

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX

APRIL, 1921

NO. 4

*J. Wilkes Booth. p. 129.*



**GEN. ALEXANDER GALT TALIAFERRO**

(See page 127)

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### A GARDEN OF ROSES.

There is scarcely a rose known to the professional florist that has not a representative in the grounds of the Chateau Bagatelle, just outside of Paris on the road to Neuilly. Whenever a new rose is produced by the horticulturists of France a specimen is sent to the Chateau to be permanently perpetuated in the gardens of the estate.

The Chateau Bagatelle has been since 1914 the property of the city of Paris, having been purchased in that year from the heirs of Sir Richard Wallace for 260,000 francs. "Folie" Bagatelle, as it was once called, was built, however, in 1777 by the Comte d'Artois as a wager with Marie Antoinette. The Chateau was completed in sixty-four days at a cost of 120,000 francs.

Roses which will go down in history lift their fragrant heads from the hedgerows, clamber over the trellises, or stand alone in the garden plots of Bagatelle.

The Beauté de Lyon, the Duchesse of Sutherland, the Duke of William toss their regal heads beside the popular Dorothy Perkins, the Scarlet Climbers, and the Donald MacDonald; while the tiny crimson coronas of Mimi Pinson, born in 1920, and the pale yellow centers and pink petals of Des Roses Nouvelles, creations of 1920-21, grow side by side with the yellow Constances, the softer yellow of the Medaille d'Or, the Golden Butterfly of 1920, and Mrs. MacKellor, creamy white amidst her green foliage. Perhaps the most unique rose of all is the Bouquet de Lie de

Vin, the small fragrant clusters of which are as purple as the dregs of rich wine.

One rose, dear to the hearts of the American people, blooms in crimson beauty among these aristocrats of the flower world, the "Red Cross Rose," perfected in 1917.

### GET OUT OF DOORS.

Some interesting tests have recently been completed to show the effect of light upon one's enjoyment of any sport or entertainment. An audience has been carefully watched while enjoying some form of entertainment in bright sunlight, in various degrees of subdued light, and in total darkness. The tests have been scientifically accurate and the effects have been measured by reading the pulse, the blood pressure, and the general physical condition of the spectators. It has been found that the degree of enjoyment and the physical and mental benefits increases steadily as the light increases. In other words, the spectator gets much more enjoyment and benefit from the same performance if the light be increased. In moving picture theaters, where the house must be kept dark, the spectator enjoys himself less than in a lighted room or out of doors. These experiments confirm the opinions of many Scout leaders. It is good Scout philosophy and proves, what we have always believed, that sunlight and out-of-door life is beneficial to us all.—*January Boys' Life.*

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Mrs. J. C. Brownlow, of Denton, Tex., is very anxious to communicate with any one who knew of the service of her husband, J. C. Brownlow, who enlisted in the service from Pulaski, Tenn., as a member of John Brownlow's company, Colonel Cook's regiment, the 32d Tennessee. He was wounded at Chickamauga and was afterwards in the hospital a long while. He removed to Texas some forty years ago. His wife is bedridden and in need of help. Write to J. M. Gary, 809 North Locust Street, Denton, Tex.

Miss Susan E. Hay, 802 North Ranney Street, Sikeston, Mo., wishes to hear from some comrade of her father, who enlisted from Murray, Ky., or near there. He was wounded at Shiloh and also at Gettysburg, the latter wound causing his death some years later. Any one remembering a soldier of the name will confer a favor by writing to her.

# Confederate Veteran.

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

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

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No. 4. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

BY WILL MITT SHIELDS, COLUMBIA, TENN.

"How sleep the brave?" was sung of men  
Who, loving well a native clime,  
Stood with a dauntless courage when  
Some menace called for deeds sublime.

They dared to do—dared even to die—  
And now their sacred, mold'ring dust  
To all the world does testify  
Of faith they kept with valor's trust.

"How sleep the brave?" What land has claim  
Of braver sons than ours, than she  
Whose children stood to guard her name  
Through storms of stern adversity?

They have not died in vain, but win  
That meed impartial justice gives  
True sons. Hate's manacles of sin  
May curb, not kill, for justice lives.

'Twas not grim war alone which tried  
Their spirits as a searing flame,  
But politics, with hate allied,  
Would crush them to ignoble shame.

For all that spite could hope to achieve  
By constant speech, in ardent song,  
Some tried to make the world believe  
That *they* were right and *these* were wrong.

But virtues shown by these will shine—  
Refining fires but prove their worth—  
While calumny must know decline,  
Nor bides 'with lasting things of earth.

It lessens, wanes as dies a flame  
Or light on some receding shore;  
But these shall wax as stars of fame  
That gem love's sky forevermore.

Despite a fog traducers spread—  
A mist that soon must blow away—  
The days to come will see our dead  
And deeds of theirs shine as the day.

Shall we who heir such glories won,  
A light to bless all coming age,  
Seem by indifference to shun  
And e'en disown such heritage?

Be courage ours, though light be dim,  
As theirs to walk the way they trod,  
Unswerving in our faith in Him  
Who is the source of truth, our God.

Sleep, heroes! Though years yet to be  
See not some sorrowing hearts to weep  
Your death in anguish, history  
In sacredness your fame shall keep.

Sleep well, nor reck the stinging darts  
Hate ever hurls at those who've trod  
In Duty's way, for in our hearts  
You live forever, blessed of God.

"How sleep the brave?" As flowers unfold  
From bud to charm with perfect bloom,  
Your fame shall grow through years untold  
And glory gild each name and tomb.

TWO IN ONE.—The great mind of Madison was one of the first to entertain distinctly the noble conception of two kinds of government, operating at one and the same time upon the same individuals, harmonious with each other, but each supreme in its own sphere. Such is the fundamental conception of our partly Federal, partly national government, which appears throughout the Virginia plan as well as in the Constitution which grew out of it.—*John Fiske, of Massachusetts.*

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

## THE PRIVATE.

BY MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE.

On Fame's immortal roll,  
Of those who perished in the fight,  
One name shone out above the rest  
And filled the page with light.

"Who comes?" the herald cried,  
"To join the ranks of noble dead?  
Thy glory dazzles all our eyes."  
"A private, sir," he said.

## TRUE HISTORY.

In making a suggestion to the United Daughters of the Confederacy that such a history as they desire to be taught in the schools of the South can be prepared largely from the files of the VETERAN, Dr. J. C. W. Steger, of Gurley, Ala., says:

"Let us not forget to impress upon the minds of the youth of the South the high qualities of the men who filled the legislative, the judicial, and executive departments of the Confederate government, and especially those who wrote its Constitution. Those of us who feel a just pride in the work of the men and women of the Old South must bestir ourselves to see that their memories are revered. It has been said, 'Though a monument be erected to reach the heavens and to stand until time perished at its base,' it would be meaningless without a history.

"And it will be a calamity if such men as Dr. Shepherd, Dr. McNeilly, and others do not furnish a general history for the benefit of mankind. No one without their general knowledge of affairs could do this work so well. Let the world have the benefit of our struggle for constitutional rights, under which only can a true democracy exist. There has been no time in history when this question was so pertinent and imperative. Europe is seeking such a basis, and our example, costly as any ever made, under the best constitution ever adopted, should be given to the struggling people of dissolving dynasties. They, as we, have made the sacrifice and may, like us, be denied the beneficent results that flow from battle fields of freedom."

## THE PILGRIM CONTRIBUTION.

Nothing has been left unsaid about the Pilgrims, yet the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Plymouth colony finds them rather mythical figures whose primary function is to serve as ancestors.

The Pilgrims were so soon submerged by the great Puritan migration which followed a few years later that their original identity has been almost lost. They were plain, simple, uneducated folk who had gone to Holland to escape religious persecutions at home and who had definitely separated from the Church of England. The Puritan, with his passion for

reforming everybody except himself, was trying to make the Church over into his own image. Many of the Puritans had wealth and power and influence. Some of them were connected with great families. Their quarrel was never about religious freedom of any kind, for they did not believe in it. They were ardent supporters of the union of Church and State, and when they came to America it was to found a theocracy of their own.

The Pilgrims have been so generally confused with the Puritans that the distinction between them is commonly disregarded. The aggressive colonization to Massachusetts was Puritan, and it was the Puritan who originally put his stamp on the colony. But the Pilgrims are entitled to recognition of their own apart from the honor that belongs to them as pathfinders. They made two definite contributions to American institutions, for it was they who established the town meeting and the public school. The town meeting was a revival of one of the oldest traditions of the English race, but the public school was borrowed from the Dutch.

We have succeeded in maintaining and developing the public school, but the institution of local self-government has long been crumbling. It is one of the curious facts in the development of the American people that the political principle which was once regarded as fundamental and at the basis of their whole system is the principle for which they have shown the least respect and in the advancement of which they have made the smallest progress.—*New York World*.

BURIAL OF SIR MOSES EZEKIEL AT ARLINGTON.—The body of Sir Moses Ezekiel, who died in Rome, Italy, in March, 1917, has been brought back to America and interred in Arlington Cemetery, where stands the handsome Confederate monument which was the product of his skill. After a memorial service by the Arlington Confederate Monument Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy in Washington on March 30, the commitment services were held in the Amphitheater at Arlington, and the interment was conducted by Washington Centennial Lodge No. 14, F. and A. M. Cadets from the Virginia Military Institute formed the guard of honor. Sir Moses was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute and fought at New Market, May 15, 1864.

ACTIVE FRIENDS.—The work of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of Chicago, in behalf of the VETERAN is under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Johnson, who is putting special effort in the work. In order to simplify it and make it easier for her successor, she has had some slips printed with blanks for the name and time of expiration of each subscription. These slips will be sent out to the subscribers as a request for renewal at the proper time. Then she keeps a book with the names of all members of the Chapter who are subscribers or paying for some one else, which will be a ready reference as needed. The VETERAN is very appreciative of the work that is being done by Chapters, U. D. C., and wants to help them in their work.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.—On Wednesday, April 13, 1921, a joint meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association and Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in the Public Library Hall, Louisville, Ky., for the purpose of devising ways and means for the completion of the Davis monument at Fairview, Ky. All friends of this movement are invited to attend this meeting.

## LAMAR'S DEFENSE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[Attention has been called to an error in the article on page 101 of the VETERAN for March giving the incident of Senator Lamar's dramatic speech on the proposed amendment to the Mexican War pension bill by which it was sought to exclude Jefferson Davis from the benefits of that legislation. H. D. McDonald, of Corpus Christi, Tex., writes that it was Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and not Zach Chandler, against whom this denunciation was directed. Newspapers have a way of getting things wrong as well as of bringing out the sensational feature. But it was founded upon fact, as the following, taken from a report of the proceedings as given in the "Life of L. Q. C. Lamar," will show. Mr. McDonald writes that, "despite this 'lashing by Lamar's tongue,' in the course of time Lamar and Hoar became good friends, and Lamar had no greater admirer and at his death no sincerer mourner than Senator Hoar."]

On the 1st of March, 1879, the Senate was considering a proposition to extend the act of Congress granting pensions to the soldiers of the War of 1812 and their widows so as to make it applicable as well to the soldiers and sailors who served in the war with Mexico. Senator Hoar offered this amendment: "Provided further that no pension shall ever be paid under this act to Jefferson Davis, the late President of the so-called Confederacy."

The introduction of this resolution precipitated an exciting debate. Senators Bailey, of Tennessee, Hoar, of Massachusetts, Garland, of Arkansas, Shields, of Missouri, Maxey, of Texas, and Thurman, of Ohio, had taken part and Mr. Hoar in his last speech had said: "The Senator from Arkansas alluded to the courage which this gentleman had shown in battle, and I do not deny it. Two of the bravest officers of our Revolutionary War were Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold."

These remarks called out Mr. Lamar. He said: "Mr. President, it is with extreme reluctance that I rise to say a word upon this subject. I must confess my surprise and regret that the Senator from Massachusetts should have wantonly, without provocation, flung this insult!"

The presiding officer (Mr. Edmunds in the chair): "The Senator from Mississippi is out of order. He cannot impute to any Senator either wantonness or insult."

Mr. Lamar: "I stand corrected. I suppose it is in perfect order for certain Senators to insult other Senators, but they cannot be characterized by those who receive the blow."

The presiding officer: "The observations of the Senator from Mississippi, in the opinion of the chair, are not in order."

Mr. Lamar: "The observations of the Senator from Mississippi, in his own opinion, are not only in order, but perfectly and absolutely true."

The presiding officer: "The Senator from Mississippi will take his seat until the question of order is decided."

Mr. Lamar: "Yes, sir."

After the roll call on the question, the presiding officer said: "The judgment of the chair is reversed, and the Senate decides that the words uttered by the Senator from Mississippi are in order, and the Senator from Mississippi will proceed."

Mr. Lamar: "Now, Mr. President, having been decided by my associates to have been in order in the language I used, I desire to say that, if it is at all offensive or unacceptable to any member of this Senate, the language is withdrawn,

for it is not my purpose to offend or stab the sensibilities of any of my associates on this floor. But what I meant by that remark was this: Jefferson Davis stands in precisely the position that I stand in, that every Southern man who believed in the right of a State to secede stands."

Mr. Hoar: "Will the Senator from Mississippi permit me to assure him?"

The presiding officer: "The Senator from Massachusetts will address the chair. Does the Senator from Mississippi yield to the Senator from Massachusetts?"

Mr. Lamar: "O, yes."

Mr. Hoar: "Will the Senator from Mississippi permit me to assure him and other Senators on this floor who stand like him that, in making the motion which I made, I did not conceive that any of them stood in the same position in which I supposed Mr. Davis to stand. I should not have moved to except the gentleman from Mississippi from the pension roll."

Mr. Lamar: "The only difference between myself and Jefferson Davis is that his exalted character, his preëminent talents, his well-established reputation as a statesman, as a patriot, and as a soldier enabled him to take the lead in the cause to which I consecrated myself and to which every fiber of my heart responded. There was no distinction between insult to him and the Southern people except that he was their chosen leader and they his enthusiastic followers, and there has been no difference since."

