

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVII.

JUNE, 1929

NO. 6

Jefferson Davis. p. 209.
Zimsh and Tyler. p. 212.



**INTERESTING VIEW OF THE OLD STATE CAPITOL BUILDING AT
MONTGOMERY, ALA.**

It was in the front portico of this old building that Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Southern Confederacy, and a star in the floor marks the spot where he stood. On the capitol grounds now is also the old building known as the First White House of the Confederacy, the home of President Davis while Montgomery was the capital of the Confederate States.

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LAND IN THE SOUTH.

The General Land Office has thrown open to settlement, as homesteads, tracts of land in Louisiana and Mississippi which a few years ago were the actual bed of the Father of Waters. This is a very unusual parcel of government land. In the first place, it is very rare that any government land is found as far east as this. As a matter of fact, this land did not exist at the time when Americans were active in procuring homes from the public domain. It has been built in recent years by the great river.

The lands offered are represented as being low, practically level, and of rich, heavy black loam and sandy loam soils, timbered chiefly with cottonwood. There are 328 acres in the Mississippi tract, in sections 14 and 20, township 5 N., range 4 W., W. M., and 197 acres in the Louisiana tract, in sections 66 and 67, township 5 N., range 9 E., La. M.

These lands will be subject to disposal only under the Act of April 11, 1928 (45 Stat., 422), for a period of 90 days from May 17, 1929, subject to prior valid settlement rights and equitable claims subject to allowance and confirmation.

On August 15, 1929, the remaining unreserved and unappropriated land may be filed upon under the homestead laws only by ex-service men for a period of ninety-one days, and if not so filed upon may be entered under any applicable public land law by members of the general public on November 14.

All applications should be filed in the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

Information is wanted on the war service of W. B. Crump, who enlisted at Attalla or Gadsden, Ala., and served under Gen. Joe Wheeler; was in hospital when discharged. His wife is trying to get a pension, and will appreciate hearing from anyone who can testify to his service. Write to Charles Graham, President First State Bank, Myra, Tex.

Mrs. Daniel Kelley Younger, 3309 Westerwald Avenue, Baltimore, Md., is seeking information of the war service of her father, Walker Timberlake Payne, of Missouri, who served under Generals Price and McCulloch; she also mentions Chamlers's Brigade and a Captain Tippet, under whom her father served; and he was in the mess of one George Penn.

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A. ZIMMERMAN

423 Park Avenue, Lexington, Ky.

J. L. Havias, of Quanah, Tex., Route No. 1, wishes to hear from any friends or comrades who knew of the service of the following: Thomas Matthews, of Texas, said to have served three years; command not known. J. C. Mitchell, who enlisted in Georgia; command not known. The widows of these soldiers are trying to get pensions, and any information will be helpful.

Confederate Veteran

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VOL. XXXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1929

No. 6.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

"OUR VETERANS."

BY T. S. CLAY, M.D., SAVANNAH, GA.

Their lines are thinning rapidly, but, old, weather-beaten, and feeble, they are holding fast and will not give way until the last note of the final roll call has been sounded, summoning the last survivor to receive his crown of victory on a more glorious shore.

These noble men have marched in battle when they could see defeat, and perhaps death, directly in their pathway, but so unshaken was their faith in their commander and so firm their confidence in his guiding hand, that they wavered neither to right nor left, and kept constantly ringing in their ears that one command "Forward! March!"

The veteran of to-day was almost the child soldier in the sixties, so young then were those boys, to-day our honored, beloved, and aged heroes. For several years it has been my privilege and pleasure to serve and mingle with them and enjoy the sweetness of their comradeship. I have seen them in the heat of the day, under the burden of toil, in grief and in want and the constant realization that their days were numbered, that their threescore years and ten had long since past on, and that the end of their march was just ahead, when they must each one meet the last and final enemy of their conflict.

I have been deeply moved by the sweet spirit of resignation and submission displayed by those heroes of the gray, and have marked that, notwithstanding their tottering frame, their failing vision, and the deafened ear, they exhibited an exalted faith and confidence in their Great Leader and Captain, and falter not, but, with lifted head and steady gaze, they press on, still hearing the one command, "Forward!" with gladdened heart and cheerful face.

It was my privilege during the late Christmas holidays to call one evening on one of our aged

members, to arrange for him to be taken the following day to a dinner prepared for the veterans by the "Daughters."

I knocked at the door, and, receiving no response, knocked again, which I again repeated. The door was opened, and, somewhat embarrassed, the "old veteran," stood before me, alone in a small room sparsely furnished, with dishes from a meager supper, which he had prepared, pushed aside upon a small table.

I explained that I feared he was out, when, in the simplest manner as a little child, he remarked: "I was saying my prayers. I never go to bed without saying my prayers, and never get up in the morning without asking God to watch over me. He has kept me through all the years, and I know he is going to care for me."

My intimate connection with the Confederate veteran has led me to believe that this was no exception, but is the rule with them, as though in that great conflict they had caught the spirit of Lee and Jackson, and had grasped the faith and Christian truths which filled the breast of these exemplars of Southern arms.

IN APPRECIATION.

The VETERAN for May, so largely devoted to North Carolina and Charlotte, the reunion city, should have carried some expression of thanks to those who furnished much material used. Such thanks are now expressed to Mrs. J. A. Fore, former Historian of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., whose compilation of historical points in and about the city was very helpful; and to the Chamber of Commerce of Charlotte for much valuable literature. Other contributions of special articles were also appreciated material for this number.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE "REVISED" UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The recent showing through the South of what is called a *revised* "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has but intensified the feeling that such a picture should not be allowed to give its perverted view of slavery to the young people of the country, who accept it as showing slavery as it really was. The picture was shown in Montgomery, Ala., and there viewed by the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, whose expressions of condemnation came out in the *Advertiser*, as follows:

"I can truly say I have never before seen any pictures or heard of any conditions in screen presentation more revolting, more heart-rending, more brutal, and more at variance with the truth of history than those shown in the pictures of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Whatever pictures could do to excite the indignation of the Southern people, as well as the negroes, at a time when the interests of both rest on a better understanding of each other, when efforts are made for a harmonious relationship, these pictures are calculated to do. I say calculated, because the treatment of the theme is much more harassing and exaggerated than is given in the book by Mrs. Stowe.

"The picture is historically false, malicious, and indefensible. It is an insult to our ancestors and a laudation of the maligners and traducers, invaders and despoilers of our Southland.

"The picture does not show that New England had a monopoly of the African slave trade and became enriched by it.

"When Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation of the negro in the Southern States, he did what, under the circumstances, was the most disastrous thing that could have befallen them. Thousands of the old and infirm, thousands of the very young, were left to starve. Having no guiding hand, they knew no way to help themselves and were as incapable of providing food, clothes, and shelter.

"The South had been wantonly desolated by the most barbarous and vindictive war in military annals. This indefensible war of economic greed was waged under the direction and congratulations of Abraham Lincoln—by duplicity and prevarication, deceiving, and misguiding the good people of the North.

"This strong statement is clearly justified by the true history now being revealed."

A REUNION OF BLUE AND GRAY.

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, BRADENTON, FLA.

In the *VETERAN* for May, Rev. J. W. Duffey, of Washington City, has an article under the above caption about which he writes very sensibly and convincingly. Any bill for such a general reunion at Washington would be most appropriately buried in a committee room. On the part of the government it would be unnecessary expense for the benefit of promoters and speculators, due to the large crowds to be collected there on such an occasion. It could not be expected that any great number of veterans of either army would be able to attend, more than sixty-four years after the close of the war in which they fought. The fighting soldiers of both armies (excepting those who fought principally with their mouths) have long ago recognized each other as patriotic Americans who risked life in defense of what they each believed to be right, and the sons and grandsons of both have demonstrated in two foreign wars that all are loyal citizens under the flag of the Union. It is to be hoped that no Confederate soldier at the June reunion, or later, will give countenance to any such suggestion.

THE STATE AS "THE COMMONWEALTH."

The use of the word "commonwealth" in referring to a State, in one of the articles by Cassie Moncure Lyne, brought some question as to the limitation of that designation, to which she replied in the following:

"England was termed 'The Commonwealth' during the period of Cromwell, which was especially the time when many Englishmen fled to America. The three best-known colonies of this country were also termed commonwealths—as applied to Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. The term is still retained on the official stationery of those States, and these three are the only States which so retain it or have this privilege. Webster's Dictionary and the Encyclopedia Britannica say this: 'Commonwealth is the official designation in America of the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky.' At the time of the establishment of American independence, Kentucky was a part of Virginia, hence was so included in the phrase, Virginia and Kentucky; but this meant vaguely all that Northwest territory conquered by George Rogers Clark. Kentucky did not establish her Statehood until 1792, and prior to that she was a part of Virginia under the care of the Transylvania Company, with government, under Henderson, as Virginia had been originally under the London Company and Capt. John Smith. The Commonwealths were

formed direct from England—Massachusetts under Bradford; Pennsylvania from the colony of William Penn; and Virginia from the John Smith and Jamestown colony. In other States the population was mixed, and they had various designations. New York and New Hampshire were alternately the Netherlands, etc., under the Dutch and the Duke of York; Maryland was more of a palatine under Lord Baltimore, the Protector or Proprietor; and these vast grants of land were to dukes and lords, noblemen, like the feudal lands in early England.”

CONFEDERATE FUNDS IN LITIGATION.

BY JUDGE DANIEL GRINNAN, RICHMOND, VA.

Upon the termination of the recent war in Mexico, certain members of the defeated party who had escaped to this country were arrested in New York City for alleged violations of our Federal statutes, and it was discovered in that way that some of them had in hand large amounts of money and securities which they had brought out of Mexico. A question may well arise as to the ownership of this property, and the question of title to it may be brought before our courts. It is conceivable that the present government at Mexico City may lay claim to the funds. Cases have come before the courts in which the victorious party in a war between two factions of a country has laid claim in a foreign country to the property of the defeated faction in that country.

A celebrated instance of this kind occurred in England after the fall of the Southern Confederacy when the United States government attempted to seize the moneys and property of the defeated Confederacy. Colin J. McRae, of Alabama, was the fiscal agent of the Confederacy in London when the war ended, and he was supposed to have in his hands a large amount of funds of the fallen government. The United States filed a long bill against McRae in the English Chancery Court, a large part of which was a historical narrative, in which they claimed that by their success in the war they had acquired title to all the property in McRae's hands, and they prayed that McRae should be required to render an account of his transactions, might be restrained from paying out any of the property, might be required to answer a large number of searching questions that were appended to the bill, and that all the property McRae had or should have in his hands be turned over to the plaintiffs. It was a thing to be expected that the bill stated the Confederate cause in a most unfavorable manner, and named McRae as an archconspirator. McRae defended himself by a plea in bar at great length, in which his main defense was that there was then

pending in the United States Court of Alabama a proceeding to confiscate his lands in that State upon the ground that he had participated in the “rebellion,” and that if he should make the disclosures requested by the plaintiffs it would expose him to the pains and penalties sought in that proceeding in Alabama. There were several distinguished English lawyers employed on each side, and on McRae's side there appeared Judah P. Benjamin, who had been a member of the Confederate Cabinet, a man who had won fame as a lawyer in this country and, having escaped to England, was to win further laurels in his new home. The case was argued June 10 and 11, 1867, before Vice Chancellor Sir William Page Wood, one of the famous Victorian chancellors, who handed down a long opinion sustaining the plea as a bar both as to the desired recovery and as to the relief sought. The style of the case as reported is United States of America *vs.* McRae, and it covers some ten or twelve pages.

It became at once a leading case on a number of points, including the main one that no man can be required to make an answer that will expose him to a penalty. The great Vice Chancellor, in his opinion, quoted in a complimentary manner a part of Mr. Benjamin's strong argument. McRae won the suit. What was the amount of the funds that McRae did have in hand and what he did with them is another story. No man that sat in the late Prof. John B. Minor's private summer law school at the University of Virginia, and heard him in teaching Equity expound this case, can ever forget his sparkling and lucid comment on it.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—“Cease, sons of American, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts, and common dangers; reverence religion, diffuse knowledge throughout your land, patronize the arts and sciences: let liberty and order be inseparable companions. Control party spirit, the bane of free governments; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with all nations, shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be Americans in thought, word, and deed; thus will you give immortality to that nation which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors; thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity the felicity of a people to me most dear, and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss which heaven bestows.”—*Washington's Farewell Address.*

THE LETTERS THAT NEVER CAME.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE OHIO DIVISION, U. D. C.

About twenty years ago, from the dim recesses of a dark closet in the State House at Columbus, Ohio, there was brought to light a dusty bag which contained a number of letters written by Confederate prisoners held at Camp Chase during the War between the States. No one will ever know why these pathetic missives never reached their destinations. There was no word that could offend the sternest censor, for all tried to make the best of their lot, to cheer the spirits of those at home, hoping that "this dreadful war" would soon be over, and they could come home again. Let us hope that many did reach home again, instead of being among those pitiful two thousand home-sick souls so easily falling prey to camp diseases and buried so far from those who loved them. In some of the letters is mentioned a Mrs. Smith, who had been getting letters through the lines to Richmond. Something happened, we shall never know what, through some mischance. We shall never cease to be moved to tears over the "love and kisses" that one yearning father sent his little boy—never to be given.

The letters were turned over to the Ohio State Library and were carefully indexed. The State Librarian, C. B. Galbraith, called the attention of the late Col. W. H. Knauss to the letters. It was Colonel Knauss, a veteran of the Union army, whose influence brought it about that the United States government took over the perpetual care of Camp Chase Cemetery. In his book on Camp Chase, he copied many of the letters, with some photostats.

So many years had elapsed even since they had been found, and the possibility of getting the letters to those who might rightfully lay claim to them had never occurred to anybody until the President of the Ohio Division, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, said, "Why not?" and straightway set to work upon the problem. We have been nearly two years at work upon it, valiant, intrepid little Mrs. Porter encouraging and abetting her committee, and, after many delays, of expediency, etc. *We now have the letters in our hands!*

Words fail to express the gratitude of the Ohio Division toward Capt. John M. Maynard, Clerk of the House of Representatives of Ohio. He it was who told us the proper procedure, who obtained the enthusiastic indorsement of the three G. A. R. men serving in the legislature, a gracious and most helpful touch, and it was through him that "Joint Resolution No. 10" was presented through the proper channels and voted on at once, instead of

being side-tracked in a committee! It was all most impressive, and so very exciting as the long rolls of names were called, first in the House then the Senate, and the "ayes," one after another, kept coming in, and then, finally, we knew the letters were *ours!*

Mrs. Porter has been tabulating a list of the letters to be published in the VETERAN and all Southern newspapers, so that it may reach as many as possible who might be interested. There are about one hundred and ninety letters, and if just *one* may reach the family of the loved one for whom it was intended, or, if the "love and kisses" may be delivered to the son or the grandson of that little boy who never received them, how we shall all fairly glow with happiness and how amply we shall feel rewarded! The letters of those whose families cannot be reached after a reasonable time, will be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

THE BOYS IN GRAY.

BY MARY JOHNSON POSEY.

I long to turn life's pages back until once more I see
The thin gray line that one day marched with Robert
Lee;

To hear the bugle's silver note with Dixie as its strain,
See the crimson battle flag wave on the breeze again.
Methinks there comes across the years the rousing
Rebel Yell—

I hear the tramp of marching feet—I would not
break the spell,
But live o'er in memory those dear, dear days
And go adventuring along the old, old ways.

I seek again those glorious days of eighteen sixty-three,
And wander 'neath a Southern sky with Jackson
and with Lee.

Adown my mind's dim paths march once more the
boys in gray—
A ghostly legion from out the mists of yesterday
Above whose ranks a crimson flag unfurls its cross
of blue.

Yet—'tis but a dream! I cannot turn life's pages
back;

I cannot alter fate; I cannot bring the "gray boys"
back;

So furl the flag, sheathe the sword, and put away
the gun—

The old South's gone, another South now lies be-
neath the sun.

Hark! a bugle call comes clear and sweet across the
distant past,

And calls the boys in gray to answer God's sweet
reveille at last.

"AN EXEMPLARY SOLDIER."

The infrequency with which the commander in chief of the armies of the Confederate States personally acceded to requests for leaves of absence to soldiers serving under him makes the following communication, and Gen. Robert E. Lee's reply, of unique interest. Some of the indorsements upon the back of this letter, passing through the ordinary channels for indorsement, have unfortunately become so blurred as to be indecipherable, hence are given only in part:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, VA.
February 16, 1863.

"General Robert E. Lee—"My Dear Sir: You have under your command a kinsman of George Washington, Chapman Maupin, who is a private in 2nd Howitzers, Captain Watson, 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery, Jackson's Corps, in which company and capacity he has served for twenty months. He is the son of Mrs. Maupin, formerly Miss Sally Washington, wife of Dr. S. Maupin, Chairman of the Faculty, University of Virginia. He is the most deserving young man and has been, I am told, a very exemplary soldier.

"I am sure that there is no nobler woman than his mother. She is now in the city and begs that her son may have a short furlough to visit her; otherwise, she will be compelled to visit him at the camp. I earnestly beg you will grant young Chapman a few days, if it be consistent with the public service, and as soon as possible, as his mother will wait here to see him and supply him with some necessities.

"No man in the Confederacy has more greatly rejoiced in your great success than,

"Your obedient servant and friend,
A. T. BLEDSOE."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 18, 1863.

"Request referred to General Jackson, as I am always willing to encourage 'exemplary soldiers.'

"I shall have no objection to grant a week or ten days' furlough to the one in question.

R. E. LEE."

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS,
February 18, 1863.

"Reply referred to Captain Watson, whose attention is called to indorsement of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL JACKSON;
A. S. PENDELTON, *Adjutant.*"

"Reply forwarded approved
W. N. PENDLETON, *Brigadier General of Infantry*
Head quarter Army Corps.
February 25, 1863."

"HEADQUARTERS, February 21, 1863.
"Respectfully forwarded approved.
SKUTCHFIELD, *Colonel of Artillery, Second Corps.*"

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 28, 1863.
"Respectfully returned approved, 15 days furlough."
By order of General Lee.
"Date from 9th March. Furlough extended 3 days, March 24.

