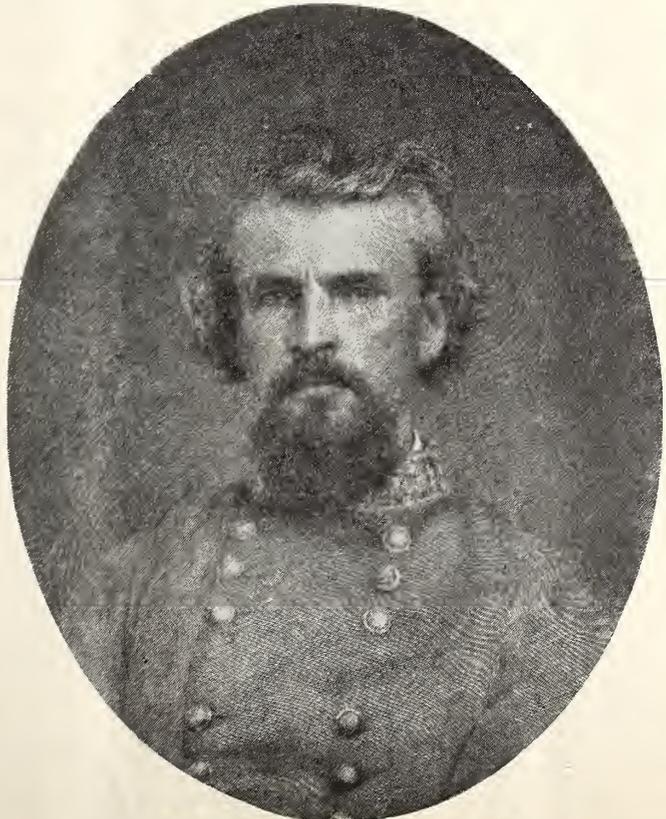


Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1929

NO. 9



GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST
(See page 339)



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SPECIAL BOOK OFFERS.

By a fortunate arrangement, the VETERAN is enabled to offer a number of copies of the book on "Women of the South in War Times" as premiums for clubs of subscriptions to the VETERAN as well as in connection with the VETERAN itself. The same offer of the book with the VETERAN one year for \$3.50 is made, and in addition the book will be given as premium for a club of six subscriptions (renewals or new orders). This book cannot be disseminated too widely, and it is hoped that this offer will carry it into many more homes.

Another special offer now is to give a year's subscription to the VETERAN in connection with Matthew Page Andrews' "History of Maryland," reviewed in the VETERAN for May, and which sells at \$7.25, postpaid.

These offers are for a limited time only, so send orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

H. Norman Micum, 421 East Eighth Street, Topeka, Kans., wishes to get in communication with any Confederate veteran who took part in the skirmish near Lee's Mill, on the Jerusalem Plank Road, near Petersburg, Va., July 12, 1864. This skirmish was with the 2nd Pennsylvania Cavalry, which suffered some loss in killed and captured. His uncle, John P. Shireman, of Company C, this cavalry, was wounded and taken prisoner. Any details of the fight are desired. Any veterans of the 11th and 17th Consolidated Arkansas Cavalry who knew another relative, Swode B. Micum, who served in Companies D and K, of this cavalry, will also please respond as to his service.

UNIQUE PICTURE.

"Handy History," a picture 11x14 inches, unique and artistic, of Secession and Self-government (States' Rights), in the United States of America. Price, fifty cents. Liberal discount on ten copies and over to dealers and individuals.

STELING BOISSEAU,
1307 Park Avenue,
Richmond, Virginia.

Mrs. C. R. Cox, Coalgate, Okla., Box 112, wishes to find some of the comrades of her husband who served with him in the war. Cyle E. Cox enlisted at Camden, Ark., in 1863, and served in the cavalry. Any information of his service will be appreciated.

Mrs. J. G. Hill, Terral, Okla., seeks information on the service of her father, Jonathan Ramsey, who volunteered at the age of sixteen, joining the 11th Alabama Infantry, at Tuscaloosa, in 1861 or 1862. He served the greater part of the time in Virginia under A. P. Hill; was captured in August, 1864, and the records show that he surrendered at Nashville, Tenn., June 9, 1865. Any information on his service, the company with which he served, etc., will be appreciated.

Mrs. Lizzie R. Galaway, 930 Johnston Street, Alexandria, La., asks for information on the old ferry at Rocky Ford, on the Tallahassee River, during the war between the States. Give exact location and name of keeper of the ford, if possible.



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HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

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COST OF BEING SICK.

Some interesting data on the cost of being sick in the United States were given by Bleeker Marquette, of Cleveland, in an address before the National Conference of Social Work. He estimates the American people pay not less than \$2,500,000,000 for medical care a year, or \$20.23 per capita.

The average American, he says, spends one-fortieth of his time in a sick bed from birth to death, and the average worker loses a fraction more than seven days a year because of illness. Preliminary surveys indicate that about 20 per cent of the families pay over 50 per cent of the medical bills. In 1921, we spent 23 times as much on treatment as on prevention of disease.—*National Tribune*.

A friend writes from California: "The VETERAN gets more and more interesting, and I wish it might be sent to some of the educators in this Pacific Coast State. The ignorance of the South and pothern character and culture is sathetic."

Confederate Veteran

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

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

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXVII. NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1929 No. 9. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
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GEN. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

STATE REUNIONS, U. C. V.

The Tennessee Division holds its annual reunion at Union City, October 8-10.

The Alabama Division meets at Dothan, October 15-17.

PROVIDING FOR SUCCESSION.

One of the most important resolutions passed by the United Confederate Veterans in convention at Charlotte, N. C., June, 1929, was that which provided for a successor to the Commander in Chief in case of death or disability, and for a succession to the other high offices of the organization. The resolution was to this effect:

“Resolved; 1. That the General Commanding shall immediately upon his election announce his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, whose rank will be that of Lieutenant General; that upon the death or disability of the General Commanding, the Adjutant General shall assume the duties of the General Commanding until the next meeting, but his rank shall be only as Lieutenant General.

“2, That immediately upon the election of the several Commanders for the Army of Northern Virginia, the Army of Tennessee, and the Trans-Mississippi Departments, they shall announce their Adjutants General in their departments, whose rank shall be Major General. That upon the death or disability of the Commander, the Adjutant General shall assume the duties of Commander for his department until the next election, but will receive only the rank of major general.”

[Paragraphs 3 and 4 provide for succession in the Divisions and Brigades in the same way.]

“5, That in event of the absence of the Commanding General for any cause, the senior Honorary Commander for Life present will preside at the meeting until an election is held.

On account of the deaths of Generals Freeman and Kitchen, the Georgia and Missouri Divisions will be commanded, temporarily, until the respective Division reunions, by their Adjutants General.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY.

CALLED TO PUBLIC LIFE
 AT THE MOST CRITICAL HOUR
 OF HIS COUNTRY'S FORTUNES,
 HE WAS A MAN WHOSE LOVE OF TRUTH,
 DEVOTION TO RIGHT, SIMPLE INTEGRITY,
 AND REVERENCE FOR MANLY HONOR
 MADE HIM A LEADER AMONG MEN.
 VIRTUE GAVE HIM STRENGTH,
 COURAGE UPHELD HIS CONVICTIONS,
 HEROISM INSPIRED HIM WITH FEARLESSNESS.
 HIS SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY
 NEVER CONSULTED POPULARITY,
 NOR DID HIS HIGH POSITION CLAIM HOMAGE
 SAVE ON THE GROUND OF WORTH.
 JUSTIFIED IN ALL HIS DEEDS,
 FOR HIS COUNTRY'S SAKE,
 HE LOVED THE SOUTH;
 FOR THE SAKE OF THE SOUTH,
 HE LOVED HIS COUNTRY.

[Epitaph on Yancey monument at Montgomery, Ala.]

PRESERVING THE VETERAN.

Some patrons of the VETERAN have had their volumes bound from year to year with the intention of passing on to some descendant or to some library for preservation, yet there are others who have not realized the value of the publication as historical reference in future years, when there are no participants in the struggle of the sixties to give their testimony. Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradenton, Fla., is one of the good friends and patrons ever interested in this journal of history, and, writing of what W. E. Thompson, of Decatur, Ga., had said of filing the numbers for preservation, he says: "It is to be hoped that many other subscribers to the VETERAN will have been equally thoughtful. I have improved on his methods in a way I hope others may have done. After receiving the VETERAN during the first two years, I decided to have the numbers bound in book form for better preservation, and, following up this plan, I have now in my library the bound volumes up to Volume 36, for 1928. I subscribe to two numbers and while one is being read by me and others, the other number is carefully preserved in good condition for binding at the end of the year. Believing that a publication containing so much of Southern

history deserves preservation in the future, I have provided in my will that these bound volumes shall be, after my death, turned over to the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn.; and Rev. J. G. Glass, who is Secretary of the Episcopal Diocese of South Florida, and whose summer home is at Sewanee, has undertaken to see them so delivered."

May there be many others to make such admirable disposition of their volumes of the VETERAN. It will be a valuable reference work for the future.

IN TRIBUTE TO DR. J. W. BACHMAN.

On Sunday, June 2, an interesting program was carried out at Chattanooga, Tenn., in the dedication of the tubes through Missionary Ridge, which represented one of the finest of public improvements made by the county for many years. These tubes take care of the outward and inward bound traffic, and obviate the necessity of crossing Missionary Ridge in reaching a certain section beyond the city. A splendid tribute was paid to the late Dr. J. W. Bachman in naming this improvement the "Bachman Tunnel," and it commemorates the life and work of one who gave more than a half century of his life to the people of that community as citizen pastor, friend, and helper. The ceremonies were largely under the direction of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Chattanooga, and in these ceremonies the Jonathan Bachman Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, had a part. The addresses of the occasion were rare tributes to his splendid life and character.

An account of the dedication is given in the Tennessee notes of the U. D. C. Department.

HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

In writing of the plan to have portraits of Generals Lee and Beauregard placed in the new mess hall at West Point Military Academy, Col. Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Commandant of Cadets, tells of a portrait of General Beauregard which has a very interesting history and which they hope to secure for the Academy. It seems that this portrait, at the time war came on in 1861, was in the Huger home in Charleston, S. C., and when the Federal forces came into the city, Miss Meta Huger cut the portrait out of its frame and concealed it under her dress. In some way she managed to get it on board a packet sailing for England, sending it to her relatives in Liverpool, and in their possession it has been ever since. This is the family of Mr. Randolph Trenholm Prioleau, who are now willing to dispose of it for the purpose stated.

FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

My Comrades, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy, and Friends: At the time of my election as your Commander in Chief at Charlotte, N. C., I was ill and able only at the last moment to reach the auditorium to express my appreciation to my comrades for having elected me to the highest office with- in their gift. I was sorry not to be able to be with you during the election, but was glad that I could get on my feet long enough to appear before you ere you adjourned. As I said at that meeting, I would rather be elected as Commander in Chief of that loyal band of Confederate veterans than to wear the crown of the Cæsars. It is an honor that can be conferred but once in a lifetime, and I appreciate beyond measure the confidence you expressed by the vote you took at Charlotte.

I have not been at all well since the reunion, and for that reason my message did not appear in the August number of the VETERAN, but at this time I am spending the rest of the summer in Colorado, thus escaping the heat of my own State, and am glad to say that I am feeling much better than at any time since my return from Charlotte. I hope to entirely regain my strength, so that I may be with you at Biloxi next year.

I want to repeat to you, through the pages of the VETERAN, my sincere hope that something may be done to remedy the very serious condition now exist- ing in the Confederate Veteran Camps of the various States. These Camps, named as memorials for the finest men of our Confederacy, are dying out, and I am very anxious indeed that some arrangement may be made by each State, acting separately as a Divi- sion, to furnish enough money during the next five years to keep these various Camps alive and their dues paid in full. My suggestion is to have each State create a trust fund, to be handled by three to five trustees, who will pay these dues for all the Camps in each State annually, so that the Confed- erate organization may be perpetuated for the next five years, at least. This, in my opinion, will be about as long as most of us will be able to assemble in national convention. At this time so many comrades have passed on that few remain who are able to pay the dues of their Camps, so it is only in some such manner that we can keep our organization alive. I would like to see each State have its own trustees and finance its own Division. I believe there are enough Veterans, Sons, and Daughters who have the means and the will to contribute to such a fund, and I do hope we shall be able to go into our next reunion at Biloxi with this plan perfected. Comrades, we must not give up the fight. As long as we have two

Confederate veterans left, we want to see the re- unions go on, and if we do not do something to finance our organization, we will soon not be able to muster a "corporal's guard" at our national meetings. I should be glad to hear from any of you who are will- ing to help start this plan toward its final perfection.

As to our last reunion, I want to say that I have been to most of the thirty-nine, and I believe the one at Charlotte surpassed them all. Situated in the heart of the Old South, Charlotte certainly lived up to the tradition of Southern hospitality, and the management of the reunion was unsurpassed.

It was a proud moment for me to be elected in this typical Southern city, in a State which was the home of my ancestors; and I am looking forward to going back, next year, to my own native State, from which I enlisted in March, 1862, as a boy of sixteen, in the Confederate army.

With grateful appreciation for the love and affec- tion you have expressed in honoring me as you have done, I am

Faithfully yours,

R. A. SNEED,
Commander in Chief, U. C. V.

OLE MISS.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL.

Ole Miss, she had er cur'ous way!
Young Marster he jined de ahmy, one day;
Ole Miss growed pale, but her lips, dey smile,
An' her eyes wuz brave 'n laffin' all de while.
She tole Young Marse: "Good-by, mah boy!"
She didn' cry—she smile lak joy—
(But Ah knowed dem smiles dey hurt!)

De news come back from de battle line,
Young Marse got kilt in de ahmy he jine,
Got kilt in er squirmish, but de Yanks dey run!
Ole Miss she smile; sez: "Three cheers fer my son!
He died er fightin' fer whut wuz right,
He marchin' in de ahmy er Gawd dis night."
An' she smiles 'n' smiles an' her eyes git bright,
(But Ah knowed dem smiles dey hurt!)

Den one day ('bout er month done pass),
Young Marse he come up de walk right fas',
Jes' es straight an' tall es 'e use ter be—
An Ah yell: "Young Marse, air datchoo Ah see?"
An' he sez: "Sho! twuz er mistake all right
'Bout me gittin' kilt in dat squirmish fight!
Whar's Ole Miss?" t'want need ter tell—
F'um de do' Ole Miss in his ahms done fell;
She hug 'im 'n' kiss 'im 'n' sez: "Mah boy!"
An', bless me, she up an' cried fer joy!
(An' Ah knowed dem tears felt good!)

LOWNDESBORO, ALA.

OUR ENGLISH CONFEDERATE.

It was sad news which came from Dr. Philip A. Bruce, of the University of Virginia, that Mr. Gerald Smythe, of Hastings, England, known and appreciated for his devotion to the Confederacy, had passed into the life beyond. Mr. Smythe had made several contributions to the *VETERAN*, and in the number for September, 1925, there was a short article and picture of him, also a poem which he had written on the death of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. In the following tribute, Dr. Bruce brings out the salient points in the life of Mr. Smythe and incidents of their acquaintance:

"Mr. H. Gerald Smythe, a typical English gentleman, who, during many years, was a subscriber to the *VETERAN*, died on July 7, 1929, at his home in Hastings, England.

"During the early part of his life, he was counsel for one of the largest railroads in the kingdom. While still a boy, he acquired a devotion to the Confederacy and an admiration for General Lee which, perhaps, remained his most acute interest until the day of his death.

"I think it was as far back as 1899, while boating on the Thames near Mortlake, that my wife and I were astonished to observe a Confederate flag flying from its staff in the center of the lawn of a pretty suburban villa.

"In 1909, as we stood by the recumbent statue of General Lee in the Chapel at Lexington, with his son, Captain Lee, and his wife, we noticed a fine bronze wreath resting against the base of the monument. 'This is from my English friend, Gerald Smythe,' said Captain Lee. 'He is a great Confederate.' Then we mentioned seeing the flag on the English lawn. 'T'was Smythe, of course,' said Captain Lee. He keeps every Confederate anniversary.'

"In 1915, Col. Gordon McCabe wrote Mr. Smythe that we were in England, and we were promptly invited to luncheon with him at his home in Tunbridge Wells. His house was not far from the Pantiles, and as we descended the hill, then covered with recruits being knocked into shape by old drill sergeants from Kitchener's army, with the Union Jack flying at intervals, what should we see at the foot of the hill but the Confederate flag on Mr. Smythe's lawn.

"As we entered the house, we were met by the strains of 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' which he was playing on his piano to greet us, and we found his lunch table decorated in the Confederate colors, red, white, and red.

"Although England was then an armed camp with news of dreadful import coming hourly from the continent, Mr. Smythe sat in his library, the shelves lined with almost every book that had been printed

about the war for Southern independence, and fought all its battles over again. It had occurred in his youth, when, with all his young ardor, he had espoused the cause of the South.

"His letters to me for many years have dwelt on this same theme of the Southern cause, and when he was buried this month, in English soil, his Confederate flag, by his last request, became the pall for his coffin."

A REUNION AT A REUNION.

In the following, Gen. Edwin Selvage, Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, tells of a meeting after more than sixty years with a girl of North Carolina whom he had met just before the surrender in 1865, and this reunion came about just following the reunion at Charlotte. He says:

A few weeks before the surrender of General Lee, I was in Lynchburg, Va., and was acting as Adjutant to Colonel Martin, Acting Brigadier General, in the breastworks at that place. I rode into town one morning to order some forage for our horses, and as I neared the main street, I saw a young officer riding furiously up the street. When near me, his horse fell dead. Jumping up, the young man inquired of a citizen: "Where is the commander's office?" The citizen pointed up the street, and the young officer started on a run for the place.

I kept on down to the stable to order the forage. The man in charge was talking to a visitor, and, while waiting for him to get through, I walked back a little way and stood in a corner near the door. The visitor had just left when a man rushed in, and, calling to the stableman, said: "Get a strong wagon and four horses as quick as h— will let you." "I have the horses, but no wagon," was the reply. "You must get one. General Lee has surrendered, and we must get the safe out of the way before Sheridan gets here." Thinking the young officer might have been the courier with the news, I did not stop to order forage, but put back to the breastworks with the news. They would not believe me, so we started for the town again, where we heard it confirmed.

The Commandant wished a dispatch carried to President Davis at Danville, Va., and Colonel Martin and I said we would take it, and with four others we started for Danville. I wish I could tell of the excitement of the troops at Lynchburg. Some seemed crazy—some laughing, some crying, others digging their bayonets in the ground trying to bend them; others breaking their rifles over the wheels of the cannon. One fellow, so excited, had put a pile of straw under a caisson and lit it—we left!

On arriving at Danville, we found that President Davis had left. We gave the dispatch to General Breckinridge, Secretary, and he asked us to take it to Mr. Davis at Salisbury, N. C. When we got there, Mr. Davis had left. Colonel Martin got cold feet and gave me the dispatch. General Bradley T. Johnson who had been my colonel, then asked me to carry it to Charlotte, N. C., and I started for Charlotte with the four others. We arrived at Charlotte as President Davis was speaking, and we heard him tell of the assassination, of Lincoln, which he deplored.

