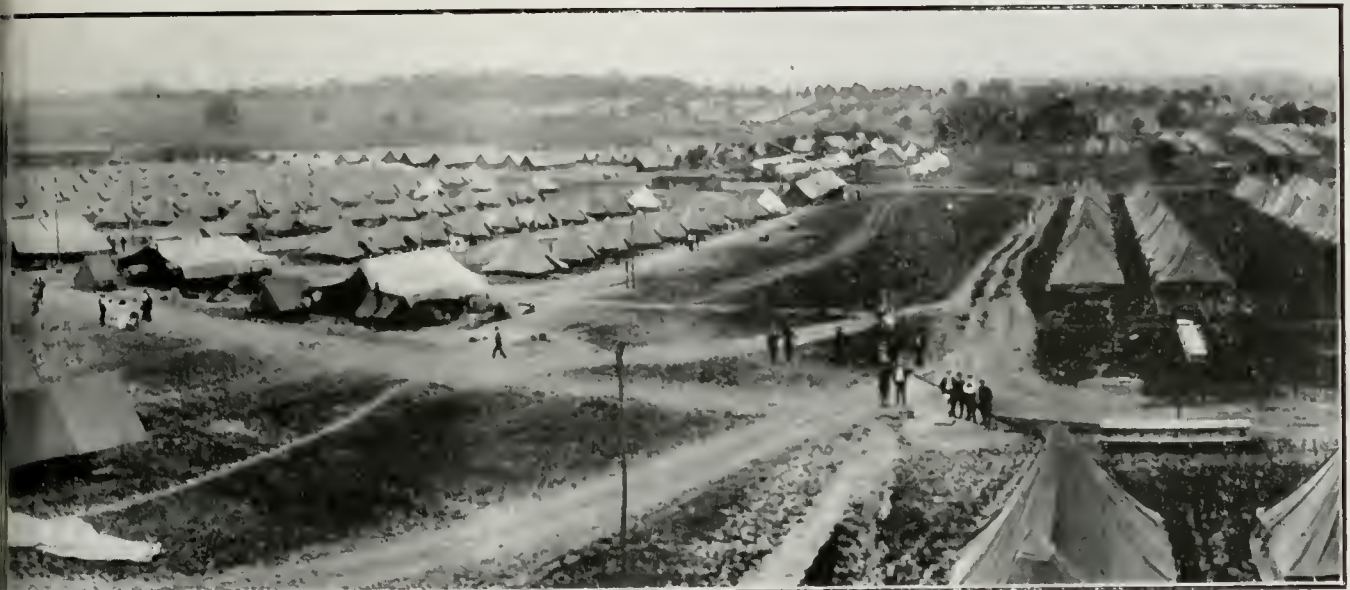
On September 8, 1908, upon invitation of the chairman of the Gettysburg National Park Commission, citizens of Gettysburg assembled at the Eagle Hotel, to whom he proposed that the question of properly celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg be considered by a town meeting and fostered by the Governor of Pennsylvania.

This action of the citizens of Gettysburg developed into national importance. State and national committees were appointed, and money was appropriated by States, as is known.

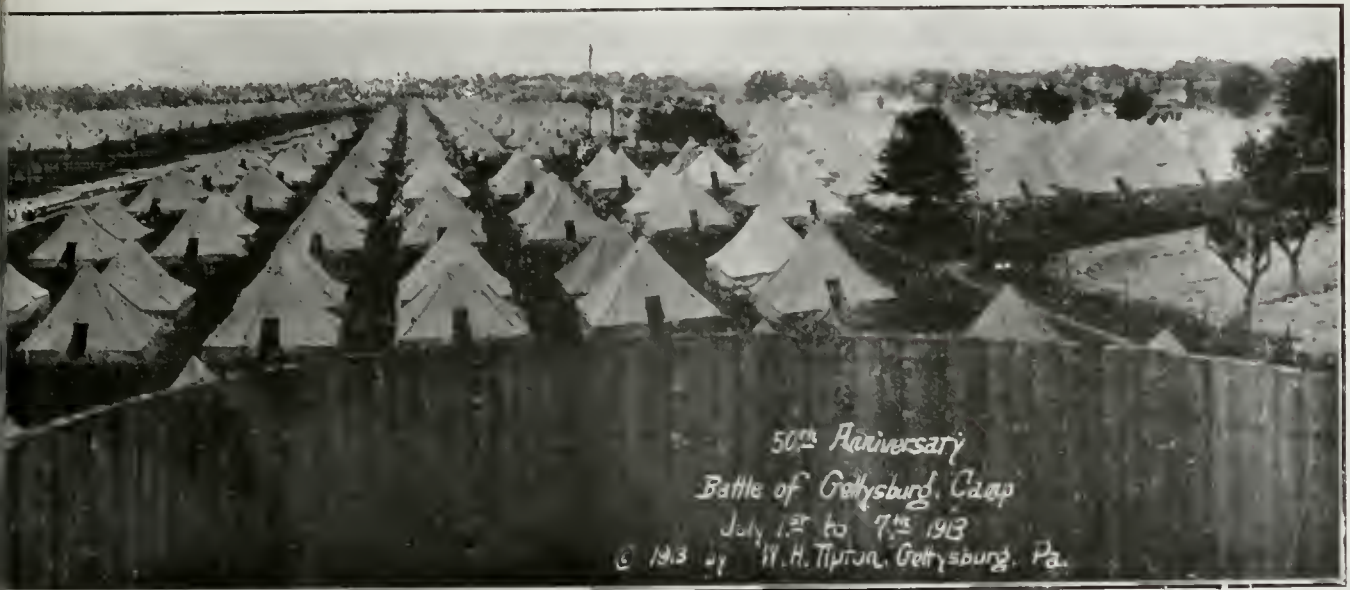
A meeting of the Pennsylvania Commission of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg with the committees of Congress and of several States was held in Gettysburg October 13, 14, 1910, with the Gettysburg Park Commission.

MEMORIALS OF THE MAINE.

Six thousand pounds of metal taken from the battleship Maine before she was given her final resting place in the sea were sent to New York and cast into memorial tablets, which are being distributed to patriotic societies throughout the country. The design of these tablets is by Charles Keck, of New York, and the casting was done by the John Williams (Incorporated) Bronze Foundry, also of New York.



THE LARGEST NUMBER OF TENTS EVER ASSEMBLED IN EQUAL AREA.



THE FAMOUS BATTLE WAS FOUGHT, JULY 1-4, 1863. THE UPPER VIEW BELONGS TO LEFT OF THE LOWER ONE.

GETTYSBURG.

BY MARY JOHNSTON.

[Printed here by courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The sun of the first day of July rose serene into an azure sky where a few white clouds were floating. The light summer mist was dissipated; a morning wind, freshly sweet, rippled the corn and murmured in the green and lusty trees. The sunshine gilded Little Round Top and Big Round Top, gilded Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill, gilded Oak Hill and Seminary Ridge. It flashed from the cupola of the Pennsylvania College. McPherson's Woods caught it on its topmost branches, and the trees of Peach Orchard. It trembled between the leaves and flecked with golden petals Menchey's Spring and Spangler's Spring. It lay in sleepy lengths on the Emmetsburg road. It struck the boulders of the Devil's Den; it made indescribably light and fine the shocked wheat in a wheat field that drove into the green like a triangular golden wedge. Full in the center of the rich landscape it made a shining mark, a golden bull's-eye, of the small town of Gettysburg.

It should have been all peace, that rich Pennsylvania landscape—a Dutch peace, a Quaker peace. Market wains and country folk should have moved upon the roads, and a boy squirrel hunting should have been the most murderous thing in the Devil's Den. Corn blades should have glistened, not bayonets; for the fluttering flags the farmers' wives should have been bleaching linen on the grass; for marching feet there should have risen the sound of the scythe in the wheat; for the groan of gun wheels upon the roads, the robin's song and the bobwhite's call.

The sun mounted. He was well above the treetops when the first shot was fired—Heth's Brigade, of A. P. Hill's corps, encountering Buford's cavalry.

The sun went down the first day red behind the hills. He visited the islands of the Pacific, Nippon, and the Kingdom of Flowers, and India and Iran. He crowned Caucasus with gold and showered largess over Europe. He reddened the waves of the Atlantic. He touched with his spear lighthouses and coast towns and the inland green land. He came up over torn orchard and trampled wheat field; he came up over the Round Tops and Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill. But no one this second day stopped to watch his rising. The battle smoke hid him from the living upon the slopes and in all the fields.

The sun traveled from east to west, but no man on the shield of which Gettysburg was the center saw him go down that second day. A thick smoke, like the wings of countless ravens, kept out the parting gleams. He went his way over the plains of the West and the Pacific and the Asian lands. He came over Europe and the Atlantic and made on the third morning bright pearl of the lighthouses, the surf, and the shore. The ripe July country welcomed him. But around Gettysburg his rising was not seen. The smoke had not dispersed. He rode on high, but all that third day he was seen far away and dim as through *crêpe*. All day he shone serene on other lands, but above this region he hung small and dim and remote like a tarnished antique shield. Sometimes the drift of ravens' wings hid him quite. But an incense mounted to him, a dark smell and a dark vapor.

The birds were gone from the trees, the cattle from the fields, the children from the lanes and the brookside. All left on the first day. There was a hollow between Round Top and Devil's Den, and into this the anxious farmers had driven

and penned a herd of cattle. On the sunny, calm afternoon when they had done this they could not conceive that any battle would affect this hollow. Here the oxen, the cows would be safe from chance bullet and from forager. But the farmers did not guess the might of that battle.

The stream of shells was directed against Round Top, but a number, black and heavy, rained into the hollow. A great milk-white ox was the first wounded. He lay with his side ripped open, a ghastly sight. Then a cow with calf was mangled, then a young steer had both forelegs broken. Bellowing, the maddened herd rushed here and there, attacking the rough sides of the hollow. Death and panic were upon the slopes as well as at the bottom of the basin. A bursting shell killed and wounded a dozen at once. The air grew thick and black, and filled with the cry of the cattle.

A courier, returning to his general after delivering an order, had his horse shot beneath him. Disentangling himself, he went on, on foot, through a wood. He was intolerably thirsty—and lo, a spring! It was small and round and clear like a mirror, and as he knelt he saw his own face and thought: "She wouldn't know me." The Minies were so continuously singing that he had ceased to heed them. He drank, then saw that he was reddening the water. He did not know when he had been wounded, but now as he tried to rise he grew so faint and cold that he knew that death had met him. * * * There was moss and fern and a nodding white flower. It wasn't a bad place in which to die. In a pocket within his gray jacket he had a daguerreotype—a young and smiling face and form. His fingers were so nerveless now that it was hard to get the little velvet case out, and when it was out it proved to be shattered, it and the picture within. The smiling face and form were all marred, unrecognizable. So small a thing, perhaps, but it made the bitterness of this soldier's death. The splintered case in his hands, he died as goes to sleep a child who has been unjustly punished. His body sank deep among the fern, his chest heaved, he shook his head faintly, and then it dropped upon the moss between the stems of the nodding white flower.

A long Confederate line left a hillside and crossed an open space of cornfield and orchard. Double-quick it moved, under its banners, under the shells shrieking above. The guns changed range, and an iron flail struck the line. It wavered, wavered. A Federal line leaped a stone wall and swept forward under its banners hurrahing. Midway of the wide open there was stretched beneath the murky sky a narrow web—woof of gray, warp of blue. The strip held while the heart beat a minute or more, then it parted. The blue edge went backward over the plain; the gray edge after a moment rushed after. "Yaaaaiihhh! Yaaaaiihhh!" it shouted, and its red war flag glowed like fire. The gray commander in chief watched from a hillside, a steady light in his eyes. Over against him on another hill Meade, the blue general, likewise watched. To the south, across the distant Potomac, lay the vast, beleaguered Southern fortress. Its gate had opened; out had poured a vast sally party, a third of its bravest and best, and at the head the leader most trusted, most idolized. Out had rushed the Army of Northern Virginia. It had crossed the moat of the Potomac; it was here on the beleaguerer's ground.

Earth and heaven were shaking with the clangor of two shields. The sky was whirring and dim, but there might be imagined suspended there a huge balance—here the besiegers, here the fortress's best and bravest. Which would this day,

or these days, tip the beam? Much hung upon that—all might be said to hang upon that. The waves on the plain rolled forward, rolled back, rolled forward. When the sun went down the first day, the fortress's battle flag was in the ascendant.

A great red barn was the headquarters of "Dear Dick Ewell." He rode with Gordon and others at a gallop down a smoky road between stone fences. "Wish Old Jackson was here!" he said. "Wish Marse Robert had Old Jackson! This is the watershed, General Gordon; yes, sir, this is the watershed of the war. If it doesn't still go right to-day— It seems to me that that wall there's got a suspicious look!"—

The wall in question promptly justified the suspicion. There came from behind it a volley that emptied gray saddles.

Gordon heard the thud of the Minie as it struck "Old Dick." "Are you hurt, sir? Are you hurt?"

"No, no, General; I'm not hurt. But if that ball had struck you, sir, we'd have had the trouble of carrying you off the field. I'm a whole lot better fixed than you for a fight. It don't hurt a mite to be shot in a wooden leg."

Three gray soldiers lay behind a shock of wheat. They were young men, old schoolmates. This wheat shock marked the farthest point attained in a desperate charge made by their regiment against a larger force. It was one of those charges in which everybody sees that if a miracle happens it will be all right and that if it doesn't happen— It was one of those charges in which first an officer stands out waving his sword, then a man or two follow him, then three or four more, then all waver back, only to start forth again, then others join, then the officer cries aloud, then with a roar the line springs forward and rushes over the field in the cannon's mouth. Such had been the procedure in this charge. The miracle had not happened. After a period of mere din as of ocean waves, the three found themselves behind this heap of tarnished gold. When, gasping, they looked around, all their fellows had gone back; they saw them a distant torn line still holding the flag. Then a rack of smoke came between, hiding flag and all. The three seemed alone in the world. The wheat ears made a low inner sound like reeds in quiet marshes. The smoke lifted just enough to let a muddy sunlight touch an acre of the dead.

"We've got," said one of the young men, "to get out of here. They'll be countercharging in a minute."

"O God! let them charge."

"Harry, are you afraid?"

"Yes, I'm afraid, sick and afraid. O God, O God!"

The oldest of the three, moving his head very cautiously, looked around the wheat shock. "The Army of the Potomac's coming." He rose to his knees, facing the other way. "It's two hundred yards to the regiment. Well, we always won the race at the old academy. I'll start, Tom, and then you follow, and then you, Harry, you come straight along."

He rose to his feet, took the posture of a runner, drew a deep breath, and started. Two yards from the shock a cannon ball sheared the head from the body. The body fell, jutting blood. The head bounded back within the shadow of the wheat shock. Tom was already standing, bent like a bow. A curious sound came from his lips; he glanced aside, then ran. He ran as swiftly as an Indian, swiftly and well. The Minie did not find him until he was halfway across the field. Then it did, and he threw up his arms and fell. Harry, on his hands and knees, turned from side to side an old, old face, bloodless and twisted. He heard the Army of the Potomac

coming, and in front lay the corpses. He tried to get to his feet, but his joints were water, and there was a crowd of black atoms before his eyes. A sickness, a clamminess, a despair, and all in eternities. * * * Then the sound swelled, and it drove him as the cry of the hounds drives the hare. He ran, panting, but the charge now swallowed up the wheat shock and came thundering on. In front was only the dead, piled at the foot of the wall of smoke. He still clutched his gun, and now with a shrill cry he stopped, turned, and stood at bay. He had hurt a hunter in the leg before the blue muskets clubbed him down.

A regiment, after advancing a skirmish line, moved over broken and boulder-strewn ground to occupy a yet defended position. In front moved the colonel, half turned toward his men, encouraging them in a rich and hearty voice. "Come on, men! Come on! Come on! You are all good harvesters, and the grain is ripe, the grain is ripe! Come on, every mother's son of you! Run, now, just as though there were home and children up there. Come on! Come on!"

The regiment reached a line of flat boulders. There was a large flat one like an altar slab that the colonel must spring upon and cross. Upon it outstretched, face upward, in a pool of blood, lay a young figure, a lieutenant of skirmishers, killed a quarter of an hour ago. "Come on! Come on!" shouted the colonel, his face turned to his men. "Victory! To-night we'll write home about the victory!"

His foot felt for the top edge of the boulder. He sprang upon it and faced with suddenness the young dead. The on-coming line saw him stand as if frozen, then with a stiff jerk up went the sword again. "Come on! Come on!" he cried, and, plunging from the boulder, continued to mount the desired slope. His men, close behind him, also encountered the dead on the altar slab. "Good God! It's Lieutenant —! It's his son!" But in front the colonel's changed voice continued its crying: "Come on! Come on! Come on!"

A stone wall held by the gray leaped fire, rattled and smoked. It did this at short intervals for a long while, a brigade of the enemy choosing to charge at like intervals. The grays' question was a question of ammunition. So long as the ammunition held out, so would they and the wall. They sent out foragers for cartridges. Four men, having secured a quantity from an impatiently sympathetic reserve, heaped them in a blanket, made a large bundle, and slung it midway of a musket. One man took the butt, another the muzzle; and as they had to reckon with sharpshooters going back, the remaining two marched in front. All double-quickened where the exposure was not extreme, and ran where it was. The echoing goal grew larger, as did also the clump of elms at right angles with the wall. Vanguard cocked its eye: "Buzzards in those trees, boys; blue buzzards."

Vanguard pitched forward as he spoke. The three ran on. Ten yards, and the man who had been second and was now first was picked off. The two ran on, the cartridges between them. "We're goners!" said the one, and the other nodded as he ran.

There was a gray battery somewhere in the smoke, and now by chance or intention it flung into the air a shell that shrieked its way straight to the clump of elms and exploded in the round of leaf and branch. The sharpshooters were stilled. "Moses and the prophets!" said the runners. "That's a last year's bird's nest."

Altogether the foragers brought in ammunition enough to serve the gray wall's immediate purpose. It cracked and

flamed for another while, and then the blue brigade ceased its charges and went elsewhere. It went thinned—O, thinned!—in numbers. The gray waited a little for the smoke to lift, and then it mounted the wall. "And the ground before us," says a survivor, "was the most heavenly blue."

A battalion of artillery, thundering across a corner of the field, went into position upon a little hilltop. Facing it was Cemetery Hill and a tall and wide-arched gateway. This gateway, now clearly seen, now withdrawn behind a world of gray smoke, now showing a half arch, an angle, a span of the crest, exercised a fascination. The gunners, waiting for the word, watched it. "Gate of Death, don't it look? Gate of Death." "Wonder what's beyond?" "Yankees." "But they ain't dead; they're alive and kicking." "Now it's hidden. Gate of Death." "This battle's going to lay over Sharpsburg, over Gaines's Mill, over Malvern Hill, over Fredericksburg, over Second Manassas—over"— "The gate's hidden; there's a battery over there going to open"— "One? There's two, there's three"— "Cannoneers, to your pieces!"

A shell dug into the earth and exploded. There was a heavy rain of dark earth. It spattered against all the pieces. It showered men and horses, and for a minute made a thick twilight of the air. "Whew! the earth's taking a hand. Anybody hurt?" "Howitzer, load!"

"Gate of Death's clear."

An artillery lieutenant, Robert Stiles, acting as volunteer aid to Gordon, was to make his way across the battle field with information for Edward Johnson. The ground was strewn with the dead, the air was a shrieking torrent of shot and shield. The aid and his horse thought only of the thing in hand—getting across that field, getting across with the order. The aid bent to the horse's neck; the horse laid himself to the ground and raced like a wild horse before a prairie fire. The aid thought of nothing; he was going to get the order there; for the rest his mind seemed as useless as a mirror with a curtain before it. Afterwards, however, when he had time to look he found in the mirror pictures enough. Among them was a picture of a battalion—Latimer's Battalion. "Never, before or after, did I see fifteen or twenty guns in such a condition of wreck and destruction as this battalion was. It had been hurled backward, as it were, by the very weight and impact of metal, from the position it had occupied on the crest of a little ridge into a saucer-shaped depression behind it; and such a scene as it presented—guns dismounted and disabled, carriages splintered and crushed, ammunition chests exploded, limbers upset, wounded horses plunging and kicking, dashing out the brains of men tangled in the harness; while cannoneers with pistols were crawling around through the wreck, shooting the struggling horses to save the lives of the wounded men!"

Hood and his Texans and Law's Alabamians were trying to take Little Round Top. They drove out the line of sharpshooters behind the stone wall girding the height. Back went the blue, up the steps, up to their second line behind a long ledge of rock. Up and after went the gray. The tall boulders split the advance like the teeth of a comb; no alignment could be kept. The rocks formed defiles where only two or three could go abreast. The way was steep and horrible, and from above rained the bullets. Up went the gray, reinforced now by troops from McLaws's Division; up they went and took the second line. Back and up went the blue to the bald and rocky crest, to their third line, a stronghold, indeed, and strongly held. Up and on came the gray, but it was as though the

sky were raining lead. The gray fell like leaves in November when the winds howl around Round Top. O, the boulders! The blood on the boulders, making them slippery! O, the torn limbs of trees falling so fast! The eyes smarted in the smoke; the voice choked in the throat. All men were hoarse with shouting.

Darkness and light went in flashes, but the battle odor stayed and the unutterable volume of sound. All the dogs of war were baying. The muscles strained, the foot mounted. Forward and up went the battle flag, red ground and blue cross. Now the boulders were foes, and now they were shields. Men knelt behind them and fired upward. Officers laid aside their swords, took the muskets from the dead, knelt, and fired. But the crest of Round Top darted lightnings—lightnings and bolts of leaden death. Death rained from Round Top, and the drops beat down the gray. Hood was badly hurt in the arm. Pender fell mortally wounded. Anderson was wounded. Semmes fell mortally wounded. Barksdale received here his death wound. Amid the howl of the storm, in the leaden air, in scorching, in blood and pain and tumult and shouting the small, unheeded disk of the sun touched the western rim of the earth.

A wounded man lay all night in Devil's Den. There were other wounded there, but the great boulders hid them from one another. This man lay in a rocky angle upon the overhanging lip of the place. Below him smoke clung like a cement to the far-flung earth. For a time smoke was about him, thick in his nostrils. For a time it hid the sky. But now all firing was stayed, the night was wheeling on, and the smoke lifted. Below, vague in the nighttime, were seen flickering lights—torches, he knew, ambulances, litter bearers, lifting, serving one in a hundred. They were far away, scattered over the stricken field. They would not come up here to Devil's Den. He knew they would not come, and he watched them as the shipwrecked watch the sail upon the horizon that has not seen their signal and that will not see it. He shipwrecked here had waved no cloth, but, idle as it was, he had tried to shout. His voice had fallen like a broken-winged bird. Now he lay in a pool of his own blood, not greatly in pain, but dying. Presently he grew light-headed, though not so much so but that he knew that he was light-headed, and could from time to time reason with his condition. He was a reading man and something of a thinker, and now his mind in its wanderings struck into all manner of bypaths.

For a time he thought that the field below was the field of Waterloo. He remembered seeing while it was yet light a farmhouse, a distant cluster of buildings with a frightened air. "La Belle Alliance," he thought, "or Hongomont, which? These Belgians planted a lot of wheat, and now there are red poppies all through it. Where is Ney and his cavalry? No, Stuart and his cavalry"— His mind righted for a moment. "This is a long battle and a long night. Come, Death! Come, Death!" The shadowy line of boulders became a line of Deaths—tall, draped figures bearing scythes. Three Deaths, then a giant hourglass, then three Deaths, then the hourglass. He stared, fascinated. "Which scythe? The one that starts out of line? Now, if I can keep them still in line, just so long will I live." He stared for a while, till the Deaths became boulders again, and his fingers fell to playing with the thickening blood on the ground beside him. A meteor pierced the night—a white fire ball thrown from the ramparts of the sky. He seemed to be rushing with it, rushing, rushing, rushing—a rushing river. There was a heavy sound. As his head sank

back he saw again the line of Deaths and the one that left the line.

Below through the night the wind that blew over the wheat fields and the meadows, the orchards and the woods was a moaning wind. It was a wind with a human voice.

Dawn came, but the guns smeared her translucence with black. The sun rose, but the ravens' wings hid him. Dull red and sickly copper was the day, hidden and smothered by dark wreaths. Many things happened in it, variation and change that cast a tendril toward the future.

Day drove on, sultry and loud and smoky. A squad of soldiers in a fence corner, waiting for the order forward, exchanged opinions. "Three days. We're going to fight forever and ever and ever." "You may be; I ain't. I'm going to fight through to where there's peace"— "Peace!" How do you spell it?" "They cry peace, peace, and there is no peace." "Dye reckon if one of us took a bucket and went over to that spring there he'd be shot?" "Of course he would. Besides, where's the bucket?" "I've got a canteen." "I've got a cup." "Say, Sergeant, can we go?" "No. You'll be killed." "I'd just as soon be killed as to perish of thirst. Besides, a shell'll come plumping down directly and kill us anyhow." "Talk of something pleasant." "Jim's caught a grasshopper. Poor little hoppergrass, you oughtn't to be out here in this wide and wicked world. Let him go, Jim." "How many killed and wounded do you reckon there are?" "Thirty thousand of us and sixty thousand of them." "I wish that smoke would lift so's we could see something." "Look out! Look out! Get out of this!"

Two men crawled away from the crater made by the shell. A heavy tussock of grass in their path stopped them. One rose to his knees; the other, who was wounded, took the posture of the dying Gaul in the Capitoline. "Who are you?" said the one. "I am Jim Dudley. Who are you?" "I—I didn't know you, Jim. I'm Rudolph. We're all that's left.

The dead horses lay upon this field one and two and three days in the furnace heat. They were fearful to see, and there came from them a fetid odor. But the screams of the wounded horses were worse than the sight of the dead. There were many wounded horses. They lay in wood and field, in country lane and orchard. No man tended them, and they knew not what it was all about. To and fro and from side to side of the vast, cloud-wreathed Mars's Shield galloped the riderless horses.

At one of the clock all the guns, blue and gray, opened in a cannonade that shook the leaves of distant trees. A smoke as of Vesuvius or Ætna, sulphurous, pungent, clothed the region of battle. The air reverberated and the hills trembled. The roar was like the roar of the greatest cataract of a larger world, like the voice of a storm sent by the king of all the Genii. Amid its deep utterance the shout even of many men could not be heard.

Out from the ranks of the fortress's defenders rushed a gray world-famous charge. It was a division charging—three brigades *en échelon*—five thousand men, led by a man with long auburn locks. Down a hill, across a rolling open, up an opposite slope—half a mile in all, perhaps, lay their road. Mars and Bellona may be figured in the air above it. It was a spectacle, that charge, fit to draw the fierce eyes and warm the gloomy souls of all the warrior deities. Woden may have watched, and the Aztec god. The blue artillery crowned that opposite slope and other slopes. The blue artillery swung every muzzle: it spat death upon the five thou-

sand. The five thousand went steadily, gray and cool and clear the vivid flag above them. A light was on their bayonets—the three lines of bayonets, the three brigades, Garnett and Kemper and Armistead. A light was in the eyes of the men; they saw the fortress above the battle clouds; they saw their homes and the watchers upon the ramparts. They went steadily to the eyes of history in a curious, unearthly light—the light of a turn in human affairs, the light of catastrophe, the light of an ending and a beginning.

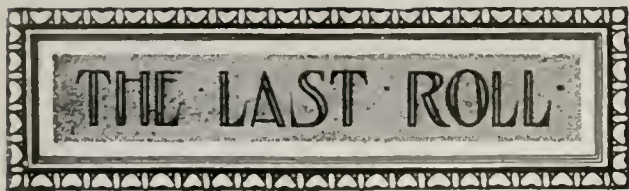
When they came into the open between the two heights, the massed blue infantry turned every rifle against them. There poured a leaden rain of death. Here, too, the three lines met an enflaming fire from the batteries on Round Top. Death howled and threw himself against the five thousand; in the air above might be heard the Valkyries calling. There were not now five thousand, there were not now four thousand. There was a clump of trees seen like specters through the smoke. It rose from the slope which was the gray goal, from the slope peopled by Federal batteries, with a great Federal infantry support at hand. Toward this slope, up this slope went Pickett's charge.

Garnett fell dead. Kemper and Trimble were desperately wounded. Save Pickett himself, all mounted officers were down. The men fell—the men fell; Death swung a fearful scythe. There were not now four thousand, there were not now three thousand. And still the vivid flag went on; and still, high, thrilling, clear, and dauntless, rose from Pickett's charge the "Rebel yell."

There was a stone wall to cross. Armistead, his hat upon the point of his waved sword, leaped upon the coping. A bullet pierced his breast; he fell, was captured, and the next day died. By now, by now the charge was whittled thin. O, thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa the fortress's dearest and best lay upon that slope beneath the ravens' wings! On went the thin, fierce ranks, on and over the wall, on and up, into the midst of the enemy's guns. The two flags strained toward each other; the hands of the gray were upon the guns of the blue; there came a wild mêlée. * * * There were not two thousand now, and the guns were yet roaring, and the blue infantry gathered from all sides. * * *

"The smoke," says one Luther Hopkins, a gray soldier who was at Gettysburg—"the smoke rose higher and higher and spread wider and wider, hiding the sun, and then, gently dropping back, hid from human eyes the dreadful tragedy. But the battle went on and on, and the roar of the guns continued. After a while, when the sun was sinking to rest, there was a hush. The noise died away. The winds came creeping back from the west and, gently lifting the coverlet of smoke, revealed a strange sight. The fields were all carpeted—a beautiful carpet, a costly carpet, more costly than Axminster or velvet. The figures were horses and men all matted and woven together with skeins of scarlet thread."

The foregoing recalls some of the most thrilling events in all history. Waterloo is vividly illustrated as stated by Miss Johnston as seen by the wounded man from Devil's Den. "Grand events were taking form. * * * Behind the visible achievement rested the invisible, one concealing the other. The visible work seemed cruel; the invisible was sublime. We were forced to use the materials of the past. Beneath a scaffolding of barbarism we were building the temple of civilization. * * * Let us then speak calmly of Waterloo from both sides, and render to chance the things that belong to chance, and to God what is God's." (Victor Hugo.)



ASHES OF GLORY.

"A halo rests above each grave,
 Made light by truths they died to save.
 Gray soldiers! gray ashes!
 O breathe not a sigh!
 Love circles the halo;
 Time and truth glorify."

DEATHS IN SUL ROSS CAMP, HENRIETTA, TEX.

Camp Sul Ross, No. 172, Henrietta, Tex., has lost:
 J. P. Earle, Company K, 6th Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade. Comrade Earle was adjutant of this Camp almost continuously from its organization.
 J. B. Ford, Company K, Shanks's Missouri Regiment, Shelby's Brigade.
 John Runge, Company H, 17th Texas Infantry.
 Samuel P. Jones, 18th Tennessee Regiment.
 [Reported by J. D. Pickens, Commander of the Camp.]

CAPT. W. W. HARRISON.

Capt. W. W. Harrison was born June 25, 1829, at Lebanon, Tenn., married America C. Wade September 28, 1852, in Gibson County, Tenn., and died in Trenton November 7, 1912.
 He was a planter, and when the war came on he felt that men of his age would not be needed in the army and did not enlist until October, 1863. On the organization of the cavalry company of which he was a member he said: "Well, we older men have been waiting for you boys to whip the Yankees; but you seem to have too big a job, so now we are going to help you." He was chosen ordnance officer with the rank of captain, and was one of the best in the army. He surrendered with his command, Company D, 19th and 20th Tennessee Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Cavalry Corps, at Gainesville, Ala., on May 9, 1865. He was a splendid citizen and faithful soldier.
 [From a sketch by J. R. D.]

STEPHEN D. SMITH.

Stephen D. Smith died at his home, near Guntown, Miss., February 8, 1913, in his seventy-ninth year. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., June 27, 1834. When he was but a child his parents moved to Mississippi, where he ever lived.
 He joined the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, and was orderly sergeant of Company E, 2d Mississippi Regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg. He was captured at Gettysburg, and was kept a prisoner until the close of the war.
 He was twice married; a wife and six children survive him. Something of Comrade Smith's character as a soldier may be learned from the following: When his regiment (which had been surrounded in a railroad cut at Gettysburg) surrendered, a Federal soldier rushed to the brink of the cut and seized the Confederate colors. Smith, who had vowed that he would not surrender, with a loaded gun in his hand pushed his musket against the flag grabber and killed him.
 There was a saying among his comrades that "if all the

Confederate soldiers had been like Steve Smith and Ed Leslie, the war would be going on yet."

Comrade Smith was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and was an upright and worthy man. He lived nearly the whole of the fourscore years allotted here, then fearlessly obeyed the call to meet those waiting for him beyond the stars.

FRANK H. CREECH.

Frank H. Creech was born near Allendale, Barnwell District, S. C., August 17, 1845. In his sixteenth year he joined Company C, Haygood's 1st Regiment, South Carolina Infantry, as a private, and served faithfully until disabled by a bullet through his shoulder and left lung. He was also wounded in the battle of Wills Valley. He was very popular among the veterans of his county, as has been shown by their electing him their Colonel and by his being also elected as Brigadier General of the Second Brigade, S. C. U. C. V's.

Comrade Creech is survived by his wife and several children. He was a good citizen and a man of high Christian character. He was also an earnest veteran, deeply interested in the welfare of the Camps not only in his county but wherever located.

[From the minutes, by F. S. Dibble, Lieutenant Commander Camp S. J. Glover, No. 457, U. C. V.]

CAPT. LEWIS BURRIS.

Capt. Lewis Burris died March 9, 1912, at his home in Warrensburg, Mo., at the close of his eighty-fourth birthday.
 He was born in Lafayette County, Mo., March 9, 1828. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Baker October 25, 1849. Two children survive this union. His second marriage occurred November 1, 1866, to Miss Elizabeth A. Upton, who survives.
 In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army and became captain of Company A, 2d Regiment of Price's Division. He served throughout the war. When hostilities ceased he moved with his family to Lafayette County, Mo., where he engaged in farming and stock-raising for many years, retiring from active life in 1887, when he moved to Warrensburg.
 Captain Burris was a member of the Christian Church and had been a Mason for many years. He also belonged to the M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V., who served as honorary pallbearers at his funeral. He leaves behind him the rich heritage of a good and honored name.

JOHN T. BANISTER.

John T. Banister was born in South Carolina April 16, 1840; and died at his home, in Mount Vernon, Tex., April 17, 1913. He leaves a wife, four sons, and two daughters.
 The father of Comrade Banister entered the Confederate army in the first company that left DeKalb County—Company C, 10th Alabama Infantry—and saw service in the Virginia Army. John T. Banister himself entered the Confederate army in DeKalb County, Ala., in August, 1861, in Company C, 3d Regiment, under Gen. Joe Wheeler, and served to the close, part of the time in the Trans-Mississippi Department.
 The Banister family had emigrated from South Carolina to Georgia and from Georgia to Alabama. In 1867 Comrade Banister went to Hopkins County, Tex., in an ox wagon. He labored on the farm and as a blacksmith, and was a merchant for many years. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, of Mount Vernon, was a constant reader of the VETERAN, and in all things a true Confederate soldier.
 [From a tribute by P. A. Blakey, Commander of Camp.]

DEATHS AT HATTIESBURG, MISS.

Lieut. Joseph Hall Limbaugh was born in Davie County, N. C., January 9, 1831. He emigrated to Mississippi in 1854, and was married to Miss S. A. Austin, of Trenton, the next year. At the expiration of a three months' enlistment, beginning in 1861, he enlisted in what became Company G, 46th Mississippi Regiment, was promoted to lieutenant, and in August, 1864, in front of Atlanta, was so severely wounded as to be incapacitated for further service. He died in Hattiesburg May 22, 1912, in his eighty-second year, honored and respected by all as a loyal veteran and a consistent Christian. He is survived by his widow and three children.

William Harrison Arledge was born in Wilcox County, Ala., February 10, 1847. His parents took him to Mississippi when he was about ten years old. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in Company H, 1st Mississippi Cavalry Reserves. His wife was Miss Cordelia A. Murphy, of Jasper County. After a lingering illness he died in Hattiesburg June 13, 1912, in his sixty-sixth year. His widow and several children survive him. He had been a consistent Christian for forty-five years.

W. P. Heflin was born in Henry County, Ga., April 2, 1834. He went to Mississippi at the age of seventeen. In 1857 he went to Nicaragua under General Walker. In 1861 he enlisted in the Neshoba Rifles, which became Company D, 11th Mississippi Regiment. He was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and was never able for regular service any more. He was on detached service and, failing to reach General Lee before he surrendered, turned southward from the vicinity of Appomattox with his detachment and proceeded as far as Griffin, Ga., before he was intercepted by the enemy, captured, and paroled. He was married three times, his wives being Misses Amanda B. Viverette, Sarah R. Whitehead, and S. A. Wayne, all of whom died in early life. He was a blacksmith by occupation. He became totally blind in 1902, and afterwards dictated and had printed a small book entitled "Blind Man on the War Path." He died October 15, 1912, in his seventy-ninth year.

W. C. Hearst was born in Attalla County, Miss., December 4, 1842. Having been honorably discharged from Company G, 21st Mississippi Regiment, he reenlisted in Company C, 40th Mississippi Regiment. He was captured at Franklin and held in prison at Camp Douglas, Ill., until June, 1865. He was twice married. His first wife, Sicily Donald, died in less than a year after her marriage. His second wife, who was Miss L. A. Cochran, with five children, survives him. He died November 21, 1912, lacking a few days of being seventy years of age. He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South.

Benjamin A. Duncan was born in Clarke County, Ala., January 22, 1834. His paternal grandfather fought in the War of the Revolution, and his father in the War of 1812. He served in Company A, 38th Alabama Regiment. His wife was Miss M. Robert, of New Orleans, whom he married in 1854. He died in Hattiesburg March 5, 1913, a little over seventy-nine years of age. He had been a Baptist about forty years.

Charles R. Roseberry was born in Clarke County, Miss., August 8, 1848. At the age of fifteen he joined the Mervin Guards under H. Newton Berry. He was in two engagements. He died April 27, 1913, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He was married twice. His first wife was Miss Nancy Goff, and the second was Miss Augusta Wablington. Five children survive him. He was a Methodist.

L. B. Perkins died in Hattiesburg in April, 1913. He was born about the year 1844, and hence was in his sixty-ninth year. He was living in Prairie County, Ark., when he enlisted in Company C, 3d Arkansas Regiment. He was in prison from July 4, 1863, to April, 1865.

James Captain Allen was born in Henry County, Ga., October 29, 1829. Seven years later he was taken to Leake County, Miss. He served in Company B, 40th Mississippi Regiment. He was a farmer and was married three times. His wives were Misses Sarah Pigg and Mary Beckham, of Mississippi, and Josephine Parker, of Texas. He died in Hattiesburg April 22, 1913, in his eighty-fourth year. Two sons survive him.

[The foregoing were members of Hattiesburg Camp, No. 21, U. C. V., and resolutions were adopted by the Camp.]

M. M. JOHNSON.

Middleton M. Johnson was born in Rappahannock County, Va., in 1843, and at an early age he entered the service of the Confederate army as a member of Company B, 6th Virginia Cavalry, and served throughout the war. In December, 1865, he married Miss Eliza Compton, daughter of Dr. Z. J. Compton, of Page County, a worthy type of the old-time physician.



M. M. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson moved to Kansas, where he remained for a few years; but the lure of the old home, Virginia, was ever calling him, and he went back to live and die in the land he loved so well and where he met with the success he deserved.

His widow survives him, as do his son, John M. Johnson, and four daughters.

JOSEPH LEWIS STEPHENSON.

Joseph L. Stephenson, pioneer civil engineer, died at his home, in the Narvex Apartments, Salt Lake City, May 31, 1913, at the age of seventy-nine years. His death was caused by paralysis of the nerve centers and general debility.

Mr. Stephenson was born at Uppersville, Va., April 13, 1834. He graduated from the Virginia Military Institute on July 4, 1854. Mr. Stephenson entered the Confederate army and served for four years. He surrendered with Gen. John C. Pemberton at Vicksburg, but later reentered the army. At the close of the conflict he was surrendered with Gen. Joseph Johnston.

After the war Mr. Stephenson took up his work as an engineer, and was employed variously on the old Northern Missouri, the Iron Mountain, Kansas Central, and Santa Fe Railroads, and later by the Denver and Rio Grande, and then by the Rio Grande Western. He also superintended the construction of many irrigation ditches and dams in Idaho, and was engaged in important municipal work for the city of Denver.

He went to Utah seventeen years ago, and shortly afterwards entered the office of the surveyor-general, which position he held to the time of his death.

Mr. Stephenson was married years ago to Mrs. Mary F. Hale, mother of Mrs. J. C. Leary, both of whom survive him.

DEATHS IN MISSOURI HOME SINCE JANUARY 1, 1913.

Charles W. Surbaugh, 11th Mo. Cav., Shelby's Brigade.
 William A. Lobman, Perkins's Missouri Regiment
 Robert W. Dunlap, Co. A, 6th Mo. Inf., Cockrell's Brigade.
 George Geraldin, Co. C, 3d La. Cav.
 William McGinnis, Freeman's Missouri Regiment.
 Charles T. Yates, Co. I, 10th Mo. Inf., Parson's Brigade.
 John M. Sanford, Co. D, 4th Mo. Inf., Cockrell's Brigade.
 James W. Garrett, Co. B, 17th Va. Inf.
 Payton H. Anderson, Bedsoe's Missouri Battery.
 William McCowen, Co. F, 9th Mo. Inf.
 William Walls, Co. F, 3d Mo. State Guards.
 Lieut. George W. Nuckols, Co. D, Gordon's Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Brigade
 A. J. Snider, 4th Va. Inf.
 W. J. Morgan, Co. H, 2d Mo. Inf., Cockrell's Brigade.
 Charles G. Hill, Co. G, 4th Mo. Cav.
 M. C. Quinlin, Co. F, 1st Ark. Inf.
 P. F. Fickle, Co. D, 10th Mo. Inf.

DEATHS IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY, VA.

The following list gives the names of comrades who have died since June, 1912, in Cumberland County, Va., and for whom memorial services were held by Lee-Jackson Chapter, U. D. C.:

John E. Betts, 1st Lieut. Co. C, 40th Va. Inf.
 Thomas E. Blackwell, 2d Lieut. Co. F, 40th Va. Inf.
 Hans Whaley, Co. F, 40th Va. Inf.
 James M. Booth, Co. C, 40th Va. Inf.
 W. J. Stokes, Co. A, 40th Va. Inf.

DEATHS IN EWELL CAMP, MANASSAS, VA.

Benjamin D. Merchant was born in Prince William County, Va., in 1837. He enlisted in 1861 as a private in the Prince William Cavalry, a company which was organized during the John Brown insurrection. This company entered the Confederate service on the 17th of April, 1861. When the army was reorganized, in 1863, Comrade Merchant was elected second lieutenant. In the battle of Raccoon Ford P. D. Williams, the captain of the company, was killed, and Lieutenant Merchant became first lieutenant. As a prisoner at Point Lookout and Morris Island his was a trying experience. He was one of the immortal six hundred.

Robert H. Hooe enlisted as a private in Company A, 49th Virginia Infantry, of which Jerome B. Norvall was captain. Comrade Hooe participated in the following battles: First Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Days around Richmond, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Second Manassas, Gettysburg, Wilderness, and Cold Harbor, in which battle he was wounded, resulting in the loss of his left arm. He was honorably discharged from service February 1, 1865. For a number of years he was Commissioner of Revenue of Prince William County. He died April 27, 1913.

Thomas J. Smith was born in Fauquier County, Va., February 5, 1844. In the spring of 1862 he joined the Black Horse Cavalry, commanded by Capt. (afterwards Gen.) W. H. Payne. He was wounded at Appomattox, and carried the bullet in his leg until his death, which occurred on December 9, 1912. Comrade Smith suffered great hardship as a prisoner in Fort Delaware, from which prison he was paroled after General Lee's surrender. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and when the last order came from the Captain of his salvation he cheerfully obeyed.

COL. C. M. GILCHRIST.

On Easter Sunday, 1913, Col. C. M. Gilchrist died at his home, in Dunedin, Ky., aged seventy-two years. He was born in 1840 in Union County, Ky., where he spent his childhood and early youth.

Colonel Gilchrist enlisted in the Confederate army early in the war and served with distinction until captured. He had been a prisoner in Chicago for eighteen months when the war closed. He then returned to Kentucky, and in September, 1866, married Miss Rebecca M. N. Black, who, with one daughter, survives him. He lived for a time in Caseyville, where he did a general merchandise business. In 1883 he moved to Welaka, Fla., and in 1901 to Dunedin, where he was actively engaged as a successful merchant until within a few months of his death. He was greatly loved and will be missed by his entire community.



C. H. GILCHRIST.

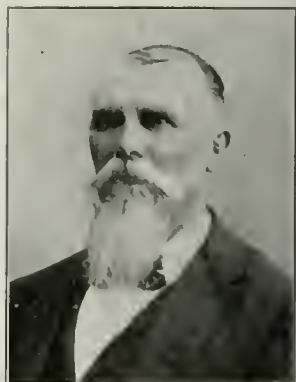
CAPT. F. Y. DOKE.

Capt. Fielding Yeager Doke, Confederate veteran and member of Camp Winkler, No. 147, U. C. V., passed from earth December 2, 1912.

Captain Doke was born in Garrard County, Ky., January 3, 1835. He was an ardent Southerner, and enlisted in April, 1861, as a private in Captain Splawn's company, Brace's Battalion, Gen. Martin E. Green's brigade.

The first battle in which he was engaged was at Shelbyville, Mo., on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad. The second was at Lexington, where General Mulligan, the Federal officer in command, together with 3,500 prisoners, was captured. His third battle was at Pea Ridge, after which he, together with Colonel Brace, Major James, Adjutant Holliday, and Dr. Strode, was captured and finally taken to Alton. After six months they were exchanged at Vicksburg, and at the reorganization of exchanged prisoners in North Arkansas Captain Doke was elected captain of Company F, 9th Missouri Infantry. After this he took part in various movements and battles in Arkansas until he surrendered with General Price at Shreveport.

Captain Doke was a Mason for forty-five years, a member of the Baptist Church, and a typical Christian gentleman. He was buried with the Confederate flag. In 1870 he was married to Miss Emma Seogin. In 1878 they moved to Kosse, Tex., where he was in the lumber business. Later they moved to Corsicana, where they have lived for the last fifteen years. He is survived by his wife and three children.



CAPT. F. Y. DOKE.

FREDERICK T. D. CHERRY.

Dr. Frederick T. D. Cherry died at his home, in Sallisaw, Okla., June 2, 1913. He was born in Rome, N. Y., July 18, 1841. He was a son of Charles Tinsley Cherry and Mary (Foreman) Cherry, who came to New York from Hull, England, in 1840. Some years later his father moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and from there to Nashville, Tenn., to engage in the nursery business.

Dr. Cherry was married to Katherine Elizabeth Smith in 1870. From this union were four boys and two girls, all of

whom, with his widow, are living. He was a member of Company E, 17th Regiment, Tennessee Provisional Army, mustered into service May 20, 1861. He was captured early in the war and served a short time in prison in Nashville. On his release he immediately rejoined his command, with which he served until captured again in 1864. He was sent this time to Rock Island, where, being a surgeon, he was put in charge of a sick ward, and so escaped some of the hard-



FREDERICK T. D. CHERRY.

ships of prison life. He was exchanged in March, 1865, and was on his way to report to a cavalry command in Georgia when news came of Lee's surrender.

Dr. Cherry was graduated from the University of Nashville in 1868. Soon afterwards he went to Missouri and located near Kingston and Old Mines, where he practiced his profession until 1875. He then moved to Decherd, Tenn., and later to Winchester, Tenn., where he practiced medicine until 1901, when he went to Sallisaw, Okla. After going to the last-named place he was elected City Health Officer, and in 1908 was appointed County Superintendent of Public Health of Sequoyah County, which position he held until his death.

He was a kind father, a thoughtful husband, and a beloved and influential citizen. For over forty years he was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, being Past Master of Sallisaw Lodge, whose membership bore his remains to Winchester that he might rest in peace at last in sunny Tennessee.

[From a memoir by his son-in-law, Dr. M. D. Camell.]

DR. GRANVILLE R. LEWIS.

Dr. Granville Revere Lewis was born May 18, 1835, in Philadelphia, where his father, Dr. Zachary Lewis, was practicing his profession and was at the same time Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Jefferson Medical College.

Dr. Lewis received his early education in King and Queen County. He later attended the Richmond College, and graduated in medicine from the University of Maryland. In 1861 he joined the Charlotte Cavalry, and continued in active service with this company until late in the year, when he was detailed to act as assistant surgeon in the army. In 1862 he was

commissioned surgeon, and served in the medical corps until the close of the war. Surgeon Lewis was always at his post of duty, exposed to danger, and was wounded in one of the engagements near Petersburg. This, however, he never spoke of even to his intimate friends. He never surrendered, but after Johnson surrendered he was paroled in Halifax County.

Dr. Lewis was married in 1866 to Miss Nancy Ellyson Williams. In 1873 he moved to Lynchburg, where he was made Superintendent of the Miller Orphan Asylum, a position he filled with benevolence and ability for nearly forty years, the institution being a lasting monument to him in the hearts of the thousands of friends he made in the community and among the orphan children in the asylum to whom he had almost been a father. In 1911 he was paralyzed, and after that his active life and usefulness were over. In 1912 he resigned the trust and relinquished the position he had so ably filled.

Dr. Lewis was a charter member of the Garland-Rodes Confederate Camp, and was always faithful and prompt in the fulfilling of every duty and pleasure pertaining to membership. For many years he was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was also a zealous Mason. For many years he had been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and was one of its most faithful and interested readers. He was a remarkably handsome man, and even after disease and old age had come to him his eyes never lost their brightness nor his face its winning smile.

He died on the night of March 27, 1913, and the love in which he was held by the community was evidenced by the throng that assembled at St. Paul's Church to show their last token of respect. His body was deposited in the family lot at Spring Hill, the beautiful services of his Church and brother Masons, with the last rites of Garland-Rodes Camp, being used, and his newly made grave was covered by a great mound of flowers gathered by the asylum children from the beautiful ground so long cultivated under his care.

[Tribute by E. A. Craighill and W. S. Gregory, Committee.]

W. D. F. JARVIS.

Comrade Jarvis died at his home, in Belington, W. Va., March 7, 1912. He was reared at Philippi, Barbour County, W. Va., and answered the first call to arms in 1861, enlisting in Company H, 31st Virginia Regiment, Capt. George F. Thompson commanding. He was wounded once in battle, and after the war he was always zealous in the interest of the South and Confederate veterans.

He was seventy-six years old, was a member of the Baptist Church, and was faithful to every trust. He married in Buckingham County, Va., and leaves a wife and five children.

DR. R. C. NORRIS.

Dr. R. C. Norris, of Villa Americana, Brazil, S. A., was born March 7, 1837; and died on May 14, 1913. He was a member of the 15th and 60th Alabama Regiments, and was an excellent soldier. He never sought an easy position nor shunned a hard one. He was in forty-four battles fought in Virginia, principally under Stonewall Jackson. William C. Oates as commander of the 15th Alabama appreciated his soldierly qualities, and he was sent on many scouts where the risks were great.

After the war he went to South America, and for many years had been the loved physician of Villa Americana. He was a friend to the poor and a father to the orphan and widow. "A better man never lived," say his friends.

MAJ. BEN HONNETT.

Maj. Ben Honnett, who served in Company L, 2d South Carolina Regiment, enlisting in 1861, was born in Baltimore. He served gallantly throughout the four years' struggle for home, liberty, and independence. He was twice wounded and imprisoned, but each time made his escape and returned to his command. He was noted for his daring and made many hairbreadth escapes. When the close came he was courier or scout for Gen. R. E. Lee and surrendered at Appomattox.

For many years he had made his home in Colorado, and was Commandant of Camp Beauregard, U. C. V., in Denver, filling this office up to the time of his death, January 1, 1913. Just as the Denver bells were ringing out the old year and ringing in the new 1913 his spirit took its flight to a better world, we trust. Three years ago he was thought to be nearing the eternal shore; and as Mrs. Emerson, a well-known Confederate, sat by his bedside administering to his comfort, she gently led up to the question as to his future home. He said: "That is all settled, I am not afraid to die." Of his last illness his friends were not informed until too late to help care for him. He was for many years too feeble to earn a support, but was cared for by his loving daughter, Mrs. Carroll Daly, of New York. Our sympathy goes out to her in her far-away home. His body was gently laid away in Fairmont Cemetery by sorrowing friends who admired the gallant soldier. The Confederates, Sons, and Daughters placed his beloved banner on his casket and covered it with costly flowers.

[Sketch sent by Mrs. A. J. Emerson, of Denver.]

MRS. KATE CHAPMAN.

Mrs. Kate Chapman, the organizer of the Sumter Chapter, U. D. C., died in Livingston, Ala., on the 29th of June, 1912; and this Chapter, desiring to place on record some expression of its great regard for her, has adopted these resolutions:

"Whereas God in his providence has called to a better land Mrs. Kate Chapman, one of our most esteemed charter members; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That in her death we have lost one whose untiring energy and remarkable efficiency were constantly used for the good of our organization and whose sympathetic heart and helpful hands responded to every call of duty.

2. That we, not only as members of her Chapter, but as appreciative friends and neighbors, extend our sympathy to her children and relatives in this time of sorrow."

[Mrs. J. P. Spratt, Mrs. H. L. Mellen, Mrs. C. J. Brockway, Committee.]

COL. GEORGE V. VANDIVER.

After an illness of many months and much suffering, Col. George V. Vandiver died at his home, in Higginsville, Mo. He was born in Hampshire County, Va., March 22, 1844, and at the age of eighteen became a soldier of the Confederacy, joining McNeill's Rangers, an organization famous for reckless bravery. He was one of the picked men who made a dash into the enemy's lines and captured Generals Crook and Kelly. His title of Colonel was honorary, but well deserved by his record as a soldier.

After the war he spent a few years in Kentucky, then returned to Virginia, where he was married in 1880 to Miss Jemima Crawford. The same year he took his bride to Missouri and lived in that State to the last. His widow, with three sons and two daughters, survives him.



ELDER J. R. FARISH, D.D.

Comrade Farish first saw the light of day in Caroline County, Va., April 8, 1835. He finished his education at Richmond College, at Richmond, Va., only a little while before the beginning of the War of the States, and early in 1860 went to Mississippi, where he took up business as a school-teacher. On the breaking out of the war, though a licensed preacher, he enlisted in the Attalla Minute Men, a company formed at Kosciusko, of which Capt. Low Fletcher was elected commander. This company was soon attached to the 13th Mississippi Infantry, commanded by Col. William H. Barksdale. Our comrade was elected chaplain of this regiment, and remained with it until the spring of 1862, when from ill health he was discharged and returned to Mississippi, where in 1865 he was married to Miss Sarah Josephine Cook, who survives him. He was ordained to the ministry of the gospel by the Baptist Church in Kosciusko in 1869 by the widely known Elder Nash, the pastor, being chairman of the ordaining council. After several years of teaching and preaching in Kosciusko and Attalla County he removed to Copiah County, Miss., and became the head of a high-grade academy and pastor of the Baptist Church in Hazlehurst, the county seat.

Dr. Farish was a faithful and honored member of the Highland Baptist Church, Lodge No. 768, F. and A. M., and of Walthall Camp, No. 25, Confederate Veterans, all of Meridian, Miss., of which Camp he was the beloved Chaplain. This good man served his day and generation well and "fell on sleep" on March 14, 1913, near his seventy-eight year, loved and honored by all who knew him.

[From a sketch by Rev. J. A. Hackett.]

STICKLEY.—John A. Stickley died at his home, in Headsville, W. Va., after a long illness, at the age of seventy-five years. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, a member of the Hardy Grays, 33d Virginia Regiment, and was badly wounded in the first battle of Manassas.

JOHN O'BRIEN.

Comrade O'Brien was born in County Westmeath, Ireland, September 2, 1827. He came to the United States at the age of twenty years, and when he was twenty-three years old he enlisted in the United States army for service on the frontier. In 1850 he became a noncommissioned officer of cavalry known as the Mounted Rifles, and served in Indian campaigns for nearly five years, fighting along the frontier from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, to the Mexican border.

In 1856 he went to Little Rock and engaged in the mercantile and general contracting business. Many of the first levees in Pulaski County were built by him.

Prior to the War of the States Comrade O'Brien became a charter member of the Capitol Guards, and would have gone with that company into the Confederate service but for business connections that he could not sever at the time. Later, however, in 1861, he volunteered and was commissioned first lieutenant in Company F, 25th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, the company in which he enlisted being named the Peyton Artillery, complimentary to Dr. Peyton, a distinguished citizen of Little Rock.

Although enlisted as an artilleryman, Comrade O'Brien served throughout the war in the infantry. Shortly after his company went to the front he was made captain. With this command he was engaged in several battles, and was wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro and later captured in the same engagement. He was sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner until the early spring of 1865, when he was discharged, rejoined his command, and continued in the service until the close of the war. On his return to Little Rock he was engaged in the grocery business, and conducted a successful establishment until about thirty years ago, when he retired from the activities of commercial life.

Comrade O'Brien died at his home, in Little Rock, on April 27, 1913, at the age of eighty-six. He leaves a wife and three sons. He was a loyal member of Omer R. Weaver Camp, and hence the Camp loses one of its best members.

[From resolutions by Omer R. Weaver Camp; George Thornburg, A. J. Snodgrass, J. D. Wood, Committee.]

WILLIAM NORRIS STEWART.

Died at his home, in Wilcox County, Ala., April 4, 1913. William N. Stewart, born in Abbeville County, S. C., May 20, 1824. He was the son of Isaac and Jane Stewart and went to Alabama with his father's family. He joined the Lebanon Church when a young man. His first marriage was to Martha Jane MacBryde, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Weed MacBryde, on March 4, 1837. Ten children, three sons and seven daughters, eight of whom still live, resulted from this union. There were sixty-one grandchildren and twenty great-grandchildren. He was married the second time to Mary Elizabeth, the daughter of Hugh and Mary (Dale) MacBryde. It was a happy marriage also.

Mr. Stewart was in the War of the States three years, serving in Company F, 53d Alabama Regiment. He was a comrade of William F. Spurlin and others, who testify to his courage and faithfulness. He was loyal to the faith of his fathers and died in it. He was distinguished for charity and patience toward all men and for honesty and kindness in his business relations. These are the outlines of the long and useful life as set forth by one who knew him well. He was buried April 5, 1913, in the Oak Hill Cemetery, a large company of his family and friends being present.

A. F. JACKSON.

Adolphus Franklin Jackson, who died in a hospital at Eureka Springs, Ark., on August 19, 1912, was born in Alabama December 10, 1844. He grew to manhood in De Soto Parish, La. At the outbreak of the War of the States he enlisted in Company F, Henry Marshall Guards, and served with distinction in the 19th Louisiana Regiment throughout the entire war. A history of that regiment would be a history of every battle fought by the Army of Tennessee. As regimental color bearer he was ever in the forefront, and he was seriously wounded several times. At the battle before Atlanta he was shot through the body and left for dead. He reached home after the conflict a seasoned veteran, though still not old enough to vote.

Since the war he had held various positions of trust with marked fidelity and with credit to himself. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a man of large-hearted charities. Many sincere and beautiful tributes have been paid him.

DR. BAILEY PEYTON KEY.

Dr. B. P. Key, one of the best known surgeons of Tennessee, was born in Sumner County December 24, 1840; and died in Tracy City June 29, 1913. He was a Confederate soldier, a member of Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn. He served in Morgan's Cavalry. He entered the army at the age of thirteen years, and won the affection of his comrades by his unselfishness and extreme youth. He was in prison at Fort Delaware eighteen months. He served throughout the entire war and was present at the surrender in Washington, Ga.

After he returned from the war he entered the medical college in Nashville, where he graduated, finishing his medical education at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, Pa. He practiced successfully in Tracy City, in Nashville, and in Chattanooga. His generous nature always enabled him to help those who were most needy. His honors were not confined to his own country, for his talent was recognized as well in London, where he spent some time. Dr. Key was a descendant of Francis Scott Key, composer of the "Star-Spangled Banner." He leaves a wife (Mrs. Florence H. Key), one daughter (Mrs. Gilman Haskell Hutchings, of New York), and a sister (Mrs. J. W. Black, of Nashville).

ROBERT H. SCOTT.

The death of R. H. Scott is reported by Roland Gooch, of Nevada, Tex.; and an account of his service for the Confederacy shows his patriotism and determination to give his country the best within his power. He was born near Baltimore, Md., in 1835, and enlisted in Imboden's Cavalry in 1862. After the battle of Malvern Hill, Va., he was transferred to the Confederate States navy and placed on the steamer Alabama, where he remained until she was sunk at Cherbourg, on the French Coast, in June, 1864. He then ran the blockade to Wilmington, N. C., and went to Fort Fisher, and was in that battle and surrender. He made his escape, however, and went to Texas, where he served under Col. John S. Ford on the Rio Grande, on the Mexican border, until the final surrender. He then located in Falls County, Tex., but went to Nevada, Tex., about seventeen years ago and lived in a shack near the railroad. On the side of his house he painted a large Confederate flag. He never married, and lived there alone until his death, on June 30.

In many instances pictures are sent for "Last Roll" sketches and the names misplaced. Please report such omission.

GEN. W. H. BOURNE

The News, Savannah, Ga., on July 5 states: "Gen. William Henry Bourne, Commander of McLaws' Camp, U. C. V., and Brigadier Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., died suddenly at his home here after an illness of less than two hours. Death was due to acute indigestion. General Bourne was a native of Hanover County, Va., but came to Chatham County when quite a young man, and practically his entire life has been spent in this State. He served gallantly throughout the War of the States and had long been prominent in Savannah's business circles. He is survived by five sons."

DR. F. Y. SALMON.

Dr. F. Y. Salmon died July 7, 1913, at his home, Lynchburg, Tenn. He was born at Greensboro, N. C., in 1830, and had lived a large part of his useful life at Lynchburg.

Dr. Salmon was married to Miss Harriet Taylor, daughter of John H. Taylor, a prominent Southern gentleman of the old school. He is survived by the following children: Dr. W. T. Salmon, of Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mrs. J. C. Franklin, of Nashville; Mrs. R. F. L. Montcastle, of Knoxville; Mrs. R. M. Whipple, of Union City; Mrs. Wm. Bryan, of Watertown.

In 1861 Dr. Salmon organized a company of Confederate soldiers at Lynchburg before Tennessee seceded. His father-in-law, an old man, equipped the company at his own expense. During the gold excitement in California he went there in 1849 and remained about two years. About thirty years ago he came to Nashville and engaged in business for some time, then retired and returned to his old home. He was a prominent Mason and Odd Fellow.

W. V. IZLAR.

William Valmore Izlar was born in Orangeburg District, S. C., May 12, 1840; and died at Atlanta, Ga., October 11, 1912. He was prepared to enter Emory and Henry College, Oxford, Ga., when the war of 1861-65 commenced; but he enlisted instead in the Edisto Rifles, Company A, Hagood's 1st Regiment, South Carolina Infantry, and was first a private and later sergeant. In the formation of the 25th Entaw Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, the Edisto Rifles became Company G of that regiment, and served in Hagood's 1st Regiment at the attack on Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, April 12 and 13, 1861, and at Pocotaligo, and was in the attack on Fort Lamar, Secessionville, June 16, 1862. During the year 1863-64 he saw active service at Rivers, James Island, at Battery Wagner, and after the evacuation of Morris Island served in Fort Sumter at times during the attack of the United States fleet on that fort. In May, 1864, Hagood's Brigade was ordered to Petersburg, Va., where he was in all the engagements of the Brigade—Walthall Junction, Swift Creek, Drewry's Bluff, Second Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, in the trenches at Petersburg, at the Weldon Railroad, and in many skirmishes.

At Walthall Junction he was made a lieutenant for gallantry on the field and put in command of one of the companies of his regiment, which position he maintained the remainder of the war. For his gallant conduct in each engagement he was recommended for promotion and indorsed by Gen. Johnson Hagood, the letter being now in possession of his family. After the battle of Weldon Railroad, in which about seven hundred men of the brigade were engaged, only two hundred came out. Lieutenant Izlar, being the ranking officer left for service, commanded his regiment. A few months after the fall of Fort Fisher he was captured while in command of the picket at Town Creek, N. C., and was

taken with other prisoners to Point Lookout, Md., where he was held a prisoner until the close of the war.

William V. Izlar was one of five brothers, all in the same company and all noted for gallantry. Upon returning home Lieutenant Izlar engaged in mercantile pursuits, and at the time of his death he was in the real estate and insurance business. He also took part in reorganizing the Edisto Rifles, and was one of its officers. In 1870 he was married to Miss Annie A. Felder, who, with one daughter, survives him.

Comrade W. V. Izlar at the time of his death was a member of Camp Thomas J. Glover, No. 457, U. C. V. To his efforts Hagood's stubborn fight at the Weldon Railroad will be remembered by the passer by through the monument erected on the spot of the engagement. Camp Glover was fortunate in having his name on its roll, and in his death the Camp has lost one of its best members, a gallant soldier and comrade and our community a good citizen.

[From a tribute from Camp Glover by F. S. Dibble, F. A. Schifley, Jude Robinson, Committee.]

JAMES D. LANKFORD.

James D. Lankford was born May 23, 1838, in Saline County, Mo.; and died on Christmas day, 1912, at Marshall, Mo., his native county. His parents, Jesse and Nancy Garrett Lankford, were pioneers of Saline, arriving there in the fall of 1817 from Tennessee, although they were Virginians, the former from the Isle of Wight County and the latter from Pittsylvania County. There were six children—Lavinia C., Emily J., Louisa M., Garrett, James D., and George W. Lankford. All three of the sons enlisted early in the Confederate army and remained until the surrender of General Price at Shreveport in June, 1865.

James D. Lankford enlisted in February, 1862, in Captain Sutherland's company, went south with General Price and Comrade Jackson, was in the battle of Elk Horn, afterwards in the 2d Missouri Regiment, and went with General Price to Corinth, Miss. In September, 1862, he returned to the Trans-Mississippi Department and joined Company E, Frank Gordon's regiment, 5th Missouri, Shelby's Brigade. He was in the battles of Newton, Prairie Grove, Springfield, Hartsville—in fact, all of the battles fought by Price until the surrender. After the battle of Westport he helped to bury two of his comrades and schoolmates, Thomas Ingram and Charley Gaines.

Soon after the war he went to Pueblo County, Colo., and engaged in the cattle business with his brother Garrett as Lankford Brothers. They were eminently successful, and the name stands as a synonym for honesty and straight dealing. Their ranch was for years a Mecca for all of the Missourians who were there. None in need of help went away empty. Although on a ranch, they kept thoroughly posted through current literature. James D. Lankford was a diligent student of political and constitutional history. He was devoted to the Constitution of our fathers; and when the North ignored it in the sixties and tried to coerce the South, he thought she was in honor bound to resent, and he proved his faith by his works. He left \$20,000 to the Daughters of the Confederacy with which to build a hall and in which should be placed a library, conditioned that no history should be placed therein which did not do justice to the South. This was the crowning act of a splendid life.

James Lankford was a gentleman. The word never fitted any man better. The writer, V. G. Garnett, Esq., never heard him use a word not suitable to the presence of ladies.

BOSTONIAN ON "THE MEN IN GRAY."

BY H. S. RUGGLES, BOSTON, MASS.

The zeal of the writer of "The Men in Gray" to have justice for the cause in the record of history is most commendable. I think he would not desire to give any wrong impressions of other sections. To me (I was born in Boston and have lived here all of my sixty-six years of life) it seems that he has mistaken the sentiment of its inhabitants.

While the popular view of Southern people from time immemorial has been that here is the seat of hostility, past and present, to everything Southern, and that its citizens by a vast majority were of the antislavery party before the war, I assure you this is a mistaken view. The abolitionists of antebellum days were a small knot of noisy agitators with whom only a very few people were in sympathy. Wendell Phillips was derisively alluded to as "Windmill Phillips," and Garrison was once mobbed in the streets of this city. It was one of these two men who used the expression regarding the Constitution: "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell." The sentiment was universally condemned here, though it is quoted in "The Men in Gray" as the view of Northern people as a whole.

The men of the North volunteered for the war to defend the Union. Had they believed the war to be a crusade against slavery, there never would have been a Northern army. The teachings of the two sections have always been different. In the South reverence and loyalty to one's State has been the source of patriotism; in the North it was one's country, the nation before the State. I am making no argument as to which of these theories constituted the higher type of patriotism; I am only striving to set right the attitude of our people.

That Boston recognized the war ended when peace was declared cannot be better shown than in the words of the late Gen. Fitzhugh Lee when he was here in 1875 on the centenary of the battle of Bunker Hill: "I always like to come to Boston, for here I am not expected to apologize for my part in the late war." The ovation which that man received in the streets of Boston would have been a revelation to some of your people.

I note on page 77 (sixth line from the top) that the date is 1000; I think it should read 1800.

An allusion to the contending parties as being "Puritan" and "Cavalier" is a little confusing; for while the old-line families here are of the former derivation, the majority of our citizens then and now were from other sources. Then, I am surprised at the number of men of Northern birth (many of Puritan ancestry) who served in the armies of the Confederacy.

And as to history as it is taught, the school histories in Massachusetts public schools were harshly criticized by some Grand Army men a few years ago as too favorable to the Southern view. I know that they were then unsuccessful in getting any change. As my children grew up I lost my interest in the schools, so I have no knowledge now of the textbooks in use.

I think there is no cause to fear but that the South will have her due in the glories of history. Like her Northern brethren, her sons fought for a principle dear to the heart. They were equally and alike American patriots, and as such the whole country is proud of their achievements.

REPLY BY THE AUTHOR, REV. R. C. CAVE.

The letter of Mr. Ruggles criticizing my little book has reached me. It is my wish, and has always been my aim, to

be just to all men; and if I have in any way misrepresented the people of Boston, the misrepresentation consists in stating facts as given by accredited historians and, as far as I know, never denied.

It was my good fortune to be in Boston several weeks a few years after the war between the sections, and what I then saw of its people impressed me most favorably. My entertainers did everything possible to make my sojourn among them pleasant; and, like Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, I was made to feel that I was "not expected to apologize" for my Southern sentiments. On the contrary, I was encouraged to express them freely. I was taken one day to Faneuil Hall and shown the large picture of Webster, with his famous words, "Liberty and Union forever," inscribed under it, and one of the gentlemen asked: "What do you think of that?" "It is a very fine painting," I answered. "But," said he, "I don't mean the picture; I mean the sentiment, 'Liberty and Union forever.' What do you think of that?" "Well," I replied, "the sentiment is admirable; but what becomes of liberty when the Union is maintained by coercion?" He looked at me for a moment and then smilingly said: "I never thought of it in just that way." In other words, he had never considered any side of the case except his own; and since the Union seemed desirable to him, it had never occurred to him that its preservation by force involved a violation of the liberty of others. And I am inclined to the opinion that he fairly represented the people of his city. They are good people, but they find it exceedingly difficult to get around to the viewpoint of the man who is looking at "the other side of the shield."

I think Mr. Ruggles errs in saying that "the popular view of Southern people" has been that Boston is "the seat of hostility, past and present, to everything Southern." He has perhaps been led into the error by the fact that, since Boston is the representative city of New England, Southern writers and speakers may have sometimes used the name of the city to designate the section. Southerners do believe that New England has been "the seat of hostility" to the South, and I think the impartial student of history will admit that the belief is justified by the facts.

If my critic will read "The Men in Gray" more closely, I think he will find no ground for the charge that it is unfair to the people of the North. He will find that, instead of quoting the sentiments of Garrison and Phillips as expressing "the view of Northern people as a whole," it quotes what was said by them and others to show the spirit of the party which was voted into power in 1860, and that on page 142 it says: "It was not the spirit of a majority of the Northern people, but of a fanatical minority that dominated the country."

And if he will read more closely, he will find no "allusion to the contending parties as being Puritan and Cavalier." On page 68 he will read: "It does not deny, either directly or indirectly, the well known fact that there were men of Cavalier descent in the North and men of Puritan descent in the South, and that probably a majority of the people of both sections were descended from neither Cavaliers nor Puritans." But while the book does not allude to the contending parties as Cavaliers and Puritans, it does allude to the Cavalier spirit as dominating the one and the Puritan spirit as dominating the other. In Virginia and the Southern colonies the Cavaliers by force of character, if not by numbers, were predominant. They molded Southern civilization and ideas of government. And the civilization and governmental ideas formed

by their influence did not cease when independence was won from Great Britain, but continued, with some modifications, from generation to generation throughout the Southern States. In the same way the Puritans were predominant in Massachusetts and the Northern colonies and molded Northern civilization and ideas of government. The war between the sections was the culmination of the conflict between these "essentially different civilizations and antagonistic ideas of government."

Mr. Ruggles says "In the South reverence and loyalty to one's State has been the source of patriotism; in the North it was one's country, the nation before the State." This statement of the case unless qualified gives the South less and the North more than what is due. It is true that the men of the South believed in the sovereignty of the States and held that the citizen's allegiance was due primarily to his State; but they were, nevertheless, unwavering in their loyalty to the Federal government as long as it respected the limitations imposed by the Constitution. It is also true that the men of the North were loud in their professions of loyalty to the "nation" when its government was being controlled by them or in accordance with their wishes and interests; but they did not display much loyalty to the "nation" when they were conspiring to form a Northern Confederacy in the early years of the last century or when they were refusing aid to their own government and sending supplies to the enemy during the War of 1812, or when they were nullifying the Federal law for the rendition of fugitive slaves.

I think Mr. Ruggles would have been nearer correct had he said: "The patriotism of Southerners was expressed in loyalty to government, whether State or Federal, as it was constituted; while the patriotism of Northerners was expressed in loyalty to government as they thought it ought to be constituted." Of course this does not refer to "the Northern people as a whole," but to the party that finally came into power and brought on the war. In the statement that a Northern army could not have been raised for "a crusade against slavery" I fully concur. I have often said that the North could not have mustered an army to fight for the abolition of slavery, and the South could not have mustered one to fight for its perpetuation. Slavery was a subordinate matter; but its agitation brought what were deemed matters of fundamental importance to the front. The South, seeing unmistakable evidence that the Federal government intended to exercise power not delegated to it by the Constitution and to legislate to her detriment, seceded, and when invaded fought to preserve the independence of the States which was won from Great Britain and to perpetuate government in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. The people of the North, failing to realize that force could not possibly preserve the Union of free and independent States and could effect nothing more than their fusion as subject provinces into a great nationality, responded to the call to preserve the Union. This fusion it did effect. I think it was a Northern man who wrote: "Let us be frank about it. On the day that the Northern people responded to Abraham Lincoln's call for troops to coerce the Southern States the republic died and the nation was born." We of the South have accepted the result. The republic being dead in all save name, we will do what we can to make the nation great and glorious.

As to the date to which Mr. Ruggles refers, it is a misprint. The attention of the publisher was called to it as soon as the book was issued. It should be 1790.

"THE RED HARVEST OF GETTYSBURG."

Books innumerable have been written about the glories and tragedies of war, the wonders of its bloody heroisms, the splendor of its panoply, the heartbreak of its defeats; but it is a rare volume that looks at campaigns and battles from the ignorant standpoint of an outsider or that views them with the narrow vision of a private in the ranks.

Such a book of tales a reader finds in Elsie Singmaster's little volume on Gettysburg. The stories picture the peaceful little Pennsylvania town steeped in Old World sunshine and content. They set forth the daily habits of the humble, trustful people whose lives lay along the battle's edge and who found in the rage and blood of the great conflict a numbing mystery of horror too vast for understanding or belief; and they make us feel, as did the simple village people, the confusion and tragedy of the stupendous cataclysm whose cruelty stultified the coming years with an unanswered wonder as to the necessity for so much tumult and death. What Erkman Chatrian did for the French wars this little volume does for this one great battle of Gettysburg.

In her first story the writer shows the pathos of the unbelief that held the little village through the opening hours of the conflict. The closing chapter bridges fifty years and pictures Gettysburg again, still bathed in the sunny greenness of its mountain beauty and still held by the wonder of the battle which shook its hills with horror so many years ago. The intervening pages are filled with details of human and dramatic purport. Of special and illuminative interest to Southern readers is a chapter called "Victory" which details Pickett's charge from the war letters of a young Federal officer who knew nothing of its plan and who met its fury at the crest of the hill where the gray lines reached their flood.

Perhaps the strongest characteristic of the little volume is found in the dramatic restraint with which its stories unfold themselves. This quiet habit of repressed thought in the midst of tumult, together with the book's manner of simple wonder at matters beyond our ken, adds a fresh note, even after all these years, to our already voluminous literature of the great war.

Elsie Singmaster, who is now Mrs. Harold Lewars, is the daughter of Dr. J. A. Singmaster, president of the seminary whose buildings dominated one of the famous strategic points of the battle. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"OUR CORNER" BOOK.

In an intimate little book of travel Mrs. Emma Page Larimore has told the charming story of a year of journeying up and down and all about this fair land of ours. With "the Preacher," who is the hero of her tale, Mrs. Larimore in a single year traveled half the distance around the world, visited half the States of our Union, and was in Mexico, Cuba, and Canada. The book is written in a friendly, easy style and makes a delightful souvenir of many interesting people and places. It is printed for the author by the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South.

A correspondent notes errors in June VETERAN as follows: "Page 289: 'S. B. Gist' should be 'S. R. Gist.' 'Preston Smith killed September 20, 1863,' should be 'September 19.' I belonged to Preston Smith's brigade and was present when he was killed. That brigade was not engaged in any fight on the 20th (Sunday)."

WHEN CAPT. SAM FREEMAN WAS KILLED.

BY THOMAS R. TULLOS, FRANKLIN, TENN.

I note in the February VETERAN Comrade Martin Houston's recollections of the day Captain Freeman was killed.

I was a member of Company F, 4th Tennessee, Starnes's Cavalry Regiment. I had been wounded at Brentwood and was not able for regular duty, but rode with Colonel Starnes, serving as courier, on the day that Captain Freeman was captured and killed by the 4th Regulars, United States Cavalry. General Forrest was in command of a division composed of his old brigade (commanded then by Colonel Starnes), Armstrong's Brigade, and Freeman's Battery.

We were marching toward Franklin on the Lewisburg Pike, with Armstrong in front and Starnes following about half a mile behind. Colonel Starnes with his staff was at the head of the brigade, which moved in the following order: The 9th Tennessee, Biffle's Regiment, then Freeman's Battery, next the 4th Tennessee Regiment (Colonel McLemore in command), the 10th Tennessee (Lieutenant Colonel DeMoss in command), Colonel Cox, with three hundred of his men, having been captured at Parker's Crossroads, and, last, the 11th Tennessee Regiment (Colonel Holman).

Armstrong's Brigade had passed Douglas Church, on the west side of the pike. Captain Pierce with his company (F) had been ordered up, and Colonel Starnes sent him to look out for the enemy. Although Armstrong was in front, our right front was exposed, as the Murfreesboro Road was not over two and a half miles from our line of march, and there was a good ford across Harpeth River near Dr. Brice Hughes's home, which was about two and a half miles from the Lewisburg Pike. Captain Pierce, in command of Company F, was sent to where the road from Hughes's ford connected with the pike. This road intersected the pike about half a mile from Douglas Church toward Franklin. Just as Colonel Starnes and his staff rode up to the church the Yankees were seen on the east side of the pike, some three or four hundred yards distant. At the same time Captain Pierce was engaged heavily with the enemy at the Hughes Ford road. Colonel Starnes sent two of his staff back south on the pike to bring up the other regiments. I was sent to Colonel Biffle, a short distance back, with orders to take his regiment down Henpeck Lane, dismount his men under cover of the hill, and move through the field toward the Lewisburg Pike. Just at this time the two men who had been sent after the other regiments were seen running through the fields toward the Columbia Pike.

Colonel Starnes ordered me to ride up the pike and stick to it, no matter what happened, and tell Colonel McLemore to bring his men. This was uphill about a quarter of a mile, and the Yankees were then on the east side of the pike all along the top of the Oden hill. I stuck to the pike to the top of the hill. The battery had just arrived there, and so had the Yankees. In a twinkling they had the guns. The caissons wheeled and ran back south right through McLemore's men, scattering them greatly. Captain Freeman was captured right there and carried off across the woods lot in a southeastern direction. I found Colonel McLemore just west of the pike near Goose Creek and delivered my orders. He was trying to get his men in position; and my old friend Joe Dozier, bugler of the regiment, was there doing his duty nobly in helping to rally the men. His trophies for that day were four Yankees, three of whom he captured and one of whom he killed to save Colonel McLemore's life. His son, N. B. Dozier, of Franklin, Tenn., enlisted in 1862 at the age of sixteen.

After delivering my orders to Colonel McLemore, I went back to the old church, going parallel with the pike on the west side. Maj. T. F. P. Allison was just coming up the pike from the Hughes Ford road with Captain Pierce and his company. They were immediately formed and, being led by Colonel Starnes in person, made a most gallant charge. The Federals gave way and the company was rushed up the hill on the east side of the pike and engaged the enemy right in front of Dr. Oden's house. They at once gave way and ran off in the direction of the river.

Freeman's Battery lost heavily and Colonel Starnes's horse was killed just as he crossed the pike while leading the charge. This horse had been given him by Col. D. C. Kelley the day before. General Forrest had given Colonel Starnes a gold-mounted saber, which was strapped to his saddle and left on the dead horse. It was taken from the saddle and never recovered. I do not remember how many guns of the battery were on the hill, but they did not fire a shot. All the wheels were cut down, and they had to be hauled off on wagons. Armstrong's Brigade was seen coming toward us; and not knowing who they were, one of the guns was propped up by laying fence rails under the end and was fired two or three times.

Captain Freeman's body was found near where I saw him on my ride after McLemore. It was carried back that night to Spring Hill, with three other dead soldiers, in a two-horse wagon which belonged to Dr. Henderson, father of John H. (now Judge) Henderson. The wagon was pressed this wagon, team, and a negro driver to haul the four dead bodies to Spring Hill. John Henderson, then a small boy, went with the wagon, spent the night in camp with the soldiers, and returned home with the negro driver and wagon. The next night Forrest's Division camped in the woods near Cowles's Schoolhouse, seven miles from Franklin. Colonel Starnes sent me to Squire Chapman's, a personal friend of his, to spend the night. One of the company went with me to help me, as I could not walk without crutches.

FAITHFUL DAUGHTERS IN WINCHESTER, KY.

Memorial services at the Confederate cemetery at Winchester, Ky., were most impressive. Mr. B. F. Curtis served as master of ceremonies, and the invocation was by Rev. J. R. Peebles. A quartet sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." The address of the occasion was delivered by Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean. "It was one of the most inspiring eulogies ever delivered to the memory of Confederate valor," said the Winchester Democrat. Mrs. Sallie Taylor Cunningham paid tribute in rhyme "To the Heroes of Kentucky." A floral cross which had been constructed with exquisite taste was formally unveiled by two children of the Confederacy. It had been placed at the grave of Mrs. Nannie G. Curlee. Mrs. Bean presented a cross of honor to Mrs. Braxton Lisle, whose husband died recently. In the presentation she said: "I give it to you, Mrs. Braxton Lisle, in behalf of the Daughters of the Virginia Hanson Chapter, to be guarded, much prized, and handed down as the most precious of heirlooms."

[In reporting the presentation the Winchester Democrat makes the pathetic statement that that is the last cross of honor that will be given in Clark County. The U. D. C. convention last November in Washington, D. C., extended the time for presenting crosses. So there may be others distributed there.]

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN NEW ORLEANS.

For the second time in the history of Memorial Day in New Orleans the veterans' automobile parade took place on June 3, the legal Memorial Day in the State of Louisiana. On this occasion the graves and monuments, eleven in number, are visited, and at each one of these sacred shrines "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is played, a volley is fired, and taps are sounded. But before the parade reaches these hallowed spots loving hands have already paid reverential tribute to the heroic dead by covering their resting places with the fairest flowers.

The veterans have heretofore made part of this long march on foot and the other part in the street cars. Age creeping on apace has made even this exertion too much for the once erect and stalwart boys of the sixties who would march till they dropped in the ranks. The automobile parade, planned and put into execution by Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, has obviated the necessity for this, and was so great a success in June, 1912, that it was decided to make it an annual affair.

June 3, 1913, again saw about forty-five autos in line, each car carrying several veterans in whose hands waved the stars and bars and the battle-scarred banners of their camps or associations. The Washington Artillery Veteran Association was in line in full force; Camp No. 1, Army of Northern Virginia, and the Army of Tennessee Association were out in numbers too. The pupils of the Jefferson Davis and R. E. Lee Schools, dressed in white and wearing badges, rode in auto trucks in the parade, while the cadets from the Sacred Heart Catholic School (some seventy-five in number) acted as a guard of honor to the veterans. These manly little fellows, marching with precision and dignity, added much to the procession and created much favorable comment.



MRS. JERRY DICKSON.

Chapron Louisiana Division, Chattanooga Reunion.

The first stop in the line of march was made at the Jefferson Davis monument in Canal Street. Here heads were uncovered and a volley fired in loving memory of the great chieftain of the Confederacy. After all monuments had been visited, the closing exercises were held in Greenwood Cemetery, at the Confederate monument. A masterly oration was delivered by Hon. Henry M. Gill, the son of a veteran. The saintly Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell asked the blessing of the Commander of all armies on the assembled soldiers and guests, and a quartet of female voices rendered "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in the sweetest and most sacred manner.

The recurrence of the Memorial Day celebration is a beautiful tribute from the living to the dead of one of the noblest and greatest and bravest armies that ever fought and bled and died in a holy cause. The committee having in charge the auto parade was composed of Misses W. J. Behan, Benjamin Ory, and John G. Harrison, and the Misses Agnes Ponder and Stephanie Levert, ably assisted by Messrs. Ralston F. Green and Harry Sellers, the latter the son of a Union soldier.

TENNESSEAN KILLED NEAR RICHMOND.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has put many people to looking up old documents that will ever be sacred to them. Mrs. T. S. Colley, of Franklin, kindly sends a copy of an article from the Richmond Enquirer of July 17, 1862. Its literal reproduction will be interesting to young readers, as it breathes the spirit of the time when it was written. In Colonel Shackelford's honor the bivouac at Fayetteville was named.

"Among the noble brave who fell in the recent battles near Richmond perhaps no one deserves more honorable mention than Lieut. John C. Shackelford, of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, who fell on Friday, June 27, while gallantly leading his regiment in the first charge at Grimes's Mills. Colonel Shackelford was in the battle of Seven Pines and also commanded his regiment in the fight at Ellison's Mills on Thursday before the battle in which he fell. In every action, though but twenty-six years of age, he showed himself to possess in an eminent degree the qualities of a good commander—to wit, coolness, self-possession, and bravery. So gallantly did he demean himself upon the field in the thickest of the fight that the soldiers frequently exclaimed: "Surely Colonel Shackelford's nerves are steel." When shot he was waving his sword above his head and cheering his men on. But so thick and terrible was the leaden storm that our men were ordered to retreat. A soldier offered to take him off the field, but he said: "No, it is no use. Take care of yourself." He was universally popular and was the favorite of his own regiment. The 1st Tennessee will ever cherish his memory with the most grateful recollections. He was a most ardent and enthusiastic devotee to the Southern cause, was among the first to respond to his country's call, and was in the service of the Confederate States in Virginia before his native State had seceded from the Union. With him love of the Confederacy was a passion, and he seemed to carry his life in his hands, that he might throw it upon the altar of his own loved native South whenever her interest demanded it."

Colonel Shackelford was commanding the 1st Tennessee (Col. Pete Turney's regiment) at the time of his death. The fatality of this famous regiment was awful. When this genial, brave man was killed Colonel Turney was suffering from an almost fatal wound. He was succeeded by McLaughlin, who was also killed, and he by Maj. F. G. Buchanan, who was wounded.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JUNE 30, 1913.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$15. Contributed by Mary Graham Chapter, C. of C., Camden, Ark., \$5; Malvern Chapter, No. 431, U. D. C., Malvern, Ark., \$5; T. J. Churchill Chapter, No. 1373, Little Rock, Ark., \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$28. Contributed by Martha Reid Chapter, No. 19, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$25; Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 1397, U. D. C., Little River, Fla., \$2; Miss Brevard, Tallahassee, Fla., \$1.

Sterling Price Chapter, No. 901, Nevada, Mo., \$21.80.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$35. Contributed by R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1245, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$25; Missouri Division, U. D. C., \$10.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$210.50. Contributed by Hanover Chapter, No. 1399, U. D. C., Ashland, Va., \$5; Mrs. Thomas L. Rosser, through Hanover Chapter, No. 1399, U. D. C., \$4; Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., \$4.75; Saltville-Preston Chapter, No. 1426, Saltville, Va., \$5; Lee Chapter, No. 1370, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., \$25; Southern Cross Chapter, No. 746, U. D. C., Salem, Va., \$10; Richmond Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., \$125; source not stated, \$31.75.

Mrs. B. T. Davis, Director for West Virginia, \$168. Contributed by West Virginia Division, U. D. C., \$50; Huntington Chapter, No. 150, U. D. C., Huntington, W. Va., \$50; Parkersburg Chapter, No. 385, U. D. C., Parkersburg, W. Va., \$20; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1333, U. D. C., Clarksburg, W. Va., \$25; Hedgesville Chapter, No. 265, U. D. C., Hedgesville, W. Va., \$10; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 290, U. D. C., Romney, W. Va., \$10; Miss Jennie Price, Lewisburg, W. Va., \$2; Mrs. Peterkin, Parkersburg, W. Va., \$1.

Mr. H. Walters, New York, \$100, and Mr. Smith H. McKim, New York, \$5, through Col. F. G. Caffey.

Receipts during month, \$583.30.

Balance on hand June 1, 1913, \$22,723.59.

To be accounted for, \$23,306.89.

A. C. Weeks, grading, etc., Confederate section, Arlington, \$36.75.

Balance on hand July 1, 1913, \$23,270.14.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM MAY 12 TO JUNE 12, 1913.

Kentucky: John H. Morgan Chapter, Nicholasville, \$2; Sophia Bibb Chapter, Montgomery, \$5; Sidney Lanier Chapter, \$5; Charles G. Gunther Chapter, Tuscaloosa, \$5; A. E. Powell Chapter, Northport, \$5.

Arkansas: Conway Chapter, post cards, \$1.90; Hiram Grinstead Chapter, Camden, \$10; Fannie Scott Chapter, Harrison, \$2; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Dardanelle, Shiloh Day, \$5.50; James H. Berry Chapter, Bentonville, \$2; J. R. H. Scott Chapter, Russellville, 45 cents.

California: Post cards, 95 cents.

Kentucky: John H. Morgan Chapter, Nicholasville, \$2; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, \$10; Virginia Hansom Chapter, Winchester, \$2; H. M. Wade (personal), Sharpe, 50 cents; Col. Tom Johnson Chapter, Princeton, \$5.

Missouri: Sterling Price Chapter, Nevada, \$5.

Tennessee: J. C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, \$2.75; Kirby Smith Chapter, Sewance, \$5; Thomas McCorry (personal), Jackson, \$1; Miss Virginia Claybrook (personal),

Nashville, \$1; Miss Eliza Claybrook (personal), Nashville, \$1; Mrs. W. T. Davis (personal), Nashville, \$1; Mrs. J. C. Frierson (personal), Knoxville, \$20; William Bate Chapter, Nashville, \$5; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$10; 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$10; Neely Chapter, Bolivar, post cards, \$6.

Virginia: Halifax Chapter, South Boston, \$10; Turner Ashby Chapter, Winchester, \$8; Washington and Lee of Westmoreland Chapter, Kinsale, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Buena Vista, \$5; Suffolk Chapter, \$3; Black Horse Chapter, Warrenton, \$5; Portsmouth Chapter, \$25; Bristol Chapter, \$2; Williamsburg Chapter, \$2; Sally Tompkins Chapter, Gloucester County, \$1; Greenville Chapter, Emporia, \$5; Saltville-Preston Chapter, Saltville, \$5; Fredericksburg Chapter, \$3.60; Floyd Chapter, \$3.80; Henry A. Wise Chapter, Cape Charles, \$17; post cards sold by Mrs. Merchant, \$3.65; Commission on "Heroes in Gray," 90 cents.

Interest, \$37.47.

Total collections since last report, \$277.47.

Expense, refund to Mrs. L. C. Hall, \$5.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$21,702.46.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

BEGINNING APRIL 15, 1913.

Texas: G. W. Sneed, Hubbard, \$1; G. B. Speed, Beaumont, \$5; J. C. McCullough, Grand Saline, \$1; R. R. Cade, Grand Saline, \$1; Mrs. R. L. Ellison, Fort Worth, \$100; J. C. Hillsman, Giddings, \$5; D. F. Latimer, Madras, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Adrian, Longview, \$2; Camp 135, U. D. C., Gatesville, \$6; W. P. Brown, Groesbeck, \$1; L. R. Burress, Brownsville, \$5; H. P. House, Franklin, \$14.25; E. J. Frey, Marshall, \$1; Mrs. F. C. Fox, Amarillo, \$1; Mrs. W. H. Jones, Marlin, \$1; Tom Connally, Marlin, \$1; A. M. Wilson, McKinney, \$25; Charles I. Coffin and sons, Itasca, \$5; C. W. Stone, Hondo, \$1; P. Jungman, Jr., Hondo, \$1; Fred G. Erney, Hondo, \$1; E. W. Lacey, Hondo, \$1; H. F. King, Hondo, \$1; cash, friends, Hondo, \$2; D. M. Atcheson, New Salem, \$1; W. N. Kennedy, Marshall, \$1; C. W. Earle, Dodd City, \$1; J. C. Smith, Fort Stockton, \$1; James C. Harwell, Oenaville, \$1; J. W. Rowland, Plano, \$1; O. H. Getter, Hondo, 50 cents; T. B. Holloway, Hondo, 50 cents; Sidney Fly, Hondo, 50 cents; J. D. Smith, Hondo, 50 cents.

Illinois: Illinois Division, U. D. C., Chicago, \$2.

Oklahoma: Oklahoma City Chapter, \$1.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED THROUGH THE VETERAN.

W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La., \$1; John Truss, Honey Grove, Tex., \$1; J. L. Elder, Dallas, Tex., \$1; Mrs. L. H. Toole, Dallas, Tex., \$1; Mrs. Grafton Feemo, West Lynn, Mass., 50 cents; J. H. Combs, San Marcos, Tex., \$1; J. L. Duncan, Corso, Mo., \$4; M. V. Smith, Luling Tex., \$2; Mrs. A. D. Andrews, Roswell, N. Mex., \$1; J. W. Allison, Homer, La., \$5; John T. Heard, Robinson, Ga., \$1; Capt. Joseph Phillips, Nashville, Tenn., \$1; R. R. Witt, Lexington, Va., \$1; Mrs. J. C. Anderson, Carlinville, Ill., \$2; Capt. J. D. Franklin, Tennille, Ga., \$1; C. M. Burch, Fancy Farm, Ky., \$1; B. D. Weedin, Lexington, Mo., \$1; W. W. Faison, Goldsboro, N. C., \$1; Thomas Magovern, Past Commander Prescott Post, No. 1, Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R., \$1; C. W. Gillehan, Spring Creek, Tenn., \$1; Gen. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C., \$1; D. H. Traxler, Greenville, S. C., \$1; Bedford Forrest Hamilton, Wynne, Ark., \$1.

THE KILLING OF CAPTAIN FREEMAN.

BY J. G. WITHERSPOON, CROWELL, TEX.

I have seen several accounts in the VETERAN describing the killing of Captain Freeman by the Federals, and I submit my version of that unfortunate affair. I was in the fight with my company, F. 9th Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. J. B. Bittle, and was in full view of Captain Freeman when he was killed.

Part of our brigade, the 9th Tennessee Battalion, the 4th, 9th, and perhaps the 8th Tennessee Regiments, together with Freeman's Battery, under the command of Colonel Starnes, was marching leisurely along the pike with unloaded guns, our regiment being in the rear. About a mile before we reached the church a courier came back from the front with orders to Colonel Bittle to load his guns and move his regiment forward. When we got to the church, we turned up a lane, when suddenly we heard rapid firing back on the pike near the battery which was then across a field from us and south of the church.

Colonel Bittle jumped from his horse, as we could not well charge on horseback across the fences, and ordered every man to dismount and follow him. We went at double-quick toward the battery, firing as we went. The Federals were in plain view. They had already captured the battery, and so far had met with but little resistance. But before we got to the battery they began to retreat with some disorder in the direction from which they came. About that time another detachment of the enemy made a demonstration in our rear, and Colonel Bittle ordered half of our regiment to about-face, and by this movement our company was cut about half in two. We were so intent on going after the fellows that had captured the battery that we knew nothing about this movement until the whole thing was over. When we saw that the Federals were retreating, we moved to the left, crossed east of the pike, and advanced through the woods lot to cut them off. There being no commissioned officer with us, and being second sergeant, I took charge of this detached part of the company. Noticing a dozen or more Federals lagging behind, between us and the battery, we made a run for the fence in order to cut them off. This was the crowd that had captured Captain Freeman; and seeing our movement, they shot their prisoner and made a dash to get away. They went over the fence when we were in less than one hundred yards of it. I remember telling two of the boys, Joe Duncan and Nat Montague, good shots, to kneel down by a tree and take good aim and try to get some of them as they went by.

We then went west to the battery that was standing on the pike to join the balance of our regiment already there. We passed the place where Captain Freeman was killed, hardly a hundred yards from this battery. He was shot in the face. Two or three men were with him, as I recall, supposedly prisoners turned loose by the Federals when they made the break to get away. When we arrived at the battery we found them formed along the pike with one of Colonel Starnes's guns planted in the middle of the road and already being fired toward the north at what was supposed to be the enemy. But in a few minutes a courier came dashing down the pike and exclaimed: "Cease firing; that is Armstrong's Brigade!"

The whole affair did not last more than thirty minutes, and it has always seemed to me that somebody blundered; for if the brigade had had its guns loaded, it is not likely that Captain Freeman would have been captured.

[Those who wish to help in the monument should act now.]

NEW OFFICERS CALIFORNIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The California Division, U. D. C., at their convention held in Visalia, Cal., May 8-10, 1913, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. J. H. Stewart, Los Angeles; Vice Presidents, Mrs. J. P. Massie, Berkeley, Mrs. John Knox, Visalia; Recording Secretary, Mrs. R. P. Queen, Long Beach; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. W. Ellington, Hermosa Beach; Treasurer, Mrs. George N. Ingle, Oakland; Registrar, Mrs. Harry Woodward, San Diego; Historian, Mrs. M. K. Harris, Fresno; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. R. Martyr, Sacramento; Flag Custodian, Mrs. P. B. Ewing, Stockton.

LIVING MEMORIAL TO LOVED ONE.

[Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, daughter of Capt. Charles W. Frazer, Company I, 5th Confederate Infantry, Cleburne's Division, sends the following highly appreciated note:]

Please continue the VETERAN in the name of my father, Charles W. Frazer. It is now sixteen years this July since he left us, but I expect to keep the subscription in his name as long as I live and there is the VETERAN to subscribe for. All cannot raise stately marbles above their loved ones, but I think that a perpetual subscription to the VETERAN would be a tender little memorial to those of our dear ones who loved and read it, besides being of inestimable value to the younger generation of the South. I have an unbroken file of the VETERAN from its first issue. I wonder how many subscribers have.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Dr. Hamill is one of the most widely known Sunday school men in the United States. Although quite young in the sixties, he belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia, and recalls



DR. H. M. HAMILL.

with special pride that he served for one day as courier for Gen. Robert E. Lee. He is a staunch supporter of the principles promulgated by the government of the Confederate States.

MARKERS ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BY R. J. CUNNINGHAM, TALLADEGA, ALA.

On the slopes of Lookout Mountain there are markers at those narrow passes leading up to the top of the mountain stating that the Federals charged and captured the passes. On the day the "battle above the clouds" was fought I, with part of Company C, 30th Alabama Regiment, Pettus's Brigade, was sent to guard said passes. I placed a squad of men at each pass and remained on the mountain until eleven o'clock at night, when I received orders to rejoin my regiment at the foot of the mountain on the other side. We did not fire a gun, because we saw no enemy during that day or night. We evidently were the last to leave the mountain. If the Yanks charged and "captured" those passes, it was after we had gone to rejoin our command.

There are several men of Company C, 30th Alabama Regiment, still living who were with me on Lookout and who remember these facts. I was second lieutenant in command of the detail.

CAPTURE OF WOOLFORD'S COMMAND.

BY W. L. DIBRELL, SPARTA, TENN.

I notice in the April (1913) VETERAN, under comment by J. N. Baines, Brunswick, Mo., this statement: "I was with Captain Dortch, commanding the remnant of Morgan's command, and we foraged and picketed for Longstreet. We routed Colonel Woolford's noted Kentucky cavalry at Philadelphia, Tenn., capturing four nice, bright mountain howitzers," etc. The fact is that General Dibrell, and no one else, is entitled to the honor of the routing of Colonel Woolford's noted regiment and the capturing of his artillery. Morgan's command was not in the raid and had nothing to do with it. I was commanding General Dibrell's escort at the time and was present and took part in the fight. We captured all of Woolford's wagon train and camping outfit with his artillery, and came very near capturing Woolford, running him to London, Tenn., capturing quite a number of his men.

ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Some errors are noted by Judge J. H. Martin on page 358 of the July VETERAN in regard to his interesting account of where President Davis was captured: "First, as published, 'A few steps from the north of where the tent stood.' I said: 'Branch a few steps from and north of where the tent stood.' Nine hundred and first 'militia district' should have been used instead of 'military.' 'The land runs north, south, east, and west,' whereas copy stated: 'The land lines run north and south, east and west.' West of the lots of land the lines run north and south, and on the north and south of the lots of land the lines run east and west. On the east side of the Ocmulgee River the land lines run northeast and southwest and northwest and southeast. The word 'lines' is left out, and the lines are made to run in four different directions according to the published statement in the VETERAN. The VETERAN spelled Ocmulgee River with 'k' for the second letter instead of a 'c.'"

Judge Martin's affliction referred to at the end of his article was not "blood poison" directly, but ptomaine poison caused by inability to masticate food because of a severe wound in the battle of Chickamauga. His under jaw was crushed. The explanation of errors in "the land lines" is through an effort to condense, which is done at all times. Of course the corrections are cheerfully made.

IN HONOR OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The following is an appeal from Rev. J. P. Smith, President of Stonewall Jackson Monument Association:

"Neither cenotaph nor words of homage can ever portray the fiery genius and impetuous valor or the intuitive and lightninglike stroke of General Jackson's attack, and even the name 'Stonewall' but faintly conveys an idea of his impenetrable and immovable defense against odds unheard of in other wars. His marvelous campaigns are studied by students of strategy everywhere; but his fame as a soldier was exceeded by the love and almost idolatrous confidence in the man which was displayed by his war-worn comrades, and it can be said truly of himself and his cause that 'none died with more honor or more glory.'

"It seems strange that in all these years here in Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, no equestrian statue to Stonewall Jackson has been raised; but a well-planned effort is now being made to erect one, and we feel that the love of the whole South for our hero will not allow the movement to fail. There should and will be no repeated appeals for money; but we think that every Southern man, woman, and child is entitled to the privilege of making a contribution and of having his or her name deposited as one of its builders.

"If you feel that this tribute is due from the Southern people to the memory of Stonewall Jackson, your checks, drafts, or other communications will be appreciated and acknowledged if addressed to E. D. Hotchkiss, Treasurer, First National Bank Building, Richmond, Va. The Association will appreciate it most highly if the weekly and monthly press will display this article."

JUDGE CHRISTIAN ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

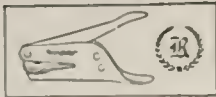
The appearance in pamphlet form of an address on Abraham Lincoln delivered several years ago by Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, before the R. E. Lee Camp of that city, reopens the question of Lincoln's true character in a way that must gain the interest of every earnest student of history.

Judge Christian contends that the country as a whole, North as well as South, will in the end be satisfied with nothing less than the truth, and that a man must be weighed and tested with sanity and judgment before he may be set up as a model for young men to follow. He protests against the deliberate apotheosis of Lincoln that has gone on ever since that fatal Friday that brought his strange life to its tragic close. He feels that the South in its great desire for peace, with malice toward none, even its conquerors, and with charity for all who may by any sort of fairness be deemed worthy of it, has generously accepted Lincoln with all the accumulated goodness and greatness the swelling tide of sentiment has borne him. But he insists that the truth is in a fair way toward being submerged and that it is the duty of all patriots to see to it that the men we honor, whoever they may be, are shown historically in their true life and character.

He has gone into the matter in a painstaking and earnest way, and gives the truth about Lincoln, as he feels that he has gleaned it from the martyred President's own friends and coworkers on the Northern side of the controversy.

"The justification of the address," says the author, "rests upon the impregnable foundations of truth and necessity as well as on a duty that we owe alike to the memories of our dead comrades, to ourselves, our children, and our children's children. * * * If we remain silent, can we expect those who come after us to speak?"

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N. Lee, of Ackerman, Miss., wishes to hear from survivors of Company D, 20th Alabama Regiment, with which he enlisted in 1861 at Center.

W. C. Kirkland, residing at Franklin, Tenn., would like to hear from any surviving member of the Autauga Rifles, 6th Alabama Regiment, or of Waddell's Artillery.

V. T. Sublett, of Oakwood, Mo., wants to get the record of his uncle, Dr. Akin M. Sublett, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army, enlisting in Missouri. He died in 1867.

A. S. Robertson, of Bangs, Tex., would be glad to hear from any survivors of Company A, 29th Alabama Infantry, with which he served. H. B. Turner was captain and J. F. Conally was colonel.

Mrs. Joseph A. Wilson, 916 Highland Avenue, Lexington, Ky., has a complete file of the VETERAN, also a set of Stephens's "War between the States," which she offers for sale. Prices given on application.

David Blalock, of Mangum, Okla., wishes to hear from any surviving members of Company H, 9th Louisiana Regiment, with whom he served in Virginia. He wishes to get testimony that will enable him to secure a pension.

J. A. Killgore, of Lisbon, La., asks that surviving comrades of Buffner's Battery (under Lieutenants Lockhart and Stevens), Mitchell's Brigade, will kindly give him all the information they can about that company, which he joined at Washington, Ark., in September, 1864.

The children of Thompson Surgnor, editor of the Barbour Jeffersonian, published in Philippi, W. Va., would like to get his war record. He was a private in Company A, 18th Virginia Cavalry, enlisting in January, 1863, and was killed October 31, 1864, at Beverly. He left Philippi June 3, 1861, with the Confederates, having spent much time previously as drillmaster, and he may have enlisted with Capt. W. K. Jenkins or with the Upshaw Grays. Any information of his record communicated to Miss Annie Surgnor, Hyattsville, Md., will be appreciated.

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ARLINGTON.

BY MRS. JOHN T. SIFFORD, CAMDEN, ARK.

[The Union soldiers are buried on the heights of Arlington, the Confederates in the valley below them. It is said that on the first Decoration Day after the War of the States the Union graves were elaborately decorated, and that on that night a storm came up and the flowers were blown down on the Confederate graves, leaving the graves of the boys in blue almost without a flower. This incident brought forth the following lines:]

Where the boys in blue lie sleeping
Till the dawning of the day,
Near the grand Potomac River,
There too sleep our boys in gray.

And 'tis told, a quaint old story
(Be it false or be it true),
How the North had met to honor
All the men who wore the blue.

With the sound of martial music,
Oratory, words of praise,
They had met with wreath and flower,
Thus to decorate their graves.

Far below them, in the valley,
Sleep our boys who wore the gray;
But no tear fell in their memory;
Not a flower had they that day.

But as night came o'er the landscape,
Stars looked down, like eyes that weep,
On those lonely graves so barren,
Where our brothers lie asleep.

And the very moon in heaven,
As resenting such a sight,
Drew a veil across her splendor,
Making darker still the night.

Then winds came, fraught with sweetness;
'Twas the breath of roses rare,
Wafting perfume as of Eden
O'er those graves so lonely there.

Then his breath grew fierce and fiercer,
Lifting flower and laurel wreath
Off the graves above our heroes,
Placed them on the mounds beneath.

And on Arlington next morning,
Passing strange the sight, they say,
For the Union graves lay barren—
Flower-bedecked our boys in gray.

Thus we see our Mother Nature
Guards her own from zone to zone,
For God stands within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

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I have had such good luck lately that I must tell your readers about it. I am selling Hydraulic Dishwashers, and they are certainly a wonder. Just think—you can wash and dry the dishes in four or five minutes without wetting your hands, and they cost only \$5.00! I don't want to boast, but if I were to tell you the amount of money I make each week, you would not believe me. If you need money, write to the Hydraulic Dishwasher Company, A 351, Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. They will start you in business. You do not have to canvass—people come or send for the dishwasher. A Good Dishwasher is the great need of the age. They not only save your hands and time, but they save your dishes. No family can afford to be without one. E. A. YESAC.



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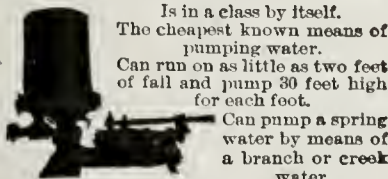
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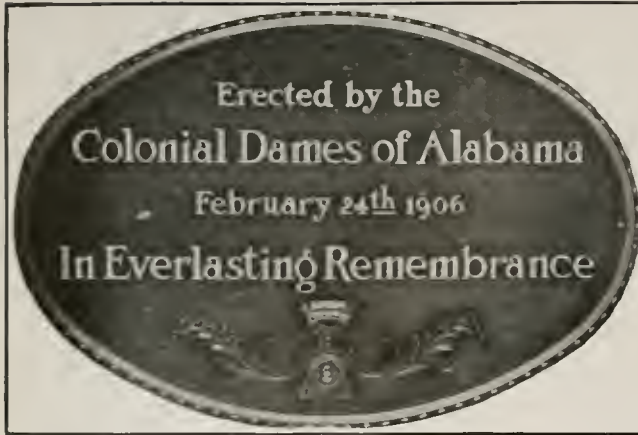
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BRANDON PRINTING CO.
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The widow of Edgar Miller Allen would like to establish her husband's war record. He was known as Ed Allen. He entered the army from Fairview,

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For further information, address

REV. J. M. SPENCER, Box 10, Lexington, Ky.

L. B. Tennant, of Farmington, W. Va., is trying to locate the relatives of J. M. Seaman (or Seymour), who was from Woodstock, Va., and a Confederate soldier.

He was in the battle of Gettysburg, and was wounded at Cold Harbor and several other places. Response to this will be appreciated.

Mrs. Anne Throckmorton, widow of Lewis W. Throckmorton, who went out in Company B, 10th Missouri Regiment, served there for six months, and was then transferred to Shelby's Cavalry, desires to get in communication with some of his surviving comrades who can give information of his service. Address her at Sherman, Tex., care of Capt. J. B. Stinson.

Dr. John Cunningham, of Ravenna, Tex., makes inquiry for some surviving comrades of Joe H. Younger who can testify to his record as a Confederate soldier. He was sworn into Capt. T. T. Barnett's company (K), 3d Kentucky Regiment, Colonel Tilghman, in April or May, 1861. He is now seventy-four years of age and wants to get a pension.

B. I. Hall, of Wartrace, Tenn., inquires concerning the whereabouts of one John Bugg, who, with a comrade, was captured by some Federal Home Guards near Versailles, Tenn., in the summer of 1864 and kept in a sinkhole in the woods all day. Bugg had been shot in the foot. His home was near Franklin, Tenn.

ARKANSAS' MONUMENT TO HER WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY

Capitol Grounds, Little Rock



This beautiful monument was designed and manufactured by us. The mother, who has already given up her husband and is now saying good-by to her son, the sister weeping on her mother's shoulder, and the little boy unconscious of war's demands furnish a beautiful picture of the great sacrifice of the women of the Confederacy. We cannot do them or the soldiers too much honor.

Would your Chapter or Camp like to build a monument to their honor? If so, write us to-day and we will give you absolutely free of charge and without obligation plans that will cost you only the necessary funds.

Write us now, so we can give you these plans and help you to get all matters in shape by early fall, when it will be easy to obtain best results.

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

SEPTEMBER, 1913

NINTH NUMBER

1863

Chickamauga

1913

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE U. C. V. ASSOCIATION

Do you know these valleys threaded by old Chickamauga Creek?
Do you find your shell-scarred giants of the forest—can you tell?
For Time has plowed so deeply and Nature wove so well,
There's a tangled veil of roses over all the things you seek.

There's the homely hum of spindles for the rattling beat of lead,
And the deep glow of the furnace for the belching cannon's smoke;
There's the song of little children where the yell of victory broke,
And a crown of fifty years of rest on Lookout's hoary head.

What matter that the gray coat there has brought an empty sleeve?
That the missing leg just yonder lies on Chickamauga's field?
'Twas your victory, O Southrons, and you could not, would not yield
One moment of those fifty years in looking back to grief!

It was you, O line of chivalry, who won that fateful day!
You may sit and dream in sunshine by the battlement of years;
But the music of the bugles echoes ever in your ears,
For your hands were hands of heroes, and your brave hearts wore the gray!

It is you, O stooping graybeard, and 'tis you, with frosting head,
Who may stand and look at Glory as an eagle scales the sun;
For your prowess still shall blazon when the last roll call is done,
And Fame draws the tented curtain for the armies she has led!

"High tide at Chickamauga!" Ah! its echoes cannot cease—
The bloodiest, bravest victory left on the field of time!
But you've lived to tell the story in its eloquence sublime,
O hostages of Glory, held within the arms of Peace!





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John Emerson, of Monroe, Ohio, who served in Company E, 23d Kentucky (Federal), wants to locate a Confederate friend, Jerome Drown by name, who was from New Orleans and served in a regiment from that place.

Mrs. T. L. Grigsby, of Hope, La., wishes to hear from any surviving members of Bradford's Artillery, organized near Vaiden, Miss., with which her husband, J. J. Grigsby, served the first year of the war. He then joined Forrest's Cavalry and continued with that command through the war. Any information as to his service will be appreciated.

W. J. Pedigo, of Piedmont, Kans., would like to get into communication with any surviving members of Company K, 7th Texas Cavalry, with which command he enlisted at Mansfield, Tex., in 1861, Thomas Moody, captain, and went with General Sibley to New Mexico and Arizona the first year. After that they were in Eastern Texas and Louisiana till the close of the war.

J. B. True, of Orvisburg, Miss., inquires for surviving comrades who can establish his record as a soldier. He enlisted in September, 1862, at Georgetown, Ky., in Company A, 10th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, Colonel Buford commanding, and about two months later was transferred to Company A, 5th Kentucky, under Gen. John H. Morgan, where he remained until November 12, 1863, when he was captured at Three Forks, Ky., and taken to Louisville. He was in prison there until January 17, 1864, and was then paroled and sent home. He was wounded at Perryville and at Sweetwater, Tenn., in the spring of 1863. His captain was James Edward Cantrell.

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Newburyport, Mass.

N. J. Evans, of Perote, Ala., wishes to hear from comrades who remember James Newton Evans, who volunteered from Pine Bluff, Ark., in Company C,

9th Arkansas Regiment, under Captain Henry, in 1861, and served through the war. Address him in care of J. S. Knight.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATE SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

Vol. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1913.

No. 9

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

LEGAL NOTICE ABOUT THE VETERAN.

In compliance with the law requiring it, Act of August 24, 1912, the VETERAN announces the status of this publication: CONFEDERATE VETERAN—S. A. Cunningham, editor and proprietor. It is personal property. It has no outstanding bonds or mortgages. The average number of copies for six months preceding this notice is about 21,500. Affirmation of the foregoing is made before a notary public.

The VETERAN is ever ready to show its circulation list. Advertisers who seek the patronage of the Southern people are commended to an investigation of its merits.

NEW YORK GRAND ARMY VETERANS.

THEIR ACTION ABOUT THE JOHNSON CITY SOLDIERS' HOME.

Cameron Post, G. A. R., of New York City, has taken action, upon the suggestion of Governor Cox, of Ohio, in behalf of transferring the Johnson City (Tenn.) National Soldiers' Home to use as a Confederate soldiers' home. The resolution was prepared by Gen. Samuel V. Schwenk, a gallant officer of the Union army and now Chairman of the Vicksburg Battle Field Commission, of Pennsylvania.

General Schwenk, in the spirit of what occurred at Gettysburg in July, proposed to petition that Confederates be admitted, with appropriate conditions, to all national soldiers' homes; but it was deemed best to defer such action for the General Encampment at Chattanooga. In the spirit that General Schwenk would see prevail throughout the Union he proposed an inscription for the Pennsylvania monument at Vicksburg, of which Gen. Stephen D. Lee said in an address at Vicksburg March 24, 1906: "It is quite the sweetest message that has yet come from the people of the North to the people of the South."

In President Roosevelt's speech at Vicksburg later he said: "In driving through your magnificent park General Lee called my attention to the beautiful inscription on the handsome Pennsylvania monument, an inscription that should make the heart of every American throb with patriotic fervor." Later, at the dedication of General Lee's monument in Vicksburg Park, that inscription was printed on the program for the exercises. The words are:

"Here brothers fought for their principles;
Here heroes died for their country;
And a united people will forever cherish
The precious legacy of their noble manhood."

The VETERAN was ready for press on receipt of the report, or it would be given more at length.

INEXCUSABLE NARROWNESS OF A. CARNEGIE.

DR. CHALMERS DEADERICK, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

I read the McClure-Carnegie correspondence in the July VETERAN with much interest. In his bitterness against the Confederate soldier Mr. Carnegie does not represent by any means the spirit of the better class of Northerners. He says he has "forgiven the Southern soldiers and General Lee," but he does not want the latter's portrait in the Hall of Fame. Poor old benighted Mr. Carnegie! He does not seem to know that General Lee's picture represents the highest type of noble manhood and casts more honor and luster upon the Hall of Fame than any other portrait within its walls.

Mr. Carnegie has not had an opportunity to test the pulse of the better class of Northerners, who feel the profoundest admiration for one of the purest, best, and noblest men the world has yet produced. Mr. Carnegie's letter was written thirty-seven years after the war ended, and such an exhibit of bitterness and ignorance at that time is pitiable. Col. A. K. McClure's efforts were noble and generous, and he deserves the thanks of every Confederate soldier.

Yes, and the Federal officers who wrote to Mr. Carnegie put to shame every narrow-minded man in America, whether he served on either side in the war. See July VETERAN, page 338.

The question is raised as to whether Andrew Carnegie is an American citizen. The question as to Mr. Carnegie's British nationality being placed before Home Secretary McKenna by letter, he replied: "So far as I know, Mr. Carnegie was born in the United Kingdom, and by virtue of this would be a British subject; and unless he has done something to divest himself of British nationality, and I have never heard that he has, he remains a British subject."

The Macon Telegraph states after the foregoing: "On the other hand, it is supposed that he qualified as an American citizen many years ago, and it is said that he has voted in this country many times. Mr. Carnegie himself has not yet come forward to state whether he is legally an American or an Englishman. Perhaps he thinks that his great wealth should entitle him to be a citizen of both countries, and that he should be free to vote from Fifth Avenue or from Skibo Castle."

It is this man who wrote: "I have forgiven the Southern soldier, but I could not bring myself to give for his support as such. I have forgiven General Lee for his blunder, but I do not like to see his statue in the Hall of Fame." Obdurate General Lee! Who can find the record of how he asked the gracious Carnegie to forgive him?

HISTORIC REPORT OF TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, HIST. TEX. DIV., U. C. V.

At Greenville, Tex., August 7, 1913, the following items were noted:

The Soldiers' Home at Austin is carefully kept, and more than four hundred inmates are as happily situated and as contented with the fostering care of the State as in their declining years and the frailties of old age could be expected.

The Woman's Home, presided over by Miss Katie Daffan, daughter of a late member of Hood's Brigade, is a model of its kind, and these old mothers in Israel regard her kind ministrations in their declining years as a blessing. This lady was appointed, as is well known, by Gen. Bennett H. Young as sponsor for the federated Camps at our late general reunion at Chattanooga last May, and she filled this difficult rôle with admirable fitness and grace.

Hood Camp, at Austin, has long led the van of the Camps in Texas in looking to the correction of our histories as used in public schools and seeing that they conform to our textbook law, enjoining strict nonpartisan histories. This Camp recently criticized histories used in the State University, which in some instances disregard the true courtesy due our people, and has induced the faculty to discard the use of some of these textbooks that violate this palpable rule of fairness to our own people.

Texas Camps at the Chattanooga general reunion numbered 197, while the number sent up to our last State Reunion reached only 137. This discrepancy between the two argues that our "old boys" think more of visiting abroad than of attending matters equally urgent at home.

The reelection at Chattanooga of Lieutenant General Van Zandt as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department was most acceptable to Texas veterans. On this fatal field the name of Van Zandt appears three times as marking the farthest advance of the Texans on Snodgrass Hill. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was again indorsed at Chattanooga as a true exponent of the Southern spirit in history.

Gen. Felix H. Robertson was reelection Commander of the Texas Division at Greenville on a motion, which carried, for the erection of a peace monument on the battle field of Gettysburg as inaugurated by the several commissioners representing the States, General Robertson standing for Texas. The proposition is for the several States and the general government to unite in this grand conception, the States contributing their quota. This will be an object lesson not only to our Union, but to the world's peace. The writer met with an experience given to few—that is, he and three others of his regiment (17th Mississippi, Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade) met on Seminary Ridge July 2, 1913, just fifty years after the battle, and traced their steps down this noted slope into the valley of death known as the Peach Orchard and the wheat field beyond, where our gallant Barksdale fell.