HEADQUARTERS, GENERAL LEE."

[Contributed by the daughter of the "exemplary soldier." Sally Washington Maupin, First Vice President, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

BIOGRAPHY OF ADMIRAL BUCHANAN.

Prof. Charles Lee Lewis, of the U. S. Naval Academy, is now writing the life of "Admiral Franklin Buchanan, Fearless Man of Action."

Professor Lewis has been engaged in this work for more than a year and has collected a mass of valuable and interesting data. He is already well along with his manuscript, but being anxious to make the work complete in all details, he is withholding it from print until he is sure that all available material has been obtained. THE VETERAN urges all who have, and those who know of anyone else who has, letters of Admiral Buchanan, or other source material, to communicate at once with Professor Lewis, whose address is 41 Southgate Avenue, Annapolis, Md.

Franklin Buchanan was the organizer and first superintendent of the United States Naval Academy. Upon the outbreak of the War between the States, he resigned from the Union navy, in which he had served for more than forty-six years, and cast his lot with the South. As captain of the Confederate ram Virginia (Merrimac), he had the distinction of commanding the first iron-clad vessel to engage in naval warfare. For gallantry in action at Hampton Roads, he was made the ranking admiral of the Confederacy and assigned to command its naval forces in the battle of Mobile Bay.

Professor Lewis needs no introduction; he is himself a Southerner and well known to our readers. Among some of his interesting works are: "Famous American Naval Officers" "Famous Old-World Sea Fighters," and "Matthew Fontaine Maury, Pathfinder of the Seas." The latter is a delightful biog-

raphy of another hero of the Confederate navy. The VETERAN trusts all its readers will cooperate with Mr. Lewis in the life he is now preparing of Admiral Buchanan.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY ISAAC BALL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

One land I've loved, and, when its hopes were dead,
'Twas dearer still like some fond spirit fled
To higher realms, whence still it sways my heart
And e'en my life of which 'tis still a part.
As I have loved our Southland from my birth,
So will I love her 'till I'm laid in earth,
When, like a tired child 'gainst mother's breast,
In her fond bosom will I peaceful rest.
One flag I've loved, and when that flag was furled
I've loved it more, for ne'er in this wide world
Was flag so fair borne in more manly fight
By men more true or in a cause more right;
And when in gloom its Starry Cross did set,
Our hearts were full, our cheeks with tears were wet.
With tender hands we laid it by to rest
And tried to say, the Good Lord knoweth best.
We loved it then, we hold it sacred now,
'Twas furled by God and to his will we bow.
Yet oft will Memory stir the smouldering fire
Which, smothered now so long, will not expire,
But warms anew the blood by time made cold;
Makes hearts beat young and strong, which now are
old,
And frees age-fettered lips and bids them speak
That banner's glory, e'en tho' voice be weak.
'Tis thus my heart tho' old strives now to tell
How love we still that flag once loved so well.

Not diadem with pearls beyond compare,
Not sacred relic wet with many a tear,
Nor words of love sealed up in withered flower,
Nor prayers, nor praise, nor honor, wealth, nor
power,
Can wring from Southern heart that banner furled,
Revered by us, respected by the world.
Too sacred 'tis for touch of any hand,
Save but the clasp of remnant of that band
Who bravely followed where that banner led,
'Midst comrades dying or o'er foeman dead.
'Tis sacred now, for, like the grave, it holds
Forever wrapt within its tattered folds
Bright hopes, fond memories, and love sincere,
And all that is to patriot heart most dear.
As loved ones grow but dearer with their loss,
So ever dearer grows the Southern Cross.
Dyed red as if with blood, its strange device,
A cross of stars, meant noble sacrifice.

That sacred emblem set in Heaven's blue
Led in a righteous cause men brave and true.
Design so fair on field of purest white,
Formed 'scutcheon well befitting noblest knight.
No fairer land raised over flag so fair,
No braver band held country's flag more dear.
'Tis woman now who guards its sacred rest;
Made by her faithful hands, 'twas by her blest.
The winds that waved it whispered woman's prayers.
The blood that laved it mingled with her tears.
While men who bore it did their manly part,
Each shot that tore it sought some loved one's heart.
Like vestal virgin guarding altar's flame,
She, faithful, too, guards well its lofty fame.
For, when o'erwhelmed, brave men that banner
furled,
Her voice proclaimed its glory to the world.
Her hand which long had helped and soothed and
blest,
Placed Honor's Cross upon each patriot's breast.
Still proudly does she to her children tell
How round that flag her dearest, bravest fell,
And these fair monuments throughout our land
Are but its story written by her hand.
Should chiseled stone e'er crumble into dust,
And bronze inscription be erased by rust,
Its lasting fame e'en then will ne'er depart,
For love has graved that story on the heart.
E'en victors now close brotherhood would claim
With those who bore it, proud, too, of its fame.
Furled now it rests: A closed book, it holds,
Inscribed with martyrs' blood upon its folds,
A grand, sad story of a righteous fight
Wherein its starry cross waved but for Right.
Each thread a line, each fold a glorious page
Of Fame's great book, a priceless heritage.
'Twas furled with tears, and loved will ever be
'Tho' crushed lie hopes, affection still is free.
No earthly treasure is to heart more dear,
For grief's full measure blends with love sincere.
Bards oft will sing its story down the years,
A story of great glory and of tears.

To those truest of patriots, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who, in their story of the Southern Cross written in lasting bronze and stone wide o'er our land, have preserved for the vanquished South her own proud place in the history of this great land, is fondly dedicated this tribute to that long-furled but still-loved flag whose sacred rest they guard so well.

ONE WHO WORE THE GRAY.

IN TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

The life of Jefferson Davis covered four-fifths of the nineteenth century. He was born June 3, 1808, and died in December, 1889. His was a long and eventful life of an eventful century. It is not an easy matter to write a true character sketch of Jefferson Davis, but it could be done now by some capable writer without inciting or exciting any of the antagonism of the past, because, throughout the world, there has rung the name and fame of Confederate soldiers—and he was their leader.

It is not alone because Jefferson Davis was our beloved President that we revere him; long before the War between the States his name was crowned throughout the land. Few men, however, have ever lived, whose character and capacity have been the subject of more widely varying estimates than those of Jefferson Davis. His qualities were such as to secure the ardent admiration and attachment of friends and to incur the enmity of foe.

For four years Jefferson Davis was the central and most conspicuous figure in the greatest revolution in history. No statesman of his day left a deeper or more permanent impression upon legislation. His achievements alone as Secretary of War of the United States entitle him to rank as a benefactor of his country.

Notwithstanding all this, he is less understood than any other man in history. Mr. Davis was a man of rare ability, massive intellect, great force of character and steadfastness of purpose, and with physical powers and prowess to form the perfect individuality.

He was a man fashioned for great emergencies and was ever equal to any occasion. He knew his own strength, and, instead of shrinking from controversy, sharp contests of intellect had for him an agreeable excitement.

He possessed to a degree the high faculties, the indispensable elements of greatness. He was as fearless as a lion. Indeed, his bravery sometimes made him appear rash and reckless. In debate, Mr. Davis measured the statesman, the great man he was. His voice was musical, resonant, modulated, fitted for the expression of every variety of intonation and cadence. As a soldier, he was a picture for the gods. All of his acts were open and above board, frank and independent, and the only criticism is that he was sometimes too self-willed.

The South has furnished more than her proportionate share of men whose genius, talents, and lofty patriotism have shed luster on our people and bestowed a halo of glory on the great republic, but on the pages of history no name will shine brighter than

that of Jefferson Davis. No history of the South, or the nation, would be complete without this record, and it will be no holiday task to write it.

No man was more prominently identified with the nation. No man brought more ability, energy, and self-sacrifice into its service. A man of unquailing courage and indomitable enterprise, a citizen without stain, and a statesman of extraordinary sagacity. Called to the helm at the most trying period in the nation's life, he threw himself into the arena with the greatest energy and patriotism. While many others exhibited a martyrlike devotion to the South, fidelity to long-cherished principles and convictions, Jefferson Davis, more than any other, had the resignation and fortitude that "lifts a mortal to the skies and shows the divinity within us."

The passion and prejudice he encountered, to some extent, yet survive, but are gradually dissolving in the current of events, and he is now generally appreciated throughout the world as a man of the highest ability and courage.

When the historian of the future shall take up the story of the nineteenth century, he will find therein, ready noted, the chronicle of a nation's mighty conflict, and he will discover that the cause of that conflict had its origin many years previous to the war. He will find a succession of jarring incidents, a mutual distrust, and a smoldering prejudice which needed but occasion to fan into open enmity. Let him seek the cause and he will find it was jealousy of our people; and against no one was this bitter prejudice more pronounced than against Jefferson Davis, because his sword was always sharp in defense of the rights of the South and he was the master of them in mental battle. When he became President of the Confederacy, he was the guiding spirit which marshalled the greatest army ever confronted in warfare. He was able, as no other man could have been, to maintain that army for four years against a force five times our number. Our bays and rivers were all blockaded, and we had no source of supply from any country. He met disaster and reverses with a fortitude and calmness which must appeal to every lover of genuine manhood.

It is after a long acquaintance with Mr. Davis, which began in my childhood, and a study of his whole career, of his official acts and papers in the light of events that have followed, that I have arrived at the estimate of the man born to command.

Mr. Davis was a very demigod in war. He leaped from the saddle to the forum and lost not a particle of dash. His orations were models of diction, of logic, of sentiment. He was preëminent among his people, and he gave them every thought he had, every act he could perform. He was willing to be

their martyr, and only survived through a miracle of divine mercy. Through the same miracle survived the nation.

That same patriotism held the house of God's choice together, while reconstruction ravaged and passion pounded at the pillars. In that trying period, even more dire and dangerous than open war, how noble, patient, forgiving, and sublime a figure was our peerless chieftain. Like the Prince of Peace, who was his model, he bowed humbly to the decree of defeat, counseled forbearance, inspired to industry, and pointed to truth as the eventual justification and unification.

He wrapped around him the mantle of the prophet, and so he fell asleep. But the South he glimpsed in his dreams has risen from his grave, and in the midst of its magnificence is the clearer vision of his marvelous individuality and his wonderful humanity. We owe it to ourselves, and it is a duty to our children, to preserve the history of Jefferson Davis, and we must leave to posterity a truthful history of the causes which led to the war and a faithful history of the Confederate men and women also! We want the school histories, above all else, to be fair. We want the truth! But to fulfill these obligations and sanctify the cause, we must keep burning the fires of friendship and comradeship and not allow dissension to break into our ranks.

When the generations of the future shall read of the suffering and bravery of our people, when they read how we resisted the mighty hosts of men and resources for four years with so few men and with arms captured from the enemy, they will stand amazed.

Who, then, can fail to admire the flash of the indomitable spirit of the Southern people amidst the trials and dangers that encompassed them?

We want our descendants to honor our memories and feel a pride in our history.

We know that our daughters will do so!

May we hope our sons will also?

The women of the South were our inspiration, our solace, and their prayers are with us still. The graces and virtues of the mothers live in their daughters. We have known them ever true, ever loyal, ever loving, ever God's grandest blessing and greatest gift! In joy and sorrow, in adversity and in prosperity, in health and suffering, in war and peace, they have been our comfort, our support, our comrades. We have had but to stretch forth our hand to feel the responsive clasp of the sweetheart of the South, who has kept our knighthood in flower. Her spirit stirs us still. Here under the immortal banner of the deathless name of Jefferson Davis, we

find her garbed in the glory which made us men. Here we know she will keep her vigil after we have crossed the river to the reunion beyond the shadow!

Here we may safely leave our fame! Here our sons will rally; here they will consecrate themselves anew to service such as ours; here they will always maintain the fires of duty and of love; here our hearts are; here our souls will be, the echo of the hallelujahs when our mortal voices have said amen to silence!

THOMAS HILL WATTS.

ALABAMA'S WAR GOVERNOR AND ATTORNEY
GENERAL, C. S. A.

BY LAURA KATE PICKETT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Born with the State, January 3, 1819, in Butler County, Ala., the life of Thomas Hill Watts was indissolubly linked with his native State. He grew up with the State, and all that he was he owed to Alabama and its people.

The Watts family is of Welsh and English extraction, and was among the earliest settlers in this country. Francis Watts and Thomas Watts, Sr., the forbears of Thomas Hill Watts were among the original settlers of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. They were land owners and men of standing in their community, being judges of the Ordinary of Old Prince William and Fauquier Counties, Virginia, from 1741 to 1751, and until 1761 the Watts house remained a local landmark.

Thomas Watts, Jr., the grandfather of Governor Watts, was born in Fauquier County, Va., and was married there September 26, 1768, to Hannah Rust Bogges, daughter of Thomas Bogges, of that county. He served throughout the entire Revolutionary War as sergeant, lieutenant, and captain, serving under the command of the father of John Marshall, famous Chief Justice of the United States. In 1797, Mr. Watts moved to Greene County, Ga., and his death occurred there in 1798. On November 11, 1802, his widow became the wife of Matthew Rabun, father of Governor William Rabun, of Georgia. She died in 1820.

John Hughes Watts, father of Thomas Hill Watts, was born in Fauquier County, Va., April 2, 1781. On April 27, 1815, he married Prudence Hill, of Clark County, Ga., daughter of Elizabeth Webb and Thomas Hill, of that county.

In 1816, John Hughes Watts moved to Butler County, Ala., where he reared a family of thirteen children. He resided there until his death, October 20, 1841. He was of a remarkably strong mind and practical sense, with an intuitive knowledge of men. His wife's death occurred December 23, 1866.

Thomas Hill Watts, the eldest son of John Hughes

Watts, at the age of five years, was walking five miles to attend the primitive schools of Butler County. His first teacher was Burwell Rogers. At the age of sixteen he attended Mount Aury Academy, Dallas County. James A. McLean, a thoroughly educated Scotchman, was principal of this school. Young Watts made rapid progress, and, in 1836, he was prepared for college. In November of the same year he was admitted to the University of Virginia, where he graduated in 1840. In 1841, he moved to Greenville, Ala., where, on the examination of Judge Israel Pickens, he was admitted to the bar of Alabama.

In 1842, Mr. Watts was elected to the legislature by the people of his native county. He was renominated in 1843, but declined the honor on account of the press of business interests. In 1844, and again in 1845, he was elected. During his last session the State Constitution was changed so as to have only biennial sessions. This was also the last session at Tuscaloosa.

In August, 1846, while living in Greenville, Ala., he connected himself with the Baptist Church, its pastor being the Rev. Davis Lee. Later, he affiliated himself with the First Baptist Church of Montgomery; Ala., and in this church the memory of Governor Watts is honored by a handsome memorial window, a beautiful example of stained glass art.

By nature Governor Watts was of generous spirit and most benignant mien; to all charitable enterprises in his community he contributed. On January 10, 1842, he was married to Eliza Brown Allen, daughter of Catherine Carpenter and Wade Hampton Allen, a founder of Montgomery and one of its wealthiest citizens. To this union eleven children were born; Florence Lascelles, wife of Col. Daniel S. Troy; Kate Prudence, wife of Col. Robert Murray Collins; Alice Bridgeworth, wife of Alex. J. Troy; Minnie Garrott, John Wade, Thomas Henry, William Hunter, Butler, Grace, Eliza, and Margaret; the last four died in childhood. In August, 1873, Mrs. Watts died, and in 1875, Governor Watts was married to Mrs. Ellen N. Jackson.

In 1848, Governor Watts moved to Montgomery, where he soon established an extensive and lucrative law practice. The people of Montgomery County elected him to represent them in the House in 1849, and in the Senate in 1853, for Augusta and Montgomery Counties.

In 1855 he was the Whig candidate for Congress from this district, but was defeated by James F. Dowdell, the Democratic nominee. Although Governor Watts was defeated by a small majority in this election, he was generally recognized as the leader of the Whig party in the State and was accordingly

nominated as elector on the Bell and Everett ticket in 1860.

He was a delegate to the Secession Convention from the State, which assembled on the 7th day of January, 1861. Governor Watts voted for and signed the Ordinance of Secession. After the organization of the Confederate government, he was appointed by President Davis to act as Confederate States Commissioner to Arkansas, but declined the appointment from the fact that he was a member of the convention which seceded.

In the spring of 1861, war was proclaimed against the Southern States by President Lincoln, and Governor Watts was instrumental in raising and equipping the 17th Alabama Regiment, of which he was made colonel. He first entered active service at Pensacola in the grand bombardment which took place there in 1861. In March, 1862, he was ordered to Corinth, Miss., and it was while his regiment was at this place that he received notice from President Davis of his appointment as Attorney General of the Confederate States, with the request that he immediately repair to Richmond. His appointment was unsolicited by Governor Watts or any of his friends, showing how his ability as a lawyer was recognized by the men of the South. With this appointment, Governor Watts retired from the battle field, after having won for himself a fine reputation in the military circles of the country for daring bravery and gallantry during the battle of Shiloh.

He entered upon the duties of this office April 9, 1862, and continued to act as Attorney General until October 1, 1863. In August of that year, while he was absent from the State, the people of Alabama, from their high regard for his executive ability, elected him to the office of governor of his native State. He received a majority of the votes cast in every county of the State except Winston.

Governor Watts entered upon his administration under most trying circumstances. The governmental affairs in every State were in most embarrassing condition, and it required a steady nerve and a sound, experienced judgment to meet every emergency to the satisfaction of the oppressed people. He guarded the interest of Alabama to the best of his ability, and made the best use possible of the means at his command for the good of the general public. In these times of great trial and excitement, he held the reins of government with a firm and unswerving hand, and the people of this State were fortunate in having such a man at the helm of the ship of State. It is a remarkable fact that he gave general satisfaction.

He had accumulated a large fortune, but by his great liberality to friends and the fortunes of war during the needy times, he lost his wealth.

Governor Watts was a warm-hearted, polite, temperate, intelligent, energetic, honest, conscientious Christian, and was worthy of the admiration of all those who appreciated the rare qualities of a truly great man. As a statesman, too, he ranks with the greatest of his time, with such mental giants as Clay, Webster, and Clinton. In the courage of his convictions, Thomas Watts was as unflinching as he was on the battle field. He was a great soldier, a great statesman, a great and noble man.

