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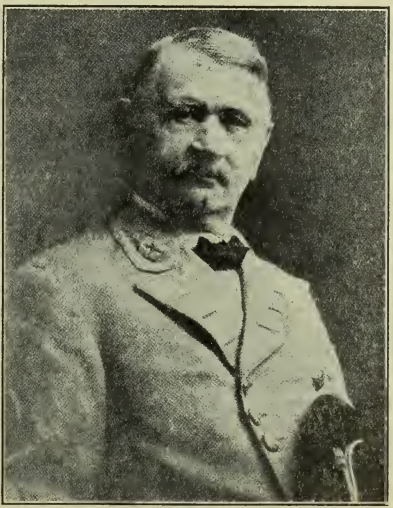
Confederate Veteran.



VOL. XXX

AUGUST, 1922

NO. 8



BRIG. GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON
Born March 19, 1841; died July 17, 1922

HISTORIC SITES IN RICHMOND, VA.

Many tablets have been placed by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond, Va., to mark historic places in that city, and for the late reunion these sites were decorated to attract the attention of visitors at the time. The following is a list of them:

The house at 1105 East Clay Street, where Commodore M. F. Maury, Confederate States navy, was a guest, and where he invented, in 1861-62, his submarine electrical torpedo as a means of defense in time of war. The tablet marking his bedroom, where he made his initial experiments, was a gift to this society from his grandchildren.

The site of the house in which Vice President Alexander H. Stephens lived

in 1861, now the University College of Medicine, corner Clay and Twelfth Streets. The bronze tablet was a gift from the trustees of the college.

The site of Libby Prison, corner of Cary and Twentieth Streets, for Federal prisoners of war, now an ice factory. This tablet was a gift to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society from the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The site of the house on Church Hill, Hill, 1861-65, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Confederate States army, was carried desperately wounded from the battle of Seven Pines and nursed to recovery.

Tredegar Iron Works, where the plates of the Merrimac were rolled and the cannon cast for the Confederate government. This tablet was a gift from the Tredegar Company.

The fragment of the old wall of the Confederate Treasury building, containing several of the departments of the Confederate government and also the United States Circuit Court, where President Jefferson Davis appeared seven times, demanding his trial.

The site of the house in which lived Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, C. S. A., now 3 West Main Street. This tablet was a gift to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society from Mr. Benjamin's friends in Louisiana.

The site of the house in which Samuel Preston Moore, Surgeon General of the Confederate States of America, lived from 1863 to 1865, at the northwest corner of West Grace and Jefferson Streets. This tablet was a gift from Mrs. Charles E. Wingo, whose father was an intimate friend of Dr. Moore.

Site of the Sally Tompkins Hospital, northwest corner of Main and Third Streets, where she nursed and cared for, at her own expense, the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers; holding her commission as captain from the Confederate government, refusing the salary because, she said: "I will not take it from the soldiers."

Redoubt No. 10 of the inner line of three defenses encircling Richmond, constructed by Gen. R. E. Lee's orders. This redoubt was never occupied by the Confederates nor attacked by the enemy. A cannon on Monument Avenue marks the site. It was marked by the city.

ANNUAL REUNION VIRGINIA VETERANS.—The annual reunion of the State Division of Virginia Confederate Veterans will be held at Winchester, August 29, 30, 31.

MEETING OF MOSBY'S MEN.—The survivors of Mosby's men, the 43rd Virginia Battalion, have been called to meet at Culpeper, Va., on September 7, 1922, on invitation of the U. D. C. of that place and the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans. Commander Frank M. Angelo and Adjutant C. M. Smith issued the call.

Thomas R. Baker, of Lincoln, Neb., who became deaf as a result of a fire of heavy artillery in the Aisne-Marne offensive, has been rehabilitated by the United States Veterans' Bureau as a horticulturist at the University of Nebraska. Through a course in lip reading he has been enabled to completely understand a conversation.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., was a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, and it was his "proud privilege to follow the fortunes of that army as private soldier or chaplain from Harper's Ferry in 1861 to Appomattox Courthouse in 1865—to know personally many of its leading officers—to mingle freely with the private soldiers in camp, on the march, in the bivouac, on the battle field, and in the hospital—and to labor in those glorious revivals which made nearly the whole army vocal with God's praises."

These experiences he put in book form under the title of "Christ in the Camp; or, Religion in Lee's Army," in which many incidents are given of the concern manifested by General Lee for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers under him, and there are many other incidents showing the wonderful influence of religion upon that army as a whole, and individual instances of its comfort to the wounded and dying. It is doubtless the most comprehensive work of the kind ever published, and is replete with interest from beginning to end.

A list of the chaplains of the Army of Northern Virginia is also given, and an appendix gives instances of the work of grace in other armies of the Confederacy.

A special price on the last of the edition enables the VETERAN to offer this work in new stock at \$1.50 for the cloth and \$2 for the half leather. And a very special offer of it in either binding is made with a year's subscription at \$2.50. Those taking advantage of this offer can also have the pamphlet on the "First Fight between Ironclads" by asking for it.

Send all orders to the VETERAN.

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Confederate Veteran.

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

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

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VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1922.

No. 8.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON.

Gen. George P. Harrison, youngest of the Confederate brigadiers, and former Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, died at his home in Opelika, Ala., on July 17, after an illness of several years.

The career of this young soldier was one of the most remarkable in the history of the Confederate leaders. He and his father both enlisted at the beginning of the war in 1861, and both rose to the rank of brigadier general, the son at the age of twenty-four years. He served from the beginning to the end of the war in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida, and had just passed his twenty-fourth birthday when the war closed.

George P. Harrison, Jr., was born at Monteith Plantation, near Savannah, Ga., March 19, 1841, the son of Gen. George P. and Adelaide Guinn Harrison, and a direct descendant of Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was a student at the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, when, in January, 1861, he took part with the Georgia troops in the seizure of Fort Pulaski. In the same month he was regularly enrolled with the State troops as second lieutenant of the First Georgia Regulars. However, he was shortly afterwards detailed as commandant of the Military Institute, and during that service he finished his course, being graduated with first honors and the rank of captain of Company A. In May, 1861, he rejoined his regiment in Virginia, of which he was made adjutant, then in less than a year he was elected colonel of the Fifth Georgia State Troops, and later was made colonel of the 32nd Regiment of Georgia Infantry. He served in Virginia until the winter of 1861-1862, later having a prominent part in the defense of Charleston, and alternating with Generals Hagood and Colquitt in the command of Fort Johnson. On July 22, 1863, during the assault upon Fort Wagner, he brought his regiment to the reinforcement of the garrison at a critical moment, and helped in the disastrous defeat of the enemy. He was afterwards in command of the Federal prison at Florence, S. C., and the humane treatment of the twenty-five thousand Federal prisoners under his direction was recognized, when Savannah fell, in the general orders of the Federal commander, his family, then living there, being mentioned for special protection.

But it was in the battle of Olustee, Fla., in 1864, that General Harrison won just distinction. He was commanding one of the two brigades under General Finegan, Colquitt commanding the other, and these forces prevented the capture of a large part of the State of Florida and its subjection to Federal rule. The Federal loss was very heavy in proportion to numbers engaged. It was after this battle that he received his promotion to brigadier. He was in all the battles in South Carolina, and in the fighting at Bentonville, N. C., his conspicuous leadership won for him the highest commendation of his superiors.

Brave of heart, strong of conviction, true to all the best interests of his people, General Harrison was honored by them in many ways. After the war he removed to Alabama, and served as commandant of the State University for one year, following which he held the same position with the State Agricultural College. He then entered upon the practice of law, in which he became both prominent and successful, and in political life he became a leader. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1875, was State Senator for twelve years, also a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1894. And he served as United States representative in Congress for a full term after filling out the unexpired term of Hon. W. C. Oates.

As a veteran of the Confederacy, General Harrison was ever devoted to the cause for which he had fought, and his comrades had honored him by their confidence and trust. For many years he was Commander of the Alabama Division U. C. V., and in 1912 he was elected to the command of the Army of Tennessee Department, then in 1916 he was made Commander in Chief. Ill health caused him to give this up after serving two years. He was Grand Master of Alabama Masons at one time, and was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

General Harrison was twice married, and is survived by his wife, who was Miss Sara Nunnally, of Lagrange, Ga., and a son and daughter of the first marriage. He had lived at Opelika for many years, and was there laid to rest.

"The brighter day
Breaks above that line of gray.
Where are they these many years?"

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The following comes from W. McK. Evans, who was assistant grand marshal of the recent reunion parade in Richmond, Va., and he asks the VETERAN to give his views for the benefit of the reunion committees in New Orleans. He says:

"The thirty-second reunion of United Confederate Veterans is now a thing of the past. It has gone into history with all of its throbs and heartaches; it will live forever in the hearts of the people of Richmond.

"For many reasons there has never been one just like it before. Those to follow will be much the same, and it behooves us who are still active to do all that we can to give the old boys a good time with as little inconvenience and trouble to themselves as possible, and I believe you can help through the VETERAN in that direction.

"Our boys are growing older and more feeble, they cannot march, even a short distance, any more, nor can they, as of yore, be comfortable in tents or on cots. The entertaining cities must arrange for them in private homes where the hotels are overcrowded. Transportation in the parade is necessary, therefore cars must be at formation points to take care of them. It is simply impossible for any committee in the entertaining cities to take care of this and to see if the units are at their proper places and on time. I know the city of New Orleans will do all that is possible in this direction, but they can be greatly helped if the officers will look after their men and help them to find just their position in line by finding out themselves. My experience is that the difficulty can be greatly simplified if the Department Commanders get in touch with their Division Commanders, the Division Commanders with their Brigade Commanders, and the Brigade Commanders with the Camp Commanders, report their presence to the parade headquarters, receive information and directions therefrom, and, above all, work in harmony with the plans arranged by the Parade Committee.

"The Parade Committee may provide the most perfect plan of formation, which can be greatly marred, if not completely ruined, if the units are not in the places provided for them. This is doubly necessary now that arrangements must be made to transport the old boys.

"The above suggestions would not impose much of a hardship on the different officers and would greatly add to the comfort and convenience of the men. Let us all agree to try this plan once, so as to help the committee at New Orleans in 1923.

"There is another thing that needs attention. At the reunion at Houston, the official ladies for Departments, Divisions, and Brigades were limited to six, which were designated as Sponsor, Matron of Honor, and Maids of Honor. Not the least attention has been paid to this order. Ladies are appointed under all kinds of titles, which are not acknowledged by the grand body of United Confederate Veterans, and should be the same with the Sons of Confederate Veterans. These appointments have run from twelve to forty, causing much adverse criticism from both the veterans and citizens.

"They think the old boys are put aside for the women folk. Whether that is correct or not, stop the sponsors with the Brigades. Let's call a halt and obey orders. My State has never, and will never, exceed the limit, and we are happier for it. Try it."

A SUCCESSFUL REUNION.

At a meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, United Confederate Veterans, held at Richmond, Va., Friday night, July 7, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That the thirty-second reunion of United Confederate Veterans, held in this city, June 20-22, 1922, was, in every respect, an eminent success.

The attendance from all parts of the country was surprisingly large.

Arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of our guests were as well-nigh perfect as could be.

The grand parade of white-haired veterans, remnant of the incomparable army of the Southern Confederacy, rejuvenated by wartime memories, the stirring strains of martial music, and the smiles and cheers of lovely women, was a spectacle of beauty and pathos utterly indescribable.

Contrasting sharply with their gray-clad sires and grand-sires were the no less valiant khaki-clad sons, many of them veterans of the World War, the most horrible of all wars; the ever-ready Boy Scouts and the brilliant dress uniforms of our own gallant National Guard.

To make such a signal success as was made of this reunion required organization, and the organization required talent at its head with unflinching faith and courage. That the managers possessed these qualities to an eminent degree, inspiring the cheerful cooperation and loyal support of all, is fully attested by the wonderful success attained.

While all performed so well the duties assigned them, and the hearty congratulations and sincere thanks of this Camp are due and are hereby most cordially tendered all, we feel that the Steering Committee, appointed by this Camp, is specially worthy of praise and specially entitled to our thanks, for upon those three men devolved all the responsibility of leadership and direction, and had their great undertaking proved a failure theirs would have been the censure.

We also tender well-merited thanks to the city police for the splendid service rendered, and to the Boy Scouts, who were indefatigable in their considerate attention, and to the Virginia Railway and Power Company for their generous gift of free transportation for all Confederate veterans over all their lines during the entire reunion, and to their employees for their courteous attention.

We wish also to return our sincere thanks to all the managers of railroad companies that gave the reduction in fare to Richmond for the reunion, which enabled us to have a much larger attendance.

Last, but by no means least, we wish to express our grateful appreciation and thanks to the city of Richmond and the State of Virginia, and to those individuals who contributed, for their generous financial support, and for the splendid spirit shown by the citizens of Richmond generally. Their hospitality was whole-souled and without stint, and the zest and cordiality with which they entered into the true spirit of the occasion was most gratifying and helpful.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, died in 1832.—*Dixie Book of Days.*

THE RUTHERFORD HISTORY REPORT.

Regarding that history report at the Richmond reunion and the resolution which created such a stir over the country, Col. H. W. Johnstone, of Curryville, Ga., author of the pamphlet setting forth the hitherto unknown facts as to Lincoln's part in bringing on the war, writes:

"I beg space for a condensed statement as to my little historical book, 'Truth of the War Conspiracy, 1861,' which was recommended by the Committee on History and approved by the U. C. V. at Richmond, June 21, 1922.

"A very large percentage of current histories and biographies are loose compilations of opinions, very often regardless of facts as Henry Watterson said: 'A confusing din of opinion.' I have used only facts. I am aware that the comments and conclusions as set forth in this pamphlet are opinions, but modified by the facts stated as their basis.

"Briefly, the facts—of official record—are impregnable; and the facts so established, the conclusions as stated, are inevitable. For the first time, these facts are so published that all may understand them. With one exception—to my knowledge—every comment written into the daily press has been the work of those who never saw the book; yet they, and a very few equally ignorant individuals, denounced the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the book, and its author. Even a hint of the facts made them drunk with excitement, but we confidently appeal to 'Cæsar sober.'

"There is a vast difference between 'before' and 'after' reading the truth. When the facts are refuted by openly produced evidence of equal dignity, I will publicly acknowledge it; but otherwise I stand to the truth, and bespeak the support of 'my ain folk.'"

July 9, 1922.

THAT LINCOLN RESOLUTION—AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

BY ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

"The Sons are silent," says a distinguished Southern woman and writer, speaking of the waves of comment and criticism that swept over the country when the Veterans' History Committee, in recommending Colonel Johnstone's booklet, stated that Lincoln was directly responsible for bringing on the War between the States. "Are they politicians, or are they victims of the Northern propaganda."

Many inquiries have been directed to the Sons' history department regarding this charge about Lincoln and the amount of truth contained in it. It is no new thing, though it seems to be considered so by a great many. The majority apparently seem to think it some new charge, originated by the veterans and sprung on the occasion of the Richmond reunion. As a matter of fact, the charge has been made time and again, and Percy Greg, the distinguished English historian, quoting the records, makes the same charge in the strongest sort of language, using language, in fact, that makes the veterans' history report wording sound almost like a Lincoln panegyric in comparison.

Other historians make the charge directly or by inference; the records bear them out in many instances. If we are to abide by the famous ruling of Judge Daniel, of Virginia, made years ago, that "the lie is the first lick"—if we accept the records of the government itself, showing plainly the chicanery that was at the bottom of the dealings with the Confederate commissioners regarding supplies and reinforcements for Sumter—if we accept the general view that Sumter started the war, then indeed can it be charged that Lincoln laid a

match to a situation that had been developing ever since the first Puritan cast an evil eye on the first Cavalier over in Merrie England.

It is a strong statement to assert that any one man brought on the War between the States, but it is a reasonable statement to assert that the acts of Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet were strongly provocative of what occurred at Sumter, and what occurred at Sumter has long been asserted by Mr. Lincoln's admirers as the beginning as well as the cause of the actual fighting.

It seems that this conclusion is unescapable, unless we choose to accept the alternative that Lincoln was considered so spineless by his own cabinet officers that they ignored him, kept him in ignorance of the most important happenings of the century, and paid no attention to him as a man or as a President.

It is truly a significant point to think over in this connection that while, under Buchanan, the incident of firing on the flag in the case of the Star of the West, which occurred in January, 1861, three months before Sumter was fired on, caused little or no excitement, this "firing on the flag" at Sumter, under Lincoln's administration, was either the means of exciting, or was used as a means to incite, the Northern people to rise and attack the South.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that the Northern mind has conceived such a picture of Lincoln that any discussion of him whatever, unless couched in sycophantic terms, strikes them as profane and bordering on the sacriligious. If one-tenth part of the levity shown in connection with the George Washington cherry tree and hatchet incident had been directed at any Lincoln legend, the G. A. R. Posts of the country would have worn themselves to a frazzle rushing to their meetings to pass flaming resolutions denouncing the "treason." Impossible as it is to believe, one or more G. A. R. Posts did denounce the passing of these resolutions at Richmond as "disloyalty and treason." And it is doubtless true, strange as it may appear to the normal man, that, to their minds, any statement not in accord with the Lincoln apotheosis is really "treason."

It should be borne in mind that these statements and discussions of Lincoln from Southern sources are not prompted by a desire to attack him—the position of character assassin cannot be truthfully delegated to Southern writers who are striving to get the truth before the people—yet if in presenting the truth some of the gilding around the Lincoln picture is knocked off, who is to blame? Must we cease to discuss history?

If many things claimed for Lincoln were true, we of the South would have to rest under aspersions that would make us deserve the scorn of the world. We cannot disregard our birthright or the truth of history. We of the South hold back the truth as far as we are able, let it be regretfully said, for while any statement emanating from Northern sources is accepted or is passed without protest, there are only too frequently loud cries if Southern writers or Southern speakers attempt to refute untrue charges! It is a strange and a thankless situation.

There is continual, never-ending misrepresentation and misstatement. Some of it is propaganda, some mere ignorance. Only the other day our gallant United States marines enacted the drama of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg before a body of spectators that included the President of the United States, the Governor of Virginia, and others. Descriptions of this charge, as the marines enacted it, and the moving picture representations of it, lead one to imagine, if not informed, that the charge was hurled back, the objective not gained, and

the retreat from Cemetery Hill (not Seminary Ridge, as the *New York Times* Sunday supplement entitled their picture of the scene) was the rout of a demoralized rabble. Such is far from the fact. The charge went up to and over the objective, which was the famous "rock wall" on top of the hill, and the hill was held for twenty minutes, when, reinforcements not being sent, and the Federal reinforcements closing round in large numbers, those who were left of the immortal band retreated.

Even eternal vigilance cannot combat successfully the distortions and misrepresentations of our history, and the task of those who try to help in some way to stem the tide is made harder by the attitude of many of our own people in regard to these efforts.

A PATHETIC FLAG OF TRUCE.

BY D. G. GALLAHER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

During the War between the States not very many flags of truce came under my observation, but there was one which I recall filled with pathos and interest. In the winter of 1863-64, General Lee's army lay along the Rapidan River, mainly in Orange County, Va., and stretching eastward toward the Wilderness, where, a few months later, Grant and Lee grappled like two giants in one of the bloodiest struggles of the war. I was a courier attached to the headquarters of Gen. Jeb Stuart, whose pickets guarded Lee's front for many miles. One of the bravest and best loved officers in Stuart's command was his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Maj. H. B. McClellan, a cultivated gentleman from the North, whom the war found teaching in an old Virginia family in Charlotte County, Va. His heart was in the cause of the Confederacy and more particularly in the keeping of one of Virginia's fair daughters, whom he later married. After the war he established a high grade school in Lexington, Ky., where he died. Major McClellan was a cousin to Gen. George B. McClellan, perhaps the most talented and skilled general in the Union armies, though somewhat unfortunate in events military and in being hounded by political enemies. His failure should be attributed to his officers and men, and not to himself or his plans of battle. But to the story.

One cold day in December, 1863, I was called by Major McClellan and told to get myself and horse into the most presentable appearance, as he wished me to accompany him with a flag of truce to the enemy. Needless to say, we were "brushed up" thoroughly for the trip, and off we started, the major, another courier, and I. It was bitter cold as we passed the infantry outposts, who, as so often was the case on outposts, were brave, cheerful North Carolinians. Right here, though with all the traditional pride of a Virginian, let me say that wherever and whenever there was peril, suffering, or death, none in Lee's army were oftener to be found there than the brave "Tar Heel" boys. After leaving them and their good wishes, and after riding over frozen roads some miles, we came to our cavalry outposts, where we fastened a white handkerchief to a saber held aloft and rode on for miles through "no man's land," and through the deathlike stillness of a deserted country, with no sign of the enemy, until suddenly brought to a halt by a cavalry picket, with his carbine pointed at us from a clump of bushes along side the road on the crest of a small hill. We soon advanced and Major McClellan asked that we be taken back to their picket reserve, which was done. There he explained to the commanding officer his mission, and asked that they send for his brother, Captain McClellan, who was then a member of General Meade's staff, having after the battle of Antietam, or Sharps-

burg, as we called it, succeeded McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac. They had to send a courier for Captain McClellan to Culpeper Courthouse, some miles away.

In the meanwhile, awaiting the return of their courier, my associate courier and I fraternized with the Yankee boys, giving them all of our tobacco, highly prized and scarce in their army, and they tendering to our nearly frozen lips canteens of whisky, equally prized and scarce with us. Major McClellan took no part in our talk, but seemed unusually reserved and solemn, and had cause to be so, which we respected fully. A very dark night had come on and, after waiting for it seemed hours, we heard the noise of advancing horses in a gallop. Captain McClellan leaped down from his panting and mud-splashed horse and rushed to his brother, who embraced him for a full minute and with broken voice greeted him. They quietly withdrew from us and sat down by a fire in the woods some distance away in earnest, deep conversation.

It seems that word had been in some way sent through our lines to Major McClellan by his brother that their devoted sister had just died in Philadelphia, and he was bringing the details of the sad story to him. So long as I may live can I never forget the scene of those two brothers, arrayed against each other in fratricidal war, sitting by that little camp fire in the forest, away from all others, and condoling with each other over the death of a beloved sister, soon with a brother's embrace to part and say good-by, each returning to his opposing post of duty and danger, perhaps death.

BILL JOHNSTON.

A TRIBUTE BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

When I joined the Confederate army, I found Bill Johnston a member of the same company—viz., Company D, 10th Confederate Cavalry Regiment. Thomas A. Knight was captain. Bill Johnston was then about thirty-five years old, of a sallow complexion, thin visaged, with an eagle gray eye. He did not appear to have good health, but was always ready for duty. I have been on duty with him in the most dangerous places, and I never saw him shirk or falter. I never saw a gamer or braver soldier. On one occasion there was a call for four volunteers to go on the firing line from our company. As soon as the call was made, he stepped out as game as any game cock ever went into a pit. The manner and the brave spirit he manifested was so grand that I could not resist stepping out and taking my place beside him. We were the only volunteers. The others were detailed. The skirmish line was put under Lieutenant McKinnon, and we moved forward. We did not go far before we came in sight of the enemy's picket line. The undergrowth of timber was so thick we could not see far ahead, but Bill Johnston's eagle eye saw his man and he threw his gun to his shoulder, and was pulling the trigger when our lieutenant called out: "Don't shoot." The Yank heard the order and lost no time in getting away. Old Bill was sure mad when not allowed to shoot. I never knew why our lieutenant did not allow him to shoot, unless the aim was to capture the picket. Well, that mistake of our lieutenant produced the wildest commotion in the Yankee camp—nothing short of a stampede of wagons, ambulances, artillery, and cavalry. You could hear them getting away for miles. The whole thing was panic stricken. If Bill Johnston had been allowed to fire his gun, there would have been one less of the Yankee army, as he was taking deliberate aim at a distance of about fifty yards.

Bill Johnston died several years ago near Fort Deposit, Ala. He was one of the bravest of the brave soldiers that Lowndes County furnished to the Confederacy. Rest to his soul!

A MISSISSIPPI SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY CAPT. R. N. REA, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

It was not long before I was off. I stepped over the breastworks to the public highway and marched rapidly to the picket line and was very soon between the lines of the two great western armies. I continued marching right down the road until near daylight, and, feeling that I was not far from the enemy's picket line, I thought it prudent to get into the woods, and when daylight came, I saw that I did not make this move any too soon. I was on a hill, and a small stream was at its base running bright and clear. On the opposite hill many small smokes began to ascend heavenward, and I noticed a narrow, well-used pathway running to the branch, and in a few moments a string of Yankees came down that path with their camp kettles for their ration of water; and they kept this up during the entire day. It was not my business to capture or shoot soldiers; what I wanted was information. If it had been otherwise, I could have done some business then and there. I now had my business and directions well fixed in my mind. When night came, we recrossed the road in single file, using the utmost care. Halting my men at a point which I could recognize in the distance, I selected one man to go with me, instructing the others to remain in that exact spot until I returned; and if I did not return by the following night they were to return to our army and report to General Sears.