President Davis asked me what I intended to do, and I told him we wished to join Gen. Kirby Smith in Texas (we did not learn till later that General Johnston had surrendered). He said he would like for us to remain as his bodyguard, and we consented to do so; but, the next morning, he informed me that Duke's Brigade had come in, and if we wanted to go to Kirby Smith, he would like to send him a dispatch, asking me to destroy it without reading if I could not deliver it.

When we left Charlotte, we were all well mounted. We heard that some one had reported that we had President Davis with us. We learned that the Pennsylvania Light Cavalry was after us. Not knowing the terms of Johnston's surrender, we thought we would lose our horses and be sent to a military prison, so we would dodge them at every turn. We reached the home of Judge Gaffney who received us kindly and kept us overnight. We were foolish not to know that as Lee and Johnston had surrendered, Kirby Smith would also have to surrender. The next morning, as we were about to leave Judge Gaffney's little daughter, some thirteen years old, gave me a bouquet of flowers, and said: "You will come back some day." I promised, and rode off. We went to Spartanburg, S. C., thinking we had gotten rid of the calvary and put up at the barn of the hotel there. The next morning, as I looked down the street, I saw a body of blue coat cavalry coming our way. We at once mounted, and as we rode off, the Yanks started after us, firing as they came on. Being well mounted, we left them in the rear. Learning that we were not Mr. Davis's party, they gave up pursuit.



EDWIN SELVAGE, C. S. A.

In Sunflower County, Miss., we found the place flooded, but after some delay we got across the river, but ran into a Yankee camp near the mouth of White River, in Arkansas. To my surprise, we were allowed to keep our horses, and I kept my sidearms.

We had heard by this time that General Kirby Smith had surrendered, so I burned Mr. Davis's dispatch without reading it. I managed to get a steamboat to New Orleans, and a steamer to New York, the others taking different routes.

I wrote to Judge Gaffney, and we corresponded for a while. When the great reunion of the Blue and Gray took place at Gettysburg in 1913, I had the pleasure of meeting the squad that was with me when I carried the dispatch to General Jeb Stuart which brought him to the battle field on the second day's fight there. An account of this meeting was published in the *VETERAN* at that time. The little girl in North Carolina had grown up, and she read the story in the *VETERAN*. As it had my address, her son wrote asking if I was the Mr. Selvage who stopped at her father's house in 1865, and I was urged to visit them when I could. Many pleasant letters passed between us, but I was prevented from visiting them until I went to the reunion at Charlotte. The family was living in Gaffney, S. C., and while in Charlotte, I took a train for Gaffney (named for Judge Gaffney), and was met by the son of the lady whom I wished to see. It was a happy meeting! I was made at home by her lovely family, and enjoyed every moment of my visit. Her son, Mr. Harry R. Wilkins, is a well-known citizen of the town, and the family and friends made my stay there a memory which will last through life.

DIXIE.

To live for Dixie, O, how blessed
 Are those who early went to rest,
 Nor know the future's awful store,
 But deemed the cause they fought for sure
 As heaven itself; and so laid down
 The cross of earth for glory's crown,
 And nobly died for Dixie!

To live for Dixie! Harder part!
 To stay the hand, to still the heart,
 To seal the lips, enshroud the past,
 To have no future—all o'er-cast;
 To knit life's broken threads again,
 To keep her mem'ry pure from stain,
 This is to live for Dixie!

—Fanny Downing.

DISPOSITION OF CONFEDERATE FUNDS.

BY JUDGE DANIEL GRINNAN, RICHMOND, VA.

My article on "Confederate Funds in Litigation" in the June number of the VETERAN raised the question very naturally as to what funds Colin J. McRae, the Confederate agent in London, did actually have on hand at the fall of the Confederacy in 1865, and what disposition he made of them. By the kindness of Mrs. Marie B. Owen, Director of the Alabama Department of Archives and History, I have been supplied with the desired explanation made by the great Judah P. Benjamin, in a letter dated January 20, 1882, written from London to S. L. Barlow, of New York. The letter appears to have been printed first in a New York City newspaper and then, in January, 1882, in a newspaper at Selma, Ala.

There were other fiscal agents of the Confederacy who had funds left in their hands in 1865, upon the fall of the Confederacy, and I now state what I learned from Bishop Beverley D. Tucker, of the Southern Diocese of Virginia, as to the disposition made by Maj. Charles Helms, of Kentucky, the Confederate fiscal agent at Havana, of the funds left in his hands. Major Helms took the funds with him to Canada at the close of the war. Bishop Tucker is now eighty-three years old, but very active. His father, Nathaniel Beverley Tucker (1820-1890), was United States Consul at Liverpool from 1857 to 1861, when he left England and went to Canada, where he was appointed agent of the Confederacy to procure commissary supplies. Two of his sons, the present bishop and James Ellis Tucker, were at school at Vervev, in Switzerland, but soon came to Canada and, after many adventures, reached Virginia and joined the Confederate army. After the end of the war, Bishop Tucker and his brother joined their father, who was one of those splendid Southern men upon whose head was set a huge reward as having aided and abetted the murder of President Lincoln. Bishop Tucker's statement is as follows, written from Norfolk, Va., June 5, 1929:

"It was Major Charles Helms, of Kentucky, Confederate Commissioner at Havana, who used the \$30,000 in gold he had left to send Confederate soldiers to college (Toronto and Moosehead), for one year. They were mostly escaped prisoners from Johnson's Island. He said the money did not belong to him, and he was not going to give it to the Yankees, and that the Confederacy owed its soldiers their pay. Jim and I were sent to the University of Toronto. My father turned over the funds in his hands to Jacob Thompson, who was the chief Commissioner in Canada."

The letter from Judah P. Benjamin tells all the facts as to Confederate funds in the hands of foreign

agents. It was written to S. L. Barlow, Esq., New York, and is as follows:

"TEMPLE, LONDON, Nov. 28th, 1881.

"My Dear Barlow: I have yours of the fifteenth inst., and have no objection whatever to give you all the information I possess on the subject of Confederate bonds, which some speculators on the Stock Exchange have made the subject of inquiry on rumor sedulously spread abroad that there are vast sums deposited in the Bank of England and elsewhere in Europe. The Confederate government never had but two means of raising money in Europe. One was by export of cotton, all of which was consigned to the house of Frazer, Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool; the other was by loan effected through Messrs. Erlanger & Co. and Shrouder & Co., the proceeds of which were all received by Colin J. McRae, financial agent of the government. At the close of the war, the United States government, claiming the right to receive the entire assets of the Confederate government, instituted suits against Frazer, Trenholm & Co., and against McRae. After a determined and protracted litigation, Frazer, Trenholm & Co. were driven into bankruptcy, as their whole business was destroyed and their credit broken by apprehensions created in the mercantile world as the result of enormous claims hanging over them, when they really owed little or nothing; and I think the United States ultimately recovered a few thousand dollars as a compromise. McRae proved in his case that he had rendered full and faithful account to the Confederate government of the entire proceeds of the loan in payment of supplies and munitions of war to various commissary and quartermaster officers in this country, and of coupons on bonds; but he was ready to render his accounts over again if the United States would agree to reimburse him any balance found due in his favor. This was declined. The case is reported in law reports 8 Eq. 69.

"Poor McRae, in shattered health and with a few hundred pounds, the wreck of his fortunes, emigrated to Spanish Honduras, where he sought to earn a support on a small stock farm, but he died in extremely reduced circumstances.

"The last payment of coupons on a Confederate loan was only effected after great effort by means of cotton sold through Frazer, Trenholm & Co., as all the proceeds of the loan had long previously been exhausted. The United States government also recovered some supplies, machinery, and several vessels, in fact, everything that remained from the wreck, and I do not believe that one penny is to be found anywhere in Europe of the assets of the defunct Confederacy. If anything can ever be recovered by

the bondholders, it can only be done through government action in the United States, and you can judge better than I if there is the remotest hope of any such action.

"Yours faithfully, J. P. BENJAMIN."

(This letter is from an unidentified newspaper clipping, but bearing Selma, Ala., advertisements of date of January, 1882, on the back.)

HISTORY FALSE AND INACCURATE.

Despite the long effort which has been made by the Confederate organizations to secure the truth in history, our people are still being imposed upon by historians who write from a prejudiced view, to say the least of it. The following exposure of a late work of the kind comes from Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, the beloved Poet Laureate of our Confederate organizations, who says:

"From the Library of American History," by Ellis, said to be the fairest history of the South ever published—and Ellis claims to be a Southerner, of Maryland—I have gleaned the following:

"Volume 5, chapter 8, page 170: 'Many soldiers sought exemption from service on every possible pretext. Thousands deserted to the Union lines.'

"Volume 5, chapter 8, page 177: 'General Preston reported that there were 100,000 deserters within the limits of the Confederacy!'

"Volume 5, chapter 10, page 221: 'While General Lee took this creditable action, there were a few others, like General Early, whom Lee relieved of incompetency, and Robert Toombs, of Georgia, who had no military ability, that prided themselves upon refusing to take the "oath of allegiance" and remained unreconstructed to the end.'

"Volume 5, chapter 9, page 247: 'Among the organizations of enmity to the control of the negroes was the secret society known as the Ku-Klux Klan, which was formed in Tennessee in 1866, and became virulently active in that State, Arkansas, and Mississippi. The colored population were terrified by the hideous "incantations" and gruesome ceremonies of the order. If the negroes dared to resist, they were whipped or killed. Its very violence disgusted its originators, and there was general relief when the United States marshals hunted down and virtually rooted out the Ku-Klux Klan.'

"Volume 5, chapter 7, page 159: 'John Y. Beall. Although Jefferson Davis assumed officially the responsibility for his actions (capture of the Philo Parsons, Island Queen, wrecking railroad train), he was convicted of committing acts of war while wearing no badge (visible) of military service. In other words, he was a spy, and was, therefore, hanged, February 2, 1865.'

"Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, under President Buchanan, employed Robert C. Kennedy to burn New York hotels. He was a captain in the Confederate army. He set fire in one evening to Barnum's Museum, Lovejoy's, the Tammany and New England Hotels. He was hanged in March, 1865.

"Andersonville.—'The one hideous exception was at Andersonville, Ga., where, in an immense pen, as many as 40,000 prisoners were confined at one time. They were starved and maltreated until, in multitudes of cases, death was a welcome relief. The keeper was a Swiss named Henry Wirz, one of the most brutal wretches that ever lived. At the close of the war, he was brought to trial for his atrocities, found guilty, and hanged.'

"Volume 4, chapter 3, page 48: 'The South, although her population and resources were much inferior to those of the North, was better prepared for the war. Many of her leading men knew that the struggle was to come sooner or later, and, through a period of years, they made their preparations. The Secession members of President Buchanan's cabinet strove to help the cause, and they did a great deal. When the hostilities began, there were only ninety vessels in the United States Navy, etc. three hundred and twenty-two officers resigned and entered the service of the Confederacy, of whom two hundred and forty-three were officers of the line.'

"Chapter 3, page 52: 'The Confederacy did its utmost to cultivate the good will of England and France, which, as has been stated, were anxious to see the American Union destroyed but were afraid to act openly against it. They chose, instead, to use dishonorable methods.' (Incorrect and ungrammatical.)

"Chapter 4, page 66: 'Surrender of Fort Donelson.—It was agreed that surrender was all that was left, but General Floyd declared that he would die before submitting to the Federals. Pillow felt the same way, though both officers overestimated their importance. The two decided that, no matter what happened, they must manage to escape. General Buckner was disgusted, but he agreed to remain and conduct the surrender.'

"Chapter 4, page 70: 'Calls Confederate troops at Pittsburg Landing "the enemy." Always speak of the Union army as "our troops," or "our soldiers." "The malarious climate."'

"Mention of Ericsson and the Monitor, but no mention of John Brooke who equipped and manned the Virginia (Merrimac) with rifled guns of his own invention and made her the first ironclad weeks before Ericsson got the Monitor ready.'

"Chapter 7, page 111, Author's Note: 'Butler was placed in charge of the city (New Orleans), but his vigorous measures awakened unexampled bitterness. James Parton says of him, however: "At New Orleans he was magnificently right, both in theory and in practice. Never was a man so villified who perhaps deserved it less. He was replaced by General Banks, whose method of government by conciliation failed, thus demonstrating the wisdom and necessity of General Butler's vigorous measures.'"

"Volume 5, chapter 5, page, 126: "This extract from Semmes' official report throws light upon his value as an authority upon this battle, and also on the wisdom of those who have followed his account at the present day, instead of the modest and truthful story told by his conqueror Captain Winslow).'"

THE SOUTH IN THE BUILDING OF A NATION.

(Prize winning essay in a contest conducted by the Anne Carter Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Bristol, Va. The writer, Carl Trantum, was a member of this year's graduating class of the Bristol High School.)

In attempting to state the South's part in the building of the nation, I think it advisable to try first to give you a view of the nation. America is a land washed by two oceans, inhabited by men who have ever hated aristocracy, yet men who lead the world, not by force of arms, though they have proved themselves leaders in their use, but leaders by example. Truly, the richest nation in the world, her mines bore to the depths of the earth, her planes soar to the heights of the air, her ships circle the globe. There is no doubt as to the status of the United States of America as the leading power of the world. Let us now go back and see just how the South, a name given to those States lying south of the Mason and Dixon line, has helped to build this nation.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, just after the reign of Elizabeth in England, the reaction set in. Pleasure was practically banned, religion was so narrowed as to make a certain type of worship almost compulsory, democracy was a thing only to be discussed by the most reckless. Far to the westward a new land had been discovered. Strange stories had been told of boundless fields where crops were to be had for the taking, of endless streams where fish were to be had by a fling of the hook, and where adventure and freedom awaited the brave. Into their boats the Englishmen piled their few belongings and turned their eyes to the setting sun.

In May, 1607, they founded the first American colony in Virginia. Behind the English came the sails of the Norsemen, the Frenchmen, and the

German. They came, they saw, and they stayed. America had begun.

Here before the Southern settlers lay a paradise in the rough. The pioneers fell to work with a heart. They cleared land, fought Indians, worshiped God, and built homes, all with equal zeal. In the making of history Southern women played a large part, a part which was to be often repeated under different settings.

The land of the South was fertile, the sun shone bright, and the rains were moderate and timely. What else could have suggested itself for a means of livelihood other than agriculture? And agriculture on a scale that the Southland offered meant slaves. The South has been severely criticized for fostering the institution of slavery, but it must be remembered that at that period of history slavery was not looked upon in the light that it later came to be considered.

The South prospered. In the place of what had once been forests and wastes of grass and weeds appeared fields of cotton, corn, and rice. The South was happy. The lilting song of the negro flowed up to meet the soft Southern moon; money was in the bank, corn in the crib, and cotton on its way to England.

Then England forgot that in the veins of these provincials flowed the blood of the makers of the Bill of Rights, the Magna Charta, and the Habeas Corpus. She saw only that they were becoming rich and independent minded. A little taxation and oppression would bring them to their position. The *South* paid until paying became unbearable, then its people threw down their spades, picked up their swords and, with the other colonists, flew into the face of the gods of war. The world laughed uproariously. It was absurd. A group of gawky provincials matching their corn-hoeing soldiers with England's red coats. The Colonies were not fighting for a few cents tax on tea. They were fighting for right—and that made the difference.

Washington was appointed commander in chief of the Colonial armies. With very few men, hardly any arms, and practically no navy, he struck. It was a story of squirrel-shooting Colonials with their backs to the wall against trained mercenaries and arrogant soldiers of the king.

The South under Washington, Greene, Marion, and other dauntless leaders fought with the desperation of a goaded bull and the cunning of a hungry fox. At several critical times during the war Washington was all that held the soldiers together. The world that had once laughed now stopped to wonder, then admire. England tired of fighting these men who wouldn't give up and who insisted on cooping up her armies and shooting them down like so many

clay pigeons. Tarleton had gone flying home, Cornwallis had slept too long at Yorktown, British and loyalist soldiers had run at Trenton and King's Mountain, so with a "sour-grape look" on her statesmen's faces she gave these insolent colonies their independence. The South had more than done her part in the war and now, broken in fortune and bent with the grief for her lost sons, she stood confronted with the problem of helping to steer a country that was not a country, but thirteen bickering colonies. A constitution must be drawn up, a government founded, and union brought about. Jefferson had stepped forward to state the principles upon which the country has ever since prided itself when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. In the constitutional convention, he and his associate Southern statesmen wrote the Constitution. The South sent a group of statesmen that America has never since equaled. Washington was elected first President of the United States of America. He served twice with distinction and refused a third term. Out of the first five Presidents, the South furnished four.

The country again started to build up and continued to grow until 1861, when the nation was split by a great controversy. The South, which had played such a part in the building up of the nation, in the face of threatened wrongs from the Northern States, seceded from the Union. The North declared the Union indissoluble. Here was a delicate question, and it brought out in every man the spirit that is truly American. The war gods were riding again.

The South faced the same set of conditions that had faced the nation in the Revolution; No army, no navy, no arms, but honor and right in the balance.

Lee refused command of the Northern army to fight for what he saw was right. It is needless to chronicle the battles that the South won, but I must say a few words of the Confederate army. Lee was the best general that America has produced and to any Southerner the only thing he lacked of being a god was immortality. Jackson, Beauregard, Longstreet, the Johnstons, Stuart, and innumerable others showed just what stuff Southerners were made of. Never has a harder-fighting, nobler army moved on a field of battle. The South lost the war, but gave up not one principle or ideal. The War between the States was unfortunate, but not one American would have respect for another if right did not come before might. This was necessary to clear America for a new era.

The Southerner came home to find his slaves gone, his government swept away, his homes burned, his crops destroyed, and he himself under martial law. Was he whipped? *No!* He who had charged into

the mouths of cannons over the bodies of his brother and into the bayonets of his fathers with the rebel yell on his lips and an ideal before his eyes; he who had starved for his beliefs, never! Here indeed was a more terrible task than dying, but he swung into the new order of things and out of it builded the New South. It may be strange to state the South in fighting that war played a big part in building the nation, but America has been called a nation of idealists, and we are proud of it. What greater group of idealists has ever existed, and what greater price has ever been paid for an ideal than the South paid in the War between the States?

The South was meant to be and will be the richest section of the country. Where Sherman had burned a barn, he had left an oil well; where he had wrecked a flour mill, he had made space for a cotton mill.

Land is the basis of all wealth, indeed the basis of all things, for without land there could be no life, and without life no growth. Land in the Old South meant great plantations; land in the New South still means great plantations, but added to that are great mines, great power plants, great forests. In one sweeping sentence we can describe the South: a great past, a great present, and a great future.

A nation's power is to a great extent measured by her wealth. The following statistics will throw some light on just what part of the nation's wealth the South holds. During the past year over 32 per cent of the nation's mineral value came from Southern mines. More than \$2,000,000—11 per cent of the productive power of the entire South—a \$2,000,000,000 industry in less than half a century, a business the value of whose products has multiplied 15.5 times in fifty years as compared with a multiplication of the entire country's mineral values of 5.6 during the same period. The South produces all the nation's bauxite, 99.9 per cent of the nation's sulphur, 89 per cent of the nation's phosphate, 99 per cent of the nation's graphite, 99 per cent of the nation's carbon black, 94 per cent of the nation's barite, 93 per cent of the nation's asphalt, 95 per cent of the nation's Fuller's earth, 65 per cent of the nation's natural gas, 65 per cent of the nation's petroleum, 57 per cent of the nation's lead, 40 per cent of the nation's marble, 44 per cent of the nation's feldspar, 39 per cent of the nation's coal, 35 per cent of the nation's domestic clays, and has enormous reserves in all these resources.