The beautiful estate now occupied by St. Margaret's Hospital, Montgomery, Ala., was built and owned by Governor Watts.

Governor Watts never held an office after 1865, except as a member, in 1880, of the legislature and president of the Alabama Bar Association. He continued an active practice of law until September 16, 1892, the day of his death. A handsome marble shaft marks his last resting place in Oakwood Cemetery in Montgomery, Ala.

Typical of Governor Watts are the words used by him in a speech delivered in Montgomery, December, 1889, just after attending the funeral of President Davis in New Orleans, in which he represented Alabama: "I was proud that I am an American, proud that I am a citizen of the United States, proud that I am a Southern man, proud that I am an Alabamian, and prouder still, if possible that I was a friend of Jefferson Davis."

JOHN TYLER AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

REVIEWED BY A. H. JENNINGS, CHAIRMAN HISTORY COMMITTEE, S. C. V.

The time has not yet come for history to write the truth about Abraham Lincoln. Too long has he been the household god of the majority of the people of this country for unwholesome facts about him to be calmly received. Yet Senator Beveridge, cut down before completion of his great work, has written two volumes of the proposed immense biography of Lincoln which shatters, as far as it goes, all the assertions of the Lincoln propaganda, and it has been received with some wonder and astonishing calm. Naturally, had this been a Southern author instead of a distinguished Hoosier public man, whose massive "John Marshall" has placed him so firmly as a biographer that few would dare assail him, there would have been a tremendous outburst of indignation, and maledictions of all sorts would have filled the air, many of them from our Southern editors who have been the worst bitten by the Lincolnphobia of any special class in the South.

Now Dr. Lyon G. Tyler presents a book which shows what a man, stung by an unworthy taunt, can do when he tries. It seems that a New York magazine had published an article wherein not only "Son Tyler," the Dr. Lyon G. Tyler himself, but the father, the distinguished tenth President of the United States, had been slurringly spoken of and the article consummated in the taunt: "Compared to Abraham Lincoln, John Tyler was historically a dwarf." Naturally, Dr. Tyler takes up the challenge of this unworthy expression, and he writes what he thinks is the result of a comparison of these two men in a true historical sense, and not on the plane of a ballyhoo, and his book makes out a good case.

Very truly he shows that if by "historically a dwarf" is meant the number of volumes or the mass of writing, then of course John Tyler and all our other Presidents would be indeed dwarfed by the immense Lincoln propaganda; by the volumes of adulation, which have no part with history; by the so-called "genealogies" (of which there are three different and distinct and strongly indorsed lines from which the admirer can choose, embracing a descent from Charlemagne, or from English nobility, or even kinship to Robert E. Lee) with which the country has been flooded during the past half century. But Dr. Tyler points out that "historically" means facts sifted by the rules of the law courts, the good words of enemies, the confessions of the individual himself, and the evidence of completely disinterested persons, all contemporaries" and in a comparison observing such rules of evidence, Lincoln's figure dwindles until he becomes the most vulnerable of all the Presidents, and John Tyler need fear no comparison."

The evidence Dr. Tyler presents is strongly buttressed by authorities within the strict limits he lays down above, and he makes out a case that is worthy the careful attention of all those who are truth seekers and not partisans.

Of course, the background of these two Presidents and their fitness to rule through training and experience cannot fail to count strongly for Tyler, who had been a State legislator, state councilor, member of the House of Representatives, Governor of Virginia, twice elected United States senator, member of the State Convention in 1829, president *pro tem* of the United States Senate and Vice President of the United States while Lincoln had served in the Illinois legislature and one term in Congress. From this background of experience, President Tyler is shown to have conducted negotiations so skillfully that, when faced with war when he entered office, he carried the troubles with Great Britain to an amicable settlement without losing a

*"John Tyler and Abraham Lincoln." By Lyon G. Tyler. Richmond Press, Inc., Richmond, Va.

drop of blood or a cent of treasure, while Lincoln, facing secession but not war, brought on war and a war that proved the bloodiest and most costly known to that time.

Dr. Tyler shows how Lincoln refused to see the Confederate Peace Commissioners, and goes into the matter of the reënforcement of Fort Sumter, in which Lincoln persisted, although warned by his Cabinet that it surely meant civil war. This brings to mind the recent declaration of a Chicago University professor, who could claim a Southern birthright, that Wilson's course in thrusting the United States in to the Great War will be as fully justified by history as was Abraham Lincoln for "entering upon" the devastating war of 1861. It makes one wonder whether those Wilson admirers who know a little history, take warmly to heart this curious drawing of an analogy of men and affairs where even an active imagination cannot, by vigorous stretching, find any similarity.

Dr. Tyler shows that while Lincoln refused to meet the Peace Commissioners before he started the war, he did meet others near the close of the war in the famous Hampton Roads Conference. For those who claim that Lincoln was a great strategist, this latter move could serve as argument, for it was a piece of strategy or good luck which resulted badly for the Confederates, placed them in a position of suing for a peace which was denied them except upon terms of servile submission, and hastened the inevitable end of the struggle for Southern liberty.

Beginning the war, as Lincoln unquestionably knew the reënforcement, or attempt thereat, of Fort Sumter meant, was due, says Dr. Tyler, to the determining influence of the tariff. "There was a Confederate tariff of 10% to 20% and a Federal tariff of from 50% to 80%, and fears of the successful operation of the former excited fears in the bosoms of Lincoln and his cabinet and the Republicans generally. Considering the enormous interests that centered around the tariff and the fact that in 1833 the tariff question had actually pushed the country to the verge of war, this explanation is not at all unreasonable. As early as March 16, Stanton, not yet aligned with the Republicans, had noted the apprehensions of that party, and the *New York Times* of March 30 had observed: "With us it is no longer an abstract question, one of constitutional construction or reserved or delegated power of the States to the Federal government, but of material existence and moral position both at home and abroad."

"The apprehension had grown, weakened the opposition in the cabinet and induced Lincoln to take tentative action in ordering the preparation of

a fleet for Fort Sumter. Final action was the result of the concourse at Washington of seven or, as others have it, nine governors of high tariff States, who waited upon Lincoln and offered him troops and supplies.

"In the interview with Baldwin on April 4, and in that with the delegates from the Virginia Convention, and in that with Dr. Fuller and the deputations from each of the five Christian associations of Baltimore, who spoke for peace, on April 22, Lincoln asked; 'And what is to become of my revenue if I let the government at Montgomery with their ten per cent tariff, go on?'"

The reader of the book will also have called to his attention the fact that in the recent World War this country had its flag fired upon time and again and its citizens killed on the high seas without resorting to war, and Lincoln knew that the capturing of a fort guarding and controlling the most important city of South Carolina meant merely protection for that city and not an attack on the North. It could have likewise been shown here that just a matter of weeks before the ballyhoo about "firing on the flag" at Sumter had been set to work to enrage the North, the flag had been fired on when the *Star of the West* was shot at and turned back, but under Buchanan's calm rule there was practically no excitement. The author makes the point that Daniel Webster was a sincere admirer of President John Tyler and eulogized Tyler's substitute for the bank called the Exchequer, which Tyler prepared with his own hands, as "second only in promise to the Constitution itself"; and this was the highest praise the great Webster ever accorded to any measure or any man. Lincoln, however, "had to his credit no constructive measure of any kind."

The peculiar differences in the relationship of the cabinets to their respective Presidents is brought out clearly. While Tyler had some of the greatest men of the era in his cabinet, including Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun, "nothing exists to show that while in office they did not treat him with the utmost respect, the most deferential of all being Daniel Webster." As to Lincoln's cabinet, "the accounts teem with the insubordinate actions of Seward, Stanton, and Chase, to say nothing of Welles, while Stanton and Chase revelled in insults to Lincoln."

As to the ideas of the two men in regard to personal responsibility and family obligations, the book sets forth that "Lincoln wrote to Grant in February, 1865 (the war almost over), asking that his son, aged twenty-two, who had been kept at Harvard in spite of the draft, should be put on his staff and 'not in the ranks.'" President Tyler had four grandsons in the Confederate army, one of whom was killed and

another wounded, and two sons by his second marriage who surrendered at Appomattox, aged sixteen and eighteen."

There is likewise drawn the rather painful dissimilarity between the two Presidents as to personal habits, gentility, etc. While there has never been any association of the *status gentile* with the personality of Lincoln, President Tyler was by birth and breeding naturally a gentleman. Dr. Tyler quotes numerous instances of Lincoln's indulgencies in smutty stories and in most inappropriate places. (It may be remarked that his admirers tacitly admit this when they declare that Lincoln in some such way relieved his care-burdened mind.)

"When Butler issued his notorious 'Order No. 28' at New Orleans (an order which shocked decent humanity), which Lord Palmerson, the Prime Minister of England declared in the British Parliament was 'unfit to be written in the English language;' Lincoln did not revoke the order, but on the contrary promoted Butler to responsible positions and wanted him as his running mate for the vice presidency in 1864. Yet Butler is the man who, Dr. John Fiske declared, "could not have understood in the smallest degree the feelings of gentlemen."

Finally comes the comparison as to personal appearance; "The famous Charles Dickens, who saw Tyler in 1842, wrote of his 'mild and pleasant countenance and his unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable manners. In his whole carriage and demeanor, he befits his station singularly well.'"

"Quite in contrast was the description of Lincoln by Colonel Theodore Lyman, of Massachusetts, who saw Lincoln not long before his death: 'There was an expression of plebeian vulgarity in his face; you recognize the recounter of vulgar stories.' Lyman was a cultivated officer, friendly to Lincoln."

It may not be inappropriate to close this review with the suggestion that, however startling some of these disclosures of Dr. Tyler's, all backed by strong authority, may be, they should be read and considered in the name of Truth. The worship of Lincoln and its necessary complement, the defamation of the South, sometimes backfires and produces wonderful results, to-wit; Beveridge's biography of Lincoln, its plain facts shattering the fanciful and fictitious pictures that propaganda has drawn of this war President, is inspired by a desire for truth made strong by his knowledge that he had been lied to and deceived on these points almost all his life. Here is what Carl Bowers, states Senator Beveridge, told him: "I was brought up in an atmosphere of intense partizanship and hostility to the South. I was carried to meetings where orators indulged in most shameless misrepresentations of men and measures

of twenty years before. I believed these things, even believed them when I was in the Senate, and I continued to believe them until I began to go back to the original sources for this biography of Lincoln." Here the lines of Beveridge's face tightened as he continued: "With the realization now of how shamelessly I and all my generation were deceived, I feel a sense of personal outrage."

From the moment of the recognition of that outrage, Truth had a champion! If Lincoln's fame cannot survive the truth, it becomes a question of what the people shall chose, Lincoln as now pictured or the truth. Dr. Tyler's book will undoubtedly help to make up your mind.

A TRAGIC EVENT OF THE WAR.

An old letter, written sixty-seven years ago, was recently sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. William Stillwell, of Little Rock, Ark., for the report it gave of one of those events which added to the tragedy of war. The letter was written by James B. Garrison, at the time a member of the Haywood Rangers, a cavalry company from Haywood County, Tenn. He was the first husband of Mrs. Stilwell, the fortunes of war having thrown them together, and in May, 1864, they were married. The letter is dated "Columbus, Ky., November 12, 1861," and was written to his sister Mary, now Mrs. E. J. Peacock, of San Antonio. After some personal statements, the writer says:

"Yesterday while we were eating dinner we heard a tremendous explosion in the fortifications, which shook the earth like an earthquake. On going up there I found our great, big cannon, 'Long Tom,' which carried a 128-pound ball (and the cannon itself weighed 22,000 pounds), had burst and had killed fifteen men and wounded twenty-five. Among the wounded was Gen. Leonidas Polk. The explosion tore every particle of clothing off of him, and when I went up I saw him lying in a little shabby tent belonging to an Irish company. The cannon had torn up the ground all around in holes like caves.

"As I approached the awful place I saw fingers, hands, legs, teeth, pieces of men's skulls, bones from which the flesh had been torn off, leaving them dry and blackened by powder. I hear the muffled drums now rolling, and the brass band chanting a dirge at the burial of a lieutenant, whose body was mashed to three or four times its natural width."

A fuller account of this awful happening is given in the book, "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," written by Dr. W. M. Polk, son of the General, and this incident is introduced by a letter written to Mrs. Polk, in which the General speaks of the battle

and describes a painful accident by which he nearly lost his life:

“COLUMBUS, KY., November 12, 1861.

“*My Beloved Wife:* I write you a letter with my own hand that you may see I am safe notwithstanding the battle through which we passed on the 7th and the terrific explosion yesterday of the Dahlgren gun carrying a 128-pound shot. I was standing within ten feet of the gun at the moment of the explosion. The captain of the company to which the squad of men serving the gun belonged was killed on the spot; so were the captain of the gun squad and five others, one of these being one of my aides, Lieutenant Snowden. Two of the men were blown into the river, a hundred feet below. Their bodies have not been recovered. My clothes were torn to pieces, and I was literally covered with dust and fragments of the wreck. I was only injured by the stunning effect of the concussion.”

This letter, written from his bed, pays less attention to the accident than its gravity warranted; the reason lay in his somewhat bruised condition, a part of it being a ruptured eardrum. A more extended account of the catastrophe from the man who, next to General Polk, knew more about it than anyone left alive, is now given. Gen. E. W. Rucker, one of the picturesque characters of the war, one of General Forrest's most able brigade commanders, distinguished for ability and unyielding courage in the many combats he conducted or shared, writes: “I was lieutenant of Engineers; W. D. Pickett was captain of Engineers. I was principally occupied in mounting heavy artillery; as an instance, I built the little fort and mounted therein the big gun.” It rendered good service in the battle of the 7th, at the close of which it had been left charged; whether any effort had been made to draw the charge does not appear; at any rate, four days after the battle, General Polk making a general inspection and, accompanied by Lieutenant Snowden of the Engineers, stopped at the gun to compliment the captain of the Battery (Captain Keiter) on his good work. The Captain asked permission to fire the charge. Knowing no reason to the contrary, General Polk assented. He then took position on the parapet with Pickett on his left and Rucker on his right. “We three had been standing there but a little while when Captain Keiter with his men, about fifteen as I remember, came up and saluted General Polk and said he was ready and asked the General if he would not step to the windward a little in order to better observe the effect of the shot, which was intended to go up the river; we were to see about where it would fall in the water; the gun was considerably elevated.

I remember distinctly General Polk's reply. He said: ‘Well, if it goes any distance, I will be able to see it. If you are ready, go ahead.’ Captain Keiter stepped to the rear and gave the command, ‘Fire!’ The gunner pulling the lanyard, the gun immediately exploded and was broken all to pieces. Almost at the same instant a magazine which was built in the parapet on the right side exploded also. There were several hundred pounds of powder or more which exploded. General Polk and I were hurled about twenty-five or thirty feet back, and fell together. Where Colonel Pickett fell I do not know. As I picked myself up, I felt some one by my side. I touched him and inquired, “Who is this?” and the answer came, “General Polk.” It was as dark as midnight, or appeared so, the smoke and dust having gotten into our eyes and hair and clothes. I wanted to help the General and took hold of him to try to help him up, but he said: ‘Let me alone a little while.’ The General was so disabled that he was carried away to his quarters, and he didn't get out again for some weeks. Colonel Pickett was disabled, I think, for four or five days or a week. I got up immediately and went about after the shock, which lasted but a few minutes. The General, Pickett, and I were the only ones left to tell the tale. Captain Keiter, about nine of his company, and Lieutenant Snowden were immediately killed.

“The nature of the accident cast gloom over the entire camp. Both Keiter and Snowden were exceptional officers and popular with the army. Snowden's genial youthfulness, together with his ability, had won the more than kindly regard of General Polk, as well as that of his associates. Inquiry showed that the uncertain action of the cast iron of that day was responsible for the disaster.”

A SOUTHERN VILLAGE.

BY T. T. GORSUCH.

’Twas dingy and old when we hailed it, with the
molder of slumbering years,
And slept on the sluggish river as a soul that sleeps
from cares.
The houses were low and dreamy under the restful
skies,
And many of them, deserted, hailed us with blinded
eyes.
The giant oaks, draped in their mosses, had put on
their fairy furs,
Slumbering in the sunlight, dancing under the stars—
Kissed by the gentle breezes, cooling the sands of
night,
When the fairies come out of the forest and dance in
the bright sunlight.

A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED

BY W. MCK. EVANS, PARKER'S "BOY BATTERY," OF RICHMOND, VA.

The night of September 16, 1862, found the "Boy Battery" of Richmond, Va., commanded by Capt. William Watts Parker, of Col. Stephen D. Lee's Battalion, Longstreet's Corps, on the plateau extending from the little village of Sharpsburg, Md., to the front of the Dunkard Church on the Hagerstown Road.

Sharpsburg, a village then of about 1,500, lies in a deep valley. On the east is a high mountain ridge, running nearly north and south, and all about the town are very high, bald hills. You do not often see a more broken country.

The topography of the position occupied by the battalion of artillery commanded by Colonel Lee, was in line of the rugged formation above outlined, a plateau, starting from the Hagerstown Road at a level, gradually sloping on both sides to its end, which had quite an elevation and formed an angle in the battle line on the morning of September 17.

During the afternoon of the 16th, long lines of blue were crossing Antietam Creek, moving to their right, and our front. Heavy lines of infantry, with artillery support, took position in a clump of woods about four hundred yards in our immediate front, the "Boy Battery" being on the right of the battalion formation, and at the angle in the line, at the apex of the formation.

To our flank and rear, on one of the hills out of range of our guns, we could see the enemy clearing the hilltop of timber and planting eight 20-pound Parrott guns, which were to play on our flank with telling effect on the morrow.

Before dawn on the 17th, we were heavily engaged with the infantry and artillery in our front, repulsing charge after charge, as the lines of infantry advanced up the incline to our position, with the deadly fire of the Parrott guns on our flank and rear. Nothing could reach them, and they could fire with precision and accuracy. From this position we were ordered by our colonel, about nine o'clock in the morning, after having lost twenty of our boys and twelve horses, after expending all of our ammunition.