"Jefferson Davis since the war has never counseled insurrection against the authority of this government. Not one word has he uttered inconsistent with the greatness and glory of this American republic. The Senator from Massachusetts can point to no utterance of Jefferson Davis which bids the people of the South to cherish animosities and hostilities to this Union, nor does he cherish them himself."

"The Senator—it pains me to say it—not only introduced this amendment, but he coupled that honored name with treason; for, sir, he is honored among the Southern people. He did only what they sought to do; he was simply chosen to lead them in a cause which we all cherished; and his name will continue to be honored for his participation in that great movement which inspired an entire people, the people who were animated by motives as sacred and noble as ever inspired the breast of a Hampden or a Washington. I say this as a Union man to-day. The people of the South drank their inspiration from the fountain of devotion to liberty and to constitutional government. We believed that we were fighting for it, and the Senator cannot put his finger upon one distinction between the people of the South and the man whom the Senator has to-day selected for dishonor as the representative of the South."

"Now, sir, I do not wish to make any remarks here that will engender any excitement or discussion, but I say that the Senator from Massachusetts connected that name with treason. We all know that the results of this war have attached to the people of the South the technical crime of rebellion, and we submit to it; but that was not the sense in which the gentleman used that term as applied to Mr. Davis. He intended to affix (I will not say that he intended, but the inevitable effect of it was to affix) upon this aged man, this man broken in fortune, suffering from bereavement, an epithet of odium, an imputation of moral turpitude."

"Sir, it required no courage to do that; it required no magnanimity to do it; it required no courtesy. It only required hate, bitter, malignant, sectional feeling, and a sense of per-

sional impunity. The gentlemen, I believe, takes rank among Christian statesmen. He might have learned a better lesson even from the pages of mythology. When Prometheus was bound to the rock it was not an eagle, it was a vulture, that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim.

"I send to the desk a letter written by Mr. Davis upon this subject to Mr. Singleton, a gentleman who represents one of the districts of Mississippi in the other House, and with the expression of my opinion that the Senator from Massachusetts does not represent Massachusetts in the step that he has taken and the sentiments that he has uttered this day I shall take my seat."

The presiding officer: "Does the Senator from Mississippi desire to have the letter that he sent to the desk read?"

Mr. Lamar: "I do, sir. I wish it read as part of my remarks."

The presiding officer: "The letter will be read, there being no objections."

The Secretary read as follows:

"MISSISSIPPI CITY, 1878.

"Dear Sir: I am quite unwilling that personal objections to me by members of Congress should defeat the proposed measure to grant pensions to the veterans of the war against Mexico, therefore request and authorize you, should the fate of the bill depend upon excluding me from its benefits, in my behalf to ask my friends and the friends of the measure silently to allow a provision for my exclusion from the benefits of the bill to be inserted in it. From other sources you will have learned that not a few of those who then periled their lives for their country are now so indigent and infirm as to require relief, and it would be to me sorrowful indeed if my comrades in that war should suffer deprivation because of their association with me.

"While on this subject I will mention that it did not require a law to entitle me to be put on the list of pensioners, but it rather requires legal prohibition to deprive me of that right. As an officer regularly mustered into the military service of the United States and while serving as such I was 'severely wounded' in battle and could under the laws then existing have applied for and received a pension. My circumstances did not require pecuniary relief from the government, and I did not make the requisite application; therefore my name has never been upon the roll of pensioners and offers no obstruction to the restoration of those names which have been stricken from it.

"Respectfully and truly yours,  
HON. O. R. SINGLETON."

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

#### MEMORIAL DAY.

But, ah, the graves which no man names or knows:

Uncounted graves, which never can be found;

Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound

Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes

No loving step of kindred—O how flows

And yearns our thought to them!

But nature knows her wilderness;

There are no "missing" in her numbered ways;

In her glad heart is no forgetfulness;

Each grave she keeps she will adorn, caress.

We cannot lay such wreaths as summer lays,

And all her days are Decoration Days!

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

#### GEN. ALEXANDER GALT TALIAFERRO.

[The following statement of service to the Confederacy, prepared by Gen. Alexander Galt Taliaferro in 1878, shows patriotic determination to fight for the South, even though it might not be in the capacity he desired. General Taliaferro was born at "Churchill," Gloucester County, Va., in September, 1808, and died at his home, "Annandale," Culpeper County, Va., on June 29, 1884. His wife was Agnes Harwood Marshall, a granddaughter of Chief Justice John Marshall. The paper comes from his granddaughter, Mrs. Rex Corbin Maupin, of Baltimore, who is State Historian of the Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

When the ordinance of secession was passed I held the rank of lieutenant colonel of cavalry, conferred upon me by Governor Wise, in the Second Military Division of the State. Companies were formed and organized in some six counties of the department. Cavalry tactics out of the regular army were almost entirely unknown. I had studied and practiced them, and, presuming that I would be continued in my position, I repaired to Madison, Culpeper, Amherst, and Nelson, my orders and notices having preceded me, and devoted several weeks to the instruction of officers and men. My last appointment was made for Albemarle, and on arriving at Charlottesville I found, to my surprise, Captain Richardson, of the city of Richmond, under instructions from the Governor to inspect the companies—there were two, armed and in readiness for the field—and to send them forward to General Cooke, then commanding at Culpeper Courthouse.

Thus summarily superseded, I went to Richmond and had an interview with Governor Letcher, who informed me that all old commissions were annulled. I then asked that I might be commissioned anew, retaining my rank and arm of service. He replied that it was not proposed to organize regiments of cavalry, and only detached companies of cavalry would be required to act as videttes. The request was then made that he would give me the same position in the infantry, as I was equally familiar with its tactics. He was very kind and respectful and said all his appointments had been made, but if I would raise a regiment of infantry volunteers he would take pleasure in commissioning me as its colonel. I told him it would take two, three, or four months to accomplish that, and as many more would elapse before it could be armed and in readiness for the front, and by that time the struggle might be over, that I was no longer young, verging upon fifty-four, and if I expected to achieve anything I had no time to waste, and that I would go to Harper's Ferry, where the war had opened.

Stopping only a day at my home, I hurried to the Ferry and enrolled, entering myself as a private in the Culpeper Minutemen. Six days after a company of "Roughs" from Baltimore, who had been compelled to flee the city for being engaged in the attack upon the Massachusetts troops when passing through, organized and appointed a deputation to wait on me and request that I would take their command. This I gladly did and two weeks later marched at their head under Col. (afterwards Lieut. Gen.) A. P. Hill to Romney, W. Va., whence the Federals were expelled. Returning with the command to Winchester, three weeks only having elapsed, I found a letter from my wife conveying a commission from the Governor as lieutenant colonel of infantry, with orders to repair to Norfolk and report to General Huger, who would assign me a command. Arriving there and reporting to General Huger, he informed me that the only vacancy in the grade of lieutenant colonel had that morning been filled by

Lieut. Col. George Blow, that more troops were daily expected, and that the first opening should be assigned me. Troops arrived, but they were fully officered; and after remaining there seven weeks unattached I addressed a letter to Governor Letcher, stating the circumstances and begging an active position in the field. The next mail brought me an order to report to Gen. Henry Jackson, commanding at the Green Brier River, as lieutenant colonel of the 23d Regiment. There I was most agreeably surprised to find my nephew, William B. Taliaferro, as colonel of that regiment and as ranking colonel next to Col. (afterwards Maj. Gen.) Edward Johnson, who commanded the post under General Jackson. William B. Taliaferro commanded a brigade composed of the 1st and 12th Georgia, 23d and 37th Virginia Regiments, and I, by consequence, had the full and entire command as lieutenant colonel of the 23d.

Two days after the battle of Green Brier was fought; six weeks later the post was abandoned, the troops divided, part left under Colonel Johnson, and my nephew's brigade was conducted by him to Winchester to reinforce Gen. Thomas J. Jackson. This brigade now made the 3d Brigade of the Stonewall Division.

On the first day of January, 1862, we left Winchester to engage in the disastrous and hopeless winter expedition to Baltimore, thence to Hancock, in Maryland, and then on to Romney, W. Va.—disastrous from the number of fine and gallant young men who perished; bootless because General Jackson's plans were never communicated to his second in command, General Loring. Later I was somewhat behind the scenes and partially honored by his confidence. The plans were to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and thus cut off reinforcements to the Yankee army in Tennessee. What a great achievement this would have been, and what a different coloring this might have given to the results of the war! To have wintered in Clarksburg, by his personal popularity (he was born there) and the magic of his name, Jackson would have aroused all of West Virginia and brought its men to his standard, and in the early spring with an overwhelming force they would have marched upon and occupied Pittsburg. What a grand turning point it would have been in the struggle had not traitors in the departments in Richmond divulged Jackson's plans, as Yankee papers captured in Baltimore gave the very day of Jackson's departure from Winchester, his destination, and the exact numbers of his different arms—infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

Returning to Winchester to winter quarters, in the early spring the battle of Kernstown was fought. This gave cheer to the Confederacy, but it was simply a repulse, not a victory, for the Federals. In this I had my horse killed under me. General Jackson, still maintaining a gallant front, retreated up the Valley. I finally crossed the Shenandoah at Swift Run Gap, where Jackson made his stand. While there the reorganization of the army occurred, and I was elected by acclamation full colonel of the 23d Regiment and was so commissioned. My nephew, Gen. William B. Taliaferro, in the meantime having been promoted to a brigadier general, I continued now in command of the 3d Brigade of the Stonewall Division, of which the 23d Regiment formed a part.

The battle of McDowell was next fought, where I had my second horse killed under me. Then the affair of Franklin was followed in quick succession by the battles of Front Royal, Strasburg, and the first Winchester, where in charging a battery I had my sword scabbard shot from my side by grape shot. Here occurred the pursuit of General Banks to

Harpers Ferry, and then the second Strasburg was fought, at which time General Jackson encountered the two Yankee armies, Fremont moving from Romney, W. Va., and Shields from Fredericksburg, Va. Next came the battle of Cross Keys and the decisive battle of Port Republic, the last in the splendid services of Jackson in the Valley. In each of these I bore my part. At Port Republic I was slightly wounded, but painfully, in the shoulder, and this, superseded by an exhaustive attack of diarrhea contracted in the Valley, prevented my being present in the fights around Richmond when General McClellan withdrew to the defenses of Old Point.

General Lee centered his troops in an around Gordonsville, where I rejoined my command. While confined to my chamber, sick and wounded, the Federals under Lieutenant General Pope for the first time advanced and occupied Culpeper Courthouse, and of this I was reliably informed by a refugee and, further, that their purpose was that night to burn the railroad bridge across the Rapidan River and to capture me, as they were fully advised that I was at home and an invalid. Forthwith I dispatched my servant with my horses to Gordonsville and had another ready in the stable on which to make my escape. As a further precaution against capture, I ordered two men to report to me from the single company detailed to guard the railroad bridge, numbering some forty men—strange to tell, the importance of preserving it considered—without a piece of artillery, although higher up the river, where there was nothing to protect, there was a park of artillery numbering ten pieces. The privates reported and were stationed by me at my outer gate, near which the only roads leading from Culpeper Courthouse converged. I impressed upon them the all-importance of keeping awake, that there were only two approaches, and to give me early information of the approach of danger; therefore I retired to rest, feeling perfectly secure.

Informed somewhat of the movements of the cavalry, I expected them only at dawn; but at one o'clock I was aroused by the report of firearms, and the next instant a servant girl rapped at my window, exclaiming: "Master, the Yankees are here!" I had arranged everything for a sudden summons, but was only half dressed when they thundered upon the door with the hilts of their swords, demanding instant admission. Under my directions my wife opened the blinds and begged a few minutes to dress herself, and these few minutes I employed to dress and arm myself, and with my cocked hat upon my head and my military overcoat across my arm I passed out through a window, purposely left open to the rear, which was clear, and thus made my escape. The whole front yard was crowded, as the enemy's command numbered over fifteen hundred men, and I passed within ten feet of them unchallenged. I refer to this fact because I must have been taken for a Federal officer, as in that stage of the war the uniforms were very much alike, a light blue. I had made a foolish and stupid mental resolve that I would never show my back to the Yankees, and if I was ever straight and erect in my life it was while walking through their ranks. This seeming fearlessness doubtless contributed to save me, and upon reaching the river's bank under the sheltering trees I felt perfectly secure. Many shots were fired, but none came near me, though they reported to my family that I had been riddled by bullets and lay dead in the garden. The truth is, I had scant fear of being captured, for if challenged and halted my purpose was to impersonate one of their officers and run the gauntlet. In my safe hiding place my ears were saluted by a yell of triumph; they had found my horse in the

stable. As to the fate of my sentinels, they were found asleep upon their post by the Yankees, and in attempting to escape they were both killed.

Twelve days thereafter the battle of Cedar Mountain was fought. At its opening General Winder, commanding the Stonewall Division, was killed, and my nephew, being the next ranking officer, succeeded to the command of the division; while I, the ranking officer under him, succeeded to the command of the brigade, and as its commander I led it on that day and afterwards in all the series of affairs. We crossed the Hazel and Rappahannock Rivers and soon fought the three days' battle of Second Manassas. The first day of the battle my horse was killed under me, and on the second day in a charge upon the enemy a Minie ball struck the eagle of my sword belt and, glancing off, alone saved my life; but my stomach was badly bruised, and on the third day while leading a charge upon a battery which was doing fearful execution in our ranks my hand was struck by a Minie ball and two fingers of my sword arm crushed and mutilated.