We get our religion from the tribes that David reunited after the civil strife, similar to ours of the States, and which this sweet singer of Israel commemorated in a Psalm whose burden was

"Now Mercy and Truth are met together;
Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

The attendance of veterans at Greenville was in excess of any previous year in the annual reunions heretofore held in the State, twelve hundred veterans having registered. We were so well pleased with our hospitable reception there, and Greenville was equally well pleased with us, that a precedent



JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, HISTORIAN.

was established, hitherto unknown, in returning to Greenville next year.

The State of Texas by a joint resolution in 1902 granted the Daughters of the State Division a commodious room in the Capitol as a museum of Confederate relics, which they have carefully cared for and gathered many valuable and interesting war mementos. A recent effort has been made by those not in sympathy with their aims to relegate these to an inferior room in the Capitol, and the Daughters are appealing to the courts to remain. This convention at Greenville voted unanimously to have the Daughters sustained in their patriotic efforts.

Taylor Thompson, long an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Austin from defective vision, has gained a State-wide reputation with his "Tales Told by a 'Johnnie Reb'" and his many stories of frontier adventure in the early days of Texas, of which he was a part, as given to the press.

OLD CANNON AT VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

The brass cannon at the Virginia Military Institute bearing the Virginia coat of arms—those with which Chew and Cutshaw and Thompson learned the art of war—were cast for that famous institution by order of Gen. Zachary Taylor when he was President. They are said to be the oldest guns in use in this country, having been in constant service for sixty-three years. A history of these famous guns will appear in the October VETERAN.

REUNION OF PANHANDLE REGIMENT, U. C. V.

On August 15, 16 Hedley, Tex., entertained the Panhandle Regiment, U. C. V., with about one hundred and fifty veterans in attendance. All were highly delighted with the royal treatment accorded them by the people of Hedley. The town has only six hundred population, yet every home was thrown open to the veterans and their wives. The basement of the new brick Methodist church was converted into a mess hall, and all the good things imaginable to eat were supplied. On the first day fully fifteen hundred people attended the reunion, and from three to four thousand the second day. Hedley fed the entire crowd with both dinner and supper, and then had lots of food left over.

Capt. E. E. McGee had charge of the commissary, and he filled that position with credit. J. L. Bain, Secretary of the Hedley Commercial Club, made a cordial address of welcome on Friday morning, which was responded to by the regiment commander, Capt. Will A. Miller, of Amarillo, whose speech was a crowning feature of the reunion.

All of the old officers of the Panhandle Regiment were re-elected—viz.: Colonel Commanding, Will A. Miller; Lieutenant Colonel, R. S. Kimberlin; Adjutant, W. H. Brummett; Secretary, Maj. Ed C. Wilson; Chaplain, S. E. Burkhead. Childress, Tex., was chosen as the place for the reunion in 1914. Participants were cordial in praising Hedley people.

FOR BENEFIT OF THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.—Two of the late songs composed by Mrs. Estelle Trichell Oltrogge, "The Daughter of the Confederacy" and "My Old Southern Home," are being sold by the composer for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. Send 25 cents each for these songs to 839 Banana St., Jacksonville, Fla.



MISS HAZEL PRICE, GLASGOW, MO.,

Maid of Honor for Missouri Division at Chattanooga.

[Miss Hazel Price is the daughter of A. B. Price and great-granddaughter of Gen. Sterling Price.]

FATHER RYAN AT MONTGOMERY IN 1879.

A member of Camp Hardee read a paper in regard to a visit of Father Ryan's to Montgomery on July 4, 1879. The report does not name the author, who wrote:

"Father Ryan was proud of having been a faithful Confederate soldier, noncombatant though he was. To the last he gloried in the record his comrades had made. To them he was father, brother, friend, as circumstances required, and the rightness of their cause with him was never a debatable question.

"On the Fourth of July, 1879, the Confederate soldiers in and about Montgomery celebrated that national holiday by a mass meeting and barbecue. It was their first great meeting after the war. It was too soon then to organize in public as Confederate soldiers (political conditions forbade such a course), so they observed the day as citizens. However, every officer and committeeman, every speaker and reader connected with the event was a well-known Southern soldier. They selected Father Ryan as the orator of the day and General Wheeler as the after-dinner speaker.

"An immense concourse of people of all ages and both sexes assembled on the fair grounds. Over one thousand carcasses of bees, hogs, sheep, and poultry were slowly cooking in the pits, great caldrons of hot stews were simmering, and wagon-loads of roasting ears and other vegetables were boiling in the pots. There were no prohibition laws then in force, and in shaded nooks of the ample grounds cooling drafts from Milwaukee and even the German fatherland could be had by the thirsty. The bands were playing all the national airs, and enthusiasm was in the air. The Stars and Stripes was floating from the flagstaff, but the starry cross that had not then been taken from its sacred hiding place was not forgotten. Many eminent statesmen, soldiers, and divines were present.

"When Father Ryan was introduced to that vast assembly, he was received with wild applause and cheering that reminded many of the historic Rebel yell; but raising his hands in the attitude of benediction, a religious hush succeeded the noisy demonstration. Toward the conclusion of his address he said: 'If any section of this country has a peculiar right to celebrate this day, it is the South. It was Patrick Henry, a slaveholder and Virginian, who exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death"; it was Thomas Jefferson, another slaveholder and Virginian, who as the author of the Declaration of Independence immortalized the words, "These colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States"; and when the war came and the fleets and armies of England sought to slay the newborn child of American liberty, it was George Washington, another slaveholder and Virginian, who unsheathed his sword and made the Declaration of Independence an accomplished fact.'

"His speech occupied scarcely more than thirty minutes in delivery, but in that brief time he presented the South's argument in support of all its actions—an argument buttressed in solid logic and constitutional right. His voice, a high and musical tenor, reached every ear in the vast congregation, and for the time the poet was lost in the orator.

"That was an epoch-making day for Confederate soldiers, for from it they date the beginning and progress of their present organization. At first they organized as associations in every village, town, and city, and continued their independent existence until in 1889, under the leadership of General Gordon and Col. George Moorman, they got together in their nation-wide brotherhood, the United Confederate Veterans."

LETTER OF PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C.

PARIS, TENN., August 15, 1913.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy. Many of you will learn with sincere regret and sorrow of the sudden death of Mrs. August Kohn, of Columbia, S. C. While President of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., from 1909 to 1911, she became known personally to many of you; and her zeal and good works for our organization, in addition to her attractive personality, impressed every one. She will indeed be missed by us. Another of our Confederate veterans, Senator Joseph E. Johnston, of Alabama, full of years and honors, has crossed over the river too.

If the history of Divisions has not been sent to the Historian General, the State President will please send it at once, that Miss Rutherford may complete the history of the U. D. C. Please see that nothing of importance is omitted from this history, and be sure of the authenticity of everything stated.

State Historians should have their Chapter Historians learn what textbooks, especially geographies, histories, and readers, are used in the schools of their counties and include the same in their reports. Division Historians should make a report to Mrs. Marion Butler, Washington, D. C., Chairman of the Text-book Committee. All of this should be attended to very soon.

I desire to know how many new members have joined our ranks during 1912-13. Although a Division may not have entered the contest for the Certificate of Merit, I request Division Presidents and Presidents of Chapters not in a Division to report to me by October 25 all their new members, even if there should be but one.

Please remember that as soon as a Division elects officers the names of the new officers should be reported to the general officers, and each Chapter should report its election of officers to the Division officers. New Chapters should report the names of their President and Secretary at once to the Division President, to the local Secretary, and to the Recording Secretary General. It is most important that officers of Chapters in cities should give their street address, and each married woman her husband's name. To keep the business of the organization moving smoothly is a task that can be successfully accomplished only by having these necessary details correct and at hand.

All Chapters must see that their dues are paid. The Treasurer General's books will close November 4, and no taxes will be received by her after that date; so Chapters that have not paid their per capita tax then cannot be represented in the Convention at New Orleans.

Note the date of the General Convention at New Orleans. The opening exercises will be held Tuesday evening, November 11, at eight o'clock, at Hotel Grunewald. The Credentials Committee will meet at that hotel Monday morning, November 10. Hotel Grunewald will be U. D. C. headquarters.

Throughout the year I have urged you to make every effort for funds for the Arlington monument. Colonel Herbert, Chairman of the Arlington Monument Association, writes me that the money has been coming in faster than at any time. The Arlington monument is practically provided for, and the Shiloh Monument Committee will now ask you to help them raise the balance of the money for Shiloh. This is the first time the committee has asked you to make one general effort for Shiloh; and if you will respond and enter into their plans heartily, it will be the last time they will call on you. I ask every Chapter and every member to come to their aid and give your best efforts to Shiloh in October, and the result will

be a matter of pride to you as well as to the committee and your President General.

Let me insist on your not giving a copy of the U. D. C. Minutes to any outsider. They are for the use of the organization only. Remember, too, that every member must have a certificate of membership. It is her right.

Trusting that all of you have had a pleasant summer and are now taking up our work with renewed zeal, I am,

Yours faithfully,

MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE,
President General, U. D. C.

MRS. WHITE'S APPEAL FOR MONUMENTS AT SHILOH.

The idea to have all the Southern States place State monuments on the battle field of Shiloh originated with the United Daughters of the Confederacy seven years ago, and a movement to have this done was started. The Tennessee Division, U. D. C., has, through these seven years, had a committee to secure a legislative appropriation to place markers and a Tennessee monument on this historic field. Other State Divisions may have similar committees.

There was introduced in the recent Texas Legislature a bill to appropriate \$60,000 for a monument at Shiloh, at Chickamauga, and, I think, at Gettysburg. That such an appropriation has not been made by Tennessee is the fault of the Legislature, caused by the political conditions of the State, and is not the fault of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

During the 1913 session of the General Assembly of Tennessee a bill was introduced for \$5,000 to help the United Daughters of the Confederacy with their monument at Shiloh to commemorate the bravery of Confederate soldiers, especially those in the Army of Tennessee [when the battle of Shiloh was fought, it was the Army of the Mississippi] whose valor and devotion made Shiloh famous. It was through disturbed political conditions that the appropriation did not become a law. While waiting for legislatures to perfect necessary legislation for this appropriation the United Daughters of the Confederacy have not been idle. Through their efforts one handsome monument, and one commensurate with the importance of the battle, should be erected at Shiloh, and they have been working steadily and with growing enthusiasm to collect \$50,000 for their monument at Shiloh. Of this amount, they have in the hands of the bonded Treasurer of the Shiloh Monument Committee nearly \$25,000 drawing four per cent interest.

Before the New Orleans Convention, in November, when the design is to be selected for the Shiloh monument and the contract made, there will be a concerted action of the U. D. C. through the Shiloh Monument Committee to raise the balance of the money required. It is desired that every man, woman, and child in the South who can, especially those who had relatives at Shiloh, will help the Daughters with this fund to the extent of one dollar at least.

The Committee on Design is now in communication with sculptors of national and international reputation in regard to submitting designs and models for this monument, and they are determined that it shall be one of the handsomest in Shiloh National Park and in the South.

Tennessee has led all the other States so far in contributions for Shiloh. Mrs. H. N. Leech, State President of Tennessee U. D. C., has appointed a very strong Shiloh committee, and its members have entered into their work with keen interest.

When the report is made at New Orleans, I hope to see the name of every Tennessee Chapter on the list for a contribution. Most of them have contributed at some time, but every

one should help this year. I hope that this will be the last call on them for the Shiloh monument. It will be if all will cooperate now as requested.

That the U. D. C. are keenly alive to all their responsibilities and obligations is apparent from the many monuments erected by them all over the South. Nearly every county, especially where there is a Chapter of the U. D. C., has a Confederate monument, and there is a movement on the part of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of many of the States to see that every county of every Southern State has a Confederate monument.

PRESIDENT GENERAL'S CERTIFICATE OF MERIT.

Because in 1912 to secure the Certificate of Merit one Division added nearly two thousand new members to its number, another Division nearly one thousand, and several other Divisions several hundred each, the President General renews her offer of last year of a handsome Certificate of Merit to that Division or Chapter not in a Division making the largest increase in membership during 1913. This award will not be determined by the numerical increase only, but by the per cent of increase; so the smaller Divisions or Chapters really have a better chance than the larger ones, if they will work.

The decision will be based on the largest general increase in number of new Chapters, new children's Chapters, per capita tax paid, and representation in New Orleans Convention, with this added obligation, number of certificates and new members.

The Constitution requires certificates to be given to all members.

All papers showing membership of 1912 and increase for 1913 must reach the President General by October 25, 1913.

Hoping you will do all you can to secure desirable members, I am, faithfully yours,

MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE,
President General, U. D. C.

CONDITIONS IN REGARD TO THE SILVER LOVING CUP.

Believing that great results can be obtained by creating a pleasant rivalry between the State Divisions of the U. D. C., thus stimulating them along the lines of historical research and in this way securing much valuable data in regard to Southern history, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., West Point, Miss., offers to present to the State Division (or Chapter where no Division exists) which sends in the best essay on a subject to be selected by the Historian General of the U. D. C. a beautiful silver loving cup, the presentation to be made by Mrs. Rose on Historical Evening during the next Convention to be held in New Orleans, November, 1913.

The Division (or Chapter where there is no Division) which wins the loving cup will have the honor of holding it for one year. The cup will be passed on year by year to the winner in the essay contest.

Rule 1. Chapter Historians must send the best essays submitted to them to State Historians by October 1, 1913.

Rule 2. State Historians must send the best essays submitted to them to the Historian General of the U. D. C., with their annual report, thirty days before the Convention.

Rule 3. State Historians must send in only two essays.

Rule 4. Essays must be typewritten, and will be submitted to a committee appointed by the Historian General.

Rule 5. Essays must not contain over two thousand words. Subject for 1913, "The Women of the Confederacy."

[The great organization, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has the unstinted support of the VETERAN, which should be read in every Chapter.—EDITOR.]

REUNION OF TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

NASHVILLE, TENN., August 25, 1913.

Under the Constitution and By-Laws of the Tennessee Division of Confederate soldiers the annual convention will be held at Nashville on Wednesday, October 1, 1913, and our reunion will be held the next day.

The convention will comprise the charter members, the State officers, the Presidents of bivouacs, one delegate for every twenty-five members, and another delegate for every fraction thereof.

Therefore your bivouac will please elect the delegates to which it is entitled, and send a list thereof to the State Secretary promptly, in order that he may prepare the credential report. A list must also be sent to Maj. W. H. Allen, 119-121 Fourth Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn., especially designating what delegates will attend.

Under the Constitution no bivouac will be entitled to representation unless it has paid its per capita tax for the ensuing year. Please remit your per capita tax, therefore, to the State Secretary before the meeting of the Convention.

Under the By-Laws there will be no public addresses on the day of the convention, but that day will be devoted exclusively to business. The convention will meet at 10:30 A.M.

By order of the Association.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, *President*;
JOHN P. HICKMAN, *Secretary*.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.—OFFICIAL.

The Tennessee Division of the United Confederate Veterans will meet in convention in Nashville, Tenn., on Wednesday, October 1, 1913, and the reunion will be held the next day, Thursday. The convention will be composed of the following delegates: The Major, the three Brigadier Generals, and the Adjutant General of the Division, and each Camp is entitled to one delegate for every twenty members and fraction thereof to ten, but no Camp shall be entitled to less than two votes.

No Camp will be entitled to representation unless its State per capita tax is paid, and the representation is based upon the amount of tax paid. However, where a Camp is also a bivouac and has paid its dues as a bivouac it does not have to pay Camp dues, one per capita tax being sufficient for representation in both the bivouac and Camp.

Please remit your per capita tax to the Adjutant General of the Division before the meeting of the convention.

Your Camp should elect the delegates to which it is entitled and send a list thereof to the Adjutant General, in order that he may have his report ready on the assembling of the convention. A list must also be sent to Maj. W. H. Allen, 119-121 Fourth Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn.

There shall be no speaking on the day of the convention. The convention will be called to order at 3 P.M.

By order of the Division.

JOHN P. HICKMAN, *Major General Commanding*;
W. L. MCKAY, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*.

N. B.—Gen. Bennett H. Young, the Commander in Chief, and his Adjutant General, W. E. Mickle, will be with us.

Railroad rates are prorated as regards distance, and will be made known on application to ticket agents. From Bristol it is \$10.65; Chattanooga, \$4.80; Knoxville, \$6.75; Memphis, \$7.25; Union City, \$4.85. Dates of sale, September 27 to October 2, inclusive. The purchaser must be at destination prior to midnight on October 6. The list is taken from Joint Passenger Tariff No. Exc. 5, 700, issued by Col. Joseph Richardson, Chairman Southeastern Passenger Association.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office, Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and its cooperation is extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT, G. A. R., CHATTANOOGA.

The VETERAN would give liberal space to the Grand Army of the Republic, which is to hold its annual Encampment in the South this year at Chattanooga September 15-20, inclusive, not only because the meeting is in Chattanooga, where so many Union veterans contributed liberally of their money and in personal deeds of kindness to the success of the recent Confederate Reunion, but because of the extraordinary hospitality and genuine evidence of patriotic good will shown the Confederates by them at Gettysburg.

Nobody should misconstrue this reciprocity. The Editor of the VETERAN, as a Democratic editor through much of the Reconstruction period, and through the worst part of it, defended the manly and honorable soldiers who fought to maintain the Union, asserting that the Confederates would cordially consent that they alone pass on the right. It as determinedly detests that camp-following element as ever, along with the villains who wore the uniform of the Union army, but disgraced it while in service by marauding, by murder, and what was worse during and subsequent to the war. If the men the South welcomes now had known to what our people were being subjected, they would have come again and have thrown the money changers out. (See notices on page 457.)

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH FRIENDS?

The founder and sole promoter of the VETERAN for more than twenty years asks the above question and feels entitled to a reply. Projects are often inaugurated in which there is lack of public confidence, and the prudent man and woman will await developments. Such is practical sagacity, and successful persons can point to failure with "I told you so." But there is a closer view that should prevail with friends. The question of merit should be practically considered; and whether the undertaking be popular or not, personal friendship should induce interested concern.

The VETERAN is already established beyond peradventure, and is the most valuable periodical that ever can exist as to the history of causes and results of the most tragic and most memorable events that have occurred in this country to this time. It is so as to the North as well as to the South. The result has come through the persistent, heroic struggle of one man, thousands of whose friends, including Confederates, have never contributed one penny to the result. What does it mean? Before we die, won't you write a postal card and explain? Won't such persons do this friend the favor to promise to read three issues, which will be sent free?

The foregoing ought to be considered by every Southerner. It had been laid aside without reading for weeks. What the writer states should bestir every person whose family suffered in the war and through Reconstruction. It should be regarded as would a fire alarm. The VETERAN possesses the merit, but many good people have no conception of what it stands for. It should be discussed by every Camp and by every Chapter at each meeting of Confederate men and women. Persuade people to read it. Sample copies will be sent free on application. Will you act upon this plea?

FINE WATCH OF COL. J. L. DRAKE.

BY W. B. LIGHTFOOT (SERGT. MAJ.), R. E. LEE CAMP, RICHMOND, VA.

While at Gettysburg July 1-4 I met a comrade in blue who showed me a very handsome gold watch which he said was taken from the body of Colonel Drake, of the 33d Mississippi Regiment. He values the watch very highly, and said that no amount of money could purchase it; but he said that if he could find a direct representative of Colonel Drake's family he would be glad to surrender the watch.

I should be pleased to give any further information in regard to the comrade, his address, etc.

[Lieut. Col. Fred C. Winkler's report of the fighting of the 26th Wisconsin Regiment on July 20 near Atlanta says ("War Records, Vol. XXXVIII, Part II, page 407"): "Captured the regimental flag of the 33d Mississippi Regiment, leaving Colonel Drake and eighty-four others dead and double that number severely wounded. This regiment, we learned from the wounded, went into that fight with 200 muskets."]

ROBERT McCULLOCH AT GETTYSBURG.

[From the St. Louis Republic of July 10, 1913.]

At a broad table in front of an ever-open door in the offices of the United Railways, on Park Avenue, sits through the long hours of every working day a vigorous-looking man with bronzed face and white mustache. No clerk or office boy intervenes between him and the employee with a grievance, the committee bent on bettering the service to Bunkum Avenue, or the irate passenger who "waited ten minutes in the sun—yes, sir, ten minutes—before my car came by." This is Robert McCulloch, President of the United Railways. It seems difficult, when looking at him, to realize that the habit of meeting all comers in the open has dominated him for more than half a century of active manhood, and that this man, with his full voice and his young eye, was one of the fifteen hundred of Pickett's fifteen thousand who, after Kemper and Garnett fell, broke through the Federal lines with Armistead, being himself left on the field with two bullets in his body.

The Republic takes pleasure in presenting to its readers the address of Captain McCulloch to the City Club yesterday. Even if it lacked the historic value which it possesses in such large measure, it would be worth preservation for its great literary beauty. Without doubt its description of the battle field, when, above the golden wheat where Death was so soon to put his sickle and reap, the eyes of Pickett's men first beheld the conflict, will take high rank among pen pictures of the decisive struggle of the War of the States. Its simplicity, clearness, and truth of feeling are not surpassed by any account which has fallen under our eyes, either contemporary or the product of the leisurely recollection of later years.

[The modesty of Capt. Robert McCulloch—no, Colonel McCulloch, for the Editor of the VETERAN had him placed on the staff of the Commander in Chief of the U. C. V. with that rank—in sending the Republic is shown in the following note: "I have read with much interest the Gettysburg section of the last VETERAN, and all the talk of the meeting is excusable under the peculiar conditions surrounding and concerning it. * * * The favor with which an account of the Gettysburg meeting was received surprised me. I am mailing you the paper, which you can read some day when you have a little leisure." That friendly, interesting talk may be expected in the next VETERAN.]

VETERANS' DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

MOST IMPORTANT EVENT OF THE WEEK.

Pleasantly memorable is the event at Gettysburg in which representatives of the two great armies gathered in the "big tent." After explanations, etc., the Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. made an address of welcome for them.

Before making his prepared address, Commander in Chief Judge Alfred B. Beers called on every person present "who loved the Union and its flag" to rise and give three cheers in honor of Governor Tener and the State of Pennsylvania, who had made the celebration possible. The audience in general, veterans and citizens alike, responded, and the cheers were hearty.

ADDRESS OF COMMANDER BEERS.

Mr. Chairman and Veterans: Largely through the liberality and generous munificence of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania we meet on the field where fifty years ago to-day one of the greatest conflicts of modern ages was waged between two great armed bodies of men whose common ancestors nearly one hundred years before had wrested independence from their ruler, domiciled in a foreign land, and who, when victory crowned their efforts, formed a great republic based on religions and political freedom and the right to self-government.

For nearly a century these builders of a nation, who won our liberties, and their children and their children's children lived in peace and unity. Then came the clash of arms between two sections of these people of the same race and nation, and recourse was taken to the arbitrament of war to determine whether the Union formed by their forefathers should be severed or should endure. This conflict, waged by men of the same race, of the same bravery and endurance, was a long and sanguinary one, extending over a period of

more than four years, during which the conflict raged over thousands of miles of territory, costing the lives of hundreds of thousands of the bravest men upon whom the sun ever shone, costing billions in treasure, leaving in its wake maimed men, bereaved parents, widowed wives, orphaned children, desolated homes, and all the horrors which follow in the path of cruel, bloody, and relentless war. The end came at last and peace was restored to our land, and a great nation gave thanksgiving that war no longer devastated its domain. * * *

The survivors of those great armies meet to-day, not with arms in hand, but as citizens of a united country which has risen triumphant from the desolation of war and within whose borders no alarms of war or sounds of discord arise.

The greater part of the veterans who served on the field in the armed forces during that war on either side cherished no personal animosity toward each other. Each did his duty as he saw it, and the rigors and asperities of war were lightened by each true soldier as the circumstances would permit. The instances of helpful kindness, of mercy, and even of affection of the officers and men on both sides are many and marked, and redound to the honor and credit of those engaged in that mighty conflict.

The wounds of war are healed. Peace and prosperity reign in the land, and those who were once in arms against each other have spent the more mature years of their lives in advancing the interests of our common country; and in a later war those who wore the two uniforms [VETERAN substitutes for blue and gray] in the stirring times of old, together with their sons, coming from both North and South, have evidenced their attachment and devotion to our common country by serving under the old flag and imperiling their lives in defense of the honor of our land.

Since the close of the great struggle our brothers of the Southland have shown their faith in the republic and their zeal and earnestness as citizens of our great land by their active and energetic work in the arts of peace. They have redeemed their lands from the desolation of war; and the development of their natural resources under their active and persistent labors, the wonderful increase in their manufacturing enterprises, in agriculture, in educational advantages for all their people, and in the broad field of industrial achievement, for which their resources so eminently qualify them, have placed them in the forefront of the march of progress in our land and have won for them the plaudits of an admiring nation.

At no time in the history of the world has ever been witnessed such a spectacle as this, the voluntary meeting on a battle field of those who constituted the armed forces who fought against each other—a meeting in which all are citizens of the same country, all imbued with the same spirit, all working for the honor and glory of their land, all meeting as brothers under the flag of our republic to visit the scene of their former conflict, to recall the valorous deeds which will go down the aisles of time as the most heroic of ancient or modern warfare, to meet those who were once their antagonists, to bind anew in the bonds of amity and friendship all the veterans of the land, and, we trust, to inaugurate a movement for the laying of the corner stone of a monument that shall symbolize that great peace which shall bind our people closer together and make our nation stronger, greater, and more enduring than ever before.

The veterans of the North salute the veterans of the South with a feeling of joy in their hearts that they can meet and



JUDGE ALFRED B. BEERS.

greet each other as brothers. We are all brothers of the blood, and although Time has touched each of us with his relentless hand, may we ever echo this sentiment:

"Bound are we by ties the dearest,
 Brothers evermore to be;
 And if spared and growing older,
 Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
 But with hearts no thrill the colder,
 Brothers ever we shall be."

ADDRESS OF GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG.

The vast crowd of many thousands of people in the great tent gave the Southern Commander a most remarkable reception. As he arose the band played "Dixie," and the great audience seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion. Every man and woman seemed resolved to honor the South's representative. The cheering and applause continued for some time, and through it all the Commander stood as a statue; and then, to hear what the man was to speak for all the Confederates, the gathering lapsed into absolute silence. The opening sentence of the speaker caught the crowd, and again it broke forth into enthusiastic applause.

"I am more than half a thousand miles from my home, but all the same I am at home. In this land everywhere is my home. This country of ours, this glorious America, belongs to us all, whether we be men of the North or men of the South, whether in the great war we followed the Confederate red and white or the Union red, white, and blue.

"The scenes at Gettysburg to-day furnish the completest evidence of the greatness as well as of the perpetuity of the American Republic. No man who loves his country can fail to read in the circumstances surrounding this celebration the stimulating and uplifting power of a people's government.

"Turning our vision backward half a century, we behold on this spot one of the most sanguinary battles of the ages. We can see the hosts marshaled under the stars and bars and under the stars and stripes. We can again hear the rattle of musketry, the booming of cannon, the bursting of shells, the shouts of charging legions; and we can see the hills and slopes and valleys about Gettysburg stained with the blood of gallant men, and amidst the fields of growing grain, in the thickets on the hillside, and on the crests of those heights the dead bodies of thousands who were true to truth as they saw it. These dead gave their lives as a sacrifice for principles that appealed to them as the most important among really great political doctrines. Grim determination, undaunted courage, and noblest patriotic impulses filled the souls of the warring armies, who were aligned about this quiet and secluded village to try out the issues that the exigencies of war had imposed upon them and to meet the emergencies that conflict of opinion had forced them to adjust by appeal to the court of last resort.

"The previous wars of the republic had no history that could guide the participants in the mighty struggle that had come in their day. In the Revolutionary War, 43,000 dead and 4,500 wounded; in the War of 1812, 1,800 dead and 3,200 wounded; in the Mexican War, 1,400 dead and 2,500 wounded marked the casualties that followed conflict; while in this battle 43,000 were wounded or killed, and death with relentless and pitiless demand was exacting from these contending hosts this awful sacrifice. The terrors of this battle defy the brush of the artist or the words of oratory. Only those who participated in the struggle can conceive what horrors hovered about this spot, now forever historic in the world's

annals. A few of the men who fought here fifty years ago are with us to-day. More than eight of every ten men on both sides are now sleeping the sleep of death. Some of the rifles that did execution then are here, but the men who bore the arms are well-nigh all gone. Some of the cannons that thundered then are here; but the cannoners who loaded, trained, and fired them have, most of them, passed from human scenes and have gone to be with the immortals. Some of the banners that on the days of the battle guided those who fought, now torn and tattered, are still held aloft. Hoary with age, riddled with shot and shell, they come to us now crowned with sacred memories. With the steps of venerable warriors these same color bearers carry them in peace and wave them, not as of yore to lead men into the jaws of death, but to declare and proclaim a peace that in its beneficent power and in its political liberty challenges the admiration of the civilized world.

"Then we looked on war with complacency. The lessons so greatly magnified in this valley and on these mountain tops on those hateful days will never be forgotten, though succeeding generations turn from its tragic and distressing scenes with horror.

"Time is not only a great vindicator, but it is also a great pacificator. Those who fought then now meet as friends. They grasp each other's hands; they look kindly face to face. War's animosities are forgotten; the noise of battle is hushed. Peace waves its wand over these blood-stained hills and cries out to war: 'Be still.'

"No other country has had such a marvelous experience. There are things in the past that are regrettable. Laws were enacted that challenged the equality of the men of the South; but, tried in the crucible of reason, liberty, and patriotism, they have all been repealed. Every State has equal rights, every man has equal privileges. The war has left no badge of inferiority, and the men who wore the blue and followed the flag of the Union ask for and expect nothing that is not the right of the men who wore the gray and followed the stars and bars. The men who fought for the government have pensions and right of residence in the national soldiers' homes, but beyond this they make no claims not allowed by the statutes of the republic to those who contended with them in fiercely fought conflicts and withstood them to the last in more than two thousand battles.

"It may be that the suggestion lately put into form to give Confederate soldiers the same privileges in national soldiers' homes as Federal soldiers may lead to the establishing of this right; or that peace, in its demand for the obliteration of all bitterness of the past, may say that the nation shall pension surviving Confederates. I do not suggest or in the name of my people say that it would be accepted; but this republic is a great destroyer of the cherished ideals of the past when they stand in the way of completest justice. For nearly fifty years the people of the South without complaint have contributed millions of dollars for the pensions of Federal soldiers. A nation's gratitude has been meted out through enormous grants to provide for the Federal soldiers and their wives and children. No murmur has ever come from the men of the Confederacy at this vast outlay, and there are optimists who predict that the hour may arrive in national life when the few and infirm remaining men who fought under the Confederate standards with admittedly unsurpassed courage should have in the evening time the comforts and conveniences that their intrepidity deserves through the nation's treasury.

"William McKinley reached the sublimest heights of statesmanship when he allowed a little daughter of the South to pin a Confederate badge on his breast; and when, gifted as few men with the power of forecasting political events, he urged that the graves of the Confederates who had died in Northern prisons should have, at the cost of the nation's treasury, a stone to tell who they were, whence they came, and where they died. No greater triumph of generosity was ever witnessed than when the United States put up markers over the sepulchers of Southern soldiers and carved upon them those inspiring words, 'Confederate soldier,' and thus declared to the world that the men who fought for the life of the Confederacy should have over their dust these magic words that touch the tenderest sentiments of a Southern heart and proclaim highest distinction amongst those who love them because they died for the Southland.

"The splendor and importance of this occasion are immeasurably enhanced by the fact that no explanations are sought or expected. The men who come from the South come as Confederates. True, in a broader sense they are Americans; but for this particular occasion they are distinctly Americans.

"Governor Tener has given a magnificent exhibition of Pennsylvania's good will in his declaration as to how the Confederates who participate in this reunion shall come. He has eloquently and fittingly declared that the State of Pennsylvania never prescribes the dress of its guests or seeks to impose conditions as to how they shall conduct themselves while enjoying the hospitality of its people.

"The patriotic plans and purposes of this occasion would have been greatly marred by any other course than that which Governor Tener has so promptly and so generously pursued. The men who were broad-minded and wise enough to inaugurate this memorial saw that it was impossible to make it really great or truly helpful to the spirit of peace if it did not bring a large number of Confederate soldiers to unite in its ceremonies. This jubilee is not only a great lesson for Americans, but it is a great exhibition of the marvelous influence of a republican form of government on the human mind and thought. It magnifies and glorifies in the highest degree the splendid influence of a people's government.



GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

"If any Southern man who comes here clad in the gray uniform so dear to him and those of his blood believed he would be expected even in thought to question the memories connected with the heroic past, he would go out from these tents and quickly march away. The Confederate comes here with his heart still loyal to the South and to those who made the four years of the Confederate nation's life resplendent with heroism, glory, and noblest sacrifice.

"What we ask for ourselves we freely and cheerfully accord to the other side. You had great soldiers; you had hundreds of thousands of men whose hearts were touched with the truest instincts of patriotism. Cherish the memories of your great leaders and captains—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Hancock, McPherson, Reynolds, and the thousands who with them either died or fought for what you and they esteemed the right. These are to you heroes. In your minds and hearts they arouse enthusiasm, gratitude, admiration, and affection. Build them monuments wherever you will, laud their courage and virtues as you may, write in unnumbered volumes the story of their achievements, and enshrine in your hearts the sacrifices of the millions who fought and thought as you fought and thought. We only claim the same right as to our dead comrades.

"We think that Robert E. Lee was the noblest and grandest soldier and man combined that the world has ever produced. Stonewall Jackson, the vigorous and skillful leader, who walked with God in prayer and used his divinely given genius for the defense of the rights and homes of his people, is to us the embodiment of all that was great and sublime in a Christian soldier's life. To our minds the world has not produced his equal. Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Jeb Stuart, John H. Morgan, Joe Wheeler, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Wade Hampton, Hood, Longstreet, and hundreds of thousands of the men who carried the guns are heroes to us that the world can never match.

"Of the 600,000 Southern soldiers, one in every eleven died on the battle field under the Confederate flag. Of the 3,000,000 men who came, as they believed, to save the nation's life, 47 per cent died under the Union flag. The issues that demanded these unparalleled sacrifices were settled in 1865. The men of the South yielded when a prolongation of the struggle meant anarchy, ruin, and a useless waste of life. When Robert E. Lee surrendered because he thought it his duty to surrender, the men of the South acquiesced in his judgment. We believe we failed, not because we were wrong, but because you men of the North had more soldiers, better food, longer and better guns, and more resources than the men of the South. The war could not have been avoided. No arbitration could settle the issues that reached a climax in 1860-61. It has been determined that the States are one, that the Union is indissoluble. War settled that, and it is concluded forever.

"But admit all this, my countrymen, and yet there is something greater in a country than its armies, more potent than its battling legions. The heart and conscience of the American people can put armies to flight, batter down forts, and sink warships. It can arise to the noblest conceptions of what is right, and against this conviction of 100,000,000 of freemen armies are pigmies and battleships little more than children's toys. The American people in the end will settle all questions right and eventually along lines that will promote the noblest ends of liberty and the highest claims of freedom.

"It required long service and training and much desperate fighting and improved organization to bring both the Federal and Confederate armies up to the point where such a battle

as that fought here could be maintained. Battles in which twenty-five per cent of the troops engaged were either killed or wounded had been rare in the world's history. Up to the beginning of 1862 there were none of these even in the war of 1861-65; but by degrees fighting became more desperate, percentages of mortality higher, and the death rate greatly increased. It was the men of the West who first, by their persistence and courage and indifference to death, notified the world of the stupendous mortality which might be expected in a struggle where men of the same blood, volunteers of the same type, a large portion of whom were Anglo-Saxons, could and would do for the maintenance of what they deemed a principle.

"The first really fierce fighting of the war was at Wilson Creek, Springfield, Mo., August 10, 1861. The losses on that field, at Bloody Hill, gave the first intimation to the world of what it might expect when Anglo-Saxon should meet Anglo-Saxon in conflict. In that engagement the fighting was described by one who had seen something of the fighting as 'inconceivably fierce.' General Lyon, the Federal commander, risked all in that battle and lost his life, but he gave the men who fought and believed with him an inspiration. For five hours the conflict at Bloody Hill was maintained, and the dead were not scattered but piled around the gory eminence. General Weightman, on the Confederate side, died thanking God that victory had been won. General Lyon, on the Federal side, went down in the fight without a word passing his pale, clenched lips. His body was left with his enemies, but his courage greatly inspired those with whom he had cast his lot.

"The next of the conflicts which was to characterize the war was at Shiloh. Albert Sidney Johnston, in the West, beloved by many at that time to be the greatest living soldier on either side, moved to the highest degree of activity by misfortunes that had befallen him at Fishing Creek, Donelson, and other points, undertook to crush the Federal advance under General Grant. Wise in conception and vigorous in execution, with heroic courage, on April 6, 1862, at the head of his troops, he appeared on the field of Shiloh. From daybreak until 2 p.m. the battle raged fiercely, and then happened one of those mysterious providences which seemed to be forever hedging the Confederate pathway to success. General Johnston, after having practically won the battle of Shiloh, was mortally wounded, and the command at this crucial hour devolved upon another who did not have the situation well enough in hand to grasp the victory which was at that moment possible. In this conflict 26,000 dead and wounded told the story of the desperate courage which marked both Federal and Southern soldiers.

"Up to this time the Army of Northern Virginia had fought no really great battle. Big Bethel was a skirmish. In the spring of 1862 the relative position of the Army of Northern Virginia was practically the same as in the autumn of 1861.

"When the storms of battle were raging at Gettysburg, there was conflict at Vicksburg and farther west on the plains of Louisiana and Arkansas, and amid the fields, the hills, and mountains of Missouri; so that in the fall of 1862 and in the early summer of 1863 each side seemed conscious of transcendent power and of invincible courage.

"In March, 1862, McClellan called his commanders together, and they decided that the wisest thing to do was to move 120,000 men down to Fortress Monroe, and from there reach Richmond by the peninsula between the James and York

Rivers. Two hundred thousand men under McClellan were soon to clash with 75,000 under Lee.

"At this time the Confederates had reached their highest and best organization; and this is also true of the Army of the Potomac. Reorganizing and concentrating all possible forces, with the help of a couple of divisions from Virginia, the men of the West were to fight a few weeks later the battle of Chickamauga, second to none in its sanguinary losses, and anew declaring to the world the unfaltering determination of both sides to fight it out to the bitter end, whatever the consequences might be.

"These two battles—Gettysburg in the east and Chickamauga in the west—left the outcome full of doubt and uncertainty. True, the consequences resulting from both battles were to have tremendous potency in determining the final results of the war; but even after these contests there were yet battles to be fought that would astonish the world with the courage, constancy, and persistence of the men who were contending in this great conflict.

"The remarkable march from Dalton to Atlanta, covering eighty days, in which Joseph E. Johnston was able to inflict, as he claimed, a loss of 60,000 killed and wounded upon his opponents; while General Lee, at the Second Manassas, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, was to destroy 80,000 of the men who were endeavoring to capture the capital of the Confederacy. All this demonstrated that there was no lessening of the vigor of the men on either side; that it was no longer a question of courage, no longer a question of whether the soldiers on one side or the other would fight; but the real question was, How long could the Confederates hold out against the unending supplies of the government, where neither money, men, nor supplies appeared to have a limit? The Confederates, which blockaded ports and with no manufactories except such as the emergencies and necessities of the hour could develop, were, year by year, month by month, finding less to eat, less to wear, more difficulty in supplying powder and ball and the other necessary munitions of war.

"It is not unreasonable nor unnatural for the war, with all its dreadful calamities, with the dreadful devastation, and with its unparalleled death rate, to bring about something of resentment between those who had engaged in a conflict of such magnitude and such fatality. It took twenty years for men to begin to reason.

"Fifty years is not a brief period in the life of this American Republic. The last half century has witnessed advances that no prophetic ken could imagine, much less prophesy.

"Here to-day Confederates appear in their uniforms with their war-torn banners, and the soldiers who wore the blue are here with their uniforms; and the flag of our country is floating over all, to declare that there is a complete and thorough and unqualified and unchangeable restoration of good faith and kindness. This occasion declares, when we come to consider our nation and its future, that there is no North, no South, no East, no West, but simply a great republic which finds in the spirit of its people patriotic pride, unchanging loyalty, and unflinching devotion to the highest principles of human liberty. And behind all this is an intelligent and educated population that will tolerate no injustice, submit to no impairment of any citizen's rights, but will ever demand that the highest good for all shall be the cardinal principle upon which the government rests.

"In all the marvelous things occurring in the republic there is nothing that is more wonderful than the scenes that here

at Gettysburg on this July 1, 1913, greet the eyes of the vast throngs that have come here to witness or take part in this celebration on the spot where, in 1863, one of the most fiercely contested engagements of the great war took place.

"If the indivisibility of the Union had been the sole result of the war, this alone would not have compensated for the immeasurable sacrifices the conflict entailed. Guided and impelled by love of country, and educated by the lessons that inevitably were taught, the men on both sides who endured the privations and faced the dangers of the four years' struggle rose both consciously and unconsciously to the highest plane of patriotism.

"It was my privilege to make one of the first speeches delivered over Confederate graves north of the Ohio River. There were 2,060 Confederates who died while prisoners at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio. Within a few acres the bodies of these had been interred in graves then unmarked. Five thousand people came to witness these exercises and hear what a Southern soldier, himself once a prisoner in Camp Chase, would say on such an occasion. Hundreds of Union soldiers were there, led by a generous sympathy, combined with a justifiable curiosity, and in a great number of instances as bearers of flowers to lay on the mounds that covered these unknown dead. Only one grave was marked. From the others came no record of who there gave his life for the cause of the South.

"A broad-minded Federal soldier, Col. W. H. Knauss, had inaugurated amongst the people of Columbus the custom of annually strewing flowers on the graves of these men who had died so far from their homes and kindred. More than 2,000 vacant chairs in sorrowing households scattered all over the South were the visions that stood before the mind when one arose to eulogize the courage and constancy of those who here found soldiers' graves in what was to them a foreign State. Facing the great audience, holding up a blood-stained gray jacket, tattered and torn, I repeated those words which always touch the Southern heart:

"Fold it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly look on it, touch it with pride;
For dear it must be to my heart evermore—
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore."

"Over the entrance to the cemetery a generous hand had written these thrilling words: 'These were all Americans.' Looking at the worn garment, then at the nameless mounds, and realizing the desolation and grief in the hearts and homes of those who had sent them to war, a vast majority of those present were moved to tears.

"That was more than twenty years ago; but the impression made by those words, 'These were all Americans,' has never been obliterated from my mind and heart. I understood how great the power and the strength of real brotherhood of American citizenship was, and to-day from the scenes and happenings round about me I catch higher visions and nobler perceptions of the wonderful idea, 'These were all Americans.'

"We are to-day commencing exercises which shall continue through four days. We have come, as we were asked by the great State of Pennsylvania, to be its guests. We have no demands to make. As the head of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, including in its membership practically all surviving Confederates, I bear to you sincerest greetings and kindest salutations. Brave men can have no differences on this auspicious and suggestive occasion. We have in our hearts and minds, as the men of both sides, a common desire

and purpose to make this anniversary one of the most historic and delightful that America or the world has ever witnessed.

"Meeting as friends, fellow citizens, as representatives of our great republic, in this assemblage we proclaim and bear witness to the splendor and grandeur of American ideals, hopes, and achievements. We point with immeasurable pride to the past. Whether on one side or the other, it was a great past, a past that quickens the manliest emotions of brave and chivalrous men.

"We men of the South have a past that is dearer to us than our very lives; but in our country we have a future that fills every impulse of a patriot, and for which, if need be, we would stand as we stood in the awful days of 1861 to 1865 for the integrity and defense of our beloved Southland."

ECHOS FROM GETTYSBURG.

Many well-told tales of the recent peace gathering at Gettysburg continue to add a fine flavor of human and personal reality to the historic significance of that notable occasion. And so intimate and illuminative are these little records that they ask a more permanent place of preservation than the quickly forgotten pages of the daily papers in which they originally appeared. The selections herewith given are clipped at random from the daily press.

"A memorable event of the reunion took place on July 3, when a handful of men in gray reenacted the charge of Pickett across the field of Gettysburg. Up the slope of Cemetery Ridge, where death kept step with them in '63, one hundred and fifty veterans of the Virginia regiments of the Immortal Division made their slow parade. Under the brow of the ridge, in the Bloody Angle, where the Philadelphia Brigade stood that day, was a handful in blue, scarcely larger, waiting to meet the onslaught of peace. There were no flashing sabers, no belching guns—only eyes that dimmed fast and kindly faces behind the stone wall that marks the angle. At the end, in place of wounds or prison or death, were greetings and handshakes.

"The veterans in gray marched for a quarter of a mile over the ground that they traversed during the charge. They came up the slope in a column of fours, irregularly, but responsive to the commands of Maj. W. W. Bentley, of the 24th Virginia Regiment, one of the few officers of either Pickett's or the Philadelphia Brigade present. Ahead of them marched a band, and well down the column was a faded Confederate flag, its red field pierced with many holes, its crossbars dim, and its shaft colored with the sweat of many a man who died that it might fly high in the last desperate effort to pierce the Union lines. Its progress was slow and painful, for the timothy in the field was high, and its plowed surface was not easy for world-weary feet. Up to the very edge of the stone wall, covered now with tangled vines, shaded by trees, and as peaceful as a summer lane, they marched in the hot sun while the band played 'Dixie.'

"The blue line formed behind the walls. Overhead floated a faded standard of the Second Army Corps. Behind them were the statues of the Philadelphia Brigade and the 4th U. S. A. Battalion, where General Armistead died.

"As the men in gray formed in a long line facing the wall, the Stars and Bars and the flag of the Second Corps were crossed in amity and the Stars and Stripes unfurled."

"Readers follow with interest the more intimate details of this second charge of Pickett's men up Cemetery Ridge. On

the old stone fence at the Bloody Angle the Philadelphia Brigade, which was crowded back of that same stone fence fifty years ago, waited to receive them. But this time Hancock's men met Pickett's with outstretched arms instead of with weapons; and there where Armistead broke through with his hat on his sword, shouting, 'Give them the cold steel, boys,' and died as he said it, his men and Webb's shook hands.

"The Bloody Angle is formed by a break in the line of a stone fence. There the men of Pickett and Pettigrew were jammed together and entangled after they had charged across the valley from Seminary Ridge, which faces Cemetery Ridge. There, though smashed to pieces by Hancock's pitiless fire, the heroic Confederates broke over the stone wall, and Armistead laid his hand on a Union cannon and fell dead. They call it the 'high-water mark of the rebellion,' and the spot is marked by a sculptured open book.

"There were gathered now just below the old stone wall nearly all that were left of Pickett's men, some of them among the very men who broke over it with Armistead. They looked up at the wall, and there they saw the men who fought them grouped this time on the wall instead of behind it."

"Two of these men wore the uniforms they wore the last time they met. It was wonderful how men ever could have carried such heavy equipment on such a July day as that one. One of them, I. E. Tibben, of the 71st Pennsylvania, carried an enormous canteen, a great knapsack, with a roll of blankets on top of it, and wore a big cap that must have been swelteringly hot. Down below, waiting for the order to charge, was Turpin, the man who 'wasn't so scairt as he was then.' He carried a heavy blanket and wore the same old suit, his coat tied together with strings and his feet bound up in burlap bagging instead of shoes, just as he marched down the pike to Seminary Ridge and crossed over with Pickett. It will be remembered that it was the lack of shoes which brought Pettigrew into Gettysburg and caused the fight to take place here instead of at Cashtown, where Lee had planned it."

"An old hero from the State of Washington wore a uniform that was bullet riddled. I asked: 'Who shot those holes in your coat?' 'Longstreet's men,' he answered, 'as they attacked us up this road just fifty years ago. I have not been back here since, but I have come back here to day to say that if the gray-coated fellows who swarmed over these hills and shot a few holes in my body couldn't keep the old flag down, there ain't nobody else that's goin' to be allowed to.'"

"Among the men who crossed the works with Armistead and who crossed again in this second charge was a tall, gentle-voiced, drawling old Southerner named C. P. Deering. He now lives in Kentucky, at Cadiz, but he was in the 28th Virginia. 'The Yankees were sho'ly very nice to us,' he said. 'They didn't shoot at us after we got into their lines, but just told us to surrender, and we did. Robert C. Allen was my colonel, and he came from the same county I did. They laid him and me together. He took his hat off and said: 'Deering, whar is the colors?' Then he put his hat back on his head and died right there.'"

"Another of Armistead's men was D. B. Easley, fourth sergeant of Company H, 14th Virginia, who lives at Scottsburg, in that State. 'I was on the end of my regiment's line,' he said, 'and somehow another regiment overlapped our line at the Bloody Angle and separated me from my comrades. Now, I wasn't doin' anything smart, and I don't want you to think I was. It just happened this way. I ran in front of them and got over that stone fence, and I found myself among a whole passel of Federals. I dropped my gun, and they just let me pass behind them. Then I saw Armistead come along and put his hand on that cannon and fall.'"

"Here he broke down. He had an empty corncob pipe in his mouth, and he bent his head down and kept pretending to smoke it, empty as it was. But he couldn't get his voice back that way; and at last he straightened up and looked at his questioner steadily, but with his face working and tears in his



ON THE APEX OF LITTLE ROUND TOP, GETTYSBURG. THE TALLEST FIGURE IS A BRONZE STATUE OF GENERAL WARREN, U. S. A.

eyes. 'He fell,' he said when he could speak again, 'and he was an old man, past sixty. Think of that. I didn't believe at first that he was dead. I thought it must be sunstroke or something. But when I saw that he was dead I grabbed up a gun, though I had surrendered, and reached for some ammunition; but just then I saw three bayonets pointed at my breast, and I put it down.'

"One of the oldest veterans in the big camp was Capt. W. H. Fleig, of Houston, Tex., who was ninety years of age last February 23. During the war he served with distinction in the Confederate navy. Captain Fleig was one of the best-preserved men in camp, and is more active than many of the other veterans a score of years younger."

"Wearing a tattered uniform of gray, Alexander Hunter, of Virginia, was for some time the central point of interest on the streets of the town. Mr. Hunter wore the identical suit and hat which he wore at Gettysburg fifty years ago. The suit is in rags and has a bullet hole through one of the sleeves. He carried all his accouterments used in the battle. Mr. Hunter was a member of the Black Horse Cavalry."

"At one of the informal meetings of the camp a Virginian read some of the figures of a few of the regiments that were in the battle of Gettysburg. The 26th North Carolina lost 720 men out of 800, and the 24th Michigan lost 406 out of 407. Company F lost every man and every officer."

"Gen. 'Tom' Stewart, of Pennsylvania, tells a story of a 'runaway veteran' he came across in the big camp. The veteran was eighty-five years old, and his son at home announced that under no circumstances should his aged parent go to Gettysburg. The desire to be there and meet his comrades was so strong in the heart of the old gentleman that he stole away, turning up in good shape."

"Fifty years before this present July 3 the Washington correspondent of the New York Times, Samuel Wilkeson, sent to his paper one of the most remarkable battle stories ever written. His son, Lieut. Bayard Wilkeson, a boy of nineteen, was in command of a Federal battery and was killed in the second day's fighting. The father hunted up his body, buried it, and then sat down by the grave to write the story of the battle for his paper. The New York Times correspondent at Gettysburg went out to the place where Samuel Wilkeson stood during the battle. Readers of his letter [republished on page 387 of the AUGUST VETERAN] will remember his vivid account of the way the shells rained into Meade's headquarters, where stood ripped up bags of oats and slaughtered men and horses. The house is a little one-story white building, with a little monument near it to mark the place. It was screened from the line of battle by a gentle rise in the ground; but Alexander's terrific fire, in his prelude to Pickett's charge, rained into it. Along the left of it, as you look toward the Confederate lines, is the picket fence where Wilkeson saw the tied horses slaughtered. The hollyhocks and roses that he there describes are blooming again to-day."

"Jacob Heater, a Confederate, who now lives in Seattle, Wash., but who fought with the 31st Virginians, came to the reunion hoping to learn something of a little girl who sat on the porch in front of her house and cheerfully whistled and played with her doll while they were carrying away dead men

from the orchard near by. 'I should like to tell her children,' he said, 'how brave she was.'"

"Two survivors of the battle of Hampton Roads were among the veterans at Gettysburg. William Durst, dressed in the uniform of a United States sailor of the sixties, was a notable figure, as he is perhaps the last survivor on the Northern side of that momentous fight. John McClellan, of the crew of the Merrimac, came also, wearing a Confederate naval uniform that had been provided for him by his comrades at Steelton, that he might fittingly represent his gallant branch of the service."

"One long street in the camp was devoted to negro soldiers. But the Commission made arrangements only for Union negroes, forgetting that some darkies served their masters in the Confederate army. A few of these came and found no place. They were given straw beds in the big tent, and were found there by a group of Tennessee Confederates. When the Southerners found out who the negroes were they took them into their own camp, set aside a tent for them, and in every way displayed their gratitude to the old slaves."

"So complete was the camp in its picture of every phase of war life that even the Signal Corps of the Grand Army was well represented. There were eighty-one members of the old Signal Corps encamped near the big tent, where all the large functions were held. The old signalmen tell many interesting stories of the war—not of bloody battles or marches or generals, but of intercepted code messages and of strange methods used to transfer information from point to point.

"One morning a Confederate signalman drifted into their camp, and the old enemies began to swap stories. It seems that a great part of many Federal victories was due to the Union generals' knowledge of the enemy's movements, gained through the vigilance of the Union signalmen. The old Confederate commented upon the fact that the Yankees seemed always able to read the Confederate wigwag, and he asked how they did it. C. W. Keen, of 3400 Goodman Street, Philadelphia, a Union signalman, explained:

"'You see,' he said, 'your signal corps was formed by an officer who resigned from the United States regular army at the time of his State's secession. He knew only the old United States signal code, and he taught it to you fellows. That's where your government made a mistake. Our army changed its code early in the war, but you used the old code that we could read. It was not until 1864 that you woke up and changed your code. Then it was too late.'

"There are three hundred Union survivors of the Signal Corps, all belonging to a nation-wide organization. The Confederate signalmen are not organized, veterans of this branch of the service being scattered through the Southern camps. The Confederates are invited to cooperate with the Union signalmen at the coming Encampment at Chattanooga."

SOME DOINGS OF THE SIGNAL CORPS.

"On July 4, just about the time of the close of President Wilson's address, an impromptu peace celebration, undertaken at the instance of Lieut. George C. Round, the newly elected President of the U. S. Veteran Signal Corps Association, gave a dramatic close to the three days of brotherhood and good fellowship that had marked the great gathering. This celebration took place when a detachment of the Signal Corps under Lieutenant Round opened a station on Seminary Ridge, near the R. E. Lee monument, and exchanged messages with

another detachment upon the bowlder adjacent to the statue of General Warren, upon Little Round Top, under the direction of Secretary Marcy, as follows:

"Round Top—'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

"Seminary Ridge—'Glory to God in the highest.'

"Round Top—'Let us have peace' (Grant.)

"Seminary Ridge—'Duty is the sublimest word in our language.' (R. E. Lee.)

"Round Top—

"'America! All hail to thee!

'Thanks be to God, who made us free.'

"Seminary Ridge—

"'North, South, East, West, hand clasped in hand,
United, we thy children stand.'"

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS BY GOVERNOR COX, OF OHIO.

Two Northern States supplied a larger number of soldiers to the Gettysburg conflict than Ohio, but the commonwealth that gave birth to Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan yields to no State, North or South, in the measure of good will which she contributes to this the most stupendous human event in all the history of the world.

Fifty years ago Ohio sent the robust youth of her communities into the roaring hell of battle; to-day she sends a chivalric band of old heroes to the sacred shrine of peace. For half a century a generation has sung the pride we feel in the bravery of our soldier legions; for centuries to come countless generations in story and in song will raise in the imagination of the ages the Gettysburg event of 1913 as far above the Gettysburg event of 1863 as love transcends hate and the dignity of peace towers over the combat of passion.

We stand in reverence at the regimental shafts which mark the spots sanctified by the bravery of our soldiers. We claim a share in the meadows and woods enriched by the young blood of our State; but we are speechless as we contemplate the sublime picture of our boys in blue grasping the hand of the gray, and in tears of love and affection wiping out forever the last sign of that long line of sectional hate, the Mason and Dixon line.

God grant that to-day is but the beginning of a nation-wide impulse of broader brotherhood! May we not on this solemn occasion indulge the hope that the hour is not far distant when we will turn over to the Confederates the National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., the only institution of its kind on Southern soil, and there, under the kind ministrations of our government, demonstrate the genuineness of this great day!

The most practical suggestion at Gettysburg—the corner stone for a "peace monument," so to speak—was that proposed by Gov. James M. Cox, of Ohio, in recommending that steps be taken to transfer the National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., to Confederates who are dependent. Request was made of Governor Cox for information as to how the idea occurred to him, and he replied as follows:

Replying to a request, the Governor wrote on August 12, 1913: "I can only say that for some years I have entertained the idea that we should show the Southern people in other ways than through oratory that no resentment is harbored on this side of the river. I have also for some years been in pretty close touch with the national military homes of this country, and am aware that the number of inmates in such

institutions is gradually declining. It therefore occurred to me that it would be of material benefit to the ex-soldiers of the Confederate army to allow them to enter at least one of these homes upon equal footing with the Union soldiers. It seemed eminently fitting that I should make such public declaration on the occasion of the reunion at Gettysburg."



GOVERNOR JAMES M. COX.

This letter suggests provision for Confederate veterans who have neither homes nor State identity, yet who could establish records for gallant and faithful service. Whatever may come of his suggestion, the thought is good, and meditation upon it cannot but be beneficial in the best way to patriots, regardless of the side on which they fought.

The VETERAN would like to give the life story of Governor Cox. It reads like that of an impulsive Southerner. He was a farmer boy, but engaged in journalism early. He was reporter, then editorial writer, on the Cincinnati Enquirer. Later he owned two daily papers in Dayton and Springfield, and he formed the News League of Ohio. He served in Congress two terms as a Democrat. He is an Episcopalian, and in the general race of life he "does things."

HEIGHT AND DEPTH OF OUR LAND.

HERMAN G. KIEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The lowest point in the United States is Death's Valley, in California, at 276 feet below sea level. The valley of the lower Jordan River is very low, and the lowest known point of land on earth is near the Dead Sea, in Asia, at 1,292 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. There it is very hot and subject to long droughts.

The highest mountains are about five miles high and very cold, while the greatest depth of seas is about five miles and intensely "wet" with salt water.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN COXE, GROVELAND, CAL.

At Gettysburg I was a private in Company B, 2d South Carolina Volunteers, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaws's Division, Longstreet's Corps. On the 29th of June, 1863, we marched from Chambersburg and bivouacked at a little town called Longwood, near the Caledonia Iron Works and also near the foot of South Mountain, on the west side. The iron works had been burned by the Confederates a few days before. On the night of the 30th there was a heavy rain, and we passed the forenoon of the 1st of July in cooking, eating, and drying our wet blankets. The little town was built on both sides of the pike and was very long, therefore we changed its name and called it "Longstreet."

So far we had heard of no enemy, but knew that Ewell was ahead of us somewhere. About 2 P.M. the sun came out vigorously, and almost immediately the order to swing knapsacks and "fall in" was given with sharp emphasis, and in less than twenty minutes the command was marching rapidly north along the pike. Just after passing old Thad Stevers's ruined iron works the pike turned sharply to the right, and soon afterwards we reached the foot of South Mountain at the entrance of a low gap. We went along in quick time, and quite frequently our officers would say: "Hurry up, men!" The slope up the mountain was gradual, but not very steep at any point. Near the summit we came to a watering place called Graffenburg's Springs, halted, and were told to rest.

Hot and tired after a two hours' rapid march, we sat down on the ground and rested; but while enjoying the cool and inspiring appearance of the white cottages of the springs, hark! all of a sudden the distant sound of cannon coming through the gap from the east side of the mountain struck our ears and threw us into extreme alertness. Officers looked at one another, and so did we privates. Then Captain Pulliam said: "Boys, that sounds familiar." Then Private Pickett said: "That explains why we've been racing." And still others, looking at the sun, remarked: "It isn't likely that we'll get into it before to-morrow."

Although we didn't know it then, that was the sound of A. P. Hill's and Ewell's battle of the 1st of July at Gettysburg. Soon after this our rest was cut short, and up and onward we rushed. Just before reaching the summit and above the din of our tramping feet and rattling canteens we heard the crash of small arms, and at a clearing just east of the top we saw clouds of smoke hanging like a pall over the valley beyond; but by this time, which was after sunset, the firing had ceased and we heard no more noise of battle. Still we rushed on down the east side of the mountain, unencumbered either by artillery or wagons, and didn't stop again till we reached level ground, after nine o'clock.

It was quite dark when my company halted directly in front of a large house about fifty feet back on the left of the pike. Many wounded, mostly Confederates, were in the front yard, and these were being tenderly cared for by three women, ladies of the house, while surgeons were attending the wounded both in and outside of the house. The lights, being candles, were rather dim, and occasionally we heard groans of the wounded.

Lieutenant Powell respectfully approached one of the women and inquired how far it was to the battle field. "Why, you are right now on the edge of the battle field," she replied; and then, turning around, she pointed forward a little to the right of the pike and continued: "The big fight was right

over there in those woods." "Which side got the better of it?" continued Powell. "O," she said, "I think the Lincoln men got whipped, because we saw them running over the hill toward town and the Rebels running after and shooting at them." "Where is the town?" inquired Powell. "About a mile over there," and she pointed forward again. "Was there any more fighting after that?" asked Powell. "Yes, we heard more fighting over in town, but it didn't last long," answered the woman.

Soon after this we were edged over to the right side of the pike, stacked arms, and ordered to pass the night as best we could. As we had nothing to cook, no fires were lighted, and so we lay down and slept. I was up at dawn the next morning and walked a little forward on the pike. There was no noise. Some distance forward I saw on the left a large bivouac, but it was as quiet as death. Going farther, I saw straight ahead a large building on a low hill partly surrounded by trees. I didn't know it then, but that was the famous seminary where Lee stood and watched most of the fighting at Gettysburg. I was at the edge of the McPherson wood. The town was on the left, obscured by hills and woods. In a small clearing I saw about a dozen dead Federals. Returning to our bivouac, I was surprised to find nearly everybody there still asleep, although the sun was nearly up. Few had anything in their haversacks, and so there was precious little breakfast for us that morning.

Soon after sunrise we were called into ranks and marched slowly forward on the pike. Still no noise. Just before reaching the seminary we passed a brigade cooking breakfast on the left of the pike, and some of the men told us that they were in the fight on the day before. Coming to the foot of the seminary hill, we debouched to the right down a slight declivity and soon afterwards reached Willoughby Run, in the woods, directly west of the seminary. Here we halted and lay around for at least two hours, during which Gen. A. P. Hill and staff rode over from the west of the Run and then slowly on up through the woods toward the seminary. General Hill was an interesting personality. A slight but very pleasant smile seemed to light up his face all the time, while his eagle eyes took in everything about him. His flowing whiskers were red, but his hair was a little darker.

Shortly after General Hill passed, a Confederate field gun was fired from the wooded hill to the right of the seminary. We heard the shell explode in the distance and adjusted our ears for the next shot. But it didn't come, and we never knew why that single shot broke the quietness all around us.

At last we were brought to attention and marched in column through open woods down the east side of the Run. Proceeding about half a mile, another halt was called and we lay around another hour. Meanwhile we heard desultory picket firing in the distance on our left. With several others I walked to the left about one hundred yards to an opening in the woods. We looked across a field and road and saw the famous peach orchard beyond. To the right of the orchard and farther away we saw two cone-shaped hills partly covered with scrubby timber. These were the now celebrated Round Tops, the smaller of the two being on the left. The field to the right of the peach orchard extended as far as we could see from that point. The light skirmishing was going on in the peach orchard, which was so densely green that we couldn't see the men of either party. We were sharply called back to ranks and cautioned not to expose ourselves to the view of the enemy.

Soon after this, hearing a noise in the rear, we looked and saw General Hood at the head of his splendid division riding forward parallel to us about fifty yards to the left. This explained our last halt. Hood, who had marched to Gettysburg in the rear of McLaws, was to take position on our right and therefore on the extreme Confederate right. Why this great loss of time at that important juncture to get Hood and his artillery on the extreme right and thus delay the battle of the 2d of July could never be understood by us private soldiers, but General Longstreet was responsible for it, doubtless believing that it would be better to have the great fighter Hood on his right. But, in fact, it was a very bad error for two reasons—namely, it allowed the Federals time to bring up tremendous forces of all arms to meet us, and, as it happened, Hood was wounded and disabled right at the beginning of his fight on the extreme right.

It seemed to take an age for Hood's men and train of artillery to pass us; and when finally it did get by, our division followed, Semmes's Brigade leading. But it didn't take us long to reach the open near the Emmetsburg Pike and in plain view of both Round Tops and the peach orchard. I looked and saw a Yankee flag waving signals from the apex of little Round Top. Indeed, we were so much exposed to view that the enemy had no trouble counting the exact numbers under Hood and McLaws. However, we were placed behind a stone fence along the west side of the pike and ordered to lie down. Immediately in our front and to the left, extending to the peach orchard, was an open field, then mostly in buckwheat. At the farther side of this field and in front of Round Tops was a thick woods, mostly of heavy oaks. About fifteen field guns under Cabell were brought up and unlimbered on the pike in front of an oak grove a little to our right, and a little later a Federal battalion of many guns galloped from the woods into the field near the peach orchard and somewhat to the left of our front, followed by a heavy Federal line of battle; but the latter soon after about-faced and returned to the woods. The Federal batteries quickly deployed and unlimbered guns, but didn't open fire. By this time the sun was observed to be getting down toward the top of South Mountain to the west and in our rear. Then suddenly we heard Hood's cannon under Lattimer open on the right and the furious reply of the Federal guns. Then pretty soon a few sharp bugle notes were heard and then boom! boom! blazed away Cabell's guns at the Federal batteries near the peach orchard.

The Yankees were ready and replied with spirit, and in less time than it takes to tell it our ears were deafened by the noise of the guns and exploding shells. A little to the right I saw General Longstreet and staff dismounted behind the stone fence watching the effects of our shots through their field glasses. I don't know how long this awful cannonade lasted (probably twenty minutes), but as it began to slacken we were ordered to scale the stone fence behind which we were standing. This was quickly done, and then we were on the Emmetsburg Pike. On the other side of the pike was another stone fence to cross; and this done, there was no other important obstacle between us and the enemy.

The cannonade suddenly ceased, and then we could hear Hood's small arms fighting on the right in terrible crashes and roars. Our line, formed in perfect order of battle, faced a little to the left so as to sweep the Federal batteries near the peach orchard. Just before the order, "Forward, march!" was given I saw General Kershaw and staff immediately in our rear dismounted. About halfway from our start at the pike

to the Federal batteries was a little down grade to a small depression. We went along in perfect order, the 15th South Carolina Regiment being on the right. As yet we could see no Federal infantry, because it was covered by the woods in the rear of the batteries; but we saw plainly that their artilleryists were loading their guns to meet our assault, while their mounted officers were dashing wildly from gun to gun, apparently to be sure that all were ready.

Just before reaching the depression already mentioned a Confederate battery on the pike somewhat to our left opened fire, and I heard one of our men say, "That will help us out," believing as we all did that its fire was against the Federal guns in our front. But, alas! the next moment we saw that its fire was directed to a point farther to the left in the peach orchard.

Well, just as our left struck the depression in the ground every Federal cannon let fly at us with grape. O the awful deathly surging sounds of those little black balls as they flew by us, through us, between our legs, and over us! Many, of course, were struck down, including Captain Pulliam, who was instantly killed. Then the order was given to double-quick, and we were mad and fully determined to take and silence those batteries at once.

We had gotten onto the level land of the Federal guns when the next fusillade of grape met us. One of the little black balls passed between my legs. We were now so close to the Federal gunners that they seemed bewildered and were apparently trying to get their guns to the rear. But just then—and, ah me! to think of it makes my blood curdle even now, nearly fifty years afterwards—the insane order was given to "right flank." Of course no one ever knew who gave the order or any reason why it was given. General Kershaw denied being responsible for it, but somebody must have been. Why, in a few moments the whole brigade was jumbled up in a space less than a regiment behind a rocky, heavily wooded bluff with the right flank in the air, close to that historic scarecrow the Devil's Den and also little Round Top, quite near, with our left flank disconnected and wholly unsupported for a mile or more. We were truly "in a box," liable to be captured or annihilated at any moment.

It was some time until the Federals who had partly charged turned loose all their guns upon the woods over our heads. My! how the trees trembled and split under the incessant shower of shot and shell! But we were well protected from the front of the rocky bluff, and only a few men were injured by falling limbs. However, it wasn't long till the Federal infantry in great force advanced to the rim of the bluff and began to pour lead down upon us; but they soon found out that bullets could go uphill with death in their songs as well as downhill, so they dared not rush down upon us. It soon became evident, though, that they were taking steps to flank us at both ends. About that time Charley Markley, of my company, was killed, a ball piercing his forehead. Many others fell; but our "spunk" was up to white heat, and we didn't care, but made up our minds to die right there to the last man if necessary.

We fought in that position for nearly half an hour, when to our surprise the thunder and roar of the Federal cannon and musketry in our front suddenly stopped, and the next moment we heard a tremendous Rebel cheer, followed by an awful crash of small arms, coming through the woods on our left front and from the direction of the peach orchard. Then one of our officers shouted and said: "That's help for us! Spring up the bluff, boys!" And we did so. Meanwhile the

crashes of small arms and Rebel yells on the left increased. As we reached open ground over the bluff we saw the Federal artillery we had charged deserted and an almost perfect Confederate line of battle just entering the woods, hotly engaging and driving the Federal infantry.

"Who is that?" shouted an officer. But before we had time to think of getting an answer an officer galloped from the right of the advancing line and ordered us to join his right and go forward. And that officer was Brig. Gen. William T. Wofford. Until that moment we didn't know that when the division advanced from the Emmetsburg Pike Wofford's Brigade had been held in reserve on the pike near the peach orchard. Both Longstreet and McLaws knew Wofford well, and that in a "tight pinch" he could be relied on for succor. Hence on that day they decided to hold his splendid brigade in reserve for a probable emergency. And, indeed, the trying emergency had come. Semmes had fallen on the right and Barksdale had fallen on the left, while the predicament of Kershaw in the center has already been described. From his position in reserve on the pike Wofford plainly saw the death struggle of Kershaw's men, cut off as they were and fighting against such frightful odds, and it was said at the time that he asked McLaws for permission to go to our relief as many as three times before it was granted.

But to return to the fight. When Wofford ordered us to join his right and rush forward, a tremendous Rebel yell went up from our powder-choked throats. Wofford took off his hat and, waving it at us, turned back and charged along his line to the left. And here was seen how the right sort of officer can inspire his men to accomplish next to superhuman results. Always Wofford rode right along with his men during a fight, continually furnishing examples and cheering them with such words as, "Charge them, boys." The wonder was that he wasn't killed. He had many "close calls," but survived the war many years. Those who saw it said they never saw such a fine military display as Wofford's line of battle as it advanced from the pike. He went right for those Federal cannons that were firing at us. Nor did it take him long to reach those batteries and smash them even before the gunners had time to turn their guns upon him. Rushing over the artillery, he kept right on and tackled the Yankee infantry in the woods beyond. And his assault was so sudden and quickly executed that the Federal lines of infantry were smashed and gave way at every point in Wofford's way; and as the remnant of Kershaw's Brigade, combined with Wofford's splendid body of men, rushed along through the woods, all the Federal supports met the same fate of their first line. It became a regular rout; and while the panic-stricken enemy fell by the scores and hundreds, Wofford lost only a few men.

Emerging from the woods on the other side, we drove the enemy across a wheat field and on to the western slopes of little Round Top, up which they scampered in great disorder. While crossing the wheat field I looked along our line both ways, but saw no other troops. At that time, and while putting on a cap for another shot, a bullet from little Round Top tore open my right coat sleeve from wrist to elbow, but I wasn't hurt much. At the farther edge of the wheat field we were met by shots from Federal cannon on the apex of little Round Top, but all went high over us. Of course every one of us expected to go right on and capture that famous hill, which at that time seemed easy to do; but Wofford, seeing that night was near and that there were no supports on right or left or in

the rear, ordered a halt, and after surveying the hill through his field glasses ordered us to about-face and fall back across the wheat field and into the woods from which we had so recently driven the enemy. And, strange to say, when we ceased firing not another gun was heard on that part of the field during the remainder of that 2d of July. The wheat field and woods were blue with dead and wounded Federals. At the edge of the woods we met McLaws and cheered him, and he seemed well pleased with the evidences of our victory lying around him.

I felt sorry for the wounded enemy, but we could do little to help them. Just before dark I passed a Federal officer sitting on the ground with his back resting against a large oak tree. He called me to him, and when I went he politely asked me to give him some water. There was precious little in my canteen, but I let him empty it. His left leg was crushed just above the ankle, the foot lying on the ground sidewise. He asked me to straighten it up in a natural position and prop it with rocks, and as I did so I asked him if the movement hurt him. "There isn't much feeling in it just now," replied he quietly. Then before leaving him I said: "Isn't this war awful?" "Yes, yes," said he, "and all of us should be in better business." He wore long red whiskers and was large and fine-looking. I shall never forget his profuse thanks for the little service I was able to render him.

Our lines were established at the west rim of the woods leading to the wheat field. There we built fires, and from haversacks of the dead enemy all about us got something to eat. About 9 p.m. our cooks from the rear brought camp kettles of fine boiled beef, but without either salt or bread. After eating heartily we passed most of the remaining part of the night picking up and helping our wounded that lay between the peach orchard and Devil's Den. Poor First Sergeant Pool, of my company! He was brought into our ranks suffering horribly from the grapeshot in his stomach. The surgeons could do nothing for him. Death relieved him, however, at four o'clock the next morning. Let the reader understand that Longstreet's Corps, the Confederate right, held the battle field all that night and till late the next day. During the forenoon of the 3d we buried our dead and sent the wounded to the rear. For a while we heard firing on the left beyond the peach orchard, but otherwise the field was quiet. A little before noon we noticed that much of our artillery was being posted across the field in our rear, with spaces of about one hundred and fifty yards between guns.

About 1 p.m. General Pendleton, of Lee's staff, attended by a single orderly, rode rapidly from the right along the line of cannon as if inspecting them. At about 2 p.m. we were called to attention and told to be prepared for any emergency in our front. Some time after this we heard two cannon shots in quick succession on the left, and immediately our artillerymen jumped up and manned their guns. And then, O then it really seemed that every cannon in both armies had turned loose its hail of iron. The echoes coming back from South Mountain, in our rear, had the effect of combining the noise into one continuous, solid, tremendous roar.

I lay there and watched the workings of the Confederate gun immediately in our rear, and the coolness of the officers and men was wonderful. The opposing Federal gun on the opposite heights fired solid shot, the first three of which went high over our gun. All the others struck the ground in front of our gun and then safely ricocheted over our gunners, but at the same time covering them with dirt and dust. I think

that this furious cannonade must have gone on for fully half an hour. Then the fire on both sides slackened and soon ceased altogether. And then it was that for just a few moments we heard crashes of small arms and cannon at one point on the left.

The woods and peach orchard obscured our view, but we heard it very well, and that was the basis of Pickett's famous charge and repulse to which, by both books and pictures, most of the Federal historians have ever tried their best to confine and limit the three days' battle of Gettysburg. The thing is not only misleading but stupid, as witness the great losses on both sides and the ground taken and held by the Confederates during the first and second days. At the point of actual contact there were less than 6000 under Pickett. Old soldiers know about such things. Moving reports and official guesses of "present and effective" do not "pan out" in actual fighting. And even the repulse of Pickett's worse than foolish charge was not followed up a single inch by Meade, which proved that he didn't want to fight Lee any more on that field. Shortly after Pickett's charge a squadron of Federal cavalry had the foolish temerity to charge our right; but it was annihilated in short order, including the death of its commander, and this was the single attack made by the Federals at Gettysburg.

After that there was no more fighting, and absolute quietness prevailed on our part of the field till about 6 p.m., when the heavens were suddenly darkened by an angry black cloud. Soon the thunder and lightning became terrific, and I heard a cool-looking officer say, "Now for heaven's thunder and lightning," tacitly including in the reference the late "thunder and lightning" of men. Just before the storm broke, our lines were slowly drawn back to the line of the Emmetsburg Pike. The Federals on the opposite heights, seeing our movement, advanced slowly but in great confusion down to the battle field in the woods, where they found their dead and wounded. The storm broke and, great Jupiter Pluvius, how the rain did pour down upon us! Soon all the streams were out of their banks and the low places covered with sheets of water. Before dark, however, it was all over, and so we built fires and under the circumstances passed the night comfortably. About 11 p.m. we saw General Ewell and staff go by to the rear, and then it became apparent that our army was slowly retiring to the gaps in South Mountain. We didn't leave our position till nearly dawn, and the following night camped in Monterey Gap.

Meade made no attempt to follow us in force, but instead marched south and crossed at the lower gaps. Lee stopped at Hagerstown and took up a line of battle along the west bank of the Antietam, partly on the old battle field of Sharpsburg, and there he waited nearly a week for Meade to attack; but fortunately for the Federal army, Meade knew better.

Many believe that in deciding to attack the Federal army at Gettysburg Lee was at his worst. He seems not to have had any clear plans. All the important attacks were dilatory, disjointed, and noncoöperative. The only chance of winning a profitable victory on Lee's part was on the first day. When early on the 1st of July A. P. Hill struck the enemy west of Gettysburg, there was no sufficient reason why Longstreet should not have been in easy supporting distance east of South Mountain. Instead he lay west of the mountain till late in the day, and didn't get into fighting position till late on the 2d. But even as it was, many thought that if we had only had Stonewall Jackson, Meade would have been maneuvered out of all his strong positions about Gettys-

burg not later than 2 a.m. on July 2. And many also thought that the only other officer in Lee's army who could have fitted into Jackson's shoes was Wofford, who had been a captain of cavalry in the Mexican War. Longstreet and McLaws and Hood knew his ability and dash from what happened at Second Manassas, where Wofford was only a colonel, and many other fields. Yet Wofford never rose above a brigadier, and was trusted with independent command in Northern Georgia only after Sherman had passed through to the sea and where there was no fighting and little else to do. But notwithstanding civilians and some military men strongly urged his promotion, the authorities at Richmond and also General Lee thought that because Wofford hadn't been educated at West Point he was not competent for higher command.

Finally, the very most that can with truth be said in favor of the Federals at Gettysburg is that it was a drawn battle. With its unlimited men and means, and backed by the world, the Federal government could stand "drawn battles"; but it was the reverse with the Confederates, without either.

INQUIRY FOR COL. E. G. BRASHER.—In the battle of Chickamauga a brave young soldier, Col. Elbridge Geary Brasher, led his regiment, the 2d Arkansas, in the charge and fell badly wounded. Though only twenty-two years of age, he was complimented for coolness and heroism. The hospitals were crowded and the people throughout the South opened their homes to the wounded. Colonel Brasher was sent to the beautiful home of Judge Stocks, a farm near Greensboro, Ga. His elder brother, Dr. Thomas Jefferson Brasher, an army surgeon, was detailed to take him there and nurse him. It was fully six weeks before the Colonel was able to return to his command. "During that time," writes Mrs. Mary T. Searight, of Washington, N. C., "I saw them almost daily and they became my friends. I should like exceedingly to know if they are living and where. Information will be appreciated."

WHARTON'S INDEPENDENT SCOUTS.—E. H. Blalock writes from Jacksonville, Tex.: "My father asks me to write you concerning Terry's Independent Cavalry Company, Wharton's Scouts. He should like to hear from any surviving member. The company was composed of one hundred and ten boys between the ages of fifteen and twenty years, with the following officers: Dave Terry, captain; D. Hardeman, Reece Blake, and David Crockett, lieutenants. The company was mustered into active service at Marshall, Tex., about February, 1864. Judge W. H. Pope, who died recently, was the only survivor of the company whom he remembers; and as there are no records of the company on file in the Adjutant General's office at Washington or in the State Capitol, he desires to obtain from any other surviving member of the company data for its history. The Adjutant General of Texas explains that a number of records were destroyed when the State Capitol burned, about 1885."

MEN OF BENSON'S COMPANY, 5TH ALABAMA.—Mrs. Will B. Landers, of Shelbyville, Tenn., seeks information about David Fulton, who served through the war in the 5th Alabama Infantry, in behalf of his widow, who is sorely in need of a pension. Mr. Fulton enlisted at thirty-one years of age and served the four years, although he was seriously ruptured during the time. If any are living who can testify to his services, they will do an appreciated service by writing to Mrs. Landers.

ILLINOIS VETERANS AT VICKSBURG.

EXTRACTS FROM OFFICIAL LETTER BY F. A. ROZIENE, CHICAGO.

Last February the Illinois Association of Vicksburg Veterans was formed in Chicago by those participating in the Vicksburg campaign from March 29 to July 4, 1863. The Executive Committee is composed of the following comrades:

A. G. Weissert, Past Commander in Chief G. A. R., Milwaukee, Wis.

J. A. Watrous, Lieut. Col. U. S. A., retired, Milwaukee, Wis.

W. H. Upham, Major of Wisconsin Regiment, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Marshfield, Wis.

Leo Rassieur, Past Commander in Chief G. A. R.

W. R. Warnock, Commander Dept. of Ohio, G. A. R., Urbana.

J. B. Allen, Past President Ohio-Vicksburg Battle Field Commission, Athens, Ohio.

William P. Gault, Assistant Adjutant Quartermaster, Department of Ohio, G. A. R., Columbus, Ohio.

E. E. Lewis, member of Michigan-Vicksburg Park Commission, Coldwater, Mich.

Joseph Rosenbaum, Past Commander Department of Illinois, G. A. R., Chicago.

James G. Everest, Commissioner Vicksburg National Park, Chicago.

C. R. E. Koch, Past Adjutant General G. A. R. and member of Vicksburg Park Commission, Chicago.

John M. Vernon, member of Illinois-Vicksburg Park Commission, Chicago.

H. H. Rood, member of Iowa-Vicksburg Park Commission, Mount Vernon, Ia.

E. B. Speer, late Captain 12th Iowa Inf., Emmetsburg, Ia.

John R. Cook, Captain of Iowa regt., West Union, Ia.

A. M. Trimble, A. A. Gen. Dept. of Nebraska, Lincoln.

James H. Buck, late 1st Lieut. 72d Ill. Inf., La Porte, Ind.

The Vicksburg veterans desired to celebrate the semicentennial of the surrender of Vicksburg this year; but inasmuch as State appropriations were most essential to a general attendance by the comrades at Vicksburg and at Gettysburg on the same dates, it was considered inadvisable to undertake to secure State as well as Congressional assistance at the same time, and it was decided to defer it until 1915.

The battle of Gettysburg took place within the borders of Pennsylvania, and in the Northern army Pennsylvania was represented in greater strength than any other State; hence it was eminently proper that that State, aided by the United States government, assume the honorable position as hostess in her grand entertainment so lavishly executed.

On the other hand, to the Vicksburg campaign the State of Illinois contributed one-third of the Union troops and sustained a loss equal to twenty-five per cent of the killed, wounded, and missing of the Union forces to gain success in this contest on Confederate soil about four hundred miles from her own borders. No other State has so lavishly contributed to the grandeur of Vicksburg Monumental Park and grounds in imperishable evidence of our national history. Thus in the Mississippi campaign Illinois will ever hold a preëminence equal to Pennsylvania or any of the other States.

The proper locality for a national Vicksburg celebration is at that place; but it will be entirely improper for Illinois veterans and officials to extend invitations to all Civil War veterans to participate in such a great gathering in a State four hundred miles distant without the hearty cooperation that the proverbial generosity of the Southern people will extend.

The Illinois Association of Vicksburg Veterans has undertaken the promotion of a grand peace jubilee on the fifty-second anniversary of the surrender of Vicksburg in 1863, the semicentennial of the ending of the War of the States in 1865. This will be also the centennial of the battle of New Orleans, of the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, and of the battle of Waterloo.

Coincident with this celebration we may expect the dedication at Vicksburg National Park, the United States navy monument, the military monuments of Michigan and Missouri, and the Confederate navy monument will be added.

In the surrender of Vicksburg the following numbers of military organizations were released: Mississippi, 15; Tennessee, 13; Louisiana, 13; Missouri, 12; Alabama, 12; Georgia, 11; Arkansas, 8; Texas, 7.

In all probability this will be the final national peace jubilee in which most of us may expect to participate, and to carry out the full measure of our purposes we must have the veterans of both armies join in heartfelt brotherly affiliation to merit the assurance that this undertaking will be all that a national peace jubilee implies for all time.

With our advancing age time is passing with accelerating speed, gathering its sheaves from the thinning ranks of surviving veterans; and who of us would care to remain of the unreconciled tares in the day of parting to appear before the judgment seat?

OLD SOLDIERS' SONG. "CAMP CHASE, OHIO."

[The following song was sent by R. J. Burgess, once of the 4th Texas Infantry, A. N. Va., who says that the verses were composed by the prisoners at Camp Chase, each stanza being contributed by a different man, and the whole then sung with great enthusiasm by the entire chorus of prisoners.]

(Air: "Bennie Haven.")

We have sung of Bennie Haven and Camp McCulloch too,
When cups were filled with good old rye in happy days of yore;
But whisky can't be had, my boys, and brandy is no go—
There is naught to stimulate the soul at Camp Chase, Ohio.

But get your tin cups ready, lads, and stand up in a row;
Since we can't do the drinking, we can through the motions go.
Let others first toast beauty and some the bold hero,
But we will pledge our noble selves at Camp Chase, Ohio.

O, the night was dark and bitter cold, but the wind came soft
and low

When we landed us at the depot at Columbus, Ohio.
After cursing each and every one they stood us in a row,
And marched us o'er the frozen ground to Camp Chase, Ohio.

Can we forget thee, Dixie? O never, never, no!
We'll sing thy praises always wherever we may go.
Thy triumphs fill our soul with joy and make our feelings glow
With patriotic love and zeal at Camp Chase, Ohio.

The last most fervent wish, my boys, that fills our souls to-
night

Is wishing for reunion round our hearths at home so bright,
With our loved ones to spend our days and down life's stream
to row.

Forgetful of our bitter lot at Camp Chase, Ohio.

[Refrain at last line of each verse:]

At Camp Chase, Ohio-oh; at Camp Chase, Ohio.

WAR TIMES IN HEMPSTEAD COUNTY, ARK.

BY B. P. HAYNES, HOPE, ARK.

[Extracts from a paper read before Pat Cleburne Chapter, U. D. C., by their historian, Mrs. James R. Henry.]

Hempstead County in time of the war contained all the territory now embraced in the northern and western part of Nevada County, including the beautiful Prairie de Ann and the grounds where the towns of Prescott and Broughten are located, the Little Missouri River being its eastern border; and its northwestern border comprised all the territory now in Howard from Center Point, including Nashville, Mineral Springs, and the Saline, Little, and Red Rivers being its western border.

During a portion of the winter of 1863 and 1864 General Cabell's brigade, to which I belonged, took up winter quarters about midway between Columbus and Mineral Springs. The Federals at that time virtually held all of the State north of the Arkansas River, but Southwest Arkansas had not been invaded by them. In the early spring of 1864 there was a movement made by the Federal forces to invade this county and to concentrate their forces at Dooley's Ferry, on Red River, fourteen miles southwest from Hope. They intended to invade Texas, but their plans to occupy Hempstead County were a failure. General Steel, who commanded the Federal forces at Little Rock, was to march from Little Rock to Dooley's Ferry, in Hempstead County; and General Banks, who was in command of a large Federal force in Southern Louisiana, was to move his army both by land and water up Red River to Dooley's Ferry, where they were to unite.

To frustrate their plans and to keep the Federal army from despoiling this garden spot of Arkansas was the work of the combined Confederate forces then accessible. The cavalry forces were commanded by Generals Fagan, Cabell, and Shelby, with recruits from other cavalry commands; and the infantry was commanded by Generals Churchill and Dick Taylor. To show how well each division did its work is the object of this paper.

General Cabell during his stay in winter quarters kept all the public roads leading north and east well guarded with strong picket forces as far north as Caddo Gap, Hot Springs, Rockport, and Benton. He was familiar with all movements of the Federal forces commanded by General Steel at Little Rock; and when Steel began his march south, about the first of April, 1864, the "dogs of war" began to howl. General Cabell left his winter quarters with his brigade in good fighting trim and proceeded immediately to the front to meet and repel the enemy.

We first met and fought the advance of Steel's army near Arkadelphia, the home of our beloved Col. James M. Monroe, who was a leader in every battle fought in that campaign. Steel moved his forces slowly and recruited his army as he went, forcing negroes to leave their homes and to fight their masters, their best friends. The fighting was by pickets and skirmishers until they got to Antoine, in Pike County, where we gave them the worst of it. They changed their course after that battle and moved down the Little Missouri River to Elkins Ferry, at which place we again met them; and, after several hours of fighting with fierce cannonading, we again got the better of them.

After this battle General Steel withdrew his forces to the east side of the Little Missouri River, and our forces were later withdrawn from the thick woods in the river bottom to

the western border of Prairie de Ann. There we met in the open prairie and had one of the most decisive battles of the campaign. We drove back the enemy in front and turned his right flank and put him on the retreat in an easterly direction to Camden, our forces following closely on his trail. After a few days they sent out a detachment including a regiment of Iowa troops and a regiment of negro troops, with a long train of six mule teams and empty wagons, for the purpose of getting supplies for their army. During the night we moved between them and Camden after they had loaded their wagons with corn and provisions taken from almost destitute women and children. We not only took their corn and meat, but recovered the clothing of women and children, including feather beds. We restored to the owners their goods as nearly as we could and almost exterminated the troops that had the train in charge. This fight was near Poison Springs, in Ouachita County.

In that battle George Vicory was killed. He was the next man to me on my right. He was a neighbor of mine and a brave, good soldier. We killed perhaps ten for every one they killed of us. This ended General Steel's raiding in Southwest Arkansas. He then started back to Little Rock. General Fagan's division of cavalry moved down and across the Ouachita River, some twenty miles below Camden, and thence rapidly in a northeast direction to Marks Mill, where we encountered some four or five thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery. They were making their way to the Federal post at Pine Bluff. We formed across the road, dismounted, and gave them battle. After about four hours of determined, hard fighting we completely routed and demoralized them, capturing their artillery and the greater part of their small arms and ammunition, together with their entire train of wagons and, as well as I remember, about five hundred prisoners. Many were killed and wounded also. But it cost us valuable lives, including Lieutenant Colonel O'Neal, of our regiment, who was killed.

About this time Generals Churchill and Taylor met General Banks's army at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., and completely routed them. They retreated down Red River, with Gen. Dick Taylor in pursuit. General Churchill moved his army to Camden, Ark., in the hope of capturing Steel's whole army, as we then had him almost surrounded. Just before Churchill's army got to Camden, however, General Fagan, who was near Marks Mill, right in Steel's way of retreat, was ordered to move his command to a point north of Arkadelphia. General Fagan obeyed this order, moving his army some forty miles north, which opened the way for Steel's escape. Steel was followed by Churchill's infantry, which overtook him at Jenkins Ferry, on the Saline River, where a severe battle was fought, with much loss on both sides; but it was a victory for Churchill's brave men, who had been on a forced march for several days and on half rations. When this battle began we were in camp north of Arkadelphia, but could hear the roar of the artillery. Soon we were ordered to retrace our march back south to where the battle was raging, but when we got there the battle was over. Steel, with a remnant of his army, had gotten across the Saline River and had made good his escape. This was a great mistake. If Fagan's command had remained in front of Steel, there is no doubt but that he would have surrendered his whole army without our losing a man.

The next day after the Jenkins Ferry battle Colonel Monroe was ordered to follow Steel's retreating army. Monroe,

with his regiment, started early in the morning and followed the road that Steel went toward Pine Bluff, and there was much destruction of army equipments. Steel's wagon train was a complete loss. They ran their teams until they could go no farther, when they would kill the mules and burn the wagons. When we had stopped to eat our noon lunch on top of a sand hill we discovered two newly made graves with markers at the head and foot of each grave. A soldier remarked to Colonel Munroe that he believed the graves contained the bodies of Yankee officers, and that, as he needed a pair of boots, he was going to dig down and see whether or not his conjecture was right. The Colonel advised him to let the dead alone and not disturb them. But the soldier, intent upon procuring boots, began digging with his hands and bayonet. After he had dug down about one foot he found that the grave did not contain a Yankee officer, but a fine twelve-pound brass rifle cannon. So the Colonel was called back. The other grave was examined and found to contain another brass cannon. The cannons were exhumed and carried to Camden, where they were mounted for service and used by their captors.

After following Steel's army to within a few miles of Pine Bluff, we retraced our steps that night, returning to where General Fagan's division was camped, at Tulip, Ark., where we secured a few weeks of much-needed rest. Thus ended attempts by the Federal forces to occupy Southwest Arkansas.

The battles of Elkins Ferry and Prairie de Ann were fought in what was then Hempstead County. One noble Hempstead County boy, Draper Rowton, was killed in the battle at Prairie de Ann. There may have been others of Hempstead County killed.

While we were waiting for the Federals to meet us at Prairie de Ann we were without any commissary stores from which to draw rations, and at times we were very hungry. The good people of that county sent wagonloads of bread and meat to us. Some of us were sent on a foraging expedition, when we learned that we could get flour and meal at Arnold's mill, located about ten miles north from Hope, on Carouse Creek; so we went there at once, but found the mill deserted, the doors all open, and nothing of breadstuff except a big box full of wheat bran, but we supplied ourselves with all the bran we wanted and took it to camp. We baked and ate it, but it was hard to eat. We had hard service during this campaign, and the good old mothers and fathers who heard the roar of the cannon and had boys in these battles suffered even more than we did. My dear old mother, who is now in heaven, said that she and father spent most of their time in secret prayer to Almighty God for the preservation of their boys during that ordeal. But such is war.

INQUIRY IN BEHALF OF VETERAN OF FORTY-SECOND GEORGIA REGIMENT.—John Zachariah Hudges enlisted in the 42d Georgia Infantry, of which R. J. Henderson was colonel and William H. Hussey was lieutenant colonel. The recruiting camp was between Atlanta and Decatur. Hudges was ill and in a hospital when the command moved, and he later joined some regiment under Cheatham, he thinks, and at the close that command was simply disbanded. He is feeble and forgetful as to his command; but he is recommended as "a fine old fellow," and information from any one who knew him in the service would be gratefully received by a friend, Mrs. Elmira Miller Slaughter, Western Boulevard and Fortieth St., Louisville, Ky.

"ON THE RIGHT AT CHICKAMAUGA."

BY H. B. CLAY.

On the night of the Friday before the battle of Chickamauga the 6th Georgia Cavalry was the only regiment left under the direct command of General Pegram, commanding the cavalry division of Forrest's Corps. The others of his old brigade had been detached by various infantry commanders as they moved up into line of battle, then in formation. In a previous article I think I described that night's ride with this regiment, General Pegram in command, acting under orders from General Hood, who, replying to General Pegram's salutation and statement that he had only this regiment left, but that he could be of service to him, replied: "Yes, Pegram, I wish you would move out half a mile on my right and protect my right flank and ordnance train. They are exposed and liable to [be thrown into confusion or] be attacked."

After a reconnoissance, during which Hood's position had passed the point which we were guarding, General Pegram returned to a place where, meeting General Forrest, we bivouacked for the night. From that sleep I was awakened at gray daylight for the occurrences which I have tried to tell in "On the Right at Chickamauga."

With the belief that some day the pages of the VETERAN will be drawn on for history, I am glad to be corrected in any errors which may occur in what I write. Inasmuch as Comrade Minnick belonged to the 6th Georgia, he should know better even than a staff officer as to his regiment.

In the charge made after the formation of the reinforcements there was a bunch of prisoners; and I thought then, and still believe, that, replying to my question as to what command they belonged, "To Dan McCook's brigade," they knew what they were talking about. Capt. Frank Smith told General Baird when I spoke of this: "Yes, Gen. Dan McCook was out there somewhere."

As to whether I was ordered to take ten or twenty men on my scouting ride, that does not seem to me to be material or of interest to the readers of the VETERAN. I had received two similar orders at Murfreesboro, under one of which I took twenty men under command of Lieutenant Shannon, of the 2d Tennessee Cavalry (Colonel Ashby), and in the other Capt. R. T. David, A. A. G. of the brigade, and we took Sergeant Goodwin only. So I guess I got them mixed.

As to the statement in the same article that it was the 1st Georgia which was with General Pegram and General Forrest when I reported to General Pegram on my return from the scout, there is absolutely no mistake; and whether there was another command fired on at that time in another position I do not know; but this regiment was immediately rallied and thrown into position, forming the extreme right of the brigade, next the 12th and 16th Tennessee Battalions on their left, reaching the guns of Huwald's battery. On the right of the battery were the other regiments, the 66th North Carolina, Colonel Folk commanding, the 10th Confederate, Colonel Goode commanding, and the 6th Georgia, Colonel Hart commanding, whose relative positions I did not know. That it was Ector's Brigade which came up to Huwald's guns during the lull in fighting, which I described, I do not think there can be any question, as Captain Todhunter was riding at its head and belonged to its staff. Is it not likely that if Wilson had moved out to us in advance of Ector, as Comrade Minnick states, striking our left, he took position there, Ector passing along and taking position on the right of Wilson?

Riding to General Forrest after assisting in withdrawing the 12th and 10th Tennessee Battalions (Rucker's Legion) and the 1st Georgia, I found him close up to the line, which was heavily engaged and which I understood at that time was Dibrell's Brigade dismounted.

A correction for which I am indebted is as to what occurred on Sunday afternoon. My critic is quite right. In recalling as closely as I can what occurred, the brigade was not in action either on Saturday afternoon or Sunday, but General Pegram's staff and escort company (Captain Swearingin, of the 1st Tennessee) were riding about the field. About midday we met Gen. Frank Armstrong on what I was told was the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, as I believe, about the rear of the enemy's center. About sundown we were with the infantry line as described. I do not think I have attempted to describe anything occurring on the left of our guns. I was at no time on that part of the line.

Capt. B. R. Brown, of Maymead, Johnson County, Tenn., the officer riding with Colonel Hart at the time of the skirmish with infantry on the Graysville road, spoke to me of the domes on that part of the line this summer. He commanded one of Folk's companies in the 16th North Carolina.

As to my statement in regard to having been by Morton's guns when they were ordered back from a position near enough to have shelled Chattanooga about sundown on Monday after we had driven Whittaker and Minty back, I would be glad to hear from Captain Morton as to this, my own recollection being so strong that I could accept a correction from him only.

I feel that I owe an apology for having unwittingly provoked a discussion which must fail of being of interest to your readers, and for feeling the necessity not only of accepting such corrections as are in order, but also of declining to accept those in which my recollection is positive and my position such as brought me where my opportunity for knowing was good.

I think from what I heard on Saturday of the battle that the battery so disabled and battered must have been that of Wilson's Brigade

A ROMANCE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

[A Texas newspaper tells the following romantic little story of Capt. S. H. Hargis, of the Confederate army:]

While the Confederates were encamped in the vicinity of Chattanooga, Captain Hargis met a beautiful girl by the name of Parlana Dyer. Friendship soon ripened into love, and she promised to give him her heart and hand when the war should come to an end and he was free from his duties as a soldier. Some of the fiercest fighting on the eventful days at Chickamauga took place around the Dyer home, and Mr. Hargis found himself within a few yards of the home of his fiancée. When the fighting at Snodgrass Hill was hottest, the Confederates were started to see two women break from the Union line and run toward their own. They reached the Confederate line in safety, and just as they came up they pulled off their bonnets, waved them, and shouted: "Go it, brave boys." At this moment Mr. Hargis recognized one of the women as Parlana Dyer. Forgetting all else, he urged her to get out of danger of the flying bullets with all haste. Looking at him with all the coolness of one who feared no danger, she exclaimed: "Why, Sam, you are as black as a negro"—as, indeed, he was from the dirt and powder smoke. She wiped his face with her kerchief and sought a safer place.

Where she went the young soldier had no means of finding out. When the war closed he was in another part of the country; and as his widowed mother and her family were badly in need of his help, he hastened back to Texas and took up the struggle for existence. He wrote several letters to the girl who had promised to become his bride, but received no reply. Years passed, and still no word from Parlana Dyer. However, during the succeeding half century he never ceased to wonder what had become of her.

It was not until the recent reunion at Chattanooga that circumstances were such that he could return to the scene of conflict and his early romance. To find some trace of the girl was one of the controlling motives that led him back. On arriving at Chattanooga he and his son began to make diligent inquiry for people of the Dyer name, and finally their search was rewarded when a cousin of Parlana herself was found. He informed Captain Hargis that she had died shortly after the war, and that, although the family had received his letters, they thought it best to spare him the knowledge that she was no more.

THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

Thou art known, majestic river,
Both in history and in song,
And among the friends who praise thee
I have loved thee, too, so long.

"Tennessee," the Indians called thee—
"Crooked Stick," the warriors said—
For the many curves which made thee
Restless in thy rocky bed.

Creek and Cherokee have vanished,
Moving toward the setting sun;
But their moccasins they left thee
Where thy shining waters run.

Lookout Mountain is thy guardian,
Rears his lofty head mid-air;
Once he listened to thy moaning
While a nation bowed in prayer.

Now so peacefully thou flowest,
With the willows bending o'er,
One would fancy thou hadst never
Heard the cannon's thundering roar.

Chattanooga sits beside thee,
In thy ripples laves her feet;
And in one great panorama
Mountain, city, river meet.

Yonder is dark Walden frowning,
Jealous of the wild Raccoon;
Oft I've watched thee gliding 'twixt them,
Gleaming white 'neath southern moon.

Thou wast mournful, sad-voiced river,
When thou sawest brothers' strife;
Thou art happy, joyous river—
Peace has crowned thy country's life.

Haste thee onward, noble river,
As thou windest to the sea,
Knowing, if it give thee pleasure,
Much beloved thou art by me.

MORGAN DID NOT ESCAPE THROUGH TUNNEL.

[Capt. John B. Gibson, in Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.]

Much ado is made upon the discovery, while tearing down the old east cell block of the Columbus (Ohio) penitentiary, which included the cells occupied by John H. Morgan and his companions, that no tunnel was ever dug there by which it was possible for them to escape.

Capt. John B. Gibson, whose home was formerly in Kentucky and who was a secret service detective, was placed on this case immediately after the escape; and he soon learned that Morgan did not tunnel out, but was let out for a consideration. He also discovered who raised the money by which his keepers were bribed to release him, who brought it here, and how the scheme was worked out.

"I told President Lincoln the whole story," said Captain Gibson recently, "but I did not tell Stanton. I knew what Stanton would have done, or tried to do; for no less than five women, friends of the Confederate cause, were involved in it. With Southern deference to women, I decided to shield them. Stanton would have hung them all. I did not regard the escape of Morgan as a matter of very great importance, anyhow. Lincoln took the same view of it. He knew that Morgan and his companions did not tunnel out. Of course Morgan and his companions always held to the tunnel stories to shield those who let them out." * * *

Captain Gibson was born at Shelbyville, Ky., and was living in Kentucky when the war broke out. He cast his lot with the Union cause and soon became connected with the Federal secret service work. He served under General Boyle, who, in charge of such operations, was stationed throughout the war at Louisville, Ky. He knew Morgan well. On the night Morgan escaped Stanton asked General Boyle to send a man to Columbus, and Gibson was sent. * * *

Secretary of War Stanton, at Washington, seemed intuitively to believe that there had been treachery. * * *

The escape was accomplished on November 28, 1863. * * *

Investigation brought out the fact that Mrs. Lucy Dorsey, of Carlisle, Ky., had been admitted to see him on November 26. Mrs. Dorsey was a sister of John Morgan, and, according to Captain Gibson, her visit was directly connected with the plan that was then on and was immediately put through to get Morgan out.

The army records show some peculiar orders affecting the military establishment in this vicinity. Just at that time Col. John S. Mason, in command at Camp Chase, was relieved and sent to San Francisco, which was about as far away then as China is now, there being no transcontinental railroads. The custody of the Confederate prisoners was peculiar. The civil officers of the prison were charged with the immediate safe-keeping of the prisoners. The military authorities had under these officers the duty of looking after the condition of the prisoners. During the daytime, when the prisoners were out of their cells, the military guard was inside; but when they were locked up at night the military guard withdrew to quarters outside the walls. An inspecting officer who visited the prison shortly before the escape reported: "All arrangements are so complete that I cannot conceive how escape could be made without help from the outside." Before that report was filed the prisoners were gone.

The Confederates claimed that they worked at night in the tunnel. They also say, and Gen. Basil Duke in his book on the subject reiterates it, that it was so still in the hall at

night that the guards, who wore sneak shoes, would slip up to their cell doors before they heard their footsteps. The sound of digging beneath the floors would have been instantly detected. * * *

Five women, all in hearty sympathy with the cause of the Confederacy—three of them Kentucky women and two Ohio women, according to the story of Captain Gibson conceived the plan of raising money and buying the way of General Morgan out of prison, and carried it out. Their safety was maintained by Morgan's silence, and Captain Gibson says that he honored and respected them for their devotion to the cause in which they believed. The Kentucky women were Lottie Phillips, Miss Mollie Deshea, and a Mrs. Cochran. By selling their jewelry, carriage horses, etc., there was raised thirty thousand dollars for this purpose.

Captain Gibson knew Mrs. Phillips well. She was the wife of a Northerner who held an office in the Union army, while she was an intense Confederate herself. Once before she had ventured to come to Camp Chase on a similar mission, and was warned away by Captain Gibson. She was a remarkable woman.

When Captain Gibson reached Columbus he found that Mrs. Phillips was there. He located her at the house of a well-known resident of Columbus. She was accompanied by her little girl. Captain Gibson sent her a message advising her that all was known to the Union authorities and suggesting that she leave the United States. She left that night for Canada, which she reached in safety. She did not reach her home in the South for nearly a year afterwards. She went by ship to Bermuda, a Confederate blockading port, and there her little girl died.

General Morgan had a first cousin, a Mrs. Cochran, living south of Columbus. Captain Gibson looked there for a clue to Morgan's movements and got in.

Some time ago Mrs. John B. McGeown, of Galion, Ohio, wrote as follows to Captain Gibson: "In 1864 we were in Bermuda, which was a blockading port of the Confederates. While there we met a lady, Mrs. Phillips, with a very sick child. This Mrs. Phillips claimed that she had helped General Morgan and his officers to escape from prison. I remember very well the attention Southern people gave this lady on account of her helping General Morgan and his officers to escape. Mrs. Phillips came to Bermuda in some ship that had been quarantined, and she and her little sick girl stayed at the same hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda, where we were staying. She left Bermuda in August, 1864, on a blockade runner, the *Old Dominion*, for Wilmington, N. C."

"General Morgan and his officers were let out of the prison," said Captain Gibson. "They did not dig out. They walked out through the women's department—the door that still stands in the west wall of that department. A carriage was awaiting them at the street, and in it they were driven away to safety."

Jesse F. Cochran, formerly assistant sergeant at arms of Senate and well known in Columbus, corroborated Captain Gibson's story. He is a son of Mrs. Cochran, referred to by Captain Gibson as a first cousin of General Morgan. He said: "My parents lived on the Chillicothe Pike about twelve miles south of Columbus at that time. It was all before my time, but I remember to have heard my father and mother tell about General Morgan and his officers spending the rest of the night of their escape at our house. The story as I heard it was that the men were let out by some one who was

paid to do it, that they were taken in a carriage direct to the old United States Hotel, where they took the midnight stage south and came to our house. Early the next morning they continued their way south, going to Chillicothe. Our family always laughed about the tunnel story and made no bones of the fact that the prisoners bought their way out."

REMINISCENCES—ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

BY FRANCIS T. MERIWETHER, LOUISIANA, MO.

The battle of Chancellorsville, although a splendid victory for the Army of Northern Virginia, had been purchased at the price of Stonewall Jackson's life. His loss was keenly felt from General Lee to the private in the ranks.

On June 5 we were aroused from inactivity by a splendid array of twelve thousand Confederate horsemen in line of battle one and a half miles long, in good view from our camp on the heights south of the Rapidan. Everything now betokened active operations, and a martial spirit imbued every man. A few days later this large body of cavalry engaged in an obstinate and bloody conflict with a larger body attached to the Army of the Potomac. They crossed the Rappahannock, supported by infantry and artillery. The battle was waged with varied success until at the end of the long day the enemy withdrew to the north side of the river, whence they had come in the early morning.

This battle was the initiative of a succession of active operations. Our cavalry moved northward along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge Mountains through Fauquier and Loudoun Counties, while our troops advanced to invade Maryland.

It fell to my lot as quartermaster sergeant in charge of the baggage and supply train to take command of Company Q, the "wagon dogs," as the boys in the ranks dubbed us. Our brigade, Gen. T. T. Munford's, was part of Stuart's corps.

My "wagon dogs" passed over to the west side of the mountain into the Valley of Virginia, which still retained traces of beauty and prosperity that had so far survived the ravages of war. Moving up the road from Front Royal, we reached Winchester on the morning of the 14th, soon after General Ewell had stormed the place and captured much of General Milroy's command. We shuddered at the ghastly dead bodies of North Carolinians strewn along the road where it enters the fortifications of the town. We had been accustomed to jolly the Tarheels whenever we met them, but there were no better nor braver troops in our army.

After several days we went into camp on the north side of the Potomac on the high places near the town of Williamsport. All of the men and animals attached to our train seemed contented with the location except a dog tethered to one of the wagons, which barked all day and made the night hideous with his expressions of dissatisfaction. Our assistant surgeon, who was left with us on account of sickness, at length grew impatient and, making a hasty diagnosis of the case, he decided that the canine was not "baying deep-mouthed welcome," but must surely be in an agony of pain. So on the second night he sent him a treatment which promptly relieved him, and our camp became quiescent enough for nature's "sweet restorer."

From Williamsport we proceeded to Hagerstown. This lovely place with its surrounding farms was as beautiful as the landscapes which inspired Kit North in his "May Day" to say: "Methinks I could not look on a scene like this through tears if my heart were broken." We continued to advance leisurely northward through the pretty little town of New

Castle to Chambersburg. It was fortunate for us that we had the time to enjoy the beautiful scenery of this lovely valley, its tidy farms with their huge barns and neat cottages, and to feast upon the delicious fruit of the cherry trees which abounded all along our way.

From Chambersburg we turned eastward, and, passing through a village consisting of a single row of houses on each side of the road for half a mile, which we called Long Town, we were soon in a more rugged country. We finally rested about midday on a summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where we took our scanty noon meal. Below us in full view was the wreck of the burned iron works of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens. It looked like an immense supernatural grasshopper with its long iron beams piled high and pointing in every direction. It was the first sign of the ravages of war we had thus far seen in this quiet and favored land. Mr. Stevens was influenced by the destruction of his property to say many bitter and abusive words of the "bloody, murdering rebels" during the Reconstruction period, forgetful that the battles were fought on Southern soil.

On July 3 we were stationed on a stretch of nice shady lane on the elevated land in the rear of the extreme right of our army. Some time after twelve o'clock we were sitting in silent and anxious thought of the issue of the struggles which had now been going on for two days, hoping and praying that our boys would win the battle.

While we were thus engaged, suddenly the quiet was broken by two signal guns, and in a few moments there followed a noise that baffles any description. Imagine, if you please, three or four of the worst thunderstorms you have experienced all combined together in their fury, and you can thus form some idea of what was transpiring a short distance northeast of our position. We rushed to every high point that was near in order to see what was going on; but the view was closed against us, and we saw nothing but the occasional puffs of smoke from shells prematurely bursting high in the air. For three hours or more this deafening and unearthly din continued while more than three hundred pieces of artillery were firing salvos in angry response to each other, making the ground on which we stood tremble and quiver as if in the throes of an earthquake. Only once in my life besides this—when the mine at Petersburg, Va., was sprung—have I ever had such a thrilling experience.

After this unhappy day had closed we heard of the gallant charge of Pickett's intrepid division and of their repulse, more than decimated by the withering fire of a foe sheltered by strong fortifications on the heights they had assaulted.

General Lee, broken-hearted at the botch made of his plans, received the tattered remnant of this brave command as they returned discomfited from the charge. Instead of reproaching them for failure, he said to them: "It is all my fault that you have suffered in vain."

We have since learned that all the plans of Lee for these three days of battle were thwarted by General Longstreet's failure to carry out his orders with reasonable alacrity—indeed, he seems to have been determined to prove the correctness of his advice to his chief to maneuver instead of attacking at once. General Lee said: "My army is sufficiently concentrated to give battle. I can whip General Meade's army if I attack at once. If I wait till Meade concentrates his army, he will whip me." What possessed General Longstreet to prove so balky and inert at this battle is hard to conjecture. He was clearly guilty on this occasion of disobedience of

orders and mismanagement too. Yet before and after this he proved himself to be one of our greatest generals and held the unshaken confidence of his gallant corps until the end of the war.

On the night of July 3 I was again with my old company, and we were stationed for picket duty on the extreme left of our army. Two of the boys, telling their experience since our separation, related that while on the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains for the purpose of observation a rattlesnake had during the cool night entered their fly tent to share their blanket. We were stationed in the yard of a deserted farmhouse. A heavy thunderstorm arose, and I placed three fence rails against the fence, inclined so as to allow the water to run freely from my waterproof coverlet. After the storm had subsided, and while the rain was still dripping from the trees, I felt conscious of something crawling up under the cover by my legs. Still impressed with the horror of sleeping with a rattler, I clutched what I fancied might be one. But to my joy and surprise I discovered that the intruder was a poor, deserted, half-drowned pup evidently seeking a place to dry and warm himself. Being damp and chilly myself, I took the little fellow to my bosom, and we both slept till the sun had been up an hour or more.

On July 4 we left this position near our army and hastened to Williamsport to protect our trains at that place. But our troops remained two days after the battle on Seminary Ridge, expecting General Meade to return their calls of July 1, 2, and 3 and attack them in their strong position. As he did not do so, they withdrew on July 6 and 7 to a position near Hagerstown on the west side of the now famous Antietam Creek, where they prepared to meet any attack General Meade might make while they had to wait for the subsidence of the swollen flood in the Potomac. I examined their formidable fortifications, which sprang up like mushrooms in a night, and found them to consist of shocks of wheat piled up and covered over with earth on the side facing the enemy.

While a hostile reconnoissance was made one day I met General Lee riding in civilian dress, wearing a broad-brimmed hat. He would easily have passed for a well-to-do farmer looking after his wheat while he was making a careful survey of the arrangement of his forces.

About July 13 our army recrossed the Potomac, and our boys were happy to sing:

"Home again from a foreign shore."

When our army was marching into Maryland they sang:

"The despot's heel is on thy brow,

Maryland, my Maryland."

But when they were marching back to Virginia they changed to the following words, but kept the tune of the song:

"A desperate sore is on my heel.

Here's your mule—Jeff Davis's mule.

You do not know how bad I feel.

Here's your mule—Jeff Davis's mule.

I can't stay here to fight the foe;

I might get hurt or killed, you know;

But I'll go South and take a blow.

Here's your mule—Jeff Davis's mule."

The Army of Northern Virginia then rested for a while, until the struggle was renewed in the Wilderness and continued in the series of engagements which ended in the siege of Richmond and Petersburg and at last in the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.

WHO LOST SHILOH TO THE CONFEDERACY?

BY L. R. BURRESS, BROWNSVILLE, TEX.

The following statement was made by Dr. J. R. Graves, a distinguished Baptist minister, to the writer. Dr. Graves was an eyewitness on the field. When General Johnston fell the Federals were retreating. General Beauregard assumed command, being next in rank. The Confederates kept pressing the retreating and now almost panic-stricken Federals, who were seeking safety by flight. During this splendid hour for the Confederates General Beauregard sent a courier to General Bragg bearing the order to cease firing and rest the troops so as to be ready to renew the attack the next morning.

General Bragg, being on the firing line and realizing that victory was in our grasp, returned the courier with information to General Beauregard as to the progress of the battle. Soon the same courier returned, bearing the order to cease firing and rest. General Bragg was so astounded that he ordered the courier back to General Beauregard with the message: "I will not obey this order unless borne to me by some one personally known to me." Such a one returned with the same order, whereupon General Bragg, with much emotion, thrust his sword into the ground, saying: "The Confederacy is fated."

General Bragg's persistence in declining to obey orders as long as possible entitles him to the meed of just praise. "Liberty shrieked when Kosciusko fell." The Confederacy waned when the tide of Shiloh's battle turned.

I certify that this is a true statement as made by Dr. J. R. Graves to me, the writer, L. R. Burress.

UPON ECONOMICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

An association which created considerable interest in New Orleans last winter is the Southern Woman's Economic and Political Science Association, whose purpose, primarily, is to study the problems of the South and the history of the South in connection with economics and political science. Its objects as set forth in its Constitution are:

1. To study and promote an interest in the sciences of economics and government and their allied subjects, and in particular to study the economic life and history of the South.

2. To encourage the youth of the South to study its economy and history.

3. To found in New Orleans a school of economics and political science patterned more or less after the manner of the London School of Economics and Political Science, having for its particular purpose the study of the problems of the Southern States and to encourage the founding of institutions of this kind in other parts of the South.

4. To encourage the founding of libraries of economics and political science in towns and cities throughout the South, and to encourage throughout the South associations for the study of these sciences and the economy and history of the South.

The officers of the Association are: President, Miss Nina King (a sister of Miss Grace King, the historian and short-story writer); Vice Presidents, Mrs. Sam Labouisse, Miss Imogen Stone, and Mrs. Edwin Rodd; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Fletcher; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Alfred Preston; Treasurer, Miss Sallie Henderson, Walnut Street and St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans.

The members of the Association hope that similar associations will be started throughout the South to cooperate with them in their undertakings.

JEFFERSON DAVIDSON HOME ASSOCIATION.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS SINCE MAY 15.

Missouri: George I. Pickett Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, \$10; Mrs. Julia W. Kern, Kansas City, \$1.

Texas: Alex. Palmer, Bells, \$2; F. R. Cox, Quanah, \$1; Frank Stephenson, Arkansas Post, \$1; S. W. Porter, Sherman, \$1; John W. Hill, Smithville, \$1; I. A. W. Hill, Smithville, \$1; A. V. Gray, San Antonio, \$2; A. J. Nance, Sanger, \$1; M. Burleson, Smithville, \$1; B. F. Hudgens, Smithville, \$1; J. J. Hail, Streetman, \$2; Mrs. J. A. Westfall, Elmendorf, \$2; W. D. C. Jones, Smithville, \$1; C. W. McIlroy, Mart, \$1; Mrs. Melba Rosenberg, Galveston, \$10; W. M. Shaw, Sherman, \$1; Albert Solrey, Johnston Chapter, Austin, \$5; S. Y. Lee, Waco, \$5; J. B. Porter, Terrell, \$5; D. R. Gurley, Waco, \$10; W. R. Stevenson, Wimsboro, \$2; R. F. Frisoe, Waxahachie, \$2; W. D. Matthews, Sr., Tricketham, \$1; T. B. Jackson, Waxahachie, \$1; D. B. Gardner, Guthrie, \$5; Mildred Lee Camp, Sherman, \$5; George M. Williams, Spur, \$2; J. Greenhoff, Velasco, \$1; Camp 135, Gatesville, \$1 (additional); Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, \$3; J. L. Jackson, Wichita Falls, \$2; and the following additional from Wichita Falls, \$1 each: W. C. Sherrod, St. Clair Sherrod, J. J. Perkins, A. H. Britain, J. W. Stone, T. R. Boone, A. H. Carrigan, J. T. Brooks, S. Y. Ferguson, L. H. Mathis, R. L. Randolph, A. A. Hughes, Robert A. John, T. B. Noble, W. M. McGregor, Reece Allen, Ed Howard, J. L. Lea, Jr., O. Bullington, R. E. Huff, R. C. Hardy, J. D. Avis, W. J. Bullock, J. T. Montgomery, and Eugene Sherrod.

Virginia: Richard L. Gray, Winchester, \$15; John S. Panecake, Staunton, \$10; F. A. Strother, Bruneton, \$1; P. H. Boisseau, Danville, \$5; J. W. Hall, Bristow, \$2; Dr. E. M. Magruder, Charlottesville, \$2; Alleghany Chapter, Covington, \$1; Philip F. Brown, Blue Ridge Springs, \$5; R. J. Camp, Franklin, \$1; A. H. Plecker, Lynchburg, \$1; Mrs. E. R. George, Lovettsville, \$1; R. B. Poulton, Leesburg, \$2; George B. West, Newport News, \$5; H. C. Hoggard, Norfolk, \$2; F. W. Berry, Luray, \$1; Miss F. F. Sams, Norfolk, \$1; C. C. Wenner, Purcellville, \$5; N. J. Vinyard, Vinton, \$5; Gen. William R. Cox, Richmond, \$25; T. N. Fletcher, Warrenton, \$5; George D. Christian, Richmond, \$1; Mrs. H. M. Bell, Sr., Staunton, \$10; Mrs. Lucas, Staunton, \$2; D. Saylor Good, Roanoke, \$5; J. E. Armstrong, Waterloo, \$1; C. W. Horton, Snowflake, \$2; Milton Isbell, Stapleton, \$1; Mrs. V. M. Johnson, Purcellville, \$2; Miss Kate M. Rowland, Herndon, \$1; L. M. West and wife, Hickory, \$2; Miss Sue M. Monroe, Wellington, \$1.