It will be remembered that during the day of September 18 there was no fighting, both sides waiting. General Jackson having come up from Harper's Ferry, he had taken the extreme left of our line, beyond the Dunkard Church west. When at a council of the commanding officers it was decided that we would leave the field on the night of September 18, the only road Jackson's command could use was the Hagerstown Road to the village of Sharps-

burg, from which a road led to the Potomac River near Shepherdstown, Va.

The lines being very close together at this point, it would be impossible to move troops and wagons during the night without giving information to the enemy. To prevent this, the enemy must be kept in suspense as to what was going on, so a forlorn hope of artillery was to be used during the night to prevent the sound of the movement of Jackson's command.

After refilling our chests with ammunition, Colonel Lee said to the command (we could man only two guns): "You are boys, but you have this day been where only brave men dare go. Some of your company have been killed; many have been wounded, but remember that it is a soldier's fate to die; now, every man of you who is willing to return to the field, step two paces to the front."

There was no rear line left. The boy battery volunteered for this duty. Through the town of Sharpsburg we passed scarcely a building of any kind that did not show the effect of the severe engagement.

Before leaving us, Colonel Lee instructed our commanding officer to take position on a hill about two thousand yards distant, and well to the front. As we reached the foot of the hill designated by Colonel Lee, we met two batteries of artillery returning. As we were about to pass them, the commanding officer asked: "Who are you and where are you going with those two guns?"

"To take the hill you are leaving," replied our commander.

"I can't hold it with two batteries, how can you with two guns? Return with me, or you will be cut to pieces."

"We are occupying this particular hill, under special orders of Col. Stephen D. Lee." (He was afterwards lieutenant general.)

We could look over the top of the hill into the entire Yankee army, waiting. It was dark and the enemy could not tell our strength as we opened fire at the time instructed. We very soon found out why the two batteries were forced to retire. Shots of every kind simply rained on that hill from every direction but our rear.

But here we must stay, either with our guns or by them. We are boys, but we have volunteered to perform this duty, and we will do it. We must not, cannot, fail. We, what have been left of us, a battery of boys, selected by the finest artillery officer in the Army of Northern Virginia for this duty. Will we fail? No!

It was only through the mercy of God, and the fact that after every discharge of our pieces they would recoil, and we were too weak and shattered to push them back in place, so every separate shot during

the entire night was fired from a different position. What a night! Certainly one I shall never forget.

Some time during the night my gun had gotten into an old ice house on the hillside. Then it could recoil no further, as we fired over the hill.

The last I remember of that night's work is that we were firing this gun with three of our boys, and the battalion adjutant, who had come to take us off the field, as I sank exhausted by the side of our gun.

We had performed the duty to the satisfaction of our colonel, and came off the field with the rear guard of Stonewall Jackson's Corps and crossed the Potomac River with that force.

Well do I recollect how that noble company of beardless boys performed the duties of veteran soldiers and patriots second to none in the noble Army of Northern Virginia. Well do I recollect my thoughts on the bloody field of Sharpsburg, as I looked into the faces of the poor boys stretched in death around the guns they had so gallantly manned.

—From Article in *National Tribune*.

WEST VIRGINIA AT FIRST AND SECOND MANASSAS.

TABLE PREPARED BY ROY B. COOK, CHARLESTON,
W. VA.

CONFEDERATE UNITS WITH VIRGINIA STATE TROOPS,
JULY, 1861.

2nd Virginia Infantry.

Company A, Jefferson Guards, Charles Town.
Capt. John W. Rowan.

Company B, Hamtranck Guards, Shepherdstown.
Capt. Vincent Butler.

Company G, Bott's Greys, Charles Town.

Company H, Capt. J. H. Hunter, Duffield's Depot.

Company K, Capt. George W. Chambers, Harper's Ferry.

12th Virginia Cavalry.

Company A, Capt. John Henderson, Charles Town.

Company B, Capt. R. W. Baylor, Charles Town.

Company D, Capt. John S. Knott, Moler's Crossroads.

7th Virginia Cavalry (Laurel Brigade).

Company F, Capt. George Sheets (Hampshire Riflemen), Romney. (The 7th reached the field the day after the battle.)

33rd Virginia Infantry.

Company A, Capt. Phillip L. Grace (Potomac Guards).

13th Virginia Infantry.

Company I, Capt. Robert White (Frontier

Riflemen), Romney. (Not in actual battle, posted on right to guard a ford and afterwards on picket duty near Alexandria.)

Company K, Capt. J. Sherrard (Hampshire Guards); on guard duty, but not in action.

1st Virginia Cavalry.

Company B, Berkeley County.

7th Virginia Infantry.

Company D (24th Virginia), Capt. James H. French, Giles County; many men from Monroe and adjoining counties.

Monroe Guards, Capt. Hugh Tiffany, who was killed in action.

24th Virginia Infantry.

Company G, Capt. Robert A. Richardson (Mercer County).

In addition to the units just enumerated, there were scattered individuals from various sections of West Virginia in the 2nd, 4th, and 5th Infantry, and other commands. J. R. Peyton, from as far in the interior as Fayette County, was wounded in action, and numerous others might be cited. Among the participants was Brig. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, born at Clarksburg, who here started on a great military career, as "Stonewall Jackson." John J. Echols, who commanded the 27th Virginia Infantry, was a native of Monroe County, and also rose to distinction as a brigadier general.

In view of the fact that the "reorganized" Virginia State government had not then started to function, no Federal units from West Virginia took part in this battle.

SECOND BATTLE, AUGUST, 1862.

State Participation.

FEDERAL UNITS FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

Third Division, commanded by Brig. Gen. Carl Schurz, of the First Army Corps, Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel. 8th West Virginia Infantry, Capt. Hedgeman Slack.

Independent Brigade, Brig. Gen. Robert H. Milroy.

2nd West Virginia Infantry, Col. George R. Latham.

3rd West Virginia Infantry, Col. David T. Hewes.

5th West Virginia Infantry, Col. John L. Ziegler.

Companies C, E, and L, 1st West Virginia Cavalry, Maj. John J. Krepps.

RESERVE ARTILLERY.

Company C, 1st West Virginia Light Artillery, Lieut. Wallace Hill.

Cavalry Brigade, Brig. Gen. John Buford, 1st

West Virginia Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Nathaniel P. Richmond.

Company C, 3rd West Virginia Cavalry, Capt. Jonathan Stahl.

4th Brigade, commanded by the gallant Col. Joseph Thoburn, of West Virginia, who was wounded in the battle (later killed at Cedar Creek, in 1864).

1st West Virginia Infantry, Lieut. Col. Henry B. Hubbard.

In the Army of the Potomac, the Second Division, composed of New Hampshire, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania troops, was commanded by Maj. Gen. Jesse L. Reno, a native of Wheeling. He was West Virginia's most distinguished son in the Union army, and was killed in action at South Mountain, Md., in September, 1862.

CONFEDERATE UNITS FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

2nd Virginia Infantry, Lieut. Col. Lawson Botts, of Charles Town, mortally wounded—Company A, Company B, Company G, Company H, all of Jefferson County. Company H went into action with only fourteen of original company; six wounded.

12th Virginia Cavalry, Col. A. W. Harman—Company A, Capt. John Henderson; Company B, Capt. George Baylor; Company D, Capt. W. Kearney; all of Jefferson County.

1st Virginia Cavalry—Company B, Berkeley County; Company F, Jefferson County.

7th Virginia Infantry, Col. W. T. Patton—Company D; 11th Virginia Cavalry: 50th Virginia Infantry; Col. Thomas L. Rosser; 2nd Virginia Infantry, Col. Thomas Munford; 7th Virginia Cavalry (Laurel Brigade), Col. William E. Jones; and other organizations carried many West Virginians on muster rolls.

Early's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Maj. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, commanding corps—31st Virginia Infantry, Col. John S. Hoffman. 25th Virginia Infantry, Col. George H. Smith (wounded).

These two infantry regiments were perhaps the most conspicuous organizations in the Confederate service from West Virginia and suffered severely at Port Republic and Gettysburg. With the exception of two companies, the two regiments were made up of citizens from the counties of Randolph, Pocahontas, Upshur, Lewis, Gilmer, Harrison, Barbour, Marion, Braxton, and Pendleton.

(List subject to further study.)

NORTH CAROLINIANS AT VALLEY FORGE

COMPILED BY MRS. J. A. FORE, OF CHARLOTTE.

After the defeat of the British at Charleston in 1776, the North Carolina Continental troops were ordered from that city to prepare to join Washington's army in the North. When the brigade of six regiments under Gen. Francis Nash reached the Grand Army at Middlebrook, N. J., Washington greeted them with a salute of thirteen guns. This addition to the army enabled Washington to present a bold front to Cornwallis, who was threatening Philadelphia.

The North Carolinians went into quarters at Trenton and took part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. In this battle, General Nash was mortally wounded, and Col. Edward Buncombe and six other North Carolina officers were killed.

The British taking Philadelphia, which was the seat of American government, it became necessary to move the American archives and the Liberty Bell to a place of safety. Col. Thomas Polk, with his command, was chosen by Washington to escort and convey the bell and important documents, among which the Declaration of Independence, to Bethlehem, Pa., to be placed in care of the Moravians.

We should be justly proud of this trust reposed in Thomas Polk and the North Carolina troops by Washington. When Washington visited Charlotte, in 1791, he was the guest of General Polk.

In December, 1777, the North Carolinians, with the rest of the army, went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. As the men trudged to this little Pennsylvania village, their shoeless feet marked the frozen roads with blood. They were without tents, blankets, and sufficient clothes. During that dreadful winter, fifty of the nine hundred North Carolina troops died and four hundred were ill in camp and in hospitals in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

By spring there were fourteen hundred and fifty North Carolina men, rank and file, at Valley Forge. As soon as Governor Caswell learned of the sufferings of the soldiers, he set workmen to making shoes, clothing, blankets, etc. These, with large quantities of bacon were sent by wagons to the North Carolinians at Valley Forge. Supplies had also to be sent by North Carolina for the whole army, as communication was open only to the southward, and "Virginia and North Carolina furnished all the food and clothing for Washington's army that winter, except what could be obtained from the unwilling Pennsylvanians," says Ashe's history.

The North Carolina troops also participated in the battles of Monmouth and Stony Point in the summer following the encampment at Valley Forge.

ESCAPE FROM POINT LOOKOUT PRISON.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE LUTHER B. LAKE, OF COMPANY
B, 8TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Point Lookout, Md., was a military prison, situated at the mouth of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. The river is fifteen miles wide at the mouth and the bay about one hundred miles wide. There were several thousand Confederate prisoners there.

On the third night of September, 1863, five determined spirits made up their minds that they would endeavor to make their escape. The five spirits were Johnsie Tongue, Sloane, Wiley, T. W. Lake, and L. B. Lake.

After roll call, we crept as near the dead line as possible, and as the sentinels on their beat met and separated, we made a dash for freedom. Freedom, did I say? Not yet, for there was the river and the bay; besides, there was a deep inlet that flowed from the river to the bay, and a bridge across it was heavily guarded with infantry, also the inlet from the river to the bay; and outside of all was a cavalry patrol two and half miles from the prison. All of this we managed to find out before we made the attempt to make our escape, so we took the bay point about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach. There is a sand shoal, which was about the only chance for us. We waded to the shoal, the water on which was about five feet deep; the tide was out, and we knew it would rise about twelve o'clock. It was dark as *Eurebus*, but we managed to keep on the shoal where the inlet made in from the river. It became deeper and deeper until at last my brother, a boy of sixteen, began to strangle; so Tongue and I lifted him up and carried him one-half mile through the deepest part, and then we came to shallow water again. After wading for two and one-half miles in the bay, which took us five hours, we came to land outside of the cavalry pickets. We took off our old, ragged, dirty uniforms and wrung the water out of them.

Now for a forced march to get as far from the prison as possible before daybreak. We had not gone far before we came to a large stream, which we waded and made our way through jungles and forest to another stream much larger and deeper than the other. We held a consultation and determined that we would not try to cross it. We could not tell where we were, and we traveled up and down the bank of the stream until we came to an old Colonial residence. We awoke the proprietor, who came to the balcony and asked what we wanted. We told him we wanted to cross the river. "Where are you going?" "Don't know." "Who are you?" "Don't

know." "Where did you come from?" "Don't know." "How many are you?" "Don't know," etc.

He then said for us to keep on down the stream and we could get around it. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir." "I would like to know who you are," he said. We were getting chilly and had to walk to keep warm, as our clothes were wet as water. We told him to come down and see who we were. He finally did so, and told us who he was, and at last I told him we were Confederate soldiers and had just come out of the bay from Point Lookout Prison. "What! What! Confederate prisoners from Point Lookout?" "Yes, truly so; feel our clothes and you will find them wet." He did so, and said: "Boys, are you not cold? Wait a minute." He stepped into the house and brought out a quart bottle of pure old rye whisky and a glass and told us to drink freely. I think I heard one of the toasts: "Here's to Jeff Davis, General Lee," and something about Stonewall Jackson, General Stuart. "Here's to General Pickett, boys." I think that was the best whisky I ever drank in all my life. I know it. When it became day we were fifteen miles from prison and the steam up. I have thought about that old Southern gentleman a thousand times since.

Before writing more, I will give the commands of these rebel soldiers. Tongue and Sloane were scouts for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart; Wiley was an independent scout and operated in Fairfax County; T. W. Lake was a member of Col. John S. Mosby's 47th Virginia Cavalry; L. B. Lake was a member of General Pickett's Division.

We were traveling and scouting along the first day and concluded that we would rest and dry our clothes. Some of us slept while some were on guard. We were off the road some distance in the woods. Heard horses clattering along the road: "Wake up, boys, Yankee cavalry after us!" They did not see us and, being good scouts, we evaded them and took another road. At night we were guided by the stars. We flanked all the towns of any size. The main thing with us was to get something to eat on the route. We met an old gentleman who wanted to know who we were and where we were going. We, of course, did not know anything. I asked him if he was a Southern man. His reply was that he did not know in these days and times. I told him we were Confederate soldiers escaped from Point Lookout Prison, when he asked what we were doing with those blue pants on. "We are using them to scout in." I took from my pocketbook a pass from Gen. R. E. Lee, which he read and said: "Well, boys, there is my home on the hill. Go up there and get all you want to eat, and, as he rode on, he raised his

hat and something fell to the ground. I picked it up and found it to be a five dollar greenback.

We went up to the house, and the lady and two girls gave us a splendid breakfast, but it was hard to make them believe that we were Confederate soldiers. We gave each a button from our jackets as souvenirs.

Day and night we marched through the peninsula of Maryland, footsore and weary. But we were free; no Yankee guard to say to us (when we forgot and put our hands to the bars of the iron-grated windows): "Take your hand back there, Johnnie." The next time it would be a shot.

After traveling day and night we came up to a house about dusk where the man was feeding his stock. He told us to go in the house and tell the madam to give us some cold grub. When he came in, he asked where we were from and "who are you"? We did not answer, but questioned him. His name was Dent, and he was a farmer. Asked if he was a Southern man, he said he was true blue, although General Grant had married a near relation. "Well, Mr. Dent, we are Confederate soldiers and made our escape from Point Lookout Prison, and we are trying hard to get back to General Lee's army." He shook hands with us all and said: "Boys, you are the first Confederate soldiers I ever saw. O! I am glad to see you." He went out of the room and when he came back, he said: "Boys, I told my wife who you are and she is going to get up as fine a supper as ever she did cook." And she certainly did. O! such a feast as we had. After supper we were invited to the parlor. Soon the lady of the house came in dressed in her finest, and he put on a clean shirt and collar.

She played for us on the fine piano, and the first thing was *Dixie*.

We decided to hunt the woods and find some place to sleep, but Mr. Dent said "No" emphatically. "You boys stay here to-night and have a good rest." He took us up stairs and put us in feather beds, and we slept soundly, never dreaming of the Yankees. The next morning, after writing a letter to the commander at Point Lookout, thanking him for his kindness and the hard-tack, we bade Mr. Dent and his good lady good-by and began the long journey again.

It is sufficient to say that we flanked Leonard town, Chaptico, Port Tobacco, and other small towns in the section.

When we were resting at night, one was always on guard. General Lee's old soldiers knew to perfection how to take precautions.

One morning we passed a tobacco field in which a man was at work. "Hello, boys, you did not go very far last night. Where are you going now?"

Our answer was: "How far is it to the Potomac River?" "O, about half mile from here. Now, boys, I would like to know who you are and where you are going." "We want to cross the river over into Dixie." He said: "I will go with you and show you the way, but you had better go to the house with me and get your breakfast." But we told him we were in a hurry to cross the river. He told us his name was Bryan and for us to stop at a tall pine tree down in the woods, where he would bring something to eat and drink. We did not have long to wait until two of the boys on picket duty escorted Mr. Bryan to us. "We then told him we were Rebel soldiers from Point Lookout prison." "Well, well, I must shake hands with all of you." He then gave us the key to a fish house which he pointed out on the river, told us to get the boat in there and at night we could cross the river, which he said was two and one-half miles wide. "Up there is a watermelon patch. Help yourselves, and I will bring your supper to you." We got the boat, muffled the oars, and made everything ready, also paid our respects to the watermelon patch. About dusk Mr. Bryan came with a basket of provisions, and, after eating, he helped us to get off. We landed safe and sound on the soil of old Virginia, and I, for one, kneeled down and kissed the soil.

At daybreak we began to hunt for arms of some description and found five Springfield muskets, which we loaded with Minie balls and buckshot. We were then not far from Grant's army, about twenty-four miles below Washington City. In a short time we were ready to cross the Orange and Alexander Railroad. It was dark, and we were right in the Yankee camp; did not know where the sentinels were, but, being good scouts, we soon found the railroad and thousands of camp fires. We succeeded in crossing between two camp fires about twenty-five yards apart and, I am glad to say, no one halted us. We were so close to one guard I heard him cough. I think he took us for stock of some kind—and we were old genuine Southern stock (short horns).