On the first day of these battles Gen. William B. Taliaferro, still commanding the Stonewall Division, was severely wounded in the shoulder and was forced to retire. He was succeeded in command by General Starke, of Louisiana, the next ranking officer. The day after the closing battle General Lee diverted his march to Ox Hill, in the county of Loudoun *en route* for Maryland at the crossing at Leesburg, where what has been termed the affair at Ox Hill, or Chantilly, occurred. It should have been dignified with the name of battle. I had been engaged in the battles of Green Brier River, Kernstown, McDowell's, the affair at Franklin, Front Royal, the First and Second Strasburg, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cedar Mountain, at the crossings of the Hazel and Rappahannock Rivers, and in the three-day battles of Second Manassas; but for the time it raged and lasted (only one hour) and the number of men engaged it was the sharpest and most deadly of them all. In this affair, General Starke being reported sick, I, as the next ranking officer, commanded the Stonewall Division. The next day the march was continued, and General Starke, having recovered, resumed the command, my command of the division lasting only twenty-four hours.

From the bruise about my stomach I could not bear the pressure and weight of my belt and sword, and from my disabled hand I could not hold my sword or manage my horse; so under the earnest entreaties and almost commands of the surgeons I applied for a furlough and returned to my home. Three days later the battle of Sharpsburg was fought, and the gallant Starke was killed. Could I have returned to the army and survived the day and have remained with the army, I should have succeeded to the full command of the Stonewall Division. My promotion was assured without the form of application to either the President or the Secretary of War. But the disease contracted in the Valley returned upon me. I had long borne up against it, but it prostrated me, and the deaths of my children, God help me. In my heart I had no further place for ambition. I was never afterwards in active service with the Army of Northern Virginia proper. I doubt not that I was the oldest man to volunteer as a private in the ranks of either army, North or South, and so I retired from it.

I was assigned to the command the university post at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, and the military department surrounding after a service of less than eighteen months with the full command of a brigade and the brief

command of a division, and this before promotion came quick and rapid. If I have no cause for pride in my military record, I am surely not ashamed of it.

After the series of battles around Fredericksburg, on the 6th of February, 1863, Gen. William B. Taliaferro was promoted to major general and ordered to the command of Fort Wagner, the most important of the defenses of Charleston, S. C., where he so greatly distinguished himself. A vacancy thus being made for a brigadier general in the 3d Brigade of the Stonewall Division, the acting position and duties of which I had filled as colonel for many months, though absent, I was not forgotten by them, but instantly upon the promotion of Gen. William B. Taliaferro its officers, field staff, and company with almost unanimity signed a petition in which they set forth my claims and services and the perfect confidence that they reposed in my leadership, begging that I might be named their brigadier general. This petition was as follows:

"THIRD BRIGADE, TRIMBLE'S DIVISION, JACKSON'S CORPS,  
A. N. V., CAMP NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER,  
February 6, 1863.

"Col Alexander G. Taliaferro—Dear Sir: Brig. Gen. William B. Taliaferro, commanding this brigade, having been relieved at his own request, the post of brigadier general has become vacant.

"From your position as senior colonel of the brigade you are, according to military usage, entitled to the promotion. In the last campaign, the events of which are so well known, you have frequently and for long periods had the command of the brigade both upon the march and in battle. Your experience, the perfect satisfaction you have rendered to your superiors, and the high appreciation in which your services are held by your inferiors in command are the greatest supports that could possibly be asked for your claims.

"Knowing your modesty to be equal to your merit, we shall not here offend it by expressing the high reputation you have won throughout our whole army for courage, gallantry, ability, and all other qualities of a soldier and a gentleman; but we do most earnestly request that your claims for promotion may be presented and urged."

This was signed by the field, staff, and company officers of the 23d Virginia Infantry, 10th Virginia Infantry, 37th Virginia Infantry, 1st North Carolina Infantry, and 3d North Carolina Infantry.

This petition was sent me by an express messenger, and the pressing request renewed that I would hurry to Richmond, present it in person, and press my claim. In all human probability this was the only instance that occurred during the continuance of the Confederate war of an application of this character, and I value it and would not exchange the proud expressions of the officers of my old 3d Brigade for all the parchments that the President or Secretary of War could sign, made as to the wishes of a command and as such should have been respected; but appointments were made arbitrarily from political or personal motives. Mr. James A. Seddon was then acting Secretary of War. He told me he would give the application his earliest attention and would take great pleasure in promoting my wishes and those of the officers of the brigade. The next day I returned to my post at Charlottesville, and six days thereafter I saw Col. George H. Steuart, of Maryland, gazetted as brigadier general of the 3d Brigade, Stonewall Division.

In justice to Mr. Seddon (my health was very bad) he



asked me if my physical condition was such as to accept the command. I replied that I could not and would not return to the active army in the field as colonel of a regiment after having had the command of a brigade; but if he should give the position asked I would gladly report to the army if I died in the mud and mire. The finale was that I was promoted to brigadier general and continued in the command of my military post, which I held up to Appomattox.

*TRUE STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF JOHN  
WILKES BOOTH.*

BY WILLIAM H. GARRETT, LENT, VA.

There have been so many contradictory statements in regard to the capture of John Wilkes Booth that I shall try to write a correct account of it, I being one of the Garrett boys who were at home at the time of his capture and death.

I had just returned from the war. About three days after my arrival there came to my father's home a man by the name of Captain Jett, with a man riding behind him on the same horse. He introduced this man to my father as John W. Boyd, a Confederate soldier from the army of Lee, who had been wounded near Petersburg. He said he had returned to his home in Maryland, but the authorities required him to take the oath, so rather than do that he would return to the army. He did not know that Johnston had surrendered in the West. Captain Jett then requested my father to entertain "Mr. Boyd," and he would call for him on Wednesday.

That night when I came to the house my father introduced me to "Mr. Boyd, an old soldier." I was struck with his looks, as he was the handsomest man I had ever seen. He remained that night, the next day, and the next night, when he was shot. The first night he slept in the same room with my brother Jack and myself. He seemed to sleep well. The next day he remained about the premises with me and the younger children.

During the noon meal my brother, who had been to a shoemaker's, said he had heard that President Lincoln had been assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, and a reward of one hundred thousand dollars had been offered for his arrest. I made the remark: "I wish he would come this way. I'd like to get that amount."

Mr. Boyd looked at me without showing any excitement and said: "Would you do such a thing?"

I replied: "That is a big sum."

My father then said: "He is young and foolish. He does not mean what he says."

Then the conversation turned to other topics.

After the meal Boyd returned to the porch. My sister Annie said to him that she thought the death of Lincoln was a most unfortunate thing to have happened at this time. He replied that it was the best thing that could have happened, as Andrew Johnson would be made President, and he was a drunken sot. It would cause a revolution and would be the best thing for the South.

About three o'clock three men came to within about three hundred yards of the house and beckoned to Mr. Boyd. He met them, and they remained in conversation about half an hour; then two of the men left, leaving one behind whom Mr. Boyd introduced as a friend of his. Sometime later the two men returned, and the other man went to meet them. He came back and said he was notified that there was a body of troops coming from the direction of Port Royal. They seemed to be excited and left for the woods, where they re-

mained until dusk. On their return they learned that the troops had passed on toward Bowling Green, which seemed to satisfy them.

My father had become suspicious that these men were not what they claimed to be, as Captain Jett had not called for Mr. Boyd, as promised, so after supper he told them they could not stay in his house that night; they had better go back to the woods. They said they were not criminals and requested him to let them sleep in some outhouse, so he told them they could stay in the tobacco house.

Brother Jack and I went with them to the barn, and after they had entered, fearing they might in the night come out and take our horses, we locked the door. Not being satisfied with that precaution, as there were doors that fastened on the inside, we concluded to sleep in a shuck house near by to guard our horses. We were aroused about one o'clock by the barking of the dogs and quite a commotion going on. Jack said he would investigate and for me to remain in the shuck house. He was met by a posse of soldiers and ordered to surrender. He replied: "Where is your commander? Take me to him." He was conducted to the house, where he found that they had taken my father out of doors in his night clothes and were calling for a rope to swing him up by because he could not tell them where the men were. Jack told them to let father alone, that he would take them to the barn, for there were two men out there, but he did not know who they were. They found the barn door locked, and I took the key to them. Then they made my brother go in and tell the men that they must surrender, as there were fifty men around the barn, and they could not escape.

Boyd said to my brother: "Get out of here at the risk of your life. You have betrayed me."

Brother reported what he said to the officer, who told him to lock the door. He then told my brother and me to pile brush near the side door, which we did. While doing so Boyd said: "Stop that. If you put any more there, it will be at your peril."

The officer then told us not to put any more there, and he commenced to parley with Boyd and his companion. He told them to come out and surrender. Boyd refused, saying: "I do not know to whom I am to surrender. I do not know who you are. You may be my friends."

The officer said: "It makes no difference; I know who you are. I came for you, and I am going to take you."

Boyd then said: "There is a man in here who wishes to come out."

The officer said: "Tell him to leave his arms and come out."

Boyd said: "He has no arms; they are mine."

The officer then ordered my brother to unlock the door. He made the man put forth his arms, and cuffs were placed on them, and he was jerked out and the door fastened as quickly as if they feared a tiger might bounce out on them. Boyd then came to a crack in the barn and said to the officer: "Captain, I have a bead on your heart. I could kill you, but I do not wish to shed innocent blood. Call your men off fifty yards and open the door, and I will come out and fight. Give me some chance for my life."

The officer said: "No, I did not come to fight; I came to capture you." He then placed my brother and me each at a corner of the barn by a light from a candle, with a guard over us with instructions that if the man inside fired a shot we were to be shot and not allowed to escape.

Boyd said to the officer: "Those men are innocent. They

do not know who I am. I will not surrender, so prepare a stretcher for me. Here is one more stain on the glorious banner. Do your worst."

Then it was that an officer, whom I afterwards learned was Colonel Conger, twisted some straw and lighted it and set the barn on fire. As soon as the barn was lighted up a shot was heard.

An officer, Lieutenant Baker, was standing near the front door, and when the shot was heard he said to me: "Give me the key; he has shot himself."

I unlocked the door, and he and I ran in and took hold of the man to lift him up. We found that he could not walk. I then left them to go and work on the fire, hoping to put it out and save the barn, but it could not be saved; it was burned with all its contents. The loss was about two thousand dollars, for which no compensation was ever made.

I then learned for the first time that it was John Wilkes Booth who had been shot. He was shot by Sergeant Corbitt, a religious crank, who claimed that the Lord had directed him to avenge the death of the President. The ball passed through Booth's neck and paralyzed him from his neck down. He was taken to the house and placed on the porch floor. A mattress was then put under him, and he lived about two hours. All he said was to Lieutenant Baker: "Tell my mother good-by. What I did I thought was for the best." Then he passed away.

I learned that the young man who came with him was David Harrold. He was tied to a tree in the yard with his hands behind him.

Booth was sewed in a blanket and a one-horse carryall was hired from a negro man, Ned Freeman, who took him to Belle Plain, a wharf on the Potomac. My brother, Harrold, and I were taken to the same place, each behind a soldier. Then we took the same boat that had brought the troops down from Washington, and we returned to Washington. We were taken to the arsenal, brother and I escorted by four detectives, one on each side of us. We were placed in a cell 6x8 feet the first night. The next day we were given the liberty of the guardroom with the soldiers. We remained there about five days. During the time the public heard of the capture and of our being confined there, and a mob made a raid on the arsenal to take us out, what to do with us I do not know unless to hang us.

They had to double the guard and place cannon in front of the gates. The commotion kept up most of the night. We were well treated, Irish soldiers guarding us. We were then taken to the old Capitol Prison under a heavy guard. They formed a hollow square and placed us in the middle. All the way to the old prison we were hissed at and followed by the cry of "Rebel! Rebel!" We were placed in a room with a Confederate colonel who had been arrested as a suspect. He seemed to be a man of means, bought his dram, and kept drunk most of the time.

We remained there about seven days, then we were taken before the chief of the detective department. We were then paroled to report each day at nine o'clock. We then learned that we were to be used as witnesses, and we were sent to a boarding house kept by a gentleman of color. We were never taken to court, but our affidavit was taken and used in favor of Lieutenant Baker as being the first man to place his hand on Booth after he was shot. Corbitt, who did the shooting, thought the reward was his, so he installed himself in a hotel, taking two rooms. He took quite an interest in us, having us to call on him, and when leaving he placed

a Bible and twenty-five dollars in our hands. It was said that he died insane.

After being kept there a month we were given our transportation home. From Baltimore we took the first traffic boat that had been up the Rappahannock River since the war. Arriving home in the night, our people were wild with joy at seeing us, for they had not heard a thing from us since we left.

It has been said that my brother Jack betrayed Booth. Here are a few more facts: Two men came to Port Conway, on the King George side of the river, and hailed the ferryman, Bill Rollins, who was out fishing. He did not come at once, so in the meantime there rode up three soldiers of Mosby's command—Captain Jett and Lieutenants Ruggles and Bainbridge—who also wished to cross. While waiting one of the two men, the youngest, came up and met the three, and during their conversation he said: "That man on the log is Booth, who shot Lincoln." The man heard him and said, "I did not wish you to tell that; you have killed us," or something to that effect.

They were put across the river by Rollins and a negro, Jim Thornton, but I do not know that they were told who they were taking over. On reaching Port Royal they tried to get lodging at Mr. Gibbs's, who kept an inn there, but he was not at home; so the soldiers brought Booth to my father's place, Captain Jett bringing him to the house on his own horse. Jett then went to Bowling Green, where the soldiers found him and brought him back to my father's the night Booth was killed.

Colonel Baker, chief detective of the War Department, received notice that two men were seen leaving the Maryland shore one dark night. It was his impression that that was the route they would take, as he (Booth) had traveled it several times going to Richmond as a spy. So he ordered a detachment of soldiers, with two of his trusted detectives, and gave them orders to land at Belle Plain, on the Potomac, and to proceed to Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, believing he would strike the trail. When they arrived there, they of course inquired of the ferryman, Mr. Rollins, about the men. He informed them that such men had crossed.

Now who betrayed Booth? Did Captain Jett or Bill Rollins or Jack Garrett or Colonel Baker, chief detective? I give the facts.