West Virginia: C. L. Miller, Bellepoint, \$10; James A. Zell, Burlington, \$5; George A. Porterfield, Charlestown, \$5; Thomas H. Harvey, Huntington, \$5; Bishop George W. Peterkin, Parkersburg, \$10; J. Z. Terrell, Keyser, \$1; O. D. Hill, Kendall, \$1; J. J. Ogden and wife, Parkersburg, \$2; N. T. McComaghey, Parkersburg, \$2; Jacob V. Wilmoth, Montrose, \$1; William W. Carder, Green Springs, \$5; Dr. E. B. Ranson, Harper's Ferry, \$1; George A. Vincent, Fairmont, \$1; William I. Canter, Fairmont, \$1; John F. Phillips, Fairmont, \$1; A. Monod Glover, Fairmont, \$1; William S. Haymond, Fairmont, \$1; Thomas H. Dennis, Lewisburg, \$3; James Grantham, Kearneysville, \$1; J. B. Watson, D. A. Wells, H. S. Nicely, and Jacob Custer, Kearneysville, each, 25 cents.

Washington: E. H. Lively, Aberdeen, \$1.

Kentucky: G. T. Higginbotham, Lexington, \$5; W. F. Treas, Hardin, \$2; T. E. Moore, Lexington, \$1; Edmonia Roberts Chapter, Lebanon, \$5; W. H. Hughes, Lancaster, \$1.

On appropriation account from State, \$1,800.

Collections from Chattanooga Reunion, \$181.77.

Through CONFEDERATE VETERAN, \$30.50.

NOTE.—Quite a number of the above have contributed more than once, and renewed zeal is frequently manifested.

A DENVER MAN AT CHATTANOOGA REUNION.

[J. B. Maling, of Denver, attended the Chattanooga Reunion in the interest of Denver's entertaining the Confederates. He wrote these observations for the Denver Times:]

At the close of the war poverty was everywhere. Money in volume was an unknown quantity. The Confederates faced that situation as bravely as they had faced the opposing armies of the North, and set themselves manfully to the work of repairing the ravages of war.

Forty-eight years later at Chattanooga they met in annual reunion—the veterans of the Confederacy; their sons, who had organized themselves into the Sons of the Confederacy; and their daughters, who had organized themselves into the great organization known as the Daughters of the Confederacy. What a transformation was worked out by these people in forty-eight years! That great country, completely recovered from the poverty and exhaustion into which war plunged it, is to-day prosperous and is rapidly becoming as great industrially and in wealth as any section of the Union.

To know what these people think and feel about the great questions which led up to the war, one must attend one of their annual reunions. They are facing an era of great prosperity and development. They have forgotten slavery days and have come to a full realization that the States of the South possess natural resources in variety and volume sufficient for the wealth of an empire.

At Roanoke and Bristol in Virginia, at Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Nashville in Tennessee, and in the Birmingham district of Alabama great blast furnaces, steel mills, and all the branches of the steel and iron trade have come into existence and are turning out manufactured materials at the rate of millions of dollars each twelve months. The industrial development of the South in the last ten years is marvelous.

And whereas in the old slavery days cotton was the one great crop of the South, to-day the people are practicing intensive farming. They are sending to the markets of the North fruits from Florida and early vegetables from Texas



HEADQUARTERS N. B. FORREST CAMP, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
ADJT. COL. L. T. DICKINSON IN THE FOREGROUND.

and Western Arkansas. The sugar mills of Louisiana are turning out a vast product, and rice fields are being cultivated along the valley of the Arkansas River. Cotton mills flank the streams of the Carolinas and Georgia. Richmond, Atlanta, and Memphis have developed into great jobbing and distributing centers. The gulf ports, such as Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and others, are coming into their own. It is an unquestioned fact that the completion of the Panama Canal means for the Gulf States a development and a building up such as has not been exceeded in any given time by any section of this country in all its history.

At Chattanooga during the last week of May there gathered a host numbering one hundred thousand souls. Those people came from every State of the South. They came here to do honor and to show their love and affection for their comrades, the men of the Confederate armies, now old and rapidly approaching their last days on earth. * * * They twined the stars and stripes with the stars and bars. They sang the old songs, told the old stories, and gave themselves up to a week of reunion with old friends and new. But through it all and during it all no man of the North, no matter how intensely partisan he might be, could have found just cause for adverse criticism.

Northern people do not know or understand what powerful factors for good these great organizations are. The Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy comprise the best of all the citizenship of the South. The women represent the best social life of that section; the men represent the industry and great business development carried on there. The reunion of the Confederate Veterans and the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy is the one great annual social event of the South. They are a people who love organization, military display, and social distinction. The Anglo-Saxon blood flows pure in their veins. The spirit of the Cavaliers possesses them. Pomp and ceremony are a part of their lives. They are a people of ideals and of daydreams.

The Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, when elected, selects some lady as sponsor for the whole South. This is a distinction much sought after, as it carries with it an unquestioned social prestige. This sponsor appoints from each State of the South her matrons and maids of honor. These are selected from among the cultured and refined women of society. The organization is divided into three great divisions, each division being commanded by a lieutenant general. Each of these lieutenant generals appoints a sponsor for his division, and these sponsors in turn appoint their matrons and maids of honor. Then each State commander appoints his sponsor, she in turn appointing her matrons and maids of honor. And so it goes on down into each unit of the organization until a thousand women are sponsors, matrons, and maids of honor. This gives to these annual reunions an air of distinction not unlike the courts of the nations of Europe and a social prestige not excelled by any event held anywhere in the United States.

The parade of the sponsors, matrons, and maids of honor at Chattanooga was a beautiful sight not often given to men to witness. Hundreds of automobiles, decked with flowers and ribbons and filled with beautiful young women, paraded the streets of Chattanooga in a procession two miles long.

The great ball given by the Sons of Confederate Veterans to the Daughters of the Confederacy was a sight worth going many miles to see. A great tent three hundred feet long and more than half as wide had been erected. In this a floor for

dancing had been laid, and around this boxes similar to those at the big horse shows had been installed. In the back of the tent rose tiers of seats. On the night of the ball these boxes were filled with beautiful women in fashionable gowns, and men, the most of whom were in uniform, together with a great host of spectators. On the floor fifteen hundred couples were dancing. The life, joy, and merriment of it all were such that one could hardly have any thought of the dark days that were gone.

The great parade of the veterans was spectacular in the extreme. It was led by Commander in Chief Gen. Bennett Young, surrounded by a staff in brilliant uniforms and mounted on such horses as can be bred only in Kentucky and Tennessee. Following the Tennessee troops, the Kentuckians swung past the grand stand to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home," rendered by the splendid band from Louisville. Then came the Virginians, led by the gallant Richmond Howitzers, in uniforms of gray trimmed with bright-red silk facings, their band playing "Dixie." That was when the grand stand burst out in a riot of color and a tornado of cheers. So it went on, while marching thousands filed past the stand.

Finally there came a break, and for several minutes there was a blank. Then away in the distance the bugle sounded "the charge," and there came swinging up the street past the stands six hundred mounted men. It was the remnant left on earth of Forrest's famous cavalry command. Swinging their wide-brimmed hats and giving tongue to the old so-called Rebel yell, they brought the crowds in the stands to their feet and set the great throng into a tumult of cheering.

CONFEDERATES BURIED AT PULASKI IN 1863.

MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL, HISTORIAN PULASKI CHAPTER.

The following-named Confederate soldiers died in a hospital at Pulaski during the spring of 1863, when the town was under Federal control. They were buried in an obscure portion of the city cemetery. Some loyal Southern women secured small headstones for the graves, with name and regiment inscribed thereon. Recently the Giles County Chapter, U. D. C., obtained possession of the plot and placed a substantial stone curbing around it. Henceforth these graves will have our tender care. On October 6, Sam Davis Day, we propose to have memorial exercises at these graves, and we should be glad to have any who knew and loved these men to be with us:

- William Campbell, 3d Texas Cavalry, died March 27, 1863.
- J. G. Dillard, 9th Texas Cavalry, died March, 1863.
- R. A. Barringer, Ballentine's Regiment, died April 6, 1863.
- W. W. Lindsay, Co. B, Biddle's Regiment, died April 16, 1863.
- H. H. Blackman, Co. B, 34th Alabama Regiment, died April 15, 1863.
- W. B. Green, Co. G, 1st Tennessee Regiment, no record.
- J. J. Woodall, Co. D, 1st Mississippi Regiment, died April 24, 1863.
- John Copelin, 2d Kentucky Regiment, died April 24, 1863.
- W. J. Hunter, Simpson's Regiment, died April 24, 1863.
- Dan Secres, 6th Regiment Texas Cavalry, died April 25, 1863.

VENTERS.—Rev. E. A. Wright, 1218 North Thirty-Second Street, Birmingham, Ala., who was second lieutenant of Company I, 35th North Carolina Regiment, in 1863-64, inquires for Brinson Venters, who was in 1864 first lieutenant of Company A, of the same regiment. If Lieutenant Venters is living, Comrade Wright would be glad to hear from him.

GENERAL OFFICERS OF CONFEDERATE ARMY.

THOSE KILLED IN BATTLE OR DIED OF WOUNDS, AND SURVIVORS.

BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

[So many errors occurred in a report under the above heading on pages 289, 290 of this volume that it is considered important to republish it, with comment by several comrades.]

There were appointed by the President of the Confederate States six full generals of the regular army and two full generals of the provisional army. There were sixteen lieutenant generals appointed and four additional with temporary rank. There were eighty-two regular major generals and thirteen major generals with temporary rank. Originally the highest rank in the regular army was that of brigadier general, of which there were five. Four hundred and twenty brigadier generals were appointed, with sixty-five having temporary rank. Of these, there were five brigadier generals of artillery and twenty-two special appointments to that grade. Nine officers were assigned to duty by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, and one by Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; but none of these were appointed by the President or confirmed by the Senate.

The following-named general officers were killed in battle:

- Armistead, Lewis A., Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
- Ashby, Turner, Virginia, Brig. Gen., killed near Harrisburg, Va., June 6, 1862.
- Barksdale, William, Mississippi, Brig. Gen., at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
- Bartow, F. S., Georgia, at Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.
- Bee, Bernard E., South Carolina, Brig. Gen., at Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.
- Carter, John C., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.
- Chambliss, J. R., Virginia, Brig. Gen., near Richmond, Va., August 10, 1864.
- Cleburne, Patrick R., Arkansas, Maj. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.
- Cobb, T. R. R., Georgia, Brig. Gen., at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.
- Dearing, James, Virginia, Brig. Gen., at High Bridge, April 6, 1865.
- Deshler, James, Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
- Doles, George, Georgia, Brig. Gen., at Bethesda Church, May 30, 1864.
- Dunnivant, John, South Carolina, Brig. Gen., at Vaughan Road, October, 1861.
- Garland, Samuel, Virginia, Brig. Gen., at South Mountain, September 14, 1862.
- Garnett, Robert S., Virginia, at Rich Mountain, or Craddock's Ford, July 13, 1861.
- Ghirardi, Victor J. B., Brig. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., August, 1864.
- Gist, S. R., South Carolina, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.
- Gladden, A. H., Louisiana, Brig. Gen., at Shiloh, April 6, 1862.
- Godwin, A. C., North Carolina, Brig. Gen., at Winchester, Va., September 20, 1864.
- Gordon, James B., North Carolina, Maj. Gen., at Yellow Tavern, Va., May 11, 1864.
- Gracie, Archibald, Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., December 2, 1864.

Granbury, H. B., Texas, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Green, Martin E., Missouri, Brig. Gen., at Vicksburg, Miss., June 27, 1863.

Green, Thomas, Texas, Brig. Gen., at Bayou Pierre, April 12, 1864.

Gregg, Maxey, South Carolina, at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.

Gregg, John, Texas, Brig. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., 1864.

Hatton, Robert, Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Seven Pines, Va., May 3, 1862.

Helm, Ben Hardin, Kentucky, Brig. Gen., at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

Hill, Ambrose P., Virginia, Lieut. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.

Jenkins, A. G., Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Cloyd's Mountain, W. Va., May 9, 1864.

Jenkins, Micah, South Carolina, Brig. Gen., at the Battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

Johnston, A. S., Texas, General, Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.

Jones, John M., Virginia, at the Battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

Jones, William E., Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Piedmont, Va., June 5, 1864.

Kelley, J. H., Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., September 30, 1864.

Little, Henry, Brig. Gen., Iuka, Miss., September 10, 1862.

McCulloch, Ben, Texas, Brig. Gen., at battle of Elk Horn, March 7, 1862.

McIntosh, J., Florida, in battle of Pea Ridge, March 7, 1862.

Morgan, John H., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Greenville, Tenn., September 4, 1864.

Mouton, Alfred, Louisiana, Brig. Gen., at Mansfield, La., April 9, 1864.

Paxton, E. F., Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

Pegram, John, Virginia, Brig. Gen., at Hatcher's Run, Va., February 5, 1865.

Perrin, Abner M., South Carolina, at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 12, 1864.

Polk, Leonidas, Louisiana, Lieut. Gen., at Pine Mountain, near Marietta, Ga., June 14, 1864.

Randall, Horace, Texas, Brig. Gen., at Jenkins Ferry, Ark., April 30, 1864.

Rains, James E., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862.

Rodes, R. E., Alabama, Maj. Gen., at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864.

Saunders, J. C. C., Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Petersburg, Va., August 21, 1864.

Scurry, William R., Texas, Brig. Gen., at Jenkins Ferry, April 30, 1864.

Slack, W. Y., Missouri, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Pea Ridge, March 6, 1862.

Smith, Preston, Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

Starke, William E., Louisiana, at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, September 17, 1862.

Strahl, Otho French, Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Terrill, James B., Virginia, at Battle of the Wilderness, Va., near Bethesda Church, May 31, 1864.

Tracy, Edward D., Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863.

Tyler, Robert C., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Fort Tyler, near West Point, Ga., April 16, 1865.

Walker, W. H. T., General, at Atlanta, in Atlanta Campaign, July 22, 1864.

Willis, Edward, Georgia, Brig. Gen., at Mechanicsville, May 31, 1864.

Winder, Charles S., Maryland, Brig. Gen., at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.

Zollicoffer, Felix K., Tennessee, Brig. Gen., at Mill Springs, or Fishing Creek, Ky., January 19, 1862.

The following-named died of wounds received in battle:

Anderson, George B., North Carolina, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, September 17, 1862.

Benton, Samuel, Mississippi, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1864.

Daniel, Junius, North Carolina, of wounds received at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 12, 1864.

Jackson, Thomas J. (Stonewall), of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 10, 1863.

Pender, U. D., North Carolina, Maj. Gen., of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Posey, Carnot, Mississippi, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Bristow Station, October 14, 1863.

Ramscur, Stephen D., North Carolina, Maj. Gen., of wounds received at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.

Semmes, Paul J., Georgia, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Stafford, Leroy A., Louisiana, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at the Wilderness, May, 1864.

Stevens, C. H., South Carolina, Brig. Gen., of wounds received at Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1864.

Stuart, J. E. B., Virginia, Maj. Gen., of wounds received at Yellow Tavern, Va., May 12, 1864.

There are one lieutenant general, two major generals, and eighteen brigadier generals surviving, as follows:

Buckner, Simon B., Kentucky, Lieutenant General.

Polignac, Camillus J., France, Major General.

Pryor, Roger A., Virginia, Brigadier General.

Law, Evander M., Alabama, Brigadier General.

Nichols, Francis T., Louisiana, Brigadier General.

Wright, Marcus J., Tennessee, Brigadier General.

Cockrell, Francis M., Missouri, Brigadier General.

Ferguson, Samuel W., Mississippi, Brigadier General.

Kirkland, W. W., North Carolina, Brigadier General.

Johnston, Robert D., North Carolina, Brigadier General.

Gano, R. M., Texas, Brigadier General.

McCansland, John, Virginia, Brigadier General.

Cox, William R., North Carolina, Brigadier General.

Robertson, Felix H., Texas, Brigadier General.

Duke, Basil W., Kentucky, Brigadier General.

McRea, William, North Carolina, Brigadier General.

McComb, William, Tennessee, Brigadier General.

Logan Thomas M., South Carolina, Brigadier General.

Sims, James P., Georgia, Brigadier General.

GENERAL WRIGHT'S ARTICLE COMMENTED UPON.

W. J. Brown, of Jackson, Miss., adds the following names to Gen. Marcus J. Wright's list. The list was published in the June VETERAN:

Maj. Gen. W. H. T. Walker, Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

Brigadier Generals Killed.

John Adams, at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

L. O'B. Branch, at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Richard B. Garnett, Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Isham W. Garrott, Vicksburg, Miss., June 17, 1863.

Richard Griffith, Savage Station, Va., June 29, 1862.

Roger W. Hanson, Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862.

Henry Little, Iuka, Miss., September 19, 1862.

Lloyd Tilghman, Baker's Creek, Miss., May 10, 1863.

Brig. Gen. Stephen Elliott, died of wounds received in front of Petersburg, 1864.

Brig. Gen. J. J. Pettigrew, wounded at Falling Waters, July 12, 1863, and died July 18, 1863.

H. T. Owen, of Richmond, Va., inclosed a list similar to the one of W. J. Brown, and adds the name of Brig. Gen. R. H. Anderson, who was killed at Jonesboro.

Elijah Parker, of Petersburg, Ky., once of Company H, 2d Kentucky Regiment, notes the absence from General Wright's list of the name of Gen. Roger W. Hanson, first colonel of the 2d Kentucky and later brigadier general commanding the Orphan Brigade.

W. H. Fitzgerald, of Richmond, repeats the names of Gen. Henry Little and recalls the fact of his favorable mention by General Price in his report of the battle of Iuka and by President Davis in his "History of the Confederacy."

Rev. J. W. Perry, of Greenville, also writes to add to the list the name of Maj. Gen. W. H. Whiting, who was killed at the final assault on Fort Fisher, February, 1865. Comrade Perry recalls the fact that Gen. L. O'B. Branch commanded a brigade of North Carolina troops in the Army of Northern Virginia and was killed at Sharpsburg; that General Garnett commanded the first brigade of Pickett's Division and was killed while leading his men up Cemetery Hill, July 3, 1863; and that General Pettigrew commanded the first brigade of Heth's Division in the Gettysburg campaign and was killed at Falling Waters while covering the retreat of Lee's army.

Another communication on this subject is from W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., formerly of Company K, 3d Missouri Infantry, who adds to the list the names of Generals McCulloch and McIntosh, who were killed in the same charge, at Elk Horn in 1862, a correction which is confirmed by General Wright.

George Milton, of McDade, Tex., also writes to add the name of General Adams and to change the date of General McCulloch's death from May 7, 1862, to March 7, 1862.

FROM MAJ. W. A. OBENCHAIN, OF BOWLING GREEN, KY.

Gen. Marcus J. Wright's list of general officers of the Confederate army killed in battle or died of wounds as it appears in the VETERAN for June is incomplete. On comparing it with the list given in Volume II, pp. 174, 175, "Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army, 1789-1903," by Francis B. Heitman (Government Printing Office, Washington), I find the following names omitted:

Adams, John, Brig. Gen., killed November 30, 1864, at Franklin, Tenn.

Branch, Lawrence O'B., Brig. Gen., killed September 17, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.

Garnett, Richard B., Brig. Gen., killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.

Garrott, Isham W., Brig. Gen., killed June 17, 1863, at Vicksburg, Miss.

Griffith, Richard, Brig. Gen., died June 30, 1862, of wounds received at Savage Station, Va.

Hanson, Roger W., Brig. Gen., killed December 30, 1862, at Stone's River, Tenn.

Little, Lewis W., Brig. Gen., killed September 19, 1862, at Iuka, Miss.

Marshall, John, Brig. Gen., killed June 27, 1862, at Game's Mill, Va.

Pettigrew, James J., Brig. Gen., died July 17, 1863, of wounds received at Falling Water, Md.

Talghinor, Lloyd, Brig. Gen., killed May 16, 1863, at Champion Hills, Miss.

Walker, William H. T., Maj. Gen., killed July 22, 1864, at Atlanta, Ga.

General Wright's list as published contains five names not found in the above list, as follows:

Carter, John C., killed at Franklin, Tenn., 1864.

Granbury, H. B., killed at Franklin, Tenn., 1864.

Jenkins, A. G., killed at Cloyd's Mountain, W. Va., 1864.

Kelley, J. H., killed at Franklin, Tenn., September 12, 1864.

Wilks, Edward, killed at Mechanicsville May 31, 1864.

Neither list contains the name of Maj. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, who was seriously wounded February 17, 1865, in the defense of Fort Fisher, N. C., and died March 10 following while a prisoner on Governor's Island, N. Y.

This makes a total of eighty-one general officers of the Confederate army who were killed or died of wounds received in battle. In my article in the *VETERAN* for November, 1912, I gave the number as seventy-six. The number of Federal generals killed and who died of wounds is forty-six.

SURVIVING MAJOR GENERALS OF THE UNION ARMY.

G. M. Dodge, the only surviving Union army commander, Council Bluffs, Ia.

N. A. Miles (Lieutenant General, U. S. A., retired), Washington, D. C.

P. J. Osterhaus (Brigadier General, retired), Frederick Wilhelm Platz, Duisburg, Rhine, Germany.

D. E. Sickles (Major General, retired), New York, N. Y.

PAROLES FOR OFFICERS, ARMISTEAD'S CAVALRY.

BY MAJ. J. I. DEUPREE, MAYHEW, MISS.

I am sending the *VETERAN* some paroles of officers of Armistead's Cavalry Regiment, of which I was the acting adjutant when it was surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. These papers came into my possession recently when on a visit to Jackson, Tenn., they having been found in an old trunk of Gen. W. H. Jackson's on his plantation near that place. They are genuine, signed by the officers' own hands and approved by Gen. W. H. Jackson, C. S. A., and Brig. Gen. E. S. Dennis, U. S. A. The list of officers, it will be seen, is composed mainly of officers of what had been the 7th and 8th Alabama and 12th Mississippi Cavalry Regiments. This voluntary work of the *VETERAN* should be appreciated and prompt notice given to the officers or their representatives to whom the paroles may be sent. Colonel Armistead was absent from the regiment a good deal, either from illness or from being in command of the brigade, and Col. Philip B. Spence commanded the regiment during much of the latter part of the war. The list is as follows:

7th Alabama Cavalry: D. P. Scarborough, captain of Company I.

8th Alabama Cavalry: E. C. England, captain commanding Company E; B. Randolph, second lieutenant, Company F; U. T. Blacksher, first lieutenant, Company G; R. C. Crawford, second lieutenant, Company I; C. E. Owen, captain, Company K.

Lewis's Battalion, Armistead's Cavalry Brigade. Henry Brooks, captain, Company B.

Armistead's Cavalry Regiment: W. Yerger, Jr., major; W. C. White, second lieutenant, Company I; M. H. Albritton, second lieutenant, Company H; W. P. Maxey, captain, Company L; A. Myers, second lieutenant, Company L; F. Valiant, assistant quartermaster; J. M. Winston, captain, Company A; John Jackson, first lieutenant, Company A; T. H. C. Strong, second lieutenant, Company I; I. J. Winston, first lieutenant, Company K; I. B. Isbell, captain, Company H; W. A. Pope, Jr., second lieutenant, Company E; L. I. Morgan, captain, Company C; W. H. Baird, captain, Company B; G. M. Wrenn, Jr., second lieutenant, Company A; James B. Robinson, second lieutenant, Company A; Samuel W. Red, captain, Company E; C. C. Carroll, first lieutenant, Company F; A. D. Hutton, Jr., second lieutenant, Company H; A. D. Thomas, captain, Company G; Alex Moore, captain, Company F; S. A. Pickens, first lieutenant, Company E; Joseph A. Kimbro, second lieutenant, Company E; A. S. Crump, second lieutenant, Company G.

SHILOH BATTLE FIELD STATISTICS.

Estimates amounting to \$40,500 for the expenses of the Shiloh National Military Park during the next fiscal year have been submitted by the Shiloh Battle Field Park Commission. The park has an area of 3,546 acres and has nearly twenty-seven miles of excellent gravel roads and six concrete bridges. There are at present on the field 780 cast-iron tablets and markers erected by the government. The tablets are made square for the first day's battle and oval for the second day, with inscriptions, borders, and posts in colors—blue for Grant's army of the Tennessee, yellow for Buell's army of the Ohio, and red for Johnston's army of the Mississippi (later designated Army of Tennessee, not Army of the Tennessee). The positions of batteries are additionally marked by 250 cannons on cast-iron carriages, two at each battery. Two of these cannons are known to be the identical guns that were used during the battle in the positions they now occupy. Of the tablets, 338 are classified as Union and 185 as Confederate. Up to June 30, 1913, Congress has appropriated \$715,000 for the park and improvements.

Interest in the Shiloh battle field should increase in the South. Especially is it important that the general monument movement should be a credit to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It is the best occasion that ever can occur to pay worthy tribute to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. His figure should be the chief feature of that central movement. The committee having the design in charge will no doubt see to that.

JOHN C. GIBSON'S WAR RECORD.—John C. Gibson, of Dodd City, Tex., asks his old comrades to testify to his war record, as he wishes to apply for a pension. He enlisted in Captain Johnson's command, Company C, 35th Mississippi Regiment, the company having been made up at West Point, Miss., early in 1862. He was in the siege of Vicksburg, was wounded June 20, 1863, by a fragment of shell, and was left in a hospital there until the following December. He was then sent home on a sixty days' furlough, and had to report to a hospital after that every sixty days until the close of the war.

IN NEED OF A PENSION.—Mrs. S. D. Lyon, Lock Box 82, Marked Tree, Ark., needs a pension and asks for information about her husband, who served in the Confederate army.

FIRST KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

BY MAJ. S. H. BUCK, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

In the February (1913) issue of the VETERAN there appeared an article about the 2d Kentucky Cavalry by Dr. J. P. Martin, of East Prairie, Mo. He evidently confounded the 2d Kentucky Cavalry with the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by Ben Hardin Helm, of which Thomas G. Woodward was lieutenant colonel. This regiment was organized in Kentucky in April, 1861, and was equipped by citizens of Kentucky and relatives of the members of this command. The writer quotes from "The Military Annals of Tennessee":

"This regiment was composed of the flower of the youth of Kentucky. This was one of the first military organizations sworn into the Confederate service, Kentucky being at that time neutral. It was a beautiful sight when this gallant band of Confederates were marching or on parade. Many of the officers were mounted on Kentucky thoroughbred horses owned by their riders, and many had negro servants mounted on extra horses.

"Ben Hardin Helm was elected colonel and Thomas Woodward lieutenant colonel. Both were graduates of West Point. When the army, commanded by Gen. S. B. Buckner, was stationed at Bowling Green, Ky., this regiment was assigned to duty in the front, and did the picketing along the Barren and Green Rivers, which was the line separating the Federals, commanded by Buell, and the Confederates, commanded by General Buckner and afterwards by Gen. A. S. Johnston.

"One of the first battles fought in Kentucky was between the 1st Kentucky Confederate Cavalry and the 1st Kentucky Federal Cavalry at Sacramento, situated at the confluence of the two rivers above named. The Federals were defeated. They were commanded by Col. J. W. Jackson, who was afterwards made brigadier general, and was killed in the battle of Perryville, Ky.

"When General Johnston retreated from Bowling Green across the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, this 1st Kentucky Cavalry covered that retreat. About this time Col. B. H. Helm was made a brigadier general and put in command of an infantry brigade in Gen. John C. Breckenridge's division, and Thomas Woodward was made colonel of this regiment, which was assigned to duty along the Tennessee River from Decatur to Florence, Ala., guarding the bridges at these two crossings and making raids as far in their front as the vicinity of Columbia, Tenn. Colonel Woodward gave General Johnston the information that General Buell was advancing from Columbia to Pittsburg Landing to reinforce General Grant at Shiloh. This news precipitated the fight at Shiloh.

"General Johnston hoped to destroy Grant's army before the arrival of Buell with his thirty thousand men. Colonel Woodward was ordered to destroy the bridges at Decatur and Florence, Ala., and to proceed to Shiloh, and part of his command participated in the second day's fight.

"At this time the term of enlistment of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry expired. Some had been made officers and assigned to other commands, others reenlisted with Forrest and Morgan, but the main body of officers and men reorganized. They elected Woodward colonel and became an independent command. They made a raid into the State of Kentucky; and after capturing Hopkinsville, Colonel Woodward was shot dead from his horse while riding through the streets of this his native town. After this raid and the death of their commander, this splendid troop was scattered, joining other commands, and identity of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry was lost."

[The foregoing was written in season as a follow-up of Dr. Martin's paper, and the delay of its publication then is regretted. Major Buck, while assistant adjutant general to Gen. Sterling Price during his command of the District of Arkansas, was mentioned in "high praise" and "deserving of



MAJ. SAMUEL H. BUCK.

his thanks." On July 14, 15, 1863, President Jefferson Davis wrote to Senator R. W. Johnson and to General Holmes, and replies were sent by Captain Buck, by which he visited the President in Richmond. Comrade Buck is delightfully typical as a Southern gentleman. President Cleveland appointed him postmaster at New Orleans.]

W. R. Brown, of the Wisconsin Veterans' Home, who served in the 21st Infantry of his State, writes: "I have been very sick, and consequently my subscription has not been renewed, but will be soon. I have been reading with intense interest the August VETERAN, and I desire especially to commend your editorial comments on some of the things written on the late celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. I regard that patriotic gathering of veterans of the two great armies that made this battle field historic fifty years ago as the most wonderful in all the annals of history, and the sentiments expressed in the VETERAN that you prepared to convey the appreciation of your Confederate veterans and people of the Southland as truly patriotic."

Hon. John H. Hinemon, of Arkadelphia, Ark., has this to say of the VETERAN: "I enjoy, it seems to me, each issue of the VETERAN just a little more than I did the preceding issue. You are printing and preserving literature and history which are priceless to the South. The VETERAN should be in every Southern home."

THE LAST ROLL

"He resteth well!
Life's battles bravely fought and nobly won,
He hid him down content 'till set of sun,
As twilight shadows fell."

MAJ. GEN. L. L. LOMAX.

Lindsay Lunsford Lomax, son of Elizabeth Lindsay and Mann Page Lomax, Major of Ordnance, U. S. A., was born at Newport, R. I. (where his father was stationed), on November 4, 1835. He was one of the last surviving major generals of cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. He died in Washington May 28, 1913.

General Lomax had a distinguished military career. He graduated from the West Point Military Academy in 1836 with his lifelong friend Fitzhugh Lee, and was promoted to a second lieutenancy in the second cavalry. He served on frontier duty in Kansas and Nebraska, seeing much active service in the Indian wars in the West, and was promoted to second lieutenant of the 1st Cavalry September 30, 1856, and first lieutenant March 21, 1861.

When Virginia seceded from the United States, General Lomax resigned from the regular army, offering his services to his State. He was appointed captain in the State forces and at once assigned to the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston as assistant adjutant general, and later was transferred to the field of operation beyond the Mississippi as inspector general on the staff of Brigadier General McCulloch, who commanded a division of Van Dorn's army. After McCulloch fell, Lomax was promoted to inspector general on the staff of Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He served in this capacity from July until October, 1862, when he was made inspector general of the army in East Tennessee. He participated in the battles of Pea Ridge, Ark.; Farmington and Corinth, Miss.; the first defense of Vicksburg from the siege; Baton Rouge, La.; and Spring Hill and Thompson's Station, Tenn. In 1863 he was called to the eastern campaigns as colonel of the 11th Virginia Cavalry. He took part in the raid in West Virginia with Jones's Brigade and in the subsequent Pennsylvania Campaign, including the battles of Brandy Station, Winchester, Rector's Cross Roads, Upperville, Gettysburg, and Buckland.

On July 23, 1863, he was promoted to brigadier general and assigned to the command of a brigade of cavalry (organized for him) of the 5th, 6th, and 15th Virginia and the 1st Maryland Cavalry. Under Lomax's command this brigade was one of the principal factors in the subsequent operations of Fitz Lee's division, including the fighting at Culpepper Courthouse, Morton's Ford, the second encounter at Brandy Station, Tod's Tavern, the Wilderness Campaign, Cold Harbor, Yellow Tavern, Reams's Station, and Trevilians.

Cool leadership in these important engagements led to his promotion on August 10, 1864, to the rank of major general. His first division was composed of the cavalry brigades of Bradley T. Johnston, W. L. Jackson, Henry B. Davidson, J. D. Imboden, and John McCausland, and it rendered prominent

and efficient service in the Valley Campaign of the army under General Early in the battles of Winchester, Tom's Brook, and other encounters. He was made a prisoner in the battle of Woodstock by Torbett's Cavalry, but made his escape about three hours later by personally overcoming his captor.

In October, 1864, General Lomax was assigned to the command of the cavalry wing of the army under Early, and in March, 1865, was put in command of the Valley District of the Department of Northern Virginia. After the fall of Richmond he moved his forces to Lynchburg; and when General Lee surrendered he sent word to General Echols suggesting that they form a juncture, but he finally surrendered his division with Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.



GEN. L. L. LOMAX.

After the war General Lomax settled down to farming near Warrenton, Va., where he married Elizabeth Winter Payne, a cousin of Gen. William H. Payne, of Black Horse fame. In 1885 he was elected President of Blacksburg Agricultural and Mechanical College (as Polytechnic Institute was then called) and served as long as Fitzhugh Lee was Governor of Virginia. Many younger men of the State remember General Lomax with gratitude and affection.

After he resigned at Blacksburg he was engaged for years on the compilations of the War Records Bureau, Washington, D. C., until elected one of the Commissioners of the Military Park at Gettysburg. He held this position to the day of his death, interested in the advancement of the Confederate avenues, the defining of Southern lines and markers on the field. It was through the efforts of General Lomax that the State of Virginia made provision for the Virginia Memorial in the Park at Gettysburg, and he obtained permission from the Secretary of War to place it there. It will be a beautiful memorial when completed, inscribed "Virginia to Her Sons at Gettysburg," with General Lee on Traveler in bronze at the top and three groups, representing the three branches of the service, at the base.

General Lomax was a man widely known and much loved, a type of the olden time gone past recall.

REV. JOHN BANNON.

[St. Louis Republic, August 1, 1913.]

News of the death of Rev. John Bannon, who was pastor of St. John's Parish, at Sixteenth and Chestnut Streets, comes in a letter for Father J. J. Head, rector of the Annunciation Church.

Father Bannon was ordained to the priesthood sixty years ago in this city by the late Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick, and was assigned to St. John's Parish, then a mission.

At the outbreak of the War of the States Father Bannon joined the Confederacy and served as chaplain. General Price said of him: "I have no hesitancy in saying that the greatest soldier I ever saw was Father Bannon. In the midst of the fray he would step in and take up a fallen soldier. If he were a Catholic, he would give him the rites of the Church; if a Protestant, and if he so desired, he would baptize him."

Father Bannon, Robert A. Bakewell, and P. B. Garesche had many narrow escapes from the Federal scouts during their journey to join General Price at Springfield.

Most of the St. Louis companies being composed of Catholics, Father Bannon found much to do to minister to their spiritual wants. He was on the field in the battles of Pea Ridge, Iuka, Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, and Big Black, and was in the siege of Vicksburg.

When told that his place was in the hospital with the surgeons, he replied: "I can attend there later. I must attend now to those who are not able to be removed from the field."

Father Bannon was asked if he was afraid during the battles, and he replied: "Certainly not. I am doing God's work, and he has no use for cowards or skulkers. A Catholic priest must do his duty and never consider the time or place. If I am killed, I am not afraid to meet my fate. I am in God's keeping. His holy will be done."

During the siege of Vicksburg Father Bannon was at the breastworks daily. While he and Drs. John A. Leavy and J. H. Britts were in the hospital, a shell burst in their midst, stunning Dr. Leavy and tearing away a part of Dr. Britts's leg. On another occasion during the siege, while Father Bannon was saying mass, a shell burst over the sanctuary, some of the fragments passing near his head. The congregation rose and rushed out, but he continued with the service.

For the last thirty years he had been a pastor in Dublin. As a pulpit orator he was among the foremost in Ireland.

Father Bannon was a grandson, on his mother's side, of Lord Henry Sanford Pageman Mahon, whose extensive estate is located at Stockerstown, County Roscommon, Ireland.

Father Bannon was known to the old inhabitants of St. Louis, and his picture is preserved in the gallery of the Missouri Historical Society, Jefferson Memorial, Forest Park.

DEATHS IN JOHN H. MORGAN CAMP, ARDMORE, OKLA.

The John H. Morgan Camp, U. C. V., of Ardmore, Okla., reports the following deaths in its membership this year through W. W. McElroy, Adjutant:

Spencer Mitchell, 25th Tennessee Infantry, Zollicoffer's Brigade.

J. M. Lee, born in Kentucky in 1837; Company B, 7th Kentucky Infantry; died March 10, 1913.

D. P. Smith, born in Georgia in 1835; Company D, 8th Georgia Infantry.

W. A. Evans, born in Tennessee in 1830; 1st Tennessee Infantry; died in the Oklahoma Confederate Home June 27, 1913.

MAJ. T. F. P. ALLISON.

Maj. T. F. P. Allison, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Nashville, Tenn., died recently at the home of his



MAJ. T. F. P. ALLISON.

son-in-law, James S. Lipscomb. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Lipscomb and Mrs. E. A. Pennington, of Asheville, N. C. He was prominently connected with the Tennessee Central Railroad and served as State Agricultural Commissioner for two terms. He was a most ardent Confederate and a member of Frank Cheatnam Bivouac. He was connected with some of the oldest and most prominent families in Tennessee.

Major Allison was born in 1832 in Williamson County, Tenn. He graduated in law at the Lebanon Law School, but never

practiced. For some years he engaged in farming in Williamson County, and later went to Mississippi and was raising cotton there when the war began. He returned then to Tennessee and enlisted as a private in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Starnes's Regiment. When Company F was formed he became second lieutenant, and he afterwards served on Colonel Starnes's staff until the death of that officer, in 1863. He then became a member of General Forrest's staff and served with him, and later on General Bell's staff, in Forrest's Cavalry, until the surrender. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala. In 1871 Major Allison was elected to the Legislature of Tennessee and in 1873 to the State Senate.

MRS. MARY HEISS.

Mrs. Mary Lusk Heiss died at her home, in the Polk Apartments, in June, 1913. She was the wife of Maj. Henry Heiss, who for many years was managing editor of the Union and American and then the American, and who went before her to the beyond some twenty-eight years ago. A beautiful tribute paid Mrs. Heiss by a local paper finds a response in the hearts of all who had come in contact with her gentle and lovely life:

"God's finger touched her weary frame, and she sleeps. Dying for years, she now begins to live. Hers was a beautiful life; and although an invalid for many years, she accomplished much good in the world. Death is not rare nor burials few, but when the spirit of this lovable woman passed from earth the angels in heaven must have joyfully welcomed her up there. The story, flowerlike, closes thus its leaves. The will of God is in it all. He makes, destroys, remakes—all for his own wise purpose. Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

"Mrs. Heiss was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lusk, pioneer settlers of Nashville. She was educated under the tutelage of Prof. Alfred Hume, one of the city's first educators and the founder of the Nashville public school system. She is survived by four nephews (Robert Lusk, Dr. William Bailey, and J. Bailey, of Nashville, and William Lusk, now in London) and one niece (Mrs. Maud Merritt, of Clarksville).

JOHN S. WISE.

On May 12 Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia and New York, died at the summer home of his son, United States District Attorney Henry A. Wise, of New York, near Princess Anne, Md.

Mr. Wise was the son of the late Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, and was born at Rio de Janeiro in 1846 while his father was United States Minister to Brazil. He graduated from Virginia Military Institute in 1864, and served through the remainder of the War of the States as a second lieutenant in the Confederate army.

In 1867 he graduated from the University of Virginia with the degree of Bachelor of Literature. He was defeated for Governor of Virginia in 1885. In November, 1860, Mr. Wise married Miss Evelyn Beverly Douglas, of Nashville, Tenn., who survives him, with the following children: Hugh Douglas Wise, captain in the United States army; Henry A. Wise and John S. Wise, Jr., of New York; Mrs. Perrine Barney, of Cape Charles, Va.; Jenning C. Wise, of Virginia Military Institute; Miss Margaretta Wise and Byrd Douglas Wise.

In 1888 Mr. Wise moved to New York, where he practiced law and also became noted for his literary productions, chief among which were "Diomed," "The End of an Era," "The Lion's Skin," and "Recollections of Thirteen Presidents."

DR. ACHILLES PEARSON SPARKMAN.

Dr. A. P. Sparkman, Circuit Clerk of Pike County, Miss., for the past thirty-eight years, died at his home in Magnolia on June 1.

Dr. Sparkman was seriously wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, Va., June 6, 1863, the bullet passing entirely through his body and so severely injuring him that he never recovered from its effects. This ended his military career, although he continued in service as a hospital surgeon.

Dr. Sparkman was born in Pike County, Miss., seventy-two years ago. He was a son of Reddick Sparkman, one of the pioneer citizens of Pike County, who came here from North Carolina in the early part of the last century.

He took an active part in restoring the government to the white people, and in 1875 was elected Circuit Clerk of Pike County; and since that time, although repeatedly opposed by strong men, he never suffered defeat. His term would have expired in 1916.

In his early manhood Dr. Sparkman was married to Miss Eva Vaught, and in March of this year they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Dr. Sparkman was a leading member of the Episcopal Church, and contributed generously to its work.

He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and three sons.

CHARLES W. SEIDEL.

Col. Charles W. Seidel, former secretary to Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States, died in his rooms in the Grand Building, in Atlanta, on June 3. He was born in Pennsylvania, but came South some years before the war, and when the great conflict opened he supported the cause of his adopted country. He served with distinction in the Confederate army. Later he was private secretary to Mr. Stephens, with whom he remained until the latter's death.

After the war Colonel Seidel was associated for many years with the Western and Atlantic Railroad. He has lived in Atlanta for the last thirty or forty years. Surviving him are two sons, Stafford Seidel, of Atlanta, and Dr. Atherton Seidel, of Washington, D. C.

WATERS PENDERGRAST.

Waters Pendergrast was born in May, 1841, in Chester County, near Broad River, S. C. In April, 1861, he enlisted



WATERS PENDERGRAST.

in Company E, 6th South Carolina Regiment of Volunteers, Capt. Obadiah Harder. He served through the entire four years of the war, his first service being at the capture of Fort Sumter, and his last being with General Johnston at Greensboro. In all this time he was never wounded, taken prisoner, or sent to a hospital, and for many months at a time never missed a roll call. At Gettysburg he was a member of Wade Hampton's Legion.

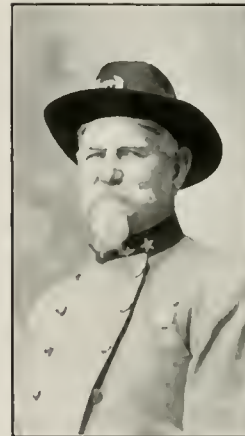
Comrade Pendergrast was for years a member of I. W. Throckmorton Camp, of McKinney, Tex., and rarely missed one of its meetings. He was also a member of the Baptist Church.

CAPT. JAMES LAUDERDALE.

Capt. James Lauderdale, who died recently at the home of his son, in Selma, Ala., was born in Rhea County, Tenn., in 1836. He married Miss Florence Howard in 1875.

Captain Lauderdale was a Mason, a Presbyterian, and a Confederate soldier, having enlisted in Cleveland, Tenn., in 1861 and served throughout the war, first as lieutenant and then as captain.

After the war he spent many years of service with the various railroads of the South, and was a well-loved and prominent man. His uniform shows his faithfulness to great principles.



CAPT. JAMES LAUDERDALE.

WILLIAM C. GRASTY.

Maj. William C. Grasty, a distinguished Confederate veteran and a brother of Fred and N. G. Grasty, of the Baltimore Sun, died recently in Atlanta.

Major Grasty was a native of Danville, Va., and was a student at the Virginia Military Institute when the war began. In the battle of New Market he was one of the famous corps of Virginia Military Institute cadets. During the war he won the rank of captain, but in after years he was affectionately called "Major" by his friends. He went to Atlanta in the seventies and spent the last years of his life there.

MERRILL.—Comrade D. A. Merrill died at his home, near Kerville, Tenn., May 24, 1912. He was born in North Carolina in 1834 and came as a child to Tennessee, where he lived until his death. He was a member of Company G, 51st Tennessee Regiment, and served as orderly sergeant. He was wounded in the fighting around Atlanta in 1864. Comrade Merrill leaves three sons and a daughter.

LIEUT. WILLIAM M. HARKREADER.

Lieut. W. M. Harkreader died in Lebanon, Tenn., December 16, 1912, in his seventy-fourth year. He served in the 7th Tennessee Infantry, and no better soldier ever wore the gray. He is survived by his daughter (Mrs. Carson), a brother (H. H. Harkreader, of Laguardo, Tenn.), and a number of nephews and nieces. He held public office for thirty-two years, was President of the Union Bank and Trust Company at Nashville at the time of his death, and had been for years a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

Local lodges of Masons and Knights of Pythias, of which orders he was an active member, took charge of his remains and laid him away in a vault at Cedar Grove Cemetery, his war comrades serving as honorary pallbearers.

Lieutenant Harkreader, a son of John and Judith Harkreader, was born February 9, 1839, near Laguardo, Tenn., and in his boyhood days he worked on the farm. Early in 1861 he joined Captain Anthony's company, from Silver Springs, and was mustered into the service of the State at Nashville on May 20, 1861. His company camped at Trousdale, where the 7th Tennessee Infantry Regiment was formed, with Robert Hatton as colonel. About July 9 the regiment was ordered to Virginia, but was held in reserve at Knoxville for want of transportation, and so missed the battle of First Manassas. From Knoxville the regiment was sent to Staunton and placed under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. It participated in the Northwest Campaign and was ordered back to Staunton, and thence down the valley to Winchester. It was on the Romney Campaign. Then it was ordered to Fredericksburg, and next to Yorktown. On April 19, 1862, the company was reorganized. Captain Anthony was succeeded by Capt. Will Curd, who was killed, and William M. Harkreader became first lieutenant. The 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee Regiments, the 13th Alabama Regiment, and the

5th Alabama Battalion formed the only Tennessee brigade in General Lee's army. They never missed a battle, and Lieutenant Harkreader was always at his post. In the second battle at Manassas he lost his left arm. After recovering he was placed in command of the conscript camp at Knoxville, and later was transferred to Marietta, Ga., to serve as provost marshal. Here he was captured and confined at Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, until the close of the war.

Lieutenant Harkreader was married to Miss Ella Cole on December 5, 1878. She died in May, 1901. Lieutenant Harkreader was Treasurer of the General Hatton Bivouac and of the S. G. Shepherd Camp of Confederate Veterans, and was a member of the Confederate Monument Association. He was very active in matters that concerned the well-being of his comrades.

ALBERT SIDNEY DREWRY.

A. S. Drewry, who died in Galveston, Tex., on June 28, was a native of Norfolk, Va., and was serving as a printer when the war began. He at once laid down his "stick" and became a soldier. He helped to raise the famous Purcell's Battery of Pegram's Artillery Battalion, named for a generous druggist of Richmond who supplied the men with uniforms while the State furnished their equipment. The battalion was sworn into the service of Virginia, and was immediately ordered to the front. Comrade Drewry followed the fortunes of this famous command through all the thirty-five battles in which it took part, from First Manassas to Lee's surrender at Appomattox, having been under the respective commands of Gen. R. Lindsay Walker, Col. William J. Pegram, Maj. Joseph E. McGraw, and Capt. George M. Cayce. After the battle of Sharpsburg the battery was recruited with the members of two companies which had been disbanded. It was always kept as far as possible up to its full strength by General Jackson, who felt a personal interest in it from the fact that Colonel Pegram had been one of his cadets at Lexington. Comrade Drewry was commissary sergeant of the battery during the last years of the war.

After his death the body of Colonel Drewry was taken to Baltimore, to be laid by his wife in Greenmont Cemetery.

[From a report by John T. Callaghan, Camp No. 171, Washington, D. C.]

SANFORD W. TEDFORD.

Comrade Tedford was born January 4, 1836; and died May 2, 1913. He joined the Confederate army in North Carolina early in the war and took part in some of the greatest battles of the four years' struggle. After the battle of Chickamauga he became a part of Forrest's command, and served with that command until the surrender.

After the close of the war he went to Colorado. There he made a small fortune in mining, after which he came to Tullahoma, Tenn., and purchased a farm and a flour mill and lived a peaceful, quiet life until the end came.

In August, 1900, Comrade Tedford gave his heart to Christ and was baptized with his five sons.

[From sketch by O. V. Anderson.]

STANCELL.—To the sketch of G. C. Stanceill, appearing in the VETERAN for July, the following is given as addenda: "Comrade Stanceill was a sterling patriot, fearless in the expression and defense of his convictions, suffering much for the cause so dear to him. He is survived by a loving and devoted wife."



WILLIAM M. HARKREADER.

WILLIAM A. McNEIL

William A. McNeil was born January 30, 1842, near Winchester, Tenn.; and died at the age of seventy-one years in Rogers, Ark. At the age of seven he moved with his parents to Mississippi and then to White County, Ark., in 1849, where he lived for many years. He was married to Miss Mollie Moore at West Plains, Mo., August 2, 1874, and to them were born eight children, five of whom are living. His son, Will McNeil, is Assistant Quartermaster General of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and Commandant of the Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans of Rogers. The family came to Rogers in 1850, and are among our best known citizens.

W. A. McNeil had an honorable war record. He enlisted in Company I, 17th Mississippi Infantry, C. S. A., and served for four years in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded in the left knee in the first battle of Manassas. He was in the battles of Leesburg, Seven Pines, the Seven Days' fighting near Richmond, and was at the capture of Harper's Ferry; also in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chickamauga, where he was struck on the head by a Minie ball, and was nursed back to health in the home of Mrs. Whitaker, in Atlanta, Ga. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered he rejoined the army in October, 1864, and was commissioned first lieutenant for bravery and gallant service. He was surrendered at Petersburg, Va. He was not only a brave and chivalrous soldier, but a noble citizen. His tent is pitched "on Fame's eternal camping ground."

[Sketch furnished by E. M. Fowler, Rogers, Ark.]

DR. W. W. MOORE.

Dr. W. W. Moore, one of Pike County's most eminent physicians, was born in Amite County, August 18, 1839. When the clash of arms came he was a medical student in Cincinnati. He came home and joined the first company that left his native county, which became Company C, of the 7th Mississippi Infantry, and was attached to the Army of Tennessee. He participated in all the engagements in which his regiment was engaged. After the battle of Murfreesboro he remained inside the Federal lines, on the battle field, to care for our wounded. He afterwards rejoined his regiment and surrendered under Gen. J. E. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C., in April, 1865. After the war he located in Summit and practiced medicine. He was gentlemanly and courteous, professionally and personally, being endowed with superior mental attainments and the highest culture. He was a typical Southern gentleman of the old school. To his bereaved wife we extend our heartfelt sympathies.

REUBEN H. RICE.

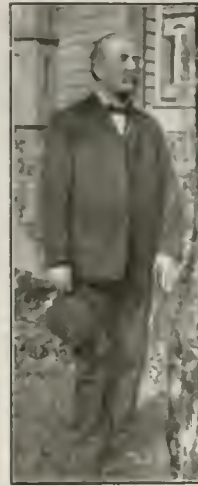
Reuben H. Rice was born on November 7, 1837; and died February 11, 1913. When the stars and bars were unfolded and the sons of the Pelican State rushed to the defense of our beloved Southland, he volunteered in the 4th Louisiana Battalion. He was paroled at Meridian on May 19, 1865. Like all good soldiers, he was a good citizen.

MRS. W. G. SPINKS.

While paying tribute to the virtues of our comrades we should not forget the mothers of the Confederacy who have passed away. Seldom has there been a woman so universally loved and so lamented as the wife of our worthy comrade, William G. Spinks. She was an inspiration to all those with whom she came in social contact, and her influence went into the world freighted with the purity of her strong personality. She was a devoted wife, a model mother, and a true friend.

J. W. COOK.

On April 29, 1913, J. W. Cook died at his home, in Helena, Ark., at the age of sixty-eight years. He enlisted at Aberdeen, Miss., in May, 1862, when sixteen years old, and served as a private and corporal in Company A, 43d Mississippi Infantry. He was captured at Vicksburg July 4, 1863, and paroled under the terms of that capitulation. After his return to the service he was wounded in the head and confined to the hospital for some months. In December, 1864, he was again captured at Nashville and sent to Camp Douglas, from which prison he was released June 18, 1865.



J. W. COOK.

Early in life this comrade began his Christian work. He loved his fellow man, and his hand was ever outstretched to aid the distressed and to succor the erring. In all the duties of life he was faithful, and his family relations were characterized by tender interest and chivalrous unselfishness. His wife and one daughter, Miss Marie Cook, survive him.

by tender interest and chivalrous unselfishness. His wife and one daughter, Miss Marie Cook, survive him.

DR. A. P. SPARKMAN.

Dr. Sparkman was born in Pike County, Miss., November 8, 1840; and died June 1, 1913. Early in the war he joined the Quitman Guards, which were assigned to the 16th Mississippi Regiment as Company E, and sent to the Army of Northern Virginia. He was severely wounded at Cross Keys, after which, not being fit for active duty in the field, he was placed as surgeon in charge of the Magnolia Hospital until the close of the war. He remained there and practiced medicine. After a few years he was elected Circuit Clerk, which office he held until his death. Dr. Sparkman accomplished a great deal, considering his constant and severe physical pain. Endowed with rare intellect, well read, evenly poised, he was indeed one of nature's noblemen, one toward whom no breath of suspicion had ever blown. He was admired and loved. His Camp lost one of its most devoted members, and sympathizes most deeply with his bereaved family.

GREEN R. KELLER.

G. R. Keller enlisted in Morgan's command, Company A, 8th Kentucky, when fifteen years old. He was captured July 26, 1863, with Morgan in the Ohio raid.

Comrade Keller was editor of the Carlisle Mercury for thirty-five years and clerk of the House of Representatives of Kentucky for four sessions. He was also a member of the Legislature from his county (Nicholas) at the time of his death, September 18, 1912. No man gave more of his time, his talents, and his means to the public than he.

"He who serves most is loved most.
Good deeds in this world done
Are paid beyond the sun."

PARKER.—H. M. Parker was born in Covington County, Miss., in 1837; and died at Alvin, Tex., March 8, 1913. He went to Texas in 1886. Comrade Parker had just graduated from the Kentucky Military Institute when he enlisted as a soldier in the Confederacy. He was among the first to go, and served as lieutenant of Company I, 18th Mississippi Regiment.

CAPT. ALFRED H. FOSTER.

Capt. Alfred H. Foster died at his home, in Union, S. C., on May 13, 1913. He was born in Union County, S. C., December 7, 1835, and was educated at the Spartanburg Male Academy. At the beginning of the war he volunteered in the 5th South Carolina Regiment, April, 1861. He was elected captain of his company and served the first year in the 5th South Carolina Regiment, and the last three years he served as captain of Company D, Palmetto Sharpshooters. He was in the first battle of Bull Run and in other important battles of the Army of Northern Virginia except Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. He went with Longstreet's command to Tennessee, returning to Virginia in time for the Wilderness Campaign, and was in command of his regiment during the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, where he surrendered.

At the time of his death Captain Foster was Commander of Camp Giles, U. C. V. In 1868 he located at Union, where he was successful in business and became largely interested in the enterprises of that city.

CHARLES H. FRITH.

C. H. Frith, beloved commander of Amite County Camp, No. 220, U. C. V., at Liberty, Miss., died at his home, in Liberty, December 19, 1912, in his seventy-sixth year. He was educated at Georgetown, Ky. In 1861 he came to Simmons, La., where he enlisted in Company C, 6th Louisiana Infantry, a regiment which later became a part of Jackson's "foot cavalry." In one of the battles of this famous command Comrade Frith received a wound from the effects of which he never recovered. As the fighting went on he became first lieutenant, and was finally captured and taken to Fort Delaware. After his release, the war being over, he came back to Amite County, Miss., where in January, 1866, he married Miss M. C. Turnipseed. In 1875 he took a prominent part in the movement which rid the county of the carpet-baggers. In 1875 he was elected to the Legislature of Mississippi, and in 1903 he was elected to the Senate.

As Commander of Amite County Camp he was an enthusiastic worker and a friend to all Confederate veterans. His death is sincerely mourned by an entire community.

[From a sketch by W. H. Griffin, Jackson Williams, and George A. McGehee, Committee.]

HENRY COULLARDE.

Clarence R. Hatton, Adjutant Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City (headquarters, Hotel Astor), writes of the death of a man named Henry Coullarde, in Brooklyn, who claimed to be a Confederate veteran and one of the youngest drummer boys that went out from New Orleans in the C. S. A. "His mother, then named Wing, died in 1901, which we learn from a Mr. Cohen, who seems to have befriended him. The man never made himself known to any of our veterans here. He seems to have kept aloof from us, and had no friend that we know of except this Mr. Cohen, who has asked us to let the man's people know of his death if they can be located. His manners indicate that he had seen better days."

REV. J. W. SANDELL.

Comrade Sandell was born on September 18, 1829; and died April 7, 1913. He enlisted in Company K, 30th Mississippi Infantry, in 1862, and was a brave, kind, and gallant officer. He was taken prisoner at Port Hudson, La., and was kept on Johnson's Island until the close of the war. He was a remarkable man—as a soldier, as a citizen, and as a man of God. He

was a minister of the gospel and preached from a broad knowledge of the Bible and a rich personal experience. Few can do what he did. He lived for fourscore and four years where he was born and reared. He lived his entire life under the scrutiny of all eyes, and he commanded the esteem of everybody. He was thrice married, and leaves a widow, to whom Stockdale Camp, Magnolia, Miss., extends its sincere sympathy.

[From sketch by Dr. W. M. Wroten.]

MRS. MARY BRADFORD JOHNS.

This noble woman, who paid the final debt of nature at the residence of her son Edward Johns in New York on July 25, 1913, was one of a splendid coterie of loyal, zealous women conspicuous throughout the South for their unselfish patriotism during the great War of the States. Perhaps no soldier who enlisted under the Stars and Bars served his cause with more zeal than did this high-spirited band. They were ever in the forefront in deeds of daring and devotion when the war was on, and were angels of mercy in caring for the sick and the maimed both during the struggle and after. Notable among such women in Tennessee were Mrs. John Overton, Miss White May, Mrs. Mary Hadley Clare, and Mrs. Mary Bradford Johns; and of those still living, Mrs. Rebecca Allison Porter, Mrs. Buck Correy Sheppard, and Miss Mary Maxwell?

The beautiful Miss Mary Bradford (afterwards Mrs. Johns) in the full flush of young womanhood witnessed from her father's residence a part of the battle of Nashville at the time when the Confederate line gave way before General Thomas's



MRS. MARY BRADFORD JOHNS.

advancing legions. It was then that this intrepid young woman performed an act of courage that should place her name among the heroines of the world. Gen. John B. Hood, in command of the Confederate army, who himself was the soul of heroism and a great admirer of gallantry in others, in his book, "Advance and Retreat," makes this mention of Miss Bradford's extraordinary act

on the occasion described: "An incident at the time of the rout, which I deem worthy of mention, was reported to me. When our troops were in the greatest confusion a young lady of Tennessee, Miss Mary Bradford, rushed in their midst regardless of the storm of bullets and, in the name of God and of our country, implored them to reform and face the enemy. Her name deserves to be enrolled among the heroes of the war, and it is with pride that I bear testimony to her bravery and patriotism."

The Bradford home was in the thickest of the fight; and being the largest in the neighborhood and most commanding in position, the sharpshooters of both Federals and Confederates sought its protection. In the beginning of the fight the

Confederate wounded were taken to the Bradford school-house, near the home, and Mrs. Bradford, her daughter, and guests supplied linen for bandages, Miss Mary running back and forth with supplies, even assisting the surgeons in their operations, notably by holding the arm of Lieutenant Fitzpatrick during its amputation. After the battle the Bradford place was taken possession of by the Federals and used for days as a hospital. Upon returning the family found in their front lawn, from the pike gate to the house, rows of dead, the Federals on one side of the driveway, arranged in order with capes covering their faces, and the Confederates on the other side, a confused heap of staring features and intertwined limbs. Within the home not a vestige of furniture remained save the piano alone, the top of which had been used for an operating table. Walls and floors were blood-stained, and outside the dining room windows were piles of legs and arms. The Federals buried their dead in trenches in the lawn.

In the beginning of the conflict Miss Bradford herself gave the regimental colors to Captain Rains's regiment, the presentation being made by Mr. James D. B. DeBow in the old Nashville Female Academy grounds, and its first camp of troops en route to Kentucky was "Camp Bradford."

When General Bragg was in Murfreesboro before the battle of Nashville, Miss Mary Bradford, with Miss White May, went out with supplies for Armstead Bradford, of the 1st Tennessee, and other relatives. While there they were shown much honor. General Bragg, reviewing the troops, stood by the side of Miss Bradford on her carriage, and salute was given to her with the ranking officer of the army.

Many honors were paid Miss Bradford after the war in poems and historic mention. During a visit South a few years ago a special courtesy was shown her in New Orleans and at Beauvoir. Mrs. Johns was the guest of honor at the Lee banquet in Nashville last January.

Mary Elizabeth Bradford was the daughter of Edward Bradford and Virginia Austin Campbell, of Scotch-Irish and English descent, granddaughter of Capt. John Bradford, of the Continental line of Virginia, and of Capt. James Alexander Campbell, also of Virginia. On the side of her maternal grandmother Mrs. Johns was descended from Col. John Hopkins, who was a planter and Virginia gentleman, a colonel in the State militia, and also in the War of the Revolution. The Bradfords came to Tennessee from Virginia soon after the Revolution with the Woods and the Wests and settled on a grant of land given for service during the war, bringing with him not only his negro slaves, but indentured creditors, whom he aided to competency. The place was called "Woodstock," and the house is still standing on the Granny White Pike, near Nashville, with the slabs of the family tombs still intact and the epitaphs legible in the old Bradford burying ground.

Mary Bradford's father went to Mississippi when a young man of eighteen and acquired a fortune, owning plantations in Mississippi and Arkansas and having, at the outbreak of the war, gone to Texas to establish a large plantation there. Mary was born on the Mississippi plantation, near Fayette, on February 11, 1836, and afterwards lived on the plantation near Grand Lake, Ark. At eight years of age she was sent to Dr. Elliott, at Nashville Female Academy, where she was educated. When she was twelve years old her father bought a place close to his father's home, near Nashville, and after that the family divided its time, going north in the summer and south in the winter. The last year of her education was under Dr. Lapsley.

On June 19, 1873, she married her sweetheart of early childhood, John Johns, who was also of heroic blood, being the grandson of Capt. John Johns, of the Continental line of Virginia, and of Colonel Hopkins, of Kentucky and Maryland. She was a devoted wife and a self-sacrificing mother. Three children blessed the union: John Johns, of New York, President of the Johns Manufacturing Company, the Johns Traffic Bureau, and the North River Warehouse Company; Edward Bradford Johns, General Eastern Agent of the Pere Marquette Railroad, having charge of the New York and Boston offices; and Virginia Campbell Johns, of Nashville, a teacher, head of a private school, and literary lecturer.

The funeral was held on July 27, 1912, in the parlors of the historic First Presbyterian Church, of which she was a faithful member from early girlhood. In the absence of her pastor, Rev. R. Lin Cave, of the Christian Church, a noted Confederate soldier, Chaplain of the Confederate Veterans, and her personal friend, said the last beautiful rites. She was laid to rest in Mt. Olivet beside her noble husband, garlands of lilies and roses covering their mounds.



MRS. MARY BRADFORD JOHNS.

She was a loyal friend and Christian woman. With good deeds done in a loving spirit she builded her own imperishable monument. Her life was a prayer exemplifying the charity that never fails, the humility that never boasts, the faith that never falters, the hope that never fades.

In speaking of her inestimable value and usefulness her pastor, Dr. James I. Vance, said: "Her life has always stood for all that was finest and best, and so death was a servant to open the door for her into glory. 'She had always been a soldier soul, and I think Paul's words have the message of her life. She has fought a good fight and finished her course, and she goes to glory crowned.'"

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM JUNE
12 TO AUGUST 12, 1913.

Arkansas: D. C. Govan Chapter, Marianna, \$6.80; J. M. Keller Chapter, Little Rock, \$10; Margaret Rose Chapter, C. of C., Little Rock, \$5; Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, DeWitt, \$15; R. G. Shaver Chapter, Black Rock, \$2.

Colorado: R. E. Lee Chapter, Grand Junction, \$2.

Florida: J. J. Finley Chapter, Gainesville, \$5; Mrs. George Pyle, J. J. Finley Chapter, Gainesville, \$1; Mrs. John Taylor, J. J. Finley Chapter, \$1; Mrs. J. D. Stringfellow, J. J. Finley Chapter, \$2; Mrs. A. R. Harper, J. J. Finley Chapter, \$2; Shiloh tea, J. J. Finley Chapter, \$5.10; Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, Tarpon Springs, \$3; Will Bryan Chapter (Lee picture), Kissimmee, \$5; Brooksville Chapter, \$5; New Smyrna Chapter, \$5; Apalachicola Chapter, \$3; Daniel Tedder Chapter, Live Oak, \$5; Stars and Bars Chapter, Greenwood, \$2; Anna Jackson Chapter, Tallahassee, \$5; Southern Cross Chapter, Miami, \$5; Lakeland Chapter, \$5; Father Ryan Chapter, Bartow, \$5; Anna Dummett Chapter, St. Augustine, \$10; Federal veteran who lost a leg at Shiloh (given through his sister, Esther Carlotta), \$5; Elizabeth Harris, Madison, \$2; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Little River, \$1; Patton Anderson Chapter, Palatka, \$5; Mrs. J. T. Miller, Annie P. Sebring Chapter, Jacksonville, \$5; Mrs. M. W. Stewart, Martha Reid Chapter, Jacksonville, \$5; Mrs. W. B. Glover, Jacksonville Chapter, \$1; Mildred Lee Chapter, C. of C., Gainesville, \$3; Margaret Davis Chapter, C. of C., Apalachicola, \$2; Jessie D. Palmer Chapter, C. of C., Monticello, \$1; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Jacksonville, \$5; Siebert and Louise Miller, Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Jacksonville, \$2.50; Fannie Gray Chapter, C. of C., Ocala, \$3; Flora Stewart Chapter, C. of C., Tallahassee, \$2; Shiloh tea, Fannie R. Gray Chapter, C. of C., Ocala, \$1.04; interest, 31 cents.

Kentucky: Maj. Otis S. Tenney, Lexington, \$5.

Maryland: Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Frederick, \$1.50; post cards sold by Mrs. Odenheimer, 50 cents.

Missouri: John S. Marmaduke Chapter, Columbia, \$5.

New York: Check from Mrs. Read, \$10.

New Mexico: Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Roswell, \$15.

Oklahoma: Chustenablah Stigler, \$2.50.

South Carolina: Secessionville Chapter, James Island, \$7; Mrs. A. T. Smythe (personal), Charleston, \$10; Charleston Chapter (Shiloh Day collection), \$3; Miss Beach, of New York (through Charleston Chapter), \$5; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, \$5; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, \$25; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, \$25; Mercer Keith Chapter, Timmonsville, \$2; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, \$7.50; Pickens Chapter, \$2; Hampton Legion Chapter, Alendale, \$2; Harts Battery Chapter, Williston, \$5; Edward Croft Chapter, Aiken, \$5; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnston, \$2; Graham Chapter, Denmark, \$2; Moses Wood Chapter, Gaffney, \$2; Francis Marion Chapter, Bamberg, \$5.50; M. C. Butler Chapter, Columbia, \$3; Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, \$5; Greenville Chapter, \$10; Olin M. Dantzler, St. Matthews, \$1.40; Cheraw Chapter, \$5; John D. Kennedy, Camden, \$0; Beach Island Chapter, \$4; Spartan Chapter, Spartanburg, \$5.

Tennessee: Maury County Chapter, Columbia, \$10; Mrs. James Paisley (personal), Savannah, 55 cents; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$1; Mrs. C. A. Lyerly (personal), Chattanooga, \$1; Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, \$10.

Texas: Post cards sold by Mrs. M. E. Spain, Austin, \$1.

Virginia: Craig Chapter, New Chapter, \$5; Old Dominion

Dragoon Chapter, Hampton, \$8; Mary Custis Lee (Jr.) Chapter, Alexandria, \$5; Sally Tompkins Chapter, Matthews, \$10; Richmond Chapter, \$72.42. Ann Eliza Johns Chapter, Danville, \$5; Shenandoah Chapter, Woodstock, \$5.50; Lee Chapter, Richmond, \$10; interest, \$309.06.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$22,509.54.

Total in hands of Treasurer last report, \$21,702.46.

Total collections since last report, \$807.08.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION REUNION AT MUSKOGEE.

MCALISTER, OKLA., July 25, 1913.

To All Brigade Commanders and Camp Commanders of All Brigades and Camps in the Oklahoma Division, United Confederate Veterans.

Your Commander advises that the State Reunion will be held at Muskogee September 16-18, 1913, as designated by the comrades of that place and concurred in by the committee of our organization.

Rates on the railroads have not as yet been obtained, but you will be advised when arrangements have been completed.

Brigade commanders and commanders of Camps are requested to furnish to the Adjutant General complete rosters of all the officers and members of their Camps. This is essential that the general organization may be enabled to have as nearly as possible a complete and accurate list of the Confederate veterans in the State of Oklahoma. It is equally essential that officers of Camps and Brigades furnish a correct and complete list of the deaths among the veterans during the past year, giving rank and service of deceased.

Each Camp will, as soon as possible, elect delegates to represent their Camps at this State Reunion, and furnish to the Adjutant General a list of these delegates, regular and alternates, so that he may prepare lists for the Credentials Committee at Muskogee.

No Camp will be allowed representation at this reunion if it does not hold receipt for the per capita dues of ten cents from the Adjutant General, W. E. Mickle, of the general organization. It is earnestly requested that all Camps in arrears remit at once to the Adjutant General at New Orleans the proper fee, so that they may participate in the coming reunion.

Your Commander further advises that extra effort should be made by the comrades in instituting new Camps, so that all comrades may have the benefits of the organization, and that where interest has lagged and charters lapsed new interest should be exercised and the Camps revived.

All Brigade commanders are requested to see that notice of the coming reunion in Muskogee be published in the local papers, so that all comrades may be advised of the date of the meeting. By order of

D. M. HAILEY,

Major General Commanding Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.

Attest: R. B. Coleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

ANOTHER MRS. FARRIS SEEKS INFORMATION.—Mrs. M. E. Farris, of Meridian, Miss., seeks a pension, and she requests the addresses of friends of her husband, J. M. Farris, who has been dead fourteen years. She does not know the regiment that he served in; but references are made to General Forrest, a Colonel Bailey, a Lieutenant Taylor, and his comrades were Will and Tom Manaly, "Doctor" Hunter, Bud Baker, Jesse and John Moore, and Joshua Tharp. Those who can help Mrs. Farris with information about her husband should write to her, care of John V. Williams, Meridian, Miss.

PROCLAMATION BY COMMANDER IN CHIEF, G. A. R.
[General Order dated at Bridgeport, Conn., July 25, 1913.]

The Gettysburg celebration was a grand success from every point of view. It is estimated that more than fifty thousand veterans were in attendance. The United Confederate Veterans were largely represented and took an active part. Your Commander in Chief and Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, spoke from the same platform at the first meeting on the first day, July 1, 1913, and gave the keynote of welcome and patriotism which permeated the whole celebration. The utmost harmony prevailed. The boys in blue and the boys in gray fraternized together as though they had never been engaged in warfare against each other, and parted the best of friends.

The declarations of attachment to the Union and the flag by the speakers and members of both organizations were universal. The walls of prejudice and enmity, if any had existed, were broken down, and each army vied with the other in patriotism and friendliness. The good results of this meeting to our country at large are incalculable, and will be felt more and more as time goes on.

The celebration was made possible by the magnificent liberality of the State of Pennsylvania, which appropriated about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that purpose and to aid its veterans, while the United States government contributed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the services of troops in establishing and maintaining the camp.

The Grand Army, through its efficient committee, of which Past Commander in Chief Ell Torrance was Chairman, aided largely in making the celebration a success. The work of preparing for such a celebration and constructing and carrying on a camp of such magnificent proportions was a Herculean task, and great credit is due the commission acting in behalf of the State of Pennsylvania and the officers of the regular army having the camp in their charge.

While distinctions are invidious, it is but justice to say that the credit for the laborious work of preparing the camp and the entertainment of the veterans is due to the energy, perseverance, and self-sacrificing efforts of Major Normoyle and Major Grove, of the regular army, in immediate charge of that work; while the work of Secretary of the Commission was performed by Col. Lewis E. Beitler, who won the commendation of every one for his activity, energy, and suavity in the discharge of the delicate and many times trying duties of his office. ALFRED B. BEERS, *Commander in Chief*.

Official: HENRY J. SEELEY, *Adjutant General*.

VETERANS OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

The United States Veteran Signal Corps Association, which is to hold a reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn., during the G. A. R. Encampment there, September 15-20, announces that it will be glad to welcome to its meetings any officers or men who were in the Confederate signal service.

Lieut. George Carr Round, of Manassas, Va., a veteran of the war, has been elected President of the Association; and as this election, as well as all other business for the year, was transacted during the meeting at Gettysburg, the reunion of signal service men at Chattanooga will be largely social and personal in its nature, and may be devoted to friendly discussions and reminiscences, in which no doubt the "wig-waggers" in gray will be just as expert as those in blue.

Lieutenant Round asks that all signal service veterans of both armies who read this notice send their names and records

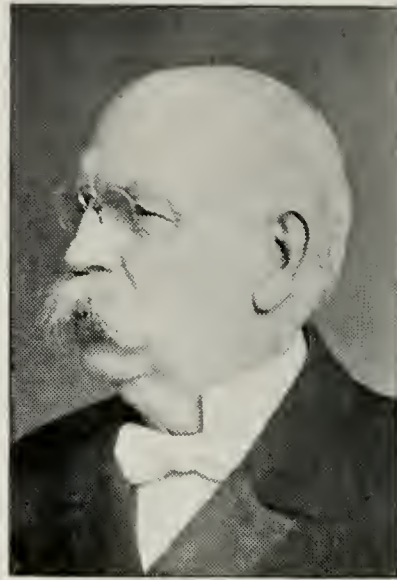
of service to him at Manassas, Va., and state, if possible, whether able to attend the Chattanooga Encampment or not.

President Round corrects an error as to the place from which General Sherman sent the message, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," explaining that Sherman was on Kennesaw Mountain and General Corse at Allatoona. That Sherman flag President Round hopes to have at Chattanooga.

[The VETERAN inquires, Was this message sent after the fall of Atlanta, when Hood's army was en route to Tennessee? and did Sherman follow Hood that far north?]

CHAPLAIN IN CHIEF, G. A. R.

Rev. George E. Lovejoy, Chaplain in Chief of the G. A. R., is of sturdy New England stock, on his paternal side being



REV. GEORGE E. LOVEJOY.

connected with the distinguished Edwards line, and on his mother's side he was related to several who were identified with the earlier foreign missionary movements. His early studies were in the schools of his native town, but subsequently continued at Hartford, Amherst, and Fall River.

In August, 1862, Comrade Lovejoy, with several school-mates, enlisted as a private soldier to recruit Company H, 22d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers; and he served active-

ly in the Army of the Potomac with the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, participating in the battles of Antietam, Shepardstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Poplar Grove Church, and Petersburg. He reenlisted early in 1864, and served in the 32d Massachusetts Regiment until the close of the war.

After returning home Chaplain Lovejoy took up his residence in Lowell, Mass., where, in 1868, he was chosen General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He began his career in the ministry in 1873, first as pastor of the Congregational Church at Candia, N. H. After five years there, his pastorates have been at Bedford, Franklin, and Stoneham, Mass., Minneapolis, Minn., and Pittsfield, N. H. From the latter field of labor he went to the South Congregational Church, Lawrence, Mass., about ten years ago, where he has enjoyed a successful ministry, over one hundred and fifty-five being added to the Church and a mortgage debt of eight thousand dollars being liquidated. Mr. Lovejoy was married to Miss Mary L. Sinclair, who has shared in his ministry and proved a worthy helpmeet in all his pastoral duties. For nearly twenty-five years he has been identified with the Grand Army of the Republic, and for eight years has been Chaplain of General Lawton Post, 146, G. A. R., of Lawrence, Mass. For two years (1908-10) he was Chaplain of the Department of Massachusetts, and at the annual encampment at Los Angeles, Cal., last April he was elected to the position of National Chaplain in Chief.

HONOR TO COL. JOHN P. NICHOLSON.

HE CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF THE GETTYSBURG GATHERING.

BY E. B. COPE, ENGINEER, GETTYSBURG.

On Tuesday, September 8, 1908, Colonel Nicholson invited, by the following card, about thirty of the influential citizens of Gettysburg to meet him at the Eagle Hotel:

"Colonel Nicholson presents his compliments and requests the pleasure of meeting you at the Eagle Hotel, Gettysburg, Tuesday, September 8, at 8 o'clock P.M."

Twenty-eight of the thirty invited attended. The Colonel stated that he called them together for the purpose of laying before them the question of celebrating at Gettysburg the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, and he outlined a plan that was in his mind, as follows:



COL. JOHN P. NICHOLSON.

"For the individuals of the assembly to consider well the proposition and then at a proper time call a meeting of all the town and community, to have this published widely and by ringing the courthouse bell, etc.; at this meeting to appoint a committee to call upon Governor Stuart on the subject and urge him to lay the matter before the Legislature of Pennsylvania."

That the United States Congress would take hold of the matter, and that all the States would join in the demonstration, there was little doubt. The question was then taken up by the company assembled, and it was decided that a meeting be held in the library of the courthouse on Friday evening, September 11, to further consider the matter and appoint a committee to carry out the object proposed.

Friday, September 25, a town meeting was called at the courthouse to consider the fiftieth anniversary of the battle.

A committee constituted as follows was appointed at a subsequent meeting: Dr. Singmaster, Chairman; Judge Swope, Donald McPherson, William T. Ziegler, David Wolf, and Theodore McAllister.

[The VETERAN is gratified by the opportunity to supply this omission from the August issue. Colonel Nicholson has for years been so considerate in keeping the VETERAN advised, as well as being a paying patron, that record to his honor is made with sincere pleasure. John Page Nicholson was born in Philadelphia, Pa., July 4, 1842. He enlisted in the 28th Pennsylvania Regiment in July, 1861. From the position of commissary sergeant he was advanced through meritorious service and gallantry to captain, major, and then lieutenant colonel of his regiment. He performed much active service as a soldier and officer. Since the war Colonel Nicholson has been active in historical work. He compiled and edited "Pennsylvania at Gettysburg," in two volumes. His service on the Gettysburg Commission has been so liberal toward the Confederates that "Who's Who in America" was consulted to see if he were not the Confederate of the Commission.]

COMMENT ON THE VETERAN—ITS GETTYSBURG REPORT.—Dr. R. W. Douthat, of Morgantown, W. Va., so well known as the "Gettysburg lecturer," makes some kindly comment on the VETERAN for August, saying: "The August number of the VETERAN is so full of good things that we can only wish that fifty thousand instead of twenty thousand subscribers had the privilege of reading its illuminating pages. Of course one hundred thousand will read this issue, for children and grandchildren will pore over its articles; but if our people only knew how valuable the VETERAN is and has been in securing the facts of history and in maintaining the principles for which the South contended, you would have at least fifty thousand subscribers and no less than a quarter of a million readers."



LIEUT. COL. LEWIS E. REITLER IN HIS HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG, WITH PROMINENT CONFEDERATE VETERANS SEATED.

"A DENVER MAN AT CHATTANOOGA REUNION."

[By error in make-up the following was omitted from its place at conclusion of article under above title. See page 444.]

Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Florida, and the Carolinas were all represented in the long line that filed past the stands. The Mississippi troops were clad in the homespun gray of war days, with yellow collars, cuffs, and trimmings. The Tarheels from North Carolina were also much in evidence. The Louisiana troops were headed by a span of magnificent gray horses driven by a black-skinned Hercules clad in pure white. Sitting in an old-fashioned, cut-under carriage—old-fashioned but beautifully appointed—were an old gentleman and lady, as genuine as pure gold, typical of the old plantation days in Louisiana. The dignity and carriage of that old couple were splendid.

One thing noticeable was that whenever a troop came up carrying a new flag of the Stars and Bars, no matter how gorgeous its silken folds, little attention was paid to it by the crowds; but when one of the old war-worn battle flags floated past, they cheered it to the echo. This was only one of the thousand evidences that were on every hand that these reunions of the Southern army and their sons and daughters are carried on in a spirit of love and affection for those who made the sacrifice. It is the old things they value as a memory of the thing they fought for and suffered for. It is a feeling of pure love of home which in no way dims or makes less their loyalty to the flag and love of country.

After the rank and file of the troops had passed, there came in sight the tragedy of war. Automobiles, auto trucks, carriages, and vehicles of almost every kind, loaded to congestion with old, battle-scarred, maimed, and wounded soldiers who, carrying their scars for fifty years, bent with age, too weak and feeble to walk, yet rich in the love of their fellow citizens, had come to the reunion. Too poor in this world's goods to pay their own expenses, they were taken care of in tents furnished by the United States government, with funds raised by Confederate Sons and Daughters.

No one of these old men was too poor or too lowly to be denied the word of cheer or the loving-kindness of the faithful who were there to do them honor. Sometimes as the columns filed by a marching veteran would falter by the way, instantly from the crowd there would step one, usually some fair young daughter of the South, who, willingly giving the strength of her firm young hand to the drooping arm, would march with him until a rest station was reached.

A Northern man, seeing such sights as these and realizing that these old men are going down to their graves commanding the affectionate regard of the younger generation, almost thinks that the lack of pensions for these old soldiers has proved in the end a blessing in disguise.

Socially, the Daughters of the Confederacy is a powerful organization. In nearly every State of the South it has raised the funds which helped to build the homes for the old soldiers, and to-day all through the South it is a moral force and social power unequalled by any organization known to the writer.

After the parade had broken, thousands of those old veterans, with their wives and daughters, took trolley cars, automobiles, and steam cars out to the great battle field of Chickamanga to spend the afternoon in the labor of love, decorating with impartial hand and spirit the graves of those who wore the blue as well as of those who wore the gray.

SERVICES AMONG CONFEDERATE COMRADES.

W. C. BOZE, CARTHAGE, TENN.

I have been a reader of the *VETERAN* for many years, and I have often gained consolation from the many interesting articles. I heard an old comrade soldier preach to veterans at Dixon Springs recently, and I became so greatly enthused that I talked some myself. At the conclusion of the service a lady approached me with extended hand, and I was delighted to recognize the widow of Lieut. Col. John K. Howard, who was mortally wounded at Gaines's Mill. I helped to bear him to the field hospital, which was in a church. We placed this beloved old hero in that church. He was removed the next day to Richmond, and a few days later he crossed to the other side of life. His young, refined, and intelligent widow has been faithful and has cherished his memory nearly fifty years.

In my talk to those old Confederate heroes I said: "Boys, if any of you are living on the dark side of life, be sure you change to the bright side. I want us all to meet where we shall have perpetual happiness. I don't want one of you lost." I would gladly minister to one of our foes if I should find him in distress; but those boys who went on and on, naked, half-starved, barefooted, marching through sleet, ice, snow, mud, and rain, to fight for our rights—I love them a little more than I do those who were well fed, well clothed, and well shod. All these years I have wanted to know what denomination worshiped at that church and if it is still standing.

DIXIE CALENDAR.

The Dixie Calendar, with its annual collection of gems from Southern prose and poetry, is a very delightful contribution to our daily thought and pleasure.

This Calendar for 1913 shows many improvements in style and make-up over its old form, and has besides more than three hundred new selections from the best writers of the South. It presents daily quotations, illustrative of Southern history, humor, folklore, and literature. It is printed in two colors throughout, with a number of anniversary dates, each sheet embracing one week of quotations. The cover design is particularly handsome, and represents, in three colors, a typical historical home of the South.

The Calendar sells everywhere for \$1; but on account of a special arrangement with the publishers, subscribers to the *VETERAN*, by sending their names, together with ten cents, to the Page Publishing Association, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md., may have this very charming Calendar for that small sum as long as the present edition lasts.

H. D. Winship, who was a captain in the 33d Illinois Infantry, writes from Sunrise, Wyo.: "I have been reading the *VETERAN* through the kindness of a U. S. C. V., and, finding much of interest in it, I wish to get it direct. I wish to get the point of view of both sides. I served in the West until 1864, and in the East until the end of the war. I desire to hear from any Confederate who was in the 1st Mississippi Cavalry on outpost duty near Old Town Landing and Helena, Ark., in the fall of 1862. We had a number of scraps with them, and yet we were quite "chummy."

"Threescore Years Young," in the August *VETERAN*, was an unintended heading. It was intended to be "Threescore Years, yet Young." The *VETERAN* avoids formality of expression, and it never intentionally quotes an author in saying so many 'years young.'"

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F. M. Marrs, Stephenville, Tex., inquires concerning the address of Collin J. Johnson, who volunteered in the 22d Virginia and was in detached service, Company E, 3d Regiment Engineering Troops. He was a blacksmith.

Dr. W. H. Winn, of Corsicana, Tex., who served in Company C, 50th Tennessee Regiment, would like to hear from any surviving comrades who can help him establish his record as a Confederate soldier, that he may secure a pension, of which he is in need.

Mrs. Thomas F. Faw, of Johnson City, Tenn., is interested in securing the war record of the late Capt. E. Graham McClure, whose home was near Jonesboro, Tenn., and she asks that surviving comrades will kindly write her as to his company and regiment. This inquiry is made in the interest of his wife, who is now aged and of limited means.

INQUIRY FROM NEW ZEALAND.—My brother, Robert D. Fyffe, was a member of one of the bodies of Mississippi Rangers at the siege of Vicksburg. I was a youth when he served. I should like to have some information in regard to him, whether he be living or dead; and if dead, where he died and when. A. C. Fyffe, 87 Hill Street, Wellington, New Zealand.

A. J. Partin, of Dyersburg, Tenn., has applied for a pension, and wishes to hear from any old comrades who can help him establish his war record. He served in Company A, 3d Georgia Cavalry, of which A. J. Beardon was captain and Norton, Sam Lumpkin, and Henderson were lieutenants. The last roll call of the company was in December, 1864, when they were on their way to North Carolina.

Josiah T. Reagan, Route 1, Van Alstyne, Tex., wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of Company E, Capt. John Beck commanding, of the 4th Georgia Battalion. He was mustered into service at Dalton, Ga., in October, 1861, went through the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond, and was wounded the last day at Malvern Hill. He was sent home to Georgia and was later captured and sent to a Northern prison. He is now old and in need of a pension, and will appreciate hearing from comrades who can help him prove his record.

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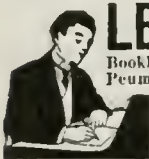
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J. W. Riley, Box 145, Paul's Valley, Okla., would like to hear from any surviving members of Company D, 30th Alabama Regiment, with which he served. John C. Adams was his captain, and the command was of Holtzclaw's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

Inquiry is made by Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., for any surviving comrades of S. M. A. Smith, of Company F, 60th Alabama Regiment. He was known in the company as "Bednigo" Smith. Comrade Smith is trying to get a pension and needs proof of service.

Mrs. J. G. Gaither, of Gatesville, Tex., seeks information concerning the service of her husband, James G. Gaither, who enlisted in the Confederate army from Fayette County, Tenn., served about six months in actual service, and was detailed to shoe horses. Any information will be highly appreciated.

Mrs. F. A. Naylor, 1017 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Cal., is seeking to establish her husband's war record. Edwin W. Naylor is thought to have first served as a private in Company I, 10th Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry (Johnson's), and that he was afterwards transferred to a company under Forrest. Any information from surviving comrades will be appreciated.

Mrs. Martin Holbrook, 68 Tuttle Avenue, Mobile, Ala., wishes to establish the war record of her father, Thomas McGeoy, who was in the Commissary Department and stationed at Nashville. After Memphis was taken, he was stationed there and drilled with the Confederate soldiers. His uncle, Tom Brown, who enlisted at Memphis, either in the Light Guards or Volunteers, is thought to have been in Col. Luke Finlay's command.

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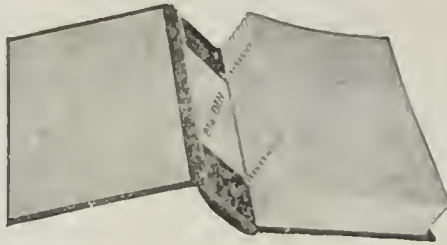
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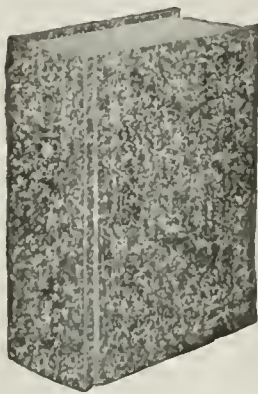
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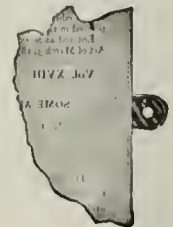
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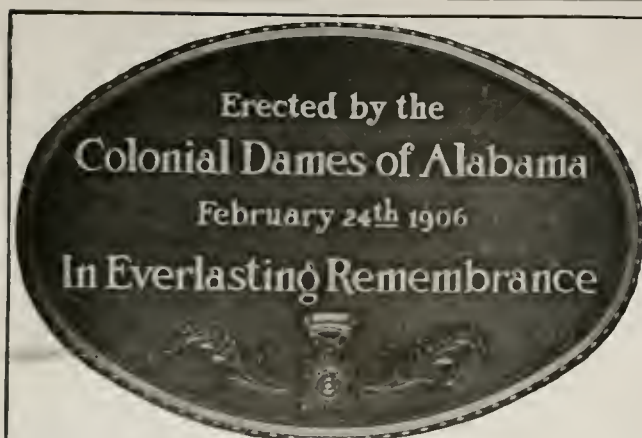
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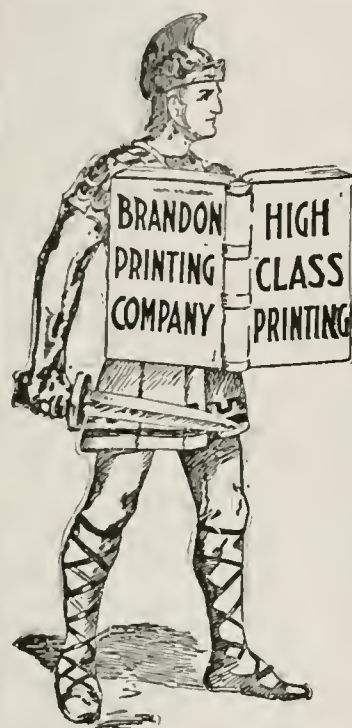
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VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 10.

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LEGAL NOTICE ABOUT THE VETERAN.

In compliance with the law requiring it (Act of August 24, 1912) the VETERAN announces the status of this publication: CONFEDERATE VETERAN—S. A. Cunningham, editor and proprietor. It is personal property. It has no outstanding bonds or mortgages. The average number of copies for six months preceding this notice is about 21,500. Affirmation of the foregoing is made before a notary public.

The VETERAN is ever ready to show its circulation list. Advertisers who seek the patronage of the Southern people are commended to an investigation of its merits.

SITE FOR SHILOH MONUMENT SELECTED.

The Central Committee of the Shiloh Monument Committee (composed of Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Kentucky, Treasurer; Mrs. W. L. Kline, Missouri, Chairman of Design Committee; Mrs. L. C. Hall, Arkansas, Secretary; Mrs. John K. Outley, Georgia; and Mrs. Jennie G. Henderson, Mississippi) went to Corinth, Miss., on September 11 and from there motored to Shiloh National Military Park to select the site for the handsome monument to be erected there by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

While in Corinth they were guests of the Corinth Chapter, many members accompanying them to Shiloh; and the automobile ride was a courtesy of the Business Men's Club of Corinth, in charge of Mr. Clopton Thomas. The twenty mile ride over the magnificent new road from Corinth to the park was most enjoyable.

While at the park courtesies were extended by Major Reed and others, and they were joined there by members of the Shiloh Chapter of Savannah, Tenn. The committee rode over the park generally and considered the most prominent places within the Confederate lines. One is near the old Shiloh church, where Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston died, and the intersection of the two highways, Corinth to Pittsburg Landing and Hamburg to Savannah. After careful consideration they decided unanimously on a triangle formed by the intersection of these two important roads, the most prominent point in the park, in a small amphitheater circled by trees, the monument to face the way the Confederates were advancing toward the Tennessee River.

Sculptors are working on designs and models, and the work for this important monument will be pushed from now on to its completion.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF U. D. C.

Great preparations are being made for the coming Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to be held in New Orleans, La., November 12-15, inclusive.

For the second time in its history New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C., has had the honor of being the medium of bringing the General Convention of the U. D. C. to this city. In 1901 Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, then State President, extended an invitation on behalf of New Orleans Chapter, and this noble body of women, numbering then scarcely half of the host now to be represented here, met in New Orleans in November, 1902.

Most liberal rates have been accorded by the railroads. One may start for New Orleans on November 8 and remain until December 6—four weeks in which to participate in the Convention and in the pleasures and occasions of interest in the great old city. The French Opera will open its season on November 13. The Confederate and State Museums, the latter in the old Cabildo, have extended cordial invitations to the delegates and other visitors. Many delightful entertainments have been planned. The Beauregard Monument Association will lay the corner stone of the monument to General Beauregard, for which a site has been selected on the border of beautiful City Park, in front of the Country Club House and on the banks of Bayou St. John, a short distance from the Soldiers' Home of Louisiana. In connection with this an automobile ride through the city has been arranged for, and a boat ride on the Mississippi to view its wonderful harbor, where vessels of the deepest draft can float into the dock.

The program so far arranged consists of the preliminary ceremonies held in the assembly hall of the Grinewald Hotel (headquarters), Tuesday evening at 8:30, when a welcome will be extended and an interesting address will be made by the President General, Mrs. A. B. White. On Wednesday the business meeting of the Convention will open at 9:30 A.M. in the same hall. A business session will be held in the afternoon, and at night a reception will be given by the New Orleans Chapter to its guests. Business sessions will be held Thursday and Friday, with the historical evening and outing, including the laying of the corner stone of the Beauregard monument. Saturday will be devoted to business. Several teas and other entertainments are being projected to take place during the Convention.

Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, President of the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., 3206 St. Charles Avenue, is Chairman of the Convention Committee.

REFUSAL OF FORREST CAMP IN G. A. R. PARADE

An unfortunate sensation occurred by the refusal to allow the N. B. Forrest Camp in the parade at the G. A. R. Encampment at Chattanooga. It is evident that the sentiment of that organization was misconstrued, which caused regret. The invitation, it seems, came from some impulsive Ohio veterans, and the Forrest Camp, U. C. V., deserve commendation for their liberality of spirit, but they should have investigated the authority of their generous-hearted friends to invite them. Commander in Chief Judge Beers simply conformed to the rule established some years ago, when the G. A. R. rarely did anything that was commendable.

The dates of the Richmond Reunion in 1896 were changed in conformity with a plan that, after adjournment there, all the Confederates who could do so would go to New York and parade on Broadway in conjunction with the Grand Army of the Republic. Gen. J. B. Gordon and his associates in authority cordially agreed to such a plan, but it failed. Commander Warnock, of the G. A. R., declined, saying that veterans of the Union army should not march with the Rebels. It was explained to him that they would not bear arms, and he replied that the G. A. R.'s would not march in line with men who wore gray uniforms. The exact wording is not recalled, but the foregoing was in substance his language.

More than seven years ago Hon. Washington Gardner, Secretary of State of Michigan, and who has served in Congress much of the time since then, when writing of his desire to see a report of the Richmond Reunion, stated: "I wonder if the time will not come when somewhere on the borderland we may have a joint reunion of the survivors of the two great armies which would result in pleasure and profit to all concerned."

BRECKINRIDGE'S DIVISION OF LOUISIANIANS

[From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

In the effort to have Louisiana worthily represented in the Vicksburg Military Park by a minor monument preparatory to the great monument which it is hoped soon will be built, Capt. W. T. Rigby, the superintendent of the park, has requested W. O. Hart, Past Commandant of Camp Beauregard, No. 130, S. C. V., who some time ago erected a small monument in the park to the memory of his father, the late Capt. Toby Hart (being the first monument ever erected in the park by a private individual), to see if he could interest some Louisiana soldiers and their descendants in a monument to Breckinridge's Division, which contained the well-known Louisiana commands, the 5th Company, Washington Artillery, and Fenner's Battery, and, of course, many others. Captain Rigby estimates that the monument, with a bronze tablet and granite pedestal, may be built for as little as \$480, though it would be better if a higher estimate, \$723, were accepted. The government will place the monument and take care of it if the cost of providing it is raised. The other Louisiana commands in the division were those commanded by Brig. Gen. D. W. Adams, Col. Augustus Reichard, Col. D. Goher, Col. Wesley P. Winans, Col. J. E. Austin, Lieut. Col. W. F. Pennington, Col. S. E. Hunter, Lieut. Col. Thomas Shields, Col. T. M. Scott, Capt. A. Bonanchand, Lieut. Col. J. McEnery, Lieut. Col. Nat. M. Martin, Capt. Junius V. Webb, and Capt. Edward Durrive, Jr.

It is Captain Rigby's idea that the bronze tablet, giving the names of all the commands, should be 36x72 inches, with a 2-

inch border, and that the entire monument should be ten feet high by nine feet wide at the base and six and a half feet in width at the top.

Mr. Hart hopes that all who see this will communicate it to those interested in the matter, that the necessary amount of money may be raised to erect the monument.

Work is going ahead rapidly in the erection of the Missouri State memorial in the north end of National Park. The material is nearly all at hand, and Contractor Hunt is having the stone placed as rapidly as possible. The Missouri dedication may take place some time in the early spring. New York may also dedicate its State memorial in the park some time next year.

GETTYSBURG IN PEACE AND WAR.

A pamphlet recently published in anticipation of the wide-spread interest in the fiftieth anniversary of the greatest battle of our great war gives a vivid little picture of the peaceful, hill-set village which was the unwitting scene of one of the world's mightiest conflicts. The article quoted follows:

"It was a strange decree of fate which settled upon Gettysburg, a peaceful, quiet country village, as the scene of one of the world's most desperately fought battles and the most momentous of the struggle between the North and the South. Nestling on the gentle slopes of the placid Blue Ridge, at the base of South Mountain, between the ridges of Cemetery Hill on the southwest and Seminary Ridge on the west, it is surrounded by a cluster of low hills, forming the background of a broad expanse of rich valleys in a high state of cultivation. Its exact geographical position is about seven miles north of the State line dividing Maryland and Pennsylvania.

"The site of Gettysburg was originally located by thrifty German colonists in 1779 (just three years following the Declaration of American Independence). The town was founded by James Getty in 1780, became the county seat of Adams County in 1800, and was incorporated in 1807. It started with a handful of residents in a few scattered cottages and shacks, but grew until at the time of the outbreak of the war (1861) it boasted about twelve hundred inhabitants and about fifteen hundred at the time the famous battle was fought. Many clearly visible marks of the struggle still remain. An old fence, carefully preserved, shows hundreds of bullet holes, where riflemen took pot shots at each other. The side of a historic house displays a big solid cannon ball still sticking in the brickwork just where it landed from a Confederate gun."

[The sentiment in regard to the Gettysburg gathering of 1913 grows with meditation and review. It was very unlike a G. A. R. Encampment. The rank and file asserted themselves as the men of that side had never before, and lasting pleasure will remain with those who were present from the South.]

PROSPECTIVE POSTMASTER FOR NASHVILLE.

United States Senator Luke Lea, of Nashville, has indicated his selection of Mr. Eugene S. Shannon for Postmaster to succeed Maj. A. W. Wills, who has held the position most capably for many years. Senator Lea made public the statement that there had been no applicants for the position except the incumbent and another attaché of the post office. Mr. Shannon is of Confederate stock, and his wife is a granddaughter of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, who was a prominent officer in the Mexican War and later in the Confederate army.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

Martin Hughes, of North English, Ia., who served in the 28th Iowa Regiment, had two brothers, John and Thomas Hughes, in the 5th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. Their father, John Hughes, died in Palmyra, Tenn., in 1858. Martin Hughes is anxious to learn of his brothers. He can't tell much about them. A son of Barney Laffy, of New Orleans, served with them.

E. T. Thompson, of Riverton, La., seeks some one of his comrades who can testify to his service, as he is in need of a pension. He enlisted in the Confederate army from Bloomfield, Mo., in Company E (Captain Pritchard), under Colonel Jeffries. He was paroled at Shreveport, La. Lieutenant Walker, First Lieutenant Smith, H. Hancock, and Dr. J. McDowell were of that company.

Inquiry is made concerning Capt. T. C. Wrenshall, who lived in Baltimore years ago. Information will be appreciated by Maj. W. F. Foster, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Anna E. Kruger, of 530 West Fortieth Street, Kansas City, Mo., seeks information about her brother, J. W. Marten, who enlisted in the Confederate army and was reported killed in Vicksburg. He was born in Prussia, Germany, in 1841. His parents came to Galveston, Tex., when he was four years old. He enlisted early in the war. This only sister, Mrs. Kruger, is the last member of the family, and she would be gratified to know definitely of his fate. The last information is that he was killed at Vicksburg, but that a little while previous he was ill at a farmhouse near that city.

ASKS INFORMATION ABOUT GENERAL DESHLER.—E. A. Weaver, of Germantown, Pa., writes: "In the June (1913) issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, page 28, under the heading 'General Officers of the Confederate Army—Those Killed in Battle,' is the name 'Deshler, James, Alabama, Brig. Gen., at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.' If you can conveniently do so, will you kindly give me in the columns of your paper some biographical information concerning General Deshler? I believe he originally settled in this old town, where there is still standing a handsome mansion known as the Deshler House, for many years occupied by the Morris family, and which during Washington's second administration was for a time occupied by him during the epidemic of yellow fever in the city of Philadelphia. Any information you can give will be greatly appreciated."

WANTS TO HEAR FROM OLD COMRADES.—N. L. Ackerman, of Choctaw County, Miss., writes: "I want to hear from some of my old regiment. I was born in Bibb County, Ala.; and enlisted in September, 1861, at Centerville, joining Company D (Capt. N. H. Pratt), 20th Alabama Infantry. There were one hundred and ten men in the company, but I know of only four or five now living. I was captured at Port Gibson in May, 1863, and taken to prison at Alton. My command was in the siege of Vicksburg. I was exchanged in time for Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and the fighting around Atlanta."

ERROR AS TO REGIMENT CORRECTED.

J. N. Gilmer, Commander Camp John B. Gordon, U. C. V., Seattle, Wash., writes to correct an error. He says: "Referring to the announcement of the death of Comrade A. K. Shay, you quote me as having been the adjutant of the 15th Alabama Regiment, when you should have stated the 60th Alabama Regiment. This regiment was formed by the con-

solidation of the 1st and 3d Infantry Battalions of Hilliard's Alabama Legion, of which I was adjutant general. Shortly before their consolidation, during the Chickamauga Campaign, I was assigned to the staff of General Gracie as brigade inspector, afterwards to the 60th Alabama as adjutant, and served as such to the close of the war. The first year of the war I was first lieutenant of Company F, 3d Regiment, Alabama Volunteers. At the reorganization in 1862 I withdrew to accept a position with the Hilliard Legion."

The Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., the Governor of Kentucky, and other distinguished Kentuckians, together with the Editor of the VETERAN, spent Sunday, June 30, in Harrisburg, Pa., when en route to Gettysburg. The conditions were so unusually pleasant that some investigation and meditation have been given the event. Most of the party attended church, and we had hardly emerged from the building before cameras were turned upon us for the Patriot. It illustrated the spirit in Pennsylvania at that time.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.—The M. G. Field Minstrels is the oldest traveling theatrical organization and the oldest minstrel show in the world. It has toured continuously, save during summer vacations, since the date of its organization, July 4, 1886, and has not lost a season since its opening. It has never changed name, ownership, or management; and it is understood that Mr. Field has made all arrangements that the company may be perpetuated after he chooses to discontinue at its head.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM AUGUST 12 TO SEPTEMBER 24, 1913.

Arkansas: Mary Graham Chapter, C. of C., Camden, \$2; C. A. Royston Chapter, Fulton, \$1; Anne Spencer Semmes Chapter, Wilson, \$5.

Kentucky: Tandy Pryor Chapter, Carrollton, \$2; Alex Poston Chapter, Cadiz, \$2; E. M. Bruce Chapter, Covington, \$10; J. Q. Chenoweth Chapter, Harrodsburg, \$5; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, \$14; Earlington Chapter, Earlington, \$15.

Mississippi: Vaiden Chapter, \$2.50.

Oklahoma: Clement A. Evans Chapter, Tulsa, \$5.

Tennessee: Neely Chapter (post cards), Bolivar, \$4.50; Shiloh Auxiliary, Whiteville, \$5; Old Hickory Chapter, Dickson, \$5; Miss Sue White (personal), Jackson, \$5; Mrs. Terry M. Allen (personal), \$10.

Texas: Dick Dowling Chapter, Beaumont, \$10.

Virginia: Chesterfield Chapter, Richmond, \$10; Elliott G. Fishburne Chapter, Waynesboro, \$5; Carolina Chapter, Croxton, \$5; Dixie Chapter, Jenkins Bridge, \$3; Isle of Wight Chapter, Smithfield, \$10; McComas Chapter, Pearisburg, \$5; Nottoway Chapter, Crewe, \$5; Radford Chapter, \$20; Stonewall Chapter, Portsmouth, 25; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Falls Church, \$5; William R. Terry Chapter, Bedford City, \$2; Virginia Division (Washington pledge), \$50.

Interest, \$10.44.

Total collections, \$22,767.73, less expenses, \$26.55.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$22,741.18.

[The acceptance of the design for the Shiloh monument is a grave responsibility, but the committee should not forget the discussion in San Francisco. When the U. D. C. undertook it, it indicated giving greatest prominence to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.]

WASHINGTON GARDNER, COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

The Grand Army of the Republic at the Chattanooga Encampment did well in choosing Hon. Washington Gardner, of Michigan, for its Commander in Chief.

Mr. Gardner was a private, a boy soldier in the war, and was shot in the knee at Resaca, Ga. He has since risen to much literary, social, and political prominence. He was very popular as a lecturer, as a professor in the Albion College, a beloved minister, a politician so prominent that as a candidate for Secretary of State his plurality was 108,000, the largest ever given any man in Michigan at that time.

It is good proof of Mr. Gardner's patriotism and liberty of sentiment that he has been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* throughout its history, and has been more diligent than any Southerner to have it reach him promptly in changing his residence to Washington during his years of service in Congress and back home again.

In October, 1893, Washington Gardner, A. S. Colyar, and the Editor of the *VETERAN* were guests of Dr. Fred Dunn to Belle Mead, and *en route* Mr. Colyar entertained the party with an account of the Hampton Roads Conference. Later Mr. Colyar wrote of it for the November (1893) *VETERAN*.

Mr. Colyar's comment upon the Hampton Roads Conference caused criticism and brought forth from Mr. Gardner the statement that, while he did not desire to be a party to any controversy, Mr. Colyar's remarks could have given no offense, for he said: "Mr. Davis was thoroughly honest and sincere. He had become so imbued with the history of Washington and his struggling compatriots and so accustomed to seeing analogies in the Confederate situation that he believed Providence would in some way bring relief, and that the Confederacy would succeed in its efforts to establish a permanent government."

In the December issue following Mr. Gardner wrote in behalf of General Hood, stating that he was somewhat surprised and pained during his recent trip South to note the disposition of Confederates to criticize General Hood. He admitted that Hood made mistakes, but claimed that he possessed some of the best qualities that belong to great military commanders. He sympathized with General Hood in the criticisms concerning the battle of Franklin, and added: "My admiration for the splendid valor exhibited by his heroic legions is not diminished, and to-day the survivors would fight as desperately for the Stars and Stripes as they did on that day, November 30, 1864, for the Stars and Bars."

The *VETERAN* for January, 1895 (page 17), said of Mr. Gardner: "Months ago publication was made in the *VETERAN* of the exceedingly kind thought on the part of a Union veteran of Michigan, Hon. Washington Gardner, in sending a cordial invitation to attend their last Grand Army reunion. He had previously written the Commander, suggesting the propriety, and quoted his cordial words. Mr. Gardner extended most generous hospitality in his invitation, stating that he wanted the Editor of the *VETERAN* to be his guest at Owasso (a place on the Encampment) as well as at his home in Albion, and concluding: 'I want my wife and boys to know a genuine Confederate soldier.'"

Mr. Gardner was an ardent friend of Gen. J. B. Gordon in his patriotic sentiments, as shown on the lecture platform, whom he mentioned as "scarred by the storms of time as well as by the bullets of battle." This will appear later.

Ten years ago Mr. Gardner, speaking in Congress, said: "I predict that the day will come when the National Homes will

be open and a welcome extended to the aged and dependent survivors from both sides in the great conflict." Farther on in his address Mr. Gardner deplored the excessive inroad upon the pension fund of Spanish-American War soldiers, and he was interrupted by Mr. Mann to know if he meant to criticize those soldiers, when he said: "I had two sons in the Spanish-American War. One of them came home showing clearly the marks of the service upon him. Those boys had not been home ten days before they were receiving blanks from pension agents to make out applications for pensions. In these particular cases the letters went into the wastebasket. My sons laughingly speak of themselves as 'tin soldiers,' and ridicule the idea of being pensioners upon the government for what they did. True, it was no fault of theirs. They sought to discharge every duty imposed. I am a pensioner.



HON. WASHINGTON GARDNER.

There is not a wakeful hour of my life, day or night, that I do not suffer from wounds received in battle."

After stating that the Federal army fought more and harder battles and endured greater privations than any army ever marshaled on this continent, save only the army that faced it in conflict, Mr. Gardner said: "When it comes to that, I bow to the Confederate soldier, who, considering the almost worthless money with which he was paid, the meager clothing and camp equipment with which he was supplied, and the scant rations upon which he was fed, gave the sublimest exhibition of devotion to a cause which he believed to be right that this country ever saw."

Mr. Gardner has taken an active part in the advocacy of marking the battle fields of Franklin, Murfreesboro, and Nashville. The *VETERAN* for January, 1910, pages 282 and 283, contains an address from him on the subject before the Committee on Military Affairs. The *VETERAN* is gratified that the Union soldiers have as their Commander in Chief such a man.

BOOKLET ABOUT RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

Preparations are being made to publish a booklet for Christmas giving the history of the Richard Owen Memorial. The work is complete, and every item of expense has been paid for by the owner of the *VETERAN*, who has advanced several hundred dollars more than he has received. The memorial is elegant and is as worthy as any in America.

The booklet is to contain the names and amounts given by all contributors, and will be sent to each. Now to those who approve and can afford to do so request is made that such contributions be made or be reported promptly so they may be entered in the booklet to be sent free to every contributor.

This booklet may contain the story of Sam Davis as well.



These two achievements are the best the Editor aspires ever to make. Remember it will be free to contributors. The booklet will contain the thousands of names of Camp Morton prisoners and those who died there and whose names were preserved in bronze by the United States government. This list was generously furnished by the State of Indiana, and the publication involves much expense; but it is an important conclusion and should be done.

Coöperation in this unprecedented enterprise is commended to every liberal-minded patriot. We ought to coöperate as brethren, and the fact should be remembered that the *VETERAN* and what it achieves are the work of one humble comrade who has never had one dollar to aid him except in the regular line of business as a publisher.

M. L. Johnson, of Melrose, N. Mex., sends a contribution to the Richard Owen Memorial as a tribute for the kindness shown to Confederate prisoners, of whom he was one.

Abraham Lincoln once asked General Scott the question: "Why is it that you were once able to take the City of Mexico in three months with five thousand men, and we have been unable to take Richmond with one hundred thousand men?"

"I will tell you," said General Scott. "The men who took us into the City of Mexico then are the same men who are keeping us out of Richmond now."

AVERAGE COST OF THE *VETERAN* \$1,000 AN ISSUE.

Friends of the *VETERAN* who are careless about renewing may be surprised that its average cost exceeds one thousand dollars for each issue. For every month's delay in renewing the publisher is short so much of the thousand dollars, while every expense is cash or its equivalent. No patron should let the date get behind without a written explanation; then the severe loss by those who have died and whose families ignore the obligation would be relieved. The patron who will not write if unable to pay dues does both himself and the publisher an injustice.

The *VETERAN* made a mistake in extending credit, but there are thousands who appreciated the favor, many of whom are dead. No more sacred obligation exists on the part of families than to show their appreciation; but a multitude never will, hence it is the more important to those who appreciate the *VETERAN* and its work to enlist others. Sample copies will be sent free to all who request them.

FALSEHOOD ABOUT GENERAL MORGAN'S ESCAPE.

The interview by the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch with a Capt. John B. Gibson in regard to Gen. John H. Morgan and his escape from Camp Chase did not have due consideration before being printed in the *VETERAN*. Captain Gibson's name does not appear in the "War Records," and upon investigation it is found that his report is much at variance with facts.

Capt. R. C. Morgan, of Lexington, Ky., a brother of Gen. John H. Morgan, and who was in prison with him, writes of the Gibson interview:

"Gen. John Morgan had only two sisters who grew to womanhood. The eldest, still living, is the widow of Gen. A. P. Hill; the other, who is dead, was the wife of Gen. B. W. Duke. * * *

"The Mrs. Dorsey alluded to in the Gibson article is the sister of Mr. William Morgan, now ticket agent at Lexington for the C., N. O. & T. P. R. R. She was a sister of Capt. Thomas S. Morgan, who is still living, and who was in the penitentiary with us at Columbus. If there is any family connection, it is remote. Of the other three ladies referred to, with one exception—Miss Mollie Desha—I know nothing, only that they are in no way connected with our family, and none of us ever heard of them until their names were mentioned in the Gibson article. * * * Miss Mollie Desha at the time referred to could not have been more than fourteen years old—rather a young child to have been credited with so important an undertaking!

"As to the statement of Mr. Jesse F. Cochran, of Columbus, Ohio, that his mother was a first cousin of General Morgan, I will say that it must have been some other General Morgan, as I know of no such family connection. * * *

"I am the only living brother of General Morgan, and was with him in the Columbus penitentiary. It was from my cell, No. 2, that he made his escape; and it is an infamous lie that he left that prison by the guards being bribed to release him or in any other way than as stated in Gen. B. W. Duke's 'History of Morgan's Cavalry.' There are two other authentic accounts that have been written of that escape, one by Judge Thomas H. Hines and one by Capt. James Hocker-smith. There are still living some of the officers of General Morgan's command—namely, Col. Cicero Coleman, Chilesburg, Ky., Capt. Andy Berry, of this city, and others. An account of our escape is in the government report at Washington, D. C., made after an official investigation at that time."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE SOUTH AND VETERANS OF BOTH ARMIES.

The Editor of this magazine is considering with profound concern just what the duty of Confederates is in connection with joint reunions and a general movement toward amalgamation with the Union veterans. His convictions have ever been for a most liberal policy toward those American patriots who volunteered to save the Union intact—to prevent the secession of the Southern States. He repeats his assumption as an editor away back in Reconstruction times that the Southern people would willingly have let this class of voters exclusively adjust their unhappy conditions; no greater tribute could have been paid to them. He sincerely believes that, had those patriots known to what the impoverished and prostrate South was being subjected, they would have come again and demanded justice, and that they would have driven away or killed the villains who sought to "put the bottom rail on top"—place the negroes in control and humiliate the South with social equality. It is assumed that they were rejoiced to get to their homes, and that they did not realize how their fellow patriots at the South were being persecuted after they had in good faith accepted the terms of surrender. In mentioning "fellow patriots" it is conceded that the men of both sides were equally patriotic. Nothing more would be conceded to any men under the sun than to make them equal.

However, they did not come; and that which was at least as bad as war has been described to be was continued on and on twice as long as the war period. The Southern people, through that kind of patriotism which they inherited from their fathers—of loyalty to the Union and the Constitution—continued to submit to outrages, working and praying for restoration.

A third of a century has passed since Reconstruction ended, and now those gallant men of the North seek real reconciliation with due respect to their former adversaries. The South hails this condition with gratitude; but it has been so long in coming, and we have suffered so much, having had to overcome oppression by the villains who did us all the harm they could, that such a thing as joyful reconciliation can never occur. We have ever held in sacred regard the flag of the fathers, and yearned for the peace that should have come when we grounded arms; but now a large percentage of our comrades in arms and our Southern mothers have gone to another existence, so that the old-time thrill and enthusiasm can never be revived.

The flag is all right. Fellow Confederates and their progeny will ever remain faithful to the country it represents, but it is useless to imagine that Fourth of July celebrations can ever be repeated in the spirit that existed before the sixties. The outrages perpetrated upon our old men and widows can never be atoned for, and horrid memories can never be eradicated from the Southland. There is so large a foreign element at the North, added to these other changed conditions, that the hopes of the old times are all the more withered.

No Confederate man has more friends at the North, perhaps, than the writer; and he has for years labored unceasingly to have our true conditions made known in that section.

During the last year or so such gratifying progress has been made as should have been attained nearly half a century ago. However, first of all for the living and the dead in his devotion to the Southern people in every sense, he believes that the South is fully justified in its course, and he does not concede that to "a few hot-heads, North and South," or South and North, should the disasters and calamities of war be attributed. The Southerners regarded the Constitution as justifying their course, and could not have surrendered their rights without bringing themselves into contempt as American citizens.

With all respect and good will for the real patriots who espoused the Union cause, Southerners are more and more convinced that they were absolutely right in resenting oppression. They grow stronger in that way, and they get farther and farther from justifying Mr. Lincoln for violating his oath of office for "war's expediency." The feeling is general, however, that his death was the greatest of all calamities in that dark period.

Peace monuments are desired and reconciliation in the fullest sense is prayed for and advocated, but it is best to go slow. That the "flag of our fathers," or the "Stars and Stripes," is preferred to "Old Glory" (named in Nashville by an ardent Union man, two of whose sons were Confederate soldiers), is accepted; but it is not well for our good friends at the North to be persistent in asking the South to gush about it. We inherited equal right to do that. Why, it is not many years since that radical element advocated the compulsory display of the flag on our public schools! Don't misunderstand. The Stars and Stripes is the only flag we want, and we are as loyal to it as any men who ever fought under it. Our truly patriotic friends North know that it is all right with us, and that the Southern people are true to their inheritance.

The foregoing are the views of the Editor of the VETERAN, expressed without counsel. They may repel some good men who were of "our friends the enemy," but it is time for absolute sincerity in the pending issue. No greater mistake is being made to this late date than as to the character and the greatness of Jefferson Davis. He will come to his own eventually, and he can wait. God knows.

Hurrah for the faithful patriots who fought honorably that the Union be preserved and maintained through that awful period, but away to all eternity with the million of beings whose brutality and infamous deeds hastened the death of Southern fathers and their widows and daughters! Hurrah for the faithful negroes who were steadfast in loyalty to those who bought them with honest money and were faithful, with rare exceptions, to the serious moral trust imposed upon the Southern people who inherited their possession!

J. P. SMARTT, HISTORIAN FOR CHATTANOOGA PARK.—CAPT J. P. Smartt, who for many years was the assistant in Confederate work for the Chickamunga Park Commission, has been made its Historian. In making the promotion the order states that "it is done because of long years of efficient service." It is a recognition by the government authorities of the merit with which he has handled that service since being connected with the Park Commission. In outlining positions and placing monuments on the battle field he has done such accurate work that there has not been a dispute over the way in which these places have been designated, and it is due largely to the thorough knowledge of the battle area that Captain Smartt possesses. There has not been a historian of the Commission since the death of Gen. H. V. Boynton.

THE "HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG."

ADDRESS BY ROBERT McCULLOCH TO THE CITY CLUB, ST. LOUIS.

[Readers who may not recall reference to this address would do well to read the editorial from the St. Louis Republic in the September VETERAN, page 424. Colonel McCulloch is President of the St. Louis Railway Company, and refers to "nefarious enterprise" because of press criticisms.]

I come before you to-day notwithstanding my protest of inexperience in the rôle which I assume and my declaration of inability either to amuse, instruct, or entertain you, all of which were placed before your courteous and insistent President; but there would appear small appreciation of his graciousness had I not agreed to comply with his request to say something about Gettysburg, which has recently had such a country-wide staging, and I now express my thanks for the honor done me in permitting me to stand where many of the notables of the world have preceded me. And your toleration is further evidenced by your extension of the privileges of your floor to one who is ordinarily held to be engaged in a nefarious enterprise.



COL. ROBERT McCULLOCH.

One day, away back in the past centuries, a Yankee skipper was sailing his splendid brig-rigged craft up the African coast, attracted by a good harbor on the shores of which there appeared a settlement. He landed, finding a great gathering of natives. He began bartering trinkets, with which he was supplied, for peltry and wares of crude and curious design. His vessel was a curio to the natives. They indicated their desire to inspect it, which desire he gratified; and when he had perhaps a couple of hundred of them in the hold, the hatches were closed down, his anchor was weighed, and he sailed away to Boston. Arriving there, he sold these black people

into slavery to his brother Yankees. He sailed back to Africa and brought many other loads of these same black people and sold them all into slavery.

Later on these shrewd Yankees divined that in the years to come a proclamation would be made by the President of the United States releasing from bondage all these black people, and they proceeded to sell their blacks to their Southern brethren. When the money from these sales was safely invested, they made declaration that it was wrong to hold black people in bondage.