In two days we reached my brother's home, the same place where the Yanks had captured us; but we did not sleep in the house any more. We slept that night between the corn rows. My brother and I went upstairs and got two six-shooters, which he had hidden up the chimney when we were captured. He had been afraid some of the homefolks would make a fire before we got back.

This is only a synopsis of that escape. I never went to prison again, and I never surrendered at the end. No more Federal prison for me!

IN THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE, N. C.

BY R. A. LAMBERT, MOBILE, ALA.

I was a member of the 42nd Alabama Regiment, Company A, of Gen. Alpheus Baker's Brigade, and was on the extreme right of Johnston's army during the engagement of both the 19th and 20th of March, 1865, and, therefore, know a thing or two of what a portion of Johnston's extreme right did on those two days, hence I must attack to some extent part of what our honored comrade of Little Rock, Ark., had to say about it in the VETERAN for March.

Comrade Watson states that he was in the front line on making the charge in our advance, and that Baker's Brigade was the reserve on the second line, and that in the assault the brigade got the command to raise a yell to help out the effect. Baker's Brigade, at the beginning of the forward move, was a short distance in the rear of the front line, but, in moving forward for some one or two hundred yards, was in a thicket of small old field pines, and by the time we reached the south edge of the thick growth, our rear line was practically mixed in with the front line when we emerged into open ground, about one hundred yards in width and with a ravine having a fairly good growth of blackberry briars and some willow bushes near the farther edge of that open space. Then there was rising ground and scattering bushes, and on the north edge of this rising ground Sherman's troops had a line of breastworks, from which they opened fire on us as soon as we emerged from the pine thicket. The only commonsense thing for us to do to save ourselves, and to hold up our valor, was to charge on them pell-mell, and with a yell, which proved effectual for a space. The blue-coats fled, leaving a line of knapsacks and general plunder which they had gathered up from citizens in the country along their march from Savannah, Ga., from men too old to serve in the army in any capacity and women and children who were eking out a scanty living on what they could produce on their lands.

Our Arkansas comrade and his part of the line evidently halted in their forward rush to get into the enemy's baggage, which, so far as I could see, none of my regimental comrades took up any time to do, though I did to some extent. On passing a badly wounded Federal soldier, I noticed that he had on a good looking canteen, and I took a notion to swap with him, but was in so much of a hurry I did not take time to parley with him on a trade—just simply jerked his off and threw mine down by his side and went on. I afterwards consoled myself with the thought of having done the poor fellow a real favor, as my canteen was full of water, while the one I got was empty.

In a very short onward move, we captured a battery of artillery which had been playing on our line quite a bit. We pressed forward at a slow stride, firing as we moved on among small brush and into big pine timber until, seemingly, there was no enemy directly in front of us. However, from our extreme right there was a scattering enflading fire on us, in which the nearest man on my right, Thomas Sumpter Sowell, of Brewton, Ala., whom I could have touched with my elbow, caught a Minie ball near his right nipple. I supposed at the time that he had a death wound, but he lived many years after; the ball came to the skin under his left arm. Fortunately, the ball had struck centrally on a rib in a glancing position, and ran around through his back next to his ribs, naturally making a very bad flesh wound. He was carried back immediately by the infirmiry corps, the flattened ball was cut out and the wound treated as best they could then. Some of our company saw Sowell early that night sitting up smoking his pipe, and I have been informed he wore that flattened ball as a watch charm for many years. One step slower in our movement forward, and I would have been the victim of that bullet.

We had orders to veer to the eastward from our south direction, and were soon in a hornet's nest of bullets. We quickly obeyed the orders to lie down, but still made use of our guns, which soon brought on a lull by the enemy's moving back from us; then we had orders to rise and move forward again, and to swing around and face the north, and the next thing I realized we were up in the rear of two lines of long breastworks which ran along parallel to each other, and the part of the line I was behind I judged to be only fifty or sixty yards distant from us. If both lines of breastworks had previously had a line of blue jackets behind each, all had gotten over in the front of the front line, and this particular double line of breastworks was a continuation of the line we went over about a quarter of a mile westward from where we were then.

The outcome of the situation here was that in a very short while, without any great deal of shooting from either side, the next change came from the blue jackets, who began to wave hats and handkerchiefs over their works, so it was natural for us to suppose they were wanting to surrender, for we knew full well that we were in behind them; therefore, we rose up and told them to come over, and they in turn told us to come over, and thus we found there was a misunderstanding, so each line dropped back into a comparatively safe position for a short time, and the same thing took place for a second time.

Just to my left was a gap of some fifteen yards, more or less, without any breastworks, and naturally

no men were in that space; but just beyond that gap we had two stands of colors, which showed that our regiment had gotten mixed up with another regiment. I then saw an act of daring take place, which I learned afterwards was proposed by one of the color bearers—that he would plant his flag on the enemy's line of works if our line would follow him. It seems that this was promised him, therefore, he deliberately stepped out with his flag into that open space and got some three or four paces forward with only about two others with him; almost at once he was felled with a bullet from the line so near in front. The other two men jumped back behind the log breastworks, while one of the two, or another man, jumped out and brought in the flag without being touched by a ball. I learned that the brave color bearer was a native of Mobile, named Flinn.

The next turn of the situation was that our line on the extreme right (the end of it being only about fifty yards from me) began to give way. I saw that our entire line was doomed to go, so I debated in a hurry whether or not to remain and be captured, or to take my chance of being shot in the back by fleeing from an enemy so very close. Having a horror of being taken prisoner, I took my chances as all others of our line seemed to be doing. In hurrying back as fast as my feet and legs would take me, I finally saw through the big pine timber in front of me a line of Yanks—the woods looked blue with them—but they were standing still and not firing a gun, which they could not do without endangering the line we had just left in front of us, hence we found ourselves (in military parlance) in a hollow square, the enemy on four sides of us in heavy timber, and each line close by at that! In this position at the very close of the day, we lost, I feel reasonably sure, about a third of our men in killed and prisoners, mostly prisoners. Our men who got out were either those who hid themselves in the thick gallberry bushes until after dark or those fleet of foot. I was in the latter class, and I am not ashamed to own up to such on that particular occasion.

On the second day's battle of Bentonville, the 20th of March, 1865, we held our line by having strengthened it the night before with numerous rifle pits, and we built a main line of breastworks; but no direct charge was made from either side. In the late afternoon a portion of General Sherman's force got around General Johnston's extreme left, where there was only cavalry to protect, and began to drive our cavalry back, thus threatening to cut off a retreat by getting possession of a bridge across a deep stream. On that afternoon Baker's Brigade was again being used as a reserve, as the start was on the day before, and on the same portion of line, hence we were

double-quickened back about two miles, where we relieved a small body of Hampton's Cavalry and took position on a bald pine ridge. We had to lie down behind stumps, trees, logs, etc., but many of us had no protection from the fire of sharpshooters for an hour or more till dark, losing a few of our number, while we had orders to hold our fire unless we were pressed by an advance. Early that night, Johnston ordered a fall back, and our brigade, with one or two more moved on through the country to Greensboro, N. C., taking up some three or more days. There General Johnston surrendered, as it was fruitless to continue the strife with armies practically all around us, railroads torn up, and bridges burned. Therefore, we were paroled and each and every man made his way home as best he could, let that distance be great or small. A wagon and team was allowed for each company, and \$2.50 in silver was given to each soldier, though we in some way (I forget now) got hold of a quantity of Confederate bills. It was worthless then, but some of our men claimed to have used it occasionally in buying something to eat by paying exorbitant prices, say, a hundred dollars or so for a chicken. I sold out my share in wagon and mules for \$2.50, on credit, and collected it a year or so later on.

My recollection is that while we broke camp near Greensboro, N. C., I did not get to ride in any way until reaching a railroad some thirty miles south-east of Atlanta, Ga. I then rode in a box car to where Atlanta had stood, and thence on to West Point, Ga., and crossed the Chattahoochee River on a pantoon bridge, the railroad bridge having been burned; got on a flat car and rode about eighteen miles, then footed it on to Montgomery, which city was invested by the Federal army, which had gone up through the country from Fort Morgan, Spanish Fort, and Blakeley, and on the east side of the Alabama River. At Montgomery our straggling troops were getting transportation to go down the Alabama River by boat, others by rail where practical. I elected to get possession of a Yankee wagon mule, with the needed accouterments, unhitching the mule on a street in the city where bluecoats were scattered around in every direction; but I made my way out of the city with success, and finally reached my home near the old town of Claiborne, in Monroe County, Ala. My father's negroes had left, excepting a very few, and they were doing as good as nothing, though attempting to work out a portion of the crop, which was overrun by grass and weeds. I took hold and put a few to work as best I could on a short supply of stock and a scant supply of feed, also a scant supply of everything else to live on; yet I managed to make a small amount of corn and a

little cotton that year, and to grow some vegetables, though we had little meat to cook with them, as the Federal troops had robbed my father's smokehouse of about all his bacon, as well as other edibles, and had carried off his best horses. The next year, with my Yankee mule and some two or three other work animals, I got a fair start with hired (free) labor, a few of our faithful old slaves hiring themselves to me. From then on I began to progress under the new and trying conditions, and I have been spared to see the day of a wonderful change for the better in our country and the Southland, which is now blooming as the spring flowers; and we have much to be thankful for as well as to be proud of in our achievements.

THE MASON AND DIXON LINE.

(The following paper, prepared by Mrs. R. W. Tinsley, of Georgetown, Tex., and read before the Samuel D. Sanders Chapter, U. D. C., of that place, gives the significance of a famous old boundary line, to which few people have given much thought.)

In the time of William Penn and Lord Baltimore, the geography of the country was very vague, therefore, it was necessary to have some definite understanding as to the amount of land in the grants that had been made by the king of England. At this particular time Charles II was king. In 1632, Lord Baltimore had been given his grant, and in 1680, Penn convinced the king (Charles II) that he was owing his father £16,000 for services rendered. The king was very loath to give up such a large amount of money, but he willingly agreed to give to Penn a particular grant of land.

As soon as Penn set foot on the soil, the question arose concerning the southern limit of this territory—remember, by way of parenthesis, that this was ninety-six years before the Revolutionary War. After many disputes between Lord Baltimore and William Penn, they decided to take it to law. Crown lawyers were employed on both sides and many witnesses, both in America and England, were examined, many years were taken up with this heated discussion, and not until 1760 could they come to any agreement. It then took the Chancellor two years to get the papers with proper signatures, etc., ready. They then appointed commissioners; but the actual work of running the line was entrusted to two expert surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. Difficulties still arose as to the tangent line and the northern boundary of Maryland, which caused the survey to be protracted for several more years. This only marked the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. It was completed in 1782 by Virginia and Pennsylvania. The whole

length of this line, which is as straight as it was possible to make it, is two hundred and sixty-seven miles and one hundred and ninety-five perches. At intervals of five miles they placed the marked stones—some of which are still standing. Smaller stones are placed at every mile, but throughout the last hundred miles transportation by vehicle was impossible; they then piled great heaps of stone on the mountain ridges as far as the summit of the Alleghanies—beyond which it is marked by posts surrounded by stones.

Thus by the marking of this Mason and Dixon line the most remarkable boundary dispute in the history of the American Colonies was brought to an end. This line became famous later as the division between the slave and the free States.

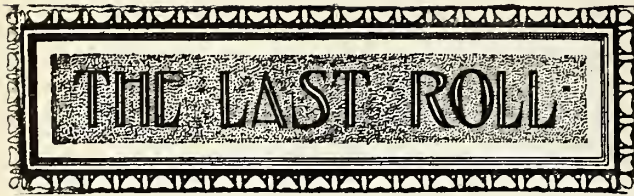
COMMENT AND CORRECTION.

The following comes from J. W. Minnich, of Morgan City, La.:

“The mail carrier brought the current number of VETERAN while I was poring over the news of the previous day. I dropped politics, civil turmoil, hold-ups, suicides, divorces, bootleggings, banditry, etc., and, as usual, went for the dear old VETERAN, and read it through, that is to say, its most interesting articles, those relating to the days of 1861–65. Though claiming to have but an infinitesimal share in the achievements which are the pride of the Confederate soldier, one of the most brilliant and heroic in the annals of war, I am proud of the fact that I am privileged to trail along with the fast-thinning line of the gray. I do not omit the Last Roll, which has told me of the passing of many whom I knew and others with whom I served and fraternized in wildest joys of victory as well as in the stress and gloom of defeat. I am now waiting patiently, if not cheerfully, for the last bugle call, confident that when at last my name is called, I can answer clearly: ‘Here!’

“But before that comes, I want to correct again, as I have had occasion to do once before, during the lifetime of Comrade Cunningham, an error based on a misapprehension of facts by Col. Robert C. Wood, in the Confederate Handbook, a copy of which I have before me; and on page 157 of the April VETERAN, I find the same error in figures presented. I can, of course, refute Colonel Wood's figures only in regard to the numbers of prisoners and deaths in Rock Island Prison, of which I was an inmate from February 18, 1864, until June 18, 1865, sixteen months to an hour, almost. From the “Day's Report” of June 15, from which I took a copy (have it yet), there had been received a total of 12,215 men,

(Continued on page 237.)



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

OUR VETERANS.

When Taps here below has been sounded, and Life's
fitful fever is o'er,
May you each be safely conducted to that radiant
other shore,
Where there'll be no dissensions, and tears will be
wiped from all eyes,
In that glorious happy reunion in the land beyond
the skies.
—Mrs. E. L. Eaton, Poet Laureate Florida, Division,
U. D. C.

COMRADES OF SAVANNAH, GA.

During the past year we have been called to bid
farewell to six of our honored members.

George C. Heyward, Company H, 3rd South
Carolina Regiment of Cavalry; died January 21,
1928. H. C. Wells, Company D, 47th Georgia Regi-
ment; died June 23. John Derst, DeKalb Rifles, 1st
Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters; died July 15. John
Jeffrey, Company K, 63rd Georgia, Harrison's
Regiment; died November 11. Charles F. Cler,
Company L, Phillips, Georgia Legion; died Novem-
ber 25. R. F. Baker, Chatham Artillery; died
November 29.

Of these, Comrade Baker was the last surviving
"War between the States" member of the Chatham
Artillery of this city, it being, I am told, the oldest
artillery of our United States, excepting the Ancient
and Honorable Artillery of Boston, Mass.

We bid these comrades farewell with the assurance
that we shall see them again in a better land and the
hope that their lives may be examples to our youth,
not to be forgotten, but to inspire to nobler deeds
and to stimulate to greater courage and patriotism.

We now have only twenty-seven members, but
we still have the courage to keep the camp fires burn-
ing, and when we shall cross the river to rest under
the shade of the trees," will entrust the embers of
that camp fire to those whom we believe will ever
keep alive the truths and principles for which it stands.

"Rest, Soldier, rest! Impartial history will vindicate
thy motives, and write thy deeds illustrious."

[T. S. Clay, M.D., Clerk to Secretary of Camp
756, U. C. V., Savannah, Ga.]

MARION F. PYLES.

Marion F. Pyles died April 7, 1929, at the home
of his daughter, Mrs. Jesse J. Perry, Louisville, Ky.
He was born April 26, 1846, in Trimble County,
Ky., the son of Abraham and Frankie Gillispie
Pyles, and the grandson of Dr. William Gillispie, a
noted Baptist preacher in Virginia.

In April, 1863, Marion Pyles enlisted in the Con-
federate army under Capt. George W. Jessie, but
was transferred to Company G, 6th Battalion of
Kentucky Cavalry, and was with that regiment
when Morgan and his staff started on the northern
engagement. On the 18th of July, it was assigned
as advance of the command and was frequently
attacked both by militia and regular troops. Of it
on the 6th, General Duke said: 'It behaved nobly.
It stood the heavy attack of the enemy like a
bastion.' Marion Pyles participated in the battles
of Bull Gap, Resaca, Wytheville, Marion, Va., and
many others, and was paroled at Mount Sterling,
Ky., in May, 1865.

He was married twice. His second wife, Ella R.
Elston, to whom he was married in 1886, is the
daughter of Bland Elston and Lydia Ann Hisle.
She and seven children survive him.

Although an invalid three years before his death,
he found much comfort and pleasure in reading his
Bible, the VETERAN, and Confederate histories.
During the last year of his life, he contributed some
of his reminiscences to the VETERAN.

When a young man he joined the Baptist Church;
in politics he was a staunch Democrat and was firm
in his convictions as to truth and right.

He sleeps in beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery, but
he lives in the hearts of those who love him.

[Josephine M. Turner, Historian Kentucky Divi-
sion, U. D. C., his niece.]

KENTUCKY COMRADES.

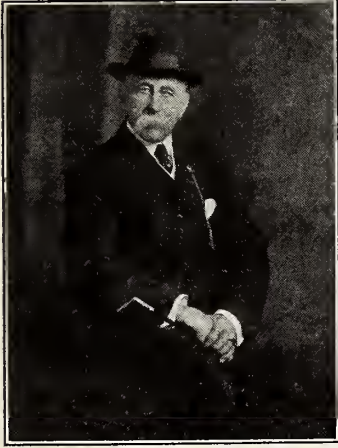
The following deaths were reported by B. F. Day,
of Frankfort, Ky.: Judge Alley B. Landrum, of Wolf
County, Ky., a private in Company E, 14th Ken-
tucky Cavalry, died at his home at Toliver, in Wolfe
County. He served one year with the 5th Kentucky
Infantry under Gen. J. S. Williams, and then, until
the close of the war, in the 14th Kentucky Cavalry,
commanded by Col. Ed Trimble (killed at the
Saltville fight in 1864).

George W. Ingram died at his home in Menefee
County, Ky. He was a private in Company B, of the
14th Kentucky Cavalry. He volunteered as Morgan
made his last raid into Kentucky, was captured at
Cynthiana, Ky., June 12, 1864, and was a prisoner
in Camp Morton, Ind., to the close of the war. He
was about eighty-one years old, and had no family.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN THE WEST.

The following deaths in the John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Seattle, Wash., are reported:

Lawrence D. McMeekin, known as "Colonel" to his many friends and comrades of the Camp, died at Seattle on February 10, after a short illness. He was born in Bardstown, Ky., June 2, 1843.