### SPRING GREETING.

(From the German of Herder.)

All faintly through my soul to-day,  
As from a bell that far away  
Is tinkled by some frolic fay,  
Flouteth a lovely chiming,  
Thou magic bell, to many a fell  
And many a winter-saddened dell  
Thy tongue a tale of spring doth tell,  
Too passionate-sweet for rhyming.

Chime out, thou little song of Spring,  
Float in the blue sky ravishing.  
Thy song of life a joy doth bring  
That's sweet, albeit fleeting.  
Float on the Spring-winds e'en to my home;  
And when thou to a rose shall come  
That hath begun to show her bloom,  
Say, I send her greeting!

—Sidney Lanier.

## SIDNEY LANIER.

"A perfect life in perfect labor wrought."

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Sidney Lanier is numbered among the few great poets of America and, with Edgar Allan Poe, represents the South in this high fellowship. Critics may stress different characteristics of his work, but to the unlearned there are three salient qualities which impress even the casual reader: first, intense vitality; second, the varied mental pictures suggested; and last, the pure beauty of the thoughts enshrined in words. A lover of nature, a musician, a student of the classics, and a deeply religious soul stand revealed, also a mystic, as we call those who catch a clearer vision of "the little landscape of our life" in its relation to the boundless vista of eternity. Lowell said he was a man of genius with a rare gift for the happy word. Lanier's own conviction is thus affirmed: "I know through the fiercest tests of life that I am in soul and shall be in life and utterance a great poet."

A writer of the present, in a critical estimate of Lanier's genius, says: "With the spiritual endowment of a poet and an unusual sense of melody, where was he lacking in what makes a great poet? In power of expression. \* \* \* The touch of finality is not in his words. Lack of time to revise his work. Sickness, poverty, hard work, robbing him of the repose and the serenity essential to the development of the artist."

The "Symphony" was written in four days, the "Psalm of the West," in a few weeks, the "Centennial Cantata" in seven days. Yet, falling short of the supreme perfection he might have attained in more fortuitous circumstances, as the record of his thirty-nine years is read, where is there another life more inspiring in its heroic struggle with untoward conditions or insuperable obstacles and more bravely defiant in the long battle with disease? Sidney Lanier was born in 1842, a descendant of the Huguenots and the Scotch-Irish, two of the finest strains which have mingled in the making of Americans. From one he inherited the music and poetry which transform the clod into the finer clay which choice spirits inhabit, and from the other came the stalwart virtues and serene faith which enable mortals to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

Southern biography, it must be confessed, departs somewhat from Southern fiction in its financial estimates of *ante bellum* opulence. Society, as Voltaire notices, heard even then the rustling of brocades coming down and sabots going up. A static condition may be approximately maintained through primogeniture reinforced by marriage with heiresses, but in Dixie land, except for an occasional spendthrift trust, there were no artificial barriers to prevent the division of estates or to suspend the law which makes the careless and incompetent the natural prey of the diligent and efficient. Biography indicates that even in "the days that are no more" there was in the South a professional class whose modest emoluments added zest to the problem of making both ends meet and a proletariat (commonly known as poor white trash) which attained the *ne plus ultra* of sloth and ignorance.

In Macon, Ga., in the year 1842, there were many pillared porticos owned by wealthy citizens, mostly on the hills above the flourishing little town, which was becoming a railroad center, and in a small cottage down on High Street Robert Sampson Lanier and Mary Anderson, his wife, founded a

home which was a center of piety and culture. He was a struggling young lawyer and in time built up a good practice, but there was evidently no surplus of either capital or income. Three children came to this home, Sidney, Clifford, and Gertrude, bound together by closest ties of sympathy and affection. Education was a tradition in the Lanier family and the love of music an inheritance which they believed was derived from a remote ancestor who was a musician in the household of Queen Elizabeth. Sidney and Clifford went to Oglethorpe College, and when the call to arms came in 1861 both answered adsum promptly and served with daring and fidelity from the beginning until almost the close of hostilities. Both took part in the campaigns in Virginia, and in December, 1864, were transferred to Wilmington, the last port of the Confederacy to close. They were signal officers on blockade runners, hazardous work, which was soon ended, for Clifford's ship, the *Talisman*, was lost, but he fortunately was saved, and Sidney's ship, *Lucy*, was captured, and he was sent to prison at Point Lookout.

The hardships endured during the imprisonment of nearly five months developed tuberculosis, and with this handicap, the price of patriotic devotion, Sidney Lanier began life again in his devastated country. The old order, the old comforts and compensations had alike vanished. Entering "the unfamiliar avenue of a new era" with precarious means of support, it was perfectly Southern and characteristic for him to take unto himself a wife. In December, 1867, he married Miss Lucy Day, and a union of ideal happiness began, tenderly depicted in the poem "My Springs." She was a devoted helpmeet and as his literary executrix the zealous guardian of his fame. For the next six years Sidney was "finding himself" and seeking health, doing some writing also, notably his one novel, "Tiger Lilies." After trying and abandoning the law, he definitely resolved to adopt music as a profession. His real life, in both music and literature, began in 1873 in Baltimore when he became flutist in the Peabody Orchestra. A congenial environment, opportunity to study in the Peabody Library, and the deepening consciousness of his own powers made the next eight years the happiest of his life. As if he realized that Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin" measured his days, the fertility of those years is amazing. Always, however, weaving through the music of the orchestra, and for Lanier its leit motif, was the howling of the wolf. Surely life's profoundest tragedy is the moratorium which necessity declares against the leisure and repose in which genius can attain its ultimate development. He was an indefatigable worker, for work meant bringing to him the adored wife and sons. Prose had a commercial value which made it expedient for him to write "the Boy's Froissart, Mabinogion," a guidebook to Florida, and other pot boilers, all permeated by his charming style and gentle humor. Ten volumes of his prose works were collected. While visiting Macon in 1874 he wrote "Corn," which appeared the next year in *Lippincott's Magazine*. With "A Psalm of the West," the "Symphony," and a few short poems, it comprises the slim brown volume, dedicated to Charlotte Cushman, which was published in 1877. There are few passages more exquisite than the comparison of the old hill to "King Lear,"

"Whom the divine Cordelia of the year

E'en pitying spring will vainly strive to cheer."

It presages the depth and power which later found expression in "The Marshes of Glynn," esteemed by critics his

greatest poem and worthy to rank with the best in our literature.

Although Lanier continued to play his wonderful flute and composed several melodies for it, he gave up the Peabody Orchestra and became lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University. To these lectures he devoted the waning strength of his last years. No bitterness mars his allusions to the war which took toll of his lifeblood.

"Headstrong South would have his way,  
Headstrong North hath said him nay."

The little ballad of the "Trees and the Master" and "The Crystal Christ" seem almost too intimate and sacred even for reverent comment. Through the veil they lift one has a glimpse of the resignation and the inward light as Lanier approached the final mystery. In 1881 he sought in the healing air of the North Carolina mountains the rest he sorely needed, and there, in the shadow of Mount Pisgah, came the final summons on September 7. Surely this rare and beautiful spirit found "on the Paradise side of the river of death" all that he anticipated in his last poem, "Sunrise," dictated on his deathbed.

Sidney Lanier was buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore's sweet, silent "sleeping place." Down in the city, deaf to its discord, is the grave of Edgar Allan Poe. Lanier was a being of courage and hope, with a heart and mind attuned to the noblest aspirations which thrill humanity; Poe a figure of supreme sorrow, a dweller in ghoul-haunted forests and the dank tarn of Auber, distilling from mingled genius and misery a few immortal poems and unsurpassed short stories. No comparison of these lives, almost identical in their span, seems possible; but it is a noteworthy fact that Poe, dying in 1849, and Lanier, a generation later, had this experience in common: each found in their happier and more prosperous Northern contemporaries the sympathy, encouragement, and discerning appreciation which are the incentive to creative effort and also its best reward. It would also seem that centers of learning and culture are a necessary environment to some natures: If the spirit's lamp does not actually cease to burn in the small town or country, it dwindles to an infinitesimal source of illumination.

Reviewing the lives of Southern literary men, the chastening thought must come that Ireland is not alone in being "the birthplace of genius, but never its home." Southern careers in literature, as well as in music and art, are pursued under difficulties, and success, if attained, is not a facile triumph, but a hard-won and well-deserved reward.

#### THE LAST SONG IN A BURNING HOME.

(From "Women of the South in War Times.")

In all America perhaps, but certainly in the Valley of the Shenandoah, a name which will ever be held up to execration is that of Gen. David Hunter. This execration is by no means sectional or partisan, for General Hunter was secretly and often openly scorned by many Federal soldiers who had the misfortune to serve under him, while it is said that not a few refused to obey his orders.

On his invasion of the Shenandoah Valley in 1864 the first victim to suffer under the ruthless policy of General Hunter was his first cousin, Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Charles Town, Va., (W. Va.) Not content with directing that Mr. Hunter, an elderly man, be placed in close confinement, General Hun-

ter gave orders that Mr. Hunter's house be burned. His cousins, the women of the household, were not permitted to save either their clothing or their family portraits from the flames. Thereafter, in order to make the destruction complete, General Hunter camped his cavalry on the highly cultivated ground surrounding the site of the house until every vestige of lawn and garden had been utterly ruined.

This exploit having been brought to a close, General Hunter sent out a force with orders to destroy Fountain Rock, the Boteler residence, near Shepherdstown. Colonel Boteler was a member of the Confederate Congress and was then in Richmond. At the time of General Hunter's invasion the only members of the family at home were Mrs. Davis Shepherd, Colonel Boteler's widowed daughter, who was an invalid, her three children, the oldest of whom was not six years old, and Miss Helen Boteler.

On July 19, 1864, therefore, in pursuance of instructions from General Hunter, Capt. William F. Martindale, with a detachment of cavalry, rode up to the Boteler home. Warned of their approach, Mrs. Shepherd met the soldiers at the door. Captain Martindale stated that he had come to burn her house and its contents. Pleading was in vain, and Mrs. Shepherd and Miss Boteler made preparations to save household and personal effects; but Captain Martindale, in accordance with the orders of General Hunter, directed that everything be consigned to the flames. The furniture was piled up on the floor, straw was brought from the barn, and the soldiers busied themselves scattering over all kerosene oil, which they had brought with them for the purpose. In the midst of this work of destruction Miss Boteler, a devoted student of music, pleaded for her piano. This was denied her, and while the flames were bursting out in other rooms she went into the parlor and, seating herself for the last time before the instrument, began to sing Charlotte Elliott's hymn:

"My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
'Thy will be done!'"

A soldier seized her to lead her out of the house, but she pulled away from him and sang again:

"Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
'Thy will be done!'"

In amazement the cavalrymen thought the girl was crazed with grief; but as the flames came nearer Miss Boteler calmly shut down the lid of the piano, locked it, and went out under the trees, the only shelter left for herself, her sick sister, and the frightened little children.

#### THE SOLDIER'S FATE.

Dreaming that love and hope no more  
Would come to him on sea or shore,  
In some fierce fray he longed to die,  
But death, disdainful, passed him by.

And when, at last, glad tidings came,  
The homeward call to love and fame,  
Close to a fen of poisonous breath  
The soldier met an ambushed death!

—William H. Hayne.

## SHARPSBURG.

BY JOHN N. WARE, SEWANEE, TENN.

Sharpsburg pulls out its shoe string length along the Hagerstown-Stepherdstown Pike, a drowsy little one-street town, a Brer Rabbit sort of a place, "jes' haltin' 'twix er breakdown an' er balk," no reason for going back, certainly no incentive for going forward, just a somnolent little lizard perpetually sunning itself. One brief day of glory it has had in its one hundred and fifty years, the kind of glory we foolish mortals associate with trumpets and powder, forgetting the toll in what was once God's own image.

And in commemoration of that one brief day and to do fitting honor to those who died, the living come back one September 17, just fifty-eight years after, and wander again over those fields and through those woods and along the banks of a narrow little winding creek. A tiny little stream indeed, but so was the Rubicon, and the Marne is not so very large. You tag along with these old men, and you hear much that thrills you, and that night you have a queer dream. This is what you dream: You are witnessing an enormous movie. You stand in front of a tiny little brick church surrounded by a few trees. By it runs a macadam road, along which goes an endless stream of automobiles. To the northwest there is a thin strip of woods, farther off to the northeast another thin strip. Between are rich fields and prosperous-looking houses and barns. Some distance off to the right there is a large walled-in place where there are many little headstones in orderly array. It is like a painting, this serene landscape. And then it fades out slowly, and a new film is before you.

It is still September 17, you notice by a calendar by the stage door, but it is now earliest dawn. You can scarcely distinguish anything, but dimly you realize that it is the same place. And yet it seems strangely different. There are more woods and less open land between; the road is the same, but it is now flanked by rail fences, and the automobiles are gone. In fact, it is entirely deserted, and this seems peculiar to you, because all around you are men. Strange-looking men they are, burned almost black, lean and long of face and frame, unbelievably dusty and dirty, clad, if you can call it clad, in fantastic rags, and shod, when they are shod at all, in absurd shoes, some with toes gone, others with soles tied on with strings or green withes. At times they scratch themselves languorously as if rather from sheer force of habit than from any hope of reaching any definite conclusion, and profanely and querulously and inelegantly they argue as to whether that pain in their middle is a belly- or a bachache, the two parts being so close together that there is no way of distinguishing clearly the limitations of each. You gather that for the past three days they have had nothing to eat but "one mess of roas'in' ears, an' raw at that," and you gather further that they "hope to God that them cooks gets finished 'fore Ole Jo begins." Ole Who begins what? you wonder. It is all Greek to you, and still more Greek is all this cryptic talk about Ole Jube being with Ole Jeb and the Ole Man and Ole Mack. But, nevertheless, though puzzled, you feel that something tense is afoot, and you look again at the calendar. Yes, it is September 17, but now you note with a start what had escaped you before. Time has turned back fifty-eight years in its flight, and you are with the Army of Northern Virginia. Over yonder in that east woods is Jo Hooker with his 1st Corps, of the Army of the Potomac. And before you can think another thought there is a crash of artillery, and a man near you remarks casually, "Thar she goes,

boys," and once more tragedy stalks the boards, and that busy old miller, History, has commenced grinding more human grist.