In the forests where once the tread of a copper-colored Indian or the cry of a wild bird or animal was all that broke the silence now drones the saw mill, and out of the depths of the forest steam trains loaded high with lumber and naval supplies.

In the past twenty-five years the value of lumber

produced in the South has increased 185 per cent as against 3 per cent for the rest of the United States. The South produces 46.9 per cent of the nation's lumber values. In 1925 five Southern States furnished 40 per cent of the nation's total hard wood production. The South produces the country's total supply, and 70 per cent of the world's supply, of naval stores. The South supplies the nation's entire supply of cypress. Formerly the South shipped most of her lumber for manufacture, but now she ships the finished product. North Carolina is the nation's second largest furniture market. The South that has been called the land of milk and honey is also a land of industry and money.

God, in his building of the South, left out not one single detail. With much raw material, the South must have power, not just a little power to turn a few old water wheels, but power in great quantities and at convenient places so as not to spoil the luster of this living, working, thriving gem. Power in unlimited quantities was provided. The South has more natural gas than she can use. Comparatively speaking, all the king's horses and all the king's men haven't a show against the power taken from her streams. In the past twenty years the South showed an increase in developed horse power of 178 per cent against 105 per cent for the rest of the nation's whole. Four hydro-electric developments in progress and planned in the South represent an investment of over \$90,000,000; one Southern company alone spent \$40,000,000 in two years for new constructions: government engineers have recommended a \$37,000,000 dam on Cove Creek in Tennessee; the Barstow Dam in South Carolina, when completed, will be exceeded in electrical output only by the Niagara Falls station. You can readily see that white coal, as water power is called, is present in unlimited quantities; besides this, there are millions of tons of black coal and lignite.

It is a boast of the Southerners that, if they just had time, they could make enough leather belting from the cows they raise to belt the universe, and with their mills and power they could, with their Southern brains, reverse the whirl of the planets.

All work and no play may make plenty of "Jack," but it also makes Jack a dull boy. The Southerner from the beginning of his existence has been a play boy, and, being a play boy, he wants the whole world to come and play in his front yard. With the type of front yard the Southerner has, the whole world does come to play—and stays to play.

The South is endowed with every type of playground in the world. Her coast line is 856 miles longer than the total remaining coast line in the United States. Peaks in the Davis Mountains of

Texas reach an altitude of 9,000 feet. Miami is an approximate parallel with Cairo, Egypt. Tourists spend from twenty-five to seventy-five million dollars annually in the better-known winter resorts. Here the South increases the nation's wealth and provides recreation for her sons.

In late years the trend of immigration has shifted from Northern Europe to Southern Europe, and the North has been flooded with a low type of immigrants. Intermarriage has lowered the quality of the population of the North. Transportation and labor conditions have protected the South from the influx of low-type immigrants, and the South retains her Anglo-Saxon population. The moral, mental, and social heritage of these Anglo-Saxons who would pay with their lives for the preservation of an ideal, is enough to insure the nation against the new trend of thought that is sweeping the country. Socialism, bolshevism, and atheism are subjects to which they give little consideration. Honor and labor are their by-words.

Thus we see that from her brave and hardy pioneers; her hard-fighting, never-surrendering revolutionists who wore the buff and blue in the seventeen seventies; her unparalleled statesmen who led in the founding of the nations; her so-called rebels, who in reality were not rebels, but an exemplification of the American spirit of right or death; down to the modern Southern captain of industry, we have a story—in all of these types—of the South's part in the building of the nation.

There has never been a statement of falsier fabric than the assertion that the South is living on her reputation, but granting for a moment its truth—what a glorious reputation to live on!

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

BY MILTON BENNETT LAMBDIN.

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A rare experience to have been a boy in Alexandria, Va., when the picturesque old town played the strenuous rôle of a strategic outpost between the North and the South during the stirring days of the War between the States.

Alexandria, be it noted, has an honorable ancestry and a worthy place among the cluster of Colonial cities that lent luster to early American history. A replica, or reproduction, of an English small town that had been picked up by invisible agency, carried across the ocean, and set down on the west bank of the Potomac River, some seven miles or so below where the Capital of the nation now stands.

There is a pervasive charm about the venerable place that appeals alike to the inhabitants and the visitor. On every hand are the accessories that sway the mind and fresco the imagination with associations that belong to royalty, Colonial and Indian legends and names, as we listen to the felicitous roll call of King Street, Queen Street, Prince, Duke, Asaph, Cameron, Henry, Orano Streets.

A large number of the more stately houses are of English type and pleasing diversity of style, bearing family names that affect the historic sense, as the Lee House, the Mason House, the Carlyle House, the Fairfax House, and others of like character.

It was in this quaint old city that General Braddock had his headquarters, now known as the Braddock House, on the eve of setting out on his ill-fated campaign against the Indians, and with the well-nigh extermination of his military forces of regulars and colonials at Fort Duquesne. The old road, the Braddock Road, as it is yet called, can be pointed out over which his little army passed.

Alexandria, as you need not be reminded, is glorified with the name of George Washington. This of itself is enough to immortalize the city through all coming time and to give it a renown distinctively its own. In the boyhood days of The Boy, there used to run a parody: "George Washington, the father of his country: First in war, first in peace, and the last to get a monument," as the shapely obelisk to perpetuate his name and fame was left incomplete on its site, south of the White House grounds, through many shabby years of neglect, until it was finally finished and dedicated in 1884-85.

It may not be generally known that while Washington had his country home and estate at Mount Vernon, he also maintained a city residence in Alexandria. At a very youthful age, The Boy remembers distinctly a modest-looking house on the south side of Cameron Street, between St. Asaph and Pitt Streets that carried the name, "The George Washington House." As a thoughtless piece of vandalism, and with an utter disregard of its value as a priceless relic, a memorial of the great Washington, it was torn down just a few years before the war, and The Boy recalls bringing home several souvenir shingles of its débris. Its vacant site is now marked by a bronze tablet.

A block or two up Cameron Street from this spot, in the very heart of this old town, there stands Christ Episcopal Church, where Washington worshiped, and where he had his membership. It was built, in early Colonial days, of brick brought from England. The square pew where he and his family sat yet remains.

Another noted old building linked on to Colonial

times is the First Presbyterian Church. Its erection began two years before the Declaration of Independence. It stands on South Fairfax Street "as a monument to the sturdy Calvinists who stood against George III as their predecessors had stood against Charles I." It remains unoccupied for worship, silent and serene, with its old-time attractive interior of pulpit, pews, organ, and galleries. In the rear is a graveyard, where lie the mortal remains of persons famous in the history of the town and the times.

A familiar tradition yet abides in the place that Washington seriously thought of locating the seat of government at Alexandria, and with the erection of the Capitol on "Shooter's Hill," a commanding elevation crowning the west end of the city. The name, "Shooter's Hill," is a reproduction by the English settlers of Alexandria of a hill of the same name in London, and is mentioned in English literature. Its crest is now occupied by the "George Washington Masonic Memorial Temple, or Shrine," a \$4,000,000 building under course of construction by the nation-wide coöperative efforts of the Square and Compass fraternity. The attractive and unique architectural design is that of an ancient Babylonian ziggurat, as it lifts itself to a towering elevation in a succession of narrowing stages.

The view from this eminence is well-nigh unsurpassed in its enthralling landscape perspective, whether it be in this land or other lands. The eye is enchanted as it drinks in the magnificent vista of the majestic Potomac in its onward sweep to the Chesapeake and the long stretch of the green hills of Maryland in the near foreground.

The illustrious name of Robert E. Lee also contributes to the fame of the old town. The house still stands, now known as the "Lee House," where his widowed mother made a home for him during the several years that, as a youth, he attended a high grade school in preparation for West Point. His later permanent home up to the breaking out of the war was at Arlington, some six or seven miles distant, thus facilitating a close social and Church connection with Alexandria. A pew in Christ Church carries his name.

Long before New York became the emporium of the New World, Alexandria was a great shipping port that did an extensive export and import business with the far-off ends of the earth. Even up to less than three quarters of a century ago its harbors were filled with scores of steamships and sailing vessels from every clime and zone.

In addition to the prestige of its world-wide trade contacts, its ancient Colonial homes, attractive street names, annals of pre-Revolutionary days, legends and traditions of Washington, Lafayette, and

Confederate Veteran.

other celebrities associated with the formation of the young republic, its physical surroundings in the way of its broad, mile-wide river, numerous creeks and runs, made a vibrant appeal to the juvenile aquatic and piscatorial instincts of the average boy who helped to make up its fourteen or fifteen thousand population. Think of it! Picture it all for yourself. "Swimmin' holes" galore! And fishing! Great sport! a sport for kings and small boys. Herring, cat, eels, perch, even an accommodatng shad, at times, seemed to think it a high destiny to lend himself to the right royal diversion.

Think, too, of the wide expansive territory stretching itself out for many miles around in every direction, with its innumerable free-for-all walnut trees, hickory nut trees, chestnut trees, persimmon trees, chinquapins, fox grapes, chicken grapes, and acres upon acres of blackberry and huckleberry fields and patches.

If, too, you cared to play the rôle of a Nimrod, there was your chance every day of your life at hand. Grab your gun and bag and start out for turkey, duck, partridges, black birds, reed birds, meadow larks, with more besides of the winged creatures of the air, the trees, the fields, and you would return richly rewarded with the trophies of your huntsman's fervor and skill.

What show would the fabled Garden of the Hesperides have with its paltry golden apples in comparison to what old Alexandria could provide to make life at that time more than worth the living? But as if all these variegated concomitants to the mere joy of existence to the youngsters of the place were not enough, here comes along a-hiking down the pike, a great, big, sure-enough, up-to-date *War*, with all its pageantry and pomp, circumstances, and éclat, to capture the youthful imagination. A War that couldn't have been more to a boy's liking than if it had been hand-picked or made to his special order. And, not to be overlooked, The Boy was just at an age, not yet in his teens, to revel in the panorama of marching armies, booming cannon, rattle of musketry, military reviews; and, fortunate for him, at a safe distance from the stage of actual hostilities and dangers.

Though Alexandria was only a few miles distant from Washington, it was as intense and thoroughly ingrained a Southern city as though it had been bed-rocked in the very heart and center of the Confederacy.

During the short period of time before the actual try out at arms between the respective forces of the North and the South, the interest in the city in the pending conflict was at high fever heat and pulsating heartbeat. Nothing at all of a hysterical and emotional nature, but calm, deliberate, determined, in

the belief of the intrinsic righteousness and constitutional justice of the Southern cause. It was based upon the interpretation of a clause amendment of the Constitution under which the nation was supposed to function and which expressly declared that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by the States, are reserved to the people."

As is well known to historical scholars, Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island, in adopting the Constitution, expressly reserved the right of the people of the sovereign States to resume the powers delegated to the Union if they should so determine afterwards. Unless thus safeguarded in their future interests, they declined to enter into the compact. Acting upon this express guarantee, New England, during the War of 1812, threatened to secede from the Union. The Massachusetts legislature in 1844 made a similar threat.

The South felt that the real motive at the North in driving the nation into war against her was not a constitutional one, but a belated antagonism to Southern African slavery. In the South, however, the issue was a clean-cut constitutional one, the right of the sovereign State to withdraw from the Union if it should so deem fit, and a right that she had never surrendered. And it might not be amiss to emphasize the fact that the South never introduced slavery into the American colonies. That was a profitable business and extensive enterprise initiated and carried on most successfully by the Dutch, the English, and New England. The slave trade had its birth in the North, not in the South. The first American slave ship was built at Marblehead, Mass., in 1636. This was the genesis of the lucrative trade by which slaves were carried in New England ships to the various English colonies. It is a simple matter of historical record that slave vessels were fitted out at New Bedford, Mass., loaded with casks of New England rum, which was exchanged for slaves on the west coast of Africa.

When it was found that the climatic conditions in the Northern States made the possession and use of these slaves a debit proposition, then they were sold, not emancipated, you will observe, but sold into the warmer climate of the South to work in its cotton, corn, rice, and tobacco fields. In fact, a far more easy, comfortable and humane mode of life than what they had been accustomed to in Africa as virtual slaves of their tribal chiefs.

With a beautiful cast of countenance, a "holier than thou" air, and a heavenward elevation of eyebrows, while at the same time holding on with a covetous grasp to the "filthy lucre" received from the barter and sale of these human chattels dumped over

on the South, there was heard the iterated and reiterated sanctimonious cry of "the heinous sin and barbarous cruelty of the traffic in human flesh."

However, be that as it may, let us hark back to the old Virginia city of The Boy's write-up. The streets of Alexandria presented a gala scene day and night. "The Stars and Bars" in conspicuous evidence and flying from various vantage points. Militarism was uppermost, and, in keeping with this martial spirit, Alexandria could proudly boast of three splendidly equipped infantry companies, made up of the very flower of its young manhood. "The Alexandria Riflemen," the "Old Dominion Riflemen," and "The Mount Vernon Guards." These three crack companies formed the backbone of the 17th Virginia Regiment in the Confederate service and made a conspicuous record throughout the war. Their uniforms were spectacular and gorgeous, and when they turned out on George Washington's birthday anniversaries and other commemorative occasions, the whole town would be out of doors to jam the streets in taking in the parade.

The famous Horse Guards and "Princess Pat's Own" had nothing in the way of glittering show and valor on these young soldier boys of that rapidly vanishing host. And when they marched out the whole length of King Street, the main street of the town, to the open and near-by fields, where they held their inspection and review and went through their various evolutions and manual of arms, it was not only a glorious day for the youngsters, but no less a one for their families and friends, who looked on with admiration and delight.

In addition to these infantry companies, there was also an artillery company that made a notable record in the days of active service.

At the intersection of Washington and Prince Streets, standing erect on its granite base, with folded arms, sad of face, looking in the direction of the battle fields of the South," as though in deep contemplation is the imposing figure of a Confederate soldier. Cut deep into a panel of one of its sides is the inscription:

"ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
CONFEDERATE DEAD
OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.,
BY THEIR
SURVIVING COMRADES.
MAY 24, 1889."

On an opposite panel is the sentiment:

"THEY DIED IN THE
CONSCIOUSNESS OF DUTY
FAITHFULLY PERFORMED."

The local soldier boys were kept busy day and night on picket duty at certain outlying points of the town facing the north. This precaution was absolutely necessary, as Washington was only a few miles distant, with trains all the while coming into the Capital from the north, east and west, loaded with contingents of Union troops being massed for an invasion of Virginia. At any moment now they were looked for to appear upon the horizon; as, in the language of scripture, "Out of the north an evil shall break forth." An element of romance was interwoven with this picket duty, for the feminine fancy ever loves brass buttons and military trappings.

To this very day, through the long stretch of intervening years, The Boy, now an old boy, can visualize one of those young soldiers in his gaudy uniform, with gun in hand, standing on guard at the corner of Henry and Orinoca Streets, just on the edge of the town, looking toward the danger zone, alert to his duty; but at the same time not averse to carrying on an enjoyable flirtation with one of the pink-cheeked and soft-voiced flappers of a neighboring house, who just happened to be near his picket post. Singular how such accidental conjunctions "just happen" so. However, for aught we know, it might have been the young soldier's sweetheart. And who could blame them for this delightful get together once again before the call of duty in the defense of Virginia would part them for, O! how long a time?

Was it with her as with many another couple in short after days, a broken heart, a shattered hope, when tidings came of death in battle? Innumerable chapters like that written in tears.

Now, let us leave the young "Johnnie Reb" at his sentry post, vis-à-vis with his lady love, as they dream love's young dream of an eventual reunion of happy hearts and lives when the war was over, and let us bend our steps to the river's front on the east, and we will see something of an ominous aspect.

Look! There it is! A low, black, "rakish-looking" wooden gunboat, the Pawnee, lying out amid stream in the Potomac, with its portholes wide open, and the mouths of murderous looking cannon pointing point-blank at the city, and ready for business. What the possible "business" might be was hardly a need for a guess or a debate. Every one knew. That frowning gunboat was an irresistible object of attraction, and the river embankment became a grand promenade as the immense crowds jostled each other to focus their eyes on the sailors moving about here and there, climbing its rigging, or "hanging out the wash," fluttering in the wind like signal flags. No rowboats filled with officers and men came ashore. Everything was aloof, silent, uncanny.

(Continued in October.)

Confederate Veteran.

"AFTER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS."

List of letters written by and to prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, which were found in the Ohio State Library and later turned over to the Ohio Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of which Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter is President. It is the desire of the Division to return these letters to descendants of the men who wrote them or of those to whom addressed, or to the writers, if any are living. Claimants should write to Mrs. A. S. Porter, 1724 Clifton Boulevard, Lakeland, Ohio, giving proof of claim and relationship to the writer, and send postage. Any interesting incidents connected with this work will be reported from time to time.

The Alabama list was given in the August number of the VETERAN.

ARKANSAS.

- A. D. Black to Mrs. C. M. Black, Dorchiat.
 J. W. Edmonston to Mrs. Mary Ann Edmonston, Campabellon, Green County.
 H. A. Gregory to Mrs. Martha Gregory, Turin, Saline County.
 J. C. Hubbard, 40th Regiment Provisional Army, to Mr. W. R. Marshall, Dewitt.
 J. D. Hudson to Noah Hudson, Westville, Dale County.
 Lieut. S. P. Inks to Mrs. Susan Hagood, Van Buren.
 L. F. Manney to W. A. McClung, Cherry Grove.
 L. E. Manney to Mrs. N. A. Manney.
 Lieut. W. C. Osborne to Mr. M. Osborne, Little Rock.
 Second Bvt. Lieut. E. A. Poe to Mrs. Martha Poe, Belfast,
 Lieut. I. B. Rogers to Mrs. E. A. J. Rogers, Troy.
 J. M. Sanders to Mrs. J. M. Sanders, Rockport.
 Lieut. W. R. Selvidge, to Mrs. R. A. Selvidge, Falcon, Columbia County; to T. T. Carlock, Esq., Falcon.
 N. M. Shepherd to Mrs. Dolly Shepherd (wife), Mary Green, Saline County.
 R. M. Walker to Mrs. S. S. Walker, Palestine, Columbia County.
 Claibourn Watkins to George C. Watkins, Little Rock.
 J. K. Whitefield to Mrs. J. K. Whitefield, Camden, Ouchita County.
 F. M. Whitaker to Mr. Jesse Whitaker, Monticello.

GEORGIA.

——— Armstrong (to his brother). No surname is given. This letter mentions Charlie Smith, and Augusta, which must be Augusta, Ga.

Lieut. J. Q. Durham, 50th Tennessee Regiment, to

Mrs. Anna J. Durham, West Point; to Mr. J. C. Durham, West Point.

W. L. Gordon to Mr. T. M. Gordon, Ringgold.

Capt. J. P. Jackson, 50th Tennessee Regiment, to G. W. Jackson, Erin; to William Jackson, Esq., Erin.