This doctrine of wrong was preached from many pulpits, and its echoes extended to the legislative halls at Washington; and, with this beginning of difference, many grievances, imaginary or real, were added, and the representatives of the North and the representatives of the South quarreled, and they quarreled so bitterly that the people of the North and the people of the South became aligned against each other.

One day South Carolina said she wouldn't stay in the combination any longer. The President of the United States told her to come back, and, by way of emphasis, he called on Virginia and other Southern States each to furnish 75,000 soldiers to help make her do so. Virginia enlisted her 75,000 and more; but she arrayed them on the side of Carolina, and the war was on. Without enumerating the small fights, of which there were hundreds, we come to where McDowell marched his south-going columns across the Potomac and found his progress disputed by Beauregard at Bull Run on July 10, 1861. Beauregard sent to Winchester for Johnston, and on Sunday, July 21, 1861, on the Manassas fields, McDowell's army was completely defeated and routed, a great part of which did not consider itself safe until it was on the north side of the Potomac. At Yorktown and Williamsburg there were successes for the Southern flag, and at Seven Pines also, when, Joe Johnston being wounded, Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Then Lee drove McClellan away from Richmond in the seven days of fighting, and Hooker was defeated at Fredericksburg, and Pope ingloriously routed at Second Manassas; and when all the various commanders of the Northern armies had been foiled by Lee in their attempts to reach Richmond, Lee conceived the idea of camping his army under the shadow of the Capitol at Washington; but he found Meade hindering his march at Gettysburg, and here on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July ensued three days of fierce fighting between two splendid armies. Lee's army was in the best condition it had ever attained. He had 70,000 lean, hearty, strong, and healthy men, trained, hardened, and inured to all the trials, dangers, and hardships of war. They were in perfect discipline and would obey any order that was given without hesitation or question, believing that, because their leaders had set them the task, it was entirely possible.

We had no tents and scant supplies of food and clothing; but we had guns and cartridges, which we kept dry, and we were eager to test our strength. We faced an army just as good in all respects, more numerous, and with unlimited supplies of all the possible requirements of a soldier. There was hard, close fighting on the first day, with great disaster on both sides, the Confederates constantly gaining ground and never receding at any time. The second day's fighting was even more bitter, and the ground was strewn more densely with dead and wounded, the Confederates still gaining and never losing ground.

ABOUT THE CHARGE OF PICKETT'S DIVISION.

And now came the third and last day's fight, the only part in which I participated and the only part of which I have personal knowledge. Pickett's Division had been left at Chambersburg, and made the twenty-eight-mile march on the 2d of July. That night we slept beneath the star-bedecked sky, fully dressed and muskets close at hand. As we lay on the ground we could see reflected in the sky the camp fires of the men we were to fight on the morrow. Now and then a shot and sometimes a little volley told us that the pickets on both sides were watching each other. Our confidence in them robbed us of all uneasiness, and we slept a sound, refreshing sleep. A bright, clear sunshine opened a glorious day on July 3. Our scanty morning meal was eaten with hearty relish, and then each regiment was formed for inspection. A quadruple allowance of ammunition was issued to each man, and everything, except arms, ammunition, and canteens, was piled in company lots.

We had a thin picket line on the crest of the ridge, and now we marched in that direction, halting in line of battle perhaps three hundred feet from this crest. Here we laid flat on the ground, and soon our artillery began to take position on the hill crown, the pickets retiring to their places in line. The artillery did not at once commence firing, but their appearance invited the attention of the enemy, and then ensued a desultory duel. Finally, when all our guns were in place, there were nearly one hundred and fifty cannons ranged in front of the fifteen Virginia regiments which constituted Pickett's Division on that day, being the brigades of Garnett, Armistead, and Kemper. Midday had now come and the sun was beaming straight down on us, though the heat did not seem to be oppressive, for we were hardened beyond the danger of sunstroke or exhaustion. Soon the peals of thunder from our own guns became more frequent, and this provoked a like answer from the other side. For two hours nearly four hundred guns of the largest size then known to field service belched forth streams of fire and whistling shot as fast as skilled gunners could serve them. The grandeur of that artillery duel has perhaps never been equaled in any battle.

Captain Linticum, General Garnett's adjutant general, passed along our line and warned us that a cessation of firing by our guns would mean that the command "Forward!" would immediately follow. This was a caution that would enable us to act promptly and in unison.

Now a hush came to our hot guns, and then in clarion tones, as he stood erect in his stirrups, Pickett sang out: "Forward!" General Garnett repeated the command, as did each brigade commander; then each regimental leader echoed the same, and in turn every company commander. The men rose from the ground at once, and in another instant the word "march" set the division in motion; and a line a half mile long and as beautiful as if for dress parade marched gayly forward. We passed through the artillery, and our comrades there uncovered their heads and uttered a farewell prayer for our success. We were now passing over the crown of the hill, and the picture which we had not previously beheld was before us. Garnett and Kemper, with their ten regiments, a thin line just two men deep, formed the front. Armistead, with five regiments, came behind as a reserve, and this was our all. Before us was a field of wheat ready for the sickle, fences, roads, and gullies—more than half a mile of this—and then lines of infantry in blue, some having the protection of fences and of stone walls and others out in the open field; behind them parks of artillery and up on the high ground more

artillery. The task set to our little thin line was to destroy all this. There was no man in all our ranks who, had he stopped to think, would not have known that he was marching to his death; but there was no man amongst us who had not faced death many, many times before, perhaps with not such odds against us as at this time. But we were flushed with many victories and with a confidence in our leaders that because they ordered us to perform a task we could perform it.

Never hesitating, never faltering, the little thin line went steadily on. We were soon far enough down the slope for our own artillery to safely fire over our heads, and they followed us continually. The enemy's big guns were now loaded differently, and they tore great gaps through our ranks. Their infantry too had better rifles than we had, and they fired on us before we dared to waste our precious ammunition; but on we marched, leaving many of our comrades stretched on the golden wheat dead or wounded. Just midway on the march our whole line was moved to the left oblique, and then steadied and aligned under the galling fire which was constantly poured on us. And now we are within such range that our old guns will be effective, and the order to fire is given. The men who are left close all the spaces to the center. They fight on without fear or even excitement, each one striving for the front and to load and shoot as rapidly as possible; and they pour well-aimed, deadly volleys into the faces of our blue-coated antagonists. These volleys follow in rapid succession, and we drive line after line back from their positions and silence the first line of batteries. Garnett has been killed, Kemper has a leg shot away, and the command is all Armistead's now, and smaller in number than was his own brigade in the beginning. And our thin gray line, which only a little while ago marched gayly over the crest of the hill half a mile away and beyond the wheat field, has grown thinner and thinner and thinner, the survivors being only those whom the bullets and the grape and the canister had not yet found. I was one of these until two bullets left me helpless beside a gun carriage.

An incident of the battle is related by General Kress, of the Federal army, now retired and living in St. Louis. He was serving then on Meade's staff, but he is such a good fellow that in the next war he was going to be a "Johnny." He witnessed the entire march across the fields of Pickett's Division. He was awe-stricken with its horror and grandeur. At many times the smoke of the Confederate volleys completely enveloped the men; but above this sea of smoke, and seemingly implanted in it, floated the fifteen Confederate battle flags.

Thirty feet behind the "high-water mark" monument is a monument erected to Cowan's New York Battery, on which is a bronze tablet bearing this legend: "Double canister at ten yards, July 3, 1863." That tells where Pickett's survivors had reached and what still confronted them. Then Armistead was killed. Our whole line was now less than an ordinary skirmish line; further resistance was a tragic comedy, and the battle of Gettysburg was done.

Victory did not perch on the banner of either side. The morning of July 1 found Meade in possession of the town of Gettysburg and all the country south of it. On that day he was driven out of the town and nearly a mile southward. On the next day he was attacked from the west and nearly another mile taken from him. On the third day, with the exception of a small force on Big and Little Round Tops, his whole army was concentrated on a small area, and he simply withstood the attack. He never regained an inch of ground, and on the morning of July 4 Lee marched away southward, with

his banners flying over his depleted ranks, as quietly as though he had been returning to camp from a dress parade, not even a shot being fired after his rear guard and no challenge of his south-going columns.

But not in all the Southland was there a single man to stand in the shoes of any of the hardened and trained soldiers left on the bloody field of Gettysburg, while within a month the ranks of his adversary had been recruited to even beyond their virgin strength; and then there was more fighting and bloody contest and waste of human life, the South losing constantly what it could not regain or replace, until one day, April 10, 1865, Lee, after a treaty with Grant, issued an order disbanding his army forever. Each regiment was formed, its arms stacked, and its adjutant read his order. There were deathly silence and bowed heads and close attention until the last word was said, then the shock was greater than that of the fiercest and bloodiest battle. Men who had braved unflinching and unhesitatingly all the trials and perils and exposures of war found themselves absolutely unnerved; tears, blinding, scalding tears, streamed over their bronzed cheeks; they threw their arms around each other, actuated by emotions they could not understand or control. Were they rejoiced that the conflict was over? Were they full of regret that the glory of a soldier's life was gone to them forever? Or did their hearts overflow with the thought of going back to the loved ones who had watched and worked and waited and cheered and prayed during all the four long, weary years without murmur or complaint.

Whatever may have been the emotion, it was too sacred to put in cold words. As no word was uttered, the tears brought relief; they were soon dashed away, and not another tear has ever been shed. The men who had made this grand, heroic army were soldiers no longer; they broke into little squads and set out for their homes. And in all the half century that has intervened the men who made this last thin line have not recanted nor faltered in their duty to their loved ones, their country, or themselves.

The half century that has drifted behind us since this contest has vested the battle of Gettysburg with a large degree of importance, because it was a measure of strength and valor and endurance between two splendid armies of hardened and trained soldiers, and because Lee suffered losses here from which there was no recovery, and thus this fight became the beginning of the ending of the war. A realization of these conditions brought to the government at Washington the conception of a plan to bring together on this same battle ground the survivors of the men on both sides who had so valiantly faced each other, and on the exact semicentennial dates, and see what was the sentiment, feeling, or impulse that would actuate them when again they looked into each other's eyes after fifty years of quiet and mature deliberation.

The plan was happily conceived and faithfully executed. The government treasury furnished the money, and the organized forces of the engineering and commissary and medical departments intelligently performed the work. A 200-acre tract of the government reservation was laid out with streets and boulevards. On these streets were erected nearly seven thousand tents. These tents were all new and clean, about fifteen feet square, supported by a center pole and with a curtain or wall three feet wide which could be raised for air in the daytime and lowered for warmth at night. Each tent was equipped with eight cots, a two-gallon bucket, two wash basins, and a lantern with a candle in it. It was intended that eight men should occupy each tent, and each man was

given one blanket and another if he wished. The days were hot and the nights cold and very damp, but no one took cold or suffered any inconvenience. Tents were assigned to each State in accordance with the number of men reported to be in attendance, eight men to a tent. The streets were named or numbered, and each tent numbered and the name of the State conspicuously displayed at the head of the street.

Water was supplied from deep artesian wells, from which the water was forced into pipes laid in every street of the camp. Hydrants were everywhere, and about every third hydrant was a bubbling drinking fountain, at the base of which was a box in which was a coil of pipe, and the box was kept packed with ice so that there was always ice-cold drinking water; but the water was good even without ice. The toilet arrangements were most excellent—deep pits which were well sheltered and aired and deodorized with a combustible fluid, by means of which they were burned out and fumigated every morning.

The food was superabundant, fresh, clean, wholesome, well prepared, and varied enough with each meal, so that there could be no satiety, and most men ate heartily and with evident relish. Each man was given a cup, plate, knife, fork, and two spoons. Everything was scrupulously clean. All refuse was thrown into fires, which were kept constantly burning, and every scrap of paper or litter was promptly picked up. There was not a fly or a mosquito in the camp.

All officials, all soldiers on duty, all guards, all employees, and all persons on duty, in whatever position, were always vigilant, courteous, patient, polite, and persevering to make everything comfortable for the 50,000 government guests. I wish to say this very strongly, because the government at Washington should be given to understand that its generous and intelligent efforts accomplished all that was intended.

Never before were there 50,000 and more men assembled in one compact camp whose ages averaged more than three-score and ten. These men were antagonists fifty years ago, and they had come to renew and revive memories of the bitterest and bloodiest struggle of history. The eyes that glared savagely into each other then are filled with kindness now; the hands that clutched fiercely and wielded with deadly purpose the implements of death then are extended now in a hearty grasp of good will. These men, now so evidently inspired by the best and greatest instincts of human kindness, can scarcely be believed to have ever differed.

In all the camp there were no sick men, there were no drunken men, there were no complaining men, there were no ill-natured men; all were hearty and jolly and happy, greeting each other everywhere most heartily, never passing without stopping to chat and inquire. There were hospitals and doctors and nurses, but comparatively little for them to do.

A little knot wearing Pickett badges had gathered at a historic spot where another party in blue uniforms and wearing their corps insignia gathered with us. We found that right there fifty years ago almost to the minute we had been almost as close together, but each seeking the other's life. "I am glad I didn't hurt you" was the sentiment heartily expressed now and was emphasized by a hand grasp and sometimes an embrace and a mutual expression of admiration, because each had looked down the other's smoking gun barrel, and each knew that only a soldier in all that the term implies will do that. And then those who had fought elsewhere wanted to find "high-water mark" and look at the ground where Pickett's men had marched and fought. Interest centered about this, because the spot was accessible and well

defined. It was the finish of the three days of bloody and fierce struggle, which in turn was the beginning of the end of the Confederate cause; and there is no American soldier—real soldier, I mean—whether he wore the gray or whether he wore the blue, whose heart does not throb with pride at the valor and courage of his brother who made this deadly march and fierce fight, and there is no record that, when the command "Forward!" rang out in clarion tones that reached the heavens, a single man ever hesitated or faltered.

If you ask, "What was the purpose of this gathering and what was accomplished by it?" I will say that the reward was abundant and ample in one thing. As each man in gray and each man in blue wearing his unmistakable colors and bedecked with emblems which identified him and introduced him, and of which he was justly proud, as each looked into the other's kindly eye and as such returned the other's earnest hand grasp, and as each responded to the other's most kindly words of greeting and jolly bantering, there ran through each man's mind this sentiment: "Nothing can ever induce me to shoot at you again." What Peace Congress so directly effective was ever assembled? This was the sentiment of these men when they first assembled, and a week's association intensified it a thousandfold.

And as we came away there was this reflection and this sweet memory: there had been no apology, no explanation, no expression of regret, no humiliation, no retraction, no recanting. Each conceded to the other the well-earned right to boast of his prowess, each honored the loyalty and zeal and skill of the other, each acknowledged that the other had been a "foeman worthy of his steel." The cheek of each flushed, the eye of each gleamed the fire of youth, the form of each became involuntarily and unconsciously tense as memory recounted the past; but overshadowing it all and absorbing all came welling up from the heart: "Old boy, I'll never, never, never shoot at you again."

Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, who died recently in France, was one of the most famous of modern British soldiers, and was, as is well known, a sincere and outspoken admirer of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He visited this country during the War of the States and witnessed some of the great fights of that stupendous conflict. During one battle Lord Wolseley noticed with special admiration a charge of artillery and complimented the young officer, Col. Wilfred Emory Cuthshaw, whose family cherish the praise of the great Englishman.

CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. GEORGE T. FULLER, CHAIRMAN, MAYFIELD, KY., JANUARY 1, 1913.

Cash on hand.....\$47 00

Receipts from January 1 to August 30.

Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, Ky..... 10 00
 W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La..... 5 00
 Thomas Overton Moore Chapter, Alexandria, La..... 2 50
 Vicksburg Chapter, Mississippi..... 1 00
 St. Louis Chapter, No. 624..... 10 00
 Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, Tenn..... 1 00
 John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, Tenn..... 5 00

Contributions Made through Mr. W. J. Willingham.

Contributions of More than \$1 Each.—W. E. Barnes, \$5; Lee Boyd, \$2.50; H. M. Barnes, \$5; E. G. Stokes, \$2.50.

Contributions of \$1 Each.—C. H. Barnes, W. H. Stephens, D. A. Fuller, A. B. Cameron, M. M. Latta, G. A. Yates, J. T.

Webb, Lee Mason, H. A. Coulter, J. A. Milner, Rev. J. J. Smith, Mrs. C. M. Boswell, Ben Bennett, George F. Weeks, Mrs. Jennie Ridgway, H. S. Hale, J. W. Pirtle, Henry Davis, John R. Veatch, I. D. Humphrey, A. D. Collins, J. A. Collins, P. J. Oliver, Lee Barnes, W. M. Majors, J. B. Swann, B. P. Willingham, T. F. Byrn.

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Total cash received.....\$147 75
 Paid for printing circular letters.....\$10 50
 Postage 0 00— 16 50

Balance on hand September 1.....\$131 25
 Total pledges to date..... 200 50

Please remit your pledges at once.



MRS. J. T. OAKES, PULASKI, TENN.,

Matron of Honor for the J. H. Woldridge Camp, Pulaski, Tenn. (See sketch of Lieutenant Woldridge in "Last Roll.")

A FEDERAL ON THE FIGHT AT FAYETTEVILLE.

BY CAPT. T. F. NORTHROP, SUSSEX, N. J.

The articles in your paper on what is called the fight at Fayetteville have interested me very much. I call it the fight at Monroe Crossroads, and the location of it was from fourteen to sixteen miles west of Fayetteville, on the Morganton Road, and about the same distance east of what is now called Southern Pines. My personal knowledge of this fight begins shortly after our people had been driven from the camp.

The scouts which I had the honor of commanding at that time had spent more than half of the previous day on this battle ground. We had arrived before noon on the day before and remained there until dark, hourly expecting the arrival of the command. The house which afterwards became General Kilpatrick's headquarters would have been a very comfortable place for the scouts to have spent the night; but I considered it too much exposed, and crossed the swamp to a quiet place, where we were awakened early in the morning by fugitives who had escaped from the camp. They told us that General Kilpatrick, the 3d Brigade, and the dismounted men had all been captured, except themselves.

We mounted and started for the camp, hoping we might recapture some of the prisoners; but we soon heard the fighting, and knew by that that they had not all been captured. I decided to ride at a gallop until I reached the house which I knew would be headquarters. We were followed by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred mounted men who had escaped from their captured camp. We had to pass through the men who had been driven from the camp to the swamp where they had made a stand and at this time were fighting on the defensive. When we dashed through them, they thought it was the arrival of the 1st Brigade, and they sang out, "Here come the 1st Brigade and General Kilpatrick!" and followed us in a charge that won back the camp.

The Confederates at this time were very much interested in finding out what was in the wagon trains, and they in turn were partly surprised.

There is quite a difference of opinion among your correspondents as to how many and who were engaged in this fight. I will tell you about our side and refer you to "Official Records" for confirmation. I have no knowledge about the Southern side; but I never have believed, nor do I now believe, that Generals Hampton and Wheeler were there with all their forces. If they had been, I do not believe we would have recaptured our camp. The "impassable swamp" mentioned was a sure thing, and it may have prevented a portion of Wheeler's command from hitting our camp at the right time. I visited this battle ground about five years ago, and was informed that the skeletons of the horse and rider had been found. The horse had mired before the rider could dismount.

The part of General Kilpatrick's command that was engaged at this place consisted of the 3d Brigade, commanded by General Spencer, and the dismounted men, commanded by Major Way. The 3d Brigade consisted of the 1st Alabama Cavalry, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, and 5th Ohio Cavalry—about 800 or 900 men. The dismounted men numbered three or four hundred less than one-third of General Kilpatrick's command, which on leaving Savannah numbered, all told, about five thousand men for duty.

One of your correspondents says the 5th Kentucky Cavalry was captured the day or night before. He is surely mistaken, as they were very much engaged in a desperate fight in their camp, and it was here that I saw the largest Confederate loss

at any one point. It is a long time to remember all these things, but I am sure that I counted from sixty to eighty dead Confederates in this camp.

The information regarding what portions of General Kilpatrick's command were engaged at this point is contained in Volume XLVII., "Official Records," especially on page 52; Kilpatrick's report, page 859; also reports of Colonel Spencer, Col. William B. Way, and others.

When I saw General Kilpatrick, and before he had an opportunity of changing his clothes, he had on a shirt, a vest, trousers, and either slippers or shoes. He was without hat, coat, and probably boots; no nightshirt was in evidence.

General Estes escaped from the camp and was not recaptured. Captain Hays, now a retired brigadier general and a great Indian fighter, with his Indian instincts to guide him, escaped to some hole in the top of the house, and was there when the scouts retook the house.

We had quite a number of Confederate prisoners that had been picked up from time to time on the march. Their lot was not a very happy one, and I was glad when they were released. We called their camp the "bull pen," and at times it was not much better than one.

A VETERAN OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

Capt. C. E. Myers, of Livingston, Tenn., is perhaps the only survivor of Col. Richard Waterhouse's 4th Tennessee Regiment of Volunteers in the Mexican War.

Captain Myers was born at Fort Blount, Jackson County, Tenn., August 7, 1830, the family being large land and slave owners of that time and until their fortunes were dissipated by the War of the States. In September, 1847, he enlisted under Capt. John D. Goodall at Carthage, Tenn., went on foot to Nashville, was camped in race stables at the race track for two or three days, then took a steamboat down the Cumberland and Ohio, and thence to Memphis, where the 4th Tennessee Regiment (Col. Richard Waterhouse) was formed; was in camp at Memphis at what was then called the Sweet Gum Springs; went from there to New Orleans by steamboat; thence by sailing vessel to Vera Cruz, Mexico; was in the battle of Cerro Gordo and in various other skirmishes; was in the City of Mexico, and quartered in a Roman Catholic church; was in camp on the plains of Molino del Rey for some three months; was at St. Augustine while peace negotiations were in progress; returned to Vera Cruz, by sailing ship to New Orleans, and by steamboat to Memphis, where he was discharged, and came home by boat, broken in health, and was an invalid for several years.

About the 1st of May, 1860, he raised the first Overton County company for service in the War of the States, called the Overton Guards; was elected captain at Livingston; went to Celina, Tenn., where ferryboats were bought and troops transported by ferryboat to Nashville; was in camp at the Fair Grounds and at Richland Station, then went to Camp Trousdale, where considerable time was spent in drilling; was in the battle of Cheat Mountain, Port Royal, Va., and other engagements. He was discharged from the army at Tupelo, Miss., went home, and afterwards reenlisted in Capt. S. S. Stanton's new regiment, and was made chief commissary officer of the regiment, but participated in all the battles in which the regiment was engaged until the close of the war. He surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Captain Myers is eighty-five years old. He is in comfortable circumstances, owns a nice suburban home, and says he expects to live to be a hundred years old.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE AT V. M. I.

On May 10, the fiftieth anniversary of Gen. Stonewall Jackson's death, the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, held a beautiful memorial ceremony in which they paid tribute to the memory of General Jackson, and in a last salute retired the famous old battery of the Institute from service. These guns have not missed a day on duty for sixty-three years. They were presented to the Institute in 1850 by Gen. Zachary Taylor, then President of the United States, as a testimonial of his admiration for the corps of V. M. I. cadets which had served as his personal escort at the laying of the corner stone of the Washington Monument in Richmond. For ten years they were used by Jackson in the instruction of his cadets, and in 1861 they became the original armament of the Rockbridge Artillery, of which Col. William T. Poague was first lieutenant and then captain. It was one of these guns that fired the first hostile shot in the Valley of Virginia at Haynesville in June, 1861, and it was this battery that crowned the ridge at Manassas on that baptismal day that gave Jackson his name of Stonewall. Two of the pieces are missing from the line. One serves as the sunset gun for the Institute, and the other lies deep under the waters of the Potomac, where it was thrown to prevent its capture after the retreat from Sharpsburg.

In 1864 the battery was captured and taken to Washington, and in 1866 it was refitted and remounted by the United States government and returned to its old place at Lexington.

A touching scene in the memorial ceremonies was that in which Colonel Poague, with all that were left of his squad of veteran artillerymen, the men who were the first to put the battery in action, now fired its final salute. After this the caisson which had borne General Jackson's body to the grave took up the same journey it had followed fifty years ago, this time carrying a tribute of flowers to be laid upon the tomb. The column in procession to the grave was formed with Colonel Poague and the battery at the head, the officers of the battalion beside the horses, and the old soldiers on the limbers. The leading caisson bore a beautiful floral offering. As the corps passed and returned by the chapel in which Lee's body lies, it gave the traditional salute. At the grave Dr. Manly delivered the benediction which had closed the original service at Jackson's grave fifty years before, the great General's favorite hymn was sung, the colors dipped, and the silent procession moved away.

SUMMER OUTING TO WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH.

BY AN OLD CONFEDERATE SAILOR.

An Episcopal minister of Wilmington, N. C., came strolling through the car and took a seat by me. He was an old friend, and was on his return from Gettysburg. He had visited the place where his cavalry had made a dash upon the enemy at Gettysburg. In a jocular way I asked him not to talk so loud, as some of Gen. D. H. Hill's old infantry might hear him, and they knew that General Hill had a standing reward of \$100 for a dead cavalryman with his spurs on. He asked me why I did not go to Gettysburg, and I replied that if the meeting had been at Bull Run I certainly would have been there. After that battle everything looked so promising for the Confederacy that President Davis offered to borrow from the Rothschilds fifty million dollars. Rothschilds replied: "Mr. Davis, I will not lend you fifty millions, but will lend you five hundred millions; then you can buy all the ships you need for a powerful navy, and all the improved guns for your navy and army,

and hire all the soldiers in Europe you need to vanquish your opponents. Then I will not only get my money back, but at compound interest." [This Rothschilds offer is not found in the "War Records."—EDITOR.]

I found the widow of Stonewall Jackson sojourning with her granddaughter, Mrs. Preston, at the Seashore Hotel, Wrightsville Beach. With her I had quite a pleasant conversation. Our naval brigade was attached to Stonewall Jackson's old brigade on the way from Richmond to Appomattox.

Mrs. Jackson's mother was a sister of Governor Graham, of North Carolina, once Secretary of the United States Navy.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME OF LOUISIANA.

BY F. HYMEL.

With reference to the Soldiers' Home, I should like to say that this institution has been most beneficial to me, contrary to the ideas I had formed upon finding that the time had come for me to claim my right to enter it. I had not thought of it as a home, but rather as an exile where I would end by days, retired from the world. But I found here an institution provided with every comfort and convenience, a large library with all sorts of books, and one hundred and fifty old veterans—men of different ranks, different religious denominations, and different characters. For diversion there are frequent entertainments by the Daughters of the Confederacy and similar societies—the most refined ladies New Orleans can boast of, who devote themselves to furnishing recreation, music, singing, recitations, and even theatricals.

Every week there is mass for Catholics as well as services for other denominations. Visitors come to us from different places, even from the North. Around us are parks, the race tracks, etc., and to all of these places of amusement we are welcome gratis. Though I have not taken advantage of every invitation, I have seen more of the theaters since I have been at the Soldiers' Home than in all my life previous, and in the five years I have seen more of the world than ever before.

A SOUTHERN GIRL OF '61 STILL ARDENT.

Among the unveilers of the monument erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., on the battle field of Chickamauga to the Alabama soldiers during the late Confederate Reunion at Chattanooga was Miss Theus Raoul, to whom was accorded the honor of firing the first gun to announce the passing of Alabama's Ordinance of Secession January 11, 1861.

Though but a young girl, Miss Raoul was filled with enthusiasm for the cause. Having inherited a talent for histrionics, she organized an amateur theatrical company, placing upon the stage a succession of plays the proceeds of which aided materially in the equipment of the 1st Alabama Cavalry Regiment, which, when fully prepared for duty, paid her the compliment of a visit, each of the ten companies in succession drawing up before her residence, "presenting sabers," and giving "three cheers for the lady friend of the regiment."

Miss Raoul has always been staunchly devoted to the South, and throughout her life has frequently been engaged in work pertaining to the cause.

GOLD HEAD FOR CANE FOUND AT GETTYSBURG.—Col. John P. Nicholson writes from Gettysburg, Pa., that there is in possession of the Gettysburg National Park Commission the gold head or top for a cane marked "Lieut. G. N. R. to J. H. S., Jr., Fort Sumter, April 12 and 13, 1861." Perhaps some of our readers can give him a clue to the owner.

VIVID SKETCHES BY A SURVIVOR.

BY W. H. PARTRIDGE, GOODWATER, ALA.

I was born in Monroe County, Ga., in the year 1842, and enlisted in Bell's Battalion in Montgomery on March 12, 1862. I joined Company H, my captain being "Round Head" Thompson, and was carried from there to Corinth, where our company was reorganized and put in the 8th Confederate Cavalry, in charge of Capt. Joe Wheeler. We were then marched to Rome, Ga., and from there to Chattanooga, Tenn., Danville, Ky., and as far as Camp Dick Robertson. We then turned back to Cumberland Gap, and from there to Knoxville, Tenn. From Knoxville the army concentrated near Nashville, Tenn. We went from Nashville to Murfreesboro and engaged in the awful fight at the latter place. It was at Murfreesboro that I had my horse shot from under me and was captured and carried back to Nashville, where I remained for several days.

I can never forget the kindness of one good woman, a Mrs. Cartwright, who brought us many good things to eat and also gave to each of us a small tin cup. I hope that some of her relatives may see this article.

We went from Nashville to Bowling Green, then to Cairo and Alton, Ill., on water. I shall never forget this trip, as I saw so many of our boys freezing on the lower deck. The boat was frequently stopped, and these boys were left on the banks. From Chicago we went to Camp Douglas, where I was detailed to draw coal, wood, and rations for one hundred men.

I saw in the VETERAN an account of the snow battle in Dalton. I well remember this day. We were just above there, at Tunnel Hill. We stayed at this place for three months. We were then exchanged and taken to Baltimore, and from there to City Point.

SERVICE IN TENNESSEE AND VIRGINIA.

BY A. J. ROOK, RIVERSIDE, CAL.

I have read with interest some of the controversies among veterans as to whether or not General Longstreet's corps was at Chickamauga. I was a member of Hood's Division, Anderson's old (Tiger) brigade, 9th Georgia Regiment, and I know that that brigade was not present at the battle of Chickamauga. It had been detached *en route* from Hood's Division and sent to Charleston, S. C., or James Island, and did not arrive at Chickamauga until two weeks after the battle. It was never very clear why this brigade was detached, as it had a fighting reputation and might have turned the tide of battle.

I note an error in Comrade C. B. Varner's article in the February VETERAN, which states that we arrived at Knoxville on December 7 and charged Fort Sanders about the 9th. The fact is that we arrived there about October 7, charged the fort about December 20, and evacuated Knoxville on the night of the same day. We went on to what we thought were to be winter quarters at Morristown on December 25, but occupied that place only a single night, when we were marched to Danville, where we took the Yankees by such complete surprise that we captured General Burnside's tent, with a smoking hot breakfast still on the table and all of his accouterments left for our possession.

After this it was march and countermarch, fight and skirmish over the sleet and snow until the end of the campaign, many of the soldiers cutting up their blankets to bind their frozen feet. As the campaign drew to its close, we went on to Bull's Gap, then to the Wilderness of old Virginia, to fight

and march and march and fight over the old familiar battle grounds, leaving thousands of our dead to mingle with the dust of thousands of others who had gone down months before. We contested those battle fields inch by inch and fought ourselves to a frazzle; and when hunger and fatigue and wounds had worn us out, we surrendered, but the spirits of us were never conquered.

THE FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, 1125 2D STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

In the VETERAN for September, 1913, there was published an article entitled "First Kentucky Confederate Cavalry," by Maj. Samuel H. Buck, which contains statements so far from correct that, in the name of my few surviving comrades who served in that command, I ask space to set forth the actual facts. The statement as to the organization of the regiment is, in the main, correct; but the further statement that, following the promotion of Colonel Helm, Lieut. Col. Thomas G. Woodward was made colonel is not correct. That officer did not long remain with the 1st Kentucky, but became colonel of a regiment of cavalry sometimes known as the 2d Kentucky, though that number and designation belonged properly to the regiment of cavalry first commanded by Col. John H. Morgan, next by Col. Basil W. Duke, and lastly by Col. James W. Bowles, following the promotion of the two first named.

The term of enlistment of the 1st Kentucky did not expire at the time of the battle of Shiloh, as stated by Major Buck. The regiment accompanied the army commanded by General Bragg which made the Kentucky Campaign in 1862, and served in the immediate rear, nearest to the enemy, in the retreat of that army. The 1st Kentucky Cavalry was composed of twelve-month men and three-year, or 'during the war,' men. The term of enlistment of the first mentioned expired during the Kentucky Campaign and at Clinton, East Tennessee. Some time in November, 1862, these men were mustered out of the service, almost all of them reenlisting in the regiment or some other cavalry command. Of the three-year men remaining, forming a battalion, Capt. Jacob W. Griffith was chosen major. In January, 1863, this battalion was consolidated with a small regiment recruited during the Kentucky Campaign, the designation remaining the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, the field officers being Col. J. Russell Butler, Lieut. Col. Jacob W. Griffith, and Maj. James Q. Chenoweth. The regiment served faithfully, suffering heavy losses in killed and wounded, until the end of the war. It was an honored member of the gallant cavalry command which accompanied President Davis and his Cabinet from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga., at which latter place it surrendered on May 9, 1865, precisely one month after the surrender at Appomattox.

The above statements are correct, from my own knowledge. I was a member of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and write from intimate person knowledge. In a personal letter to the writer from Gen. Joseph Wheeler occurs the following statement which fixes the status of the regiment: "I am always glad to think and write about the gallant old 1st Kentucky Cavalry. It was as brave a body of men as any officer had the good fortune to command. If I sent them into action oftener than I should have done, it was because I knew they would be equal to any heroic duty which might be imposed upon them."

Upon this statement from a gallant officer under whom they served for three years the members of the 1st Kentucky rest their ease.

AN EARLY INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

BY P. A. CRIBBS, MATADOR, TEX.

In the *VETERAN* for May, page 234, appears the story of the *Star of the West* by H. M. Clarkson, M.D., which brings to mind an incident which happened at Fort Morgan, Mobile Bay, Alabama.

About Christmas time in 1860 seven companies of Alabama "pet" soldiers were sent to Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines, at the mouth of Mobile Bay, said companies being under the command of Colonel Woodruff, captain of the Mobile Washington Artillery. About this time a ship sailed in the bay and was fired on by command of Colonel Woodruff. She was first hailed by firing a blank cartridge, but when she did not heed the challenge a shotted charge was fired across her bow. She then hove to and ran up the flag of France to her peak. She was boarded by Capt. John Smith, of Colonel Woodruff's staff, and proved to be a merchantman from Havre, and, being ignorant of hostilities existing in the United States, did not realize that our first shot was a command to show her colors.

This incident is not connected with hostilities between the States, but concerns the vigilance of our coast defenders. It took place some time prior to the *Star of the West* affair.

I wish some one who is well posted about this occurrence, and who has the records and dates, would give the *VETERAN* a correct write-up of the incident and of the companies that occupied Fort Morgan at this time. I remember that it was about Christmas and New Year and before Alabama had seceded from the Union. At that time I was a member of the *Warrior Guards*, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., commanded by Capt. R. E. Rhodes. We were relieved by State troops (volunteers) after Alabama seceded, January 11, 1861.

WAITING FOR THE LAST ORDERS.

BY W. P. BARNES, AUSTIN, TEX.

I am one of the boys who never got higher than orderly sergeant. I was in Company C, 8th Mississippi Regiment. I was twice a candidate for first lieutenant, but was defeated both times. The excuse given by the men was that I made too good an orderly to be given up.

My regiment is badly scattered now. The captain of our company, H. W. Crook, and a good captain too, was last heard from at Bessemer, Ala., in 1908. If this should fall under the eyes of any of my soldier comrades, I hope they will write me and break the monotony of life in S. L. A., Austin, Tex.

I was in the Murfreesboro fight, and was also at Chickamauga. I make no boast of many battles, but did the best I could. I was always prompt at roll call, and could call the roll without the written list. We had a hard time in those fighting years; but there were good days ahead for many of us, and I have had my share of them. But the days hang heavy now while I await my final orders. I am four years past my threescore years and ten, and I am well off in worldly comforts, as I own a big tract of Texas land and the State takes care of me. But my life is monotonous.

I was reared in Mississippi, married there in 1859, and in October, 1861, enlisted in the 8th Mississippi Regiment, State Troops. Later I was transferred to the Confederate service, and reenlisted for three years, or the entire war. I was never captured, never paroled, never took the iron-clad oath, have never belonged to a Veteran Camp, and have attended only two Reunions, the one at Memphis and the one at Dallas.

I cast my first vote for Bell and Everett, and suppose my vote killed them, as I have never heard of them since. I served in Jackson's Brigade and under Parson Lowry, who was brave and fearless. I was also under Cheatham, Loring, and General Walker, in Bragg's Division. My first captain and colonel was John A. Wilkinson, a lawyer from Raleigh, Miss., a brave man and a strict disciplinarian. He and his brother, my file closer, were killed near Jonesboro in 1864. I should like to hear from my old comrades.

GETTYSBURG PEACE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Gettysburg Peace Memorial Association will be organized as soon as one or more distinguished soldiers from each State have accepted invitations to become its founders or charter members. The membership will be enlarged after the organization is effected. Confederate veterans at Gettysburg unanimously adopted a number of resolutions, of which the following is the first:

"Resolved by the ex-Confederates at Gettysburg assembled, That our thanks are due and are hereby tendered to the State of Pennsylvania for initiating the movement which has made it possible for the survivors of the two great armies which fought on this illustrious field fifty years ago to meet in friendship here to-day and plant a monument to peace, a monument which shall stand as the symbol of American valor, manhood, and brotherhood."

Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis delivered a masterly address at the New York day meeting, which the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* of July 27 published in full. Dr. Hillis expressed the universal sentiment when he said: "Never before in the world's history have two armies that stood over against each other like two castles with cannon shotted to the muzzle met in friendship, good will, and with a common enthusiasm for the same flag, while only fifty summers and winters have intervened."

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg marked a "high tide" of peace between the States. It is fitting that a splendid peace memorial should be erected on the battle field in commemoration of that wonderful meeting of friendship and good will. The Gettysburg Peace Memorial Association will have one purpose—viz., to secure an appropriation from Congress for a suitable peace memorial. The bill will provide for the appointment of a commission by the President of the United States to carry out the work. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, S. C., will be the Chairman of the Organization Committee for the South, and Judge Eli Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., for the North. Indorsements by the U. C. V. and by the G. A. R. will be asked.

MEMORIAL DAY IN CALIFORNIA.

A report from Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., of Stockton, Cal., tells of the special observance of President Davis's birthday: "In the forenoon of Memorial Day, June 3, a committee carried flowers to the graves of our Confederate dead in Rural Cemetery. In the evening the occasion was appropriately observed with literary exercises at the home of one of the members. A program commemorative of the day was enjoyed, papers being read on the 'Life of Jefferson Davis,' 'His Family,' and 'Anecdotes in the Life of Jefferson Davis.' Piano and vocal music added to the interest of the program. The memorial feature was an address, 'Our Heroes,' delivered by Rev. J. W. Byrd, of Grace Methodist Church."

PENSION SLAVES WHO SERVED IN THE WAR.

The South loved and revered the old darkies who formerly were servants in the homes and on the plantations of the white people. They will ever occupy a sacred place in the memory of the people of the Old South and their sons. If people ever deserved to be so revered, it is the old darkies.

The people of the South should do something material for the benefit of a particular class of old slaves. The servants who faithfully followed their young masters to the front during the War of the States and served as loyally as if they had been enlisted white men, doing their particular duties well and never tiring, should be allowed to draw pensions paid by the white people of the Southern States.

Behold the picture: Black, ignorant, yet faithful, the servant of the sixties, at the call of his master, was quick to leave the old plantation and go to the front to bear the burdens of the master, forage for him, and nurse him while sick or wounded, and in death lifted the body of his beloved master, bore it from the battle field, and took it back to the old plantation and family burying ground. The negro slave delighted in serving his white folks.

Consider the irony of the situation. The darky knew that the first consequence of the war in case of victory for the enemy would be his immediate "freedom." He knew it because his master told him so. But no soldier in gray ever fought with greater vengeance than was felt in the heart of the black man with him. Administering to his every want in sickness and in health, seeking food for his hungry body, and bearing him home in death—in every way the servant was loyal and faithful to his master.

He cannot live much longer, and we should pension him. There are not so many old negroes who saw this kind of service in the war that the expense would be heavy. We are sure that not a normal human being in all the South would begrudge the old darkies who served their masters at the front a pension commensurate with their great services and the capacity of the State to pay.

There has been organized in Birmingham an Ex-Slaves' Association with a total membership of 365 old darkies. The organization will be extended finally over the entire South. An ex-slaves' home is one of the objectives of the Birmingham organization. Plans are already under way for this institution, which will be unique in many respects. The plan of the former slaves is to return to ante-bellum simplicity in the manner of living. The home is to be equipped with the old-time loom, spinning wheel, and carders. Pots and ovens with the ash cake will take the place of modern cooking utensils and baker's bread. The idea is to be inaugurated in an old-time mummies' dinner to be given at Birmingham some time this summer. The dinner will be cooked in the old way by old-time mummies. Only negroes of both sexes born before 1860 are eligible for membership in the Ex-Slaves' Association. This move should enlist the hearty support of all our white people.

[The foregoing is almost literally an editorial in the Montgomery Advertiser. It deserves consideration. Our people are all right. They concur in the sentiment and would approve action by State legislation with such unanimity that if anybody objected he would be ashamed to say so. But we have been talking about this thing for a generation, always approving but never acting on the subject. By this prolonged delay of showing appreciation, the records will not convince other generations that the people who should act on this sub-

ject were sincere, yet they truly are. Such action is as sacred a duty as can be conceived by Southern people. It is right and politic, then, next to the woman's monument, that there should be a statue of a typical slave in every Southern city. A duplicate would suffice, and by coöperation much economy would thereby be exercised. Let Camps and Chapters take up the subject now.]

AUTHOR OF "A STAFF OFFICER'S LETTERS."

INQUIRY BY WILLIAM ABBOTT, 410 E. 32D ST., NEW YORK.

Can you help me to determine the authorship of "A Confederate Staff Officer's Letters to His Family During the Last Year of the War"? It was published (in English) in Paris in 1866 or 1867, and my copy is in the Library of Congress.

The author was a young man, a volunteer aid on the staff of General Field, who commanded Hood's Brigade in 1864. I have no clue to his identity other than that he seems to have been either from Virginia or Georgia, as he mentions relatives in Caroline County, Va., and went to Georgia on a furlough to visit his father's property in Georgia, at or near Tibeauville, about ninety miles from Savannah. The plantation seems to have been called "Hopeton." He mentions James and William Cowper, both formerly of "the Altamaha neighbors," who had removed thence to Tibeauville. His family were resident in Paris, but he does not mention any surnames in these letters. I am going to republish the book, and naturally I wish to identify him if possible.

After Appomattox he went with General Field to spend some time with the latter's father-in-law, Mr. Royal Mason, in the northern part of Virginia.

PRISON EXPERIENCE AT FORT DELAWARE.

BY H. L. HART, TROY, TENN.

After an experience of thirteen months as a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware in 1864-65, I feel that I am in position to understand why you Confederate prisoners at Camp Morton appreciated the humane and generous treatment of Col. Richard Owen. To show your appreciation of him by erecting a monumental memorial is a worthy tribute.

I have read with interest in the *VETERAN* from time to time the views of several prominent men in regard to the treatment of prisoners confined at Fort Delaware, which are generally correct. The prison was situated on an island in the Delaware River, about forty miles from Philadelphia, Pa., and contained ninety acres, with a large granite stone fort containing three tiers of large guns, which were at one time trained on the prison, as a report had gone out that we would make an attempt to capture the fort and escape. The post was under command of General Schoepf, with Captain Auhl, Sergt. Jim O'Neil, and a cussing Yank we called Hackout, and our treatment was not good. Sometimes they would tie a cord around the thumbs of a man and pull his arms up from behind until his toes barely touched the floor. Rattling was in vogue, and the prisoners would sometimes charge the slop tubs, when they were beaten over the head by guards. However, this was war times.

Faintly to-day Thermopylae

In song and story clangs and rings;
Shilch and Kennesaw bring me
Nearer to all heroic things.

—Meredith Nicholson.

REPORT OF HISTORICAL COMMITTEE, U. C. V.

[Read by J. T. Derry, Chairman, at Chattanooga Reunion.]

When the word "Confederate" is heard there arises on the vision the magnificent battle line of infantry, standing like a stone wall against assault or falling like a thunderbolt upon dismayed and routed foes; of artillery whose thunder tones were the accompaniment of its weighty arguments for Southern rights; or of cavalry, equally great when acting as the eyes and ears of the army and when its charging squadrons, with flashing blades and ringing cheers, bore down all opposition in their headlong rush. This latter arm of the service was the favorite with the dashing young heroes who, skilled in horsemanship and the use of arms, sought a field for the display of brilliant deeds.

It would be impossible on this occasion to discuss in detail all the brilliant exploits of the gallant men who rode with Turner Ashby, "Jeb" Stuart, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh and W. H. F. Lee, John Morgan and Basil Duke, Nathan Forrest, Joe Wheeler, Joseph Shelby, the dashing Marmaduke, Tom Greene, William H. Parsons, "Tige" Cabell, Earl Van Dorn, and countless other brilliant leaders who reckoned not their lives as dear, but were ever ready to lay them down for home and native land. You remember well the headlong flight of the fugitives from Bull Run as

"On their track, by gallant Stuart led,
The horsemen charged, and Lindsay Walker's shells
Increased their terror, while the tumult swells
As carriages and caissons blocked the way."

What marvelous tales of the fearful Black Horse Cavalry were carried by those fugitives to every portion of the North! The Southern schoolboy still thrills at the story of the deeds of Ashby and how that victorious hero fell; of the time when

"Stuart, Virginia's knightly cavalier,
In spirit bold and knowing naught of fear,
Made daring circuit of McClellan's host";

or of how, when Lee was about to strike the blow that raised the siege of Richmond and sent McClellan's army to the shelter of the gunboats,

"As Jackson moved toward their right and rear,
The magic of his name held off at bay
Three armies from this conflict far away,
Who thought Imboden and a thousand horse
Were dreadful Stonewall with a mighty force,
And thus, while guarding 'gainst a phantom host,
Failed to appear where they were needed most."

When after Shiloh, where our gallant men had found the disappointment of a hope almost realized, the leaders and soldiers of the West were eager to make another effort to retrieve our fortunes in that quarter, it was the cavalry who prepared the way for the march into Kentucky.

"The 'wizard of the saddle,' Forrest, came,
Carving with flashing sword his dreaded name
On lofty tablet in Fame's noble hall;
And old Kentucky's boys, who gave up all
To ride with Duke and Morgan, swift uprose
And struck with heavy hands the Southland's foes.
Joe Wheeler, peer of any, Georgia's son,
Who both for her and Alabama won
Honors as high as e'er crowned gallant knight,
Amid the foremost fought for home and right."

Sweeping through Middle Tennessee and Kentucky, they routed terror-stricken foes, captured towns and fortified posts with thousands of prisoners and millions of dollars' worth of military stores, destroyed of them what they could not bring away, completely bewildering the armies of their enemies and creating the impression of a general advance. Morgan, who carried with him a portable electric battery, by tapping the wires caught the messages that passed between Louisville and Nashville and countermanded all the orders that had been sent to intercept him. Taking advantage of the confusion occasioned in the ranks of the enemy by these daring and ubiquitous riders, Bragg, after leaving Van Dorn and Price to hold Grant in check, marched first to Chattanooga and then headed for Kentucky, where Kirby Smith was already striking terror into the enemy and bearing the starry cross farther northward than it had ever before floated in the Central West. How every Confederate heart thrilled with delight as

"Shouts of triumph from Manassas plain
Were echoed from Kentucky back again,
As flags of Smith and Bragg still northward soar,
And carry terror to Ohio's shore!"

When the army found it necessary to fall back from Kentucky, the cavalry under Joe Wheeler held off the overwhelming forces of Buell and enabled Bragg to bring safely back his immense wagon train so richly laden with sorely needed stores and a welcome supply of horses. Although the Kentucky campaign had fallen short of our exalted hopes, it had recovered Cumberland Gap and for a time made firm our hold of East Tennessee and had restored to us a large part of Middle Tennessee and North Mississippi and all of North Alabama. In producing these grand results the cavalry had borne a conspicuous part.

Turning to the East, we find the horsemen of "Jeb" Stuart performing like services on the advance from Richmond, which put Pope back across the Potomac and cleared the soil of Virginia of invaders. Then, after the return from Maryland, while Lee's army enjoyed a season of rest in the lovely valley of the Shenandoah, the great cavalry advance of Stuart

"Made Pennsylvania's Quakers ope their eyes
In 'wildering doubt, dismay, and strange surprise,
As through their land swept on the dashing raid,
Which of McClellan's host the circuit made."

As the year 1862 was drawing to a close, the valiant deeds of the cavalry shed luster upon that arm of the service both in the East and in the West. Stuart's horse artillery at Fredericksburg under Pelham so excited the admiration of Lee that he said to Jackson: "You ought to have a Pelham on each flank." At Holly Springs Van Dorn, by the capture of Grant's supplies, broke up that leader's plan for a junction with Sherman before Vicksburg, and at Murfreesboro the cavalry of Wheeler and Wharton performed mighty exploits.

The cavalry in Virginia and in Tennessee matched each other in brilliant deeds. Morgan's practical jokes upon the enemy by means of his portable electric battery, by which he led them to obey his commands, had their counterpart in Virginia when Stuart, tapping the wires, ordered a supply of horses to be sent to one point and then to others and, after taking them all in, telegraphed to the Yankee Quartermaster General Meigs a complaint because he had not of late sent him horses of the best quality.

The dashing charges of the Confederate cavalry at Kelly's Ford and Fleetwood (Brandy Station), on the Confederate left at Gettysburg, or when Stuart, on the retreat to the Potomac, came to the rescue of his comrades at the wagoners' fight, illustrated grandly the heroism of the Southern soldier.

The wondrous strategy by which Forrest ensnared Streight and his raiders, the capture by Wheeler of the immense wagon train loaded with supplies for the Federal army, which, after disastrous defeat at Chickamauga, was beleaguered in Chattanooga, and Morgan's raid, in which he captured nine towns in Kentucky, fourteen in Indiana, and twenty-nine in Ohio, form a galaxy of wonderful exploits unequaled on the pages of history.

The turning back of Sherman's army by Forrest's victory at Okolona was a fitting prelude to the marvelous deeds of the Confederate horsemen of the West during the campaign of 1864. Who does not remember Tishomingo Creek,

"Where the dread 'wizard of the saddle's' name
Struck terror deep into the foe's soul,
While the fierce battle cry did upward roll,
As his gray columns with resistless might
Swept all before them in disastrous plight
And utter rout, when in confusion blent
Horsemen and footmen, guns and wagons went
In headlong haste to find a safe retreat
From gleaming blades they dared not wait to meet,
The while that Forrest kept his border free
In Mississippi and in Tennessee"?

It was by his reckless but skillful aggressiveness that Forrest held his ground so successfully in North Mississippi and West Tennessee during the time when Sherman was slowly yet surely moving on in the conquest of Northwest Georgia. When A. J. Smith came against him with too strong a force, Forrest swept around him and, in a sixty-four-hour ride, entered Memphis, compelling Smith to make a rapid retreat. Then, after playing havoc with Federal transportation, garrisons, and depots of Tennessee, Forrest crowned his wondrous deeds by the capture and destruction of six million dollars' worth of Federal supplies and a gunboat fleet at Johnsonville—"a feat of arms," said Sherman, "which, I must confess, excited my admiration."

During the deadlock around Atlanta, Wheeler with his gallant chiefs and men almost annihilated McCook's command, while Iverson's men captured the greatly superior force of Stoneman. During Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea Wheeler obstructed his movement and won repeated victories over the cavalry of the enemy, saving Augusta by the defeat of Kilpatrick near Waynesboro, and in the spring of 1865 again saved Augusta from the fate of Atlanta and Columbia by his victory at Aiken.

During the campaign of 1864 between Lee and Grant, Stuart and his horsemen, like swarming bees, gave the enemy constant annoyance. After Stuart's death Hampton took command of his cavalry. This leader suffered a reverse at Trevilian Station in the first day's battle; but on the second day he defeated Sheridan and pursued him until he reached the shelter of Grant's army, having in the pursuit defeated his rear guard at St. Mary's Church. Then he went after the Wilson and Kautz raiders, and again his star shone resplendent over scattered foes.

And let us not omit the raid of McCausland to Chambersburg, Pa., in July, 1864.

About the middle of September Hampton made a raid to

the rear of Grant's army and brought off four hundred prisoners and twenty-five hundred beaves, which furnished meat enough for rations for fifty thousand men for forty days.

Nor must we forget Mosby, who in Eastern Virginia had things so much his own way that the district in which he operated was called Mosby's Confederacy.

As late as January, 1865, Gen. Thomas L. Rosser led an expedition from near Staunton, Va., on one of the most trying adventures of the War of the States. The men who followed him on this expedition had, in 1862, followed the knightly Turner Ashby in the brilliant campaign of Jackson in the Shenandoah. Starting from camp on January 7, they rode through rain and snow to McDowell, then to Monterey, then across the Alleghanies, the Greenbrier and Cheat Rivers, then across Cheat Mountain. Taking Beverly by surprise, they captured on January 11 a Federal garrison of about six hundred prisoners and much spoil in the shape of horses and military stores. Securing much-needed supplies, they returned to Early's camp in the valley.

In the closing scenes the cavalry of Wheeler and Hampton still performed gallant deeds. At Five Forks W. H. F. Lee, the noble son of a noble sire, performed valorous deeds; and when, on April 9, at Appomattox, Gordon and Evans were fighting their last battle on Lee's left, the flashing blades of Fitzhugh Lee's horsemen were conspicuous in the charge

"That marked the parting of the Spartan band
Who fought with Robert Lee for Dixie's land."

When all had been lost except honor, a body of cavalry under Kentucky's gallant son, Basil Duke, formed the last escort of President Davis.

Near Palmetto Ranch, on the Rio Grande, in Texas, some Confederate cavalry under Gen. J. E. Slaughter on May 1, 1865, fought the last battle of the war and chased their enemies fifteen miles.

Your Chairman can never forget how a good-natured Yankee came into our barracks at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, waving his hat and saying: "Hurrah! Another Confederate victory!" We gathered around him, asking what he meant. "Well," said he, "it's the truth. Those fellows out near the Rio Grande didn't know that the war was over and got into a fight, and your fellows licked ours, just like they did in the first battle. So, although the war went against you, this cannot keep you from bragging that you licked us in the first and the last battle." The great war of brothers had gone against us, yet

"The South's brave sons had won undying fame,
And crowned with glory the Confederate name."

[While all the poetic lines of the foregoing are quoted, they are from the pen of Colonel Derry, and are taken from his book, "The Strife of Brothers." This report is so long delayed that apology is in order and is expressed.]

CREDENTIALS FOR MEMBER OF CRESCENT REGIMENT, NEW ORLEANS.—J. H. Oswald, of Staunton, Ala., seeks credentials that he may receive a pension. Recently he has been confronted with unexpected need. He was a member of the Crescent Regiment (New Orleans), Company B. It was composed of very young men, and they were a fine lot of youngsters. Their first battle was Shiloh. He does not know of a comrade to testify as to his credentials, and hopes this notice may help him. Comrade Oswald engaged in business for some years at Durant, Miss. He does not give the number of the regiment nor the names of its officers.

FORT HARRISON.

BY J. D. PICKENS.

I notice in your April edition an inquiry from a comrade asking if Field's Division occupied Fort Harrison, a few miles below Richmond, in September, 1864, at the time it was suddenly and unexpectedly captured by the Federals. For his information I will state that no part of Field's Division occupied the fort at that time. I was under the impression at the time that all of Field's Division was north of the James River, but it appears that only a part of it was across.

On the night before the fight I was in command of all the pickets of Hood's old Texas Brigade, composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments and the 3d Arkansas. I was fully convinced that the enemy was crossing with a heavy force to the north side. All night we could hear distinctly the rolling of artillery and wagons over the pontoon bridge. I notified General Gregg, our brigade commander, of the facts about midnight, sending one of my pickets with the information. Later on we could plainly hear the enemy forming in our front. About two or three o'clock in the morning I went in person to warn General Gregg of the danger of a sudden attack at daylight. He replied in effect that headquarters had been notified and that we would be prepared to meet the attack. Just before day I had the outer pickets withdrawn to reservation line, with instructions to hold the line as long as possible and then to fall back slowly. As anticipated, just at the break of day the enemy charged us with a solid line of battle. In fact, I think there were two or three lines, all negro troops. We had a brisk running fight until we reached the breastworks, where we found our brigade all in the works ready for the charge. I want to say in this connection that, in my opinion, no troops up to that time had fought us with more bravery than did those negroes.

That morning our brigade occupied the valley of Deep Bottom Creek; the left of the 3d Arkansas rested on the creek, which was the left regiment of the brigade. General Gary's cavalry was to our left. I think Benning's Georgia Brigade was to our right. The fight lasted only about one hour. I am sure there were several hundred dead negroes left on the field. The dead almost dammed up Deep Bottom Creek at one place. We certainly repulsed them with great slaughter. Soon after this we were withdrawn and double-quickened up the road toward Richmond; and when we got to Fort Gilmer, we learned that Fort Harrison had been captured. This fort is between Gilmer and the river, and our brigade had taken position in works between Gilmer and Fort Harrison. At that time there were no troops to the left or east of Fort Gilmer. The negro troops and some white troops assaulted Fort Gilmer and the works to the left of the fort. I have thought that the 3d Arkansas Regiment saved Fort Gilmer on that occasion. There was a race between the 3d Arkansas and the 9th Maine Regiment for possession of the works to the left of Fort Gilmer, and our regiment occupied the works in time to save the fort. We had a hand-to-hand fight with the 9th Maine, in which we captured their colors and drove them back with considerable loss. The negro troops assaulted Fort Gilmer, and in attempting to scale the walls a great many lost their lives. The Federals continued to hold Fort Harrison to the end of the war. We made an effort to recapture it, but failed with considerable loss.

All this was a long time ago, and it may be my memory is not correct on all points. I have written the facts to the best of my memory.

THE MEN AT CHATTANOOGA.

[Dixon Merritt, in the Nashville Banner.]

Others may sing of the fields that were red,
Fields that were stark with the gray-shrouded dead;
Laud of the charges through sheet-level fire;
Tell of the marches, the camp hunger dire;
Tell of the tatters, the ice-mangled feet,
Death riding swift where the winter rain beat;
Granite-souled sentinels stanch to the death;
Hard-riding cavalry swift as the breath—
Breath of the hurricane born of the pole—
Riding through bayonets, steel hearts to goal;
Tell of an infantry, fearless of fear,
Fullness of loyalty—blood, and the bier;
Others may sing of the captains and all—
Gold of the epaulets, crape of the pall;
Johnston at Shiloh and Morgan by night;
Forrest a panic-clad meteor in flight;
Stonewall, the Puritan, bending in prayer—
High tide of carnage and shrapnel a-flare;
Cleburne at Franklin, and Adams and Strahl;
Johnston adown by the sea at the fall;
Pickett at Gettysburg, straight through the flame;
Lee and the Wilderness, Petersburg, Fame!
Sing of the captains, the charges they made;
Sing of the battle, the foray, the raid,
Sing of the deathless and deified dead;
Sing of their valor, the shots that they sped;
Sing of them martial-clad, battle field bed,
Green-tufted mounds with the slabs at the head;
Sing of the white souls the red demon snatched;
Sing all the song of an army unmatched,
Valor and constancy, purest of ray—
And you've sung half the song of the soldiers in gray.

Peace that was deadlier ever than wars;
Maimed men of crutches and crosses and scars!
Fields that were desolate, homes that were charred;
Law made a nullity, equity barred;
Hatred enforced at the bayonet's point;
Anarchy rife—zealots' work to anoint;
Ignorance enthroned, with accomplice of vice;
Chastity menaced and life at a price;
Money and credit and confidence gone;
Skeleton men who must yield—and fight on;
Guard 'gainst the brute, lurking low on the road;
Guard 'gainst the venom the fanatic sowed;
Fight for his children a mouthful of bread;
Fight for his name and the bones of his dead;
Fight with old weapons, all twisted and broke—
Memory of homestead, razed, vanished in smoke;
Cope with pollution in dens of the vile;
Fight to the death with an optimist's smile!

Plenty aspiring where the war ruins were;
White all the page where of old was a blur;
No taint of pension and pelf without work;
No taint of quailing, no shadow of shirk;
Battle unceasing of plowshare and shop,
Fifty full years with no turning or stop!
Gray on their heads now, as erst on their sleeves,
Calm with the holiness God's labor leaves,
Nearing nor feared to the night and their sleep,
Entering peace all-abiding and deep!

There in the shadow of Lookout to-day
Gathered the men who have straightened the way;
Full on their gray heads God's blessedest ray!
Look! There the heroes, that army in gray!

TO GEN. ADAM JOHNSON.

BY MARY M'KINNON M'SWAIN.

(General Johnson has lived a remarkably active and useful life for over forty sightless years, and has made himself the leading citizen of Burnet County, Tex., where he resides.)

In youth a leader in adventures bold,
A seeker of new paths crowned with romance
Which still the listening heart and ear entrance;
To him his country's need far more than gold;
A fearless scout, a dauntless foe; untold
The daring and the loyal faith that made
Him great, a leader by his men's love paid.

To serve so loyally a cause so great
The fearful price he paid, a blind man's fate;
No fight so brave, no march so nobly planned
As that brave fight which all these years have spanned.
The victory won, his courage gives a light
To those who else would falter in the fight."

CONVENTION OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C., MAY 5-7.

—The Seventh Annual Convention of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., was held at Tupelo. The occasion was one of much interest and enthusiasm, being specially honored by the presence of Mrs. Alexander White, President General, U. D. C., and of Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General. Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, the retiring President of the Division, whose time has expired by constitutional limitation, was the recipient of many congratulations on the splendid work accomplished during her administration, one thousand new members having been added to the Division and splendid advancements made along all lines of U. D. C. work—historical, educational, and memorial. Mrs. S. E. F. Rose's address in response to the speech of welcome by Hon. Stewart P. Clayton was a charming and poetic effort and was well worthy of the attention and applause with which it was received.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH BY A SON OF A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.: * * * Now in regard to that undertaking which you are most personally interested in, the Richard Owen Memorial. You may state that a veteran's son is watching the progress of the subscription, and that, when four-fifths of the needed amount has been turned in by popular donation, he will give the last fifth. Such an announcement might stimulate the "I-guess-I'll-contribute" people into making themselves "I-have-given" people. However, one thing I distinctly forbid: I do not want my name or address mentioned in any way, either in the pages of your magazine or privately to your friends. I have never had cause yet to regret trusting to a Southerner, and I feel sure that you will respect my wish in this matter. The spirit of the gift, and the gift itself, will endure, not the name of the donor. I shall always be glad to assist you in any undertaking so far as I am able, and shall deem it an honor to be connected with anything intended for the perpetuation of the memory of deeds performed for Dixie.

PARISH NAMES OF LOUISIANA.

BY MRS. BENJAMIN ONY.

In the November (1912) VETERAN the writer had an article on the naming of the new parishes of Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, and Allen in Louisiana. It was also stated that the State had been singularly free from prejudice in the naming of her parishes and towns, having a Grant, Lincoln, Cameron, etc. The VETERAN commented on this, stating that Louisiana went far in the naming of these.

But it must be remembered that these parishes were created during the Reconstruction times. Still, as the writer said in the November article, it does show a vibrant, healthy condition that these names have been retained down through these present times, and that the good old State is no less a loyal Southern one for all that.

Louisiana is proud of her parishes, no matter what the names, and has taken her place under the Stars and Stripes with absolute fealty.

MAJ. ED BEAUMONT, OF BUCHEL'S TEXAS CAVALRY REGIMENT.—The inquiry for information of Maj. Ed Beaumont, of Buchel's Regiment, is answered by E. B. Trescott, of Sonora, Tex., who says that at the end of the war Major Beaumont went to Mexico and put in one year planting cotton with Judge Terry, a brother to the old colonel of Terry's Rangers. Judge Terry was murdered at Lathrop by a United States marshal some years later. Major Beaumont also worked in the engineering department of the Vera Cruz and City of Mexico Railway. He then went to California and engaged in farming and the stock business with Mr. Trescott, later going to New Mexico, where he was in the mining business. He died two winters ago, presumably from a gunshot wound, the result of an accident.

NEW CAMP, U. S. C. V., IN FLORIDA.—Comrade A. C. Wright reports from St. Petersburg, Fla., the organization of a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans with twenty charter members, and he has since secured seventy-six names to be enrolled at the next meeting of the Camp. Such enthusiastic interest as is shown by these applications for membership should be an incentive to other communities to get to work and organize Camps of Sons; for they will take the places that veterans are leaving vacant, and it is well that they be aroused to the importance of such organization to keep alive the principles for which their fathers fought.

TWO CONFEDERATES HONORED AT ELGIN, ILL.—On Memorial Day at Elgin, Ill., the Grand Army Post gave places of honor to Capt. William Creighton and Edward Halpin, Confederate veterans, who had been in the habit of going with the Post on such occasions. R. R. Parkin, Post Commander, in a few words explained the reason for thus honoring them: "Captain Creighton, a few days ago you saved our oldest comrade from death. From this day on, until the last roll call has been sounded, or until you and your comrade are no longer able to march with the line of blue, your place is in the front rank of the Grand Army of the Republic, with a guard of honor."

J. M. Lynn, of Breckenridge, Tex., asks that correction be made in his command as given in the paragraph (page 219, May VETERAN) making inquiry for information of Colonel Hutchens, his old commander. His regiment was given as the 2d Kentucky Cavalry; but he was a member of Company F, 10th Kentucky, and he bore a dispatch from Short Mountain, fourteen miles east from Woodbury.

GOVERNORS OF GEORGIA.

[F. T. Reynolds, in Dalton (N. Ga.) Citizen.]

Gov. Joseph M. Brown once said to me that he believed there was a very small percentage of Georgians who could name all the Governors of the State. I decided to look them up, and by looking into musty records I found that there were five kinds of Governors of the State—viz., Colonial, Provincial, Provisional, State, and Military.

In 1717 Robert Montgomery, Bart., was granted by the Lords Proprietors of Carolina certain lands between the Savannah and Altamaha Rivers which he styled "The Margrave of Azilia." * * *

On June 9, 1732, Parliament appointed twenty-one trustees from English noblemen known as "Trustees for the Establishment of the Colony of Georgia in America." They met yearly, the third Thursday in March, for the transaction of State business and for election of new members. The Governor of South Carolina was made chief commander of the Georgia militia.

Georgia was the first colony in the world established by charity. Subsidiary to this great design of philanthropy was to make Georgia a silk, wine, oil, dyes, and drug-growing colony.

About this time there was a trader by the name of Musgrove who had a half-breed Creek Indian wife named Mary, and it was through her diplomacy that the general provisional treaty was made, and the colonists profited by her being the interpreter. Georgia was provisionally organized Thursday, February 12, 1733. A Mr. Hume offered a silver boat and spoon for the first white child born in the colony, and Mrs. Close was the fortunate mother. Of the Provincial Governors, General Oglethorpe was the first—in the year 1732. He was succeeded by Col. William Stephens in 1743 and Patrick Graham in 1751.

Of the Colonial Governors, Capt. John Reynolds was appointed by Parliament in 1754. He was a captain in the royal navy, and was the first to have a cabinet of Statehouse officers, who were: James Habersham, Secretary of Province; William Clifton, Attorney-General; Alexander Kellet, Provincial Marshal; William Russell, Naval Officer; Thomas Young and William Brahm, Surveyors; Sir Patrick Houston, Bart., Register of Grants.

Governor Reynolds's title was Captain General and Governor in Chief of his Majesty's Province of Georgia and Vice Admiral of the same. His first act was to establish a capital up the Ogeechee on a bluff about twelve miles from the sea which he called Hardwicke in honor of a relative, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Lord High Chancellor of England. Stephens's history of Georgia says this capital was fortified by three polygons, of six hundred feet area, three detached bastions requiring twenty-five pieces, and a garrison of one hundred and fifty troops. Governor Reynolds held office four years, then resumed his rank in the navy of England, rose finally to the admiralty, and died in 1776. He was succeeded by Gov. Henry Ellis in 1757 and James Wright in 1760. These three ended the reign of Colonial Governors.

The Provisional Governors were Archibald Bullock, 1776, and Button Gwinnett, 1777.

The State or elective Governors were: John A. Treutlen, 1777; John Houstonn, 1778; John Wreath, 1778; George Walton, 1779; Richard Howley, 1780; Stephen Heard, 1781; Nathan Brownson, 1781; John Martin, 1782; Lyman Hall, 1783; John Houston, 1784; Samuel Elbert, 1785; Edward

Telfair, 1786; George Mathews, 1787; George Handley, 1788; George Walton, 1789; Edward Telfair, 1790; George Mathews, 1793; Jared Irwin, 1796; James Jackson, 1798; David Emanuel, 1801; Josiah Tatnal, 1801; John Milledge, 1802; Jared Irwin, 1806; David B. Mitchell, 1809; Peter Early, 1813; David B. Mitchell, 1815; William Rabun, 1817; Mathew Talbot (President Senate), 1819; John Clark, 1819; George M. Troup, 1823; John Forsythe, 1827; George R. Gilmer, 1829; Wilson Lumpkin, 1831; William Schley, 1833; George R. Gilmer, 1837; Charles J. McDonald, 1839; George W. Crawford, 1843; George W. Towns, 1847; Howell Cobb, 1851; Herschel V. Johnson, 1853; Joseph E. Brown, 1857; James Johnson (Provisional Governor), 1865; Charles J. Jenkins, 1865; Gen. T. H. Ruger (United States Military Governor), 1868; Rufus B. Bulloch, 1868; Benjamin Conley (President Senate), 1871; James M. Smith, 1872; Alfred H. Colquitt, 1876; Alexander H. Stephens, 1882; James S. Boynton (President Senate), 1883; Henry D. McDaniel, 1883; John B. Gordon, 1886; W. W. Northen, 1890; W. Y. Atkisson, 1894; A. D. Candler, 1898; Joseph M. Terrell, 1902; Hoke Smith, 1907; Joseph M. Brown, 1909; Hoke Smith, 1911; John M. Slaton (President Senate), 1911; Joseph M. Brown, 1912; John M. Slaton, 1913.

THOUGHTS ON THE BRIGHT VIEW OF LIFE.

[The August VETERAN read in Center Valley, N. Y., caused the following letter in regard to a birthday anniversary:]

The VETERAN just received informs me that you have had a birthday. I add congratulations and best wishes for many happy returns. I know you are glad that you live in this beautiful old world. I wish I could live always, notwithstanding there are some sorrows, trials, etc., sent to us. I believe that these same sorrows make men and women of us in bringing out the best that is in us and making us appreciate the joys and pleasures all the more.

"This world that we're a-livin' in is mighty hard to beat.

You get a thorn with every rose; but ain't the roses sweet?"

You live twice when you are able to enjoy the recollections of your former life. I think we may live thrice—first, in anticipation; second, in realization; and then in recollection. For are we not happy in building our air castles? Often we are more so than when they are completed. Life is much what we make it; and if we be content, we can enjoy it. I believe in looking on the bright side of life, trying to do what we can to make others happy, thereby finding happiness for ourselves. I once said that I was going to live to be one hundred and fifty years old. A person near by said: "I want to do the same, and I now invite you to a party on my one hundred and fiftieth birthday." There is more happiness in imagination than in reality. So I am just "making believe" that I am thirty-seven years old; still, when I speak of things that happened during the war, it makes my hearers think if they don't speak. "A man is as old as he feels." "A woman is as old as she looks." Be that as it may, we should neither look nor feel old.

Mrs. Arthur Cosby, of 310 East Fifty-Seventh Street, Chicago, Ill., seeks information about the services of her father, John Henry Hurt, in the Confederate army. Both of her parents died many years ago, hence her lack of this knowledge. Her father was born near Lynchburg, Va., in December, 1841. Information would gratify her.

A CONFEDERACY ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY JOHN INZER FREEMAN, ASHVILLE, ALA.

The following story of prison life was given me by my grandfather, Col. John W. Inzer, of the 32d and 58th Alabama Infantry, consolidated, of Ashville, Ala.:

In 1864 the Federal government absolutely refused to exchange prisoners with the South, except in a few cases where the Confederate soldiers were unable to be of any service on account of wounds and various causes. In the early part of the year 1865 there were about three thousand prisoners on the island, and they were divided into thirteen blocks, or buildings. The buildings were built of wood, two stories high, fifty feet wide by about one hundred and fifty feet long, and were about two hundred feet apart. There was a total of thirteen blocks. They were divided into six on each side as you enter the prison and one in the extreme rear, each block representing one of the Southern States in the prison government.

In February, 1865, the prisoners at Johnson's Island, coming to the conclusion that they would have to remain in prison for an indefinite period, began to form a government for their safety and welfare. They considered that a good form of government would be to let each block represent one of the Southern States; that each block should have its own government as the State government; that all the States should have a government with each State represented; that a president and all other officers to complete the Confederate government should be elected, and that they should hold meetings as the Southern Congress did. It was left with each State that they could withdraw if they preferred, and generally the laws of the Southern States were carried out. It was a very complete form of government, and at this time the press had many articles complimentary to it.

The authorities never objected or interfered with any of these meetings. By the time of the surrender of the Confederate armies, in 1865, the State and Federal government of the Confederate prisoners was well organized and complete, having held elections, elected members and officers, and had many meetings. Minutes and records were kept of the meetings of this prison government. The writer has a number of these papers, but would be glad to hear if others can be found. The government meetings were held in building number four. The principal object was to make rules, laws, and regulations, and to be of benefit to all the Confederate prisoners there.

WHAT BEFELL THEM?

BY REV. D. F. FULLER, HOWE, TEX.

In the retreat from Kentucky in 1862, a mere lad of fifteen summers, I set out alone from the hospital in Lexington to find my command, the 57th Georgia, Ledbetter's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Smith's Corps. Between Harrodsburg and Camp Dick Roberson I was overtaken by cavalry, who were the rear guard of our command, and was given a horse to ride.

At London, as we entered the village, a halt was made just where the road ran by a field of corn. Two men with coats upon their arms approached, intending to pass through our lines. Our commanding officer ordered them to halt. They climbed upon the fence, saying they were tired, having been at work for a farmer across the way, but had been compelled to quit for want of supplies. Ordered to get into the road from their perch on the fence, they leaped to the ground into the corn rows and ran away amid a fusillade of shots. In an in-

stant the troopers were in the field, galloping in all directions, but could find no sign of the fugitives anywhere. How they escaped is one of the miracles of war, and I write so that some one seeing these lines may be able to tell what became of them. When I first saw these men coming, I instinctively said, "Spies." I have not altered the opinion yet.

AN INCIDENT OF THOMPSON'S STATION.

BY D. M. STEGALL, COMPANY D, 4TH TENNESSEE CAVALRY.

I would like to relate for the VETERAN a little incident that resembles others of more or less frequent happening during the many perils of our four years' war:

At the battle of Thompson's Station, Tenn., our cavalry fought on foot in front of the enemy while our mounted commands flanked them. Our method of attack was this: While number one sat on his horse, numbers two, three, and four dismounted. I, being orderly sergeant, was number one, placed in command of the horse company. Those dismounted formed a line of battle about fifty steps in front of the horse holders. While waiting for orders to move forward our captain, A. A. Dysart, came back to me and said: "Dug, I'll be killed to-day and I want you to take my watch and pocketbook and give them to Uncle Jim Dysart."

He was killed that day, the only one in our company. It seems that he had a forceful premonition of coming down such as he had never had before, although we had gone through Bragg's perilous campaign in Kentucky, in which we were in constant danger day and night.

The watch is now in the hands of his cousin, R. H. Montgomery, of Oswego, Kans. A cedar tree in the yard of Dr. Hiram Laws at Thompson's Station marks the spot where Captain Dysart was killed.

JAMES LEWIS SCOTT SEEKS COMRADES TO IDENTIFY HIM.—Laurent Brown, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., seeks to establish the war record of James Lewis Scott, that he may secure a pension. He asks surviving comrades who can testify to his service. The following statement is made by Mr. Scott: "At Winchester, Tenn., October, 1862, Mr. Marsh T. Patrick, of that place, had been directed by the Confederate authorities to convey a large sum of money, about \$700,000, from Tennessee to Col. George W. White, at Austin, Tex., the latter being quartermaster, or commissary, for the Trans-Mississippi Department and engaged in buying beef cattle for the army. As I remember it, the money had been forwarded from Richmond, when the messenger, whose name I do not remember, became sick or disabled. Mr. Patrick stated to me that I had been designated by the authorities to accompany him, and that the undertaking was dangerous. I had not enlisted at that time, but I obeyed the command and accompanied Mr. Patrick to Austin, Tex., where he delivered the money to Colonel White. I there enlisted under Colonel White, and served in his department until the general surrender. I also served for a time under Capt. T. M. Batt, of Austin. Mr. Patrick, Colonel White, Captain Batt, and, as far as I know, all the men with whom I served in Texas are dead, and my own records and papers have long been lost."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF GEN. R. E. LEE TO HIS WIFE.—"I received a report from one division the other day in which it is stated that over four hundred are barefooted and over a thousand without blankets. I fear they suffer, but still they are cheerful and uncomplaining."

A PRISONER WHO REFUSED THE OATH.

BY JOHN LOGAN.

I will give a history of my prison life and the circumstances leading up to it. On July 4 we fought a hard battle at Helena, Ark., in which we got the worst of it. I was shot through both feet, was hauled back to Little Rock, and was in the hospital when the Yanks captured the city. They made a prisoner of me, and a few days later I was taken to the penitentiary. There I suffered all the horrors of hunger that a man could suffer.

About February 15 I was shipped to St. Louis, and from there taken to Cairo, Ill. In going from the boat to the stockade we passed crowds of people who crowded the sidewalks to see us. One big, fat man was holding his six-year-old boy by the hand. The boy seemed frightened at first, and finally he said: "Pa, they ain't got horns."

After we were safely landed in prison, my father and mother came to see me. They were granted fifteen minutes to talk, and father pleaded with me to take the oath, since I was a cripple for life and could fight no more. He got a lawyer to draw up a petition and had everything ready, and I was taken to the marshal's office. Father argued that I had better take the oath and go home than to wait to be exchanged; but I answered, "No, sir!" and the marshal commanded me back to prison at once.

About two weeks after this, when I could walk without crutches, I was given a wheelbarrow and made to roll dirt on the streets; but having been wounded, my muscles were soft, and I soon gave out. When I could not go, the guard stepped back with an oath and said he would try steel on me.

From this prison I was taken to Alton, where I fared well, being cook there. I stayed there till the spring of '65, and was then sent to Baltimore and down the bay to the James and then to Richmond.

I would be glad to hear from any of the 12th Louisiana that were prisoners at Alton during 1864.

UNWRITTEN BIT OF KENTUCKY HISTORY.

BY A. C. TERHUNE, DANVILLE, KY.

It was my pleasure to meet at a little railway station recently Mr. Peter Trimble, who related to me the following stirring bit of history to which he had been an eyewitness. Mr. Trimble's brother, Zan Trimble, was one of Morgan's scouts and a fine soldier. Peter Trimble himself was disabled by rheumatism and unfit for service at the front. I give his story in his own words:

"My home was midway between Danville and Stanford, Ky. On the morning of March 20 or 21, 1863, one of my slaves came into the room and said: 'Marse Peter, you never seed the like of men as they is out here, and I believes they are fixin' fer a fight.' Looking out of my window, I saw Colonel Pegram on one hill with 2,500 men facing General Fry on a hill opposite with 3,000 men.

"Believing that the fight was right at hand, my wife and I, with the aid of my servants, began to get our valuables together to depart; for if they had begun shelling, our house was doomed. I heard a great noise, the Rebel yell, and, looking out, I saw General Fry with his 3,000 retreating back to Danville, and Pegram with all that were in condition for the chase following him. Pegram's men numbered 246. Think of it, 246 mounted Confederates to chase 3,000 Yankees!

"At Danville there were 6,000 more Yankees, and to these General Fry added his 3,000, making a grand total of 9,000

men. Still the little body of 246 of Pegram's men followed in hot pursuit. The order was given, and the entire 9,000 men fell back to Camp Nelson without firing a shot.

"Pegram held them in check for three or four days, and the way he did it was through the aid of a slight snow flurry. On reaching the heights around Camp Nelson, where there were encamped about 2,500 or 3,000 Federal soldiers, he had his men to dig a trench as though it was his idea to shell the camp. He had trees cut down and the ends of the logs charred and pits dug, so that the logs had the appearance of cannon. With these he held the enemy in check while the rest of his command foraged in Kentucky. It seems that it was the orders for the Federals to act only on the defensive.

"On Sunday morning Pegram passed my home as fast as his horses could carry him to get with the rest of the command and get out of Kentucky. The Federals did not pursue until the following Wednesday, and then our histories give us the battle of Cumberland Gap. But the recaptured live stock and supplies of the Federals did not amount to one-half of what Pegram with his 2,500 took from the State. Why this has never been told I do not know, unless it was because of partisan histories. But I know it is true, for I saw it all."

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT PROFITABLE REUNIONS.

DR. R. A. GRAINGER, PARIS, TENN.

The worn and exhausted appearance of the veterans returning from their Reunion has impressed me with the fact of their inability to meet the physical demands these reunions impose as now arranged. I believe it would be well and perhaps pleasing to the veterans if there could be secured a few acres of nice woodland in some of the mountain regions of the Confederacy, with good natural drainage and plenty of water free from contamination and small summer cottages built for a permanent meeting place, and extend the time of these meetings. Details could be arranged to give these worthy veterans a quiet, restful meeting that would be helpful and comfort-giving to them and many little incidents and individual heroic acts brought to light that would be inspiring to coming generations as well as pleasure-giving to the "old boys" that have given the Southland and the world the most precious heritage within the reach of men.

A realization of their inability to make the physical effort necessary in their reunions as now arranged and a conviction that all the comforts and pleasures we can give them are their due inspires this suggestion. If you think well of the idea, I hope you will advocate it in the *VETERAN*.

[The *VETERAN* doubts whether such a thing could be brought about. Such a gathering might be held at Monteagle, Tenn., for instance, where the season is over in the fall of the year, where there are furnished homes in which the old men might assemble for a reunion with advantages that never can be had in cities, where there is too much excitement and glamor for their physical demands. A week's gathering of that kind with none but veterans present would give comfort to comrades that would be soothing to the end of their days. But the owners of the houses and the railroad companies would have to do more than may be expected of them.]

In a personal letter J. A. Johnston writes from Indianapolis: "The meeting at the State house will have a strong tendency to produce a brotherly feeling between the men who wore the two colors. There are yet living in Indiana a small per cent of those who wore the blue who do not seem to know that the war is over and that we are all one people under one flag."

MONUMENT TO FATHER RYAN IN MOBILE.

Before an audience that filled Ryan Park, the beautiful monument donated by the people of Mobile to the memory of Father Abram J. Ryan, poet-priest of the Confederacy, was unveiled in July, 1913, with impressive ceremonies. His memory will live in the hearts of Mobilians and Southerners forever. Prominent in the gathering were members of the Monument Committee, members of the Raphael Semmes Camp of Confederate Veterans, clergymen, and city officials.

Dr. Erwin Craighead, Chairman of the Monument Committee, acted as master of ceremonies and made a short, appropriate address, presenting the elegant monument to the city of Mobile on behalf of the Monument Committee. Confere Dr. Craighead told of how the funds for the purchase of the monument were raised—through the unsolicited subscriptions from the people of Mobile, secured through the efforts of Mr. Henry P. Weiss, a newspaper man, the Mobile Register, and the Monument Committee. The formal unveiling was by Miss Carolina Randolph Ruffin, who drew away the flag which covered the statue.

Acceptance of the monument on behalf of the city of Mobile was made by Commissioner Pat Lyons, who said:

"Mr. Chairman, Rt. Rev. Bishop, Rev. Fathers, Honorable Mayor, veterans of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with a feeling of profound humility that I stand here before you to accept for the city of Mobile this memorial to the beloved poet-priest of the South, Father Abram J. Ryan.

"This poor mortal offering adds nothing to the luster, to the fame of Father Ryan. It deepens not the affection with which his memory is regarded, at least by those who live in the land of 'the conquered banner.' His life and deeds need no laudation at our hands; for his words and his works are graven deeply in the hearts of an admiring people—in the



THE NEW BRONZE STATUE OF FATHER RYAN.

hearts of all who admire and respect sterling manhood devoted to duty, Christian charity, and those other qualities which redeem our nature and show that man has sprung from the hand of God. In his writings, in his daily life, in his love for his fellows, in the hearts of his people he has left a more enduring monument than can be erected by the hand of man, has set a nobler example for us to follow than can be inspired by any creation of our hands. * * *

"Therefore, in behalf of the city of Mobile, I accept this memorial and pledge the municipality to preserve and care for it and keep the grass around it green and tender in respectful recollection of one of whom this city and this nation may well be proud."

Rev. Matthew Brewster, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, read two of Father Ryan's beautiful poems, "Nocturne" and "The Song of the Mystic." Judge Saffold Berney spoke on "Ryan and the Confederacy." The address of the occasion was delivered by Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere, and the exercises concluded with the benediction by the Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile.

RYAN AND THE CONFEDERACY.

Judge Saffold Berney's address was on the relation of Father Ryan to the Confederacy. He said:

"Father Ryan's relation to the Confederacy was in two ways: First, as army chaplain, and then by the glory with which his immortal verse has crowned its arms.

"While we know but little of his life and work as an army chaplain, it seems to be a well-established fact that he did serve throughout the war as a chaplain in one of the regiments in General Lee's army. I regret that my knowledge on this subject is so limited; but Father Ryan himself, so far as I can learn, left nothing to enlighten us, and his army contemporaries, if any are alive, are all residents of distant States.

"Consider the duties of this young priest as an army chaplain who was about twenty-two years old.

"These lowly men of God who bore no arms did not count in the news of the battle or figure in the gazettes, and had nothing to hope for in the way of military promotion or other earthly reward. They went about their Master's work in the camp, on the battle field, and in the hospital, combating vice, teaching the word of God, nursing the sick and wounded, praying with the dying and burying the dead. * * *

"And they were often under fire and exposed to much danger in assisting the litter bearers to bear away the wounded from the battle field to the emergency field hospitals, where they aided the field surgeons in their merciful but trying work.

"Now as to his poems. It was a wise man who said that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads of a nation, he need not care who made its laws, or words to that effect.

"The Confederacy having passed into history, its laws went with it; but the war ballads of Father Ryan live on.

"When the end of the war came, bringing ruin and desolation upon the South, and when despair filled the hearts of so many, the brave words of this young priest rang out in the darkness and the gloom, thrilling and inspiring every heart.

"'The Conquered Banner,' written soon after Father Ryan heard of General Lee's surrender, and before all of the Confederate soldiers had returned to their homes, has enshrined the Stars and Bars in eternal glory. * * * Like the Marseillaise hymn which led republican France to victory, this grand poem, the work of inspiration, was struck off in a moment,

as sparks from an anvil, while the fire of the poet's patriotism and genius burned brightly. Who can read it without being impressed with its pathos and tenderness, its reverent love for the South, and the poet's intense patriotism?

"And his other poem, 'The Sword of Robert Lee'—what loftiness of sentiment is there expressed! what beauty of language! what a deathless tribute to the great Southern soldier who in character was as stainless as his sword, and who, though defeated, is the idol of the South!

"Wherever the English language is read these two masterpieces of lyric poetry have made the name of Ryan a household word and shed a luster on Southern valor.

"His 'March of the Deathless Dead,' his 'Sentinel Songs,' his poem entitled 'C. S. A.,' and his beautiful lines in memory of his brother, David J. Ryan, a young Confederate soldier who was killed in battle—how they touch the heart!

"Truly all Southern people owe Father Ryan a great debt of gratitude. But we of Mobile have a peculiar local and personal interest in him, for here he labored as a parish priest for a number of years after the war, and his love for Mobile is evidenced by his beautiful poem 'Sea Dreamings,' while his sweet lines to 'St. Mary's' is a touching tribute to the parish which he served as priest. For years he moved among us in his quiet, unassuming way, attending to his duties as priest without a thought of his own greatness or of the fame that one day would be his. Here he is buried with those other two great men, General Bragg and Admiral Semmes, awaiting the day when he shall rise to sing again.

"The flags that wrap this monument tell each a different story. This one, the Stars and Stripes, is the emblem of a living nation, with all its strength and power. This one is Erin's green flag, the emblem of the land where the Shamrock grows and the home of the poet's ancestors; while this is the 'conquered banner,' the flag he so loved. It was the emblem of a nation that lives only in history. It represents nothing now but hallowed memories. But I have seen it in the storm of battle defiantly floating above our cheering ranks and followed by thousands of brave men when it represented a force that all respected. It fell amid a blaze of glory, outnumbered but not outdone, and crowned with immortality."

In opening his address Father de la Moriniere paid eloquent tribute to "the self-sacrificing son of the Church; the matchless hymnist of the South's struggles, the unparalleled healer of her soul wounds, and the soother of her sorrows in the hour of her defeat; the man whose name, the heritage of the nation, is treasured in every home of our Southland; the priest, the orator, the poet, the patriot—Abram Jefferson Ryan."

The speaker painted the spare, slightly stooped form of Father Ryan as he reclined in his study chair in St. Mary's rectory or softly trod the busy streets; the calm, unruffled brow, shaded by unruly locks; and referred touchingly to the day when "all that was mortal of the immortal" was laid in an humble grave. "The sanctuary was his home," said the speaker, "and the altar his resting place." Few were his wants; to him luxury was a stranger and comfort but a word."

Father de la Moriniere referred to the frequent visits of Father Ryan to Spring Hill College, when he called the young professors apart and talked to them in his inspiring way, kindling within them the flame of noble, holy aspiration. This was in the seventies, said the speaker, but time had not dimmed the brightness of those hours. Father Ryan was

pensive, grave, and at times impenetrable except to a few kindred spirits, although his dealings with mankind were marked by cordiality, his demeanor simple, and his language sincere. No man was dowered with broader, tenderer sympathy, especially for the lowly and poor, as the orphans of Mobile in those days could testify.

The speaker quoted several stanzas from "The Song of the Mystic," written by Father Ryan as an instance of one time when he dared to fathom the depths of his own nature. "This, then, was the mystery of that self-inclosed reticence which clouded his life, saddened his face, and gave him that marked and magnetic personality which drew the attention of every passer-by and cast a spell on all who came near him."

Father de la Moriniere detailed the early training of Father Ryan by the brothers of the Christian School at St. Louis, and followed his footsteps until the goal of life was reached. He depicted in glowing words the effect of Father Ryan's eloquence in both the North and the South, of his success in the pulpit and on the platform, and of his saintly life after his entrance into the priesthood. Father Ryan's great work for humanity during the great epidemic of 1878 was eulogized, and the speaker told of his ministrations to those who were crossing the borderland, to whom he ministered as long as a spark of life remained and over whose graves he whispered a last benediction. His work at the cathedral and subsequently as pastor of the Church of St. Mary's, his devotion to the welfare of the people of Mobile, and his saintly life until the end were pictured eloquently by the speaker. Father Ryan's spiritual work upon the battle fields of the South, where he took his stand in the battle furrows and braved shot and shell to minister to the wounded and dying, was spoken of in glowing terms. The speaker congratulated the Chairman and gentlemen of the Monument Committee upon the success of their efforts to raise a monument in undying bronze to the poet-priest and patriot of the South. In concluding he said: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Monument Committee, you have resolved that from this square, which henceforth is to bear his name, Abram Ryan, the priest, orator, and poet, should by night and day bless the scenes of his spiritual ministrations and intellectual labors; and Abram Ryan, the patriot, should by night and day shield and guard and protect the city and country of his heart's unquenchable love, Mobile and the Southland. Gentlemen of the committee, you may well look with pride on the completion of your noble task, the crowning of your noble efforts. From his home among the blessed the poet-priest thanks you. We who have known and loved him thank you, and the whole world applauds you."

The children of the South gave a large proportion of the money for the memorial in gifts of ten cents each. Dr. Erwin Craighead, who presented the monument to the city, was the originator of the idea.

Father Ryan is represented standing, with a prayer book in one hand, the other hand being extended in a blessing. He wears the robes of his order, and the effigy is said to be a splendid reproduction of the poet-priest as he appeared in life.

With an order for the VETERAN from Central City, Nebr., comes this expression: "I am the son of a Union soldier; but I want to get both sides of the question regarding the War of the States, and am honest enough to wish to read the Confederate side of a question as large as this war proved to be."

ACTIVE MEMBER OF U. S. C. V. IN TEXAS.

Hon. Thomas J. Baten, an active Son of the U. S. C. V. and a prominent attorney of Beaumont, Tex., is a son of W. K. Baten, deceased, of Bossier Parish, La. He was born in Webster Parish, but was reared mainly in Bossier Parish. Through his individual resources he went to Texas, where he secured his education by teaching school, and through close study he prepared himself for the profession of law. He has been practicing since 1906.

His father was a private in the Confederate army, enlisting when very young in a company organized in Webster Parish, and he served in the Trans-Mississippi Department.



THOMAS J. BATEN, BEAUMONT, TEX.

Thomas J. Baten was Commander of the Texas Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans during the term 1911-12, in which period the organization took on new life and a number of Camps were organized. He is active in the work of the Sons as well as in the cause of the veterans. He was Commander of the Beaumont Camp of Sons for three years, and is prominent in Church and fraternal organizations.

A PHILOSOPHIC LETTER.

Charles Hallack, of the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel, sends an interesting letter from the author of "The Debatable Land" and other stirring works of Southern interest:

"Dear Hallack: Your kindly motive in sending me the two CONFEDERATE VETERANS is duly appreciated, and I gave them to an old Reb who is too poor to buy one. I have taken the VETERAN for years, and it is rather a melancholy pleasure, as, like Whittier's poem, the refrain is: "It might have been."

When I was young, in my teens, when every woman was good, every house a temple, and when the rattling roll of musketry was the sweetest sound on earth, I married Miss Confederacy, and I loved her with a passionate love that only youth can give. When she died, it nearly broke my heart. After a few years of vain repinings, I married Miss Columbia, and I have been a loyal husband to her; but when in retrospection I think of my first love, I cannot say that I am glad she died, for four of the best years of my life were given to her.

"So when I read the VETERAN and see how Full Sergeant Death, so strict in his arrest, is summoning them, not in squads, but in battalions, I know that in a few years the last one of us will cross the river. But a truce to such talk. Like the knight of old, 'I have lived my life, fought my fight, and drunk my share of wine'; and to be philosophic is the only way to gain content in this world."

HOW FOUR MEN CAPTURED FIFTY-TWO.

BY H. S. FULLER, DONALDSON, ARK.

At the opening of the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond, Stonewall Jackson having arrived at Mechanicsville on June 27, 1862, D. H. Hill's division, to which I belonged, had been ordered from Lee's army and had camped near Richmond to form a junction with Jackson at Mechanicsville.

D. H. Hill's division opened the fight upon a strongly fortified position at Gaines's Mill. We failed to route them that evening, but that night they discovered Jackson in their rear, and they withdrew to Cold Harbor the next morning.

I and three others of my company were sent out on a skirmish. We ran upon Company A, of the 10th Pennsylvania Regiment (Bucktails), who were also skirmishing and had lost their course. They did not know how to get out of the swamp they were in. We discovered two of them just in front of their company and ordered them to surrender, which they did. They told us that their whole company was only a few paces back and would surrender if we would let them. So we took charge of the company of fifty-two officers and men and marched them to the rear. We four as a guard were sent with them to Richmond.

Thirty-four years after this occurred I boarded a train on the Iron Mountain Railroad in Arkansas for Texarkana. Taking a seat by an elderly gentleman, we soon became engaged in conversation. He said that he lived in Michigan, and told of being in the Army of the Potomac. I asked him if he was in the battles around Richmond, and he replied that he was taken prisoner on the first day of the battle. He said that he belonged to the 10th Pennsylvania Bucktails, Company A. When I told him of the circumstance just related, he grabbed me by the hand, hugged me, and shed tears copiously; and I confess that I enjoyed the remission as much as he did. I have forgotten his name; but if any of the 52d are living, I should be glad to hear from them. The other three of my company were John Arnold, T. J. Pileher, and J. W. Satterfield.

Mrs. V. B. Mellvaine, 208 Verne Street, Tampa, Fla., seeks the war record of Dr. Robert Hunter Mellvaine, formerly of Belleville, Hamilton County, and Cedar Keys, Fla., who served for six months or more before the surrender as surgeon in the hospital corps of the Confederate army at Savannah, Ga. He was an intimate friend of Captain Stapler; other friends were Jelks, Pollhill, Allston, and Folsom. Any surviving comrades who remember him and will help her prove his service will render a great favor to her.

REPORT OF ESCAPE FROM NASHVILLE PRISON.

BY RUFUS HOLLIS (CO. K, 4TH ALA. INF.), SCOTTSBORO, ALA.

Enlisting in Captain Lindsay's company (K, of the 4th Alabama Infantry) on April 18, 1861, I think I am the only one of the eighty-four members now living. We served in the campaigns in Virginia, were in the battles of Bull Run, Seven Pines, Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Gettysburg, Petersburg, Fort Harrison, and the last battles around Richmond. The remnant surrendered at Appomattox.

In one of the battles near Richmond I was wounded and was sent to Richmond. When able to leave the hospital, I was given a furlough. While on furlough in Jackson County, Ala., I was captured by the Federals and sent to the State Penitentiary at Nashville, Tenn. After some time the Military Governor, Andrew Johnson, had me brought to him at the State Capitol. He asked me if I were not tired of the war, and said that if I would take the oath of allegiance to the United States he would release me and I could go home and fight no more. I told him that I couldn't do anything like that, for I was a Confederate soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia, and that I had already taken an oath to fight for the South until death if necessary. So he sent me back to that awful den.

In a short time he again ordered me brought to the Capitol, and he said: "Now what do you say?" I replied: "Sir, I say what I said before. I cannot do anything like that." He asked: "Why not? I have sacrificed all my property, and why can't you make any sacrifice?" He sent me back to the prison, where I stayed until I expected to be sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and die, as I was wounded and in bad health.

I knew some good ladies in Nashville who realized my faith in the Southern cause. They came to see me when I returned the second time. Of these women, the wife of Dr. J. R. Hudson asked me if I consented to take the oath. I told her that I had not, and that I did not intend to stay in prison much longer. She asked me how I could help myself, and I told her that I would cut my way out some night and get away. She said: "You can't do anything like that, for they have guards all around the prison and the city." Then she looked me straight in the eye and said: "If you do succeed in getting out, come to my house, and I will assist you in getting away."

The ladies of Nashville were very kind. They brought us clothing and good food. The Yankees treated them with much respect and allowed them to bring their baskets. Under the food they placed some little saws, to be used in cutting the big iron bars, and we were very glad. When night came, we began to saw out the cross bars. The saws would screech; but the Yankees no doubt thought they were rats gnawing, and did not disturb us. At daylight we rubbed some blue soap in the sawed places, and the Yankees did not detect us. The next morning a Federal officer came in and sat down in front of the grating, but he did not notice the bars.

The ladies had brought us, in a basket, a rope with which to make a ladder to reach to the ground, as we were in the second story. While that work was in progress one of our boys found a weak place on the first floor. An old door was nailed up, and some old steps led to the ground. So we commenced work as soon as we dared to after a woman had brought us a cold chisel in her basket. It was very dangerous to use the chisel, as we had to work in the daytime. We were in a small room, and the Yankees were just outside of the partition door on the ground. We would place the chisel

on a nail head, hit one hard lick, throw everything down, and then sing and dance around and make much noise; and if a guard came in, he couldn't see anything wrong. The boys worked right on until they got all the nails cut. We hung old dirty clothes over the door as safer protection.

Our plan was to open the door at night and escape. We canvassed the prison to see how many would go out that night, and we got twelve volunteers. When night came we all went into the room and slipped out, one at a time. When I was ready I went into my room and told my comrades that I was going to leave them. They begged me not to go but to stay with them, for the guards had orders to shoot if they saw us trying to escape.

I put on two suits of underwear, went into the exit room, and learned that all the boys were gone but one, who was shot in the foot and could not go. He acted as "doorkeeper" and let out one at a time. I pulled off my shoes, tied them to the waistband of my pants, told the boy to open the door, and said good-by to him. I went slowly down the old steps within about six or eight feet of the guard, just around the corner of the main building. I turned over a vessel of water, which made a great noise; but the guard doubtless thought it was rats, as there were a great many of the vermin about the prison. I then crawled along close by and in the shadow of the main building where it was dark. When I got to the high plank fence that inclosed the building, I found a plank against the fence where the boys had run up to the top of the fence and descended to the street. I ran up the plank, but I was wounded and so sick that I fell back into the yard. But, like a flock of sheep, when one started all followed. So I went out in the yard and the next time ran successfully to the top. O how proud I was, although the guard could have shot me off the fence like a squirrel! I hung by my hands as long as I could, turned loose, and went down outside, again making much noise.

I then put on my shoes. I had carried from home ten dollars in gold, and I put five dollars in each shoe. Mrs. Hudson having told me to come to her house, which was



RUFUS HOLLIS AND WIFE.

about a quarter of a mile north of the prison, I, of course, started there. I crawled a while, then walked. I always hated a fice and always will. I was getting along nicely when a fice jumped out of a yard and took after me, which started up an old "Yank," and he took after me with a bayonet, bright and clean. He chased me down the street, but I jumped behind a shade tree like a squirrel to keep him from shooting me. He passed down the street, leaving me behind the tree. I then crawled across the street, climbed a plank fence over among some commissary wagons, and lay flat down on the ground until after the "Yank" returned. Two others of the bluecoats came so close to me that I could have put my hand upon them. In my peril I would have given all the gold I possessed to be back in prison with the old men who begged me so hard to stay with them.

I crawled back over the fence, but the fice did not bother me any more. I soon got to Dr. Hudson's house, crawled up on the front porch, knocked several times on the door, and an old gentleman came to the door and asked what I wanted. I replied that I wanted to go to Dr. Hudson's residence. After a pause he said that was his name. I told him that if that was his name he could be a friend to me, as I was a Confederate soldier escaped from prison. I asked him to direct me to the weakest part of the Yankee guard lines. Dr. Hudson replied: "I will tell you nothing. The guards are thick all around the city, and they will surely kill you if you try to make your escape to-night. Come on into the house." About that time I heard some one coming in the hallway, and I saw that it was the good Mrs. Hudson. I was delighted to see her. She told me to go into a room and go to sleep, and in the morning at sunrise they would help me out of my trouble. She told me to be quiet, for an old "Yank" was sleeping in the basement.

I went to bed, but of course I could not sleep. I well knew that the Federals would be hunting for those of us who had escaped, and that they had orders to shoot us or capture us and put us in a cell. While I was wondering what to do, some one knocked at my door. My heart fairly jumped up in my mouth. However, it proved to be another boy who had made his escape. Dr. Hudson asked him what he wanted, and he replied that he had escaped from prison that night and wanted some place to hide. The doctor told him to go into the room, as one of his comrades was there, and to get in bed with him. The boy came to the bed, pulled down the cover, and asked who I was. He was so proud that he commenced to talk very loud. I stopped him because of the "Yank" in the basement.

About sunrise the next morning the doctor came into our room and told us to get up. He brought a bowl of water and towels and told us to get ready for breakfast. He said that he had sent the "Yank" to the market house down town, and that we must eat breakfast before he returned. So we went to the dining room to meet friends we had never seen before. At a great, long table were many friends, and there were two vacant chairs for "the rebel boys." The old doctor sat at the head, and his good wife sat at the foot of the table. I could not eat much, feeling that the Yankees were hunting for us.

A little negro named Jack was waiting on the table. Mrs. Hudson told him to bring her horse and buggy to the front gate while we were finishing breakfast. She said she was going to carry me in her buggy into the heart of the city to a millinery store. When I got in the buggy she had me pull my hat down over my eyes, and told Jack to drive the horse

to a certain number and street at full speed. The negro put the whip to the horse, and the old "Yanks" and everybody else certainly did get out of the way. When he got to the right place he pulled the reins suddenly, the horse stopped, the good lady jumped out on the street, and I followed her

with a large bundle that she had brought. She unbolted the door, went in, and I followed her. She returned to her buggy, and I never saw her again. No better or braver woman ever lived in Nashville.

In the house I met another comrade who had escaped from prison. There were two young ladies in the room. I told them that I aimed to run the gauntlet that night; but they said that it would be impossible for us to escape, as the Yankees had strong guards all around the city. They offered us a home:



MRS. ARAMINTA C. HUDSON.

but I told them that I didn't want to stay there cooped up for the balance of the war, and that I aimed to run the gauntlet, let the Yankees shoot as much as they pleased. One of the girls told me that if I would go she would send a boy around the city to find the weakest place and let me know.

Late in the evening the boy returned and suggested the best way of escape, but said I would have to wade Cumberland River to get away. I asked the boy that was with me if he would go with me. He said he would go with me to the last. I asked him if he would do as I told him to do, and he said he would. One of the girls went out and brought us two new suits of citizens' clothes. The Yankees had piled bales of cotton across the street, leaving out one bale for a porthole, and placed a guard in the opening. It was impossible to get through at night, so we had to go through by daylight. I told the boy to pull his hat over his eyes and we would talk and laugh as if we were telling something funny and pay no attention to any one, and the "Yanks" would think we were citizens and would let us through the opening. Sure enough, they did.

The boy who went around the city told us to run close to a large tree near the line. So we ran through very fast before the Yankees had time to shoot. We hit a plank fence between them and the river and fell over the fence. We got up at once and went to the river. It was in November, the water was cold, and I did not know how wide or how deep it was, and I could not swim. We took off our outer clothing and carried it over our heads. We stepped into the cold water and waded on slowly. It got deeper and deeper, and we expected it to go over our heads every step. I noticed something black in front of me, and I thought it was an old boat or logs. I kept holding out my hands to take hold of the object, but could not reach it. All at once I struck land. I shouted to my comrade: "Land! land!" So we both crawled out on the other side of the Cumberland River, as wet as rats, two of the proudest boys that ever made tracks from Nashville. We pulled off our wet underclothing. I waved mine around over my head, threw it out in the water, and it floated away. I gave three cheers for Jefferson Davis.

After I reached the high bank of the river, I called at the first house that I came to. The man proved to be in sympathy with the Southern soldiers. He told me to go six miles up the road and I would find a Mr. Webber, who would be a friend to us. We marched in the dark between midnight and day until my strength gave out. I told my comrade that I was going to stop at a cabin near us and rest, get some water, and something to eat if possible. When we got to the cabin and told a man there that we were traveling and wanted to rest, he told us to come in. I was amused to find him a large old negro man. I didn't know what to do, for I was confident that he was not in sympathy with us. However, I sat down by the fire, as I was cold and hungry. I said to him: "Uncle, have you anything to eat?" He said: "No, sir." But after a little while he said that he had some raw potatoes that I could roast. I told him to roll them into the fire, which he did. While the potatoes were roasting I inquired about an old man living near named Webber. The negro directed me how to go to his house.

We arrived at Mr. Webber's at sunrise, and they were eating breakfast. We told of our escape from prison. They welcomed us and invited us to join them in the meal. We were very hungry. We explained that we wanted to get to our army, then at Murfreesboro. One of the good ladies told us to go up on the hill and lie down and sleep during that day, and the next day she would send us to Murfreesboro. We were very grateful, as we were nearly worn out.

The next morning she sent us to our army. We had on citizens' clothes and claimed to be just from Nashville. But the soldiers considered us spies, so we were in great trouble again. As I was a Tennessee boy, I went to the Tennessee camps, hoping to get some one to identify me. I met a captain to whom I said that I was Rufus Hollis, of Bunker Hill, Giles County, Tenn. He asked: "Are you related to William Hollis?" I said: "Yes, sir; he is my father." He then said that he had known me since I was a boy. He gave me a pass, and I was free once more.

I started at once for Jackson County, Ala., afoot through the country, dodging the Yankees on every side. Finally I secured a conveyance home, and then returned to the army of Northern Virginia at Fredericksburg. I then fought for the South until the surrender at Appomattox.

Since the war I have lived on my farm, near Scottsboro, Ala. I often think of those terrible times. I gladly learned recently that Dr. and Mrs. Hudson were always helping the Confederates during those hard times, though they got into a great deal of trouble because of it. They were the parents of Mrs. W. E. Ward, wife of the founder of Ward Seminary; Mrs. Robert L. Morris, of Nashville, whose husband was a Confederate soldier and is now a Nashville lawyer; Mrs. Mary Robertson, who taught in Ward Seminary; and Mrs. Preston H. Miller, of Atlanta. They had one son, Dr. John Hudson, who lives in California. Mrs. Morris is the only daughter living. Dr. Hudson died in 1887. His good wife lived until the year 1903.

[A sketch of Mrs. Hudson is recorded in the *VETERAN* for April, 1904.]

RANK AND EFFICIENCY OF MAJ. J. N. GILMER.—In the "Last Roll" sketch of A. K. Shay in the July *VETERAN*, page 353, the author is mentioned as adjutant of the 15th Alabama Regiment, when it should have been the 16th Alabama Regiment. The "War Records" (Volume LII., Part II., page 563) states that the 60th Alabama was organized on November 25, 1863, from ten companies of the 1st and 3d Alabama Battalions, and

in the list of officers Maj. J. N. Gilmer appears as adjutant. In Volume XXX., Part II., page 422, of the same "Records," Gen. Archibald Gracie reports thanks for the efficiency of Major Gilmer, who served as his assistant inspector general.

HAD JACKSON BEEN AT GETTYSBURG.

BY D. H. RUSSELL, ANDERSON, S. C.

I read with a great deal of interest the late Maj. E. C. Gordon's article, "Controversy about Gettysburg," in the October *VETERAN*, written in reply to some statements by H. Reiman Duval, of New York. I was in the battle of Gettysburg, and have always held some strong opinions as to the reasons for our failure there.

Major Gordon's belief may be readily accepted, since he was at the council of war; while Mr. Duval's statements are made from hearsay. The inaccuracy of the latter's statements becomes apparent when he says that General Lee was at this special council of war, when it is well known that he was not on the battle field of Gettysburg during the first day.

I write to add my small testimony to Major Gordon's statement, and should like to repeat a conversation I had with Gen. John Gordon at a banquet some years ago and at which I was, fortunately, near enough to ask the questions I had been thinking of so long. General Gordon told us that he had never seen his command in finer fighting trim than on that day, notwithstanding the forced marches they had made. He said they went into battle like the sturdy veterans that they were, and that in a short time they had the Yankees on the run. He said he soon saw that Little Round Top was the key to the situation, and was pressing forward to the tune of the Rebel yell to seize it when the order came to him three different times to halt. He disregarded the orders until the fourth one came, more peremptory than the others, commanding him to halt where he was. He said it was one of the most painful moments of his life, as in twenty minutes more he knew he could have had Little Round Top hard and fast. His first thought was, "O for one hour of Stonewall Jackson!" for he knew, he said, that if Jackson had been at his old place watching the firing line, Little Round Top would not have so easily escaped our capture. General Gordon told also of how, after nightfall, he could hear the sound of new trenchments being thrown up in the enemy's line and of the arrival of new troops, and that he rode back to headquarters and urged a night attack, but was overruled.

My recollection of this conversation is very vivid, and its statements fully carry out Major Gordon's assertions in the article under discussion.

A CROSS OF HONOR FOUND.

Henry S. Cowins, Room 1410, 141 Broadway, New York, has asked the help of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Recording Secretary U. D. C., in helping him restore a lost cross of honor to its owner. He writes: "From your office I assume that you can assist me in tracing the owner of a bronze medal of your order in my possession. While of no great pecuniary value, I cannot but believe that the owner, like myself, would be glad to have it returned on account of its associations. The medal is in the form of a Maltese cross, linked to a cross bar having on it the name 'J. C. [or G.] Cowan.' I want the owner to have it as a matter of right; but from the similarity of the owner's name and my own you will see that there is also a sentimental reason for bringing about the return of the lost article if possible. If you can put me in communication with the owner, you will confer a favor on me."

ANNUAL REUNION WITH CAPT. FRANK GURLEY.

On August 20 and 21 Capt. Frank B. Gurley, at his home, Gurley, Ala., gave his eighth annual reunion and barbecue, lasting two days, to the survivors of his company and other Confederate veterans. There were eighty veterans and about fifty other guests present. The barbecue dinners could not be surpassed. Maj. James Matt Robinson presided. Resolutions were passed in memory of comrades who had died within the past twelve months, as follows: John Burding, D. R. W. Cobb, J. E. Butler (Company C), and Thales Kelley (Company H), 4th Alabama Cavalry; Jack Duckett, 50th Alabama; Capt. J. C. Bean, Cheatham's Corps; L. F. Rutland, Harmon Pennington, Ed Robertson, 4th Tennessee Cavalry; R. E. McGahay, 50th Alabama; Jacob W. Battle, Company H, 35th Alabama; William Davidson, J. H. Atchley, Jimmie R. Walker, Charles Pritchett, and Charles E. Collier, 4th Alabama Cavalry; William Stewart, Company G, 12th Alabama; John McMurray, Morgan's Cavalry; W. R. Chunn, Company E, 37th Tennessee.

Hon. W. J. Martin and Mr. O'Grady, of Jackson County, and Capt. J. W. Grayson made pathetic speeches on the resolutions. Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton was present, and when she was introduced to the veterans they marched by in single file and each gave her a hearty handshake. With emotion she expressed her appreciation of the compliment and paid eloquent tribute to the valor of the Confederate soldier.

Resolutions were adopted thanking Captain Gurley for his gracious hospitality in affording this opportunity to meet in happy comradeship, and thanking the ladies for their presence and assistance on the occasion. After the benediction a parting hymn was sung, while the veterans marched by Captain Gurley and grasped his hand in farewell.

A GENEROUS ENEMY.

BY J. D. HODGES, MOCKSVILLE, N. C.

I have thought more times than I can count of the kindness of a young Yankee soldier to me, a newly made prisoner, at General Grant's headquarters, near Dinwiddie Courthouse, on the night of April 1, 1865. I was a member of Company H, 6th North Carolina Cavalry; and in the forenoon of the day, being in momentary anticipation of a battle, we had fortified ourselves by broiling meat just sent us from home and eating it with quantities of hard-tack we had drawn as rations.

At 2 in the afternoon we took up our part in the battle of Five Forks, and in one of our dismounted charges we crossed a swollen stream, where many of us had to swim, and all were wet to our necks. In the varying fortunes of the day our colonel and lieutenant colonel, with other officers and many men, were killed and many others were captured, I among them. As the night came on I was nearly freezing in my wet clothes, and at the same time was famishing for water. My thirst amounted to a craze. Every Yankee that came near me I begged for water, but not one paid me the slightest attention. At ten o'clock we reached General Grant's headquarters, where we were to spend the night on the wet ground and with nothing to protect us from the cold. I was facing the prospect of a bitter night when the officer came to post the relief. My lips were quivering so with cold that I could scarcely form the words, but I begged again for a drink of water.

"Stand here," he said kindly, "until I post the relief." In a short time he came back, led me to his tent, gave me water, and bade me warm myself by his fire. He then began to talk

to me, telling me of the sad plight of the Confederate army, and saying that within three days Richmond would fall. I could not agree with him, and began to paint in roseate colors the morale of the Confederate army, its courage and constancy, and the fortifications and defenses around Richmond and Petersburg, which had already proved themselves impregnable against Grant. But in my heart I knew he was right. The end was near. Yet somehow, though he had been kind to me, I did not want him to know that I had given up. Nor did I realize that the end would come as soon as it did. That was the 1st, and Lee surrendered on the 9th.

When he was ready to leave his tent, the young officer asked for my word as a soldier that I would not try to escape, and then left me by his fire, with his overcoat for a pillow and a sheepskin to lie on. He waked me at the first streak of day and walked with me back to the "bull ring," during which walk I gave him as a souvenir my wooden canteen, whose rarity he had admired, and he gave me in exchange his own canteen, and then pressed on me a good-sized greenback to help me through the hard days that might come. We parted like brothers, but neither thought of the other's name; and now, after nearly fifty years, I am still hoping to find him once more. If this should be seen by him or by any of the guard at General Grant's headquarters on the night of April 1, 1865, I hope it may be made known to me that I may meet again my long-lost friend whose path and mine once crossed "as ships that pass in the night."

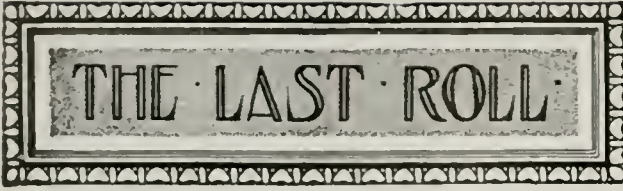
ACCIDENT TO GEN. CHARLES S. PEYTON.

[The Charleston (W. Va.) Mail reports a serious accident to Gen. Charles S. Peyton.]

Serious injuries befell Gen. Charles S. Peyton near Lewisburg, W. Va., recently in being thrown from a buggy and his right hip broken. The public concern over his condition is widespread in Southern West Virginia, and especially in his home county, where multitudes go to his home to extend sympathy and learn of his condition. His injuries are very serious.

General Peyton, Commander of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., is a native of the Old Dominion State, having been born in Albemarle County, January 21, 1841. He organized a company of volunteers in 1860, of which he was elected captain, and they went to Manassas as Company E, 10th Virginia Infantry Regiment, early in May, 1861. He lost an arm in the second battle of Manassas, in 1862. He was promoted to major, and was in the memorable charge by Virginians at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863. He was the only field officer of his (Garnett's) brigade who escaped with only a slight wound. He took command of the brigade and made the only report from any brigade of this splendid division under General Pickett. A report in the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies" by Major Peyton, who commanded the brigade at the close of the war [see Volume XXVII., Part II.] is well worth looking up. Major Peyton was promoted to lieutenant colonel and served to the close of the war. He resides at Ronceverte, W. Va.

Capt. John H. Leathers, of Louisville, Ky., who was reared in Virginia and was in the battle of Gettysburg, said in a talk on the historic field: "It was a dreadful tribute that was demanded from our people in the great war, and we paid it without a murmur, because we felt that we were battling for a great principle. That was cause enough to call for the best that freemen could give. We gave all we had."



"And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the warpath of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

DEATHS IN MILDRED LEE CAMP.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, Commander of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., Sherman, Tex., reports the death of two members who were prominent citizens of that place, both of whom died on the 24th of July:

Capt. J. H. Littleton, born in Charlottesville, Va., January 28, 1842; served in Company K, 24th Virginia Infantry.

Capt. L. F. Ely, born in Overton County, Tenn., July 22, 1839; served in Company C, 9th Texas Infantry.

A. F. JACKSON.

Adolphus Franklin Jackson, who died in a hospital at Eureka Springs, Ark., August 19, 1912, was born in Alabama in December, 1844, and grew to manhood in De Soto Parish, La. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Company F, Henry Marshall Guards, and served with distinction in the 19th Louisiana Regiment throughout the entire war. A history of that regiment would be a history of every battle fought by the Army of Tennessee. As a regimental color bearer he was ever in the forefront, and was seriously wounded several times. In the battle before Atlanta he was shot through the body and left for dead. He reached home after the conflict a seasoned veteran, though still not old enough to vote.

Since the war he had held various positions of trust with marked fidelity and with credit to himself. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a man of large-hearted charities. His home was at Mansfield, La.

C. C. McCORKLE.

C. C. McCorkle was born December 16, 1842, near Mosby, Mo. He enlisted in the Confederate army September 2, 1861, at Rock House Prairie, Mo., as a private in Company D, Boyd's Regiment, Stuart's Division, Price's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. In January, 1862, he joined Col. Elija Gates's Regiment, 1st Missouri Cavalry, Company E, at Springfield, Mo., and was in the battles of Blue Hill and Lexington. He was wounded in the battle of Pea Ridge, March 7, 1862, and was sent to North Missouri with Capt. D. A. Stout in April, 1862. He was captured on May 19, 1862, remained in St. Louis until April 19, 1863, and was then sent to Alton, Ill., under sentence of death. He made his escape in disguise June 21, 1863, arrived at the Missouri camp at Demopolis, Ala., in August, and went to his company. He was under Johnston and Hood from that time up to October, 1864, when he was wounded, having his left arm broken above the elbow. He was nine days getting to the hospital at Marion, Ala. He returned to his command in March, 1865, and was sent with his company to Blakeley, where they fought Cauby's army for nine days, and were finally defeated.

Comrade McCorkle was captured April 9, 1865, and sent to Ship Island, where he was guarded by negroes. He was ex-

changed at Vicksburg May 4, 1865, and was back home in Clay County, Mo., the following September. He answered the last roll June 22, 1913.

Comrade McCorkle was a strict member of the Presbyterian Church and a zealous Mason and Odd Fellow. He was Adjutant of Winnie Davis Camp, U. C. V. His body was laid to rest in the Van Alstyne Cemetery under the auspices of the Odd Fellows Lodge, of which he was a charter member.

HENRY CLAY HUDGINS.

Col. H. C. Hudgins, former assistant to the President of the Norfolk-Southern Railroad, died recently at his home, in Portsmouth, Va. Colonel Hudgins was born in Mathews County, Va., in 1841, but went to Portsmouth early in life, and had since lived in that city. He entered the service of the Confederate States in May, 1861, as a private in the Old Dominion Guards, Company K, 9th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He was promoted to corporal, first sergeant, and first lieutenant successively. He was wounded in the arm and side at Gettysburg July 3, 1863, but in a few days returned to his company, which he commanded afterwards.

