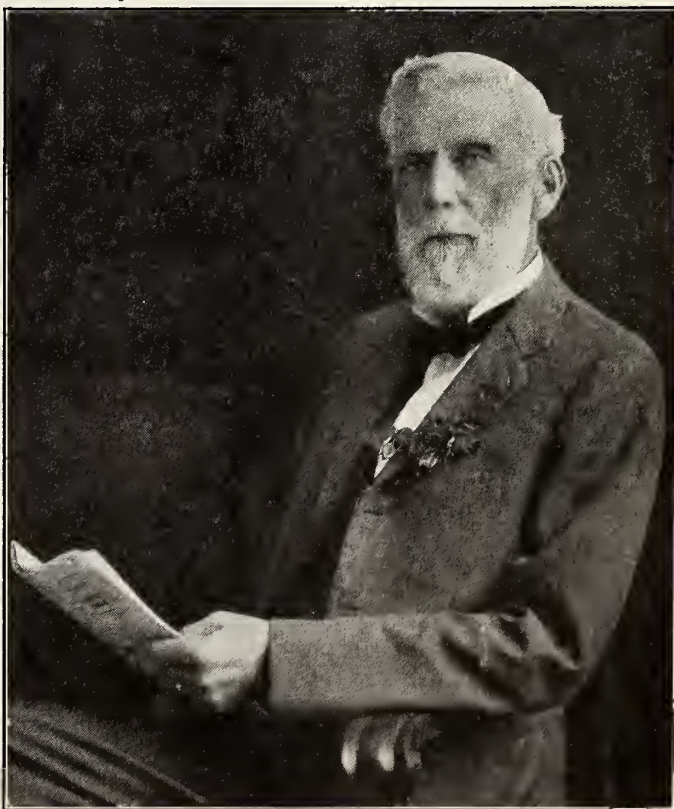


Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVII.

JULY, 1929

NO. 7



GEN. RICHARD A. SNEED
Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans



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Friends are interested in getting a pension for Leamon Chancy Barker, of Evant, Tex., now eighty-three, blind, and ill. He enlisted in Anderson's Company, of Ford's Regiment, Texas troops, and served one year in Brownsville. Anyone who can add to the information of his service will please write to him in care of Mrs. W. H. Harkins, Evant, Tex.

Rev. George L. Petrie, who served as chaplain in the Confederate army and is now chaplain of John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., of Charlottesville, Va., would like to hear from any other Confederate chaplains still living, though he thinks he must be the last survivor. He is now in his ninetieth year.

Prof. Charles Lee Lewis, of the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., who is now at work on a biography of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, C. S. N., would appreciate hearing from any descendants of Commodore Josiah Tatnall, born near Savannah, Ga., and Capt. J. D. Johnston, of the C. S. ram Tennessee in the battle of Mobile Bay. Any information from or of them will be appreciated.

George Henry Howell, of Mississippi, said to be ninety years old, needs to complete his record of Confederate service in order to get admittance to the Home at Beauvoir, Miss. His memory is not accurate, but he recalls enlisting in a scout company, "Jeff Davis Brigade, 1st Regiment, and mentions the name of Hatchell and Cochran. If there are any surviving comrades or friends who recall him as a soldier of the Confederacy, please write to Florence Lec. Eisele, Executive Secretary, American Red Cross, Natchez, Miss.

W. K. McMillan, who served with the Spartan Rangers, of South Carolina, as a teamster during the War between the States, is now trying to get a pension and will appreciate hearing from any old comrades who can testify to his service. Friends are trying to help him get this pension from Oklahoma and replies may be addressed to Mrs. R. H. Stanley, care of the House of Representatives, Oklahoma City, Okla.

CORRECTION.—The reference in the April VETERAN to "Tam" George, of Mayfield, Ky., (page 158) should have given the name as Tom George instead.

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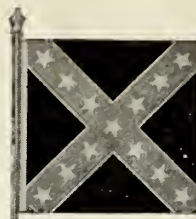
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LAST MEXICAN WAR VETERAN.

The last American survivor of the war with Mexico is Thomas Owen Edgar, ninety-eight years old, an inmate of the John Dickson Home of Washington, D. C. He had been a resident of Washington for fifty years. The other of the last two survivors was William Fitzhugh Thornton Buckner, who died at Paris, Mo., on June 16, said to have been one hundred and one years old.

Confederate Veteran

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1929

No. 7.

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FOUNDER.

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GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Honorary Commander for Life*
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*

THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

Gen. Richard Alexander Sneed, elected Commander in Chief, U. C. V., at the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., now a citizen of Oklahoma, was born in Tallahatchie County, Miss., August 28, 1845, the eleventh child and the seventh son of a family of thirteen, and now the only one living. His parents removed to Madison County, Miss., in 1849, and he there grew to young manhood. In the spring of 1861, when the war spirit was high in Mississippi, he, not quite sixteen years old, was denied the right to enlist in the Confederate army, but a year later his parents gave their consent for him to go, and on March 10, 1862, he enlisted in Company C, 18th Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers, Barksdale's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., and began his service under the peerless Lee.

On the 3rd of May, 1863, young Sneed was dangerously wounded in the second battle of Fredericksburg, Va., and captured; two days later he was recaptured by his own regiment and was sent home on wounded furlough, where he remained until March, 1864. He then rejoined his regiment and was appointed its ordnance sergeant at Cold Harbor, Va., in June 1864. In April, 1865, Barksdale's Brigade covered General Lee's retreat from Richmond, and on April 6, he was again captured, at Sailor's Creek, with nearly all the brigade, and sent to Point Lookout Prison, Md., arriving there on the night of April 14, 1865. On June 30, he was paroled and given transportation to Vicksburg, Miss., and he reached his home at Canton, some sixty miles from Vicksburg, July 11, then not quite twenty years old.

General Sneed has always taken an active interest in Confederate affairs wherever he made his home, and is especially known in such affairs in Tennessee and Oklahoma. He is Past Commander of Daniel

(Continued on page 278.)

NORTH CAROLINA AT GETTYSBURG.

On the 3rd of July, North Carolina dedicated her Gettysburg Memorial to the sons "who gave all and died" on that field of tragedy.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE VETERANS.

Passing years have not dimmed the South's reverence and respect for the gallant soldiers who "carried on" so courageously in the face of overwhelming odds. Time has laid its inevitably heavy hand on the "gray line," but those survivors who find it possible to unite again this year will find in North Carolina a welcome as warm, as whole-hearted, and as spontaneous as the patriotism and courage displayed by Tar Heel wearers of the gray back in the sixties.—*Concord (N. C.) Tribune.*

THE SOUTH IS LEADING.

Refuting a malicious reflection (emanating from Chicago) upon the South's "backwardness" as a part of this great, progressive country, the editor of *Holland's Magazine* makes a showing for this section which may be an "eye opener" for those who need to be informed. From this editorial is the following:

"The South, in six years, increased its manufactured products values \$567,000,000. In those same six years, manufacturing values in the rest of the country decreased \$279,509,000. Southern ports handle 42 per cent of the country's water-borne tonnage. Over 61 per cent of all active cotton spindles in the nation are in the South. Such facts as these are endless. If this be remoteness from commercial activity, make the most of it.

"The South was steeped in culture and learning, and its cities were the sites of recognized colleges and universities more than three-quarters of a century before Chicago came into existence. Its first college was founded over 140 years before Chicago. In fact, when Chicago was founded, there already were 40 universities and colleges in the South—as against only 20 in the Middle West and 36 in the remaining States. Two of these Southern colleges were in Louisiana and Mississippi.

"The second college founded on American soil was in a Southern State—the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Va., in 1693. Only one other university was founded in America during that century, Harvard, in 1636, located in Massachusetts.

"In the eighteenth century, beginning with the founding of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., in 1749, the South saw 13 colleges and universities founded within its borders, and 14 founded in the rest of the country. No college or uni-

versity was founded in the Middle West during that century.

"The first American college established in the nineteenth century was the University of South Carolina, at Columbia, in 1801, the fifteenth Southern university to be founded prior to the establishment of any such institution in the Middle West. Before the founding of Chicago's first university, the South had 58 colleges and universities. Of these, three were in Texas, two in Louisiana, and one in Mississippi—States, according to the learned *Tribune* 'remote from culture and learning.'

"Of the twoscore Southern universities founded while Chicago was still but an idea in a trader's mind, one was Wesleyan, in Macon, Ga., the oldest woman's college in the world, and the first to award a degree to a woman. Subsequent Southern colleges, preceding Chicago's first, included the famous Baylor's in Texas, in 1845—Baylor College for women and Baylor University.

"To-day, there are in the Southern States 189 recognized colleges and universities. The Middle West has only 116. The remainder of the country has 275.

A "LAST MEETING" AT THE REUNION.

BY R. DeT. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

As the Confederate States Cabinet had its last meeting at Charlotte, N. C., so also did the College Cadets of the South Carolina College when the three surviving members, Corp. R. deT. Lawrence, W. A. Clark, and A. T. Goodwyn met informally at the reunion at Charlotte in 1929.

The South Carolina College Cadets were fully organized in 1861, so when hostilities were threatened, the offer of their services was accepted by the governor of the State and the company was stationed on Sullivan's Island in anticipation of a possible landing of Federal troops on the island. They witnessed the surrender of Fort Sumter, and after being held in camp for a month, were returned to Columbia.

During the summer vacation, several of the boys joined other companies. In this way it happened that one member, Iredell Jones, returned to the college on crutches, having been wounded at the first battle of Manassas.

The company was reorganized in the autumn and offered for duty, but not having been put in active service due to the opposition of the faculty, the company was gradually disbanded, the several members becoming incorporated in other companies. In this latter company, W. A. Clark was a lieutenant. A. T. Goodwyn has just retired as Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans.

HEROES IN GRAY.

Specters march with us to-day,
 Ghosts of those long gone away;
 Marching on with weary feet,
 Marching to the drums that beat,
 Beat for them their last tired tread,
 Ghosts of gray-clad soldiers, dead.

Marched we on with one so grand,
 Lee, defender of our land.
 Grander name shall ne'er be given,
 Grander man has never thriven
 For a cause whate'er it be
 Than our leader, Robert E. Lee.

And to him who sleeps to-day
 Where the snow-white daises sway,
 As the drums beat and we hear
 Dixie played, a silent tear,
 Falls for him whose cause to fight
 Was to him so just and right.

He is waiting for us there,
 In that glad beyond, somewhere;
 And when angel's psalteries play,
 As they greet us on the way
 With their songs so sweet and low,
 Dixie they will play, we know,
 —Mrs. Harley Goode, in *Charlotte Observer*.

THE REUNION IN CHARLOTTE.

"The best ever" was the general opinion of the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, and voiced most heartily by the veterans attending. Indeed, it seemed that everything had been done to make the occasion a happy one for the veterans; and if any failed to get his share, he made no mention of it. "Veterans first" was the thought in this reunion, and they had the best there was. Charlotte gave not only royal entertainment, but provided the most ideal weather in which to enjoy being entertained—and everybody was happy.

It is estimated that some 3,500 veterans registered for the thirty-ninth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, in addition to the many thousands accompanying them. The average number of people served at the commissary in the basement of the new auditorium was four thousand at each meal, and three meals were served daily. Such a crowd on the day of the parade was never seen in Charlotte before. A conservative estimate is that 25,000 visitors circulated about Charlotte each day, and that possibly 150,000 viewed the parade. Charlotte is to

be congratulated upon the success of its first entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans in the Old North State.

* * *

Preliminary to the reunion proper were the exercises held on the evening of June 3, to commemorate the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, American soldier and statesman, the great leader of the Southern Confederacy. These exercises also dedicated the new auditorium, and a special feature of the occasion was the introduction of Miss Robine Webb, great-granddaughter of Jefferson Davis, who had come from her far-away home in Colorado to take part in this reunion as Sponsor for the South. A tribute to her from the city of Charlotte was a basket of beautiful flowers, presented to this attractive young woman by Miss Alice Cowles Barringer, a granddaughter of Gen. Rufus Barringer, one of the generals furnished by North Carolina to the Confederacy. Miss Barringer was dressed in a quaint costume of the old days and made a charming picture.

The special tributes paid to the memory of Jefferson Davis on this occasion stressed the greatness of the man in every position he had been called to fill. Hon. Walter Clark, State senator, presided, introducing Judge Winston, for a preliminary talk, and others also paid their tributes in short speeches. The principal address was made by Mr. Clyde Hoey, North Carolina's magnetic orator, who thrilled the audience with his magnificent tribute to Jefferson Davis, "imperial citizen of the South, the finest product of our American civilization."

Splendid music added to the program, the reunion chorus delighting the audience with patriotic songs of long ago, as they did in subsequent meetings during the reunion.

* * *

On Tuesday evening, June 4, the formal opening of the reunion proceedings was held at the auditorium, and the notables of all the Confederate organizations were presented to the greatest audience ever to assemble there. It was estimated that six thousand people filled the seating and standing spaces, and many more were gathered about the entrance. The Marine Band gave its initial performance in full dress, and every number brought appreciative applause. The reunion chorus, made up of local men and women, contributed much by its spirited singing.

A hearty welcome to the veterans and other visitors was given by Mayor George E. Wilson, and Gov. O. Max Gardner paid homage to "this remnant of the bravest army of the American continent and the most patriotic citizens that ever dared venture their

lives and all for principles they held dear." United States Senator Pat Harrison, from Mississippi, gave a short and eloquent tribute to the men and women of the Confederacy, and his special tribute to Jefferson Davis, first and only President of the Southern Confederacy, was a vivid presentation of that gracious and tragic figure of the sixties.

Among those presented at this time was Miss Anna Jackson Preston, great-granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, to whom Commander Wiles, S. C. V., presented the gold badge of his association, the second time a woman has been thus honored.

The splendid "Ode to North Carolina," written by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate, U. C. V. and of other Confederate organizations, was read by former Gov. Neil S. Morrison, its beautiful sentiment impressing the vast gathering.

* * *

The business sessions of the reunion began on Wednesday morning, former Gov. Charles H. Brough, S. C. V., of Arkansas, presiding during the addresses of welcome, which were given by former Mayor F. M. Redd for the State; by Mayor Wilson for Charlotte; by C. O. Kuester, business manager of the Chamber of Commerce. Gen. W. A. Smith, commanding the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., greeted comrades of the gray in behalf of his Division; and the heads of other organizations voiced greetings in behalf of their membership—Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A.; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General U. D. C.; and Edmond R. Wiles, Commander S. C. V.

A departure from the usual proceeding was that the principal address of this meeting was made by the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, who conveyed to his comrades the great importance of carrying out that resolution of the previous convention to correct the errors and falsehoods of history prevailing, and to uphold local self-government, now being threatened on every hand by the encroachments of centralized government, quoting many authorities to show the trend of the times, and he also took occasion to refute many statements which had reflected upon the integrity of the Southern people in the operation of the Confederate government.

The short afternoon session was given over to committee reports and that of the Adjutant General, who evoked cheers by the statement that the treasury held \$2,600 clear of any indebtedness, this being some \$500 more than was reported at Little Rock.

* * *

Though the VETERAN has not been furnished the text of resolutions passed during this convention, some of the most important were as follows:

A resolution which provides that in the event of the death of the Commander in Chief, the Adjutant General automatically fills the place of Commander in Chief until the next reunion.

A resolution that the United Confederate Veterans join in the effort to purchase Stratford, the birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee. The Commander in Chief and the Department Commanders will form a committee to direct this work, and contributions are to be sent to the Adjutant General.

A resolution to use space in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for official orders and other matters of interest to the organization, this space to be paid for and used to mutual benefit.

By acclamation, it was voted to send the following telegram to President Hoover: "The United Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, unanimately thank you for the courtesy extended them when their Commander in Chief was invited to participate in the inaugural ceremonies at Washington."

* * *

On Thursday afternoon came the election of officers and the selection of the next place of meeting. Gen. Richard A. Sneed, of Oklahoma City, Okla., commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, was unanimously made Commander in Chief, and the invitation from Biloxi, Miss., was accepted with enthusiasm. An invitation from Washington City was presented by Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, but the invitation from Biloxi was cordially indorsed by him—and to Biloxi they go in 1930.

Gen. Homer Atkinson was reelected Commander of the Northern Virginia Department, and Gen. L. W. Stephens, of Coushatta, La., was again honored with command of the Army of Tennessee Department. Gen. R. D. Chapman, of Texas, was elected to command the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The first action of the new Commander in Chief was the reappointment of Gen. Harry R. Lee as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, and Mrs. W. B. Kernan continues as Assistant to the Adjutant General, with headquarters in New Orleans.

* * *

THE PARADE.

Passing through solid walls of humanity, perhaps the largest crowd ever assembled on the streets of Charlotte, the Confederate parade, climax of the thirty-ninth annual reunion of Confederate veterans, moved to the sound of enthusiastic cheers and wild applause on the morning of June 7, a line of march said to cover five miles, taking some two hours in passing a given point. Three wars were represented in the veteran soldiery taking part—the War between the States, the Spanish-American, and the World War—while the soldiers of the present were repre-

sented by the National Guard of North Carolina and other military units from schools and colleges—all making a grand array. The Boy Scouts were in line in great force, and made a great impression. There were miles of cars, loaded with veterans of the gray and their fair official ladies, a colorful note with flags and other decorations. In the lead was the Marine Band sounding patriotic airs, and many others were interspersed throughout the line, whose martial strains were heard above the cheers of the multitude of onlookers. There were Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, the Memorial Women, and members of local patriotic associations, all adding a note to the wonderful pageant moving through the streets of Charlotte, the like of which may never be seen again.

After leading the parade, the new and retiring Commanders in Chief, the governor of North Carolina, and other notables of the reunion, with their wives and official ladies, stood at attention in the reviewing stand as this pageant moved past, a wonderful spectacle, "showing," as Governor Gardner expressed it, "to us of the present generation the glory and greatness of the Old South in the veterans and the splendid future of the new in the Boy Scouts."

Of the veterans of the gray in line, the *Charlotte Observer* said: "They did not feel the weight of the years nor the heat of the day; all their hearts were in the wave of emotion that swept over them and connected the memories of the past with the glorious reality of the day. The parade was more than a line of march; it was a pageant of the South, containing visible expressions of the best that the country has to offer. The bravest of the manhood of the South and the fairest of Southern womanhood were there, glamorous with the emotion that can come only from a deep feeling of patriotism and love."