William Lanier, Company K, 12th Georgia, Regiment, to Mrs. Mary Lanier, Buena Vista, Marion County.

G. W. Owings to J. R. Owings, Pond Spring, Walker County.

KENTUCKY.

Fred Argyle, Bon Harbor, Ky., to Thomas G. Holman, Camp Chase, Ohio.

Owen Breckenridge, Paynes Depot, Scott County, Ky. to "Billy" (envelope gone).

W. T. C., Harrodsburg, Ky., to Nimrod Harris, Camp Chase, Ohio.

T. S. Cagarm to "Doctor" (envelope gone).

J. W. Caldwell, Harrodsburg Ky., to Nimrod Harris, Camp Chase.

Elizabeth Harris, Harrodsburg, Ky., to her husband, Nimrod Harris, Camp Chase.

I. T. Harris, Harrodsburg, Ky., to Nimrod Harris, Camp Chase.

——— Jane, Owenton, Gallatin County, Ky. (to her father). Envelope gone.

L. H. Kemp to A. H. Kincheloe and others, 5th Kentucky Regiment, C. S. A.

Thomas Lilly to Private Jasper Anderson, Breckenridge's Brigade, Company B, 5th Kentucky Volunteers, C. S. A.

D. B. Pusey, West Point Ky., to ——— Pusey (his brother), Camp Chase.

Thomas S. Shawan to George Williams, Harris County, Ky.

Mrs. Mollie Sidebottom, Owenton, Ky., to B. F. Sidebottom, Camp Chase.

John Sheckler, Louisville Ky., to D. C. Sims, Camp Chase.

John H. and Betty S. Wilkins, Bowling Green, Ky., to David Rhea, Camp Chase.

LOUISIANA.

Lieut. Jeff Thompson to Mrs. Jeff J. Thompson, Greenburg.

J. Q. Wall to Mrs. Eveline Jones, Tickfaw Station, Livingston Parish; to Mrs. Pauline R. Settoon, Ponchitola.

J. P. Yates to D. A. Yates, Esq., New Orleans; to his sister, Sarah, New Orleans.

MARYLAND.

Henry, Whisler, Williamsport, Md., to his son. This letter was writtin in Maryland, but the writer

was from Virginia, according to the letter, and, although the son was in a Federal prison, Camp Chase, Ohio, the father is a Union man with no sympathy for the South. In the letter he speaks of returning home, and mentions Harrisonburg, also the Valley of Virginia.

MISSISSIPPI.

Lieut. H. L. Bedford to Col. Benj. W. Bedford, Como Depot.

N. Jasper Benson to Mr. J. A. Beckett, Pope's Station, Panola County; to Mrs. Mary H. Benson, Byhalia, Marshall County.

James Cook to Captain Ridley, Corinth.

James A. Cox, 14th Regiment to Mr. Allen Cox, Siloam; to Mrs. Addie Cox, Siloam, Oktibbeha County.

P. L. Dotson to Mary W. Dotson (wife), Brooksville.

A. J. Evans to Mrs. Augusta Evans, Okolona, Chickasaw County.

James H. Farned, to Mr. A. Farned, Okolona.

Phillip H. Freeman to Mrs. S. C. Freeman, (mother) Middleton.

S. M. Gassaway, Adam's Cavalry, to Lieut. W. S. Yerger, Adam's Cavalry, Corinth; to Mrs. Anna E. Horne, Jackson.

D. S. Hall to Capt. Jesse Cox, Corinth.

H. M. Hallam to Mr. Jeremiah Hallam, Bankston, Choctaw County.

Lieut. F. W. Keyes, 20th Mississippi Regiment, to Mrs. Bettie Keys, Carrollton; to Hon. O. R. Singleton, H. of R. Richmond, Va.

I. L. Logan to Mrs. James Logan, Abbeville, Lafayette County.

D. A. McKenzie to Mr. William Johnson, Morton, Scott County.

N. S. Magee, 15th Mississippi Volunteers, to Mr. E. J. Moore, Water Valley.

Lieut. C. C. Moore to Lewis Moore, Houston.

R. I. Moore to S. R. Moore, Bay Springs.

Capt. R. D. Palmer, to Mrs. Fannie Palmer (wife), Winona.

W. J. Parmele to Mrs. Lydia P. Parmele, Winona.

Jas. F., Peeler to Mrs. Sarah A. B. Peeler (wife), Kosciusko.

Charles A. Ray to Green Ray (brother), Tishomingo County; to his parents, (no name) Tishomingo County.

T. H. Shackelford to Mrs. Virginia Shackelford, Okolona.

H. T. Shine to Mr. J. T. Shine, Goodman.

G. W. Smith to Mr. R. W. Price, Eastport.

Alexander Trotter to Gen. W. B. Trotter, Quitman.

Second Lieut. Reese T. Wood to Mrs. Perlina Wood, Pope's Station.

TENNESSEE.

Thomas M. Atkins, Company A, 49th Tennessee Volunteers, to Mrs. C. M. Clark, Columbus, O; to G. A. Henry, Confederate Senator, Richmond, Va.

Napoleon P. Blair, 29th Tennessee Regiment, to Mrs. Nancy A. Blair, Limestone Springs, Green County.

I. Slaughter Carruthers, Adj. 51st Tennessee, to Mrs. S. Fannie Carruthers, Mason's Depot; to T. N. Carruthers, Mason's Depot.

Lieut. Thomas J. Carruthers to William Carruthers, Jackson; to Rev. John R. Harrison, Jackson.

W. J. Clift, McMinnville, Tenn., to Thomas——, Camp Chase, Ohio.

Nathan Cross, Nashville, Tenn., to Connally F. Figg, Esq., no address.

G. D. Cross, Mt. Gilead, Ohio, to Alfred H. Cross, (Nashville, Tenn.), Camp Chase, Ohio.

John R. Farabee to Mrs. Carrie Farabee, Gayoso House, Memphis; to Mr. Joseph Maples, Memphis.

Uriah Gardener to Mrs. Mary Gardener (mother), Jackson.

James Griffin to Amos and Daphne Leatherman, Memphis.

John J. Guthrie, Jr., to Mrs. John J. Guthrie, Jr., Memphis.

John G. Hall to Gen. J. A. Curnes, Memphis.

J. T. Hamm to Mr. John M. Hamm, Gravel Hill.

W. M. Hughes to Miss E. K. Fussell, Columbia; to Mr. W. G. and Mrs. Mary M. Hughes, no address.

G. B. Kealhofer, Xenia, O., to Messrs. Cossitt, Hill & Co., Memphis.

Theodore Kelsey to Ben May, Esq., Bank of West Tennessee, Memphis.

Thomas Kirtland to Ben May, Esq., Bank of West Tennessee, Memphis.

A. S. Levy to Miss Ella Levy, Memphis.

Andrew Lowe to Mrs. Martha A. Lowe, Midway Depot, Green County.

A. Moffitt to Miss M. J. Moffitt, Covington, Tipton County.

M. S. Neely to Mrs. Julia Neely, Denmark, Madison County.

Mrs. Blanka W. Overby, Hickman, Tenn., to Wilson Overby, Camp Chase.

F. A. Ragsdale to W. J. Brooks, or J. W. Markham, 10 Shelby St., Memphis.

John and Nancy Scivally, Lynchburg, Lincoln County Tenn., to J. N. Scivally, Camp Chase.

W. M. Smith to I. S. Reynolds, Esq., Huntsville.

Mary Sykes, Columbia, Tenn., to Eugene O. Sykes (brother), Camp Chase.

M. R. Sykes, Columbia, Tenn., to Mr. George Martin, Camp Chase.

John Walker to Mrs. Phillis Walker, Memphis.

Confederate Veteran.

Lieut. John S. Ward, 50th Tennessee Regiment, to Hon. L. C. Haynes, C. S. Senator, Richmond, Va.; to Gen. L. T. Wigfall, C. S. Senator, Richmond, Va.

J. W. Warlick to Mrs. Nanie Warlick, Jackson.

Lieut. I. I. Williams, Tennessee Volunteers, to W. C. Williams, Memphis.

G. Y. Willis to Miss G. A. Willis (sister), Chattanooga.

Private Josiah Woodall, Company I, 19th Volunteer Tennessee Regiment, to Isaiah Woodall, Chattanooga.

R. H. Wooten to Rev. C. H. Adkins, Porterville.

Thomas York, Williamson County, Tenn., to "his brother," Camp Chase, Ohio.

VIRGINIA.

Lieut. S. W. Averett, C. S. N., to Mrs. Martha C. Averett (mother), Halifax C. H.

Charles B. Carter to Mrs. Eliza Carter (wife), Waynesboro; to Mr. James H. Carter, Mohemo River, Augusta County.

William A. Colman to Mrs. J. C. Colman, Amherst C. H.

Lieut. W. B. Felton, 1st Alabama Regiment, to Mr. J. L. Stroud, Richmond.

R. Gaillard to Mr. Thomas H. Watts, Richmond.

John Guerant, 2nd Lieut. of Artillery, Floyd's Brigade, to William W. Anderson, Esq., Goochland C. H.

J. M. Irvine, to Maj. E. Irvine, Deerfield, Augusta County.

J. P. Jackson, 50th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, to Hon. David Clopton, H. of R., Richmond.

J. M. Jackson, 42nd Tennessee Regiment, to Dr. John Ralls, Richmond.

Frank W. Keyes, 20th Mississippi Regiment, to Hon. O. R. Singleton, H. of R., Richmond.

John Lilly to Mrs. Ida Lilly (inclosed), directed to Mr. John Woodman, Red Sulphur Springs, Monroe County, Va.

First Lieut. Thomas M. McGehee, 27th Alabama Regiment, to Hon. Thomas H. Foster, M. C., Richmond.

William J. Miller to Miss Elizabeth C. Miller, Luray, Page County.

J. M. Moine to Maj. E. Moine, Deerfield.

Samuel M. Moses to Charles Moses, Shernando, Back Creek, Augusta County.

Mrs. M. D. Riblett, Mills Falls, Marion County, Va., to Michael Riblett, Camp Chase.

W. D. Seay to Wm. P. Seay, Esq., Richmond.

George Shores, Martinsburg, Va., to "friend," no address.

Lieut. Theodore Smith to Mrs. Theodore Smith, Frenchville, Mercer County.

Capt. John B. Stuart, Company H, 27th Alabama Regiment, Summerville, Ala., to Hon. Thomas J. Foster, M. C. Richmond.

Jonathan Talley to Mrs. Dolly A. Talley, Goochland County, Va.

Jason W. Thompson to David Bradley, Goshen Bridge.

Thomas Thorn, Marion County, Va., to Mr. R. Merrie, Camp Chase.

Lieut. D. S. Van Matre to John Patrick, Lewisburg.

Lieut. John S. Ward, 50th Tennessee Regiment, to Hon. L. C. Haynes, C. S. Senator, Richmond; to Gen. L. T. Wigfall, C. S. Senator Richmond.

LETTERS WITH NO ADDRESSES.

Walter Ashby to his mother.

Robert Beers, from M. Meikle, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; from Rev. J. W. Burgett, St. Catherine's, Canada.

E. Bible to his grandfather.

Peter Barker to his brother.

B. H. Bridgeforth to Clay Bridgeforth.

E. A. Buck to his brother, Camp Chase.

A. E. Early to his parents.

Thomas L. D. Farmer to Mrs. Sarry E. Farmer.

M. G. Galloway to brother.

J. G. Hall to Allison.

Capt. A. G. Hammach to his brother.

L. F. Manney to Mrs. N. A. E. Manney.

Milton P. Mecker to Mary.

M. S. Miller to Mrs. Maria Miller.

T. A. Morgan, Johnson's Island, to G. P. Chilcutt, Camp Chase.

James J. Oliver to Michael Oliver.

L. J. Pardue to W. P. Pardue.

W. P. Pardue to his brother.

Sebern Phillips to P. S. Phillips.

Sue Phillips to Thomas Phillips, Camp Chase.

Captain Charles W. Raisler to W. H. Storey, Camp Chase.

Joseph H. Reese to his mother.

W. J. Rogers to his mother, Mrs. L. W. Malone.

Captain J. W. Rush to his father.

W. A. H. Shackelford to Mrs. F. Shackelford.

F. M. Smith, Cincinnati, to his brother, Camp Chase.

W. H. Smith to "Cate."

Charles F. Taylor to Mrs. Deborah Taylor.

J. S. Thomas to his father.

W. P. Wren to his father.

"Hattie," Jacksonville, to "Cleves," no address. The letter mentions the fact that Robert Hill, lieutenant in the 2nd Tennessee Regiment, had been taken prisoner and sent to Camp Chase, and that he was a distant cousin of hers.

C. C. H. to "My dear nephew," envelope gone. This letter mentions that she saw where some one named Hooper had been exchanged, and thought possibly it was her nephew, so the "C. C. H." is doubtless Hooper, she closes with "Love from Sue and Cynthia, Your affectionate Aunt. C. C. H. She also speaks of a Mr. Hardin going down toward Corinth.

Henry W. Hart, Colesborough, no State given, to Adkin, or William Harned.

W. C. Canes to Mrs. Hennie Canes, envelope gone and there is nothing in this letter to help locate the home of the writer.

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, son of William Forrest and Marian Beck, was born in Bedford County, Tenn., July 13, 1821. His paternal great-grandfather, Shadrick Forrest, emigrated from England to North Carolina in 1730. His second son, Nathan, was the grandfather of the general. The family had remained in North Carolina until 1806, when the great-grandfather, with a large family of children, moved to the wilds of Tennessee.

Marian Beck, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, whose family emigrated from South Carolina to Bedford County, Tenn., became the wife of William Forrest, grandson of Nathan; so that Nathan Bedford Forrest was of pure English ancestry.

The pecuniary affairs of William Forrest having gone to wreck, he removed, with his large family of young children, in 1834, to Tippah County, Miss. and it was there that the father of Bedford died in 1837; leaving his son, sixteen years of age, the head of a family which included his widowed mother, six brothers, and three sisters. The impoverished condition of his father had debarred Bedford from the opportunities to receive even a rudimentary education. He attended school during the winter months of 1836 and 1837, between harvesting and planting seasons. In the meantime, the family was stricken with typhoid fever, which proved fatal to two of his brothers and his three sisters, including the one born a twin with himself.

I have entered into this early history of the family to illustrate more clearly the wonderful character of the man, the man of destiny; but before going into his manhood, I will relate an incident which happened soon after the death of his father, so characteristic of the man into whom Bedford Forrest developed. A neighbor had an ox which lived, whenever it chose, on the Forrest farm, throwing down fences and destroying the young corn at will. The habits of the

beast became insufferable, and the attention of the owner was repeatedly called to the depredations. He was urged and begged to keep the animal out of his fields without success. Young Forrest then notified his neighbor that he would no longer allow the ox to destroy his crops; that he would shoot the animal if he was again found in his field. The neighbor's retort was angry, and a menace likewise to shoot whomsoever might shoot the ox. In a few days the inveterate steer was found, as usual, feeding in the cornfield. Sending one of his little brothers to the owner to inform him of his purpose, Bedford repaired with his rifle to the field and, without delay, did what he had said he would do. Scarcely had he done so, and as he was reloading his rifle, the neighbor appeared, also armed with a rifle, hurrying to the field, manifestly bent on violence. Standing on his own ground, and having reloaded his rifle, no sooner did his adversary attempt to surmount the fence than the determined youth brought his rifle to bear and fired, the ball passing through the clothes of the intruder, who, brought to his senses by the report of the gun and whistle of the ball, tumbled from the fence and ran homeward as fast as he could.

In this affair of his childhood may be seen the full promise of his manhood—the quick recognition of the situation, the swift plan for mutiny, the exigency, and the resolute adoption of the active defense.

In 1842, Bedford was able to establish himself in business with an uncle in the county town of Hernando, Miss., and there he remained some nine years, an active, energetic man of business.

At the outbreak of the war, Forrest was living in Memphis, was an alderman for the city, and stood in the front rank of the prosperous men of the city. He was owner of two large plantations, which produced more than a thousand bales of cotton per annum. Thus, beginning life a fatherless youth, and at the age of sixteen with a family of twelve persons dependent for their support upon his labor in the rugged hill lands of Tippah, denied even an ordinary education, we find him climbing year by year with scarce a pause in his ascent.

On June 14, 1861, Nathan Bedford Forrest joined a company that was being formed by Dr. Josiah S. White. On the 10th of July, Private Forrest received a dispatch from Gov. Isham G. Harris, advising him to undertake to raise a regiment of cavalry for the Confederate service, and by the middle of September the regiment reported for duty.

The first service of the regiment was with the operations of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, when the Confederate commanders, Generals Pillow and Buckner, decided to surrender the fort and the army. Colonel Forrest protested and with keen dissatis-

faction and determination not to surrender his regiment; and he did carry his command in safety to the headquarters of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, while the army was surrendered.

Having reached the vicinity of Nashville, Colonel Forrest repaired to headquarters and reported in person to General Johnston, who was at the time leaving for Murfreesboro. General Johnston ordered him to report to General Floyd, who was left to remove all the property that could be saved. Appearing on the following morning at headquarters in the city, Forrest found General Floyd about to quit the place. He gave Forrest orders to remain until the next afternoon and then to follow. Forrest found that all the officers of the quartermaster and commissary departments, except one, had left their depots, which were then the scene of spoliation by a ravenous mob of thousands of men and women. Forrest, riding among them, urged them to desist, so that the stores could be saved for the army. But the crowd was deaf to his entreaties. Forrest, determined to employ force, gave orders for the guards to charge with drawn sabers and protect the stores, which was effectively executed. The doors were then closed, and Forrest went elsewhere to acquaint himself with the state of affairs.

Learning of his absence, the mob again broke open the doors. Forrest tried once more to remonstrate with the marauders, whereupon a stout Irishman suddenly rushing upon him, seized him by the collar, swearing loudly that he and the people had as much right to the stores as Colonel Forrest. Forrest's revolver was quickly brought down in swift contact with the ruffian's head, breaking his hold and sending him howling with pain through the door. Again the depots were cleared, but another and more persistent effort was made to overcome the guards. Then a happy thought suggested itself to Forrest, to use the harmless weapon of a fire engine in dispersing the crowd. Thereupon, quickly bringing it upon the scene, a powerful stream of ice cold water was brought to bear upon them. The suddenness and novelty of the attack had an instantaneous effect, and there was no further trouble.

Forrest now asked by telegraph for trains to move the stores. Every available vehicle was impressed, and a large quantity of stores and ammunition were sent south. He continued to move the stores, and, by earnest effort, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday he had transported six hundred boxes of clothing, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of bacon, and forty wagonloads of ammunition. More supplies would have followed but for a break in the railroad, caused by a heavy rain. General Floyd had no thought that he would be able to save any part of the supplies, but Forrest proved differently.

Moving rapidly, Colonel Forrest reached Murfreesboro, and there received the highest commendation from General Johnston, and his men were the recipients of marked applause.