He took part in the battles of Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Warrenton Springs, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Suffolk, Newberne, Cold Harbor, Bermuda Hundreds, and numerous engagements around Petersburg before the evacuation. He was with the division at Farmville to intercept the enemy's cavalry. After the surrender of General Lee, he started to join General Johnston in North Carolina, but hearing of his surrender returned to Danville, surrendered to Wright's Army Corps, and was paroled. He was a member of Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, of which he had been Commander.

At the organization of Company K, which was afterwards known as the Old Dominion Guards, Colonel Hudgins was elected captain of the company, and served in that capacity for a number of years. Afterwards he was promoted to the regimental staff and was elected colonel of the 4th Regiment, Virginia Volunteers.

WILLIAM BATTIS BAKER.

William B. Baker died at his home, in Bryan, Ga., on May 23, 1913. He was born on March 1, 1837, in Covington, Newton County, Ga., where he grew to manhood, and was married to Miss Rebecca Elizabeth Eddleman on March 2, 1858, after which he moved to North Georgia, settling near Cartersville.

In October, 1861, he enlisted in the 8th Georgia Battalion, Confederate army, and served as first sergeant of Company A, Gist's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, and for four stormy years he took an active part in one of the most heroic defenses of home and country that history records. In July, 1864, he was captured and sent as a prisoner of war to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was held until the close of the war, in 1865. He returned to Cartersville after the surrender, and moved to Texas in February, 1873, locating in Bryan, where he had since resided. He was a charter member of Camp J. B. Robertson, United Confederate Veterans, and was the Color Sergeant of the Camp.

Comrade Baker was a man of quiet, unassuming manners, but was a man whose honor and integrity made him loved and trusted and in whom the courage and spirit of the old soldier commanded unflinching attention and respect.

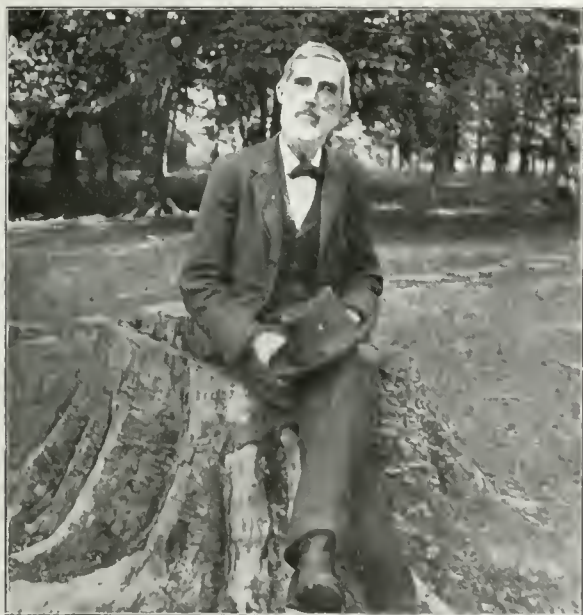
AMOS WEST.

Amos West, a former citizen of Graves County, Ky., died May 25, 1913, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Amie Fowler, in Newnan, Ga., after an illness of four months.

Mr. West was a member of the Orphan Brigade, having joined Company D, 2d Kentucky Infantry, at Camp Boone, Tenn., in June, 1861. He was first orderly sergeant of his company, but was promoted to the rank of lieutenant for gallantry just after the battle of Stone's River. He was shot in three different battles, each of his wounds being severe enough to have furnished him grounds for a discharge from the army; but each time he returned to his company, and fought with it until Lee surrendered.

The writer of this article was intimately associated with Amos West for more than fifty-five years, and he takes pleasure in testifying to his admirable traits of character. His scholarly and literary attainments were superior; and while he was a fascinating and instructive talker, he was also (which is rarer) a good listener. As a soldier he was as modest as he was brave. He possessed pride without vanity, courage without bravado, brains without egotism, and charity without ostentation. He loved good literature, and could quote freely and from memory from the world's best prose and poetry. He was a good husband, a devoted father, and a benefactor of his kind.

[From a tribute by J. B. Watson.]



LEROY E. WILLIAMS.

Leroy Eustace Williams, a prominent real estate dealer of Louisville and a former member of Stuart's Cavalry, died at his home, in Anchorage, Ky., in April, 1913. He was born in Clarke County, Va., and was a student at the State University when the war began. He enlisted in the Clarke Cavalry, which later became Company D, of the 6th Virginia. He took part in Jackson's Valley Campaign, Second Manassas, the Gettysburg Campaign, and other important movements, and was wounded and left for dead on the field at Trevilian C. H., but survived, it is believed, through the kindness of General Custer. He was a member of Stonewall Jackson Camp at Staunton, Va.

DEATHS IN HUMBOLT CAMP.

G. B. Stone, Adjutant, gives the following list of deaths in Humboldt Camp, 974, U. C. V., since its organization, in 1897; C. D. Allen, J. S. Campbell, J. R. Blankenship, H. C. Burnett, J. L. Branch, G. W. Bennett, R. B. Bledsoe, W. N. L. Dunlap, J. F. Estes, D. E. Fitzgerald, S. F. Forsythe, L. K. Gillespie, W. H. Henson, W. E. Hale, J. C. Hailey, Joseph Ing, R. B. Ing, W. E. Mathews, T. H. Marshall, R. N. Mathis, Rev. Joe McLeskey, S. M. McLeary, W. H. McKee, J. N. Mayfield, Harvey Mullens, Tom Parrish, T. J. Pearson, W. D. Prewitt, W. B. Rivers, B. A. Russell, H. G. Roland, J. G. Sharp, J. A. Sheahan, S. G. Scruggs, Bryant Stallings, Tom Thorn, Neil Thompson, Clinton Wright, P. D. Warlick, J. H. Warmath.

JAMES W. ADAMS.

Capt. James W. Adams died at his home, near Tacoma, Wash., March 30, 1913. He was a member of George E. Pickett Camp, No. 1577, U. C. V., of Tacoma.

Captain Adams was a Kentuckian by birth. Before the war he lived in Clay County, Mo., and was active in the historic "border warfare" between Kansas and Missouri. When the news from Fort Sumter came, he at once enlisted in a cavalry company at Blue Springs, Mo., and remained in the service until the end, participating in numerous battles. He served as courier for General Price, and was in the battles of Wilson's Creek, Lexington, Pea Ridge, Sugar Creek (Ark.), Bentonville (Ark.), Corinth, Grand Gulf, Raymond, Big Black River, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, and many others. At the siege of Vicksburg he was captain of Company A, 1st Missouri Cavalry. At the time of the surrender of Vicksburg he made his escape from the city and went to Waco, Tex., where his father was then living. At Kennesaw Mountain he was severely wounded and was disabled for nearly a year. He afterwards joined the army again at Mobile, and was in the battle of Blakely, near that city. He was taken prisoner there, but made his escape. Upon hearing that the war was practically over he went to New Orleans and surrendered, and was finally paroled there. At the time of his death he was within one month of being eighty-two years of age.

THOMAS J. KENNEDY.

Thomas J. Kennedy was sworn into service in Company E, 1st Tennessee Regiment, March 10, 1862, and served in that company until the close of the war. He made an excellent soldier. He was ever true to the cause, and was as brave as true. Paroled at Charlotte, N. C., on May 3, 1865.

[The foregoing is by Judge Joe H. Fussell, who commanded Company E and issued to Comrade Kennedy his parole. Mr. Kennedy spent the latter part of his life in Mississippi, and died there, on Martin Place, near West Point, on December 10, 1909. He was buried by his request in his Confederate gray uniform, with his cross of honor on his breast.]

JOHN T. NEELY.

Report is made of the death of John T. Neely at Charleston, Miss., on July 5, aged sixty-nine years. He was a member of the Tallahatchie Rifles, 21st Mississippi Regiment, volunteering early in 1861 and serving faithfully. His regiment belonged to the famous Barksdale Brigade. He was in many hard-fought battles, and lost a leg at Gettysburg.

Comrade Neely was twice married, and is the father of sixteen children, thirteen of whom survive him. He served for many years as Chancery Clerk.

DARWIN BELL.

Capt. Darwin Bell died recently at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. W. Williams, in Hopkinsville, Ky. He was the last living veteran of the Mexican War in his county and was also the last representative of the Bell family, which has been prominent in Kentucky for generations.

Captain Bell was born January 1, 1828, in the first log house built in Christian County by James Davis in his pioneer settlement. His father, Dr. John F. Bell, a native of Virginia, went there in 1819. The Bell family was of Revolutionary War stock, and originally came to America from Ireland. By vocation Captain Bell was a farmer, and made his home for half a century on his fine farm in the Howell vicinity. He was married Dec. 28, 1857, to Miss Mary W. Meriwether.

At the age of eighteen years Captain Bell enlisted in Company A, Texas Rangers, Chevallier's Battalion, at San Antonio. This was in 1847. He entered General Taylor's army and remained in service, participating in desperate fighting, until July, 1848, when he was mustered out at Camargo, Mexico.

When the War of the States was declared, Captain Bell enlisted in the Confederate army in June, 1861, in Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, as a lieutenant. He was soon promoted to a captaincy. He served in both the 1st and 2d Cavalry Regiments, and was captured February 19, 1864, being released in December, 1864, and was discharged in May, 1865. His bravery and gallantry as a soldier were proverbial.

Capt. Darwin Bell was one of the few remaining types of the ante-bellum cavalier. His interest in literature was no less keen than in the world of affairs, and his friendship was a benison to all who knew him. He was a delightful conversationalist, and his sayings and epigrams were widely quoted. He was fond of fine horses, and no one better knew their pedigrees. He rarely missed a renewal of the classic Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs.

ROBERT S. WILSON.

Robert S. Wilson, of Rockdale, Tex., who nourished democracy and generous manhood, was the central figure of an incident such as perhaps has never before occurred in a political campaign. He was known as a staunch Jeffersonian Democrat of the old school, and was admired and respected by all who knew him for his sterling qualities of heart and mind. When the last presidential election came off, Mr. Wilson was considered at the point of death, and of course was unable to get to the polls; but his one expressed desire was to vote for Woodrow Wilson before he died, and the managers of the election adjourned long enough to gratify his wish. They went to his home in a body, reorganized the board, received and registered the vote of the dying man.

Robert S. Wilson was born in Lafayette County, Ark., in 1844. When the War of the States came on, young Wilson was a Texan and joined Company B, 14th Texas Regiment. In the battle of Mansfield, La., he was shot in the right cheek, the ball passing downward, tearing off a part of the left jaw and coming out through his neck. His life was saved by his faithful negro servant Ike, who got to him and by keeping the blood cleansed from his throat prevented strangulation. Roland Jennings found him alive, and was met with a smile on what was left of Wilson's face. Wilson said: "Hello, Rolly; what's the matter with your mouth?" A ball had struck Jennings sidewise in the mouth, knocking out all his front teeth. Robert laughed and said: "I always told you that you would get it in the mouth." Jennings said: "I

expected to find you dead." The reply was: "The Yank will have to shoot better than that to get me." Such were the boys of the Old South.

Forty-eight years and three months after that day cancer set up in Wilson's old wound, and he died December 30, 1912. The last official act of his life was to witness an application for a pension for his old friend Robert Scott, who was first sergeant of the company to which Wilson belonged, he (Wilson) being second sergeant and R. L. Jennings third sergeant.

R. S. Wilson was Adjutant of Camp Sam Davis, United Confederate Veterans, for a number of years, and the success of this Camp in maintaining its prominent position was largely due to his influence. His ideas of business were clear and forceful, his devotion to duty exceptional, and he considered no higher honor than to serve. His interest in all things bearing on the cause was steadfast. He subscribed for and read every number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN from its first issue to his death, December 30, 1912.

I wish space would allow me to tell the tale of this man's life, the little things that sweeten memory and make it rhythmic with joy and happiness for ourselves and others.

Dr. Jason H. Wilson, dearly beloved friend of the writer, is now an inmate of the Confederate Home at Austin. He is bowed down with the infirmities caused by war wounds and advanced age, but his heart is as true and loving as in his boyhood days.

These two brothers in their young, virile manhood stood by the banner of the bars to the end. They hesitated at no sacrifice nor wavered in their duty to the cause they so loved.

The three men, Robert Scott, R. S. Wilson, and Roland Jennings, were all sergeants, as stated, of Company B, 14th Texas Infantry, Gen. Randall Gibson's brigade, Walker's Division, known as Walker's Greyhounds.

[From sketch by J. O. Bradfield, Company E, 1st Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.]

MRS. MATILDA WICKS STEPHENS.

In the death of Mrs. Matilda Wicks Stephens, the wife of Judge Albert M. Stephens, of Los Angeles, Cal., which occurred on July 2, 1913, the United Daughters of the Confederacy in California sustained an irreparable loss.

Mrs. Stephens was twice President of the Los Angeles Chapter and twice President of the State Division, and in both positions she exhibited the qualities of a great leader. She was gentle at all times, but firm and decisive, just in her decisions, and fair to all parties. The Chapter prospered greatly under her wise leadership, and while President of the Division she went about organizing and inspiring Chapters by her energy and zeal. During her incumbency the Division reached its highest point in development and usefulness. In social life she was gentle, refined, pure in thought and speech, gracious in manner, hospitable, and generous. In the home she was perfection. She more than fulfilled the part of daughter, sister, wife, and mother. In all her life, they tell us, she never uttered a harsh word nor delivered an unjust judgment. Her life was the exemplification of the Divine Spirit in man. Can we doubt that she has entered upon a glorious immortality?

[Sketch by Mrs. J. D. Bethune, member of the Los Angeles Chapter. In sending the foregoing Mrs. S. C. Dunlap, President of the Chapter, wrote: "Without doubt Mrs. Stephens was the most prominent U. D. C. in the West. While she was State President the California Division reached its highest

point in development. She went about visiting Chapters and reorganizing others, and gave new impetus to the work of the Daughters. She was the guiding hand in the Los Angeles Chapter, a woman large of heart and wise in counsel. Her husband, Judge Albert M. Stephens, is the most prominent Democrat in Los Angeles, where he and his family have lived for more than thirty years. He belongs to the old school of the cultured Southern gentleman. Three sons (Moye, Albert M., Jr., and Raymond) and a daughter (Mrs. Donald Frick) share in the bereavement with the husband."]

twenty-eight years he filled acceptably an important position in the post office. He was a devoted member of Camp Sumter, United Confederate Veterans, and an ex-Commandant of that organization. He was an aid on the staff of Maj. Gen. B. H. Teague, South Carolina Division, U. C. V., in Macon last year. He is survived by a sister, two daughters, and two sons, Mr. Ingraham Hasell and Mr. Samuel Mortimer Hasell.

NANNIE ADAMS BROWN.

The Easter anniversary of 1913 had come to the Christian world earlier than usual with its sacred story, oft-repeated yet so triumphant, "He is risen!" There was one whose heart and soul were ever responsive to this resurrection chord and all of its holy meanings and mysteries, for she deeply loved and revered the sweet sacraments of the Episcopal Church; and when the summons came it found her ready, with "lamp trimmed and burning," for she had been faithful to the obligations of life. She was the wife of a Confederate soldier, one of that valiant body of men who had given to the South all of self-sacrifice, fortitude, honor, and courage, and when the end came were heirs to a ruined and desolated land. In the heroic struggle to reconstruct and rehabilitate she fully shared with her husband, Capt. Philip Francis Brown, the self-denial and hardships of that troublous time, and throughout their long life together was a helpmeet indeed.

Devoted and true as a friend, considerate and thoughtful of others, endowed with a brilliant mind and attractive personality, with a rare command of the choicest language and infallible memory of a well-stored mind, she was fitted to adorn the highest social life; and yet with all of these beautiful gifts she recognized that service is the noblest of all, and so her generous heart and hand were open to the humblest of our Father's children.

Nannie Adams Brown was born in Isle of Wight County, Va.; and went to sleep at Blue Springs, Va., April 2, 1913, leaving her husband alone (for they had no children living) and a countless host of friends, who knew her best. To those who loved her the consolation abides that the virtues which endeared her in this life are the jewels in the crown that is hers in that other life.

[Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, in Churchman, New York.]

WILLIAM HENRY HART.

W. H. Hart died at his home, in Oak Park, Ill., on July 29, 1913, after a lingering illness. He was born in Spottsylvania County, Va., in 1847. He enlisted in the Confederate service the last year of the war, when seventeen years old. He was made first lieutenant of Company H, 2d Battalion, Virginia Reserves, and served under Major Cook, of Richmond, Gen. George W. C. Lee's command, in and around Richmond during the winter and spring of 1864-65.

By his first marriage he had four sons—John Malcolm, James Melville, and Henry Dabney, of Chicago, and William Thomas, of St. Louis. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Frances Pitcher. In 1876 he moved to St. Louis, where he was associated with his brothers in the coal business for some years. He then became connected with the N. K. Fairbanks Company, which position he held for over eighteen years, his service with them being in St. Joseph, Mo. His health failing him in 1906, he had not engaged in active business from that time. He was a most polished gentleman of the old school, and was generally esteemed for his beautiful Christian life.



MAJ. N. I. HASELL.

[From tribute in Charleston News and Courier.]

Maj. N. Ingraham Hasell, a universally esteemed Charlestonian, one of the bravest and best of Confederate soldiers, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Marion Hanahan, Dothan, Ala., December 31, 1912.

Major Hasell was a worthy scion of an honored line of ancestors, one of whom was a gallant officer under the renowned Paul Jones on the Bon Homme Richard. Commodore Duncan N. Ingraham, who won world-wide fame by protecting Kosta from capture by the Austrian government, was his uncle.

Major Hasell was born in October, 1841, and was educated in Charleston. Seven days after the secession of South Carolina he entered active military service as a member of the Carolina Light Infantry. Entering the service as a private, he rose by merit and manhood to be commander of a company of sharpshooters, picked men of McGowan's Brigade, A. N. V. These sharpshooters were noted for dash and daring, and in every campaign were in the front of the fight. The first commander of the battalion of sharpshooters of McGowan's Brigade, Capt. William T. Haskell, who was killed in a charge at Gettysburg, always spoke of Ingraham Hasell as "the boy hero." In the charge at Gettysburg Major Hasell was wounded, but he remained with his company.

After the close of the war Major Hasell was appointed a sergeant of police by Mayor Gaillard, and he was a fearless and an efficient officer. During the Reconstruction period he rendered valuable aid in the cause of good government. For

JUDGE HENRY C. JONES

Judge Henry C. Jones, ninety-four years old, died at his home, in Florence, Ala., on June 21. He was the last surviving member of the Confederate Congress, although prior to the breaking out of hostilities he was the leading antisecessionist of the State. He was a prominent member of the State legislature prior to the war, and voted against secession in the Alabama Legislature. While still opposing secession he was elected a member of the Confederate Congress when it was a one-chamber body in Montgomery. When the Congress was removed to Richmond, the Senate chamber was added. Judge Jones was a member of the Congress that provided the form of government. He was very intimate with Jefferson Davis, and accompanied him on a number of his political speaking tours. When the war broke out he engaged in the manufacture of clothing for the soldiers, and for many years after the war he was the leading attorney of the State. He was a prominent figure in Alabama politics both before and after the war, and held many positions of honor and trust.

Judge Jones was born in Franklin County, Ala., and lived all his life in what is known as the Tennessee Valley, the major portion of his life being spent in Lauderdale County. For two-thirds of a century he was a conspicuous figure in public life in that valley, and was considered a fine representative of the high-minded, courageous, and aggressive public men of the Old South.

JOE CATO.

Joe Cato, a Confederate soldier with a gallant record, died recently at his home, in Rome, Tenn., at the age of sixty-eight. He was born and lived all of his life on the old farm in Smith County owned by the Cato family for several generations. He worked on the farm as a boy, and at the age of sixteen ran away to join the Confederate army. He enlisted in Captain Moore's company, of Paul Anderson's regiment, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, which was mustered in at Lebanon, and which regiment was known during the war as "Paul's People." He went through the entire four years of the war unscathed until, in a last slight skirmish at the close of the war at Bentonville, N. C., he lost his left arm. He was captured three times during the war, escaping each time. The last time he was captured was during Sherman's march through Georgia; and when the prisoners were being taken up the Ohio River on a steamboat Mr. Cato jumped overboard and swam the Ohio River, escaping in safety to the Kentucky side, where he secured a horse from a farmer and went back to his regiment, where he remained till the close of the war.

Mr. Cato was married late in life to Miss Mamie Grigsby, and from this union there were six children. The deceased is survived by three sons and two daughters. The third daughter died only a few months ago. Comrade Cato was a life-long member of the Christian Church, a kind parent and loving husband, and was esteemed by all who knew him.

W. J. JONES.

W. J. Jones was born in Pickens County, Ala., in 1840; and died in Carrollton, Ala., in March, 1913. At the outbreak of the war he joined Company B, 40th Alabama Volunteers, under Capt. E. D. Willet and Col. A. A. Coleman. While on picket duty in May, 1863, he was wounded in the left arm by a Minie ball, causing the loss of the arm, and was not able for further duty as a soldier. In December, 1885, he was married to Miss Theodosia Allen, of Alabama.

IRA D. NUNN.

Comrade Nunn was born October 5, 1835; and passed his entire life, except the four years of the war, in Crittenden, Ky. He enlisted in 1861, at Hopkinsville, in Company I, of Ben Hardin Helm's regiment. His first fighting was at Fort Donelson, where he escaped capture by slipping out with Forrest before the surrender. He was in the battle of Chickamauga, and as a first lieutenant of cavalry was in all the hot fighting and skirmishing from Dalton to Atlanta. He was also with President Davis from Hillsboro to Washington, Ga., and often told of the gift of money and the kind words with which Mr. Davis dismissed the soldiers.

On his return to Kentucky Comrade Nunn was first united in marriage to Mary C. Delaney. After her early death he was married to Sarah Shaw, who, with five children and many grandchildren, survives him. He entered into rest on the evening of April 19, 1913.



JOHN T. HIGGINBOTHAM.

John T. Higginbotham was born in Harris County, near West Point, Ga., September 3, 1840. He joined Company F, 21st Georgia Regiment, July 9, 1861, and his first experience in battle was on a reconnoitering expedition, when he performed a knightly deed. The Confederates were falling back, and the charge of powder for destroying a bridge had failed to explode, when Comrade Higginbotham volunteered to fire it. He walked some planks out to the mine, distributed some powder, threw fire on it, and fled. He was blown into the air and fell unconscious at the edge of the stream. The colonel commanding took him on his horse and carried him back,

saying: "Such a soldier should be cared for." This illustrates the spirit he displayed throughout the war.

Comrade Higginbotham received seven gunshot wounds during his service. He served in Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign; he was wounded at Cold Harbor, Second Manassas, and Chancellorsville. Besides, he received three other wounds before the severest one of all, at Cedar Run in September, 1864. This last wound disabled him for the rest of the war. He carried three balls in his body for eighteen months, and two others were never extracted. This man was a typical Confederate. That army gave to the world a new record of patriotism in devotion, endurance, and courage.

Mr. Higginbotham was married to Miss Augusta Ward November 23, 1865, and for nearly fifty years these noble companions helped fight the battles of the Southland against the poverty and desolation the war left as her heritage.

John T. Higginbotham died March 12, 1913, at his home, in West Point, Ga. He never regretted the sacrifice he had made for his country. He was a man of lofty ideals and was truly beloved by his comrades in war and peace.

[The above sketch is by R. B. Morrow.]



JOHN M. BIGGS.

John McClure Biggs, third son of James and Sarah Temple Biggs, was born near Greenville, Tenn., January 3, 1832. He died in Dodd City, Tex., March 21, 1910, and was buried at Honey Grove, Tex. He graduated from the Greenville (Tenn.) College in July, 1858; and on June 23, 1859, he was united in marriage with Mary H. Riffin, of Madisonville, Tenn., who survives him, together with five children.

The regiment to which Comrade Biggs first belonged and of which he was commissary was the 31st Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, organized March 28, 1862, with William M. Bradford as colonel. Mr. Biggs served throughout the war, a memorable part of his service being during the siege of Vicksburg. In his diary he wrote of the surrender:

"The last scene of the last act—Vicksburg, which has bid defiance to the whole Yankee nation for the last fifteen

months and been the wonder and admiration of the world, has finally yielded. * * * The Fourth of July, 1863, is the most humiliating day I have ever experienced, with its important and momentous results. The surrender of the Mississippi Valley, together with twenty-nine thousand men, is, to my mind, very significant of final developments."

Mr. Biggs received his parole July 8, was exchanged, and afterwards joined the 31st Tennessee, under General Vaughan, and was with it to the close of the war. He was paroled at Washington, Ga., May 10, 1865.

By profession Mr. Biggs was a teacher. He taught first in Tennessee, and in October, 1877, went to Texas, where he continued his work as a teacher in the schools of Fannin County. In 1888 he was elected County Superintendent of Public Instruction, which place he filled for six years, after which he retired from active work and made his home in Dodd City, where he died. He maintained a lively interest in all public affairs. He had been for many years an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

THOMAS LOWRY DRUMMOND.

T. L. Drummond, of Norfolk, Va., was born May 31, 1847; and died April 20, 1913.

In 1863 he joined Company F, 46th Virginia Regiment, Henry A. Wise's brigade, at that time stationed at Adams Run, S. C. From that day until the surrender at Appomattox he followed the triumphs and reverses of his command with a cheerful heart and a brave spirit, although but sixteen years of age when he enlisted. In 1864 his brigade was ordered to Virginia, where he passed through many trying ordeals and was subjected to many painful experiences which tested his endurance, his courage, and his fortitude. He participated in all the battles around Petersburg in defense of that city in the memorable campaign of 1864-65, and was conspicuous for his gallantry and manly bearing. At Walthall Junction and Howlett's Farm, June 14 to 17, inclusive, his first lieutenant, Otto K. West, lost his leg, from which he afterwards died, and the color bearer of the 46th, Elisha Boggs Rogers, from his company, and others were killed. He was knocked down by a shot, the ball striking his cartridge box squarely in front.

On July 30 his command held the trenches on the right of the Crater. In a letter from his commanding general soon after the war, after paying a beautiful tribute to his high character and many virtues, he wrote: "He was in the trenches south of Appomattox through the fall and winter of 1864 to March, 1865, and with me on the right of General Lee's army at Hatcher's Run. He fought bravely on the 29th and 31st of March, 1865; and on the Military and White Oak Road, marching and fighting all the way to Appomattox, he was cheerful, obedient, and enduring above all praise."

For many years after the war Comrade Drummond was identified with the cotton trade of Norfolk, and at the time of his death was with Rogers, McCabe & Co., of that city. His widow, who was Miss Mattie Fletcher, of Accomac, and one sister, Mrs. Thomas Fletcher, of Onancock, survive him. Few if any more gallant soldiers so distinguished themselves in the War of the States.

CAPT. JOHN M. STRICKLAND.

Capt. John M. Strickland was born April 19, 1828, in Coweta County, Ga. In March, 1862, he enlisted in Company B, 1st Georgia Cavalry, C. S. A., and served under General

Wheeler. He was chosen lieutenant, but served as captain almost from the beginning. He was constantly present and ready for duty, and was captain for two years. He was surrendered with General Johnston's army April 26, 1865, near Greensboro, N. C.

In 1878 Captain Strickland joined Bethel Primitive Baptist Church, in Meriwether County, Ga., wherein he served faithfully to the end. He was as true and faithful to civic duties as he had been when a soldier. He died October 29, 1912, esteemed by all the people.

[The above report was approved by the Coweta Camp, No. 1161, J. L. Brown, Adjutant.]

JOHN O. MORRIS.

After a long life of activity and usefulness, John Othneil Morris, aged sixty-eight, died at his home, in Huntington, W. Va., on July 4. He was well known in Putnam and Cabell Counties, where he had spent his life. He enlisted in the Confederate army when a boy of seventeen, serving under the command of his father, Capt. Joseph W. Morris, Company D, 16th Virginia Cavalry. While fighting side by side in the battle of Monocacy the father was killed; and the son, then a sergeant, took his father's sword, rallied the fragment left of the command, and brought it out of the fight in good order.

After the war Comrade Morris engaged in farming and stock-raising in Scay's Valley, Putnam County, Tenn. He was also President of the Wingfield Bank for six years, from which he resigned and went to Huntington to live. He was married in 1867 to Miss Eliza Low, who, with four children, survives him. He was buried at Spring Hill Cemetery, Huntington, with Camp Garnett, U. C. V., in charge.

Comrade Morris had been for forty-two years a member of the Baptist Church, and was a loyal Christian.

JACOB CROFT, JR.

Jacob Croft, Jr., seventy-two years of age, died recently at his residence, on the New Hope Road, near Staunton, Va. He was a native of Augusta County, and was the last male member of the old Croft family. He was a bachelor and is survived by one sister. He was a consistent Christian, and for many years had been an influential member of Laurel Hill Baptist Church.

Mr. Croft was a Confederate veteran, having served honorably in the 52d Virginia Regiment, of which he and his brother Samuel Croft, both of Company A, were gallant and faithful members. He was a member of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, Confederate Veterans. Since the war he made his home at the old family residence. He was known and respected throughout the county, where he was a prosperous farmer and an able business man. He leaves a large estate.

CAPT. CHARLES WESLEY JETTON.

Capt. Charles Wesley Jetton died at his home, in Murray, Calloway County, Ky., August 19, 1913, aged seventy-five years. He was born and reared in Calloway County, and lived there all his life, excepting four years spent in the Confederate army. He entered the army in October, 1861, in Company H, 71st Kentucky Infantry, as a private, but soon thereafter was made first sergeant, which position he resigned a few weeks later in deference to an old friend recently recruited. In May, 1862, he was elected first lieutenant, and a few weeks later was elected captain, which position he held until February, 1865, when the 3d and 7th Kentucky, then mounted infantry serving with General Forrest, were consolidated. Captain Jetton was then elected captain of Company F, of the consolidated 3d and

7th Kentucky Mounted Infantry. This compliment was the more pronounced because Captain Jetton was at that time absent on detached service; for there were several splendid senior officers displaced by the consolidation of the two regiments, and these consolidated officers were much sought.

Captain Jetton fought at Shiloh, Corinth, Hatchie Bridge, Vicksburg, Baker's Creek, Big Black River, Raymond, Jackson, Paducah, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Old Town Creek, Athens, Sulphur Trestle, Tarpley's Shop, Pulaski, Tenn., and in all the battles incident to Hood's Nashville Campaign. He was wounded at Tarpley's Shop, near Pulaski, Tenn., September 27, 1864, when temporarily in command of the regiment. He was always a conspicuous figure on the battle field, for he was brave almost to a fault, yet wholly without ostentation or flurry. He was quiet and considerate of those under his command. In his death the regiment loses a link with the past, and the battle line that knew him so well then (he never missed a battle) will know him here no more; but when the roll is called up yonder he will be there. He was always benign, to the fullest extremity, to the men of the company, and his goodness to them at all times was beyond the power of eulogy.

Captain Jetton was mentioned in regimental orders at Baton Rouge for burning the Federal cantonments there on August 5, 1862, under orders with a small detachment and in the presence of both armies and under a tremendous enfilading Federal fire of musketry and artillery. He did the work well and with much alacrity, eliciting the applause of the Confederates who witnessed the achievement.



CAPT. CHARLES W. JETTON AND WIFE.

He was the father of the late Charles Jetton, an eminent young lawyer of Murray, Ky., and leaves an aged widow, the wife of war days, who shared the many vicissitudes common to the women of the South during the war period, two married daughters, and several grandchildren.

[Sketch by Col. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.]

T. B. Creagh, Adjutant of Camp Jones, No. 317, U. C. V., Selma, Ala., sends the following list of members who have died in 1912 and 1913: Archie L. Gilmer, May 25, 1912; Robert Evans Barnes, November 9, 1912; Mike J. Neil, December 16, 1912; James Lauderdale, January 4, 1913; James Swan, May 12, 1913; James T. Hardaway, May, 1913.

THOMAS D. LUCKETT.

T. D. Luckett died at the home of his daughter, in Clarksville, Tenn., on May 24. For several years Mr. Luckett had resided in Louisville as the head of the Luckett-Wake Tobacco Company. He was born in Jefferson County, Ky., in November, 1843. He spent his younger days in Missouri, but returned to Kentucky at the age of fifteen. He engaged as a drug clerk at Owensboro in 1860, but two years later he enlisted in Company C, 3d Kentucky Cavalry, and was attached to Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He was made a prisoner of war in 1863 and imprisoned at Camp Douglas, Ill., for eighteen months, at the end of which time he was exchanged and again resumed his place with his command.

After the war he took charge of the tobacco factory of Kerr, Clark & Co. at Eddyville, Ky., and remained with that firm eight years. In 1875 he located at Clarksville and engaged in the general tobacco business, since which time he had been very successful. In 1869 Mr. Luckett was married to Miss Maria Gracey. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and belonged also to the Forbes Bivouac, U. C. V., and the Louisville Lodge of Elks.

WILLIAM BARNES.

William Barnes was born March 12, 1835; and died February 17, 1913. He had been a deacon in the Primitive Baptist Church for twenty-five years.

Comrade Barnes enlisted in the Confederate service in September, 1861, at Springfield, Tenn., joining the company organized by Capt. M. V. Fyke, and being made second sergeant. The company was sent to Fort Donelson as Company C, 49th Infantry, and was surrendered with the army there, the men being sent to Chicago, where Comrade Barnes remained in prison for seven months. He was exchanged in September, 1862, and after his return South he became second lieutenant of the reorganized company, in which he served throughout the rest of the war. He was a soldier whose colors were never under fire that he was not with them.

[From a sketch by J. M. Morris.]

M. A. NELSON.

Comrade M. A. Nelson died at his home at Estill Springs, Tenn., July 18, at the age of seventy-five. He enlisted as a private in Company B, 11th Tennessee Infantry, was promoted to first lieutenant, and served as such until the close of the war, surrendering with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C. He was in twenty-one battles and skirmishes, and bore to his grave the scars of wounds received. He lived for many years at Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he was known and loved as a man of charity and worth. He is survived by his wife and five children, all grown men and women.

H. B. DE LORME.

At the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. E. Karsten, June 20, 1913, H. B. De Lorme entered into rest, aged eighty-five years.

Mr. De Lorme was a native of Charleston, S. C., and was reared in Sumter County, where he married Miss Susan Redford in 1852. In 1861 they went to Mississippi, and in 1862 he enlisted in Wirt Adams's cavalry. From this command Mr. De Lorme was transferred in 1864 to Culpepper's Battery, which was then stationed in Mobile. He was wounded in the engagement at Iuka. He was captured April 9, 1865, after nine days of fighting, and was imprisoned at Ship Island, where he suffered the indignities and hardships of prison life with negro guards. In May he was paroled at Vicksburg and returned home. In 1868 he went to West Point.

Mr. De Lorme was of the truest and best type of our South. He was a member of the Baptist Church for fifty years, and for sixty-one years he met the joys and sorrows of life with the wife of his young manhood, who survives him. He leaves a son and two daughters. He was buried with Masonic honors.

FIRST LIEUT. JOHN H. WOLDRIDGE.

Lieut. John H. Woldridge was born in Pulaski, Tenn., September 20, 1836. In early life he went to the home of his grandfather, Elisha White, at Lynnville, Tenn., and was educated there and at Giles College, Pulaski. He studied law under Judge John C. Walker and Gen. John C. Brown, attending the law school at Lebanon, Tenn., and graduating in June, 1858. He began the practice of law by himself, but a year later he engaged in partnership with A. J. Abernathy (later Chancellor Abernathy), and continued the practice of law with most favorable prospects until he enlisted in the Confederate army. He joined the first company organized in Giles County, that of Capt. (afterwards Col.) Hume R. Field. The regiment, the 1st Tennessee Infantry, served under Gen. Robert E. Lee at Cheat Mountain and through the West Virginia campaign, and later was under Stonewall Jackson down the Shenandoah Valley and along the Potomac River, until he was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, under General Bragg, in time to participate in the Kentucky campaign in 1862. In the battle of Perryville Lieutenant Woldridge received a bullet wound through the temple that severed the optic nerve and caused the loss of both eyes. He was in command of his company (K) at the time. He remained in total darkness from the date of his wound, October 8, 1862, until his death, July 22, 1913. He exhibited wonderful courage and endurance in his long battle for over half a century against the encroachments of this terrible wound. It finally invaded his brain and caused his death.

The following resolution was adopted by the John H. Woldridge Bivouac and Camp: "Resolved, That an abiding sorrow has fallen upon the comrades of Lieutenant Woldridge. We shall miss his companionship, his wise and conservative counsel, and his wonderful example of patience and submission to affliction. After fifty years of total blindness, we trust that his eyes have been opened to the light of that eternal day where there is no darkness, neither suffering nor pain, but where the banners of peace float over the fields of glory forever."

CAPT. J. J. WHITE.

J. J. White was born in South Carolina April 1, 1830, but lived in Mississippi from 1838. His first aid to the Confederacy was by the manufacture of lumber for gunboats. In 1862 he enlisted as a private in Company H, 3d Mississippi Infantry. Afterwards he was elected lieutenant, and served with distinction. He was captured at Port Hudson, La., and taken to Johnson's Island, where he was confined until the close of the war. In 1870 he married Mrs. Helen White, who survives him. Upon his return home after the war Captain White again engaged in the manufacture of lumber, in which he was very successful and became one of the lumber kings of the South. He possessed broad information, generous impulses, and a good heart. Though quiet in his nature, he had an extended influence and many friends. He was Commander of this Camp for many years. When too feeble longer to preside, he was elected Honorary Commander, which position he held till death.

WILLIAM WALLACE SCREWS.

Maj. W. W. Screws, for fifty years editor of the Montgomery Advertiser and one of the best-loved and most widely known men of the South, died suddenly at his summer home, "Coosada," near Montgomery, on the night of August 7.

Major Screws was the son of Benjamin and Mourning Jones Screws, of Nash County, N. C., and was born at Jernigan in February, 1830. His early education was gotten in the village schools in Glennville, where he received a fair education in Greek, Latin, and English. He left school at the age of sixteen, and did not go to college, but took up the study of law in the office of Thomas H. Watts, Thomas J. Judge, and J. F. Jackson, of Montgomery, one of the famous legal partnerships of Alabama. He began the practice of law in 1850, but gave up a promising outlook to enter the Confederate service in 1862. In 1906 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Alabama.

Major Screws enlisted in Company A, Hilliard's Legion, 1st Battalion, and was made first lieutenant. He was afterwards transferred to Company D, 2d Battalion, which, when the legion was formed into regiments, became Company G, 50th Alabama. He served in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia. In April, 1865, he was captured at Sailor's Creek and taken to Johnson's Island, where he was held prisoner until the following June. He was then taken to Washington. He used to tell how, one night when he and other officers who were prisoners were being marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, the guards were suddenly doubled. When he asked the reason, he was told that President Lincoln had been assassinated and it was feared that the Confederate prisoners would be mobbed.

While Major Screws was in the army he had sent back very readable letters from the front. After the war was over, Samuel G. Reid, owner of the Montgomery Advertiser, offered him a partnership in the paper, which was accepted. With his first editorial he began the work which won him a place among the South's best-loved editors. His connection with the Advertiser began in 1865, and he had been in active control of the editorial pages of the paper ever since.

Major Screws was Secretary of State of Alabama from 1878 to 1882, and was postmaster at Montgomery from 1893 to 1897. He was a member of the Episcopal Church of St. John's at Montgomery, and had been vestryman, junior and senior warden, a member of the State Council and the standing committee, and a delegate to the conventions at Boston, Richmond, and Cincinnati. He was a Mason and had served successfully as Master Mason, Royal Arch Mason, High Priest, Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, Knight Templar, Eminent Commander, Royal and Select Master, and T. I. M.

Major Screws is survived by his wife, three sons (William Wallace Screws, Jr., Joseph Holt, and Benjamin), and three grandchildren (Richard, Wallace and Emily Pitts). His only daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Walton Screws Pitts, died several years ago.

In its editorial tribute, appearing in the Advertiser the morning after Major Screws's death, the paper voices the appreciation of the entire South for the effective devotion of this noble man during the darkest days of our Southern history. "His greatest work," says the writer, "was done in peace, not in war. * * * He was a leader of his stricken and sorrowing people. Their poverty was his poverty, their wrongs his wrongs, and their oppressors his enemies. His

clear brain, dauntless courage, and deathless devotion to duty combined to form a guarantee to the people of Alabama in the days of Reconstruction that they would be freed from the domination of the scalawag and the carpet-bagger." It is accepted by all who know that Major Screws and his paper were the moving force and influence that finally delivered the State from the rule of the spoiler.



MAJ. WILLIAM WALLACE SCREWS.

As to the personal characteristics of the man, Wordsworth in his "Happy Warrior" has drawn a perfect picture of the gentleness and vigor of Major Screws's life and personality:

"Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

[Major Screws was orator at the Macon U. C. V. Reunion. His long-delayed address may be expected yet in the VETERAN.]

SAMUEL JACKSON CRETSINGER.

Samuel J. Cretsinger was born in Illinois in October, 1843, and was taken to Texas by his parents in 1855. In 1861 he enlisted in Company A (Capt. John L. Tibbs), Griffin's Battalion, of the 21st Texas Infantry. Comrade Cretsinger died in Texas January 9, 1913, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Rosa Nelson. This tribute is sent by one who loved him.

MAJ. WILLIAM HUME.

[Funeral tribute by Rev. James I. Vance, D.D., Nashville.]

One by one the old guard are passing. Silently and all too swiftly they slip through the shadow gate into the Glory Land, and we write their names on our roll of honor and hang their portraits in our hall of fame and nurse their memory in our hearts.

Citizen, soldier, patriot, man of affairs, faithful husband, devoted father, true friend, and Christian gentleman, Maj. William Hume lived a long and useful and happy life, and has gone to his grave, followed by the respect of all who knew him and by the tender affection of all his loved ones. He was born more than three-quarters of a century ago in the old Hume residence, adjoining the property of the present High School, which bears the name of his honored father. He came of a distinguished family which has been foremost in the best activities of Nashville from the days of its founding. He was the grandson of Dr. William Hume, a Presbyterian minister from Scotland, who came to this city at the beginning of the last century, and who was one of the very first ministers of the Presbyterian faith to preach the gospel in this region. * * * We are using the great organ we have just installed in this church to-day for the first time in a religious service. It breaks the silence to honor the memory of the grandson of the minister whose consecrated labors resulted in the organization of this Church.

Major Hume's father was Prof. Alfred Hume, the founder of the Nashville schools and the father of public instruction in this city. So well did he stamp his convictions and character on our school system that to this day we feel the influence of his life in the fact that our schools are not God-



MAJ. WILLIAM HUME.

[In the picture with Major Hume are his oldest son, Leland Hume, and his oldest grandson, William Hume, Jr.]

less. They care not only for the head, but for the heart and life and character as well, of the children.

Major Hume is survived by five sons and one daughter, all of whom are filling useful and honored positions in life. He is also survived by nineteen grandchildren and two sisters. In November, 1862, he was married at Tuscaloosa, Ala., to Miss Mary Kate Leland. It was a soldier's wedding. The union has been ideal, and for more than fifty years these two have walked the road of life together in sweet and perfect harmony.

For forty years Major Hume was a prominent figure in the business life of this city, and his name was a synonym for integrity and for all that is straight and clean and white in business life. He was brought up in this Church and in its Sunday school. When a mere lad he confessed here Christ as his Saviour and was received into the Church. It was the Church of his fathers as well as of his children and grandchildren. After the war he moved to the country and lived for a while on his farm, taking his Church membership with him; and when he returned to Nashville, taking up his residence on the east side of the city, he placed his membership in the Woodland Street Church, where he was elected elder and where he served with fidelity in that high and sacred office.

Major Hume was a man of genuine Christian character. His piety was unostentatious, and for that reason all the more sincere. He kept a diary, and his children have been reading the story of his life for these past few months, and again and again do they come upon expressions which reveal to them the deep and tender relations which existed between him and his Saviour. He thanks God for his implicit faith. He had a faith that the theories which assail our religion could not unsettle. He also expresses gratitude to God for his goodness in this last year of his life, during which he was permitted to celebrate the golden anniversary of his wedding, to see his youngest child happily married, and to be present at the marriage of his grandson. He thanks God that he has been permitted to live to see all this.

When the War of the States broke out, he enlisted promptly and served during the four years of the war. There were no prouder days for him than that on which he donned his old Confederate uniform and marched with the Confederate comrades. Whether by accident or intention they do not know, but during his last week of life he wore almost constantly the old jacket of faded Confederate gray. Two weeks ago, when the doctors told the family that the end was not far off, all the children were sent for, and they gathered in the home at Leland, near Spring Hill, and their father gave them his parting message, and then they went back to their work. One of the sons on the train as he was returning home wrote some verses which I am going to read to you. They are a son's tribute to his father and to his mother as well. In order to understand them you must have the same picture before your mind that was before his as he wrote. It was a scene in the library while they were gathered at their father's house. On the wall hung the picture of a young Confederate soldier in his uniform. It was Major Hume's portrait at the opening of the war. On the couch, with his Confederate jacket about him, lay the old veteran, his life dropping toward the sunset. Between the two pictures were the stretches of the years, but you can see that the tie which bound the two together was Confederate gray. These are the lines:

"Handsome picture on the wall—
Soldier boy of sixty-one—

Ready at his country's call,
Brave and patriotic son.

Nineteen hundred, ten and three,
Picture near us where we sit,
Soldier spirit still is he,
Shades of night around us lit.

On his couch he's lying now,
Weary pilgrim, setting sun;
Breath of evening fans his brow;
Race of life is all but run

Round him faded coat of gray—
Days of suffering nearly done,
Glory light along the way,
Battle fought and victory won.

Soldier of the sixties—yes,
Soldier more to-day to me
Then a nation stood to bless,
Now alone he seems to be.

Single-handed in the fight,
Bearing pain we cannot share,
God be with him through the night;
Saviour, hear his children's prayer.

Pain racked body clad in gray,
True as steel the heart within;
Grit and will and nerve, I say,
Soldier he, not made of tin.

Bride of soldier, sixty two—
God our Father, hold her hand

Fifty years they've journeyed true;
Golden be the seashore sand
When her feet are passing through,
Looking toward the better land"

And so, having finished his course, having done his work faithfully and well, having lived a long and useful life, he has gone to his "long home," to what his Scotch kinsmen are wont to call "the land o' the leal."

"There'll be nae sorrow there;
There's nether toil nor care;
The day will a' be fair
In the land o' the leal."

It is unusual to print a sermon in the "Last Roll"; and while it does not deal at length with the war service of Mr. Hume (which, by the by, had so much of happiness in it, as foremost of all his happiness it incidentally secured to him his wife, who was his chief joy for half a century), it will be read with interest by faithful Confederates and Christian people everywhere. The space is freely given in gratitude for many kindnesses to the Editor. The Church mentioned is not second in importance to Southern Presbyterians, and the grand auditorium is the same, save in decorations, that it was when Confederate wounded were cared for in it as a hospital. The great organ referred to, said to have cost ten thousand dollars, is marvelously fine for its purpose, and the floral tributes in the chancel will rarely ever be equaled. The picture referred to in the poem is central in the Confederate corner, never regarded secondary to any part of the delightful and elegant home, with every convenience of a city residence. It too has ever been the delightful rendezvous of the Mary Leland Hume Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, and in it have been held many of their meetings.]

LOVELY DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. R. M. DUDLEY, WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN IOWA.



LOUISE DUDLEY.



REBECCA DUDLEY.

They were on a most fitting journey for pleasure with their parents to Denver. Having shipped their automobile to Chicago, they went by rail from Nashville and had toured in their car across Illinois and two-thirds across Iowa, when at a "dangerous crossing" of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad it seems that they were watching a moving train when the Hawkeye Express train dashed upon them, killing the

sisters and seriously injuring both Mr. Dudley and his negro chauffeur, whom he had taken from Nashville. Mrs. Dudley escaped without injury. The news was sent widespread by the Associated Press at the time. Miss Louise Dudley was engaged to marry this fall. She was maid of honor for Forrest's Cavalry Corps at the Macon Reunion. Maj. R. H. Dudley, of Nashville, is their uncle.

U. S. A. OFFICERS FOR THE VETERAN.

Col. J. A. Watrous, of Milwaukee, sends the *VETERAN* \$2 for the benefit of "two old broken-down Confederates" who will enjoy having its monthly visits, but are unable to pay the subscription. Another contribution of the kind comes from Col. W. C. Gorgas, Chief of the Sanitary Commission for the Canal Zone, who was just ready to send off his check when the Editor of the *VETERAN* called on him recently (mentioned in Panama visit). Friends who know of some deserving comrades who would appreciate the *VETERAN* and are not able to pay are asked to send in their names with a little reference to their records, and they will be complimented with a year's subscription each.

NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE SOUTH.

The Southern Woman's Magazine, recently launched in Nashville, is a venture somewhat new in the way of Southern enterprise. The magazine follows in part the style of the well-established order of similar publications of the North, yet holds for its own particular pages a distinct atmosphere of the section for which it is primarily intended and whose readers will make up the bulk of its clientele.

The result of the new magazine's offer of a generous prize for the best name submitted by a subscriber has already been made public. And while the *VETERAN* hardly felt eligible as a contestant for the prize, it suggested as a most fitting and appropriate name, and one full of stirring memories and inspiration, "Southern Women."

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD'S BOOKS.

Sons and daughters of veterans and mothers of the Confederacy who are loyal to the memory and to the sacrifice of ancestors should be diligent to procure the following list of books by Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga.: "The South in History and Literature" (850 pages, \$1.50; postage, 21 cents), "American Authors" (778 pages, \$1.50; postage, 21 cents), "English Authors" (750 pages, \$1.50; postage, 18 cents), "French Authors" (625 pages, \$1.50; postage, 13 cents); also "Mannie Brown" (50 cents; postage, 10 cents) and "Bible Question Book" (25 cents; postage, 5 cents).

THEO. ROOSEVELT'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE.

A much-quoted tribute to General Lee by Theodore Roosevelt is from the "Life of Benton." The language is as follows: "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth; and this although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

CONFEDERATE RECORDS FOR MISSISSIPPIANS.—D. Hamblen, of Greenville, Tex., who served in Company G, 18th Mississippi Regiment, writes in behalf of Mississippians who seek to establish their records as Confederate soldiers: "Those who are interested in the military service of Mississippi soldiers of the Confederacy can procure a copy of their actual service by inclosing five dollars as a fee to Dunbar Rowland, Director of Bureau of Archives and History, Jackson, Miss. The State had an efficient commissioner, J. L. Power, during the war, duplicating the regimental reports as often as they were made, and they are enrolled in permanent journals. In writing him give name, company, and regiment, and get a copy with an embossed seal of the State on a scroll, which looks well when framed."

"IDYLLS OF THE SOUTH."

To the many readers of Bettie Keyes's verses, popular throughout the South in the late sixties and the seventies, a complete edition of her poems, called "Idylls of the South" and just issued by the Neale Publishing Company, will come as a welcome message from an old friend.

"Eva Landeneau," the initial poem of Mrs. Chambers's collection, was begun shortly after the war at the suggestion of J. G. Holland. It is dedicated to the United Daughters of the Confederacy—an appropriate tribute, since the heroine is a Southern woman—and the poem narrates her experience from the beginning of the war to the yellow fever epidemic in 1878. Many of the shorter lyrics were printed in the New Orleans Picayune and other important newspapers. These "Idylls," which are greatly varied in theme, range from light moods of fancy and memory to passionate prayer and appeal. In the lyrics "Bend Low, O God!" written during the yellow fever scourge, "Yearnings," "Mignonette," "My Nannie," the poet's emotion is voiced with genuine sympathy and pathos.

Bettie Keyes Chambers—"Bettie Keyes," as she is better known—was a Southern girl, the daughter of a soldier, Col. Washington Keyes, of Decatur, Ala. Now, full of age and honors, she lives in San Diego, Cal. Her four soldier brothers won laurels on Southern battle fields. At her home in Mississippi during her young widowhood she nursed many wounded soldiers, and her generous kindness is remembered to-day in homes scattered over the now united country. Her hospitality was color blind; it saw no difference between blue and gray when suffering wounds called for help.

"FOURTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY REGIMENT."

This is the modest title of a very interesting book by Maj. George B. Guild, of Nashville. While giving a narrative of the important part taken by this regiment in many of the operations of the Confederate army in the West, the author in his vigorous and perspicuous style gives much information from his own personal participation in the movements and conflicts of the Western Army, and it is a material addition to the history of the Confederate army in the West.

The author relates entertainingly many thrilling incidents which occurred during the great struggle and which came under his observation, in many of which he participated.

The 4th Tennessee Cavalry was conspicuous in service throughout much of the war. Col. Baxter Smith, its commander, had originally the 7th Tennessee Battalion of Cavalry, and data concerning the regiment may be procured from Volumes XVI., XX., XXIII., XXIV., XXXI., and XLVII. of Series I. and Volume VIII. of Series II., "War Records."

THE BATTLE OF TUPELO, OR HARRISBURG, MISS.

Eugene H. Allman, 121 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala., who was a member of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry and was in Forrest's command at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., is now publishing a beautiful map of the battle field of Tupelo (or Harrisburg), Miss., showing the positions of the commands of General Forrest and of Gen. A. J. Smith, with a list of casualties of officers and men which is authentic. The battle was fought July 13-15, 1864. The map is embellished with half-tones of Gens. N. B. Forrest and A. J. Smith and representations of the Confederate and United States flags. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of money order for 50 cents.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

BY COL. JOHN P. HICKMAN, NASHVILLE.

In the list of living Confederate generals in the September VETERAN furnished by Gen. Marcus J. Wright I notice the omission of George P. Harrison, the present Commandant of the Army of Tennessee, United Confederate Veterans. He was colonel of the 32d Georgia Infantry, and was appointed and commissioned a brigadier general in January, 1865. However, he as colonel had commanded a brigade for some time previous to his appointment. His home is at Opelika, Ala.

["The VETERAN man" takes blame for this omission, as well as for failure to observe that Brig. Gen. Thomas Benton Smith was not in it. General Harrison is one of the most prominent of Southern men and a comrade of whom veterans are proud. General Smith was cut on the head by a saber after he surrendered in the battle of Nashville, and the greater part of his life since has been in a State asylum. Will others report errors or omissions on page 447?]

David Cardwell, of Stuart's Horse Artillery, writes from Richmond, Va.: "How could you leave out of the list of living generals the name of T. T. Munford, one of the finest gentlemen and one of the best soldiers in the cavalry corps? He lives in Lynchburg, Va."

[It is a singular coincidence that the Editor of the VETERAN knows each of the foregoing general officers well, and it would seem that he is becoming inexcusably mechanical. Explanation is made that he assumed in each instance that authors have studied out what they write about, and it is his business simply to put what is written in order for the printer.]

DATES CONCERNING THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

Charles Ducloux, of Knoxville, Tenn., makes timely correction of a misstatement in the VETERAN, of which he writes:

"Isn't it strange that almost every member of Longstreet's Corps who participated in the battles of Chickamauga and Fort Sanders when writing to your most excellent magazine will give different dates for those two fights? The February VETERAN (on page 58) contains an article by Comrade C. B. Varner, 3d South Carolina, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaws's Division, in which he says: 'We arrived at Knoxville about December 7. The attack on Fort Sanders was about the 9th.'

"The facts are different. Burnside fell back from Campbell Station and reached his fortifications at Knoxville November 16. Longstreet began to invest the city on the 17th. Twelve days later, November 29, the unsuccessful assault on Fort Sanders was made, and on December 3 Longstreet retreated across the Holston River to Strawberry Plains, and the siege was raised on account of Sherman's approach with 25,000 men."

MOVING PICTURE SHOW IN CHICAGO.

BY DR. R. A. HALLEY, FORMERLY EDITOR OF FUEL.

I was at a moving picture show the other night and seated just behind two boys who were of the age to enjoy intensely the war drama being portrayed. In one part of the picture a small detachment of Confederates charged up the earthworks, and the Federals behind departed swiftly, the Confederates firing after them.

"Gee!" said one of the boys. "I bet they hit many a one. Them Southerners are good shooters. There was a big battle, and one of them shot my grandpa in the leg." The other replied: "O shucks! He wasn't shooting at your grandpa."

"Sure he was shooting at him," excitedly exclaimed the other. "If he wasn't shooting at my grandpa, how did he hit him?"

A Southern girl in the history class of a Chicago high school did not believe all she saw in her book. To her the teacher, having in mind the "Battle above the Clouds" fiction, turned and asked: "What was the most notable achievement of Gen. Joseph Hooker during the war?"

"Getting out of Virginia one dark night before General Lee caught him," came the unexpected answer.

With a look but no comment the teacher simply passed the question to the next pupil and got the expected reply.

L. A. Norrell, of Gainesville, Ga., writes of a canteen:

"A delightful souvenir of the War of the States, and one particularly appropriate for exploitation right now, is a prized possession of the widow of a Federal soldier who was a member of Company D, 42d Illinois Volunteers.

"Hugh D. Jaquish went to war as a lad of fourteen, and manfully did his duty throughout the four years of fighting. Some time during that period, probably during one of those intervals when the two armies, or parts of them, were encamped and were waiting each for the other to make the first move, he swapped canteens with a 'Johnny Reb' soldier. His canteen was of metal; Johnny Reb's was of cedar wood.

"The cedar canteen was shaped like a drum, was girdled by two metal bands, and boasted a cork stopper. Just how the Yankee canteen was supplied in respect to a stopper I have no record. I regret my inability to give the name, the regiment, and company of the Reb who was the proud possessor of the cedar wood canteen. Anyway, he willingly swapped with the Yank, and the canteen is now a silent reminder of the event."

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Mrs. E. W. Dodgen, of Hempstead, Tex., seeks information to establish the record of her husband, Eli W. Dodgen, who served in Company C, 33d Arkansas Infantry.

M. T. Lee, 1017 East Cherry Street, Sherman, Tex., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of Company A, 6th Alabama Volunteer Cavalry, with which command he served.

Mrs. J. A. Wright, of Gatesville, Tex., wants the address of some survivor of Company D, 14th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, who knew her husband, J. A. Wright, of whose record she wishes information.

Bednego Smith, 117 East Texas Street, Denison, Tex., who served in Company F, 60th Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade, wishes to hear from any surviving members of his company to aid him in getting a pension.

Survivors of Company C (Sam Brown, Captain), which was organized in Lawrence County, Ala., and served with Col. Joe Patterson's regiment, Roddy's Division, are asked to communicate with A. T. Couch, Temple, Tex.

W. L. Jones, of Temple, Tex. (Box 80), is anxious to hear from any surviving members of Company B, 51st Alabama Cavalry, of which he was orderly sergeant. He needs testimony of his service in order to secure a pension.

W. H. Still, of Company B, 7th North Carolina Infantry, wants to hear from some of his comrades in the war. His company was organized in Cabarrus County, N. C. Any information may be sent to J. M. Freeman, 2630 Jennings Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex.

Mrs. S. W. Curtis, who lives at 408 Wheelock Avenue, Alexandria, La., wishes to hear from any surviving members of the Pettus Guards who remember her husband, Samuel Wesley Curtis, who served in that command. She is trying to establish his record in order to secure a pension.

J. F. Gulick, of Manassas, Va., has in his possession a small Bible given to him at the recent meeting at Gettysburg, on the back of which is the name of G. O. Baines, 4th Georgia Infantry, Pickett's Division, which he would be glad to return to the owner or some member of his family.

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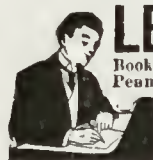
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Mrs. P. J. Haden, 146 21st Street, Portland, Oregon, would be glad to hear from any survivors of Company B, Miller Rangers, 7th Georgia Cavalry. Her grandfather, John T. Brannen, of Bulloch County, Ga., served with that company, and she seeks information of him.

C. F. Jarrett, of Hopkinsville, Ky. makes inquiry for surviving comrades of W. M. Page, who enlisted in Company G, 42d Tennessee, near Clarksville, Tenn., in 1861. He was in the battle of Franklin and was captured at Nashville. Comrade Page is now old and feeble and wishes to enter the Kentucky Home.

Mrs. E. K. Wilson, of Cresson, Tex., seeks information of the war record of E. K. Wilson at or near Nashville, Tenn., where he enlisted, but she does not know his command. The archives at Washington show that he was General Bragg's operator first at Shelbyville, Tenn., in 1862, and at West Point, Ga., in 1864. He went to Texas in 1880. His widow is applying for a pension.

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A. M. Wheeler, of Salem, Ark., makes inquiry in behalf of Mrs. G. W. Ray, whose husband served in a Tennessee regiment, possibly as a surgeon. His

home was near Nashville, Tenn. Surviving comrades are asked to furnish his record, that she may secure a pension, of which she is in need.



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Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1913.

No. 11.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

TWENTY THOUSAND EDITIONS.

That the circulation of the VETERAN has averaged twenty thousand copies each issue for many years, which has been a larger circulation for a longer time than has ever been achieved by a monthly in the South; that its work is of so great importance, and that its original patrons, chiefly Confederate veterans, are passing out of life so rapidly, the owner appeals more earnestly than ever to all friends to bestir themselves as never before to procure new patrons. If all who are its friends and realize fully its worth to the South and to history would cooperate, new stimulus would be given before this year ends. Let such remember that it is a prodigious work, and that its expenses of a thousand dollars an issue must be met, and almost entirely by subscriptions. While the service has been unstinted in quality and quantity of reading, the price of \$2.50 for three years makes it comparatively a very trifle in expense. In remitting, it would be an easy matter for thousands to secure the subscriptions of friends and neighbors without extra expense in remitting. Again, let every one in writing send names of one or more who they think would be interested in sample copies.

The VETERAN will be sent free from now to January, 1915, for one dollar. Tell it to those who may become subscribers.

Sincerest gratitude is expressed to the multitude who responded recently to statements. There are thousands who have not yet done so. If they delay much longer, effort will be made again to hear, and if that be not answered request will be made of postmasters to know if they are living. It is imperative to keep in touch with patrons, and an earnest plea is made to those for whom this is intended to respond at once, so that correct knowledge may be had of what to expect.

The VETERAN is never sent to any address after notice to discontinue is received. Let every patron remember this. If it continues to come after notice is given, you will know that the notice was not received, so send another.

A comrade who receives the VETERAN and fails to pay before death, leaving unpaid subscription to indifferent persons, cripples the cause for which he fought. It is inexcusable for any who can't pay not to give notice promptly.

When a statement is received by a representative of a patron who has died, they and the VETERAN might be saved labor and expense if they would remit what is due, counting from the month and year printed on label opposite name of each subscriber.

It will seem odd to give on the front page of this VETERAN a personal monument. It is given for two reasons. It is doubtless the most superb presentation ever given of the Confederate battle flag. The conception is well worthy of reproduction. Then, again, the young woman is well worthy the tribute for so honoring the father of her husband. Col. L. T. Dickinson, of Chattanooga, suggested use of this design.

During the Confederate Reunion at Chattanooga in May, 1913, a private monument was erected in memory of the late James A. Wiggs, Jr. Probably no monument in recent years has attracted so much attention and favorable comment. The workmanship and design are unique, representing the emblem of our beloved Southland. A Confederate flag is beautifully draped over the left side of a massive Barrie granite boulder measuring seven feet high, six feet wide, and three and a half feet thick, and weighing in all thirteen tons.

Mr. Wiggs was the son of the late Col. J. A. Wiggs, of Mississippi, who served with distinction under Stephen D. Lee. After a brilliant record for service and bravery during the four years' struggle, Colonel Wiggs surrendered and was paroled at Jackson, Miss., May 23, 1865. In 1863 he married Miss Lucile Carroll Church at her ante-bellum plantation home, across from Vicksburg, in Carroll Parish, La. James A., Jr., and Laura Wiggs were the children of this union.

Mrs. Wiggs's father, the late Col. D. M. Hollingsworth, of New Orleans, was a valiant soldier and a lifelong friend of Jefferson Davis. In view of the tender devotion of this entire family to the Southern cause, and Mr. Wiggs's own love of the South, this softly draped flag over his last resting place is most appropriate and beautiful. His wife and children, Edith H., James A., and Lucie Carroll, offer this tribute to a noble son of a noble Southland. In life he honored the flag; in death the flag honors him.

James A. Wiggs, Jr., was born at Enfauila, Ma., May 20, 1864. His business career was begun in Memphis, where he resided during the early part of his young manhood. Later on, however, he located in New Mexico, as representative of the Santa Fe Railroad. Upon the discovery of oil in Texas Mr. Wiggs enterprised a large manufacturing plant in Beaumont, Tex., also established an oil well supply business there; and in the years that followed he patented and manufactured oil well machinery whose use extended to every known oil field in the world.

Mr. Wiggs married in 1901 Miss Edith Hollingsworth, of New Orleans, who in May of that year as Miss Hollingsworth was sponsor for Louisiana at the Memphis U. C. V. Reunion.

MISSISSIPPI VETERANS AT GREENWOOD.

It was good to be at Greenwood for the State Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans on October 8 and 9. The town was profusely decorated and the hospitality of the people was consistent with the reputation of that State and of the South. Automobiles, electric cars, fine horses, and carriages were in abundance for visitors, while comfortable homes were cordially opened to guests of the occasion.

The business meetings were well attended, and active interest was taken in the cause of dependent comrades and the widows of those who went down in adversity. The spirit of patriotism was manifest in everything done.

A special to the Commercial Appeal, Memphis, states:

"Greenwood is teeming with the wearers of the gray, fully five hundred and over of the Mississippi Division, Confederate Veterans, in attendance upon their twenty-third annual reunion, being in this city.

"The following officers of the reunion are present and have charge of affairs: Maj. Gen. Pat Henry, of Brandon, Commander in Chief Mississippi Division, U. S. V.; Adj. Gen. John A. Webb, of Jackson; Chaplain J. A. Haman, of Learned, Miss.; and others. Commander in Chief George C. Myers, of Jackson, of the Mississippi Division, U. S. C. V., and Adj. Gen. D. L. Thompson, of Jackson, are also in attendance upon the reunion of the Sons, which is being held with the Veterans. [N. B. Forrest, Adjutant General U. S. C. V., and an ardent Son, Carl Hinton, of Denver, Colo., arrived later.]

"Division Commander Pat Henry then introduced Lieut. Commander Lee McMillan, of Carrollton, who responded to the welcome. Lieutenant McMillan excelled himself and made a most able response. Throughout he was interrupted with applause and his response was heartily received. He paid a splendid tribute to Greenwood and Leflore County for their proverbial hospitality.

"Adj. Gen. John A. Webb then announced the following committee appointments: Committee on Credentials, E. A. Howard, of Durant; W. G. Ford, of Holly Springs; James Woodruff and E. M. Ross, of Philadelphia.

"Following the committee appointments, Miss Sadie Robinson recited 'Beauvoir,' a poem composed by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Greenwood. Mrs. Kimbrough is the original promoter of the Beauvoir Home, and the appeals she made to secure the Home inspired her to write the poem 'Beauvoir.' An ovation was tendered Mrs. Kimbrough, and she told the story of why she wrote the poem.

"Many prominent workers in the State United Daughters of the Confederacy were called upon to assure the veterans of their welcome to Greenwood and Leflore County.

"At night a reception was tendered the veterans by the local U. D. C. Chapters on Court Square lawn, after which they repaired to an entertainment in their honor.

"Greenwood never looked happier than with these guests, and the city is in a complete whirlwind, with every one of its eight thousand souls doing the utmost to make this the most enjoyable reunion the veterans ever held, and the old fellows are wearing the smile that won't come off. One Johnnie Reb was heard to say that he had rather come to Greenwood than go to any other place except heaven. Automobiles await a call at every corner; the tramp, tramp, tramp is never seen; and the old soldiers are gleaming with appreciation of the thousands of courtesies extended them.

"Lieut. Commander S. R. Coleman delivered the address of welcome and served as master of ceremonies. Judge Cole-

man delivered a most stirring address of welcome, and every old soldier in the courthouse was assured that a genuine Greenwood welcome was extended them, and that if they went away without getting what they wanted it wasn't Greenwood's to give.

"The invocation was expressed by Chaplain J. A. Haman, of Learned, Miss., the official Chaplain of the Division.

"Following Judge Coleman's address of welcome, 'Dixie' was charmingly rendered by Mrs. N. V. Noblin, accompanied by Mrs. R. A. Topp on the piano. Her rendition carried the old 'vets' off their feet, and after the last chorus they swarmed about her and evidenced their appreciation of the spirit shown in her rendition of 'Dixie.' Mrs. Noblin was tastefully dressed in Confederate colors, with a pretty flag drapery."

OFFICERS ELECTED FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

W. A. Montgomery, Edwards, Major General.

W. C. Wells, Sr., Jackson, Brigadier General, 1st Brigade.

Dr. F. M. Wroten, Magnolia, Brigadier General, 2d Brigade.

Joe Hibbler, West Point, Brigadier General, 3d Brigade.

John A. Webb, Jackson, Adjutant General.

The important event locally for Greenwood is delayed for lack of a satisfactory picture of the splendid monument recently erected there. Besides, there is some remarkable data to be used in connection with Leflore County which is also deferred.



RESIDENCE OF DR. AND MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON.

A large crowd attended the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Winona. It was erected through the Statham Farrell Camp, U. S. V., by donation from J. C. Purnell, of Winona. It is a beautiful piece of architecture, and is erected to the memory of Jefferson Davis, to the soldiers, and to the women of the Confederacy. It is a very unusual thing for one individual to do so great a work for his people. In doing that, however, he built for himself a greater monument than could be erected on a private lot.

The program of the service follows: Edward Loggins, marshal of the day, made the assembly call on the corner at the courthouse, after which Commander G. J. Weissinger formed the Confederate Veterans in line of march and a long parade was formed, the Daughters of the Confederacy following. Then came the Winona Graded School and several county schools. After the parade through the business part of the town, the crowd assembled at the monument, and after the song, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," the Commander of the Statham Farrell Camp stated the object of the as-

sembly, and Chaplain Rev. John Ritchey led in prayer. Then followed another song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and after that Hon. V. D. Rowe made the presentation speech in an eloquent and impressive manner. An acceptance speech was delivered by Commander Weissinger, and then the sponsors, Misses Mary Hamilton and Gladys Binford, unveiled the monument as the large assembly sang "Dixie."

It was a great event for Winona and will long be remembered. The superb monument may stand as a worthy testimonial to generations yet unborn. Such a monument as the gift of one citizen is a rare and most praiseworthy event.

FIFTEENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

BY COL. J. R. BINFORD, DUCK HILL, MISS.

The 15th Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A., entered the service in May, 1861, with 1,070 officers and men. During the war of nearly four years' service it lost in killed and wounded 863. In the battle of Fishing Creek it lost more than fifty per cent of its members, and at Shiloh it lost nearly fifty per cent of the number engaged in the battle. It gave to the Confederacy a major general (E. C. Walthall) and two brigadier generals (W. S. Statham and W. F. Brantley). General Statham died of fever at Vicksburg the day that his commission was received there. He had commanded the brigade from the day that General Zollicoffer was killed. His service was particularly conspicuous in the battle of Shiloh.

I enlisted with the regiment at Shiloh as a private. I was successively appointed adjutant of the regiment, major, then lieutenant colonel; and when Gen. J. E. Johnston consolidated the 20th Mississippi with the 15th, I was made colonel of the consolidated regiment, the 15th being the official number.

[The foregoing brief sketch by Colonel Binford was written by request of the VETERAN. In connection with that he adds: "I have written a history of the original regiment from its organization, which I hope to have published that the descendants may know what their fathers did during the Confederate war." Colonel Binford has been persistent in securing a monument to the regiment, which stands at Duck Hill and which is inscribed as follows:

"In memory of Col. W. S. Statham, Col. M. Farrell, and all members of the 15th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, C. S. A.

"Through their courage they won immortal victory and deathless fame; for to die nobly is the proudest glory of virtue.

"To the noble men who fought beneath the Stars and Bars, and who were faithful unto the end."]

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GENERAL, U. D. C.

Mrs. Edward Carl Schnabel, of New Orleans, better known in Confederate circles as Miss Katie Tyler Childress, a tireless worker in the cause of Confederate history and for the comfort and happiness of veterans, has held many positions of responsibility and trust in the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

When attending her second General Convention, held in San Francisco in 1905, she obtained for her State the second vice presidency general, and she secured for the Memorial Hall in New Orleans the fine portrait of Mrs. C. M. Goodlett, designated as founder of the U. D. C.

In recognition of her devoted work in the cause she was appointed Major on the staff of the Major General commanding the Louisiana Division, United Confederate Veterans, with three other young ladies of Louisiana. A prized possession is her commission signed by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

In 1902, as Acting Custodian for the Soldiers' Home for Louisiana, she had charge of the Christmas feast and presents from Chapters and succeeded most happily.

Mrs. Schnabel, then still Miss Katie Childress, was the efficient Recording Secretary of the New Orleans Chapter. In 1909 she was elected Recording Secretary of the State Division, also Corresponding Secretary General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to which office she has been twice reelected.

Mrs. Schnabel has been an ardent worker for the Beauregard monument in New Orleans, having raised more money than any other Daughter for that object. She was the second Director for Louisiana on the Shiloh Monument Board, her predecessor, Mrs. Newton Blanchard, wife of Governor Blanchard, having by reason of ill health occupied the position but a short time.

Mrs. Schnabel was an active worker in establishing Louisiana Day in the public schools, in planning and carrying out the grand centennial celebration of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and a member of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association of New Orleans. This little lady is now the Historian of her Chapter and chairman of the committee to provide ways and means for entertaining the U. D. C. Convention this month.

Her father's family served the Confederacy from Alabama, while the Tylers, her mother's ancestors, were settlers at Andover, Mass., in 1640.

Mr. Schnabel interests himself in all her good work. Though of foreign parentage, he has identified himself with the life of his adopted city.



MRS. KATIE CHILDRESS SCHNABEL.

With all of her efficient U. D. C. work, by oversight rather than lack of appreciation, this is the first prominence ever given in the VETERAN to her work and the least ever given a general officer of the U. D. C. for equal service.

FUNDS FOR ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

Wallace Streater, Treasurer of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, has issued the following statement and appeal:

"The Arlington monument will soon be completed. The contract with the sculptor calls for \$50,000, but necessarily the expenses of unveiling, restoration of grounds, labor, incidentals, etc., will be in addition to this amount. So far the sculptor has received \$25,000, and the cash in hand approximates \$20,000. It is believed that \$55,000 should be raised to cover all contingencies. So that about \$10,000 more ought to be contributed as soon as possible. Within a few months the great work will be finished, and obligations must be met.

"Every Chapter should have some part in this effort to commemorate Southern heroes. Every Daughter should be proud to assist in some degree. Never again will such an opportunity be offered to honor our fathers and mothers in such a way, for the Arlington monument will be unique among all memorials.

"It is suggested that your Chapter contribute fifty cents *per capita*, if possible, or less if it cannot spare that much. If every one responds, enough money will be in hand to pay all debts when due.

"A majority of the Chapters have heretofore made some contribution; but it is hoped that none will decline to help in this, which it is expected will be the last general appeal to raise the required fund.

"Send all contributions to the Treasurer by November 30, 1913, if possible, as his accounts for the current year close at that time. Due credit will be given the several Divisions."

WORTHY U. D. C. WORKER IN MISSISSIPPI.

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of West Point, Miss., is a most enthusiastic U. D. C. worker. Her administration as State President of the U. D. C. of Mississippi, which was just closed by constitutional limitation, was marked by brilliancy and advancement along all lines of work, over a thousand new members having been added to the Division. When asked as to what she attributed her success, she replied: "My heart was in it." Mrs. Rose served as State Historian, U. D. C., prior to her election as President, and has written many valuable historical papers, notably the "Ku Klux Clan," which she gave permission to the Mississippi Division to sell for the benefit of a Confederate monument to be erected at Beauvoir, Miss., the home of the President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. The booklet met with great success, having been sold in thirty-eight States and in far-away China, and the Mississippi Division now has the sum of \$500 from the sales of the booklet as a nucleus for the monument.

During the past summer Mrs. Rose prepared a history of the Ku Klux Klan in suitable form for school study, and she will endeavor to secure its adoption as a supplementary reader in the schools, thus bringing the true history of this great organization direct to the young people of the Southland, our boys and girls of to-day, who will be our citizens of tomorrow. Mrs. Rose will ask the indorsement of the U. D. C. for the book and feels that if she can get this information to the youth of our land she will have accomplished a great mission.

Mrs. Rose will attend the coming convention in New Orleans, and on Historical Evening will present a beautiful silver loving cup for the best essay on "The Women of the Confederacy." This contest was inaugurated this year by



MRS. S. E. F. ROSE.

Mrs. Rose by permission of the President General and Historian General, and the loving cup is her personal gift in order to stimulate interest in the collection of data about these wonderful women, the mothers of the Confederacy.

ALVA L. P. JAMES MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., Treasurer of the Alva L. P. James Memorial Scholarship Fund, calls the attention of Chapter Presidents in Alabama—of which State Division she is now President—to the action of the U. D. C. in Washington in requesting contributions from each Chapter for the establishment of a memorial scholarship in honor of Mrs. Alva L. P. James in some State institution of her beloved State, Alabama, said scholarship to bear her name.

Mrs. Bashinsky writes: "Mrs. James was until her untimely death one of the most earnest, loyal, and efficient members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She designed our beautiful Confederate Christmas seal, and was tireless in her energy to extend its sale for funds for the Confederate monument at Arlington, Va., and then for the Shiloh monument. After that the seals will continue an indefinite source of revenue for each State Division, U. D. C. Our President General has indorsed it, and in a letter published in the *VETERAN* commends the cause to all U. D. C. Chapters."

HONORARY PRESIDENT ILLINOIS DIV., U. D. C.

Mrs. John A. Lee has been chosen as Honorary President of the Illinois Division, U. D. C., for life. A report states:

"Fighting from a strongly fortified position in a friendly country is comparatively easy; but when it is necessary to wage the battle in hostile territory, where one is surrounded with unsympathetic conditions and general misinformation and misunderstanding, victories come harder.

"The Illinois Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, honors itself in making Mrs. John A. Lee, retiring President of that Division, Honorary President for life, with a right upon the floor and a voice in all meetings. Its constitution was amended in order to create that office for her.

"Mrs. Lee was born in Louisville, Ky., a member of the well-known Gathright and Austin families of Kentucky and Virginia. Her brother, James O. Gathright, gave his life for the Confederacy in the battle of Murfreesboro.

"Immediately after an early marriage Mrs. Lee established her home in Missouri, and while a resident of that State became a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy (D. O. C.) before the united order was established. She served as State Secretary of the D. O. C., was President for four years of the St. Louis Chapter of that organization, and when they coalesced with the national body she was chosen to represent it at the General Convention of the U. D. C. at New Orleans in 1902 and to formally unite the two organizations. When she was invited to the speaker's stand at the Convention to make the address of consolidation, she was happily introduced by Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, the President General, as 'the representative of the second Missouri Compromise.'

"Mrs. Lee was President of the St. Louis Chapter, U. D. C., when the Sam Davis Chapter, the first U. D. C. Chapter,

"About ten years ago Mrs. Lee moved to Chicago and joined Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., of that city. When the President General, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, requested that a State Division be formed in Illinois, Mrs. Lee was sent to Alton as a delegate from the Stonewall Chapter of Chicago to cooperate with delegates from other Chapters and members of the Sam Davis Chapter at Alton in organizing a State Division. She was chosen chairman of the meeting and was elected President of the Illinois Division, in which capacity she has completed four terms. At the recent annual convention of the Illinois Division, October 8, 1913, she was nominated for a fifth term, but declined to hold the office again, and the Convention adopted an amendment to the State constitution creating the office of Honorary President, to which life office Mrs. Lee was unanimously elected.

"During her presidency Mrs. Lee added two Chapters, reclaimed one Chapter, and has helped to put into effect at the great University of Chicago a plan which is of much educational and historical value to the Southern people.

"Mrs. Lee is an interesting and graceful public speaker and an able and accomplished presiding officer and parliamentarian. She is of social refinement and broad, altruistic principles."

OFFICERS OF THE LOUISIANA DIVISION, U. D. C.

At the annual election of officers of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., October 13, 1913, the following were chosen:

Mrs. Peter Youree, Shreveport, President.

Miss Doriska Gautreaux, New Orleans, Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge, Mrs. A. P. Sims, Tangipahoa, Mrs. H. A. Hays, Alexandria, Vice Presidents.

Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, New Orleans, Recording Secretary.

Miss Mattie B. McGrath, Baton Rouge, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. M. M. Bannerman, Grand Cane, Treasurer.

Mrs. J. S. Allison, Benton, Historian.

Mrs. E. C. T. Longmire, New Orleans, Registrar.

Miss Lise Allain, New Orleans, Custodian.

Mrs. H. H. Russell, Monroe, Recorder of Crosses.

Mrs. D. C. Powell, Lake Charles, Organizer.

TRIBUTE TO A DISTINGUISHED ARTILLERYMAN.

[To Capt. John W. Morton, chief of artillery under Gen. N. B. Forrest, on his seventy-first birthday, Sept. 10, 1913.]

In Time's progressive course a useful life
Is part of the great universe that rolls
Upon the surging tide of noble strife,
And gives incentive stroke to fainting souls.

A life that bath the battle's fury tried,
And met the wreck of carnage face to face,
Is fit to stir the embers of our pride,
To brave the fate of this uncertain race.

And thou hast been this one who fought the fight,
And near the sunset of thy course we say,
Thy stroke was wielded in the cause of right,
Thy life was turned face forward to the day.

And in thy course of years this milestone passed
Draws thee still nearer to life's final goal;
But may thy years be long, and while they last
May peace and happiness attend thy soul!

[Clarence Douglas Moore, by request of Col. W. A. Collier.]



MRS. JOHN A. LEE.

was organized in Illinois by members of the St. Louis Chapter. The Sam Davis Chapter of Alton, Ill., has since done splendid work in commemoration of the Confederate soldiers (2,200 in number) who died in the Federal prison at Upper Alton, by raising funds and securing aid from the government to reclaim the graves of those Confederate heroes from desecration and to convert the cow pasture where they were buried into a beautiful cemetery, carefully guarded and kept.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

On page 521 there is much comment upon the subject that should lead on this page. It is continued on page 556.

RECORDS OF SAM DAVIS AND COLONEL OWEN.

The booklet concerning the Richard Owen Memorial and the story of Sam Davis, to be published and issued before Christmas by the VETERAN, will comprise about eighty pages. It will contain a history of the Richard Owen Memorial, with list of contributors to it, also a complete list of the men who died while in prison in Indianapolis and other places in Indiana, which names are on bronze tablets. This list will comprise over thirty pages and should be in the home of every family represented. The cost and labor in its production deserve consideration by friends of the VETERAN.

THE STORY OF SAM DAVIS.

So great has been the demand for the story of our immortal Sam Davis that it is to be published in this same booklet. The wonderful story will contain the history prepared by Dr. H. M. Hamill, Chaplain General U. C. V., who, taking the bound volumes of the VETERAN and perusing through several years, wrote the story with great care for the Sunday School Times and revised it later for this magazine.

These two enterprises are the greatest ever achieved by the VETERAN, and its founder seeks to make this record a benefit in all that patriotism and honor can suggest.

Those who would like to contribute to the reimbursement of expenses in the Richard Owen Memorial may yet be included in the list to appear in the booklet, which will be sent free to all contributors if reported early in December.

Gen. H. A. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky., writes: "My dear Cunningham, I am sending you my check for one hundred dollars to reimburse you in part for the erection of a monument to Col. Richard Owen to commemorate his kind treatment of our comrades in prison, under his care, in Camp Morton in the winter and spring of 1862—the only man of the many Federal officers who had charge of a Federal prison during the war who treated them with humanity or kindness."

Col. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.: "Noticing in the October VETERAN that the Owen monument fund was far in arrears, I inclose Batesville exchange for \$100 to apply on same, for I do believe that we of the South, and friends of those whom Colonel Owen befriended while prisoners, ought to contribute the balance due to this fund, and quickly. But I do not care to have my name as such contributor go into your forthcoming booklet. Simply say: 'Cash from a friend!'"

Colonel Cook's check for \$100 was declined except on condition that his identity be made public. He had given already \$10 for the fund, and in reply to inquiry about its return he wrote: "Do as you think best with the \$10 previously given by me to that fund. Either let it stay in the fund with the \$100 or give it to some known needy veteran or widow."

Just here the VETERAN will state that the work of Col. V. Y. Cook for the cause so dear to the Southern people, from Major General of the Arkansas Division to any service with

the general organization, has been most unstinted for over twenty years; yet he has never asked anything whatever for himself.

ADDED CONTRIBUTIONS TO OWEN MEMORIAL.

Gen. H. Tyler, Hickman, Ky.	\$100 00
Col. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.	100 00
C. M. Watson, Belvidere, Ill.	2 00
Isaac Hardeman, Macon, Ga.	5 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Newnan, Ga.	1 00
Mrs. John M. Taylor, Lexington, Tenn.	1 00
Jonathan D. Rudd, Waskam, Tex.	5 00
Hon. J. R. Thornton, Washington, D. C.	10 00
Col. W. C. Gorgas, Ancon, Canal Zone.	5 00
J. L. Marshall, Perdue Hill, Ala.	1 00
Novarro Chapter, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex.	1 00
Mrs. E. H. Townsend, Corsicana, Tex.	1 00
Dr. R. N. Herbert, Aspen Hill, Tenn.	1 00
Rev. S. D. Boggs, Danville, Ky.	1 00
F. M. Waring, Charleston, S. C.	1 00
C. W. Trice, Lexington, N. C.	1 00
Capt. John C. West, Waco, Tex.	5 00
W. A. Miller, O'Brien, Fla.	1 00
E. S. Hough, Manchester, Tenn.	2 50
Mrs. C. A. Womack, Chatham, Va.	1 00
R. P. Diggs, Nashville.	50
Ed Abernathy, Pulaski, Tenn.	50
Mrs. Grafton Fenno, West Lynn, Mass.	25
C. L. Nolen, Huntsville, Ala.	1 00

WHAT IS SAID BY THE ADA (OKLA.) NEWS.

He has now been dead many years; but it is foreign to Southern nature to forget and fail to show proper gratitude for favors shown. Some years ago S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and who had been held a prisoner during the time of Colonel Owen, conceived the idea of erecting a suitable memorial to his memory, said memorial to be paid for by subscribers from former Confederate soldiers and their friends in the South. A considerable sum was raised, and Mr. Cunningham guaranteed the remaining funds from his own pocket.

This case has no parallel in history. The monument may be considered a landmark in the history of this nation. To the passer-by it will recall the gratitude of men who feared no foe, a tribute all the more striking on that account, showing how tender the brave can be and how well Southern soldiers remember. It will appeal to the best nature of every man and awaken in his breast a responsive feeling.

OUTINGS DURING U. D. C. CONVENTION.

The elaborate program for the Convention includes:

Tuesday, November 11, 3 P.M., boat ride on the Mississippi.

Wednesday, at 9 P.M., promenade, concert, and ball.

Friday, November 14, 1 P.M., automobile ride, and at 2 P.M. ceremony of laying the corner stone for the Beauregard monument. At 4:30 P.M. there will be a visit to the Country Club, with an informal reception at the Soldiers' Home.

On Sunday, November 16, those who go to Panama and Central America will sail at 11 A.M.

An advertising column of this VETERAN gives the rates and general program of the Panama trip. Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, President of the New Orleans Chapter, and Mrs. Katie Childress Schnabel, of New Orleans, Corresponding Secretary General U. D. C., are aiding managers for the Panama trip.

FRATERNITY BETWEEN VETERANS.

That suppressed disturbance of spirit exists in regard to fraternity between veterans of the two great armies of the sixties is well known. A gentle, lovely daughter of a gallant Confederate general said she hoped that amalgamation of the gray with the blue would not occur. Such prospective relation is deplorable with a large class. The fair young woman's sentiment is not ultra. She thinks the country is moving onward toward reconciliation in the sanest way. She inherits the sentiment that the South may be reconciled eventually, and she is so patriotic that she sincerely hopes manly, honorable men will rule without sacrifice; and her convictions are sound.

The South seeks peace and prosperity for the entire country, but not at any sacrifice of principle. The VETERAN has ever taken the position that manly Northerners who fought the war in an honorable way—men who revered the Union as did the fathers of both sides and have been fair and just since the war ended—are entitled to the most cordial good will and fraternity. But the result of the war does not affect the principle that actuated the South in having contended for her constitutional rights, and it does not at all condone the shameful methods adopted by thousands during the clash of arms and the shameful deeds following it. There is no patriotism in condoning vandalism at any period of the half century following the revolution of the sixties. The South has ever yearned for peace in the way it was secured by the fathers.

CONCERNING THE PROPOSED PEACE CONFERENCE.

A petition was submitted from managers of the proposed peace jubilee at Vicksburg in 1915, and cordial discussion was had on the subject. While the movement has been inaugurated by Union veterans of Illinois, it is evident that such an event as characterized the Gettysburg meeting cannot occur; for, however generous may be the people of that State, Vicksburg is too remote from Chicago for such an event to occur there. While Illinois contemplates being host, all the other States interested by participation in the siege are expected to cooperate. In his report of the matter Comrade John A. Webb, Adjutant General, quotes the resolution as follows:

"Resolved by the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., That we heartily indorse the movement for a peace jubilee to be held at Vicksburg in 1915, and that a committee of five be appointed to carry this resolution into effect, the said committee to report at our next regular meeting."

The Commander named the following committee as permanent, with instructions to confer with the Governor and the State Legislature looking to the consummation of this worthy and patriotic movement: W. T. Ratliff, Raymond; W. J. Brown, Jackson; T. L. Cotton, Summit; William F. Hamilton, Carrollton; B. F. Mulhollan, Brandon.

It is not expected that the State Legislature, which meets in January, 1914, will make an appropriation of money, but the veterans desire to show a cordial and cooperative spirit.

The Division placed upon record its views most heartily by indorsing the VETERAN's position in regard to the relations of the veterans to our former foes in the following language:

"Resolved, That we, the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., do hereby indorse the editorial in the VETERAN of October, 1913, 'The South and Veterans of Both Armies,' on page 472, and commend it to the veterans of the U. C. V.; and we further desire to give to our comrade, S. A. Cunningham, the Editor of the VETERAN, an expression of our approval of his course as our very able exponent, as shown by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We unhesitatingly say, God speed him in his good

work; and we beg every veteran who is not a subscriber to take this, our magazine. It should be in every home in Mississippi and throughout the country. It is always true."

CAPT. W. W. CARNES, OF MEMPHIS, TENN.

I have read every issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN from the first, and nothing you have ever written therein has more hearty approval from me than your editorial under the heading, "The South and Veterans of Both Armies," on page 472, October number. It is fair and just to the good men who opposed us in war, honest and dignified in stating our own position, and should be a rebuke to those of our people who would lay the blame for the war on a few politicians, North and South, and go into sentimental advocacy of reunions and joint associations of blue and gray without making distinction between the Northern patriot who fought from conscientious motives, as we did, and foreigners and hirelings who fought for bounty and booty.

The patriotic Southern soldier respects and admires the patriotic Northern soldier, but we may not forget those who were not of that class and who devastated our country and robbed its citizens during the war and during the years of so-called reconstruction that followed.

In a recent reunion address at Ripley, Tenn., Captain Carnes said: "There is no one thing that would sooner make me feel like disowning a son of mine than to know that he was ashamed of the fact that his father was a Confederate. I feel akin to the old clan attachment among the Highland Scotch of brotherhood for every honorably discharged Confederate. * * * The question of secession was decided by the War of the States. We of the South accepted that decision, and we will gladly furnish all the men necessary to whip back into the Union any State on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line that undertakes to draw out in the future, as was threatened in the past when conditions did not exactly suit them. When we surrendered we did so in good faith. The brave men to whom our surrender was made never doubted that men who had fought them as we did could be trusted to keep faith when paroled; and had the settlement of the issues that grew out of the war been left to the men who did the fighting for the Union, this country would not have been subjected to the evils of the Reconstruction period—years that were more intolerable to us than those of war, even as Sherman described it and made it. The men who did the best fighting for the Union were not the men who made war on us in politics after the surrender. * * * We respect and honor the brave men of the North who, prompted by a patriotic sense of duty, fought for their side as we did for ours. We know that such men respect and honor us."

[Captain Carnes is mentioned in six volumes of the "War Records," in one of which Gen. N. B. Forrest, writing to Gen. S. Cooper, at the head of the War Department in Richmond, asked that he be allowed to raise a command in the vicinity of the Mississippi River between Cairo and Vicksburg, taking only four hundred men of his command at that time, and "to have Capt. W. W. Carnes in some portion of General Bragg's army; and in case he is detached for the expedition, that he be allowed to select his cannoneers," etc. This is perhaps as high a tribute as was paid to any Confederate captain during the great war. Captain Carnes was "old foggy" enough to decline promotion to Brigadier General, U. C. V., as he is worthily proud of the war-earned title of *Captain Carnes*.]

(Continued on page 556.)

UNION VETERANS TALK ABOUT CONFEDERATES.

ADDRESS OF GEN. ANSON MILLS AT CHATTANOOGA.

Mr. President: We survivors of the Army of the Cumberland, with our guests, are met here on the semicentennial of its greatest battle to do honor to the glorious achievements of its members, living and dead, in the most sanguinary and yet the most chivalrous war ever waged in all the tide of time—a war, too, that had more significance at the time it was waged, and has had since and will continue to have for the betterment of mankind, than any other war of recorded history.

If, indeed, "it needs be that wars must come," it seems to me we should all be thankful to Providence that it fell to our lot to participate in this war for the Union rather than any other of which we have knowledge. And, further, from our knowledge of the past history of mankind we should be thankful that it fell to our lot to live in our generation, race, and country, with all its blood and tears. In fact, we of our generation who are still alive have witnessed more and greater progress for betterment, physically, mentally, and morally, than all that have gone before.

But to revert to our text, the Army of the Cumberland and the war itself. My theme is to inspire just but long-belated honors to the Confederate soldiers in arms. The nucleus from which sprang the new race and nation of thirty millions of unmilitary and unwarlike Americans called suddenly to form the mighty hosts of over three million Confederate and Union warriors was of the Puritans and Cavaliers of Northern Europe, who for conscience' sake exiled themselves from religious, social, and political persecution over two hundred years ago to the American wilderness, where they hoped, untrammelled by the imperious custom of ages, to raise a new people, self-reliant and of universal, common interests, where all should be schooled in the same ethics politically, socially, and morally.

For over a hundred years they kept faith in their purpose in a self-reliant way never known before, being almost wholly self-supporting, having no public factories, each trade making and repairing its own tools and implements, each rural family raising its own flax, wool, and cotton and almost universally spinning and weaving its own fabric for clothing.

This brought the rearing of children to the mother's fireside, where the moral training of the mother is more pure, effective, and lasting than all other methods, including schools and colleges. They kept this faith until they had increased to a population of three millions of the most earnest, sturdy, and conscientious people on the globe, until the mother country began insidiously to reestablish over them the very evils from which they had fled into exile.

They again, in 1776, engaged to free themselves, this time in a war for independence and government of their own. In this they succeeded; and by the time of the adoption of the Constitution of 1787 they had established a government more unique in all its leading characteristics than any known to history, its leading feature being that "all just powers of government must be derived from the consent of the governed."

This Constitution erased from existence every vestige or semblance of a personal and despotic government such as titles of nobility, Established Church, primogeniture, and entailment of estates, all of which had played so great a part in upholding the cruel and despotic governments of the great nations of civilization, and substituted in their stead a com-

plexed yet symmetrical government with executive, legislative, and judicial powers blending—both Federal and State—in one harmonious whole, which amazed the world and set it doubting whether such liberties could long endure.

For seventy-four years its creators kept the faith of their professions, continuing their colonial simplicity, universal industry, and frugality. In these seventy-four years the new nation had risen to a population of thirty millions of as resourceful, self-reliant, contented, and prosperous people as



GEN. ANSON MILLS.

ever lived under one flag. Their labor-saving machinery and devices had led all the rest of the world, so that the genius of the ceaseless and tireless mental workers had by mechanical appliances and organized labor in large factories relieved man's brawn and muscle of perhaps thirty per cent of its arduous toil in the struggle for existence.

But meanwhile political fanatics and moral agitators began to stir up strife between the sections of the North and South, first concerning an alleged discriminating tariff against the South on cotton goods with threats of nullification, and later in the recriminating discussion against slavery and its extension and the execution of the fugitive slave law, until in the fifties a small portion of the people, mostly well meant but ill informed, had arrayed the political parties in great bitterness against each other.

In 1860, on the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency,

the Northern agitators claimed it as foretelling forceful abolition, and those of the South claimed that it foretold the destruction of the rights of the Southern States. Both these classes busied themselves in embittering the sections by raising armed companies of emigrants to the new territory of Kansas, where they inaugurated a miniature civil war.

The Mayor of New York City called together the City Council and proposed an ordinance declaring New York an independent city, which in the temporary frenzy of the time came near passing, giving encouragement to those in the South who contemplated secession. In Boston it was declared in public speech that "the Union must be dissolved."

Then there was the mob's resistance to the execution of the fugitive slave law, the armed expedition to Harper's Ferry to incite the ignorant slaves to rise in domestic insurrection, and the declaration of a few fanatical orators that our flag represented "a covenant with death and a league with hell."

But in spite of all there was probably not ten per cent of the men of the North and of the South who afterwards became soldiers for or against the Union who had any sympathy with the fanatical agitators on either side.

Mr. Lincoln had declared his purpose to "maintain the Union, the Constitution, and the laws regardless of slavery." In the border slave States—in fact, in all the slave States—public sentiment admitted that slavery was wrong, but, as far as they were concerned, an inherited wrong which they saw no practical way to remedy, as where slaves were held in large numbers they would be as helpless as children to care for themselves if freed.

In the border mountain States, however—Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri—where families held only a few slaves, their close environments enabled the slaves to acquire such individual character in habits of morality, industry, and responsibility as would enable them to make a living for themselves and become comparatively good citizens. In hundreds of such cases their masters manumitted them, and these manumitted men were setting an example to others and making an incentive which they had not had before. So that by this time, if there had been no war or senseless fanatical interference, a great majority of the slaves would be free and would have become citizens well qualified for all duties, including the franchise; and those still in bondage, if any, would have been honestly striving to emulate the example set before them by the more progressive and competent.

I have said that we were fortunate in living in our day and generation. But we have many other things to be thankful for. We should be thankful that we of the Union had for our leader from start to finish one who we, his contemporaries, believe to have been the greatest of humankind; one who spent his early life in loneliness, poverty, and toil, and whose after lot fell to lead our mighty hosts. Yet with these extreme vicissitudes he was always the same great, good, and lovable spirit, "with malice toward none and charity for all." We should be thankful, too, that our adversaries had for their leader perhaps the greatest man and patriot next to Lincoln in this greatest of wars of history.

This is no disparagement to Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, or Joseph E. Johnston, for Lee had the more difficult part. It is easier to be great when triumphant than when vanquished. Lee showed his patriotism from the day of his surrender to the day of his death by becoming a humble, useful, and law-abiding citizen, setting an example to his

more turbulent countrymen that was of untold value in the rehabilitation of the Union as it is now—another and greater Cincinnatus, because he had the moral force and patriotism to guide his millions of vanquished but unconquered followers back to the flag, to a loyal obedience and support of the laws of those who vanquished them, thus doing perhaps more than any other to bring about Whittier's beautifully expressed hope that

"The North and South, together brought,
Shall own the same electric thought;
In peace a common flag salute,
And side by side, in labors free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields whereon they fought."

We should be thankful, too, that we had such valiant and chivalrous adversaries as the Confederate soldiers proved to be. Had they been craven or of evil purpose, as many political warriors claimed them to be, and had we more lightly overcome them, it would have been natural to try to subjugate and exploit them, and surely the sequel would then have been different. The Unionists in arms respected the Confederates in arms, and *vice versa*. They were patriots, all fighting heroically and chivalrously for what they believed to be right.

And last, but not least, we should be thankful that the nation had those brave soldiers, Union and Confederate, of the border States, the true highlanders of America, of the Appalachian Range and west to Texas—men "who feared not to put it to the touch, and win or lose it all." None fled their country to escape the draft, but boldly took arms according to conviction, son against father, brother against brother.

In this connection I may mention having heard soon after the war a dispute between two Congressmen, from Indiana and Massachusetts, as to which of these two States had furnished the greater proportion of soldiers without a draft. Gen. Tom Crittenden, of the regular army, later a major general in the Union army, whose brother had been a major general in the Confederate army, sitting near by, interposed, saying: "Gentlemen, you should be ashamed to admit that you submitted to any draft at all. Kentucky furnished her full quota to both sides without drafting."

Companions of the Army of the Cumberland, I have mentioned these incidents attending the beginning of the war for the Union not for your enlightenment, for they are well known to you, but to lay the foundation for convincing our children and grandchildren who do not know; for the country at large does not yet appreciate the patriotism, chivalry, heroism, and fortitude of the Confederate soldiers. It seems that we, while yet alive, should testify to them of what we have seen and known; for we soldiers of the Union have had ample praise and honor to the ends of the earth, but they have been comparatively forsaken even by their selfish and perfidious professed friends in Europe who once encouraged them.

After Appomattox high officials of England who had first urged the Southern States to war, and the English press which had encouraged them by constant agitation and misrepresentation, now turned against them in their adversity. The London Dispatch of June 10, 1865, printed among much else that was false the following: "It was clear that a people who had not heart enough to destroy their property that they might defend their rights were neither fit to fight nor worthy of any fate but that of submission to oppression; they were not soldiers; they were wholly unworthy of their cause, and they were only fit subjects to tyranny."

To this the late Confederate General Anderson, of Georgia, replied in the public press, proving by statistics that the Confederate army lost more in killed and wounded in four years than the entire army of the British Empire lost in the preceding one hundred years. But here was a terrible war where the combatants on neither side had any purpose of conquest, subjugation, or exploitation, and to our successors it is hard to explain how it came about. It may probably be better explained by the fable of the two knights, traveling in opposite directions, who met opposite a road sign painted black on one side and white on the other. After salutations the knight on the black side remarked on the strangeness of painting a sign black; whereupon he on the other, ever ready to correct errors, informed his new acquaintance that the sign was not black but white. After disputation they decided to settle their question by combat. So after jousting about for a while their positions became so changed that black was white and white was black, when both glanced at the sign and one said to the other: "What are we fighting about?" "Well, you said the sign was black." "Why, so I did; and it did look black to me then, but now I see that you were right and it is white."

The die was cast for war by political and fanatical agitators, and millions of the best men in the world rose to arms, nearly one-half of them minors, ready to sacrifice their lives as patriots for what they believed their rights assailed and likely to be lost. But after jousting about for four long and bloody years they found that each was jousting for the same object; that the Confederates had formed their Confederacy, their Constitution, and their laws almost identical with those of the Union.

Shortly after the war, in a conversation with Mr. Lanham, a member of Congress from Texas and a warm personal friend, he told me in discussing our different parts in the war that his father and mother and neighbors taught him that the war was a holy and righteous one. So at the age of fourteen he enlisted, believing religiously in what he had been taught, until he came to a halt in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and saw a Union soldier about his own age, a bright-faced boy, who asked for water from his canteen. Asking how badly he was hurt, the boy replied: "I am mortally wounded, but, thank God, I am dying in a good cause." From that hour Lanham said he saw that there were two sides to the question. * * * Years afterwards he told the same story from the floor of the House. * * *

I have said that nine-tenths of the native Americans who afterwards became soldiers in the war had no part or interest in the crimination and recrimination that brought it about, and took part only after the die was cast and war was on; and as this is even at this day a broad statement, it may not be invidious in me to relate some of my exceptional opportunities for forming this and other opinions stated in this address.

I was born in the border State of Indiana, partially educated at West Point, a citizen of another border State—Texas—for four years prior to the war. There I studied law under Colonel Waddell, a former member of Congress from Kentucky, then a district judge, and had charge of his plantation with thirty slaves while he was on his circuit court; and as a surveyor and engineer I became fairly well acquainted with its people, who I know were satisfied and contented with the Union as it was. But when the die was cast and war was practically on, I went to Washington, asked for and was given a commission in the regular army, and had a sword made with this sentiment inscribed thereon: "No abolition, no secession, no compromise, no reconstruction; the Union as it was from

Maine to Texas. Anson Mills, First Lieutenant 18th U. S. Infantry, May 14, 1861." This sword I carried throughout the war and have still in my possession. I served in the field with my regiment for the full term of the war without sickness or furlough, and participated in all its battles, serving with the regular brigade, 1st Division, 14th Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland. * * *

These fanatics and demagogues knew that Governor Hous-ton would not call the legislature in behalf of secession, and that even if he did the legislature would not pass such an act. So they resorted to that cure-all now so popular with present-day political reformers, the "initiative and referendum." In each district circulars were sent to men known to be violent agitators stating that a crisis had arisen which could not be dealt with by ordinary methods, and inviting them to nominate suitable men to assemble in the capital to consider the question of secession. In a short time they met and passed a resolution which they asked the Governor to approve. * * *

In March, 1861, when I arrived in Washington, I met Lieut. William R. Terrill, of the artillery from Virginia, who had been my instructor at West Point. I asked him to recommend me for service in the army, which he did, remarking that there would probably be a terrible war forced upon the people unnecessarily, and that it was the duty of all to fight for their convictions. He was an earnest, faithful soldier and Christian gentleman, and rose rapidly to the rank of brigadier general of Union volunteers. He was killed at the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862.

Meanwhile Terrill's brother, James B. Terrill, had attained the rank of brigadier general in the Confederate army, and was killed in the battle of Bethesda Church, in Virginia.

After Appomattox their father had their bodies brought back to their home in Virginia and buried them in the same grave, erecting a monument over it with a brief record of their lives and deaths, placing below, in his despair: "This monument erected by their father. God alone knows which was right."

But now that the passions of war are past, shall we not all and every one exclaim that they were both right, and that there cannot in justice be any distinction as to the patriotism, chivalry, and honor of these two brothers, and so with all the combative forces?

"No culprits they, though ire and pride
Had laid their better mood aside."

Let us try to point a moral to this our experience. Notwithstanding the fact that the tireless and ceaseless thinkers and doers have by devices and combinations reduced the toil of brawn and muscle by perhaps sixty per cent and increased food, shelter, and raiment many fold, both in quantity and quality, so that there is an abundance for all who are willing to pay the price in mild and easy effort, unrest is again abroad in the land. The fanatical and political agitators are teaching that the "do-less," shiftless, and thriftless should share equally with the ceaseless and tireless doers in everything that is produced under pain of the stoppage of all progress unless granted—no rewards and no forfeits.

Let us implore our children and grandchildren to study well these questions, lest they in turn be led to the misconceived belief that there is a pending irrepressible conflict, a feud that naught but blood can atone, and commend to them the admonition of Dr. Lyman Beecher, of three generations past, who evidently had in view our present condition: "We

must educate. We must educate or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short will be our race from the cradle to the grave. If in our haste to be rich and mighty we outrun our literary and religious institutions, they will never overtake us, or only come up, after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to grace the victory and as resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage. We did not in the darkest hour believe that God had brought our fathers to this goodly land to lay the foundation of religious liberty, and wrought such wonders in their preservation, and raised their descendants to such heights of civil and religious liberty, only to reverse the analogy of his Providence and abandon his work. No punishments of Heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused, and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no wailing such as her convulsions extort. It took Rome three hundred years to die. And our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given us more bone, sinew, and vitality. May God hide from me the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood and common interest and perils, live forever, one and undivided!"

[Readers will understand that the foregoing address was by a Union veteran and more to his comrades than to Confederates. The VETERAN feels that consideration is due to "the other side," for many Union veterans are steadfast patrons, and it will be well if the time ever comes when survivors of both sides read the same reports; for no man who suffered for the Union can read the sentiments that actuated Confederates and not be a better patriot. They would realize that those who suffered for their part of the country, as did Southerners, are so imbued with the spirit of real patriotism, and have been for half a century, that the welfare of their country will ever be their ardent prayer. Devotion inherited from their fathers caused these principles to so impregnate their natures that success to the government of the fathers is with them next to the hope of heaven. There are comments in the address that would not have been made by the Editor. Gen. Anson Mills was so long and so steadfastly loyal to the son of the Editor of the VETERAN, who lost his life while directly under General Mill's management of the Mexican border, that a sense of personal gratitude will ever remain, and opportunity to show appreciation will be actively exercised. When the government was arranging to withdraw from Cuba, General Mills cabled young Cunningham: "May I recommend you to the Secretary of State for consulting engineer of the Boundary Commission, salary \$3,600 and expenses?" General Mills's motive is zealously commended.]

THE SIXTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.—Capt. A. E. Moore, of Bedford City, Va., says he has never seen any mention in the VETERAN of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, of which J. Warren Grigsby was colonel. "My first experience," he says, "in Kentucky was as teacher in Colonel Grigsby's family. He was a native of Rockbridge County, Va., and an accomplished gentleman."

CONFEDERATE COMRADESHIP ILLUSTRATED.—The inquiry of W. C. Kirkland, of Franklin, Tenn., in regard to certain comrades secures response from Felix Loeb, of Hogansville, Ky., who concludes his letter as follows: "If you belonged to either of the two commands and I can do anything for you, let me know."

FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN, THE POET-PRIEST.

BY HUGH G. BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

Thou, loved poet, soldier, sainted priest,
 Who sung sweet songs to comrades here below,
 In heaven's beatitudes thou dost keep tryst
 With poet spirits gone home long before.
 I wonder if thy matchless grief-born lyre,
 That once could charm thy comrades' gloom away,
 Now tempered by a new-found holier fire,
 Still sings sweet songs that charm both Blue and Gray?
 It must be so; for spirits like thine own,
 That here on earth loved all that's good and true,
 In God's own garden where Love's flowers are blown,
 Will still sing songs to charm both Gray and Blue.
 Sing on, loved chaplain of the battered Gray,
 Whose dearest hopes were lost in endless night;
 For no false note will mar thy love-tuned lay
 That sings of hope, no more of war and blight.
 [Comrade Barclay dedicates this poem to Blue and Gray.]

TO THE MEMORY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY H. G. BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

I rested 'neath the moss-draped trees
 That grace the lawn of old Beauvoir.
 The leaves were rustling in the breeze;
 Soothed by their whispered melodies,
 I dreamed of long-gone scenes of war:
 The fire and smoke, the cannon's roar,
 The shock of battle brave men bore;
 I dreamed of that lone peerless chief
 Who languished long in prison cell
 Because he loved the South too well;
 I dreamed of how his steadfast soul
 Was sunk in hopeless, helpless grief
 Because he knew the cherished goal,
 Sweet liberty, was ever lost.

And there beneath that classic shade
 I dreamed of what his courage cost.
 There, deep sunk in despair and gloom,
 Because all hope lay in that tomb
 That envy, spite, and hate had made,
 Proud Davis grieved his life away.
 O History, thy time-long debt,
 To limn this man in matchless pose,
 Of deathless courage, steadfast trust
 For dawning of some brighter day
 Of glory that would never close;
 Who never faltered till he must—
 He paid the full, the deadly price,
 Close meshed in Fate's despotic net,
 Of Fate's sardonic sacrifice!

And, History, 'twill be thy quest
 To seek from every well of truth
 For words of wisdom, daring deeds
 Born of his life of dire unrest,
 Till hopeless age since ardent youth.
 For thou, O History, must strike
 From out the past a living spark
 That shall illumine all the dark
 With light on land and sea alike;
 To show one name distinct, apart,
 To deeply thrill the patriot's heart

ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C., AT CAMDEN.

BY MRS. JOSEPH WHITE, DELEGATE FROM MONTGOMERY.

Too much cannot be said about the gracious hospitality of Camden nor the magnificent way in which the Convention of the Alabama Division was managed. Camden through her gracious welcome captured all hearts. The response to the address of welcome was given in a scholarly manner by our admirable Daughter, Mrs. E. M. Trimble, who graciously accepted the keys of Camden's gate and led the band of patriotic women to the springs of memorial life. The opening exercises were directed by Mrs. Mary T. Beck, who typified the gracious, queenly woman of the Old South. The most signal success marked the work of the outgoing administration.

Reports of officers showed the most successful year in the life of the Division. Mrs. Chappell Cory will be remembered as the "Houston" of the Division, having begun her office with a depleted treasury—only \$70, with some small bills to pay—and left it out of debt and a surplus of \$616 in the general fund alone. Besides completing the Julia Tutwiler scholarship during her term of office, the Sallie Jones endowed scholarship, begun in the last year of Mrs. Cory's administration, was completed in one year. No other endowed scholarship was ever completed in so short a time. She also reported the largest number of new Chapters organized in one year since the forming of the Alabama Division. Nine new adult Chapters were reported in the President's address and one sent too late for the report, making ten new U. D. C. Chapters and four new Chapters of Children of the Confederacy.

The Registrar's report gives a total registered enrollment of 4,260, not including Children's Chapters. The voting strength of the Convention was 144 votes. The report of the Soldiers' Home shows over one hundred and one Confederate veterans buried in that cemetery, and that eighty-six headstones have been placed on graves this year. Besides, many comforts and other assistance have been given. Jefferson County has given more than any other to the needs of old soldiers outside the Soldiers' Home.

The report of the Scholarship Committee was very fine, showing six full continued scholarships and one full scholarship for one year only—The Castle, Tarrytown, N. Y., and twenty-three partial scholarships. Mrs. Bashinsky, chairman of this committee, conferred a scholarship upon Mr. Killpatrick, of Camden, during the convention, which was an interesting part of her report.

Mrs. Clifford Lanier, Alabama Director for Arlington, reported \$300 on hand. She urged special contributions through seals this summer, as the monument will soon be completed. Mrs. W. L. Durr made an appeal for Confederate seals, urging that they be sold for contributions, and showing how much more money would come to the Chapters by this process.

On the floor of this Convention were enacted some thrilling incidents. The crowds attending were the largest in the history of these Conventions. Senators, judges, and men of business took great interest in the deliberations, and all agreed that the President, Mrs. Chappell Cory, presided with rare tact and absolute justice, with a wonderful knowledge of parliamentary law.

A spirited discussion arose between Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, and Mrs. William L. Durr, Chairman of U. D. C. Central Seals Committee. Mrs. Ross's opposition to the committee through her attitude in reading a letter from Florence brought forth a reply from Mrs. Durr, after which Mrs. Ross insisted that the matter be eliminated from the minutes. Mrs.

Durr pleaded that for a better understanding of the Daughters the entire discussion be published in the minutes. The Convention decided to eliminate it from the minutes as the best way to make people think it had not occurred.

Mrs. T. R. Leigh's report of the historical work showed faithful and aggressive service for the history and literature of the South. Her Brander Mathews criticism has created national interest, bringing forth editorials in the New York Times of May 5 and 11 and of other Northern papers, and the American Book Company will compile a new handbook of literature based upon this criticism. A yearbook has been prepared (at no expense to the Division), and it is expected that the Daughters will use this yearbook which the Convention indorsed and recommended to Chapters. Some objectionable literature has been eliminated from our schools.

Two prizes are offered this year. One of them, a general U. D. C. prize, a silver loving cup, is offered by Mrs. Rose, of Mississippi, for the best essay on "Women of the Confederacy." The other, offered to the Alabama Division alone, consists of sixteen magnificent volumes of "Library of Southern Literature" to that member who will write the best article on a subject yet to be selected. Those desiring to enter this contest will communicate with the State Historian, Mrs. T. R. Leigh, at Montgomery.

After Mrs. Cory's comprehensive and inspiring address, the Division presented to this charming and brainy executive woman, in token of their love and admiration, a beautiful jeweled U. D. C. pin. Her words of appreciation in accepting this token brought tears to many eyes and will never be forgotten by the Alabama Daughters.

The election of officers, which promised to be a heated contest, passed off pleasantly, due to the unselfishness of the Camden Chapter and to the absolutely fair and just rulings of the President. Before the election the following statement was given by the President: "So much has been said which is in error concerning the election of President that it becomes necessary to state that a splendid woman of this organization now in deepest sorrow at her beautiful home in Avondale, in her love for the best interests of her Division, conceived the idea of naming one whom she knew would please all parties and factions and cement with love our whole Division. So she suggested Mrs. Minnie Wilmer Jones, beloved by all the Daughters and wife of Col. Harvey E. Jones, the gallant Commander of our Alabama United Confederate Veterans. This call for Mrs. Jones met with remarkable indorsement by almost every Chapter in the State. But Mrs. Jones saw fit to decline the nomination. Her many friends are at a loss to understand her refusal of so signal an honor."

The name of Mrs. Bashinsky, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, and of Mrs. Mary T. Beck, of Camden, one of the organizers of the Charter Chapter, were then put in nomination. Mrs. Beck withdrew her name and asked to have Mrs. Bashinsky's election unanimous, and Mrs. Cory asked that it be given with a rising vote. The other officers elected were: Mrs. C. A. Lanier, Sr., First Vice President; Mrs. Carl Tutwiler, Second Vice President; Mrs. E. M. Trimble, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Thomas Stephens, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. R. B. Dickerson, Treasurer; Mrs. T. R. Leigh, Historian; Mrs. Jessie Lamar, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. M. E. Curtis, Registrar; Mrs. Alfred Benners, Chaplain; Mrs. Leonard Hobart, Director of the Children of the Confederacy.

The historical evening was presided over by Mrs. T. R. Leigh, assisted by Camp Franklin K. Beck, U. C. V., the rem-

nant of Wilcox County's heroes in gray. The program was replete with musical numbers, after which Mr. Sol Bloch made a forceful address upon the "Causes and Events Leading up to Secession." Mrs. Leigh captivated her audience with a most remarkable address, in which she disclosed many points of history previously unknown to her audience, after which she received an enthusiastic ovation. The award of a U. D. C. badge to Mrs. Trimble from Montgomery friends in recognition of her faithful and long service in the ranks and as donor of the first scholarship ever offered in any U. D. C. Division to a lineal descendant of a Confederate veteran. A beautiful silver loving cup was awarded to Mrs. Leigh as winner in the new Chapter contest, having formed the greatest number of Chapters. Mrs. Cory, who gave this prize, selected to present it Mrs. Thomas Palmer, who did it charmingly.

There has never been a more splendid Convention of the U. D. C. in Alabama, nor one with more serious purpose.



MISS LILLIAN RHEA HUNTER,
Maid of Honor at Chattanooga Reunion.

WORTHY OF HONOR BY HER CHAPTER.

The U. D. C. in Florida paid a merited tribute to one of her Confederate mothers in naming a Chapter for her. A local paper states: "The Daughters of the Confederacy acted wisely in choosing the name of Mrs. Letitia Ashmore Nutt for their Chapter and paid honor to whom honor is due. Mrs. Nutt is a woman of large heart and brain and has lived an active, helpful life wherever her lot has been cast. She was a constant companion to her husband, who was an officer in the Confederate service, and rendered aid and comfort to many who were sufferers in that struggle. Since coming to this county, where she located on Sanibel with her family a quarter of a century ago, she has ever helped in good works."

Mrs. Nutt formed cherished associations about Nashville in the sixties with the Overtons, Claibornes, and others.

The Louisville (Ky.) Democrat, in May, 1863, said of her: "Enchantress, at thy touch from out the past
The semblance of thy lovely form appears;
Young, bright, and beautiful, 'tis doomed to last
Undimmed amid the blight and wreck of years.
I gaze on thee with feelings wild and deep,
As those of some lone watcher of the night,
Before whose vision star-born phantoms sweep
Into the fairy realms of endless light.

Thy home is in the clime of orange groves and flowers,
Where summer scarcely ends her golden reign
With the rare perfume of those fairy bowers
That bloom in Eden beauty o'er the plain,
Yet welcome to the land that gave thee birth,
Here 'mid the scenes that marked thy early life
Thou mayst forget at times in fleeting mirth
The deepest woes of internecine strife.
Ah! who could dream that gentle form had braved
The tide of war in peril's darkest hour,
That battle storms had round thee vainly raved,
The vengeful menace of overwhelming power?
Yet such has been thy fate, and thou hast shown
A courage worthy of thy noble blood.
The Spartan mothers had been proud to own
Thee one of their heroic sisterhood."

VALUABLE WORK OF A SOUTHERN WOMAN.

Miss Nannie Nutt, of Sanibel Island, Fla., whose marriage on July 26 to Mr. N. J. Holt, also of Florida, was a matter of widespread interest, is known and loved throughout the South for her faithful and enthusiastic work for the preservation of her people's history.

It was Miss Nannie Nutt who first suggested the idea of a Confederate Battle Abbey or memorial hall. In an article headed "A Confederate Westminster," which appeared in the VETERAN in 1893, she suggested that, as the tragedies and heroisms of the great war become less and less a matter of personal knowledge and more and more one of tradition and story, literature and art should be invoked for the preservation of our people's fame. And she further suggested, as a practical outcome of this idea, that there be built at Richmond a national mausoleum in which should be preserved for future generations the memorials and relics of our heroic past.

Nor was her thought along such lines all theory; for her energy was in all things equal to her convictions, and her work for the preservation of the truth of Southern history has been worthy of the interest with which it has been received.

CHILD OF THE SOUTH.

HELEN KELLER FAITHFUL TO HER BIRTHRIGHT.

The enlightened Christian world knows of Helen Keller, a child of Alabama. It is not necessary to see her and have explained the marvelous progress she has made in acquiring knowledge whereby she has become a philosopher for sages and her life has become the profoundest evidence of God in mankind. Yet it is gratifying to look upon her being.

The VETERAN calls attention to the opportunity now being offered multitudes in the South to be in her presence and to learn of her teacher something of her wonderful achievements in knowledge and the benefit it is becoming to others.