I slipped right through the picket line and very soon was on the bank of the Chattahoochee River, not more than a quarter of a mile above the railroad bridge, the point of my destination. On either bank of the river there was plenty of cane stubble, and I soon sought its protection. While resting in this, I saw a very large force repairing the railroad bridge; no soldiers of any consequence on the Atlanta side of the river and not many on the other side. I had now what I was sent out to secure, and immediately bade adieu to the old Chattahoochee and returned to my men without accident. I was tired, and we lay down to sleep, but by daylight we began our return to Atlanta. After moving slowly and cautiously through the woods, we came to an opening of about fifty acres, where all at once, we heard laughing and talking between men and women. I ordered my men to lie down while I reconnoitered. Upon moving up to the edge of the field, I saw a double log house in the center of the field. On the south side a white woman was washing Yankee uniforms, while, under a cherry tree on the north side, I saw four women entertaining fifteen Yankee soldiers, one of whom had a little girl in his lap, playing with a silver watch. To complete the picture, their arms and cartridges boxes were leaning against the log house. I reported this scene to my men, and that I intended to capture the whole lot. I then marched them to the south side of the field and directed them in a whisper to deploy as skirmishers and to lie down. The following instructions were impressed upon each man, that upon my waving my hand they were to begin crawling up to the house, to preserve their alignment, and to keep this movement up until I waved to them to charge. On reaching the house, I wanted half of them to go to the right and half to the left. I then drew my side arms and we began our long crawl, reaching the corner of the small yard without detection. I was watching the old woman, but she was too busy with her soapsuds to see me. Giving the signal, we bounded forward and around the house, and, before our friends in blue could move from their seats, we had fourteen of them prisoners. One tall fellow, however, made a break for liberty, and, as he passed his stack of guns, he caught one and ran into the door of the house. I was right behind him with cocked pistol. As he reached the door, he

brought his piece to his shoulder, aiming it right at Grantham of my company. In an instant I fired and killed him, then I jumped over him. We never stopped, but made an immediate rush for the friendly cover of the bushes, leaving their arms leaning against the old log cabin. We reached Atlanta about nine o'clock the following night, delivered our prisoners, and, at the same time, I made a verbal report to General Sears.

The next day General Hood began moving his army to the left, leaving our brigade before Atlanta and stretching out our line until the men were thirty feet apart, and very soon the great battle of Jonesboro was fought. Every command in the army was engaged in this battle. In the meantime our brigade, after leaving a few men in the entrenchments, was in the city destroying the government and railway property. At 2 A.M. our brigade left Atlanta at a rapid gait, and just as we were leaving the suburbs the explosion of the magazines shook the city from center to circumference. As we marched along the streets, it seemed that every woman and child in Atlanta was standing in the doors or yards with sad faces and in tears. About four o'clock next evening we succeeded in swinging clear around the army and took our position at Lovejoy, on the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, and very soon all of the Confederate troops that had been engaged in Jonesboro took their position in line with us. The campaign was at an end, and Sherman and his army took possession of Atlanta. In a few days an armistice of ten days was agreed upon by our commanders, and Sherman began to depopulate the city, the women and children being sent out on every train, loaded on flat cars and box cars—one of the saddest scenes that I saw during the war. The world knows what followed.

I had been detailed as adjutant, and was acting in that capacity, but our captain having been captured in the battle I was promoted to captain and assigned to that duty. At the expiration of ten days, hostilities were resumed, and Hood's Tennessee campaign was now inaugurated. We left Lovejoy Station without an incident, the Federal army in our front making no effort to attack us. After a day's journey, we were halted by the roadside for review. Our regiment was on the extreme right of the army, and, on account of the narrow space in our front, I had a perfect view very close to those who were to make the inspection. We knew that the President would be present, and I was very anxious to see him. I had seen him upon the plains of Manassas in 1861. Very soon General Hood and the President came riding slowly, side by side, with a large staff in the rear. Upon looking at the President, I was surprised. Time had made a great change in his appearance. I now saw a man whose face was very sad, his countenance old, and his body thin and weak, yet he sat on his steed with grace and ease, making a fine figure. I never saw him after this.

In the campaign we passed over the same ground that we had fought over, and I never saw a living thing, scarcely a house, no fences or anything that would indicate that the country had been inhabited; but I saw in their stead beautiful fields of waving grass. The desolation was complete in all details. When we reached Allatoona Pass, our division was selected to attack the fort, which was commanded by General Corse. In less than five minutes after our entrance into this battle, every field officer in the regiment lay upon the field dead, together with two hundred and fifty others. We fell back under the protection of a hill and fired upon the fort all day. While this battle was being fought, General Sherman, with his signal corps, was on the top of Kennesaw Mountain, and he signalled to General Corse: "Hold the fort, for I am coming." This is the origin of the beautiful song of that name.

We retreated about sundown, leaving our dead upon the field of battle and a surgeon to care for our wounded.

I shall pass over the long, fatiguing march to Columbia and its incidents. We crossed Duck River ten miles above Columbia, and the other two commands crossed the river in front of the town, with Schofield's army before them and pressing them with energy. Before Hardee and Cheatham's Corps could get across Duck River, our corps, commanded by Stewart, was over and very near Spring Hill, where we halted in line of battle and remained near the Spring Hill and Columbia Pike all night long, sleeping upon our arms. General Schofield's army passed on to Franklin just before day, with our army in full pursuit. It was said by our company wag that they stopped with us to light their pipes. We actually pushed them so close that they shot the teams in their army wagons, and finally they abandoned everything in order to reach Franklin. We reached the renowned little capital of Williamson County nearly as soon as the Federal army, and General Hood made immediate preparations for attacking them. It took some time for all the army to come up and take the positions assigned to them, and, as I remember it, the battle began about 3 P.M. on November 30, 1864. The army was massed into columns of brigades. This formation brought the army in close touch, and I was in a position to see everything of importance that was transpiring, prior to the battle. It was a clear, pleasant day and the men were in finer spirits than I had seen them for a long time. All of the generals in the army, their staffs, and every field officer, sat upon their horses near us and in their proper places. Such an inspiring scene was good to look upon.

We had seen that the assault was to be made in columns of brigades. In an instant every band in the army began playing "Dixie," and our heavy skirmish line advanced and captured the exterior works in front of Franklin. This success acted like a charm upon the men. On they went into the very jaws of death, with Hood's army at their heels, and in a few seconds your humble servant found himself in a living hell. I tried hard to keep a level head, but scarcely knew what to do. I was close up to the breastworks when the thought occurred to me that there was more danger in returning, so I continued until I fell into the big long ditch outside the breastworks. I then got close up to the works so that the Yankees could not bring their pieces to bear upon me. It was now dark, or nearly so, and I stuck hard and fast to my position. The ditch was now full of men, dead, living, and wounded. If I ever prayed earnestly in my life it was then. It seemed to me that the Federals had concluded to kill every man in that ditch. They began enfilading us and to shoot us in every way they could, and I really believe that they killed seven-eighths of us. I am unable to tell you how I escaped, but it was the happiest time of my life when I was finally able to get out from under that pile of dead and wounded men.

It was about 1 A.M., and a fierce gale was blowing, and it was freezing cold. I was stiff and could hardly walk. Looking over the breastworks, I saw an old ginhouse and a dead Confederate general just in front of me. Of course, the Federals had retreated. I was a little dazed and began looking about. It seemed to be dark, very dark. Soon I began to see lights appear, and the battle field began to show signs of life; little fires were started here and there, a few lanterns began to shine, and a few people began to move around. Finally there were many persons visible, and very soon thereafter the citizens of Franklin, including the women and children, were on the battle field, seeking relatives who had fallen. I myself sought a friendly fire, and by the time I was somewhat restored to a little comfort, it was daylight and I saw before my eyes

at least one-fourth of the army of Tennessee lying dead and wounded. Such a sight I never before beheld, and I know that I shall never see another. In sadness and regret, I will only say that during the day after this great battle we collected all of those dead heroes and buried them, eight deep, in long trenches on either side of the Franklin and Columbia Pikes. All of our field officers, the generals and their staffs, rode into this battle on horseback, and six generals were killed there, more general officers than in any battle of the war, not excepting Gettysburg.

It was extremely cold, and when we left Franklin we made fast time to Nashville. We formed our lines and fortified ourselves, and it began snowing until the whole country was deep in snow. General Schofield's army was now heavily reinforced by Gen. George Thomas, and soon after this the Union army advanced on us from Nashville. After two days of fighting and maneuvering, they carried our thin line of gray by assault, and quickly our army was in full retreat and making the best defense it could. But there were too many for us to turn the tide. We could only sting them, and we stung them hard and often; and many times they were only too glad to get away from the Johnnie Rebs of old. I passed near my old Colonel (then general) Sears, who was looking sterner than I ever saw him. An ambulance was near him, and he was sitting on his old roan horse, Billy, with his field glasses to his eyes, looking directly at the Federals; in an instant a shell took off his leg and at the same time killed the old horse that he had ridden during the entire war. Will you believe me when I tell you that that gallant old man stood upon one leg and said, "Poor Billy," with tears running rapidly down his cheeks. We placed him in the ambulance standing near the scene, and I told him good-bye and hurried on to the rear. I never expected to see him again, and you can scarcely realize my surprise when I received an affectionate letter from him, in which he said that he was living in Oxford, and was then professor of mathematics in the University of Mississippi.

On our arrival at Franklin, my shoes had fallen from my feet, and I was now barefooted in the deep snow, with a hostile army pressing. I do not think now that I regarded it with any degree of great misfortune at that time, but I did not get a pair of shoes until we reached Tupelo, Miss., having marched all the way from Franklin, Tenn., to that place in my bare feet, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. I certainly came near freezing to death. I had no blanket, nothing but my sword and pistol. This part of my life as a soldier is so sad that I do not care to describe the retreat of the army from Nashville to Tupelo. General Hood succeeded in taking his army across the rivers of Harpeth, Duck, Shoals Creek, and Tennessee, which latter we crossed just above Florence, Ala. Three gunboats were shelling us as we crossed on our pontoon bridge to the Tusculumbia side of the river. They might as well have shot popguns at us, as we got over without a single casualty.

On our arrival at Tupelo, General Hood, at his own request, was relieved and his entire army was furloughed for ten days. Having secured transportation for my men and myself, we got on the top of a box car (on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad) and, after having ridden one hundred and thirty miles in very cold weather, disembarked at Marion, where we were at home once more.

It was now January, 1865. Our little "leave of absence" had soon expired, and every man of my small company reported to my regiment at Mobile, Ala. We belonged to the division of Gen. S. G. French, made up of Sears's Mississippi Brigade, which was composed of the 4th Mississippi, Col. Adair commanding; 35th Regiment, William S. Barry,

colonel commanding; 7th Mississippi Battalion, Lieut. Col. Jones commanding; 39th Mississippi and 46th Mississippi Regiment, William H. Clark, colonel, killed at Allatoona, Ga.); Cockrell's Missouri Brigade, and Ector's Texas Brigade. I am proud to have been a member of this division; there was none better.

We were now in camp four miles from the city of Mobile, and very near the beautiful shell road leading down to the bay, and we were having a most delightful time. We were also a part of the "Army of the Gulf," with Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury in command. In the following March, General Canby began his operations against Mobile with a large force, and our pleasant surroundings and associations were broken up forever. We were ordered across the bay to Blakely, and on our arrival our regiment, the 46th Mississippi, was ordered on picket duty four miles from the army, where we remained until the first day of April. Captain Winston, a son of ex-Governor Winston, of Alabama, supported us with his fine cavalry company. He and I became warm personal friends. General Canby's cavalry drove in our pickets on April 1, 1865, and immediately our regiment was in line. However, we retreated across a field planted in oats, tearing down the fence and making good strong vidette pens, with Captain Winston's cavalry on our left. These dispositions took a little while to complete, and in the meantime, all was silent. Captain Hart, who was in command of the regiment, suggested that I go out in front and see what the Federals were doing. Taking a gun out of the hands of one of my men, I proceeded to comply with his request. I had gone parallel to the public road, but was in the woods and perhaps a quarter of a mile in front of my regiment. I finally came to a small, high hill, which I cautiously ascended. Looking intently down at the base of the hill, there sat a Federal cavalryman, with his right leg thrown across the pommel of his saddle. In some way his leg had gotten mixed up with the bridle reins and, in his excitement, he was endeavoring to right it and to bring his piece to bear on me, but I was too quick for him. I gave him the contents of my gun and immediately disappeared over the hill. He never did fire his piece, and it is very probable that I killed him. I was back to my regiment and in line none too soon, for in a few minutes a heavy line of skirmishers advanced from the cover of the woods, and we were at our old trade once more. We had the advantage, because they had to cross an open field, and soon we repulsed them. But they came again in greater numbers. I was wounded in the right hand and left leg, and my friend, Captain Winston, sent me a horse, and in the midst of the fighting my men put me in the saddle. Just after I was mounted, a large body of cavalry, with drawn swords, came down the road, riding in squadrons of fours at full speed. My horse knew his business, and I thought he was flying. It was the first time I had ridden horseback during the entire war. Captain Winston's little negro boy, Jim, was a good second, right behind me. I was in a good deal of pain and realized that I was in a tight place. I unbuckled my sword belt and let it fall across the back of my saddle, and the weight of my pistol balanced my sword, both staying with me to the end. I then ran my hand and arm through the McClellan saddle and lay down flat on the horse and took the consequences. They kept on coming, shooting and yelling like a lot of demons, and amid all this excitement I could hear the little negro boy say: "Go it, massa! They are about to get us." I thought so too, but I could do nothing, as I was not able to stop my horse. On we went like a prairie fire and finally came to Cockrell's brigade, which had stacked arms parallel to the road, and the men were off a little distance eating dinner. The Federal cavalry

did not pay the least attention to them, but kept right on after me and Jim. In a short time, we met a cavalry company square in the road, and they took to their heels and fled. The Yankee force pursued me with fury and determination, and did not quit until forced to return by our cannon at Blakely.

On my arrival inside our lines, I was sent directly to the division hospital, and the surgeon, Dr. Norman, took me into his own tent and dressed my wounds. Before giving me a dose of morphine, he asked if I did not want a furlough. I replied that I did. "Well," he said, "take this and you will go to sleep for several hours, and I will write out your leave, sign it, and, by the time you wake up, I will have it approved by the officers here and all ready for you. The boat will be in about that time, and you can go over to Mobile, get General Maury to approve, and you can then go home immediately." Dr. Norman accompanied me to the steambot, and I never again saw or heard of him. The boat landed us in Mobile, and I went immediately to General Maury's headquarters, where his adjutant general signed my leave. I left for home at eight o'clock P.M., on wounded furlough. Shortly after, the Confederacy passed away. I was duly and regularly paroled by General Canby, major general, U. S. A., at Meridian, Miss., on the 9th day of April, 1865, and my life as a Confederate soldier was at an end.

HENRY W. ALLEN, IN MEMORIAM.

(Written for the Allen Monumental Association, to be sung at the concert to be given for the benefit of their fund by the New Orleans Conservatory of Music.)

Aye, raise the glittering shaft on high,
And on it trace his honored name,
Let art with nature here unite
Their worthiest tributes to his fame;
While Southern hearts recall in love
How Allen for them suffered long,
And how when sorrow rent his soul,
He bade them hope, be firm and strong.
Let Allen's name forever be
To us a sacred memory.

Sweet perfumes float from flowery groves,
Soft breathe the song bird's varied chime,
And shade and sunlight blend and change,
Like fortunes in our own loved clime.
While echoing back from years gone by,
Like words we learned at mother's knee,
Comes to our hearts the message sent
To us in our extremity:
"The gloom is passing fast away,
To us there comes a glorious day."

Let patroits gather round and list,
While we his actions brave resume,
And learn that noble deeds and words,
May not be covered by the tomb;
But live they will; and when the heart
That prompted them has turned to dust
Will bear their fruit and bring reward
To those who hold the gems in trust.
Thus Allen's words and deeds hold sway,
Tho' he has passed from earth away
—Tim Linkinwater.

FIGHTING WITH SABERS.

BY C. Y. FORD, ODESSA, MO., OF COMPANY G, 2D MISSOURI REGIMENT, FORREST'S CAVALRY.

In the early summer of 1862 we were attached to Gen. Martin E. Green's brigade of infantry, as nearly all cavalry regiments and artillery companies were at that early stage of the war. Consequently we were practically without organization, but in June we were organized into a brigade of cavalry and placed under that brave and efficient general, Frank C. Armstrong, who afterwards ranked as one of General Forrest's most accomplished division commanders. The brigade consisted, as I now recall, of the 2nd Missouri Cavalry, about one thousand strong, commanded by that austere old colonel, Bob McCulloch, of brave young Missourians, without a conscript in the ranks, and perhaps only a few in the other regiments; the 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, some eight hundred numbers, commanded by Colonel Slemmons; the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, about one thousand in numbers, commanded by Colonel Pinson; also the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, a full regiment, commanded by Col. William H. Jackson, afterwards a brigadier under that wizard of the saddle, Gen. Bedford Forrest, one of the most distinguished soldiers of our Southland; and Wirt Adams's Battalion, and a small battalion commanded by Colonel Saunders. In all, a magnificent body of fighting cavalry, ready and eager to measure arms with the Federal cavalry.

About the middle of July we were granted that privilege. We had drilled some two months as dismounted troopers and had become quite good with the saber. The bugle sounded "Boots and Saddles," and we were marching in a long column. How proud we were of our well-mounted men armed with carbines (breech-loading) and pistols with sabers. We camped the first night on the Tombigbee River at Bay Springs, and from there we marched into West Tennessee. Near Middleburg we encountered a strong Federal force of cavalry and one six-gun battery commanded by General Grierson, consisting of some five thousand superbly armed and finely mounted men. The 2nd Missouri was marching at the head of the column, when we were fired into by some dismounted troopers placed behind a railroad embankment. General Armstrong ordered the bugler to sound the charge, and we thundered down a dusty lane by platoons, with drawn sabers. Capt. Rock Champion was at the head of the troop, Colonel McCulloch riding by his side, and our sabers glittering in the bright sunshine made an imposing line of battle. The Yanks were game, and plainly we could hear their bugle sounding the charge. Soon we crashed together in a general mix-up. Capt. Rock Champion was instantly killed; Lieut. Joe Eubanks was severely wounded. When some confusion ensued, a few men were ordered dismounted to throw down a small fence, and we were ordered to right-front into line. Again we drove them back into a cotton field some half mile farther, when they reformed and charged us with sabers, but we were not dismayed by this splendid line of cavalry charging right up to us, with their young Colonel Hogg waving his sword and urging his men into battle. Colonel McCulloch waved his saber and cheered the men on, and in we went with the rebel yell, cutting and slashing as we again drove them from the field, leaving their commander's body on the field. He was dressed in a white shirt, with a cavalry jacket buckled to the pommel of his saddle, his horse lying by his side, both dead. We all felt some sorrow at seeing so young and brave a soldier fall, when victory was at one time almost in his grasp. Many claimed the distinguished honor of killing this gallant soldier, but he and Colonel McCulloch were often

seen striking at each other and always close together in battle, so it was always conceded that Colonel McCulloch killed Colonel Hogg.

We had a number of men wounded by sword cuts, but very few were killed. Sammy Massey, in my company, was killed, his head cleaved by a saber, and his horse was killed. When we found Sammy, his saber was in his clutched hand and some two feet of the blade was broken off. Tom Turner, also of my company, had three cuts, and his horse too. Tom, I think, killed the Federal who wounded him. It was a hotly contested battle of perhaps an hour's duration. We had met a regiment worthy of our steel a most beautiful fight, nearly equal in forces, and both regiments finely led. Hogg was most surely a chivalrous and fine soldier.

The battle was witnessed by the Federal troops, drawn up in line of battle on this cotton plantation, with a battery, and our forces drawn up south of them in the same cotton field; but not a soldier outside of the 2nd Missouri or the 2nd Illinois regiments took any part whatever in the engagement. We sent Colonel Hogg's body by flag of truce into the enemy's camp. That night we attacked a body of Federals at Medan in a depot surrounded by cotton bales, but they drove us away. This fight was near midnight, and we continued our march until daylight, when we dismounted to rest a short time and were standing by our horses, when two pieces of artillery let loose two charges of grapeshot into our column at point-blank range, but with no casualties resulting. Bugles sounded, and, as soon as we had mounted, Lieutenant Brotherton, of General Armstrong's staff, dashed up and ordered Colonel McCulloch to draw sabers and charge the battery a few hundred yards down the road at Britton's Lane. So again we went at the Yanks with sabers and the rebel yell. The guns were supported by an infantry force on each side of the road, and we were supported by the 1st Mississippi on the left and the 7th Tennessee on our right. These supports were dismounted; the battle was in an open field that had been in corn the previous year. The grapeshot and Minnie bullets cutting the dry stalks and our charging horses made a fearful noise. We charged right up to the guns, but all three regiments were driven back. Our colonel's horse was killed, as also the flag bearers' horses. A number of men were killed and wounded, and this created some confusion, but we again rallied on the blast of the bugle, reformed, and, all dismounted, charged them again, and drove them from the field. It was a bloody battle for more than two hours, and our loss was heavy both in men and horses. Colonel Pinson, commanding the 1st Mississippi Regiment, was severely wounded, and many of our officers and men were killed and wounded. I think the heaviest loss was in that fine old regiment, the 7th Tennessee, for many of their men fell on that hot August day. It was called the battle of Britton's Lane, near Denmark, Tenn. The Yankees made a gallant fight, but we proved too much for them. This was our second saber battle in two days, and we sustained severe losses of many of our fine soldiers. Conspicuous among them was Capt. Rock Champion, who commanded Company K, of our regiment, a most distinguished looking soldier, as much so as any soldier I saw in my four years' service.

Often in my old days do I think of these two saber fights and of the fine boys who fell there. Peace to their slumbers!

In seeds of laurel in the earth

The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere waiting for its birth

The shaft is in the stone. —Henry Timrod.

CHICKAMAUGA.

BY JOHN COXE, LILLIAS LAKELET, CAL.

Marching back from Gettysburg, both armies settled down in camps of rest in "Old Virginia again" with the memorable Rapidan rolling between them, Lee's army being in the neighborhood of Orange Courthouse and Gordonsville and Meade's army in the vicinity of Culpeper Courthouse. Our brigade camped in lovely woods, had plenty of fine drinking water, and, except for rather short rations, had a good time. We remained in that camp from from about the middle of July till about the middle of September, and except for camp guard duty, which was very light, had no other duty to perform whatever. My own mess, then made up of Earl Bowen, Henry Rowe, Girard and Wash Dyer, John Pickett, Baylis James, and myself, pieced out our short rations by pooling our limited Confederate money and then by dealing with the camp sutlers and butchers. From the sutlers we got very weakly sweetened ginger bread and from the butchers beef hearts and livers, these inward parts of beeves always being recognized as the private perquisites of the camp butchers. Thus our mess nearly always managed to have a tolerable meat dinner. We had a rather large Dutch oven, and a lid, in which we always baked our hearts and livers nicely brown. Usually there was attached to the hearts considerable fat, which made fine gravy. When fully cooked, the oven was lifted from the fire and set down in a cool place, then we all seated ourselves in a circle round the feast and began to enjoy it. But always, and for "politeness' sake," a little meat and a little gravy were left in the oven after all had finished. For a long time Henry Rowe had acted as our "clean up" and dish washer after meals, and it was a very light job. Usually after dinner we would sit about for a while and talk and smoke. Then Henry Rowe would get about to "clean up." First he would approach the oven, stoop down and, with a grin in his face, say: "Gentlemen, as I don't like to see anything wasted, I'll clean up what's left in the oven, if no one has any objections." And then most of us would chime in and say: "Yes, yes, Henry, go ahead." And he would go ahead and thus greatly enjoy our "courtesy."

We enjoyed good appetites, and this long rest and good eating contributed to make us feel some what happier than usual in those days, although the drawn battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg left blue streaks on our Southern horizon. One day, about the middle of September, we got orders to cook rations and get ready to march. The next morning we started, and at night bivouacked near Richmond. The next day we promptly boarded trains and went south. Our division, under McLaws, and Hood's Division, all under Longstreet, went on this lively excursion. It was whispered that we were going to help Bragg out at Chattanooga, where he was being pressed by Rosecrans. Hood's Division went ahead of ours. Our own brigade, under the ever-smiling and good-natured Kershaw, went via Petersburg, Weldon, Wilmington, Florence, Charleston, Savannah, Millen, Macon, and Atlanta. Some of the other units of the expedition went different routes. We stopped two hours at Wilmington, near the crossing of the Cape Fear, which was then by steam ferry. We could see only part of the town, but we had a good view up the river, and it was very enchanting in the rays of the near-setting sun. But my most thrilling thoughts traveled farther up the Cape Fear to Fayetteville, where lived one I knew, alas, too well.

It was dark when we crossed the river and entrained on the other side. Soon after getting under way, bad luck overtook us. The engine drawing our train was in bad order, and slow progress and many stops to allow the engineer to "tinker"

with his machine greatly delayed us. One long stop was made in front of a large turpentine distillery, not then in operation. Hundreds of barrels of resin were stacked up, and turpentine covered the ground in many places. It was quite cold, and some of the men set fire to a few barrels of resin. Soon the fire spread and couldn't be controlled. General Kershaw delivered a lecture in which he enjoined the men in future to be more careful of the preservation of private property. As our train started ahead, the fire reached the distillery and buildings, and doubtless all were completely consumed.

The next morning we found that we had progressed only forty miles during the entire night. About ten A.M. our engineer side-tracked the train and the conductor telegraphed to Florence, S. C., for another engine, which arrived in the middle of the afternoon. But, dear me! Our new machine seemed in worse condition than that hooked to our train. It was old, wheezy, and leaked steam in many places, while the water gushed from the tender in several streams. We laughed, but had little hope of better conditions. However, that old rattle-trap of an engine surprised us in its ability to move that train. Pulling out of the siding slowly, it struck the main track with a blatant snort and then astonished us by the high speed it made, stopping only, but a little frequently, for water. We got to Florence long before night, but didn't get off for Charleston till some time during the night. In those days you had to change cars at the end of each company's line. I recall Florence, S. C., of that day as a pretty little town in the piney woods.