During the battle of Shiloh, Colonel Forrest was of the greatest assistance in protecting the flanks from the enemy, and he had several personal encounters with Federal officers, whom he killed or wounded, and on the afternoon of the second day, April 7, 1862, received a desperate wound himself. On August 10, Colonel Forrest received the appointment as brigadier general, and was assigned to the army under General Bragg, just as he began the Kentucky campaign. On December 10, General Forrest, with a new command, regiments that had but recently been organized, went into West Tennessee, captured two regiments of Federals and a battery of rifled guns. He held the Federal garrison at Jackson, ten thousand men, with one regiment, while he proceeded to destroy the railroads and bridges over which the enemy obtained his supplies. He recrossed the Tennessee River with two thousand head of cattle and fifteen hundred prisoners, including Col. Robert Ingersol, with a small loss of men.

On the first day of May, 1863, a Federal force of picked men and horses and a battery of rifled guns was sent to the rear of Bragg's army, with the purpose of destroying his communications. Forrest, with a force of fifteen hundred men, went in pursuit and killed or captured the entire Federal force.

At the battle of Chickamauga, which was a brilliant Confederate victory, General Forrest urged General Bragg to pursue the retreating enemy into Chattanooga, on September 20, and assured General Bragg that with a division of infantry coöperating with his cavalry, he could drive the mass of frightened Federals into the river. General Bragg retorted, that his men were worn out by two days' constant fighting and needed rest. Thus was lost the best opportunity during the war to crush the Federal army.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge, General Bragg ordered Forrest to report to General Wheeler, which he was unwilling to do, having been assured that he would be given a division. He, therefore, resigned his commission as brigadier general and determined to seek service in some other sphere. In the meantime, a large delegation of prominent people from West Tennessee and North Mississippi made appeals to him to come to their section. President Davis was at the headquarters of the army, when Forrest's resignation reached there. Mr. Davis wrote Forrest an autograph letter, in graceful and gracious language, answering that he could not accept his resignation, nor dispense with his services.

He called Forrest to Montgomery, Ala., appointed him a major general, and gave him command of the section of North Mississippi and West Tennessee, an independent command, with the statement that General Bragg would allow him a reasonable force to take with him. However, he was allowed to take only two small battalions and Morton's Battery—about three hundred men all told.

Forrest now entered upon a new epoch in his military career. He found a small force in North Mississippi, about two thousand men, which he organized. Forrest threw himself through the Federal lines into West Tennessee with a force of two hundred and fifty, rank and file, and remained in that section near Jackson for forty days surrounded by forty thousand Federal troops. He returned to the Confederate lines with two thousand unarmed recruits, eight hundred head of beef cattle, and forty wagons of bacon.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* summed up the results of the Confederate general's operations in these terms: "Forrest, with less than four thousand men, has moved right through the Sixteenth Army Corps, has passed within nine miles of Memphis, carried off over two hundred wagons, two thousand beef cattle, three thousand conscripts, and innumerable stores, tore up railroad tracks, cut telegraph wires, burned and sacked towns, run over pickets with a single Derringer pistol, and all in the face of twenty thousand men."

On February 8, 1864, a Federal force of four thousand cavalry and three batteries of artillery moved from Memphis to the prairie section of Mississippi. Maj. Gen. W. S. Smith, a graduate of West Point Military Academy, an officer of long experience, and highly regarded by the Federal government in command, was ordered to destroy the corn section of Mississippi and move on and cooperate with Sherman, who was to march from Vicksburg and destroy the Confederate supplies at Selma, Ala. Forrest, with fifteen hundred men and four guns, met him at West point on February 18, and almost destroyed his expedition, captured his artillery, five hundred prisoners, and the wagons General Smith expected to load with corn.

Early in April, 1864, a delegation of people from Jackson, Tenn., waited upon General Forrest and besought him to leave a force in that section for their protection against a nest of outlaws at Fort Pillow.

On April 12, Forrest moved on Fort Pillow and captured the garrison, which consisted of two hundred white and six hundred negro soldiers, and there were no further outrages in that section.

On June 10, Forrest met a Federal army under Major General Grierson, consisting of eleven thousand cavalry, eight batteries of artillery, two thousand

infantry, with five hundred wagons, at Brice's Crossroads in Mississippi. General Grierson's orders were to kill General Forrest or drive him from the country, and burn or destroy the corn section of Mississippi. Forrest killed, captured, and wounded five thousand of the Federals, captured all their artillery, thirty-seven ambulances, and his entire wagon train. There was not a single organized unit of Grierson's army that reached Memphis returning. Forrest's force was less than three thousand men and eight cannons.

Early in August, 1864, the Federal government sent out an expedition under Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith, consisting of twelve thousand veteran infantry from the Army of the Cumberland, six thousand cavalry, and fifty pieces of artillery, to drive Forrest from the country and destroy the corn section of Mississippi. Forrest assembled all his forces of fifty-two hundred men at Oxford, Miss. He moved with fifteen hundred men and two batteries on a flank movement and dashed into Memphis, creating the wildest scenes. He sent a telegraph message to General Smith that Forrest was in Memphis with a large force, and signed General Hurlbut's name to it, then cut the wire so there could be no further communication with Memphis by General Smith. Result: General Smith began a hurried retreat to Memphis, and the corn section was saved.

Early in September, General Forrest crossed the Tennessee River on an expedition into Middle Tennessee, to destroy the railroads that supplied Sherman's army before Atlanta. He destroyed every blockade on the line for sixty miles, burned the bridges, tore up the track, and recrossed the river with five thousand prisoners, eighteen hundred head of beef cattle, and a hundred wagonloads of bacon and flour. His captures furnished the Army of Tennessee with provisions.

Forrest then attacked Johnsonville, a depot of supplies on the Tennessee River, and destroyed the stores and steamboats and gunboats on the river, property valued at fifteen million dollars. He led the advance of Hood's army into Middle Tennessee in November, and when the Confederates were defeated at Nashville, defended Hood's army from destruction, one of the greatest achievements in all time. He held at bay the Federal army until General Hood had safely recrossed the river at Bainbridge.

Nothing in the annals of war exceeds in soldierly excellence the conduct of the Confederate rearguard from Columbia to Shoal Creek. General Forrest received his commission for lieutenant general on February 12, direct from Mr. Davis.

The distinctive traits of General Forrest, both as a man and as a cavalry commander, must impress those who read of his success. We learn from reading

of his battles and operations that he was a wonderful strategist, and, examined closely, his operations will be found based on the soundest principles of the art of war.

His tactics, intuitively, and without knowledge of what other men had done before him, were those of the great masters of that art. He had the happy gift of knowing how to confirm the courage in his men and how to excite their confidence and enthusiasm.

It may be said that no other soldier of either side during the war (possibly Stonewall Jackson excepted) carried the genuine distinctive traits of the American character into their operations as did General Forrest.

A strong man of action, of sleepless temper, strenuous, aggressive, he was adroit, audacious, watchful, swift, and resolute.

General Forrest was a magnetic man. Standing stalwart and erect, six feet one inch, broad shoulders, long arms, high round forehead, dark gray eyes, a prominent nose, emphatic jaw, compressed lips, and a mustache setting off a face that said to all the world: "Out of my way; I'm coming!" His step was firm, active, impulsive. He was one of the handsomest men I ever knew.

To determine with Forrest was to act, and the flash of his saber at the head of his columns, charging the cavalry or infantry of the enemy, inspired his troops with the sunlight of victory, and they dashed into battle.

I knew General Forrest as intimately as a boy could a great commander. He was always most gracious and cordial in his treatment with me. I looked upon him then as a wonderful man. In the meantime, I have for sixty years made a study of his career, and firmly believe that he was one of the greatest characters in modern history—if not of all time.

Were I ten years younger, or even five years younger, I would attempt to write and tell of the numberless incidents in his life that came under my observation, and which I remember, things that are not recorded in the histories that have been written.

WITH THE PALMETTO RIFLEMEN.

[Experiences of the late Capt. Peter A. McDavid, of Greenville, S. C., as a member of that famous South Carolina command.]

I fell into the hands of friends, though a prisoner of war, for in all probability I could not have had the same attention at Richmond.

The day after I reached the hospital, a gentleman walked into our room, introduced himself as J. Chester Jones, of Baltimore, and that he had received a telegram that his brother was severely wounded at

Deep Bottom, and he had come to nurse him; that he had learned there was a South Carolinian held as a prisoner, and he would be very glad to render him any assistance in his power; and, though his brother was a captain of Artillery in the Union Army, his sympathies were altogether the other way; that his mother was a South Carolinian (a Miss Buist, of Charleston, and he was trying to get across the lines and join the Southern army. There I met another friend, who divided his time with his brother and myself. He gave me fruits, pocket change, and underwear, a pair of pants, which I greatly needed, and many other things to add to my comfort. At his request, I visited his brother in the adjoining room and we had some very pleasant talks, but never alluded to the war.

As I shall not allude to my friend Jones again, I will state that he did cross the line and joined the 1st Virginia Battery; he hunted me up after I returned to camp, and I shared my scant rations of corn bread and pea soup with him on more than one occasion. He joined the Southern army when it was in the throes of death, in February, 1865, when the hopes of success had departed, but, true to his convictions and the lessons learned from his mother, he followed the remnant of General Lee's army to Appomattox. I went to see him there, and he embraced me, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said: "Too late! I made a mistake." I invited him to go home with me and remain until the country was calm, but he declined. So we parted, but we kept up a correspondence for several years. J. Chester Jones was a friend indeed!

When I reached the hospital, I had in my pocket about one hundred dollars in Confederate money. Lieutenant Ware was exchanged and was starting home, and as I never expected to get well or reach home again, I gave him all I had. The only account I have ever heard of him since was a short letter to my father, written a few days after he reached home, telling him where he had left me; that I was so terribly wounded it was his opinion I could not recover. My father received this letter the same night I reached home.

It was the custom for the flag of truce boat to leave Fortress Monroe every Monday morning. The Agent of Exchange called to see us on Saturday, and I asked him to take me home, that I would never be of any more service to the army, and I would like for him to consider my case. No prisoners were being exchanged at that time, but he said I would not be able to make the trip, that I was too weak; I told him I would risk it. On the next Monday I received notice that there was an ambulance at the door, and if I had any baggage (I had none), to get ready to drive to the boat landing. I said good-by to my

friends and got aboard the New York, where I was greeted with handshaking from several ladies who gathered around me. I was the only prisoner. The ladies were Mrs. James and daughters, who were being sent South from Baltimore on account of their outspoken sympathies for the South, and General Vaughn's wife and daughters, of Sweetwater, Tenn., who had been carried North when Longstreet went from Chattanooga to Knoxville. So I fell into good hands again, for I had all the attention that mothers and sisters could bestow. Like all ladies who travel, they had full baskets of everything to satisfy hunger, to which I was invited at every spread.

Two days and nights we were on the boat, for it took a full day to get a flag of truce through the lines to Richmond, and then the ambulances had to go to the boat landing some fifteen miles or more. We had a long ride, and it was a very trying one to me in my condition, but the ladies nursed and petted me, so I pulled through. We reached Richmond late in the afternoon, and the ladies gave me a hearty good-bye with a blessing. I was put on the streets of Richmond, a poor wounded soldier, without any orders where to go for information and without money, for I had given it all to Lieutenant Ware. I called on General Winder, who gave me a parole, but I had no money and no transportation. I was in a quandary, when Thomas Bowen, from Company E, 2nd Rifles, happened to pass, and I called on him for help. He responded, and I was prepared to board the first train for South Carolina. I happened to meet Barksdale Charles, who had gone to Richmond to carry his son, Thomas, home on sick furlough. Mr. Charles assisted me very much on my homeward trip. I reached Belton, S. C., on Saturday evening near sunset, and my uncle, Alex Acker, happened to be on the platform when I got off. He clasped my hand and said: "Your mother thinks you are dead! She has been very ill from the shock! You shall see your mother to-night. I will take you by home and give you supper, then send you to your mother." I went with uncle and he sent me to my mother, but the news had gone ahead that the dead was alive, and many were there to meet me. I shall never forget the greeting I received that night. I improved rapidly and got well fast, for my sister Lou seemed to know just how to wash and dress my wound. I remained at home until sometime in February, 1865, when I noticed in the papers that all persons who had been paroled were exchanged, I was hardly well enough, but I went back to take command of my company, as the captain had never reported since he was wounded at the Wilderness. I reached the trenches below Richmond when the days of the Confederacy were

trembling in the balance. We all knew it was only a question of a short time when Richmond must fall, and with that our hopes were gone.

I acted as captain, and was so considered by all in authority, and would have received my commission in a few days had it not been for the sudden termination of hostilities. I had been the commander of Company L for the greater part of two years. The captain was very seldom with the company, so that duty fell to me, and while I say I *was* the last captain of Company L, 2nd South Carolina Rifles, and was so considered by all the regiment, I never got my commission.

The 1st of April; what a whirl of excitement! what a hurrying to and fro! Richmond is to be evacuated; Grant has cut off supplies; Petersburg has fallen: and away we march and fight day and night without anything to sustain us till we reach Appomattox Courthouse, where we were drawn up in battle array, a small remnant of the grandest army that was ever marshaled, to make our last stand. Expecting every moment to hear the oft repeated order: Charge! I gathered up some canteens and ran to a spring to get water. Right there I received the solemn and shocking news: "General Lee has surrendered!" "I don't believe it!" I cried. But the officer who had given me the information said: "Sir, it is certainly true, for I am on General Lee's staff, and have just left them. There is a truce, and hostilities have ceased." I hurried back to my regiment and gave the information to my colonel, who doubted it so much that he gave me peremptory orders not to circulate the rumor lest it have a bad effect. But in a very short time it was known as a certainty that the great struggle was over and that the Starry Cross we loved so well had gone down, but not in dishonor.

What a sad meeting took place very soon. The chaplains called for religious services, and then behold the remnant of Lee's army bowed in prayer! I looked, and behold! there sat our noble chieftain on old Traveller, with bowed head and great tears like diamonds on his cheeks! I looked again and Lee's army was in tears! We were tired, broken down, overpowered. We did the best we could, but our Christian leader knew too well that there was no hope, and to sacrifice any more lives would be useless.

General Grant gave us rations, for we had none. Then came the mingling together of the Blue and the Gray on the most friendly terms, trading, swapping, and collecting souvenirs of the surrender. The apple tree under which General Lee *did not* surrender was cut up, root and branch, and every chip taken.

Then came General Lee's farewell address, the paroles, etc. I went to call on General Field and ask about Captain Mason, who had been with me in prison. He had not returned, and the information I gave him was the first known of his whereabouts. We formed our regiment and marched to the front of General Grant's army, which was drawn up in line, and each regiment quietly stacked arms and marched away. No unkind remarks were made, and we were allowed to retain our side arms which, of course, were private property. I brought home my sword, which I had purchased in Richmond on returning to my command.

On the trip home from Appomattox, we marched to Danville and crowded the cars coming South. It was so difficult to get transportation that Bob Broyles and I left the railway at China Grove Station, above Charlotte, and struck a bee line for Greenville, S. C. The trip through North and South Carolina was very pleasant, for we took our own time and would stop and dine at the homes of pretty girls and also try to find a similar place to get supper. We would talk to the girls until bedtime, then ask permission to spread our blankets in the yard where we could sleep without being disturbed.

It has been many years since I mingled with the brave boys on the historic hills of old Virginia, and in those years—but few are left to tell the story of the chivalrous privates, their suffering and deeds of daring, the men behind the guns, the men who made the generals, the men who charged the breastworks, the men who fought the battles, the men who made the Southern army the grandest in the world!

In closing this, I would like to pay tribute to my departed comrades. As I look back and remember not only the great leaders—Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, and Jenkins—but the comrades who shared the harder duties of a soldier's life, sacred be the memory of those who are gone! And may God bless and care for the few that are left.

So, with a few lines from the "Phantom Host," I will close:

"Aye, there passed in countless thousands
 In that mighty phantom host
 True hearts and noble patriots
 Whose names on earth are lost.
 These "the missing" found their places,
 Those who vanished from our gaze
 Like brilliant flashing meteors,
 And were lost in glory's blaze.
 Yes, they passed, that noble army,
 They passed to meet their Lord,
 And a voice within me whispered
 'They but march to their reward.'"

THE SOUTH CAROLINA ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

BY MARION SALLEY, HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

Ever and anon South Carolinians are being informed that their "Original Ordinance of Secession" has been located in Missouri, or in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maine, or anywhere else except in South Carolina, where it has been ever since that fateful day when it was drafted in 1860.

Time and again we have patiently explained that these documents which have now become scattered throughout the country are only copies; but the rumor crops up again, perennially, if not annually. And, usually, the copies are offered for sale at unreasonable prices. Not two years ago, Miss Ann Maria Barnes, a writer of some note, and one who is interested in South Carolina relics, published an article proving positively that the original ordinance is not, and never has been, "lost," and within the few months the writer of this article has carefully explained that a copy which had been offered the custodian of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, for a substantial consideration, is not the original.

The original ordinance is preserved carefully in the State capital by A. S. Salley, Jr., Secretary of the South Carolina Commission, and Mr. Salley, who is more familiar with the historic documents of his State than perhaps anyone living, is satisfied that it has never been out of South Carolina.

The South Carolina Secession Convention met in the First Baptist Church in Columbia, S. C., on December 17, 1860, and organized, electing David F. Jamison, formerly of Orangeburg, but at that time a delegate from Barnwell District, as president. Among the visitors in the gallery on that exciting day were a young girl and a student from the old South Carolina College. Last December the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., unveiled a bronze tablet marking the historic old building in commemoration of this secession meeting, and two of the speakers were these two eyewitnesses, Mrs. Malvina Sarah Waring, now president of the South Carolina "Girls of the Sixties," and Gen. W. A. Clark, Past Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V.

During the day, December 17, 1860, a rumor reached the convention hall that there was an epidemic of smallpox in Columbia, but later events proved that only one case existed. Be that as it may, it was deemed wise to adjourn the meeting and reconvene in St. Andrew's Hall, Charleston, next day. And there, after due deliberation, there was passed, by "yeas, 169; nays, none," the ordinance "to dissolve the union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled, "The Constitution of the United States of

America." The document was drafted, signed by President D. F. Jamison, and by all of the delegates. Many of the delegates, in their intense state of excitement, blotted the paper as they signed.

There was in Charleston at that time, the firm of Evans & Cogswell, afterwards Walker, Evans & Cogswell, and our late Gen. C. I. Walker was long the head of the company. Printing was their heaviest work, perhaps, but the firm was known for expert lithographing and exact copying of handwriting. Every member of the secession convention was anxious to have a copy of the important ordinance, and so Evans & Cogswell were employed to make the copies. So keen was the interest in the great event which had just taken place that each workman in the shop did his best and most careful work in making the copies of the wonderful document. The very blots which had been made by the trembling hands were copied, and each signature on the copies is exactly like the original. Each delegate to the convention received a copy, and the printers and lithographers in the establishment all "struck off" copies for themselves, so that nearly two hundred were made altogether.

A number of these fell into the hands of soldiers in Sherman's army when his hosts descended upon South Carolina, but the original copy, which was then in Columbia, was taken, with other valuable State records and relics, by a professor at the South Carolina College and sent to a place of safety. It was never found by Sherman's men, and eventually it was brought back to Columbia. It is no more "lost" than is the Great Seal of the Confederacy, which is quietly reposing in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, but which myth followers contend is in the Savannah River, hidden in some old well which never existed, or buried in some forgotten spot.