There is in front of you a field of corn just ready to cut, and above the tassels you see the glint of bayonets. So, it seems, do other eyes, and from those innocent-looking east woods there is suddenly a roar of cannon. It is the crash that you have just heard, and bayonets and men and corn go down in regular rows under the blade of the reaper, such a reaper as never before has harvested that field and, please God, never will again.

And then in the brighter light you see the ten brigades of Jo Hooker bearing down on the seven of Old Jack and Dick Ewell. On the right is Doubleday, Gen. Forty-Eight Hours, as the seldom playful Stonewall calls him in the one known pun of his life, and there is certainly nothing playful in the meeting of the twain now. Winder and J. R. Jones are behind stone ledges and rail fences, giving and taking tremendous punishment; down the pike Stark's Louisianians and Taliaferro's Virginians and Alabamians are desperately wrestling back and forth with Meade, and near the Dunker church it is sickening. There is an open field here, and in this field yesterday you watched a young man prosily driving a harrow and whistling "Love Nest" murderously off the key, but blissfully ignorant of it. It is no love nest now, for here Ricketts is fighting Lawton and Trimble and Hayes, and the two forces are fairly tearing each other to pieces. Your friends are killing man for man, but there are too many of the others, and foot by foot the ragged gray men are forced back to the church.

An orderly runs up to a black-bearded man near you: "General Lawton's compliments, and will General Hood come at once to his support?" "I told you so," says the dirty individual who had guessed correctly that Jo Hooker would arrive before "them d—n cooks" did, and then he adds as if very much bored: "Le's go shoot us a few squirrels, an' then maybe we can eat a mess of sumpin' or other in peace." And with this benediction, grace before meals, as it were, out sweep Wofford and Laws, Georgians, Alabamians, North Carolinians, Mississippians, and, hardest fighters probably in all that army of hard fighters, Hood's Texans. And D. H. Hill, on the right, chips in with Ripley and Colquitt and Garland, and once more the red tide of battle flows across the cornfield.

And at the north edge of this, with Hooker almost destroyed, comes the 12th Corps to salvage the wreckage. Another appalling butchery of men in the open, and again you see your gray friends borne back, fighting viciously all the way. After a while what is left of them are in the woods around the little church, but now the work of "them d—n cooks" has been materially lightened. Of the two hundred and twenty-seven who went out with the 1st Texas, there are only twenty-nine now left to be fed, and of Wofford's whole brigade of eight hundred and sixty-four only three hundred and sixteen. Still unfed and undaunted, the three hundred and sixteen take position just west of the road, and not fifty yards away, behind a merciful ledge of rock, those of Greene's men who have survived the fiery furnace. They are in an uncomfortable fix, unable to advance and reluctant to retreat, the latter an unhealthy operation anyhow. Their line of retreat is over an open field, and across the road are some very hungry and therefore very irascible gentlemen extremely quick and accurate on the trigger and in no wise slow to anger. So Greene's men hang on, hoping for some one to

come along and enable them to let that bear loose, and the fighting simmers down all along the pike. Not one hundred yards apart are two bodies of utterly spent men, both watching intently for the offensive move that neither is able to make.

It is the calm before the storm, but any breathing space is acceptable in this horrible nightmare, and you find time to note two things with a certain grim amusement. You are a spectator you know, and so you can go where and do what you want to. You notice in the west wood how expert some of those men in gray are in transferring property and how they overlook the little niceties of waiting for the former owner to become the late owner before the transfer takes place. And over in the east woods you are struck by the numbers of wounded men, each one supported by from one to four very solicitous and unwounded Samaritans. No wonder that Jo Hooker complains that his corps was "for the time much scattered." Of the nearly ten thousand he took into the fight, 6,729 were present next morning, and four days later there were 13,093. You think of the American gas shell dump exploded by the Germans at St. Mihiel and of the resultant precipitate departure of the men around. One of them turns up at sunset next day. "Where have you been?" demands his outraged captain. "Captain, honest to goodness, I don't know; but it sure took me good walking all day to get back." It took over six thousand of the 1st Corps four days to get back, and, looking at the dismal sight before you, you can't much blame them.

But now your respite is over, and tensely you watch the next film. From the northeast come heavy masses of blue and from the south long lines of gray, and in a moment from the east woods come Sedgwick's men of Sumner's 2d Corps. Across the blood-soaked cornfield they come unopposed and, crossing the pike still unopposed and in a sinister dead silence, bury themselves in those ominous west woods. Even your unmilitary mind tells you that the three lines are much too close together and that there is no protection for the flanks, and you are sure that disaster is impending. Because you see what Sedgwick cannot; he is in a deadly trap, with no chance of salvation. On his right and hidden from him by a ridge are Jube Early and the mere handful that is left of D. R. Jones's brigade, on his left, behind rock ledges and trees, Walker, and in his front McLaws, in all some eight thousand men. And then the victims come to the west edge of the woods, and Gorman and Dana climb a fence and are lining up in a little wood road when the storm breaks. If there was silence before, there is noise enough now, for Sedgwick is caught front, flank, and almost rear in a raging furnace, a terrific fire, to which he cannot reply and in which he loses nearly forty per cent of his men almost in a breath. It is mercifully soon over, for flesh and blood cannot stand anything like this, and in a very few minutes the tide flows back over the pike and that cursed cornfield and clear back to the east woods. It has set so strong this time that you wonder if it can be stopped, and as if in answer to your question comes Hancock. He has no orders, but Hancock never needs an order or an invitation to fight anyhow, and with a fine Irish disregard of the amenities and apparently not caring whether it is a private fight or one in which anybody can mix, he comes out of the east woods and meets McLaws, and stops him. The gray men fall back to the place from which they started, and that seems to be a very satisfactory arrangement for everybody, for nobody follows.

But you are not sure that somebody won't, and you and

the gaunt, powder-blackened men watch the opposite woods with much interest. Little by little this feeling subsides, and an air of perfect relaxation takes its place. On seeking the cause you find that some one has mentioned to the "Old Man" that it looked like the Yanks "would soon be coming over again" and that the "Old Man," with one leg thrown across the pommel of his saddle and paying more attention to a wormy peach than to anything else, had remarked dryly that "those people" were "through for the day." This uninspiring-looking somebody, it would seem, is a sort of oracle, because all hands seem to take it for granted that they are through for the day and address themselves to their several needs. These are simple enough—sleep and food. And here you leave them, for the "Old Man" was right; they were through for the day on his front.

You are glad to leave, for in the little space before you lie 5,700 gray and 6,600 blue figures, the bloody toll of six hours of insane butchery. Among these figures you see fifteen generals and brigadiers, and it is borne in on you that this is indeed some other age, an age in which officers do not send men on dreadful errands, but go with them.

And then the camera of your dream shifts, and you see that quiet little shady grass-covered road of yesterday. It is now treeless and bare and arid from end to end with one continuous crash of musketry. It is full of Alabamians and Georgians and North Carolinians, and they crouch behind piled-up rails and kill and are killed in shocking fashion. You think of the old Yankee soldier who yesterday in the Roulette lane had the floor. You might edit his words; but as you are of those who find it profitless to gild the sunset or perfume the rose, you remember exactly what he said: "We had the North Carolinians in front of us, and we knew we were in for a nice time. I've heard fellows say the North Carolina fellows warn't as mean offensive fighters as some of them Rebs from other States, and maybe they are right. I don't know; they all looked alike to me. But one thing I know, when it come to making them turn loose from where they was, them dirty, lousy North Carolinians was the beatenest fellows in the whole Rebel army for sticking to the place they was at. You couldn't pry 'em loose. They acted like any place they was was their ticket to heaven."

And then you come back to your dream and overhear a brief and to-the-point dialogue between Colonel Christie, of the 23d North Carolina, and one of his men who is offering himself as the exception to the rule and is trading his birth-right for a safer place. Says the Colonel to this safety-first soul: "Why are you away from your command?" And he answered truthfully enough in all conscience: "Colonel, that ain't no fittin' place for no white man." Indeed, it isn't you agree.

You see the assailants slowly breasting the fiery storm until they reach the high ground overlooking this road, and once there you see the road enflamed and men dying like flies. They lie in all sorts of fantastic shapes piled up in hideous layers, and the few survivors fall back through another cornfield and line up in a long lane. They are followed, but you can't bring yourself to be alarmed because by now you have discovered an axiom. By the time any gray men have been driven out of a position their assailants have been so mauled that they have neither the strength nor the inclination to be too persistently disagreeable. And it seems further to be one of the laws of the Medes and Persians that under no circumstances must a blue attack be supported: You see two army corps of over 30,000 men twiddling their thumbs not far behind this sunken road, but you know by this time that,

though they are brave men and willing, this is all that they will do, and so it is.

In front of the lane there is a stir in the corn, and presently out comes a queer-looking little handful of some two hundred men, many of them officers, and headed by a general on foot. He has a musket and is using it. It is that dauntless old Presbyterian D. H. Hill, no long-distance, bombproof general, no, not he. Close by Longstreet is dismounted holding the horses of his staff, which is busily engaged serving two guns of a deserted battery. And you realize what a man's job it is to beat an army in which division commanders wield muskets and corps commanders serve guns if and when occasion requires. And as a further and natural result, you feel a heightened respect for the army that had to face this combination.

But now it seems to be getting late, and the action is somewhat indistinct, and the camera is flickering badly. You see a creek with high western banks and a stone bridge. Across the bridge is a low ridge, and there yesterday you heard two old New Yorkers telling each other all about it. Said he of the 51st New York, a plain-spoken old soul: "Yes, I was with Burnside. The old buzzard [only that wasn't exactly the word he used], he oughter been shot at sunrise next morning. It's a pity they hadn't done it that morning. We had been sticking around behind this ridge nearly twenty-four hours, and the good-for-nothing coward hadn't even sent out anybody to locate the bridge, and it not more than two hundred yards away. So when Crook moved out on it with no guides, didn't he miss it entirely? I'll say he did. And I reckon it's a good thing he did too, because the Rebs would have murdered him. They say there weren't more than six hundred of them there, but from the racket they made I would have sworn that there were six hundred thousand."

So, provided with this illuminating and ex-cathedra description of a leisurely, vague old dodderer of a corps commander, you take up your position with Toomb's Georgians and see them dispensing with open hands that warm Southern hospitality of which the poets sing.

Burnside has often been damned with that faint praise of being called good-hearted. It is quite evident right now that, no matter what or where his heart is, his stomach at least is not in this fight. Or maybe he is absent-minded and does not grasp the fact that not two miles away are friends of his engaged in an enterprise to which he is not entirely foreign. At any rate, with prayers and entreaties and urgent commands pouring in on him, you see him, as if he had all eternity before him, spend three hours doing what a resolute man would have done in fifteen minutes. You see him cross the bridge and line up in most leisurely fashion on the western bank. You see him aimlessly taking whole brigades out and sending them back to get the munitions that should have been right there, and then when, almost in spite of himself, he has arrived almost in the very streets of the little town, wide awake for its one time, something happens.

With victory in plain sight, and beckoning an apparently unwilling suitor, you see hurrying along the Harper's Ferry road some 3,500 men who puzzle you. They are in blue, and you know that the only men in that direction entitled to wear that color are 11,000 unfortunates who got caught in a trap two days before. Yet they came along in that unmistakable swinging distance-eating stride that makes a Confederate recognizable a mile away, and you realize that it is all right. It is A. P. Hill, and every man clothed in brand-new Yankee clothes. The Confederate soldier is no faddist, no

blind follower of fashion's vagaries. Why not? To him clothes are clothes, and the cut and color are not as important as the fact of them. So in Yankee clothes and shoes and shooting Yankee bullets out of Yankee guns, they announce their presence to Burnside's men, already busy enough in all conscience with what they have in front of them. You see these giving back slowly and then breaking to pieces, and in a few minutes they are back once more to the little stream.

And then the camera swings slowly all around, and before you spreads a ghastly panorama, a strip of blood-soaked land only a half mile wide and covered with the mangled bodies of 25,000 American brothers. The camera clicks, the show is over, and so is your dream. You awake with a terrified start, shuddering at the mere recollection of what you have seen. But being an intelligent being, you know that such a silly, sinful, wasteful thing as this is not possible in this commonsense, practical land of ours and that it was all nothing but a nightmare. And, having thus reassured yourself, you go tranquilly back to sleep.

### THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

After the battle of Murfreesboro, General Bragg, in his report of the fight, after making complimentary remarks about his officers, said this of the rank and file:

"To the private soldier a fair meed of praise is due; and though it is seldom given and so rare expected that it may be considered out of place, I cannot in justice to myself withhold the opinion ever entertained and so often expressed during our struggle for independence.

"In the absence of the instruction and discipline of old armies and of the confidence which long association produces to the individuality and self-reliance of the private soldier.

"Without the incentive or the motives which control the officer who hopes to live in history, without the hope of reward and actuated only by a sense of duty and of patriotism, he has in this great contest, justly judging that the cause was his own, gone into it with determination to conquer or die, to be free or not to be at all.

"No encomium is too high, no honor too great for such a soldiery. However much of credit and glory may be given, and probably justly given, the leaders in our struggle, history will yet award the main honor where it is due—to the private soldier, who, without hope of reward and with no other incentive than a consciousness of rectitude, has encountered all the hardships and suffered all the privations.

"Well has it been said: 'The first monument our Confederacy rears when our independence shall have been won should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing this inscription, "To the unknown and unrecorded dead."'"

### BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

In the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862, two Southern color bearers were so conspicuous for intrepid bravery that their names should be perpetuated in Confederate history, and I hope that this article will bring them to light.