MEMORIAL HOUR.

Tender and beautiful is the tribute paid to departed comrades and members by the three organizations in joint meeting during these reunions, and in reverential spirit the meeting was adjourned at noon on Thursday to receive the C. S. M. A. and the S. C. V. in this memorial hour. Associate Justice Herriot Clarkson gave the memorial address to these departed, both men and women, "who contributed their part toward making the Southland a great empire," and in concluding gave a poem written by his uncle, Henry Mazyck Clarkson, on the return of the Confederate flags by the North. General Goodwyn gave a brief tribute to his departed comrades, and a silent prayer was held for Henry L. Wyatt, of North Carolina, first soldier killed in the war; for Gen. J. C. Foster, Past Commander in Chief; and others. A

list was read for each organization, and Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., gave a brief exhortation to keep alive and sacred the sacrifices of the dead. In his prayer, Rev. W. B. McElwaine, D.D., asked that nothing might separate us from the high ideals as we see them, coming to us from heaven, and that even as their blood was dedicated to their cause, so "we should be dedicated to-day to the cause of right."

* * *

The memorial poem, "Taps!" by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate, was given, and the services concluded with the sounding of that immortal bugle call by Boy Scouts stationed in the building.

They answer not who late have dwelt with us,
 Who climbed with us along life's rugged steep;
 The sunlight falls upon the low green mounds—
 God whispered to them and they fell asleep.
 Blow, bugle, blow!
 So softly fades the light.
 Blow, bugle, blow!
 Good night! Good night!

Full sixty years they kept the altar fires
 With us, who would not, could not, let them die;
 But other hands must take their torches now—
 Beneath that altar all our memories lie.
 Blow, bugle, blow!
 Love marks the angel flight.
 Blow, bugle, blow!
 Good night! Good night!

* * *

THE BOY SCOUTS.

No Confederate reunion could be held without the assistance of the Boy Scouts, and every Confederate veteran will indorse that statement. They are indispensable. At Charlotte they again proved their worth in their eagerness to serve, their tact and gentleness in conducting the veterans about, their willingness to give of themselves wherever needed—and this meant everywhere—even into the late hours of the night. Indeed, it seemed that they took not time for sleep. Fine boys they are, and fine men they will become through their training in consideration and service for others. Our grateful thanks and heartiest cheers for the Boy Scouts!

Ever since the reunion in Birmingham, Ala., 1916, the Boy Scouts have been an important feature of every Confederate reunion, and more and more have they become endeared to the passing hosts of gray. "Young soldiers," one said, "a splendid army which, God grant, may never face a cannon!"

MRS. PRESTON'S "OPEN HOUSE."

Of the many courtesies to the veterans attending the Charlotte reunion, nothing gave them more pleasure than the "open house" held by Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Preston during the week. Mrs. Preston is the granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson, and in her home she had on display many relics connected with that great soldier of the Confederacy. Drawn by these mementoes of one so beloved and revered in memory, a constant stream of visitors kept her house indeed wide open, and many lingered for a little chat with the gracious hostess, whose charm won all hearts. There are five lovely children of this home, and the two older daughters, Miss Anna Jackson Preston and Miss Julia Cortlandt Preston, were presented to reunion audiences and did their part in many entertainments.

* * *

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Many delightful entertainments were given to honor the veterans and others during the reunion—receptions and teas and garden parties, dances, etc. Especially pleased were the veterans when they could dance, and many who seemed too feeble to walk any distance could shake a wicked foot when the music called for action. The veterans' ball was a crush soon after the grand march got under way, but they managed to dance, some of them keeping it up to late hours.

Adding largely to the enjoyment of the reunion were the many bands, which, when not taking part in reunion exercises, were entertaining the veterans and others by their concerts in different places. A very special performance was given in Independence Park, when nearly a score of bands, under the direction of Capt. Taylor Branson, leader of the Marine Band, gave a joint concert, concluding with "Dixie" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," moving the great audience to wild enthusiasm.

* * *

A special entertainment of the reunion was the pageant put on at the new Auditorium on Wednesday evening, the story of the Confederacy through the thrills and tragedy of its rise and fall. An audience of many thousands witnessed the tragic drama depicted by a cast of several hundred, the connected episodes being interspersed with interpretive dancing. Eleven young girls took the part of the States of the Confederacy, and each spirit depicted was called forth by the spirit of the South. Scenes of mirth as well as tragedy were depicted in this story of the South before and during the war. "Did you enjoy it?" one of the veterans was asked. "Yes, until the scene of the battle field, which made me think of the time I

was lying there," he said, as he glanced down at his maimed hand.

* * *

A tragic note is injected into reunion cheer by the illness or death of some comrade. At Charlotte there were many cared for in the emergency hospitals, happily most of these for slight ailments. But there were two who passed to the eternal reunion while their comrades met and mingled in this earthly activity. Gen. Cortez A. Kitchen, Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., was one of those who answered to the last roll call at this time, another being Maj. John Hancock, of Austin, Tex.

* * *

DEDICATION OF REUNION MARKER.

An interesting occasion following the reunion was the dedication, on Friday afternoon, of a memorial marker at the new Auditorium which commemorates the holding of the thirty-ninth annual reunion in Charlotte. This marker was the gift of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Rev. Albert Sidney Johntson, S. C. V., presided over the exercises. The veil was drawn by Thomas Jonathan Jackson Preston, great-grandson of Stonewall Jackson, and little Nancy Palmer Stitt, granddaughter of Capt. William Morrison Stitt. The official roster and records of the reunion were placed in the memorial. Dr. Oren Moore gave the dedicatory address, and the exercises were closed with taps.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

The reunion at Charlotte revealed an overwhelming enthusiasm for the Confederate soldiers. The people of that delightful city gave us the best they had. Nothing was withheld to make us welcome and to entertain us. The event will be a delightful memory, not alone for the veterans, but to unnumbered thousands of visitors whom Charlotte had to provide for.

There is not a Confederate soldier who does not feel the weight and cares of time, and yet, when the bands played, the old men would straighten up and greet each other with recollections of bygone days, and live over again the hardships, the excitement, and the thrills of war.

These memories are sweeter with the knowledge of the magnanimity and self-sacrifice of the spirits that are gone.

A halo of glory hangs around the soldiers who died on the field of battle. There is something sublime in the marshaling of hosts. The sound of the fife and drum, the battle array, the clank of the saber, the rattle of musketry, "the cannon's opening roar,"

but greater still are the soldiers who fought and lived. They lifted the South from the ashes of destruction, and made it the favored section of the nation, and it is well that our people shall share in their triumphs, for they cast a mellow glow over the South, just as the sun, after its departure, leaves behind those splendors that illumine and make beautiful the evening sky. They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will ever remain a brilliant page in the annals of time.

Nothing less than sublime confidence in the justice of the cause could inspire humanity to such deeds of glory, such endurance, such patience, as the South displayed.

So let us step apart a little space in memory, as none others but ourselves can have, in tribute to a band of soldiers dead who wore a uniform in which, for four years of red and fateful glory, a new nation was born and died in battle.

The English-speaking people have come in these after generations to recognize that in that war of brothers, out of which has come what Jefferson Davis termed "the perpetual Union," a record was made of high captaincy and daring and chivalrous leadership and gallant, disciplined following not surpassed of the folk to whom ours is the mother tongue.

The years have gone. The echo in deed and words that full acceptance of the great arbitrament which our great chieftain urged at the close of the story of his life, but we treasure in pride the tale of the splendid years of ill-fated, tragic effort, the futile sacrifice perhaps, the pathetically avoidable and needless sacrifice, and will so long as memory lasts.

The man has not been born who can write a just tribute to the Confederate soldiers. It may be written in future years, but we will not read it. Let us keep the fires of love and friendship burning brightly, let us live and move together—proud of the past, satisfied with the present, and confident of the future.

REBUILDING THE SOUTH.

In his address of welcome to the United Confederate Veterans, in reunion at Charlotte, N. C., Gov. O. Max Gardner told the story of the rebuilding of the South by its own men and women, saying:

"In the lives of individuals some days stand out from the rest and are memorable. It is the same in the life of a commonwealth or a nation. This is a proud day for North Carolina. This occasion has deeply touched the hearts of our people. I, therefore, speaking in the name of my people, bring you more than their word of welcome; I bring you assurance of their love and devotion. For more than sixty years you have been fighting gallantly with us and for us. You have sacrificed much and risked all. Your lives

have been an inspiration to our children and a benediction upon our efforts to rebuild that which was destroyed by war. We not only, in gratitude, welcome you, but in proud affection we here to-day claim you for our own.

"It would be a mistake to suppose that the War between the States ended with the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. This was but the passing of one phase of a vaster struggle. The deepest and truest values in life are spiritual values and the greatest force in the world is fundamentally spiritual in its nature. Even God, we are told, is a Spirit, and they who worship him must do so in spirit. The most far-reaching conflicts are not those which are fought with arms or settled around the conference table. They are rather those which, without the drama and panoply of war, are settled silently upon the lonely battle fields of the souls of men. There is no bugle call save the still small voice of duty, and the only declaration is the consciousness that we have fought the good fight.

"Sixty years ago, the South was beaten and prostrate. Our material wealth had been consumed or destroyed; most of our men had been killed or incapacitated in battle; our spirit was apparently broken. Anarchy and a reign of terror seemed imminent. It was the twilight of our Southern civilization, and despair settled over the land.

"Then began the greatest struggle of all, which I call the second phase of the War between the States. The men of the South, beaten in battle by the sheer force of numbers, again dug in and threw up their fortifications. But this time they were assailed not by the hosts of invading armies, but by doubt and despair. And they dug into their own souls to find strength and courage with which to face the future.

"I have long felt that the most serious consequence of the war was not the loss of material wealth, staggering though this was, or even the appalling loss of life, but was the psychology of despair which resulted from the defeat of the Southern armies. This insidious and long-drawn-out aftermath of the struggle may be likened to the after effects of a disease which has ravaged and weakened the physical body. It manifested itself in a diminished respect for law and order in an incapacity to visualize the latent potentialities of the section and its people and in a general exodus from some States to the West and other parts of the country.

"But at this critical juncture of affairs, the men and women of the South joined battle with their own doubts and fears. They gathered for a last desperate charge upon the somber battlements of despair. There was no beating of drums or display of colors. There was no time or means for preparation. But,

with their faces to the foe and with the thought of surrender forever put behind them, they hurled at the forces of lawlessness, poverty, and ignorance which were threatening our very heritage of civilization a defiant challenge.

"They shall not pass,' they said, and they went to work. The women worked harder than the men. Plows were started, schools reopened, elections held. It was a long and bitter struggle, and by the end of the century hope had returned and victory was well in sight. And this story of the rebuilding of the South, carried on in the face of almost heartbreaking difficulties forms one of the most glorious chapters in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. And our victory was essentially a victory of the spirit.

"It is my proud privilege to welcome you to North Carolina. To us here it seems indeed that you have only just come home; that somehow we must convey to you the thought which to-day is close to the hearts of our people that we not only honor you as we honor our own fathers and mothers, but that we love you and shall be happy if we feel that you have made our home your home.

"And shall we not, in passing, remember those comrades who have responded to the call of taps and who are to-day holding joyful reunion in the presence of the Great Commander? I recall at this moment the inscription on the Confederate monument at Arlington, and here repeat it in tribute.

"Not for fame or reward, not for place or power, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedience to duty as they understood it, these men suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all, and died."

"LEST WE FORGET!"

In speaking to the thirty-ninth reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Charlotte, N. C., Senator Pat Harrison said, in part:

"We of the South must never permit Southern glories to be forgotten in the maelstrom of industrial strife. We must not allow those principles for which our fathers sacrificed to be supplanted by yielding to the commercial exigencies of the hour. We can never sanction the tearing down of that shrine which was builded by our splendid men and women and see one erected instead to the god of mammon. The sentiment of the South is too dear, its heritage too priceless, its sacrifice too great to be bartered away, however large and alluring the price. No government could have sustained itself so long without its people having abiding conviction in the righteousness of their cause.

"Slavery was not the cause of the war. A bigger and larger question was involved. It was the unquestioned

right of a State to exercise those rights not expressly delegated in the Federal Constitution to the Federal government. The South believed that property of every kind should be respected and protected under the laws of the land. They resisted any invasion of the right of the States to control their own domestic affairs as a violation of the Federal compact. And may I be permitted to say in this gathering that the South to-day needs a rebaptism in that principle?

"From the first angry shriek of the cannon at Fort Sumter until taps was sounded at Appomattox the Confederate soldiers shed glory and luster on the Southland. They only sheathed their swords and returned to their homes when nothing else remained for them to do.

"By the side of these loyal men through four long years of anxious suspense were the noble women of the South. No comforter had they save their God and no resource but unwearied prayer and hope.

"Men of gray and women of the sixties, by your magnificent examples of devotion and bravery and sacrifice, you made humanity better. You gave to the South a song, a sentiment, a story, that will live forever. You made patriotism more sublime, and let me say to you whose faltering footsteps are turned toward the grave, fear not that in this materialistic age, in this mad race for wealth and power, that the real children of the South will ever forget the principles for which you suffered and the priceless legacy that you have bequeathed to us.

"But why should Jefferson Davis have been selected and singled out to carry the alleged sins of the South? What was there in his deportment that was not found in the deportment of tens of thousands of others? What act of his touching the South and the cause for which he stood and fought was there that was not sanctioned and approved by every Southern officer and private in the Confederate army? What speech did he ever utter that did not find enthusiastic acclaim in the burning heart of every Southern man? It is a sad commentary that a distorted public opinion should measure one man by one standard and all the other men who stood for the same thing by another.

"Mr. Davis loved the Union with all the devotion of his heart. He had given the best years of his life in its cause. He had served it in its highest legislative body and in one of its most important administrative positions and upon the field of battle. The country cannot forget the qualities of leadership he displayed in Indian warfare on the Western frontier and the glory he attained for this great country as commander of Mississippians upon the plains of Mexico, winning the highest encomiums at Buena Vista and Monterrey. The country will not forget the qualities of statesmanship displayed by him as a member of the

United States Senate, and services to the government as Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce.

May I express the hope that some time before it shall have become too late, along the shores of the Mexican Gulf, amid the historic scenes of the Mississippi coast which are so interwoven with the life of Mr. Davis, the United Veterans of the Confederacy can hold their annual reunion so that the remaining few may visit historic Beauvoir and touch again the very scenes that surrounded this illustrious and beloved man."

ODE TO CAROLINA.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

[Written for the thirty-ninth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, held at Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, 1929.]

Out of the past with its storms and its fears,
Out of the fume of adventurous years,
Out of the triumph of stern pioneers.
The Old North State was born.

To her shores, first of all of America's lands,
Came the Anglo-Saxon upon her strands,
Ere Plymouth had gathered her wandering bands,
Or Jamestown, anchor weighed.

And her blood flowed first in liberty's name,
In the earliest dawn of her country's fame,
When the hearts of patriots caught from the flame
That blazed at Alamance.

'Twas never to die, for she builded there
An altar of freedom, by sword and by prayer;
The zeal of her women stirred to its flare
At Edenton that day.

She was silent and stern as she armed for the fray—
For revolutions are born that way—
While over her mountains, cold and gray,
Sped the news of Lexington.

She was first to strike, without parley or fear,
When from Charlotte rode out her lone trumpeteer,
That the highest tribunals and all men might hear
The message of Mecklenburg.

She had shown them the way—it was liberty's call
To the colonies crushed by a tyrant's thrall;
It swept like a besom from one to all,
In the clarion of seventy-six.

And the after years waxed strong and great,
In the fame of her sons, in her halls of state;
In the Union, decreed by the hand of fate,
That her prowess had helped to build.

By the altar of freedom some came to kneel,
But strife had broken the Union's seal;
Once more for liberty, woe or weal,
She fought for the rights of State.

She gave of her all for the flag of Lee—
For the spotless nation that was to be;
And she gathered her sons from mountain to sea,
For the mother fought to win.

She was first at Bethel, and furthest lay
Her dead on Gettysburg's last day;
And furthest pressed her sons in gray
On Chickamauga's field.

But the glorious flag that had never trailed
Went down in the dark—'twas the years that failed—
On a land of ruins, bowed and veiled
For the empire she had dreamed.

She has builded again on her mountain peak,
And deep in her valleys her forges speak;
The wealth of the land was hers to seek—
And, seeking, she has found.

And holy the dust of her heritage,
Her history, writ on an iron page,
A shrine for the pilgrim, from age to age—
A motherland of men!

STRATFORD, BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL LEE

The movement for the purchase of Stratford, the birthplace of Gen. Robert E. Lee, originating with the Greenwich, Conn., Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President, and which has been incorporated as the Lee Memorial Foundation, reports organization of the work in many States, of which the following leaders are given: Alabama, Mrs. David Roberts; Arkansas, Mrs., Rufus N. Garrett; California, Mrs. N. V. Livermore; Connecticut, Mrs. Emerson R. Newell; Delaware, Mrs. Alfred I. Du Pont; Georgia, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar; Indiana, Mrs. C. A. Carlisle; Kentucky, Mrs. Thomas Floyd Smith; North Carolina, Mrs. W. B. Newell, Charlotte; South Carolina, Mrs. Andrew Jackson Geer; Tennessee, Mrs. Horace VanDeventer, Knoxville; Virginia, Mrs. Ambrose C. Ford, Clifton Forge; Washington, D. C., Mrs. Joseph E. Washington; New Hampshire, Mrs. Orton B. Brown (daughter of Gen. John B. Gordon).

Special effort is now being made to meet the second payment due in July on the purchase price, and the people of the South are urged to send in their contributions to secure this historic old place, which is

to be made into a national shrine to commemorate the great name of Lee. These contributions can be made in the local campaigns or sent direct to headquarters (Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, Rock Ridge, Greenwich, Conn.). An interesting booklet giving the history of Stratford, beautifully illustrated, is sold for the benefit of this fund at one dollar, post-paid.

Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, of Alabama, as Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, wrote: "I am very much gratified to feel that I am a part of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, and think I can assure you that the State of Alabama will rise to the responsibility of its firm establishment with us."