There were four members of the South Carolina Secession Convention from the writer's own county, and each had his copy of the ordinance. That of Judge Thomas W Glover is now in the possession of Mrs. Mortimer Glover of Orangeburg; and that of Maj. Donald Barton is now owned by the writer's brother. Winthrop College has a copy, as have many libraries. If possessors in other States wish to return their copies to South Carolina, no doubt buyers can be found who will pay reasonable amounts for them, but the original is in Columbia, and nowhere else.

Bear witness with me in my song of praise,

And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,

Or given a home to man.

—Henry Timrod.

BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KY.,
AUGUST 29, 1862.

The sun rose fair o'er the fields of corn,
And the scent of the new-mown hay
Was borne on the breeze of that summer morn
To where we stood in battle array.
But suddenly there was a change of scene,
For we heard the roar of the gun,
And soon the red blood had tinged the green,
For a terrible battle was on.

Furious and fast the shot and shell
Tore through the ranks of the brave,
And many a hero lay where he fell,
Or was hurriedly borne to his grave.
And mother watched in vain for many a day
The coming of her boy who wore the gray;
For shot and shell and shell and shot
Tore through our ranks, for the fight was hot.

Proudly in front waved the stripes and stars,
As the gallant Federals pressed on;
But victory perched on the stars and bars,
For the Rebels the battle won.
And mother, whose heart was just as true,
Waited the coming of her boy in blue;
For shot and shell and shell and shot
Tore through their ranks, for the fight was hot.

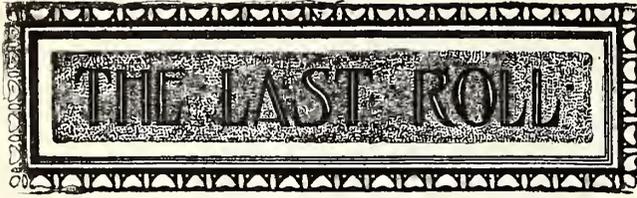
After the battle was fought and won,
After the glorious deeds that were done;
After the setting of the weary sun,
I walked amongst the dead,
Side by side were the blue and the gray,
Where the fight was fiercest, dead they lay.
From the sad, sad scene I turned away,
And a prayer to God I said:

God pity the mother, the sister, the wife,
And quickly end this bloody strife.
The conflict over, let the message then
Be peace on earth, good will to men.
Bind up the hearts now bleeding and sore,
Unite our people as in days of yore;
Nor more let shell, nor more let shot
Tear through the ranks, nor the fight be hot.

—James R. Crowe.

SHEFFIELD, ALA.

[James R. Crowe will be remembered as one of the organizers of the Ku-Klux Klan.]



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

For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation;
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

JAMES DOUGLAS HUGHES.

James Douglas Hughes, born January 15, 1847, in Jackson, Miss., died June 24, 1929, at San Diego, Calif.

At the beginning of the war in 1861, James Douglas Hughes ran away from home to join the Confederate army. His ambition was to join Col. John H. Morgan's command in Tennessee, and, boylike, he succeeded, traveling most of the way on foot from Jackson to Memphis, then to Nashville in an ox-cart. Going to Morgan's camp, he was placed in Captain Crutchfield's company, later being transferred to Company A, Forrest's 5th Cavalry Regiment; and after the battle of Shiloh, he was placed in the 1st Alabama Regiment, Company I. At Altoona, Ga., his last battle, he was wounded in the left hip and his right eye was also injured by the explosion of a shell. He was then taken to Alabama and put in the enrolling department, under Major Stone and Capt. Henry J. Beebe, later being transferred to the medical examining board.

Mr. Hughes came to California about forty years ago. He was the last member of the Maj. Hugh Gwyn Camp, U. C. V., of San Diego, and after it went out of existence, he was made an honorary member of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of San Diego, and the Daughters cared for him in his declining years. He was totally blind, the injury to his eye having caused complete loss of sight in time. He was a Mason and a member of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Hughes was laid to rest beside his wife in the Chapter's Confederate Plot in Mount Hope Cemetery, San Diego. The Confederate flag was draped over the casket, and red and white flowers were banked about it as a last tribute to our beloved soldier of the Confederacy.

[Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 476, U. D. C., San Diego.]

G. H. HALL.

G. H. Hall was born July 24, 1843, near Nashville, Davidson County, Tenn., and died at Fort Smith, Ark., June 13, 1929. During his early manhood he worked in several of the Southern States, but came back to Nashville and was engaged in truck farming when the War between the States broke out. He volunteered, with his two brothers, in the Confederate service under General Forrest, and they made valiant soldiers until the close of the war in 1865. He took active part in several noted battles—Franklin, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and Shiloh.

After the war, Comrade Hall returned home and resumed farming. In 1868, he was married to Miss Serena Smith, of the same county. In 1881, he took his wife and children to Sebastian County, Ark., where he remained until his death. His loving wife died more than a year ago, and two sons and two daughters survive him.

"Uncle Green," as we called him, was a Southerner and a true Democrat. In early manhood, he and his wife identified themselves with the Missionary Baptist Church, which they held in highest esteem. He was a cripple for twenty years, and for over ten years was totally blind, but these afflictions he bore with patience. For several years their home was with their children, Mr. and Mrs. Ode Looper, proprietors of the Arlington Hotel at Fort Smith. Rev. H. E. Marsh, of Fort Smith, conducted the funeral of this good man who had "fought a good fight and kept the faith."

[B. B. Woodward.]

ROBERT GEORGE SMITH.

Robert George Smith, who died May 23, 1929, at his home in Winchester, Tenn., was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., in 1839, and had recently passed his ninetieth birthday. He served four years in the Confederate army, first with General Bragg in Tennessee, then with General Lee in Virginia. He was a member of Company H, 23rd Tennessee Regiment, and was orderly sergeant of his company. He was captured three days before the surrender at Appomattox, and was held three months in Point Lookout Prison, Md.

Comrade Smith retained the most vivid recollections of his service in the Confederate army, and was a source of correct information on the War between the States up to his death.

He married Miss Myra Ann Mitchell, of Woodbury, Tenn., in 1867, and is survived by his wife and seven children.

Funeral services were conducted from the Church of Christ, of which he was a member, and he was laid to rest in the Winchester cemetery.

CHARLES H. STODDARD.

After an illness of several months, Charles H. Stoddard died on July 18, near San Jose, Calif., and his body was taken back to Reno, Nev., which had been his home for many years, and there laid to rest. He was born at Camden, Ala., November 4, 1845, and was largely educated in that State, but at the outbreak of the War between the States he was at a private college in Louisiana. He left college to enlist in the 8th Louisiana Cavalry Battalion, and served for over two years in the Trans-Mississippi region, seeing active service at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.

Going West after the war, young Stoddard first located at Sacramento, Calif., but soon removed to Reno, Nev., where he had filled various positions in connection with the railroad, in official work of the county, also in business for himself. He was county assessor for ten years, later being appointed county recorder and auditor, resigning in 1921 on account of failing health, when he went to California. For over thirty years he was prominent in the official life of the county.

Comrade Stoddard served as captain in the Nevada National Guard for twelve years, and organized a company for the Spanish-American War. He was secretary of the Nevada Agricultural Society for ten years, and was also interested in mining in that State. In August, 1879, he was married to Miss Cora Gross, of Dayton, who survives him with three sons and a daughter.

As an active Democrat, he took prominent part in the early-day politics of the county and State. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias for many years, and the funeral was under the auspices of the Lodge at Reno and burial in the Pythian cemetery.

GEORGE W. COKER.

On Monday, May 12, 1929, George W. Coker died at his home near Tallassee, Ala., on the old Indian land known as Tukabachie, at the age of eighty-four years. He was buried at his old home, Mount Willing, Ala., in Lowndes County. He was born at Benton, Ala., and spent the greater part of his life in Lowndes County.

At the early age of sixteen years, George Coker enlisted for the Confederacy, serving with Company D, 7th Alabama Cavalry, Forrest's Brigade. Though just a lad, he was soon made sergeant, and none served more gallantly or loved the Southern cause more devotedly than he.

After the war, he reared a large family, whose members contributed much to the stable citizenship of Alabama. His devotion to his family, his loyalty to his friends, and his unflagging zeal in the service of his Church were the outward expression of the in-

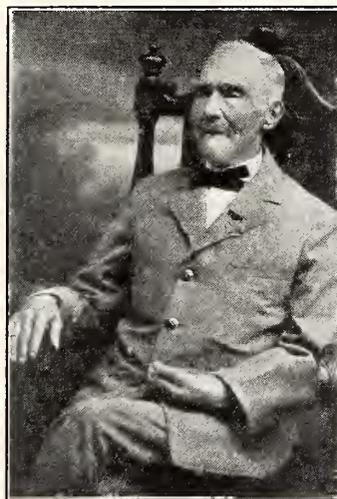
ward reality of a noble character, built upon the basic principles of justice and truth.

His death marks the passing of a great man, great because he was good. He was a most devout member of the Baptist Church, and his influence will long be felt in the Church he served so faithfully and well.

[Mrs. E. D. Scarborough, Mount Willing, Ala.]

CHARLES H. DOUGHTY.

On the morning of May 2, 1929, Charles Henry Doughty died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. F. Clayton, in Tarboro, N. C., at the age of eighty-six years. He was born December 17, 1842, and reared in Washington, N. C. When war came on in 1861,



CHARLES H. DOUGHTY.

he joined the Washington Grays. The company took part in the engagement at Hatteras, and he and others escaped at its fall, and went back to Washington, enlisting in a company under Capt. J. E. Leggett. He was detailed to drill South Carolina companies that summer, and later took part in the service of his company at New Bern, Kinston, Fort Anderson, which they

built; and in opposing Sherman's advance through Georgia. In February, 1865, young Doughty was captured in an engagement below Wilmington, and remained at Point Lookout prison until June, 1865.

In 1866, Comrade Doughty located at Tarboro, and was in business there for many years, and afterwards in many other places in the State, in Richmond, Va., and in Philadelphia. He returned to Tarboro in 1918 and made his home there with his daughter. He was married to Miss Ann Tyler there in 1869, and is survived by a son and three daughters. Two daughters are members of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., of which he was made an honorary member, and its memorial resolutions express the affection and esteem in which he was held by its membership. The William Dorsey Pender Chapter, U. D. C., and the Lewis-Dowd-Wyatt Camp, U. C. V., of Tarboro, of which he was a member, also paid tribute to the memory of this noble man and worthy soldier. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Greensboro.

For several years before the war, Charles H. Doughty and Henry Wyatt, the first man killed in the war, were chums.

EDWARD JONATHAN THOMAS.

[Memorial tribute by the Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp 755, U. C. V., Savannah, Ga. August 13, 1929.]

Early in the morning of the 8th of August, 1929, the useful and well-spent life of our beloved comrade, friend, and brother, Edward J. Thomas, came to a peaceful and painless end, and we are now here to pay a tribute to his memory. Words cannot express our sorrow and regret over his departure.

He was born on the 25th of March, 1840, and was approaching his ninetieth year when the end of earthly existence came. Of his long life many years were spent among us as one who took pleasure in associating with comrades in a cause for freedom and justice. While we saw for months past that the time for separation could not be long delayed, we hoped for the best, and our mourning is that of associates who loved with a degree of affection that is without measure.

He was elected to membership in this Camp on the 8th of November, 1888, made its Commander December 31, 1918, serving until December, 1922, when he declined to hold that office any longer, and at once was made Honorary Commander for Life. For a number of years before his death, he was senior ex-Commander, was marshal on all occasions when we assembled for parade.

Comrade Thomas entered the service of the Confederate States in September, 1861, as a private in the Liberty Independent Troop, Company A, which became Company G, of the 5th Regiment of Georgia Cavalry. He was appointed forge master of his regiment, and, though suffering from physical disability, he performed most useful service in that position. He was in active duty during the whole period of the war, surrendering with a portion of General Johnston's command at Greensboro, N. C., in April 1865.

At the time of his death Comrade Thomas held the office of Brigadier General, commanding the South Georgia Brigade of United Confederate Veterans, which position he held with dignity for several years. Of that Brigade our Camp was a member and in it we held a not inconsiderable part.

During his life, Comrade Thomas held many positions of honor and trust, but this is not the place in which to dwell upon that feature of his career, we honor his memory as a true and tried Confederate soldier, a beloved comrade, and a most sincere friend. No words can be found that could more fittingly convey our estimate of his character as we cherish his memory than these:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

We are so deeply grieved and afflicted by the severing of the ties that bound us together as brothers that it is hard to give expression to our emotions.

Bowing in submission to the will of Providence, let it be, therefore.

Resolved That in the death of our comrade and friend, Gen. Edward J. Thomas, we have lost one for whom we mourn as those who are left comfortless.

LIEUT. DRURY PATRICK OGLESBY.

Patriot, honored citizen, soldier of the gray and soldier of the Cross, Lieut. Drury Patrick Oglesby answered the final roll call on May 31, 1929, at Elberton, Ga., aged ninety-one years and a day. He was born May 30, 1838, the son of William Oglesby, who went from Virginia on horseback to Elbert County, Ga., at the age of twenty-one and purchased the farm on Dove Creek which has been in the family for more than a century, and there was discovered the celebrated Oglesby Blue Granite, the basic rock of all the granite industry of Elbert County.

The war record of D. P. Oglesby shows that he was first lieutenant of Company G, 37th Georgia Regiment. He enlisted as a private, on May 10, 1862, in Company D, 9th Georgia Battalion, which was subsequently consolidated with the 3rd Georgia Battalion, making the 37th Georgia Regiment of Infantry. As a private in Company G, he participated in the first battle of Murfreesboro, where he received a severe wound in the shoulder. Soon after his return to duty, he was elected first lieutenant of the company, and participated in the various engagements of the command. At Chickamauga, he received a serious wound in the face, and at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, was wounded in the heel; again, at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, he was wounded in the left leg, from which he did not recover for eight months after the surrender. Nobly he fought and bravely gave of his life blood for the cause of the South. Many things to his credit as a soldier could be said, things of which he was too modest to tell, but his comrades say that no soldier in the Southern army was more loyal, more efficient, or more brave. He never shirked a duty and was dearly loved by the men he commanded. Although only a first lieutenant, he really commanded the company most of the time and was recommended for promotion.

He also had a shining record as a soldier of Christ. He was deacon in the Baptist Church at Elberton, Ga., and seldom missed a service when able to attend. He was a successful farmer, and a Democrat in politics. To his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren has been handed down a priceless heritage of an honorable record and an honored name.

DR. A. C. OLIVER.

Dr. Absalom Carter Oliver, pioneer physician of Texas, died March 4, 1929, at his home in Douglassville. He was born June 23, 1839, in Butler County, Ala., his parents going to Douglassville, Cass County, Tex., in the latter part of 1854. His early education was obtained in the common schools, and his medical education in the Medical Department of Tulane University. He practiced medicine in Shelby County, Tex., in 1859-60, then entered the Medical College at Augusta, securing the degree from this institution in 1861.

At the beginning of the War between the States, Dr. Oliver, with four of his brothers, enlisted in the Confederate army, all of them serving as members of Hood's Texas Brigade. Three survived the war. Dr. Oliver was in every important battle fought by General Lee's army and surrendered at Appomattox. He returned to his home in Douglasville and again began the practice of medicine.

He was first married to Miss Frances B. Ringgold, of Batesville, Ark. His second wife was Miss Mary Brooks, who, with three daughters and four sons, survives him.

During the years of his active practice, Dr. Oliver was a member of the Cass County Medical Society, the State Medical Association, and the American Medical Association. For a period of over forty-eight years he served Douglassville and its vicinity as a physician. In addition to the medical service he rendered his community, he took an active part in its political affairs.

The funeral services of Dr. Oliver were held on the front porch of the large, old-fashioned house in Douglassville, in which he had lived since 1865 until the time of his death, with the exception of his three year's residence in Austin.

COMRADES OF McDONALD CAMP, No. 936, U. C. V., UNION CITY, TENN.

W. T. Harris, born January 28, 1843, died March 27, 1927, aged eighty-four years. He was a member of Morgan's Cavalry, 7th Kentucky Regiment.

F. M. McRee, born August, 1845, died July 25, 1928, aged eighty-three years. He was a member of the 10th Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry.

R. F. Mabry, born March 25, 1842, died November 9, 1928, aged eighty-six years. He was a member of the 41st Tennessee Infantry.

James F. Ponder, born in 1837, died July 22, 1928, aged ninety-one years. He was a member of the 16th Alabama Infantry.

H. L. Hart, born February 21, 1846, died February 21, 1928, aged eighty-two years. He was a member of the 12th South Carolina Infantry.

W. J. Tucker, born January 21, 1838, died September 29, 1928, aged ninety years. He a member of the 3rd Tennessee Infantry.

John Goodman, born in 1841, died in 1928, aged eighty-seven years. He was a member of the 10th Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry.

Samuel R. Parker, born in 1846, died in 1928, aged eighty-two years. He was a member of the 10th Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry.

John White, born April 12, 1846, died July 18, 1929, aged eighty-three years. He was a member of Shelby's Brigade, Missouri troops.

[J. H. Steele, Adjutant.]

CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN KENTUCKY.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS A. N. HALL, COVINGTON, KY.

In Linden Grove Cemetery, Covington, Ky., there are located nine graves of Confederate dead, boys who were buried so far from home that all trace of them may have been lost, and the marking on the older stones is becoming very dim. They are all buried in one plot with small markers, all just alike and set in one long piece of stone which extends across the tops of the graves, with the exception of one grave, which was made in the last few years and is in the row immediately back of the eight, but has a like marker and is in the same plot. There are other Confederate graves scattered around in the cemetery which have the official Confederate marker.

The following is a list of information on the markers which may be of interest:

W. A. Parker, 10th Texas Regiment; died while on march in Boone County, Ky., September 20, 1862.

Timothy Booth, of New Orleans.

L. Jackson, of Company I, Duke's Cavalry Regiment; died July 30, 1863.

C. Stewart, of Company D, 4th Kentucky Regiment; died July 27, 1863.

Thomas W. Leaman, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment; died May 28, 1892.

Thomas H. Chinn, of Virginia; Arkansas Regiment; died June 9, 1910.

E. M. Mitchell, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment; died May 19, 1862.

Alfred Sharp, of the 3rd Kentucky Cavalry; died July 10, 1864.

W. T. Chisholm, of Company C, 11th Kentucky Cavalry; died October 7, 1917.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. *First Vice President General*

MRS. R. F. BLANKENBURG *Second Vice President General*
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MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Recording Secretary General*

MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. *Treasurer General*
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MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C. *Historian General*

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4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Woodard Circle, Wilson, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Mention of the book, "Women of the South in War Times," is frequently received with a sigh of resignation and a frown of weariness. It may be that in our desire to dispose of the quota pledged by the organization, we have emphasized the obligation rather than stressed the opportunity presented to possess, at small cost, a volume which is an asset to any library. The last chapter, "Relief Work in the World War," is well worth the cost of the book to any person wishing to establish the rightful claim of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be a patriotic American Association.