Mrs. Macy (nee Sullivan) deserves the greatest conceivable credit for her zeal and constancy as teacher of the wonderful young woman, and there is unusual blessing in Mrs. Macy's ability to tell the story of Helen Keller. In the magnificent Ryman Auditorium of Nashville on October 2 an audience that filled all the seats, while many more were standing, heard nearly every word of the wonderful story by Mrs. Macy in her clear voice. Her zeal for her subject reminded her audience of Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Georgia, Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, so direct and so absorbed in her subject. Seldom was there ever assembled so large and so deeply sympathetic an audience in Nashville. Mrs. Macy's address was delivered in the main before Helen Keller appeared on the platform.

When Helen Keller walked onto the platform, there was manifested that desire even to see her which can better be imagined than described. The applause was general, yet so deferential as to show the profound esteem of the audience. Miss Keller's talk of some fifteen minutes engaged the deepest solicitude; and although but few understood her words, her manifest zeal and intensity of desire to have herself understood created deepest yearning to know what she tried to say.

That she was a Socialist was heard, and much ado was made about it. Later, in giving out through Mrs. Macy that she had been asked if she were a Yankee because so much of her life has been passed in New England, she said excitedly: "No; I am a child of the South." At this point the Editor of the VETERAN, from his place far back in the auditorium, asked Mrs. Macy to explain to the audience that both Helen's father and her maternal grandfather were Confederate officers. Mrs. Macy repeated the statement, but presumably through custom instead of saying "Confederate" she said "Rebel" officers. From another part of the audience, Mrs. Macy was corrected and cordially accepted the correction, repeating the announcement as requested in the outset.

The mother of Helen Keller is a daughter of Gen. Charles W. Adams, a native of Newburyport, Mass., who had come South before the war and was residing at Helena, Ark., when the war began. He enlisted promptly and was made colonel of the 23d Arkansas Regiment. He later commanded a brigade, and then served as Military Governor of Arkansas. He served the Confederacy to the end in important capacities. After the war General Adams removed to Memphis and engaged in the practice of law until a fatal attack of yellow fever in 1878. His wife was a Miss Everett, of the Edward Everett family, and Edward Everett Hale was her kinsman.

Captain Arthur Keller served the Confederacy as a staff officer, and was ever afterwards faithful to the principles for which he had risked his life.

In a letter to the VETERAN of June, 1903, Mrs. Keller wrote: "I want to join the Daughters of the Confederacy on my



MISS HELEN KELLER.

father's record, and I want my daughters to join on their father's record." "The VETERAN man" suggested to Helen that she join the Nashville (Tenn.) Chapter, as it is the first of all (No. 1) in the great organization. She is to be a member of Nashville Chapter, No. 1.

"There is no friendship more perfect, more beautiful, or more delightful in every way than that which sometimes exists between man and woman, which is founded on mutual respect and esteem, often born in sorrow and baptized in tears. Friendships like this partake of the finest essence of spirituality; and while worldlings may scoff, there are many such recorded in heaven."

A delayed notice comes from Comrade J. William Towson, of Missouri, in regard to general officers killed in battle. General Pettigrew, after leading his brigade in Pickett's immortal charge at Gettysburg, was spared for a few days and was killed in a skirmish near Falling Waters.

Rev. Robert H. Harris, until recently Chaplain of the South Georgia Brigade, has been promoted to Chaplain of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., on the staff of J. W. Priston, Major General. Lieut. Col. Robert H. Harris has changed his residence from Quitman to Columbus, Ga.

VIVID PRISON EXPERIENCE.

REMINISCENCE BY MAJ. J. F. FOARD, NATCHEZ, MISS.

"Halt, halt!" Click, click! "Do you surrender?" "Yes."

General Stoneman, his staff, scouts, etc., numbering fifty or more Federal soldiers, were on the public road (Carter's Valley) about twenty-five yards from Long Meadow, the home of my father-in-law, John Young. Gen. Cerro Gordo Williams had been cut off from General Wheeler in Middle Tennessee, and was making his way back South. General Dibrell, to whose command I belonged, had been cut off also and reported to General Williams, his superior in rank. As I was familiar with the country through which we were passing, General Williams detailed me to his service. I guided him to Carter's Valley, where we remained a few days, with his headquarters at the home of my father-in-law. Through that association we became good friends, and when he left he gave me a furlough with instructions where I could find him during ten days. He changed his plans, however, on account of a Federal raid to capture the salt works.

I was at home, awaiting the issue of events, on Christmas Day of 1864, and had just walked onto the porch to send a negro man after some apple brandy to make eggnog to go with our Christmas turkey, when I was confronted with the odious words and "clicks" introducing this sketch. William Carmack, another Confederate of the neighborhood, was with me, but still in bed. He played sick and escaped. General Stoneman called me by name, so I knew that some Federal friend of his had posted him. He called me to the gate and asked me if there were any other Confederate friends in the neighborhood. I reported that, so far as I knew, there were none. "None that you will report about," said the General jocularly, and I conceded that he was "about right." "You will fall in and go with me," said General Stoneman. Then, turning to an officer of his staff, he told him to take charge of me and treat me all right.

The weather was bitterly cold; and as I had neither blankets nor overcoat, I expressed a desire to go into the house and get my soldier's outfit, but this was denied me. I was wearing a pair of newly made cavalry boots, the leather of which was very thick and heavy and extended several inches above the knees. They were unfit for walking, but I was expected to walk in them and keep pace with my captor's cavalry.

A march of a mile brought us to Mr. Henry Watterson's place, where we ran upon half a dozen Confederate soldiers, who dodged about the yard and around the outhouses like a flock of chickens trying to get out of the rain; but all were captured, and amongst them was a sergeant of a Kentucky regiment—Lightfoot I believe was his name. We marched at a lively pace to Rogersville, a dozen miles from our starting point. There we were generally well known to the citizens. The good women especially came to us, and they abused our captors in a never-to-be-forgotten way. My new heavy cavalry boots were hurting me dreadfully. We were marched down about four miles to White Hall, where we camped for the night. Here, as we were entering a small house to be guarded for the night, one of the prisoners deliberately walked through, jumped off the rear porch, and made his escape in the darkness.

Lightfoot talked with me freely and said that he intended to escape before we reached Knoxville, toward which place we were headed. It was raining the third night we were out. About the center of the brigade in camp there was a corn-crib with a lean-to on one side of it, under which we were

placed for shelter. Lightfoot approached me and, whispering, said, "Here's my chance to escape," pointing to a hole under the wall of the crib. I knew the country well and the political status of the citizens, and gave him information as to whom he might trust. I told him to go to a Mr. Galbreath and tell him that I sent him.

Lightfoot was a tall, slim, wiry man. He lay flat on the earthen floor, put his head in the hole mentioned, and began his crawl for liberty. His blanket was thrown over him and I sat upon him. We prisoners all knew of his purpose and aided in every possible way. When he wanted to advance, he gave the signal, previously agreed upon, and I would rise sufficiently and then sit on him after he had moved a few inches. This was continued until he got through. He found a hole on the other side of the crib. Getting out, he walked around amongst the Federal soldiers and their horses, aided by the darkness, until he found a horse to suit him, when he mounted and made his way to Mr. Galbreath's, arriving there about sunrise. Mr. Galbreath received him cordially and invited him to breakfast with the family. When he was about half through breakfast, Mr. Galbreath, who had been on the lookout, returned greatly disturbed and reported that a Federal officer had just ridden up, dismounted, and evidently would come in. Lightfoot requested him not to be excited, as there was only one man, saying also: "I will go into another room so that you can invite him into the breakfast room." And that plan was carried out. When the officer entered, he divested himself of his revolver and saber, leaving them on the hall table. As soon as the officer sat down to his breakfast Lightfoot, who had been in an adjoining room, came out, took the pistol and saber, and went out to the front, mounted his horse, and led the captain's horse off with him.

Following my directions further in taking byroads, Lightfoot arrived at the house of Mr. Young, my father-in-law, that night. Refreshed by food and sleep, he left the next morning with his two horses for his command. I have never heard of him since, but would like to get a line from him or about him. I regret not being sure of the name, but the incidents will identify him.

In the meantime I was tortured beyond endurance by my heavy boots. We were twelve or more miles from Knoxville. When we had marched a mile or two on the morning of the last day, I repeated my request (which I had made many times) for a horse. Upon being refused I told the provost guard that I could not walk any farther, and if he wanted me to go on they would have to provide me with a horse. The guard told me he had no horse for me, and that I must walk on with the other prisoners. With that I sat on a stone and told him it was not perversity on my part, but I would not try to walk any farther. He replied that it was his duty to shoot me, and he would do it if I didn't march on and keep up with them. I then said very emphatically: "Shoot me if it be your duty, but I shall not make another effort to walk." He then changed his tone and said he did not want to shoot me or any other prisoner, as it looked too much like murder, and he also disliked to report that he could not manage one prisoner; but finally he went for a specific order to deal with me, and he never returned.

While I was sitting there very nearly the whole brigade passed me, and naturally I was the target for a running fire of jeers, questions, and comment. "What are you doing there, Reb?" was the most frequent interrogatory missile. I had decided to try to escape after the last of the regiment passed.

I could have stepped over a hill near the road and been free, when, unfortunately, Colonel —, an old acquaintance and a friend before the war, came along, addressed me very cordially, and asked me what the trouble was. He said: "Captain, I will see if I can get a horse. Come with me." His regiment had been halted. My hope of escape then vanished. He went to his color bearer and ordered him to dismount and turn his horse over to me. The young fellow in obeying gave a look of disgust. The colonel then gave the command, "Forward!"

We had not marched farther than a hundred paces when the Colonel said: "Here, Captain, you will have to bear our colors, as you are holding the bearer's position." I took the flag from his hand, rolled it up like an umbrella, and laid it crossways in front of me. At this the Colonel insisted that I must show the colors, but I told him I could not do that. He then made other arrangements and mounted his color bearer on another horse.

By this time Stoneman had quite a number of prisoners. We were placed in jail among the toughest lot of men it has ever been my disagreeable chance to meet. They were cursing, singing the most libidinous songs, occasionally fighting and wallowing in dirt amidst multiplied thousands of body "creepers." All save a few Confederate soldiers wore the United States uniform, and one of the officers told me they were mainly "bounty jumpers." They were packed in the room like hogs in a pen. After two days we were sent to Chattanooga, and soon after arrival there we were separated, the officers from the privates, and sent by train to Nashville. There were about three hundred privates and twenty-five or thirty officers.

We had not gone far when I detected a man in our box car eyeing me very closely. He evidently desired to speak with me. His countenance was familiar, but I could not locate him. At last, when the guard's eyes were turned, we got together. He knew me, but I could not at first recall his name; but when he spoke of Leavenworth, Kans., I exclaimed: "O Ream, what in the world are you doing on this side of the Mississippi?" He replied in a whisper: "For God's sake don't call my name! There is a big reward for me, and if I were known I would be hanged." He told me the reason he had been outlawed, but I think it better not to divulge it. He is a brother of Vinna Ream, the sculptress.

"About three months ago," said he, "I was captured under an assumed name, and while *en route* by train to prison I took chances and escaped. I shall escape again before I get into prison, or be shot in the attempt, for I would rather be shot than hanged. I have worked my way into this car of officers to tell them that the men on the train are ready to overpower the guards and escape. Colonel Morgan [a brother of Gen. John H. Morgan], the highest in rank, ought to take command and act when the signal from the rear car is given."

The signal was to be one loud, long yell, when the privates in the rear cars were to seize the Federal guards. This was easy of accomplishment, as the Confederates outnumbered the Federals three to one. The plan was that when the Federals were overpowered three or four would compel the engineer to surrender and stop the train. But Colonel Morgan would not sanction it, and Ream was greatly disappointed.

We were unloaded at Nashville like a car of cattle and marched into the penitentiary. It was very cold, and I still had only the clothes I wore when captured, not even a change of underwear. I had not a cent of money; but I met Col. J. B. Heiskell, one of the noblest and best men I ever knew, a member of the C. S. A. Congress from Tennessee, who gave

me ten cents. There was humor in this transaction. He required me to give him my note bearing interest at seven per cent. I held out for six per cent, and he finally yielded. He held the note until his death, though he dummed me for it every time we met after the war.

The weather was so cold that I had to borrow a blanket and wrap in it while the fellow was earning my ten cents by washing my clothes.

We were sent from Nashville to the barracks in Louisville, where we were kept five or six days. Then the officers and privates were separated, the former, numbering one hundred and twenty-five, being placed under the command of a Captain Frank, with about sixty enlisted men, to be taken to Fort Delaware.

While at Nashville I looked over the adjutant's shoulder and saw opposite my name on his prisoners' roll: "To be sent South via Fortress Monroe." What influence had been at work in my behalf that I did not know of? I fancied that some good friend in Knoxville had done some good work in my behalf. Captain Frank was the poorest apology for an officer and man I ever saw. He issued one day's rations to us at Louisville, which was all he allowed us until we reached Philadelphia. We went via Indianapolis, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York City, and Philadelphia to Fort Delaware. On account of delays it required three days to reach Philadelphia. The weather continued very cold, and I suffered greatly, for I was still without wrapping of any kind. Our train remained over in Indianapolis an hour or more. During the wait a Captain Haynes, I think, walked deliberately to the Federal line, which had formed an open square around us, and, placing his hands between two men on the line, shoved them apart, saying in a commanding voice: "Get out of the way and let me pass." He walked through without ever looking back. It was the bravest act I ever witnessed.

While standing in wait I called upon my Masonic brethren for aid. A considerable crowd was standing on the outside



MAJ. J. F. FOARD.

of the line, probably three hundred, and I felt sure that many of them were Masons. Stepping to the center, I gave the grand hailing signal of distress. Twenty or more responded immediately. They came up to the line and asked me what I needed and said that I could get anything I wanted. I told them of my condition, and that I would like to have an overcoat, a couple of blankets, a suit of underwear, and twenty-five dollars in money, for all of which I would give a draft on my father in Kentucky, and which would be promptly paid. One of the gentlemen asked me to give him sizes for the clothing and started off, accompanied by two or three others. One of the men handed me across the line a twenty-dollar bill, saying: "I don't want any draft." He gave me his name, saying: "You can send me the money when you get ready."

At this juncture Captain Frank stepped up, took the money, and handed it back, saying that neither money, clothes, nor anything else should be received by his prisoners. That started maledictions on the Captain's head.

Before we left Indianapolis a case of smallpox was found among us, and it was reported to Frank by four or five physicians who were among the prisoners.

All the prisoners endeavored to get Frank to put their poor helpless comrade out in some hospital where he would be properly cared for, but he treated the matter as if it were a plan to effect his escape.

The doctors and other prisoners explained to him that he endangered himself and his Federal soldiers as much as he did the prisoners. His reply to this was that he was "not born in the thickets to be scared out by the crickets," accompanied by a simple grin. Also that he knew a "thing or two" as well as anybody.

The poor sick fellow was kept in the car with the prisoners and men until we arrived at the office of Captain McLaughlin, in Philadelphia, to whom we reported the case. He was a good-natured Irishman, and asked to see the man. On sight of him he gave Frank the reprimand that he deserved and had the sick prisoner sent to the pesthouse.

Captain Ream had been watching all the while for an opportunity to escape. He told me that he had escaped at Jersey City when he was a prisoner before, and that if we should go through there he would take all chances to get away again, as he knew he would be hanged if the Yankees learned who he was.

When we arrived at Jersey City the situation was very propitious for Ream's escape. At the depot there were two trains ready to move out. There was a large platform between them. Ream said to me: "Take my blanket and spread it out as much as you can over your shoulders, so as to hide me from the Yankee guard behind me; then I'll step in a side door to a post office or express car." The scheme was successfully executed.

After half an hour or more I passed up on the platform and, looking in, I saw Ream sitting on one of the seats of the coach. As I passed he gave me a look, but never a word or smile.

After Ream had escaped I suggested to Captain Carter, a small man, that he get into an empty cracker barrel which was standing on the platform. The train and captives had moved about a hundred yards and stopped. Carter got into the barrel, which was turned over on him. The train moved off, and we left him there.

When we arrived in Philadelphia, we were all put in the top room of a Mr. Dunlap's carriage shop. Soon after we

were placed there I saw that a fine-looking old gentleman was observing things very closely. In about an hour a large box of clothing was brought into the room, with a note telling us that the box was a gift to the captives, and that if there was not enough to supply all wants to let him know, and more would be furnished. The note was signed — Dunlap—John, I think, was the Christian name. We estimated the value of the box to be at least a thousand dollars, as there were a number of coats, trousers, boots, etc., and all were of fine grade. As soon as Frank saw the things he ordered them to be taken away.

Colonel Morgan and Lieutenant Marchbanks bribed one of our guard to let them escape here, which was to be done by the prisoners climbing out by way of the scuttle hole to the roof and coming down and out by way of the apartment next door. When the time came Morgan backed out, but Marchbanks stuck to the plan and succeeded in getting as far as the pavement in front of the carriage factory next door, when his appearance aroused so much suspicion among the guards that he was forced to give himself up. He was brought back just in time to help us finish breakfast the next morning.

We fellow captives were jolly Marchbanks about his failure when Frank came in, boiling with rage, and asked for the man who made his escape the night before. Marchbanks laughingly said: "I did not escape, I am sorry to say, but I made an ineffectual attempt to do so." Frank, still raging, said: "You may thank your stars that I didn't come across you in the street, for [with a horrid oath] I would have killed you." "I guess you would have halted me first," said Marchbanks. Frank replied: "No, I would have shot you on sight."

This made Marchbanks very angry. He told Frank that he was just cowardly enough to do it; and, rising from his seat, he gave Frank more abuse than I ever heard one man give another, and wound up by saying: "Now shoot me, you coward, sneak, and scoundrel." Frank became ashamed of himself and left, and Marchbanks finished his breakfast.

The next morning, when we were starting to Fort Delaware, Dunlap called to see us off, and we learned from him that he was a good Confederate and was very sorry that he was not permitted to give us the box of clothing and other things.

When we had gotten within eight or ten miles of our destination, Frank came along with a happy simper on his face and took a seat beside me. He said: "I guess you fellows think I have been very hard on you, Captain, but I'll tell you why I treated you badly. When I was assigned to the duty of bringing you to Fort Delaware, many of my friends jokingly said that you hundred and twenty-five officers were too smart for me, and that I would never get to prison with half of you. This is the happiest day of my life, for I will in an hour turn over every one of you, except the man with the smallpox." Said I: "Do you honestly believe you will soon deliver one hundred and twenty-four men?" "Why, certainly; I know I will," said the Captain. "Well, Captain Frank, you are greatly mistaken, for I have seen five men escape, and there may be others that I did not see." "I don't believe any such a d——n thing," said the Captain. "Well, why don't you find out? Can't you count?" said I. "Sure I can." He proceeded to count over his captives while the prisoners rejoiced at his discomfiture.

The next morning, without any explanation, I was put on a vessel for Fortress Monroe, thus carrying out the order I

had seen opposite my name on the prisoners' roll book in Nashville. The vessel landed us, and we went to City Point, which was then General Grant's headquarters, where we were detained for seven days.

We stayed on the Federal flag-of-truce boat. We went up to our own lines every day at twelve o'clock, but failed of exchange until the eighth day. We then passed through a line of negro soldiers, the first I had ever seen.

While at City Point we were well treated. We had no guard whatever and wandered among the Federals at will. The only restriction on us was the requirement to report promptly to their flag-of-truce boat daily at twelve o'clock sharp.

When I reported to our headquarters at Richmond I received a sixty days' furlough, but I went to our army. I rode through to Greensboro, N. C.

President Davis, with whom I was serving, selected General Dibrell's Brigade and started westward, going as far as Abbeville, S. C., where he left us, having learned that Johnston had surrendered.

CANDID NEW ENGLANDER COMMENDS HONESTY.
BY WILL T. HALE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Although "A Literary History of America," by Barrett Wendell, was published in 1900 (sixth edition in 1911), I have had no opportunity to read it until now. Wendell is professor of English in Harvard and the author of several interesting and notable books. He was born and reared in Boston. I have enjoyed the work in spite of the fact that he has ignored a large number of New Englanders who are literary celebrities: yet he attempts to be fair.

I quote a few sentences from the work for the edification of VETERAN readers North and South. "The Antislavery Movement" is treated in Chapter VIII. Referring to the organized movement for abolition in New England prior to the War of the States, he says: "Modern ethnology seems to recognize a pretty marked distinction between human beings in the Stone Age and human beings as developed into the civilization of the nineteenth century; and though native Africans are not literally neolithic, they certainly linger far behind the social stage which has been reached by modern Europe and America. To philanthropic people in 1830, on the other hand, the distinction between Caucasians and Africans seemed literally a question of color. Men they believed to be incarnate souls, and the color which a soul happened to assume they held a mere accident."

On page 344 *et seq.* he says as to the position of the Northern people who did not advocate abolition as proposed by Garrison and others: "The conviction that slavery, whatever its evil, was really a form of property, and that an attack on slavery therefore involved a general attack on the whole basis of civilization, was one of the strongest convictions of New England. In many minds which abhorred the evils of slavery, furthermore, the conviction was strengthened by an equally honest one that when you have made a bargain you should stick to it. * * * The fact that as a man of business you have given a note to some one whose personal morals you believe deplorable is no reason why your note should not be paid. * * * A third consideration also had great weight among thoughtful people. During the French Revolution the negroes of the French colonies in the West Indies had effected the triumphant resurrection which resulted in the still existing republics of San Domingo and Hayti, and in

1830 there were gentlemen in New England who personally remembered the horrors of that tragic time. The blacks had risen in overwhelming numbers; white males they had slaughtered; their wives and daughters, often women educated under the gentlest influences of France during the old régime, they had done to death more cruelly still. To cite a single instance recited by a Boston gentleman who escaped from San Domingo with his wife: "The women, old and young, were collected together on the floor of a church about twelve or fifteen miles from the cape, where many of them fortunately died under the brutality to which they were subjected. Something of the same kind on a very small scale has lately resulted in that deplorable lynching of Southern negroes which so puzzles unthinking Northern minds. To the conservative classes of Old England—in short, the men whom Gilbert Stuart has painted and their sons—the antislavery movement not only meant an attack on property, the institution on which civilization is based; it not only proposed a violation of the Constitution, the compact on which our political security rests; but in all probability it threatened to abandon the white women of half a continent to the lust of brutal savages."

It is comforting to see that the intelligence of the North is comprehending the awful acts of the Garrisons and Phillips.

On page 336 Wendell speaks of an antislavery legend that has arisen in the past twenty-five years which has cast into obloquy the memory of the conservative New Englanders, and says: "In so far as this legend has led the growing generation of American youth to assume that because you happen to think a given form of property wrong you have a national right to confiscate it forthwith the antislavery movement has perhaps tended to weaken American institutions."

No doubt of it; another instance of chickens coming home to roost. Is it not written that what we sow we shall reap?

This is found on page 356: "But neither can there be doubt that the antislavery leaders of New England were of different origin from the Southerners whom they denounced, and that they knew only by report the things which they abhorred."

Finally, page 357: "Yet in the fact that the impulses of the New England reformers to set the world right finally concentrated themselves on the affairs of other people and not on their own, there proves to be a trait which reveals how little the temper of New England has ever strayed from the temper of the mother country. For no peculiarity has been more characteristic of the native English than a passion to reform other people than themselves, trusting meantime that God will help those who help somebody else."

TO THE SECOND GENERATION.

A loyal Southern woman living in far-away Helena, Mont., was recently rather shocked to hear her small daughter, returning from a morning at her kindergarten work, lustily singing "Marching through Georgia." "Don't sing that!" cried the mother. "Your grandfather fought that tune."

The next morning, when the kindergarten exercises began with a march to the same air, the little girl burst into wails and lamentations that brought the teachers running from the other rooms. "O, I can't march by that!" she sobbed. "My grandfather died to that tune."

It is needless to say that the tune was changed and the marching done to an air less tragically heartbreaking to this wee granddaughter of the South.

"WHO LOST SHILOH TO THE CONFEDERACY?"

REPLY BY Y. R. LE MONNIER, M.D., CO. B, CRESCENT REGT., LA. INF.

In the *VETERAN* for September (page 443) I read "Who Lost Shiloh to the Confederacy?" by L. R. Burruss, of Brownsville, Tex. The writer, in a *grosso modo* way, gives an account by the Rev. Dr. J. R. Graves, a distinguished Baptist minister who was present on the field of Shiloh, to the effect that "during this splendid hour for the Confederates General Beauregard sent a courier to General Bragg bearing the order to cease firing," etc. At what time was that hour?

This statement of the reverend gentleman is as peculiar as that of others. See what Colonel Lockett, engineer of General Bragg's staff at Shiloh, says in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Volume I, pages 605, 606, and what Col. Alex Robert Chisolm, A. D. C. on Beauregard's staff, says of "the withdrawal on Sunday evening." This shows contradiction.

It is astonishing how persistently the battle of Shiloh has been and still is misunderstood. With a view to throwing light on the subject, I have, after careful research, written an article to be printed in booklet form, to disseminate the truth on this very mooted question and to prove, especially from the two hundred and twenty-nine Confederate and Federal reports, that General Beauregard never ordered a retreat before nightfall. I add also my personal experiences in the battle. If General Prentiss, with 2,250 prisoners, surrendered in the Hornets' Nest, one and one-half miles from the river, at 5:30 P.M. on April 6, and the sun sets at 6:10 P.M.—admitted facts—how could we, after the time required to gather the prisoners and start them to the river, reach the river bank before nightfall when the enemy, though retreating, was contesting every inch of ground?

Arriving at the bluff on the banks of the Tennessee, we found there a brigade of fresh troops (Ammen's, of Buell's army) supporting siege guns and field batteries, while we were exhausted from a thirteen-hour fight. The battle had commenced at 4:55 A.M., following a three days' march from Corinth.

For a truthful account of the battle of Shiloh, the official reports from both sides are *prima facie* evidence of great importance. See also the official description by Maj. D. W. Reed, Secretary and Historian of the Shiloh National Military Park (1909), a copy of which will be given to any participant in that battle or his descendant.

General Beauregard is right when he says in his report: "It was after 6 P.M. when the enemy's last position was carried." The assertion that General Beauregard lost the fruits of the battle is puerile, the battle being far from won when, at 2:30 P.M., Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, its commander, was killed.

TRIUMPH OF THE OLD SOLDIERS.—As the old soldiers of Jones County sat in the shade of the trees, interested in the exercises of the reunion celebration, there was a feeling akin to pathos in looking into their faces. They did not seem as ordinary men. Their faces bore an impress of seriousness as men who had not only fought the battles upon the field, but had also fought the hard battles of life with its cares and perplexities. Their very countenances, however, seemed lit up with a mellow brightness, like the glories which suffuse the evening sky when the sun, his task complete, takes his exit from departing day. The imagination encircles these old soldiers with a halo of glory. These are they who fought

and lived and redeemed their land from the destruction of Reconstruction. These are they who overthrew the mongrel governments set up over them and restored the States to their autonomy, leaving a legacy to their sons to preserve and perpetuate. Brave battles they fought to accomplish this. * * * And it comes to pass that these old Confederate soldiers are the conservative influences for the salvation of the government and the real liberties of the people. Their devotion to the principles of our government has made the South the conservative section of the Union. So that the South is now regarded as the best asset of the nation, not only industrially, but also politically. What a triumph for keeping the faith and remaining true to the teaching of the fathers!—*Exchange.*

LOVE AT LAST—GETTYSBURG 50 YEARS AFTER.

BY J. LEMACKS STOKES, WILLIAMSTON, S. C.

Once more the "tide is high" at Gettysburg—
They front again, the valiant blue and gray—
But O the pathos of this "charging" line
Of grim, gray veterans of that far-off day!

They hold the heights once more, the steadfast blue,
And see the gray tide come; the undimmed eye,
The heart alone in its perpetual youth
Survive the day they stood ready to die.

Life has been hard upon these grand old men;
They've fought and lost on many a stricken field;
Life has been kindly too, for what is best remains
Of valor high that knew not how to yield.

The "tide is high" indeed; the gray have reached the crest.
But what a sight! And who could this forecast?
No sword is drawn, no shot is fired, but hand
Of blue clasps gray in love at last, at last.

In love at last!
In love that makes the wayward world go round,
In love that stills the cannon's awful sound,
In love that holds alone the mystic clue,
And reconciles what blue, what gray, each sought to do—
In love at last, in love at last!

OUTRAGE AGAINST CONFEDERATE HEROES.

Recently while sitting in a passenger coach, before the train started, I observed an advertisement in box-car letters on the side of a large building. Two brands of liquor were named for John Paul Jones, our great naval hero, and Robert E. Lee, and I felt indignant. When Robert E. Lee was leaving for the army during the war with Mexico, a friend placed a small flask of brandy in his trunk for use in case of emergency; and when Captain Lee returned, crowned with honor and brevetted for gallantry, the same flask of brandy was returned to his relative, the contents never having been sampled. There never was the slightest suspicion of intemperance against "Marse Bob," and yet a wholesale liquor concern would drag his name in the gutter!

A few weeks ago a law was passed in Texas forbidding the use of the "Lone Star Flag" as an advertising medium. A similar action by our national Congress in defense of the names and characters of our illustrious dead should be taken.

[The foregoing is from E. W. Tarrant, of Waco, Tex. The author may not be aware that such reunion advertising was stopped a year or so ago by Confederate organizations.]

HUNTING WITH GEN. JOHN GIBBON.

BY W. ROY STEPHENSON, WINCHESTER, VA.

A note from Gen. John Gibbon, of the Army and Navy Club in Washington, advised me that he would come down for a few days' shooting and talk over the battles of the War of the States with my old father, who met the General at Appomattox, after having fought against him on the Confederate side.

John Gibbon was a North Carolinian, and had three brothers on the Southern side of that just quarrel. He was a West Pointer and, with George H. Thomas and other Southern-born officers in the old army, remained with his comrades in arms under the old flag instead of standing by his native State and people. No braver or better man and soldier lived than John Gibbon. He tenderly loved his dear old parents and his native State and people. While he was commanding a division before Petersburg, Va., he told me that he knew his three brothers were in the Confederate army before him, and he had heard that his dear old mother was very sick at the old home and would probably die. He sent a flag of truce with a note through the lines to his brothers asking about his mother's condition. He told me with grim humor that his brothers received his note and returned it by his messenger, saying that "neither his mother nor her sons recognized any kinship with a d—d Yankee, and no communication with the family was possible until the matter in hand was settled." That happened a few days before Appomattox, where my father met General Gibbon at the McLane House. After the surrender there of General Lee and his army, General Gibbon was assigned by General Grant to parole the Confederate officers. He and Gen. Charles W. Field, of the Confederate army, were friends in the old service, and General Gibbon retained a very cordial feeling for his old comrade. After the meeting at the McLane House on the day of the surrender, General Gibbon, with several of his staff, rode to General Field's tent on the battle field and provided him and his staff (of which my father, John Stephenson, was a member) with food and other necessities that were then sorely needed. His kindness was never forgotten, and in after days he was a welcome visitor to our home in Virginia. On the occasion of one of his visits he and I went out for a day's shooting. After hunting on our farm we passed on to our neighbors' farms, coming at last to a farm that had belonged for many years to a family named Brent, who had always permitted me to hunt on their land. This farm had recently been purchased by a stranger from the North, whom I had never met and whose name I did not know. In the first field we entered on this farm our three dogs stood a flock of partridges which proved to be an unusually large one. When the covey rose we got several birds out of it, and then it divided, the larger part flying off some distance to a meadow where there was heavy grass, and the smaller part of the covey scattering into a near-by thicket difficult to shoot in. I took one of the dogs and went after the scattered birds in the thicket, and the General, at my suggestion, went with the other two dogs after the larger flock down in the meadow, where the shooting was easy. I soon got a bird or two. After shooting several times I emerged from the thicket to be met by the new owner of the farm, who came toward me in a great rage, violently cursing and threatening to assault me for trespassing on his farm. As he ran toward me he picked up a heavy club, part of a fence rail, which he showed every intention of using. When he had come within forty steps of

me I warned him to come no nearer, for if he attempted to do so with intent to assault me with his club I would give him the contents of my gun. He was a large, rough, red-headed man, evidently without control of a bad temper. He stopped, hesitated, and then broke out again with a torrent of blasphemy and abuse. He seemed almost insane with rage. After a few moments I asked him who he was, what authority he had there, and if he knew whom he was speaking to.

He replied that he did not care a d—n who I was, but that he was the owner of the farm and would allow no one to hunt on it. I gave him my name and residence at once, warned him that Virginia men do not tolerate abuse, and that he might find it to his advantage to omit further bad language with me. In reply to my inquiry he informed me that he had recently moved from New York State to this farm. I then asked him how he happened to come to Virginia to live.

He said that he was a Union soldier and had been in the Shenandoah Valley with Sheridan during the War of the States. At that time he had thought the valley so beautiful that he had ever since thought of coming back to it to make his home there. I then asked him: "Were you in the battle of Gettysburg?" "Yes," he replied; "I was with Gen. Dan Sickles's command." I asked: "Who was your corps commander at Gettysburg?" He replied: "General Gibbon." "Well," I said, "if General Gibbon were here to-day and I brought him on your land to shoot, would you object?" "No, of course not," said he. Just then General Gibbon, who had seen the man running toward me with a club and had taken in the situation from a hunter's experience, came up the hill to us. "Well, sir," I said, "this is General Gibbon, your old commander. It was for his pleasure that I came upon your farm." He roughly replied that he did not believe me and added that "the old man need not lie about himself either." I have heard army officers swear at an insubordinate soldier, but never did I hear one so fierce as the General was that day. He frightened and quelled the man into silence. Then as he stood looking at us doubtfully I took the General's gun from him and, drawing the shells out of it, handed it to the man for him to examine. On one side of the stock of the gun was a large gold plate on which was inscribed a memorial from the Iron Brigade to their commander, Gen. John Gibbon, and the names of the battles he had led them in. It was a handsome English gun. As the man slowly read the inscription, looking from time to time at General Gibbon, he realized the truth of what I had told him. He suddenly rushed up to his old commander and, taking off his hat, exclaimed: "General, you and your friend can hunt wherever you please on my farm. I will go along with you and show you where there are more coveys of birds than you have found." Then, with a thrifty afterthought, he added: "That is, provided you shoot all the rabbits you see and give them to me." His terms were agreed to, and the General, his old soldier, and I had an excellent day's shooting. The General in telling of the experience afterwards would humorously say that but for his timely arrival the War of the States might have broken out in Virginia again. The old General's memory is dear to us still. At the time of his retirement, at the age limit of sixty-four, he wrote the following verses and sent me a copy:

A VETERAN'S GOOD NIGHT.

I am sixty-four to-night, just sixty-four.
As with a backward glance I think my past life o'er,
I feel like some old broken-winded steed
Turned out to grass, no more to heed

The whip, the spur, the lash, the rein,
 Nevermore to be felt again.
 The crib is gone, the fodder out,
 His work is done, and every shout
 That comes to his ears in his quiet retreat
 Calls up the past, the advance, the retreat.
 Let but a bugle's distant blast
 Call up the bloody, glorious past,
 See how his ears start from his head
 As he thinks of the charge he oft has led!
 Up goes his head; he's on fire once more,
 And he thinks that he looks as he looked years before.
 But, alas! 'tis all looks. A twinge strikes him here.
 He sobers at once, he trembles—with fear?
 No, nothing but weakness. Strong in the past,
 The spirit of youth awakes with the blast.
 The old horse grows older, and stiffer his joints,
 But the finger of memory to by-gones still points:
 He thinks of the battles he has fought in and won,
 He sighs a horse sigh they were not better done,
 His battles are over, regrets now are vain:
 No use now of thinking how few he has slain.
 He lives in the past and thinks what's to come
 When the youngsters are called on to do what he's done.
 Nations and horses and soldiers as well
 Have their ups and their downs, their heaven, their hell.
 Nations and horses run their course, then expire;
 Soldiers run theirs for a time, then retire.
 The bugle no longer shall call them to arms,
 No longer the "long roll" to them sound alarms;
 Once bearded as pards and full of strong "damns,"
 They peaceful become—yes, as peaceful as lambs.
 To farewells I'm averse; I don't like good-bys—
 They make the voice tremble, they moisten the eyes.
 'Tis better to flank them, it brings on no fight;
 So with a "God bless you" I bid you good night.

GREENCASTLE JENNY—A BALLAD OF '63.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

On Greencastle's streets was a stream of steel
 From the slanting muskets the soldiers bore,
 And the scarred earth trembled and shook to feel
 The tramp and rumble of Longstreet's Corps.
 The bands were blaring "The Bonny Blue Flag,"
 And the banners they bore were a motley many,
 And watching the gray column wind and drag
 Was a slip of a girl—we'll call her Jenny.
 Pickett's Virginians were marching through,
 Supple as steel and brown as leather,
 Rusty and dusty of hat and shoe,
 Wanted to war and hunger and weather.
 Fearless, peerless, an army's pride—
 Better soldiers the world saw never—
 Marching away through the sweet Junctide
 To death and disaster—and fame forever.
 A slip of a girl (what matter her name?)
 With her cheeks aflame and her lips a-quiver,
 As she stood and gazed with a loyal shame
 At the steady flow of the steely river,
 Till a storm grew black in the hazel eyes
 Time had not tamed nor a lover sighed for,
 And she ran and girded her, apronwise,
 With the flag she loved and her brother died for.

Out of the doorway they saw her start
 (Pickett's Virginians were marching through),
 The hot little foolish hero heart
 Armored with stars on their field of blue.
 Clutching the folds of red and white,
 Stood she and bearded those ranks of theirs,
 Shouting shrilly with all her might:
 "Come and take it, the man that dares!"

Rose from the ranks a rippling cheer:
 Pickett saluted, his bold eyes beaming,
 Doffing his hat like a cavalier,
 His tawny locks in the warm breeze streaming.
 Fierce little Jenny, her courage fell
 As she heard the sound of the friendly laughter,
 And Greencastle's street gave forth the yell
 That Gettysburg slope heard again soon after.
 So they cheered for the flag they fought
 With the sturdy pride of the stubborn fighter.
 Loving the brave as brave men ought,
 And never a finger was raised to fright her.
 And so they marched, though they knew it not,
 Through the sweet green roads to the shock infernal,
 To the hell of the shell and the plunging shot—
 And a fame that has left them a name eternal.

And she felt, as she hid her burning face,
 There had hid at the root of her childish daring
 A trust in the men of her own brave race
 And a secret faith in the foe's forbearing.
 And she sobbed and sobbed till the rumbling gun
 And the rhythmic tread of the marching men
 Were a memory only, and day was done,
 And the stars were out in the blue again.

Thank God that the day of the sword is done,
 And the stars are out in the blue again.

[The above poem was sent to the VETERAN by Henry Redwood, of Asheville, N. C., who gives it from memory. It was recalled by seeing the statement of Mrs. Pickett that her husband under similar circumstances lifted his hat and saluted the flag. He thinks it may have been the same episode, with General Pickett as the officer, and that the average regiment would have done just what is described.]

TEXAS MEMORIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

The first monument to be erected on West Confederate Avenue by a Southern State was put in position on September 17, when a granite memorial to Hood's Brigade was raised. The expense of the monument was borne by the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Mabel M. Bates, Chairman. The monument is of two large granite stones on a heavy foundation and with suitable inscription.

Hood's Brigade was composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas and the 3d Arkansas Infantries, and was commanded by Brig. Gen. J. B. Robertson, father of Gen. Felix Robertson, who was a representative of Texas in the arrangements for the fiftieth anniversary celebration.

The new monument is located on West Confederate Avenue, near its intersection with the Emmetsburg Road. It is the first Southern memorial on that avenue, the Virginia monument having only the pedestal erected. No arrangements have been made for the dedication of the monument erected.

MUST BE THE OLDEST CANNON IN THE COUNTRY.

BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

On page 420, September VETERAN, you state in regard to the guns of the Virginia Military Institute: "They are said to be oldest guns in this country, having been in constant use for sixty-three years." Now, the Chatham Artillery, organized in May, 1786, and known during the Confederate war as Wheaton's Battery, has two six-pound brass pieces—one French piece cast in 1756 and captured by the British from the French; the other a British piece cast some years later, and both captured from the British at Yorktown, Va., October 19, 1781. They were presented to the Chatham Artillery in 1792 by General Washington.

These two old historic cannons are now mounted on proper carriages, are in the armory of the Chatham Artillery, and are used only to salute Presidents, as you will see by referring to the inclosed clippings from the Savannah Press and the Baltimore Sun. The writer was behind the guns of the Chatham Artillery during the days of 1861-65, and also at the Yorktown celebration in October, 1881.

[The Baltimore Sun article (of June 5, 1910) of three and a half columns, with pictures of the famous guns, begins with the statement by an English army officer that "the men of the South are born soldiers." The sketch mentions "Capt. Edwin Lloyd, a one-armed soldier of the Revolution, as the father of the battery." He was the first captain chosen for the Chatham Artillery, which still maintains its honored name. When General Washington visited Savannah, he was so pleased with the men of the battery that he presented the company two of the brass guns surrendered by Cornwallis at Yorktown. While inspecting this artillery at Fort Pulaski in December, 1861, Gen. R. E. Lee is reported as declaring that it had no superior in the Confederate service. In the twenty-first anniversary edition of the Savannah Press there is an elaborate sketch of the Chatham Artillery, with a roster of the members serving in the Spanish-American War, in which the names of the fifteen Confederates serving in it are given.]

SERVICE OF GEN. JOE SHELBY.

BY CAPT. O. F. REDD, LEXINGTON, KY., A. D. C. TO GEN. SHELBY.

My brother, Capt. W. A. Redd, of Dow, Mo., once adjutant of Gordon's Regiment, or 1st Missouri Cavalry, and who during the last fifteen months was on Johnson's Island, has sent me a recent number of the VETERAN in which he had marked an article by C. Y. Ford criticizing Gen. R. B. Coleman's paper on "Scouting in Missouri and Arkansas." It seems to me that the criticism is very unjust if I compare it with what he says about Gen. Joseph O. Shelby.

I served with General Shelby from 1861 to the summer of 1865, was orderly sergeant of his company for the first fourteen months, and for the last three years was his aid-de-camp, and walked, scouted, ate, and slept with him.

After the battle of Springfield, Mo., General Shelby returned to the Missouri River, where I had been left sick, but had recovered and was the first man to rejoin the company. He returned to the army with a full quota of men, and was in time for the engagement known as Cross Hollow, or Pea Ridge. There was two days' fighting, and then we retreated, General Shelby's Company A covering the rear. We camped for some time at Van Buren, when General Price was ordered to cross the river to take part in the battle of Shiloh. Our company was dismounted and had to march with the "web-foots." The battle of Shiloh was, however, over when we

reached Memphis, and we were ordered to Corinth. After camping here for several days, General Beauregard began to retreat, and General Shelby's faithful old Company A again covered the rear.

When we reached Tupelo, our time in the State Guard had expired and we were ordered back to the Missouri River to recruit a regiment. But on our way back we were all, Shelby included, conscripted by General Hindman, who was expecting an attack by a large Federal force. But General Shelby secured horses, rode back to General Beauregard, and got an order allowing him to proceed to the Red River, where he found all the boys he had left a year ago ready for service; consequently it did not take long to get up a regiment. He then went into Arkansas, where he organized the command known as Shelby's Regiment, or the 1st Missouri Cavalry. Frank Gordon was elected lieutenant colonel. We were joined by the Jackson County regiment commanded by Upton Hayes and known as Hayes's and afterwards as Shank's Regiment, or the 2d Missouri Cavalry; then by the Southwest Missouri Regiment, commanded by Col. John T. Coffee, known as Coffee's and afterwards as Thompson's, or the 3d Missouri Cavalry. Later Elliott's Battalion was added to the force. Colonel Shelby was appointed brigadier general of the commands of Gardner, Shanks, Thompson, and Elliott.

Every soldier of the Trans-Mississippi Department knows that General Shelby with his brigade fought all over Missouri south of the Missouri River and all over Arkansas north of the Red River. Our command did not know that there was such a regiment as the 2d Missouri on the other side of the Mississippi, and it seems that they did not know of us. General Shelby never surrendered, but took his men to Mexico when the war was over.

Years after this, when General Shelby was on a visit to Washington to ask the position of United States Marshal of President Cleveland, he met General Sheridan, who said to him: "I begged General Grant to let me go over to the Trans-Mississippi Department and capture you." General Shelby answered: "I wish you had come, General. I tell you it was mighty lonesome over there."

It is said that the President received numbers of letters advising him against this "bushwhacker and thief," but that General Schofield, who had fought Shelby all over Missouri, assured the President that he would make no mistake in appointing him, saying: "He is the most magnanimous enemy I ever fought, and would not stoop to do an unjust act."

General Shelby received his appointment; and when the great railroad strikes that put Chicago under martial law went as far as Kansas City, he issued a call to his old soldiers and to the old soldiers of the Federal army and swore them into service. When he lined them up, he said: "Boys, I want you to remember that you are in the service of the United States government, and that this is my first and only order. The first person that interferes with a train is to be shot, and I will be responsible." Not a single train, going out or coming in, was interfered with.

J. A. BOLEN, SR., JACKSON, ALA: "I like the VETERAN so well that when my dollar fails to come you may know that I have answered the last roll call, and then it may be stopped." [The misfortune is that hundreds and hundreds can't send the dollar just at the time. To oblige them the VETERAN is sent on after they have answered the call, and their families don't think enough of the VETERAN to give notice. Ought not every veteran enlist the interest of his family?]

FROM PAPER BY DR. B. F. WARD, VAIDEN, MISS.

A great deal has been written about Gettysburg by people who were not there. I was there, but not in that battle and am glad of it, because I am thankful for the privilege of having lived fifty years since. I enlisted in the Confederate service in May, 1861, as a private in Company K, 11th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by that prince of soldiers, Col. P. F. Liddell, who was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg, as was also Lieutenant Colonel Butler and Major Evans, leaving the regiment without a field officer. The regimental loss in this fight was over one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded.

At the end of the wet and weary march from Yorktown to Richmond, while standing in the ranks footsore and muddy, Capt. Joe Evans, the adjutant of the regiment, handed me a commission as full surgeon in the Confederate States army, with orders to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. I had never applied for promotion in any line. I had no intimation even of any influence at work in my favor. The commission, however, came directly from the Secretary of War.

I was sent to Gettysburg and many other "hot" places as a medical officer, being first a regimental surgeon, then brigade surgeon, and also a member of the medical board for Heth's Division, in which capacities I served till the banner was furled at Appomattox.

Now as to Gettysburg. It is history that on the first day Lee's army encountered only the 1st and 11th Corps of Meade's army. General Reynolds was killed and his corps retreated through Gettysburg. There were still two hours of daylight in which to pursue the panic-stricken foe and occupy Cemetery Hill. Why did they stop? It was the fortune of war, because, as a Federal writer said, "Jackson was dead."

I remained on the battle field three weeks after General Lee had retired, and the Federals told me that they came into those heights at midnight, as they expressed it, with their "tongues out." They could not understand why we had halted. Neither can any one else, except that "Jackson was dead." We lost the second day's battle—after A. P. Hill had crushed Sickles in the bloody wheat field and shot his leg off—because of Longstreet's tardiness in failing to seize Little Round Top while it was still unoccupied by the Federals. General Warren, Meade's chief engineer, said that if Longstreet had been even thirty minutes earlier he could have taken Little Round Top without opposition, which would have enabled him to enfilade Meade's line and would have saved us the day.

If Jackson had lived, Lee would have won at Gettysburg. In a recent magazine article General Miles, who put the irons on Mr. Davis, states practically that if Lee had succeeded there he would surely have taken Washington, and it would have then been impossible to organize another large army in the North, because the antiwar spirit was just at that time reaching its highest tide.

Altogether Gettysburg was not up to the standard of Lee's splendid skill and execution in all of his previous great battles. As soon as he had recrossed the Potomac he tendered his resignation to President Davis, and stated as one of his reasons that, as he had not satisfied himself, it was fair to assume he had not satisfied others; and that, having "reached an age where he had to use the eyes of others," he felt that a younger man might accomplish more. When he said, "It was all my fault," he was simply giving expression to the generous impulses of his great soul. It was not his fault. Napoleon said he could not make men, but had to use such as he found. So it was with Lee. Lee was the greatest man

of all the military chieftains in history, if not the greatest general. Lee, Jackson, Sidney Johnston, and Forrest constitute the granite pillars upon which will rest the temple of modern military science and achievement so far as evolved by the Confederate war.

Forrest was the greatest cavalry officer since Marshal Ney, without Ney's opportunities. His impetuosity and insubordinate temper toward his less capable superior officers would class him with Murat rather than with Ney.

The generation born since the war has been thoroughly imbued with the conviction that Pickett's charge held the front of the stage and was the crowning act of glory in the tragic drama of Gettysburg. "Pickett's charge" conveys the impression that Pickett charged farther, more desperately, suffered more, and accomplished more than most of the other divisions that participated in that desperate and deadly assault. Pickett made one single charge on the evening of the last day. This was his only effort. Other divisions had been charging for three days through heat and dust and smoke and flame and blood.

In the heraldry of battles the list of casualties has been generally accepted as the highest test of courage and endurance. Fortunately for the truth of history, we are able to measure Pickett's charge and the charges of the other divisions by this standard. When Lee was preparing to retire, General Heth sent me a written order to remain there as surgeon in chief of all his wounded left on the field, 600 in number, lying on the ground without food or shelter. These were all badly wounded, many of them fatally. Of course medical officers and nurses were left with the wounded of each brigade in the division.

The brigade surgeons were required to report every evening to the chief surgeon the number of wounded on hand, eliminating each day the number that had died or were sent off to Federal hospitals. These reports were compiled every night by the chief surgeon and forwarded in duplicate next morning to Federal headquarters as a basis for rations and medical supplies.

This work I did every day for three weeks, and this order under which I was acting applied to every other division. It so happened that I was the only surgeon in Lee's army, so far as I know, who took the trouble to secure and preserve these reports from all the Confederate surgeons exactly as they were made to the Federal authorities. I carried them in my pocket during the five months of my imprisonment and have them now. They are as follows: Rhodes's Division, Surgeon Hayes, 800; Pender's Division, Surgeon McAdams, 700; McLaws's Division, Surgeon Patterson, 700; Heth's Division, Surgeon Ward, 693; Hood's Division, Surgeon Means, 515; Johnson's Division, Surgeon Whitehead, 311; Pickett's Division, Surgeon Reeves, 279; Early's Division, Surgeon Gott, 259; Parson's Division, Assistant Surgeon Wilson, 171; Johnson's Division, Surgeon Sayers, 135; Anderson's Division, Surgeon Miles, 111; Pennsylvania College, under charge of Surgeon Frazier, 700. Total, 5,374.

In addition to this, the Federals claimed that they picked up two or three thousand of our wounded and carried them to their own field hospitals. Thus, according to these figures, which are, perhaps, the most accurate that have ever been published, General Lee left on that fatal field between 7,000 and 8,000 badly wounded. His whole force was 62,000 men. When he recrossed the Potomac his army had been diminished by 19,000 killed, wounded, and missing.

General Meade's force was 112,000, and his losses, according to his own report, were 24,000. He stated in substance before the committee on the conduct of the war that if the positions of the two armies had been reversed, and his had been the assaulting instead of the fortified and defending force, success would likely have been with General Lee.

W. B. Bond, who was an A. D. C. to General Daniels's Brigade, Rhodes's Division, Confederate army, states in the *New York Sun* from Scotland Neck, N. C.: "General Longstreet in his speech at Gettysburg, referring to his assault on the third day, praises Pickett's and Trimble's troops, but carefully ignores Heth's. Why is this? All soldiers know that the number of killed is the test of pluck and endurance. Besides five North Carolina and three Mississippi regiments, there were troops from Tennessee, Alabama, and Virginia in Heth's Division, and all of them behaved gallantly, except the left brigade, which was Brockenbrough's Virginia, and its loss in killed in this battle was twenty-five, or five to the regiment. [General Longstreet evidently did this brigade great injustice. Soldiers know that the bravest men may not have been subjected to a test.—EDITOR VETERAN.] Pickett's fifteen Virginia regiments had two hundred and twenty-four, an average of nearly fifteen to the regiment. I have never seen the casualties of the 11th Mississippi; but the number of killed in the 2d and 42d Mississippi and five North Carolina regiments was three hundred and thirty-eight, an average to the regiment of something over forty-eight. The fire of Cemetery Hill was concentrated upon Heth's Division, and at the close of the charge its organization was to a great extent broken up; but, with the exception of the left brigade, this disorganization was caused by deaths and wounds. Pickett's Division, when 1,500 of them surrendered in an open field, was better organized; but this fact was owing entirely to their comparatively small loss in killed and wounded. The figures used are official. I was severely wounded at Gettysburg."

A member of the 11th Mississippi who lived in North Mississippi, but whose name and address I can't recall, sent me a report of the losses of the 11th Mississippi in that battle. He said the regiment went in with 446 privates and twenty-two officers. When it came out it had ninety privates and two lieutenants on foot and able to answer roll call next morning. What was left of the regiment was commanded by Lieut. Steve Moore, of Aberdeen. This looks like Heth's men did some charging too.

THE STORY OF A SCARF.

Milbourn Carter, of Augusta, Ga., was one of that goodly company of well-born, well-bred Southern young men who, in the first flush of young manhood, flocked to the standard of the Stars and Bars, offering themselves for the defense of their States freely and unselfishly, without even the éclat of official position to tempt them; but as private soldiers, shouldering their muskets, they prepared to do or die. In his childhood Milbourn had been almost miraculously rescued when his three companions were drowned, and his parents fondly dreamed that he had been saved for some great and glorious life and destiny.

The women of the South, knowing that the best blood of the land was serving in the ranks, made no distinction of official position. They were all heroes in the eyes of their mothers, wives, sweethearts, and sisters. So when the Clinch Rifles, 5th Regiment of Georgia Infantry, were marching through the streets of Pensacola, receiving the ovations of enthusias-

tic ladies, it was not considered strange that a lovely young girl should cut off half of her silk crape lisse scarf of red and white and give it to Milbourn Carter, a private in the ranks, saying: "Take it; and when you return home, bring it with you." Their acquaintance had been of only a few days, but this was the sudden impulse of a young, enthusiastic girl. Later, when on furlough at his home in Augusta, he brought and left the scarf, but did not reveal the name of the young girl; and it remained there, an interesting souvenir, without an explanation. When he fell in the battle of Missionary Ridge and was buried in the trenches, the scarf became a precious relic.

Mrs. Sophie Flournoy Johnson, his sister, who resides at Sewanee, has the treasured scarf. Her desire to identify the giver of the precious scarf was made known to a Pensacola young lady visiting Sewanee. And now, after fifty-three years, the young girl of the long ago is found to be Mrs. Mary Dallas Strong, of Washington, D. C. In a lovely letter she tells the whole incident. The scarf had been given to her by her sister, the Princess Murat. They were daughters of Commodore Dallas, who fired the first gun in the War of 1812. She says she well remembers cutting the scarf in half and giving it to Milbourn Carter, and begs Mrs. Johnson to visit her at her home in Washington.

SCOUTING IN ARKANSAS AND MISSOURI.

BY R. M. WINNS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

I belonged to Col. Coffey's battalion, which was organized in Northeast Arkansas, along White River, in Independence, Jackson, and adjoining counties. As well as I can remember, the battalion had four companies—Kelley's Company A, Fulkerson's Company B, Shaw's Company C, and Dark's Company D, made up of men partly from Missouri and partly from Arkansas. This battalion was formed in the winter and spring of 1864, and just before Price's last raid it was attached to Jackman's Brigade, Shelby's Division. When we entered Missouri on Price's raid in 1864, Shaw's company was detailed as a scout for the army, and did much service during the raid, capturing many of the Federal small garrisons and giving much valuable information about the movements of the Federal armies in Missouri. The first Federal garrison that was captured by these scouts was at Farmington.

Two scout commands combined to capture Farmington—Shaw's and Rex Johnson's. The capture of the garrison was like this: Shaw, after scouting through the country from Doniphan, Mo., up Little Black River, reported to Shelby, who had stopped for a day at Fredericktown for Price's army to come up, and delivered what prisoners he had captured. It was late in the evening when he reported. Shelby gave him orders to go to Farmington, some eighteen or twenty miles ahead, where there was a small garrison of militia, and capture them if possible. Shaw, with Capt. Rex Johnson and about twenty of his men, started immediately for Farmington, which they approached in the night. They waited out about two miles from the town until it was light enough to shoot. The enemy took the courthouse, which stood in the center of a square, for a fort, and Shaw's and Johnson's men took the houses around the square and fought from them. The enemy were looking for heavy reinforcements soon, and to make quick work something desperate had to be done before reinforcements arrived. Volunteers were called for to run across the square to the courthouse and set it afire. The enemy were all supposed to be in the

upper story, as all the shots came from the upper windows. Lieutenant Bennett, of Shaw's company, and Lieutenant Miller, of Rex Johnson's company, volunteered to make the run across the square and fire the courthouse. Miller fell, pierced through the body. Bennett got into the courthouse and set it afire at the foot of the stairway below. When the enemy discovered what had been done, they surrendered. The prisoners were all taken back to Shelby at Fredericktown except one, who was shot two or three miles from Farmington for carrying information to the enemy of the approach of the scouts. He did not belong to the army.

After turning this bunch of prisoners over to Shelby, Shaw and Johnson were instructed to go through the country between Farmington and the Mississippi River and to report to Shelby again at Potosi, Mo.

I was in Captain Shaw's company and acted at times as Coffey's orderly. I was a boy of seventeen with black hair, black eyes, and was known as "Bob." I was never with the battalion after we entered Missouri, until we got to Fayetteville, Ark., where I was left sick. I now live in Kansas City, Mo., 3515 East Twenty-Eighth Street, and would like to hear from old comrades.

A GEORGIA VETERAN AT GETTYSBURG.

BY W. P. WHITAKER, MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

Andrew Wall and I were two of the six thousand veterans in gray that went to the Gettysburg Encampment. We stopped over in Washington on the way, and I saw the old Capital Prison, where I spent some weary days in 1864. We then went on to Gettysburg and out to the camp, where some fifty thousand veterans of both armies were busy shaking hands and making friends with each other.

On Wednesday about seven or eight of us, blue and gray together, took a tramp over the battle field. We went down Confederate Avenue to the Spangler House, where we refreshed ourselves with cool water and lemonade, and then continued on our march. We went to Devil's Den, then to Little Round Top and the castle on the heights, then up the blue lines and back to camp. The walk was about ten miles, and I enjoyed it in spite of my seventy-two years.

On the morning of the 2d, out on — Avenue, I was talking to a comrade, who said: "Here is where my command was during the fight, and right here the spear was shot off the top of our flagstaff. I am going to look in the weeds and leaves and see if I can find it." He began to poke about in the dirt, and suddenly he grabbed at something and held it tight against his breast. He had really found the spear after it had lain there fifty years.

We were splendidly treated in camp, had good quarters and plenty to eat, and every inch of ground was full of memories. The place where the big hotel in the town of Gettysburg now stands is the spot where my own command captured a regiment of blues in the first day's fight, fifty years ago.

The trip was one never to be forgotten. I feel, with the other Confederate veterans that were there, that the South was given full honor for its heroic record.

PROTEST AGAINST EXAGGERATIONS.

BY STAN C. HARLEY, CLARK COUNTY, ARK.

I see many things in the VETERAN that are very commendable, and it affords me pleasure to say so. It is a unique publication, and I without hesitancy say that it is not appreciated as it should be by those whom it serves. I read it with in-

tense satisfaction, and wish every Southerner, young and old, was a subscriber. I want to indorse also with strong emphasis the resolutions adopted recently by Confederate Historical Association Camp, No. 28, of Memphis, Tenn., in which they deplore the confusion of military titles.

Hundreds of our people believe that Maj. Gen. Wyandotte Hovee was during the War of the States a veritable man-eater, when the truth is that he never smelled powder except at long range, if he ever smelled it at all. He struts around in a finer uniform than General Lee or either of the Johnstons ever wore, talks big, and makes a big impression upon the credulous that he is the grand muck-a-muck beside whom all others fade into utter insignificance. The real soldiers laugh at his pretensions, but he keeps right on acting major general and is believed. To hear some of them talk, if you believed all they said, you would believe that they were in every battle.

One old fellow actually was talking about what he did at Gettysburg, Pa., and at Vicksburg, Miss., when every intelligent man knows that the two campaigns were being conducted at the same time, and the surrender of Vicksburg and the battle of Gettysburg occurred at the same time. Yet he was considered a hero by those to whom he was talking.

Some of them have assumed the sobriquet of "Old Fighting Jake" or some other term expressive of the wonderful courage they displayed on hundreds of battle fields and the magnificent judgment they showed when in some big battle, at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Chickamauga, Shiloh, etc., they suggested to General So-and-So to "flank 'em," and the result of the battle was quite different because their suggestions were not carried out.

Another soldier (by the way a good one) told me and others about how General Hood put him in command of the right wing of the army July 22, 1864, and he a lieutenant, and what prodigies of valor he performed with his company. Another told me of seeing blood running shoe mouth deep at Franklin, November 30, 1864, on level ground.

The truth is strong enough to tell, if a man knows it. The telling of these unreasonable tales has a tendency to cause intelligent people to doubt the truth when they hear it.

I was a private soldier in Gen. Pat Cleburne's division, and at the close of the war was one of fifteen men composing the division sharpshooters. I had sufficient opportunities to see a good deal of the war in all of its phases, and I, or any one else, never saw blood run shoe mouth deep anywhere, much less on level ground. We all know that the ground greedily absorbed the blood of the slain very soon after it was spilled.

One request, and I close. I want an intelligent man who was present, and who saw our line broken at Missionary Ridge, to write an article for the VETERAN telling as nearly as he can just what did take place; when our line was at the foot or on top of the ridge; the condition of our line, whether a full rank, single rank, close together, or wide apart; the troops engaged, etc. The battle of Missionary Ridge is the least understood and most grossly misrepresented of the battles of the war. The numbers on the Northern side have been minimized and the Southern side exaggerated beyond anything that the truth will sustain. Many things have been said and written about it that are absolutely untrue. One man, who ought to have known better, said to me: "Why did you let them whip you at Missionary Ridge?" Of course the "you" meant the Army of Tennessee.

[Comrade Harley may seem extravagant in his expressions, and yet his letter may be of benefit.]

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY P. D. STEPHENSON, CO. K, 13TH ARKANSAS INFANTRY.

Chickamauga, one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of the war (compare list of casualties with any of Napoleon's battles or with any of Lee's), was fought September 19 and 20, 1863. It was a magnificent victory for our army, a complete rout for the Yankees, in which they were saved from destruction or capture only through the timidity of Bragg. Forrest implored Bragg to "follow them up." Bragg refused, yet six thousand fresh reinforcements came to him just after the enemy broke and turned to flee. On such things the fate of armies, nations, and the coloring of the future often depend. The armies were about equally matched, the Federals somewhat in the majority.

Missionary Ridge, one of the most complete routs Southern arms ever sustained, was fought just two months after (November 25 and 26, 1863) by the same Southern army that so completely defeated the Yankees at Chickamauga. How can such an astonishing paradox be sustained or explained?

The explanation, after all, is simple, although made up of several elements. First, it was the "sickly season," and the bulk or a large part of our army spent those intervening two months in the swampy bottom of the Chickamauga River, one of the crookedest of streams, making miles of bottom land which heavy rains convert into a vast morass or quagmire. This, in fact, happened. Rains came on us, making sickness worse, making roads impassable, cutting off supplies of every kind from us, and reducing us by November 25 and 26 to an army of half-sick (even those fit for duty), half-starved, half-clothed men, our ranks thinned by the thousands under medical care. To put this picture nakedly before you, take one fact well known at the time, and a fact I can take my oath on, for I saw it myself, incredible as it may seem to you. Just as you drew near to our bivouac (we had no tents or shelter save booths or tree branches and a few little fly tents) in the middle of the main road (which was a lake of mud fifty or sixty feet or more wide) there was a long stake stuck up with a board sign on it. On the board was written: "Mule underneath here." A mule had actually sunk out of sight in the mud at that spot. I saw that myself.

Imagine, then, if you can, the state of all the camps throughout that vast bog and the condition of the men after two months. The wonder is that there was any fight left in us.

Confirmation of the sickliness of Chickamauga bottom came in the Spanish-American War (1898), when even at that late day the camp of instruction became one vast hospital.

"Why didn't we camp on Missionary Ridge, at the foot of which we lay?" Answers are many; one is sufficient. There was no water. An army must have water near by and plenty of it. A few men were up there all the time; and when Bragg was compelled to change from the offensive to the defensive toward the end of the two months, he threw up a slight breastwork of logs, rails, etc., here and there along the top of the ridge and put his half-sick, disgusted, and demoralized army behind these shabby defenses—that is, he put what was left of his army behind them. And this brings me to reason No. 2 for our defeat—namely, General Bragg committed the fatal and astounding blunder of weakening his already much-reduced force by sending nearly one-half thereof, under General Longstreet, far away up to Knoxville to invest and capture that place. He did this in the face of the ever-increasing and well-known numbers of the enemy and notwithstanding also that his position on Missionary Ridge

and Lookout Mountain was untenable save by a large army. This is seen easily by any one familiar with the ground. For instance, the distances to be defended were vast. Lookout Mountain itself, separated from Missionary Ridge by a depression a mile or so wide, could easily be turned—i. e., taken from the rear—unless held by men enough to meet attack from all points within its area. And when taken, it enfilades the ridge, commanding it entirely, and also the valley between it and the ridge. In other words, Lookout once taken, the battle was won, especially against the little force Bragg had reduced himself to.

Now, that is just exactly what happened. Bragg could spare only three thousand men or so to defend that huge Lookout Mountain. Grant's army when he attacked had grown to 100,000 men or more. He first flanked by a large column our little force off from Lookout and gained it. There was comparatively little fighting, little opportunity or occasion for it, and few casualties. They gained our rear easily as well as attacking in front, and our little force had to leave to escape capture. Many, indeed, were captured. The "Battle above the Clouds," as Northern historians call it, causes a smile to all who know the facts. Our men fought until they saw that fighting meant being surrounded and captured. The enemy behaved well, showed themselves soldiers, in doing what they did; but as to fighting, it wasn't the thing to do. The thing to do was to hold our men engaged in front while their flanking force gained their rear and edged them off the mountain, which they did.

Grant used the same tactics as to Missionary Ridge while our main army was located thereon. Here too the distances to be defended were even greater—viz., just as long as the ridge itself to where there was a pass or gap through which was afforded an opportunity to turn or flank our position. This distance is probably from four to six miles. The ridge at the far right, as you stand on it and face Chattanooga, breaks up into steep hills, almost mountains, and furnished chances for flanking. Now this whole long distance had to be covered by what was left of our army.

Consider, then, the picture presented on the second and decisive day. The two armies faced each other—ours on Missionary Ridge and Grant's in the valley or low ground, a mile or so outside of Chattanooga. The bulk of it was in a line curving around our left up on top of Lookout Mountain, enfilading our left and stretching at the other end (opposite our right) far beyond our right and threatening to turn that flank also. They had 100,000 men or over; we had about 25,000 or 26,000 enfeebled men, thinned out (to cover that long distance) to such attenuation that there was but one rank of us, and in places this single rank was made up of men from five to seven or eight feet apart. Such was the picture the morning of the second day, November 26, 1863.

Grant attacked, and his first move was to advance on both flanks, our left and our right (probably four to six miles apart). On our left he sent General Hooker with a flanking column of many thousands (40,000 was the talk among us after the battle) right through that wide valley between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. We had not a skirmish line there even to oppose him. We did not have any men to put there. Hooker hardly fired a shot, for he did not meet any men to fire at, save a straggler or two. He simply walked through that valley, then turned around upon the rear of our left and center, and awaited orders. Those orders came in the afternoon, when by preconcerted signal he and the army

along the front of our left and center were to charge at one and the same time and coop up our entrapped and helpless men there in certain destruction or capture.

And that charge took place. It was well planned and gallantly executed. But was there any fighting worthy of the name? Not at all. Our men saw the trap they were in, saw Yankees close in on them, on front flank and on rear. They fought and fought well until that fact was plainly revealed to them, and then they broke and ran out of the trap. That charge on our left and center (front flank and rear) was made about 4 P.M. Up to that time no fighting worth speaking of occurred in that section of the field. And even after the charge was developed there was little actual fighting, for our men saw the trap and refused to stay in it. I do not blame them. Moore's Alabama and Bate's Tennessee Brigades, with some of our batteries, made, nevertheless, splendid resistance in the center. That was about all.

To realize how literally true this is, Dana, Lincoln's Attorney-General, who was back near Chattanooga watching events, says in his book that the frontal attack began at 4 P.M., and that it took just thirty minutes to gain the crest. They met with no resistance. Our men were preparing to leave the trap. That frontal attack would never have gained the crest except that our men knew that a force nearly, if not quite, twice their number was already in their rear.

These facts explode the commonly accepted idea that the battle of Missionary Ridge was a magnificent illustration of Yankee heroism. Beyond losing their breath in going up the steep ridge several hundred feet high, the chargers suffered little inconvenience. The slight casualties reported—slight for such an army and such a charge—tell the story, also the absurd shortness of time required to gain the crest.

And again I say our men did right in leaving such a palpable trap. Was there no blame anywhere then? O yes. The blame was on our general for egregious blunders committed, culminating in getting his army in such a position. Bragg, indeed, after Chickamauga seemed to lose his head. The whole two months afterwards were marked by blunder after blunder. Far better would it have been had he evacuated Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain without a fight. While our left and center were thus defeated, what was our right wing doing?

We come now to the only creditable part of the battle of Missionary Ridge. The right wing was held by Hardee's Corps, and the most of it (about 8,000 men) was commanded by Maj. Gen. Pat R. Cleburne in person. This force formed the extreme right wing and held the crucial position which the enemy did his best to turn. Gen. W. T. Sherman commanded the enemy here in person (25,000 strong; see his own book). He hurled these thousands against us in charge after charge all day long, but they were routed every time with heavy loss. In some places they got to our lines, and our men, out of ammunition, fought them back with stones and clubbed them with muskets, ran them down the hill, and captured about 2,000 prisoners. The canteens of their dead and wounded were filled with whisky, which probably explains their recklessness. When night came, we on the right were rejoicing over our great victory, not knowing what had befallen our center and left. About ten o'clock that night we were told that we must fall back and form the rear guard of the rest of the army, which had been defeated. The enemy was between us and them; so we had to make a great detour and march all night to reach our retreating army. We did so, saving them thereby and most of the wagon train. The enemy

followed, but timidly. In the early morning of the 28th, I think, they grew bolder, and at Ringgold we gave them a bloody beating. After that they let us alone. We stayed in places for hours, offering battle. Then in utmost leisure, after wagon trains and army were perfectly secure, we retired to Tunnel Hill, Ga., where we spent the winter, the army itself being six miles behind us at Dalton, Ga.

Such is the plain, unvarnished account of Missionary Ridge. The truth as to that shameful disaster is that General Bragg, and not his army, was to blame. It was a case of glaring out-generalship as to our commander, not of cowardice as to our men. Bragg was a good officer in some respects, but had not military genius nor capacity for handling great bodies of men. He was brave and a Christian gentleman, but was a routine man, not equal to great emergencies.

Only a few months after, in May, 1864, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston took that same army, terribly demoralized by sickness, hardship, humiliation, and shame over defeat, and with it fought the superb, unsurpassed Dalton-Atlanta Campaign against an enemy two and a half times his size, inflicting losses on him equal to the strength of his whole army and bringing upon him defeat after defeat.

CHICKAMAUGA COMPARED TO OTHER BATTLES.

[Account attributed to Gen. John B. Gordon.]

An American battle that surpassed in its ratio of carnage the bloodiest conflicts in history outside of this country ought to be better understood by the American people. Sharpsburg, or Antietam, I believe, had a larger proportion of killed and wounded than any other single day's battle of our war, and that means larger than any of the world's wars. Chickamauga, however, in its two days of heavy fighting, brought the ratio of losses to the high-water mark. Judged by percentage of killed and wounded, Chickamauga nearly doubled the sanguinary records of Marengo and Austerlitz; was two and one-half times heavier than the loss sustained by the Duke of Marlborough at Malplaquet; more than double that suffered by the army under Henry of Navarre in the terrific slaughter at Coutras; nearly three times as heavy as the percentage of loss at Solferino and Magenta; five times greater than that of Napoleon at Wagram; and about ten times as heavy as that of Marshal Saxe at bloody Racoux. Or, if we take the average percentage of loss in a number of the world's great battles—Waterloo, Wagram, Valmy, Magenta, Solferino, Zurich, and Lodi—we shall find by comparison that Chickamauga's record of blood surpassed them nearly three to one.

WHY ONE CONGRESSMAN GOES TO CHURCH.

I go to church because I hear the teaching of the philosophy of Jesus, the incomparable Man; and if you say his teaching is philosophy and not religion, and that he was a man and not God, then the philosophy of that man has redeemed the world from savagery and blessed mankind with Christian civilization, and, to my mind, it is a thing worth while to hear. I go to church because I find there consolation and hope, because I see there the dawn and not the sunset. And it is better for man, if the hope is baseless and the vision but an elusive phantom, to cherish a dream so glorious and beautiful than to be weighted down and crushed with the quarried mountains of a world without hope and without God.

[The foregoing is the conclusion of an argument by Hon. Claude Weaver, Congressman from Oklahoma, and published in the Congressional Record.]

DESTRUCTION OF THE BROAD RIVER BRIDGE.

BY CAPT. ANDREW M. SEA, LOUISVILLE, KY.

In looking over some old numbers of the *VETERAN* I see you have had a discussion as to whose command destroyed the Broad River Bridge at Columbia, S. C., before the occupancy of that city by General Sherman. One of your correspondents claims that it was destroyed by troops under the command of General Wheeler; another claims that a part of Walker's command destroyed it; still another says it was Gen. M. C. Butler's command. As I absolutely know all about the matter, I feel that for the truth of history I ought to state the facts.

Captain Wiggins's horse artillery was a part of General Wheeler's command, but at the time of which I write was under the immediate command of Gen. George Dibrell, who commanded McLemore's Tennessee brigade, John S. Williams's Kentucky brigade, and Wiggins's Battery. Captain Wiggins had been in prison for nineteen months, and Lieutenant Ellis and I were the only commissioned officers with the battery. From the time we entered the State of South Carolina opposite Savannah we had almost daily skirmishes with General Kilpatrick, of Sherman's Cavalry. So it continued up to the city of Columbia.

Just here let me make an explanatory note. There is a small river a short distance away which flows toward the city of Columbia. This is the Saluda River. Another river which flows toward the Saluda is called the Broad River. These two rivers unite and form Congaree, which flows directly in front of Columbia. There is a bridge which crosses the Congaree almost opposite the center of the city. This bridge was defended by formidable earthworks, and General Sherman realized that he could not cross there without heavy loss; and while he did make a considerable demonstration, he marched his army up to the Saluda River, which he crossed. This put him between the Saluda and the Broad Rivers. One of the main roads from Columbia led to and crossed the Broad River bridge. This was an old-fashioned wooden bridge, weatherboarded and roofed, and there were no guards or defenses. Evidently the authorities had not anticipated Sherman's approach to the city from that direction.

Our battery was encamped on the road leading to the Broad River bridge. In the morning Lieutenant Ellis had taken his section of the battery to the vicinity of the Congaree bridge. In the afternoon General Wheeler rode out from the city with a small command. I am not certain what troops they were, but I did recognize some men who belonged to Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge's 9th Kentucky Cavalry. General Wheeler told me that Sherman's army had crossed the Saluda and intended to come into the city over the Broad River Bridge. He was going across to delay the advance as much as possible, so as to give the authorities time to remove army supplies, which they were then doing. He said, "I shall not take your guns over the river," but that I was to put them in position to destroy the bridge when his men had recrossed. He said that he would hold me responsible for its destruction. Also that when the enemy had driven his men nearly to the bridge they would make a vigorous charge for the purpose of capturing his rear guard and of securing the bridge.

I felt then, and now feel, that it was a tremendous responsibility. Should they charge as General Wheeler expected, their front line and our real line might meet hand in hand. I could not fire on them without endangering our own men. If I fired too soon, I might kill some of our men; and if I did not

fire soon enough, the Yankees might capture the bridge. But orders were peremptory, and I had to do the best I could. I placed my guns so as to rake the rear end of the bridge, and I loaded them because I knew I had to use them quick. I put two or three extra shells near enough to reach without leaving the gun. Then to make assurance doubly sure I scattered a little straw against the sides of the bridge at my end, and stood there with a torch to fire it when our men had all gotten through. The cannoncers were instructed to open fire on the rear end when they saw me throw my hat into the air, because I knew a word of command could not be heard.

This program was carried out. I stood at the mouth of the bridge, and when I thought all of our men had gotten through I threw up my hat to the boys at the guns to open fire and applied my torch. I was greatly distressed to find that I had failed to see a few of our extreme rear guard who had not gotten out. I saw one or two of them who had inhaled smoke, but fortunately none of them was seriously injured. I don't suppose anybody ever saw timber flying in more approved style. In three minutes the rear end of the bridge was completely knocked out, and by that time the rear end was on fire. The destruction of the bridge was complete. Sherman's men went up Broad River eight miles and found the ford. Our pickets were not driven in until early next morning. We fell back on the Winsboro Road, and when our rear guard left the city of Columbia there was no indication of fire, and I do not believe there is a shadow of doubt that Sherman burned the city.

General Dibrell's command finally reached Charlotte, N. C., and was ordered as an escort to President Davis and Cabinet. We had with our command Mr. Davis and wife; a baby less than one year old, afterwards known as Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy; Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State; Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War; Mr. Reagan, Postmaster-General; Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; Adjutant General Cooper, and others whose names I do not now recall. We also had the Confederate treasury in nail kegs, ammunition boxes, etc., hauled in wagons. Yet not one dollar was disturbed; and when the treasure was distributed, the soldiers received the pittance given them without a murmur. I remember that I received seven dollars and fifty cents in Mexican money. When we reached Washington, Ga., General Breckinridge and Mr. Benjamin disappeared in the night and succeeded in reaching England. Mr. Davis and family proceeded with a small escort, composed, I think, of some of Morgan's Kentucky Cavalry. Captain Wiggins came to the battery at Washington, Ga. He had been in prison nineteen months, and the poor fellow looked more dead than alive. He wanted to get to his home in Arkansas without having to take the oath, and this was also true of Lieutenant Ellis. Thus I was left to surrender the battery, which I did. The entire command was paroled by Capt. Lot Abraham, of General Wilson's staff, on May 6, 1865.

By the way, may I ask if this was not the last battery of artillery surrendered east of the Mississippi River? I do not positively assert that it was, but I will say that if there was any other I do not know it and have never heard of it.

Little Margaret Lee, under three years of age, who had become accustomed to seeing the equestrian statue of General Forrest in the park named for him in Memphis, was visiting in Forest Park, St. Louis. Upon seeing the statue of some man, she exclaimed: "He has come down from his horse!"

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JANUARY 31, 1913.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$35. Contributed by Robert H. Crockett Chapter, No. 1283, U. D. C., Rison, Ark., \$5; Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 247, U. D. C., Dardanelle, Ark., \$5; Memorial Chapter, No. 48, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$25.

Mrs. John T. Callaghan, Washington, D. C., \$70—collections for fund.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$20. Contributed by Martha Reid Chapter, No. 19, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, Director for New York, \$250. Contributed by New York Chapter, No. 103, U. D. C., New York, N. Y., \$100; Mrs. James H. Parker, New York, N. Y., \$100; Mrs. Frank G. Burke, New York, N. Y., \$25; Mrs. Augustus H. Jones, New York, N. Y., \$10; Mrs. J. A. Clarke, New York, N. Y., \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, C. of C., New York, N. Y., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$96.48. Contributed by Pickens Chapter, No. 856, U. D. C., Pickens, S. C., \$8; Lucinda Horn Chapter, No. 947, U. D. C., Saluda, S. C., \$3; Mrs. J. H. Burton, sale of charts, \$4.90; Graded Schools, Timmons ville, S. C., \$2.11; Cartersville High School, \$1; Lynchburg Graded School, 30 cents; Mount Pleasant High School, \$3.50; Johnson High School, \$4.80; Courtenay School, Charleston, S. C., \$4.58; St. George High School, \$3.50; Confederate College, \$3; St. Matthews Graded School, \$5; Seneca High School, \$2.43; Bonneau School, \$1; Cheraw Graded School, \$7; Julian Mitchell School, Charleston, S. C., \$10.38; Crafts School, Charleston, S. C., \$7.26; Bennett School, Charleston, S. C., 94 cents; Newberry City Schools, \$6.18; Pinopolis School, 65 cents; Mary Ann Brice Chapter, No. 61, U. D. C., Johnston, S. C., 25 cents; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 1248, U. D. C., Varnville, S. C., \$5.20; Dick Anderson Chapter, No. 75, U. D. C., Sumter, S. C., \$10; Stephen Elliott Chapter, No. 1349, U. D. C., Beaufort, S. C., \$1.50.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$68.50. Contributed by Mary Custis Lee Chapter, No. 157, U. D. C., Lexington, Va., \$10; Blue Ridge Chapter, No. 917, U. D. C., Hamilton, Va., \$5; Warm Springs Chapter, U. D. C., Warm Springs, Va., \$3.50; Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., Portsmouth, Va., \$50.

Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, President-General Daughters of the American Revolution, \$37.03.

Interest on deposits, \$182.70.

Receipts for month, \$759.71.

Balance on hand January 1, 1913, \$21,898.06.

Total to be accounted for \$22,657.77.

Balance on hand February 1, 1913, \$22,595.27.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JULY 31, 1913.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$21. Contributed by Mrs. J. E. Trahn, Fay, Ark., \$1; Varina J. Davis Chapter, No. 252, U. D. C., Fort Smith, Ark., \$5; J. M. Keller Chapter, No. 574, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$10; Margaret Rose Chapter, No. 1355, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$6. Contributed by Mrs. R. W. Bennett, Jacksonville, Fla., \$1; Mrs. Walter Hawkins, Jacksonville, Fla., \$5.

Miss Caby M. Froman, Director for Kentucky, \$109.75.

Contributed by Confederate Home Chapter, No. 792, U. D. C., Pewee Valley, Ky., \$5; Tom Barrett Chapter, No. 396, U. D. C., Ghent, Ky., \$10; Mrs. Basil Duke Chapter, No. 1422, U. D. C., Fort Thomas, Ky., \$10; Mrs. Mary B. Campbell, Paducah, Ky., for grandson, John P. Campbell, \$5; Paducah Chapter, No. 341, U. D. C., Paducah, Ky., \$20; Christian County Chapter, No. 590, U. D. C., Hopkinsville, Ky., \$10; Richard Hawes Chapter, No. 287, U. D. C., Paris, Ky., \$5; John Hunt Morgan Chapter, No. 315, U. D. C., Nicholasville, Ky., \$5.50; A. S. Johnston Chapter, No. 120, U. D. C., Louisville, Ky., \$12.25; Crepps Wickliff Chapter, No. 332, U. D. C., Bardstow, Ky., \$5; J. H. Lewis Chapter, No. 285, U. D. C., Frankfort, Ky., \$5; Tom Johnson Chapter, No. 886, U. D. C., Princeton, Ky., \$5; H. H. Morgan Chapter, No. 280, U. D. C., Newport, Ky., \$12.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$134.75. Contributed by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., Baltimore, Md., \$34.50; Annapolis Branch, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., through Mrs. Robert Bowie, \$15.50; Mrs. John Jones, sale of "Dixie Book of Days," \$6; Mrs. Samuel T. Brown, collections, \$22; Mrs. John Poe, collections, \$6.25; Miss Georgie Bright, collections, \$7; Mrs. Marion Gambrell, \$20; Mrs. Neilson Poe, Jr., collections, \$6; Mrs. C. S. Morgan, \$5; Col. and Mrs. David G. McIntosh, \$10; source not stated, \$2.50.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$30. Contributed by Missouri Division, U. D. C., \$25; Dixie Chapter, No. 1387, U. D. C., Slater, Mo., \$5.

Mrs. Turner Ashby Blythe, Director for Pennsylvania, \$25. Contributed by Philadelphia Chapter, No. 972, U. D. C.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$236.79. Contributed by citizens of Chester, S. C., \$67; Chester Chapter, No. 234, U. D. C., Chester, S. C., \$25; Graded Schools, Chester, S. C., \$5.34; Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C., \$25; Grahams Chapter, No. 1418, U. D. C., Denmark, S. C., \$21.05; John Bratton Chapter, No. 919, U. D. C., Wimsboro, S. C., \$20; Ann White Chapter, No. 123, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C., \$15; Robert A. Waller Chapter, No. 687, U. D. C., Greenwood, S. C., \$13; Edward Croft Chapter, No. 144, U. D. C., Aiken, S. C., \$11; Arthur Manigault Chapter, No. 63, U. D. C., Georgetown, S. C., \$5; Spartanburg Chapter, No. 54, U. D. C., Spartanburg, S. C., \$5; S. D. Barron Chapter, No. 234, U. D. C., Old Point S. C., \$2.50; Black Oak Chapter, No. 734, U. D. C., Pinopolis, S. C., \$20; Johnston High School, 90 cents; Mrs. Stanley Newman, \$1.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$91. Contributed by B. E. Lee Chapter, No. 86, U. D. C., San Antonio, Tex., \$10; Mary West Chapter, No. 26, U. D. C., Waco, Tex., \$50; Lamar Fontaine Chapter, No. 33, U. D. C., Alvin, Tex., \$11; Marshall Chapter, No. 412, U. D. C., Marshall, Tex., \$10; Sims Watson Chapter, No. 512, U. D. C., Waxahachie, Tex., \$10.

Mrs. M. R. M. Rosenberg, Treasurer, Soldiers and Sailors' Monument Fund, Veuve Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 17, U. D. C., Galveston, through Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, \$10.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$75. Contributed by Isle of Wight Chapter, No. 699, U. D. C., Smithfield, Va., \$20; Hanover Chapter, No. 1399, U. D. C., Ashland, Va., \$10; Surry Chapter, No. 498, U. D. C., Surry, Va., \$10; Nottoway Chapter, No. 1412, U. D. C., Crewe, Va., \$10; Holston Chapter, No. 1183, U. D. C., Marion, Va., \$10; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 233, U. D. C., Falls Church, Va., \$10; Sally Tompkins Chapter, \$5.

Confederate Seals Committee, U. D. C., \$84.85. Contributed by Huntington Chapter, No. 159, U. D. C., Huntington, W. Va., \$64.60; Leetown Chapter, No. 281, U. D. C., Kearneysville, W. Va., \$3.25; Berkeley County Chapter, No. 264, U. D. C., Martinsburg, W. Va., \$3.50; Charleston Chapter, No. 151, U. D. C., Charleston, W. Va., \$10; Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 1218, U. D. C., Fairmont, W. Va., \$4.

Interest credited on deposits July 1, 1913, \$212.30.

Receipts for the month, \$1,942.44.

Balance on hand July 1, 1913, \$23,270.14.

To be accounted for, \$24,312.58.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor, sixth payment on monument, as per contract, \$5,000.

Balance on hand August 1, 1913, \$19,312.58.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING AUGUST 31, 1913.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$22. Contributed by Letitia A. Nutt Chapter, No. 1447, U. D. C., Fort Myers, Fla., \$2; Katie L. Gwynne, Fort Myers, Fla., \$20.

Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Director for Louisiana, \$50. Contributed by Mrs. Peter Youree, President Louisiana Division, U. D. C., \$25; Joanna Waddill Chapter, No. 294, U. D. C., Baton Rouge, La., \$5; Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, No. 952, U. D. C., New Orleans, La., \$5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1135, U. D. C., New Orleans, La., \$5; New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C., New Orleans, La., \$5; Children of the Confederacy, Shreveport, La., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$88.35. Contributed by J. D. Kennedy Chapter, No. 308, U. D. C., Camden, S. C., \$26.30; Lancaster Chapter, No. 462, U. D. C., Lancaster, S. C., \$8.50; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, No. 152, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$25; W. J. Gooding Chapter, No. 1226, U. D. C., Brunson, S. C., \$14; Cheraw Chapter, No. 84, U. D. C., Cheraw, S. C., \$5; sale of Mrs. Burton's charts, \$2.80; St. John's School, \$4.15; Darlington County schools, \$2.60.

J. L. Edwards, Atlanta, Ga., through Col. F. G. Caffey, \$5.

Total for month, \$165.35.

Balance on hand August 1, 1913, \$19,312.58.

To be accounted for, \$19,477.93.

Balance on hand September 1, 1913, \$19,477.93.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1913.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$19. Contributed by C. E. Royster Chapter, No. 135, U. D. C., Fulton, Ark., \$1; Hot Springs Chapter, No. 84, U. D. C., Hot Springs, Ark., \$10; R. G. Shaver Chapter, No. 999, U. D. C., Black Rock, Ark., \$3; Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 98, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark., \$5.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, \$84. Contributed by Children's Chapter, Windsor, N. C., \$2; Bell Battery Chapter, No. 489, U. D. C., Edenton, N. C., \$10; Asheville Chapter, No. 104, U. D. C., Asheville, N. C., \$8; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 259, U. D. C., Pittsboro, N. C., \$5; Randolph Chapter, No. 1031, U. D. C., Ashboro, N. C., \$5; Cleveland Guards Chapter, No. 443, U. D. C., Shelby, N. C., \$10; Newbern Chapter, No. 204, U. D. C., Newbern, N. C., \$5; King's Mountain Chapter, No. 1277, U. D. C., King's Mountain, N. C., \$9; J. B. Gordon Chapter, No. 211, U. D. C., Winston, N. C., \$25; Guilford Chapter, No. 301, U. D. C., Greensboro, N. C., \$5; Mrs. I. W. Faison, in memory of Harvey Allen Lambeth, \$5.

Hart's Battery Chapter, No. 1431, Williston, S. C., \$5.

Dick Dowling Chapter, No. 404, U. D. C., Beaumont, Tex., \$10.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$147.50. Contributed by Fall County Chapter, No. 481, U. D. C., Marlin, Tex., \$5; Mrs. J. M. Love, Marlin, Tex., \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1060, U. D. C., El Paso, Tex., \$10; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 186, U. D. C., Houston, Tex., \$100; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 1239, U. D. C., Memphis, Tex., \$2.50; B. E. Bee Chapter, No. 80, U. D. C., San Antonio, Tex., \$20; Lavinia P. Talley Chapter, No. 229, U. D. C., Temple, Tex., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$99.50. Contributed by Chesterfield Chapter, No. 851, U. D. C., Chesterfield C. H., Va., \$25; Wythe Grays Chapter, No. 136, U. D. C., Wytheville, Va., \$9; Virginia Division, U. D. C. (balance of Washington pledge), \$40; source not stated, \$25.50.

Mrs. F. G. Burke, New York, N. Y., \$75.

Receipts for month, \$440.

Balance on hand September 1, 1913, \$19,477.93.

To be accounted for, \$19,917.93.

Balance on hand October 1, 1913, \$19,917.93.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*.

WORK OF THE TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

The Texas Division, U. D. C., won the "Banner of Merit" for historical work awarded at the annual convention in Washington last year, and it was stated at the time that much credit for the honor was to be attributed to the thorough and inspiring programs furnished by the State Historian, Mrs. Charles G. Barrett, of the J. B. Gordon Chapter, of Huntsville.

A program just issued by the Texas Department of History for August, September, and October of the present year is a most instructive exponent of the methods and aims of these earnest students of history whose interest and patriotism have so delightfully conceived it. The program begins with a study of "Slavery Days," in which an interesting arrangement of sketches, poems, songs, stories, and discussions bring back a full flavor of the old-time days.

Then the program following this for the three months takes up in turn the study of Reconstruction, of some of the history makers of the South—John H. Reagan in particular, as belonging to Texas—and, last of all, "Education in the South," both past and present.

The entire outline of work shows sincerity and earnestness of aim and effort, and will not only keep alive a love for the truth of history in its own section, but will inspire others to the same love.

WHERE GEN. JOHN GREGG WAS KILLED.—John F. Green, of Hope, Ark., writes: "In the September number of the *VETERAN*, page 446, I read: 'Gregg, John, Texas, Brigadier General, at Petersburg, Va., 1864.' I served on the general staff, and took to General Gregg the order to advance not over fifteen minutes before he was killed and I was painfully wounded. So I know he was killed on the Charles City Road, below Richmond, on November 7, 1864. R. H. Tuggle, of the 3d Arkansas (Gregg's) Brigade, was there and remembers as I do."

WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT JAMES ADAMS.—S. N. Honea, of Grandview, Tex., wants to establish the war record of James Adams, who is supposed to have enlisted in Madison County, Tenn. His company and regiment are needed to complete his record. His widow is old and needs a pension.

HISTORIC STATEMENTS ABOUT SLAVERY.

[From address by Hon. H. A. London, Pittsboro, N. C.]

Having left a sick bed to attend the reunion at Siler City, N. C., Hon. H. A. London, of Pittsboro, in that State, made an address to his comrades. He manifested great earnestness in his theme. The address was taken down by a stenographer for the local newspaper. Before discussing the heroic deeds of Confederate soldiers, he denied with emphasis that slavery was the cause of the war, saying:

"The Northern people boast, and have published it in their histories, that our great struggle for Southern independence was a slaveholders' rebellion. Never was a more arrant falsehood spread upon the pages of history. I will prove that by the authentic utterances and documents of their own people. First, President Abraham Lincoln, in delivering his inaugural address on March 4, 1861, distinctly declared as follows (and for fear you might think I am misquoting him, I have written it down and will not trust to memory, though I shall never forget these words) in regard to slavery: 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.' This was the official utterance of Mr. Lincoln.

"When Congress met in extra session after the battle of Manassas, in July, 1861, the following resolution was passed by unanimous vote of both branches of Congress: 'Resolved, That this war is not waged upon our part with any purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of these States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union.' That was the solemn declaration and resolution of the United States Congress at the beginning of the war—that its only purpose in prosecuting the war was for the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union. So here we have the solemn and deliberate declarations of both the Executive and Legislative Departments of the United States government that the war was not for the purpose of emancipating the slaves.

"In August, 1861, General Fremont, a major general in the army, with headquarters at Hilton Head, S. C., issued a proclamation declaring free the slaves of all persons engaged in the rebellion. As soon as Mr. Lincoln heard of that proclamation he at once removed Fremont and declared Fremont's proclamation null and void.

"Again, on May 9, 1862, Gen. David Hunter, of the Federal army, with headquarters at Hilton Head, S. C., issued a proclamation declaring free all the slaves in the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. As soon as Mr. Lincoln heard of that proclamation he issued his proclamation (May 19, 1862), in which he declared Hunter's proclamation null and void, and that no one had authority under the government of the United States to declare any slaves free. Does that look like Lincoln was waging the war in order to liberate the slaves?

"What else? Lincoln declared in his second message to Congress, in December, 1862, that 'the people of the South are no more responsible for the introduction of slavery into this country than are the people of the North.' And he might have said, 'Not as much so,' because Yankee New England slave traders brought those savages from Africa to the South.

"Were you men fighting to keep the negro in slavery? Not one in five of you ever owned or expected to own a negro. Our great leader, the peerless Lee, was not fighting to keep the negroes in slavery. On December 27, 1857, Colonel Lee (then a colonel in the Federal army) wrote to his son, who

was afterwards a general in the Confederate army: 'There are few, I believe, in this enlightened age who are not willing to acknowledge that the institution of slavery is a moral and political evil; greater to the white man than to the colored race.'

"In the midst of the war General Lee set free the slaves that had been given his wife according to the will of her father. Does that look like he was fighting to keep the negro in slavery?

"The Constitution of the United States, when it was first made, permitted the introduction of slavery into the United States and expressly declared that Congress should not have the power to prohibit the importation of slaves into this country before the year 1808. Mark you now, there was the Constitution of the United States declaring that Congress should not prohibit the importation of slaves into this country before the year 1808; and the Constitution of the Confederate States—which is said to have been a slaveholders' rebellion—expressly declared and prohibited Congress from allowing slaves to be imported into the South! These are the facts.

"Why, even President Lincoln, in his famous Emancipation Proclamation issued January 1, 1863, did not attempt or pretend to set free all the slaves in the South, but only those in certain States and parts of States. That proclamation did not affect Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and certain counties in Virginia and certain parishes in Louisiana. It expressly stated that it was issued as a 'military necessity' and 'as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the rebellion.' So you see that Mr. Lincoln did not attempt to free the slaves because of any love for them or because he thought he had a right to do so, but only as a 'war measure' and a 'military necessity.' The slaves of the South were legally set free by the votes of the Southern States ratifying the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which amendment would not have been considered necessary if Lincoln had already lawfully emancipated them."

THE COLOR LINE IN ENGLAND.

A London dispatch states that, though "the color line is not often drawn in England," the Camberwell poor law guardians have "declined to appoint a colored man as district medical officer on the ground that the poor are very fastidious in such matters." The guardian who led the opposition to the appointment is quoted as saying that the poor "would refuse to be attended by a man of color."

Commenting on the foregoing, the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph states: "The color line is not often drawn in England, for the simple reason that there is rarely any occasion for such action, the colored subjects of King George being located far beyond the seas. There is no hesitation or question as to the drawing of the line right and left, and continually in South Africa, for example. The difference is that in England the people are confronted only by a theory, while in South Africa the whites are face to face with conditions in the concrete that are as changeless as the tides or the seasons."

NICKNAMES OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.—The list that follows was given by veterans of the Confederate army who served in different commands: Alabama, Yellow-Hammers; Arkansas, Joshes; Florida, Sand Lappers, Gophers; Georgia, Goober Grabbers; Kentucky, Corn Crackers, Horse Thieves; Louisiana, Pelicans, Cane Biters; Mississippi, Mud Heads; Missouri, Jakes; North Carolina, Tarheels; South Carolina, Rice Birds, Sand Lappers; Tennessee, Butternuts, Bacon Thieves; Texas, Chugs, Yaps; Virginia, Mackerel Backs.

THE LAST ROLL

The dead had rest. The Dove of Peace
Brooded o'er both with equal wings;
To both had come that great surcease,
The last omnipotent release
From all the world's delirious stings.

—James R. Randall.

FRANCIS HAWKS GOVAN.

Capt. Francis H. Govan died August 5, 1913, at his home, in Marianna, Ark. He was born January 7, 1846, near Holly Springs, Miss., of an honored South Carolina family, and was a student at St. Thomas Hall, in that town, when as a mere boy he enlisted in Company B, 17th Mississippi Infantry. In that command he served until after the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond. Then, transferred to Company F, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, he was with Morgan in the Ohio raid, escaping capture. His uncle, Gen. Daniel C. Govan, commanding the Arkansas Brigade in Cleburne's Division, summoned him just after the Atlanta battles to serve as his aid, and in this duty he was severely wounded at Franklin, November 30, 1864. He recovered sufficiently to report and to surrender with his command at Greensboro, N. C.

When the war was over he faced ill fortune as bravely as he had faced the enemy in battle, and won an honored place among his fellow citizens, who chose him for years as the clerk of his county. Brave in war, loyal in civil life, a devoted husband and father, he lived and died as became a gentleman of the old Southern type, gallant, honest, pure.

[A tribute by his comrade, G. A. Williams, formerly A. A. G., Govan's Brigade and President Association Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division.]

JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON.

On August 8 Senator Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama, died in Washington on the eve of a senatorial contest whose undertaking emphasized the indomitable spirit of the man.

Senator Johnston was born in North Carolina. He went into the Confederate service when a mere boy. He enlisted as a private and was promoted as captain. After the war he was a lawyer and a banker until he entered public life. He was State Chairman in 1874 during a crisis in Alabama's State history. He was Governor of Alabama, and succeeded the late Edmund W. Pettus to fill out the term expiring in 1907, and was elected for the term, which would have expired in 1915.

The Mobile Register in a recent editorial paid the following discriminating tribute to Senator Johnston: "It must be admitted that his was no ordinary character. Johnston was indomitable; defeated, not overcome; disappointed, not discouraged; oppressed, resilient; reviled, bold of face and ready in utterance. A strong sense of humor pervaded all his thoughts, and hatred and animosity never for long had a place in his heart. Quite aside from his public life existed a long, peaceful, and very happy domestic association. Senator Johnston in the social sphere was a most cordial and entertaining

man, and was heartily admired and liked even by persons who were arrayed against him on public issues. He was essentially democratic, and was at home with all classes and conditions of men, and had acquaintance throughout Alabama."



JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON.

The East Liverpool (Ohio) Tribune states editorially of the late United States Senator Joseph F. Johnston: "His loss is a serious one to the United States, for he had served upon the Military Committee of the Senate until the rule of seniority made him its Chairman. He brought to the important position experience in the Confederate army, two terms as Governor of his State, and was an earnest patriot. The statement may startle, but it is true that there is a finer quality of patriotism in the States, one time in rebellion, than in any other section of the country."

W. L. WITTICH.

After prolonged illness W. L. Wittich, one of the best-known Confederate veterans of Florida, and for more than half a century a prominent resident of Pensacola, died at his home on the 28th of September. He was born in Madison, Ga., in 1847, and when but a boy enlisted in the Confederate army, serving in Cobb's Legion until wounded. He was then taken home, and after his recovery joined Company E, 56th Alabama Regiment. After the war was over he located in Greenville, Ala., where he was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Roberts, and then removed to Pensacola, where he continued in the grocery business until 1878, when he engaged in timber and lumber exporting. To him belongs the distinction of sending out the first steamship carrying timber and lumber from the port of Pensacola, and he became one of the leading exporters of the Gulf Coast. He also engaged in the manufacture of lumber, and erected many of the mills now in operation in Pensacola.

Comrade Wittich was also a veteran of the war between Turkey and Russia during 1878, having served three months with the Russian army. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

ROBERT CICERO NORRIS.

Dr. Robert C. Norris departed this life on May 14, 1913. He was a son of Col. William Hutchinson Norris, and was born in Perry County, Ala., March 7, 1837. His boyhood days were spent in Dallas County, Ala. From 1850 to 1856 he was a student at Fulton Academy, one of the best educational institutions of the State. Having finished the course there, he studied law under his father, though not intending to practice this profession; but he wished to inform himself concerning the laws of his country. Later, however, he did join his father in his law practice.

At the age of twenty he taught in a public school for a year, and then he went to Brundidge, Ala., where he studied medicine under Dr. J. H. Dewberry as preceptor. He matriculated in the Mobile Medical College (now University of Alabama). On January 28, 1861, his studies were interrupted when he went with other volunteers under Capt. Theodore O'Hara to Pensacola to seize the navy yards, which was accomplished. He then returned to his studies.

On July 3, 1861, he enlisted in Company F, 15th Alabama Regiment, and went to Fort Mitchell for organization, and from there to Virginia, where his regiment served in Stonewall Jackson's brigade. He was engaged in all the campaigns of Stonewall Jackson except the last, in which the great general lost his life. His regiment was later assigned to a brigade consisting of the 4th, 15th, 44th, 47th, and 48th Alabama Regiments, under Gen. E. M. Law, Hood's Division. In 1862 he was made sergeant major, serving in this capacity until 1864, and acted as adjutant much of the time. He was later assigned to Company A, 60th Alabama Regiment, and promoted to first lieutenant. In an engagement on Hatcher's Run he was sent a prisoner to Washington and on to Fort Delaware, where he was kept until June 17, 1865.

He arrived at his old home in Alabama on the 5th of July. During the four years' service he was wounded three times.



C. B. NORRIS WITH ROBERT C. NORRIS.

Col. W. C. Oates states in his book: "He was one of the best soldiers of the regiment. He was made sergeant major, and discharged the duties of that office splendidly. He was always present for duty in all the battles."

Comrade Norris often referred to his war experiences, of which he never tired. He was most remarkably endowed with ability to recall the names, even the nicknames, of his comrades. He spoke often of the drummer boy Pat Brannon, telling many laughable anecdotes concerning him. He was in many battles and skirmishes, some of which were at Front Royal, Port Republic, Harper's Ferry, Cross Keys, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Brown's Ferry, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Second Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Darbytown Road, and Williamsburg Road.

At the end of 1865 he went to Brazil and settled in Villa Americana, State of São Paulo, being the first American to settle in that section of the country. Afterwards a flourishing American colony was established there. He returned to the United States in 1890 to finish his medical course. On his return to Brazil he was engaged in the practice of his profession during several years more in a charitable way than as a means of living. He retired from active life in 1911. He was made a Mason in 1858 in the Fulton Lodge, Dallas County, of which his father at that time was Worshipful Master. In Brazil he took an active part in organizing a lodge, A. Y. M., in Santa Barbara, of which he was Senior Warden for two years, afterwards being elected to the position of Grand Master, which he held until his death.

Comrade Norris's son, Charles B. Norris, would be pleased to hear from any member of the 15th or 60th Alabama Regiments who would kindly communicate anything concerning the war career of his father at his address in Rua do Rosario No. 3, São Paulo, Brazil. [Sketch by W. F. Pyles.]

LUTHER M. HOWARD.

Luther M. Howard was born in Columbus, Miss., June 26, 1846; and in April, 1863, at the age of seventeen years, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company I, 6th Mississippi Regiment, Col. Isham Harrison commanding. Immediately afterwards he marched with the regiment to Big Black River, where the command remained several months. He was then transferred at Okolona to Forrest's troops, and to Rice's Battery of Artillery just before the battle of Harrisburg. Shortly after this he was sent from Jackson, Tenn., to the Tennessee River to oppose the enemy's gunboats. He served throughout the Tennessee Campaign with Hood's army, and at the end of the retreat was sent to Fort Sidney Johnston, at Mobile, and later to Meridian, Miss.

Returning to Columbus, Comrade Howard resumed his occupation as a stonemason. In 1878 he was married to Mrs. Anna K. Olen. In 1880 he removed to Florida, settling on a small lake in Sumter County. Losing his orange grove in the freeze, he again resumed his trade. In 1890 he moved to West Palm Beach to assist in building the Flagler residence, remaining there sixteen months. He then went to Miami, where he passed the remaining years of his life.

Comrade Howard became a member of Camp Tige Anderson, U. C. V., as soon as it was organized, and was greatly esteemed. He had been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church since December, 1878. He passed quietly away on August 30, 1912, and was buried in Confederate gray, his coffin draped with the flag he loved so well. His wife, a son, and a daughter survive him.

JUDGE JOHN H. MARTIN.

Judge John H. Martin was born on April 10, 1842, in Decatur County, Ga.; and died on September 14, 1913, in Hawkinsville, Ga. He left his studies at Oglethorpe University, Ga., in May, 1861, to aid in the organization of the Decatur Guards, which became Company D of the 17th Georgia Infantry. He was elected orderly sergeant of the company, was promoted on the 20th of January, 1863, to first lieutenant, and in August, 1863, he was made captain of the company.

Judge Martin participated in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, except when absent because of wounds or illness. In the desperate games of battle he received eleven wounds—three at Second Manassas, one at Gettysburg, two at Chickamauga, one at the Wilderness, and the others in smaller engagements. Frequently in battle he sheathed his sword and grasped a rifle and the equipments of some dead or wounded soldier, entered the firing line, and served as a private.

At Danville, Va., Captain Martin commanded a provisional company gathered from various commands and aided in repelling Federal raiders who were trying to capture the Confederate Cabinet and the President. On April 14, 1865, he was ordered by Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, to report to Maj. Gen. A. R. Wright at Augusta, Ga. He successfully worked his way through Sherman's lines to General Wright at Augusta, and was then directed to report to Col. William Barden at Albany, Ga. McCook's Federal brigade took possession of Albany before Captain Martin could reach there, so he returned home.

Of the many adventures in which Captain Martin participated, one deserves special mention. After a large force had captured Fort Harrison, near the James, on September 29, 1864, they fiercely assaulted the intermediate line of intrenchments defended by about 1,250 troops under General Gregg, of Texas. General Gregg sent Captain Martin down to the line to see if any of the troops had been left in the trenches they had vacated. Returning, a comrade, George Medlock, of the 15th Georgia, hailed him and asked his help in getting off the field, as he was seriously wounded. While attempting to aid him the advancing enemy made prisoners of them both. Permission was given Captain Martin to take his wounded comrade to the shade of a tree in front. While at the tree Captain Martin asked Medlock if he could run, saying he intended to try for his freedom. Medlock agreed to try also, and they started on the run, but Medlock gave out after four or five steps. Captain Martin then got him on his back and made for the Confederate line. The enemy at once opened fire. The bullets flew thick and fast around them, but they reached the Confederate line in safety.

After the enemy had been repulsed in their assault on Fort Gilmer, following the capture of Fort Harrison, there lay piles of dead and wounded negroes in and before the trenches. A white officer of one of the negro regiments was mortally wounded and begged piteously for water. Captain Martin heard the cry and went beyond the line to a well which was exposed to the fire of the enemy and got water for the wounded Federal officer. The Yankees opened a severe fire upon him, but he persisted until he had drawn the water and fulfilled the scriptural injunction, "Give thine enemy drink."

With the close of hostilities Captain Martin taught school in Decatur County, Ga. In April, 1866, he moved to Texas, where he remained until July, 1869, when he returned to Georgia. He resumed his former occupation and taught for

three years, then studied law and entered upon that profession in Hawkinsville, Ga., where he ever afterwards resided. He was a close student of the law, and soon won an enviable reputation and a lucrative practice.

Captain Martin was first married to Miss S. E. Winn, of Liberty County, Ga., August 12, 1869. Four children were the offspring of this union, but only one of them, Miss Lillie Mar-



HON. JOHN H. MARTIN.

tin, survives him. Mrs. Martin passed away in December, 1881. In January, 1863, he married Miss Ammitie S. Curry, of Decatur County, Ga., who also survives him.

At the Athens State Reunion, U. C. V., Captain Martin was elected Brigade Commander for his brigade, and in October, 1910, was unanimously chosen Division Commander for Georgia at Columbus. He served two terms as Mayor of Hawkinsville, and in 1905 was elected superior court judge of the Oconee circuit, serving until January, 1913.

His remains rest beside his first wife and children in beautiful Orange Hill Cemetery, Hawkinsville, Ga.

[Sketch sent by Maj. George N. Saussy.]

HON. DAVID DEVALL.

Hon. David Devall, soldier, legislator, and planter, died at his home, near Chamberlain, La., on August 22, 1913.

Captain Devall had an enviable war record. At the age of nineteen he left his home, in the parish of West Baton Rouge, enlisting as a private in the Delta Rifles, Company H. He

served four years as a soldier of the Confederacy. After the battle of Shiloh, the 4th Louisiana Regiment disbanded, having served its allotted time, and young Devall was chosen unan- imously as captain of the National Guards, an Irish company, with which he served until his capture, in the battle of Nash- ville, in December, 1864, after which he was held as a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island until the end of the war. He was a great favorite with his superiors and also the men of his command, and as a valiant officer and soldier could always be found at the front.

After the war Captain Devall returned home and engaged in planting, which he made his life work and in which he was eminently successful. He served his parish for many years as a member of the police jury and as president of that body, and also served two terms in the General Assembly of his State. He was a charter member of his lodge, F. and A. M., and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was married in 1886 to Miss Amelie L. Cobb, who died in 1910. Eight children survive, equal in sons and daughters.

MRS. MATTIE DORTCH WOOD.

Mrs. Mattie Wood was born in Nashville July 22, 1842; and after a lingering illness passed quietly into the great beyond January 20, 1913. Nashville was always her home. She was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. She often stood and waved a small silk Confederate flag, which was made by her mother, to the soldiers who passed her home, near the Murfreesboro Pike. This flag she always kept as a treasured relic of war time. During the great Reunion held in Nashville she carried this flag to the parade line and waved it with tears streaming down her cheeks. She waved it again later to the fast-fading ranks of those who wore the gray. Her oldest brother, Jesse L. Dortch, was pilot on a gunboat that shelled New Madrid, Mo.

She was ardently devoted to the Confederacy and true to the cause. It was her one desire that these principles be in- stilled into her children. She was always pleased to talk to them about the war, and with pride she often told of meet- ing and talking with General Forrest as he was on his way to Murfreesboro.



MRS. MATTIE WOOD AND GRANDCHILD.

With her mother and other ladies of the neighborhood she often visited the hospitals in South Nashville, carrying to the sick and wounded articles needed for their comfort.

She was devoted to the VETERAN and its purposes.

WILLIAM BATTS BAKER.

William B. Baker died at his home, in Bryan, Tex., on May 23, 1913. He was born on March 1, 1837, in Covington, Ga., where he grew to manhood, and was married to Miss Rebecca Eddleman in 1858, after which he removed to North Georgia, settling near Cartersville.

In October, 1861, he enlisted in the 8th Georgia Battalion, Gist's Brigade, C. S. A., served as first sergeant of Com- pany A, and performed active service during the four stormy years follow- ing until captured, in July, 1864. He was sent as a prisoner to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was held until the close of the war.



WILLIAM B. BAKER.

He returned to Cartersville after the surrender, and moved to Texas in 1873, locating in Bryan, where he had since resided. He was a charter member of Camp J. B. Robertson, U. C. V., and Color Sergeant.

Comrade Baker was a man of quiet, unassuming manners; but his integrity begot love and confidence that commanded attention and respect.

J. B. RODEN.

On Sunday, August 17, 1913, J. B. Roden, a prominent merchant of Waynesboro, Va., while returning from church, was killed in a runaway accident. He was seventy-eight years of age. Mr. Roden was born in Dublin, Ireland. He came to New Orleans early in life, and was living there when the War of the States began. He volunteered in Hays's Brigade, and served throughout the war in Virginia, afterwards lo- cating in Waynesboro.

Comrade Roden's record as a soldier, as a citizen, and in the Lamb's book of life is all that his loved ones and com- rades could desire. Twice wounded in battle, for nearly fifty years a prominent and beloved citizen of unimpeachable in- tegrity, a zealous Christian, for many years the superintendent of the Sabbath school of the Methodist Church, his example has been helpful to all classes. Modest, charitable, universally esteemed, his loss is felt in this community. He leaves a daughter and two sons (all married) and several grandchil- dren. At the hour of his funeral all places of business were closed, and the people generally paid tribute to this worthy citizen and beloved comrade.

[Report by G. J. Pratt, A. I. G., Virginia Grand Camp.]

W. A. MORGAN.

On September 1, 1913, at Pecan Gap, Tex., occurred the death of W. A. Morgan, at the age of seventy-two years. He enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company C, 24th Alabama Regiment, on November 8, 1861. The com- mand first did garrison duty at Fort Morgan, but was trans- ferred to the Army of Tennessee. He served with his regi- ment in its numerous engagements—the battle of Murfrees- boro, with Bragg on his Kentucky campaign, and at Chicka- munga, where he was wounded. He rejoined his command at Dalton, and was in all the engagements from there to At- lanta, then on to Franklin and Nashville, and followed the

remnant of the army to North Carolina, surrendering with General Johnston.

After the war Comrade Morgan married and moved to Delta County, Tex., where by industry and integrity he acquired a competence and esteem as a good citizen and a Christian. He is survived by five sons and one daughter.

ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, OF THE ALABAMA.

On June 2 Robert Henry Scott, sole survivor of the Confederate warship Alabama, died in his humble home at Nevada, Tex. "Uncle Bob," as he was familiarly called, was a bachelor, and for the last sixteen years had lived alone in a tiny house in Nevada. He was almost eighty years old, but to the last of his long life he toiled and found peace in his frugality. He painted his neighbors' houses, acted as night watchman on occasion, picked cotton when the season came, served as sexton in the churches, and was the friend and helper of all the village folk and the beloved comrade of the little children.

Comrade Scott was born in Maryland in 1834 of Scotch parents, and went to sea at the age of thirteen to follow the ambitions of his father, who was captain of a vessel when he lost his life. He entered the Confederate service in 1861 and became a member of the crew of the Nashville. He made a cruise to Southampton, England, then to Gibraltar, where the vessel was condemned and the crew discharged. He then went to Liverpool to form one of the crew to man the new warship which was called the Alabama. When the Alabama was destroyed, near Cherbourg, he was picked up, along with twenty others of the crew, by the Greyhound, a pleasure yacht, and again made his way back into the Southern army, arriving in North Carolina from England.

Uncle Bob was buried in the Odd Fellows' cemetery at Nevada. The children of the village formed in long procession to carry flowers to his grave, and the outpouring of his friends and the generosity of their tributes made a demonstration of love and affection rarely given to one so humble and inostentatious.

E. S. PRATHER.

Died at the home of his brother, near Mount Vernon, Tex., on October 2, 1913, E. S. Prather, aged seventy-four years. He was a member of Company E, 13th Georgia Infantry, in 1866. Comrade Prather was a true Confederate soldier. He was a member of Company E, 13th Georgia Infantry. He served in the Virginia department of service and surrendered at Appomattox. In his death the veterans have lost a valued member, the community a good citizen, and the Church one of its devoted members. He was a true and exemplary citizen, soldier, and a dutiful Christian. His desire was that the Confederate veterans attend and assist in his burial, and his wish was duly complied with. He sleeps well.

[Sketch by P. A. Blakey, as is also that of W. M. Hogsett.]

W. M. HOGSETT.

W. M. Hogsett died at his home, near Saltillo, Tex., on September 13, 1913, at the ripe old age of seventy-eight years. He was born in Anderson County, Tenn., and with his mother emigrated to Texas in 1851. His father, William Hogsett, was a soldier in the Mexican War of 1846, and died in New Orleans. His grandfather was once sheriff of Knox County, Tenn., and executed the first two men hanged in that county, both at one time.

Comrade Hogsett enlisted in the Confederate service in April, 1862, as a private in Company K, 19th Texas Infantry, and served to the close of hostilities. He was in the battle of Mansfield, La., and was severely wounded in that engagement. He was a member of Camp Ben McCulloch, U. C. V.

A. F. JACKSON.

Adolphus Franklin Jackson, who died in a hospital in Eureka Springs, Ark., August 19, 1912, was born in Alabama in 1844, and grew to manhood in De Soto Parish, La. At



A. F. JACKSON.

the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Company F, Henry Marshall Guards, and served with distinction in the 19th Louisiana Regiment throughout the entire war. A history of that regiment would be a history of nearly every battle fought by the Army of Tennessee. As a regimental color bearer he was always in the forefront, and was seriously wounded several times. In the battle before Atlanta, having been shot through the body, he was left for dead. He reached home after the conflict a

seasoned veteran, though still not old enough to vote.

Since the war he had held various positions of trust with marked fidelity and credit. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a man of large-hearted charities. His home was at Mansfield, La.

I. Y. WILLIS.

I. Y. Willis, son of W. F. Willis, was born near Fort Payne, Ala., May 3, 1845; and died at his home, in Valley Head, Ala., August 29, 1913. He was married to Miss Rhoda Mayo, of Dade County, Ga., March 18, 1866. To them were born eight children, seven of whom, with his widow, are still living.

Young Willis went to Virginia with the first company that was made up in his native county early in 1861, but was rejected on account of his age. He enlisted again in Company C, 3d Confederate Regiment of Cavalry, in which he did faithful service, serving later in Company I until the close of the war. He was a true and valiant soldier, a quiet, industrious, and good citizen, a devoted husband, a kind father, and a devout Christian. He was a member of Camp Estes, a subscriber to and an ardent friend of the VETERAN. His life and character are well worthy of emulation.

[Sketch by his friend, J. M. Price.]

REV. ALFRED BROADHURST.

Rev. Alfred Broadhurst, of Kansas City, Mo., died August 22, 1913. He was a retired minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was eighty-four years old. He left a wife, one daughter, and eight sons.

Mr. Broadhurst, who was a native of Kentucky, served four years in the Confederate army in Missouri and Arkansas under General Price. His wife remained in charge of their farm during this period, supporting her little children, bearing with fortitude the horrors of the Kansas raids upon the

Missouri border, and was one of the few Southern women not banished, though expecting this at any hour.

Of Mr. Broadhurst it might be said that he had foes in battle; he never had an enemy. The world is a little poorer that this fine old Christian soldier has gone.

MITCHELL F. POLING.

M. F. Poling, a gallant and true soldier of Company K, 13th Virginia Infantry Regiment, and a member of Camp Hampshire, U. C. V., of Romney, Va., died at his home on the 14th of August, 1913, aged seventy-three years. His comrades, standing around his open grave, dropped from reverent loving hands upon that coffin sprigs of evergreen in token that his memory would be kept green in the hearts of his comrades.

When Mitchell Poling was called by his mother State to rally to the defense of her honor, her rights, and her sacred soil, he entered the army and pledged his life and his sacred honor to her defense, and served faithfully four years in the field and in prison. During those years he did his duty, as did Robert E. Lee. For forty-eight years after the fierce conflict of war was over he aspired on and on to noble service, faithful to duty as a citizen and a soldier of Christ.

J. C. BOYD.

J. C. Boyd, for many years Adjutant of Camp James McIntosh, U. C. V., of Lonoke, Ark., died in Little Rock on June 28, 1913. He was born in South Carolina February 8, 1839; but in 1851 the family removed to Tennessee, where

our comrade was reared, married, and enlisted in the Confederate army, serving throughout the war in Forrest's command as private and orderly sergeant. He was in the battles of Harrisburg, Yazoo City, and several others, and was wounded twice. After the war he removed to Arkansas and settled in what is now Lonoke County, living in and near the towns of Cabot and Lonoke. He practiced law and served as justice of the peace and as school director for more than twenty years. He was a prominent Mason and Church member. A short time before his death he removed to Little Rock.

Comrade Boyd was married three times—to Miss Minerva Jane Foster in 1858, to Miss Elizabeth J.

Scott, and to Mrs. Emma V. Alexander, who survives him with four of fourteen children, ten of whom blessed the first two unions. He was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform, according to his request, by his comrades and brothers of the U. C. V. and A. F. and A. M.

[From tribute by Capt. George Sibley, Camp Commander.]