We got to Charleston at 11 A.M., and the first thing we heard after the noise of our train stopped was the booming of great guns in the harbor and on the islands near by. The siege of Charleston was then in full swing. From the depot we marched through the upper part of the city and over the Ashley River, stopping in a pine grove near the water and the Savannah railroad. Here we rested about an hour, looking at the old city and the harbor. Our train being ready, we got aboard and were off through the rice fields for Savannah. I recollect one stop at "Poke-He-Tail-He-Go," and we got to Savannah at 4 P.M. Our train on the Georgia Central being already made up and ready, we got on and started for Macon. The track of this road was straight as a shingle, and I recall only one turn in it before night came on. The cars were good, and our train went on at a high rate of speed through a beautiful country of fine old homes and numerous herds and flocks of fat cattle and sheep. Somebody said it was ten P.M. when our train got to Millen, which was a junction. Here we dined for supper; yes, supper! For immediately we were marched into a large, airy dining hall especially fitted up for just such hungry chaps as we. And such service and victuals we found in there! All things good to eat seemed to be there in great plenty, and at first some of us wondered whether we were still in our own beloved South. Turkey, chicken, hot biscuits, coffee, sweet potato pies and puddings, fine corn bread, baked pork, and ever so many other good things. And then, perhaps the best of all to at least many of us was the galaxy of fine and beautiful young Southern women who served us. At this interval of time, I recollect the name of only one, and her name was "Miss Mattie Wooding." She was just lovely in every way one could think of. She was blonde, had a charming form, a pretty mouth and teeth, a touching smile, large, laughing blue eyes, and, withal, an alluring personality that attracted one's attention as long as she was in sight. Where, O where, is that Miss Mattie Wooding now?

Resuming our journey at a late hour, we got to Macon next morning and at once started on to Atlanta, where we arrived

about noon. We found a railroad congestion there in consequence of a block of troops and freight on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, then the only direct line open to Chattanooga and Bragg's army. A train was made up for us and we got aboard, but didn't start till 9 P.M. But here occurred more engine trouble. Our little engine, named "Kentucky," was too light for the weight of our train and had much difficulty climbing grades. I went to sleep, but was waked up a little before daylight by the noise of the "Kentucky" trying to "puff up" the grade of Allatoona Mountain. She made three efforts before she made it up to the station at the top by daylight. We ran to Cartersville, and stopped two hours to allow our engineer to work on the cylinders of the engine. Apparently he made a good job of it, because we ran on without farther hitch till we got to Dalton, Ga., about the middle of that cold and dreary afternoon. And here we found a complete tie up. There were many trains there, and every piece of siding was jammed with them. On account of burned bridges, trains could run only twelve miles farther, and though there was a large railroad water tank at Dalton, yet there was no water for the engines, and the tender of our engine was nearly empty. It was said that the pump of the tank was broken. There was great confusion, engineers, conductors, fireman, and many army officers and soldiers making all sorts of suggestions for relieving the situation, but no relief came. The weather was windy and cold. At last, toward night, General Kershaw took the matter in hand so far as our train was concerned. Procuring about twenty water buckets from somewhere, he ordered our train forward to a creek about two miles distant. Here a bucket squad from water to tender was formed. This was in the nature of an endless chain, and after an hour's such work, the tank of our tender was supplied sufficiently for all present needs. And then our train proceeded to the burned bridge over the east branch of the Chickamauga River, where it stopped about 11 P.M. in a cornfield. Most of us were asleep when the order to disembark was shouted through the freight "coaches" and waked us up. We got off on the right and saw across the field a large clump of timber, about a quarter of a mile away, and we were at once ordered to march over there and build up fires, for the night air was frosty.

Now, in any army, there are always plenty of men "cocked and primed" for shooting off "tongue bombs." So while getting out of the cars many not very choice expressions were heard, such as: "I'm d—d hungry," "I wish Abe Lincoln was in h—l," and many others of like import. I noticed a group of officers standing at a short distance, and to the surprise of all we heard the stentorian but perfectly cool voice of General Kershaw say: "Gentlemen, that is lovely language to be coming from the mouths of South Carolina gentlemen!" And that was all he said. And it was quite enough, because after that one could have "heard a pin drop" while we were crossing that cornfield.

Reaching the woods, we made good fires, broiled what little bacon we had, and made hardtack sandwiches and, with plenty of cold water, we enjoyed a feast that, from our viewpoint, might have tempted the gods. But when an old survivor tells such true things of history to some "moderners," they simply laugh a little incredulously. This bivouac was near Catoosa Springs, a resort of many different mineral waters. After a "light" breakfast next morning, we took up the line of march forward to Ringgold, two miles away and on the east bank of the east branch of the Chickamauga River, which name is Cherokee Indian for "Water of Death." We got to Ringgold at an early hour, and it was announced that rations would be issued right away. We established our bivouac on the edge of town near the bridge spanning the

river, and here we waited and loafed about all the remainder of the day—yes, waited for those rations that did not come till sunset. Fires were built and the stirring up of corn meal for bread began, for corn meal and a very little bacon were all we got. But, dear me! Just then peremptory orders came to fall into line and march on the road leading west over the bridge. As quick as possible we crammed into our haversacks the corn meal and bacon, fell into line, and marched over the river in quick time. Late in the afternoon we had heard cannonading to the west, which continued till night, we figured that we were badly needed out there, hence this urgent march at night. After crossing the river, we found ourselves in a very rough country road, and the darkness was dense. It was a rolling country, with much up and down hills. There were many pitfalls or washouts and big rocks in the old road, and quite a number of the men fell, a few being badly injured. Yet the officers kept urging us on. Of course, we had no artillery or other vehicles, which would have been impossible to get over that road at night.

After about two hours of such march, and while going down a long hill, the line was halted for a brief rest, but we were told not to go to sleep. The night was very cold, and in a short time we had good fires on both sides of the rough old road. We were in thick woods and so there was plenty of fuel. But our officers' injunction had little effect, for about as soon as we got warm, we went to sleep. I don't know what time it was, but I know that I was waked up with a jar by an officer, who shook me severely and said: "Jump up and fall in." And in like manner I saw men being "roused up" all round me, both above and below. I got up, and while "gaping" and stretching my limbs, the officer disappeared, being very busy passing from man to man. At the same time I discovered another man lying awake behind a log; he said to me: "Let's lie a little longer." I agreed, and very soon both of us went to sleep again and didn't wake till "day was breaking." It can be depended upon that we lost no time gathering up our "goods" and getting into that old road. Of course, the whole command was gone, and not another man did we see in that temporary camp.

My new-made friend belonged to the 3rd South Carolina Regiment of our brigade. We walked rapidly in the cold and bracing morning air. Besides, we were refreshed by our long rest and sleep. At the bottom of the hill we crossed on a bridge the middle branch of the Chickamauga, which was much smaller than the two other branches. There had been no rain in that country for some weeks and consequently everything was very dry and the streams low. After crossing the middle branch, we went up another long wooded hill, and, in going over the top, we went down another, a little longer, which led us down to the east bank of the west branch of the Chickamauga, where we "caught up" with our command stretched out along the river, mostly sound asleep. We sort of sneaked into camp, fearing that if seen coming in we would be reprimanded for being so tardy. Being desperately hungry, we fell to cooking our corn meal by virtually throwing the dough into the fire, for we had no cooking utensils. Of course, it came out of the fire half done, but we ate it ravenously, and it tasted good. We broiled the bacon.

In a short time everybody was up cooking and eating in the same way. Water was handy in the river, which was beautifully blue and cold. The movement of the water of the river was slow, without being sluggish, and it would about through the woods constantly reminding one of a crawling snake. Through the trees along the river we got glimpses of wooded hills and ridges on the opposite side and some cleared land. The remains of a recently destroyed bridge, known as Alexan-

der's bridge, which had spanned the river at that point on the old road, were visible in the water. At daylight we filled our canteens with the pretty blue water of the river. We heard that part of Hood's division, which was a day ahead of us, took part there in the heavy skirmish of the day before.

It was then Sunday, September 20, 1863, and a lovely day, though cold and frosty in the early morning. Everything was quiet till about 8 A.M., when the ball of battle opened suddenly on the wooded heights beyond the river, and immediately we began to cross the river on the débris of the burned bridge. The fire of both armies was continuous and very heavy. Clearing the river, our brigade, in column, continued in the old road up grade with cleared land on both sides up to the Alexander dwelling house, where we halted a little while. In the bottom land to the right, along and down the river on that side, we saw a large body of cavalry maneuvering and were told they were Forrest's men. We were at the foot of the hill on which the battle was raging. Here our column turned sharply to the left on a road going around the Alexander house, marched a quarter mile, halted and right faced in line of battle. Then pretty soon our line was ordered forward through thick woods up the hill. The great thunder of battle was heard higher up the hill in our front and left front. We rushed along and soon met many Federal prisoners and our own wounded going to the rear. We heard much cheering, and the noise of battle seemed to be receding on the left. We also saw some captured artillery going to the rear. Coming to a road with a house and field on our left, we saw many evidences of recent fighting. Here some of Longstreet's mounted officers slightly changed our course to the right. Advancing still in line of battle through the woods, we soon came in contact with some of Hood's men, who told us that they had been fighting hard since early morning and that Hood had been killed. This was a mistake, he was severely wounded, losing a leg, but survived. After awhile we came to a long and wide field, and to the left we saw some of our batteries in the same field fringing into a hill in their front. We also saw the smoke of a burning house in the woods on our right front. Here in the edge of the woods we changed front north, got under fire and then left-flanked into the big field. As we did so, we met about two captured Federal batteries and caissons coming down from wooded ground on the opposite side of the field. The Federal prisoners captured with the guns were still mounted and driving the batteries and caissons off the field under Confederate guards.

I think it was about noon when we flanked into the field and heard from a party of jubilant officers that the center and right wing of the Federal army had been smashed and driven from the field. Although our throats were parched, we raised a great Rebel shout. But when we got well into the field and faced north, we saw something that looked ugly. There, facing us, was a Federal line of battle much longer than our own line. We could see no other Confederate troops near us, although we knew Humphrey's brigade of our division was somewhere to our right in the woods. But we lost no time. Kershaw gave immediate orders to advance and attack the Federals in our front, and the whole brigade did so enthusiastically. After one volley, the Federals gave way and fell back up a sort of knob, which was the north end of the field. The top of this knob was covered by dense woods, which went back a short distance to a depression, on the bottom of which an old road ran east and west. From the north side of the old road another and higher wooded hill rose up, and this we learned afterwards was called "Snodgrass Hill," famous as being the scene of the hardest, longest, and most bloody part of the battle of Chickamauga.

The brigade lost several men in this field, including Private Beacham, of our company, severely wounded. The Federals rallied and reformed at the edge of the woods on the top of the knob and waved their flags at us as if to say: "Come on." We were already going on with cheers. My regiment, the 2nd, was on the left of the brigade, and as we rushed up the slope of the knob in a shower of bullets, we saw a ravine on the left as if it ran around to the rear of the knob. Seeing this, Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard, then in command, flanked our regiment into and up the ravine at double quick, at the same time saying: "Let us get behind those fellows up there and capture them." But the Federals were too alert for the success of our effort, and when we rejoined the other regiments a little beyond the knob we saw the Federal line double quickening in full retreat up the south face of Snodgrass Hill. We charged right after them through the woods and drove them back to the top of the ridge, where we found they were protected by fallen timber. They launched a withering fire of grape and canister and rifle balls against us from behind the logs, and then we withdrew half way back down the hill to that depressed road. Thus protected from the terrific fire from the top of the hill, we lay down in the road. Meanwhile the battle was raging to right and left, and for awhile we enjoyed a nice breeze passing through the woods, now and then blowing from the trees bunches of yellow leaves, which gently sailed down and settled on the ground among us. And I recollect that in mind I compared these falling leaves to the falling men on that battle field. But we did not enjoy the protection of that depressed old road for long, because the Federals launched a charge down the hill against, or rather upon us. But we had sufficient notice of their coming to be ready for them. Our officers commanded us to hold our fire till they got in short range and then "give it to them." Here they came armed with Colt repeating rifles and a shout. They were allowed to get within twenty yards of our position in the thick undergrowth along the road, then, before they visualized our presence, we rose up as one man and poured into them such a volley from our faithful Enfields as to make many of them bite the dust for the last time, while many more fell badly wounded. The remnant staggered back up the hill as we closely pursued them with the hope of breaking up and capturing their line at the top. But we were met by such a terrific fire of grape, canister, and spherical case from their cannon and bullets from their quick-firing rifles from behind log fortifications, that we ourselves were compelled to fall back over the brow of the hill for protection, though we didn't go back all the way to the old road. Neither did the Federals dare sally out from their works any more.

Meanwhile, reinforcements were steadily arriving on both sides, and a crashing fire was kept up on both sides for some time. Then we looked to the left and, at a little distance, saw another brigade in line of battle advancing up the same ridge. Then our brigade was shifted to the left so as to connect with this other advancing brigade, and at the same time other troops shifted from the right and took our place. Then our brigade and that on our left charged up the hill at that point. We were met by a heavy fire of both arms, but held our ground. Many of our men fell here, including one of my messmates, John Pickett, badly wounded in the head by a piece of bursting shell. Soon after this we saw that the brigade on our left began to fall back down the hill, and the fring on our front practically ceased for awhile; but to the right and left we could still hear the thunders of battle. Soon after this our brigade was shifted to the right and back to our first position on the old road, but from which it was at once advanced up

the hill to our last place near the crest. During this movement there was a sort of lull in the fighting about us, and just as we got back to our higher position on the hill, we heard a sort of commotion on the left near the top of the ridge at that point. Looking in that direction, we saw a horseman riding at full speed across a narrow open space toward the right of the Federal line, behind the log breastworks, and which we had been fighting all the afternoon. He was recognized as a Federal officer, and that part of our brigade in sight of him got up and fired at him. But he wasn't unhorsed and apparently got through safely, though an orderly with him was killed. And the Federal official reports of the battle of Chickamauga show that this officer we tried so hard to kill on that occasion was Brig. Gen. James A. Garfield, then Rosecrans's chief of staff, and he was on his way to deliver a dispatch from Rosecrans to General Thomas. He afterwards became President of these United States. Though escaping our shower of bullets, he was the victim of the single bullet of a crazy assassin.

The sun was getting near the setting point, but our immediate fight went on, though in a desultory way, because it was then known that the Federal force on the hill was so surrounded that it could not escape. The battle was already won on all other parts of the field, where the Federal center had been pierced and his right wing crushed, and the main Federal army was in full retreat back toward Chattanooga. At dusk we dropped down to our first position on the old road, and soon after dark the Federals above us "threw up the sponge," surrendered without terms, and as prisoners of war were marched down through our lines, where already bright fires were burning and lighting up the wooded hill and the pale and bloody forms of the dead and dying of both sides. It turned out that we had killed more of the Federals than we thought we had.

We were very hungry and tired, and at once went for the full haversacks and knapsacks of the Federals. They were full of such "goodies" as ground old government Java coffee, crackers, ham, sugar, canned beef, and other good things. We ate ravenously of everything right away, but, for the lack of water, couldn't make coffee as there was no water nearer than the river. But we determined to have some of that good coffee before any sleep that night, so details of men were made up to take their canteens and get a supply of water from the river; and while the details were gone, the rest of us laid out our dead and helped the surgeons with the wounded as much as possible, the burials and taking away of the wounded being left for other hands on the morrow.

It is hardly to be believed that we could sit there around blazing fires ravenously consuming those welcome provisions and talking about various ordinary matters while the dead and dying lay all about us, but such was the actual case. There was one incident amid it all, however, that touched my own heart very sensibly. The 7th South Carolina of our brigade was next to ours and the 3d regiment on the right, and as it was on a little higher ground than we occupied, it suffered a little more severely from the repeating rifles of the Federals. Now as we who had escaped sat there eating and drinking, the bodies of Colonel Bland and Major Hard, both of the 7th, were brought and tenderly laid on the ground only a few feet from our mess fire to await the coming of an ambulance to take them from the field. Colonel Bland was a fine and brave man, and when he fell on that bloody field the brigade lost much. Excepting Colonel Nance, of the 3d South Carolina of our brigade, and General Kershaw himself, Colonel Bland had the most resonant and commanding voice of any officer in the brigade. Thus ended the great battle of Chickamauga as I saw and heard it. Gen. George H. Thomas, himself a

Southerner, commanded the Federals on Snodgrass Hill, where for seven hours of bloody fighting he bravely, heroically, and tenaciously held us in check till night, and thereby saved Rosecrans's army from total destruction. History dealt with the casualties and booty captured.

The weather next morning was cool and clear and continued so till near the first of November. According to my recollections, Chickamauga was about the only big battle of our war that was not almost immediately succeeded by rain. After breakfast many of us went over the bloody field. On the opposite side we found the spot where General Thomas made his headquarters during the fight. This was near the farmhouse of Mr. Snodgrass, who owned the battle ground. There were great quantities of arms, ammunition, and other booty scattered in all directions, and we filled our haversacks to the bulging point. It was nearly noon when we took up the line of march in pursuit of the enemy, which ended at the confines of Chattanooga. But other and fresher of our troops marched earlier. At Chattanooga we extended our lines to Missionary Ridge on the right and occupied Lookout Mountain on the left. The Federals occupied the town. And there, facing each other, both armies sat down in a sort of state of restful torpidity and did little or nothing in the nature of military movement or strategy till November 9, when Longstreet took his two divisions and started to Knoxville, then held by the Federal General Burnside.

THAT AFFAIR AT DANDRIDGE, TENN.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRETNA, LA.

On January 16, 1864, General Longstreet moved from his winter encampment above Morristown, Tenn., against the Union forces under "General Parke," who had advanced north from Knoxville to Dandridge by way of Strawberry Plains. His object was to prevent the enemy from seizing the rich territory east of the river, which was the main dependence of our forces for foodstuffs and forage, and prevent the Union forces operating on our left flank in a turning movement.

Martin's cavalry had crossed the Holston from Morristown on the 15th, and had forced the Union advanced forces of cavalry back to within about two or three miles of Dandridge, and on the 17th had forced them back on the infantry drawn up in line of battle behind a small creek, on the highlands just north of Dandridge. My regiment, the 6th Georgia Cavalry, Morgan's Division, formed the head of the column advancing toward Dandridge on the "Chucky" road. Arriving at Neff's farm, we came in sight of a large force posted just south of Mitchell's farm, with videttes, about midway between Neff's and Mitchell's, in the open fields west of the road. Here General Martin halted his command and awaited the coming up of the infantry. While thus waiting, General Martin was telling us of his exploits on his "dappled gray," hard-mouthed horse, how he had broken his jaw after having got the savage Mexican bit between his teeth, and how he again took the bit in his teeth and plunged over a stone guard wall into the Duck River at Shelbyville and swam the river in safety after a narrow escape from capture. From that adventure the proud gray, until his death years after the war, bore the name of "Duck River."

General Martin had just ended his story of his narrow escape from capture when General Longstreet, with part of his staff, rode up and began a conversation with General Martin regarding the operations up to that point. (That was the first time I had seen Longstreet at close range, and I didn't

see him again until 1892, in New Orleans, much changed, and almost too deaf to converse with.) Just at the moment I began to be interested in the conversation between the two generals, I heard a couple of shots from Neff's barn to the right of the road, and noticed a slight movement among the blue troopers on the rising ground of the field in front who had been observing us for an hour without making any demonstrations. The firing from the farm aroused my curiosity, and I decided to investigate. As my company was at the head of the command, I thought one of our boys had slipped down to the barn to try to get one of the blue riders, about one hundred yards distant, probably my chum, Dick Murdock, always more or less inquisitive in matters of the sort, and also a bit venturesome, and whom I did not just then see among the others. But Dick was a good soldier and not likely to leave the ranks without orders or permission. We differed in some respects. I was very apt to slip off "unknowingly," to go it on my own and, while never disobedient to orders, it was a propensity which finally got me into trouble after some very narrow shaves and landed me in Rock Island Prison.

When I arrived at the barn, a log structure, I found, not one of my own command, as I had supposed, but one of Longstreets sharpshooters, a tall, bewiskered Alabamian or Mississippian, armed with a Whitworth rifle, an exact mate to the one I had so valiantly captured in a briar patch on November 17 preceding. After having introduced ourselves, army fashion, I began commenting on his gun, and told him of my capture of one of them at Campbell's Station. Then he told me about the same story I had been told by the other fellow, about the number in Longstreet's Corps, twenty, and their cost, etc.

After sending a couple of shots at the group of horsemen, there was a sudden movement among them, and my friend remarked: "I think I touched one of them that last shot." Evidently so, as a moment later they turned and rode off toward their own lines, two very close together as if one was supporting the other. They disappeared toward Mitchell's, and we lost sight of them. After a few moments, my new comrade remarked: "I am going over to where those fellows stood, and maybe I can see some others to shoot at." With that he started.

I had been eying his gun all the while and wishing I had one of them. I had fallen in love with the first one I had seen, and now I was more in love than ever with this one, and when the owner announced his intention of following the enemy, I just made up my mind that I would go as far as he'd go. And now, what would anyone think was the motive that impelled me to follow or accompany him into the unknown that lay beyond? It was well known that a strong force was not more than a mile distant, and at any moment we might encounter their advanced line of skirmishers, and the results might be more or less serious to the parties most interested. But as that was our business, getting into and stirring up trouble, I put the question of getting into trouble myself aside and made up my mind quickly to follow this foolhardy fellow. I opined that he would face any risks and was liable to stop a bullet very suddenly and then—"I'll get his gun"—and—"I am sure I could do better with it than he did." Not for a moment did it occur to me that if he got into a pickle, I stood as many chances of being put out of action as he. I must say, though, in justice to myself, that as much as I wanted his rifle, should harm befall him, I did not for a moment wish it. He was a brave fellow, and I admired him as much as was possible on such short acquaintance. But if that gun was to be lost that day I would be on hand to pick it up.

Side by side I crossed the little rivulet at the base of the

hill in front, and side by side we mounted to the crest, and there after carefully scanning the open, almost level, field, and seeing no one, we inclined to the left until within a few paces of the fence bordering the road to Dandridge. Then we advanced cautiously until, when about past the Cowan house (which stood on the lower side of the road in the woods), without having seen anyone, from apparently not more than a hundred yards ahead came the crack of a rifle, and a bullet sped by between us. We had been advancing slowly and were close to each other, elbows almost touching, and so close sped the bullet that almost at the same instant each asked the other, "Are you hit?" "No." Then my companion said to me: "Jump the fence and advance while I follow up on this side, and we'll get that fellow. He's not a hundred yards ahead of us." I scrambled over the fence into the road, and we advanced rapidly for probably two hundred yards, but saw no one. Then we halted, and I rejoined my friend in the field.

Our troops, a half a mile behind, had not yet moved forward, and for us to advance farther in the enemy's direction at that stage of the proceedings appeared to be a rather rash venture. More so, as we did not know whether Longstreet would or would not order an advance. While standing there waiting a decision as to what course to pursue, a lone rider in blue appeared on our right, coming from a point of woods, and nonchalantly rode out into the field about fifty paces, more or less, and there stopped and viewed the outlook before him; and he did not appear flustered by what he saw—some few thousands of "graybacks" in the road and fields to his right and front, resting at ease and waiting for orders to advance. Himself unperturbed, he sat his horse with his gun lying across the pommel in front of him, motionless as a statue.

Seeing no sign of an advance by our troops, we had not ventured farther. After some minutes of close observation of our friend "soldier on a horse," all the while keeping a sharp lookout toward the front—my friend with the long-range Whitworth finally spoke, more to himself than to me, saying: "I have a good mind to unhorse that fellow." "Can you do it?" asked I. "I think I can. What distance do you make it?" I was a tolerable good judge of distance in those days, having had considerable practice, and was pretty sure I'd make a miss of it with my Enfield, which was sighted for only nine hundred yards. I told him I judged the distance to be about seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred yards. He adjusted his sights. "I'll put them to eight hundred, and if I don't miss my distance, I'll take him through the hips." With my gun resting butt on the ground, and intently watching the vidette to note the effect of my friend's shot, I held my breath.

My companion raised his rifle slowly and deliberately "off hand," as if aiming at some inanimate target and pulled the trigger. It was one of the prettiest shots I have ever seen. Or even heard of. But—and here fate, destiny, or whatever we may term it—Providence intervened. I clearly saw the vidette suddenly dig his spur into the horse's flank and make one step forward, when the bullet struck the horse on the rump, raising a little cloud of dust. It did not strike low enough to disable him in any way, as the violent switching of his tail proved, but caused him to make a startled leap forward that nearly unseated his rider, who, no doubt, was a bit startled himself, for he wheeled to the left and back into the woods out of sight. My companion dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground and drew out another cartridge to reload, as we watched the blue coat take to the "tall timbers." "By golly! I missed him," were his first words; "and I was sure I'd get him." And after a moment he added: "Well, his time had not come to die to-day, and I am not sorry that he

got away. It looked too much like murder. I was sure I'd get him, but his time had not come. He is a brave fellow, and I hope he'll get through all right."

To tell the truth, I felt a bit like that myself, although in those days I felt it my duty to do the enemy as much damage as I could, and never failed to try when the occasion presented. After a couple of minutes my friend decided there was nothing more to do in that particular locality, and said he intended to explore those woods across the field, I warned him to be careful, but whether he heard or not, he bade me a cheery "good-by" and trudged off, and I lost sight of him at the edge of the wood, and with his disappearance went all my hope of acquiring a Whitworth rifle. In fact, the desire had left me before I had been ten minutes in the company of my new acquaintance, since it could come to me only through mishap to the owner. And then I was assured in my own mind that I would be dispossessed of it as soon as it became known in the ordnance department, where all requisitions for ammunition must center. The ammunition for the Whitworths was *special*. We had none other like it, and no other would fit.