At this time, when historical accuracy is beginning to be appreciated, and myths and smoke screens and camouflages are recognized, the narratives composing this volume, simply, truthfully, and graphically told, without exaggeration or rancor, possess a charm as well as a value that may not be overestimated. Your Chairman, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, has labored faithfully efficiently, and patiently in your interests, that your obligation might be fulfilled; her devotion commands the consideration of coöperation.

There are seven delinquent Divisions and a few Chapters in States where there are no divisions; the total of the remaining quota for these Divisions and Chapters is greater than the few hundred remaining unsold, for the reason that many Divisions and Chapters far exceeded their quota, several of the delinquent Divisions are responding gallantly to the appeal made them. It may be that some are considering repudiating their obligation; the general organization will never entertain such a thought, or discontinue its efforts until the last of the ten thousand copies are sold. In the advance of an army, when for any cause a soldier drops out, the gap is filled and, without pause, the column advances. To us comes the same challenge, "Close ranks," that we may reach the goal for which we have been striving these many years, we ask that every reader of this

letter who is a member of the U. D. C. and considers the pledge of the organization a solemn obligation, to send an order for one additional copy of "Women of the South in War Times." No matter what you may have done in the past, how many copies you may have purchased, if you will respond to this appeal in proportion to your ability, it is the last that will be made in the interest of this valuable compilation. Since no one has a right to ask of others that which they will not perform, an order for the book goes forward with this letter.

Headquarters for the convention at Biloxi, Miss., the third Wednesday in November, is the Buena Vista Hotel. All meetings, including the opening exercises and those on Historical Evening, will be held in the pavilion of this hotel; other hotels convenient are the Rivera, the Tivoli, the White House, and Hotel Biloxi.

The usual reduction in railroad rates has been secured—viz., one and one-third fare, on the certificate plan. Certificates may be secured by Division Presidents from the Chairman of Transportation, Mrs. W. T. Allen, 3318 Monument Avenue, Richmond, Va.

The convention of 1925 adopted the following by-laws: "Art. IV, Sec. 4: Each Chapter shall be entitled, in all conventions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to one vote for the first seven members and one vote for every additional twenty-five members, provided the per capita taxes have been paid by each member upon whom the vote is estimated, and provided that the Chapter has received Chapter dues for every member so claimed; and, provided further, that every member so claimed shall have been registered with the Registrar General," etc. Please note carefully the last clause, "and provided further that every member so claimed shall have been registered with the Registrar General." How shall this registration be ascertained? Although the above amendment was adopted in 1925, no effort was made to enforce it in 1926, time being given for the Chapters to

become familiar with its requirements and to comply with them. Efforts to enforce the by-law were made in 1927 and 1928, but, owing to the many discrepancies between the typed lists sent with the per capita and the applications for membership on file it was impossible to check the list with sufficient clarity to assure obedience of the by-law.

The Registrar General, 1926-1927, realized the magnitude of the work involved, and, upon her recommendation, the Department of Records was created, all old files were placed in this Department, the Registrar General performing the duties of her office (Art V, Sec. 8). Every name appearing on the per capita lists sent by Chapters when paying dues has been checked against the application paper in the Department of Records, and where a name appears on the list with no paper on file, the Chapter has been given the name and a copy of the application paper requested. The maiden name and the initial of the husband have been requested for the reason that many became members before marriage, while the typed list gives the husband's initials with the married name. It has been said that the present administration has made a "new ruling." None has been made, except that the "rule," the by-law adopted by you, should be obeyed. Sufficient time has elapsed for every Division and Chapter to become familiar with this requirement; the Chairman, Department of Records has given every assistance; has replied to all inquiries, given all information in her possession; the President General, in numerous letters, has again and again appealed for your co-operation; the time has now arrived when the by-law should be obeyed without criticism or question.

It would be well if the Chapters acquainted themselves thoroughly with the duties of all general officers, as given in Article V, and especially with Section 9 of this article. This section places the responsibility of "directing" the Historical Department with the Historian General. Letters of instructions, or those requesting action upon historical matters, when received from others than the Historian General, or the Historian of your Division, should be referred to them before having consideration.

Grateful appreciation is extended the Wade Hampton State Commission of South Carolina for an invitation to attend the exercises incident to the unveiling of this statue, Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., July 10. It was with deep regret that we found it impossible to be present.

Letters have been mailed each Chapter of this organization in time for the meeting this month. We hope that they may be carefully read and favorably considered.

Sincerely,

MAUDE BLAKE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Florida.—Five district conferences have been held by the Florida Division since early spring. Mrs. J. L. Medlin, President Florida Division, attended all of the conferences, giving addresses in the interest of the advancement of the organization.

The Sixth Brigade District held a meeting at Fort Pierce, with Mrs. D. H. Saunders, Chairman of the District, presiding. Mrs. L. L. Carlton, President of Fort Pierce Chapter, extended a warm welcome to the officers and guests.

Mrs. R. C. McGahey, of Miami, Historian of the Florida Division, gave an interesting address on the historical work, stressing two matters of importance—viz., placing correct historical material in the hands of the young people and in the public libraries; and urging the members to write essays for the prizes offered in the general organization.

Florida is divided into six brigade districts, and at least one meeting is held in each district every year, the Vice President of each district being in charge of the arrangements with the hostess Chapter. Interest is greatly increasing in these district gatherings.

Essie Petrie Caldwell Chapter, at Kissimmee, Mrs. Hayes Brinson, President, held a splendid meeting at their own Chapter house, which was made even more attractive for the occasion by gorgeous flowers and flags, in commemoration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis. Several tributes to the memory of the President of the Confederacy were given and the main address being by Dr. T. S. Hubert, pastor of the Baptist Church.

Mrs. Elizabeth Aultman Cantrell, organizer and first President of the Chapter, was present.

A memorial service was held in memory of Mrs. Essie Petrie Caldwell, a personal friend of Jefferson Davis, who was present at his first inauguration as President of the Confederate States.

Two valued pamphlets have come to the desk of the publicity chairman recently, both by Dr. Landon C. Bell, Ph.B., M.A., LL.B., of Columbus, Ohio, by addresses delivered at Columbus on January 19, 1929, and May 26, 1929, at Johnson's Island, in memory of the Confederate soldiers.

[Mrs. Viola B. Ezell, Editor.]

* * *

Georgia.—On July 27 in the beautiful grove surrounding the Confederate Home of Georgia, the Confederate veterans of the State were entertained by the Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., of Atlanta, with an old-time barbecue. About two hundred veterans were present, including the inmates of the Home, and many prominent people of the State were guests, being received and made welcome by Superintendent

Webb. The Disabled American Veterans Band furnished music for the occasion, and gave cheer and happiness to all, dressed in their bright uniforms of white and green, with silver helmets.

A sumptuous barbecue, with all the fixin's was served at one o'clock, from tables, beautifully decorated with Confederate flags and flowers.

Mr. John Ashley Jones, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, made an entertaining address; and Col. Robert Lee Avary, in a short address, presented Mr. Jones with a valuable cane from the John B. Gordon Camp, S. C. V., of Atlanta. Dr. Hammack, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, delivered the invocation.

Some of the hardest fighting during the battle of Atlanta was done on the grounds near the Confederate Home, and therefore this spot is a most appropriate meeting place. Fulton Chapter inaugurated the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Atlanta several years ago, and it is an annual affair to honor the Confederate veterans with an all-day picnic or barbecue.

* * *

Louisiana.—Henry Watkins Allen and Joanna Waddill Chapters, of Baton Rouge, dedicated a marker on August 5, near the spot where Gov. Henry Watkins Allen was wounded in the battle of Baton Rouge sixty-seven years ago that day. The ceremonies were impressive. The marker was officially accepted by the mayor of Baton Rouge.

* * *

Maryland.—The June Board meeting of the Maryland Division was held at Hagerstown, with the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter as hostess. The Baltimore members attending as well as the representatives of the other Chapters were all delightfully entertained.

Miss Anne Bruin was elected President of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter.

The passing of our dearly loved friend, Dr. Henry Elliott Shepherd, has been an irretrievable loss to the Southern blood of Maryland; in fact, to all the Divisions of the U. D. C. His beautiful tributes to Southern history and to the Confederacy were known for their authenticity, and to the end he retained his wonderful ability as a writer. In our memories, he will be not changed, but glorified.

Resolutions were passed at the Hagerstown meeting of the Maryland Division, attesting the love and admiration with which his memory is regarded; and that "the U. C. D. have sustained an irreparable loss in the passing of one who exemplified in every relationship the noblest attributes of a Christian gentleman," and one who "gave to this organization continual help and support."

Mississippi.—The General Committee, composed of the officers of the Mississippi Division, ex-Presidents and Honorary Presidents, and the Coast Committee, recently appointed at the Tupelo convention, have held a meeting to discuss plans for the general convention, U. D. C., to be held at Bioloxi, in November, 1929. Mrs. R. C. Herron, State President, presided over the meeting.

Mrs. Virginia R. Price, of Carrollton, was elected General Chairman of the Convention Committee; Mrs. Bolton, of Biloxi, Vice Chairman.

Mrs. W. T. Stuart, of McComb, was appointed Publicity Chairman. Mrs. T. B. Holleman, Finance Chairman; Mrs. B. S. Shinn, Miss Bert Davis.

Many interesting plans were made for a successful convention and the entertainment of our guests.

The following is a correct list of State officers:

President, Mrs. R. C. Herron, Bioloxi; First Vice President, Mrs. W. T. Stuart, McComb; Second Vice President, Mrs. Sam B. Herron, Water Vally; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John L. Hiess, Gulfport; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, Durant; Treasurer, Miss Bert Davis, Nettleton; Historian, Mrs. J. E. Brown, Blue Mountain; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Julian Evans, Aberdeen; Leader Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. I. E. Roberts, Nettleton; Registrar, Mrs. W. C. Reid, Jackson; Editor *Our Heritage*, Mrs. S. E. Turner, North Carrollton; Business Manager *Our Heritage*, Mrs. W. H. Lee, North Carrollton.

* * *

Missouri.—Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heinck was born in 1861, the year the Confederates started fighting. "That's why I am here," she said on Sunday afternoon, June 30, at the Confederate Home, Higginsville. After touring the winding drives of Memorial Park, her limousine drew up in front of the chapel, and Madame Schumann-Heinck entered where the aged of 1861-65 were gathered. Her entrance was typical of the angel of good fellowship which has made "The Boys" love her. She sang for them "The Tree" and "The Rosary."

Madame posed for a picture with Commander Ben Sparlin, a one-hundred-and-one-year old veteran of the sixties. Such a handshaking, such a spirit of sunshine as the Madame led is seldom witnessed anywhere, and the dear soul who had gladdened the soldiers of the whole world registered, as all visitors are requested to do, and left this written message to the old soldiers: "I love you all." Yes, she had demonstrated the fact, and the boys in gray responded by joining the Confederate women in singing for this world famous singer and patriot, "God be with you till we meet again."

[Myrtle Lee Genser, Higginsville.]

Alabama.—The thirty-third annual convention of the Alabama Division convened in Mobile on Tuesday, April 30, and closed on Friday, May 3.

Mobile, located on beautiful Mobile Bay and filled with history of its early colonization and shrines dear to the hearts of Daughters of the Confederacy, opened her arms in royal welcome to the convention, which she entertained with traditional Southern hospitality, with the Electra Semmes Colston and Mobile Chapters as hostesses.

The opening session was held in the Battle House Auditorium, with Mrs. R. B. Broyles, State President, and Miss Mattie B. Sheibley, President Mobile Chapter, presiding.

Following the processional and invocation, a very beautiful and impressive pageant, entitled "Mobile, City of Five Flags," was presented.

Reports given by officers showed that the year's work had been most creditable and gratifying, as was shown also by committee reports.

A handsome flag, the gift of the R. D. Jackson Chapter, of Birmingham, was presented to the State Division.

On Historical Evening the outstanding feature was a splendid address on Jefferson Davis by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky. A delightful musical program was given, and the Cross of Service was presented to Dr. Howard Walker. Many prizes were also given.

A dozen beautiful silver sherbert cups were given, as a token of love and appreciation, to Mrs. R. B. Broyles, the retiring president.

Among the many delightful social courtesies were an automobile ride over the city and the boat ride given by the Chamber of Commerce; and a lovely, tea was given to the Division officers by the Ladies' Memorial Association.

At the closing session on Friday morning, the Division unanimously indorsed Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky of Troy, for President General:

* * *

Tennessee.—Great honor was paid the memory of the late Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V. at the time of his death, in the dedication of the Bachman tunnel through Missionary Ridge at Chattanooga. These exercises were held on June 2, 1929. Dr. Bachman was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chattanooga, and gave more than half a century of his life to the people of his community as pastor, citizen, friend, and helper.

Splendid work is being done by Miss Mollie E. Kavanaugh, Chairman of Educational Work in Tennessee. Most excellent reports have been sent in by the ambitious students who hold scholarships given through the Chapters and the Division. Among those receiving such awards is a direct descendant of

John Sevier, and another is a member of the family of Matthew Fontaine Maury. Tennessee stands for the higher education of her young people.

The Children of the Confederacy Chapters are doing splendid work. Confederate history is being impressed upon them by a pilgrimage over the more important battle fields of the State and by addresses by Confederate veterans.

Four district conferences have been held by the Division—at Memphis, Sweetwater, Elizabethton, and Shelbyville. These conferences are largely attended, and at each meeting such fine reports are given by officers and chairmen that the conferences resemble a State convention.

Mrs. Lowndes Turney, State President, who has attended each conference meeting and has visited Chapters throughout the State, told of the activities in Tennessee, told of the importance of holding elections in October and sending in a list of Chapter officers to the proper State officials. She also stressed the educational movement in the Gen. A. P. Steward Scholarship fund at the University of Tennessee, and the marking of the spot where Gen. John H. Morgan fell, near Greeneville. She has at all times urged the Daughters and every member of a Confederate organization to subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Each Chapter asked to check over the year's work to see if there are any causes to which they have not contributed or any pledges unpaid.

The Gen. Francis Walker Chapter of Chattanooga, is actively engaged in perfecting arrangements for the twenty-fourth annual convention of the Tennessee Division, which will be held October 9-11, 1929. Credentials are to be sent to Mrs. L. S. Greenwood, 117 Johnson Pike, Chattanooga.

[Mrs. Elliott M. Buchanan, Chairman Publicity.]

Historical Department, U. C. V.

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

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

Hood's Tennessee Campaign. Battles of Nashville and Franklin. Tactics practiced by Hood as compared with methods of Joseph E. Johnston.

C. OF C. TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

Stories of Faithful Slaves.
Reading: "Unc' Gabe's W'ite Folks." (Thomas Nelson Page.)
Reading: "Origin of the Banjo." (From Irwin Russell's "Christmas in the Quarters.")
Music: "Old Black Joe," "Uncle Ned," etc.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. J. F. Weinmann
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
Maryland.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
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NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

A RETROSPECT.

BY MARY CARTER WINTER.

At the convention in Charlotte, one thing impressed me more than anything else perhaps: that is, the frequent references to a question that is asked, it seems, with more and more frequency:

“Why should we continue to organize memorial associations when there are so many other organizations in existence?”

That such a question should ever be asked speaks a profound lack of knowledge of the background of the work that has been done and is now being done by the women of the South for memory of that Confederate cause which lived and died in honor and on which shines to-day the luster of a blameless record.

It is, perhaps, the very age of the Ladies' Memorial Associations that causes the youth of to-day to forget just what is symbolized by the words “Ladies' Memorial Association;” but once the torch of remembrance is made to shine brightly again, the heart of the South to-day will respond with impulsive love and admiration for those who garlanded the graves of the Confederate dead when Federal bayonets were poised above the blossoms of memorial wreaths.

We who made wreaths as children for the graves of the dead have graven on our hearts the picture of tear-stained faces bending over the flowers of spring as thin fingers wove them into garlands; and from those tears and the hushed conversation of those who retold for the sake of the children the stories of high heroism of the sixties, we gained an inspiration that never vanished even in the pressure of life's hard years. And sometimes I wonder if it would not renew in younger hearts to-day the flame of devotion if they would gather, as we gathered in childhood, at the cemeteries, bringing the wealth of their gardens to be made by their own hands into garlands for the dead.

I have been reading the history of the South's Memorial Day, that beautiful thought which was adopted by the nation, and in the pages of that little volume, “Memorial Day,” issued by the first Memorial Association, I have found much to stir the heart and mind and soul. Most of us are familiar with the fact that the idea was suggested by Miss Lizzie Rutherford, and that the first appeal for the observance of Memorial Day in the South was sent out by Mrs. Charles J. Williams, the first secretary of the first Memorial Association; but few, perhaps, have read the text of that first letter. It was dated 1866, and read as follows:

“COLUMBUS, GA., March 12, 1866.

“The ladies are now and have been for several days engaged in the sad but pleasant duty of ornamenting and improving that portion of the city cemetery sacred to the memory of our gallant Confederate dead, but we feel it is an unfinished work unless a day be set apart annually for its especial attention. We cannot raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them by dedicating at least one day in each year to embellishing their humble graves with flowers. Therefore, we beg the assistance of the press and the ladies throughout the South to aid us in the effort to set apart a certain day to be observed, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and be handed down through time as a religious custom of the South, to wreath the graves of our martyred dead with flowers; and we propose the 26th day of April as the day. Let every city, town, and village join in the pleasant duty. Let all alike be remembered from the heroes on Manassas to those who expired amid the death throes of our hallowed cause. We'll crown alike the honored resting places of the immortal Jackson in Virginia, Johnston at Shiloh, Cleburne in Ten-

nessee, and the host of gallant privates who adorned our ranks. All did their duty, and to all we owe our gratitude. Let the soldiers' graves, for that day at least, be the Southern Mecca to whose shrine her sorrowing women, like pilgrims, may annually bring their grateful hearts and floral offerings. And when we remember the thousands who were 'buried with their martial cloaks around them,' without Christian ceremony of interment, we would invoke the aid of the most thrilling eloquence throughout the land to inaugurate this custom by delivering, on the appointed day this year, a eulogy on the unburied dead of our glorious Southern army. They died for their country. Whether their country had or had not the right to demand the sacrifice is no longer a question of discussion. We leave that for nations to decide in future. That it was demanded, that they fought nobly, and fell holy sacrifices upon their country's altar, and are entitled to their country's gratitude, none will deny.

"The proud banner under which they rallied in defense of the holiest and noblest cause for which heroes fought, or trusting women prayed, has been furled forever. The country for which they suffered and died has now no name or place among the nations of the earth. Legislative enactment may not be made to do honor to their memories, but the veriest radical that ever traced his genealogy back to the deck of the Mayflower could not refuse us the simple privilege of paying honor to those who died defending the life, honor, and happiness of the Southern women."