COL. L. D. McMEEKIN.

Entering the Confederate service in October, 1861, he served with the Mississippi troops under General Chalmers, but in 1863 he joined Company C, of the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, "Morgan's Men."

Going to Seattle in December, 1907, and physically not able to lead a business life, Colonel McMeekin devoted a great part of his time to his flowers, to which he was devoted. His going brought sadness to the Daughters of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Seattle, for he was often a welcome guest at their meetings. His first wife, who was Miss Sarah Overton, of Louisville, Ky., died years ago; his second wife was Mrs. Lillian Phillips, who survives him. He was laid to rest in the Confederate plot of the Cemetery at Seattle.

John J. Moog, a pioneer of the gold rush days of 1898, passed away at the Marine Hospital of Port Townsend, Wash., on December 23, 1928, after a long illness, having been an inmate of that hospital for fourteen years. He was born in Baltimore, Md., and served in the Confederate army with Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry. In 1898, Captain Moog came to the Puget Sound country, and some time later was commissioned by Capt. W. P. Richardson of the United States Cavalry to command the steamer Patterson. He was an honorary member of the John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Seattle. Interment was at Port Townsend. He is survived by his wife.

Aloysius Harker, a Seattle pioneer, died on January 6 at the age of eighty-two years. He was born in Maryland and served with the 1st Maryland Cavalry from 1863 to 1865. He was a beloved and honored member of the John B. Gordon Camp, also of the Seattle Pioneer Club. He came to Seattle in 1870, and had been active in business up to his last short illness. He is survived by three daughters, all living in Seattle.

[Mrs. H. A. Calohan, Acting Adjutant, John B. Gordon Camp, Seattle.]

CAPT. C. L. JOHNSON, U. C. V.

The last roll call has sounded for Capt. C. L. Johnson, for many years Commander of the Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, Tex. Death came suddenly on March 9, and he passed away amidst the activities of a busy and well-spent life.

Enlisting at the age of seventeen as a soldier of the Confederacy, C. L. Johnson gave gallant service as a member of Company G, 2nd Louisiana Regiment of Infantry, and took part in the battle of Mansfield. He loved the cause of the Confederacy, and the South, and at the close of the war he was one of those who tried to build up his ruined country. He was a successful business man, having connections with large lumber interests and in addition was an officer of the First National Banks at Waco and Ireland, Tex., and director in a railway company. His charitable work was extensive, and he was a charter member of the United Charities since its organization in 1900, also was prominent in the Y. M. C. A. work.

Placing his Church duties above everything, Captain Johnson had been a prominent member of the Episcopal Church and a vestryman for many years, a leader in its work, and in the house of God he loved so well the beautiful service for the dead was read in tribute to a beloved member as he lay under the blanket of white flowers, on which the Camp's Confederate flag had been laid by loving hands. Next to his Church, the Camp had its place in his heart, and he attended its meetings regularly when able to do so. He is survived by two daughters and two sons, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

In the memories of the South's heroes—the men who wore the gray—such men as Capt. C. L. Johnson will long live in the hearts of those who knew him. [Memorial sketch by Mrs. J. B. Powell, U. D. C.]

WILLIAM VANDERSLICE

William Vanderslice, who passed away at his home in Elk City, Okla., March 20, 1929, was born October 7, 1847, in Nolensville, Tenn. The family moved to Arkansas, and when he was only sixteen years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving under command of General Forrest and Capt. W. H. Cooper, in Company E, 2nd Arkansas Cavalry.

Comrade Vanderslice was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was held in high esteem in the community. He was ill only a short time. His wife preceded him to the grave less than a year ago. He is survived by three daughters and two sons, a sister and brother.

[Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C. Elk City.]

A. P. CLARK.

A. P. Clark, of Palacios, Tex., died on December 26, 1928, at the home of his son, Joe W. Clark, in Melrose, N. Mex., having nearly completed his eighty-ninth year. He was born in Newton County, Ga., his parents removing to Jacksonville, Calhoun County, Ala., when he was a small child.

When the war came on in 1861, young Clark cast his fortunes with the South, enlisting in the State service early in 1861, going with the State troops to Mobile, where they took possession of Fort Morgan, on Mobile Bay, and remained there until the Confederacy was organized. He returned home then and immediately enlisted in Company D, 10th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., under Capt. F. Woodruff and Col. John Forney. The regiment was sent to Richmond and A. P. Clark participated with his command in every engagement of the Army of Northern Virginia up to the battle of Gettysburg. In that battle his command was with Anderson's Division, Wilcox's Brigade, and was on the right in Pickett's charge up Cemetery Ridge. In this bloody charge he was captured and was sent to Baltimore, then to Fort Delaware. He made his escape from that water-bound prison by swimming Delaware Bay, but, after various adventures, was recaptured and spent many more months in prison there and at Point Lookout. He was at last exchanged at Savannah, Ga., and after a short furlough at home, he reported to Gen. Ben Hill and was assigned to the Quartermaster's Department and there remained to the close of the war.

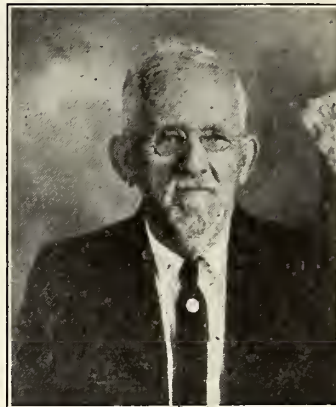
Returning home, he was married in August, 1865, to Miss Katherine Helen Alexander, and to them eight children were born. Going to Texas in 1872, Comrade Clark located at Jacksonville and was in business there some thirty years. He then spent some years in railroad construction in the central part of the State. In 1883 he engaged in farming and ranching in Williamson County, and located in Bartlett, near his farm, his house being the first erected in the town. Later he engaged in banking.

Of adventurous spirit, Comrade Clark and his oldest son spent a year in the Klondyke during the gold fever there, and had many interesting experiences. He had traveled through nearly every State of the Union, but ever called the South his home. He took an active part in politics, but his was also a studious life, and he was said to possess the best Biblical library of the country.

Removing to South Texas in 1909, he made his home in Palacios thereafter, and in the cemetery there his body was laid beside that of the beloved wife. Three sons, two daughters, and five grandchildren survive him.

CAPT. JOHN JOEL JONES.

In the gray dawning of October 24, 1928, the gentle spirit of Capt. John Joel Jones, one of the few remaining Confederate veterans of Samson, Ala., went to rest with his comrades in gray on the other side. He was the last of his old company.



CAPT. JOHN J. JONES.

Captain Jones was born in Richland District, S. C., the only son of Col. John H. and Mary Threewitts Jones. His paternal grandfather was a political exile, having been a follower of Robert

Emmett; and his maternal grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, brother of the dashing Capt. Llewellyn Threewitts, rescuer and afterwards husband of the daring spy, Emily Geiger, who did such valuable service for General Green in the Carolinas.

The parents of John Jones moved to Cuthbert, Ga., when he was four years old, and while a student in college, he volunteered as a Confederate soldier, April, 1861, being only fifteen years of age. His company, the Cuthbert Rifles, afterwards Company F, 5th Georgia Infantry, was mustered in July, 1861, and saw service in the campaigns in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia. He was wounded at Murfreesboro and practically disabled for life, although he returned to his company in a short while. He was captured once, but made his escape by jumping from a moving train in the enemy country traveling on foot by night until he rejoined his command.

He was married April 4, 1867, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Crozier, of Cuthbert, Ga., who survives him. Eleven children were born to this union, and all but one survive him.

After the war, Captain Jones taught school over forty years, but retired about twenty-five years ago and devoted his entire time to the interests of his old comrades. It was partially through his influence that the liberal pension bill of his adopted State was enacted. He organized Camp Frank Phillips, Graceville, Fla., also Camp Mace Kimmey, Samson, Ala., of which he was Commander at the time of his death and had been for over twenty years. He is survived by only two of the charter members of the Camp. The veterans organization will erect a monument to him in appreciation of his services to them.

[J. R. Spurlin, Commander, Camp Mace Kimmey, No. 1660, U. C. V.; J. W. Baker, Adjutant.]

A. A. TRESPCOTT.

On March 19, at the age of ninety-two years, Austin Augustus Trescott died at his home in Vicksburg, Miss., after a brief illness. He was born in Marion, O., February 9, 1837, the son of Stephen and Mary Shernham Trescott, and as a young man he came South and had located in Vicksburg some years before the war came on. By that time he had become thoroughly Southern in sentiment, and joined a company they made up for the Confederate army. The famous "Volunteer Southrons," which command furnished its own equipment and transportation to where it was mustered into the Confederate army. He left Vicksburg in 1861 as color bearer of the gallant company, and served through the war without receiving any wound or missing a day off duty. His flag staff was broken twice by shots from the enemy, but the colors were held aloft by the piece of shaft that was left. Comrade Trescott surrendered at Appomattox as the color bearer of the 21st Mississippi Regiment, and to preserve the old flag, he wrapped it around his body under his clothes and took it back to Vicksburg—walking the whole way.

After returning to Vicksburg, he resumed his business connections there and so continued for some fifty years, when he went into business for himself. His was a long, active, and useful life as a citizen of Vicksburg, and he died with the respect and esteem of all who knew him. His wife, who was Miss Sallie Yerger, daughter of Col. Ed Yerger, of Baltimore, Md., and Jackson, Miss., survives him with a son and a daughter.

THOMAS D. ENGLISH.

Thomas Durham English, known by his many friends as "T. D.," answered the Last Roll call on December 16, 1926, at his home, "Young Hurst," near Danville, Ky., aged eighty-one years. He was born on the banks of the laughing waters of the Little Kentucky River, on his father's farm, three miles from Bedford, Ky.

He was a mere boy when he enlisted and rode out of the county of his birth, serving with Col. H. L. Giltner's regiment, the 4th Kentucky Cavalry. At the close of the war, he was mustered out of the Confederate ranks with honor as a fine soldier. In 1865, at Mount Sterling, Ky., he rode, on the horse he had been using, behind an old soldier into Boyle County, Ky., went to work on his Uncle John McClain's farm for some time. He attended Harmonica College, at Perryville, Ky., and, in 1872, he rented a farm on Salt River, in Boyle County, Ky., went to farming, and took out license for auctioneering. He was considered one of the finest

auctioneers in Kentucky and conducted sales in many States. In November, 1875, he married the sweetheart of his boyhood days, having been engaged to her for ten years, Miss Addie K. Young, of Trimble County, Ky. She survived him, with one daughter and three grandchildren.

Much could be written of this man, whose sudden death came not only to his family as a great shock, but to the whole country, as he was well known far and near and much esteemed.

VOLNEY HOWARD KYLE.

Another member of the disbanded Legion of Honor has passed to realms above.

Volney Howard Kyle died at his Hollywood plantation home, near Houma, La., on Sunday, March 10. He was born in Madison County, Miss., January 18, 1845. He enlisted early in the war as a member of Wirt Adams's Cavalry, and during Sherman's raid from Vicksburg to Meridian, in 1863, was assigned to the staff of Major General Loring as a courier, and subsequently transferred to the staff of General Cockrell. He participated in all the actions of his command and was captured a few months before the close and imprisoned at Ship Island.

He removed from Mississippi during the early eighties and settled on a plantation near Houma. He married Miss Mary Stuart Jones, of Virginia, a sister of Judge W. Catesby Jones, of the Court of Appeals of New Orleans, and is survived by her, a son, a daughter, and two sisters.

Comrade Kyle became a member of Camp No. 2, Association of the Army of Tennessee in 1891 and was an honored member to the day of his death. He and I were lifelong friends. As little boys, we sat on the same bench at school, and our friendship was never disturbed.

An acquaintance said to me recently: "Isn't it awful to realize that every one in this world must die, that not one of the millions of people who are living to-day will be alive one hundred years from now?"

I answered: "We know there is more to the proposition than that, for when we consider that every individual who comes into the world must die, then we are obliged to believe that death is a part of a great universal system, and we are not expected to remain here; and yet, our departure from this life is an interesting thing to contemplate, and offers a wonderful field for conjecture; but it should be no more fearsome than taking a train to the next station."

Comrade Kyle has removed to another station, where he joined his mother and father and many comrades.

[James Dinkins, New Orleans.]

COL. CHARLES S. AMMELL.

On January 12, after just a few days' illness, Col. Charles S. Ammell, the last Confederate veteran in Columbus, Ohio, with a smile upon his lips, quietly slipped away to "cross over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" with his beloved commander, Stonewall Jackson.

He was born in Baltimore, Md., June 10, 1842, his father a native of Lyons, France, and his mother of Strassburg, Alsace-Lorraine. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, his father left his family in America and went back to fight for his beloved France. He died from disease contracted while with the French army and was buried at Strassburg, his wife's old home.

At the time of the War between the States, Charles S. Ammell was a member of the Maryland National Guard, being then eighteen years of age. These troops were organized and converted into the 1st Maryland Line Regiment, C. S. A. Its first service was during the riots in Baltimore, when the Massachusetts troops marched through the city. At this time, young Ammell received his commission as first lieutenant. The regiment was incorporated in the Army of Northern Virginia, under Stonewall Jackson's command, and served as part of the army all through the war. During the last year of the war, Charles Ammell was captured at Elk Run, Va., and was sent to prison at Columbus, Ohio, from where he was paroled. He then decided to make his home in Columbus, and there remained for the rest of his life. He married Miss Mary Selzer, half his age, who died at twenty-one, leaving a baby daughter. So devoted was he to the memory of his girl wife that he never married again. He was associated in business in an important capacity with the M. C. Lilley Company, internationally known makers of military regalia.

He gave many years of service in the Ohio National Guard, and received his commission as colonel in the Spanish-American War. He was active in all branches of the Masonic Order, in appreciation of which, and as an outstanding citizen, he received the supreme honor, the 33rd Degree. In the Masonic Temple, the beautiful and impressive service of the Knights Templar, which he himself had so many times conducted, was read for him as he lay beneath the Stars and Stripes and, over his heart, as he wished it, the soft folds of the Stars and Bars, his own beautiful gift to Dixie Chapter, U. D. C.—"his girls," as he always affectionately called us. He was a dearly beloved, honorary member of Dixie Chapter, of which his daughter is a member. To his fragrant memory a beautiful Confederate flag was made entirely of hyacinths.

A gallant soldier, beloved by all who knew him for his friendliness and the geniality of his spirit, so gently did he live his days and so softly furl his banner, he makes it seem for us that—

"Goin' home, it's not far,
Jes' close by,
Through an open door."

[Mrs. J. E. Karkakas, President Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.]

CAPT. WILLIAM CHRISTIAN.

One of the oldest of the pioneer residents of Houston, Tex., passed with the death of Capt William Christian, who was in his ninety-first year. He had been one of the prominent business men of the city for more than fifty years; he had believed in Houston and worked with and for the city, and his activities had continued until a few days before his death. He was one of those who favored the deep water ship channel which has been such a factor in the thriving growth of the city; he was the oldest charter member of the Cotton Exchange and of the Chamber of Commerce, the oldest depositor in the First National Bank, the oldest alderman, and the oldest survivor of his regiment left. For a half century he had been active in the work of the Presbyterian Churches of the city and especially in that which he attended so regularly and had helped to organize, the Third Presbyterian Church, of Houston. In every movement of public interest or benefit, Captain Christian could be counted on for his part. He was born in Virginia, but as a boy had gone to Galveston, Tex., and thence two years later to Houston where he located permanently.

Besides "growing up" with Houston, Captain Christian had watched the progress of Texas from its formative days, seeing and taking part in its history as made. When he celebrated his ninety years in 1928, many friends gathered at his home to pay their respects to one of the famous men in the history of the city.

Just before the War between the States came on, Captain Christian had gone into the cotton business, and was actively connected with that business to his death. During the war he served with and commanded Company A, of the 2nd Texas Volunteer Infantry, and was a gallant soldier. He was captured at Vicksburg. His brother, Samuel Patterson Christian, served as major with Terry's Texas Rangers.

Captain Christian was married before the war to Miss Sarah Ellen Wynne, who died a few years later. His second wife was Miss Stella Louise Jones, who survives him. His nearest surviving relative is Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, a first cousin.

TENNESSEE COMRADES.

The following deaths have been reported by Capt. P. P. Pullen, these comrades being members of the Fitzgerald Kendall Camp at Paris, Tenn.:

Frank Rawls, one of the oldest citizens of his county, aged 88 years. He was a member of the Baptist Church, a prominent farmer of the county. He enlisted early in the War between the States and had the distinction of having spent every day of the war in service for the Southland, surrendering with his command at Appomattox. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

Henry E. Frazier, aged eighty-two, died at the home of his daughter near Paris, after a short illness. He was a native of Henry County and gave his service as a soldier in the sixties as a daring member of the 5th Tennessee Regiment. He was a member of the Christian Church; a son and a daughter survive him.

William Dillard Poyner, born in Dickson County, Tenn., April 27, 1833, died at the home of his son in Memphis on January 29. He was a resident of Paris for many years and a faithful member of the Camp there. He entered the Confederate army under Capt. O. C. Alexander, of Colonel Cox's Regiment, and made a gallant soldier. He was married to Miss Amanda Bumpass in 1853 and they lived together happily for sixty-seven years, his wife dying in 1920.

Of these comrades, Captain Pullen writes: "They were three as good men as ever graced this earth. Comrade Poyner had been Commander of our Camp for a long time; Comrade Frazier was the beloved Chaplain; and Comrade Rawls a devoted member. Comrade Poyner had preached continuously for fifty-four years, and was devoted to the Master's cause; often he sat in his chair and preached after age had come upon him. He leaves one hundred and three descendants. He was my life-long friend."

COMRADES OF HOUSTON, TEX.

Frank R. Jones, a native of Alabama, served with Company E, 26th Texas Cavalry; died December 31, 1928.

Dr. D. N. Burke, a native of Butler, Ala., enlisted in Company F, 2nd Alabama Infantry; died February 14, 1929.

F. M. Bailey, a native of Vicksburg, Miss., served with "Harvey's Scouts," (Company I, 26th Virginia Infantry); died March 10, 1929.