Soon after his departure, quite unnoticed by me, my brigade part of Morgan's (John T. Morgan) division, dismounted and sent forward a line of skirmishers past the Cowan house, through the woods below the road, and soon came the sound of firing from the left front. Behind me, in the open field, nothing within my view was moving. I felt sure some of my command had slipped by me while my back was turned to the road and noting the progress of my quondam friend and expecting every moment to hear a shot in his direction. None came, however, but I felt sure he would meet some scouts from the other side in the woods and really felt anxious about him, knowing how venturesome he was. And that was why our fellows had got ahead of me.

Advancing rapidly until near the Mitchell house, west of the road, I clambered over the fence into the road and followed that until I came to a field with a small house about sixty to seventy-five yards from the edge of the woods, and quite near the road, with a few apple trees behind it, and some of my command in skirmish line behind the fence extending down toward the Hay's Ferry road. The boys had been exchanging compliments with the Union skirmishers and had forced them back on their main line, leaving one of their men lying on the crest near the little house. After a while the firing ceased, and, wanting to know what was in the front beyond the ridge, I made my way cautiously to the crest and peered across the narrow valley or low ground. Beyond the creek on the high ground, I saw a line of infantry and several field guns in position. Lying prone on the ground within twenty-five feet of the house and a dead blue coat, I fired several shots at them, but apparently hurt no one.

The sun was almost set by this time and soon dusk settled down on "the bloody field," as the poets say. Just as the sun was going down behind Bay's Mountain, our line (dismounted) came through the woods, halted at the fence, and opened fire, if not on, at least in the direction of the blue line, which could barely be discerned in the growing dusk and slight mist that arose from the creek and lowland. Our friends across the line opened in our direction with all they had in guns, big and little, and until deep dark, and even after, there was quite a noise, the combatants firing volleys at each other guided only by the flash of the opponents' guns. But after a possible half or three quarters of an hour of thus puncturing the darkness, the firing ceased with a few scattering shots, and then died out, and quiet reigned, not even the hoot of an owl to disturb the stillness of the night.

And here was one who was glad that it ceased when it did. When our line advanced to the edge of the field and opened fire, I was lying prone on the crest, using my Enfield the best I knew how, and suddenly I found myself in a hornets' nest—*i. e.*, between two fires; and actually in greater danger from my own friends than from the enemy beyond, as I soon found Yankee shells and bullets, *ad libitum*, from the front, and bullets more so and at a much closer range from the rear, not more than seventy-five yards. Our fellows were on lower ground and were obliged to fire close to the ground in front to make their fire effective, and that is why they came near potting me. Finding them more awkward in using their guns than the Yankees opposite, with the bullets kicking up the dirt around me, I sought safety in flight. Behind me, and about midway between me and the line, was a sink hole (which holes abounded in that section), in which grew a bunch of sturdy blackberry bushes. I made a break for the hole, and I have always maintained that I broke the record for a rapid retreat. On the edge of the sink hole, I grasped my rifle with both hands, stock and barrel, held it crosswise in front of my face, and literally dived into the brush and lay there safe. But my refuge was not a bed of roses, and for many days my face and hands bore the marks of the stiff briars, not to speak of the prods and pricks on arms, legs, and body—and they were some numerous.

But the agony ended, as all things must, and when the firing had ceased, I crawled painfully out of the friendly hole and made my way back to the line, where I made a speech to my company complimenting them on their nerve and marksmanship in language more forcible than polite. They were all good comrades, and none of them resented my inelegant remarks, at least, I cannot remember any of them having done so; and I was rough and sore on them.

Our horses were brought up by the holders, and we lay there until morning, expecting to have a hard brush with the enemy the next day, as our blue-coated friends built fires all along their line, intimating that they intended to stay and dispute our entrance into Dandridge on the morrow. We were very simple.

In the morning a low mist hung over the little valley, and, until the sun rose and dissipated it, screened from view the enemy's position of the previous evening. When it did clear up, we could see light smokes rising lazily in the heavy morning air here and there where their line had been; "had been," because it was no longer there. Like the Arab, they had folded their tents and silently, between two days, had stolen away, and since early in the night, leaving only a regiment of cavalry to keep up the fires and cover their retreat to Knoxville.

After we had been roused from a sound sleep, our videttes reported all quiet in front, suspiciously so, and some even ventured the belief that the enemy had "vamoosed" during the night. Always a bit venturesome, I determined to go on a scout and see for myself. I broached the matter to Colonel Hart, and he consented. Starting out, I passed Mitchell's house, obliquing to the right, and entered the woods near the little creek, keeping a sharp lookout on the brush on the opposite bank of the creek. Everything was very quiet over there and I trudged on up the creek within less than two hundred yards of where I judged their line had been the previous evening. I was an easy target for any of them had any been there in the brush. It was very open timber on my side of the run, but, as no shots came, I began to feel that there was no enemy there; that those who expressed the belief that the enemy had retreated during the night were right in their surmise. Why I did not cross the branch to assure myself, I do not know yet. I had become assured that I had no

enemy to fear from that direction, but I kept on up the branch, and came to a small perpendicular cliff, a huge rock jutting out of the hillside, probably ten or twelve feet high. I saw a man lying in the shelter of the cliff, in a blue overcoat, with the cape covering his head and face. His back was toward me, and my first thought was of some poor fellow wounded and left behind. But I was cautious. The deep bed of leaves, moistened by the mist of the morning, made no sound at my approach. Coming close, I saw he was breathing regularly and was sound asleep. I touched him lightly with the muzzle of my Enfield, at which he awoke with a start, throwing back the cape of his coat, and, when he saw who was standing over him, he sat up and put his hand on his Springfield. At this movement I stepped back a pace, with my rifle pointed in a convincing manner, and said to him quietly: "Don't do that; I don't want to hurt you worse than you are." "I'm not hurt at all," he replied. "Well, then, take your hand off of your gun, and leave it there. I'll take charge of it myself. Get up and step off here, and I'll take you to the rear." He looked at me for a moment as if he did not fully realize what was taking place. I then walked around him and sharply ordered him to get up. "Well, I guess you've got me," he said. I told him: "You bet I have." He got up stiffly, and then asked me, "Where are our fellows?" I told him they had gone during the night. He could not believe it for a while, until I convinced him by asking, "How do you think I could get here without getting shot if they were still in that brush over there?" That seemed to settle any doubts he had of having been left behind. Then, as we walked along, he told me that he was but a short time out of the hospital and was still weak, and the day before, like myself, late in the afternoon, he had been caught between two fires and had taken refuge behind the rock and lay down in the deep bed of leaves. Being tired out and weak, he had dropped off to sleep even while the firing was at its height, nor did he waken during the whole long night.

On our way back to where I had left my command, and when about opposite the Mitchell house, we met General Jenkins with part of his staff, riding toward the front. We stepped to one side and I, as in duty bound, saluted. The general stopped his horse and began to question me. What command, etc., and at last, "Where did you take your prisoner?" I told him all about it, and that I did not consider it much of a feat. He smiled at that, and then began to question the prisoner—name (which I never could remember) and command. "Sergeant —, Company I, 125th Ohio, sir." "And where are they now?" "O, I guess you will find them a short ways in front, General." The general only smiled and remarked: "I fear they have left you farther behind than you think. They are now a long distance on their way to Knoxville." "I don't think they are so very far away, General, and you will soon find them in your way." The general only smiled, and began to quiz him in regard to other commands than his own—Divisions, brigades, batteries, and number of troops, and different commanders, etc.—to all of which my "capture" replied quite respectfully: "I don't know, sir. I am only a sergeant of the 125th Ohio, Colonel Moore's regiment." The general still smiled, seeing there was no getting any information from him, and then complimented him for his reticence: "You are a good soldier, sergeant, and I cannot blame you for not giving any information about your own troops which might be of some disadvantage to them. Good day," and he rode on down the road toward Dandridge, the houses of which we could almost see, while we continued on up the road to rejoin my command, where I turned my first, last, and only prisoner over to the provost guard. I was

sorry to part with him in that way. I had found him quite a likeable chap, of decent speech and demeanor. From a copy of Colonel Moore's official report of the affair at Dandridge, I learned that he was sent to Andersonville, from which "hell hole" (according to Northern historians) he was released in 1865 and returned home. At least I inferred he was the one, as he was the only non-com who was reported among the casualties of the regiment as "missing." I was glad to learn that he outlived the war, and though his name was given in the report, my treacherous memory refuses to recall it, much to my regret.

It was less than an hour we entered Dandridge, and were informed that the enemy's infantry, artillery, and wagons had passed through early in the night, and the cavalry before daylight. The numerous fires kept up were but a blind to cover their retirement. Our cavalry started in pursuit by way of Strawberry Plains, passing on the way several dead (starved) mules and a few burned wagons. We followed to within four miles of Knoxville, when their rear guard showed an inclination to dispute our farther advance. We did not argue with them—not at once—but in return acted as a rear guard to a drove of one thousand two hundred (so we were informed) very lean cattle, captured on the "Cumberland Gap" road by Wharton's brigade, and coming from the blue grass country of Kentucky. This was a hard blow to Burnside in Knoxville, already on very short rations. But it was a godsend to Longstreet, who was also short on rations, and shoe leather.

I never learned what our losses were during the demonstration. (I could never consider it more than a skirmish), but the Federals reported only "150 wounded." ("Lossing's History," p. 320, "Fourth Corps and Cavalry Division, Army of the Ohio, *Union*, 150 wounded.") General Parke commanded the Union forces, whereas, we thought we were dealing with Gordon Granger. The demonstration, however, forced the Union forces back from a as yet tolerably rich foraging section and was the cause of inflicting great hardship on the Union forces in Knoxville. If that was the only object in view, it was in a measure successful.

BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KY.

BY BYRON SMITH, PEORIA, MISS.

Responding to a request made through the VETERAN some time ago for an article on the battle of Richmond, Ky., I will give what I saw of it.

I was a private in Company J, 1st Georgia Cavalry. Our brigade was composed of the 1st Louisiana, 1st Georgia, and the 3rd Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, known as Scott's Cavalry. Some time during the last of July, or early in August, 1862 (I kept no dates), we were in camp at Kingston, Tenn., on the Tennessee River. One night, about ten o'clock, we were ordered to saddle up for moving. We crossed the Cumberland Mountains by way of Post Oak, the object being to get in the rear of Cumberland Gap, occupied by the Federals. Gen. Kirby Smith was in their front with his command, and Gen. John H. Morgan's command had made a raid on the Federal rear and destroyed their wagon train with supplies at London, Ky., eight or ten miles from the Gap. A few days later General Scott's command met the next wagon train and guard at London, Ky., and we had a fight for a while. A good many Federals went into the courthouse and shot at us from the windows, but when Scott's howitzers came into action, they surrendered.

The wagons struck for the Gap in a running fight. When

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it was over, we gathered the wagons together. The first were the sutlers, and we had a treat for ourselves and horses. Then we started on the pike road for Lexington, Ky., left it and moved on to Mt. Vernon, eight or ten miles from Crab Orchard, and captured a large wagon train at Mt. Vernon. A detail of twenty men was sent to Crab Orchard, and about a mile from there we met a regiment of cavalry. A few shots were fired, and we moved back to the brigade. The boys were prepared to meet them, but they never showed up. We moved across to the Lexington Pike toward what they called Big Hill, where we met this same regiment, and, after a sharp fight, they broke and fled toward Richmond, Ky. Near Big Hill we met another wagon train with its guard. They made breastworks out of the wagons and gave us a sharp fight. Some of the boys got in their rear and they surrendered and were paroled. After supplying ourselves and horses, we burned the wagons.

After dark General Scott ordered Colonel Morrison to take his regiment (the 1st Georgia) and to get in the rear of Richmond and attack the command that was there at four o'clock. We rode all night, and just before day our advance guard captured some pickets, which proved to be from General Nelson's command, just arrived that night. A courier went to General Scott to inform him of the reinforcements. We fell back a shorter route, and joined the brigade on the pike road toward London. We camped for a few hours to feed, and while eating and resting word came that a courier would leave for Knoxville and would carry letters for all that wished to write home. While writing our letters a brigade of infantry passed us, and we were told that it was Gen. Kirby Smith's "foot cavalry." An hour later we saddled up and moved back to Big Hill and camped for the night. Next morning we started for Richmond, and late that evening we drove the Yankee pickets in from a high hill. We could see their infantry taking position, so we fell back and camped close to our infantry.

Next morning, early, the battle opened up, the cavalry taking position on the right and left flank of Gen. Kirby Smith's command. The 1st Georgia and a part of the 3rd Tennessee Regiment were on the left flank commanded by Colonel Morrison. General Scott, with the 1st Louisianians and the other part of the Tennessee regiment, was on the right flank of our infantry. The Yankees had rock fences for breastworks, and we could tell by the famous yell when they charged those rock fences, the Yankees had to move to other fences. So it went on until late in the evening, when our command moved to the rear of Richmond on the pike road toward Lexington, and went into a cornfield and formed a line of battle. Every row went straight to the pike road, and each man had a row to himself. Our company was on the left of the line. When we reached the fence the road was full of fleeing Yankee cavalry and one piece of artillery that had run the gauntlet. One of the boys on the extreme left of the company shot the lead horse through the neck, and that blocked the road, so there was no more passing there. The driver on the lead horse was killed, mashed to death by the other horses. A brigade of infantry tried to escape, but when they reached the ambush they threw down their arms and surrendered and were marched back to Richmond.

The next morning our brigade moved toward Lexington, but passed to the left of that city on toward Frankfort, and close to Louisville, Ky. In a few days we began to fall back slowly toward Frankfort, fighting every mile and we kept that division from the Perryville battle. After the battle at Perryville, General Scott moved his brigade as close about Nashville as he could get, and then slowly toward Murfreesboro, fighting every day. Their cavalry could not move us,

it took the infantry to do that. Then the big battle was fought. My regiment was with General Forrest in the first battle, and with General Bragg in the second battle. The last evening of the battle, General Scott made a raid to the rear on the Nashville pike, about two or three o'clock, and captured a big wagon train all loaded with rations and ammunition—the drivers said they were ordered back to Nashville—also a great many prisoners. They were all taken to headquarters.

WITH GENERAL LEE'S ENGINEERS.

BY CHANNING M. BOLTON, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In the fall of 1860, I entered the University of Virginia with the purpose of studying engineering. It was just after the election of Lincoln as President, and the whole school was soon demoralized by the mutterings of war; so when Lincoln called for troops, we all became wild and at once strengthened the three military companies, which drilled daily on the lawn. We got arms from the State and for our uniforms we used our gymnasium shirts, blue flannel, with red trimmings. One of these companies went to Harper's Ferry and assisted in the capture of the place, where a large quantity of arms was stored.

Before the session closed I left the University and reported to Colonel Talcott, who had been appointed chief engineer for the State of Virginia and assigned to the construction of the defenses of Richmond, and I was put in charge of three batteries. On the completion of these, I was ordered to report to Maj. E. T. D. Meyers, who was organizing a party of engineers to locate and construct a railroad between Danville, Va., and Greensboro, N. C., a length of forty-eight miles.

On this work I had as contractors John and Ed Wilkes, sons of Commodore Charles Wilkes, a noted naval officer of the United States navy, and then serving in the United States navy. After finishing this contract, these men remained in the Confederate States, serving the Confederacy in various capacities until the close of the war. They remained in the South and were leading citizens until their death.

I understood that General Lee had insisted on the construction of this railroad, as he might be cut off from southern communications by the capture of the Cost Line Railroad by the enemy, and as one of the principles of the Confederate government was that no appropriations of money should be made for internal improvements, it was built under a charter (the Piedmont Railroad), the government furnishing the money and engineers, charging the expenditure to this company, and crediting all transportation furnished to this account. In order to hurry up the completion of this railroad, the company purchased quite a number of negro slaves, who were put under my supervision. At the close of the war the United States seized this railroad, claiming that it was owned by the Confederate States government, but as the facts as stated above were proved, it was released.

In locating this road we had been told that we would run into a snag in the form of two old ladies over whose farm we would have to run it, as they had never seen a railroad and knew nothing of its workings. Being forewarned, we were prepared for them. When we reached their place, we found them leaning on their fence. Our chief engineer was at the head of the party on horseback. One of them said to him: "You can't come over our land with your railroad." We had about fifteen men on the survey, strung out as usual when doing such work. The chief referred the ladies to the next man, and they were referred in this way down the whole line until they reached me, the last man—and I referred them back

to the Chief. By that time, we had finished what we had to do through their place, and when they tackled the Chief again, he told them that President Davis had ordered him to build this road. They said they know that was not so; that President Davis would not treat poor old women that way, and that they had some setting hens, and if we put our road through their place it would break them up, and they would have no chickens that summer. But as the work was not finished for nearly a year the hens were not disturbed and our engineering party bought and ate them. We became good friends.

The first time I ever saw Gen. R. E. Lee was in the spring of 1861 at Camp Lee, Richmond, Va. He was a magnificent-looking man of fifty-four years. His hair and mustache were iron gray, which turned to white by the end of the war.

On the first day's charge at Gettysburg, Pender's Division, upon whose staff I was acting as engineer officer, was charging over a vegetable garden, in which two women were standing, abusing us for tramping down their vegetables. At this time the air was full of bullets and fragments of shell and the ground was covered with dead men and horses. What became of the ladies I did not stop to see, as I was more interested in these same missiles—pushing forward to get out of their "influence," driving those who were sending them, and putting as many as possible out of the way.

The night after the first day's battle I started back to the rear, taking two men with me to get rations, passing over the field strewn with dead and wounded. The litter carriers and ambulances were gathering the wounded. I heard the most unearthly sound and went a short distance out of my direction to find out what it was. I found a Yankee badly wounded and suffering agonies. He begged me to kill him. Knowing that a wounded man suffered greatly from thirst, I gave him some water from a near-by stream, filled his canteen, and laid it down by him and left. When I returned several hours later he was still groaning, but I did not see him. Some months afterwards, when we had returned to Virginia and were camped on the south bank of the Rapidan River, I was lying down in my tent and a number of men were sitting around a fire outside, when I heard one say: "Where did you get that fine watch?" The answer described the trip we made for rations from the front at Gettysburg, and the owner said that he had taken it from the badly wounded man, telling him that he knew that the watch would be of no further use to him.

In going over the field, I saw a man standing by a fence with a hand on the top rail, the other holding his musket, the butt of which was resting on the ground. On getting near him I found that he was dead, having been killed in the act of climbing over.

When our army retreated from Gettysburg, I was left with a detail of about one hundred men to destroy the small arms left on the field. You can imagine what this field was like, covered with dead men and horses which had lain in the hot July sun for three days. All the arms that we could get transportation for had been sent on with the army. I was at work until after midnight, when we moved on to join the army as soon as our weary legs and sleepless bodies would permit. Up to this time no Yankees had made their appearance. After catching up with the army, I picked out a quiet corner of a fence, placed a few rails on the ground, and laid myself on top of them, with my cape over me, and lost no time in becoming oblivious to all surroundings. But when I awoke I did not "find it a joke," as headquarters had moved off and I had been left in my "quiet corner." It had rained hard all night, and I was lying in a pool of water about half the depth of my body.

As to rations, I had very fortunately found a dead Yankee with a fat haversack and exchanged my empty one for his, in which I found some very nice things—hard-tack, apple butter, etc., and about a half pound of bacon side. By this time I had eaten everything except the piece of bacon, and I made my breakfast on this, raw. I soon caught up with our army, which then went undisturbed to Hagerstown, Md.

On getting to Gettysburg we found the Potomac River quite low, and our men forded it, putting their ammunition on the bayonets, and those who stripped off put their clothes with their ammunition; others forded just as they were. This did first rate, except that occasionally one would stumble over the rocks in the bottom of about three and three-fourths feet of water, and great would be the fall thereof. Such would get the gibes of their companions. Our army was in the best of spirits on this march, but on returning they were very much depressed, marching doggedly on, ready to give battle at any time, but no joking or laughing as usual. On the second day's march while on one of our periodical rests, on the side of the road, General Lee with his staff came riding by. The men at once rose and gave him a yell. He carried his hat in his hand. From that time on there was no more depression. The "Rebels" were themselves again. It was a wonder what change had been wrought in their spirits by the mere sight of "Marse Bob."

On reaching Hagerstown, the Potomac River was past fording. Nearly all the boats of our pontoon train had been destroyed by the Yankees, so the engineer companies were ordered to construct a pontoon bridge as soon as possible, as our army was held there with little or no ammunition. Finding suitable lumber for the boats a short distance up stream from the site selected for the bridge, it was floated down and the bridge completed in about three days.

Our supplies, especially flour, gave out while on this work, and I was directed by our commissary officer to search the houses in the neighborhood and to give receipt for anything I took, payable at the termination of the war.

I had been to several houses, including a mill, but had found nothing, when I came to a house with three "ladies" sitting on the porch. Telling them what I wanted, they said they had nothing. I said: "I am very sorry, but we are in such straits that I will have to search your house." One of them said: "If you do, I will shoot you." I ordered the men to go through the house, but I was not shot, except with volumes of curses until they returned without getting anything. But at last we got enough to last us until we could get rations. Col. Proctor Smith, Chief of Engineers of the Army of Northern Virginia, stayed in my tent with me while this work was going on.

One morning just after finishing breakfast, consisting of select things, such as butter, apple butter, honey, milk, cream, etc., a farmer, with hair on end and not very choice language on his tongue, came to our tent and asked for Colonel Smith, stating that some of the men had broken into his spring house and taken everything there. The Colonel expressed himself as very indignant at it, and told him if he would find the men who did it, he would have them punished; but as the men were not found no punishment was meted out. If an X-ray had been placed on the Colonel's stomach and on mine, I fear a large portion of his missing things would have been seen. While in this camp, one of our men, an Irishman, who was "a great coward," being very much afraid of sheep, hogs, and even chickens, would often shoot them to protect himself, then cook and eat them to avenge himself.

This same man heard some soldiers from an adjoining camp planning to steal, or rather appropriate (as no member of General Lee's camp was ever known to steal anything), a bee gum, which was a rough box without a bottom in which bees made their honey, from a farmer living about three miles from our camp. The appropriating was done by three men, the gum being tilted up on edge, and a towel slipped under it and held tight against the open bottom to keep the bees in. The gum was then placed on the back of one, the other two keeping the towel tight up. The three walked off with it, and when they got to camp, they were to smoke the bees out. Watching and finding out when they started, the Irishman engaged two companions, who hid themselves a short distance from their camp on the road by which the other men had to return. Then, as the first men reached a point near the hiding place, the hidden men jumped out, hollaing and throwing stones, the gum was dropped and those carrying it ran into camp. The hiding men picked it up and brought it into their camp and enjoyed honey for many days.

The company of pontoon bridge builders of the First Regiment of Engineer Troops was ordered to build a bridge over the Rappahannock River, but was delayed greatly in finishing it, when General Lee rode up. Our division was at the head of the column and waiting to cross. I was standing near the end of the bridge, and the General asked me who was in charge of the erection. I said, "Lieutenant Smith," and pointed him out. Turning to him General Lee said: "What is the trouble here? My people have been waiting for hours to cross this stream. The bridge should have been finished long ago." Lieutenant Smith made excuse that he did not have certain necessary things, especially some guy ropes. The General replied: "Mr. Smith, a person who has everything at hand to accomplish an undertaking should have no credit for doing it. It is only those that surmount obstacles who should have credit for what they do." He then walked out on the part of the bridge which had been finished, and, noticing the end of a rope under a seat in one of the boats, he called to a soldier to pull it out, and this proved to be a coil of just such rope as Lieutenant Smith had said he needed. The General told the soldier to drop it in front of Lieutenant Smith, and without saying a word more, he mounted his horse and rode off. General Lee was most considerate of the feelings of the private soldiers and subordinate officers, but was very positive and at times very exacting in his requirements of the commanding officers.

When the bridge over the Potomac River was completed, I was left to see that it was kept in good shape, as the whole army, including infantry, transportation wagons, etc., had to cross over it, and as soon as I should be notified that they were all over, it was to destroy it. It was built in two sections, the first starting on the Maryland side and extending to an island about one hundred yards wide, and then from the south side of the island to the Virginia shore. I was notified that they were all over about dark, and, with my men, I had the guy ropes cut on the Maryland shore, letting the northern half swing around in the current. I had the men to chop holes in the bottom of the boats as they drifted, then, running across the island, did the same thing to the southern half. When we had done this we lost no time in getting back on old Virginia shore out of reach of bullets, which were being sent after us by some Yankee cavalry, whose bravery had been wrought up enough to come within range about the time that the first half of the bridge had swung around. The night was very dark, so we escaped without casualties.

While the army was crossing, I saw a grotesque figure come walking along beside a cannon, barefooted, dressed in a stove-

pipe hat and a black, long-tailed frock coat. As he approached, I recognized him as one of my intimate friends, a son of the President of one of the most prominent banks of Richmond. I called out: "Bob, where in the world did you get that uniform?" He replied he had lost his cap while serving, and his gun and coat and shoes had been stolen. I had a somewhat similar occurrence to happen to me the first night after we landed in Virginia. Some one appropriated my boots from under my head, but, fortunately, I had gotten a pair of rubber shoes from Gettysburg, which saved me from going barefooted.

We fell back to the south bank of the Rapidan River in the winter of 1863-64 and built winter quarters, consisting of either a tent, on logs laid about three feet high, the cracks chinked with split wood and daubed with mud on the outside, and roofed with either tent flies or clapboards. The quarters had log chimneys built in the doors, with fireplaces opening into the tents. There were no such things as heating or cooking camp stoves in those days. Our beds consisted of four logs, laid in pen shape, and filled with leaves or pine tags. Our cooking was done with live coals in the fireplaces described above, or in open fires.