The "Records" give the name of one as Sergeant Oakley, of the 4th Tennessee Infantry, who, when his regiment was lying under a galling fire from unknown parties, volunteered and did walk out with his flag in front of his comrades, and

there, standing erect and waving the colors in plain view of all, proved the fact that the missiles were coming from the enemy.

The other hero (name unknown) carried the flag of the 6th Kentucky, and after the Confederates had been repulsed and his comrades gone lingered on the field as long as there was any infantry left, then reluctantly went to rear, halting frequently, facing the enemy, and crying out: "Here's your 6th Kentucky!" He was one of the last Confederates to leave the field.

Surely there must be some survivor of these regiments who can tell the VETERAN more about these men, and I trust that they will not fail to do it.

### SCOUTING IN THE ENEMY'S LINES.

BY CHANNING M. SMITH, DELAFLANE, VA.

In the fall of 1863 the Army of the Potomac (125,000 men), under the immediate command of General Grant, was stretched along the line of the old Orange and Alexandria Railroad, now the main line of the Southern from Washington on through Fairfax, Prince William, Fauquier, and Culpeper Counties, with a supply train later on of four thousand wagons drawn by twenty thousand horses and mules. Later in the fall most of this huge force was concentrated along the north bank of the Rapidan, with the Army of Northern Virginia on the opposite, or right, bank of the river and with Stuart's Cavalry picketing the fords as far down as Fredericksburg.

Having been detailed in May, 1863, as special scout for Generals Lee and Stuart with my comrade, Richard H. Lewis, of the Black Horse Cavalry, it was our duty to watch and gain all information possible of the enemy's plans and movements and report them to the commanding general. To accomplish this I had details from the Prince William Cavalry, the Black Horse, and the Little Fork Rangers, the last of Culpeper men, who, born and reared in those counties, could find their way by day or night, and whose bravery and character could be relied upon for giving me correct information. I also had William H. Lewis, brother of Richard Lewis, detailed for the same purpose, and Calvin, of the Prince William Troop.

Richard Lewis and I spent most of our time in the enemy's lines in Culpeper County, where we had many friends and acquaintances who, like all of the good people of old Virginia, were always ready to divide the last morsel with a Confederate soldier and assist him in every way possible. And right here I want to say a word in praise of these brave scouts who acted with me, especially of Richard and William Lewis. Two more gallant or truer soldiers never drew blade in a righteous cause. Intelligent, cool, and daring, they were ready to brave any risk in the discharge of their arduous duties. Richard Lewis was the coolest man I ever saw, and in great danger he never lost his presence of mind.

About the 1st of May I discovered that the army of Grant was about to move, and on the morning of the 3d of May I ascertained positively from information received from near Grant's headquarters in Culpeper C. H. that the movement would begin that day. I sent a courier to General Lee and another to General Stuart to make sure that one or the other should be informed of this movement of the enemy.

Col. R. M. Stribling, in his "Gettysburg Campaign and Campaigns of 1864-65 in Virginia," page 87, says: "General Lee, having ascertained from his scouts that Grant's army was

in motion toward Germanna Ford, at midday on the 4th put his army in motion to meet it and force it to battle before it could be disentangled from the crossing of the river in a densely wooded country."

Other scouts may have reported these movements also, but I know he got my message, because he thanked me the next day (the 5th) when I reported to him.

General Grant left his headquarters at Culpeper C. H. about 9 A.M. on the 4th and crossed that day on his pontoon bridge at Germanna Ford the 5th and 6th Corps, Wilson's Division of Cavalry having already passed to the other side of the river. About twelve o'clock Richard Lewis and I, with several other soldiers who had joined us, among them J. W. Hansborough and, I think, W. A. Bowen, of the Black Horse, Green Miller, of the Culpeper Troop, and Marcus B. Che-waing, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, rode into Culpeper C. H. The ladies and people generally of that place, having been shut up with the Yankee army, seemed delighted to see some Confederates and wine and dined us until if an excess of food and drink had proved as fatal to our diaphragms as leaden bullets not one of us would have gotten away from them alive. When night came we entered the enemy's lines on the Germanna Road below Stevensburg. All had crossed except Brigadier General Duffey, of Sheridan's Cavalry. When we got near the river we met a cavalryman, who, of course, took us for Union soldiers. He asked me, as I was riding in front, if I could tell him where to find General Duffey. I directed him by such a blind trail that if he followed it and is still alive he is looking for him yet. (This officer was captured later on in the Shenandoah Valley by Boyd M. Smith, of Mosby's command. The latter was one of the bravest and certainly the handsomest of all of Mosby's Partisan Rangers.) I then asked the courier where he was from and if he had heard anything from the Rebs. He told me that while waiting for the dispatch to General Duffey he heard the adjutant read to General Grant a message from General Gregg, stating that as yet he had seen nothing of the Rebels and would press on in the morning in search of them.

We let the courier go on, telling him that we hoped he would soon find the General, and we rode rapidly to the river, where there was a splendid bridge of boats. On the farther side was a house with a brilliant calcium light burning (I afterwards learned that this was General Grant's headquarters) which lit up the bridge from shore to shore. I hesitated a moment before riding on it, not knowing what fate might await us on the other side. Then, with a prayer in my heart and my heart in my throat and trusting to my usual good luck, I rode on to the bridge, the men following without a moment's hesitation. In the stillness of midnight the thud of our horses' feet sounded like the long roll beat by about a hundred drums. I know we all felt like jumping our horses into the river and getting back to the shore. We crossed, however, in safety and rode on up the old turnpike leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse. We were soon halted by a sentinel, who asked, "What cavalry is that?" I told him I was one of General Meade's aids looking for the general and asked him whose headquarters are in the house. He replied, "General Warren's." Farther on to the left of the pike we passed thousands of cavalrymen asleep on the ground, their horses munching hay. I supposed at the time it was Gregg's Division and that he held the front, but found later that it was Wilson's.



Some time before day we turned to the right in the direction of where I expected to find our army, and on that side of the road Sedgwick's Corps (the 6th) was bivouacked, and it seemed to me to cover the face of the whole earth. The Army of the Potomac lay sleeping, dreaming of homes, mothers, wives, and sweethearts that many poor fellows would never see again during this life, as a few days afterwards thousands lay dead in the gloomy depths of the Wilderness. As we rode on suddenly the drums and bugles of the infantry and cavalry sounded the reveille, and the men sprang up all around us, some cursing at being aroused so soon, some laughing, some singing. Each heart recalled a different name, but all sang "Annie Laurie."

We had thrown our ponchos over our shoulders to cover our uniforms and felt as safe as if in the midst of our own men. Riding rapidly, for the night was wearing away, we turned into a narrow road leading to the old plank road, when I saw the glint of the moonbeams upon a musket barrel and simultaneously heard, "Halt! Who comes there?" from the sentinel. I again replied, "One of General Meade's aids—with my escort," I added. The man brought his gun to a present, and I asked him if this was General Sedgwick's outpost. He said it was, and I then asked him: "How far in advance is the cavalry?" But he knew nothing of them. Bidding him good night, we rode on and soon struck the plank road. Riding into bushes on the side of the road, we dismounted and unsaddled our horses, fed them, and ate some of the provisions with which our kind friends at Culpeper C. H. had provided us, and after a good smoke dropped on the ground and were soon fast asleep.

About 7 A.M. we were awakened by the tramp of horses and rattling of sabers passing along the plank road. Saddling and mounting, we moved parallel with their advance, for I knew they were approaching our lines and would soon strike our outposts. About a mile farther on the country opened up and the growth became less dense, and we could see the columns very plainly. Suddenly there were shots in their front, telling that they had struck our pickets. The cavalry had been riding by twos, and I heard the command, "By fours! Trot! March!" and on they went. Soon there was a heavy volley fired by the reserve picket. I heard the command given: "Form platoons! Gallop! March! Draw saber! Charge!"

It was a magnificent sight, the sabers glistening, the bugles sounding the charge, the flags streaming in the wind, the battery of brass cannon and their caissons drawn by splendid horses, and the cheers of the men. But it was not to last long, for White's Battalion, supported by Roper with the Laurel Brigade, met them, and in a hand-to-hand fight, which did not last long, drove them back in spite of all the efforts of their leaders to rally them. I was close enough then to see the officers strike the men over the shoulders with the flat of their swords and hear them cursing them for their cowardice, but to no purpose, for they soon broke and ran, leaving the road strewn with dead and wounded horses and men.

And now we were, to our great joy, once more in our own lines. I reported to General Lee that evening just after Ewell had whipped Warren and one of Sedgwick's divisions on the left of our line. And I felt thankful to General Grant for permitting us to use his new pontoon bridge without taking toll and to our kind Heavenly Father for protecting us from the perils of that eventful night.

### THE BATTLE OF VAL VERDE.

BY CAPT. F. S. WADE, ELGIN, TEX., LIFE COMMANDER OF GREEN'S BRIGADE ASSOCIATION.

The 21st of February was the anniversary of the battle of Val Verde, which took place fifty-nine years ago on the Rio Grande River in nearly the center of New Mexico. This was the first battle in which I ever took part.

Our forces consisted of the three regiments of the Sibley Brigade, 4th, 5th, and 7th Texas Mounted Volunteers, Piron's Regiment, Teels' Battery, Copewood's Spies, and Riley's Battery of Mountain Howitzers, all commanded by General Sibley. But the old general was sick that day, and Colonel Reilly, of the 4th, was in Mexico endeavoring to get something for us to eat, so the command fell upon Col. Tom Green, of the 5th. More Texans were engaged in this battle than in any other battle in which Texans had a part.

The Federals had four regiments of the regular army, a splendid regiment of volunteers known as the "Pike's Peak Jayhawkers," Kit Carson's regiment of Mexican volunteers, and McRea's Battery, afterwards known as the Val Verde Battery. We were armed with citizens' rifles, double-barreled shotguns, six-shooters, and two companies with carrasco poles (lances), while the Federals had fine long-range Minie rifles and splendid artillery.

The night before the battle we made a dry camp on a high mesa east of Fort Craig, which was the headquarters of the Federal army of New Mexico and Arizona, under the command of General Canby.

At daylight we tried to reach the water, five miles above Fort Craig, but the boys in blue were ahead of us and kept us back. Soon their whole army crossed the Rio Grande. While we made a desperate resistance, we were pushed back and back.

About two P.M. we made a demonstration on our right with the two companies armed with carrasco poles, but the Pike's Peak regiment easily drove them back, for the boys could not use these long lances, as the limbs of the great cottonwood trees were in their way. An hour afterwards another demonstration on our left at the foot of the mesa was made by five companies. After a severe struggle this was also defeated, but we could see detachments leave the center to reinforce that point.

A funny incident took place here. Alec Weems, whom I saw at Houston at the last general Reunion, had his horse killed under him; but as our boys retreated at full speed, he caught his Uncle Mark Oliver's horse's tail and came out, swinging fast with a death grip, at full speed.

A boy by the name of John Norvelle was near me behind a sand dune. Said he: "Fred, we are whipped, and I will never see my mother again." Then the poor boy cried like his heart would break.

About that time a slender young man, Major Lochridge, chief of Colonel Green's staff, came riding down the line yelling: "Charge 'em! Damn 'em, charge, charge, charge!" We leaped out from behind the sand dunes, not like pictures of charges in the books, but like a lot of schoolboys, yelling at the top of our voices and charging at full speed. The Federals fired by platoons, but I reckon they were scared, for the cottonwood limbs rattled down on us, but not one of ours boys was hit.

When we were forty or fifty yards from the blue line, our shotguns mowed the poor boys down by the hundreds, for we were all deer, turkey, and squirrel hunters. The Federals

threw down their guns, abandoned their artillery, and fled across the Rio Grande, which was shoulder deep and running much ice. We stood on the bank and filled the river with dead men. A large man in the water made the Mason's grand hailing sign of distress, and we Masons yelled: "Don't shoot that man!" But a moment after he floated down the icy stream.

The next morning we placed fifty-seven noble Texas boys side by side, wrapped in their blankets, in a long ditch, covering their dear forms with the sods of the Rio Grande. We had over one hundred wounded, many of whom afterwards died.

The Federals sent a flag of truce, asking permission to gather up their dead. I do not know how many of the boys in blue were killed, but there were seven wagonloads of them. Not one of these boys but would have divided his last crust with us or we with him, but all day long on the 21st of February, 1862, we murdered one another.

When will this hybrid Christian world become genuinely Christian?

#### LIFE AMONG BULLETS—THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG, VA.

BY W. A. DAY, SHERRILL'S FORD, N. C.

There comes a voice that awakes my soul;  
It is tife voice of years that are gone.  
They roll before me with all their deeds.

—Ossian.

In the VETERAN for November, 1920, Comrade I. G. Bradwell, of Brantley, Ala., gave a graphic account of the end of the siege of Petersburg, Va. In this sketch I will give a history of the beginning and the battles leading up to it.

I was a twenty-year-old private in Company I, 49th North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, composed of the 24th, 25th, 35th, 49th, and 56th North Carolina Regiments. We served throughout the campaign of 1862 in Virginia, and after the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, we were ordered to Charleston, S. C. On arriving at Wilmington, N. C., the Charleston orders were countermanded, and we were held to defend the line from Wilmington to Richmond, Va., which kept us almost constantly on the move and in fighting several severe battles on different points on the line both in Virginia and North Carolina. The year of 1864—the year of battles—had come, and after the capture of Plymouth, N. C., we were ordered to attack and capture New Bern. When within ten miles of that place the news came that General Butler was moving up the James River with thirty thousand troops and was within a few miles of Petersburg. The New Bern expedition was abandoned, and our orders were to proceed to Petersburg with all possible speed.