An important action by the convention of United Confederate Veterans, in reunion at Charlotte, N. C., gave strong indorsement to this movement in the following:

RESOLUTION UNANIMOUSLY PASSED BY THE UNITED
CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN CONVENTION
AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Whereas, in one of Gen. Robert E. Lee's last letters, he said, "It has always been a great desire of my life to be able to purchase Stratford, the home we so loved;" and whereas, a small group of Southern women, feeling that General Lee's wish must be carried out, succeeded in securing an option on Stratford, his birthplace, and have already made two payments on it; and whereas, in order to secure full title to the property, \$25,000 more must be paid by July 1, or Stratford will be lost as a memorial and General Lee's wish will never be fulfilled; therefore, be it

Resolved: 1. That the United Veterans of the Confederacy, in convention assembled, indorse the plan and purposes of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation to purchase and restore Stratford as a national shrine and memorial to Robert E. Lee, our peerless hero; and

2. That the chair appoint a committee of at least five to cooperate with the Memorial Foundation to secure title to Stratford by receiving such voluntary contributions as shall be within the compass of the humblest citizen who loved Lee and desires the grateful privilege of paying some tribute to him.

The five members of this committee will be the Commander in Chief, the three Department Commanders, and Adjutant General, Harry R. Lee, and to the latter may be sent all contributions from members of the organizations. His address is 210 Fall Street, Nashville, Tenn.

THE FIRST DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE.

(The reference in the VETERAN for May to the Mecklenburg resolutions as being the first declaration of independence on the part of Americans brought the query from J. A. Whitman, of Wytheville, Va.: "What about the Fincastle Resolution, written at the Lead Mines, the county seat of Fincastle County, Va., on January 20, 1775? The Fincastle Resolution preceded the Mecklenburg Resolution by about four months." Later on, by request, Mr. Whitman sent a copy of the Fincastle Resolution, as taken from "A History of the Middle New River Settlements," by David E. Johnston, which is here given.)

On the 20th day of January, 1775, the Freemen of Fincastle County assembled at Lead Mines and made a declaration which was the precursor of that of July 4, 1776, made by the Congress at Philadelphia. This declaration of the Fincastle men, foreshadowing American independence, was the first one made in America, and it so fully breathes the spirit of independence and freedom that it is hereby inserted in full:

"In obedience to the resolves of the Continental Congress, a meeting of the Freeholders of Fincastle County, in Virginia, was held on the 20th day of January, 1775, and who, after approving of the association formed by that august body in behalf of all the colonies, and subscribing thereto, proceeded to the election of a committee, to see the same carried punctually into execution, when the following gentlemen were nominated:

"The Rev. Charles Cummings, Col. William Preston, Col. William Christian, Capt. Stephen Trigg, Maj. Arthur Campbell, Maj. William Ingles, Capt. Walter Crockett, Capt. John Montgomery, Capt. James McGavock, Capt. William Campbell, Capt. Thomas Madison, Capt. Evan Shelby, and Lieutenant Edmonston. After the election, the committee made choice of Col. William Christain for their chairman, and appointed Mr. David Campbell to be clerk.

"The following address was then unanimously agreed to by the people of the county, and is as follows:

"To The Honorable Peyton Randolph, Esquire, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Jr., Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmond Pendleton, Esquires, the delegates from this colony who attended the Continental Congress held at Philadelphia:

Gentlemen: Had it not been for our remote situation, and the Indian war which we were lately engaged in to chastise these cruel and savage people

for the many murders and depredations they have committed amongst us, now happily terminated under the auspices of the present worthy Governor, His Excellency, the Right Honourable Earl of Dunmore, we should have before this time made known to you our thankfulness for the very important services you have rendered to your country, in conjunction with the worthy delegates from the other provinces. Your noble efforts for reconciling the mother country and the colonies, on rational and constitutional principles, and your pacifick, steady, and uniform conduct in that arduous work immortalize you in the annals of your country. We heartily concur in your resolutions and shall, in every instance, strictly and invariably adhere thereto.

"We assure you, gentlemen, and all of our countrymen, that we are a people whose hearts overflow with love and duty to our lawful Sovereign, George the Third, whose illustrious House for several successive reigns have been the guardians of the civil and religious rights and liberties of British subjects, as settled at the glorious revolution; that we are willing to risk our lives in the service of his Majesty for the support of the Protestant Religion and the rights and liberties of his subjects; as they have been established by compact Law and Ancient Charters. We are heartily against the differences which now subsist between the parent state and the colonies, and most urgently wish to see harmony restored on an equitable basis, and by the most lenient measures that can be devised by the heart of man. Many of us and our forefathers left our native land, considering it as a Kingdom subjected to inordinate power; we crossed the Atlantic and explored this then wilderness, bordering on many Natives or Savages and surrounded by mountains almost inaccessible to any but those various Savages, who have insistentlly been committing depredations on us since our first settling the Country. These fatigues and dangers were patiently encountered, supported by the pleasing hope of enjoying these rights and liberties which have been granted to Virginians and denied us in our native country, and of transmitting them inviolate to our posterity. But even to this remote region the hand of enmity and unconstitutional power hath preceded us to strip us of that liberty and property with which God, Nature, and the Rights of Humanity have visited us. We are ready and willing to contribute all in our power for the support of his Majesty's Government, if applied to considerately, and when grants are made by our Representatives, but cannot think of submitting our liberty or property to the power of a venal British Parliament, or will of a greedy ministry.

"We by no means desire to shake off our duty or allegiance to our lawful Sovereign, but on the con-

trary shall ever glory in being the royal subjects of the Protestant Prince, descended from such illustrious progenitors, so long as we can enjoy the free exercise of our religion as Protestants and our liberties and properties as British subjects. But if no pacific measures shall be proposed or adopted by Great Britian, and our enemies will attempt to dragoon us out of these inestimable privileges which we are entitled to as subjects, and to reduce us to a state of slavery, we declare that we are deliberately determined never to surrender them to any power upon earth but at the expense of our lives.

"These are real though unpolished sentiments of liberty, and in them we are resolved to live and die."

We are, gentlemen, with the most perfect esteem and regard,

Your most obedient servants,"

From the American Archives, Fourth Series, First Volume, page 1166.

L. P. Summers in his "History of Southwest Virginia," gives the same.

It is to be found in other works of history.

The Capt. William Campbell, who was one of the signers of the Fincastle Resolution, was the Gen. William Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain. He married a sister of Patrick Henry. They are buried at Aspenvale, near Seven Mile Ford, Smyth County, Va.

Fincastle County, of which the Lead Mines was the county seat, at that time extended to the Mississippi River and took in all of the territory immediately west of us.

"TELL A. P. HILL."

(Among the last words of Stonewall Jackson were: "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action"; of R. E. Lee: "Tell A. P. Hill he must come up.")

No epitaph more noble or sublime
Has e'er been writ in all the tide of time,
Nor yet can be; they do all fullness fill,
These—death's undying words—"Tell A. P. Hill!"

Hill was already Fame's, but Jackson's death
Confirmed her verdict with his latest breath;
So Lee's last words, as his great heart fell still,
Were Fame's and Jackson's own, "Tell A. P. Hill!"

"Prepare for action!" Ah, the action's done,
These three have met on fields beyond the sun,
But Fame endures and will endure until
Her trumpets cease to sound—"Tell A. P. Hill!"

—W. W. Scott.

IN MEMORIAM—DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD.
BY SALLY WASHINGTON MAUPIN, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT, MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

Dr. Henry Elliott Sheperd, in his eighty-seventh year, on May 29, 1929, at his home in Baltimore, answered the bugle call to "cross over the river and rest beneath the shade of the trees."

When the Southland prepared for her baptism of blood, Dr. Shepherd, a lad of sixteen, enlisted from his native State in the 43rd North Carolina Regiment of Infantry, Daniel's Brigade, in which he won his commission as first lieutenant. A participant in many important battles, he at last fell wounded in the third day's engagement on the field at Gettysburg. Taken prisoner, he was, with many delays, finally removed to Johnson's Island, one of the most famous of the Federal prisons. There, as an inmate of Block 11, he endured the untold privations and hardships that befell those who languished in durance vile amid the rigors of a Northern clime. Released, and paroled after the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., Dr. Shepherd returned to his home in Fayetteville, N. C.

A man of wide cultural endowments, he early became an outstanding figure as savant, philosopher, historian—an intensive student of Holy Writ and an authority on theological subjects, as easily familiar with the garnered lore of the old world, through the broadening influences of travel and wide social contacts, as he was versed in the literature of his own country. Throughout his life, Dr. Shepherd was affiliated with the Presbyterian denomination and faithful to its teachings.

Dr. Shepherd's activities as an educator were diverse. At Louisburg, N. C., he taught for a time, also lectured in various sections of the country. Between the years 1868-75, he was an instructor at the Baltimore City College, subsequently becoming Superintendent of Public Schools. Responding to a call from Charleston to become the organizer and president of that institution of learning, he remained there for a period of fifteen years. During that time he wrote and edited many books widely circulated, among them a masterly treatment of the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee. At all times was Dr. Shepherd's correspondence of enormous scope, scholars from all parts of the world seeking to verify through the trained accuracy of his mind data of historical facts and the classics; and he had the distinction of being one of the limited number of Americans invited to contribute to the great Oxford Dictionary. Student and lover of poetry, Dr. Shephrd numbered among his personal friends such men as Tennyson, Sidney Lanier, Longfellow, and other poets.

The city of his adoption, the community and State

at large, mourn Dr. Shepherd as a citizen of unblemished repute. The friends who were privileged to come into close contact with the charm of his courtly personality revere him as one of the old school who bore "without reproach, the grand old name of gentleman."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, both here and elsewhere, have lost one of the most admired and respected of its supporters. This organization, ever dear to his heart, has been enriched through the years by his interest and help, no literary labors being too intensive to deprive any individual Daughter of either his time or attention.

"So rests his head upon the lap of earth," "among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed with blame, have been in all conjunctions true to themselves, their country, and their God."

"LIFE AND LABOR IN THE OLD SOUTH."*

REVIEWED BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT.

Some years ago I received a letter from a member of the faculty of the University of Georgia who had been reading a little book entitled "Grandmother Stories," and he wrote:

"You keep saying that Georgians should be proud of this thing, or that, or the other. This is undoubtedly true, but it is my observation that State pride is waning, waning. . . . The students at the University have almost none of it. . . . These desperately scientific-minded youngsters want to know why, if our remote ancestors were so very grand, does it turn out that Georgia now foots the lists in so many tables of achievement? In fact, it is a hard question to answer."

"Life and Labor in the Old South" offers happy refutation of such a view as expressed above; having been awarded the prize of \$2,500 offered by Little, Brown Company for the best unpublished book on American history, the author who thus heads the list in this "Table of Achievement," was "born and bred" in Georgia, and for years has been writing history and biography of first class. Such work as he has done, he promises to continue to do, and this is supplemented by achievement of others of the State. Allow me to call to mind a notable book by a Georgian reviewed in the VETERAN some years ago, "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet," by John Donald Wade.

By all means State pride should be waxing, waxing!

* * *

"Life and Labor in the Old South" is a handsome volume, appropriately illustrated. The writing of

*"Life and Labor in the Old South." By Ulrich Bonnell Phillips. Publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

such a book represents the ultimate function of the qualified historian, in that facts are so assembled and related that a particular study of conditions of life is not given that provincial bias so detrimental to the unprejudiced survey, but receives a broad-minded, intelligent adjustment to the general status of society of the age in which these conditions are found.

The causes, growth, and development of the institution of slavery in the South is justly treated as a peculiar and passing phase of an age-old and universal social order, and not as sporadic and Southern in character. This inherited social order would have passed naturally with other archaic institutions, for wage labor was to the economic interest of all classes. Another generation of "scientific-minded" youth would have risen up against that incubus and sought real freedom for the whole agricultural section, enslaved as it was, and is, by tariff laws.

There is something fascinating as well as masterly in the writings of Ulrich B. Phillips, and that book is singularly delightful reading. There is "distinctive genius in his way of taking infinite pains, a sweet tolerance, a touch of humor, a natural grace that lightens the pages. In gathering facts about slavery, he selects those salient with scientific indifference, and withal is evidenced acute intellectually in generalization. So much is suggested that the instances given may be multiplied a thousandfold. Labor in the South? How much of it was done by the white ladies, mistresses of such plantation homes as "Wingate Hall," in Stephen Vincent Benit's epic poem. This typical home was in Georgia—we know how true to the life.

One reviewer has written: "It is to be regretted that Professor Phillips has not seen fit to analyze somewhat more fully the cultural side of the Old South, to describe the South that produced the *Southern Literary Messenger*, *The Charleston Mercury*, and *The Richmond Enquirer*; that patronized William Gilmore Simms and Henry Timrod, John P. Kennedy and William Wirt; that sent twice as many students to college as any other section of the country and filled the pews of the churches to overflowing every Sunday."

No doubt Dr. Phillips will do this in later volumes promised, and do it brilliantly. To write exhaustively and not selectively of life and labor in the South would have been an impossible task, and not to be comprised in one volume. The South had no paved roads nor palaces built by servile labor; there are no monuments or ruins of wealth that passed away.

The millionaire class of to-day would scorn the plain homes and frugal life of the planter class. But we claim a heritage from matchless men and women who knew the sane and subtle art of living and let

live, which means civilization. In the words of the author: "Social ease, often heightened into winning kindness and cordiality, came not only from precept, but from our accustomed expectation of meeting these qualities in others."

It makes a wondrous story, the distinctive development of this civilization in the South from early colonial days unto the time of flowering and its destruction in the sixties. Dr. Phillips writes of Virginia: "Somehow, though rusticity remained almost complete, urbanity prevailed against rusticity, and somehow the Old Dominion formed a crucible in which men and women were refined until, in the times that tried man's souls, a galaxy on each occasion stood forth."

Virginia, the home of "gallantry and serenity," became the pattern for newer States so largely populated by her, and so the word "Southern" became the designation of these attributes.

Two races in the South hold a common tradition, a code of honor and manners instilled for generations. Understanding beats in the pulse of their Southern blood. Together in life and labor, they formed a civilization different from any the sun ever shone on. The future is theirs; what their forbears did, they can do. We hand the gage to "scientific-minded young Americans in the South and commend to their profound consideration such studies of their history as offered by scholars like Ulrich B. Phillips: that they may learn how to think, how to weigh evidence, reason, and draw conclusions that will bring just pride and hope. A last survey of that past from which we must turn with new hopes for a new age is given on the concluding page of Dr. Phillips' book. It is worth pondering: "De Bow lamented in 1859 that railroad facilities were bringing a less desirable element (to White Sulphur, Va.). We are glad to say, however, that much of the older times still linger here, the propriety of demeanor, polish of manners, courtesy, and cleverness which seem inseparable from Southern society." (The word "cleverness" is here used in the Southern colloquial sense of obliging disposition). "The 'olden times' lingered at White Sulphur and on the plantations. Lusty manhood withered with age and found place under new slabs in family burying grounds. Young mothers, with old mammies to help them, led their children in the way they should go, and fathers took striplings in hand that they might be men in turn. Courtships calm or tumultuous led to marriages with or without settlements to secure the bride's property to her and her children. Generations went and generations came, new households in old homes, old burdens on young shoulders, fresh voices to speak old phrases: "The ways of industry

are constant and regular.' 'Order and system must be the aim of every one'; 'the care of the negroes is the first thing to be recommended'; 'no man should attempt to manage negroes who is not perfectly fearless, and in entire control of his temper.' These rules of great planters for their overseers were also maxims for themselves and their sons. They served for two centuries and most of them are not yet outworn.

"The olden times had prevailed but a hundred years in the Virginia Piedmont, and half as long in most of the cotton belt; but that was ample to hallow them in the minds of those who had found them congenial. The scheme of life had imperfections which all but the blind could see. But its face was, on the whole, so gracious that modifications might easily be lamented and projects of revolution regarded with a shudder.'

THE HEROINE OF FORT FISHER.

BY LOUIS T. MOORE, IN CHARLOTTE OBSERVER.

The fall of Fort Fisher, in January, 1865, was the determining event of the War between the States. This post guarded the port of Wilmington. The backbone of the Confederacy was broken when Wilmington fell, and Lee surrendered to Grant within ninety days. The bravery and gallantry of Col. William Lamb, in command until wounded, of General Whiting, and of Maj. James Reilly, of Wilmington, in charge after the wounding of Colonel Lamb, is a matter of historic record.

This is to be the story of the "Heroine of Fort Fisher." She was veritably an angel of mercy to sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, a brave and fearless woman who elected to spend the last two years of the war in a lonely hut north of Fort Fisher, so that she could be near her beloved husband. Her romantic and remarkable influence has never been sufficiently emphasized and published.

This wonderful and lovely character, the only white woman who lived under constant exposure of shot and shell fired by the Federal blockade fleet at belated blockade runners, was Mrs. Daisy Chaffee Lamb, wife of Colonel Lamb. This particular phase of Fort Fisher reads more like romance than fact. The chapter is being outlined to show that the bravery of womanhood was never more certainly exemplified than in the lonely and heroic life which Mrs. Lamb voluntarily adopted for the sake of the cause so wonderfully served by the gallant husband and by herself as well. Her presence, the delicate touch of her hand, her words of cheer and comfort proved veritable healing elements to many wounded and sick Confederate soldiers during the dark and trou-

lous times, supported with an invading army of more than ten thousand men.

While man may wage war, it is a fact that encouragement and support from womanhood are necessary aids. This statement certainly was illustrated in the conduct and attitude of Mrs. Lamb. In her voluntary decision to subject herself to every discomfort, to every privation, to utter solitude for herself and children, to loneliness which one gathers from her letters almost drove her to despair at times—all of which she gladly underwent—one can readily see that her every thought was of her husband and of the cause for which he was fighting. Certainly the utter absence from historical record, which has thus far marked the wonderful bravery of Mrs. Lamb, is far from what is due her. This tribute is published in the hope that, while of most belated nature, it will nevertheless serve to give the public a true perspective and grateful acknowledgment of the valorous character possessed by the beautiful and brave "Heroine of Fort Fisher."

Miss Daisy Chaffee was the lovely and charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Marcus Chaffee, of Providence, R. I. In the fall of 1857, she was married to William Lamb, a gallant young Southerner. He had just passed his majority. He took her to his home in Norfolk, where she quickly became enamored of her surroundings. Her life in the South soon caused her to forget the environment of the North in which she had been reared.