Our cooking utensils consisted of a spider and a coffeepot, which was used to boil everything in. It was said that a soldier was boiling a chicken in one and, having to go off to get some water, asked a companion to look after it for him. When he returned, he found the companion and coffeepot, but no chicken. He was told that the chicken "had gone up the spout," which was the origin of this expression. A frying pan which degenerated into a half of a Yankee canteen, each canteen making two, with a handle made of telegraph wire.

Our table ware consisted of a tin cup and a pocketknife. The utensils on the march were strung from the shoulder by strap or string. The men became very expert in the use of the frying pan in making "flapjacks." After the batter was made up, a little piece of bacon fat was put in the pan, and when that fat was reduced to liquid form, the dough was put in and the pan held over the fire until the cake was baked on the bottom; then it was taken up by the handle and shaken so as to loosen the cake from the bottom and then pitched up in the air as high as the "cook" could pitch it, this height being limited by the expertness of the "cook." In its fall it was caught in the pan on the opposite side, and in a few minutes over the fire again was ready to eat. Our pan or bowl for working bread in was an oil cloth laid on the ground which, at other times, was used for protection from the weather. The rations were served out by the commissary officer to the first sergeant of each company in bulk and he divided it among the men. The division of everything except the meat was very simple, but dividing the meat without scales was a very complex problem. We usually had three days' supply issued at a time. The sergeant would chop the meat up into as many pieces as he had men and put them in rows on a log, then blindfold a man and make him stand with his back to the pile of meat. He would then put his finger on a pile and call out: "Whose is this?" The blindfolded man would call out a name, and the man called would come forward and get his piece, and woebegone would be the countenance of the man who drew a bone with little or no meat on it, which had to do him for three days. I frequently followed up the butchering place and, when possible, got a beef tail, and in this way had fine ox-tail soup.

The laundering of clothes was a very simple matter. Very few of us had a change of underwear. We would go to a stream, strip off, walk in, and scrub them in the running water. Occasionally we had soap to help out. When we had gotten

out as much dirt as possible in this way, they were laid on a smooth rock and beaten with a stick at intervals, wringing them out in the stream and in this way killed many of our enemies, graybacks (cooties).

When a man was reported as not washing himself properly, a detail was made and he was properly laundered also.

The world-war veterans may not pride themselves that they were the discoverers of the "cootie," and that they were indigenous to France, and that that country had a monopoly of them. We had them, or their ancestors, and they were just as fond of soldiers and stuck just as close to the Confederates as they did to the United States soldiers in the great war, but were known as "graybacks."

One bright Sunday morning General Lee and several of his high-ranking officers were riding along inspecting the lines, and had stopped on a commanding point about a mile west of Rapidan Station, and while there a squadron of Yankee cavalry came up, tied their horses to a fence, and built a fire in the river bottom land just opposite us. There had been no firing for some time, but this showed too much impudence and was too much for one of our gunners, who begged to be allowed to put a shot into them. On getting permission, he placed a shell among them, which made a great scampering, and while they were getting their horses he sent several others, which we could see were bursting among them. He must have killed quite a number. We enjoyed this greatly, as there were no shots returned on us.

While in winter quarters the men amused themselves as best they could. When the ground was covered with a light fall of snow, tracks could be easily seen, and the soldiers would get in skirmish formation, each one arming himself with a stick, and charge over the ground for rabbits, hollering and making as much noise as possible. "Brer Rabbit" would frequently jump up completely bewildered and was soon knocked down and swung around the lucky man's neck who was fortunate enough to get him, and he was soon eating a fine rabbit stew. I have seen a wild turkey gotten in this way.

In the midst of this luxurious living on the south side of the Rapidan River, General Meade had the audacity to cross the river at Mine Run. We were ordered out to meet him and had to march several miles through a driving sleet, with little or no shelter for the night. Our suffering was intense. Meade evidently expected to catch "Marse Bob" napping, but instead of that about as soon as his army was in place on one side of Mine Run, Marse Bob's invincibles were on the other. After confronting each other for two days, on the morning of the third day, which turned out to be a beautiful, springlike one, we were ordered to charge or drive them out at early dawn, but when we went forward we found Meade, like the king of France, had gone up the hill then gone down again.

We marched on down the Fredericksburg road a few miles, our division at the head of the column, and halted. One of my men, in wandering around, had found a fine Yankee beef, which had fallen into an old ice house, and came to ask if our boys could have it if they got it out. They dug it out and had fresh meat for a long time. Our army rested here for several hours, the men sitting around enjoying the sunshine.

In a short time General Lee, with some of his corps commanders, came up with a prisoner, and stood talking. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was pushing forward, picking up Yankee stragglers, whom he would send back in charge of guards. One of these guards came up with a prisoner and sent a message to one of the generals that his prisoner had been taken in guarding private property and wanted to know what to do with him. The general asked General Lee what should be done. He replied: "Get all the information you can from him

and send him to the rear; we cannot turn these people loose, as we do not know why they are left and cannot afford to take any risks." The guard started off with him for Orange. As he started General Lee said: "My man, take that man's gun and accoutrements off; you don't know what he may do." I don't suppose that the man knew General Lee, as he said, "He can carry them as well as I can," and started off again. General Lee then called one of his staff officers to go and take them off. The high officer had to do it without a question.

In a short time another courier from General Stuart came up on horseback and handed a note to General Lee: "To one of his couriers, from General Stuart." He was still sitting on his horse, and after reading the note, General Lee walked up to him, and said: "My man, when you ride up, as you did now, and will probably have to wait a while, you should dismount. In this way you and your horse will have a rest, which I have no doubt both of you need. I see that your horse has lost a shoe. You should have that attended to at once. If you do not, he will soon be lame, and we would not only lose his services, but yours also."

After remaining at this point until afternoon, much to our delight, we returned to our winter quarters and continued our winter diversions and giving "Brer Rabbit and de udder critters" no peace until we moved off for more serious work. When General Lee concluded to move forward again in the spring, I was ordered to build a bridge for foot passengers over the Rapidan, a few miles north of Orange Courthouse. In order to do this, we chopped trees, from which we built crib piers and the rest of the bridge, except the flooring, which was made from a small vacant house we pulled down for the purpose. This bridge was ready by night, and A. P. Hill's corps, including our division, crossed at early dawn and pushed forward via Warrenton to Broad Run on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, now the Southern Railway, where we found the Yankees in full force. General Cook's brigade of Heth's division formed in line of battle, pushed forward and drove the picket line over the railroad, beyond their line of battle, which was hidden behind the cuts and fills of the railroad. When the brigade got within one hundred yards of the railroad, the Yankees rose from behind it and poured a volley into it, killing and wounding a large number and temporarily demoralizing them. They then charged up and captured and took off several pieces of a battery of artillery. By this time, it was night and we halted. The next morning we found the Yankees had recrossed Broad Run and were out of our reach.

It was understood that General Lee's plan of the battle was that Early's corps was to have moved down the railroad and engaged the enemy on their front, and, as soon as their firing was heard, that A. P. Hill's corps was to push forward on their flank, and in this way capture them, but in some way Cook's brigade went in first and was worsted, as described above, this upsetting the well devised plan. As an incident of this march and battle, as our division neared Broad Run, a line of prisoners were standing on the side of the road, all barefooted, with a pile of their shoes in front of them. All of our men whose shoes were the worse for wear were made to put on a good pair from the pile and leave the old ones for the "bare-footers" who would not need good ones in prison.

About this time, the spring of 1864, Gen. U. S. Grant took command of the Yankee army and turned up in the Wilderness, where some of the severest fighting of the war occurred. As an example, there is now in the Smithsonian Museum at Washington a stump of an oak tree, about fourteen inches in diameter, which was cut down entirely by rifle balls, which is evidence of how full the air was with bullets at the time. I was ordered from Gen. Cadmar Wilcox's staff to report to the

First Regiment of Engineer Troops commanded by Col. T. M. R. Talcott, and took command of one of the companies. This regiment was placed on the extreme right of our army, acting as infantry, supporting the cavalry, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee commanding the latter.

After this severe battle, General Grant continued to move to his left down the Mataponi, which river is formed by the confluence of the four small streams—viz, the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ni, joining Gen. Benjamin Butler near Petersburg. Our army moved on his front in the same direction, bivouacked for the night near Chaffin's Bluff. I had lain down on the ground, putting my blanket over me and probably dozed off, when I felt something resting on my stomach. I looked up and, much to my horror, saw a large snake coiled up there, making himself comfortable by the warmth of my body. Shaking myself gently, he moved off, and I called to some men who were sitting around a fire and they soon dispatched him, a pioneer rattlesnake. I rolled over and continued my nap until morning.

We then marched on over a pontoon bridge to the south side of the James River, landing at the Hewlet House, where we built the Hewlet House Batteries. When they were finished large siege cannon were mounted and the woods cleared from the front, which clearing job was assigned to me. We got to work at it at once, and as the slope of the ground to the river was in full view from several Yankee monitors and gunboats, we thought we would have a hot time, but as a heavy fog hung over us until after we finished, we did not draw the fire.

When everything was ready, our big guns opened on the fleet and destroyed several transports and other wooden vessels, and then fired on the monitors, which returned the fire, one shell coming into one of the embrasures, striking the cannon just under the muzzle, upsetting it, and killing several men. We understood that President Davis was present at the time and in one of the casemates.

While in camp near the Hewlet House, a friend of mine proposed that we go fishing. We climbed onto an old wharf and had quietly put our lines into the water, when a shell of about twelve-inch diameter came over our heads and struck the bluff behind us, burst, and left an excavation into which a horse and cart could have been driven. When a second one was sent, coming nearer, we concluded that they were looking for us, and as we did not care for any closer acquaintance, we concluded we did not need any more fish.

About January 1, 1865, I was ordered to report to the Chief of Engineers, General Smith, at Richmond. I was directed by him to get to Camp Lee one hundred men to go to the Piedmont Railroad, the construction of which has been described above, and finish it. I was at work when Richmond was evacuated and General Lee surrendered. President Davis, his cabinet, and other officials moved to Greensboro, N. C. I spent the night with them, in the railroad station, except the President, who stayed at a private house.

At the close of the war the United States seized the railroad and claimed it as being owned by the Confederate States, but as the company proved the facts as stated above, it was turned over to the company. The Richmond and Danville Railroad, owned the majority of the stock, and it is now a part of the Southern Railway. When Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was arranging the surrender at Greensboro, I met Col. A. L. Rives, Assistant Chief of Engineers, and asked him what he thought I should do. He said as they expected to surrender, I had better take care of myself, and if the seat of government turned up anywhere, I could report. I met a friend with his bride, who was in the adjutant general's office. They were perfectly at sea as to what to do. We at last concluded to go

to Hillsville, Carroll County, Va., about one hundred miles over the mountains, as my friend had a relative there, where, with many difficulties, traveling in a railroad dump cart drawn by my riding horse, taking from a wrecked train some provisions upon which to live, we at last arrived safely. Having no money, I went to work at anything I could get to do for a living, for several months, and then made my way back to Richmond as best I could; and as things had settled down very much, I was not noticed particularly. I never surrendered, and I am a live Rebel yet.

GLAD TO BE CALLED A LIAR.

After McNeill made the raid into Cumberland, Md., and captured Generals Crook and Kelly, he gave the men who were on the raid ten days' furlough to rest their horses. I decided to spend the time with friends in the eastern part of Hampshire County, W. Va., near Capon River, a quiet section girdled by the foot hills of a mountain where Federal scouts seldom appeared.

While in that section I started out one afternoon to call on two young ladies, the Misses W., who were visiting the family of Mr. Hezekiah Clagett, about four miles distant, and near Wardensville, W. Va. Proceeding leisurely along a narrow road flanked on both sides by scrubby trees, a bend in the road brought into view four mounted men about two hundred yards distant and slowly approaching. As soon as they saw me, each man drew his revolver from the holster, but, as they had on the Confederate uniform, I felt no special concern, supposing they were going to attempt a joke on me. No word was spoken until we met, our horses' heads almost touching, when to my surprise, I was ordered to dismount, which I did with reluctance. Meanwhile, the man who gave the order climbed into my saddle, assuming he had captured a good horse. I then concluded that, instead of being Confederates, they were "Jesse Scouts," the Jesse Scout being a Federal soldier disguised as a Confederate, an outlaw who seldom gave any quarter and seldom received any.

One of the men inquired in a peremptory tone, "Are you a Yankee or a Rebel?" Until that moment it had not occurred to me that I was wearing one of General Crook's coats, a new blue blouse, supplied with bright buttons and gilt shoulder straps containing the stars of a major general, my horse also adorned with a yellow breast strap and yellow head band on the bridle, all of which were the insignia of a Federal officer, and the whole outfit furnished right good evidence that I was a rebel spy. At that juncture it seemed as though a rebel spy had collided with four Jesse Scouts.

Replying to the question whether I was a Yankee or a rebel, I said: "I am a Confederate soldier." Then he asked, "What command do you belong to?" His question started a train of serious reflection. I thought of the Federal troops, who were still "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against McNeill's Rangers for having spirited away two of their generals, and, as it seemed at that moment, I was in the hands of Jesse Scouts, I concluded, if there is ever a time when fabrication is in order and justifiable that time is now. I was acquainted with a few men in several Confederate commands, and the first one I thought of was Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. Answering his question, I said "Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry." Instantly he retorted: "You are a liar. I belong to that company myself, and know every man in it." About the same time another said: "That young fellow belongs to McNeill's Rangers. I was with him one night on picket duty," naming the place and time.

To be called a liar is usually rated as a gross indignity, if

not a challenge for any grade or degree of belligerent response, but on that occasion it was a welcome sound, releasing a tension and pointing a moral which, after more than fifty years, still binds.

After our identity had been established as Confederates, the men gave their impressions of the incident. They said, when they saw me coming round the bend in the road, they were sure I was a Federal officer in advance of his men, and that, during the time the parley was going on with me, they were keeping an eye on the bend in the road expecting every moment the Yankee troop to appear. Mutual satisfaction was expressed over a joke applying to both parties in the affair.

Before parting, those gallant soldiers gave me such a wholesome lecture for wearing a blue coat that I am sure I have not had on a blue garment from that day to this. Should either of those men see these lines I would esteem it a favor to have some message from either or all of them. My address can be secured through the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

LITTLE OIRISH.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

Here in our little Kentucky town the Southern cause is a splendid and heroic memory, blended of the tears of women and the blood of men, yet all untainted by regret. Each year our lessening band of tottering old men in gray has marched beside the boys in blue to beautiful Battle Grove to honor, as Americans, the graves of the warrior dead. Our children have gone to school with their children, and, in marriages of love, pledged the Eternal Union with a new race blended of Blue and Gray.

The annual Decoration Day parade has always been a chief event in our little town, but this year, with our entrance into the great World War, it seemed as though everybody marched to the cemetery with the veterans. It was as though the people were trying to fall into step with the spirit of 1861.

Anyone familiar with the custom of our veterans could have seen at a glance that they, too, had been deeply affected. For the first time in the history of our town a figure appeared, marching among the veterans, clad neither in blue nor gray, yet somehow suggestive of the soul of both. Stalwart and erect, black of hair, tan of cheek, broad of shoulder, hollow-backed and full-chested, he seemed a symbol of what those veterans had been when more than fifty years ago, they had answered the call of the North and of the South—as he was now answering that of America.

He was a simple private, a volunteer in the Army of Civilization, home on a brief furlough before embarking for the French front. As he marched along, he wondered at the change which had taken place in his opinion of these old ceremonies. He felt a bond of sympathy, of new-found understanding, linking him to these old men who in their day had offered themselves to the cause. He was glad that he had accepted the invitation of his old teacher, Professor Smith, to "march with the boys."

They entered Battle Grove and filed along its sanded roadways until they came where a monument stands like a sentinel amid a circle of soldier graves. When the usual invocation and memorial address had been concluded, the old men in gray, at a word of command, formed a hollow circle around the monument facing the graves of their dead. As they stood with bowed heads, twelve little boys, dressed all in white, came with flowers. On each, save three, of the graves they placed a wreath of immortelles. This done they stood like marble statues. Then twelve little girls came like tiny fairies bearing

one enormous wreath which they laid upon the three graves the boys had neglected.

As the children withdrew, each of the old soldiers drew from his bosom a tiny flag and, advancing, laid it upon a grave until each, save the three, bore its flag beside its immortelles. There was something dramatic in all this. The very air was a-thrill with emotion. The young soldier felt his heart pounding as the commander, with quivering voice, gave the command:

"Comrades, assemble."

Silently they grouped themselves about the three graves. A large silken flag was unfurled and laid beside the wreath—a flag, like its tiny counterparts, unknown now to the sisterhood of nations. Yet, ere they departed, each of these old soldiers knelt and kissed the folds of that orphaned banner as one might kiss the garments of the Christ. And small wonder. Through its bars their eyes had beheld the vision of glory. Its cross, set with stars, they had borne up Calvary for four long years. The same fierce light burned in their eyes as when their souls had reached the flood tide of consecration in their May time long ago. Never had the young volunteer been made to feel so deeply the mysterious and deathless appeal of the Southern cause.

He remained in reverie after the throng had departed, and a dreamy silence had begun to brood over the dead. A hand laid gently upon his shoulder aroused him to a sense of his surroundings, and he found himself gazing into the brown eyes of the Professor, who regarded him with a quizzical interest.

"What did you think of it, sonny?" he asked.

When the young soldier had told him, in a broken, earnest way, he smiled as one knowing the answer in advance.

"I knew that you would feel that way," he told the boy.

"You see, sonny, this was no pageant. We old men feel, somehow, that we are consecrating our comrades and our cause to the Infinite Understanding. We feel it more and more deeply as we totter down the hill. When you come back from—Over There—you will know and feel it, too."

Breaking in upon his musings, the young volunteer endeavored to learn the significance of the three graves.

"Professor," he asked, "why did you mark the three graves in such an unusual manner? Are officers buried there?"

The veteran turned and gazed at the graves. The brown eyes that had once gazed down the gleaming barrel of the sharpshooter's rifle were suffused with a sudden mist.

"No, sonny," he replied, "in death all soldiers are—soldiers. But God has shown in his own way that these should be bound, in death as in life, with the bond of a deeper comradeship until the resurrection. They were brought here, sonny, from a far-off battle field."

"Tell me about them, who they were, and what they did," exclaimed the young volunteer, catching the thrill in the voice of the veteran.

"Read the tombstones," said the Professor. "They will tell the names. If you then wish, I will tell you the story."

The three inscriptions were simple:

LANIGAN.	LITTLE OIRISH.	OLD FRANK.
May 15, 1864.	May 15, 1864.	May 15, 1864.
Orphan Brigade.	Orphan Brigade.	Orphan Brigade.

"I am all curiosity now, Professor. You must tell me the story."

They seated themselves upon a rustic bench, and his voice vibrant with sincerity, the veteran told the story to the young volunteer. His fine face, seamed with character, rugged with

simple greatness of heart, seemed, somehow, to remind his soldier-pupil of the seer face of Dante.

Sonny, you have chosen to volunteer, while others linger in the softer ways of life. While other young men are taking their fling at life, you are going to take your fling at death. In going to war it may be that you will not return. Yet, chancing even that, you have chosen wisely. If you do return, you will bring with you that precious something that distinguishes the soldier breed. Out There in the rain of death your nostrils will inhale a primitive and virile breath from the morn of creation. The eternal masculine will stand forth in you shorn of all dross. Above all, you will link the ties of comradeship with other boys that will grow stronger with the years. You will find them worthy of every sacrifice.

It was from such a crucible that the three who sleep together over there emerged inseparable. Little Oirish, poor little boy—even now after more than fifty years his little fingers reach out from the infinite and play upon my heartstrings as on a lute.

He made his début among us in a manner never to be forgotten. It was as though he had sprung into magic being where the ground had just been riven by a thunderbolt of Jove. It was at Shiloh, that dread name written upon the pages of American history in the red blood of gallant men.

Somehow, in the desperate struggle, a field gun had been abandoned and for a time stood midway between ourselves and the enemy. It seemed odd, in a way, that death-dealing engine of destruction standing there so peaceful and calm, the only mute and harmless thing visible in an encircling inferno of sound and destruction. The heaps of dead piled around it showed only too plainly the reason for its solitary position. Only the dead could remain near it. Four times we had tried to take it, and just as often they had driven us back. Then we made what we felt in our hearts must be the last desperate effort. The havoc of that advance was terrific. The bullets of the enemy whistled by in a hurricane of lead. Our men fell in plunging heaps—like the leaves of autumn, one upon another. Our color bearer, poor Austin Rodes, was riddled; his face chipped away by rifle balls, sonny. The flag fell from his hands upon the blood-soaked sod. You know what it means to a soldier when the flag goes down, the sudden nervous anarchy it produces? It was that way with us, too. A wild turmoil reigned, marked by panting and swearing and a certain wild indecision. The spirit of the onset began to ebb. The simple truth is that we were beaten men.

Suddenly the flag rose again from the confusion and moved with little lurches toward the cannon. From where I was you would have thought it was being borne by some one sorely wounded. You can imagine what a thrill went over us when the bearer, a little barefoot boy, about eleven years old, mounted the grim cannon wheel and waved the colors with all his might. With fiercest yells we rushed to his side, leaving a trail of blood, then on past him until we had dislodged the enemy from cover, and the field was ours.

It was Little Oirish. He was still sitting on the cannon when I returned. The men wouldn't let him leave it. In one moment he had become the hero of the army.

"It has been said that 'a little child shall lead them,'" said Cunningham, one of our bravest men, as he threw his arm over the shoulders of the tattered little fellow.

"Ye are roight, Cunny," agreed Lanigan, our brave soldier of fortune, who had come from Ireland to help the South. He muttered something further in his mustache as he always did

when deeply affected, and broke through the mass surmounting the child. Laying his rough hand with clumsy gentleness upon the lad's knee, he questioned him closely for a while. It was one of the strangest conversations I ever listened to, the big bass of the rich Irish brogue and the childish treble following each other.

"Who are ye, me little mon?" asked Lanigan.

"Oirish," he answered, with the dignity of a senator.

"Faith, an 'tis mesilf kin see thot," agreed Lanigan, with a chuckle; "ye hov all the ear-marks of the great Hibernian race. But phwat is your last name?"

"I haven't no last name. I'm just Oirish, that's all."

"Well, thin, who is your father?"

"I have no father."

"Your mither, thin?"

"No mither, either."

"Who the divil raised ye, thin."

"I raised myself."

During the conversation we were very still. A knot came into our throats as Lanigan drew from him the pathetic story of his life. His first recollection was of rising from a nap in the gutter in New Orleans. He had no parents, and he had shifted for himself for years. He told his story without tears, as though such things were commonplace. I tell you, sonny, he won the heart of the Orphan Brigade right there.

"An' phwy did ye happen to coom here?" asked Lanigan.

"Because I wanted to be a soldier," he answered.

Lanigan's face lighted with pride.

"So ye wanted to be a souldier, did ye, lad? Well, ye hov earned the roight to be wan by this day's work, an' Oi am sure ye can go with us an' bate the drum"—

"And wear a uniform?" asked the lad eagerly.

Ah, sonny, you see that was the boy of him, to fall in love with the glamor and show of soldier life.

"Yis, lad," Lanigan agreed; "and march with the rigimint."

Even as Lanigan wheedled him, though, the lad's face grew grave.

"I can't go with you all, though," he interrupted.

"An' phwy not?" asked Lanigan, "Surely ye are not going to leave your friends, are ye?"

"No," replied Oirish, doubtfully; "but you see, I'm an orphan myself, and so I want to join the Orphan Brigade and be with the rest of them."

"God bliss ye, little mon," laughed Lanigan, gleefully; "ye hov been lucky, indade. We are the Orphans ourselves, an' we want you to come along with us."

"That's right, Oirish," we chorused, "come along with us. We'll make a man of you."

"He's a mon already," growled Lanigan, with a significant glance at the cannon, "an' it's more likely ye should be saying he'll make min of us—agin."

Oirish surveyed us thoughtfully for a moment.

"Are all your folks dead, too?" he asked, very, very gently, so as not to hurt our feelings on such a sensitive subject.

"Not all of them, Oirish," Lanigan answered for us.

"Then why do they call you orphans," puzzled the lad.

My God, sonny, how he reached for our hearts with those ways of his.

"It's because—because—dhom it, Cunny, tell him phwy we are called Orphans."

Cunningham explained to Oirish that Kentucky had not seceded from the Union, and that the Kentucky troops, having no "mother State" in the Confederacy, were consequently called Orphans. He nodded gravely as the information was imparted to him. Then a mischievous light shone in his eyes.

"And is that the reason you fought so poorly just now, be-

cause you had no mother State to whale you for running away?" he asked, with the innocence that his race alone possesses.

About this time General Breckinridge rode up and ordered the gun to be removed to a battery at the right of us. To this order Oirish at once demurred.

"You can't move this gun," he announced positively, while Lanigan looked on in horror; "it belongs to me."

The General glanced at him quickly before he replied. I believe he rode over that way to see who it was, anyway. He smiled at Oirish.

"Why does it belong to you?" he asked.

"Because I captured it," maintained Oirish proudly, displaying his flag also.

"He did for a fact, General," we chorused, anxious to make a showing for the boy, "he carried the flag up here when the fire was so hot that not one of us could follow."

The General rode over to Oirish and put his arm around the boy's waist.