G. F. Cook, a native of Texas, belonged to Company C, Moseley's Battery, Brown's Battalion, enlisting in Matagorda County, Tex. He was born June 22, 1938; died March 19, 1929. Had joined Dick Dowling Camp only a few days before.

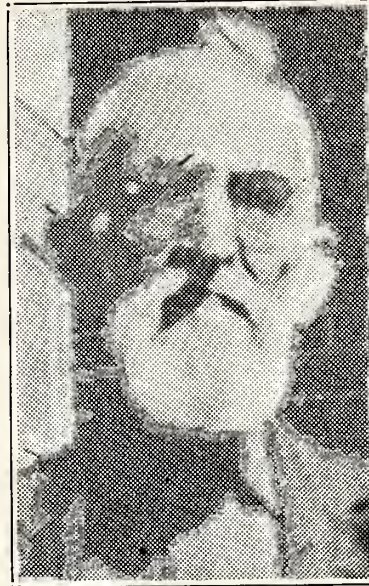
[Mrs. L. C. Lichtenstein, Assistant Adjutant, Dick Dowling Camp; No. 197, U. C. V.]

W. H. HARBISON.

After an illness of several months, W. H. Harbison died at the home of his daughter in Vernon, Tex., on October 1, 1928. He was a member of Camp

Cabell, No. 125, U. C. V., and loved to attend the reunions.

Comrade Harbison served with Company E, 5th Tennessee Cavalry, and his war experience was rather unusual. It seems that his company had not joined the regiment when one day he and eleven comrades were out on their horses, when suddenly some Federals swooped down on them, and he and one other were captured.



W. H. HARBISON.

They were sent to Rock Island Prison and kept there the full time of the war. Though he did not give that service which he had hoped to render to the cause of the South, he was faithful to the cause in remaining steadfast against the temptations to take the oath and escape prison.

Born on February 21, 1846, he was but a young boy when he enlisted as a soldier. He went to Texas many years ago and there reared his family, a son and daughter surviving him; a brother and two sisters also are left.

JOHN S. DANIEL.

John S. Daniel, a veteran of the Confederate army, died at his old home, Center, Ala., on March 1, 1929. "Uncle John," as he was reverently called by myriads of friends, was born near Center, on June 23, 1844, and upon the secession of Alabama he joined Company H, 19th Alabama Regiment (Wheeler's and McSpadden's regiment); was wounded at the battle of Missionary Ridge, having part of his skull and shoulder blown away. He was the last survivor of this company, probably of the regiment.

He was one of the most picturesque and lovable characters Cherokee County ever produced, living a sober, temperate, and devoutly Christian life. He was a life-long Mason, Methodist, and Democrat, ever loyal to the principles for which he shed his life blood. We shall not soon again see his like. *Au revoir*, old friend. [Hugh W. Cardon.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: When this reaches you, Charlotte will have opened wide the doors of her hospitable homes, her streets will be colorful avenues of flags and bunting, strains of music will fill the air, and her pavements will echo the tread of marching feet assembled to honor the heroes of the sixties.

The date of the reunion marks the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the birth of the Confederacy's only President, who for ten years gave his life to the military service of his country and for twenty years occupied a conspicuous position in its political life. Jefferson Davis brought to the Confederacy ripe experience, rare ability, accurate knowledge, all the gifts of a scholarly intellect, and a stainless Christian character. In all times men have been honored when successful, but when we honor him, we prove ourselves competent to discriminate between him who enjoys, and him who wins success.

Future generations of the Children of the Confederacy will refer to the 25th of April, 1929, as marking the completion of their first concerted effort as an organized body. The unveiling of the Memorial Window to Father Ryan in St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala., was a most happy occasion. The clergy of the Catholic Churches of the city attended in large numbers, music was furnished by the children of St. Mary's School and the Bishop Toolen High School, and selections were rendered by the band from the Boys' Industrial School. The exercises were held on the grounds immediately fronting the new church, addresses were made by the Presidents of the two Chapters, U. D. C., in Mobile, Miss Sheilbey and Mrs. Sewall; by the Hon. Harry Hartwell, representing the city of Mobile; readings of "The Sword of Lee" and "The Conquered Banner" were rendered by members of the local Chapter.

Mrs. J. T. Burney, Third Vice President General, U. D. C. was in charge of the ceremonies and presented the window to Right Reverend Monsignor T. J.

Eaton, V. G., pastor of St. Mary's. Leading characteristics of the life of Father Ryan were forcibly presented in an address by Rev. John Nichols, of Joan of Arc Church; addresses were also made by Miss Katie Daffan, of Texas, and the President General. The window was veiled in the Confederate colors, which were drawn by Miss Daffan, who, when Third Vice President General, suggested the placing by the Children of a memorial to Father Ryan in this church. The window is the most striking and decorative in the church, and represents the coronation of the Virgin Mary by her Son, our Saviour. It is thus symbolic of the Confederacy; a cause may go down into defeat, but the underlying principles are ultimately crowned with triumph and glory.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the church, a short prayer service was held at the graves of Father Ryan and Admiral Semmes in the cemetery near by; and white carnations were placed in your name on these graves. On the evening of April 24 a brilliant reception was tendered the visitors at the Battle House by the women's patriotic organizations of Mobile, and on the 25th a beautifully appointed luncheon was given at the Country Club by the Mobile and Electra Semmes Colston Chapters, U. D. C.

Greatly appreciated invitations have been received to conventions of the Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi Divisions, to all conferences of the Virginia Division districts, and to the unveiling of a granite shaft on the battle field of Ball's Bluff, Va., May 24, 1929. It would have been a pleasure, had the duties of the office permitted, to accept these gracious invitations.

April 30 was spent in Memphis, Tenn., as a happy participant in the exercises incident to the dedication of a handsome boulder on the Mississippi-Tennessee line, marking that branch of the Jefferson Davis Highway extending from Beauvoir, Miss., to Fairview, Ky.

Preceding the dedicatory exercises, a handsome luncheon was tendered, the distinguished guests by the seven local Chapters, U. D. C., at the Hotel Gayoso. Following the luncheon, the guests returned to the Peabody Hotel and from there proceeded in cars to the State line, where the bowlder was dedicated by the President General.

Among those making addresses were Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price and Mrs. Homer Sloan, Directors for Jefferson Davis Highway in Mississippi and Tennessee; Mrs. Alexander B. White, Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, the Rev. Dr. Dean, Mr. Bell; the representatives of the counties in Mississippi and Tennessee which will have charge of the preservation of the bowlder, the Presidents of each of the Chapters in Memphis; General Bullington and other Confederate veterans, Sons and Daughters. Appropriate music was furnished by the band of the Whitehaven High School.

An interesting feature of the luncheon was the presentation of a Jefferson Davis Highway pin to Mrs. Alexander B. White by Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Vice Chairman of the Central Committee, Jefferson Davis Highway.

A recent letter from Mrs. L. U. Babin, our most efficient Chairman of Credentials for the Biloxi convention, and who is also Director in Louisiana for the Jefferson Davis Highway, brings the glad tidings that she is planting crêpe myrtles along the Highway in her State and hopes to also plant magnolias this season. Mrs. Babin also reports the completion of the endowments for the Louisiana Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.

A most interesting and informing eight-page pamphlet has been prepared, at our request, by the Historian General, Miss Marion Salley, and is now ready for distribution.

The title "Errors and Omissions in Textbooks on American History," explains the contents. After an exhaustive study of school histories, Miss Salley has presented a concise, forceful, and comprehensive review, extending from the earliest explorations in America through the reconstruction period. While the review is an important addition to the collection of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and should be read by every member, it is especially valuable to Chapter Historians, Chairman of Educational Committees, and any others whose work brings them in contact with those responsible for the selection of textbooks. The pamphlet may be secured from Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg, S. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

One of the outstanding Sons attending the reunion in Little Rock last year was Henry H. McCorkle, Lieutenant Commander S. C. V., of New York. A

native of Rockbridge County, Va., an alumnus of Washington and Lee, Mr. McCorkle possessed all the grace, dignity, and charm of manner of the time of the old-fashioned Southern gentleman. He was handsome in face, distinguished in bearing, and his rare intellectual qualities had advanced him to the forefront of his chosen profession in the city of New York.

It was our privilege to attend the annual camp fire of the New York Confederate Veterans last January; at the request of General Selvage Commander McCorkle presided, his quickness of wit and brilliancy greatly enhancing the delight of the occasion.

On the 23rd of March, while engaged in his professional duties, God's finger touched him, and in the glory of his manhood he passed on. And we who will long for "his old-time step and his glad return," will think of him often, but will not say that "he is dead." "*He is just away.*"

Very sincerely,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES

Florida.—Several district meetings were held in Florida during the month of April. Mrs. J. G. Cary, of Jacksonville, chairman for the new Second Brigade, held a splendid meeting in Starke, with the W. T. Weeks Chapter as hostess. Mrs. J. L. Medlin, Division President, gave a most inspiring message in the interest of the organization in Florida. Mrs. O. G. Husband, Corresponding Secretary, and other Division officers were present. A meeting was held in Daytona Beach, with the Daytona Beach Chapter as hostess. Mrs. W. E. French is chairman for this new Fourth Brigade, and had arranged a most excellent program. Mrs. J. L. Medlin, Division President, made an address. At noon a delicious luncheon was enjoyed at the ocean pier casino, with Mrs. Alexander B. White, Past President General, as toastmistress. Another district meeting was held in Clearwater, with the Mary Custis Lee Chapter as hostess. Mrs. Flossie Walker Morris, Fourth Vice President, Florida Division, presided. This was one of the largest district meetings of the spring. The Executive Board of the Division held its semiannual meeting at this time, Mrs. J. L. Medlin, President Florida Division, presiding. All meetings were held in the handsome Peace Memorial Presbyterian Church, and a noon-day luncheon was arranged by the Auxiliary of the Church.

Confederate Memorial Day, April 26, was observed throughout Florida. This day is a legal holiday, and is observed every year "in loving memory of the Confederate soldiers and sailors and the women of the sixties."

[Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Division Editor.]

Maryland.—The Maryland Division held its semiannual convention in Baltimore on March 20, being the guests of the James R. Wheeler, Chapter, Mrs. Adelbert Mears, President; Mrs. J. J. Forbes Shaw, President of the Division, presiding. Presidents and delegates of nearly all the Chapters in the State were present, and most interesting reports were given.

Special interest is being taken in the Georgia Bright Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women of Maryland, which will be available in October, 1929. The invitation was to hold the annual convention in October at Hagerstown, with the Henry Kyd Douglass Chapter as hostess, was accepted.

Mrs. Andrew Banks, Chairman of Education, reported that Robert Burwell is receiving A and A plus in his studies at St. Johns, Annapolis. This is most gratifying to the Division, as he won the competitive examination for the scholarship to St. Johns.

Mrs. Marion Lee Holmes, Editor, appealed to the Chapters for contributions of interest to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, so that others might see what is being accomplished by the Division; she also pleaded for subscriptions to the magazine.

Miss Maupin, First Vice President, reported the sale of the Confederate seals, and again urged the purchase of them by the Chapters generally.

After the reports of the Special and Standing Committees, the convention adjourned to meet in October, 1929.

At the meeting of Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, on April 15 Mrs. Maude Henneberger, Division Historian, gave a splendid paper on the "History of the Foundings of Maryland."

Mrs. Adelbert Mears, President of the James R. Wheeler Chapter, reported forty-one members in her young organization.

[Marion Lee Holmes, Division Editor.]

* * *

South Carolina.—The report of the retiring President, Miss Marion Salley, at the convention of South Carolina Division last December, showed a gain of 409 new members, with five new Chapters; 354 new C. of C. members, with six new Chapters. Several monuments and tablets have been placed, 400 bronze markers. In educational work, the Chapters support thirty-seven scholarships in colleges in the State, valued at \$14,801.00. Seven general prizes were won: Anne Sevier Loving Cup, best essay on "Rights of Secession; the Blount Memorial Loving Cup, for Division bestowing greatest number of service crosses; the Perdue Loving Cup, best essay on "The Blockade, 1861-65"; Osborne Loving Cup, best essay on Orphan Brigade; Taylor Loving Cup, for registering greatest number of C. of C. new

members during the year; \$10.00, best essay by C. of C. on "Prisoners of the Sixties"; \$5.00, best essay on "Mammy of Plantation Days."

There were sixteen South Carolina Division prizes awarded, four C. of C. prizes, and three District prizes.

* * *

Virginia.—The annual report of Richmond Chapter shows that for the coming year the outstanding endeavor of this Chapter will be the completion of a fund of \$5,000 to endow the Janet Randolph Scholarship at William and Mary College, a permanent memorial to Mrs. Randolph.

Death has removed many of the oldest and most valued members, but thirty new members have been added to the roll.

Another memorial was placed this last year, a bowlder of Virginia granite, with bronze tablet suitably inscribed, on the Jefferson Davis Highway.

Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Carey, Historian, Warren Rifles Chapter of Front Royal, reports that the Chapter offers an essay prize of \$10 in the local high school, and that Horton's History is being placed in the library. Much interest is being manifested in the Chapter Scrapbook, in which work Mrs. Nannie Brown, an eyewitness of the battle of Front Royal, is giving valuable assistance. She has recently found in her home scores of letters written during the War between the States, which are rich in interesting incidents of the period.

Warren Rifles Chapter has a membership of eighty-one, and the monthly meetings are always largely attended. Mrs. Nathan Allnutt, President, is zealously having the Chapter fulfill the mission for which it was organized.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR JULY, 1929.

Battle of Gettysburg. Position and Strength of Forces. Results of Each Day's Fighting. Losses on Both Sides. Lessons learned from the Result.

C. OF C. TOPICS FOR JULY, 1929.

Story of Gen. N. B. Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle."
Reading: "Song of the Texas Ranger."

"THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES."

[Argument presented by Miss Ida F. Powell, Chairman U. D. C. Committee appointed to inaugurate a campaign for the use of "War between the States" in referring to the conflict in the sixties.]

The official title of the contending parties in the struggle from 1861 to 1865 was the United States and the Confederate States, and the war was waged between them.

Prior to 1861 the United States was a confederation of sovereign States, banded together for convenience, and granting the central government strictly limited and delegated powers. It was a voluntary union of States, from which any one had the constitutional right to secede. Eleven States, exercising this constitutional right, withdrew from the Union, and twenty-two Northern States made war upon them to force them back into the Union. Later the eleven Confederate States were strengthened by the action of Missouri in August, 1861, and of Kentucky in December, 1861. But while these border States gave loyal service to the Confederacy, the number of Federal States was increased by the admission into the Union of Kansas in January, 1861, of West Virginia in 1863, and of Nevada in 1864.

For a period of four years, the Confederate States maintained its own government—Executive, Legislative, and Judicial. It had its own currency, levied and collected taxes, issued bonds, etc., and the struggle that existed for four years was distinctly a struggle between two recognized governments—the United States of America and the Confederate States of America.

Therefore it was not a "Civil War," as that term signifies strife between two parties in one State—one side fighting for the State, the other side fighting against the authority of that State. Neither was it a "War of Rebellion," for sovereign States, co-equal organizations, cannot rebel against each other. It was not a "War of Secession." The Southern States seceded peaceably, exercising their constitutional right to do so. The war was caused by the North attempting to coerce the South back into the Union. It was not a "War of Sections," for brothers often fought against brothers. Both sides were contending for a principle, for their interpretation of the Constitution.

But it was a "War between the States," the States that did not secede making war upon the seceding States to coerce them back into the Union. The term "War between the States" is the term used by the veterans themselves in Article I of the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans, adopted in July, 1890, at Chattanooga, Tenn., Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief.

Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy and recognized as one of the ablest thinkers of his day, entitled his history of the struggle from 1861 and 1865 as the "History of the War between the States." Many prominent writers and thinkers have adopted the term "War between the States," notably Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts; Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University; Irvin Cobb, Lady Astor, and Premier Clemenceau of France; and the term has been officially sanctioned by the Congress of the United States, as appears in the Congressional Record of March 2, 1928, in a report to the Senate on Joint Resolutions, No. 41.

General Lee wrote: "Every one should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity. History is not the relation of campaigns and battles and generals or other individuals, but that which shows the principles for which the South contended and which justified her struggle for those principles."

So let us "disseminate the truth." Let us stand steadfastly for what we know to be true, and let us live up to the tribute paid to our Southern people by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, when he said: "The Southern people have inherited from the great race from which they sprung a sense of duty and an instinct of honor. . . . they have above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy which without regard to personal ambition, without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired, and without getting diverted, can pursue a great public object in and out, year after year, and, indeed, generation after generation."

SOUTHERN HISTORY COURSE.

A course in the history of the New South is offered this semester for the first time at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, Stillwater. The course was introduced by Dr. T. H. Reynolds, head of the History Department, as a supplement to the popular course in the history of the Old South which he has conducted for two years.

The new course is mainly one of research, in which the development of the New South is studied as far as facilities permit from original documents and sources. In addition to regular class work, each student in the course prepares a paper treating extensively some subject dealing with the South since the War between the States.

B. B. CHAPMAN,
Assistant Professor of History, Oklahoma A. and M.
College.

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

GREETINGS TO THE HEROES IN GRAY.

The cycle of time has rolled around to another epoch in the lives of those who treasure the memories and traditions of a dream that rose so full of hope that thrilled a nation with flashes of wondrous achievements, built monuments in the hearts of a people that shall never die, but rise higher with the passing years.

To the remnant of that proud army that emblazoned in glory the matchless courage shown on many a well-fought battle field, we bow our heads in reverence and open our arms and hearts in affectionate greetings, and welcome the time that once again gives to us the coveted honor of sharing with you in some small part the wonderful hospitality of the people of the great State of North Carolina, and the charm of her Queen City, Charlotte.

Representing the wives and mothers who, side by side, ministered during the terrible scenes enacted on many a battle field as Ladies' Aid Societies, then later, when war had ceased, claimed the privilege of gathering the hastily buried dead from every field of carnage and giving them reinterment beside loved ones—and thus began our Southern Memorial Day—we now stand as their representatives to again give the glad hand of welcome and to again renew our pledge to stand as sentinels beside each sacred shrine, and to tell to future generations the story of a nation of heroes who prized more than life itself the principles for which the South bared her breast to fight, not for might, but for right, and a righteous cause which she knew to be just. May the Omnipotent Father keep you each in his tender care.