W. S. RAGAN.

W. S. Ragan was born in Lincoln County, N. C., April 3, 1833; and died May 30, 1912, near Floyd, Tex., at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. A. Morris. He was buried at the Hopewell Cemetery by his Masonic brethren.

He was a Confederate veteran, enlisting in the 23d Mississippi Infantry, Company F, and serving as lieutenant. He was captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862, spent about

seven months in prison at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island, and was exchanged at Vicksburg. He served continuously under Johnston, Pemberton, and Hood, surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., and reached home in June, 1865. He attended reunions as long as he was able.

Comrade Ragan left his old home, near Booneville, Miss., in 1872, and located in Cook County, Tex., the same year. He was twice married, and had one child by his first marriage and eleven by the second. He was a consistent Christian from early manhood; and when life drew to a close, like a shock of grain ripened by years, he welcomed rather than feared the change, and at the ripe old age of seventy-nine years he passed from the cares and turmoils of earth to the blissful reality of a life eternal. [From a memoir.]

PROF. H. A. SCOMP.

Prof. H. A. Scomp died recently at his home, in Parkersville, Ky. For eighteen years he was professor of Greek at Emory College, Georgia. Professor Scomp was born in Parkersville, Ky., December 20, 1843. After his graduation at Center College, Kentucky, he studied in Germany and in Athens, Greece. During recent years he had been engaged in special work for the Smithsonian Institution, compiling a dictionary of the Indian tongue. During his long service at Emory College he impressed himself upon the pupils of the college and on the people of the State. His book, "King Alcohol in the Realm of King Cotton," had a wide circulation.

Professor Scomp, although born in Kentucky, sprang from the Effingham County Salzburger stock, and some seven or eight years ago printed in the Macon Telegraph a history of those people, running through several Sunday editions.

JUDGE R. TYLER BENNETT.

[Sketch by John G. Young, Winston-Salem, N. C.]

The recent death of Judge R. T. Bennett, of Wadesboro, N. C., brings back to mind some stirring memories of the war. I shall never forget him. It was under him as commander of the brigade that my regiment, the 4th North Carolina, was attached, and I heard the first Yankee bullets whiz by my head. I was a boy in my teens, fresh from a military school, and I freely confess that I was badly frightened and wished that I was somewhere else.

We were marching at a double-quick through a long lane with rail fences on each side, attempting to flank two divisions of the enemy that were firing on us from a large body of woods to our left; and the firing became so hot that Colonel Bennett sprang upon the rail fence, facing the enemy, and gave the command to change direction, left wheel, double-quick, march. We were marching in fours. We wheeled to the left, struck the fence with a vim, and it went down, and so did we. Colonel Bennett then gave the command to dress on the center colors, and you could hear his clear voice from one end to the other of the brigade.

We had a field and meadow to cross before reaching the enemy, who were posted in the woods across this meadow; and as we came in full view of them we saw two lines of battle, the first line kneeling, the second standing, and every man with his finger on his gun trigger ready to fire. It was grand but terrible-looking to us. We had not fired a shot, and as we leaped the ditch to ascend the hill every man fell flat on his stomach. As we fell every Yankee soldier pressed his trigger, and there was one long flash of smoke and the terrible missiles of death passed over our fallen bodies, and the strangest part of it was that not a man was struck. Im-



J. C. BOYD.

mediately every man sprang to his feet and with deadly aim we fired, and with a yell that only a Southern soldier knows how to give we were on them. We shot down many, drove the line half a mile, and captured nearly 2,000 of the enemy.

After the fight I asked Colonel Bennett who gave the order to lie down as we crossed that ditch. I said no man heard any order. He looked at me with a smile and said: "My son, God Almighty gave that order."

In May, 1863, Maj. Gen. R. E. Rodes, commanding Hill's Division, mentioned Colonel Bennett, with others, for "great gallantry and efficiency."

General Ramseur reported Colonel Bennett as "conspicuous for his coolness under the hottest fire." Again, under date of August 3, while in command of Early's Division, he states: "In this extremity Colonel Bennett, 14th North Carolina, offered to take his regiment from left to right, under a severe fire, and drive back the growing masses of the enemy on my right. This bold and hazardous offer was accepted as a forlorn hope. It was successfully executed. The enemy was driven from my immediate front and the works were held. For this all honor is due Colonel Bennett and the officers and men of his regiment."

General Rodes reports Colonel Bennett among the wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, and General Ramseur thanks him in a report of that battle "for skill and gallantry displayed."

Capt. A. J. Griffith, who commanded the 14th North Carolina, in reporting the engagement at Sharpsburg, gives the casualties in killed, wounded, and missing, as two hundred and thirteen, "including Colonel Bennett, blown up by a shell, severely shocked."

Maj. Gen. D. H. Hill in his official report stated: "Colonel Bennett, 14th North Carolina, who had conducted himself most nobly throughout, won my special admiration for the heroism he exhibited at the moment of receiving what he supposed to be a mortal wound." (Series I., Volume XIX., Part I., page 1027.)

Col. R. T. Bennett died at Wadesboro, N. C., July 21, 1913. He was born near there June 18, 1840, his forefathers on the Bennett side having gone to Anson County from the eastern shore of Maryland in 1749. He studied law at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., graduating there in 1859.

In 1861 he volunteered as a private in the 14th North Carolina Regiment. A few months later he was made quartermaster of the regiment, and in 1862, when the regiment was reorganized, he was made captain. Later he was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and to colonel when twenty-two years old.

In the "Official Records" Colonel Bennett's name appears in no less than eight volumes. His regiment was assigned to Gen. G. T. Anderson's brigade, Jackson's Corps, and participated in all of the battles in which his brigade was engaged. At Sharpsburg, while holding the Bloody Lane, General Anderson was mortally wounded and Colonel Bennett assumed command of the brigade. He a short time afterwards was wounded. Gen. D. H. Hill in his official report speaks of him in this action in the highest terms. Gen. Stephen D. Ramseur was put in command of this brigade, and at Gettysburg, where Colonel Bennett was again wounded, General Ramseur complimented him highly.

While at home on a furlough from his wounds he was married to Miss Kate Shepherd in August, 1863, and is survived by his widow and three married daughters, Mrs. Eugene Little, Mrs. John Leak, and Mrs. John T. Bennett. He was back with his command in the fall of 1863, and participated in the

battle of Mine Run and the next spring in the Wilderness Campaign, being wounded for the third time at Spottsylvania. In that battle he volunteered to take his regiment into the Bloody Angle, which offer was accepted by General Ramseur, as he says in his official reports, "As a forlorn hope, and which helped to turn the tide of the battle in our favor."



JUDGE R. T. BENNETT.

Later in the year his command was with Jubal A. Early in the Valley campaign, fighting the battle of Monocacy on July 9 and a few days later reaching the outskirts of Washington, the nearest to Washington that the Confederates reached during the war. On September 9, in the battle of Winchester, he was captured and sent to prison at Fort Delaware. He was paroled from there late in February, 1865, and while at home waiting for exchange came the collapse at Appomattox.

In peace Colonel Bennett was as great as in war. He was one of the most polished scholars in the Carolinas and a lawyer by profession. In 1875 he helped to regain his native State from negro rule, and at the Constitutional Convention of that year was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and soon after was elected judge of the superior court. In 1882 he was elected Congressman at large from North Carolina, and was on the Judiciary Committee, the chairman being the famous lawyer, John Randolph Tucker, who said: "Colonel Bennett's legal knowledge was superior to any other member of the committee." After serving two terms in Congress, he was offered the nomination for Governor of North Carolina, but declined on account of ill health and retired to his home, in Wadesboro, devoting the last years of his life to writing, his articles, especially obituaries, being widely quoted.

[Last Roll records have so increased that pages are held over. Contributors will please condense what they send as much as practicable.]

INQUIRIES ABOUT VETERANS AND WIDOWS.

J. R. Haynes, of Camden, Ark., desires to hear from some comrade of his father, Robert Bell Haynes, who went from Denton, Tex., and served under Gen. R. M. Gano. He was also in Morgan's raid, serving in the 3d Kentucky Regiment.

Mrs. Maggie J. Ray, of Salem, Ark., the widow of Dr. G. W. Ray, who served with a Tennessee regiment, C. S. A., organized at Nashville, desires the number of his regiment or testimony of any veterans who knew him to aid her in procuring a pension.

Some VETERAN readers inquire for the author of an article in the March issue, "Skinning a Hog with a Pair of Scissors." His name has been lost sight of. John C. Baird, of Homer, La., thinks it must be John Frasier, a comrade of whom he has not heard since the surrender.

A. T. Couch, of Temple, Tex., desires to hear from any who knew him in the Confederate army. He served in Company C, 5th Alabama Cavalry, under Gen. P. D. Roddey. His captain was Sam Brown, and his colonel was Josiah Patterson. He seeks credentials that he may secure a pension.

J. W. Lokey, of Byars, Okla., writes: "I am well pleased with the VETERAN and only regret that I waited so long before I subscribed. I feel like I have lost much in not having subscribed for it sooner. I enlisted in May, 1861, at the age of fifteen years. I was sent to Richmond. I served throughout the war in Virginia and surrendered at Appomattox as a member of Company B, 20th Georgia Regiment, Penning's Brigade. I should be glad to hear from any comrade."

Maj. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., asks that any of the following, who are now living, will kindly write to him, as he is interested in getting the record of a member of these commands: 13th Texas Infantry, Joseph Bates, Colonel; Henry P. Cayce, Major and Lieutenant Colonel; Lee C. Rountree and Robert L. Ford, Majors; John H. Robinson, Adjutant; William McMaster, Quartermaster, 13th Texas Cavalry, John H. Burnett, Colonel; Anderson W. Crawford, Lieutenant and Colonel; Charles R. Beaty, Major and Lieutenant Colonel; Elias T. Seale, Major; A. T. Monroe and Riley J. Blair, Quartermasters; John M. Hilliard, J. C. Wootters, James R. Burnett, and J. Pat Henry, Adjutants. Any members of these commands who remember Dr. William C. Wallace, of Lexington, Ky., will kindly write to Major Tench.

PENSION WANTED FOR CAPT. W. A. OTT.

Somebody is interested in securing a pension for Capt. W. A. Ott. The name and address are misplaced. There should be no question about giving Capt. W. A. Ott a pension, as he is mentioned in the "War Records" as follows: "Lieut. R. H. Keeble, of the 23d Tennessee, in reporting the battle of Perryville, Ky., states: 'It was during this fire that Capt. W. A. Ott fell mortally wounded.'" (See Volume XVI., Part I., page 1120.) In the roll of honor officers in the battle of Chickamauga is recorded the name of Capt. William A. Ott (See "War Records," Volume XXX., Part II., page 541.)

INQUIRY ABOUT SEVENTH KANSAS CAVALRY.

John A. Fowlkes, of Schulenburg, Tex., writes: "I should like to hear from any of the 7th Kansas Cavalry. The Leonidas Willis Texas Battalion fought them at Harrisburg, Miss., and 'they wore steel breastplates, covering the whole body.' All rode big bay horses, with red blankets tied

behind their saddles. We fired a volley into them, but got only one, and he was hit in the thigh, which was broken close to the hip. I should like to hear from any of the survivors. I was a witness to what I have written.

"In the list of Confederate generals killed in battle, as published in the VETERAN for September, I do not find the name of General Bowen, who was killed near Port Gibson, Miss., when Grant landed on the east side and fought the battle of Baker's Creek and invested Vicksburg."

DATA CONCERNING M. L. BONHAM, OF LOUISIANA, WANTED.

Milledge L. Bonham, Jr., now in the Departments of History and Political Science, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La., is collecting data for the biography of his grandfather, Milledge Lake Bonham, who was United States Congressman, Confederate Congressman, War Governor of South Carolina, and brigadier general in the Confederate army. He requests that readers of the VETERAN who have any personal recollections of his grandfather or any documents concerning him kindly communicate with him. He will be grateful for any assistance in this work.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY ABOUT GEN. JAMES DESHLER.

Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Memphis, Tenn.: "In the October VETERAN there is an inquiry from Germantown, Pa., about Brig. Gen. James Deshler, of the Confederate army, killed at Chickamauga. General Deshler was born in Alabama, from which State he entered West Point, and was an officer of the United States army when the State seceded. His biography is found briefly in Volume VII. of the 'Confederate Military History,' in which it is stated that his father went to Alabama from Pennsylvania in 1825."

[In eleven volumes of "War Records" there are many references to General Deshler's career as a Confederate officer. Illustrative of General Deshler, who began his Confederate service as lieutenant colonel of the 12th Georgia Regiment, Series I., Volume V., states, " * * * and badly wounding that most efficient, indefatigable, and brave officer, Captain Deshler, who, though shot down, utterly refused to be sent from the field until the enemy was repulsed," and that was done with great loss to the enemy.]

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AGED VETERAN NEEDS A PENSION. The friends of John Zachariah Hedges, an old and feeble veteran and one somewhat impaired in memory, are seeking information that will get him a pension. Hedges enlisted at a camp between Decatur and Atlanta. He thinks that his colonel's name was Bob Henderson, and that there was an officer in the command named Hulsey or Halsey. He was taken ill, and while he was in the hospital his regiment—a foot regiment—left him, and he afterwards served with either Morgan or Cheatham. His company was not mustered out at the close of the war, but was merely disbanded. If the name of the command in this camp between Decatur and Atlanta could be learned, or if some comrade in this command could recall Hedges and his enlistment, it would aid greatly in getting him the help he so much needs. Address Mrs. Elvira Miller Slaughter, Western Boulevard, Louisville, Ky.

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REUNION OF THE ORPHAN BRIGADE.

At the annual reunion of the Orphan Brigade, held this year on September 19 at the Soldiers' Home in Pewee Valley, Ky., for the first time in the history of any Confederate organization in Kentucky, and probably in the whole United States, a Union veteran of the war—an officer at the battle of Gettysburg who perhaps more than most men was responsible for the defeat of the gray at that conflict—was elected an honorary member. Col. Andrew Cowan, of Louisville, was thus honored. The selection was unanimous. In a spirit of magnanimity for their former foe, and in gratitude for his many kindnesses to the "boys in gray," Colonel Cowan was elected by the veterans on motion of Col. Thomas D. Osborne, who is secretary of the brigade.

The meeting was held on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga, where the members of this command had served with gallantry. The annual meeting of the Kentucky Division, at which Gen. William B. Haldeman was unanimously reelected Commander, followed the Orphan Brigade meeting. General Haldeman made an address in honor of the occasion, in which he paid a stirring tribute to the members of his old command. He said in part: "What a glorious history is that of the men of this brigade, whose banners, when not waving triumphantly in victory, were ever borne bravely and defiantly even in defeat! At Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Hartsville, Mnrfreesboro, Jackson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face Gap, Resaca, Pine Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree, Intrenchment and Utoy Creeks, Jonesboro, and in the mounted engagements during the last months of the war in Georgia and South Carolina, this brigade shared in their perils and their honors. In all of these engagements your valor was displayed, and the number of your dead and wounded attested the fact that where the bullets flew thickest and the fight waged fiercest the place of danger as well as honor was the place of this brigade. A brief retrospect of your four years of service will attest the fact of the unprecedented per cent of fatalities in battle that attended your conflicts and will bring fresh to your remembrance the lengthy list of your many comrades, officers, and enlisted men who fell in these battles. Frequently so great were the casualties that lieutenants and captains were in command of your regiments, and majors, lieutenant colonels, and colonels were in command of this brigade. The list of those who commanded at various times the Orphan Brigade is a lengthy and honorable one. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, almost simultaneously with his designation to command the brigade, was assigned to the command of all the troops at Bowling Green. Gen. John C. Breckinridge was really the first regularly assigned commander of the brigade. As your commanders you had Gen. Roger W. Hanson, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Gen. Ben Hardin Helm (who fell at Chickamauga fifty years ago to-morrow), Col. Robert P. Trabue, Gen. William Preston, Col. Thomas H. Hunt, and then our beloved 'Old Joe'—Joseph H. Lewis. We are gathered in annual reunion on the anniversary of one of the bloody days that marked the battle of Chickamauga, September 19. In that battle, besides General Helm, those beloved men, Col. James W. Hewitt, Maj. Rice E. Graves, Capt. Pete Daniel, of the 9th, and Captains Madeira, Rogers, and Dedman, of the 2d, were killed and Colonels Nichols, of the 4th, and Caldwell, of the 6th, were severely wounded. On September 10, 1863, the Orphan Brigade, including Cobb's Battery, mustered 1,003 strong, and in the battles of the 10th and 20th it left upon that field 63 killed and 408 wounded."

In closing his address the speaker quoted the historian, Ed Porter Thompson, in his story of this famous command:

"It should be recorded, too, that the Orphan Brigade represented Kentucky as a whole and not any particular section of it nor any particular class of its citizens. They came together from eighty-three counties, from homes dotting the State from the Big Sandy to the Mississippi; from Ohio to the Tennessee line; from the mountains, the blue-grass regions, and the western plains; from city and hamlet and country places; from factories and mines and farms; from schools, commercial houses, and the offices of professional men."

"After a review at Dalton, January 30, 1864, General Hindman, then commanding Hardee's Corps, issued a complimentary order, in which he said: 'It is announced with gratification that the commanding general was much pleased with the appearance and bearing of the troops of this corps on review to-day. Without detracting from the praise due to all, the major general deems it just to mention the Kentucky brigade as especially entitled to commendation for soldierly appearance, steadiness of marching, and an almost perfect accuracy in every detail.'

"Gen. Joseph E. Johnston once told a prominent Confederate officer that there was 'no better infantry in the world than the Kentucky brigade.' In the winter of 1863-64, when General Breckinridge was ordered to Virginia, he applied to General Johnston for permission to carry the brigade with him, under promise from President Davis that a brigade of other troops should be furnished as an equivalent. Johnston replied: 'The President has no equivalent for it. It is the best brigade in the Confederate army.'

"Judge Emory Speer, the eminent Georgia statesman and jurist, writing to Capt. J. T. Gaines, in whose company he served for some time, says: 'I am glad to testify that our old general, Joseph E. Johnston, told me when we were Congressmen together that the Orphan Brigade was the finest body of men and soldiers he ever saw in any army anywhere.'

"Different accounts have been given as to how the command acquired the designation of 'Orphan Brigade.' Its attitude toward its native State, expatriated by reason of identification with a cause which Kentucky had not formally approved, its complete isolation from its people, its having been time and again deprived of its commander by transfer to other service or death in battle—these, all and singular, may have suggested the name, which soon fixed itself in the popular mind, and has come to be the real one by which it will be known in history."

The speaker closed with John N. Edward's tribute to the women of the South: "'O women of the South, your love and purity and faith and hope and courage were without limit and worthy of eternal blessings!'"

OVER \$100 FROM TEXAS FOR SHILOH.

REPORT OF MRS. VAL C. GILES, STATE CHAIRMAN.

Since my last report of December, 1911, the following donations have been sent in: Camp Buehel Chapter, Fredericksburg, \$5; Martha Stout Chapter, Cisco, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Memphis, Tex., \$3.50; Lamar Chapter, Paris, Tex., \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Houston, \$50; Veuve Jefferson Davis Chapter, Galveston, \$10; El Paso Chapter, \$2.50; Mrs. M. D. Ferres, personal contribution, \$1; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, free will offering, \$4.55; Mildred Lee Chapter, Lampasas, \$1; Capt. E. S. Rugely Chapter, Day City, \$3; Mrs. Dona W. Boone, Junction, Tex., \$5; L. S. Ross Chapter, Bryan, \$1; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Austin, \$10.

(Continued from page 521.)

COMMENT BY REV. JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., OF NASHVILLE.

One of the Nashville papers, commenting on the great peace memorial assembly of Federal and Confederate veterans on the historic field of Gettysburg, stated that probably a majority of the Southern people now recognize the folly of secession. If this means that Confederate participation in that celebration was an acknowledgment that the South was foolish and therefore wrong in withdrawing from a Union in which her dearest rights were violated, then I am sure that not a corporal's guard of Confederates would have attended. And I trust that I do not misstate the spirit of our dear old Southland when I say that she would scornfully repudiate any Southern soldier or citizen who would make such a concession. The duty of resistance to oppression and dishonor is not to be restrained by considerations of success or failure.

An editorial in the VETERAN for October, 1913, page 472, expresses, I believe, the sentiment of the Confederate veterans and of the daughters and the sons of the Confederacy. We concede the honesty and patriotism of those who fought to preserve the Union and against the right of secession. We sincerely accept the result of the war, and we honor and love the Stars and Stripes as the flag of our own country. When it was named "Old Glory," the South had done more to win that name for it than any other section of our country. We cordially meet and reciprocate every overture for friendship that comes from the patriot soldiers of the North, and we heartily pledge our best efforts for the welfare of our common country. But we must not be expected to let the gush of present sentiment drown the memory of our cause or the reasons for our contest. We still believe that our cause was right, that we were justified in defending it to the last extremity, and that the victory of the Federal government was the triumph of might over right. To us the Stars and Bars will ever be cherished in memory as the flag that our armies followed in defense of constitutional liberty and the right of self-government.

We give those who defended the Union credit for sincere patriotism; but when they had gained the victory and the Union was triumphant, these patriots left us for years the victims of the most brutal, conscienceless despotism that ever lorded it over a brave, honorable, upright people. This band of plunderers under the name of Reconstruction completed the destruction wrought by the desolating march of the Federal armies through the South.

Our meetings with the veteran soldiers of the North in friendly fellowship are recognition of the honesty and patriotism of both sides in the war and a pledge of coöperation in the interests of our common country. But they must never be taken as a confession of folly or wrong on our part in defending our cause. Nor must these meetings be interpreted as condoning the barbarities of burning and butchery with which the war was conducted against our people. We are not to make these gatherings occasions for recrimination and recalling the bitter feelings of the war. But neither are we to be held as apologizing for our resistance to injustice and oppression.

A postal card from W. C. Powell, of Baird, Tex., says: "I want to thank you for the sentiments in the October VETERAN, page 472. It is exactly my line of thought and did my heart good. I hope this thought is general throughout the South, and I think it is. Gettysburg 'gathering' was all right, but 'reunion' never. Yours in the faith."

P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.: "Your article on 'The South and Veterans on Both Sides,' in the October VETERAN, deeply impresses me, and I indorse it cordially. Ever since the announcement of the Gettysburg reunion, and especially the peace monument advocacy I have suspected there would be an effort to stifle the Confederate side as to history, patriotism, and constitutional and States rights. In behalf of the noble dead who gave up their lives on the altar of their country let us never concede these precious things under any circumstances."

Mrs. M. T. Armstrong, of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "I want to congratulate and thank you for your editorial in the October VETERAN, page 472. It has the right ring. I had a good opportunity while the G. A. R. Encampment was here to make observations, and you make no mistake in your comment. Your views in your reference to the name 'Old Glory' are fine. I never did like that name. The 'Patriotic Instructors' while here made themselves conspicuous in commenting about the flag."

Mrs. W. D. Lamar, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., at its recent convention, severely condemned Walter H. Page, holding the exalted position of Minister to England, for his unworthy references to the South in a book of which he is the reputed author. President Wilson evidently made a mistake in the Page appointment, and his friends are generous enough to assume that he regrets it. Some ills must be borne, and in this case it may be better to submit; but this condemnation of outrages in the book is a credit to Mrs. Lamar. Neale's Magazine exposed the shameful record by extensive quotations and comments.

Illustration of the sentiment of our people in regard to the flag is given in a report of the reunion at Sparta, Tenn., on October 16. The people of that county are ardently Southern. At the reunion referred to there were several thousand people, veterans on foot and on horseback, with a line of beautiful young girls on horses, each one with a flag. The street decorations were elaborate with bunting and flags, and all the flags in sight, except one Confederate battle flag and one beautiful silk Southern banner used in the parade, were the Stars and Stripes. No comment was heard, and the writer does not know of a Union veteran in the town. Away with the ado about "the Rebel flag"!

SEEKS INFORMATION OF MAJ. GEORGE W. CARLTON.

Mrs. Harry Hillard, Box 163, Caruthersville, Mo., seeks information regarding her grandfather in the Confederate service. Major Carlton (he may not have held the rank of major) was an active, intelligent man and kept a diary throughout the war. Mr. A. F. Kilpatrick, on going to Memphis ten years ago, requested permission to take the diary and show it to General Gordon and afterwards wrote the family that he "left it on a street car." It was written on paper with Masonic emblems. Major or Mr. Carlton had many friends in the vicinity of Forsyth, Ga., and elsewhere, as he was a most agreeable, popular gentleman. Any one who remembers him will do a great favor by writing to Mrs. Hillard.

Mrs. J. M. Beard, 1418 Parkerson Place, New Orleans, seeks information about her husband's service. She writes that he enlisted on March 10, 1864, in Company A, 3d Regiment For-

rest's Cavalry, and was paroled on May 11, 1865, at Gainesville, Ala. He was the son of Rev. Thomas L. Beard, of Memphis, but who later lived in Humboldt, Tenn. After the war Comrade J. M. Beard became a minister of the M. E. Church, South. Mrs. Beard is an applicant for a pension, and the testimony to his record is required by those who knew his service. Proof that he surrendered at Gainesville would be sufficient.

Capt. George C. Norton, of Louisville, Ky., writes: "A stranger handed me this morning (October 13) a Confederate button which belongs to Frank Manly, private in Company D, 11th Tennessee. It is a local button of our lodge here; but if you know any of the 11th Tennessee and will give me their names, I will see if I can return the Manly button."

ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

The Arkansas Division, United Confederate Veterans, held a three days' annual convention at Little Rock, beginning October 22. The meeting was harmonious, and thorough good fellowship is reported. Resolutions were adopted indorsing the peace monument movement for Gettysburg and asking Congress for an appropriation. Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, was formally and gratefully thanked for his great work at Camp Chase Cemetery.

The annual election of officers resulted in the following: Gen. John R. Gibbons, of Bauxite, Commander of the Division; Gen. J. W. Kellough, of Vaudale, Commander First Brigade; Gen. Ben Holmes, Commander Second Brigade; Gen. George W. Bruce, of Conway, Commander Third Brigade; and Gen. F. T. Shepherd, Nashville, Fourth Brigade.

[Data reported by Comrade Jonathan Kellogg, of Little Rock.]

RATES TO THE U. D. C. CONVENTION.

The New Orleans Chapter is to be congratulated upon having secured practically a one-fare rate to the U. D. C. meeting in that city November 11-15. This rate prevails at least throughout the southeastern section, from south of Washington and the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi (evidently quite a similar rate was procured west of that river), of three cents per mile for the round trip, plus 25 cents. Tickets will be on sale November 8 and 9, with limit to November 10, with privilege of extension to December 6 upon payment of \$1 extra and depositing ticket with agent.

The First Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Nashville desires a pastor. It would prefer a married man whose wife could be helpful in his work. The important work in hand would require an active and zealous minister. Address W. G. Williams, Clerk of Session, 612 Berryhill Street, Nashville.

BINDERS FOR THE VETERAN.

The Big Ben Binder, notice of which appears elaborately on the back page of the September Veteran, has been made and will be supplied promptly to those who order it. Price, \$1. Address the VETERAN.

"A CONFEDERATE GIRL'S DIARY."

Among the innumerable records of the war there are few so genuinely spontaneous in both thought and language as this "Confederate Girl's Diary," just come to light after fifty years of oblivion. The diary was kept during the dramatic days of the sixties by a young girl yet in her teens, who used its pages, after the old habit of diary keepers, as a place of over-

flow for high-strung feelings whether of joy or sadness. It was written out of the full heart of a high-spirited, loyal, lovable, poetic, and dreaming girl, and expresses all the fervor and faith of the youth and heartbreak that transcribed it. It seems not so much a record of old days as an actual, living part of the long-gone scenes of which it tells.

In his preface to the book, the writer's son pays a very beautiful tribute to his mother as a noble and lovely lady, whose faith, courage, and steadfastness never failed her, and from whose clear blue eyes the childlike trust in God and mankind never faded. "The Sarah Morgan," he writes, "who as a girl could stifle her sobs as she forced herself to laugh or to sing, was the mother I knew in later years."

Readers of the volume may easily credit the statement in the preface that when, some years ago, the manuscript was submitted to a Philadelphia publisher who had asked for an unbiased, eye-witness story of the war, it was returned with absolute unbelief that any girl could have had opinions so just or foresight so clear or command of English so smooth and flowing.

Sarah Morgan, the girlish writer of the book, was the daughter of Judge Thomas Gibbes Morgan, of the District Court of Baton Rouge, who was in full sympathy with the cause of Southern rights, but who disapproved of secession, yet who nevertheless followed his State when it seceded. Three sons were in the Confederate army, and the remainder of the family, made up mostly of women and children, faced the scenes and tragedies of war and death with all the bravery and courage that the record shows.

The work is one of the most vivid, heart-felt, and moving of all the stories yet told of the war, and may well be accepted as of unusual literary and historical value.

After the war Sarah Morgan married a young Englishman, Capt. Francis Warrington Dawson, who had left his home in London to fight for the South, and who had served in the navy under Pegasus and afterwards in Virginia under Longstreet and Fitzhugh Lee. Later his aid to his adopted State of South Carolina, by journalism and political work during Reconstruction days, and his tragic death are well known.

In "War Records," Volume XLVI, Part I, page 1209, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee refers to Capt. F. W. Dawson, among the severely wounded in battle, as his "very efficient and gallant ordnance officer." In Volume XXXI, page 405, General Longstreet refers to Lieut. F. W. Dawson's "very efficient service" in conducting the Ordnance Department in the absence of its chief.

The book is published by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

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 dier of the Confederacy.—Col. J. B. P.

S. J. Odell, of Tampa, Fla., Box 775, inquires for some survivors of Company C, 2d Louisiana Cavalry, Scott's Battalion, with which command he served from 1861 to 1865. He has lost sight of these comrades, and now needs testimony of his service as a soldier.

Mrs. J. S. Sailing, of Decatur, Tex., wishes to get in communication with some comrades of her husband who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. James S. Sailing lived in Monroe County, Mo., and it is thought that he enlisted from there. Address her in care of Cameron Watson.

THE REAL LINCOLN.—The address by Judge George L. Christian on "The Real Lincoln" was published by the Lee Camp of Richmond, Va., and the first edition was given away. Another edition has been published, and copies can be procured from Judge Christian at 25 cents per copy, six for \$1. Address him at Richmond, Va.

John Williams, of Bedford, Ind. (514 North L Street), who served in Company G, 4th Indiana Cavalry, hopes to learn something of a Confederate soldier who was shot by him during a skirmish near Montgomery, Ala., at a small creek during Wilson's raid in 1865, between Selma and Montgomery. He thinks the man was a member of the 4th Alabama Cavalry.

Rev. Fred St. Clair, of Santa Rosa, Cal., makes inquiry for information of the service of his father, J. W. St. Clair, who he thinks enlisted in the Confederate army from Eufaula, Ala., and that he became a lieutenant colonel under General Hood. His father often mentioned Dr. Stephens Baker, James Pugh, and Henry Shorter, of Eufaula; and if any of these gentlemen are living he will appreciate hearing from them.

Jesse Johnson, a member of Company E, 5th Kentucky Infantry (badly wounded at Chickamauga), later transferred to the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, and after General Morgan's death was with Skillman's Cavalry, wishing to get a complete record of his service, would like to ascertain who was provost marshal for Sullivan County, Tenn., where he was paroled. He hopes to hear from some surviving comrades who can help him get the record. Address him in care of John O'Brien, Confederate Home, Pewee Valley, Ky.

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N. F. Davis, Box 77, El Moro, Colo., asks that surviving members of Company H, 11th Regiment, 2d Brigade Missouri Volunteers, will kindly communicate with him.

W. T. Alspaugh, of Burns, Tenn., wishes to get copies of the VETERAN for January, 1893, and April, 1896, to complete his file. He has some extra copies in different years that he would be glad to furnish where wanted.

G. W. Dickson, Sr., of Hernando, Miss., has in his possession a medal on which is the name of H. B. Mahle, Company G, 2d Texas Regiment, that he would be glad to return to the owner or some member of his family. In the center of the medal is a large star, and on the reverse is inscribed: "Born Oct. 15, 1827. Natchitoches Parish, La."

Mrs. Fannie Neabahr, now living at Woodlawn, Ill., Route No. 4, writes of having been a nurse at Andersonville Prison while General Winder was in charge, and she would like to hear from any one who remembers her as Nurse No. 2, Fannie Glaze. She mentions Dr. Harrison as the post surgeon and Dr. Watkins as ward surgeon, and she thinks some member of the guard, a part of the Georgia Regulars, would remember her service.

W. M. Burch, of Hartford, Ala., wants to know what became of J. J. Lassiter, a member of the 6th Florida Regiment, after the battle of New Hope Church. He was from Jackson County, Fla., and enlisted as a private under Capt. Henry Passit, 6th Florida, Colonel McLean. The latter was killed in the battle of New Hope. Lassiter was also in that battle, and there is no account of him after that.



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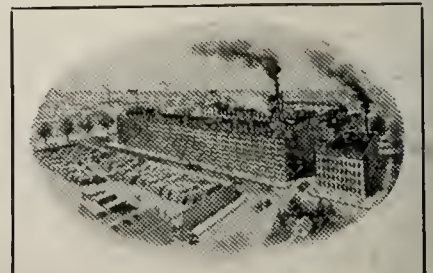
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TWELFTH NUMBER



MRS. DAISY McLAURIN STEVENS, PRES.-GEN. UNITED DAUGHTERS CONFEDERACY

Mrs. Stevens is a charming, womanly woman. Her ardor for Confederates and their Cause is constant. Other references to her are in the report. Her father, Anselm Joseph McLaurin, was reared on a Mississippi farm. At the age of sixteen years he enlisted in the Confederacy. At the close of the War he returned to school. In 1870 he married Miss Laura Ranch. In 1871 he became District Attorney, in 1879 a legislator, in 1895 Governor of his State, and in 1900 he was elected United States Senator. Losing health, he resigned because he was unwilling to take pay for a service that he could not perform.



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Mrs. Fannie Looney, of Willis, Okla., desires information regarding the service of her husband, W. S. Looney, who was in a Tennessee regiment to which B. F.

Looney, physician and surgeon, also belonged. She will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who can testify to his record.



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SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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VOL. XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 12.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

OVER ONE THOUSAND SAMPLE COPIES.

Of this issue of the VETERAN a thousand copies or more will be sent as samples. Patrons after reading it will do a worthy and patriotic favor by sending the addresses of such persons as they may think will become patrons. These copies will be mailed free in the hope that recipients will subscribe for the year 1914. Comrades and friends who prefer may request them to their own address for distribution.

At the end of this month nearly \$400 worth of the best Confederate histories in existence will be sent to Chapters of the U. D. C. These books are offered as premiums; and although the offer has been made several months, not half the price of the premiums has been sent in. Any Chapter can yet secure more than any competing so far. Besides, the cash commission would pay well for the work, independent of the patriotic motive that should induce prompt action.

Mrs. Emma Plecker Cassell, Past President of J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., Staunton, Va., writes on December 1 that she has heard from three comrades of her father who had fought by his side, and she comments: "This organ of communication cannot be spoken of too highly, and we Confederate Daughters do most highly appreciate the privilege that we have through its medium."

INTERESTING AND MEMORABLE.

THE SAM DAVIS AND RICHARD OWEN BOOKLET.

The booklet proposed for the story of Sam Davis, the record of Col. Richard Owen, and a list of the Confederate dead in Indiana will comprise many more pages than was originally contemplated. The price may be made 25 cents, not more. The record in this form will be preserved with fond interest by all who feel a sentimental interest in heroism, honor, and duty to fellow men. The story of Sam Davis, "An Old-fashioned Boy," was prepared by Dr. H. M. Hamill, of nationwide celebrity in Sunday school work.

The tribute to Col. Richard Owen will comprise much of what has appeared in the VETERAN of the prison commandant and the circumstances that induced the tribute, which is without known precedent in any age or clime. The list of Confederates who died in prison is designed as a memorial to them. It is anticipated that it will give pleasure and do good.

This is the last opportunity that will be given to friends of the Richard Owen memorial to have their names included in the list of those who desire to show their commendation by a contribution to the expense. It is important for any such to write at once. They may send the name and remit later.

The appreciation of the Owen family is most gratifying.

Mr. Horace P. Owen, of New Harmony, Ind., the son of Col. Richard Owen, and who served on his father's staff in the sixties, wrote to Miss Belle Kinney, the sculptor: "Permit me as an old man to express the charm experienced at meeting in person the young lady whose grand work had engaged my thoughts and attention for a year or more, and even now prompts me in imagination to say that were the opportunity presented I would with a touch of ancient chivalry salute with knightly courtesy the hand that so faithfully reproduced my father's features in imperishable bronze. Your splendid work in all that you have undertaken in your chosen art study is fast bringing you a name and fame that might well be the envy of established masters in the world of sculpture."



MRS. R. D. ARMSTRONG, MEMPHIS, TENN.,

Daughter of Mr. Horace P. Owen, who unveiled the monument at Indianapolis.

CONTROVERSY ABOUT VETERANS IN PARADES

Newspaper discussion has been rife in Alabama on the subject of discontinuing veteran parades at reunions because of age and infirmity of the men and the suggestion that the Sons and Daughters perform that attractive feature. Camp Hardee, of Birmingham, one of the largest and most useful Camps in Alabama, is actively opposed to the abolishment of parades by veterans.

It would seem that a good way to settle the matter would be to let the "old boys" have their way. Just as well declare that the "wag," who gave diversion in the army and will break rules of the march in parade now by dancing while in line, should be disciplined by prohibiting him from "cutting up" because of his joy in being with comrades of long ago. This matter should and will regulate itself. Nobody will ever prohibit Confederates from marching at reunions, State or general, any more than they will be compelled to go on parade. None have ever been required to march, and none will be prohibited from it.

Camp Hardee resolved as follows: "That this matter be left in the hands of our State convention, the voice of the people; to the press of this and other States of the South for the perpetuity of the reunions in Alabama and elsewhere in this Southland for the cause we loved so well without modification of the enjoyment we have at parades, until each patriot has answered the summons. Then it will be with posterity."

T. A. Hamilton, Commander; W. E. Yancey, Secretary.

GEN. JOHN S. BOWEN.

BY W. CALVIN WELLS, ESQ., JACKSON, MISS.

Let us keep history straight. Mr. John A. Fox of Schulkenburg, Tex., on page 553 of the November issue published in the *VETERAN* for September 1 do not name of General Bowen, who was killed near Port Gibson, Miss., when Grant landed on the east side and fought the battle of Baker's Creek and invaded Vicksburg."

The writer was a member of Company B, 22d Mississippi Regiment, and was during the latter part of 1861 and the early part of 1862 in Bowen's Brigade. The 22d Mississippi loved him better than any brigade commander that it served under. In 1863 or 1864 General Bowen lost his horse, and the 22d Mississippi made up a purse and bought and presented to him a splendid animal.

But about his death is what I want to write. General Bowen was the master spirit that fought the battle of Port Gibson. He was not killed there, but led his command back to Vicksburg and went with Pemberton to fight the battle of Baker's Creek and retreated back to Vicksburg, and was one of the heroes who helped to defend that city. He surrendered with the army to General Grant, was paroled, and started east and passed the Big Black to Edwards. On his way east, passing on what was known as the lower Edwards and Raymond public road, he stopped and stayed all night at a country home known as Valley Farm, which is about seven miles southeast of Edwards. There he was taken sick and died, and was buried in the garden on Valley Farm. A carpenter in the neighborhood named Robert Dickson made a wooden coffin and helped to bury him.

The writer's home was a few miles from Valley Farm, and he obtained the facts about his death from Robert Dickson after the war had closed. Some years after the war his remains were disinterred and taken to Vicksburg and buried.



AN UNUSUAL PICTURE OF GENERAL LEE.

The picture of Gen. R. E. Lee above was made by Samuel R. Seibert, of Washington, D. C., soon after the surrender, and was loaned the *VETERAN* for engraving by Charles W. Walker, of New Orleans. Mr. Seibert died last February, at the age of eighty-three years, in Philadelphia, which had long been his home.

Samuel Rush Seibert, son of the Rev. Samuel Seibert, was a descendant of Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was born in Middletown, Pa. In 1854 he became attached to the photograph department of the United States Treasury, and he took photographs of Abraham Lincoln just prior to his inauguration. In 1874 he went to Japan with the navy expedition to photograph the transit of Venus.

PATHETIC INTEREST IN CONFEDERATES.—On November 28 a club dinner was given to Hon. Jeff McCann, of Nashville, who came here, leaving his Texas cowboy associates, twenty-five years ago to take a course in Vanderbilt University. He had accepted an important appointment to the Hawaiian Islands tendered by President Wilson, and he said in his speech of response to many greetings that two classes of persons had been on his mind very much—viz., the fifteen-year-old boys who will be voters when he returns, and, he added pathetically: "Every time I see a Confederate soldier I want to put my arms around him." The speaker evidently thought that not many of them will be among the voters when he returns.

INQUIRY OF THIRD AND FIFTH ALABAMA REGIMENTS.—My husband, Frank Stanley Bondurant, served as private in Company G, 3d Alabama Regiment, until April 8, 1862, and re-enlisted April 8, 1862, as private in Company D, 5th Alabama Regiment, and continued until the war closed. If any one of either company or the regiment knows of him or his services, I would be grateful if he would write me at Repton, Conecuh County, Ala. MRS. M. E. BONDURANT.

What better Christmas present could be made than to send the *VETERAN* for next year?

W. A. Everman calls attention to an error by O. F. Redd in November issue about the 1st and 2d Missouri Regiments.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

A condensed report of the proceedings of the U. D. C. Convention at New Orleans, November 11-15, could not be procured in time for this issue of the *VETERAN*. The new Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Fanny Ransom Williams, of North Carolina, is not as accessible to Nashville as was Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, her predecessor, of Paducah, Ky., and besides no new Secretary could prepare the data as promptly as one having experience. However, the Convention had the services of a most efficient stenographer, Miss Cora C. Millward, who made the Washington report and who has for some years reported the D. A. R. conventions in Washington, D. C.

The Convention was large and representative, being from more Northern sections than ever before. Delegates and visitors represented thirty States, and many of the strongest members of the "old guard" were on hand and served from the opening of the Convention to its close.

An illustration of the faithfulness and zeal was shown on the night of the 14th when at 12:30 the Editor of the *VETERAN* requested that each of the two hundred or so present write a postal to Nashville giving name and address with simply "Friday night" on the card. He desired to make record of the large number of zealous women who were diligent at that late hour in securing a revision of the constitution, a labor entirely void of glamour or the seeking of anything else than the efficiency of the organization. If a large convention of veterans should be found so engaged at such an hour, they would deserve bronze tablets to memorialize the event. The suggestion of the *VETERAN* was appreciated, and a good many have responded, but not enough to illustrate what is desired. It is not too late, however, for each to contribute to this worthy illustration of patriotism. If all who were present will write on a postal card "Friday night" with name and post office, it would make an honored and memorable record.

Speeches were made by Maj. Gen. T. W. Castleman, Commander Louisiana Division, U. C. V., and Mrs. Peter Youree, President of the Louisiana Division. Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, President of the New Orleans Chapter, which invited the Convention to New Orleans, presided. Mrs. J. W. Clapp, of Memphis, responded to the addresses of welcome on behalf of Mrs. Alexander B. White, the President General. There were songs and musical numbers, and a general chorus of "Dixie" concluded the program. A boat ride for out-of-town delegates during the afternoon was much enjoyed.

Prodigious work was performed by the Credentials Committee and the Committee on Revision of the Constitution. There had been no revision for five years, and the painstaking and intricate work required much thought and research.

While it was election year for officers (the election is annual, but it is understood that officers are for two years), the position of President General, the highest honor obtainable by an American woman, was of most concern. There were several women eminently suited to the position, but only two were regarded as candidates at this time—viz., Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, of Mississippi, and Mrs. Nathan D. Eller, of Virginia. Mrs. Stevens in an address at Richmond on the opening night two years ago so thrilled a large audience that she had been ever since considered most formidable, and many State Divisions had instructed for her. Mrs. Eller had been nominated by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph in a happy, forceful manner, and she had many friends; but it was soon apparent that the gifted daughter of the late beloved Governor of and

United States Senator from Mississippi possessed such strength that Mrs. Randolph withdrew the name of Mrs. Eller, who was popular and strong.

Mrs. Randolph in withdrawing the name of her candidate stated that Mrs. Eller had not sought the nomination; it had been offered to her at two previous Conventions. "I am willing to take my own medicine," said Mrs. Randolph, "but I am not willing that Mrs. Eller should take it, and so I ask the privilege of withdrawing her name."

Mrs. Stevens was elected by unanimous vote. The nomination of Mrs. Stevens was made by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Macon, Ga., in a magnetic and beautiful address characteristic of the President of the Georgia Division.

An unhappy event occurred in the nomination for First Vice President in naming two women from Alabama, Mrs. Chappel Corey and Mrs. B. B. Ross. Both women are widely known as efficient Confederate workers. Candidates from other States were considered, but declined the nomination. After some dignified but spirited discussion, Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, Ala., was elected First Vice President General.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, of North Carolina, was reelected Third Vice President General.

The first spirited voting was for the successor to Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, who declined reelection as Recording Secretary General. The two candidates were Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville (who for several years held the office, much of which time it was service without any salary), and Mrs. Fanny Ransom Williams, of North Carolina. While the ballots were being cast Mrs. Hickman arose and asked permission to withdraw so as to make the election of Mrs. Williams unanimous, but the chair ruled that after voting began it could not be made unanimous. She withdrew, however.

In the election of Corresponding Secretary General the very efficient and popular Katie Childress Schnabel was unanimously reelected. A sensation occurred, however, after the vote was taken, it being thought that she had voted as a general officer, in violation of a decision by her State to vote solidly, for another person than the State had agreed to support. Explanation was made by her friends that she was not in her State delegation when agreement was had to vote as a unit. Explanations were made by each side, to the amelioration of conditions. The entire controversy, it appeared, was simply because of a question of good faith having arisen. The issue was raised by Mrs. Youree, President of the Louisiana Division, who said: "Ladies, no one can ever accuse me of bringing personalities into the U. D. C. I desire to say that in the caucus held by the Louisiana Division the name of Mrs. Hickman was unanimously indorsed for Recording Secretary, it being decided to make the Louisiana vote solid. When that vote was taken the only vote in the Louisiana Division against Mrs. Hickman was the personal vote of Mrs. Schnabel as Corresponding Secretary and which she cast for Mrs. Williams. It was for this reason that the twenty-two votes were polled against herself. That, ladies, is my explanation."

Mrs. C. B. Tate was reelected with hearty vote Treasurer General.

Mrs. Orlando Haliburton, of Little Rock, was made Registrar General.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., was reelected Historian General. Miss Rutherford thrilled a large meeting with her address.

Mrs. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., was chosen Custodian of Crosses of Honor with hearty good will.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, Va., was re-elected Custodian of Flags and Pennants.

Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., the retiring Secretary General, was presented with a loving cup from the Kentucky Division, the presentation being made by Mrs. J. L. Woodbury, of Kentucky.

Mrs. Marshall Williams arose to deny "the rumor going around the Convention that a member from North Carolina had waved the flag disrespectfully over the head of the President General the day before."

Mrs. Stevens was presented with lovely flowers upon being escorted to the platform, and she made one of her characteristic speeches that delighted everybody present.

At the beginning of the session the President General, Mrs. A. B. White, was presented with a lovely bunch of Louisiana oranges on the branch by Mrs. H. J. Seiferth, of New Orleans, and following the report of Mrs. L. C. Hall, Chairman of the Cross of Honor Committee, Mrs. Seiferth presented Mrs. Hall with a beautiful bouquet of white chrysanthemums in recognition of the good work accomplished by the national committee.

The Convention subscribed the sum of \$3,555 for the Shiloh monument. Of this amount, \$1,000 was appropriated from the general funds of the association, while the balance was raised from contributions pledged by Presidents of the various Chapters of the U. D. C.

THE NEW OFFICERS OF THE ORGANIZATION.

The Picayune states:

"The newly elected President General, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, of Brandon, Miss., is the daughter of the late Governor of Mississippi and United States Senator Anselm J. McLaurin. She has been active in U. D. C. work for a number of years, serving first as President of the local Chapter at Carrollton, Miss., and afterwards two years as President of the Mississippi Division. During her administration the work took on new zest, many monuments were erected, and many new members added to the organization. Educational work was greatly advanced, and altogether her administration was a most successful one. Mrs. Stevens is an energetic worker, and so great is her determination that anything she undertakes is a success; no detail is ever neglected. She is known as one of the best women orators in the South, inheriting this from her gifted father. She delivered an address at the Confederate Reunion which met in Macon, Ga., in 1912, and responded to the address of welcome when the general Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy met in Richmond, Va., in 1911.

"The First Vice President, Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, Ala., President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., and former President of the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs, is a daughter of the late William Crawford Dowdell and Elizabeth Thomas. Her mother was prominent and influential in religious work, having served thirty-one years as President of the Alabama Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and as Manager of the Woman's Board of Missions. Mrs. Ross is a niece of the late Col. James F. Dowdell, commander of the 37th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., and for a number of years a member of Congress. She is a cousin to Chief Justice Dowdell, of the Supreme Court of her State, and of the late Gov. W. F. Sanford. For a number of years Mrs. Ross has been prominently associated in the work of the U. D. C., having served as Recording Secretary, First Vice President, and President of the Alabama

Division, and has been Vice Chairman of the U. D. C. Committee on Education. Mrs. Ross planned and carried to successful completion the celebration in Montgomery, Ala., February 18, 1911, the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States of America. In 1897 as Letitia Dowdell she was married to Dr. B. B. Ross, State chemist and professor of chemistry of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn.

"The Second Vice President, Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, is a native of Oklahoma, formerly Indian Territory. Her father was a surgeon in the army during the War of the States west of the Mississippi, where he bore the burden of the pioneers through that long and tried period from 1861 to 1865. Mrs. Culbertson is of noble pioneer ancestry and has done more to advance the cause of our U. D. C. in old and beautiful Indian Territory, now the grand State of Oklahoma, than any other woman. Organizing the Chapter she served as President for eight years, she would have been present at this twentieth Convention of U. D. C. but for a great shadow of sorrow by death in her own family.



MRS. W. T. CULBERTSON.

[In Oklahoma the Daughters and the Veterans have their annual gatherings in the same city at the same time, and the rule is commended cordially. In Ardmore two years ago Mrs. Culbertson, Honorary President of the Division, who had long been a diligent and valiant worker in the Confederate cause, made a motion, which carried unanimously, that twenty-five members of the U. D. C. be appointed to solicit subscriptions from the veterans for this magazine. It will long be remembered as a memorial to this patriotic, noble woman. Mrs. Culbertson was not present at New Orleans.]

"Mrs. I. W. Faissou, of Charlotte, N. C., Third Vice President and former President of the North Carolina Division, is a prominent club woman, Colonial Dame, and Regent of

the Chapter of D. A. R.'s in Charlotte. She is a very active worker along settlement lines and is a trustee of the Stone-wall Jackson Training School.

"The Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank Williams, of Newton, N. C., better known to the U. D. C. as Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, is the daughter of Gen. and Mrs. Robert Ransom, of the Old North State. Her father and mother contributed largely toward the equipment of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, which he organized. She is the niece of Gen. Matt W. Ransom, for many years United States Senator, and on her mother's side is closely related to Chief Justice White. Her Ransom ancestors were prominent in Virginia in early days, as were her maternal ones, the Lees and Ringgolds.

"Mrs. Edward Carl Schnabel, of New Orleans, who was re-elected Corresponding Secretary General U. D. C., has held this important position since the Houston Convention, and is one of the active workers for the success of the present Convention. She has been at headquarters for a month, giving her best efforts in this direction as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

"Mrs. C. B. Tate, who was re-elected Treasurer, the well-beloved of the U. D. C., is from Pulaski, Va. Mrs. Tate teaches in one of the largest schools in Virginia, and in addition to her manifold home duties finds time to do the most conscientious and accurate work as Treasurer General of the U. D. C. Mrs. Tate is tall and graceful, crowned with beautiful white hair, and with a dignity and majesty of demeanor which belies the twinkle in her eye. She can even dun a delinquent Chapter and yet be adored by the victim.

"Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., re-elected Historian General of the U. D. C., is a shining light at the Convention, and associates quickly realize and appreciate her wonderful personality and how sincere she is in her ideals, and realize that she has worked hard for real achievement. Miss Rutherford is State Historian General of the Georgia Division for life, was a teacher for thirty-five years, twenty-eight of which she was principal of the Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga. Her life has been devoted to such works as the Young Women's Christian Association and settlement work among the needy. She has been President of the Ladies' Memorial Association since 1886; but the thing most on her mind is to get the 'history of the South' straight, not as a one-sided or partisan history, but to collect the 'real truth.' Another thing of vital interest to her is the maintenance of children's Chapters. In her appeal to the Convention Wednesday morning she urged that the Daughters stand by Mr. Cunningham and his CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville. She also urged the introduction of textbooks true to the South in the Southern schools.

"Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, Va., re-elected Custodian of Flags and Pennants, is a Colonial Dame and a Daughter of the American Revolution, in addition to being prominent in circles of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She is Chairman of the Civic Department of Women's Clubs in her State, and is interested in all girls' work for betterment in various lines.

"The newly elected officers were all called to the platform and introduced by the retiring President General. Resolutions of thanks were then voted to the retiring officers, and at 12:30 the Convention was duly adjourned.

"Mrs. Stevens asked for the privilege of addressing the Daughters, and briefly outlined her future policies, stating that she would always try to be just in her deliberation and upon considering various questions would not be influenced by sectional feelings."

More of the proceedings will be given later.

PATRIOTIC WOMAN OF THE SIXTIES.

SISTER OF COL. B. T. AND CAPT. J. K. BROCKMAN.

Mrs. H. M. Earle, President of the James F. Fagan Chapter, U. D. C., Benton, Ark., is a native of Greenville, S. C. She graduated from the Johnson Female University, of Anderson, in the class of 1857.

When the War of the States was inevitable and South Carolina took the lead in seceding, the bravest and the fairest were the first to respond to their country's call for service, and Miss Brockman was vice president of the first organization of women the object of which was to prepare our soldiers for the great emergency of 1861. Day after day found her in the saddle on her faithful "Beulah," going from one home to another collecting contributions for the soldiers. This band of noble women met each week at Batesville in the old Bethel Church to pack boxes and cut out uniforms for members to carry to their homes and make.

Left an orphan in the beginning of this trying epoch, it was a severe trial to bid adieu to her only two brothers, Col. B. T. and Capt. J. K. Brockman, of the 13th South Carolina Volunteers. She was appointed by the association to go to Columbia, S. C., to present a flag to her brother's command before they left for Virginia.

She was married on December 24, 1862, to a South Carolina volunteer, Capt. A. C. Earle, who served his country throughout the war. When the war closed, this real daughter of the Confederacy, with her husband, went West, hoping to make a fortune in the new country. She is a devoted member of the Benton Baptist Church and at the age of seventy-two years is still active in Church work. She also holds a membership in the D. A. R. Chapter of Little Rock.

Her brothers, Col. B. T. and Capt. J. K. Brockman, were killed in battle near Spottsylvania Courthouse. Their father, Col. T. P. Brockman, reared a large family of worthy sons and daughters. He was public-spirited and served twenty-four years in both branches of the State legislature, representing Greenville County, S. C. He died in 1859 during the great controversy which led to secession. His dying words to the sons mentioned were to indorse the ordinance of secession and give their lives, if necessary, to defend the South.

The war record of these brothers may be found in "Landon's History of Spartanburg."

Mrs. H. M. Earle is a member of the D. A. R. After the war she became a breadwinner, having taught in the public schools of Arkansas for thirty years. She reared a family of four daughters and two sons. She now resides with her youngest son, S. B. Earle, in Arkadelphia.

PICTURES OF BRIGADIER GENERALS WANTED.

Fine but brief sketches have been written by able men of Gens. John Gregg and James Deshler. If any one can supply the picture of either to be engraved, it will be appreciated.



KATIE CHILDRESS SCHNABEL.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THENTY-ONE YEARS, WITH COMMENT.

For twenty-one years, completed with this issue of the VETERAN, there seems ever to have been an impression that an inexhaustible fund was provided to publish it, and that all charitable interests in Confederate matters were to have unstinted service. The splendid endorsements of all the large organizations have strengthened this fancy. Thousands of men and women have asked friends who seem to have been imbued with this sentiment. Some sons of veterans have been diligent to procure sketches of their fathers for advertising purposes, and have not shown the slightest interest in behalf of the source of their help afterwards.

Daughters of the Confederacy (scores of thousands of them), on whose patriotism all depend, are diligently at work for monuments and for dependent veterans and widows and correct history at untold sacrifice, for which gratitude can never be excessive. They too seem not to realize the necessity of maintaining the VETERAN, although it has ever been unstinted in their service. Very few of them in proportion comprehend the importance of intercommunication which can only be had by a periodical, and it can be efficient only to the extent of its circulation. True, the leaders in the great work know its usefulness and its interest in a historic and otherwise helpful way.

Ever since the organization of the United Daughters it has given them precedence over all else, and, regardless of expense, it has rendered every possible aid. In two enterprises the VETERAN has published for the Daughters during the last several years scores of statistical pages. One of them is the Arlington monument reports, of which there are forty-four columns, or twenty-two pages, given simply to the lists of subscriptions. (The President and the Treasurer of the association both have written expressions of gratitude to the Editor; but although the list of contributions appears in no other publication, there was not thought of it enough to place a copy in the corner stone nor otherwise to publicly express appreciation.) The Daughters, officially and personally, have ever expressed hearty thanks for service. The Shiloh monument contributions have been published in full, requiring over a score of pages. And these statistical reports do not add to the popularity of a periodical, as they are uninteresting to the general reader. These records were furnished promptly by Wallace Streater and Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Treasurers respectively of Arlington and Shiloh monument funds, and they deserve much credit for their promptness and accuracy.

Worthy as are these monuments, and creditable as it may be to make them fine and grand, a single issue of the VETERAN, filed in many public libraries and a score of thousands of homes, may be of more importance than both of them. If the Daughters generally would cooperate in behalf of the VETERAN as they do in other worthy enterprises, but less important, the effect would amaze the country. The leaders know it, and their cooperation is made by an ardent plea. Return service will be given as fully as practicable to those who help.

The hope of the patriotic South is in her women. No

greater interest could be exercised than in regard to high-class literature which conveys the truth to growing generation.

The prizes offered must be given at the close of December, and the smallest Chapter in the organization can procure more subscriptions in the time than have been furnished by the largest Chapter competing. To all Confederate Daughters

Why not enter the list? A good commission is paid in addition. See the VETERAN for July, page 328.

The U. D. C. could easily procure ten thousand new subscriptions before the year ends, and they would add \$2,500 to their assets in addition. They could secure advertisements for the asking at \$40 per page or \$10 for a fourth of a page. Advertisements wanted are from worthy sources and suited to the mail order trade; they would not pay locally.

As stated last month, a fine offer of premiums composed of the best Confederate literature in existence is made only to U. D. C. Chapters. The value of these books, largely secured at half the publishers' price, was offered. Twenty-four Chapters entered the competition, and only half the value of the premiums has been secured in new subscriptions. This offer is to end with December, and there is not a Chapter in all of the U. D. C. that could not secure more than reported so far.

Daughters should rally to the rescue of the VETERAN list, which must be supported by others in place of comrades who are fast dropping out. The following illustration is a little exaggerated as to the rule, and yet it shows that others must become patrons of the work that has been so diligently waged by VETERAN comrades for twenty-one years:

Sweetwater, Tenn. Nov. 13, 1913

My dear Cunningham.

The Label on my Veteran shows one more number due me. You need not send it, but take my name from your mailing list, as my eyes are too dim to read it with any glasses I can secure. My precious wife is no longer here to read it, and my hearing is so impaired that no one attempts to read to me.

You have done a great work in publishing the Veteran these many years and have the thanks of a grateful people.

With best wishes.

J. H. Brunner
(in 89th year.)

[Dr. Brunner was one of the most steadfast patrons the VETERAN ever had; and his helpmeet was a noble woman, a sister of Postmaster-General D. M. Key.]

CAUSE OF HOOD'S FAILURE AT SPRING HILL.

BY J. D. REMINGTON, CO. I, 73D ILLINOIS VOLS., ORTEGA, FLA.

Seven times during the war I was within the Confederate lines as a Federal spy—three times at Murfreesboro, twice at New Hope Church, once at Atlanta, and once, and the last time, at Spring Hill, Tenn., November 29, 1864.

Knowing that I am the only person living who knows the real cause of Hood's failure to capture and destroy the Federal army at Spring Hill, and that I will not live much longer, I feel it my duty to make known the cause of the failure of General Hood to fight at Spring Hill. If Hood and some of his generals had been of the spirit of General Bragg in the battle of Shiloh, when he was driving the Federals, after Gen. A. S. Johnston was killed, when ordered two or three times to halt his lines, he said, "I will not obey this order unless some one personally known to me brings it," the Federal army would have marched south as prisoners on the morning of November 30. The Confederate generals allowed themselves to be deceived by taking orders from two Federal spies.

I now give the real cause of the Confederate failure. I was on the skirmish line with my regiment when Capt. George M. Patten, of my company, ordered me to report to Colonel Opdyke, our brigade commander, at once, which I did. Colonel Opdyke told me he wanted me to enter the Confederate lines, find out as near as possible how many Confederates there were over there and any other information I could obtain, and let him know. He furnished me with the uniform of a Confederate captain, saber, revolver, and horse. I passed around the right of my regiment, as there were no troops to our right, and soon found a suitable place to change my uniform. This done, I proceeded in a southeast direction for one or two miles, as well as I can remember, through the woods. At last I came out on a road, and was riding along it, when a short distance ahead I saw a body of cavalry. I knew I was in for it, and, putting on a bold front, I rode right up to them. The group proved to be Generals Hood, Cheatham, Cleburne, their staffs, escorts, and not far behind them a column of infantry. It was the head of Hood's army. I had met all three of the generals before, and, saluting, I said: "General Hood, General Forrest directed me to inform you that he has left one regiment to annoy the enemy, and he has taken the rest of his command and is going to Thompson's Station to capture a large train that is there, and from there he will go on to Franklin and destroy the bridges across the Harpeth River."

General Hood asked me how far it was to Spring Hill, but before I could speak one of the officers said: "It is not far, General." Hood said: "Let us ride over that way." And we all rode on till we came in sight of the pike leading from Columbia to Franklin, and it was crowded with Federal soldiers and wagons. Pointing to them, General Hood said to General Cheatham: "General, look there. Do you see the enemy retreating to escape us?" Cheatham said: "Yes, sir; I see them." General Hood directed him to take his corps and go to the pike near Spring Hill. "Take that train and turn it over to our side of the house. Stuart's Corps is near at hand, and you shall have all the help you need."

No one can imagine how I felt when I heard that Hood had two corps of his army so near, while there was only one division of Federals. Turning to me, General Hood said: "Captain, ride and overtake General Forrest and tell him to capture that train and to keep a lookout for Wilson's Cavalry, and do not let them get to Spring Hill."

I started in the direction of Thompson's Station, but had no idea of going there. I had gone but a short distance when I was overtaken by a Confederate officer, who proved to be my cousin, a commissioned officer in the Confederate army, but a Union man and a Federal spy. He had been a great help to me each time I had been inside the Confederate lines. (If I conclude to write up my experience as a spy, I will tell more about him.) I recognized him when I first met Hood and the others I have mentioned, but we had no chance to speak to each other; and believing he would keep an eye on me and come to me, I paid no attention to him. When he overtook me we shook hands, and after riding a considerable distance from the road got well secreted and proceeded to lay our plans to help the Federals. While doing so he put on his disguise, which consisted of a heavy black mustache and full-face whiskers and a wig of long black hair. We soon arranged our plans to prevent the Confederates from getting possession of the pike if possible.

General Cleburne was just attacking when I rode up to a general, who proved to be General Strahl, who was forming his lines, as I supposed, to attack. I pointed out to him the line of Federals which would give him a flank fire if he moved forward. He said, "Let us ride over to General Brown and report this to him," which we did. I then told them that I had discovered a whole corps of Federals over there well hidden, and also six masked batteries of six guns each. General Brown said: "I am glad we found that out before I had orders to attack; but I will report this to General Cheatham." He ordered two of his staff to go with me, find General Cheatham, and make this report to the General. We found General Cheatham and I told him what I had told General Brown. General Cheatham said to me: "Come with me and tell General Hood what you have seen and what you have told Generals Brown and Strahl." When I told this to General Hood, he said to General Cheatham: "Let your troops remain as they are for the night." And General Cheatham sent staff officers to give this order to the proper officers. General Hood then asked me: "How do you know there is a whole corps of Federals in Spring Hill?" I had been expecting just such a question to be asked me by some of the generals and had my answer ready. So I said: "As I was trying to overtake General Forrest with your order I accidentally ran into the enemy's lines, but by good luck I had this long Federal overcoat and cap on [I had a Yankee cap on when I first met Hood, Cheatham, and Cleburne, and the overcoat was rolled up and fastened behind me on my saddle]; and as I was riding along so unconcerned and not very close to them, no one seemed to notice me. I was surprised to see so many of them, and they are well prepared to give our troops a warm reception if they are attacked."

I saluted the General and rode off. I wanted to add a little to Hood's last orders and rode along the line and gave this order to each brigade commander: "General Hood directs that you form your lines parallel with the pike, not nearer than four hundred yards to it, and by no means allow your men to fire on the enemy unless they advance and fire on you." I kept near the lines along the pike in order to keep any of the Confederates from crossing the pike if possible.

At last, thinking everything was going to suit me, I started for Hood's headquarters to see what else, if anything, I could find out; but before I got there I met some troops coming toward the pike, and I let them partly pass when I made up

my mind to find out where they were going and try to keep them from crossing the pike. I rode along till I came to the head of the column. Just then the officers at the head of the column stopped, and I heard one of them say: "Some one has reported to General Hood that stragglers are moving along the pike. Let us ride down and see if it is so." It being dark, I had not been noticed; so I rode along behind these two officers until we got near the pike. We listened, but as good luck would have it "all was quiet along the pike," and I rode a little to one side. After the two officers above mentioned had returned to the troops (which they had halted on going to see what they could hear near the pike), I came up as if I had come from the rear or from Hood; and when I got to where the officers were, I asked: "Who is in command here?" One of the officers said: "General Johnson." I said: "General, General Hood directs that you form your lines parallel with and not nearer than four hundred yards of the pike, and by no means allow your men to fire on the enemy unless they advance and fire on you."

My cousin and I had agreed to meet at Hood's headquarters at or near twelve o'clock. I thought it about time to be going there, and, feeling satisfied there would be nothing more for me to do, I started for headquarters. When I arrived General Stewart was there and several other officers of different rank, but I knew none of them except my cousin (who still had his disguise on) and General Hood. My cousin told me later that this was General Stewart. When Generals Stewart and Hood had finished their talk, I spoke to General Hood, saying: "General, I have just come from Spring Hill. I went all through the town, and it is full of Yankees, and there is a large train of wagons there too." Hood asked: "Is the enemy retreating north of Spring Hill?" I replied: "They are not. The men are piled down in line, and most, if not all, of them are asleep. Some of the teamsters are unhitching their mules, and the artillerymen are doing the same with their horses. From all appearances they are going to remain in Spring Hill during the night." "Are there any troops coming in from the south?" asked General Hood. "No, sir; I think all of Schofield's troops are in Spring Hill at this time and intend to remain there during the night." I replied: "How came you to go inside the enemy's lines?" asked General Hood. "I was anxious to find out what was going on over there, and the temptations was so strong I could not resist it; and when I discovered what I did, I thought you would like to know it."

General Hood extended his hand to me and I took hold of it. It was the only time I ever shook hands with a Confederate general. "Thank you, captain, for this information," and with a smile on his face General Hood brought his fist down on the table and said: "Gentlemen, there may be a skirmish here in the morning, but there will be no battle. I will just be a surrendeer." I started for the door to leave the room, when General Hood said to me: "Captain, report to me at seven o'clock to-morrow morning," to which I replied, "All right, General," saluted him, and left.

I thought it time now for me to return to my command. While General Hood and I were shaking hands I saw that my cousin had left the room, and as I opened the door to leave he entered. He had removed his disguise, and as we passed each other in the door he simply whispered the word "Wait" and motioned with his head to the outside. In a few moments he came out, and, stepping to one side, he told me how he had deceived Generals Stewart and Forrest about the Federals retreating on another road, and that Stewart was

taking the wrong road. That was all he did, but it amounted to considerable to the Federals. I told him of giving false orders and about deceiving Generals Cheatham, Brown, and Strahl—and I might add Hood also—about there being a whole corps of Federals over there, when in reality there was only one small division (Wagner's). I told him General Hood had ordered me to report to him at seven o'clock the next morning, and he said Hood was talking about me to General Stewart when he entered the room, and asked if any of those present knew my name or where I belonged. None of them knew anything about me. General Hood told them he was going to detail me as a scout and spy, and my cousin suggested to me to arrange things so as to do as Hood had ordered. We shook hands and parted, never to meet again, as he was killed the next day at Franklin while carrying orders from one general to another.

I returned to our lines and surrendered to one of my own regiments as a deserting Confederate officer, and requested the guard to take me to the nearest brigade headquarters, which was Colonel Optyke's, and reported what "another spy" and I had done. Of course he was well pleased. He took me to General Wagner and had me report all this to him, and all three of us went to General Stanley and from there to General Schofield; so you will see I had a time of it after I reached my friends.

I wish to state here that Companies A, F, D, and I, of the 73d Illinois, under command of Capt. Y. W. Patten, of Company I, 73d, was the first of Schofield's troops in Spring Hill on the morning of November 29, and the last to leave there on the morning of November 30, 1864.

I have written so as to take up as little space in the VETERAN as possible. I have given the plain facts in the case, and I leave it with the reader to lay the blame to whoever he sees fit. I repeat that if Hood's orders in the beginning of the arrival of his troops at Spring Hill had been carried out, and if he and his generals had not been deceived by my cousin and myself as they were, things would have ended differently, for at the time I told them that there was a whole corps over there General Cleburne was almost in possession of the pike, just what General Hood wanted, and which would have been the ruination of Schofield. I believe this belongs to history. It is a true account of the cause of Hood's failure at Spring Hill.

[Former correspondence to the receipt of the foregoing had not impressed the VETERAN with implicit confidence. Mr. Remington in his proposal to write the story, mentioned that a cousin in Hood's army had given him information, which was so severe a reflection upon a Confederate officer as not to be accepted. Herein it will be observed, however, that his cousin was a "Union man and a Federal spy." The Editor of the VETERAN, who kept the only known diary in his regiment, the 41st Tennessee, reported that the failure to fight at Spring Hill was because of Gen. John C. Brown's unwillingness to make the charge without the support of his right wing. (He commanded Cheatham's Division with his senior as corps commander.) Darkness came; and although the enemy was quite near, we built perhaps a thousand camp fires as they hurried along in silence. General Hood in his "Advance and Retreat" states: "I knew no large force could be at Spring Hill, as couriers reported Schofield's main body still in front of Lee at Columbia up to a late hour in the day. I thought it probable that General Cheatham had taken possession of Spring Hill without encountering material opposition or had formed line across the pike north of the town.

* * * However, I sent a courier to General Cheatham to ascertain if he held the pike. The messenger returned with the report that the road had not been taken possession of.”]

IN REPLY TO REQUEST FOR REFERENCES.

I wrote that article because I believed it to be my duty. Hood's failure, as you say, is a mystery; and I wrote it so that the facts might take place in history, believing that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will in time be culled and hunted over for historical facts.

I told you in the beginning of our correspondence that this and my other experiences inside your lines would all be written from memory, and I may have left out some things. I may not have quoted some of the words exact, but most of the whole occurrence is as fresh with me as if it had happened only a week ago, and much of it is so photographed on my mind that it will remain there till the mind is entirely gone. I hardly know how to furnish you with references.

In 1884 I went to the National Soldiers' Home in Ohio; in 1890 I left for the South in search of a climate for my health, and changed localities so often until I reached here that I did not form the acquaintance of well-known people. If I could give you such references, I should be glad to do so. I have been here four years the 1st of last September.

“all is fair in love and war.” I can do no more than what I have done, and I hope my explanations and suggestions will satisfy you. I was in Opydyke's Brigade. I enlisted in Company I, 73d Illinois Volunteers, at Springfield, Ill., August 21, 1862, as a private; and was mustered out June 12, 1865, as a private. I never missed a day's duty in all this time. My detail at brigade headquarters was all a sham.

My cousin entered the Confederate army in 1862. I do not know the date, as he never told me. He never told me what State he claimed to be from. Some of his people lived in Tennessee. He was inside our lines only one time, when he came to see me. He told me he sent his reports to our generals by two other of our spies, and I was the third. This, I suppose, is all you care to know about him.

Hood would have made the fight if he had not been told that there was a whole corps of the enemy over there. I want to thank you for the VETERAN containing your experience at Franklin. Wasn't it awful? Thank God, it is over!

Colonel Opydyke always let me go to my regiment when it was in action, and it was never in action when I was not with it. I had a Henry rifle (a sixteen-shooter), and often went out and fired a few shots with the sharpshooters. One thing occurred at Spring Hill I forgot to mention. When I was giving false orders, among the rest I went to General Cleburne, and when I gave him the orders to cease firing and to advance no farther, he said: “It is a shame to get such an order, and I am inclined to disregard the order, for I can take the pike in less than half an hour.” He was mad. He reminded me of Sheridan in his language. After we left Atlanta, Colonel Opydyke had me detailed as one of the provost guards at his headquarters at Nashville, Tenn., in 1865. I am glad he had no use for me as a spy after Spring Hill.

The original order detailing him to serve in the brigade bakery, which he states was a sham, shows that it has never been handled very much; so he has evidently not boasted of his work at Spring Hill.



J. D. REMINGTON—PICTURE MADE TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

Complying with your request, I inclose my picture taken in 1887. Please tell me what you want with it. * * * I am acquainted with one well-known man who is very prominent in this State. He is now the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate, Hon. John N. C. Stockton. I send you his letter, but request you to return it to me. I have been thinking how it would do to refer you to the R. E. Lee Camp of United Confederate Veterans at Jacksonville, only five or six miles from Ortega, and let them ask any one in Ortega who knows about me. That is the best I can furnish you. I will say this for myself: I am a Presbyterian, a Christian, and a truthful man. I could not say that when I was lying to General Hood. That was in time of war, but it is said

*Sp. Order to Lt. Col. Opydyke
Near Atlanta Ga. April 20 1865
Special Order
No 55
Private J. D. Remington Co. I. 73d
Ill. Vols. is detailed to serve in brigade bakery
and will report to Capt. L. H. Smith till further
order at once.
By order of
Col. E. Opydyke
J. D. Remington
Capt. Opydyke*

The story is given as furnished the VETERAN. If true and accepted, it clears the greatest mystery of all that occurred in the Army of Tennessee and caused greater consequences than can be conceived. Mr. Remington in all the correspondence shows a spirit of absolute sincerity. Of course the report is submitted just as received. If true, it is not a reflection upon Confederate officers. It will put thousands to meditation, and investigation may strengthen or weaken it.

Mr. Stockton's letter was returned by mistake before being copied. It cordially indorsed Mr. Remington through four years of acquaintance and some business dealing as a prompt and honorable man. It was thoroughly commendable.

THE GREENWOOD (MISS.) MONUMENT.

FORMAL PRESENTATION AND ACCEPTANCE.

In presenting the monument to the veterans of Leflore County, Mrs. T. M. Whetstone, President of the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, and under its auspices said:

"To me has been assigned the pleasant duty of presenting to you, veterans of Leflore County, a monument which has been builded as a testimonial of the love and honor which you and the noble women of the Confederacy inspire in the hearts of every true son and daughter of the South. * * *

"There is a period in the world's history known as 'The Age of Chivalry.' It was an age when every soldier was incased in a suit of mail as nearly weapon proof as the most skilled and accomplished artisans of the day could make it. But not so with the Confederate soldier; his 'simple suit of gray' composed his only coat of mail."

"Want and privation were the constant attendants on the armies of the South, yet no army that was ever marshaled accomplished greater deeds of valor than those accomplished by the 'ragged Rebels' of the South. No cause was ever dearer to its people, no cause more just or more righteous than the cause for which the Confederate soldier contended, nor was ever a cause more gallantly defended. * * *

"This day is, in a happy sense, a supreme day for all of us, especially so for the good people of Leflore County. We have with us as our guests representatives from all sections of our State who are here to join with us in giving united expression of our love for those brave hearts of our own soil and kindred in whose struggle and endurance were written one of the great epics of the world's history—that of the War between the States—and to the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., was intrusted by Leflore County a high duty, which we felt also to be a precious privilege. It was ours to carry out the commission of Leflore in erecting her memorial to those of her children who in the home or on the battle field had faithfully done their part in that tremendous conflict, who in their day not only sustained their own high standard of right, loyalty, and honor, but shed on the path yet untrodden of their people the long rays of a light of example which should say to us forever: 'Mississippi expects every man to do his duty.' It is sweet to know that in Mississippi was the earliest establishment of the beautiful custom of observing Memorial Day. [Honored be Mississippi, but the VETERAN understands that to Mrs. Williams, of Columbus, Ga., has been given the distinction of inaugurating Memorial Day. EDITOR.] It is also a fact undisputed—the question being settled by the General Convention U. D. C.—that the first Confederate monument was in Mississippi. * * *

"It is the tragedy of human love that often the full appreciation of it comes too late to bring comfort and reward to the hearts that have yielded their best treasure of devotion. Too late, for the story is ended! Not so with us. This day has not been deferred until all whose praise it speaks are beyond the reach of its music, beyond the sight of its flowers; for we have with us many of our beloved old heroes who have come to honor us with their presence, and many of the sweet faces which we see before us are the faces of our dear women of the Confederacy. So long as there survives one of our veterans and one of the revered mothers of the Confederacy, the rhythm of our epic beats on, and when we wreath this memorial we lay the blossoms to the lips of the living, thank God, as well as on the graves of the dead.

"The survivors of those stirring and glorious days can re-

joice with us, meeting handclasp with smile. Surely if under the sod where the others lay, could they know, they too would tremble with an answering thrill as they heard the remembered songs and felt that their comrades were gathered together as in the old times, and that the women, who were a part of the poem of life for them, their children, and their grandchildren were all gathered in token of love and pride as they commemorate the deeds of the heroes of fifty years ago, and that they were seeing with tear-dimmed vision this monument rise from masses of bloom as fresh and fragrant as is the memory of the past to us.

"This storied stone standing here before us with its sculptures and inscriptions is dear to us, and to each of us it stands for and expresses our very hearts, our highest, our fondest hopes. * * * And now, honored and beloved vet-



FRONT VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AT GREENWOOD.

[The monument was erected by the Columbus Marble Works. The top figure, the statue of Gen. Benjamin G. Humphreys, is of Italian marble, while Georgia granite is the material for the body of the monument. Mr. W. A. Stinson made good explanation of it on behalf of the contractors.]

erans of the Hugh A. Reynolds Camp, U. C. V., in the name of our patriotic Board of Supervisors and the citizens of Leflore County, we of the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., present it to you as its custodians with a prayer in our hearts that it will be pleasing and acceptable to you. It will be a treasured and eloquent addition to the growing beauty of Leflore's county seat, and it will be an impressive sign to all generations of our people of high duty faithfully done and loyally and lovingly remembered."

Facing the courthouse (not shown in the picture) is a life-size statue of a Confederate woman, who stands with her hands uplifted, watching the battle in Charleston Harbor between the Confederates and the United States navy. She has engaged in that battle a husband and a son, whom she has willingly given up to her country. Under the feet on this figure are the words, dedicating her husband and son to her country: "Father, thy will be done."

Lower down on the monument is engraved: "To the Confederate woman! None has told the story of her whose heart and life were a sacrifice, offered as valiantly and unselfishly upon the altar of her Southland as any warrior's life upon the battle field; so to her in part we have placed this monument, that all may know she loved her country, and enfold her memory in eternal glory, cherishing it forever."

On another side of the monument is a group figure, and under it is inscribed: "Leflore County's tribute to her sons and daughters of the Southern Confederacy, erected under the auspices of the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, October 9, 1913."

On the side toward the river is a figure of a cavalry soldier, as shown in the photograph, with the inscription: "A testimonial of our affection and reverence for the Confederate soldier, the memory of whose brave deeds and heroic life and the principles for which he sacrificed so much we bequeath to our children through future generations."

On the side facing Market Street is an artillery soldier, beneath which is in base relief the replica of the pilot wheel of the Star of the West, at which the first shot of the war was fired. On the side of this monument nearest the wheel is inscribed: "Steamer Star of the West. In 1861 the first shot of the War between the States was fired at this vessel in Charleston Harbor. The Star of the West was captured by a squad of cavalry at Sabine pass and scuttled in 1863 in the Tallahatchie River at Fort Pemberton, three miles from Greenwood."

On the summit is the figure of a Confederate officer, with spyglasses in hand, watching the battle. His every expression and attitude is one of keenest interest. This is a "speaking" figure of an officer watching the progress of a battle from an elevated point.

ACCEPTANCE OF MONUMENT BY L. P. YERGER.

"Grim-visaged war hath smoothed its wrinkled front."

Now, instead of serried hosts in battle array,

There has assembled here in peaceful sway

The young and the old, the fair and the gay,

To honor the Confederate veterans, grizzled and gray,

Who, bending under the weight of years, for themselves and their comrades gone before are now receiving from the Daughters of a valorous race this tribute of affection, this token of esteem, for those who bravely bared their breasts to the charge of steel, to the storm of shot, to the crash of shell, for those who fought and fell and died for principle, for home, and for the cause we loved so well.

Well do we know the sacrifice of time and comfort and health and energetic thought which was inspired and contributed by members of the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., in the erection and completion of this beautiful and enduring monument; how the spark which, though dormant for so many long and weary years, was by them like vestal virgins kept alive until at last it was fanned into a flame by popular expression and approval; how these patriotic Daughters worked and watched and prayed for the glorious day when

"By the flow of the Yazoo River

This shaft should rear its head.

Upon whose summit stands the warrior

Reviewing the living and the dead."

Daughters, you have chosen well in selecting for the crowning of this majestic monument the commanding figure of a Confederate officer; for while to "the men behind the gun" all honor is due, yet without the directing head of the officer "confusion worse confounded" must ensue. Again we say, you chose wisely and justly in placing this figure in memory of Leflore County's most distinguished son and soldier, Gen. Benjamin G. Humphries.

In saying this I do not detract from the valiant service rendered their country by Leflore's other soldiery: the brave Col. Hugh A. Reynolds, who gave his life to his country on the battle field of Chickamauga, in honor of whom this Camp is named; the dauntless William H. Morgan, who organized two companies of volunteers in the territory now known as Leflore County, and went into battle at the head of one of them ("The Sunflower Dispensers") as its captain, and was promoted to the rank of major for gallantry, and represented Leflore County in the Constitutional Convention of 1860, and to whose public spirit and generosity Leflore County is largely indebted for the building through it of the Delta Southern Railway, which was not completed, however, till after his death; the brave and courteous Capt. William G. Poindexter, distinguished as an officer upon the staff of General Featherston; Capt. William Berry Prince, whose command with him bravely fought at Fort Pemberton, and with others, under Maj. W. H. Morgan, drove the Federal fleet back to the Yazoo Pass; that dashing and gallant knight, Capt. Tully S. Gibson, who during the Reconstruction period was murdered by the hand of a Federal assassin; Lieut. Azro A. Stoddard and Thomas L. Chapman, who, with their comrades, scuttled the steamer Star of the West in the Tallahatchie River, a short distance from where we are now standing, to prevent the Federal fleet from descending the Yazoo River; Capt. Nat Scales; Maj. Thomas Walton, who distinguished himself on the staff of General Longstreet in the Army of Northern Virginia, and after the war in the yellow fever epidemic at Grenada; L. T. Baskett, who was wounded four times in battle, and commanded his company from 1863 to the end of the war, except when disabled by wounds, and who was Mayor of Greenwood and elected twice to the office of sheriff of this county and also as county treasurer; George W. Arnold and John D. Chickering, who belonged to the company in the 28th Mississippi Regiment of Volunteer Cavalry of which I was a member, and who held the offices of Circuit and Chancery Court Clerk of this county from the time of the political upheaval, when the carpetbaggers and scallawags were driven from office, till his death; Thomas Wadlington, who was severely wounded in battle, and who was Mayor of Greenwood at the time of his death; D. R. C. Martin, Angus M. Martin, and



THE FAMOUS LEFLORE HOME FOR WHOM THE COUNTY WAS NAMED.

M. A. Martin; W. A. Gillespie, who came from the North in 1852 and enlisted in the Southern army at the breaking out of the war, who was captured at Fort Donelson, afterwards exchanged and transferred to the Confederate navy at Mobile, where he surrendered when the war was over, and who was Adjutant of this Camp till he died; the Cobb brothers, James Carne, Sam East, D. J. Ellington, George C. Kempton, Garnett McLean, R. S. McLemore, William A. Gayden, A. J. Locke, John A. Gleason, Felix W. Goff, Lieut. William H. Rose, Maj. John K. Allen, and a number of others who came to live with us after the war, among whom were Jeff H. McLemore, Dr. N. E. Whitehead, Judge R. W. Williamson, John W. Hicks, J. C. Towns, David J. Nichols, W. E. Bew, Jack Rose, S. J. McGlathery, A. Casper, M. C. Humphrey, W. J. Howell, L. A. Mahoney, A. P. Parks, Frank P. Pleasants, A. G. Smith, James Morley, and a host of others who are now dead whose names are dear to us, besides those Confederate veterans who are now honored citizens living in this county, too well known to you all to require an enumeration.

If I had the eloquence of a Prentiss, the suavity of a Lamar, the magnetism of a Walthall, I might hope to express in appropriate terms the appreciation of our Camp of the honor which you have conferred in selecting us as the custodians of this everlasting token of esteem, erected by the good people of this county in honor of the brave Confederate soldier, as well as the Confederate mother and woman; for they, single-handed and alone, fought the battle at home every day, fed the little lambs and drove from the door the wolf, spun the wheel and wove the cloth, and provided food and comfort for the poor. It is her children who, since this cruel war is over, have grown into manhood and womanhood and are proud of the title of Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy.

In accepting the honor and trust conferred on this Camp, I do in its name pledge that this magnificent testimony standing as a beacon on the shores of time, expressing to this and future generations the love and esteem of the people of Leflore County for the Confederate soldier and the Confederate women, shall be faithfully protected and guarded until each of us shall have answered to the long last roll call and "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." Then will the sons of Confederate veterans keep vigil while we sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

At the opening session of the reunion Judge S. R. Coleman gave a most hearty welcome to his veteran comrades. Col. Lee McMillan responded. Mr. Hamner in his address to the Sons of Veterans gave a glowing account of the rapid progress of Greenwood—how it had sprung from a mosquito-

infested mudhole in the country road to the queen city of the Delta. During the session a time was set apart for short talks by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. McClurg, Mrs. Henderson, and Mrs. Stevens made short talks along U. D. C. lines; Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter's address and history of the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy was greatly enjoyed. After her address she was presented with a beautifully wrought gavel from the wood of the chapel built at Beauvoir by the State Division, U. D. C., of Mississippi. The gavel was ornamented by a brass star made from a nail from the wreck of the steamer Star of the West, and it bore this inscription: "Presented by the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter to the State Division, U. D. C., during the administration of Mrs. Slaughter."

Among the special guests of honor were: Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, now President General U. D. C.; Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter, President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C.; and Col. W. A. Montgomery, Commandant elect of the State Division of the Veterans. These were the guests of Judge and Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough. The visiting United Sons of Confederate Veterans were: George C. Myers, of Jackson, Miss., Clerk of the Supreme Court; Adj. Gen. Bedford Forrest, Jr., of the U. S. C. V.; and his accompanying guest, Mr. Carl Minton, from Denver, Colo.

At the closing session Col. Pat Henry, the presiding officer, brought forward for action by the whole body a resolution signed by one hundred and sixty names of the veterans at Beauvoir who desired to express their heartfelt appreciation to Mrs. Kimbrough for her unwearying efforts in obtaining for them their beautiful home on the Gulf, and for the many other things she has done for them in the way of looking to their comfort and happiness.



HOME OF DR. AND MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON.

MONUMENT AT ROCKVILLE, MD.

On June 3 a very beautiful monument was unveiled at Rockville, Md., in memory of Ridgely Brown and the Confederate soldiers of Montgomery County. The occasion was one of greatest interest, and old-time patriotism prevailed in the great crowd of Marylanders present.

The memorial was erected through the concerted action of the Ridgely Brown Chapter, U. D. C., Miss F. May Sellman being the chief promoter and factor, and the Ridgely Brown Camp, U. C. V.

On June 1, 1861, Ridgely Brown enlisted as a private in the Confederate service. On May 15, 1862, he, with Frank A. Bond, Thomas Griffith, and J. A. V. Pue, organized a company which was the nucleus of what afterwards became one of the most dashing and distinguished commands in the Army of Northern Virginia, the 1st Maryland Cavalry. Ridgely Brown was elected captain of the new company, and from this time until his death, as lieutenant colonel, in June, 1864, he added to the record he had already made as a brave and modest Christian soldier, the memory of whose chivalrous and heroic deeds is a bright page in Maryland's history and a cherished ideal in the hearts of his comrades. He fell in battle on June 1, 1864, on the third anniversary of his service.



The statue on the monument represents the cavalry leader with sheathed sword, standing "at rest." Many Confederates from Baltimore were at the unveiling, numbers greeting each other here for the first time since the war. Maj. Wil-

liam M. Pegram, Commander of Franklin Buchanan Camp, acted as host for many of the visitors, and by his interest and enthusiasm added no little to the success of the occasion. The monument was unveiled by Anna Lee Hoyle, Hutton D. Sellman, and Frederick A. Tschiffly, grandchildren of veterans of Ridgely Brown Camp.

MONUMENT AT CAMP BEAUREGARD, KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. GEORGE T. FULLER, CHAIRMAN OF FUND.

The Kentucky Division, U. D. C., having ascertained that between 1,200 and 1,500 Confederate soldiers rest in unmarked graves at Camp Beauregard, located one mile northeast of Water Valley, Graves County, Ky., on the Louisville Division of the Illinois Central Railroad, about ten miles from Fulton, Ky., appointed a committee to raise funds for a suitable monument to their memory. The camp was named in honor of General Beauregard, who was in command of the troops in that section at the time they died.

The loss of life was caused by camp diseases and measles, the latter becoming an epidemic, with cold rain, sleet, and snow, keeping the soldiers cold and wet. Their inferior tents were but little protection from the March weather.

For a description or history of Camp Beauregard see November (1912) VETERAN, page 523.

RECEIPTS FOR THE MONUMENT FUND.

Report of Mrs. George T. Fuller, Chairman, Mayfield, Ky., from September 1, 1913, to November 1, 1913:

Arkansas: Gen. T. J. Churchill Chapter, Little Rock, \$2.

Kentucky: Hon. Alben Barkley, M. C., Washington, D. C., \$25; Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky., \$15; Mayfield Chapter, Mayfield, \$5; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, \$5; Ben Briggs, Mayfield, \$1.

Missouri: Missouri Division, U. D. C., \$5; Mrs. E. D. Hornbrook, Kansas City, Mo., \$15.

Mississippi: John M. Stone Chapter, West Point, \$1.

New York: New York Chapter, New York City, \$5.

Tennessee: Baker Lemmon Chapter, Covington, \$1.

Texas: Stephen Elmore, San Angelo, \$5.

Total collections, \$85; less postage and cards, \$3.

Cash on hand September 1, \$131.25; cash on hand November 1, \$213.25; pledges, \$221.

Please remit your pledges at once.

CAMP BEAUREGARD: APPEALS FOR THE FUND.

The erection of the Camp Beauregard monument should appeal strongly to the U. D. C. and citizens of Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and Tennessee, and I commend this work to the Chapters of those States. Mrs. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, Pres. Gen. U. D. C.

The work of Mrs. George T. Fuller (see circular letter) is heartily indorsed. Kentucky hopes to finish this memorial within the next year, and your help will be greatly appreciated.

CHARLOTTE OSBORN WOODBURY, Pres. Ky. Div., U. D. C.

Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and Tennessee have sons there in unmarked and unkept graves. Most of these graves are on a high hill, and a monument should be erected there that could be seen from the railroad and from the surrounding country for miles. And, too, it would preserve a Confederate historic point for future generations, which otherwise would be forgotten.

Each State having dead buried there should contribute her proportionate part. Capt. H. A. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky., now

Lieutenant General commanding Forrest's Cavalry Corps, has pledged one-tenth the cost.

The generals under General Beauregard were General Alcorn, General Bowen, General Biddle, also Col. H. Clay King.

The following forces were in camp at Camp Beauregard from September, 1861, to March, 1862: First Missouri Infantry, Colonel Rich; 1st, 22d, and 25th Mississippi Infantry, Hudson's Mississippi Battery, 9th Arkansas, Colonel Dunlap; 10th Arkansas Infantry, Colonel Merrick; 22d and 27th Tennessee Infantry, Tennessee Cavalry, part of 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Williams's Tennessee Battery; Beltzhoover's Louisiana Battery, Alabama troops, which were merged into the 1st Confederate Cavalry; a Mississippi Valley regiment, Colonel Martin; Col. Logwood's Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry; a Mississippi regiment, Col. Burrell Williams; 12th Tennessee, Colonel Russell; two Kentucky companies, Captain Holt, of Murray, Ky., and Captain Outlaw, of Moscow, Ky.

Maj. Gen. Virgil Y. Cook, commanding the Third Division Forrest's Cavalry Corps, U. C. V., gives a record of each regimental officer during the war, some of whom may not have been field officers at the time they were stationed at Camp Beauregard, but became so later. Many were of the rank given them herein at that time.

First Missouri Infantry: John S. Bowen, colonel (later brigadier general provisional army); Martin Burke, major (later lieutenant colonel); Charles C. Campbell, major; Robert J. Duffy, major; Hugh A. Garland, major (later lieutenant colonel, still later colonel); Bedford Keith, major; Lucius L. Rich and Amos C. Riley, each lieutenant colonel and later colonel.

Twenty-second Mississippi Infantry: D. W. C. Bonham and James D. Lester, each colonel; Thomas C. Dockery, major; Charles G. Nelms and James S. Prestidge, each major and later lieutenant colonel; H. J. Reid, lieutenant colonel; Frank Schaller, lieutenant colonel and later colonel; Martin A. Otis, major.

Twenty-Second Tennessee Infantry: Thomas J. Freeman, colonel; Benjamin T. Davis, major; Lipscomb P. McMurray, major, and later colonel; M. H. Pirtle and A. T. Robertson, each lieutenant colonel; Francis M. Stewart, major, and later lieutenant colonel.

Twenty-Fifth Mississippi Infantry (later 2d Confederate Infantry): John D. Martin, colonel; Edward F. McGehee, lieutenant colonel; Thomas H. Mangum, major.

Ninth Arkansas Infantry: John M. Bradley and Isaac L. Dunlop, each colonel; John C. Bratton and William J. Wallace, each major; W. Y. McCammon and Jefferson W. Rogers, each lieutenant colonel; R. W. Millsap, major, and later lieutenant colonel.

Tenth Arkansas Infantry: T. D. Merrick and A. R. Witt, each colonel; C. M. Cargile and Obed Patty, each major; S. S. Ford and Luther R. Venerable, each lieutenant colonel.

Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Infantry: Christopher H. Williams, colonel; Blackburn H. Brown and Alexander W. Caldwell, each lieutenant colonel, and later colonel; William Frierson, lieutenant colonel; Alexander C. Allen, Samuel T. Love, and John M. Taylor, each major.

King's Battalion Kentucky Cavalry (merged into the 1st Confederate Cavalry and later 6th Confederate Cavalry): H. Clay King, major. The captains of this battalion were: Company A, H. Clay King, Robert Grundy, and Felix Boyd; Company B, James Pell and James Husband; Company C, M. Swan, with later captains; Company D, names not given.

Mrs. Fuller makes this appeal to U. D. C. Chapters: "Will you not present this to the Daughters composing your Chapter and make an earnest appeal to them to help raise funds for a monument to the memory of the unknown and un-honored Confederate dead at Camp Beauregard? Each Daughter of the Confederacy of these States, whose sons lie there in unmarked graves, will be glad of the opportunity to honor her dead heroes at Camp Beauregard by a liberal response to our call for a contribution to this worthy cause."

[This Beauregard monument enterprise, already in hand, prevents attention for the present that the New Orleans Beauregard monument deserves.]

DIXIE WOMAN IN BUFFALO, N. Y.

MRS. W. B. ROMINE ENTERTAINED AT THE CONSISTORY.

[From the Buffalo Courier.]

The Dixie entertainment at the Consistory last evening was enjoyed by members of the Masonic fraternity, their wives and friends, with Mrs. William B. Romine, of Pulaski, Tenn., as guest of honor and chief entertainer. The occasion was the most delightful in the history of that body.

Commander in Chief George K. Staples, thirty-third degree, presided. The interior of the hall was resplendent with the Stars and Stripes and battle flags of Dixie that saw service at Shiloh, Franklin, and Vicksburg.

Mrs. Romine is a poet of more than ordinary merit, and as a platform orator has few equals. Her versatility was illustrated by the manner in which she moved her audience to laughter by dialect stories, and then to tears by reading her own poem on Sam Davis, the boy scout, who preferred death to dishonor. Mrs. Romine represented Tennessee at the recent world conference of the W. C. T. U. in Brooklyn, attended by Lady Aurea Howard, of England, Lady Aberdeen, of Scotland, and Lady Holder, of Australia.

Commander Staples, introducing Mrs. Romine, said that she is the wife of a Past Master, the sister of a Past Master and thirty-second degree Mason, and daughter of the late Judge John S. Wilkes, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. She was present by request of the Buffalo Consistory.

Mrs. Romine captivated her auditors by her recital of her poem, "My Tribute to the South." She exhibited a voice of rare sweetness in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Mrs. Romine, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George K. Staples, will be entertained while here by Mrs. John Miller Horton, Regent of the D. A. R.

The following was given as a toast to Mrs. Romine, at the Consistory dinner at which she was guest of honor, by Mr. W. C. Emerson, a relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"Dainty as a penciled pink
Fresh from God's own hand,
Sunny as the hopes that link
This to Beulah Land;
Winning as the lilies are,
Purer than all art,
Shedding radiance like a star
From her diamond heart;
Graceful as the wind-kissed tree,
Rare as a chosen pearl,
Soft in speech as honeybee—
That's the Dixie girl."

[These unstinted tributes to Southern people who go North, representing the South, contribute much without sacrifice to the peace and the welfare of the entire country.]

A CONTRAST IN ORDERS OF ARMY COMMANDERS.

BY REV. JAMES H. McNEILLY, NASHVILLE.

The history of the war between the sections of the Union has been written largely by Northern men, and everything that could bring discredit on the South, as to the cause and the conduct of the war, has been sought out and generally exaggerated. It is stated that we fought for the perpetuation of slavery, and that our treatment of prisoners was inhuman and barbarous and a true indication of the Southern spirit in waging war. Now, the true spirit in which the war was conducted can be shown no better than by the official orders of the commanders of the opposing armies, and these orders were obeyed by the soldiers. Little notice is taken in Northern histories of the outrages of Hunter and Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia, of Sherman in Georgia and South Carolina, who said that "war is hell" and who did all he could to make it so, of the use of the torch as a weapon of war, and the loot of private property and the murder of non-combatants by military orders. On the other hand, mention is made of the burning of Chambersburg by order of General Early, though disapproved by General Lee, and of what they call the massacre of Fort Pillow, which was shown to be no massacre at all.

In publishing again these official orders and reports, showing the contrast between the way of conducting war by Confederate and Federal armies, it is not to arouse bitter feeling nor recrimination, but to vindicate the Southern army and people and to promote the truth of history.

First, I give General Sheridan's report of his operations in the Valley of Virginia:

"WOODSTOCK, October 7, 1864.

"I commenced to move back from Port Republic, Mount Crawford, Bridgewater, and Harrisonburg yesterday morning. In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made untenable for a Rebel army. We have burned over two thousand barns filled with wheat, hay, and farming implements; over seven hundred mills filled with flour and wheat, and have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of sheep, have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand, and when we get to Winchester the entire valley to that point will be a wilderness. Lieut. John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all houses within an area of five miles were burned." Lieutenant Meigs was killed in a fight with the Black Horse Cavalry.

On November 10 and 11 General Sheridan reported the return of parties sent out for the purpose, "bringing in a lot of stock, horses, sheep, and cattle, and the grain, barns, subsistence, etc., as far as possible were destroyed"; also "three hundred cattle, a lot of sheep and horses, and burned all the granaries and destroyed all the provisions on the road."

Thus women and children on the verge of winter were turned out to starve.

General Sherman's march through Georgia and South Carolina with 60,000 men was practically unopposed, and was characterized by the same ruthless outrages—burning, looting, insult to women, and general rapine. His official report says: "I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at one hundred millions of dollars, at least twenty millions of which have inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simply waste and destruction." In his memoirs he tells of the ruin wrought in South Carolina with

evident satisfaction, and confesses that he charged the burning of Columbia on General Hampton falsely so as to discredit him with his own people. And in answer to General Halleck, commander in chief of the Federal armies, suggesting that when Charleston should fall into his hands its site should be sown with salt, General Sherman replied that a certain corps of his army would occupy the city, and that it was noted for not sparing anything in its path.

All these outrages were perpetrated to make the Confederate people know the horrors of war. In contrast with these official acts, note General Lee's course. He invaded Pennsylvania in June, 1863, and the battle of Gettysburg was fought July 1-3, ending really in a drawn battle. His army had come from Virginia, which had been desolated by the vandalism of their foe. But this is the order issued at Chambersburg, Pa., June 27:

"General Orders, No. 73: The commanding general has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

"There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own.

"The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the unarmed and defenseless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only degrade the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movement. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemies, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain. The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, General."

The testimony of foreign officers who accompanied the Confederate army is that this order was fully obeyed. Says Colonel Freemantle, of England: "I saw no straggling into the houses, nor were any of the inhabitants disturbed or annoyed by the soldiers."

I have seen it stated that General Grant, magnanimous as he afterwards proved to be, approved General Sheridan's devastation of the Valley of Virginia. But General Lee disapproved General Early's destruction of Chambersburg, and Colonel Peters, who refused to obey General Early's order, was not brought to trial for insubordination. Surely the South has no cause for shame as to her conduct of the war if the truth of history is known.

LAST ISSUE OF CONFEDERATE MONEY.

BY W. F. SPURLIN, CAMDEN, ALA.

The disposition of the last issue of Confederate money at Columbia, S. C., is not generally known. In 1856 I was conducting a jewelry store in Camden, Ala., repairing watches, jewelry, and engraving. As an assistant I employed J. H. Crosland, a young man nineteen or twenty years old, who promised to be quite apt in learning the business, especially in sketching and drafting designs, and he soon became an expert in the art of engraving. To him belongs the credit for designing and engraving that spirited artillery battery used as a vignette on the later \$10 Confederate bill (see Nos. 17266, Feb. 17, 1864), with M. Neely for Register and E. Armstrong for Treasurer. This was designed to represent Captain Bragg's battery while in Mexico when ordered to "give them a little more grape," Crosland being a relative and admirer of Captain (General) Bragg.

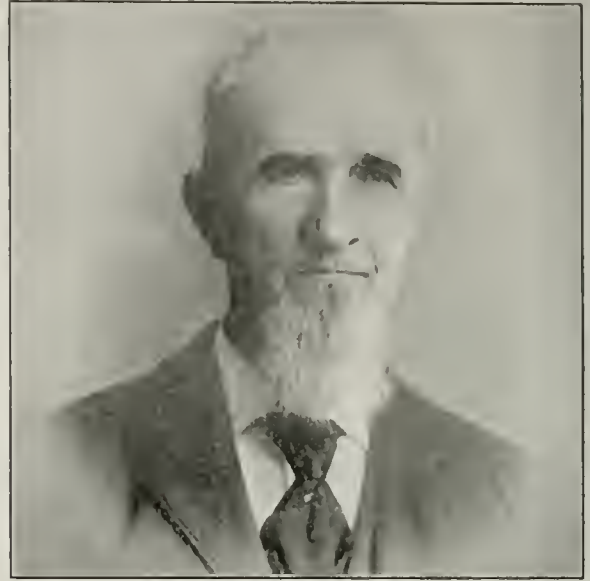
At the breaking out of the War of the States Crosland accepted a position as assistant in the Bureau of Engraving of the Confederate government at Richmond, Va. When General Grant started his "On to Richmond" slogan, though finding the road rather rough and somewhat obstructed, the bureau of Confederate money was transferred to Columbia, S. C., for greater safety; and when Sherman's army approached that city it was thought advisable to take the remains of the last issue of Confederate money to prevent its falling into the hands of the invaders.

In the meantime J. H. Crosland's elder brother, W. A. Crosland, had joined him in Columbia, and with a Captain Sprague they formed a partnership. The three loaded a wagon with unsigned Confederate bills and three of the lithographic stones on which the last impression was made, together with part of one of the three presses. I was in Columbia a few days after Sherman pillaged and burned the city and noticed the Confederate presses, as they were quite conspicuous with their long arms projecting above the debris of the still smoking buildings.

The two Crosland brothers, with their partner Sprague, made their way through the country from Columbia to Camden, Ala., buying anything that their Confederate money (unsigned) would buy. It was said that J. H. Crosland could beat the Treasurer signing his own name, but no attention was paid at this time to signatures. Soon after their arrival in Camden, the home of the Crosland brothers, a disagreement occurred on the question of dividing spoils, which was followed by a general fight between the three partners in a vacant building adjoining my store, which was also vacant. The fight between them grew furious, until it was apparent that the Crosland brothers were getting the better of Sprague, all down on the floor. Seeing the disparity of two against one, Dr. Caldwell, an old and venerable man, rushed in bareheaded and endeavored to separate them. At the same time J. H. Crosland picked up a heavy chisel that had been used for opening boxes of tobacco, and was just in the act of striking Dr. Caldwell on the back of his bald head when the latter's son, George Caldwell, standing on top of a counter fifteen or twenty feet away, fired his pistol at Crosland. The bullet struck him in the center of the head, and he fell to the floor, expiring in a few minutes. W. A. Crosland then rushed out of the back door of the store, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, and hastily mounted an iron-gray mare bareback and hurriedly rode off, presumably to secure the fine animal, which was the bone of contention; and on his return, some

twenty or thirty minutes later, his brother had breathed his last. This deplorable tragedy ended the contest. Young Caldwell was never arrested. This was in the beginning of those awful Reconstruction times.

As to the final disposition of the remaining unsigned Confederate bills, the lithographic stones, and the piece of press, all must have been destroyed, as the residence formerly occupied by the Crosland family was burned some years ago.



W. F. SPURLIN.

The three lithographic stones, each slightly larger than an ordinary brick, are still in possession of the Crosland family, as I learned recently from Dr. J. H. Crosland, of Montgomery, Ala., a son of W. A. Crosland, now dead. I had those three stones in my possession for several months with other exhibits at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago. They were with Confederate relics in the Virginia building. It is my recollection that the denominations were \$100, \$50, and \$5. Crosland and his partners no doubt assisted in printing the last issue of Confederate money and took these bills fresh from the press with them to Camden, Ala.

At the time of the surrender I was fifty or sixty miles east of Columbia, S. C., with a few members of Company F, 53d Alabama Cavalry, the command being disorganized and scattered. A few days later, learning of the surrender at Appomattox, we went by way of Columbia to Augusta, Ga., where we were honorably discharged and paroled about the 10th or 15th of May, 1865. We had our side arms and our poor and worn-out horses and mules with which to make our way through a devastated country to Camden, Ala.

WANTS HIS CEDAR CANTEEN WITH MASONIC EMBLEM.

Comrade Spurlin desires to procure his cedar canteen, with the Masonic emblems carved on one side and his initials and full name on the opposite side. His canteen was captured from Captain Lock, of Company F, 53d Alabama Cavalry, by a raiding squad of Jayhawkers (many of them disguised in Confederate uniforms) about November, 1863. It was on the night on which the Cypress Creek Cotton Mills were burned near Florence, Ala. A reasonable reward will be paid for information leading to its recovery.

WAR MEMORIES OF A VIRGINIA WOMAN.

BY LAURA HERBERT MACALPINE.

In response to a flattering request of the clever and gracious President of the Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., that I should write some of my personal reminiscences of the War of the States, I unwisely consented.

The year 1861 was a bright and busy period. Little dances, old Virginia suppers, and tableaux were given in our neighborhood to enliven the boys in gray—our cousins, friends, and brothers—who were encamped by the seaside. In those sunny, hopeful days there were picnics galore, and the quarters at dear old Level Green at night resounded with the quaint melodies of the happy, care-free plantation negroes.

Of the many recollections of 1861, perhaps the most picturesque and inspiring was that of a cloudless, balmy Sunday afternoon in August. Our country turned out *en masse* to attend a service conducted by Rev. H. A. Wise for our Princess Anne Cavalry. We drove down to the Live Oaks, a beautiful skirt of woods whose hem touched the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay, where the cavalry was encamped. The fine blooded horses were tethered near by, and occasionally we could hear them pawing the earth and gayly whimmying. The soldiers in their new uniforms, booted and spurred, were perched like great birds on the low boughs of the moss-draped trees. A small platform had been erected for the minister and rude plank seats for the visitors.

After the inspiring Episcopal service, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" was sung with such earnestness that the woods echoed and re-echoed with the martial music. As the young minister arose and repeated his text, "Quit you like men; be strong," his delicate, intellectual face glowed with a heavenly light as if touched by the finger of God. Like his father, Governor (or rather General) Wise, he was a born orator; and his musical voice, personal magnetism, his magnificent sermon, so fraught with Christian hope and patriotism, thrilled every heart with a longing to do or die for his country.

At the close of the service the sun's bright rays had sunk beneath the horizon. The warship Minnesota as she steamed down the bay fired several balls which, providentially, went wide of the mark. At the bugle's call we bade good-by to our young heroes and to our friend, the gifted minister.

In the early days of September, 1862, I planned to run the blockade to take some warm underclothing to my husband, Dr. James Newton MacAlpine, who was then surgeon of the 38th Virginia Regiment. A young cousin, a mere boy, was anxious to join the Confederate army; so we started very early one morning. By keeping clear of the broad highway we escaped every picket. We reached Dixie the next evening after a fearful experience in trying to cross the Chowan in a little dugout. We went over one at a time, and feared that the boatman would never get the obstinate mule to swim; but by dint of a few unspeakable threats and nervous waiting his muleship bravely swam the Hellespont. A great disappointment awaited us at Petersburg, however. A large part of our army, including the 38th Virginia Regiment, was in Maryland.

One morning while at breakfast in the Bolingbrook Hotel I heard a very manly voice ask: "Isn't this Mrs. Laura MacAlpine?" I arose quickly and said: "Yes, and this is Mr. Ashton." He then told me that he was going to Richmond to look up his boys, as the army had returned to Virginia. From Richmond we went to Staunton, where I met my cousin, Adj. Gen. Thomas Nash, who gave us our passports to Winchester.

Never shall I forget that moonlight stage ride to Harrisonburg. There were three ladies and four gentlemen on the inside and three on top of the stage, one of whom was General Stuart's banjoist. His music was so bright and gay that I could not keep my feet still.

To our dismay we heard that Pickett's Division was near Culpepper Courthouse, so we left Winchester; and I was too happy for words when I saw Dr. MacAlpine's brother, Lieut. Sam Brown, of Portsmouth. He took me in the country to Mr. Rixey's, where I met my husband, whom I had not seen for several months. In a few days I had to leave, as our pickets were driven in and our army had to give up that part of the country. I then went on to Murfreesboro, where I spent some days with dear, kind relatives. From this pretty little town Mrs. Dunstan and I, disguised as old market women, started in a cart to run the blockade to Virginia.

We had not driven our stubborn mule more than three miles when we came up to a wagon drawn by a pair of fine horses, with a colored driver and two rather distinguished gentlemen on the back seat. One of them, a Mr. Poole, recognized Mrs. Dunstan, jumped down, and insisted that we should go with him and his friend to Elizabeth City and let his driver take our cart back to the borough. We readily accepted the proposition, as his friend, Mr. Dyer, was on his way to Norfolk.

We reached my lovely riverside home at midnight, and Mr. Dyer made two trips to Norfolk unmolested. I accompanied him one morning to the city, and he said: "I'll meet you at Foster & Moore's store about four o'clock." When he left me he was dressed in his dark-gray business suit, with a soft black hat. When I called at the store shortly after four, Mr. Foster said: "Mrs. MacAlpine, a splendid-looking Yankee officer came in a few minutes ago and wished to know if you were here." "What have I done to-day?" I exclaimed, for I had once been escorted by a Federal officer to the customhouse, where I was told that I must be more respectful to their soldiers. However, I could think of no misdemeanor, and went to a drug store to buy a toothbrush. While there I heard voices in the back part of the store laughing and talking. Presently an officer in a blue uniform arose and said: "Good evening; I'll see you-all to-morrow." I recognized Mr. Dyer's voice, though I did not dare glance at him as he passed out of the door. On our homeward drive he told me he had gotten all the information General French desired regarding the Yankee army in Suffolk.

A few mornings later my sisters Annie and Bee called to me and said: "O Sister Laura, there isn't a negro on the place but two little ones!" It was then that we took our first lesson in cooking. We had finished breakfast and were washing the dishes when Mr. Dyer went to the kitchen door and cried out: "The Yankees are coming! Where can I hide these papers?" Sister Bee pointed to the kitchen stairs behind the open door which concealed them. He flew up the stairs, and Sister Bee stood by the door seemingly absorbed in a newspaper. Sister Annie ran in the house, and I went out on the front portico to meet the guard. An officer said: "We've come to get Mr. Dyer, who is on this place somewhere." I replied: "I beg your pardon; there is no Mr. Dyer here." Instantly they rushed hither and thither. Finally I heard the exultant cry: "We've found him!" Mr. Dyer said in the coolest, jolliest way, "I'm sorry to have put you soldiers to so much trouble," and, taking a flask from his pocket, continued: "Won't you have a little nip with me this cold morning?" They declined. I really believe they were afraid.

The officer gave me a note from Judge Saunders requesting my presence also. On our way to the city we decided what to say to the Judge. Mr. Dyer said: "Remember, I'm your first cousin." I said, "Yes, but it must be on my mother's side; for they know my father's name, but do not know my mother's maiden name." He replied: "O, don't you worry; I'll not forget." On reaching Judge Saunders's office he requested me to leave the room while taking Mr. Dyer's deposition. Half an hour later I was ushered into the courtroom. Mr. Dyer was standing near a table, while several clerks lounged around. After many questions, some not pertinent to the subject, the Judge gazed suddenly at Mr. Dyer, who was a decided brunette with large, bright, black eyes and very straight black hair, and then looked intently at me. "I have never seen first cousins so utterly unlike. By the way, Mrs. MacAlpine, on which side is the relationship?" "On my mother's side," I replied. O how the telltale blood dyed my cheeks! A peculiar smile lit up the Judge's face as he turned to Mr. Dyer and said: "Your deposition says on the father's side." Mr. Dyer said: "Beg pardon, Judge, but the relationship is on both sides." There was suppressed laughter. The Judge turned to me and said: "I'll detain you no longer. You can bid this mysterious cousin, John James Ouldner Dyer, good-by, as he will be sent a prisoner to Fort Norfolk at once." Fortunately no one but our immediate family ever knew of Mr. Dyer's having masqueraded as a Federal officer those few hours in Norfolk. It was a rash thing to do, but in those days what wouldn't we risk without thinking anything of it?

In March, 1863, I resolved to run the blockade and remain in Dixie until the war closed. My sisters Alice and Annie, at my request, decided to accompany me. Miss India Smith, Dr. Arthur Smith's daughter, got my permit, or pass, as I didn't dare ask for one. The pass was for Mrs. Reid and children, two drivers, and two little darkies. I was horribly disguised. My light curls were inked and drawn back in a tight knot from my face. A large silk handkerchief was bound around my mouth and over my head, while blue glasses covered my eyes. Thanks to my disguise, we passed the guards in safety and reached Murfreesboro after three days of worry and fatigue. After resting several days, we went to Petersburg, then on to Richmond, and then on to King and Queen Courthouse, where we saw many of our dear ones of the 15th Cavalry. On our return to Murfreesboro we met Mr. Dyer, whom we never expected to see again. My sisters spent several delightful weeks in Dixie, and then ran the blockade, taking my little boy Ned, my eldest child, home with them. He was anxious to see Mammy Cherry and his little playmate Lillie. "Besides," he sobbingly said, "I'm hungry for chicken, and I don't like pot liquor and corn bread."

We had some joyous times in dear old Dixie despite the hardships we endured. There were rare moments when, like the Israelites of old, we longed for the fleshpots of other days. The two years I lived in Dixie I spent in Murfreesboro, North Carolina, and Oxford, except the last six months, which I spent in Chesterfield County, Va., in the house with my brother-in-law, Maj. Charles MacAlpine, and his lovable wife and little ones.

As I sit to-night in these days of brooding peace, my heart turns back to Dixie and my eyes brim over with tears when I think of the "land where we were dreaming," when knight-hood was in flower throughout our beloved Southland.

[War memories of our women are ever most vivid.]

STRENGTH OF THE TWO ARMIES AT GETTYSBURG.

The gathering of the veterans of the Federal and Confederate armies on the battle field of Gettysburg on the fiftieth anniversary of that fearful conflict has again brought to the attention of all our people, North and South, the story of that fateful struggle and its historic significance. It is generally recognized that the result of this battle sealed the ultimate failure of the Confederacy to win its independence, and that here Confederate skill and valor reached the highest point. Yet by a remarkable providence of God on the same day at Vicksburg the surrender of the Confederate forces, after weeks of starvation and constant fighting, marked the high tide of Confederate courage and endurance. This gathering of those who were foes in the strenuous days of war was an impressive witness to the victory of time over the passions of war and the victories of peace over the desolations of war.

The failure of General Lee to win the battle of Gettysburg and so to win the independence of the Confederacy, while recognized by all thoughtful persons as according to the sovereign will of Almighty God, who is through all human affairs carrying out his own infinite plans of goodness and righteousness, is not accepted as a proof of the unrighteousness of the Southern cause. For sometimes failure of a definite contest for right is overruled to the final triumph of a greater good. In the South, seeking for causes of the defeat of General Lee's plans, it is attributed to the delay of General Longstreet in carrying out the orders of the general in chief; and that delay is most often charged to a stubborn and willful disobedience to orders plain and specific. It is unpleasant to accept such a charge against a general who, when he did go into action, was a veritable thunderbolt of war. But on other occasions he had shown a conceit of his own skill as superior to General Lee's ability. On the second and third days at Gettysburg his delay in attacking the enemy was in direct disobedience of General Lee's orders.

But there is a matter of real historic importance which is generally misstated by Northern writers and which, unless corrected, will go down in history as a true statement of the relative strength of the two armies there engaged. It is claimed in various publications that the forces of General Lee and General Meade were very nearly equal in numbers. This statement is made sometimes in schoolbooks, sometimes in formal histories, sometimes in public addresses, and one of the most insidious ways is to state it casually while writing on another subject. As an example, a religious paper, describing the beautiful country around Gettysburg, speaks of "the turnpike by which 90,000 Confederates marched to the field which proved so fateful to their cause." Phylfe's "Book of Five Thousand Facts" states that the battle of Gettysburg was fought by "General Meade with 80,000 troops and General Lee with an equal number." "Little's Cyclopedia of Classified Dates" is nearer the facts. It puts General Meade's force at 92,000 to 94,000 and General Lee's at 78,000. Now, it is due to the truth of history that a statement of the numbers actually engaged as nearly correct as possible should be recorded, and that not to minimize the valor and devotion of the Federal army. For every generous Confederate soldier will acknowledge with pride that our army there met foemen worthy of their steel. But the facts of the disparity in numbers and that General Meade was largely on the defensive will indicate the matchless generalship of Lee and the mettle of his army.

The figures I give are taken from books written by men in position to know the Confederate strength, and who care-

fully sought from official sources the Federal strength. Gen. E. P. Alexander, chief of artillery of Longstreet's Corps, wrote "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," and Col. Walter H. Taylor, adjutant general of the Army of Northern Virginia, wrote the story of "General Lee: His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-65." Both of these authors had access to the reports, maps, etc., of the Federal and Confederate generals as kept in the archives of the government at Washington. General Alexander gives the "officers and men present for duty" in the Army of Northern Virginia May 31, 1863, as follows: Longstreet's Corps, 21,231; Ewell's Corps, 21,961; A. P. Hill's corps, 22,740. Total infantry and artillery, 65,932; cavalry, 10,282. Grand total, 76,224. The Army of the Potomac reported on June 30, 1863, the day before the battle, as follows: In seven corps, infantry and artillery, 100,283; cavalry corps, 14,973. Total, 115,276.

General Alexander accepts the deductions by Livermore to arrive at the forces actually engaged, at seven per cent for infantry and artillery, and of fifteen per cent for cavalry. This would leave infantry and artillery 93,264, and cavalry 12,727; total, 105,991. Applying the same percentage to the army of General Lee, it would give infantry and artillery 61,317, and cavalry 8,748; total, 70,065.