"You won't mind letting us have the gun for a while, will you," he asked, "we need it to whip the enemy. You want us to win, don't you?"

Oirish warmed up to the General right away.

"I'll let you have it for a while," he said, "but I want it back as soon as the battle is over, for it's my gun and the first one I ever owned, too."

"Very well," smiled the General, and repeated his order.

As Oirish slid to the ground he was promptly collared by Lanigan.

"Phwat do ye mane by rayfusing to give up thot gun to the Gin'ral? Ye'll be coort-martialed and shot yit for insoobordination. Me heart was in me mouth all the toime for fear he'd hov ye put in irons."

"For what?" asked Oirish.

"For yer impidence in rayfusing to give up the gun to the Gin'ral. Don't ye know ivry souldher must obey ordhers?" "But it's my cannon. I captured it."

"Thure, ye caphured it," agreed Lanigan, "but always raymimber wan thing, and that is whin a souldher caphures anything, it belongs, not to him, but to the airhmy. And it's always soobject to the ordhers of the Gin'ral."

"But the General said he would give it back to me when the battle is over," insisted Oirish.

"If the Gin'ral said so, thin he'll kape his wordh," replied Lanigan, "but whin he does offer it to ye, ye must rayfuse to take it."

"Why?"

"Because ye're in the infantry, and phwat ye want is a musket. If ye go with the gun, ye'll hov to join the arthillery, an' none of us bhoys would see ye again."

"But I won't join the arthillery."

"Ye'll hov to if ye kape the gun."

"Then I won't keep it."

"Good for ye. Tell the Gin'ral to kape it, whin he comes."

Well, sonny, as you may imagine, Oirish was the center of attraction around the camp fires that night. His name was on every tongue and it looked like every man in the brigade came around to look him over. While we were petting and making over the boy a stray dog came up to the outer edge of light from the fire and, taking advantage of the occasion, tried to steal a ration from Jimmy Jackson, who turned just in time to forestall him.

"Take that," yelled Jimmy, hitting at him with his ramrod. A yelp of pain answered him.

"Don't hit the dog, mister," cried out Oirish; "can't you see the poor fellow is almost starved?"

The little fellows eyes were shining with tears of pity.

"Hyuh, doggie! Come on, old boy, come on. I won't hurt you, doggie."

The dog looked at him eagerly, but refused to move.

"Call him by name, Oirish," advised Cunny.

"I don't know his name," replied Oirish.

"O, try any dog name—Tray, Don, Rover, Sport, Dick"—

"Hyuh, Don," wheedled Oirish. No movement from the dog.

Finally, "Hyuh, Frank, hyuh, Frank."

At this name the dog came wiggling and twisting forward into the firelight, every muscle of him making ingratiating advances, yet also keyed for instant flight. Hewas a magnificent pointer, you could see that at a glance. He was fairly starved, but he knew how to hold himself in like a proud aristocrat. He had evidently belonged to some plantation that had been laid waste. You could see that he had been used to something, if you know what I mean, just the same as a man. He came right up to Little Oirish and rested his muzzle between the boy's knees, looking up at him with all the hunger of his body and his soul in his big, swimming eyes. The lad petted him and gave him most of his own scanty ration. Jimmy Jackson, who had been looking on and feeling very sheepish, threw over a piece of meat.

"Give him that, too, Oirish," he said.

About this time Lanigan came along and the lad put it over on Lanigan. The Irishman was carrying a gallon stone jug.

"What's that," asked Cunny, eying the jug.

"Ye've guised a'ready," replied Lanigan.

"Give me a drink," demanded Cunny.

Liquor was scarce in the army, sonny, and all the boys who liked their nip were taking a lively interest in the little stone jug.

"Where did you get it?" asked Little Oirish.

"Captured it—from an officer's supply thrain."

"Well, then," demanded the lad, "what do you mean by drinking it and giving it away?"

"It's mine, ain't it?" yelled Lanigan, fiercely. "Oi caphured it, didn't Oi?"

"True, you caphured it," admitted Little Oirish, quoting Lanigan's own words of that afternoon; "but remember one thing, and that is when a soldier captures anything it belongs, not to him, but to the army; and it's always subject to the orders of the general. You said so yourself."

Lanigan stared at him in amazement. Then he picked up the jug, a grin of admiration for the boy's wit spreading over his face.

"Roight ye a-are, lad," he said, "an' it's against ordhers, too, to hov whuskey. Oi'll delivder it to the liftinant. Cunny, odd moon, ye lose. As ye said to-day, 'a little child shall lead thim' An' here we go—pasth the stilled wathers."

Cunny was hit hard, but he was game. He sniffed at the jug as Lanigan passed him, and screwed his face up into a comical expression of disdain.

"Rot gut," he muttered sourly; "just common, ordinary, wooden worm, hog track rot gut,—gee, I wish I had a barrel of it."

(To be continued.)

The strange and curious race madness of the American republic will be a study for centuries to come. That madness took a child-race out of a warm cradle, threw it into the ocean of politics—the stormiest and most treacherous we have known—and bade it swim for its own life and the life of the nation!

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.



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

"Sleep with the mighty in thy death! yet not with these alone;
Sleep with the loving hearts that beat so truly to thine own;
Sleep with the sword-cross on thy breast, the well-worn scabbard by,
Fit symbols of a soldier's rest and his reward on high."

CAPT. LOUIS G. YOUNG.

In the early morn of May 31, our friend and comrade, Louis Gourdin Young, passed into the spirit land to join his loved commander and a host of comrades gone before. He was a patient invalid during his long confinement, faithfully nursed by a devoted friend, Mrs. Charles A. Coleman, and in her attention to him she showed her devotion to the Confederate cause, for this comrade had suffered much in its behalf. Captain Young's wife died several years ago after being a confirmed invalid for a great part of her last years.

Louis Gourdin Young was born at Grahamville, S. C., on May 14, 1833, the son of Rev. Thomas J. Young, a former rector of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., and Rebecca Gourdin Young. He entered the service of his State in December, 1860, and served at various points in Charleston Harbor, during the siege of Fort Sumter, etc. He went into the Confederate service with Colonel Pettigrew in the 12th North Carolina Regiment (subsequently the 22nd) as first lieutenant on his staff, and was cited for bravery several times. He saw considerable service during the early winter of 1861-62 on the Potomac. Returning to South Carolina after the fall of Port Royal, Lieutenant Young was offered the captaincy of a company in the 22nd North Carolina, but the thought he would be more useful on the coast of his own State than in winter quarters in Virginia, and he was commissioned aide de camp on his old colonel's staff on returning to Virginia early in the spring of 1862, his colonel, Johnson J. Pettigrew, having been promoted to a brigadier general.

Comrade Young received many wounds, from which he suffered much. At Gettysburg his hat was shot from his head and his horse was wounded three times; he was badly wounded at the battle of Hatcher's Run, and when the star of the Confederacy went down he was in a hospital at Lynchburg, Va.

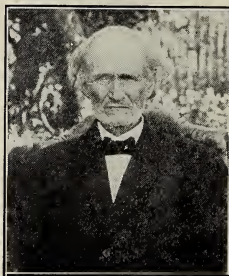
At the close of the war Captain Young was married to Miss Mary Stuart Miller, of Willimasburg, Va., and removed to Savannah, where he engaged in the cotton export business, in which he was wonderfully successful. He retired from active business some years ago.

Captain Young was Past Commander of the Georgia Division U. C. V., and of the Confederate Veterans' Association Camp 756 U. C. V., of Savannah. Less than fifty members are left of this Camp, which originally numbered two hundred and fifty.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary.]

EPHRAIM PARAHAM PARK.

The end of a long and useful life came with the death of Ephraim P. Park, one of the oldest and most beloved citizens of Elkton, Tenn., after suffering for eight weeks. He was buried in the Park and Worley Cemetery near his home by the Masons, of which fraternity he had long been a member. He was in his eighty-seventh year, having been born July 13, 1835, at Cornersville, Tenn., the son of John and Pattie Park. He was married on July 19, 1859, near Cornersville, to Miss Mattie Ann Orr, daughter of Col. W. D. Orr, and to this union nine sons and a daughter were born, all surviving except one son. His wife also sur-



E. P. PARK.

vives him, and there are forty grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.

Comrade Park entered the Confederate army as a private in 1861, as a member of Company F, 53rd Tennessee Infantry. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Indianapolis Ind., and after seven months' imprisonment was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. He was elected orderly sergeant for a term then, after serving as wagon master for a while, he was recalled to his command and participated in many battles. He passed through Tennessee with Hood's command, also through Mississippi, Georgia, North and South Carolina; was wounded only once, and that at Fort Donelson, when a finger was injured and a lock of hair cut from his head by a Minie ball. He remained in active service to the close of the war, and nothing pleased him more than to talk of war times. He was a brave and true soldier, and as a citizen he was admired and trusted by every one. His strongest characteristic was his modesty, and he was charitable in its broadest sense. His life was one of spotless integrity, and to his children is left the heritage of a good name, untarnished by an unworthy act or deed. It was in his home, in his Church, and in his daily walk in the community that he exemplified those attributes of soul that justified the high esteem in which he was held and the tribute of the community's universal sorrow at his going away.

He joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Fiducia, near Aspen Hill, Tenn., in 1884, and was made deacon of that Church. In 1894 he moved his membership to Elkton, was ordained elder, and lived and died an influential and acceptable member of that denomination.

Although he went in the fullness of life's allotted span of years, even so as to make beautifully appropriate the words of St. Paul: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

COMRADES OF CAMP JONES, SELMA, ALA.

The following members of Camp Jones, No. 317 U. C. V., of Selma, Ala., were lost to that membership during 1921-1922.

Thomas Jefferson Craig, James Bassett, John G. Norris, Jarrett J. Lee, Marcus H. Kennedy, B. Richard Holmes, W. B. Tarver, B. F. Ellis. [T. B. Cragh, Adjutant.]

MAJ. J. B. WILSON, U. C. V.

Maj. J. Benson Wilson died at his home in Waxahachie, Tex., in February, 1921, after an illness of some weeks, age seventy-five years. He was born February 12, 1846, at Eufaula, Ala., the son of A. J. and Hephzibah Bates Wilson. He was reared on a plantation, the family later moving to Louisiana and settling at Woodville in 1859.

At the age of sixteen years young Wilson entered the Confederate army, serving as a courier for Gen. Tom Green, in which service he was wounded in the arm. Later he enlisted in the ranks as a private in the 8th Louisiana Cavalry, under Capt. M. B. Kidd, where he served to the close of the war. His title as major came with his appointment as assistant paymaster on the staff of Gen. V. Y. Cook, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department. His old Confederate uniform was very dear to him, and he was laid to rest in the gray of the Southland.

In 1867 Comrade Wilson went to Texas, locating in Falls County, but in 1873 he removed to Waxahachie, and in December of that year he was married to Miss Mary Briggs Lloyd. He gave up his business in Waxahachie in 1878, and had since been interested in farming. In the interest of conserving the game of the country, he served as deputy game warden for ten or twelve years. He was recognized as an unusually public spirited citizen, a promoter of the Ellis County fairs, and active in the various civic affairs of the city. He became an Odd Fellow in 1878, and was also a member of Winnie Davis Camp U. C. V., of Waxahachie. His comrades of the Camp were the honorary pallbearers, and helped to lay him to rest in the cemetery at Waxahachie.

Major Wilson was survived by his wife, four sons, and three daughters, also by four brothers and two sisters.

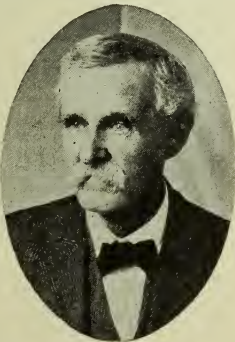
MARCELLUS B. FUQUA.

Marcellus Barksdale Fuqua, born in Charlotte County, Va., near Old Rough Creek Church, March 4, 1846, enlisted in Captain Moorman's Battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, A. N. V., at Lynchburg, January, 1863; was captured at Charlottesville on February 29, 1864, and taken to Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C., where he remained in close confinement for three months. He was then removed to Fort Delaware, from which place he was released on June 14, 1865. He went to Texas in 1874 and married Miss Julia Houston, of Sulphur Springs.

Mr. Fuqua was an active member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he served thirty years as deacon.

Mr. Fuqua was also active in the association of United Confederate Veterans. He was a charter member of the Mat Ashcroft Camp, U. C. V., in the Sulphur Springs, Tex.

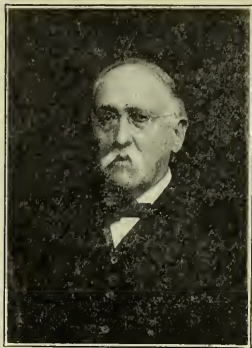
He died on March 3, 1922, leaving his wife and two sons—Paul H. and Thomas B.—and two daughters—Mrs. Saxche Fuqua Helm, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Bessie Fuqua Wright, of Sulphur Springs, Tex.



MARCELLUS B. FUQUA.

DAVID DICKERSON HAMILTON.

After a brief illness, David Dickerson Hamilton died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on the morning of May 11, 1922, the fifty-seventh anniversary of his return from the war of the sixties.



D. D. HAMILTON.

"Dick" Hamilton, as he was affectionately known by his friends, was born in Davidson County, July 24, 1842. He was one of twelve children of Eleazer and Emily Perry Hamilton, of whom only the youngest brother, Tolbert F. Hamilton, of Mt. Juliet, Tenn., survives him.

He enlisted in Sumner County, Tenn., May 22, 1861, with three of his brothers—Joseph Porter, Eleazer Dent, and John Hall Hamilton

—as members of Company H, 7th Tennessee Regiment, Archer's Brigade, and all fought through the entire four years except Dent Hamilton, who was transferred to another company, was taken prisoner, and died in Camp Chase.

Dick Hamilton was severely wounded in the head and shoulder at the battle of Seven Pines, and again at Petersburg, Va. He was mustered out at Augusta, Ga., May 1, 1865, and made his way home on crutches, walking part of the way. Being told that all who came to Nashville were to be forced to take the oath of allegiance, he slipped from the train at La-vergne, borrowed a horse from a friend, and went across the country to his home near Stewart's Ferry, twelve miles east of Nashville, where he found his family mourning for him as dead. For several years after the war he used crutches.

He was for thirty years or more a teacher in the schools of Davidson County, Tennessee. In 1870 he was married to Miss Margaret Amanda Page, who survives him, with two daughters and four sons.

His friendliness and good humor won for him a place in the hearts of all who knew him. He had a vivid recollection of his war experiences and delighted in narrating amusing incidents of soldier life. For fifty-five years he was a member of the Christian Church.

CURTIS GREEN.

With the passing away of Curtis Green, on May 2, at Ogleby Tex., the ranks of the United Confederate Veterans loses another of its true and loyal members.

Curtis Green was born December 8, 1840, near Cave Springs, Ga. When the War between the States came on, he immediately enlisted in Company E, 22nd Georgia Infantry, and was afterwards transferred to Company G, 6th Georgia Cavalry. He was in twenty-eight battles and numerous skirmishes, and was twice captured, being exchanged the first, time and escaping from prison the last time.

He went to Texas and settled in Coryell County in 1865, and there remained until death. There never lived a more loyal Confederate than Curtis Green. Shortly before his death he suggested the following as an epitaph for his monument: "A Confederate soldier; came when called, and went when sent."

LEONIDAS CARTWRIGHT, SR.

The death of Leonidas Cartwright, Sr., at Terrell, Tex., on February 25, 1922, removed one of the most influential citizens of that community, a leader in movements for the public good. He was born at San Augustine, Tex., November 27, 1842, the third son of Matthew and Amanda Holman Cartwright. His grandfather, John Cartwright, was one of the pioneers of that section, going there from Tennessee in 1819, and the place where he located became, in 1831, the site of the present town of San Augustine.

Leonidas Cartwright was educated there and at the Military Institute at Bastrop, and when the war came on he and his brother, A. P. Cartwright, enlisted, in May, 1861, in Company E, 3d Texas Cavalry. When this regiment was reorganized in 1862 it became a part of Rosi's Brigade, and in 1864 this command took part in the Atlanta campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. During this campaign he was selected as one of a hundred picked men from this brigade, as scouts under Lieutenant Taylor, to operate in the rear of Sherman's army, getting valuable information, tearing up railroad tracks and bridges, etc., to interrupt his lines of communication; and it was in this department of the Confederate army that he was mustered out after a service of four years.

He was married to Miss Ludie Ingram in December, 1868, and engaged in farming until 1870, when his father died and he assumed the extensive land business of the latter, and carried it on with marked success until 1894. He opened up a ranch in Cooke County, Tex., and another in Taylor County, and he took great interest and pride in the raising of fine horses and cattle. He located in Terrell in 1895. Four sons and five daughters survive him. He had long been a member of the Methodist Church.

CAPT. S. R. STREET.

[From resolutions passed by Newbern Camp, No. 1162 U. C. V., Newbern, N. C.]

On May 20, 1922, our Commander, S. R. Street, was called from his earthly duties by the summons of the General Commander of the universe to join the vanguards of Lee and Jackson, and in his death this Camp has lost a faithful and valiant Commander and the community in which he lived a congenial and beloved citizen. His heart was ever with the cause of the Southern Confederacy, and he loved to talk about it.

"And in that cause, let us not forget,
Were right and truth conjointly met,
The hallowed luster of our creed
Is heightened as the ages speed."

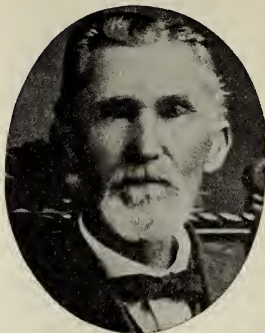
When the first call to arms was made in 1861, Comrade Street enlisted in Company K, of the 2nd North Carolina Regiment, which was assigned to Ramseur's Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia; and he was with his regiment in every engagement up to November 7, 1863, when the whole regiment was captured at Kelly's Ford. During the seven days fighting around Richmond he received a severe wound, but, upon his recovery, he rejoined his command and, under the leadership of Stonewall Jackson, went through the Maryland campaign and was in the front ranks at Gettysburg. He followed that indomitable leader as a unit of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry" until Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville, Va.

After Comrade Street was captured at Kelly's Ford, he was incarcerated in the Old Capitol Prison and then transferred to Point Lookout, where he was held in captivity until the surrender of the Southern army.

[W. N. Pugh, Commander; L. S. Wood, Adjutant.]

LON STEADMAN.

Lon Steadman was born at Raleigh, N. C., on May 15, 1838, and died at Paragould, Ark., on June 14, 1922.



LON STEADMAN.

With his father's family, young Steadman removed to Arkansas and located at Jacksonport in 1861, and there he joined Capt. A. C. Pickett's Company G, 1st Arkansas Infantry, on May 5, and with this company fought to the end of the war. He was a brave and true soldier and through all the hardships and trials he was always at his post; on the march or the fighting line, he was always ready. I have marched by his

side into battle and with him been on the long, weary marches, and I know of his four years of faithful service. At the first reunion of the company that went out from Jacksonport in 1861 there were only twenty-seven left so far as we could locate. A handsome monument now stands at Newport in honor of the Confederate dead of Jackson County, Ark. Our company took part in the following battles: First Manassas, the blockade of the Potomac River at Evansport, Va., Shiloh Farmington, Corinth, Perryville, Munfordville, Ky., Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, the seventy-four days from Dalton to Atlanta, also Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Ga., Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, and Bentonville, N. C.

In 1866 Lon Steadman was married to Miss Alice Granada, and to them were born four sons and two daughters. His wife died four years ago, and he had made his home with his son at Paragould, where he was esteemed as a citizen of sterling worth, his life a benediction to all with whom he came in contact.

As a comrade of his soldier life, I can testify to his faithfulness and devotion as a comrade and close friend, and his passing is to me a great sorrow.

[W. E. Bevens.]

LUDWELL LAKE.

At Remington, Fauquier County, Va., on May 20, 1922, Ludwell Lake passed into rest. His death was sudden and a great shock to his family, as is the case always with sudden deaths. He left a wife and several children, and numerous nephews and nieces.

As a friend and comrade of mine, whom I have known for over a half century, I can truthfully say that I respected and admired him for his many good qualities. He was a member of Mosby's Battalion of Partisan Rangers and equalled any member of the command for gallantry and strict attention to duty. On one occasion when the Yankees had killed his comrade, Lieutenant Ames, Lake, at the risk of his life, dashed in among them and killed the man who was rifling the pockets of his victim. He was a patriot, soldier, and gentleman.

"He has left the memory of a name which will not be forgotten till honor, virtue, and courage, all shall cease to claim the homage of the heart."

[C. M. Smith, Delaplaine, Va.]

JESSE F. ALLENSWORTH.

A prominent citizen of Chillicothe, Tex., and possibly the oldest Confederate veteran of Hardeman County, is mourned in the death of Jesse Ferguson Allensworth, which occurred during the month of June. He was born in Christian County, Ky., July 5, 1842.

At the age of nineteen young Allensworth entered the Confederate army as a member of Company H, 14th Tennessee Regiment, Archer's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division. He was later made a courier for General Hill, and was in the battle of Chancellorsville when Jackson was wounded, his own horse being shot from under him. He was wounded twice during the great conflict, once receiving a sword cut on the head, and a Minie ball which struck his shoulder finally lodged in his elbow, and he carried it to the grave. Though his service was interrupted by these wounds, he returned to the ranks as soon as able to do so, and was still wearing the gray when General Lee surrendered.

In 1884 Comrade Allensworth was married to Miss Mallie Reynolds, of Clarksville, Tenn., and in January, 1888, they removed to Wilbarger County, Tex., and settled on a farm, going later, in 1904, to Chillicothe, which had since been his home. Two sons and a daughter were born to this union, all surviving him. His wife died in 1914.

At the age of seventeen he became a member of the Christian Church, and through the threescore years since then he had lived a consistent Christian life.

SAMUEL A. TOWNES.

Samuel Allen Townes son of Samuel A. and Johanna Lois Hall Townes, born in Marion, Ala., May 22, 1840, died at Greenville, S. C., March 14, 1922.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, as a member of Company B (Butler Guards), 2nd Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps. He was at the firing of the first gun at Manassas, and served through the entire war, participating in all the important battles of Lee's army. He was noted for his courage and coolness in battle. He was sergeant of his company, never was wounded, never had a furlough, and was never absent from service.

He had great faith in the Southern cause, and always contended that the South would have been successful but for the thousands of hired foreign soldiers.

After the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., he returned to his home at Greenville, S. C., and engaged in merchandising. He was four times elected mayor of the city of Greenville, and served in that capacity for eight years. During the Cleveland administration he was appointed collector of internal revenue for the State of South Carolina, and held the position for four years.

Comrade Townes was married to Miss Mary Jones Thompson, daughter of Colonel William Butler Thompson, and to them were born one son and two daughters. The son, Samuel



SAMUEL A. TOWNES.

Allen Townes, Jr., died a few years ago, after having served several years in the United States navy; the two daughters survive him.

SIMON T. POPE.

Simon T. Pope, born April 9, 1843, died on April 26, 1922, and was laid to rest in the amily burying ground on the old homestead near Capron, Southampton County, Va., which had been his home continuously throughout his life. In his passing, the Urquhart-Gillette Camp, No. 72 U. C. V., has lost a valued member, and Southampton County generally mourns a valued and highly esteemed citizen. He was unassuming, law-abiding, and known and remembered for his integrity and honest convictions and precepts. As a husband and father, friend and neighbor, he was ever faithful, patient and true, loyal and obedient to every trust. Under the strenuous duties as a soldier and the perplexities of life which are inevitable in our human existence, he was always optimistic, believing that the best things would find their way.

In the year of 1862, at the age of eighteen, he enlisted in Company B, 9th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and participated in the major portion of the historic battles of that renowned division. At Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded. He was within a few paces of his gallant and heroic commander, Armistead, when he fell before the bullets of the 'oe.

The religious affiliations of Comrade Pope were with the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which he united when eighteen years of age.

Many friends and relatives gathered to pay their last respects as he was laid away to await the heavenly reveille.

He is survived by his wife and four sons.

S. W. FRY.

On March 21, 1922, S. W. Fry, of Red Oak, Tex., answered to the last roll. He was born in Grange County, Tenn., December 28, 1840.

Enlisting in the Confederate army in April, 1861, he served with Company B, 2nd Tennessee Infantry; was wounded seven times, captured three times, but never conquered. In one night at the battle of Murfreesboro he was twice captured and twice escaped, and succeeded in getting back to his company. Being disabled for infantry service, he was placed in the cavalry, serving until the last capture and being released at the close of the war.

Going to Texas in 1876, Comrade Fry was there married to Mrs. Jennie Chapman, in 1878, to whom he was a devoted companion for forty years and a father to his stepchildren. He was a man esteemed by all who knew him, and his well-spent life will long be held in sacred memory. Comrades, friends, and relatives joined to pay the last tribute of respect as he was laid to rest in Bell's Chapel Cemetery. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church for many years.

JOB M. MORGAN, SR.

At the age of eighty-eight years, Job M. Morgan, Sr., died at his home on Roaring River, three miles north of Gainesboro, Jackson County, Tenn., on Sunday afternoon, February 5, 1922. He was born November 4, 1833, and was educated at Burritt College in Van Buren County, Tenn.

Upon the organization of the first company from Jackson County, on May 6, 1861, he volunteered as a soldier of the Confederacy. He and a younger brother, Perry T. Morgan, who was killed at the battle of Atlanta, Ga., went out as privates, another brother, Judge George H. Morgan, also going out later. After serving as private for several months, Job

M. Morgan was appointed captain and assistant quartermaster of the 28th Tennessee Infantry, in December, 1862; and on April 29, 1863, he was appointed transportation quartermaster by command of Lieutenant General Polk. He served faithfully throughout the war, and was paroled at Washington, Ga., on May 11, 1865.