After John Brown's raid occurred and her husband was ordered to Harper's Ferry, there was not a more indignant woman in all the South. Secession at last came. It brought with it a four-year period of war and strife. From that time on, there was not a more enthusiastic adherent of the cause of the South than this charming young woman who had formerly lived in the North. In her letters it is rather amazing to note the many times she spoke of the Northern forces as "The Yankees."

Her father-in-law was mayor of Norfolk. It was he who formally surrendered that city to the Federals in May, 1862. A son was born to her about this time. Since she was in a subjugated community, open to the privations necessarily enforced by the conquerors, and as her husband was fighting for his beloved Southland elsewhere, Mr. Chaffee, in Providence, insisted that his daughter and her children come to his home. She complied with his wishes for a short while. Despite the fact that she was domiciled in an elegant home, with all luxuries and conveniences, she told her father frankly that she preferred to leave so as to share with her beloved husband the uncertainties and hardships of the South. The Union authorities would not permit her to return to the South

with a nurse. As it was manifestly impossible for her to manage three little children, she left the youngest with his grandparents. With two others, she then courageously set out for Dixie. Her personal property and effects were ruthlessly thrown aside by inspectors. No entreaties availed to pass anything except a scanty supply of clothing and other necessities.

Upon arrival at Wilmington, Mrs. Lamb was offered a spacious house in the city, or the use of Orton, the splendid colonial mansion in Brunswick County, about opposite Fort Fisher, still used by the present owner. The brave young woman refused these proffers. She elected to take up her abode in a pilot's house, near the fort. Here she remained until the soldiers could build a crude cabin. The location of the hut was a short distance north of the ocean side of Fort Fisher.

In this quaint cabin, constructed in primitive style, with three rooms around one big chimney, the heroine of Fort Fisher spent practically two years, from 1863 until the end of the war in 1865. The hut had a porch. Promenading upon the piazza (according to letters of the heroine) constituted practically her only form of exercise. A vivid comparison is seen with the elegant home in the North which she had voluntarily left to be near her husband, when it is recalled that the only light and heat in the cabin were furnished by North Carolina pine knots.

It was in this cabin that Mrs. Lamb won for herself the honorable title, "Heroine of Fort Fisher." Although weighed down by the utter loneliness of her position as she was the only white woman living in the vicinity of the fort, she never for a moment neglected an opportunity to serve the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. These men, some of them wounded unto death, were the objects of her tenderest solicitude. There was nothing which she could possibly do for their comfort or convenience which she left undone. It was her actions in this respect which caused her to be looked upon by the soldiers of the garrison as the "Angel of the Fort." Her work for the sick and wounded entitles Mrs. Lamb to a never-to-be forgotten place in the annals of the Confederacy. Any reference to Fort Fisher, and to the men who so gallantly defended the garrison against overwhelming odds, is incomplete without some acknowledgment of her attitude and work.

At first, Mrs. Lamb was satisfied with the crudest forms of fare, such as corn bread, pork, potatoes, and rye coffee with sorghum sweetening. If the average woman of the present day will reflect upon the hardships which Mrs. Lamb gladly assumed to cheer and brighten her husband, she will certainly agree with the statement that our heroine played a wonderful

part in the soul-stirring story of the last days of the Confederacy. After the blockade runners established connection with the port of Wilmington, and with the fort, it is needless to say that Mrs. Lamb was showered with gifts of provisions, etc. These filled her larder to overflowing.

Mrs. Lamb was staying in her hut at the time Rose Greenhow, the Confederate woman spy, was drowned, in September, 1864, off Fort Fisher. She helped to tenderly prepare for burial the remains of the spy. The body was carried to Wilmington and interred in Oakdale Cemetery.

While filled with hardship and exactions, Mrs. Lamb's life at the fort had a romantic atmosphere in the fox hunts with horse and hounds, in witnessing the narrow escape of friendly vessels running the blockade, in being near the scene when deserters were occasionally executed, in watching the occasional bombardment of the Federal fleet off shore, etc. The death of an infant son one summer's night was an exceedingly sad chapter in her life. It occurred at a time when loneliness and separation from her family made it doubly hard to bear.

Mrs. Lamb was a fearless woman. Her bravery was well exemplified at the final bombardment of Fort Fisher. The Federal fleet reappeared unexpectedly on the night of January 12, 1865. Her husband, in command of the fort, sent her a message to pack at once and be prepared to leave with her children as soon as he could come to tell her good-by. The garrison barge was stationed near the cottage. After midnight, Colonel Lamb went to the hut, but all was dark and silent. He found that his original message had been delivered. Although the bombardment had already started and the hut was just as much in line of fire as the fort proper, Colonel Lamb discovered that his brave wife was absolutely undisturbed by the news of the bombardment. She had gone to bed with her children, having made no preparations for escape. He then hurried his family to the boat as soon as they could be dressed, taking only what could be gathered up hastily. They left dresses, toys, and household articles to fall into the hands of the enemy.

Mrs. A. A. Billisely, of Norfolk, Va., one of the three surviving children of Colonel and Mrs. Lamb, has a series of letters written by the "Heroine of Fort Fisher" to her parents during the fateful days of 1863-65. These letters are of the most intimate family nature. They reveal the intense love which Mrs. Lamb had for her husband and children and other members of the family. These communications in themselves constitute a valuable historical picture of the stormy times which featured the concluding months of the war. From these letters one

can well visualize the intense loneliness and homesickness which permeated her life at Fort Fisher. She describes vividly the rough nature of the shack in which she lived. In all the letters, however, there is not a single word of complaint. A vein of cheerfulness and optimism pervades them, illustrating in no uncertain manner the unquenchable spirit of the brave person who wrote them. Under conditions which would have tried the soul of any delicate woman, her wonderful faith is revealed in the following sentence from one of her letters: "I do think we are blessed in these hard and trying times, and I feel that God is so good to us."

In all of these letters she pours out her love for the young son who had been left with her parents in the North. She also details at length the utter loneliness of her existence in the hut near the fort. In one, she asked her parents to send her some books via Bermuda, with which she might while away some of the dreary hours. She humorously says in another that she would like to send a picture of one of her boys as he appears in his home-made hat. She said she could buy none for him and had made a broad-brimmed one of pasteboard and covered it with brown and white gingham. She remarked amusedly: "It has gotten wet and is all kinds of shapes." In this letter she mentions that calico is four dollars a yard, that she had paid \$30 for a coarse straw hat, \$20 for a pair of shoes, and \$5 for a pair of gloves.

These letters are heart appealing and portray humanly the valorous and brave soul possessed by the "Heroine of Fort Fisher."

Mrs. Lamb's little hut near Fort Fisher was a historic structure. She entertained there with true Southern hospitality and graciousness many famous English naval officers and others who visited Wilmington during the course of the port blockade. Some of these distinguished Britishers came under assumed names. Their sympathies were with the South, but as citizens of a nonpartisan nation they had to keep their identities secret. Among some of those who were entertained in the little house by Mrs. Lamb and Colonel Lamb were Roberts, afterwards the renowned Hobart Pasha who commanded the Turkish navy; Murray, later Admiral Murray-Ansley, rapidly promoted in the British navy for gallantry and meritorious services; the brave but unfortunate Hugh Burgoyne, V. C., who went down, in the British ironclad Captain, in the Bay of Biscay; and the chivalrous Hewett, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea and was knighted for his services as ambassador to King John of Abyssinia. In addition to the foregoing, there were many genial and gallant merchant captains. Among these were Halpin, who afterwards commanded the Great Eastern

while laying ocean cables. Two famous war correspondents also were entertained. These were Hon. Francis C. Lawley, M.P., correspondent of the *London Times*, and Frank Vizeitelli, of the *London Illustrated News*, afterwards murdered in the Soudan. All these and many other famous men were the recipients of the generous hospitality of this gracious and charming Southern heroine.

While this little story is intended as a slight tribute to Mrs. Lamb, it is interesting to note just here the fact that, in 1896, Colonel Lamb, commander of the fort, and General Curtis, in command of the Federal forces, visited together the scenes of the world's most terrific naval bombardment prior to the great war. They fraternized with each other and spent a day in inspecting the fort. In landing from a small boat, Colonel Lamb's health made him cautious about getting in the water. Mr. T. W. Clawson, dean of the Wilmington newspaper fraternity now, carried Colonel Lamb "pickaback" to shore, in spite of an offer from General Curtis to be the bearer. The newspaper man since has often chided himself for not allowing Colonel Lamb to ride his "friend the enemy." Then he could have witnessed the remarkable instance of a brave and distinguished Federal officer carrying on his back the illustrious Confederate, who, thirty-years prior, was raising "Old Harry" with shot and shell to keep the general at a safe distance.

The letters written by Mrs. Lamb from which quotations are made were stored in an iron box. The receptacle was all that was saved from a huge fire in a storage warehouse. The box was dug out of the ruins two years after the conflagration.

Mrs. Lamb was a very beautiful woman, small, a brunette, with large hazel eyes. She and Colonel Lamb were lovers of the truest type throughout their long and happy wedded life. He was such a lover that he always prided himself in telling his friends that he had saved every letter she had written to him in life.

After the fall of Fort Fisher, Mrs. Lamb lost all trace of her husband. She finally found him in the big Federal hospital at Fortress Monroe. With her usual bravery and devotion, she stayed with him while he was a prisoner. After his release, they returned to the old Lamb homestead in Norfolk. They had a family of eleven children. Only three are living to-day. These are Miss Maria Kerr Lamb, Henry Whiting Lamb, the youngest son, and Mrs. Madge Lamb Billisely, now living in Norfolk.

Mrs. Daisy Chaffee Lamb, truly denominated by the sick and wounded soldiers whom she befriended as the "angel of Fort Fisher," died in 1892 at the age of fifty years. She was buried in Elmwood cemetery, Norfolk. Colonel Lamb never married again. Hon-

ored and beloved as one of the heroic sons of the Confederacy, he died in 1909. Lovers in life, this brave and courageous man and woman are closely united in death, their bodies being deposited in the same grave which he had made at the time of her death.

tually be an open route all the year, with ideal climatic conditions. One of the most picturesque roads in America will be the scenic route through the Davis Mountains and by old Fort Davis, named by the United States Government to honor Jefferson Davis for gallantry in the Mexican War of 1846.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL MEMORIAL.

BY MRS. J. H. ANDERSON, STATE DIRECTOR.

The Jefferson Davis Transcontinental Highway extends from the Capital of the nation through many of the capitals of the Southern States, to the Gulf, and from the borders of Mexico to the Golden Gate City on the Pacific, with spurs intersecting from the States on the Mississippi Valley, and stretches three thousand four hundred and seventeen miles. Each mile is dedicated to the memory of a great American, the man who, from 1861 to 1865, made the most supreme sacrifices for the cause of the right of the States to self-government—Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy.

ROUTE THROUGH NORTH CAROLINA.

The designation by name of the Jefferson Davis Highway through North Carolina was secured by the State Highway Commission, September, 1922, through the earnest efforts of Mrs. Thrash, then North Carolina's director of the Highway. The route every ten miles was marked with small granite boulders, on which a bronze tablet states that this is the Jefferson Davis National Highway. At our State boundaries were placed large granite and bronze markers at a cost of about \$200, each.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are endeavoring to make this one of the most beautiful and renowned highways in this or any other country. This memorial transcontinental highway is eminently fitting, as it was Jefferson Davis who, when Secretary of War under President Pierce, was the first to conceive and advocate the plan of a great transcontinental railway from coast to coast, and the Jefferson Davis Highway follows the southern route which was outlined by Mr. Davis.

On the bronze tablets of these boulders at State boundaries is the following inscription, showing the services of Jefferson Davis to the nation as well as to the Southern Confederacy:

“JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY, A MEMORIAL
TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

GRADUATED AT WEST POINT, 1826

SERVICES

INDIAN WARS 1828-1836-CONGRESS 1845-46

COLONEL U. S. A., HERO OF BUENA VISTA AND
MONTERREY.

SECRETARY OF WAR 1853-57; SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI 1849-51-57-61

PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES, 1861-65

ERECTED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE
CONFEDERACY.”

It was in 1913 that the United Daughters of the Confederacy undertook the Jefferson Davis Highway, a work of stupendous proportions, of vast importance, of untold historic value. This is said to be the only road-building undertaking ever fostered by a woman's organization. The general plan has been to link up parts of State highways, have such parts designated by each State highway commission as the Jefferson Davis Highway, then to mark and beautify the same. The idea which directed the course of this highway was not only to include the Southern capitals, but many points of historic and scenic interest. Starting from the Potomac Bridge, it passes Arlington, Mount Vernon, battle fields of the War between the States and other points in Virginia and the Carolinas linked with vivid history of America; the grandeur of Stone Mountain; “Fairview,” Ky., birthplace of Jefferson Davis, which is marked by the second highest monument in the world; then on through Beauvoir, the last home of President Davis, and on to the historic city of New Orleans, whence it follows the old Spanish trails through Texas and California, America's alluring playground.

Many of the States are emphasizing their routes by marking historic spots along the way, bringing out the historic value of the highway. On a handsome bowlder placed at the most southern point of this highway in Texas is recorded the part taken by Jefferson Davis as the hero of Buena Vista and Monterrey.

North Carolina was the first State to place permanent markers along her entire route, and it was the earnest wish of the former State directors, Mrs. O. E. Mendenhall and the late Mrs. R. P. Holt, that it be the first State to beautify its entire length.

This highway traverses a most interesting and attractive section of our State. As route Number 75 it enters North Carolina from Virginia three miles above Bullock, passes through the lovely tulip town of Oxford, on through the bustling city of Durham, with its “Hope Valley” estates, then through beautiful flower-bordered Chapel Hill, seat of the oldest State university; on through the historic little town

The Jefferson Davis National Highway will vir-

of Pittsboro (where Cornwallis rested after the battle of Guilford Courthouse.) Ten miles farther on, Number 75 joins Route 50 (which brings the traveler from the State's capital), and the highway then goes through the busy railroad towns of Sanford and Aberdeen. Leaving Route 75, the highway enters the famous winter resort of Southern Pines, as Route 50, on to Richmond County's thriving seat, Rockingham, and eight miles farther it enters South Carolina.

A book of this national highway has been authorized for publication by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to give historical information to the traveler, so that he who rides may read as he journeys through our Southland.

Each State's director of the U. D. C. is vying with the other in extolling the attractions and progress of State's section of this highway. As North Carolina's director, I am anxious, at the next general convention, to report that the North Carolina Daughters have actually begun the beautification of this as a whole, and, as in other things, to place our State among the first in this great undertaking.

For several years the North Carolina Daughters have been raising a fund for the beautification of our part of this road, but until sufficient funds are on hand the work cannot be begun. This should not be the work of only this organization, but every loyal "Tar Heel" should contribute to this project, so that planting of our section may be well under way this fall. All property owners along this road and the civic bodies of men and women in towns through which it passes are being urged to make this route not only beautiful, but free of the unsightly billboards that mar the landscape. It would be well for many of us to remember that by act of the North Carolina legislature in 1924, it was made a misdemeanor "for any person not on his own land, who shall within one hundred yards of any State highway in North Carolina to commit any damage or any injury or spoliation to any tree, wood, timber, plants, etc., or who cuts, breaks, or injures such, or who shall deposit any trash, débris, garbage, or litter within such limits." If this law were observed along the Jefferson Davis Highway, it would assist greatly in its beautification.

When the red and white crêpe myrtles (the flower elected for North Carolina's route) are planted the length of our section, interspersed with native trees and plants there will be no more beautiful road in the land. The Highway Commission and State Department of Conservation and Forestry are coöperating with our U. D. C. committee in this undertaking, which will be a wonderful memorial to a great man, the martyr of the Confederacy.

We are endeavoring to put our grand old State ahead of other States on the Jefferson Davis High-

way, and with this refrain of our General Chairman in our minds, we shall soon realize our plans in its beautification:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Through the land of the U. D. C.
'Tis the Jefferson Davis Highway,
And it's calling you and me.
We never will stop working,
Till all our dreams come true.
Till the day that I go riding
Down that long, long trail with you."

FINDINGS IN MARYLAND HISTORY.

BY MRS. MAUDE B. HUNNEBERGER, HISTORIAN MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

Some one has said that Maryland is but a rim of shore, a shell of mountain, but all pure gold, and it is even so. But when we think of the heritage that was hers, we do not wonder that she has done so much toward the making of this country and the cause of the Southland. When that little band of pilgrims founded the settlement of St. Marys, it marked a distinct era in the religious history of the world, for then and there religious liberty gained its first foothold among all the nations of the earth.

It has been said also that to Maryland belongs the peerless distinction of being the Land of Sanctuary, for here all creeds found a peaceful home—the Prelatist, excluded from the haven of Plymouth; the Puritan, self-righteous, yet self-denying; the peaceful Quaker, hounded from every spot where he might build a little cabin to call his home; as well as the Jew, persecuted by all, found in this little land of Mary, a welcome and an abode of peace.

This palatine form of government had been experimented upon before, but without success. Joseph II of Austria, the son of one of the greatest rulers the world has ever known, Maria Theresa, tried it, as did William the Conqueror of England, when he invested the Bishops of Durham and Chester with superior power. But it remained for our little colony of Maryland to establish it first in all the world.

So with a Christian basis like this, is it any wonder she has been so full of good works, even in the "War of the Rebellion." I still call it that, for it was even so; but we were not the "rebels." In the Constitution of the United States there is a clause on State Rights. The North rebelled against this clause, and this is what brought on session. Daniel Webster, the great orator and statesman, known as the expounder of the Constitution—the New Englander to the manner born, and the bitter antagonist of our be-

loved John C. Calhoun of South Carolina—this same Daniel Webster, in the very zenith of his fame thirty years before secession came, made a stirring speech in old Faneuil Hall in Boston, on State Rights, in which he said: "The time will come when the South will positively have to secede." So bitter was the feeling against him that his own publishers were afraid to publish his speech, and it has been silenced, as has a lot of true history; but perhaps some day it may come into its own.

His prophecy was fulfilled. Secession came. South Carolina was the first to sign it, and she has given us a flag and a song of which we are proud, "The Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star," and a story that is without parallel in the whole world. Fort Sumter was under fire for sixty days and sixty nights and never was surrendered. The Fort defense work done there by Maj. John Johnson, Major of Engineers, was nothing less than a miracle. What the Federals pounded down during the day, Major Johnson had built up at night. He also had a channel made in direct line from Fort Sumter to old St. Philip's Church, placing a beacon light upon each (the spire of the later was planned by Sir Christopher Wren). This was known as a range of light, being the only one in the world, and it guided the vessels in safety across the bar, both in this war and the late World War.