Did you read that letter merely with the eye or with the heart as well? Did you sense the deep heartache of those words, "We cannot raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism," realizing that the reason those shafts of memory could not be raised was because of desolation and poverty of a war-torn country? Soon these same courageous women, who were seeking to discharge a nation's debt of gratitude with tear-wet blossoms from the soil stained red with the blood of their beloved heroes, were to raise the more permanent shafts that bespeak a nation's love and gratitude. As early as 1867 the first monument to the Confederate dead rose whitely in the little town of Cheraw, S. C., and, in 1868, Tuscaloosa, Ala., had dedicated its memorial shaft to the heroes of the sixties. In 1868, also, Fayetteville, N. C., set up its monument to the Confederate dead, and the fifth memorial shaft was lifted to the sky in Griffin, Ga. And to-day the Memorial Women of the South are uniting in helping to carve the world's greatest monument at Stone Mountain, an imperishable

memorial to the greatness of the men who laid down their arms at Lee's command.

And when you read these words, "Whether their country had or had not the right to demand the sacrifice is no longer a question of discussion. We leave that for the nations to decide in the future," were you not thrilled at the thought that to-day the concensus of opinion among those who knew the history of that period is that the South but exercised its inherent rights under the Constitution of the United States?

And when you read, "Legislative enactment may not be made to do honor to their memories," did you pause to consider that after sixty years legislative enactment *has been made* to do honor to their name, and that every fifty-cent Stone Mountain Memorial coin, whose mintage was secured through Congress by the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, is a silver token of a nation's recognition of the valor and righteousness of soldiers of the sixties.

We have cause for pride, both in our heritage from the veterans of the gray and in the heritage left by the older memorial women to those who have taken up the work begun in 1868.

It will be of interest to read at this time the first communication of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to the United Confederate Veterans in reunion at Louisville, Ky., in 1900, in which year the confederation of the various memorial associations was completed. The call for this meeting was sent out by the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark., and the delegates who responded met on May 3 at the Galt House in Louisville. Twelve Associations were represented. Organization was perfected, and Mrs. W. J. Behan was elected the first President.

The next day Mrs. Behan received a communication stating that arrangements had been completed for a meeting with Gen. John B. Gordon at Reunion Hall; and the delegates proceeded in a body to Reunion Hall. They were met by a committee of Confederate Veterans and they were provided with seats on the platform. The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was then formally recognized by the United Confederate Veterans in the midst of great applause. Gen. John B. Gordon expressed his hearty approval of the Ladies' Memorial Associations, and ordered read at once the communication of the women. It was as follows:

"General John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

Dear Sir: Throughout the South are scattered memorial associations which have not relinquished

(Continued on page 358.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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

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 JAMES F. TERRELL, JR., New Orleans, La. *Inspector in Chief*
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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

GENERAL ACTIVITIES.

REPORT OF CONFEDERATE VETERAN COMMITTEE.

On January 7, 1929, Special Order No. 18 was issued by the Commander in Chief, appointing a committee to cooperate with Mrs. R. H. Chesley, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass., Chairman of a similar committee appointed by the President General, U. D. C., to solicit subscriptions for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The committee appointed by the Sons of Confederate Veterans were: A. W. Taber, Chairman, Austin, Tex.; H. S. Spivey, Little Rock, Ark.; Charles T. Norman, Richmond, Va.; John Z. Reardon, Tallahassee, Fla.; W. F. Riley, Sr., Tupelo, Miss.; John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.; John H. Robertson, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Hartwell B. Grubbs, 320 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Chairman Taber reports that he secured some fifteen subscriptions to the VETERAN, and some of the other members of the committee have secured a few subscriptions. The committee is still active, and is endeavoring to increase the subscription list. Those who have not reported on this work are urged to do so.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

By virtue of his reelection as Commander of the Army of Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., at the thirty-fourth annual convention held in Charlotte, N. C., June, 1929, J. Edward Jones assumes command of the Divisions and Camps comprising his Department and establishes headquarters in Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Division Commanders of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, are requested to se-

lect their staff officers and report to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Richmond, Va.

Comrade Jones has appointed the following comrades as members of his official staff: J. R. Eldridge, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City, Okla.; E. Riddle, Inspector, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Walter A. Raney, Quartermaster, McCrory, Ark.; J. H. White, Commissary, 2637 Prospect, Kansas City; Ed. S. McCarver, Judge Advocate, Orange, Tex.; E. F. Hayden, Surgeon, Tulsa, Okla.; A. W. Taber, Historian, Austin, Tex.; Forney Hutchinson, Chaplain, Okla. City, Okla.

PLEDGES TO LIQUIDATE INDEBTEDNESS OF MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD PARK.

At the annual convention, S. C. V., at Charlotte, N. C., held June 4-7, 1929, pledges were made to pay off the indebtedness of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park as follows: Franks S. Sneed, Lawton, Okla., \$10.00; J. Edward Jones, 1105 East Seventeenth Street, Oklahoma City, \$175.00; F. R. Frevel, Ballston, Va., \$50.00; Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, 21 Granada, Nashville, Tenn., \$25.00; A. C. Jones, Gastonia, N. C., \$10.00; Harrisburg Camp No. 645, Tupelo, Miss., \$25.00; W. F. Riley, Sr., Tupelo, Miss., \$10.00; E. L. Bell, Lewisburg, W. Va., \$5.00; Charles Bell, Little Rock, Ark., \$10.00; L. B. Coffin, Box 424, Alpine, Tex., \$5.00; S. E. Sparkman, Tampa, Fla., \$5.00; Anonymous, \$1.00; Blackhorse Camp No. 780, Warrenton, Va. J. Edward Beale, Commander, \$16.00; Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla., \$25.00; Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 23, Charlotte, N. C., \$100.00; Senator Walter W. Rainey, McCrory, Ark., \$180.00;

Mrs. Clara Brown Walde, 159-18 Grand Central Parkway, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y., \$10.00; John M. Kinard Camp No. 35, by John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C., \$50.00; George W. Sidebottom, Huntington, W. Va., \$5.00; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chatham, Va., \$25.00; Mrs. Roy Weaks McKinney, Paducah, Ky., \$10.00; Mrs. R. E. Little, Wadesboro, N. C., \$10.00; Rufus W. Pearson, Barre Building, Washington, D. C., \$10.00; Edmond E. Wiles, Charlotte, N. C., \$25.00; J. Roy Price, Shreveport, La., \$50.00; W. R. Scurry Camp No. 606, Wichita Falls, Tex., \$50.00; A. W. Taber, Soldiers' Home, Austin, Tex., \$50.00; Judge Ed. S. McCarver, Orange, Tex., \$50.00; James M. Cochran Camp No. 49, Dallas, Tex., \$50.00; Albert Sidney Johnson Camp No. 67, Houston, Tex., \$50.00.

Division Pledges.—Alabama, \$445.00; District of Columbia and Maryland, \$331.00; Louisiana, \$395; Mississippi will use every effort to make original pledge good; Missouri, representative absent; North Carolina, representative absent; making a total of \$2,278.00.

The pledges paid of \$422.00 have been credited on \$1,310.00. The balance must be paid immediately in order to avoid foreclosure proceeding on the property, and those who are delinquent in payment of pledges are urgently requested to pay now.

NEW CAMP ORGANIZED

Nathan Bedford Forrest, No. 789, of McAllen, Tex. was organized August 1, 1926. The officers and members are as follows: Cole Danley, Commander; J. R. Glasscock, First Lieutenant Commander; T. J. Powell, Second Lieutenant Commander; Robert L. Lewis, Adjutant; P. M. Perkins, Treasurer; R. I. Parks, Quartermaster; Gordon, Griffin, Judge Advocate; J. G. Harrison, Surgeon; E. L. Greene, Historian; E. C. White, Color Sergeant; W. B. Pierce, Chaplain. Other members are, Oscar L. Kirkland, Dr. M. P. Wilson, J. M. Gogler T. O. Mitchell, P. H. McMurtry, T. W. Doster, Rev. W. M. Radee, A. L. Hart, G. E. Langford, Dr. K. J. Scott, A. A. Kelly, A. J. Flowers.

THESE WILL SUFFICE—LEST WE FORGET.

(From Memorial Day Address at Birmingham, Ala., April 26, 1929, delivered by George A. Miller as Commander of Wheeler-Ferguson Camp, No. 84, S. C. V., on the occasion of a joint meeting of the Confederate Associations there.)

I am proud to be the Son of a Confederate veteran and a beneficiary of the Southern Confederacy, which, because it did exist and flourish, even if but for a short time, brought about the triumph of human rights in American, under constitutional law, and in

the spirit and form of the world's most successful democracy.

Without the "fratricidal strife" and the brave record of the Confederate soldier (whatever the inspiration and accomplishment of our adversaries), these great blessings would not have been ours; hence the War between the States was justified and vindicated in the beneficent and far-reaching results that in such rich measure have come to us all.

It is, therefore, the principle thought and desire, in fact, practically the sole reason, for the survival and existence of the organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, that we honor, cheer, and help the soldiers of the Confederacy in their declining years; to show that we, their sons, as with their daughters, appreciate the sacred heritage that is ours, and for which, in blood and treasure, they paid so dear a price.

It is true that this, if you will, is only a moral and traditional obligation, but it is none the less ours to act in loyal good faith with those who made the great sacrifice, and who at last gave to us the precious heritage of the beloved Southland as a glorious part of our reunited country.

The soul-satisfying realization that we do possess these wondrous legacies need not be paraded nor shouted in the streets—that is no longer required of us—but, let us be reminded, nor never forget, that these things are personal and sacred to all loyal sons of Confederate veterans.

To hold fast to these honest and heartfelt sentiments, with the simple duties by which they are sustained—these will suffice—"Lest we forget."

THE MARYLAND FLAG.

BY MRS. CHARLES N. BOULDIN, BALTIMORE.

The provincial flag of Maryland was composed of the armorial bearings of the Calverts, black and gold, and was brought over by Leonard Calvert in the Ark and the Dove. After the Revolutionary War, the flag was changed to include red and silver of the Crossland arms, as it is to-day.

It is the oldest of State flags, and the only one based on a heraldic coat-of-arms.

The Cross botony, as the Crossland design of red and silver quarters of the Maryland flag is called, has become the Maryland cross. It has been called the Flowering Cross of Avalon, and was the badge of Maryland soldiers in the Confederate army.

The flag of the 2nd Maryland Confederate Infantry, which was carried up Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, shows the Maryland arms in a blue field, with the Cross of Avalon surmounting the staff.

This flag is now in the State House at Annapolis.

A RETROSPECT.

(Continued from page 355.)

their original organization, and whose work is solely memorial and monumental.

"These associations (some of which were formed as far back as 1865), by the most assiduous efforts, have removed from wayside and battle field our sacred dead, placed them in cemeteries of our own, and builded monuments that will bear lasting testimony to the courage, endurance, and patriotism of the Confederate soldier.

"We bring to you more tangible demonstration of work done than any other organized body of Southern people, men and women. We propose to organize or combine these memorial associations (embracing as nearly as possible every one in the South) into what we call a 'Confederation of Memorial Associations.' We are not willing to lose our identity as memorial organizations, nor to merge ourselves into the younger organization, the Daughters of the Confederacy. We hope by this confederation to commemorate our efforts and stamp our work upon the hearts of those who come after us and thereby ensure its continuance.

"We would esteem it a privilege and a pleasure to have our delegates meet at the same place and time as the United Confederate Veterans hold their annual reunions, if agreeable to them. Of course, we do not ask a voice in their councils; but we would like to meet with them. Many of us are veterans, veterans as much as the gray, battle-scarred old soldiers, though we bided at home. While they stood amid the smoke of battle, we stood amid the smoke of burning homes; when they fought, we wept and prayed; when they were hungry, we had only a crust at home; when their clothes were wearing threadbare on the long and weary march, we were busy with wheel and loom and needle; when they were in peril on picket, we held tearful, prayerful vigils. Are we not veterans as well as they?"

Such were the women who organized the Ladies' Memorial Associations of the South, and the veterans in Louisville rose *en masse* to indorse their memorial to the convention. Since that date the C. S. M. A. has met at the time of the reunion, and the succeeding Commanders of the veterans of gray have paid them the tribute of love and courtesy, not only in the personal contacts of the reunion, but in orders from time to time commending specific work undertaken and carried through by the memorial women.

To-day the relationship between the C. S. M. A. and the United Confederate Veterans should be closer than ever before. The ranks of the gray are thinning now, and fewer and fewer are those dear

women who knew the horror of the days of war and the agony of the days of reconstruction.

The Confederate Southern Memorial Association is really the South's monument to the women of the sixties, who not only wept and prayed during the stress of war, who not only wove and spun and knitted for their men at the front, but who went forth into the fields when necessity demanded and tilled the soil to produce the meager crusts that sustained them in the midst of war's terrors.

The men of the South loved and honored them and the South to-day loves and honors them, and loves and honors as well the Association which is the product of their love and service.

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

A spot of great historic interest along Williamsport Pike, six miles north of Martinsburg, W. Va., was fittingly and substantially marked for coming generations on July 10, 1929, by the Berkeley County Chapter, U. D. C., of Martinsburg, with a stone and bronze memorial at the place where the War between the States was opened with action in the Shenandoah Valley, the place of the first cavalry action of the war, and the spot where the immortal Stonewall Jackson native West Virginian, strikingly showed his remarkable indifference to fear.

The memorial, erected within a few feet of the Williamsport Pike, in the northern corner of the farm of William Small, is a solid, dignified monument. A big block of native limestone, standing some four feet high on its concrete base, is rough hewn into a rugged semblance of squareness; and its face chiseled to a slope, on which is a bronze tablet, bearing the following inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON

"This tablet is erected by the Berkeley County Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to commemorate an instance of General Jackson's remarkable bravery at all times in the face of the greatest danger.

"On this site, July 2, 1861, General Jackson was seated under an oak tree, giving orders, when fired upon by Federal troops. A cannon ball cut off a limb of the tree, but Jackson, unhurt, rode calmly away."

The ceremonies of the unveiling were very impressive. Mrs. Robbins, President of Berkeley County Chapter, presented the Cross of Service to N. Baker Davis, of the post office force. Attorney Harry H. Byrer, of Martinsburg, made the speech of dedication and brought out a interesting historical points. The monument was unveiled by little Miss Susan Porterfield and Master John Robbins.

A PICTURE OF SECESSION

"Handy History (a picture) of Secession and Self-Government in the United States of America," by Sterling Boisseau, Historian of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., is a unique and graphic description of the subject. The picture is 11x14, suitable for framing and tells at a glance its story.

The title "Handy History" is given because it is written on a drawing of a hand. Each digit of the hand is a chapter in letters down the center of the thumb and fingers.

There are two monuments in the background, one to Washington and what he stood for—the secession of the colonies from Great Britain and self-government; the other monument is to Lincoln, who opposed the secession of the Southern States and their self-government.

As the stage has been largely superceded by the picture shows, and the schools are using pictures in teaching, so does this Handy History picture portray what it would take pages to tell.

Anyone desiring a copy of this publication may get one for fifty cents. See advertisement in this number.

Leading historians comment favorably on the Handy History picture.

Miss Anna R. Klein, 2514 Tenth Street, Meridian, Miss., is very anxious to secure the war record of her father, Edward Samuel Klein, of which she knows nothing whatever. As he was in business at Marion, Ala., after the war, it is possible that he enlisted with Alabama troops at Mobile. He took his family to Meridian, Miss., in 1871, in later years going to Texas, where he died. He served in the same company with the late Henry Loewi, of Meridian.

Mrs. J. B. Sanford, Talladega, Ala., will appreciate any information relative to Joseph Gooden, originally from

Georgia. His wife was Elizabeth Hargrove, and their children were Rachel, Isaiah, William, Polly, and John. Would also like to hear from anyone who served with John M. Gooden.

Some friend of Gen. Grayson wishes to know the place of his burial. He died at Tallahassee, Fla., in October, 1861. Address Frank Drew, Equalizer of Taxes, Tallahassee, Fla.

A good friend writes: "I enjoy the VETERAN more and more with each number, and am sorry to have so few years left to read it. I am now eighty, the widow of a Confederate veteran."

HIRE OUT TO YOURSELF.

Some day when you feel gay, and you think you deserve a raise for your valuable services, this is what you should do: Put the shoe on the other foot and hire out to yourself. Just for a day or two, put yourself in your employer's place, and keep tab on the work you do. Let's see—you were late this morning. Only ten minutes? That's true, but whose time was it? You took pay for it, therefore you sold it. You can't sell eight hours of time and keep part of it— not unless you give short measure. How about that work you had to do over? You're not paid to be careless, you're paid to do work well. Not twice over, but once, that's enough! Then do it right! That's what you would say, if you worked for yourself. Hire out, then, to a man named "You," and imagine it's up to you to meet the pay roll. Then see what difference it makes in the point of view. Try it once, for a day or two.—*Exchange.*

Mrs. J. S. Powers writes from Grayson, Ky.: "Glad to renew subscription. The VETERAN grows dearer each year."

PASTE THIS IN YOUR BIBLE

- An omer was six points.
- A gerah was one cent.
- A farthing was three cents.
- A shekel of gold was \$8.
- A talent of silver was \$583.30.
- A talent of gold was \$13,809.
- A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.
- A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.
- A hin was a gallon and two pints.
- A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.
- A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.
- A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.
- A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.—*World Evangel.*

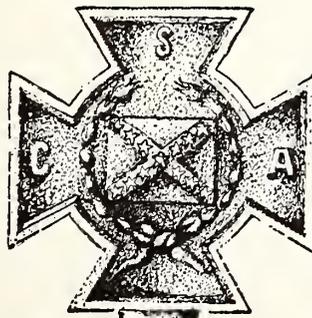
HIGH COST OF TAXES

It costs a little over one per cent to collect a dollar of taxes for the United States. Or to be exact, \$1.17 to collect \$100.

In 1927 the cost of collecting \$100 was \$1.15, and the year prior it was \$1.23. The cheapest tax collections in recent history were in 1920, when the war excess-profits tax was at its highest point. The most expensive year since the war was 1925, when it cost \$1.44 per \$100.—*National Tribune.*



"Lest We Forget"



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

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

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FROM A CONFEDERATE VETERAN'S LIBRARY

Now and then the VETERAN is asked to help dispose of books on Confederate history collected by some veteran, and the following list is largely made up of such a collection recently offered. All are in good condition and will be sent postpaid at prices given. Give second and third choice in case first choice has been taken. This is the list:

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis	\$10 00
Narrative of Military Operations. By Joseph E. Johnston	5 00
Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By William Preston Johnston	5 00
Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson. By Mrs. Jackson	6 00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon	5 00
Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer. By Gen. G. Moxley Sorrel	3 00
Cleburne and His Command. By Irving A. Buck	3 00
Four Years under Mars' Robert. By Col. Robert Stiles	4 00
War Songs and Poems of the Confederacy. Compiled by H. M. Wharton	2 00
Battles and Sketches of the Army of Tennessee. By B. L. Ridley	3 50
Robert E. Lee. By Thomas Nelson Page	2 00
True History of the Civil War. By Guy Carleton Lee	2 00
Braxton Bragg. By Don C. Seitz	2 00
Father Ryan's Poems	2 00
Four Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair	5 00
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones	4 00
History of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee. Revised and edited by Gen. R. E. Lee. Illustrated	6 00

The beautiful book, "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, is again offered with a year's subscription to the VETERAN (renewals must be in advance) for \$4. It will also be sent as premium for a list of six new subscriptions at full price, \$1.50 each. After this month (September) the price will be advanced, as the stock is getting low. Send in your order at once and get this valuable book at small price. This is the \$5 edition.

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