Colonel Taylor's figures, taken from the archives of the United States War Department, differ somewhat from General Alexander's. He places the total strength of General Lee in all arms at 74,451. But he explains that his figures are based on a different kind of return, which differed somewhat from the monthly return. His figures as to the Federal forces agree with General Alexander's. He places the enlisted men (excluding officers) in General Lee's army on May 31, 1863, at 68,352 and at Gettysburg at 62,000. Thus Colonel Taylor estimates that in the actual battle of Gettysburg General Lee had available 53,500 infantry, 9,000 cavalry, and 4,500 artillery. There were 67,000 enlisted men, while General Meade had available 105,000 enlisted men. General Alexander's figures give General Lee 70,065, including officers, and General Meade 105,000, exclusive of officers, or 115,000 with officers. So there is substantial agreement between the estimates which show that General Lee, with 70,000 men, acting on the aggressive, fought General Meade, with 115,000 men, acting on the defensive, and after three days' battle withdrew and was not pursued—a drawn battle. The losses of the Confederates were: Killed, 2,502; wounded, 12,705; captured, 5,150; total, 20,448. Federal losses: Killed, 3,070; wounded, 14,497; captured, 5,434; total 23,001.

NORTHERNER WRITES ABOUT THE VETERAN.

[Extracts from a letter by M. J. Haley, Helena, Mont.]

Permit me to digress. * * * I am not a Southerner. I was born in the State of New York, and was never farther south than Washington, D. C. I was fourteen years old when the War of the States closed. Three of my brothers served in the Union army, one of whom was killed the second day at Gettysburg.

Now, Mr. Editor, what has staggered me with surprise since the first issue of that ably edited and most interesting magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, has been the utter disregard and apathy of the children, grandchildren, and near relatives of those who fought as heroically and courageously for the "fatherland" on many a Southern battle field as ever did Greek at Marathon or Thermopylæ. We of the North do not overlook a thing. Our folks keep abreast of the times. North

of the Ohio River nearly every city, town, and hamlet has its flourishing and growing encampment of the Sons of Veterans, and we are right in perpetuating the brave deeds of our relatives and friends.

It is true that the daughters of the Southern veterans are to a considerable extent keeping alive and honoring the bravery of their fathers and grandfathers; but what about the sons of Southern veterans? * * * All honor to the Daughters of the South! The living daughter or granddaughter of him who made the charge with Pickett and fell has more right to real pride than if she were the "daughter of a hundred earls."

What surprises me most is to find in every number of the VETERAN inquiries from sisters, brothers, daughters, and sons of Confederate soldiers who do not know, and have not for the past fifty years ascertained, to what regiment the one inquired about belonged. This is indeed strange. In the July VETERAN comes an inquiry from a man in Kentucky about his father and grandfather, "who were in the Confederate army." He wanted to learn what regiment they belonged to. He did not even know what State they went from, but thought they enlisted in Memphis, Tenn. A woman in the last issue wanted to get some trace of her husband's military career, but she confessed that she did not know what regiment he belonged to. It seems incredible that after all these years this information had not been obtained.

Another thing that surprises me is the living fact, as I understand it, that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has a circulation of less than thirty thousand. This periodical is an authentic chronicle of the past great deeds of the Southern people; it is also an entertaining, interesting, and well-edited magazine, and at the ridiculously small price of one dollar per year. This magnificent and noble exponent of those things that should cause the Southern heart to throb with pride, matters of traditional history, should have a circulation of not less than two hundred and fifty thousand. There must be to-day more than two hundred and fifty thousand sons of those who courageously fought in the service of the Confederacy, and it seems to me that those of the second generation would like to have the brave deeds of their fathers kept green.

Some may think that I am overcritical and censorious and say: "This Northerner is butting in where he has no business. Why does not he subscribe for the VETERAN?" To a possible question of that kind I will say that the Editor never saw me, is under no obligation to me, and I am under no obligation to him, yet for years I have taken the VETERAN, with my subscription paid in advance. Again, why am I such a constant reader of the VETERAN? Simply because it is very interesting, because it is so different from any other periodical published in America, and because it is entertaining along certain lines and is so truthful in recounting the deeds of heroes. * * *

There are quite a number of Southern people here in the region where I live, a few of whom are Confederate veterans. I have often talked to their sons, who at once, upon my broaching the subject of the War of the States, would remain listless and would branch off to some other topic. I do not want to be understood as wishing the sectional bitterness to be kept up. No; not at all! I am glad to see a united country. But we of the North are not so "thin-skinned" that we cannot with patience listen to the truth regarding the bravery of Confederates and concede a just meed of commendation for their valor on the field of battle and for the motives of their sacrifices.

J. A. TURPIN, OF WATERPROOF, LA., RECALLS THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.—Seeing a picture of Mrs. Mary B. Johns in the September VETERAN has vividly recalled to me the battle of Nashville, in which I participated. My company, the Jefferson Light Artillery, better known in the Army of Tennessee as Darden's Battery, was stationed in an apple orchard just back of the Bradford house. During the raging of the battle I saw Mrs. Johns, then Miss Bradford, waving to our soldiers and trying to rally them as they were being driven back by the Federals. My brother, White Turpin, was mortally wounded during the fight in the apple orchard, and afterwards died in the hospital at Nashville, and lies buried in the old City Cemetery there.

A VETERAN WITH MANY WOUNDS.

BY JAMES SYNAMON, WESTON, MO.

I was seventy-six years old last August. I was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and joined Gen. Sterling Price's division as a private in May, 1861. After passing the intervening ranks, I became captain of Company I, 6th Missouri Infantry, and was recommended for brevet after the battle of Franklin.

At Wilson Creek I was wounded in the head and shoulder and lost the sight of my right eye.

At Corinth, Miss., the 6th Missouri went into battle with three hundred and forty-seven men, and at roll call after the battle only thirty-five answered for duty, the rest having been killed or wounded (none captured). In this battle I was wounded in the foot, the side, and through the shoulder.

At Port Gibson I was knocked senseless by a shell and left for dead, and have been deaf in one ear ever since.

At Black River, when the 61st Tennessee gave way on the railroad that crossed our works, Colonel Riley, of the 1st Missouri Regiment, left the works on our right, crossed our rear at a double-quick, formed, as we thought, on our left, and opened fire on the Federals in our works. He then left us and retreated across the bridge. As we were the only troops now left, Colonel Cooper ordered us to fall back to the river bank and cross the bridge. Not being much of a runner, I did not get to the bridge until it was a mass of flames; but being a good swimmer, I swung my boots about my neck, plunged in, and made the other side.

At the siege of Vicksburg I was constantly in the trenches, and received there several slight wounds. On one occasion I was hurried under the dirt torn up by an exploding shell, and had to be dug out along with Captain Lile, who had involuntarily shared the same misfortune.

When the men were paroled after the surrender, I was put on provost marshal duty on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad until exchanged, when I reported to General Hood in Atlanta.

I was with General Stuart in the battle of Franklin and was in the last charge, about sundown, when Stuart and Cheatham attempted to take the works from which our troops had been repulsed. It seemed to me that the air was all red and blue flames, with shells and bullets screeching and howling everywhere, over and through us, as we rushed across the cotton fields strewn with fallen men. Wounded and dying men lay all about in ghastly piles, and when we reached the works at the old cotton gin gatepost only two or three of my companions were with me. They went into the ditch, but I was tumbled over by a Yankee bullet and was dragged over and laid a prisoner by the old ginhouse. That night I was put into an ambulance and taken to Nashville and placed in a hospital, where I, with other prisoners, was kept on a diet of bread and water in retaliation

for what was claimed to be Confederate cruelties practiced on Federal officers at Charleston.

At the close of the winter the few of us who were left were taken to Fort Delaware, where we were kept until the end of the war.

My company has forty men buried in soldiers' graves, and those who survived the war were all wounded. There are now living three in my own county in Missouri, one in the eastern part of the State, one in Kentucky, one in Alabama, and one in California.

ABOUT THE SHELLING OF LEESBURG.

BY THOMAS H. WHITE, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Having seen an account in the VETERAN of the shelling of Leesburg, I write of the event as I saw it.

Capt. Elijah V. White, who afterwards became Colonel White, was in charge of the advance guard of Jackson's Division of the army when he crossed into Maryland. When over the river, I as first lieutenant was put in command of a squad of Maryland boys. I was selected because the country and roads were familiar to me. The army crossed at White's Ford and that night camped on Carroll's Manor, in Frederick County, Md., and marched to Frederick City the next day. We went into the city one way, while the Federals left by another. We did not see Barbara Fritchie nor her flag.

We then recrossed the Potomac River and went to Martinsburg and found a portion of Miles's men. They made a rapid retreat to Harper's Ferry, but we captured about one hundred and forty prisoners. Longstreet was on Maryland Heights, Walker on London Heights, and Jackson went in position on Bolivar Heights, these heights being noted elevations around Harper's Ferry. The Federal cavalry came out as far as Halltown as if to charge, but were repulsed.

That night I was instructed to pick out thirty men and carry dispatches to Walker. When we got back early in the morning with the dispatches, shelling commenced from all three points, and in about fifteen minutes Miles surrendered with 12,000 men. White's command was then ordered to the rear. We went back to White's Ford through Virginia, captured some wagons with arms and ammunition, and camped in Rogue's Hollow, a few miles from Leesburg. Here word came that the Federals were advancing on the town. We passed through and went to meet them, when they began shelling the place. We retreated until we drew them—that is, the cavalry—about a mile from the town in order to prevent their shelling it, when we turned and charged them. They fled before us, though they were supported by a strong force of men and cannon in position on Edward's Hill, while we had only about one hundred and eighty men.

The Confederate soldiers who were in the town recruiting their health were told to go toward Winchester before the shelling began. We met these men as we were making this charge, and it was one of them who shot Colonel White. He was trying to help us. I saw him raise his gun and I called to him not to shoot, but it was too late. The shot entered the point of the shoulder and lodged in the throat. It was afterwards taken out. I caught his bridle with my own with one hand, his coat collar with the other, and went some distance before we could stop and get him off. The Federals then limbered up their guns and all took the road toward Washington, while we took Colonel White back.

I have often thought it was providential that Colonel White was shot, for he had started to run the Federal cavalry over

their own guns and then take them. We were only a handful compared to them, and their guns were in a strong position. White had said that he intended to take those guns or die in the attempt. We took him to Isaac Rice's place, near the tollgate. I stayed to take care of him and sent my horse on with the boys, expecting that the Yankees would return, but they did not. In a week we moved Colonel White a short distance, and in another week we got him across the Shenandoah, within our own lines. He received fourteen wounds during the war, eleven while I was with him. I am his first cousin and brother-in-law. After the war he became an Old School Baptist preacher, and died in Leesburg a few years ago. I am now in my eighty-second year, and enjoy the CONFEDERATE VETERAN very much.

I neglected to say how glad the citizens of Leesburg were to see us when we first rode in. One man tried to show his joy by treating us. He came to the door with a decanter in his hand. Just at that moment a shell tore its way through his house, and that was the last we saw of him or his decanter. I afterwards learned that he escaped unhurt. We were highly entertained by those shells without stopping to drink. However, only four were fired, as we dashed upon the gunners and gave them something else to do.

Comrades John Smith, of Charlottesville, Va., and Jesse B. Minor, of New York, have both written to correct a mistake in the date of the battle of Fredericksburg as given in R. H. G. Shumate's article, "Some Recollections of Fredericksburg," in the July VETERAN. The date given was February 13, 1863, when what Mr. Shumate had written was December 13, 1863, for which error the VETERAN offers apology to Mr. Shumate. The mistake was a misprint and not an error on the part of the writer of the sketch.

TWENTY-SEVENTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

BY SAM BLYTHE.

I left home for the war on September 1, 1861, and went into bivouac with the other boys at Camp Stevens, Ga. There we were organized as the 27th Georgia, in which I served in Company A. The regiment went from Camp Stevens to Manassas, where we spent the winter. In the spring of 1862 we went to Yorktown, and from there in about two months to Richmond. We left there between suns; but the enemy found it out, pursued us and overtook us at Williamsburg. There was some sharp skirmishing, and afterwards it was necessary for us to stand in line of battle all night. It was bitter cold and we were allowed no fire. Next morning some of the boys were so numb that they could hardly get one foot before the other.

We met the Yankees next at Seven Pines, where we had a severe introduction. We got the best of them, but fell back that night and left them the battle field, which is the reason the Federals claim the victory. We need not have fallen back; but Lee, with Jackson, was planning the Seven Days' fight around Richmond. We routed them at every fight except Malvern Hill; and if they had not gained the heights on us and gotten under the shelter of their gunboats, we would likely have killed them all or they would have drowned in the river, for they had running in their heads. After this our company was made into a company of skirmishers or sharpshooters.

Veterans often tell about the tight places they got into during the war and the brave things they did; but I don't think I ever did but one plucky thing, and that was accidental. It was like this: In one of Stonewall's flank movements we somehow got

in the enemy's rear. We got into their cooking forces; and having nothing but cooks to contend with, we ran them away, and then the chance to fill our haversacks with cooked rations was too good to waste shooting Yankees. I sampled my captured haversack and, lo, found fried steak and soda crackers! I held to the grub, but with a sharp eye out for the Yanks.

We were now ordered to do some charging and counter charging; but I was too busy eating to get the orders right, and I ended by running through a pine thicket right into a line of bluecoats. I darted back, and when I heard some one coming double-quick I dropped my gun, meaning to surrender. But when he got near me I saw that he had no gun, so I picked up mine and thus got the drop on him. I walked up to him at a charge bayonet, gun cocked, and he smiled all over his face and said: "You've got me." He then said, "Let's get out of this," and started toward the blue line I had just discovered, saying that we were in range of a battery in the other direction. I turned him about and ordered a bee line toward the setting sun. But before we had gone far his words came true about the battery. We were right in line of it, and the grapeshot and canister fell like hail. The Yank went faster and faster, and I had to run to keep up with my prisoner. Pretty soon we came up against a squad of Yankee soldiers, but they were all prisoners. I turned my special prize over to the officer in charge, who ordered me to cross the road and lie down with the other men, and he added: "Look out for No. 1." It was good advice, though not needed at that particular time. It reminded me of what my best girl said to me the morning I left for the war. When I gave her my hand to say good-by, she looked me in the eye, saying: "Sam, take care of No. 1." I did and still do that.

RETURNED A BIBLE AT GETTYSBURG.

E. V. KAUFFMAN, SABETHA, KANS., FOR THE VETERAN.

I went to the great reunion at Gettysburg, and will remember it as one of the best experiences of my life. While there, at the solicitation of a friend, I subscribed for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and have enjoyed the two numbers that have come out since then very much. It is a Godsend to old soldiers. We fight our battles over again in every issue.

During the encampment at Gettysburg I returned a Bible to the friends of a man named Frost, who was killed at Spottsylvania Courthouse, where I had picked it up. In the Bible was a picture which proved to be of Frost's mother.

I took part in the campaign of the Valley of Virginia, and was captured on the day of Sheridan's raid, when the mills and many houses of the valley were burned and all horses, cattle, and hogs driven away. My brother and I were captured, and would have been put to death with other prisoners in retaliation for the death of two Federal soldiers near Luray except for the fortunate capture (for us) of the two men who had done the killing.

I enlisted at the beginning of the war at Luray in the 10th Virginia Regiment, 3d Brigade, 1st Division, Army of Northern Virginia, and still hold it as the proudest memory of my life that I served under General Lee. I passed through the entire war and came out whole; was never wounded, but was captured twice. I enlisted in Page County, Va., under Capt. W. T. Young, served one year, and reënlisted for the war under Capt. R. S. Parks, who was wounded and was succeeded by D. C. Grayson, whose orderly sergeant I was. I took part in twenty-seven battles and skirmishes, one of them being the battle of Gettysburg.

CHATHAM ARTILLERY 125 YEARS OLD.

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MRS. BURTON LEE BLANCHARD, WHARTON, TEX.

Surviving the shocks and changes incident to organizations of like character, having without interruption since its inception maintained an active existence, and having with alacrity, ability, and patriotism performed at all times and all places the duties which devolved upon it, the Chatham Artillery, the oldest volunteer military organization within the limits of the United States, on May 2 of the present year celebrated its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary.

The Chathams have many things in their long and honorable career of which they justly feel proud. In the report of the Secretary of War for 1907-08, under the head of "Histories of Ancient Military Organizations," the Chathams are given preeminence, being the first of three commands rated as "of sufficient age and antiquity to be authorized to retain their accustomed privileges."

The first captain of the battery was Edward Lloyd, a one-armed veteran of the Revolutionary War. On May 1, 1786, at a meeting of the residents of Savannah, called by Captain Lloyd, the Chatham Artillery was formed, and he was chosen as its first commander. When the battery was four years old, Captain Lloyd was succeeded by Capt. Thomas Elfe, who was in command when General Washington visited Savannah in 1791. The third commander was Capt. Josiah Tattnall, father of Commodore Tattnall, of the United States and Confederate navies. Capt. James Robinson was in command of the battery when the disturbance caused by the Creek Indians broke out in South Georgia. Captain Robinson was succeeded by Capt. Benjamin Walt, and he in turn by Richard Montgomery Stites. The outbreak of the War of 1812 found the battery under the command of its seventh captain, Robert McKay.

William T. Williams, the eighth captain, was succeeded in 1824 by Peter Blois, who was in command when General Lafayette visited Savannah the following year. The next commander was a Northerner, Capt. Charles M. King, of New Jersey. He held the position for six years, and was succeeded by Capt. Charles Stephens, an old officer of the regular army, who had served under Gen. Andrew Jackson. He was in command when the war with Mexico began. The twelfth captain was John B. Gallic, and he was succeeded by John E. Ward. Capt. Joseph S. Claghorn assumed command of the battery July 20, 1858, and was at its head when the great war began. The Chathams were mustered into the service of the Confederate States July 31, 1861, with Joseph S. Claghorn captain. John F. Wheaton succeeded Captain Claghorn in December, 1862. On October 7, 1895, after thirty-three years of faithful service for the battery and his company, Captain Wheaton was forced by failing health to retire. He was succeeded by Capt. George P. Walker, who was in command of the battery when the war with Spain was declared. Captain Walker, after twenty-two years of interrupted service with the company, resigned his commission October 3, 1898, and was succeeded by Capt. William T. Dixon, who in turn was succeeded by the eighteenth and present commander, Capt. Richard J. Davant, who is now Mayor of Savannah, Ga.

The company have two brass guns given them by Gen. George Washington. Seventy years ago every member of the Chatham Artillery, dressed magnificently in blue, with red and gold lace in abundance and high cocked hats.

"Tell me," said a lady to an old soldier, "were you cool in battle?" "Cool?" said the veteran. "Why, I fairly shivered."

Memorial Day, the Sabbath of the South—how sacred the thought and custom! Let us not make the mistake of calling it Decoration Day. We do not go to those lonely mounds in all the heraldry of pomp and pride to decorate, but we go lovingly, sorrowfully, laden with flowers alike for chief and private.

Where'er they sleep, no matter where
Is seen that humble mound,
There lies a hero: such dust to us is sacred ground.
They are numbered with the angel band
In the white-winged ranks of glory,
With the heart of the South at the foot of God
And their wounds to tell the story."

The beautiful thought and custom of Memorial Day first sprang up in the heart of a Georgia woman, Mrs. Lizzie Rutherford Ellis, "the soldiers' friend" and a member of the Soldiers' Aid Society. In 1866 Mrs. Ellis, who with some friends was in the cemetery in Columbus, Ga., cleaning off the graves of the soldiers, suggested the organizing of a Memorial Association. April 26, the anniversary of the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, was chosen, and an order of ceremonies was arranged. Mrs. Charles Williams, who was Secretary of the Association, with her fluent pen inspired many organizations with the sacred duty of joining in and establishing this beautiful, hallowed custom.

The classic Greek in centuries past observed the law and custom that the soldiers who fell while fighting with undaunted courage should have an annual oration in history, but the thought of placing flowers in loving memory on the graves of our dauntless soldiers was the inspiration of Lizzie Rutherford Ellis.

"Voices have blessed her now silent and dumb;
Voices will bless her in long years to come."

Memorial Day! No more sublime thought could have originated in a human heart. Truth, honor, and patriotism are the noblest sentiments that dwell in the heart of man. History has no greater record than that of the Confederate soldiers, inspired by patriotism and matchless courage. Under the leadership of our peerless Lee they snatched victory out of defeat, rode "into the jaws of death, into the very gates of hell." To those men who laid life itself upon the altar of their country we go once a year laden with flowers, and place them in loving remembrance on those lowly mounds.

"Let not their glory be forgot while Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot where valor proudly sleeps."

The ancient Spartans taught patriotism to their children above all else. So let the sons and daughters of Dixie teach patriotism to their children. Let them go each year with the blossom and wreath, and place them in sacred remembrance on the graves of those silent sleepers to whom they owe the brightest record in the annals of history. As an eminent writer said when writing on the greatness of Rome:

"If you would know why Rome is great,
Behold the armed skeleton found in excavation at the gate."

If you would know why the South, why America is great, read the record of the Confederate soldier, the soldier of the Revolution, the soldier of 1812, the Southern soldier, who has ever stood with true patriotism an armed warrior at the gate.

McLAWS'S DIVISION AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY B. F. RED, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

I have seen in several numbers of the *VETERAN* a dispute between comrades as to whether or not McLaws's Division was in the battle of Chickamauga. I know that it was there, because I served in the fight as a member of Company C, Phillips's Legion, Wofford's Brigade, McLaws's Division.

We formed for battle at the skirt of some woods, charged, and ran over some command that was lying down. We drove the Federals several miles, it seemed to me. We stopped just before sundown and went into camp. Next morning we went up near Chattanooga. While there my captain, Alexander S. Erwin, was wounded in the arm and hip and made a cripple for life. He married Gen. Howell Cobb's daughter, the one who suggested the Southern cross of honor, and her husband was given the first cross. While there I was detailed to take a squad of men and go up and down the battle line, picking up such things as we needed in our army.

While on this duty I saw what several writers have asked about. There was a piece of woods, tall timber but not large, and on that piece of ground were many dead Federal soldiers lying just as they fell. It seems to me now that there were many acres covered with them. There was a lady in a carriage driven by a negro who came through the woods looking among these bodies for a relative or a friend.

After we left Chattanooga we went to Knoxville, where we charged Fort Saunders; but no one went over that fort except Adjutant Cummings, of the 16th Georgia Regiment. An old Federal soldier here says he saw Cummings knocked in the head with an ax. There is another old soldier living in Arkansas who says he was in that fort when we charged it. They all ran out, but when they found that we could not get over it they came back and threw all the picks, shovels, and hand grenades they had over on us. They had poured water on the edge of the fort, and it ran down and froze. We charged before daylight, and had quite a time tumbling over wires that had been tied from one stump to another just high enough to trip us. We went into the ditches around the fort, but could not climb it; so we had to fall back. After that fight General Kershaw, of South Carolina, was placed in command of our division. We then went back to Virginia.

MORE ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF BEVERLY.

BY T. Y. YOUNG, AUSTIN, ARK.

I think the expedition in which the Ashby Cavalry captured Beverly, under command of Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, January 11, 1864, will be remembered by every man of the three hundred picked men of Rosser's Division who participated in this raid. The weather was extremely cold, and many of the men had their feet and ears frozen, as there were snow and sleet on the ground. They left Swope's Depot, in the Shenandoah Valley, for Beverly and camped in Devil's Hollow the night of January 10. The attack was made before day on January 11, 1864. Five hundred and eighty prisoners were captured, and also the supplies and mules and horses of the garrison stationed there.

Capt. William N. McDonald in his history of the Ashby Brigade says that General Rosser had only one man killed, Fontaine Hite, of Company D, 6th Regiment Virginia Cavalry. Hite was without a horse and followed the expedition all the way on foot with the hope of capturing a mount for himself from the Federals at Beverly. He was killed while entering the door of a tent, the only Confederate reported to

have been killed in the attack. But the roster of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry, to which I belonged and which was Gen. Turner Ashby's old regiment, says that Ridgley Clements was also killed January 11, 1864, at Beverly. He was a gallant Marylander and was buried at Beverly. The roster of Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry, states that J. T. Payne was also killed there. He and Fontaine Hite were both buried at Beverly, which makes three men that I know of who were killed and buried there. I write this to try to correct errors, that we may have true history.

POINT LOOKOUT.

BY W. L. TIMBERLAKE, MOBILE, ALA.

I was a prisoner at Point Lookout, Maryland, until the last of June, 1865, having been captured in the battle of Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6. The prison was laid off in streets, called divisions, and the prisoners were formed into companies under a sergeant from our own men, whose duty it was to call the roll and make out daily reports.

Our company was D, in the third division, and our sergeant's name was Toomic. I memorized the roll or roster of the company and have never forgotten it, and will give it to you here, the initials being omitted: Ambrose, Abbott, Bryant, Becket, Pelcher, Braner, Brewer, Cooper, Cooper (second), Childs, Cottrell, Carr, Caffrey, Clifton, Eads, Eddings, Fry, Flannigan, Fortson, Garner, Goodrich, Goode, Hazelwood, Humphries, Holloran, Hall, Jones, Juson, Knight, Kenny, McClure, McCormick, McWhorter, McDonald, Mayes, Medling, Norris, Overton, Pine, Parker, Pivot, Rogers, Rogers (second), Rucker, Redmond, Ringer, Stone, Snipes, Sealy, Tart, Tue, Taylor, Toomic, Timberlake, Wray, Wright, Wilkins, Wheeler, Warmack, Woolwine, Wingfield, Young.

I had been told that Major Brady, the commandant, had on several occasions let a prisoner out; so I resolved to try him. I waited at the gate one morning until he drove in and, saluting him, made it known that I wished to speak to him. I said: "Major, what is the chance to get out of this? The war is over, and I don't want to die in here." He seemed to be mad and spoke roughly, saying: "What are you doing in here?" I said: "They put me in here for shooting Yankees." He said, "Damn you, this is the place for you," and drove off and left me. So I had to wait until my turn came. When they commenced to release us, it was done alphabetically, and it took a long time to get down to T.

If any of these old comrades are living and should see this, I would be glad to hear from them.

FORT HARRISON.

BY M. V. SMITH, LULING, TEX.

In reply to J. B. Work's inquiry in the April *VETERAN* concerning Fort Harrison, I can state positively that no part of Field's Division garrisoned that fort, although three brigades of this division were in the same line of works.

The Richmond City Battalion of old men and boys occupied the fort. Hood's Texas Brigade, Benning's Georgia Brigade, and a brigade from Tennessee, all very much reduced in numbers, having only about five or six hundred men each, had been taken from the trenches around Petersburg and sent to the north side of the James to guard Richmond from Grant. Hood's Texans had occupied the trenches exactly where the Crater opened later on, and were relieved only three or four days before the explosion.

On the night of September 28 Grant sent a large force over the river, about 40,000, according to some figures. By day-

light of the 29th they made the attack. The brigade repulsed all troops in their front; but the City Battalion was overcome at the fort, which caused us to evacuate and fall back to the next line. On this line were Fort Gilmer and several salients. From this line we fought them until reinforced from Petersburg, when the fighting ceased. They could have gone into Richmond that day with all ease if they had only known it.

SCOUTING AROUND HOLLY SPRINGS.

BY D. J. HYNEMAN, OF VAN DORN'S SCOUTS.

After the battle of Shiloh General Grant was relieved of his command and sent to Memphis, Tenn., where during the summer he organized an army of some forty thousand for the purpose of attacking Vicksburg. At that time the Federals had control of the Mississippi River both above and below Vicksburg; but it was of no service to them, as we still held Vicksburg. To get possession of it was the object of Grant's campaign. He intended moving by way of the Mississippi Central (now the Illinois Central) Railroad.

He moved out to Holly Springs, established his headquarters there, then proceeded to move by slow stages south, repairing the road as he went. At that time we had no troops available to contest his progress except a cavalry force of about 3,500 under Gen. Van Dorn, who realized with his small force the impossibility of offering much resistance by force; so he decided to strike Grant in the rear, destroying his supplies at Holly Springs and forcing him back to Memphis. In order to make the attack successful it was necessary to have some inside information as to how things were in Holly Springs.

There was a doctor in town who could furnish the information if he could be reached. Gen. Van Dorn appealed to Captain Baxter, who commanded a company of scouts (the company to which I belonged), to see what could be done in opening up communication with the doctor. Captain Baxter had in his company a fine scout named Spencer, cautious and resourceful, who had succeeded several times in getting information through the lines. He was detailed to make the effort, and was ordered to take what force he needed; but instead of taking a scouting party, he asked only for me (a boy of seventeen). I had been with him on some of his former expeditions and had gained his confidence.

We started at once for Holly Springs. We had to detour considerably to the right in order to avoid the scouting parties of Grant's left wing. After a hard day's march, the last ten or fifteen miles through the woods, as we were then in the rear of Grant's army, we found ourselves about sundown at a little farmhouse off the main road about three miles from Holly Springs. Mr. Spencer knew the man who lived there and hoped to get some assistance from him, but learned that when the Yankees came in he had taken his stock outside the lines and was still away from home. He had left his family in charge of a one-armed Confederate soldier who had been discharged. He was a bright young man about twenty years old and had lost his arm at Manassas. We told him our mission and asked him if he could help us. He said he had been around and among the Yankees a good deal and knew where all their picket posts and guard lines were, and he thought after dark we could slip through the lines. We decided to try it. We fed our horses, got supper, and as soon as it was dark we struck out for Holly Springs on foot. After slipping through the woods, along fence rows, jumping ditches and gulches, we found ourselves inside the lines. From where we

were we could see the Yankee camp and the men moving about. We slipped down the street, passing several houses. We stopped at one which the other two entered, leaving me at the gate on guard. In about thirty minutes they returned, and we started back to our horses.

They told me that they had arranged with a young lady of the house to go to town the next morning and have our doctor to come out to her house to see some one supposed to be very sick. When he got there she was to tell him of our presence and have him give a memorandum of conditions in town, number of troops, how placed—in fact, everything that would be of service to Van Dorn in making his attack.

We got back to our horses without any trouble. Our guide carried us then to a dense thicket, where we remained concealed till the next night. It was a day of uneasiness to us. Several times we saw foraging parties of Yankees prowling around, but fortunately they did not discover us. About sundown we returned to our guide's house, fed our horses, got supper, and as soon as it was dark started again for Holly Springs.

I will state here a fact well known to all scouts that there was not much risk in moving around Yankee camps after dark. While they foraged considerably during the day, they got back to their quarters as soon as it was dark. All that was necessary was to avoid guard lines.

We went over the same ground we traveled the night before, arriving at our destination without trouble.

The other two entered the house as they did the night before, leaving me on guard. They were gone but a few minutes, when we started back to our horses. As soon as we got to them we mounted and struck out for Van Dorn's headquarters with a report of conditions inside of Holly Springs.

After a hard night's ride, we found ourselves about daylight in front of Van Dorn's headquarters. We told the guard that we had to see the General at once. He was evidently awake and heard us, as he stepped out on the porch before the guard had time to call him. We gave him the papers we had risked so much to get.

As a matter of fact, I do not know whether or not General Van Dorn acted on the information we gave him, but I do know that in a few hours after he received it he was on the march to Holly Springs, the success of which has been recorded in history. He captured the town, with a number of prisoners, Grant's headquarters, including Mrs. Grant, and destroyed the whole accumulation of army supplies. He took all the rolling stock to be found, tore up the railroad, drew Grant back to Memphis, and saved Vicksburg for another six months (this was in December, and Vicksburg was not captured until the following July), and all done with the loss of but a few men.

Soon after the raid into Holly Springs Van Dorn was ordered with his command to Middle Tennessee, where he was killed a few weeks later near Spring Hill.

I have always believed that if Van Dorn had lived he would have been heard from as a cavalry commander.

THE REGIMENTAL FIFER AND THE SAUERKRAUT.

BY H. R. FREEMAN, PORTLAND, TENN.

During the War of the States, in the early sixties, the command to which I belonged was kept at one time on duty six months or more in Upper East Tennessee and Eastern Kentucky, much of the time on the move, and we marched from place to place over that rough mountain region. Being far from any railroad or supply station, we were compelled to

subsist off of the country through which we passed. As the country was poor and sparsely settled, we were often short of supplies. And often when on the march the half-fed soldiers would leave the line of march in squads of from three to six and forage through the country in search of grub, sometimes not reaching the camping ground until after night.

On one occasion, while the command was marching through Morgan and Fentress Counties, Tenn., soon after breaking camp in the early morning a squad of six hungry Confeds, consisting of the regimental fifer, four others, and myself, left the line of march and went straggling through the mountains grub-hunting.

Now, the fifer was a jolly, big-hearted boy of about twenty summers, rather low of stature and heavily built. He was known to the entire command by the endearing name of Bud. He had the most persistent habit of sitting down of any man in Company F. His favorite position was to sit with his elbows on his knees, his chin resting in the palms of his hands. His comrades often avowed the intention, in case he died or was killed, of having him buried face downward in order that the part of his body so much imposed on in life might rest.

On the occasion of which I write Bud was clad in a Confederate uniform, consisting of army jacket and trousers, the latter from long use, much the worse for wear, while that part on which he imposed most was sadly in need of repair.

After trudging all the forenoon through a wild, rough country with little success, about noon we came upon a lone one-room log cabin with a clapboard roof and a dilapidated shelter at one side, into which the one door opened. There was no fence around it, and as we approached no dog greeted us with his usual bark, no chickens ran squawking and cackling to cover, and we saw no signs of life whatever. Our first impression was that it was uninhabited, but when we went near the front of the shelter a typical mountain woman of unusual size came out of the open door. She closed the door and fastened it by placing a chain around the door facing and through a hole in the door shutter. She then put the hasp of a large padlock through the links of the chain, locked it, and put the key in her pocket.

As we went nearer I noticed that she would doubtless have filled the standard at seventeen and a half hands, while her fighting weight would have tipped the beam at about two hundred pounds. She was clad in a new bark-dyed homespun cotton wrapper, and around her waist was tied a large wisp of thrums from the warp of the cloth of which her dress was woven. Her coarse, heavy black hair was smoothed back from her low, broad forehead and tied at the back of her head with a similar small wisp of thrums and hung down her back like the heavy switch of a horse's tail. She wore neither hat nor bonnet, and her feet were bare. She held in one hand a piece of cloth that looked like a homespun cotton apron that had been in the habit of getting itself lost or overlooked on wash days.

On being asked where the men folks were she said: "Thar hain't no men folks here. Nobody stays here but jist me, and I don't want you-nus to come here botherin' me, nuther." We answered that we were very hungry and wanted to get something to eat. Thereupon she said: "Thar hain't a bite of nuthin' 'tall on the place to eat. I've jist started over to Mis' Banks to git some meal for dinner."

The fifer had taken no part in this conversation, but had seated himself on an inverted washpot at the end of the shelter. Scarcely had he settled himself, however, in his favorite position when his attention was attracted by a large

wooden-hooped barrel at the other end of the shelter. It was standing on two sticks of wood and was covered over with several boards like those on the roof of the shelter. He got up and went over to it, passing between the woman and cabin at her back. Just able to climb the barrel, he raised up the boards on one side and peered into it, sniffing like a dog under a brush heap for a rabbit. Then he removed the boards and stood them on end against the side of the cabin. Next he reached down and took out seven good-sized rocks, one at a time, and piled them on the ground beside the barrel. He got upon these rocks and reached far down and brought out several pieces of board dripping wet. These he laid beside the rocks. He then balanced himself against the upper chime, his head, arms, and body disappearing down into the barrel with his short, thick legs hanging down on the outside. At this psychological moment the woman turned and immediately got busy. She sprang at him, seized one of the boards with both hands, and in a voice that resembled a cross between the music of a tree frog and a screech owl she yelled: "Git outern thar!" Before the fifer's comrades had time to do more than shout in a chorus, "Look out, Bud!" she brought that board down broadside with all her strength right across the unprotected equator of his anatomy.

Fortunately for him, the board was old and brittle, and the force of the blow broke it into fragments. But he got "outern thar" as quickly as possible. As he threw out his arms to balance himself to a standing position, his hands were seen to be full of some green substance from which a colored liquid was dripping. As the enraged woman seized another board he threw up his hands to ward off the threatened blow, but relinquished nothing of what they contained. Before his assailant could strike him again, she was attacked from the rear and on both flanks by the entire force in reserve. The board was seized, and after a short but desperate struggle was wrested from her. Thus by force of numbers she was overpowered, but not conquered; for she proceeded to pour forth such a vindictive tirade of vituperation upon her tormentors that they fled. But that brave defender of home and property had nothing left to remind her that she had that morning been the proud possessor of a half barrel or more of sauerkraut but what had first attracted the fifer's attention—the barrel and the smell. For a week or more following this incident it was noticed that the fifer lost all inclination to occupy his favorite position, and when not standing up he was lying down in the position his comrades had promised to bury him in, with one elbow on the ground and his chin resting in the palm of his hand.

Dear old Comrade Bud! Several years ago he answered the last roll call. The last time I saw him, about a year before his death, he good-naturedly referred to this incident as a "spanking experience" in his war record.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—A patron of the VETERAN asks for the author of the following: "He did not die that day at Lexington. Time held the stirrup while he mounted and rode through the golden gate." The inquirer requests the eulogy in full. Address John C. Sydnor, Crawfordsville, Ind.

SKETCH OF ANDERSONVILLE "PRISON PEN."—The National Tribune, of Washington, prints a "new and fine picture of Andersonville Prison." The advertisement mentions it as "the notorious prison pen in which 14,000 United States soldiers were starved to death and several times that number were wrecked bodily for life."

"ON THE RIGHT AT MURFREESBORO."

BY CAPT. H. B. CLAY.

The Confederate cavalry at Murfreesboro consisted of a brigade on our left under Brig. Gen. John Wharton, of Texas, one in the center under the direct command of Gen. Joe Wheeler, and one on the right under Brig. Gen. John Pegram. The division was under command of Brig. Gen. Joe Wheeler, and was disposed as above, covering the front of the army. Saturday afternoon Pegram's Brigade, consisting at that time of the 1st and 2d Tennessee, 1st Georgia, and 1st Louisiana, had been reduced to the 1st Louisiana and 1st Georgia, the two regiments having been detailed to assist General Wheeler in a raid around Rosecrans's army, which was advancing in battle formation. Asking General Pegram why he had been withdrawn from our former location, near the Lebanon and Murfreesboro Pike, he replied that General Bragg had told him that he intended to break the enemy's center and then to order a charge by the brigade. With a knowledge of the many cedar thickets and their low-hanging, bushy limbs, I didn't feel very comfortable about the plan, which was almost absolutely impracticable on that account.

We lay along on the right of the Nashville and Murfreesboro Pike all day Sunday and Sunday night, listening to a fierce artillery fight between Capt. (afterwards, I believe, Gen.) Frank Robertson's battery, as I was told, and some guns of the enemy, as it seemed to me, on our left center. Sunday afternoon there was heavy firing of musketry in our front, and a Confederate regiment, which I was told was called the 1st and 10th Louisiana Regulars, came crippled back on the pike.

About nine o'clock Capt. or Col. St. Leger Grenfel, a staff officer of General Bragg's came to where we were and, finding the General and the rest of the staff absent, ordered me to move the command at once to Black's Crossroads, as the enemy were reported advancing on the Lebanon Pike. Obeying the order, I moved toward the Crossroads, but found no enemy.

We had no part in the fighting until Tuesday or Wednesday, when I was ordered to take twenty men and move toward the left of the enemy's line. Taking Lieut. "Bridge" Shannon and twenty men from Captain Langford's (the escort) company, we rode along pleasantly enough, down through a woodland, halting at a very peaceful-looking stream to water our horses. As my horse was drinking, an odd, flat report, with a bullet dropping in the water at my horse's forefeet, told me that a vidette, using a defective cartridge, had failed to hit me on that account, as he was behind a fence about seventy or eighty yards off, shooting with a rest. We soon had him away from his position and back upon the main picket, some distance away. Moving on up a slope of the woodland, we came to an open field, from which we saw, only a short distance away, the left of the enemy's line of battle. I was then behind their line. Going back and reporting to the General, he took a hundred and seventy-five men of the 1st Louisiana and the escort company, and, sending me to take charge of two little mountain howitzers belonging to the 1st Louisiana, we moved near the top of the hill, formed by fours, and charged down a lane which passed in front of a house occupied by the Federals as a field hospital upon a body of infantry near the west end of the lane. While in charge of the little guns I saw only a squad of cavalry in that direction and fired one shell at them. They seemed to disappear by the time the smoke had cleared away. Many years after this, speaking to Maj. H. C. McDowell, of Lexington,

Ky., who was on General Rosecrans's staff at that time, he told me that the infantry was Rosecrans's bodyguard, and that his brother, Lieut. Will McDowell, of the same staff, in charge of the squad of cavalry, had received a bullet from one of our cavalry, from the effects of which he had never fully recovered.

We had little or nothing to do after this until on Thursday night the General ordered Capt. R. T. Daniel (Richmond, Va.) and the writer to take a scout of ten or twenty men and reconnoiter the same position in the rear of which we had charged. Captain Daniel and the writer thought one man was enough, and in some way Sergeant Goodwin, of the 1st Georgia, came to us. We rode through the woods to a point on the rise, behind which the command had been shaped for the charge a day or two before.

Coming out of the woods, we found ourselves several hundred yards behind the Federal left, which was brightly visible by large fires along its line. A roll or rumble of a very long train on the pike from Murfreesboro came to our ears, and we sat perfectly still for a long time, trying to determine whether it was moving to or from Nashville. Appreciating the great importance of determining this, we strained our attention, but for the life of us could not be certain of its direction. Meantime a battery was in motion in the rear of the line, but we could not determine whether it was moving into position or being withdrawn. We could plainly see the men moving about the fires, and could even distinguish what they were saying to each other. After a long time we rode back with what I felt to be an unsatisfactory report. Up to that time our army had driven the enemy back all along, except this left wing, which was opposed by the division of Gen. John C. Breckinridge; and our belief from this fact was that the movement was a retreat, as Rosecrans was badly worsted in the center, and more especially on his right, where early on Monday that fine old soldier, Gen. John McCowan, had swept over their line. Finding them cooking their breakfast, it was a complete surprise. They captured, I was told, about three thousand prisoners and thirty or thirty-one guns.

By the by, I should be glad to hear why, after this fine work, McCowan was so completely shelved by General Bragg. I cannot recall any position given him after this, though this was the most brilliant movement of the battle on our side.

Returning about 4 A.M., I think that we reported to General Pegram only the facts, without expressing our opinion. He ordered me to ride as fast as I could to General Bragg and report to him. Galloping to army headquarters in Murfreesboro, I was told that he had gone out to the battle field. Overtaking him and his staff and escort on the pike to Nashville a little after daylight, I made my report. He asked if I thought they were retreating. I am sorry to say that my answer was that I thought they were. (This in the light of what occurred that afternoon.) But from his reply I have believed that he had determined his action independently of my report; for he said: "I have ordered General Breckinridge to assault that position this afternoon. The signal gun will be fired at three o'clock; your brigade will cooperate in the charge." Saturday I rode back, stopping long enough at a house in town, where I saw a family eating breakfast, to get the only square meal I had during the eight days' fighting.

Reaching the General and command, we all loitered about until, just before three o'clock, the 1st Georgia and 1st Louisiana were dismounted and formed in skirmish formation. The short time seemed long as with strained nerves—to me at

least—we listened for the signal gun. When it sounded, the line seemed to leap forward until it met the enemy in force in the woodland, through which I had three times ridden. Breckinridge's Division was sweeping forward with the Rebel yell. I was ordered to move our line forward faster, and at the command we took up the yell and in our rush captured a lieutenant, colonel, and one hundred and seventy-five infantry. We seemed to have cleaned up all of their flanking force; for we moved at once to the top of the rise, and with two guns of Holtzclaw's Alabama Battery opened at almost point-blank range, enfilading the real line.

I wish I could adequately describe the splendid though awful sight on my left. Breckinridge's two lines were coming forward with an alignment that was almost perfect. His regiment seemed small at that end of his line. Their battle flags were thick, and the only breaks in the lines were made by men pitching heavily forward, while the lines swept on over them.

In battle scenes the artists have nearly always portrayed the generals in brilliant uniform, with brandishing swords, leading the way. I saw nothing of that kind, and no one could have lived a moment between those charging lines and that of the enemy's rain of bullets. The only men in front of our lines were those who now and then would run past and drop on their knees, taking better aim than when moving. So wonderful was the sight that for some moments I did not notice that our gunners seemed to be moving to and from guns and limber chests as if they were on parade. Riding to them, I ordered them to move faster, and they at once did so. Resuming my position near General Pegram, I lost all sense of danger in the tremendous scene until a horse reared high near and I discovered that Gen. John A. Wharton in some way and from somewhere had come to us. Some of his escort were "taking to the timber," behind near-by trees, and it occurred to me that when Texans took to trees it must be a hot place. But as this was my first big fight, I didn't know how hot one could be.

Breckinridge's first line struck the enemy's first, and with a shock that was unmistakable drove them on their second. I had thought the firing was tremendous until then, but when the enemy's first line struck their second it seemed as if heaven and earth were coming together. Our first line moved more slowly until the second closed up, when briefly the dash was taken up again, but only for a short distance, for all at once both lines (indistinguishable by this time) seemed to falter and then literally to disintegrate. Retreating, more fell in every direction, while shell and shot did awful work among them. The charge was over and had failed.

I talked this over with General Breckinridge on our last march through South Carolina and into Georgia. I was then serving with General Duke, who told me that in talking with Federal officers he had learned that they had ten thousand muskets and fifty-eight guns on that position. He said he had four thousand two hundred and fifty, and lost one thousand seven hundred and fifty in forty-five minutes. To me it didn't seem ten minutes.

As our lines came forward, I saw our flag reeling, staggering forward for what seemed forty or fifty yards. Inquiring, I heard that the 2d Kentucky had two or three color bearers shot, and that Capt. Frank Tryon had caught it and carried it, though his clothes were bullet-torn. As our infantry fell back much disordered, but rallying at their old position, our command soon began to receive attention, and under a sharp fire the command, guns and all, were withdrawn to the shelter

of the rising ground before spoken of. We fell back a hundred or two yards at a time, our guns coming into action at each halt until their fires were stopped by a message from General Breckinridge saying that we were firing into our own men. I have never been able to understand how this could have been, as our range was directly toward the enemy's left flank.

The Yankees' three cheers sounded hatefully in my ears after they realized that the attack had failed and would not be renewed. Shortly, through ringing shouts from Colonel Palmer's brigade, our extreme right told that, though repulsed, there was "life in the old land yet."

Saturday and Saturday night General Bragg showed that he had enough by withdrawing his army on the Manchester and another road (Tullahoma, I think). Saturday night General Pegram left the brigade disposed as well as it could be for shelter in the streets of Murfreesboro. The 12th Tennessee Battalion (Captain Day) reported to me as the only member of the staff there. It rained pitilessly; and hurrying my horse under a back porch at General Bragg's former headquarters, I made myself as comfortable as I could on a table. Sunday morning General Pegram returned, and at once sent a scouting party of twenty men under Lieut. Bird Manard, of our escort company, who returned before noon and reported the position attacked by General Breckinridge to be abandoned. A courier was immediately sent to General Breckinridge with the statement that the enemy were retreating.

Late that evening (Sunday) General Pegram with his staff and escort rode out near the destroyed bridge over Stone's River. Soon afterwards we heard and saw the enemy, their army apparently moving up in line of battle, artillery shelling the woods, and their skirmish line firing as they came. By this time General Wheeler rode up to us, bringing our 1st and 2d Tennessee from his Laverne raid. He and General Pegram were great friends, and had much to talk of on the meeting. Presently the enemy began shelling our party, and a fragment struck Lieutenant Wiles, A. A. G. to General Wheeler, on his hand, as he and I were sitting side by side. Strangely enough, this happened again the next day as we were covering General Breckinridge's retreat on the Manchester Pike. Captain Coleman, of General Breckinridge's staff, sent back an account of General Pegram's message, which did not reach us until Monday morning. I have always believed that both sides retreated from the battle field. Rosecrans was the first to realize that fact, and quickly retraced his steps.

I have written much of the little that I saw because I hope that some one, notably Col. Stoddard Johnston, A. A. G. to General Breckinridge, and I think the most capable person from position and ability, would write the history of this charge, the greatest of the war except that of Pickett at Gettysburg, and second only to that. Is it not due to the memory of the great soldier, whose only failure it was during the entire service, as well as to that of the brave men who died trying to accomplish the difficult feat of driving double their own number in muskets and guns from a very strong position?

There is pathos in the death of Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, who on May 15 wrote from Clayton, Mo.: "I congratulate you upon the splendid issue of the *VETERAN* for the current month, which I have read with very great interest and appreciation. It certainly will be a lifetime souvenir of the semi-centennial of the battle around Chattanooga. * * * It was my fortune to have been in both the battles of Chickamauga

and Chattanooga as a member of the staff of Gen. S. B. Buckner, and to have been acquainted with all the facts both preceding and following them. A short time before that I was transferred from the staff of General Bragg to that of General Buckner. In the latter part of November, following the battle of Missionary Ridge, I left Tennessee to become the chief of staff to General Breckinridge in Virginia. * * * Several months ago I passed my eightieth birthday."

ECLIPSE OF MOON AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY C. L. WILLOUGHBY, LAKELAND, FLA.

I was in the Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain battles, and I find that many old comrades have forgotten about an eclipse of the moon that occurred the night we lost the mountain. On the afternoon of that day the 18th Alabama Infantry left the ridge and marched across the valley and up the mountain to relieve the men who had been fighting all day. We arrived at the battle ground at dusk and occupied the position, while those whom we relieved passed down the mountain and across to the ridge; but the fighting had ceased for the day. However, we were deployed in battle line ready for the enemy and awaited events.

It was a very clear night, and the moon, being at its full, shone with unusual brightness, so that you could see any object at quite a distance. About ten or eleven o'clock that night there was a total eclipse of the moon, and the darkness attending was almost like the darkness that might be felt. Just as the moon went into total eclipse we received orders to abandon the mountain to the enemy, and under the friendly darkness of that eclipse we made a safe retreat down the mountain, and at daylight resumed our old position on the ridge. It was said by some of the men that we passed very close to the lines of the enemy on the road down the mountain, and except for the deep darkness that covered our hasty retreat we would not have been able to escape as we did.

I have talked with several men who said they were with us that night, but none of them remembers an eclipse of the moon. I do not understand how any one could forget such an occurrence. If you will look up a record of the eclipses of the moon for that year, you will find my statement true. I was a member of Company G, 18th Alabama Infantry.

QUERIES ABOUT RIVERS CAUSEWAY, S. C.

To the Editor of the *Confederate Veteran*: For the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts I am preparing an account of the action above named. It is based mainly upon my letters of the period, but on certain points further information is desired. It might be supplied by Confederate survivors.

The article "With Wheaton's Battery in the War," in the *VETERAN* for May, 1906, was confessedly from memory only and contains some errors. The attack was made just before dawn. The Union force numbered about 1,000, drawn equally from the 103d New York (white), the 33d United States (formerly Higginson's 1st S. C.), and the 55th (not 54th) Massachusetts (colored); the 55th captured the two guns of Blake's Battery, and they were never retaken, but remained for a long time at our headquarters on Folly Island.

1. In advancing across the marsh from Tiger Island we encountered a picket (cavalry as well as infantry) at the eastern margin of Legaré's place, and perhaps a second line (?) before reaching Rivers Causeway, S. C. W. A. Spivey, in command of the pickets, has been unable to furnish information as to their numbers, locations, horses, actions, etc. Did they join the artillery detachment?

2. Opposite the head of the Causeway was a small redoubt, which was occupied by our forces after one or more repulses, caused mainly by unexpected charges from two twelve-pound Napoleons. These were served most valiantly and too long, and had to be abandoned by the outnumbered Confederates; at least one of them was turned and fired by our men, but there is no evidence that damage was done by it. Confederate gunner William Mather, now of Temple, Pa., R. F. D. 1, assures me that the guns were in the redoubt, where one would naturally expect them to be; but the commander of the section, Lieut. T. M. DeLorme (now dead), was equally positive that the horses, including his own (which was killed) were in or at the redoubt, and that the guns and men remained, on account of the mosquitoes, at some distance to the north. He made for me a diagram so representing them. I wish to show the guns in my paper, but not in two places.

3. A previous attack at the same point had been made on the 21st of May. The guns were not then there, and their presence was wholly unanticipated by us. Were they posted in consequence of that previous attack, and how soon after it? If, as understood, they were withdrawn at dawn, was it not time for their removal when our attack was made, July 2?

On the above or other points information will be gratefully received.

BURT G. WILDER.

ONLY CORRECT DATES AND FACTS DESIRED.

BY CHARLES DUCLOUX, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

In his article "Service in Tennessee and Virginia" (page 479 of the October *VETERAN*) A. J. Rook, of Riverside, Cal., undertook to correct the mistakes made by Comrade C. B. Varner (page 58 of the February issue) in regard to the date of Longstreet's arrival before Knoxville and of his assault on Fort Sanders. Evidently both of these writers drew exclusively on their memory, and their statements are not correct by any means. Comrade Rook says that Longstreet's men arrived before Knoxville about October 7, 1863, charged Fort Sanders about December 20, and retreated on the night of the same day, going to Morristown and then to Danville, where they took the enemy by surprise and captured General Burnside's tent, with a smoking hot breakfast on the table, and his accouterments. There is no such place as Danville in East Tennessee. The writer evidently meant to say Dan-dridge, on the French Broad River.

The facts and correct dates are given on page 508 of the same (October) *VETERAN*. Longstreet's Corps came to Knoxville on November 17, 1863. Fort Sanders was charged on Sunday morning, November 29, and the retreat toward Morristown was begun on December 3. The siege had lasted seventeen days and not seventy-five, as indicated by Comrade Rook. The above statements are copied from official reports, Union and Confederate.

In October, 1863, Company A and portions of Companies C and D were detached from Bragg's army and attached to Longstreet's Corps for his East Tennessee campaign. On May 1, 1864, we were transferred to the Army of Southwestern Virginia, the detachment being commanded by Capt. R. C. McCalla, of Company A.

Some lady, whose address is not attached to her typewritten plea for Mrs. Ella K. Trader, gives thirty-two reasons for enlisting interest in behalf of this Southern patriot. The article is in substance what has been published repeatedly, and this notice is to explain in the absence of her address.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

[Leila Rains Smythe, in interview with Mr. H. D. Norrell.]

Running the blockade was a hazardous business in Confederate days, and yet many a vessel would defy capture and often pluckily run the gantlet and pass beyond the reach of a blockade squadron. In a beleaguered country, cut off from everywhere, with resources growing desperately slim and necessities more clamorous, it was not unnatural that adventurous spirits should attempt to remedy matters. The spirit of adventure found lodgment in many a Southern heart, and the Southern soldier dared much with all of the brilliant dash of the cavalier and the cool determination of the dauntless warrior, giving a most perfect type of chivalry.

The commanders of the blockade runners possessed bravery combined with caution. They were not only good sailors, but strategists in the art of blockade-running. It was the hare and the hounds. The hare sometimes outwitted the hounds and escaped; but sometimes the hounds captured the poor hare, and the good things of the Confederacy went to increase the comfort of an already well-provisioned fleet of warships.

Upon these runners were often trusted messengers from the Confederate government to foreign ports on missions of importance and secrecy. These messengers had the greatest confidence of the authorities; and their duties were not only dangerous, but caution and great diplomacy were required. So they were treated by the commander of the ship with great honor and guarded as a priceless treasure.

"Safety in numbers" does not apply to the secret courier, who goes without company of any kind. He is far from being safe in crowds, when detectives are ready at any time like tigers to spring upon men selected for important purposes. The courier is in peril from both the enemy and pretended friends. His dispatches if captured might cause great disaster, while the loss of money is also great.

From the beginning of the war Mr. Norrell had acted as a courier from point to point of the country. In 1863 his route lay between Richmond and Columbia, S. C. Arriving at Richmond one day, packages were handed him containing orders of an imperative nature. He was to leave the Confederacy within twenty-four hours for Europe on the Robert E. Lee, a blockade runner at Wilmington, N. C. In each package was a \$2,000 Confederate bond, which he was told to deliver to Gen. Collin McRhea, in Paris.

The order was from S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, and dated Richmond, Va., September 29, 1863. It states:

"Mr. H. D. Norrell: The dispatches inclosed herewith and intrusted to your care for delivery in Europe must under no circumstances fall into the hands of others than those to whom they are addressed, and you will be careful on your passage out to place them so that they can be easily destroyed, either by throwing them in the furnace of the steamer or overboard, so arranged as to sink."

If anything interfered, he was to deliver the package to Messrs. Frazer, Trenholm & Co., No. 10 Rumford Place,

Liverpool, to be held by them subject to the order of General McRhea. He was to go through England.

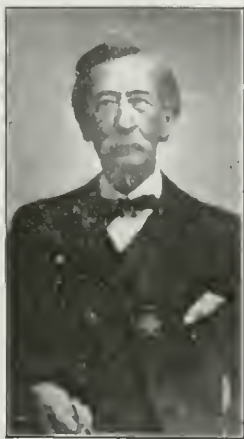
Very quietly the steamer slipped out of her Southern moorings on her reckless undertaking. Far over the great sweep of waters the moonlight lay in silvery splendor, exposing the vessel creeping over the waves as a prominent target for hostile shot and shell. The worst fears were confirmed when a rocket went heavenward, which was followed by a broadside of grapeshot that flew all over the ship. The third shot from the Federals pierced the wheelhouse of the ship, a large splinter of which struck one of the crew on the arm, wounding him badly. Two other men were sitting on a pile of coal. The shell struck the coal and exploded, scattering and hurting them badly, though not dangerously. The explosion of the shell set fire to some cotton piled on deck, and a conflagration seemed imminent. While the men were fighting the fire the enemy poured shot into the plucky little steamer, but fortunately no other shot did any damage. The speed of the ship was in her favor and enabled her to distance her pursuers, but a Yankee cruiser chased the steamer until about 3 P.M. next day.

The captain of the Robert E. Lee had orders that, should the steamer be in danger of capture, she was to be destroyed, the crew and passengers to take the lifeboats. Mr. Norrell was to be put in a boat with only the men to manage it; and should others attempt to enter, they were to be shot. The messenger's duty was to protect the dispatches in his charge, and the captain's duty was to protect him, no matter what stern measures were taken.

According to his orders, Mr. Norrell proceeded to the nearest British port, which was Halifax, Nova Scotia, and for a few days he awaited a northern liner, which carried him to England. The packages were duly delivered to the parties designated in the orders. Then Mr. Norrell carefully investigated for interested persons the fitting out of cruisers, but a cessation of hostilities put an end to that service. Two years later Mr. Norrell returned home on the passport of an Englishman.

A note dated at Augusta, Ga., September 29, 1913, in reply to a request for a sketch, states:

"My Dear Bert: As you seem determine to 'immortalize' me. I submit, but am afraid you can't make much of a hero out of me. Your Aunt Madge thinks I have dodged your perseverance long enough and ought to surrender. Well, I am sending you the article that Mrs. Smythe, the Historian of the Daughters of the Confederacy, wrote after having had an interview with me and which she read at one of the meetings of the Daughters. It won for me at least my cross of honor, for Mrs. Garrett, the Custodian of Crosses, said I justly deserved it. Don't forget, dear Bert, that old Time is playing a grip of seventy-nine on me. UNCLE HANS."



H. D. NORRELL.

LETTER FROM STATE OF NEW YORK.—Mrs. Adah C. Miller, of Central Valley, N. Y., writes about the Richard Owen Memorial at Indianapolis, Ind. "the good old Hoosier State, my native home." She says: "I remember when the prisoners were brought to Indianapolis, among them my mother's brother, Fisher Stucky, of Arkansas. There were three brothers in the Northern army and one in the Southern. * * * We knew Colonel Owen, and feel proud that his kindness and mercy for those in trouble were recognized in this way. I am sure the State of Indiana feels nearer the Confederate veterans than before, and I truly believe this memorial is a 'tie that binds.'"

THE EIGHTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT AT JACKSON.

This regiment of Buford's Brigade, Loring's Division, was in camp on Big Black River July 4, 1863, and prepared to cross over with General Johnston's army to attack Grant in an effort to relieve Pemberton in Vicksburg. Information of the surrender at Vicksburg reached our army on the night of July 6, and at daylight on the 7th General Johnston's army commenced its retreat to Jackson.

The men of that army will never forget their sufferings from the heat and thirst on that road, and none perhaps will ever forget the pleasure derived from a plunge in the cool waters of Pearl River when they arrived at Jackson. And who of them either will ever forget the great number of "walking saloons" which perambulated through the camp, selling at a dollar a sup vile stuff that was greedily bought and swallowed, yet which was nectar to the parched throats of the tired soldiers?

After one day's rest Buford's Brigade was posted in the northwest section of the city and held in reserve there for two days. Here they had the fun of receiving Sherman's artillery fire without the privilege of replying to it.

Early on the morning of the 11th the 8th Kentucky, under Col. H. B. Lyon, was ordered over to the north edge of the city to build a line of breastworks and to hold that line at all hazards. Arriving on the ground designated, one company was sent forward to the edge of a bit of timber as skirmishers, the balance of the regiment waiting for intrenching tools. Inactivity was of short duration. A long line of blue-coated infantry was soon seen advancing rapidly, extending as far as we could see to our left and apparently reaching to Pearl River on our right. It was plain to officers and men that our small regiment would soon be enveloped unless assistance came, and that quickly. The skirmish line was withdrawn and all ordered to lie down on the crest of a low hill. The hillside and crest were bare of trees or other protection, and fell away to rough and broken ground to our right and left. The regiment was so placed that the enemy in our front must leave the cover of the timber to reach us, and thereby give us an equal chance with themselves.

In less time than it takes to tell it the fight was on, and in twenty-five or thirty minutes it was hot and furious, the enemy in many instances falling within ten or fifteen paces of our line. This sort of work could not last long; but no sign of giving way was manifested along the line of the 8th, watched over and guided as it was by Colonel Lyon.

At the first note of the fight General Buford sent his brigade on the run to take position to the right and left of the 8th and beat back the enemy's flanks, the 3d and 7th Kentucky and 12th Louisiana to our right, and the 27th, 35th, and 55th Alabama and 9th Arkansas to our left. All these regiments had their share of the fight, and many casualties occurred in all of them, the 8th Kentucky perhaps showing the largest per cent of loss—thirty-three and a third per cent of those engaged. The pontoon bridge across Pearl River was less than a third of a mile to our right and rear, and it was plain to us what the consequences would have been had we yielded the line occupied by us. A great battle would have been precipitated, and in all likelihood it would have proved disastrous to our army. But the 8th Kentucky had orders to stay, and they stayed. General Johnston, in reporting the affair to Richmond, complimented the regiment and characterized the affair as one of the most gallant that had come under his observation.

During the fight Lieut. Logan Fields, of the 8th, from Calhoun, Ky., took a rifle from a fallen comrade and shot dead a Federal about ten paces in his front; and when the fire had slackened and the Federal line retired, he went out to his man and took his gun and belts and other belongings, and while slowly walking back to his men he remarked that he had shot a "big orderly." Among other things gotten by Lieutenant Fields from his victim was a large silver medal, two and a half or three inches in diameter, given the man for some gallant or heroic action performed by him as a fireman in his Michigan home town. He belonged to the 8th Michigan Infantry, many of whose men were left on the ground in front of the 8th Kentucky Infantry. I do not know what became of the medal, as Fields was not the man to keep it.

The 8th Kentucky was mustered in for three years, or for the entire war, at Hopkinsville, Ky., in October, 1861; was captured at Fort Donelson and exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862; fought at Coffeeville, Champion Hill, and Big Black, Miss.; in February, 1864, it was mounted and went with General Forrest to Paducah; was at Brice's Crossroads, Tupelo, Old Town Creek, and at Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Hood's retreat, Montevallo, and Selma; and were paroled at Columbus, Miss., May 15, 1865.

EXPERIENCES OF A VIRGINIA PRIVATE.

BY CALVIN P. DEARING, CADIZ, KY.

I was born in Bedford County, Va., in 1842. I enlisted in May, 1861, in Company G, 28th Virginia Infantry, Col. Robert Preston, and served through the Yorktown Campaign. Together with Private William McClara, I was detailed as a scout to watch the Yankee gunboats in the vicinity of Yorktown, and we were without food for eight days. Our only drink was the water in the sloughs and bayous, in the swamps. We were so nearly starved when we were relieved of service that we had to be put under guard to keep us from eating too much.

I served in all the fighting around Richmond prior to the Gettysburg fight. I was in the Seven Days' Battles, both Bull Run fights, and was at Fraser's Farm, Cold Harbor, and Gaines's Mill. I was in the three days' battle at Gettysburg, was in Pickett's charge, and was with the command at the rock fence where General Garnett was killed. Just as I started to get over the fence a piece of shell or large ball struck my gun, shattered it, and left me without a gun. I noticed a Mississippi rifle lying by the side of a dead boy and picked it up. Everybody who ever saw one knows how hard it is to cock. I naturally thought the gun was empty, so I rammed a load into it and fired. I supposed the gun must have been half full of lead, as the recoil sent me back some ten feet in a double somersault, the gun going backward over my head and sticking in the ground, stock up. I was dazed for a moment and thought I had been struck by a cannon ball.

I was captured by the Federals in Pickett's charge and was carried first to Westminster, thence to Baltimore, and on to Fort Delaware, where I was confined until May, 1865. Prisoners were punished unmercifully for the slightest infraction of the rules and for no infraction, just at the whim of the guard. One poor fellow was almost famished and was making a little coffee in a tin cup with some splinters that he had whittled from a bit of plank, when a guard saw him. His name was John Tesson. His punishment was to stand on the rung of a ladder that was almost perpendicular and to hold in his hands

a log so heavy that it took two men to hand it up to him. If he dropped it, he was to be shot on the spot. After a while the commander of the fort came along, saw him standing there, and said: "Hello, John; you have been promoted, haven't you? Come down from there." The poor fellow dropped the log, fell headlong to the ground, and died in a few minutes.

Another method of punishment was to require the victim to stand on the top edges of a barrel with the head knocked out, and to hold a log so heavy that it took two men to hand it up to him. He was made to hold it for three hours. If he dropped it, he was shot. If he succeeded in holding it the required time, he died from the effects. If he did not die in the act, he died a short time afterwards. I never knew any one to survive the ordeal.

Once a few men succeeded in making a crude boat, and then made an attempt to escape one night by rowing across the bay. They were caught and holes were cut in the bottom of the boat. These men's heads were put through the holes, and they were forced to run over rough places until they stumbled and fell and their necks were broken.

At first our rations were one ounce of bread and some rice soup for a meal. Later we were given only a small morsel of bread so salty that the salt spewed out around the edges of it.

On one occasion one of the guards was accused of stealing some grapes from the commander, and a barrel was put over his head and he was forced to run entirely around the barracks with the word "thief" painted in box car letters on the barrel. It afterwards turned out that he did not get the grapes; but another fellow did, and had this man punished because he had been kind to the prisoners. Officers and privates were in separate barracks, and correspondence was had by tying notes to rocks and throwing them over the ditch. To get caught was to be punished.

In the spring of '65 a few men were sent South, as we supposed, to be exchanged. A Philadelphia paper was strewn all over the prison with big headlines saying that the rest of us were held for retaliation. We knew hard times were in store for us. All who would take the oath and join the Yankee army were permitted to do so. Thank God! only a few weak ones did so.

When a new lot of men were brought in, the sutler was permitted to sell to all who would buy them pocketknives at \$1 each. Then the guard would force all the knives to be thrown into a barrel. They were then given back to the sutler, who would repeat the act with the next new bunch, selling the same knives over and over again. The guard whose duty it was to gather up the knives was known as "Hike Out," for after the knives were bought he came around and called out to the boys to "hike out," and they had to hike or they were severely punished.

It is a wonder that anybody survived the life of this prison. I was as stout as any one, and made up my mind that I would tough it out if anybody could. Hundreds of tricks were resorted to by the guards to get the boys to violate the rules in some slight particular, so that they might be punished and killed. There were so many rules and regulations that no one knew them all. It was openly talked that the war would never close till the South was exterminated. Such prisons as this were a great means of extermination. The prisoners in them were killed or died by the score every day.

After I was released, in May, 1865, I was given transportation to Baltimore, where I found a committee of ladies who took charge of all Southern boys and gave them shelter and

provisions until they had strength to go on South. Most of those who survived were emaciated and in such a condition physically that they could hardly walk without assistance. May God bless those generous Southern ladies in Baltimore!

CHAPLAIN OF TENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

BY J. PINKNEY THOMPSON, LEBANON, KY.

Father Blieml, chaplain of the 10th Tennessee Regiment, was killed at Jonesboro, Ga., on September 1, 1864, while administering the last sacrament to Col. William Grace, who had been wounded and was dying. The 10th was an Irish regiment made up largely in Nashville. It was a good one. It belonged to Gregg's (afterwards Tyler's) Brigade, composed of men who received their baptism of fire at Fort Donelson. Father Blieml was the only chaplain killed during the War of the States or any other war. A monument has been erected to Father Corey for giving absolution to the Irish brigade at Gettysburg. A movement is being made to place a memorial tablet at Andersonville to Father Hamilton, the only gospel minister to visit the prisoners there.

Let the veterans and sons of veterans of the Bloody Tenth, and the Daughters of the Confederacy, have a monument placed at Jonesboro to Father Blieml and Colonel Grace. The writer knew Father Blieml and Father Hamilton well. He belonged to Tyler's Brigade.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS KILLED OR FATALLY WOUNDED IN BATTLE.—B. L. Aycock, of Kountze, Tex., writes of errors in times and places where brigadier generals fell, on page 446, September (1913) VETERAN: "John Gregg, commanding the Texas (Hood's) Brigade, fell at Darbytown Road, north of the James River (and not at Petersburg), on October 7, 1864. Robert Hatton fell at Seven Pines, as stated, but on May 30, not May 3. The writer was a private in Company E, 4th Texas Brigade, and was made a prisoner on May 30, with some thirty or forty of the same command. In an ineffectual charge on Union breastworks Butler placed the writer and the others captured that day at Dutch Gap under the fire of Confederate mortar guns, and kept us there ten days. Then we were sent to Point Lookout, and kept there until the surrender. The writer saw the charge of the Tennesseans at Seven Pines, being at their right on the York River Railroad, Richmond side of the river. I once before asked the VETERAN why 'Bob Hatton,' as the Tennesseans called him, was in the list of generals, as he was only colonel when he fell. The VETERAN corrected me, giving date of his commission; but I was right."

COMRADES OF THE 41ST VIRGINIA.—L. J. Dyer, 303 South Catherine Street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "In the March (1912) VETERAN Mr. B. J. Rodgers is in error about S. M. Gregory belonging to Company E, 40th Virginia Regiment. There was no 40th Virginia Regiment in Mahone's old brigade. It was composed of the 6th, 12th, 16th, 41st, and 61st Virginia Regiments. Gregory belonged to Company E, of the 41st Virginia. The first lieutenant of the company was Louis Smith, who lived in Petersburg. I knew Gregory well, as I was a member of Company F, of this regiment. Our first lieutenant was Scott Sykes. Gregory was wounded in the right hand in front of Petersburg, but after he got well and went back to his company he could play the drum as well as ever. Besides being a good drummer, he could play the fife and mouth organ. In fact, I thought him a born musician. I hope this will meet his eye, for I should like to hear from him."

THE LAST ROLL

THE ROSE STILL GROWS BEYOND THE WALL.

"Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride;
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,
And make our courage faint or fail?
Nay! let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall,

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will for evermore."

DEATHS IN GEN. LEROY STAFFORD CAMP, No. 3.

The following are the names of members of Gen. LeRoy Stafford Camp, No. 3, Shreveport, La., who have died since August, 1912, furnished by Adj. Will H. Tunnard:

Judge T. F. Bell, McNutt's 11th Mo. Inf., Nov. 14, 1912.

E. E. Funderburk, Co. H, 28th La. Inf., Nov. 12, 1912.

S. Beckwith, Co. I, 11th Mo. Inf., Dec. 16, 1912.

J. C. Vance, Co. F, 2d S. C. Inf., Feb. 7, 1913.

G. M. Gillespie, Co. I, 2d La. Cav., May 26, 1913.

S. B. McCutchen, Co. I, 27th La. Inf., July 18, 1913.

N. Hirsch, Co. D, Crescent Reg. Inf., Sept. 11, 1913.

The ages of the foregoing average about seventy-five years.

With the foregoing a note from the contributor, Will H. Tunnard, who served in Company K, 3d Louisiana Infantry, states: "This is one of the oldest and most active Camps of the South, and it holds large and interesting meetings every month. It embraces the larger portion of the survivors of the war in this parish, representing commands from all portions of the South. I have been a reader of the VETERAN for years and would not be without it. You are doing a great and lasting work in preserving the truth of the war of 1861-65. I trust you may long be spared for this noble undertaking."

JOHN WESLEY ARNOLD.

J. W. Arnold died recently at his home, in Keyser, W. Va., having been in ill health for a year. He was born in Winchester, Va., on August 9, 1843. He moved to Keyser some

thirty-six years ago and entered the mercantile business, which he conducted for many years.

Mr. Arnold entered the army on the 17th of September, 1861, as a private in Company A, 5th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, and was afterwards transferred to the 39th Virginia Cavalry, Company A, and served with distinction as scout, guide, and courier for Gen. R. E. Lee until the close of the war. He was honorably discharged at Winchester on April 17, 1865, by the provost marshal.

MRS. NANNIE SEDDON BARNEY.

"Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Marked her till life's last hour."

In the death of Mrs. Nannie S. Barney the South has lost one of its distinctively Confederate women. Mrs. Barney was born in Fredericksburg, Va., June 10, 1838; and died in her native town October 11, 1913. She was the widow of a distinguished naval officer, Capt. J. N. Barney, who resigned from the United States navy to serve the Confederacy. He died on June 16, 1899. (A sketch with picture of him is in the VETERAN for September, 1902.)

During the trying days of 1861-64 Mrs. Barney did all in her power to aid the Confederate cause, and while in Richmond assisted in nursing the sick soldiers in hospitals there. After the war she was indefatigable in her efforts to do honor to the veterans of the Confederacy. She had for years been an active member of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Fredericksburg, and was its Secretary for a long period.



MRS. NANNIE S. BARNEY.

Nearly thirty years ago the wooden posts marking the soldiers' graves in the Confederate cemetery were rapidly decaying, and there was question as to how they should be replaced. Mrs. Barney undertook to raise the money to place a marble headstone over each grave. How well she succeeded is a matter of history. She wrote to papers in every Southern State which had soldiers buried in Fredericksburg, had thousands of pleas printed and distributed broad-

cast. Money poured in from the South and much too from the North.

Not only has enough money been raised to furnish the needed headstones, but enough to purchase the statue of a soldier to place on the granite monument erected years before. Thus she builded her own monument, and her name is known and remembered by many an old veteran in every Southern State. She organized Fredericksburg Chapter, U. D. C., February 28, 1896, and was its honored President until her death, giving her time and strength to the conduct of its affairs. No woman was more loved and honored in life and few have been as honored in death.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Ladies' Memorial Association attended the funeral in a body, and representatives from Menny Camp, U. C. V., in their gray uniforms were present, and the Presbyterian church was filled with a sorrowing concourse of friends, who came to do honor to this devoted member of the Church and honored member of the community. The flowers were unusually numerous.

A gifted contributor to the life of Mrs. Barney concludes: "We may well apply to our thought of her the verses that picture so vividly her loss:

'Tis singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
Forever we may call;
They through the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joys of life,
They softened every frown;
But O 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore.
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there:
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore."

[The VETERAN for 1896, page 230, gave an account of Mrs. Barney's work in saving the names of dead comrades in the cemetery at Fredericksburg. Some of the committee favored removing the decaying headboards and smoothing the ground; but to her it was an acutely painful suggestion, and she prevailed upon them to wait one year, and undertook the work of raising funds to replace the rotten planks with the 1,700 marble headstones, and with her pen in the quiet of her home raised \$5,100 with which the work was completed and funds left to place an attractive statue of a soldier on the monument already placed.]

JOHN E. JOHNSON.

John E. Johnson died at his home, near Capon Bridge, W. Va., on September 12, 1913, aged seventy-five years. He had been an invalid for two years, not able to walk. He served

in the Stonewall Brigade. He was a member of the United Brethren Church. A large concourse of relatives and friends attended the funeral, conducted by Rev. H. P. Lawrence.

[Sketch by R. F. Riley through Comrade F. M. Brown.]

WILLIAM H. GREER.

William H. Greer, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Lexington, Mo., died there suddenly on



W. H. GREER.

September 8, 1913. He was born February 22, 1842, in Jackson County, Mo., and was a resident of Lexington from 1880. He was married in 1865 at Warren, Tex., to Miss Hettie Gilliam, who died in January, 1913. Surviving him are a son and two daughters.

Comrade Greer was with Quantrell for a short time early in the war, but later entered the regular Confederate service as a member of Company D, Shank's 12th Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Brigade, and served throughout the war. He was an honored member of Lexington Camp, U. C. V., a member of the M. E. Church, South, and an Odd Fel-

low. As a citizen he was held in high esteem.

HIRAM A. McSPADDEN.

H. Allen McSpadden died at his home, in Fort Payne, Ala., on October 2, 1913, of a congestive chill. He was born in 1847 on the old family plantation, near Fort Payne. At the age of sixteen he entered the Confederate service in Davenport's Battalion, and served the last eighteen months of the war. He was a good soldier and earned the respect and esteem of his comrades. After the war he lived in the old home until his death.

In 1873 he was married to Miss Mollie Allen, of Allen Springs, and she, with the six children, survives him. He attended the Chattanooga Reunion in May and enjoyed it to the fullest. He was a consistent member of the Southern Methodist Church. Among the beautiful floral tributes placed on his casket were those from his Sunday school class, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Veterans.

[Sketch by Miss Nannie Williams, Historian of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Purcell, Okla.]

JAMES E. BUTLER.

James E. Butler was born at Poplar Ridge, near New Hope, Madison County, Ala., on May 20, 1843; and died July 23, 1913. He attended the county schools and worked on the farm until he joined the Confederate army in 1862, becoming a member of Company C, 4th Alabama Cavalry Regiment, and served his country faithfully as a soldier, being in active service until captured near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., in September, 1864. He was imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was kept until June, 1865, when he was released and furnished transportation home.

Soon after returning home Comrade Butler was married to Nancy Jane Nichols, who, with eight children (five sons and three daughters), survives him. He was a successful merchant and planter, was devoted to his family, true to his friends, and loyal to his comrades.

CAPT. JAMES L. KEOWN.

Capt J. L. Keown, at the age of ninety-two years and twenty days, died on May 1, 1913, at his home, in Jefferson City, Mo. He was born in Tennessee, near Nashville, April 11, 1821. In his childhood the family moved to Morgan County, near Versailles. He became a carpenter, and was ever successful in business. He was a forty-niner to the Pacific Coast, but returned to Missouri from California in 1856, bringing \$16,000 in gold. Later he made a tour into China and Japan, landing on his return in New York.

Captain Keown enlisted under a call of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson in May, 1861, in the State Guards and afterwards re-enlisted in the regular Confederate service for three years, or during the war, in the 4th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., Parson's Brigade, under Gen. Sterling Price. He was chosen captain of Company D, 4th Regiment, and served as such until the close of the war. He participated in all the important battles of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and surrendered at Shreveport, La., in June, 1865. In the battle of Wilson Creek, August 10, 1861, in which battle Col. Fred Buehrle (Federal) was wounded and fell into the hands of Captain Keown, who gave him every attention that was possible for one soldier to give to another. Colonel Buehrle in relating the incident says: "By his kindness and attention he saved my life."

In the early seventies Captain Keown was appointed foreman of the carpenter work at the Missouri penitentiary. In this capacity he directed the building of a number of structures, including the present executive mansion. Later he engaged in the lumber trade until he retired to private life.

He was a member of M. M. Parson's Camp, No. 718, U. C. V. He joined the Masonic fraternity shortly after attaining his majority, and was at the time of his death probably the oldest Mason in Missouri. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church three-quarters of a century.

He was married in 1860 to Miss Georgia Barkley, of Warsaw, Mo., who survives him with five children, as follows: Mrs. Charles B. Howard, of Versailles; Miss Belle, John L. and B. W. Keown, and Mrs. W. F. Roesen, of Jefferson City.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Liverett and the Masonic fraternity. He left an influence which will live and be perpetuated in the lives of those who knew and loved him.

JOHN M. HASTINGS.

Seventy-three years ago John M. Hastings was born in Bedford County, Tenn., and in that county he lived out his life, residing in Shelbyville, its county seat, for many of his later years. He had fitted himself for teaching; but when the call for volunteers came, he responded by enlisting in Company A, 17th Tennessee Regiment, and was sworn into service on May 16, 1861. He served the first three years of the war in the Army of Tennessee under General Bragg.

Early in the battle of Murfreesboro he was wounded by a Minie ball through his thigh, and later in the day his musket became so hot from excessive firing that in pressing the cartridge down the ramrod tore through his hand. All this while the wound in his thigh was bleeding so that his shoe was filled with blood; but he went on to the end of the battle, though entreated many times to go to the rear.

In the spring of 1864 his brigade, under General Johnston, was sent to Virginia, where it took part in the battles of Drury's Bluff, in front of Petersburg, near Walthall Junction, and many other severe engagements. While in the trenches at Bermuda Hundred a shell struck the embank-

ment, burying John Hastings and six comrades beneath several tons of earth, and when they were rescued life was almost extinct. These comrades were William Russell, Sim Jerry, P. D. Parker, W. Hinson, Simon and Nathan Roberts. It is understood that all were resuscitated except Sim Jerry.



JOHN M. HASTINGS.

While with the Western Army Comrade Hastings took part in the battles of Wild Cat, Bean's Creek, Fishing Creek, Perryville, Chickamauga, and others. He was captured at Fort Harrison, Va., early in 1865, and was in prison at Point Lookout, Md., when the war closed. With his three brothers he returned home to take up life anew, and for a time engaged in teaching school, then for several years was Circuit Court Clerk. He died in August, 1913, at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. G. Hines, in Shelbyville. His devotion to the cause to the last was illustrated by his agency for the VETERAN, in which he was ever zealous.

WILLIAM C. JOYNES.

Mrs. Sallie Curry Joynes sends in loving remembrance of her husband, William Colonna Joynes, who died at his home, in McKinney, Tex., May 18, 1913, the following:

"Mr. Joynes was born in Hampton, Va., July 8, 1845. He joined the Confederate army when a mere boy in 1861 and made a faithful and courageous soldier. He was severely wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, Va., a piece of shell having passed through his side just above the hip; but he recovered, and as soon as he was able he was transferred to the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, in which he had an older brother. He served faithfully in this company until captured at Petersburg, Va., and was imprisoned at Point Lookout. When his battery was taken at Petersburg and the guns turned on his command, he was ordered to fire his gun; but before his captors had time to realize what he was doing he

had unfastened his primer box and thrown it as far as he could into the water.

"Although in poor health for years, he was always hopeful and cheerful and tried to make those around him happy. He was a kind, considerate husband, a generous and true friend. He had a bright mind, a fine memory, and was an interesting companion. I don't remember to have heard him speak an unkind word about any one in the forty-five years of our married life. He was not perfect, but he was a true friend and an honest and brave man.

"In his last long sickness he never complained. He had every attention that loving friends and a kind, generous physician could give. May God's richest blessings rest upon them all! I shall always remember their kindness."



THOMAS BENTON KING.

Thomas B. King died at his residence, in Brownsville, Tenn., on July 22, 1913, after a short illness. He was one of the most successful and influential business men of the city.

Thomas B. King was born in Huntsville, Ala., April 15, 1837. His father was a Methodist minister and died when his son was a mere boy. When the war began Thomas King enlisted in the 4th Alabama Cavalry, of which D. C. Kelley was colonel, and he was with Forrest's old brigade throughout the war. He enlisted as a private and at the close had been promoted to first lieutenant. He was twice captured and imprisoned on Johnson's Island and was in prison when peace was declared.

Mr. King was married to Miss Belle Thompson, of Lebanon, in 1867, and the following year he located at Brownsville and engaged in the hardware business, in which he prospered. He became a member of the Methodist Church in the early seventies and lived the life of a Christian consistently to the last. He was a man highly respected in all business and so-

cial relations, temperate in life and speech, and loved and honored by his family. He is survived by his wife and six children—Mrs. Miles Bradford, of Birmingham; Mrs. William Kinney, Mrs. Opal King Burton, Dr. T. B. King, of Brownsville; and R. E. and Earl King, of Memphis.

JOHN N. LANIER.

Comrade J. N. Lanier was born October 25, 1839, in St. Tammany Parish, La. When Governor Moon called for twenty-five thousand men to defend the State in 1861, Comrade Lanier enlisted in Company K, 7th Louisiana Regiment, as a member of the Remington Rifles, which company became a part of Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He was badly wounded in the second battle of Manassas and was unable to return to duty until the following December. He was in the Pennsylvania campaign and was captured at Gettysburg and taken to Fort Delaware. After fourteen months in prison, he made his escape with W. B. Rodgers and W. T. Bickham, of the 9th Louisiana Regulars, and joined General Early in the Valley. Comrades Lanier and Rodgers were given furloughs by General Lee in February, 1865; and later, while in front of Petersburg, they were cut off from their command and were unable to get back before the surrender.

[From a sketch by George M. Penn.]

ASA M. HUGGINS.

Comrade A. M. Huggins was born March 17, 1835, in Coweta County, Ga. In early life he professed faith in Christ and joined the New Hope Baptist Church, near his home. His later years were spent in Newnan, Ga. He departed this life March 16, 1912.

On May 10, 1862, he enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company C, 34th Regiment Georgia Volunteers. He was in Vicksburg during that long and bitter siege, and was in the surrender there July 4, 1863. After his exchange he returned with his company to the front and served until General Johnston's surrender, on April 29, 1865. His comrades bore testimony as to his courage and fidelity as a soldier. When he reached home after the close of the war, he took up his duties as a citizen, and as such was faithful in all the relations of life. By his meekness and gentleness of speech, his purity and uprightness of life, he secured the confidence and esteem of all who knew him.

[Tribute approved by Coweta Camp, J. L. Brown, Adjutant.]

SAMUEL A. JONES.

S. A. Jones was born near Columbiana, Ala., in June, 1832; and died at his home, in Opelika, Ala., on January 29, 1913. In 1859 he went to Texas, and in 1862 enlisted as a private in Company I, 15th Texas Cavalry, with which command he saw his first service. The regiment was reorganized in Arkansas, and later became known as the 32d Texas Infantry, Colonel Andrews commanding. In 1862 the regiment went with General Bragg into Kentucky, was in the battles of Richmond and Perryville, and suffered great hardships from cold and hunger on the retreat. Comrade Jones was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge; was in the army that fought Sherman's advance to Atlanta; and was with Hood at Nashville. After Hood's retreat Comrade Jones was ordered south, and was captured at Spanish Fort, near Mobile, and carried to Ship Island and later to Vicksburg, from which place he was paroled in May, 1865. From Vicksburg he walked to his father's home, at Salem, Ala. In 1867 Comrade Jones married the daughter of Judge

Sloppey. Most of the remaining years of his life were spent on his farm, near Opelika. He came of fighting stock, his grandfather having been Samuel A. Jones, of South Carolina, a major in the Revolutionary army, and his own record was not unworthy of his ancestors.

POLK MILLER.

Polk Miller, a veteran of the Confederate service and an entertainer whose banjo, talks, songs, and stories of negro life and character have made him known over the entire country, died at his home, in Bon Air, Va., on October 20, 1913.

Mr. Miller was born near Richmond in August, 1844, and celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday last summer. He went to Richmond in 1860, and during the later years of the war he was in the Confederate service as a member of the Richmond Howitzers. After the war for a while he was in the employ of the old firm of Meade & Baker, but later opened a drug store of his own, and for a generation his old stand in the basement of the Hanikwink Building, where the Old Dominion Trust Company now stands, was one of the landmarks of Richmond. It was there that his genial humor, his contagious laughter and music, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and his inimitable ducky imitations drew about him the appreciative crowd of friends who inspired him to seek wider fields for his splendid gifts for entertaining.

While Mr. Miller's work was always for the pleasure of his audiences, it was studiously educational and did much to show to the people of the North the true spirit of affection and understanding that exists between the white people of the South and the negro who has not been mistaught and misguided by alien influences.

Some time ago Mr. Miller wrote a little biographical reminiscence of his own life, and the following extracts, taken from it almost at random, show his simple and genial spirit:

"I came to Richmond from the country (where all good boys come from) on the 19th of February, 1860. That I remember the day so well is due to the fact that the 22d came three days afterwards. I had gone to work on the 20th. I had read about the 22d of February in my school histories; but I had never seen a military parade, nor had I ever heard a band of music. When I saw the soldier boys who belonged to the Howitzers, the Grays, Company F, the Young Guard, and Captain Gay's State Guard hurrying through the streets to their armories, and was told that there was going to be a great military parade, I was wild. Like the darkies of to-day, who will throw up a job to go on a 'scursion, I was ready to give up mine. What a fool, thought I, to start to work on the eve of this great pageant! I was not kept long in suspense, for my employers could see that I was crazy to be turned loose, and told me to go. From the beginning to the end of the march I was up with the procession by the side of the band. I would rather have been old Joe Hirschberg a-beatin' o' that drum than to have been the Governor of Virginia. It had been but a little more than a year since the military had been at Harper's Ferry, when old John Brown was captured, tried, and hung, and a soldier was every inch a hero in the eyes of the ladies.

"Washing bottles, dusting down the store, and cleaning the fly specks off of a hundred square feet of mirrors which lined the back part of our store was my daily task. I had been told when I left home to do whatever my employers told me, and that no labor should be considered menial if it was in the line of duty and promotion; but never having done any

work before, but ordered a ducky to do whatever I wanted done, it went hard with me.

"When my father sent me here, he told his friends that he wanted to get the country green off me. By the time I had cleaned up the store in the morning I thought my father had put upon his poor boy an amount of work and a class of work which was very humiliating. But that which encouraged me not to grow weary of well-doing was the kindness and the attention I got at the hands of men who stood at the head of the various trades and professions of Richmond, and who made our store a sort of headquarters. All of these gentlemen seemed to take a fatherly interest in me; and it mattered not what I was doing, they would stop and talk to me in a kindly way. I had a natural and countryfied way of expressing myself; and while I was not at all pert or self-important in my bearing, the fact of their being men of distinction did not cause me to tremble in their presence.

"I was always fond of hunting, and no doubt I have squandered many a dollar in following the dogs in the field; but when I think of the robust health which I enjoy and the many little vices which might have come to me had I not made this my only recreation, I have no regrets."



MR. POLK MILLER.

[The foregoing is a general sketch of Mr. Polk Miller, but he deserves more of the VETERAN. Many times did he discuss the importance of its largely increased circulation, and he frequently considered taking up the matter before his audiences as a voluntary patriotic tribute. An intimacy existed for many years between him and the Editor, so that when either was in the other's home city the most thorough hospitality was dispensed. Polk Miller was an honorable man and a Christian gentleman.]

C. P. K. writes the following tribute to Mr. Miller:

"On October 20 Mr. Polk Miller, of Richmond, Va., the noted lecturer and old Confederate soldier, died suddenly of heart failure. Mr. Miller was widely known throughout

the Union, and was universally admired for his charming character and personality.

"Polk Miller is dead. Without a note of warning, the news was flashed across a continent, and thousands mourned. The radiance of his genius has been dimmed, alas! too soon. The beauty of his presence can now be felt in the hall of memory alone. But even that is a veritable boon to those who knew his worth. As a friend, none knew him but to love him. As a patriot, he stood upon a pinnacle. As a prince of entertainers, in high and righteous cause, he had hardly a peer in the annals of his race.

"Fashioned and modeled in nature's purest mold, his every impulse, his every thought, his every spoken word bore the unmistakable impress of her handiwork. Art had no claim upon him, for he was nature's own. And, following the dictates of her call, his utterances were a benison to those who heard him, and their name is legion.

"As has been said of another of the immortal great, he radiated by his charity an influence more beautiful than the beauty of the stars; he reflected by his modest worth a light mellowed than the sun's light upon the moon. No word of ill was ever uttered against his name; no word of ill of others was ever known to pass his justice-tempered lips. By his nation-wide lectures he gave immeasurable joy to myriads of his fellow men. He sang the songs of the Southland's halcyon days, and the music of his numbers still lingers in the land.

"We glory in his life, we glory in his death. For death is life and life is death to such a man—one, though interchangeable, they stand. He is dead when reckoned by the heart beats, but lives in the heart throbs of those he leaves behind.

"Virginia has lost a beloved son and all mankind a friend."



ALFRED TAYLOR EASTLAND.

Alfred Taylor Eastland, who died in San Francisco on October 2, was the son of the late Maj. Thomas B. Eastland, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., and was born in New Orleans in August, 1847, just about the close of the Mexican War. He came of a distinguished family. His grandfather, Col. Thomas Eastland, was a lieutenant in the United States army, in 1800 was quartermaster-general for Kentucky, and in the War of 1812 served with distinction under Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison.

In 1801 Colonel Eastland married Nancy Mosby, and had five sons and a daughter, Thomas B. Eastland, father of Alfred Taylor, being the eldest son. Of the other sons, three went to Texas in the thirties. Two of them were with Gen. Sam Houston at San Jacinto, and one of them, Capt. William M. Eastland, drew a black bean in the usual lottery of death allowed to Mexican prisoners of war, and, with sixteen of his men, was shot. The county and town of Eastland, Tex., were named for this captain, and the county of Dawson was named for a cousin, Capt. Nicholas Dawson, who was killed by the Mexicans while on his way to assist in the defense of San Antonio in 1847.

In 1849 Maj. Thomas B. Eastland took his oldest son, Joseph Green Eastland, by sea to San Francisco, and after three years returned to Nashville, leaving his son, who became a wealthy and prominent man.

At the breaking out of the war Major Eastland brought his family to his summer home at Bon Air, Tenn., where they remained until the fall of 1863, when they went to California, making the trip by way of New York and Panama.

Major Eastland was an ardent supporter of the Confederate cause and had two sons in the service, one of whom died from the hardships and exposure of the Shenandoah Valley Campaign. He, however, refused to allow his youngest son, Alfred Taylor, to leave home in spite of the earnest desire of Gen. John Morgan, who was an intimate and beloved friend of the family, to take him into his own command.

After the war Mr. Eastland became a permanent resident of California, where he filled many positions of trust, being for years Secretary of the Stockton Gas Company, the Oakland Gas, Light, and Heat Company, the Patent Brick Company, and the Coast Realty Company. In all his business affairs he was noted for the family traits of great ability, joined with sincere regard for the rights of others. As a boy his ambition had been to join the navy, and he was all of his life well posted on naval affairs. He was also closely associated with the mining business in both Nevada and California and was considered an authority on mining matters. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., K. of P., and A. O. U. W., for many years holding office in these orders, and he was also a member of Lodge No. 171, B. P. O. E. Though for so many years a citizen of California, he never forgot the South nor ceased to take pride in her history and her progress. He is survived by his wife, one daughter (Mrs. J. W. McClure, of Oakland, Cal.), and three grandsons (Donald, Richard Alfred, and Malcolm Eastland McClure).

Mr. Eastland was a subscriber to the VETERAN from its beginning, and his friendship was unwavering in its loyalty and generous in its expression. As a single evidence of his sincerity, when the U. D. C. Convention had finished its meeting in Oakland some years ago and the delegates and guests were leaving for their homes, Mr. Eastland was not satisfied with a formal farewell to the Editor of the VETERAN at the station, but went aboard the train without previous notice and rode fifty miles with him to point out the places of interest.

PRIZES FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN IN NEW ORLEANS.

The History Committee of Camp Beauregard, U. S. C. V., has fixed February 11 as the day when the prizes will be awarded to the school children of New Orleans for essays. It will be the one hundred and second anniversary of the birth of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President Confederate States.

The ceremonies will take place at the Soldiers' Home. The judges selected are: Prof. A. Fortier, chairman; Mrs. A. L. Lusher, representing the high schools; J. W. Watson, of the Washington Artillery; and J. A. Harral, of Cavalry Camp, No. 9. The Army of Northern Virginia will appoint a judge.

The History Committee of the Camp consists of B. F. Sullivan (chairman), R. A. Tichenor, W. O. Hart, J. D. Mix, and J. J. Prowell, all Past Commandants of the Camp.

*SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.**CONTRIBUTIONS CREDITED BY STATES.*

The following is simply the State totals of each Chapter or person with the amount of every contribution, and it fills nearly thirty typewritten pages:

Alabama, \$101.85; Arkansas, \$150.65; California, \$287.48; Colorado, \$12; Florida, \$302.45; Georgia, \$263.88; Illinois, \$57.50; Indiana, \$43.50; Kentucky, \$345.67; Louisiana, \$61; Maryland, \$112; Mississippi, \$231.82; Missouri, \$104.95; Minnesota, \$6; New York, \$100; North Carolina, \$140.52; New Mexico, \$22.55; Ohio, \$23; Oklahoma, \$27.50; Pennsylvania, \$57; Tennessee, \$622.27; Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Tenn., \$1,700 (the Shiloh Chapter inaugurated the monument, and their \$1,700 includes contributions from various States); Texas, \$533.50; Virginia, \$661.24; West Virginia, \$6.00.

Interest on funds procured, \$689.77.

Total net collections from November 4, 1912, to November 4, 1913, \$7,753.39.

Amount on hand November 1, 1912, \$17,356.23.

Total in hand to November, 1913, \$25,109.62.

Mrs. Roy W. McKinney is the Treasurer.

PAROLE RECEIVED FIFTY YEARS LATE.

Capt. C. E. Owen writes from Montgomery, Ala.: "The parole came promptly, and I was very agreeably surprised to find it so perfectly preserved. I certainly appreciate your attention to the matter. It is remarkable that I surrendered nearly fifty years ago and am just getting my parole."

[Explanation of the foregoing may be had by reference to page 448 of the September VETERAN. It will be a kindness to families of officers in Armistead's Cavalry Regiment, composed of commands of the 7th and 8th Alabama Regiments, if all who know the men of that command will call attention to the list of those who did not get their paroles at the time of surrender.]

WAS JOHN Z. HUDGES IN 46TH GEORGIA INFANTRY?

Mrs. Elvira Miller Slaughter, Western Boulevard and Fortieth Street, Louisville, Ky., is interested in the pathetic case of John Zachariah Huges, who is old and feeble. His memory being impaired, he is not able to give a clear account of his service as a Confederate soldier, which would enable him to secure a pension. It seems that he enlisted at a camp between Decatur and Atlanta and was under one Col. Bob Henderson. Huges was taken ill and his company went on; so upon recovery he served with some other command, either Cheatham or Morgan, he thinks. His company was not mus-

tered out at the close, but simply disbanded. It is hoped that some comrades who remember his service will write to her.

[Reference is made to the 46th Georgia Infantry because Col. Robert J. Henderson was its commander, and he is the only Col. Bob Henderson of record in the C. S. A. service.]



JUDGE C. W. TYLER, AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

Judge C. W. Tyler was born in Montgomery County, Tenn. He entered the Confederate army in 1861. He was second lieutenant of Company E, 50th Tennessee Infantry, and afterwards captain of cavalry in Dibrell's Brigade. He was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Chickamauga, and other severe engagements. He was with Longstreet's Corps in East Tennessee in 1863 and with Hood's advance in Middle Tennessee in 1864. He surrendered with General Lyon's brigade at Paducah, Ky., in May, 1865. This was one of the last commands to surrender. After the war he returned home and studied law. He was appointed judge of the county and criminal courts of his county July 30, 1873, by Gov. John C. Brown. He was elected in August, 1874, to fill out the unexpired term of his predecessor, and was reelected successively in 1878, 1886, 1894, 1902, and 1910. He has ever been a faithful Confederate. He was one of the charter members of Forbes Bivouac and later President of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers. He writes of himself: "I am an old man in good health; and if the public liked to read as well as I like to write, I would be a successful author."

A recent picture of Judge Tyler, his daughter, and little grandson, which comprises his family, is herewith given. They constitute his entire family. He is proud of his daughter and the little boy. In sending the picture by request he wrote: "I do not consider myself much for looks." The Judge is better looking than the picture of him in the fine group. His daughter is now Mrs. E. Tyler Mitchell. The little boy, her son, is Master Armistead Hughes Mitchell.

AN ACTRESS AND A PRISONER.

It will be remembered by many of those who during the early period of the War of the States were so fortunate as to acquire the title of "Rebel prisoner" that there were many in the land of "moral ideas and wooden nutmegs" who really sympathized with the people of the South and who did not hesitate to manifest that sympathy by furnishing assistance in the way of food and clothing to their imprisoned friends. Among those who thus sympathized was a beautiful young actress in Philadelphia who resolved to dedicate every dollar of her net earnings upon the stage to this laudable purpose. The number of those who thus contributed to the relief of Confederate prisoners was so large, and their contributions so liberal, that to receive and distribute these benefactions among the prisoners soon became annoying and troublesome to prison commandants. The result was that some of these officers who had no sympathy for the prisoners made complaint to Secretary Stanton, whereupon he issued a general order to the effect that no one other than a relative should be permitted to furnish either food, clothing, or money to Rebel prisoners. This order for a short while effectually put a stop to the relief business. But the ladies soon discovered that they had a good many brothers and uncles and nephews and cousins languishing in Northern prisons, and under the generous promptings of consanguinity they wrote letters to their imprisoned relatives and sent them boxes of clothing and food.

In January, 1865, the Federals captured a portion of General Early's command, sending them first to Old Capital Prison in Washington, and from thence to Fort Delaware. Our friends at the North always had active agents on the lookout, who lost no opportunity of getting the names of as many prisoners as possible while they were being carried through the larger cities and towns, and these were published. This detachment from General Early's command consisted of thirty-five men, all private soldiers. On their arrival in Philadelphia, *en route* for "Pea Patch Isle"—i. e., Fort Delaware—their names appeared in a leading paper. The young actress singled out one from the number and addressed him a short note in these words:

"My Dear Brother: By the merest accident I saw your name, among others, published in the columns of the — this morning as a prisoner on your way from the Old Capital Prison to Fort Delaware. Write to me immediately and let me know what you need in the way of food, money, or clothing. Your wants shall be supplied while in prison.

"Your affectionate sister, —."

Assuming for the time being the surname of her new-found brother, she assigned the letter and mailed it to him at Fort Delaware. The day after his arrival he received his "sister's" letter, and his surprise may be imagined. He was quite sure he had no sister in the North. However, he answered the letter, whereupon a correspondence ensued that proved profitable to him and agreeable to his fair benefactress. The soldier was a well-educated young Virginian who managed to make his letters very interesting.

Time wore on and the Confederacy wore out. A proclamation from President Johnson was issued releasing all prisoners below the rank of major, upon condition that they take the oath of allegiance. The prisoners were to be released according to the date of their capture. At that time there were confined at Fort Delaware about eight thousand prisoners, and the quartermaster's department could furnish trans-

portation for only about one thousand a week. So our young soldier was among the last to be released. Under the circumstances he resolved to write to his "dear sister" in Philadelphia and ask her to apply to the President for a special release. He did so. But instead of making application to the President, the young woman took passage for Fort Delaware. She had never met the commanding officer, but she had heard that he was gallant and kind-hearted, and therefore concluded that her chances of success would be better with him than at Washington. Upon her arrival at the fort she lost no time in seeking the office of the post commandant. He was "every inch a man," of German persuasion, who by gallantry in the field had won a brigadier general's commission. He possessed one virtue in an exceedingly great degree. He was a great admirer of the opposite sex, and nothing seemed to gratify him so much as to have it in his power to grant any request that they might make.

As she entered he was standing at a desk writing, with his back to the door. He did not see her when she entered the room; but hearing the rustle of silks behind him, he turned and beheld standing before him one of the most beautiful and angelic creatures that he had ever seen.

The remainder of this story is as he told it:

"I vas in mine office von day when nopody in der vorlt vas dare, und I hears von seek tress vot makes a pig fuss behint me, und I toorns arount, und, O mein Gott! vot doos I see? I see der most bootiful vomans vot I never sees pefore. I sbeaks to her und say, 'Mine goot lady, shust del me vot I can do for you.' Und den she luke at me so purty as nefer vas, and say: 'O, Sheneral, you haf mine brudder here von brisner of var. I vant you to durn mine brudder loose und let him go home mit me.' I say: 'When vas your brudder capture?' She say: 'I dmiks he pe capture apout der last Shamevery vot comes in dis year.' I say: 'Den your brudder no go home mit you now, pecanse der President he issue der broclamashun vot say dat I release der brisoners accordin' to der time vot dey pe capture, und I no violate der President of der broclamashun.' Den she say: 'Sheneral, veel you let me see mine brudder?' I say, 'Yes.' She dels me vot ish his name, and I galls der gorporal und del him to send dis man to me. In less dan dwenty minudes he cooms pack agin und prings mit him der young man vot der lady say she ish his brudder. Und, O mein Gott! how it griebs my soul und how it preaks mine heart to see; how she looks bitiful shus when her brudder cooms in der room! She sthare at him life minudes pefore she sheak von vord, und den mit a desperate gonfusion und a gry of despair she fall down in schwoomin' rite on der vloer. Und I see her layin' on der vloer, so shbeecheless; und when she lukes oop at me I see der great pig dears in her purty blue eyes, und she exclaim: 'O Sheneral, you no let mine brudder go home mit me?' Und den I exclaim: 'O mein Gott in heafen! vot shall I do?' Der vomans gry und schream so pad it almost preak mine heart, und now she dels me she veel die. I vish I vas no sheneral vhatfefer. I say to der vomans: 'You dakes your brudder und you goes home mit him.' Und I gifs dem a baper vot to go home mit, und dey leafs mine office. Shus den Lieutenant Hawkins, der Brovost Marshal, he cooms rooin' in mine office so fast, und he vas laughin' so much und so lout as vot I nefer hert him laugh pefore. Und he say: 'Sheneral, dat vomans vot cooms in your office shus now, she fool you; she is von actress from Philadelphia.'"

The well-planned scheme of the young actress succeeded, and no one afterwards rejoiced more at her success than did the kind-hearted general.

"THE WOMEN OF THE DEBATABLE LAND."

What Walter Scott did for the border women of Scotland, Alexander Hunter has sought to do for those brave women of the South whose homes lay for four tragic years in the border country between the hostile lines of blue and gray, and whose dangers, privations, and adventures read like a romance of medieval days.

Alexander Hunter was a member of the famous Black Horse Cavalry, which was the main defense of Mosby's Confederacy, and he tells his story from personal knowledge and recollection as well as from study and research. The debatable land was mostly in Fauquier County, the dark and bloody ground of Virginia, and for three years the headquarters of Mosby and his partisans. The wild forays of those stirring days, the midnight dashes upon the enemy's camps, the swoops upon the railroads, and the mad charges on the Union wagon trains—all had their origin in old Fauquier, and the plunder and the prisoners taken by the partisans were always disposed of in this same county.

The life of the women of this debatable land was one of constant danger, and the heroism and loyalty with which they championed the cause of the South made them a vital part of the desperate plans and deeds in the midst of which their lives were set. The writer has used these facts and scenes to good advantage, and his book is a very thrilling piece of writing. The work is dedicated to "The Southern Women of the Sixties" and to "The United Daughters of the Confederacy," and the proceeds of its sale are to be used in erecting a memorial to "the women of Virginia who sacrificed their all that the cause they loved should never die."

"The Women of the Debatable Land," by Alexander Hunter, published by Alex Hunter, Silver Spring, Md. Pp. 261. \$1.

"THE FOOD THAT PROLONGS LIFE."

R. E. Borden, of Strasburg, Va., thinks the Southern people may have been benefited by the hard times of war. He writes: "In reading Miss Higgins's article on 'Life on the Plantation during the War' she states that the line of diet was usually eggs, cornbread, peas, and dried apples. I know of a man of wealth and an authority on agriculture who lives on cornbread, Graham bread, butter, roasted Irish potatoes, stewed peaches, prunes, etc., and says it is ideal food for health. The man I refer to is now seventy-one years old, eats the line of diet above outlined, is in perfect health, and feels as good as any schoolboy; yet at forty-seven the doctors gave him up to die and told him to make his will. He was a determined man and told the doctors if they could do nothing he would take his own case in hand, which he did, and now at seventy-one feels good for many more years. Not one cent has been spent for drugs or doctors' bills since he was forty seven. What think you about the idea of the South's exigency as to food being a blessing in disguise from the standpoint of perfect nourishment and health of the body?"

"A NEW DIXIE CALENDAR."

The Dixie Calendar for 1914 has made its appearance with many new beauties added to the already generous attractions of its previous numbers. The cover design of the calendar is in beautiful keeping with its name and plan, being a typical colonial home of the Old South; and its quotations, selected with good taste and discrimination from the poetry, prose, and folklore tales of Southern writers, follow the spirit of the year from season to season, with a timely

garland of exquisite thought and fancy. Besides these literary selections, the calendar also gives dates of historic interest for every week of the year, the whole making a most convenient little work for reverence and reminiscence for all lovers of the history and the literature of the South.

This calendar is published by the Page Publishing Company, Baltimore, Md., and owing to its increased circulation is to be offered at half its former price, being now only fifty cents, postpaid. Subscribers to the VETERAN may secure this calendar by adding twenty-five cents to their order when renewing subscriptions or when ordering the VETERAN for some one else.

"BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHICKAMAUGA PARK."

A very attractive and accurate aëro view of the Chickamauga Chattanooga National Park has been published by Rudolph J. Shutting, 1204 James Building, Chattanooga, Tenn. The map is 25x18 inches, printed in colors, and with details plain and distinct. All roads, hills, and fields are clearly marked, and an index at the bottom, used with the numbered margins of the map, at once locates any monument, marker, or battery. The map is of great benefit to veteran soldiers who like to review the story of Chickamauga as well as to the younger generation who would like to know more of this famous battle field. Well framed, this map would be an interesting ornament for any office or library wall. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

"THE BATTLE OF TUPELO, OR HARRISBURG, MISS."

Eugene H. Allman, 121 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala., who was a member of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry and was in Forrest's command at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., is now publishing a beautiful map of the battle field of Tupelo (or Harrisburg), Miss., showing the positions of the commands of General Forrest and of Gen. A. J. Smith, with a list of casualties of officers and men which is authentic. The battle was fought July 13-15, 1864. The map is embellished with half-tones of Gens. N. B. Forrest and A. J. Smith and representations of the Confederate and United States flags. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of money order for 50 cents.

"VALUABLE LETTERS REPUBLISHED."

"Letters of a Confederate Officer to His Family in Europe During the Last Year of the War of Secession." Paris, 1865. This very interesting book has never before been reprinted since its original issue, and its very existence is almost unknown. Even its author's name has heretofore been unknown. I have proved it to be Richard W. Corbin, an aid on the staff of General Field, commander of Hood's Division. Of the small edition just printed, only twenty-five copies remain for sale. Price, \$5, paper covers. Address the publisher, Wm. Abbott, 410 East 32d Street, New York City.

"FOR BENEFIT OF SHILOH MONUMENT FUND."

A classic on "Stonewall Jackson," by Mrs. Eugenie Clough, of Kentucky, is being sold for the benefit of the Shiloh monument. It has received the highest praise from noted persons, not only in the South, but from Great Britain and elsewhere in Europe. General Young, head of the U. C. V., says of it: "It is such literature as this that has been so long needed in the schools of the South."

Address the Chairman of the Shiloh Monument Fund, 901 Clay Street, Paducah, Ky. Price, 15 cents.

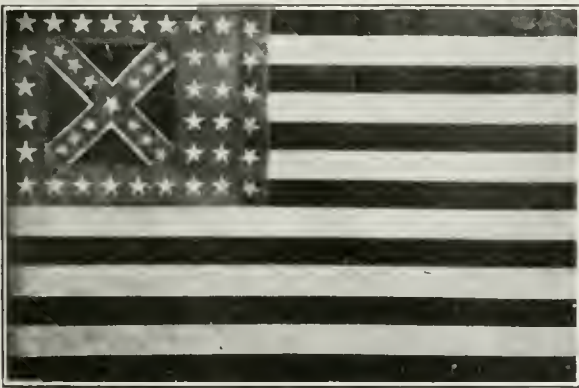
FRATERNITY IN NATIONAL FLAGS.

BY A. J. EMERSON, ESQ., DENVER, COLO.

Should our battle flag have a place on the national banner?

In matters of law and government the English people lay much stress on finding a precedent for any proposed course of action. Has the thing been done? they ask. Americans, too, in similar cases like a successful precedent.

For the union of two flags (even three) we have a fine historical precedent in the case of the famous British flag called "The Union Jack." The Union Jack is composed of three flags: the flag of England, the flag of Scotland, and the flag of Ireland. This is the history of it: King James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the throne of England as James I. in 1603, and the two kingdoms of England and Scotland were united. King James left Scotland and removed to London, where he was under the English flag. A question then arose as to what should be done with the Scotch flag, a delicate question and very important. But the English statesmen of that day took a broad and comprehensive view of the question. They were too wise to decree its extinction or to leave it to perish of neglect. In fact, they did not know how long it might take a flag to die of neglect. Knowing the pride of the canny Scotch in the flag their heroes had borne on many a bloody field fighting for Scotland, the wise statesmen of the day saw fit to nurture that pride rather than to trample it under foot. So they put the Scotch flag in the safest place in all the world—right upon their own flag, the cross of St. Andrew on the cross of St. George. Also when Ireland was brought into the union in 1801 the flag of Ireland, St. Patrick's cross, was placed on the British flag. Thus in the Union Jack floating overhead the Englishman sees his flag, the Scotchman sees his flag, and the Irishman sees his flag. The Union Jack is to this day the royal colors. It is displayed on all ships of war, by every regiment, and at every fortress. It is probably the best-known flag in the world.



The proposition we are advocating here is to place the little Confederate battle flag—not the big political flag of the Confederacy—among the stars in the blue field of the national banner. Many reasons could be assigned in its favor, but it is not necessary to give them. If you at once see the beauty of it, its intrinsic poetic fascination and fitness, you will not need to have reasons assigned. If, on the other hand, it appears to you unreasonable, impossible, unthinkable, arguments would avail nothing. Yet there may be many to whom the proposition is so new and unthought of that they will have to think a while before they decide either for or against. For them we will give three arguments which may serve to guide their thoughts a little way:

1. It would be most delightfully pleasing to the Southern

people. A flag is an emblem that appeals with special force to the emotional nature of men. The Southerners are an emotional people. To get them to do their very best their hearts must be stirred. They love a flag. They will follow a flag they love as far as any people on earth. They love the Union, the Union of their fathers. But somehow it has come to pass that they do not love the flag so well as they love the Union. Perhaps it is because the flag sometimes has been in bad hands down South, in the hands of men who misused it. Hence the flag has not now the appreciation in the Southern States that it ought to have. The Southerners, however, have glorious memories, imperishable memories, of the heroic struggle they (or their fathers) made fifty years ago for their rights as they conceived them, when they sacrificed everything for those rights in the War between the States. Those memories cluster about the little battle flag under which so many of their loved ones died. If their fellow citizens of the United States shall place their little banner on the national flag, the Southerners will be so pleased with this recognition of their brotherhood that they will condone every offense ever committed against them under the flag, in Reconstruction days and other days, and with renewed devotion will love it more than ever. They loved it in the olden time and will love it in the new time that is coming. The flag will then float over every schoolhouse and public building throughout the South and will be honored in every way as it has not been for half a century. This would bring the hearts of American people together as nothing else could.

2. It will not detract from the beauty of the national banner, but will add to it new beauties and give it fresh power to thrill the hearts of twenty millions of our people. It will indeed be beautiful to the men and the sons of the men who stood by the Confederacy until it went down in defeat. It may be well to remember in this connection that the South is still solid; that half a century has not broken its wall of solidity; that the Southern people are not being assimilated as it was once fondly hoped they would be; that the presence of the negro race in their midst forces them to stand together for weal or woe and insures their solidity for a long time to come; that they are being developed into a separate people quite as distinct from all other Americans as the Scotch are from the English. Therefore the day may come when it will prove to be a happy thing for the country that the South sees her flag too on the national banner and flies with all her famous martial ardor to the defense of it.

3. When the Southern banner shall have been placed on the national flag, it will then show a symbolical record of the greatest crisis in the history of the American nation, and also will signalize the historical fact that the people of the United States are a reunited people.

[Mr. Emerson does not claim credit for this conception, but his able argument in its behalf will be remembered to his credit. Mr. Clayton, of Atlanta, furnished the veteran with a design quite similar, and it appeared in the Atlanta Constitution. The picture herewith presented is very pretty, and many who dreaded the Confederate battle flag in the sixties are uncompromisingly angry yet; but Mr. Emerson's paper is an argument that all patriots should consider with patience. The combination as herewith presented is of patriotic impulse. In considering the policy our friends, formerly the enemy, might well bear in mind that the little cross under which thousands of patriots died represented a people whose constitutional rights were not allowed by their own courts to be tested even by a trial of their chief, Jefferson Davis.]

LEE AND HIS GENERALS This Handsome Lithograph Will Make a Very Acceptable Christmas Present



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. * General Marcus J. Wright indorses it as follows: "I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. The truthfulness of (nature) of all these great generals is most remarkable. The Lithograph copy is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies. * The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27x16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. * Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture. Those desiring to procure this great Lithograph must order now. Only 1,500 copies left, and no more will be printed. Address

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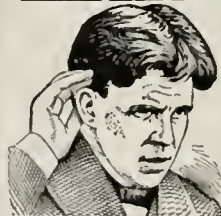
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You can make dollars and dollars selling Pure Fruit Candy; so if you want more money than you ever possessed, send forty-eight two-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing seventy-seven Pure Food Formulas and a set of assorted bombon molds. I will help you start in business. I am glad to help others who, like myself, need money. People say that the candy is the best they ever tasted. Therein lies the beauty of the business. You don't have to canvass; you sell right from your own home. I made \$12.00 the first day; so can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 1179 East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. E. Lowe, of Duluth, Ga., wants to locate John Fisher, who was a member of Company H, 2d Georgia Regiment, Wheeler's Cavalry. He was last heard of in Colorado.

W. C. Evans, 152 Miller Street, La Grange, Ga., who enlisted from Randolph County, Ala., and served in Company G, 47th Alabama Regiment, desires to locate some survivors of his company.

R. O. Hammah, Commander of Camp No. 384, U. C. V., Prairie Grove, Ark., wants to hear from any comrades who were in Barrack 43 at Rock Island. He mentions L. P. Joy, who was living in Mississippi when last heard from.

Mrs. M. E. Reames, of Coffeeville, Miss., asks that any comrades who remember her husband, A. C. Reames, in the service will kindly write her as to his company and regiment. He enlisted from Batesville, Miss., but she has no knowledge of his command. He was a native of Virginia.

The widow of Newell P. Beauchamp, now living at 614 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky., wants to get in communication with any surviving comrades of her husband, who enlisted in Union County, Ky., in 1861, as a member of John Chapman's company of Col. Adam Johnson's regiment.

T. J. Webb, of Ballinger, Tex., wishes to ascertain what United States regiment was located at Talladega, Ala., in May, 1865, as he was discharged then and his papers have gotten lost. He also wants to know what Illinois regiment was stationed at Jacksonville, Ala., at the same time. He wishes to get in communication with some one in those regiments or who knew of these commands.

Mrs. W. F. Read, of Lampasas, Tex., wishes to hear from any comrades of her husband who served in Company E, 1st and 3d Missouri Cavalry, Cock-

rell's Brigade. W. F. Read was in the battles leading up to the siege of Vicksburg, and was afterwards in the Army of Tennessee under General Cockrell,

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Dr. H. T. Ballantine, of Muskogee, Okla., writes to ask for information of the war record of his father, Henry Ballantine, who, he thinks, served in Company B, 8th Kentucky Regiment, as a private. He hopes to hear from some surviving comrades of his father.

Mrs. Eleanor T. Bowers, of Hickman, Ky. (Box 317), seeks to establish the record of her husband, George Martin Bowers, who was a member of Company F, 24th Tennessee Volunteers. Surviving comrades who can verify his record will kindly write to her as above.

William M. Haydel, 1233 North Villere Street, New Orleans, La., asks for information of a Mr. Parker, chief of artillery at the siege of Port Hudson, whom he thinks was from Kentucky, and of Edward Walton, captain of the Hudson Battery, and First Lieutenant Trentham, of that battery, both from Panola, Miss.

John A. Whitley, of Ward, Ark., wishes to correspond with any survivors of the boys with whom he was paroled at Richmond, Va., the last of March, 1865. They were prisoners of Camp Douglas, and he mentions John Taylor, James Woolard, Will Teasley, Billie Walker, Roger Kyle—all members of Vaughn's Brigade.

J. W. King, of Winona, Tex., writes of finding a little souvenir of the war on his farm recently. It is of silver, about the size of a dime, and on one side around the margin appear the words: "Remember Black Fork." On the other side is a building near the edge of water, and on the water is a ship. The engraving is well executed. He thinks it may have been lost by some Federal prisoners of Camp Ford, near Tyler, Tex., as some of them were captured near where this trinket was found.

Mrs. A. W. Hampton, 187 South Clarkson Street, Denver, Colo., hopes to establish the war record of her father, David Burton Williams, through surviving comrades. She does not know the command with which he served, but thinks he lived in Atlanta at the time the war opened, and was connected with a newspaper called the Southern Statesman, and that he may have been connected with the 7th or 8th Georgia Regiments, under Cols. J. Lucius Gartrell and Francis S. Bartow.

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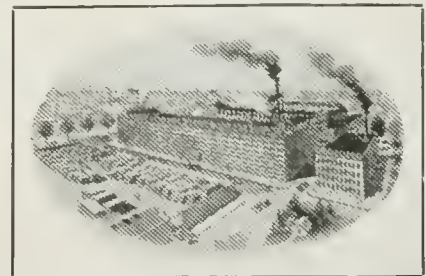
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