Now Maryland has a song and a flag and a story of which we may be proud also. Our flag is part gold and bears the chevrons of the Calverts and the crosses of the Crosslands. And a song among songs; it was a call to arms, and a bitter call to arms, inspired by that blood riot when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment passed through Baltimore, when the first blood was shed in that war. Oliver Wendell Holmes called Randall a traitor, but he lived to see the day when he said he only wished he could have written a song on his side of the controversy with the ring and the spirit of "My Maryland"; and a lady from Boston wrote, "No wonder the South held out as long as it did if it lived on such music." Another said no national anthem ever approached it, not even The Marseillaise. It was first sung by Miss Jennie Carey of Baltimore, to the tune of an old Yale song. She also sang it under the protection of General Beauregard upon the field of the first Confederate triumph, the night before the first battle of Manassas, and the refrain was caught up and tossed back by hundreds of throats. There was not a dry eye in the tent, nor a cap with a rim on it in camp. Dr. Andrews says: "History does not record another such inception of a war song on the field of battle. It is a remarkable coincidence that Miss Rebecca Lloyd Nicholson carried this song to the publishers, as did her grand-

mother, Miss Rebecca Lloyd, almost fifty years before, carry "The Star-Spangled Banner" to the publishers, the original manuscript of which was written on the back of an envelope.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Dr. Gilman, J.H.U., that Baltimore had given three of the best things of its kind to the world! "My Maryland," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "The Raven." In order to appreciate our battle hymn, we must understand the situation here in Maryland. The midnight arrests, the proposed imprisonment of Chief Justice Taney, the U. S. Marshal closing the doors of the Maryland legislature, marching the secession party under guard to Fort McHenry, over thirty members, and lodged in prison there without even a trial. There was a complete suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, which had been the law ever since the year of 1679, when Charles II of England affixed his signature to it. Yet the secessionist has never had a hearing. And secession never would have destroyed a dollar's worth of property or a human life. It simply would have restricted the extent of the territorial jurisdiction of the Federal government.

The first blood shed in that war was in the streets of Baltimore. The first pikes made for the Confederate army were made in South Baltimore at the locomotive works of Mr. Ross Winans, which he had made for use in defense of Northern invaders. The first camouflaging done for that war, or any other war in America, was done by Ross Winans at his country estate at Catonsville, when he threw up breastworks simulating a fort, to frighten off Northern invaders, for which he was thrown into Fort McHenry for the second time. The first time he was put there for being a leader in Maryland legislature of the secession party, and so was my grandfather.

Ross Winans also invented a steam gun for the use of the Confederate army, which was captured by the Federal army either at the Relay or the Mount Clare Shops. This gun is described in a book called "Our Citizen Soldiers in the Late War." Then Ross Winans invented his cigar boats which were in reality submarines, and for use in the Confederacy; but after the battle of the Monitor and Virginia (Merrimac), he gave up all hope of getting sent to Richmond. Ross Winans may justly be called the "Father of the Submarine," for, prior to this neither Lake or Holland had ever given submarine construction the least thought.

When Butler took possession of the city of Baltimore, he ordered that the Winans' pikes be handed over to him. Marshal Kane refused to do so without a written order from Mayor Brown, for which he was thrown into a dungeon at Fort McHenry. They were called after that the "Marshal Kane Pikes"

and he afterwards became mayor of the city of Baltimore. He was a brother of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of Delaware, the great Arctic explorer. In the past year, the Maryland Division has had another finding, a most precious one, that Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the Southland, was born in Hagerstown and baptized in old St. Mary's Church there.

And there is something I would like to mention that is not generally known that happened in Maryland. It was after the battle of Antietam, and the armies were going off the field, when a gun carriage passed by, upon which was a sixteen-year-old boy, begrimed with powder and heat of the day. He saluted General Lee, and the latter said: "God bless you, Bobby!" It was his baby boy. And it has been said that never before in the history of any country has the son of the commander in chief been a private in the army. Now, about all Maryland did not do for that war, she did not secede; and if she had, it would have been one of the most unique things in all of history. But she was kept in the Union by force, for the guns of Fort McHenry were leveled upon the city of Baltimore.

Those brave men under Lee fought for State Rights, and perhaps some day it may come. I may not live to see it; you may not live to see it. It is still in embryo—but if it does come, the Southern cause will no longer be called the "Lost Cause." What a monument to the men who wore the gray!

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.]

When the State called for volunteers to defend her rights, and Fort Sumter was being wrested from Major Anderson, I was a schoolboy in the military school at Anderson, S. C. Both the teachers in that institution belonged to military companies and, as they had to join their commands, the school was broken up.

On the 14th day of April, 1861, the 4th South Carolina Regiment was ordered to report to the governor. The Palmetto Riflemen, a fine military company, was one of the companies attached to this regiment, so I laid my books aside, joined that company, and took up arms as a private to defend my State. We boarded the cars at Anderson and everybody in that city was at the depot to bid us good-by. Fathers, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts were there, and there were few dry eyes as the last loving kisses were imprinted upon the lips of the soldier boys.

I had no one to give me the farewell kiss and loving embrace, for I stole away without the knowledge of

my parents. We reached Columbia the next day and went into quarters in an old nunnery on Main Street, where we remained and drilled arduously for a month or more on the beautiful streets of Columbia.

As we were not versed in the rules and duties of a soldier, every man carried a trunk packed with all his fine clothes and other things that he had no use for. But the time was at hand when we were asked to volunteer for twelve months as Confederate soldiers, and I think about all of the Palmetto Riflemen readily consented.

We were mustered into the Confederate service by that brave Carolinian who gave to General Jackson the name of "Stonewall," Gen. Barnard E. Bee. As is well known, he was killed near the Henry House in the first battle of Manassas.

Some time in June we were ordered to Virginia, and we boarded the cars and went by the way of Wilmington and Weldon, a long, tedious route. When we reached Richmond, we went into camp just on the outskirts of the city, and I was told by an old citizen of Richmond that Monroe Park is the place where we first pitched our tents.

We remained there only a short while, when we were ordered to move. We boarded our train and sped our way on the wings of steam until we reached Gainesville, on the Manassas Gap Railroad. There we camped for the night and the next morning took up the line of our first march to the beautiful little town of Leesburg on the Potomac, about twenty miles from Washington. This, being our first long march, was very tiresome to us, but the citizens were true and patriotic and treated us well, and pretty girls handed us cold water and often nice milk fresh and cold from the springs that abound in that section.

When we got within about a mile of Leesburg, we went into our first camp in a beautiful grove overlooking the little city, and the camp was known as "Carolina." Thousands of letters were written from there headed, "Camp Carolina." Here we had a delightful time; true, we had many hard camp duties, such as drill and guard duties, but we did not mind that; for every day all the pretty girls were at the camp to see the drill and dress parade, and there were so many of them and they were so patriotic. They gave us so many nice things to eat and we could buy the nicest fresh clover butter at ten cents per pound, and everything else in proportion.

The ladies, as I said before, were truly patriotic. They presented the 4th South Carolina Regiment with a beautiful regimental flag, and when the presentation speech was concluded, Warren D. Wicks was called on. He had been accidentally shot in the leg and was lame, but he was lifted to the stand and made the most beautiful oration of his life. It was

eloquent beyond anything we expected, and he closed amid the shouts and hurrahs of that immense assemblage.

This flag is now in the possession of Mrs. J. A. Hoyt, of the city of Greenville.

But the time was approaching when the sterner realities of war were to be enacted. We had to part from these dear people too soon, for the enemy was advancing, and we hastily broke up at Camp Carolina and rapidly marched to Frying Pan (a very dismal place), from there to Camp Holcombe; thence to Stone Bridge, where the old 4th, on the 21st of July, held back the Army of the Potomac until reënforcement came to its relief. The story of this first great battle has so often been told that I shall not attempt to say more, except that this regiment, Wheat's Battallion, and two guns of the Loudon Battery distinguished themselves by bearing the brunt of the battle.

After this battle our army did very little except picket duty as "All was quiet on the Potomac." The summer was hot and trying on us as we camped at Germantown and as we picketed around Fairfax, Falls Church, and Munson's Hill. Then came the cold snowy winter with its piercing winds while we were in winter quarters on the bleak hills of Centerville. At this place I was taken ill and sent to the hospital at Warrenton Springs, where I was confined with a case of mumps. I spent the Christmas holidays at this place with several other South Carolinians—Samuel J. Douthit, Bill Chandler, and others. On returning to camp, I got sick furlough and remained at home till the reorganization of the army. When I concluded to return to my old command, I went to Adam's Run to visit my brother James, who was a lieutenant in the 2nd South Carolina Rifles. A new company had just arrived to fill out the regiment. Col. John V. Moore plead with me to join his regiment, that I had seen hard service in Virginia, and that there would be better opportunities for promotion in his regiment. I had my doubts about having the right to change my command, so he telegraphed the Secretary of War, who gave his permission. I was appointed first corporal in Company L and assisted in drilling the company. I was also appointed on the color guard. We were ordered to Virginia soon thereafter, and reached the camp the night before the battle of Seven Pines. We were held in reserve at this battle, but heard the music of the shells mingled with the Rebel yell.

Just after this battle the 2nd Rifles were placed in Anderson's Brigade, with my old comrades the Palmetto Riflemen, so I felt at home and knew that I was close to men who were true and tried. The battle of Gaines's Mill, the first battle of the 2nd

Rifles, was fought the 27th of June, 1862. I was not ashamed of its record that day; but we had a much harder fight on the 30th at Frazier's Farm. We gained the victory, but at a great loss. I was on the color guard, close by the colors when Thad Dean, its brave bearer, was killed. I, too, had a shock by a grapeshot striking my bayonet and bending it double. Here I captured several prisoners, but was unable to manage them.

At the close of this battle I was promoted to color bearer, a place I did not court. I made an effort to decline, but Colonel Moore insisted. Many of my comrades had made such discouraging remarks about the most dangerous position on account of being so conspicuous that I was somewhat intimidated, but I found it to be a very desirable position, so clean and nice, and nothing to do except when the regiment was called out.

I fired my last shot at the enemy on the battle field of Frazier's Farm. I don't know that I ever killed a man, and in all probability I did not, for I took deliberate aim at one there and missed him.

After these battles we moved by forced marches to form a junction with Jackson, who had got around to Manassas and captured large supplies of army stores. Longstreet's Corps was intercepted at Thoroughfare Gap, where we had to fight our way through to relieve Jackson, who was being sorely pressed. We succeeded in driving the enemy back and reached a position on Jackson's right on the afternoon of the 29th of August, 1862, and we bivouaked on the edge of a skirt of woods overlooking the plains of Manassas. The morning of the 30th dawned upon two powerful armies facing each other and watching for a chance to strike. Jackson had stubbornly held his position, though out of ammunition.

On the afternoon of the 30th, as Jackson had to resist the charges of column after column of the enemy, General Longstreet selected a commanding hill where he placed all the artillery. With shot and shell from these well-directed gunners, the enemy became confused, and Gen. Longstreet ordered his infantry forward. As we moved across the ravines and hills in battle line, I looked away to left where Hood's Texas Brigade was beautifully moving in battle line to meet the 5th New York Zouaves. It was a frightful scene! The brave New Yorkers stood their ground until the Texans killed, wounded, and captured the most of that command. In a little while after witnessing the grand charge of Hood's Brigade, we had reached a point about fifty yards in front of a piece of woodland and where, to my horror, I saw the enemy kneeling on one knee with arms at ready. I was in front carrying the colors. I cried out to the Colonel: "See the enemy!" but it was too late, for

they had the drop on us and right there we lost almost half of our regiment. Colonel Moore, Major White, and all the captains save one, were killed or wounded. It was a fearful blow to the 2nd Rifles. We lost so many good men without being able to accomplish much. It devolved upon me as color bearer to rally the regiment, as this fearful slaughter was enough to stagger and confuse the bravest hearts. As to how well I succeeded, I leave that to some of the members of the Old Palmetto Riflemen, my old comrades who witnessed it. My old friend, Colonel Hoyt, often alluded to it, not only to myself, but to others.

About fifty yards from where I stood to my left is where the shell from a battery on Bald Hill killed the three young men, sons of Methodist preachers, classmates and messmates in their company. I slept the night before on the same blanket with Hessian's son, and he told me that he would be killed the following day. It came to pass; he was killed. I never saw him again.

After we had recovered from that staggering blow, the enemy disappeared from our front, for the whole line for miles was pushing the enemy at every point and driving him back, while deadly missiles hurled their frightful shrieks of destruction through the air until the line had reached the vicinity of the Henry House.

The scene of the first battle, when darkness kindly spread her sable curtain over the field and hid from view "the bloodiest picture" of modern warfare—the solemnity that followed the close can never be forgotten! The dead, the wounded, the missing, and the searching parties trying to find their friends, listening for calls for help, a groan, and often to hear "Water! O for water!"

There were many prominent South Carolinians in this battle, and perhaps our State lost more men here than in any other battle. I think there were nine South Carolina colonels killed, but I did not know who had been killed or wounded until all was over. My position held me to the front. Sometimes a man's position makes him brave. So with me, for I could not have held up had it not been for the position I held. My honor was at stake.

After it was all over, I found that brother Jim was wounded and sent to the rear, the colonel mortally wounded, Jesse Emmerson killed, and many more of my intimate friends and comrades. So you cannot blame me for wanting to quickly tramp again over the fields that are rich from the blood of Southern patriots.

The next day we were ordered to pursue the enemy. I went as far as Ox Hill, where I was excused and placed on sick list and did not rejoin my command till

the Sharpsburg battle. We recrossed the Potomac near Shepardstown, Va., and camped near Martinsburg until December, when we took up forced marches to meet Gen. Joe Hooker at Fredericksburg. Just here I will mention one of the pathetic incidents that took place just as Lee's tattered and tired army recrossed the Potomac and reached the Virginia shore. Some one commenced to sing the old familiar hymn, "There is rest for the weary." One by one it was taken up until the whole army joined in and, as its echoes resounded over the hills, it made the sweetest music I ever heard.

On the march to Fredericksburg the cold December weather was very severe and when we reached the Rappahannock River, we had to wade it, for the bridge had been burned. It was about waist deep; ice had formed on the edge of its water, and when we plunged in I thought it was the coldest water in the world. But Lee's army, undaunted, waded the cold stream and continued the march in wet clothes until after dark. The marching in our wet shoes blistered our feet and put us in bad shape for the forced march the next day. However, we pulled through in time to give Gen. Joe Hooker a whipping that stopped his career for the winter.

At this battle the Butler Guards, with others, fought behind a stone wall and they killed Yankees by the acre. Yes, fully two acres were lying dead, crossed and piled on each other.

After this battle we went into camp on the heights around the city of Fredericksburg to watch Gen. Hooker's army. A vacancy for lieutenant in Company L was caused by the resignation of Lieutenant Major. An election was ordered, and Colonel Thompson told me that I must run for the office. I made the race and won by a large majority, so the colors fell into other hands and I buckled on the sword.

Snow storms were frequent here, and the ground was covered for several inches. We had a grand snowball battle and a very exciting one at this place, so much so that the whole army, the generals in command of their brigades and divisions, took part in it, and as one brigade would attack a camp and perhaps push them out for a time, the others would rally, and many hand-to-hand tussles occurred, but all in a frolicsome manner.

I had just been elected third lieutenant of Company L a few days when the colonel sent for me. I had no idea what he wanted, and when he handed me a paper and said, "Report at General Longstreet's Headquarters at once," I was startled, until he explained that he had received orders to send one man from his regiment home on thirty-five days' furlough to get recruits and arrest all who were at home over-time, and that he had given me the appointment.

My heart leaped for joy, a furlough! going home and so unexpected. How I bowed, saluted, and thanked the colonel for the unexpected pleasure! I hurried back to my company, broke the news to my captain and tried to find something decent to put on that I might make a favorable impression on General Longstreet. I hurried to his headquarters, some two miles away, and what do you suppose the "Old War Horse" said? These were his very words: "Go home, send all the recruits you can, and be sure to come back yourself."

I was not long in getting my transportation arranged, so I boarded the first train for "home, sweet home," and had a grand old time for the next thirty-days. I managed to get a few recruits for the army, as well as I could hope for, as the country had already been drained and the only chance were boys who were just reaching military age. But I took back many who were at home without leave. Two fine young men, John Williams and W. E. Branyon, enlisted with me, and I took them to my company.

After I left camp for home, Longstreet's corps moved south of the James on the Blackwater, so on returning to camp, I found my command there. I soon had the young boys broke into camp life, but very soon Williams took sick and was sent to the hospital in the little town, where the poor fellow died. His body was disinterred and sent home soon after.

(Continued in August Number.)

A REPRESENTATIVE VETERAN.

One of the young soldiers of the Confederacy was Corp. Wiley M. Crook, a native of Tennessee, but now a resident of Star City, Ark., for he joined the



WILEY M CROOK AND WIFE.

Confederate army when under eighteen, becoming a member of Company I, 13th Tennessee Infantry, at Corinth, Miss., in March, 1862. He was prompted to volunteer as a soldier when, early in 1862, West Tennessee was overrun by the invading army from the North. The 13th Tennessee was a part of one of the Tennessee Brigades which formed the Division commanded by Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, and Corporal Crook was in all the campaigns of Cheatham's Division from the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 7, 1862, to the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina, April 26, 1865. He took part in the battles of Richmond and Perryville, Ky.; was at Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, where he was wounded in the leg; was at Chickamauga, September, 1863, and at Missionary Ridge, where he was again wounded, this time in the arm.

The army retreated to Dalton, Ga., and went into winter quarters, and there, he says, "an event occurred which gave Tennessee a new right to be called the 'Volunteer State.' The time for which our troops had enlisted would soon expire, and to prevent a depletion of the army, on the 14th of January, 1864, Vaughan's Brigade reenlisted for the duration of the war, and on the 15th Strahl's Brigade so tendered their services, and this was followed by the brigades of Bate and Maney. All these brigades were of Cheatham's Division, and this patriotic act aroused a spirit of valor, characteristic of Cheatham's Division. No event of the war conferred a higher honor on the Confederate soldier than was here obtained by those brave Tennessee troops."