Comrade Morgan was a long-time subscriber to the VETERAN, and he and his aged wife, who survives him, looked forward each month to its coming and never tired of reading it. His illness had been of several years' duration, but he ever maintained a cheerful spirit.

COMRADES AT PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

In deep sorrow, Jenkins Camp U. C. V., of Parkersburg, W. Va., records the death of loved and esteemed comrades whose passing sadly depletes its membership.

Robert C. Tucker, who died on June 3, 1922, was born in Amelia County, Va., in 1847. In defense of his native State he enlisted in Company B, Stark's Battalion of Light Artillery, A. N. V., in 1863, and served faithfully and with honor until the surrender at Appomattox. He participated in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, in front of Petersburg, and Sailors Creek. For the past twenty-three years he had made his home in Parkersburg, and for that time had been a valued and honored member of Jenkins Camp. As a soldier, he was brave, patriotic, and to the day of his death he never doubted for one moment the justness of the cause he so gallantly and faithfully defended: but when the mighty struggle was over, he accepted the situation and gave allegiance to the laws of a reunited country. As a business man, he was upright, conscientious, and conspicuously honest in all his dealings. He was in the best sense of the word a gentleman, a man of high honor and strict integrity. He naturally made friends, and left behind him a host of admirers who lament his death. He was married in 1873 to Miss Mary F. Smith, who, with five children, is left to mourn the loss of one they loved so well. He was a loving husband, an affectionate father, and a generous and faithful friend.

James F. Dugan, was born in Berkeley County, Va. (now West Virginia), March 10, 1840. At the time of the John Brown raid, in 1859, he was a member of the State Guard, and was on duty at Harper's Ferry. He witnessed the execution of two of Brown's accomplices. At the beginning of the War between the States he was a member of Company E, Second Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, participating in the first battle of Manassas; was with Jackson all through the Valley campaign, in the battles around Richmond, at Fredericksburg, and lost an arm at Chancellorsville.

In 1865 he was married to Miss Katherine Gordon, a relative of Gen. J. B. Gordon, who survives him with four sons and three daughters. In 1866 he secured employment with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, removing to Parkersburg in 1902. He continued with this company as watchman until his retirement in 1914.

Comrade Dugan was a man of genial temperament, pleasing address, courteous to all, and susceptible of the warmest and most generous attachments. He was respected and beloved by all his acquaintances; a brave soldier, an honest man, and a faithful friend.

Charles H. Turner, was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1841, and died in Parkersburg, W. Va., April 5, 1922. He removed to New Orleans, La., in 1853, and engaged in the plumbing business. At the beginning of the War between the States, he was a member of the Louisiana Rifle Rangers, afterwards forming a part of the 6th Regiment, Louisiana Infantry. This

regiment became a part of the celebrated "Louisiana Tigers." He participated in the battle of Manassas, in all the battles of the Valley campaign, in the battles around Richmond, and followed the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia until its surrender at Appomattox. He was severely wounded at Gaines's Mill, and again at Antietam. At Second Manassas his company lost all its officers, and the command devolved upon him as orderly sergeant. In all his four years of service he did his full duty as a soldier, bravely, courageously, and with conspicuous fidelity to his State and the cause for which he fought. At the close of the war comrade Turner made his home in Parkersburg, where he built up a large and lucrative business. He served one term as mayor of his adopted city with honesty and fidelity to its best interests. In 1866 he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Williams, who survives him with five children. In the death of comrade Turner, Camp Jenkins has lost a valued and esteemed member, and the community an honest and conscientious citizen. A good and noble man has departed this life.

(From Edgar Heermans, Commander Jenkins Camp U. C. V.)

SAMUEL BONHAM.

A life span of almost ninety years, sixty-three of which had been spent in Sherman and Grayson County, Tex., closed with the death of Samuel Bonham on January 29, 1922, after two days' illness. He was born in Clarke County, Va., February, 1832, and completed a college course at Berryville, making a civil engineer. He then served Clarke County as county surveyor, but at the age of twenty-two he went to Missouri and there engaged in surveying. Going thence to Kansas, he was surveying for the State when he was captured by the Pawnee Indians. Leaving Kansas, he engaged in surveying in Nebraska for three years, then went to Texas in 1859 and located at Sherman, then a village, where he continued his special work until called to take up arms for the South. He joined a company under Capt. Ben McCulloch, Baylor's Regiment, W. P. Layne's Brigade, and gave four years of service to the Confederacy.

Returning to Sherman after the war was over, he again took up surveying and was county surveyor for nearly forty years. In that time he laid out hundreds of farms and many of the plats of Sherman and Denison, seeing these communities grow into their present-day status from the trading stations of pioneer days. He was a charter member of the Grayson County Old Settlers' Associations, and at the time of his death dean of the Grayson County early settlers. He was active almost to the last, going about the city among his friends when the weather was good.

Comrade Bonham was married in 1863 to Miss Martha Ann Melton, daughter of one of the Sherman pioneers, and to them were born five sons and three daughters, all surviving him. After the death of his wife he lived with his children in New York and Knoxville, Tenn., eventually returning to Sherman as the home of his choice.

DR. W. W. WESTMORELAND.

Dr. W. W. Westmoreland, was born near Union, in Greene County, Ala., September 20, 1846, and died at Columbus, Miss., April 7, 1922. In 1863 he became a student in the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa, which was semimilitary in character. In 1864 a detachment of the student body was called into active service in South Alabama. Returning to Tuscaloosa, he was present when General Croxton attacked the town, and with the University forces fell back to Marion, Ala., then the headquarters of General Forrest after the battle of Selma, April 2, 1865; and surrendered at Gainesville.

After the war he studied dentistry, graduating from the Baltimore (Md.) Dental College, and for many years he did an extensive practice throughout East Mississippi and West Alabama. He was prominent in the Mississippi Dental Association, and was for one term Vice President of the National Association. In 1919 he was called to the University to receive his diploma after a lapse of fifty-four years.

Of a pleasant and congenial nature, he was always interesting.

(W. A. Love.)

JESSE A. SHORT.

Jesse A. Short, an estimable citizen of Williamson County, near Franklin, Tenn., died suddenly from shock in an automobile accident in the latter part of April, 1922. He was born April 25, 1839, the son of William Henry and Judith Atkisson Short, and was the last survivor of their twelve children. His father was a native of Williamson County, and his mother was a Virginian.

Comrade Short enlisted for the Confederacy on May 28, 1861, in Franklin, as a member of Carter's Company of the 20th Tennessee Regiment, and took part in the battles of Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Dalton, and Resaca, Ga. He was one of five brothers in the service, all of whom returned home safely, but he was wounded five times.

Although past his fiftieth, he continued active to the end. He and his brother, B. F. Short, formed a business partnership just after the war, which was dissolved only by death. As a citizen he was noted for his honesty and uprightness, just to all and meeting the obligations of life fairly.

MAJ. BEN McCULLOCH HORD.

Death has reaped a rich harvest of late among the VETERAN's most devoted friends, and these vacant places are eloquent of loss. The passing of Maj. Ben McCulloch Hord, of Nashville, on June 14, has taken the closest associate of the late editor of the VETERAN, their friendship and business association dating from the seventies, when they published an agricultural paper in Nashville; and for a time Major Hord was connected with the editorial work of the VETERAN. Only death severed this friendship of their mature years.

Benjamin McCulloch Hord was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., March 4, 1842, the son of Thomas E. and Mary McCulloch Hord. His mother was a sister of Gen. Ben McCulloch, whose untimely death at the battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, Ark., meant a great loss to the Confederacy. His grandfather, Maj. Alexander McCulloch, was a veteran of the war of 1812-15, having taken part in the battle of New Orleans and serving as aid de camp to General Coffee in the campaign against the Creek Indians.

When the war came on in 1861, B. M. Hord was a student at the University of North Carolina, and, without waiting for his native Tennessee to secede, he was among the first to enlist in a company organized in the little village of Chapel Hill, N. C., by Capt. Dick Ashe, a Mexican War veteran. This company became a part of the 1st North Carolina Infantry (called the 1st North Carolina Volunteers), commanded by Col. D. H. Hill, later a lieutenant general in the Confederate army, which was sent to Yorktown, Va., being the first Confederate troops on the Peninsula. In the battle of Big Bethel young Hord was wounded, and he was afterwards transferred to the 1st Arkansas Cavalry (Dobbins's Regiment), Walker's Brigade, expecting to be with his uncle, General McCulloch. He was captured in Arkansas in 1863, and sent to prison in St. Louis, but he was accused of being in a plot of the prisoners to escape and was transferred to Rock Island, four hundred miles above. He

was held there until January, 1865, then sent down to New Orleans and exchanged at the mouth of Red River in the latter part of February. He was paroled with the forces of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, in May, 1865, at Shreveport, La.

It is of interest to note that in 1911, his *Alma Mater*, the University of North Carolina, called upon all the living members of the class of 1861 to come and receive the diplomas which would have been bestowed upon them forty-eight years before but for the interruption of war. Major Hord attended the commencement exercises and with great ceremony was awarded his diploma.

For some years after the war Major Hord was in the hardware business in Chattanooga, then he became interested in the publication of the *Rural Sun*, an agricultural paper, at Nashville, with the late S. A. Cunningham. His contributions to the paper were of exceptional worth, and in addition he wrote many short stories of special interest and literary merit, indicating an ability that needed only application to achieve high reputation as a writer. Some of his war experiences were contributed to the VETERAN, and in them his humor lightens the horrors recounted of battle and prison. His experience as a prisoner at Rock Island was a vivid narrative.

Under Gov. Robert L. Taylor, Major Hord was Commissioner of Agriculture for Tennessee from 1887 to 1891, and his administration of the office was characterized by an active and progressive spirit. He was always interested in the development of agriculture and the breeding of fine stock, in which he was recognized as an authority.

Major Hord was a man of warm impulses, and his genial personality won him many friends. His devotion to the Confederate cause never wavered, and he was ever interested in the activities of his former comrades in arms, being a long-time member of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac at Nashville. His domestic life was one of happiness. He was married in November, 1868, to Miss Anne Gray Warner, of Chattanooga, who survives him with their four daughters.

After services in Nashville, his body was taken to Murfreesboro and there laid to rest with loved ones gone before.

JAY G. CISCO.

After an illness of more than a year, Jay G. Cisco died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on April 24, 1922. He was born in New Orleans, April 25, 1844, and thus lacked one day of rounding out seventy-eight years. He served as a Confederate soldier throughout the War between the States, a part of his service being under the noted Quantrell in Missouri.

After the war Comrade Cisco engaged in newspaper work, and for a number of years he edited the *Forked Deer Blade* in Jackson, Tenn. He also established a bookstore there. In 1888 he was appointed consul to Mexico by President Cleveland. Removing to Nashville in 1898, this city had since been his home, and during all this time he held the position of assistant industrial agent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

He was a charter member of the John Ingram Bivouac of Confederate Veterans at Jackson, Tenn., and held the office of its First Vice President for a number of years. After taking up his residence in Nashville, he transferred his membership to the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of which he was a member to the end. He was buried at Jackson. Two daughters and four sons survive him.

Comrade Cisco was a writer of note, having published a series of papers on the counties and county seats of Tennessee, their origin, and sketches of those for whom they were named. He also published a book on "Historic Sumner County."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. *Second Vice President General*
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MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

NORTH CAROLINA EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Scholarships awarded by the Educational Committee:
A. & E. State College at Raleigh, N. C.—James W. Lewis, Morehead City, N. C.

Jefferson Davis Scholarship at University of North Carolina.—Newton Cox, Graham, N. C.

Mrs. William Parsley Scholarship.—Nell Craig, Gastonia, N. C.

Z. B. Vance Scholarship.—Margaret Bridges, Tarboro, N. C.

James J. Metts Scholarship.—Ruth Caviness Robertson, Leaksville, N. C.

Mrs. Ella B. Broadnax.—Lorena Kelly, Mooresville, N. C.
H. L. Riggins Scholarship.—Louise Pate, Wilkesboro, N. C.
Orrin Randolph Smith.—Lila Dudley Jordan, Hendersonville, N. C.

Moffitt Loan.—Olive Webb, Oxford, N. C.

(These seven all at N. C. W. at Greensboro.)

Trinity Scholarship (Durham).—Wade Hampton, Durham, N. C.

DIVISION NOTES.

Alabama.—A Chapter of the U. D. C. to be known as "The Clio Chapter," was organized at Clio in June, with forty-seven charter members, by Mrs. B. T. Roberts, of Clayton, Chairman of State Chapter Extension Committee for Third Subdivision. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one. The local work of this Chapter will be to brighten the evening of life for the veterans, and to aid in all work along educational lines.

The first convention of the Children of the Confederacy was held at Bessemer, the home town of Mrs. E. L. Huey, State President U. D. C., in June. Miss Beulah White, State Director, presided, and State officers were elected.

Everybody attending the Confederate reunion at Richmond, June 20-22, were invited to visit the Alabama Room, Confederate Museum, and see the many rare and precious relics of great variety on display there.

Florida.—The annual convention of the Florida Division was held in Orlando, May 3-5, and a splendid, constructive convention was held. The President, Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, of Pensacola, made a wonderful record in the two years of her administration. The reports showed that the greatest amount of work ever accomplished in the Division was done during the past year.

The following officers were elected:

President, Miss Agnes Person, Orlando.

First Vice President, Mrs. S. D. Cheatham, Jacksonville.

Second Vice President, Mrs. R. B. Bullock, Ocala.

Third Vice President, Mrs. C. B. Ashley, Madison.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. W. B. Houston, Clearwater.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. D. Hearn, Tampa.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. LaRue Bliss, Orlando.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Blocker, St. Petersburg.

Historian, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Leesburg.

Registrar, Miss Julia I. Dickenson, Tampa.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. George P. Allen, Jacksonville.

Registrar C. of C., Mrs. B. J. Bond, Tallahassee.

Kentucky.—Memorial Day found Lexington Daughters of the Confederacy devotedly paying tribute to the heroic dead. In the forenoon the Major Otis S. Tenney Chapter held an informal camp fire at the Confederate lot. "The Great Obelisk," a poem dedicated to the shaft at Fairview, and another poem entitled "The Red, White, and Red" were given by the authors, and were followed by the reading of a memorial address delivered last year in Winchester, Ky. Flowers and flags were placed upon the graves of Major Tenney, General Morgan, and many others, and the faithful custom of putting the battle flag upon the only Confederate grave in the Roman Catholic cemetery was followed. This is the grave of Charles Elgin, of the Washington Artillery, Louisiana. Four flags were sent to Midway, Ky., and three to Eminence, to be placed upon the graves of the seven young men whose tragic fate still sends a thrill of horror to every loyal Southern heart. These young lads were compelled to dig their own graves and then shot down at the fiendish order of Gen. Stephen Burbridge, United States Army, himself a Kentuckian. During the summer it is planned to hold special memorial services at these sacred mounds.

The equestrian statue of General Morgan and the bronze statue of Gen. John C. Breckinridge upon the Courthouse square of Lexington were draped in the Stars and Bars. The folds of the great flags spreading to the wind occasioned much interest to visitors in the city, many of whom were from Northern States.

In the afternoon the Lexington Chapter held formal exercises at the cemetery, with Dean Lafferty, of the Law School, University of Kentucky, as the speaker, who paid high tribute to President Davis and denounced the malicious propaganda which seeks to detract from America's exalted patriot and martyr and one of the nation's greatest statesmen and soldiers. The exercises were largely attended by all United Daughters of the Confederacy and veterans and friends.

In honor of the President of the Confederate States, his picture was printed upon the editorial page of the *Lexington Herald*.

Maryland.—On June 3, a well-attended meeting, called by Mrs. Rex Corbin Spencer Maupin, at the Hotel Belvidere, attested our love and deep interest in President Jefferson Davis's birthday anniversary. An attractive program had been arranged by the State Historian, consisting of an able address by the Rev. Doctor Wyatt Brown, and an interesting account of President Davis's imprisonment by Mrs. Maupin. Mrs. Henry Kendall read a letter to a small girl of the sixties,

sent by Mr. Davis after his release and while enjoying the peace and quiet of his home. Miss Sally Washington Maupin then bestowed the crosses of honor on Mrs. Eleanor B. Key, Mrs. Henrietta Morrison McQuade, and Mrs. Jennie E. Hawkins. After this, Mrs. Preston Power, State editor, read a toast dedicated to "The Women of the South," which was composed by our martyred President. Mrs. Power also read an original eulogy to his beautiful and stainless character. Miss Bright followed with some remarks on the Jefferson Davis Monument, and Mrs. Maupin delivered a short speech on the importance and necessity of the filling out and filing of the World War records. Several of our prominent veterans attended.

On June 6, Memorial Day, the graves of our Confederate dead were strewn with flowers, in the presence of a large crowd, while appropriate ceremonies were conducted.

Massachusetts.—The Boston Chapter, Boston, Mass., is closing its ninth year with sixty-two wide-awake members. Being far removed from Southern influence, its growth is slow and places greater responsibility upon each individual member.

The Chapter reports the very pleasing manner in which were celebrated the birthdays of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson in January. The Chapter room was decorated tastefully in Confederate flags, and Hon. Edgar J. Rich, a Boston lawyer, delivered a most scholarly address on General Lee's character. Mr. Rich was quoted as saying he "visited the South in a blue uniform, but returned in the gray." A special musical program added much to the occasion.

The March meeting is the usual annual historical meeting, at which time much historical data is gathered and is greatly enjoyed by all.

A Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy has been formed, and next year will find it a flourishing organization.

A visiting committee from the Chapter was delegated to call upon Southern ex-service men in the hospitals of Boston. Recently, at "Southern Night" at Symphony Hall, twenty-five tickets were given to disabled Southern soldiers.

Boston Chapter had the honor of entertaining a Confederate veteran at the May meeting; and he took part in the Memorial Day celebration, May 30, on Deer Island, Boston Harbor, over the grave of a Confederate officer. Also, in company with members of the Chapter, he visited Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, where, during the War between the States, eight hundred Confederate soldiers were held prisoners. Boston Chapter also had the pleasure and privilege to bestow a Cross of Honor on this Confederate veteran.

The Chapter sent sixty dollars to defray expenses of Confederate veterans to the U. C. V. reunion in Richmond in June.

The Chapter has enjoyed a successful year, both socially and financially, and the ways and means committee has aided much by the efforts to increase funds in the treasury by giving card parties, dances, and cake sales.

The year's donations were as follows: General relief, \$50; S. A. Cunningham Scholarship Fund, \$50; Lee Memorial Fund, Lexington, Va., \$175; subscriptions to the VETERAN for veterans, \$6; Anne Lee Home, Alexandria, Va., \$75; Woodrow Wilson Foundation Fund, \$25; Manassas Field Fund, \$0.95; Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument Fund, \$25; Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, \$25; seven orders for "Southern Women in War Times."

North Carolina.—Memorial Day, as usual, was observed in a splendid way throughout the State, all Chapters having good speakers, good music, and a good program in full. We celebrate no victory at arms, but this day stands out as one day

on which the South bares its head in reverence to the memory of a glorious and hallowed past, therefore, this day is one keepsake—it is a sacred trust, and is not to be confused with any other memorial day.

The district meetings have been very generally held and well attended.

The Newbern Chapter observed Jefferson Davis's birthday with a dinner for the veterans and appropriate speeches.

Of special historic interest within our own State, and one which deserves the earnest endeavor of every Chapter, is "The Stars and Bars Memorial." The chairman, Mrs. Bickett, through a letter to the Chapters, explained the Memorial, and asked prompt cooperation in helping to complete it this year.

The Chapters are working in respective months for Gettysburg, Maury Monument, the Lee Memorial, and the Jefferson Davis Monument. North Carolina has a calendar in which all the various activities of the division are listed, with addresses of chairmen.

Historical Department, U. C. V.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, *Historian General.*

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Decision Day at Arlington and the great renunciation. Compare the real Robert E. Lee with the lesser Lee who might have commanded the United States army of invasion.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1922.

Girl Heroines. Lola Sanchez, of Florida, and her famous ride.

MONUMENTS NOT REMOVED.

Some Northern publications have lately carried the statement that the monument to John Wilkes Booth, which was erected at Troy, Ala., by Pink Parker, in his own front yard, had been removed by action of the town council, influenced by the pressure brought to bear by a women's organization. While regretting to disappoint those who were so eager for its removal that they anticipated it, the VETERAN has been informed that nothing had been done about it. Since the death of Mr. Parker, the plot had been neglected and the stone had simply fallen among the grass and weeds, where it can still be found by those who take the trouble to search for it. The same papers have started the story that the Wirz monument at Andersonville was to be removed by demand of the Confederate veterans of Georgia. Without going into that at all, the VETERAN ventures to assert that this monument will never be removed, unless it be to a more commanding site. This reminder of that judicial murder must be rather irritating to those who sanctioned it, but it will stand nevertheless.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
439 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
Memphis, Tenn.	
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
Oklahoma City, Okla.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....	<i>Historian General</i>
Athens, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
College Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Poet Laureate General</i>
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
Montgomery, Ala.	
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>
Mathews, Va.	



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....	Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....	Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....	Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

CONVENTION ECHOES.

My dear Coworkers: Grateful to the friends who so successfully carried the Richmond convention, especially to Miss Mildred Rutherford, our Historian General, for presiding, and her splendid coöperation, and to our own Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, who stands "like a stone wall" supporting and directing every part of the work, shirking no responsibility, and to Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, who so inspiringly delivered the message of your President General, to those, and many others who made a convention successful, second to none, we all, as Memorial Women, feel most appreciative.

That New Orleans, with its charm and quaint old-world atmosphere, is to be our meeting place in April of next year will, I am sure, be delightfully welcome news to all. That Mrs. James Dinkins, State President of Louisiana, and Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, President of the New Orleans Memorial Association, besides being a national officer are to be our hostesses, will assure a wonderful time as a convention, besides giving the opportunity of seeing so many interesting and inspiring sights seen in no other American city.

Providence permitting, I hope to meet you in stronger delegations and with fuller representation than ever in the history of Association work. We congratulate Miss Jeannie Blackburn, State President of Kentucky, on the organization of a fine new Association at Lexington, Ky, with Mrs. C. D. Chenault as the splendid President. Let each State President strive to be able to report at least one new Association at the New Orleans convention, so that when the roll of States is called not one will be found missing.

With deepest and most sincere affection for your kindly indulgence, and with the hope of soon being able to meet all the responsibilities incumbent upon the office, I am, with warmest thanks to each and every one,

Faithfully yours,

Mrs. A. McD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

REUNION NOTES.

BY MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GENERAL, C. S. M. A.

Our reunion of 1922 is recorded in the history of the past. In all the years of life, as we sit in the twilight and dream, we will ever recall the three wonderful days spent in Richmond, the grand old capital of the Confederacy, as among the most delightful of life.

Our Confederated Southern Memorial Association was the recipient of the most cordial greetings from this historic city. Nothing was left undone. Virginia threw open her hospitable

doors and gave us a warm and tender welcome that spoke to us from her Governor and her mayor, that sang to us from fluted notes and trills of old Southern melodies.

Our gracious hostesses, Mrs. J. Taylor Ellison and Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, were untiring in thoughtfulness for our comfort. We could not find time to accept all the cordial invitations tendered us. Each day was filled with delightful social affairs that always blend the joys of friendship and pleasures with the duties of the daily program.

The one sad note was the absence of our President General, who was kept away by serious illness. Our ever faithful Miss Mildred Rutherford was elected to fill the chair, and presided with grace, dignity, and efficiency. Our Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, shall ever wear the crown—"faithful always." Twenty-three years have passed, and her sweet, quiet face bespeaks her deep love for the cause, which grows deeper each year. It was to her we turned for guidance and direction.

Mrs. Scott, President of the United Daughters of Confederacy of Virginia, was hostess to a luncheon, and brought us cordial greetings. We were again happy to have our President General U. D. C., Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, with us.

The greeting from our Commander in Chief, Gen. Julian S. Carr, brought us a message of patriotism, eloquence, and tender memories; and we were thankful for the inspiration of the lives of our great heroes who wore the gray. Our prayer shall ever be that the glory of each succeeding reunion may grow brighter and brighter. And as the sunset of life falls around them, our hearts breathe another prayer of thanksgiving for the precious days of our glorious reunion in Richmond, and we hope to meet all again in New Orleans in 1923.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Mrs. Lillian C. Perkins was recently elected President of the Tulsa (Okla.) Ladies' Memorial Association, and not State President, as was announced by error of the correspondent. Mrs. W. H. Crowder is the organizer and State President of the Memorial Associations of that State. Both Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Crowder have done splendid work in their respective fields and have shown the finest spirit of coöperation and unflinching loyalty and devotion to the cause the C. S. M. A. holds so sacred.

On the Fourth of July the Atlanta Writers' Club, the Atlanta Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, the members of John B. Gordon Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the members of Fitzhugh Lee and Roosevelt

Camps, Spanish-American Veterans, unveiled a beautiful bronze and granite marker in Piedmont Park, Atlanta, Ga., in the Authors' Grove, in memory of President William McKinley. The tablet was a tribute to a man who loved the South, and whom the South revered. The service was largely attended and carried military and religious features. It was a fitting blending of the two sections, North and South, that the bronze used in the tablet was made in President McKinley's home State, Ohio, and the granite was a boulder from the Stone Mountain monument, which Gutzon Borglum is carving in commemoration of the heroic deeds of the Confederate army and its sacred traditions. Two little girls—Charlotte King, of Atlanta, representing the South, and Bet- Seeds, representing the North—unveiled the tablet.