Arriving at Goldsboro, after a forced march of over forty miles, we found long trains, with three engines to each train, ready for us. Men, horses, artillery, and everything but the wagons were crowded on, and we pulled out to reinforce General Beauregard at Petersburg. Arriving within three miles of the city next day about ten o'clock, we found that the enemy had been there the night before and burned the railroad bridge across a creek, with high banks on each side, and had destroyed the track for about a quarter of a mile; but our cavalry had driven them off before more damage was done. We got off the train and scattered up and down the creek, scrambling, falling, and sliding down the steep

banks and pulling and pushing up the other till we all were across. The artillery found a ford somewhere and crossed over. We formed and marched up the railroad to the city, and the inhabitants flocked out in great numbers to meet us. They were in a terrible state of excitement, and when we swung down Sycamore Street they almost shouted for joy. We marched out along the Richmond and Petersburg Turnpike to near Swift Creek, followed by great numbers of negroes, most of them women. We marched rapidly, the negroes keeping right along with us, making a regular negro racket: "We're gwine to stay right wid de soldiers and see dem whip de Yankes, the trifling, good-for-nothin' Yankes, coming up here thinkin' dey can take Petersburg. We is gwine to see dem git a good whipping dis time, dat's what we is."

When nearing the enemy we threw out a heavy line of skirmishers and moved slowly along the turnpike, feeling the way and watching the negroes. Presently a big gun boomed over on the Federal side. The negroes stopped, looked at one another, then tried to see how fast they could run back toward Petersburg.

We moved on some distance farther, and the skirmishers, not finding the enemy, were halted until some time after dark, then moved slowly along the turnpike with orders to keep as quiet as possible. About dark that evening the enemy had fallen back below the turnpike, thus leaving the way open for us to pass and get between them and Richmond. We could hear the noise of their camps as we passed. The next day Butler moved a strong force across the turnpike and by a flank movement placed a large force in our rear and came very near to cutting us off, but by hard fighting we got out. We took our position in a line of old breastworks running through a large open field, on the farther side of which was a heavy body of timber and a high fence next to the field. Soon after forming in the works Generals Hoke and Ransom rode out in what we thought was our rear. They rode back to the works and ordered a line of skirmishers thrown out to the fence at the woods. The skirmishers advanced across the field in a beautiful line, led by Capt. Cicero Durham, quartermaster of the 49th, on horseback. Everything was perfectly quiet until the skirmishers were within a few yards of the fence, when a whole regiment of Federals rose up behind the fence and poured a full volley right in their faces, mortally wounding Captain Durham and killing and wounding most of his men. Captain Durham ordered the survivors to fall back to the works and, wheeling his horse, which had escaped unhurt, galloped back, reeling in his saddle. He was immediately lifted off his horse and carried to a place of safety. He lingered a few days and died. Had he lived, he would have organized a corps of sharpshooters, and Pink Collins (brave old Pink, dead in Oklahoma) and I would have belonged to it.

We had to hold our fire until the skirmishers were in, and by that time the enemy was halfway to our works. They came in mass formation, rolling over the fence and charging across the field, led by the bravest man I ever saw in battle. I could never learn his name. When the last skirmisher staggered in, a solid sheet of flame went out from our works. The Federals staggered, rolled, and pitched headlong under it; but their brave leader kept his feet, his hat in one hand, his sword in the other. Over their dead and wounded they came like rushing water, their leader still in front. I could not keep my eyes off of him. Just before the heavy volume of smoke rolled over them he staggered and fell. Flesh and

blood could not stand the merciless fire we were pouring into them. After the fall of their leader, they wavered, turned, and rushed back to the woods.

Knowing they would continue their flank movement, we evacuated the works and fell back to another line of works which had been thrown up two years before. Night coming on soon, very dark and rainy, we shivered in the old breastworks all night and next morning found the woods in front full of Federal troops armed with the latest improved guns, some of them having long stocks and were held against the hip when fired. They kept up a heavy fire all day tearing our breastworks down with their artillery. A heavy line of skirmishers was sent out to try to drive them away, but very few ever got back.

Late in the evening General Beauregard came down the line on foot, and just as he reached our company a charge of grapeshot knocked off the top of the works and almost buried the General under the dirt. He scrambled out and, shaking his fist at the Federals, said: "All I want you to do is to stay right where you are till to-morrow morning." At night we silently moved out of the works to the bridge over Kingsland Creek on the turnpike to clean up our guns. Soon after daylight on the morning of the 16th of May we had our guns all apart, cleaning and oiling them up (I even had the tube out of mine), when a gun fired, and our pickets ran in and reported the enemy advancing. We fell into line, putting our guns together as we formed. A dense fog covered everything, so we could not tell how close the enemy was. We formed line of battle and awaited orders.

General Beauregard's order of battle, it was said, would have surrounded Butler's army. Gen. Robert Ransom, an old West Pointer, brother of our brigade commander, Gen. Matt Ransom, was to move down on Butler's flank on the James, cut across below, and form a junction with General Whiting, who was to start out on the Appomattox side, thus cutting General Butler off from his gunboats at Bermuda Hundred, while General Hoke and the other commanders were to press him from above. Gen. D. H. Hill was on the field, but at that time had no command.

About ten o'clock in the morning the battle opened. Gen. Bob Ransom down the river, as was his usual custom, ran over everything that could not get out of his way and was driving with a high hand, expecting to meet Whiting half-way. We broke our line of battle at the creek, formed in marching order, and moved rapidly up the turnpike till we came in sight of the pickets, who had begun the battle all along the line. We formed line of battle and advanced across a new ground, where the brush had been left lying over the ground to a piece of woodland, where we halted and reformed. We were on the extreme right of the line, and by this time the battle was raging on the left. We moved through the woods and soon came to a field across which ran a line of breastworks we had thrown up two years before. This line and another behind it were packed full of Federals. Our brigade commander, Gen. Matt Ransom, had been badly wounded the day before, and the command fell on Colonel Clark, of the 24th North Carolina Regiment. The 49th was commanded by Maj. James Taylor Davis. Lieutenant Colonel Fleming, of the 49th, was off in command of the brigade skirmishers. As soon as we came in sight of the works the command to charge was given. We gave what our friend the enemy was pleased to call the Rebel yell and, throwing our guns to a trail, made a dash for their works through a tempest of lead, which they kept up until we

mounted their works, killing and wounding one hundred and sixty men in the 49th Regiment alone, almost as many as we lost in that twelve-hundred-yard charge at Malvern Hill. The enemy did not stand for the bayonet and fell back to their second line. We could have made another charge and driven them out of their second line, but were ordered to halt and hold our position against a counter charge. We had a lively battle for about half an hour, and while busily engaged the Federals sent a heavy force around on our right flank and very nearly had us cut off before we found it out.

We fell back and formed a line of battle in the woods, and Company I, of the 49th, was sent out as skirmishers. We advanced to near the edge of the woods and lay down behind the trees and bushes. One of our boys, Woodford Sherrill, caught sight of a Federal soldier looking over their works. He called to Captain Connor, saying: "Captain, I see a Yankee." Captain Connor answered: "Let him have it, Woodford." Placing his gun against a tree and taking deliberate aim, Woodford fired through a little opening in the trees. His shot was answered by a volley from a whole regiment in the works. The air looked almost blue with bullets. We hugged the ground so close that we had only two men killed. After that volley everything was quiet.

I went to a comrade, Monroe Danna, near me and told him that as everything was so still over on the other side I would like to know what it meant, and if he would go with me we could see. We crawled through the bushes till we got in plain view of the works, but could not see any one. We lay there and studied what to do and at last concluded to go over and see. I have been in several close places, but that walk of fifty yards was about the worst. It was so hard to keep my cap pushed down on my head and to stay down on the ground, but surely they would not fire on a couple of beardless boys. We increased our pace and soon looked down in the Federal works, finding nobody there but half a dozen wounded men suffering for water. They immediately surrendered, telling us their regiment left the works soon after the volley. Sending Monroe back to report, I took the wounded men's canteens over to a small stream and filled them with water, which greatly revived them. One of them told me that a comrade lying wounded under a plank shelter up in the field had a pair of his boots and asked me to go up there and get them. I found the man and told him my business. His answer was: "I know nothing about his boots." I went back and reported what was said, receiving the comment: "Very well; let him keep them."

Butler's army retreated through the gap left open by Whiting to Bermuda Hundred, where he had his gunboats at his back. After burying our dead and caring for our wounded, we moved out and stacked arms on the turnpike and built little fires to make coffee, and with crackers and boiled ham, which we had found in abundance in the camps, we fared sumptuously while it lasted.

President Davis was on the field and witnessed the battle. I had heard the boys in camp wish they could see Mr. Davis in a battle. I told them we could not teach him anything, for he had been a soldier nearly all his life and knew all about battles. That afternoon, while lying along the turnpike, Mr. Davis, General Beauregard, and a large number of officers passed down the road in plain view of a battery the Federals had not yet removed. Just as they reached the 49th the battery opened on them, the shells passing just over their heads. Every eye was riveted on the President to see what he would do. He never even turned his head to look toward

the battery from which the shells were coming. That settled it.

The battle of Drewry's Bluff was over and the enemy safe in the forks of the river, with his gunboats at his back. But for General Whiting's blunder we would have captured General Butler with his whole army, about thirty thousand men, including his body guard of one thousand negro cavalymen. We had been told of the plan of the battle and confidently expected to capture Butler and his whole army, but Whiting let them out. They were gone.

The James and Appomattox Rivers run together above City Point, and the point of land in the fork is known as Bermuda Hundred. Next day we moved down there and after a short battle, known as the battle of Ware Bottom Church, drove the Federals back some distance and immediately set to work to fortify the line, throwing up a line of breastworks across the country from one river to the other. The Federals made several attempts to capture the works, but always failed. A truce was finally agreed upon which put an end to the deadly sharpshooting. One day I was on sentinel duty walking on top of the works. A Federal soldier came over between the lines and, seating himself, began to read a newspaper. Gen. D. H. Hill, who had been sauntering about on the works, came up and said to me: "A beautiful target to shoot at." I answered: "Yes, sir, but General, we can't shoot now."

We were then in Gen. Bushrod Johnson's division, and after bottling up Butler safely at Bermuda Hundred we were sent to the north side of the James, where we united with the Army of Northern Virginia, after having been parted over a year. Once more under "Marse Robert," we felt at home again. General Lee said he always claimed Ransom's "tar-heel" veterans as a part of his army.

We moved about from point to point without much rest. General Grant's army was then moving up to the Chickahominy River, and everything had to be on the alert. On the 9th of June the 49th Regiment was sent through the swamp to the banks of the Chickahominy on picket. The river at that place was about thirty feet wide, running through the swamp, with heavy timber on each side to the water's edge and back about half a mile. We deployed down the river bank, while just across the little river, thirty feet away, stood the 7th Indiana Regiment in groups watching us relieve our pickets. We had strict orders against talking, and the Federals also had the same orders. Soon after we had been posted and the officers were back at their headquarters in the swamp a Federal picket suggested that we watch up their side for officers and they would watch up our side, and in this way we could talk. Neither side could see up its own line for the trees, but had a good view of the other's line. We talked about all day, the officers seldom coming down the line. When they did come the pickets were looking at each other as surlily as bears.

A high tree had fallen clear across the river, on which one of our boys walked over and was busily engaged in helping the Federal boys eat their rations, when an officer approached and told him he had better go back; he had no business over there. The two boys in my front were Horace G. Solomon, Company D, 7th Indiana Regiment, and, I think, John Rodman, both splendid-looking young men. One of them went in bathing and wallowed about in the water at my feet. I would have gone in with him, but was afraid of being caught by our officers. We had a long conversation on the war. He said they would conquer us in the end, for they had all

the advantage. They had nearly all our seaports and the Mississippi River from one end to the other, and all they had to do was to send ships across the ocean and get all the men they wanted to come over and fight for their pay, while we had exhausted our forces and could not recruit our armies. Then the blockade would soon starve us out; and the sooner we gave it up, the better it would be for us. I knew he was telling me the truth, but I told him he was badly mistaken if he had such thoughts. He laughed and said he hoped we would live through the war and meet in Indiana over a big bottle of brandy.

During the afternoon several heavy guns were fired far back in our rear, but the shells all fell short. This alarmed the Federals, and they inquired what it meant. We told them we did not know, and we had no orders to fire. So we agreed among ourselves that if either side got orders to fire we would give warning, so we could have a chance to protect ourselves. Fortunately no orders came to fire.

About sundown the Federals relieved their pickets and put on another regiment, and we did not get acquainted, both sides sitting on the bank fighting mosquitoes. Every soldier who has been in the Chickahominy swamps at night knows something about the "skeeters." Soon after dark the Federals held a prayer meeting on the bank, and their chaplain prayed for the success of the Union cause. He prayed for the Confederate soldiers, and asked the Lord to show them the error of their ways; he prayed for the war to end, so we could all return to our homes and live in peace. To the last part of his prayer we could heartily say amen.

We were relieved about midnight and went up to Chaffin's Bluff, a small fort on the north bank of the James, and lay there till about sundown of June 15, when orders came to march immediately. The Union army was crossing the James at City Point and moving up the south side of the Appomattox River on Petersburg. We fell in line and marched up to the pontoon bridge below Richmond, crossed over, and struck out on a forced march to Petersburg, stopping to rest only twice on the twenty-mile march. The night was very warm. Every soldier knows how it is to march until his clothes are wet with sweat, then to lie down a few minutes to rest and get cold and stiff. He can scarcely move, but he hears the call to "attention!" pushes his legs about, gets on his hands and knees, scrambles up, and staggers on till his joints are limbered up, then he moves on as if he had never been tired.

We crossed the river at sunrise and moved through the lower part of Petersburg, halting in the street leading out by Blandford Cemetery, and lay there a short time, when we heard heavy firing in our front. We double-quickened two miles out along the Jerusalem plank road, which about winded all of us, reached a place known as Avery's Farm, where we found the Virginia militia fighting like veterans. They had been sent down into a pocket, encountering a large force of the enemy, who were driving them back and trying to flank them. When we came in sight the Federals opened on us with grape and canister. We waded through it till we came to an old road, where we were ordered to halt, lie down, and wait till the militia got in. They were retreating in good order, loading and firing as they fell back, forming on the right of the 49th North Carolina Regiment. When we lay down in the old road the enemy ceased their shelling and began fortifying by carrying logs and rails. We had no artillery, and they were out of rifle range and too strong to charge with our weak force; so we had to let them alone.