Corporal Crook was in the entire campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, and was in the fighting there during July, August, and September of 1864; then in the campaign into Tennessee, at the battle of Franklin and the disastrous fighting around Nashville in December, on the retreat out of Tennessee to Corinth, Miss., and into North Carolina to surrender.

Returning to Tennessee after the close of hostilities, he engaged in farming until, in 1875, he took his wife and little family in a two-horse wagon to Johnson County, Tex. He was a charter member of Camp Joe Wheeler, No. 581, U. C. V., at Cresson, Tex., and served as Adjutant. In 1907 he moved to Arkansas and joined Camp Ben McCulloch, No. 542, U. C. V., of which he has been Commander for fifteen years. He is now in his eighty-fifth year.



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.

SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH.

BY HATTIE WITHERINGTON PRICE.

Unto our just and righteous Cause,
Your youth, your all you gave,
And now you sleep the last long sleep,
Within your narrow grave.

Chorus.

O, sweetly sleep, brave soul and true,
While flowers we bring to you,
Sweet Southern blossoms that you loved,
For the low green grave of you.

Your Southland sent its ringing call,
No question and no pause,
You tore yourself from love and home,
Soldier of our great Cause!

And when from world to hurtling world
The last clear call shall run,
You'll hear your Father's loving voice:
"O faithful soul, well done!"

(Dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth Kittrell, President of the Hamburg (Ark.) Chapter, U. D. C., and sung on Memorial Day there, May 12, 1929), to the air, "I gave my life for thee.")

CAPT. J. H. TOMB.

Capt. James Hamilton Tomb, the man who, as an officer in the Confederate navy, engineered the first torpedo attack in naval history, a distinguished citizen of Jacksonville, Fla., for the last twenty-four years, died at his home there on May 25. He was in his ninety-first year, and had been ill only a short while.

Captain Tomb was engineer and torpedo officer of the C. S. S. David, the torpedo ship that plowed into the U. S. S. New Ironsides, of the Federal blockade off Charleston Harbor during the night of October 5, 1863.

The crew of the David, believing the ship would be blown to bits with the impact, had jumped overboard, but when it was discovered that the David was afloat after the New Ironsides was wrecked, Engineer Tomb swam back to the David and with the pilot brought the vessel back to shore. For the

hazardous service, he won commendation from President Davis and for his "gallant and meritorious conduct" was promoted to the chief engineership of the navy.

Born March 16, 1839, Captain Tomb came to Florida with his parents from Savannah, Ga., in 1852, settling on the banks of the St. Johns' River near New Berlin. In April, 1861, he was offered the appointment as third assistant engineer of the U. S. Navy, but declined the position to enter the Confederate States navy as third assistant engineer. He was promoted to second assistant engineer in September, 1862, first assistant engineer in August, 1863, and in June, 1864, received his commission as chief engineer, the appointment dating from October, 1863, the night of the torpedo attack.

He was serving on the C. S. S. Louisiana as engineer when Farragut captured New Orleans, and he was captured and imprisoned in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. His exchange was soon effected and he was ordered to the C. S. S. Chicora, Charleston squadron. He was associated with Lieutenant Glassell in attempts to torpedo ships of the Federal blockading squadron off Charleston, and first used open boats without success, the David affair coming in October, 1863.

After the War between the States, Captain Tomb went to Brazil, where he was appointed torpedo expert on the staff of the Brazilian admiral in command of the squadron operating against Paraguay, and in that position had much to do with the designing of torpedo protection craft for the Brazilian government. He served in that navy for six years.

Returning to the United States in 1872, Captain Tomb entered private business in St. Louis, Mo., going back to Florida in 1905.

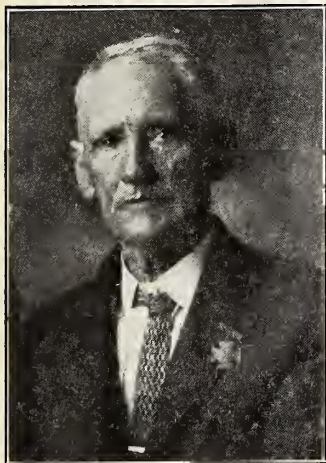
Surviving him are two sons, Capt. J. H. Tomb, of New York City, and Capt. W. V. Tomb, of Los Angeles, both of the U. S. navy, retired. A sister also survives him.

EDMOND T. BAYSE.

Edmond T. Bayse, who served with Company H, 5th Missouri Regiment, died in Seattle, Wash., after a long illness. He had lived in Seattle for twenty-two years and was actively at work until his health failed, some three years ago. During the World War, believing that all able-bodied men should do something, he secured a position as street car conductor. Comrade Bayse was a native of Texas and took an active part in the early history of the State. He was the first marshal of Dallas, and for many years published a newspaper in Amarillo. He is survived by a daughter, a grandson, and a great-grandson, all of Washington, also a sister in Dallas, Tex.

L. L. FATHEREE.

In memorial resolutions passed in tribute to a beloved comrade, L. L. Fatheree, who died February 16, 1929, the R. A. Smith Camp, No. 24, U. C. V., of Jackson, Miss., expressed a sense of loss in the going of this faithful and worthy member, and gave his Confederate record, as follows:



L. L. FATHEREE.

L. L. Fatheree was born in Hinds County, Miss., in that section between Bear Creek Church and Utica, in May, 1845, and was educated in the county schools and at Hazlehurst. When about eighteen years of age, he ran away from home and enlisted for service in Company C, of the 3rd Mississippi Cavalry, Forrest's command, in which he remained to the close of the war.

After the war, Comrade Fatheree engaged in merchandising, and later held town offices in Hazlehurst and Jackson. He was married in December, 1876, to Miss Mary Alice Thompson, at Jessamine Hill, in Covich County. He had confessed Christ in early life and united with the Methodist Church.

[Committee: P. A. Haman, J. W. Clingan.]

JAMES A. KIBLER, SR.

In the passing of James A. Kibler, who died at his home near Woodstock, Va., at the ripe age of ninety-four years, the people of Shenandoah County mourned the loss of a man whose life had made the world a better place in which to live. He was a member of the Lutheran Church, and was active in its work at Patmos as long as he was able to take part in it.

Volunteering with the Muhlenburg Riflemen at the beginning of the War between the States, James Kibler fought under Stonewall Jackson at Manassas and was also wounded at Chancellorsville. It is told that, wounded and bleeding as he was, after the second color bearer had been shot down, James Kibler mounted the breastworks, picked up the flag, and waved it, then fell. His life was despaired of for many weeks. After recovering in the hospital at Staunton, he was captured at Mount Jackson and for six months was a prisoner at Fort Delaware. His army knapsack, with the name of his command, Company F, 10th Virginia Regiment, is in the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

Comrade Kibler is survived by his wife, who was Miss Amanda Hoover, three sons, and a daughter.

ANGUS A. PATTERSON, SR.

Angus A. Patterson died at his home in Walterboro, S. C., on June 4, at the age of eighty-seven years. He was the son of James Patterson, of what is now the town of Barnwell, who was an eminent lawyer and at one time Secretary of State. His mother was Martha Tarrant, also of Barnwell. He was born in Barnwell County, January 7, 1842. He enlisted for the Confederacy in the South Carolina Volunteers, and served several months on Cold's Island, near Charleston. Later his command became a part of the regular army, and young Patterson served with Hart's Battery, of which he was the last survivor. He served to the end and received his discharge at Fayetteville, N. C. He was also the last member of his family, but is survived by many nieces and nephews. He and his brother married sisters, and, though having no children of his own, he was very fond of his brother's children and much loved by them.

Comrade Patterson was an interesting talker, and was known as a man of strong convictions. He had many friends over the State. He was one of the marshals in the Wade Hampton parades of 1876 and 1878. Funeral services were from the local Catholic Church, of which he was a member, and his body was laid in Live Oak Cemetery with the loved ones gone before.

JESSE R. MORRIS.

Jesse R. Morris, one of the oldest of the few surviving members of the A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., Davidson County, N. C., passed into the great beyond, January 15, 1929.

He was born April 2, 1837, thus making him ninety-two years and several months old. As copied from his original discharge, which is still in possession of his family, he was a private in Company A, 10th North Carolina Battalion of Field Artillery, and was discharged May 6, 1865. Comrade Morris married Miss Julia Saintsing, and one son was born to this union, but both preceded him in death by many years.

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Delphine Hilton, and several nieces and nephews. The last seven years of his life were spent with his niece, Mrs. H. C. Culler.

Eighteen years ago Mr. Morris made a profession of faith near Wilmington, N. C. Funeral services were conducted at Zion Reformed Church, near Thomasville, N. C., and he was laid to rest under a Confederate flag, placed there by the Brierfield Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Confederate Veteran.

CAPT. ADOLPHUS B. CATES.

Capt. Adolphus B. Cates died at his home in Newnan, Ga., on January 13. He was born in Eutaw, Ala., in 1840, and was therefore in his ninetieth year. Losing his mother at the age of eighteen months, he was taken by his father on horseback to his maternal grandmother, Mrs. James Lyon, of McMinnville, Tenn., where he was reared. His grandfather was the son of Matthew Lyon who mounted and fired the first piece of artillery of the Revolution.

Young Cates graduated from Union University at Mursfreesboro, Tenn., in 1860, and was teaching at New Middleton, Tenn., when the war came on. There his schoolboys formed a company and made him captain, and this became Company D, of the 9th Tennessee Cavalry. He was with the army on the retreat through Tennessee, North Alabama into Mississippi, at Corinth. Later, he was made captain of another company in Col. William Ward's regiment and attached to John H. Morgan's Division of Cavalry. Being wounded near Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1863, he was assigned by General Hardee to provost duty at Newnan, Ga., where he married Miss Lucia Robinson of that place, who died in 1917.

After the war, Comrade Cates was for a number of years in newspaper work, having been connected with the *Western Recorder*, of Louisville, Ky., 1872 to 1880, when he bought an interest in the *Herald* at Newnan, Ga., and lived there until his death. For almost fifty years he had been deacon in the Baptist Church of Newnan, and was also active in its Sunday school. He is survived by a daughter and a son, both of Newnan.

MARK D. CHAPMAN.

Mark D. Chapman was born at Spartanburg, S. C., on March 23, 1845, and died January 7, 1929, in his eighty-fourth year.

Joining the Confederate army in 1862, when seventeen years of age, he served in Company F, 1st South Carolina Artillery, stationed at Fort Sumter, near Charleston, S. C. He joined Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's forces in 1865, and served on scout duty at Columbia, S. C. The army was moved from here just before Sherman burned the city.

While on picket duty at Bentonville, N. C., he and his companions were captured by Sherman's army, and he was taken to Mare's Island, N. Y. by boat and held there as a prisoner for six months. While there the prisoners underwent many hardships, the worst being hunger. He was returned by boat to Charleston, where he received his discharge from the army with which he had served to the bitter end.

LUKE LEA KANTZ.

Luke Lea Kantz, prominent citizen of Fayetteville, Tenn., died there on January 5. He was born January 25, 1845, in McMinn County, Tenn., one of the five children of Frederick A. and Amanda Dill Kantz. His father was born in Carlisle, Pa., in 1812, of French-Scotch parentage, and his mother was born in Gettysburg, Pa., in 1818. After her husband's death, she moved to Washington County, Tenn., and, at Hiwassee College, Luke Lea Kantz finished his education. In 1863, he enlisted in Company G, of the 43rd Tennessee Infantry, and served through the rest of the war. He was in the battles at Baker's Creek and Big Black River and was captured at Vicksburg.

After the war, young Kantz studied law and began to practice in 1866. For a short time he was at Kingsport, then went to Washington County in 1867, where he practiced and taught school, later engaging in farming, which he continued to the end. He was known as one of the most enterprising farmers of the County. In 1870, he was married to Miss Martha J. Skillern, a native of East Tennessee, who died in 1886. Surviving him are the son and four daughters; also one brother and a grandson.

GEORGE F. KEENE.

George F. Keene died at his home in Shelbyville, Ky., in March, 1929, at the age of eighty-two years.

In the summer of 1862, at the age of fifteen years, George Keene joined Company H, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. John H. Morgan's command, and fought with it until his capture in Kentucky in July, 1863, when Morgan was on his way to Brandenburg, where he crossed the Ohio River on his raid through Ohio and Indiana.

After the war, when he was released from prison, he became a farmer and breeder of trotting horses in Shelby County, Ky., and was very successful.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, and four daughters.

His casket was draped with a Confederate flag, and he was laid to rest in beautiful Grove Hill Cemetery.

[Graham Brown, for Camp John H. Waller, No. 237, U. C. V.]

A. J. O'REAR.

At the age of ninety-three years, A. J. O'Rear died at his home in Desdemona, Tex., is the report coming from W. E. Askew, of Desdemona, who hope that some one will furnish a sketch of this fine Christian man, whose record as a Confederate soldier is not given. He was a Georgian.

SOLOMON VAN METER.

Somomon VanMeter, oldest child of Garrett and Elizabeth Cunningham Van Meter, was born in Hardy County, Va. (now West Virginia), on February 19, 1833, and died on April 15, 1929, at Mansfield, Ill. He had reached the advanced age of ninety-six years, and in recognition of his standing as a war veteran, the American Legion acted as pallbearers and gave him a military funeral.

When the War between the States came on, Solomon Van Meter joined the Confederate army—April 20, 1861—and served as a member of Company B, 62nd Virginia Infantry. He was taken prisoner at Wardensville, Va., while in the hospital with typhoid fever, in March, 1862, and was sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained four months. He was exchanged and returned to his command and took part in the battles of Cold Harbor, New Market, Charlestown, Gettysburg, and others, and had also been in the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He was wounded in the leg in the Luray Valley campaigning.

He returned home at the close of the war, but removed to Illinois in 1867, going back to West Virginia in December of that year for his bride, who was Miss Ann J. Parsons. Three children were born to them, a son and daughter surviving him. The family located in Mansfield in 1892, which had since been his home. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. "Uncle Solomon" was beloved in the community, and the Union veterans there held him in high regard.

JAMES BURR OSBOURN.

James Burr Osbourn, one of the most highly esteemed residents of Jefferson County, W. Va., passed away at his home near Duffields in December, 1928, lacking but a few weeks of rounding out eighty-five years. He was connected with two of the oldest and most substantial families of the county, being the son of James Allen and Jane Burr Osbourn. He was born on the Burr place near Bardane, and all his long life was spent in the county except for the time he was serving his country in the War between the States. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, serving with great credit as a member of Company D, 12th Virginia Cavalry, his father being in the same command. He had three horses shot under him, and was himself shot in the foot at the battle of Brandy Station.

After the war, Comrade Osbourn engaged in farming, and his home near Duffields, where he reared a large family of sons and daughters, was long the center of hospitality. He was married in 1871 to

Miss Alice Link, who died some years ago. He is survived by four sons and two daughters.

Comrade Osbourn was one of the best of men in every relation of life. For fifty-three years he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and seldom failed to be in his place at the services. He was a public spirited citizen, and as a veteran of the Confederacy, devoted to the principles for which he had fought, patriotically attending the meetings of the Confederate organization. He was a Mason, and members of the local Lodge joined with the Confederate organization in the last rites in Elmwood Cemetery at Shepherdstown.

SAMUEL FINLEY HARPER.

Samuel Finley Harper, who died in Charlotte, N. C., on January 17, was a native of the Old North State, and his life was closely connected with the history of the town of Lenoir. He was born at Fairfield, the ancestral home, on July 10, 1843, two years after the laying out of Lenoir on the ground given by his father, James Harper, to the County of Caldwell for the county seat.

Young Harper entered the Confederate service at seventeen years of age and fought during the entire four years of war. He was a member of Company A, 26th North Carolina Regiment, his company being first organized in Caldwell County by Thomas D. Jones. He was in all the battles of his company and was wounded at Seven Pines. After that, he served as secretary to Gen. A. P. Hill, and at the surrender was a courier for General Lee. He prized very highly an autographed copy of the farewell address at Appomattox, given to him there by General Lee.

Just after the war Comrade Harper engaged in the mercantile business, later going into the manufacture of tobacco, and in 1870, he helped to purchase a cotton factory at Patterson, with which he was connected until twelve years ago, when he made his home at Charlotte. For many years he was a leader in the upbuilding of Caldwell County, and did a great work in securing good roads and other improvements. He supervised the building of the Beattie Memorial Presbyterian Church at Patterson and was a member of that Church. He was also a member and officer of the Masonic Lodge at Lenoir.

He was the last of the family of James and Caroline Finley Harper. His father came from Pennsylvania about 1827, and his mother was a daughter of Samuel Finley of Augusta County, Va. In 1869, Comrade Harper was married to Miss Mary Gwyn, of Mount Airy, N. C., and he is survived by two sons and three daughters, also eleven grand children and one great-grandchild.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>	MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
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MRS. MADGE D. BURNEY, Waynesboro, Miss.....	<i>Third Vice President General</i>	MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La.....	<i>Registrar General</i>
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		MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md.....	<i>Custodian of Flags and Pennant</i>

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Charlotte, city of prosperity, queen city of the beckoning land, the Old North State, extended welcoming hands to those assembled for celebrating the one hundred and twenty-first natal anniversary of the President of the Southern Confederacy and for the thirty-ninth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

In behalf of this organization, we extend our deepest appreciation for every courtesy; to the President of the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and her official family; the officers and members of the Stonewall Jackson and James H. Lane Chapters, United Daughters of the Confederacy; to the State and local officials of the Confederated Memorial Association; the Governor of North Carolina and the first lady of the State, the mayor of Charlotte and his wife; the hostesses at the numerous entertainments; personal friends and to each one who contributed to the pleasure of the membership.

In addition to the official appointees of the Veterans, Sons, and C. S. M. A. who are members of this organization, many Daughters were present who thus expressed their reverence for the cause whose principles were never "lost" and to honor the survivors of the once mighty army of the Southland. In their name we wish to say to the hospitable people of Charlotte and of North Carolina—Thank you!

The Houston Convention, U. D. C., referred the generous offer of a building to be used as headquarters to the Executive Committee. This expression of devotion and patriotic loyalty from the mayor of Montgomery, Ala., and the Governor of the State merits our deepest appreciation. A subcommittee, consisting of Mrs. Blankenburg, Second Vice President General, Mrs. Bashinsky, Recording Secretary General, and Mrs. Woodward, Custodian of Crosses, visited Montgomery on June 2. The President General accompanied the Committee. We were delightfully entertained at luncheon by the city

of Montgomery, and an official from that legislative body conducted the Committee through the building, extending them every possible courtesy. In the afternoon many historic and interesting shrines were visited, including the first White House of the Confederacy and the State capitol. Later, Mrs. Crenshaw entertained the Committee at tea in her beautiful and spacious home.