Faithfully and loyally yours,

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

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. EARNEST WALWORTH

Not only the Ladies' Memorial Association of Memphis, but the patriotic South has lost in the passing of Mrs. Earnest Walworth an outstanding figure. Truly typical of the old-time Southern gentlewoman, dainty, refined, charming in manner, filled with the lofty ideals inculcated in her home life, possessed of unusual mentality, gifted as a writer—and never happier than when championing in her beautifully written English the histories and traditions of her beloved Southland—her going leaves not only her family bereft, but a breach in the fast-thinning ranks of the cultural elements which went to the making of brains and brawn of the South. To her dear family, and to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Memphis, to which she gave loving and loyal service, we tender our deep sympathy, for she stands upon a pinnacle in many hearts that knew and loved her.

MAJ. W. E. McALLISTER.

We would be recreant to duty and friendship if we failed to pay tribute to the splendid soldier and gentleman who so long and faithfully served with deep affection his comrades at arms in the capacity of superintendent of the Atlanta Soldier's Home. Uppermost in the thought and heart of Major McAllister was the comfort and pleasure of his "boys," for he served at his post not as a paid servant, for that was his last thought, but as friend and brother. The comfort and happiness of each individual inmate was his chief concern. This small tribute from one who knew and honored his outstanding devotion to the cause for which he sacrificed all is given after a personal acquaintance of more than twoscore years. To his bereaved wife and family we commend the com-

forting spirit "who doeth all things well." After eighty-one well-rounded years of life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

STONE MOUNTAIN.

Plans are on foot to renew work on the mountain at an early date, Stone Mountain Monumental Association having had a recent meeting looking to that end, and, with the necessary funds in hand to complete the central group, the work should go rapidly forward.

MEMORIAL DAY.

That Memorial Day interest does not wane with the years is attested by the fact that April 26 has been more widely observed than ever before. Among the new Associations observing the day for the first time was the Margaret A. Wilson Memorial Association of Little Rock, whose President, Mrs. Sam Wassell, drew participants from all sections of the city resulting in wonderful floral decorations and widespread interest.

Our Chaplain General, Maj. Giles B. Cooke, though well past his ninety years, is as alert, and eagerly anticipating the clasping of hands and affectionate greetings that awaits his arrival in Charlotte. Crowned with years and honors, he, the last surviving member of the staff of Robert E. Lee, passes through the great throngs attendant upon the reunions, a revered, beloved and honored benediction wherever met. May he be spared for years of service yet and as an inspiration to those who follow him.

SOUTHERN WOMEN AND WAR.

The picture of "The Burial of Latané" on the cover of the VETERAN for May recalls the fact that many of our Southern women performed the last rites over their dead when they returned "on their shields" of honor. One of these was Rhoda Earle Williams, who, with the help of her young son and an old man, made the coffin, dug the grave in her garden, and buried her eighteen-year old brother, George Robert Earle, on the night of the second day of December, 1862, in Dade County, Mo.

He had been in the Missouri State Guards, M. W. Mitchell's company, and was discharged to join the Confederate service, Company C, 10th Missouri, Parson's Regiment, J. M. Stemmons, captain. (Capt. G. G. Lindsay, of Naples, Tex., was a comrade). Earle and Captain Stemmons were both severely wounded at Lone Jack. He was at home on

leave when it became unsafe for him to stay there, and he reported to Lafayette Roberts's Company. He was killed in a skirmish in Horse Creek Bottom while firing at pursuers until he was shot through the heart. An old man came and told his sister Rhoda that he had seen the body and covered it with brush. She and her son and this aged friend went and brought him to her home, made a coffin of the planks of her kitchen loft, muffling the eye of the ax as they nailed and worked in the dark. Houses were being burned all around them by the enemy, and once outdoors it was light enough to see to dig the grave, where they hastily buried him, fearing that they might have to leave the house and that his body would be burned. He was removed in a few days to the garden at his father's home, where he was reburied beside his mother, Isabella Herndon Earle, who had died in 1860. He was buried in a new gray uniform made during his convalescence by his sisters from a pair of beautiful gray blankets that had been woven by his mother and her servants.

FOURTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE LATE MARION PYLES, OF KENTUCKY.

As we turn back the hands on time's dial, we behold a knightly cavalier about thirty years old, a tall, graceful, commanding figure, neatly attired in the uniform of a Confederate lieutenant colonel. A clear, strong voice and frank expression make up the engaging personality of Col. Tandy Pryor. Colonel Pryor was captured at Cynthiana, Ky., during Morgan's last raid in Kentucky, June 18, 1864, and held a prisoner on Johnson's Island until the close of the war, being released June 18, 1865. He died in Arkansas of swamp fever in January, 1873.

A history of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry would be incomplete without the name of Mrs. Barbara Pryor, the wife of Colonel Pryor. This noble lady, indomitably energetic, fearless, and self-sacrificing in her support of the Southern cause, was regarded by the boys as almost one of the regiment. She was indeed a near relative and an honorary member of the "Old Fourth." She was in the field for four years, soliciting clothing, provisions, and other supplies for the poor fellows who were confined in horrible prison pens. While other women did much, Mrs. Pryor did more. The history of the struggles and hardships endured by her during those eventful four years can never be written. Imbued with the same spirit that characterized her husband, she was persistent in her great

(Continued on page 237.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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 JAMES F. TERRELL, JR., New Orleans, La. *Inspector in Chief*
 J. S. UTLEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. JAMES H. ECKENRODE, Richmond, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 DR. GEORGE R. TABOR, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Surgeon in Chief*
 MAJ. PAUL R. YOUNTS, Charlotte, N. C. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 CLIFTON RATCLIFF, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Commissary in Chief*
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 GEORGE W. SIDEBOTTOM, Huntington West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

WORK OF IMPORTANCE.

NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Adjutant in Chief Walter L. Hopkins announces that several new Camps have recently been organized, among which are Camp Joseph E. Johnston, High Point, N. C.; Camp J. W. Marshall, Rock Hill, S. C.; Camp Rowan Rifles, Salisbury, N. C.; Camp Robert E. Lee, San Diego, Calif.; Camp Henry L. Wyatt, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Camp C. M. Thompson, Lexington, N. C.; Camp Zeb Vance, Thomasville, N. C.; Camp Fletcher Satterfield, Roxboro, N. C.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD CONFEDERATE PARK.

At the Tampa and Little Rock conventions, 1927 and 1928, respectively, the Sons of Confederate Veterans organization pledged its support to raise sufficient funds to liquidate the indebtedness of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park. The last financial report of Comrade R. H. Augel, Chairman of the S. C. V. Committee, shows that there is a balance of only \$1,708 due on the property. Commander in Chief Wiles has inaugurated a campaign to raise the balance of the fund immediately. Miss Sallie Schenck, Charlotte, N. C. is chairman of a committee of young ladies to assist in the work. The report of Chairman Augel shows the amount contributed by each Division, as follows: Alabama, \$45; Arkansas, —; Central District Division, \$50; Columbus and Maryland, \$169; Eastern Division, \$500; Florida, \$469; Georgia, \$526; Kentucky, \$1,083; Louisiana, \$105; Missouri, \$251; Mississippi, \$—; North Carolina, \$—; Oklahoma,

\$—; Pacific Division, \$—; South Carolina, \$25; Tennessee, \$110; Texas, \$25; Virginia, \$1,279.57; West Virginia, \$—. Total, \$4,637.57.

The organization is in possession of the land; has a guide on the ground to point out places of interest; and there is now serious need of this force being enlarged; operates a small battle field museum; holds yearly on the anniversary of the first battle a well-attended Confederate field day; and is slowly but surely moving into national proportions. The organization plans to improve and enlarge this service and to furnish the most reliable battle field information to be had upon any American field, and, as fast as possible, to put into effect its charitable, educational, and historical work.

No State that would honor its war dead, commemorate its living heroes, and fittingly chronicle its contribution to American history and government, can, without injustice, be indifferent to a proper and worthy memorial on the battle fields of Manassas.

IN MEMORIAM: HENRY H. McCORKLE.

Death has been invading the ranks of the Sons of late and taking from this life many who have been leaders in the work of the organization. Of these, the last reported is Henry Hale McCorkle, of New York City, a member of the New York Camp, S. C. V., and also an associate member of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, and he had been honored by appointment on the staff of the Commander in Chief, U. C. V. Death came suddenly on March 21, while engaged in a business transaction.

Henry H. McCorkle was a Virginian, born at Lexington, October 17, 1871, the youngest child of William H. and Virginia Wilson McCorkle. He attended Washington and Lee University and later studied law at Columbia University. He was married in 1907 to Miss Elizabeth Glasgow, of Rockbridge County, Va., who survives him.

Comrade McCorkle was a man of most pleasing personality and was universally popular. He was a member of the Independent Lodge of Masons, of the Society of Virginians and the Southern Society of New York City, and had served as national president and secretary of the Phi Kappa Psi a college fraternity, which, with the Masons, had charge of the funeral. He was taken back to Old Virginia and laid to rest with loved ones in the cemetery at Lexington.

ONE OF THE FAITHFUL.

CONTRIBUTED BY B. T. CLARK, TUPELO, MISS.

When Jim Burdine died in Tupelo, at the age of one hundred and six years, there passed from the life of the community one of the typical ante-bellum darkies, one who exemplified in his character the noblest traits of his race in his faithfulness to his "white folks," and it is a duty laid upon us to put on record such an example of faithfulness.

After the War between the States, the U. S. Congress created a "Freedman's Bureau" charged with looking after the welfare of the negroes so lately made free. The officers of the bureau were Federal soldiers and their influence over the negroes was great; they assumed and exercised extraordinary powers, and they were responsible for most of the political troubles that followed. They organized the negro voters and secured their own election to State and county offices. Many of them were notoriously corrupt and dishonest and became rich after being elected to office. Wherever these men gained control, exorbitant taxes were levied and enormous public debts accumulated. Confederate soldiers and Southern sympathizers were disfranchised, and it was only with the negro vote that these "carpetbaggers" could be defeated and the South saved from ruin.

During Reconstruction days, when Ames was governor of Mississippi and was robbing the State of everything he could, Jim Burdine was one of the principal men who helped to defeat Ames's move to have the constitution of the State changed so he could carry out his nefarious plans. Jim had great influence over the men of his race, and, as a true

Southerner, he saw that something must be done promptly to save the State. He was taken over the State by Private John Allen and Col. L. Q. C. Lamar, making speeches to the negroes, urging them to stay with their white folks and save their State from "carpetbag domination." Jim always allied himself with those seeking to do the right, especially for the protection of his State and country, and his life was an influence for good.

Born in Nashville, Tenn., about 1822, when Jim was about five years old, his master, who was a trader, started South with his slaves, stopping along the way here and there to trade with planters and hiring out slaves to help in the crops. It took them over a year and a half to reach Ittawamba County, Miss., where Jim was sold to the Rev. John Burdine. When war came on, Jim went into the army as a horseshoer, and in his last years he drew a pension from the State for this service to the Confederacy. During the last three years of the war, Jim belonged to a Dr. Hussey, and it was on the Hussey plantation that he found his wife, Jane, who passed away many years ago. Jim died at the home of his son in Tupelo on January 7, survived by three sons and three daughters. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Henry Mosely, an old friend of the family.

There are now few left of those who grew up in that "involuntary servitude" which had its Christianizing influence, and Jim Burdine was an example of the best of them.

COMMENT AND CORRECTION.

(Continued from page 223.)

and to that date there had been 1,963 deaths. This is a far cry from Colonel Wood's figures of 2,484 received, with 1,922 deaths, or 77 per cent. My copy (not just now at hand) says 12,215 with 1,963 deaths, or a fraction over sixteen per cent, is much nearer the truth. The difference in the deaths is only forty-one, but the difference in the percentage is sixty-one. While the difference in numbers, a very possible clerical error, is of very little import, but the figures 2,484 and 77 per cent should not be allowed to stand.

"My report makes the total of our men in the above enumerated prisons 180,000 instead of the 170,000 in Colonel Wood's otherwise very able contribution to history. Let us be fair. We want the VETERAN to be a true history, not a compend of falsehood and spite. We are not afraid of the truth being known. '*Deo vindice*' should be our motto always. We are often disgusted by the stuff we read by would-be-considered historians, who can see only their own side of the picture."

IN TRIBUTE TO "THE GALLANT
PELHAM."

"The Gallant Pelham," by Philip Mercer. The J. W. Burke Co., Macon, Ga. 180 pages. Illustrated. Map. \$1.50.

Written to preserve the cherished memory of the famous "boy major" of the Confederacy, this book should be warmly welcomed, for it is the first complete biography of "the gallant Pelham" to appear in print.

John Pelham, born in Calhoun County, Ala., in 1838, was a student at the West Point Military Academy when the War between the States broke out. Several of his letters, reproduced in the book, are a delightful revelation of his life at this period. Leaving West Point at the call to arms, he hurried South and entered the Confederate service, being present at the first battle of Manassas, where his ability and bravery won the admiration of his superiors.

In November, 1861, he became the chief of Stuart's Horse Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia; and from that time until he fell mortally wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863, his career was an unbroken record of lofty courage and brilliant achievement. "He disclosed upon the battle field the conduct of a veteran, and displayed in his handsome person the most imperturbable coolness in danger." Called "the gallant Pelham" by Gen. Robert E. Lee, highly esteemed by Stonewall Jack-

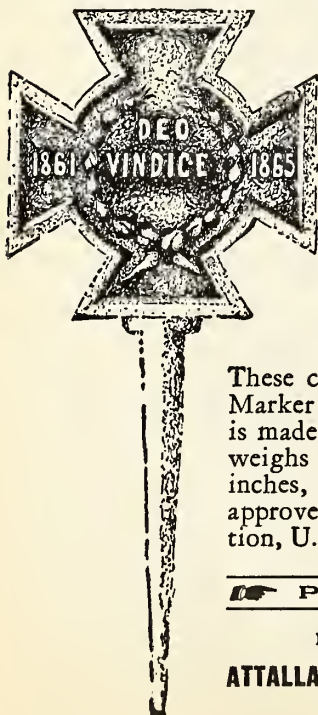
son, beloved by "Jeb" Stuart, flower of Virginia cavaliers, the subject of one of the most beautiful poems that came out of the war, the life of this knightly, chivalric young hero, conspicuous at all times for rare charm of heart-winning personality, is an inspiration to manhood everywhere.

Stuart, reporting the death of the comrade he loved so dearly, said: "His eye had glanced over every battle field of this army from the First Manassas till the time of his death, and he was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in all. The memory of 'the gallant Pelham,' his many manly virtues, his noble nature and purity of character, are enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful."

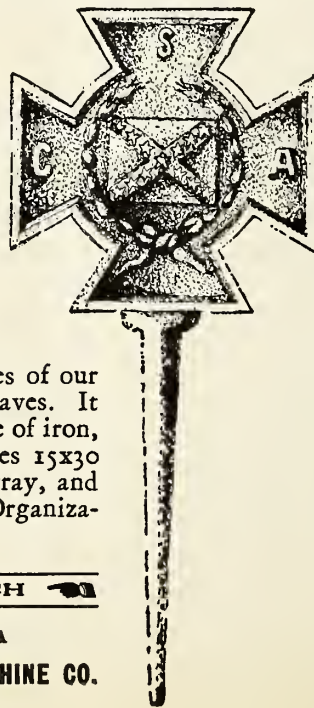
FOURTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

(Continued from page 235)

work, and though often faint and weary, she bravely kept the field, undaunted by winter's cold or summer's heat and the innumerable obstructions thrown in her pathway. She was the general in chief of every relief corps. The "boys" long since erected monuments in their hearts in commemoration of her efforts in their behalf, and pleasant memories cluster about dear Mrs. Pryor, whom I knew so well.



"Lest
We
Forget"



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

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Mrs. Glendora N. Watkins, 308 Eighth Street South, Fargo, N. D., wishes to secure a list of prisoners on Ship Island in 1865. Anyone knowing of such record will please write to her.

Mrs. Samuel Hull, New Baden, Tex., would like to hear from anyone who knew her husband, Samuel Hull, as a Confederate soldier or can give any information on his service. He volunteered as a boy of fifteen at Brockville, Ellis County, Tex., but she knows nothing of his command. She is in need and trying to get a pension.

John G. Ross, clerk of the House of Representatives, Austin, Tex., is trying to secure a pension for the widow of Charles S. Haden, but the only information available on his service is that he enlisted in the latter part of the war at Henderson, Rusk County, Tex., and was sent to "Camp Martin." Any friends or comrades who knew of his service will please respond to Mr. Ross.

BROADWAY "O.G." casts its vote for

2003 New Yorkers compare the four leading cigarettes



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Gentlemen:

We hereby certify that we supervised and audited a public test of the four leading cigarette brands at 1741 Broadway, New York City—from March 2 to March 5, 1929, inclusive.

This test was conducted in the following manner:

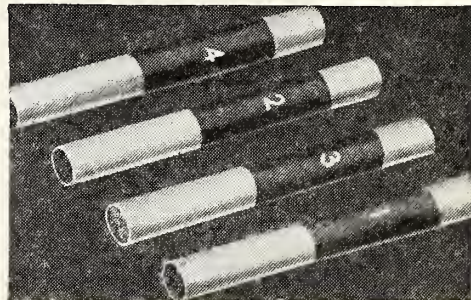
- 1 All 4 brands were bought through regular retail channels.
- 2 Each cigarette was banded with a paper "mask" wide enough to conceal the name.
- 3 The test was open to the general public.
- 4 After each tester specified his choice, he was permitted to remove the brand-masks and identify all the cigarettes.

We further certify that the following summary correctly sets forth the complete vote:

	FIRST CHOICE	PERCENTAGES
OLD GOLD	601	30%
Brand X	522	26%
Brand Y	450	22.5%
Brand Z	430	21.5%
	<u>2,003</u>	<u>100%</u>

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