The work is going on at Stone Mountain, and after the Confederate monuments at present under way are completed it would be a praiseworthy thing for the Memorial Women to bend their energy toward carrying on this gigantic monument, which is to be the most remarkable memorial in the world.

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, author of "Representative Women of The South," will soon give to her publishers Volume II of the same work. Mrs. Collier will devote Volume III to "Distinguished Men of the Confederacy." This will be a brilliant work. To give to history one hundred sketches, with full page pictures, of our heroes of the sixties will be indeed a golden page in history. Volume IV will follow this; and as the years go on Mrs. Collier will have given to our South and the nation many volumes of lives of representative Southerners.

A REAL DAUGHTER OF THE SIXTIES.

The South lost its most far-famed "unreconstructed" citizen in the death of Miss Mary Hall, at Augusta, Ga., on July 18. Though diminutive in size, she was a conspicuous figure at many Confederate reunions, garbed in uniform of gray as a member of Camp No. 435 U. C. V., of Augusta. And she was a faithful and loyal member of that Camp, ever interested in its activities and taking part with it in many reunions.

Since the days of the War between the States, Miss Hall had worn a small Confederate flag in her hair, and her most prized title was that of being an "unreconstructed rebel." But in 1917 she became an earnest worker in behalf of the boys in training at Camp Hancock, near Augusta. She grew to be very fond of the boys from Pennsylvania stationed there, and joined with them in devotion to the national cause, though she never gave up her allegiance to the cause of the Old South. The nearest relatives surviving Miss Hall are nieces and nephews.

MEMORIAL DAY IN BALTIMORE.

In sending a newspaper account of the observance of Memorial Day in Baltimore, Hon. James R. Wheeler, who is President and Treasurer of the Confederate Woman's Home there, writes:

"Our Memorial Day is the anniversary of the battle of Harrisonburg, in which the First Maryland Infantry defeated the 'Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment,' capturing Colonel Kane, their commander. In recognition of their victory, General Ewell ordered one of the Bucktails to be placed on the colors of the First Maryland, where it was carried to the close of the war, and is now in our Capitol in Annapolis. Col. Turner Ashby, our great cavalry commander, was killed in this battle, June 6, 1862."

The *Baltimore American* gave a pathetic little incident in connection with this annual observance in the following account:

"Fifteen feeble veterans from the Confederate Home at Pikesville (the remaining eight men in that institution were unable to endure so long a journey) and half a hundred others who have homes of their own, joined several hundred men, women, and children of later generations around the Confederate monument, erected in 1870 to those sons of Maryland who followed the Stars and Bars.

"The formal program began at 4 o'clock, but friends of those who sleep under the green slopes of the ancient burying ground began to gather more than an hour earlier, bearing flowers to be placed upon the graves.

"One of the early arrivals, after the sultry walk from the street car line to the Confederate plat, looked around for the burial place of a long-time friend who had no kin of his own living in this part of the country. He sought patiently, unhurriedly. At last he found a simple little marble slab with the inscription:

"ANDREW DORSEY,
Pvt. Co. A., 1st Md. Cav.
Died Oct. 7, 1906."

"He knelt on the lawn, untied a parcel that he carried, and slowly, painstakingly spread along the grave the old-fashioned sweet williams and phlox and roses and larkspur that he had brought. He went over them again, handling with particular tenderness the purple sprays of the larkspur.

"My wife always liked them best," he said, half to himself, Finished, he arose, brushed his clothes, paused for a long minute, bareheaded, as he looked once more at the carved stone.

"That's all I can do for you, Andy," he whispered.

"Other veterans gathered at the entrance of the cemetery until the Pikesville men arrived in automobiles sent by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Marching behind the band that played a dirge, they moved slowly to the Confederate plat, followed by Daughters of the Confederacy and the vigorous young men who served with the Blue and Gray Division in the World War, all under the command of James R. Wheeler.

"At the monument Joseph Packard presided, introducing Randolph Barton, who made an address. Miss Bate McWilliams gave a recitation and a male chorus sang hymns. Dr. William Meade Dame, who served with the Richmond Howitzers in the War between the States, pronounced the benediction. Audience and band joined in 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Then the bugles sounded 'Taps.'

"Huge baskets of flowers were distributed and placed upon the graves of the Confederate dead, the Pikesville veterans helping. As the crowd scattered, gentle hands helped the men in gray back into waiting automobiles; and out in Pikesville last night, as the sun went down, the less sturdy eight who had to stay behind heard all about it, while they peopled the glowing western sky with the gallant legions of Pickett and Jackson."

PAID IN FULL AT NEW ORLEANS.

Whether true or not, this little story of Andrew Jackson has an interest. It was sent to the *VETERAN* by P. P. Hayes, Johnson City, Tenn., who writes that the story was told to him by the Hon. William Powell, of Roanoke, Va., a Confederate veteran of eighty-eight years. This is the story:

"A short time before Jackson moved to Tennessee, he went

to Surry Courthouse, N. C., to attend a term of court, putting up at the tavern. He told the landlord that he had one case in court, and if it was tried at that term, he would have the money to pay his bill. 'But if the case is not tried, you will have to charge the bill,' said Jackson; to which the landlord agreed. The case in question was not tried, and the board bill was left on the books unpaid. Soon after this Jackson moved to Tennessee and was never again at Surry Courthouse.

"As time went on Jackson rose to distinction as a lawyer also as a military leader. One day the old tavern keeper at Surry heard that Andy Jackson had achieved a great victory at New Orleans, and that American independence had been gained. So the patriotic old tavern keeper got out his old account book and turned to the page where it said, 'To Andy Jackson, for board, \$2.50,' under which he wrote: 'Paid in full at New Orleans. Hurrah for Andy Jackson!'"

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

In giving an account of a recent visit to the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, Ky., Mrs. Amos H. Norris, Treasurer General U. D. C., of Florida, brings out some features of it which may not be generally known. The VETERAN has published almost everything available on the subject, and is glad to give this further information through Mrs. Norris. She says:

"The monument is an obelisk forty feet across at the foundation, thirty-eight feet base on a foundation eighteen feet deep six feet above the ground, and twelve feet below, resting on a foundation of solid rock.

"On June 10 the monument had reached a height of two hundred and four feet, with another one hundred and fifty feet to be added before it attains completion, when it will be the next highest monument in the world. There will be forty-five flights of stairs, which will be square in construction; and there will be ten floors in the monument, and two windows on each side, near the top of the monument. There will also be an elevator. The view from the top was the most beautiful I have ever seen, with the exception of Lookout Mountain. We could see into three counties.

"The entrance to the monument faces north, and is of Egyptian architecture, perfect in its proportions. The monument is constructed of stone, set in cement, and will last through all ages. All of the materials are obtained from the park, with the exception of the cement.

"To the left of the monument stands a Baptist church, small, weather beaten, and showing the ravages of time. To the right of the vestibule a tablet on the wall bears this inscription; 'Jefferson Davis was born June 3, 1808, on the site of this church. He made a gift of this lot March 10, 1886, to Bethel Baptist Church, as a thank offering to God.'

"There is a substantial stone fence, about five feet high, capped with stones set perpendicularly at intervals, around the park of twenty acres.

"Back of the monument is a beautiful woodland of black walnut, maple, sycamore, and oaks. Just a little to the right of the monument is a marker, the dividing line between Christian and Todd Counties. It is eleven miles from Hopkinsville, the county seat of Christian County, nine miles from Elkton, the county seat of Todd County, seven miles from Pembroke, on the L. & N. Railroad main line from St. Louis and Nashville, and on one of the main highways. The monument, when completed, together with the park, will cost approximately \$160,000.

"On our way back we stopped to pay our respects to Dr. Stuart, a Confederate veteran of ninety-four years, who was

of great assistance, until he became too feeble, in inspecting the work. He was sitting in an easy chair on his back porch, with a magnifying glass in his hand, looking at the monument. He said: 'You have no idea the company it has been to me to sit here these years and watch it as it has grown in height, but the sands of my life are running very low, and if it isn't finished quickly, I may not be here to see it, and I so want to see it finished.'

"And we must finish it and do it quickly, and it can be done by October, 1922, if the additional \$25,000, necessary to complete it comes in promptly. Some States may feel they have paid their share, but we, as United Daughters of the Confederacy, have not discharged our obligation until the monument is completed, and it will be one of the markers in the history of the Confederate States of America that we, and future generations, may point to with pride."

GEN. JEAN JACQUES ALFRED MOUTON, OF LOUISIANA.

(From address by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, at unveiling of the Mouton Memorial, Lafayette, La., April 8, 1922.)

"Jean Jacques Alfred Mouton was a Louisianian by birth, by education, and by culture. He was born in Opelousas on February 18, 1829, the eldest son of Alexander Mouton and Lelia Dupre Rousseau. His father was Governor of the State. Alfred's early education was acquired in the schools of Lafayette; in 1846 he was appointed cadet at West Point, and he graduated there in 1850. In 1860, Alfred Mouton and every man in all the Southland was ready. There was a brotherhood reared under that fine old code which influenced all our lives, and the cry went forth; 'My country! Right or wrong, my country!' So at the very beginning of hostilities, Alfred Mouton mustered a company of volunteers. He was later elected colonel of the 18th Louisiana Infantry, and led his brigade at Pittsburg Landing in 1861. He was severely wounded at Shiloh, and there they made him brigadier general.

"On April 8, 1864, he was killed, killed at that famous battle of Mansfield in north Louisiana, where our bravest and best gathered and once again hurled back the invading foe. General Mouton was barely thirty-five years old when killed.

"This monument was erected by the Louisiana Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. We have worked on it through five consecutive administrations. During the World War all plans for our monument were discontinued. This tribute commemorates the life, the character, and the ability of a representative Southerner.

"It is a worth-while thing to thus honor our great and noble ones, and to send on to posterity the record of their lives, character, and deeds. Great as America is, rich as America is in all material things, we still need the spiritual, the heroic in our daily lives and as a heritage for the future. General Mouton gave, as thousands of Southerners did, his all to his country, and those who loved him are in return raising this fitting and appropriate tribute to his memory.

"In dedicating this monument, we are commemorating his heroism and the heroism of a day that is gone, and every soul here to-day is in a way pledging himself to the memories of the past. It is our privilege and our sacred duty to keep alive and active all the history and tradition of our native country, and to the end we are trying to send on something of the spirit of the sixties. Be assured that our children, in their turn, will keep the record of these quieter times. We are holding in our hands all the treasures of the past and the hopes, dreams, and responsibilities of the present for the next generation."

WAR AND PEACE.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D.

What means this ceaseless strife
Of beast and bird with tooth and claw,
Each striving gainst another's life
As by some urgent, primal law?

And man, creation's head and lord,
Has made of earth a battle field
That's sown by hate, and with the sword
He reaps the harvest death doth yield.

The world is longing for the King
Whose blessed reign shall never cease,
Whose love to weary hearts shall bring
The promised age of perfect peace.

His all commanding voice is heard
In every land beneath the stars;
His mighty, all-compelling word
Can end for aye the clash of wars.

Come now, we pray, Almighty King,
In answer to our pressing need,
That we with angel hosts may sing
And nations to thy voice give heed.

THE LOST DISPATCH—A WAR MYSTERY.

BY THOMAS JACKSON ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

There has never appeared in print, so far as the writer is aware, any satisfactory explanation of the loss of a dispatch at Frederick, Md., addressed to Gen. D. H. Hill, outlining the proposed movements of Lee's army, a copy of this order having been found and placed in the hands of General McClellan. As is well known, General Hill received his copy of the order, written in General Jackson's own handwriting, placed it in his files, preserved it, and which is to this day among his official papers. Why should there have been a duplicate of this order addressed to General Hill? Therein is the mystery, which has remained unsolved, so far as relates to the general public, although some sixty years have elapsed since the occurrence. A solution is here given, which would seem to clear up the mystery. Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, in an address delivered by him at Raleigh, N. C., on May 10, 1897, in referring to this lost dispatch, stated that the man who lost the dispatch had suffered enough humiliation from it for him (Rosser) not to mention his name. That it was one of Jackson's staff, who was a smoker; that when it was handed to him to deliver, he said, "O, we have that order," and so, carelessly, wrapped it around his cigars, placed it in his pocket, and lost it in that shape; and that he (Rosser) hoped this man would tell his connection with it before he died. As the only member of General Jackson's staff now living was not connected with his staff until after this event occurred, it is very evident that the staff officer referred to by General Rosser did not disclose the fact in his lifetime, and as General Rosser is not now living, the name of the staff officer may never be known.

The following theory, supplemented by General Rosser's statement, would seem to give all necessary explanation—viz., it is quite evident that the staff officer who wrote the second copy of the order was not present when General Jackson copied it and handed it to the official for delivery to General Hill. It is likewise evident that General Jackson was not present when the staff officer wrote the second copy and handed it to the official for delivery, and received the reply as quoted by General Rosser, "O, we have that order," and

wrapped his cigars in the useless copy, placing the package in his pocket, and later lost it. The order was dated September 9, and was found September 13, wrapped around these cigars, by a Federal soldier. One can well imagine the chagrin of the staff officer upon learning the result of his carelessness; and what of the prospective interview between himself and General Jackson should the fact of his carelessness become known to the latter? Evidently it never did, for the careless official's connection with headquarters would have ceased at that moment. Such gross carelessness would not have been excused. The facts were undoubtedly suppressed by those who were cognizant of them, and hence the mystery was never revealed. The quotation from General Rosser was written down the day following his address, and I have had this written statement in my possession ever since.

It may be mentioned that a civilian, a Confederate sympathizer, happened to be present at McClellan's headquarters at the time McClellan received this lost copy of Lee's order, and with the utmost expedition the information was transmitted to General Lee.

A LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

To All Friends of Literature: The Directors of Oglethorpe University have appointed Mr. H. E. Harman, of Atlanta, to collect the Library of Southern Literature to be placed in Lupton Hall, just completed on the campus, and Mr Harman has accepted the task.

We ask all friends of Oglethorpe and of Southern literature generally to aid in this wonderful work. Our aim is to make this the greatest library of Southern books in the world. You can help in this important task. Send to Mr. Harman, 402 Trust Company of Georgia Building, Atlanta, Ga., any books you can spare, and each book will be labeled with your name as the giver and placed in Lupton Hall.

This is a great and patriotic work undertaken by Oglethorpe University, and should have the cooperation of every one interested in Southern literature. Lupton Hall is the finest fireproof library building in the South, and the aim is to collect in this building a complete library of the works of Southern writers, books on the South, manuscripts, and the literary remains of Southern authors, so the future historian and biographer may find there all the material he needs. The building was the gift of Mr. J. T. Lupton, of Chattanooga, and Mr. Harman, himself a noted writer, gives his services in the collection of this library. Everybody should join in to make this the most complete collection of Southern literature. Send whatever you can in the way of books, old Southern magazines, pamphlets, manuscripts, letters, and pictures.

This building is a gift to Southern literature, the work of collecting is a freewill offering, and certainly this is a cause which deserves the help of every one interested in Southern writers and their books.

NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern: In answer to inquiries about a book published in 1913 entitled "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-To-Be," I beg to say that, although I am author and owner of the copyright, I have been unable to procure a copy of the book since 1917. I wish to hear from persons who have purchased the book since that date. Any information concerning agents or dealers handling it will be appreciated. Address all communication to me.

HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT,
Route 1, Box 61, Girard, Burke Co., Ga.

FIGHTING THEIR OWN.

BY C. M. SMITH, DELAPLANE, VA.

It may be an interesting fact, not generally known, that in the War between the States many sons of the South struck her many heavy blows. Farragut, of Tennessee, rose, as a reward of merit, to the highest rank in the Federal navy, and a large number of his associates were from the South. In the Northern army there were of Southern blood and lineage: Generals Thomas, Sykes, Reno, Newton, J. J. Reynolds (the hero of Little Round Top in the battle of Gettysburg), Canby, Ord, Brannan, William Nelson, Crittenden, Blair, R. W. Johnson, T. J. Wood, M. B. Buford, Terrill, Graham, Davidson, Cooke, Alexander, Getty, French, Fremont, Pope, Hunter. Some of these doubtless served the South better by the side they took, but most of them were fine officers and some of them superb. Then the South had 300,000 of her sons in the Federal army in more subordinate capacities. Her armies surrendered when a Southern-born President and Vice President were at the head of the United States government.

I quote from an article written by Gen. D. H. Hill (who, with Gordon, of Georgia, and several others, were among General Lee's most distinguished subordinates), published in the May number of the *Century Magazine* in 1886. In another part of the same article, he says: "There is another view to be taken of this picture, however, if we had to be beaten, it was better to be beaten by former friends. Every true soldier loves to have 'a foeman worthy of his steel.' I differ with him, and quote from Shakespeare, . . . 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.'

General Hill further writes: "Some one attempted to console with Thomas Yearwood, a famous old South Carolina bully, upon the beating given him by his own son. 'Hush up,' said old Tom: 'I am glad that no one but my own flesh and blood had a hand in my drubbing.'

Says Hill in the same article: "Every battle field of the war beheld the deadly conflict of former friends with each other. The last time I ever saw Generals McClellan and Reno was in 1848, at the table of Gen. G. W. Smith, in the City of Mexico. Generals Meade and Scammon had been instructors while I was at West Point. Colonel Magilton, commanding a brigade in Meade's Division, had been a lieutenant in my company in the Mexican War. Gen. John Gibbon (whose brigade pressed up the pike on the 14th of September at the battle of South Mountain) and his brother Lardull had been best men at my wedding. They were from North Carolina, but one brother took the Northern side, while the other took the Southern. But we trust that fragrant forever will be the memory of deeds of heroism, fortitude, self-denial, and constancy to principle, whether these deeds were preformed by the wearers of the blue or gray from their respective standpoints of duty."

WHO GOT HIS CANE?—F. A. Gullede, of Verbena, Ala., is anxious to locate his highly prized cane, of which he writes: "I want to know what old veteran took my gold-headed cane from the coach of the Southern Railway at Peachtree Street Station, Atlanta, Ga., on the 28th of June. Some ladies saw him take it, and to them he remarked that the man to whom the cane belonged got off the train in North Carolina. I don't know where he got his information, unless he had been associated at some time with the Gulledeges of Anson County, N. C., which is the hotbed of the Gulledege name, since 1760, on the American continent. He further remarked that he lived in St. Augustine, Fla., and would send the cane by mail to its proper owner. The inscription on the head of the cane,

as I remember it, was as follows: 'From the Wrought Iron Range Boys, St. Louis, Mo., to F. A. Gulledege, December 25, 1899.' It was a gift that I highly prize, and whoever has it or knows about it, will please notify me by mail at Verbena, Ala."

LETTERS THAT CHEER.

Clarence Jefferies writes from Laredo, Tex.: "I have been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* for many years, and it has served to make a better American of me, and led me to have a higher regard for the character of the American as man and as soldier. From it I have learned the truth regarding the history of the War between the States and the causes that led up to it. . . . I am also glad to know that my oldest son has the same exalted opinion of the Southern soldier of that war as I have. He admires the Confederate and his achievements in that great struggle. . . . My grandfather, W. C. Jefferies, was a soldier during all that war, and an uncle on my mother's side, Columbus Wright, was killed at Yellow Bayou. He was in Marmaduke's army, in the company commanded by Captain Cox, of Texas. Would like to hear from any of their surviving comrades."

One of the most faithful subscribers to the *VETERAN* is S. H. Hows, of Nashville, who sacrificed a leg in the Confederate service. On the 16th of March, 1922, he rounded out seventy-eight years of active life, despite this handicap. In writing the *VETERAN* to renew his subscription, he used a pen captured from the Yanks in December, 1864, on Hood's advance into Tennessee, and which he had been using ever since. Says he couldn't do without the *VETERAN*. He joined the Confederate army in September, 1862, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865, with Forrest. He has his parole framed with the pictures of Davis, Lee, Jackson, Forrest, Morgan, and other great Confederates.

Capt. Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant of Camp Tom Moore, No. 556 U. C. V., of Apalachicola, Fla., sends a fine list of twenty new subscriptions with his renewal, and writes:

"*Comrades*: The inclosed list of new subscribers was secured with very little exertion and tramping, and, unlike the proverbial book agent, no chin music to bore them. It was negligence on my part that a similar list was not sent in to your valued publication years ago. Why not others? I feel confident that they, with little energy and exertion, could accomplish the same desired results."

Who will be next to do as much for the *VETERAN*?

Mrs. M. B. Waties, of Tallahassee, Fla., now ninety-five years old, sends \$5 to renew her subscription one year and to help along the *VETERAN*'s work, with which she writes: "Your note of appeal for the dear work you are so faithfully carrying on found me writing to renew my subscription. Please deduct from the inclosed the amount to renew subscription, and the remaining \$3.50 is sent from the heart of an old Confederate woman as a mite to the blessed work of the faithful hearts. May God forever be with them!"

S. D. VanPelt, Danville, Ky., writes: "I am in receipt of the book, 'Christ in the Camp,' for which I wish to express my sincere thanks. While I served in the Federal army during the war, I am a friend of the Confederate soldier, and among the very best friends I have are men who served in the Confederate army. I was a warm personal friend of S. A. Cunningham, late editor of the *VETERAN*. I cannot conceive how that book could be published and sold at the price it cost me."

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FRATERNITY.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging a. degrees
In one wide brotherhood..

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need.

—Owen Seaman.

John H. Freshwater, of Haw River, N. C., wishes to locate T. M. Lankford, of Company D, 46th Tennessee Regiment, or any of his relatives.

The University of Maryland has appointed to its faculty Dr. George E. Wells, who completed his medical course as a trainee of the United States Veterans' Bureau.

David P. Sentner, a blind trainee of the United States Veterans' Bureau, taking journalism at Columbia University, New York City, won the Alfred A. Knopf award. This prize was given to Mr. Sentner on his book "Cobblestones."

John Aversa, a young Italian of Baltimore, Md., who is being rehabilitated by the United States Veterans' Bureau, sailed recently for Rome, where he will continue the study of sculpture. This course abroad has been given as a recognition of his remarkable talent. While recovering from his wounds at the Walter Reed Hospital his talent was discovered while he was engaged in clay modeling as a pastime. His disabilities prevented him from returning to his pre-war occupation as a tailor.

PLANTING THE TREE.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson and beam and knee—
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.
What do we plant when we plant the tree?

We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be—
We plant the house when we plant the tree.
What do we plant when we plant the tree?

A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag.
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free—
We plant all these when we plant the tree!

—Abbey.

NO BONUS NEEDED.

Totally blind in both eyes, caused by a high explosive shell during the St. Mihiel drive, Roy M. Chapman, former private, Company E, 314th Engineers, is still carrying on. This veteran recently completed his training under the United States Veterans' Bureau.

Mr. Chapman is now conducting a book and stationery store at Grand Junction, Colo. At the present time he controls the book business in Grand Junction, a town of eight thousand population. He received his training in storekeeping and business methods under the United States Veterans' Bureau at the Evergreen Institute for the Blind. Following the completion of his instruction, through the financial aid of his father and the Red Cross, he opened a book and stationery store in his home town. To-day he has a complete stock of goods valued at about five thousand dollars and is making a very comfortable profit on his undertaking. He has an excellent standing in the community where he was born, which he left to go to war and to which he returned a blind veteran. All the people in the town are very much inter-

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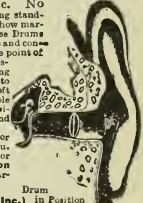


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ested in his success. Mr. Chapman is assisted by his wife in his business enterprise, and she helps him with the bookkeeping and correspondence. Through the training given by the Veterans' Bureau he has qualified himself for a useful business career. To-day he is "Chapman, the Stationer and Bookman," a happy, self-reliant young business man, with confidence in himself and his ability and a bright business future.—U. S. Veterans' Bureau.

Ninety-six men who were rehabilitated by the United States Veterans' Bureau as salesmen in general business and industries are now receiving on an average of \$148 per month, in spite of the general industrial depression during the past year. These men spent on an average of eight months in training.

The widow of Tom J. Rogers would like to hear from any of his old company, H, 13th North Carolina Regiment, "Tar Heels," or any other old friends. He was born in Virginia, the son of Alex Rogers, who was well known in his county, and ran a big tanyard during the war. Any information will be appreciated. Address Mrs. Jane T. Rogers, 329 West Sixteenth Street, Houston Heights, Tex.

Out-of-Print Books

Books on Confederate history are becoming more and more difficult to obtain, and it will be a surprise to many that all of the books in this list are now out of print. As only one of each can be offered, those who are anxious to add one or more of them to their collection should order at once, giving second and third choice.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, by Jefferson Davis, two volumes.....	\$10 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis, by Mrs. Davis, 2 volumes.....	8 00
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis, by Dr. J. J. Craven. Splendid copy, cloth.....	3 50
Reminiscences of the Civil War, by Gen. John B. Gordon. Memorial edition, cloth.....	6 00
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee, by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. Good copy, cloth.....	3 50
Four Years with General Lee, by Col. Walter H. Taylor, who served on General Lee's staff, cloth.....	3 50
Four Years Under Mars' Robert, by Maj. Robert Stiles.....	3 50
Memoirs of Service Afloat, by Admiral Semmes. Sheep binding, rubbed, but sound.....	5 00
Two Years on the Alabama, by Lieutenant Sinclair.....	4 00
History of Morgan's Cavalry, by Gen. Basil Duke; good copy.	3 50
Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston, by Col. William Preston Johnston.	5 00
Life and Campaigns of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, by H. B. McClellan.	4 00
The War between the States, by Alexander H. Stephens. 2 volumes.....	8 00
Narrative of Military Operations, by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.	3 50
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THE THREE GENERALS

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