Your attention is directed to page 233, June issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The argument presented was prepared by Miss Ida Powell, Chairman of Committee, "War between the States," a copy has been sent to each Division Director of this Committee, and, at the request of the President General, a copy was sent our magazine; additional copies may be secured, without expense, from Miss Powell or the President General. The press frequently uses the expression "Civil War," and it is suggested that Chapters, wherever possible, request their local papers to publish this argument of Miss Powell's.

The Chairman of the Local Committee, 1928, is the Chairman of pages for the convention to be held in Biloxi, 1929; a recent letter from Mrs. Wilcox is heart warming as expressing the close ties existing between the Chapters in Houston, attributable in some measure to the late convention. We quote in part her letter: "Our convention did so much to unite the three Chapters and we are still revelling in the inspiration you left us. At the final meeting of the convention, after all bills were paid, we had a little fund to start a nucleus for a new committee, "Tri-U. D. C. Committee." That is the combined membership of all Daughters of the three Chapters. We meet quarterly to plan our work for the veterans and to know each other. We enjoyed working together so much that we feel more may be accomplished if we continue to keep in touch with each other."

Baltimore Chapter No. 8, Maryland Division, extended a greatly appreciated invitation to be their guest June 3 at the annual celebration. Mrs. Jackson

Brandt, Custodian of Flags, was appointed to present on this occasion Crosses of Military Service, previously awarded, to Rear Admirals Hilary P. Jones, Andrew T. Long, and Richard Leigh, Mrs. Brandt representing the President General.

The convention of 1928 authorized the placing of a wreath of remembrance annually on the 3rd of June on the Jefferson Davis monument, Richmond, Va., and the President General was instructed to place this wreath, if possible. Owing to the meeting of the Executive Committee in Charlotte on the date mentioned, it was impossible for her to have this honor. Miss Janet Randolph Turpin, grandchild, namesake, and godchild of Mrs. Norman Randolph, was appointed to represent the President General. In the last years of Mrs. Randolph's life, when disease and suffering had rendered it practically impossible for her fingers to grasp a pen, many letters were written by this devoted granddaughter, and it was a pleasure and privilege to extend this small token of appreciation from the organization to one well trained to "honor thy father and mother."

Sincerely yours, MAUDE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Kentucky.—The activities of the Kentucky Division of late centered largely in the district meetings, of which five are held annually. The first of these meetings was that of the Fourth District, which held its spring meeting with the Jo Desha Chapter of Cynthiana, the meeting being held in the Christian Church, the old building where wounded prisoners of war lay for two months after the battles of Cynthiana, while the citizens ministered to their needs. Good attendance and fine interest; Miss Margaret Duffy presided, while the State President, First Vice President, Custodian of Flags, and others made talks. One of the subjects of much discussion was the listing of spots of Confederate interest. Telegrams of condolence were sent to a number of members who were ill, notably Mrs. C. A. Rennaker, who has done such faithful work in building up the Children's Auxiliary in Cynthiana.

The Fifth District was entertained in the hospitable home of Mrs. L. G. Maltby, former State President, at Washington, Mason County, on May 5. Seventy-two delegates and visitors were in attendance. The history of Old Washington was reviewed by Mrs. Eleanor Duncan Wood, the town being a former county seat and laid out on a grand scale. It was the burial place of the father and mother of Chief Justice Marshall and of the family of Albert Sidney Johnston, and his birthplace as well. A number of typical old homes told their own story of history in the making. Mrs. Maltby's own beautiful Southern home

furnished with family quantities, shelters its fourth generation when the grandchildren visit it. The Chapters were well represented and much interest manifested in the Quill Club, and the ante-bellum gardens, and historic spots. Greetings were given by the State President, D. A. R., Mrs. Stanley Reed, as well as by three visitors from the Chapter at Cincinnati and two sons of veterans present. The Maysville Chapter assisted in the hospitalities, and a most enjoyable as well as profitable day was spent.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Chairman of Albert Sidney Johnston Home Committee, has returned from a trip to Europe and is working toward having a marker placed at his birthplace, thus to link the "three Commonwealths that proudly claim him," a sort of glorified "Kentucky First." The Western State Teachers' College at Bowling Green, Ky., is preparing to mark the site of the fort fortified by him on Normal Heights when that town was the seat of the Provisional Confederate government of the State. It is a most commanding situation and the trenches and rock fortifications are still to be traced just in the rear of the Administration Building.

The Third District meeting was held on Friday, May 24, at the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, near Louisville. H. J. Stone, President of the Confederate Home Chapter, presided, and addresses were made by the State President, Mrs. William T. Fowler; State Historian, Mrs. Josephine Turner; former Historian general, Mrs. John L. Woodbury; and others. A bountiful lunch was served by the authorities of the Home. Only twenty-nine veterans are now sheltered there, and they are all growing quite feeble. The State Division is cooperating with the Board in beautifying the cemetery with hardy shrubs and flowers, using the "Sawyer Bequest" for this purpose.

* * *

Louisiana.—The Louisiana Division held its annual convention in New Orleans, May 7, 8, 9. Great appreciation was expressed in having two general officers present, Mrs. Madge D. Burney, Third Vice President General, and our own Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Registrar General.

Division officers elected for the year were: President, Mrs. F. P. Jones, Leesville; First Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge; Second Vice President, Mrs. H. S. Riecke, New Orleans; Third Vice President, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, New Orleans; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. P. S. Mills, Shreveport; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harry Eckhardt, New Orleans; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. S. Thompson, Lake Charles; Treasurer, Mrs. W. S. McDairmid, New Orleans; Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Rugg, New Orleans; Historian, Mrs. W. B. Kernan, New Orleans;

Custodian, Mrs. Feeney Rice, New Orleans; Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service, Mrs. W. P. Smart, Bunkie; Organizer, Mrs. Donnie Arrighi, Baton Rouge; Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. J. S. Ament, Mansfield; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. D. E. Strain, New Orleans; Honorary President, Mrs. F. C. Thompkins, New Orleans.

The next meeting place will be Baton Rouge.

[Miss Mamie Graham, Editor.]

* * *

Mississippi.—The newly elected officers of the Mississippi Division are:

President, Mrs. R. C. Herron, Biloxi; First Vice President, Mrs. W. T. Stuart, McComb; Second Vice President, Mrs. Sam Herron, Water Valley; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John L. Heiss, Gulfport; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, Durant; Treasurer, Miss Bert Davis, Nettleton; Historian, Mrs. J. E. Brown, Blue Mountain; Registrar, Mrs. W. C. Reed, Jackson; Editor of *Heritage*, Mrs. H. Turner, Carrollton; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Julian Evans, Aberdeen; Director of C. of C., Mrs. I. E. Roberts, Nettleton.

* * *

Missouri.—In Memorial Park, Higginsville, over two thousand plantings have been made this season of trees, shrubs, and vines. These have principally come from the Missouri Division through the efforts of the chairman, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt.

This topographically perfect ninety-one acres, with its seven lakes, its more than two miles of winding boulevards, and its superb landscaping, had resulted in a very great deal of surprising and favorable comment this spring, for even those who are somewhat dull in the observation of such things quickly remark the tremendous growth of the shrubs and trees, and the landscaping has been of such a type that blossoms are seen all the time from the beginning of the blooming season. As one flower drops its petals, one close at hand comes into bloom, and just now as the great mass beds of spiræa are dropping petals fast, and the gorgeous iris is beginning to fade, thousands of peonies are beginning to open their red, pink, and white blossoms. By June 2, when folk come from all quarters of the State to pay homage to the Confederate veterans, the roses upon the fences along so many of our drives were a sight to recompense anyone for driving hundreds of miles.

When this year's Memorial Day exercises are held upon our lawns, this park, which has been mothered by the Missouri Division, will reflect all the God-given beauty possible for man or woman to gather together, and we are reminded that this memorial is to stand forever dedicated to the valor of the Confederate soldier.

[Mrs. H. E. Genser, Editor.]

South Carolina.—Four district conferences have been held by the South Carolina Division and the very splendid attendance upon each was indicative of the interest and enthusiasm of the membership, all looking to the advancement of the U. D. C.

The thirty-eighth annual reunion, Confederate veterans, held May 8-10, at Newberry, had less than three hundred veterans present, which indicates just how fast these honored men, the source of our inspiration, are facing eastward. Mrs. J. Frost Walker, President of the South Carolina Division, brought greetings and love from the Division. The Chapters at Newberry were exceedingly thoughtful of the veterans and did much that added to their pleasure and comfort. The Arthur Manigault Chapter, of Georgetown, has erected a bowlder at Battery White, on Wingah Bay, in memory of the Confederate soldiers who served there during the War between the States. The old fort is now a part of Belle Isle Gardens, a place rich in historic interest. The bowlder is on a beautiful spot facing the wreck of the Harvest Moon. The unveiling ceremonies took place on May 25, the Chapters anniversary.

At the unveiling of the monument to the noted surgeon, James Marion Sims, which took place May 10 on the State capital grounds, Columbia, the official wreath from the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., was placed at the base of the handsome monument. Dr. Sims was a native of Lancaster, S. C., and was the first surgeon of the ages in ministry to women, and built the first woman's hospital. All women's organizations were present to pay tribute.

[Zena Paye, Editor.]

* * *

Virginia.—Impressive ceremonies brought to mind the history of this section when a marker erected to the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee was unveiled October 24, 1928. This marker, placed on the Lee Highway between Roanoke and Salem, bears the following inscription: "Lee Highway, erected in honor of Robert E. Lee. William Watts Chapter, Roanoke, Va.; Southern Cross Chapter, Salem, Va.; Roanoke Chapter, Roanoke, Va.; United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1928."

The marker, which is of Georgia bluestone, is four feet six inches, high and three feet wide by two feet thick. It has the regulation Confederate battle flag draped over it, and on the face of it the lettering is sun-glazed, making it easily readable from the highway.

The marker was unveiled by Col. D. M. Armstrong, and the principal speaker of the occasion was Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, Past President of the Virginia Division, and present Historian.

[Report from William Watts Chapter.]

REGIONAL CONFERENCE.

The third annual regional conference, U. D. C. attended by representatives from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Connecticut, was held in Greenwich, opening on the evening of April 30, with a subscription dinner at the Edgewood Inn. The banquet room of the Inn was beautifully decorated in Confederate colors. On the tables were red and white flowers.

Mrs. Coulter D. Huyler presided, charming all with her gracious personality.

Dr. Oliver Huckel gave the invocation and later a most interesting address.

Brief and interesting talks were given by the following officers and Chapter Presidents introduced: Mrs. C. H. P. Lane, former First Vice President General; Mrs. C. H. Topping, President of the New York Division, Southern Woman's Educational Alliance; Mrs. George C. Davis, President Philadelphia Chapter; Mrs. J. S. Stevenson, President Robert E. Lee Chapter of Orange; N. J.; Mrs. C. Clayton, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Lewis S. Burrough, President Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, New York; Mrs. W. F. Hackett, President Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter; Miss Adele O'Connor, President James Henry Parker Chapter; also by directors and members of the National Board of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, Chairman.

On the following morning the conference opened with a most impressive entrance of officers, honor guests, pages, and flag bearers holding aloft the Stars and Stripes, Stars and Bars, and the flags of the States participating in the Conference.

Following the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, the session was called to order by the President of the Conference, Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, who introduced officers and distinguished guests present.

Mrs. I. N. Lewis, recording secretary of the conference, read the minutes of the Second Annual Regional Conference held last year in New Jersey.

At the close of the regular business of the conference, the meeting was adjourned for luncheon, after which the future plans for the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation were discussed. Miss Armes, historian of the Foundation and author of "Stratford on the Potomac," reported splendid progress made by the directors and their committees in the various States throughout the country in securing contributions for making Stratford Hall a national shrine.

The conference closed with a rising vote of thanks to the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter for its kind hospitality to the visiting representatives. Guests were then motored to various places of interest in Greenwich.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness" FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR STUDY, AUGUST, 1929.

Operations against Vicksburg. Siege and Surrender. Effect on the Mississippi Valley.

C. OF C. TOPICS, AUGUST, 1929.

Sketch: "Judah P. Benjamin, Jewish Statesman of the South."

Story of Father Abram J. Ryan, Poet-Priest.

Reading: "The Sword of Robert Lee" (Father Ryan).

Talk: "How the C. of C. Have Honored Father Ryan."

FROM THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To Division and Chapter Historian: In the June VETERAN, our President General calls attention to a small pamphlet which has been issued by the Historical Department, and entitled "Errors and Omissions in Textbooks on American History." To cover cost of distribution, a small charge of ten cents per copy has been fixed, and those ordering this pamphlet are asked to note this.

Please remember that most of the prize-winning essays are written during vacation days, and urge your numbers to try for some of the attractive awards listed in the VETERAN for February.

All readings suggested for C. of C. programs, unless otherwise stated, can be found in the "Library of Southern Literature," which has long headed the list of reference books recommended by the heads of the Historical Department.

Faithfully yours,

MARION SALLEY.

VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIP.

It is with much pleasure that the Education Committee announces the addition of a valuable scholarship since the printing of the Education Circulars. This is at Chatham Hall, Chatham, Va., and is worth to the holder the sum of \$300.00. The fees at this fine school are \$850.00. The holder of the scholarship will have this amount reduced to \$550.00. If any chairman knows of a prospective applicant, she is asked to write to the school for a catalogue, so as to have all necessary information. The Education Committee hopes very much to have the opportunity to award this valuable scholarship.

MRS. R. D. WRIGHT,

Newberry, S. C. *Chairman Education, U. D. C.*

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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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*
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
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MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
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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.



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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers:—The reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and our thirtieth annual convention of the C. S. M. A. has passed as a beautiful dream, and we awaken to face the responsibilities of the hour.

A wonderful gathering, every available space filled to the utmost, Charlotte, the Queen City, rose to the situation and sustained her traditions for old-time Southern hospitality and gracious courtesy.

Our Welcome meeting on Tuesday afternoon filled to overflowing the ballroom of Hotel Charlotte, and brought together a distinguished gathering of speakers. The beloved Commander in Chief, Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, brought a message lofty in its ideals and inspiring in its wisdom, exhorting faithful adherence to our heritage and traditions, with a special appeal that we guard the truths of history being taught in our schools.

From Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief S. C. V., and Business Manager of the reunion, who carried much of the responsibility of our convention, came earnest words of greeting and welcome, with assurances of his interest and coöperation. An anticipated pleasure was the message from our admired and loved President General, U. D. C., Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, so hearty and true in its evident devotion to every phase of work that has for its purpose loyalty to all that pertains to our Southland. Always an inspiring presence, her message carries the weight of the well-trained mind which cannot fail to impress.

As State President for North Carolina, Mrs. J. J. Yates brought a genuine old-time Southern welcome, and later presented your President General, whose privilege it was to voice the delighted appreciation

of the C. S. M. A., to the distinguished representatives and to the people of Charlotte.

The address of the afternoon, by the brilliant and gifted son of the "Old North State," her Governor, Hon. O. Max Gardner, filled with patriotic fire, stirred his audience to great enthusiasm, and was a fitting climax to any auspicious occasion.

Mrs. I. W. Faison and the new Ladies' Memorial Association of Charlotte were hostesses at two delightful luncheons, one on Wednesday and another on Thursday, at Hotel Charlotte.

Mrs. Lamar Rutherford Lipscomb, Historian General, enthralled her audience on Thursday evening, delivering a brilliant lecture to a most appreciative audience. Mrs Lipscomb has a fine stage presence, is forceful, witty, and well fitted for a successful platform speaker.

MEETING WITH THE VETERANS.

On Wednesday the convention adjourned to attend the opening meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, bearing a message of loyalty and devotion to the cause, and to again renew the pledge to carry on our Southern Memorial Day uninterruptedly as had been since 1865, and we joy in service that shall honor the heroes in gray "until the roll is called up yonder." Thursday, at noon, we again marched in a body to the auditorium to hold the sacred Memorial Hour honoring those who had passed on during the year. The beauty and solemnity of that hour will remain a hallowed memory. As the lists from the U. C. V., S. C. V., and C. S. M. A. closed, our Poet Laureate General, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, who has held many audiences, never thrilled one more than by her exquisite poem to the glorious record of imperishable valor of our glorified dead, and when

the last notes of the hallowed hymn, "God Be with You Till We Meet Again" died away, the Boy Scout, to the rhythm of the line, "Blow, Bugle, Blow!" blew the awe inspiring "taps," the last honor for those departed, and from the far corner of the auditorium another Scout sent the echo back. The audience, spell bound by the solemnity and beauty of the hour, silently passed out into God's sunshine, ennobled and exalted with the highest tribute paid to man.

* * *

At the Thursday morning session, reports from Mrs. James R. Armstrong, Chairman of Textbooks, and Mrs. N. B. Forrest, Chairman of Stone Mountain, were made. Following the report of Mrs. Forrest, Mrs. William A. Wright, State President for Georgia, made a stirring appeal for money for carrying on the work, starting the subscriptions with a pledge for \$500.00 from the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association. When the final count was made, it was announced that more than \$1,100.00 had been pledged, thus supporting, as we have ever done, this, grandest monument of all time to the valor of our heroes.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYED "DIXIE."

With the matchless U. S. Marine Band Playing "Dixie," the thin gray line, raising their once vibrant voices, now trembling with the oncoming feebleness of age, the once sprightly elastic step grown slow, yet with eyes aglow with the fire of patriotism that only death can quench, the reunion in Charlotte passed into history, a matchless spectacle of the outpouring of the love of a people for her never-to-be-forgotten heroes that nowhere else on earth could find a parallel. With eyes sparkling and face aglow when the band played "Dixie," age and its incident weakness were forgotten, and as the dance went on amidst the cheers of the multitude, only the happiness of the moment thrilled and buoyed them on. And Charlotte, as one man, stood in wide-eyed admiration, exulting in the joy of being privileged for the first and only time to roll back the flight of time and to be the proud host to the remnant of the battle-sacred heroes—and the band played "Dixie" over and over again, till the strains seemed to thrill the very instruments and the masters. I have stood on the streets of Paris and waved a gay salute, listened with bowed head and limpid eyes to the great leader of the band at Berlin, have risen and shouted with a New York audience when Sousa's wonderful band would strike the thrilling tones of "Dixie," but nowhere have I felt the force and power of the inspiring strain as when, after the thunderous applause of the audience, the Marine Band gave one encore of "Dixie" after another.

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

PRAYER AT THE JEFFERSON DAVIS INAUGURAL.

The following is the immortal prayer of the Rev. Basil Manly at the inauguration of President Jefferson Davis, at Montgomery, Ala., February 18, 1861:

"O thou great Spirit, Maker and Lord of all things, who humblest thyself to behold the things that are done on the earth, and before whom the splendor of human pageantry vanisheth into nothing, by thee rulers bear sway; thou teachest senators wisdom. We own thy kind providence, thy fatherly care in the peaceful origin of these Confederate States of America. We thank thee for the quiet, considerate unanimity which has prevailed in our public councils, and for the hallowed auspices under which the government of our choice begins. Let thy special blessing rest on the engagement and issues of this day. Thou hast provided us a man to go in and out before us and to lead thy people. O, vouchsafe thy blessing on this thy servant! Let his life and health be precious in thy sight. Grant him a sound mind in a sound body. Let all his acts be done by thy fear, under thy guidance, with a single eye to thy glory, and crown them all with thy approbation and blessing.

"With the like favors bless the Congress of the Confederate States, and all who are or may be charged by lawful authority with public cares and labors. Put thy good Spirit into our whole people, that they may faithfully do all thy fatherly pleasure. Let the administration of this government be the reign of truth and peace; let righteousness, which exalteth a nation, be the stability of our times; and keep us from sin, which is a reproach to any people. Establish thou the work of our hands upon us, turn the counsel of our enemies into foolishness, and grant us assured and continual peace in all our borders. We ask this through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Mrs. Pauline Pierce, of Apache, Okla., sends the following: "I am always pleased to read the VETERAN, and some time ago noticed an article on the battle of Brice's Crossroads, June, 1864. I was fourteen years of age at that time, and my father's house was on the battle field. We were forced to leave the house, as the Federal troops shelled it, thinking it was Confederate headquarters. Our house was used as a hospital, and when we returned it was full of wounded soldiers. With two negro women, I helped to care for them, and several died that night. If any of those soldiers who recovered are still living, I should be glad to hear. They will remember me as Pauline Simmons, a girl of fourteen, with curly black hair."

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THE CONVENTION AT CHARLOTTE.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

John Ashley Jones, prominent insurance man of Atlanta, Ga., was elected Commander in chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at the Charlotte Convention.

At the closing session of the convention, Comrade Jones was elected head of the organization to succeed Capt. Edmond R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., and Charlotte.

At the same time, Charles T. Norman, of Richmond, was elected Commander of the Department of Northern Virginia; J. Edward Jones, of Oklahoma City, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department; and A. C. Anderson, of Ripley, Miss., Commander of the Department of Tennessee.

Comrade Jones has long been active in the affairs of the Sons. He was in the race for the commandership at the Little Rock convention last year, but withdrew in favor of Captain Wiles. He is a prominent civic leader of Atlanta, where he is engaged in business as resident agent of the New York Life Insurance Company. Comrade Jones is also a Shriner, an Elk, an honorary consul to Panama, and a member of the Presbyterian Church.

In the election Comrade Jones won over Comrade John M. Kinard, of Newberry, S. C., 212 to 141. Comrade Jones was placed in nomination by Henderson Hall, of Atlanta, while the name of Mr. Kinard was placed before the convention by D. S. Spivey, of Conway. Each man was praised for his devotion to the ideals of the South and his interest in the affairs of the Sons.

The chief business transaction of the closing session was the decision to appoint a council of five members to devise ways and means for the furtherance of the organization's ideals. This council includes Captain Wiles, chairman; S. L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla.; John M. Kinard, South Carolina; R. E. Miller, of Virginia; and W. H. Reid, of Texas.

* * *

Resolutions were adopted requesting the Stone Mountain Memorial Association to withdraw from the sale of memorial coins and to use them as honor medals for students in Southern schools; asking the United States government to place markers, bearing the name of Gen. Robert E. Lee, on the highway named for the distinguished Southern leader; lauding the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy in purchasing Stratford Hall, the birthplace of General Lee; and empowering the Commander in Chief to appoint a publicity director to serve until next year, when the organization's constitution would be amended at the convention.

South Carolina Division was awarded the honor flag for the greatest increase in membership. The Palmetto Sons boosted their membership 451 per cent; North Carolina was second, and Texas third.

FUNDS TO CLEAR MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD.

Sons of Confederate Veterans and their friends at one of the business sessions of the convention raised the debt of \$1,686 on the Manassas Battle Field, proposed as a national shrine as one of the chief scenes of conflict during the War between the States.

Pledges and contributions in cash kept rolling in,

and the amounts were offered in such rapid-fire order that the stenographer had difficulty in keeping track of things.

Friends of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park movement, including Daughters of the Confederacy and members of sponsorial staffs, took a prominent part in the appeal for raising the amount of the debt, and many of them made personal pledges.

After considerable discussion, it was voted down that previous pledges for the various divisions would not be exacted, and then the pledging went on anew.

The spontaneous lifting of the debt constituted the chief business transaction of the morning session.

As soon as the debt is wiped out on the battle field, plans will be inaugurated for the placing of markers and monuments at famous spots on the field. Announcement was made that the Camp at Richmond, Va., has already adopted plans for marking the spot where Gen. T. J. Jackson was standing when General Lee gave him the immortal name of "Stonewall."

Within a few miles of the National Capital, the Manassas Battle Field Park will become a national shrine and will be annually visited by thousands of tourists.

THE LEE MUSEUM AT LEXINGTON, VA.

BY MARGARET M. WITHROW, LEXINGTON

The Lee Museum is located in two rooms on the lower floor of the Lee Memorial Chapel on Washington and Lee campus, at Lexington.

The larger of the two rooms contains many mementoes of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and other Confederate officers, given and loaned to the Museum.

In connection with the Museum is a Peace Memorial, which contains flags of different countries, important photographs and books relevant to international peace.

The tourist can give only a cursory inspection, but the student of history could profitably spend hours studying the historical mementoes preserved in this "Shrine of the South."

The Lee collection has a number of personal belongings of General Lee, among them a housewife given to him by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Custis; a black ebony clock bears a plate on which is engraved "General Lee's Reveille matin through the war, 1861-65."

In a glass case are the gold embroidered straps worn by him in the 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.; the white gauntlets and chamois sword belt, a folding camp stool and war flask; and epaulets of both Lee and Jackson when in the United States army.

The Lee family collection of Dr. Bolling Lee con-

tains the yellow sash and silver spurs worn by General Lee at the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, at Appomattox, April 9, 1865; the silver mounted pistols given by Washington to G. W. P. Custis and by him given to his son-in-law, R. E. Lee; and a large gold, open-faced watch which had belonged to General Washington.

A lantern has a card attached bearing this inscription, "This lantern was used at Gen. R. E. Lee's headquarters throughout the last war and was presented by Gen. G. W. P. Lee to Lee-Jackson Camp, C. V."

A case of General Lee's drawing instruments, buried with the Lee silver until after the war, was presented by Gen. Custis Lee to the Engineering Department of Washington and Lee on his retirement as President of the university.

In another case is the pall thrown over Gen. R. E. Lee's coffin while his remains lay in state in the chapel which he had planned and built.

The piano from the Lee home in Lexington is also in the Museum.

The memento which interests the children most is hair from Traveller's tail, which was cut by M. Miley the day that Traveller died.

A brick from the house at Appomattox where the surrender took place has been donated by C. C. Remsburg, of Lexington.

A saber of Col. William McLaughlin, won during the war, was presented to Washington and Lee by Mrs. McLaughlin in 1898.

There is also an interesting collection of knapsacks, powder horns, battle axes, cannon balls, and old-fashioned pistols. A piece of Mexican shell, which exploded at the City of Vera Cruz in 1847 makes a very vivid picture of that terrible battle.

The sword of Col. John Jordan (1777-1854), who fought in the War of 1812, was presented to the museum by his granddaughter, Mary McClung Read. Col. John Jordan built the first buildings of Washington College after the removal to Lexington; he also constructed roads and helped to develop the County of Rockbridge in various ways.

There was a number of old newspapers which contain interesting historical matter; a copy of the *Ulster County Gazette*, published by Samuel Freer & Son, January 4, 1800; *Southern Sentinel*, Alexandria, La., July 21, 1863; the *Atlanta Constitution*, Supplement, speech of Hon. Ben H. Hill, January 16, 1873.

There are steel engravings of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, and a number of war letters and historical documents, also numerous portraits of Lee, Jackson, and members of the Lee and Custis families. A portrait of Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis (Martha

Washington), by Woolaston, is dated 1857. In this collection there is a picture of Mrs. Custis's two children, John and Martha.

The Letcher-Stevens Collection of mementoes is especially interesting. Among these are the gold spectacles of Governor Letcher, locks of hair of Generals Lee and Jackson; a sewing case given to Virginia Lee Letcher, 1868, by Gen. R. E. Lee; an Irish crystal cross given to Virginia Lee Letcher by Miss Mary Custis Lee; beads and cross of mother-of-pearl from Bethlehem given to Virginia Letcher Stevens by Miss Mary Custis Lee.

A memento which all should see is the reproduction of the seal of the Confederate States of America, with the motto, "Deo Vindice," and date, 22 February, 1862. This was originally engraved by Joseph S. Wyon, chief engraver of her Majesty's Seals, London, England.

AFTER THE WAR.

(While the Confederate soldier has been acclaimed the world over for his gallantry and devotion to the cause of the South, the service he rendered to his beloved section in after years has not been so exploited, and in that service should be included examples of individual accomplishment or success in business. In the following, Mrs. J. S. Newman, of Clemson College, S. C., tells of the origin of the drink now world known, and which built up a family fortune.)

So much has been said about coca-cola and its origin, and so much of interest has been left out, that I believe I can add something that has not appeared in print and that is known to but few, and some of it known to no one else.

Dr. Pemberton, my brother-in-law, the originator of coca-cola, was born in Bibb County, near Macon, Ga., either in 1832 or 1833. I do not know in what institution he received his medical education, but do know that he received his medical degree and was a licensed physician. After owning and operating a drug store for several years in Oglethorpe, Macon County, Ga., he moved to Columbus, Ga., where he operated a large drug business for several years.

When the War between the States started, he joined Wheeler's Cavalry as soon as it was organized, and remained in Wheeler's command until the close of the war. The last engagement he was in was on the bridge which he was defending at Columbus, Ga. In a personal encounter with a Yankee major, whom he killed, and by whom he was desperately wounded, he was taken prisoner, remaining under guard for weeks.

At the close of the war, he began experimenting with drinks. We moved to Atlanta in the fall of

1875, and soon afterwards Dr. Pemberton moved to Atlanta and established a wholesale and retail drug business. He also installed a laboratory and began the development and manufacture of new drugs, medicine, etc. Among these was a substance he named wine of cola. I remember asking him if there was any alcohol in it, and his reply was, "No" with a "Yes" meaning. At that time I had just read "Westward, Ho!" by Charles Kingsley. In this novel the hero, while lost in the woods in India, was surprised when a girl, crying, ran to him for protection from some young men who were chasing her. She told the hero that her pursuers were drunk on coca-cola.

Dr. Pemberton did not have the money to perfect and make the beverage he sought, and borrowed from my father, Col. Elbert Lewis, five thousand dollars and a like amount from my sister, Clifford, whom Dr. Pemberton had married about 1853. This money and his earnings in his drug business was all used in the development of coca-cola.

My sister sold all her rights in coca-cola to Asa Candler, who recently died. The price paid was \$500. Later, when my sister was penniless and coca-cola had become a great financial success, Mr. Candler told her he would see that she should never want, but he did nothing at all for her. She died at my home in South Carolina and had neither money nor property. We buried her in Columbus in a lot that father bought many years ago. She lies beside her husband, and no headstone marks their resting place.

This incident occurred near the close of the war. The Yankees had captured Mr. Asa Holt, of Macon, Ga., who owned a large plantation and a number of slaves, and he had hidden some money and other valuables. He would not tell the Yankees where they were, and they hanged him, expecting to thus learn of the hiding place. Mr. Holt's negroes cut him down and revived him. The Yankees strung him up again, but just then Wheeler's Cavalry appeared, drove the Yankees away, and saved Mr. Holt's life.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

(Continued from page 243.)

Hammon Camp, No. 177, of Oklahoma City, of the Oklahoma Brigade, and of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., and now passes from the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., to the highest command of the organization. He was one of the founders of the Confederate Home of Oklahoma, and in 1919 was appointed by the governor as the first pension commissioner of the State. He served four years as Secretary of State of Oklahoma, and is now State treasurer. He is Oklahoma's commissioner on the Stone Mountain Memorial and also a member of the Battle Abbey Commission at Richmond, Va.

A WOMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

She's eighty-five years old and has a total of two hundred and thirty-seven descendants; but this woman, Mrs. Nancy Earl, of Boiling Springs, can walk two miles a day and back without tiring and cook a "meal o' vittles" as quickly as a girl in the "knee-high" dress class.

Mrs. Earl is the daughter of "Uncle" Jimmy Green. Her husband died about seven years ago. She has thirteen brothers and four sisters. She has five children, seventy-four grandchildren, one hundred and forty great grandchildren and eighteen great-great-grandchildren, all this according to information secured from one who knows her well.—*from the Shelby (N. C.) Star.*

J. W. Young, Grenada, Miss.: "I am perfectly delighted with the change in dress of the VETERAN. Long may it live as an exponent of true Southern history! As an invalid, confined to my home for two years past, I am always happy when the VETERAN reaches me. My Camp, W. R. Barksdale, had at first one hundred and forty-four members; all have crossed the river but five."

Gen. T. C. Little, commanding Tennessee Division, U. C. V., Fayetteville, Tenn., writes: "It gives me pleasure to note the improvement in the VETERAN. It will be appreciated by all old people."

Mrs. S. C. Bethel, 300 East Live Oak Street, Austin Tex., is trying to establish the war record of John Howell, better known as Jack Howell, who is thought to have served in the cavalry; some comrades recalled were Irvin Fairbanks and Otis Rensen. Any information will be appreciated. This is in behalf of his widow, now old and in need.

Miss Nora Roberts, 215 1/2 South First Street, Guthrie, Okla., is interested in securing a pension for the widow of Henry Chandler, and asks that any surviving comrades will write her as to his war service, of which nothing is known. His wife is now ill and blind and needs help.

THE BOY SCOUTS.—With the passing of time, the Boy Scouts are impressing the public that, as an organization, they are becoming important factors in the conduct of affairs, and that their organization is an excellent training school to instill in the young self-reliance, a feeling of responsibility, and a desire to render service. All honor and success to the Boy Scouts.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

A CORRECTION.—In his article on the Battle of Bentonville, N. C., in the VETERAN for June, 1929, R. A. Lambert, asks correction on page 221, line 34, which should read 50 or 60 feet instead of yards.

THE GRAYING HOST OF GRAY.

Gray! Gray! Gray!
Hosts of Dixie's gallants coming.
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Hear the fifings and the drumming,
See the aged, sere and torn,
Note the colors proudly borne,
Mark how valiant they who've worn
Gray! Gray! Gray!

Gray! Gray! Gray!
These were those who did the fighting.
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Steadfast stood in battle's blighting.
Let us welcome them with cheer;
Reminiscence brings a tear;
Heroes all, we hold them dear
Gray. Gray: Gray!

Gray! Gray! Gray!
'Mid the pits of death they shouted.
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Thoughts of base retreat were flouted.
Let us give them, while they stay,
All our heart, to help repay
For their courage in our fray
Gray! Gray! Gray!

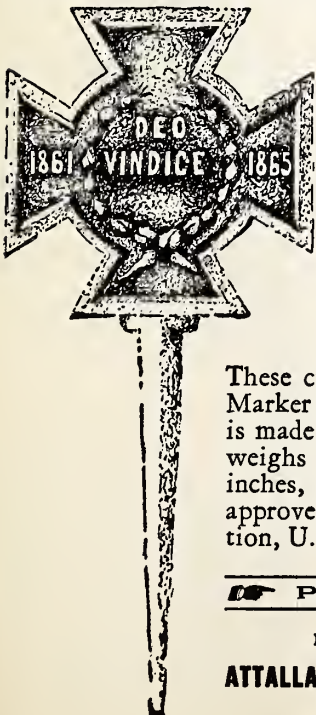
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Color that we love and cherish.
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Souls like these can never preish
E'en the clay doth turn to dust,
One Commander do they trust,
He is God, and God is just
Gray! Gray! Gray!
—*Harold C. Brown, in Charlotte Observer.*

W. E. Thompson, of Decatur, Ga., writes in renewing subscription: "I have been taking the VETERAN over thirty years. I read the numbers, mark them, and file them away. There is much good history in the VETERAN, and I want it preserved for future generations."

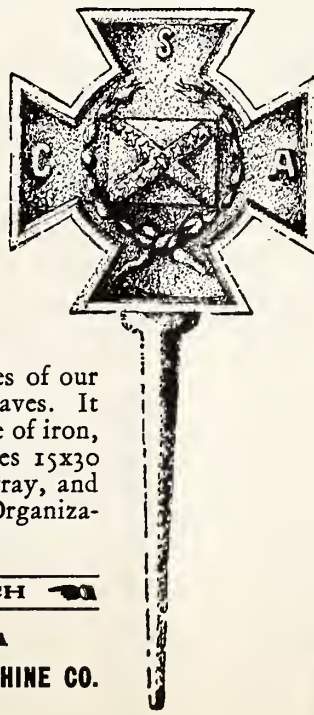
BOOK WANTED.—Who can furnish a copy of "Facts and Falsehoods on the War between the States," by Edmondson? The VETERAN wishes to locate a copy for a friend. State condition and price asked.

SHE: "Love making is the same as it always was." **He:** "How can you tell?"
"I've just read of a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all night."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

YOUNG WIFE: "O, politics! politics! I'm fed up on the subject!" **Hubby:** "Well, my love, that's one thing you can be fed up on without taking on weight:—*Virginia Pilot.*



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We
Forget"



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Gettysburg the Pivotal Battle. By Capt. R. K. Beecham, U. S. A.	2 00
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