We lay in line of battle a short time, then gave up that part of the line and rushed back through Petersburg to the north side of the Appomattox, where a large force of the enemy had cut our line of communication with Richmond. General Gracie's Alabama Brigade and the 56th Regiment of Ransom's North Carolina Brigade hurled them back and opened up communication between the cities. We lay in line of battle that night, and next morning a train was sent out after us. We were hurried back to Petersburg. General Grant's armies were moving up from City Point on the south side of the Appomattox and drawing near Petersburg. General Beauregard had at that time only about eight thousand men and eighteen pieces of artillery to oppose him. We had fighting before us. We made no halt in the city, rushed on about a mile and half, and formed a line of battle. This was on June 17. Company I, of the 49th Regiment, under Captain Connor, was sent out on picket at the white house on the left of the Norfolk railroad and was supported by a battery of artillery. Our picket line was on the old line half a mile in front of the new, or short, line, as was afterwards established. The enemy not yet being in sight, Captain Connor set us to work carrying rails and digging with our bayonets making rifle pits. Our troops were lying back in the rear, not knowing yet where the new line would be formed. General Grant was moving his troops rapidly up from City Point, and we knew they would soon appear in our front. We were furnished with one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition and ordered to hold the line at all hazards, and if we could not hold them back to set fire to the white house and surrender. The object of this was to give warning to our troops in the rear and prevent the enemy's following us in a retreat. We dug our rifle pits large enough to hold two men. About eight o'clock the enemy appeared. We could see them forming away back in the fields; soon their skirmish lines advanced. Then commenced what Lieut. Thomas R. Roulhac, of Company D, 49th, a boy soldier, thirty years afterwards called "Beauregard's magnificent grapple with Grant's army."

The moment the Federal skirmish line, which was almost equal to our line of battle, came within range the white puffs of smoke arose from our rifle pits, and the sound of our Enfields could be heard miles away on that clear June morning. We remembered our orders: "Keep them back!" Steadily they advanced, followed by a heavy line of battle, their mounted officers with them making such pretty targets to shoot at. The main line halted and lay down, but the skirmish line continued to advance until they were in point-blank range, then halted and lay down in what appeared to be an old road. A fence being near, they began carrying rails, piling them in front. We kept firing at them, but they worked on until they had their rifle pits made. About the middle of the afternoon the charge we had been expecting was made. A heavy line rose up back in the field and started across. Then the "tar-heel" grit showed up. We poured the hot Minies into them, and our battery swept them with grape and canister. This was too much for them, and they fell back to the old road. A number were killed and wounded and lay on the field the rest of the day. Again began the fighting from the rifle pits, which was kept up till night. It was a hard day's work. The Federal bullets made the splinters fly off of our rails. Fortunately they used no artillery, or they would have knocked us out.

Our engineers were busy surveying the new line, and General Lee was sending reinforcements from north of the

James as fast as he could, and they were taking their position in the new line as fast as they were brought in, immediately beginning to fortify the line. Fortunately the enemy never charged our line that night. To keep them from moving in on us that night a heavy feint was made by the 35th and 56th Regiments of Ransom's Brigade, with a regiment of South Carolina troops from Elliot's Brigade. They charged and carried the Federal works and did some terrible hand-to-hand fighting, in which their loss was heavy. Colonel Jones, leading the 35th, was among the killed. The 35th lost its flag, then recaptured it and two flags of the enemy. They also took a number of prisoners and sent them to the rear. After holding the line for some time, they were then ordered back to take position in the new line. We were ordered to hold our picket line and not go in the charge, which was just on our left. Everything was quiet the rest of the night. Next morning just before daylight we fell back and joined our regiment in the new line.

When we came in they had the breastworks about two feet high. Company I's space was bare. We drew a bite of rations and went to work throwing dirt. Gen. Bob Ransom used to say one shell was worth a thousand overseers to make the men work. On the morning of the 18th of June, 1864, our breastworks on the new line were begun, and when we had them about three feet high the enemy came rolling over the railroad embankment, two hundred yards in our front, and started in a charge three columns deep up the hill. We threw aside our shovels and picked up our guns. At first we shot too low, the bullets striking the ground before reaching them, caused by the slope of the hill. The order was shouted down the line: "Shot higher!" They came on through the leaden tempest until they were nearly halfway to our works, then wavered, about-faced, and rushed back over the railroad fill, leaving the ground littered with their dead and wounded. We threw aside our guns and picked up our shovels. Then we made the dirt fly; we worked in a hurry. When our works were about shoulder high the Federals made another heavy charge, getting nearer than before. We drove them back again, making another list of dead and wounded to add to the first. This was their last charge on our part of the line that day. They had charged our works that day from one end to the other and were driven back at every point. On that day began the siege of Petersburg.

Those charges were terrible; they required brave men to stand them, and both sides kept them up to the end of the war. When the Federals charged our works, we covered the ground with their dead and wounded; when we charged theirs, they covered the ground with ours. In the World War our boys in their charges were protected one way or another. In our war we had no protection whatever. They were made under the fire of every gun that could be brought to bear upon them, and very often we had to fall back under the same fire.

(To be continued.)

RULE OR RUIN.—The Republican party was asked to engage for the fulfillment of the law and noninterference with slavery in the South, and they refused both. In a word, they would have no terms. They would rule or ruin the Union. Amendment after amendment, proposal after proposal was made, only to be rejected or staved off till the retirement of the cotton States had left the Republicans masters of the field, when they peremptorily voted down every proposal incompatible with their unconstitutional and illegal platform.—Percy Greg, "History of the United States."

## AS TO SLAVERY.

BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Some years ago I published a little book setting forth what the Southern Churches had done for the spiritual interests of the slaves in the years before the War between the States. Copies were sent to a number of the Northern religious papers. As far as I could find the booklet was ignored except by one, a Chicago paper, which spoke of it contemptuously as a "defense of slavery written by a Rebel soldier." Recently I received a letter, courteous yet critical, from Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University, who seems to take the same view of the little book as an apology for slavery. His letter is given here:

"Your pamphlet on religion and slavery, published in 1911, has recently come into my hands and contains many interesting matters about the status of the South in your experience. This question of slavery touches me personally, inasmuch as my great-grandfather, Judge George Hornell, founder of the city of Hornell, N. Y., was a slaveholder. Furthermore, I have spent a great deal of time in the Southern States (nearly a year altogether), have written a book, 'The Southern South,' on the present Southern question, and another, 'Slavery and Abolition,' on conditions of slavery down to the Civil War, and for nearly forty years I have read and considered this question.

"As regards my ancestor, the slaveholder, I am sorry to say that the family tradition is that he was not a good slaveholder. I regret it, but I take no responsibility for his errors or delinquencies. I thank God that there is no slavery any longer in Hornell or in New York or in the United States, and I am amazed at the disposition of some of the most intelligent Southern people nowadays to go back and defend an indefensible institution.

"When you say, 'I am free to confess that I do not believe emancipation was a blessing to master and slave,' you are practically saying that slavery should be restored.

"The great indictment against slavery was summed up in the antislavery statement that 'no man is good enough to own another.' Slavery was not all bad; there were good and considerate slave owners, but there were cruel and murderous slave owners. You do not need to go to 'Uncle Tom' for proofs, which are to be found in Southern newspapers and the records made by impartial travelers and visitors. Slavery kept the South poor, kept part of it ignorant, kept it out of the track of advancing civilization. Slavery was an economic loss, as is shown by the present high material prosperity of the South. Nobody can deny that there were a multitude of cases of cruelty and crime against the slave, and to my mind the most shocking thing about the slavery of two generations ago was that not one single State between 1833 and 1861 made enactments for the correction of manifest and public abuses, such as the selling of little children out of their mothers' arms; not a single Southern State took or dared take any steps toward the education of the slave.

"Why, I should think the Southern people to-day would rejoice with great rejoicing that they were free from the curse, and I do not see that your ancestors are any more entitled than my ancestors to the sympathy of this generation. They sinned against the light, they struggled against the advancement of the world, and a great many of them, if alive now, would rejoice that their grandchildren are released from the responsibility."

Let me say at once that no opinion expressed by a Southerner as to the evils of emancipation as it was effected implies any desire to restore the institution of slavery. It is one of the ironies of history that the bitterest critics of Southern domestic slavery, holding it up to scorn as "the sum of all villainies," should be the men and women whose fathers forced the unwilling colonies to receive the brutal African savages, torn by these same fathers from their own land and brought to this country through the horrors of "the middle passage." These same descendants now gloat over the fact that at fearful cost of blood and treasure they succeeded in "knocking the shackles from the slave." And while Exeter Hall, in London, and Faneuil Hall, in Boston, were ringing with denunciations of Southern slaveholders, there was in the mines of England and in the iron and steel industries of the North a system of cruelty and oppression harsher than the Southern slaves ever endured.

It is said that the whole question is settled, and any discussion of it is only academic. Let me quote a sentence or two from the ablest Southern writers on moral philosophy, especially as to its social and civic aspects: "Among the questions of civic rights and duties that of the recent domestic slavery in the United States holds a very interesting place. It is not debated with any view to restoring that form of labor; no intelligent man among us expects or desires this. But we should understand it for three reasons. The first is that the disputes concerning the relation of bondage, whether it is righteous or intrinsically unjust, involve and illustrate the most vital principles of morals and legislation. The second is that the assertion of its intrinsic injustice, now so commonly made, involves the credit of the Christian Scriptures, and the discrepancy disclosed has become the occasion of widespread and perilous skepticism. Unless we are willing to give up the authority of the Bible as God's word, it is unspeakably important that this supposed discrepancy shall have a better adjustment than it has yet received. Nothing is more certain than that in its essence human bondage, which is the involuntary subjection of an inferior part of the human race to the will of superiors, has not been abolished and never will be until the millennium; but the relationship will reappear in civilized society under many new names and forms, often less beneficent than the one lately overthrown. But African bondage under that name belongs to the past, notwithstanding our educated young men cannot but feel a living interest in the question whether their honored fathers lived and died in a criminal relation. And this is the third reason which demands this discussion."

The propaganda of Germany from 1870 to 1914 against all other nations in the interests of German military supremacy was not more persistent, unscrupulous, underhanded, and malignant than the abolition propaganda against the South and her domestic institutions. And finally they succeeded in organizing a great political party whose bond of union was and still is opposition to the South and her civic and political ideals. That party got control of the government, and to free the slaves brought on the terrible war which desolated the Southern States.

It is characteristic of all merely man-directed reforms that they tend to fanaticism and excess, and even when successful it requires two or three generations to correct the abuses of the reformation. There are two things to be considered in every true reformation, the principle that is to be maintained and applied and the condition or circumstances that limit or

modify the carrying out of the principle. The abolition leaders assumed that their principles were just and true, and they determined to force them on the country at any cost, utterly regardless of the rights of slaveholders and of the fitness of the slaves for freedom. They demanded an anti-slavery God, an anti-slavery Bible, an anti-slavery Constitution, and they denounced the Constitution of the republic as "a covenant with death and a league with hell."

There were two grievous mistakes they made. They assumed that they knew about conditions in the South, that the negroes were groaning under hard bondage, and that the majority of slaveholders were cruel and oppressive, while the facts were that the slaves were the happiest working class in the world, and the masters as a class were high-toned, upright, kindly Christian gentlemen. Such assertions, as in Dr. Hart's letter, that the laws of the Southern States gave no rights nor protection to the slaves are not true, and the oft-repeated charge that negro "children were sold out of their mothers' arms" is akin to that old charge that we Presbyterians believe there are "infants in hell not a span long." Of course some hard-headed old Puritan might have denied the salvation of infants, and some brutal master may have separated a baby from its mother, but that was the exception.

Professor Hart claims to know the conditions of the South better than I do because he spent *nearly a year in the South* and wrote two books on the subject. Now one thing, I think, is generally true: when a hostile critic investigates a person, a people, or a condition, he finds what he set out to find, as is illustrated in the partisan investigations now going on as to the conduct of the great World War. And one who knows the negro character knows that a sympathetic investigator can get a gruesome statement of the sufferings of negroes under hard taskmasters. The abolitionist made the negro a hero in his own eyes. I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it was published. Living as I did in Tennessee, I supposed the Southern plantations rang with the piteous cries of slaves under the lash, forced to work beyond their strength. Afterwards I had a Church of fifty white members who owned four or five thousand slaves. I preached on the plantations three nights every week and was all over them by day, and I never saw a negro whipped or unduly worked.

No doubt when the negroes were first introduced into this country they were treated with severity. They were unaccustomed to regular work, and it required strong discipline to train them. But as they became trained and became identified with their masters' families, this severity was mitigated and a far kinder relation established, which recognized the negro's right to bodily care and also to spiritual training.

The whole question of African slavery presented difficulties to every conscientious Southerner. How was it best to deal with an alien race, inferior in mental and moral character, mere children, unable to take care of themselves, with the instincts of savagery lingering in their very nature? Domestic slavery seemed to be the answer that would give security to all and effectiveness to the labor of the slaves. It is claimed that the results of emancipation show that our fears were groundless, and that emancipation has relieved the white man of a burden and has given the negro opportunity to develop his manhood as a free citizen. Surely these optimists are blind to the portentous shadow of race war that hangs over the homes of those who live near large negro populations. The growing demand for social equality, the antagonism of the working classes, the frequent outrages, unknown in the days of slavery, which bring on the terrible lawlessness of

lynchings stirred by race hatred—all these things suggest that the race question is not settled. And the return of the negro soldiers from the World War is emphasizing the demand for social as well as civic equality.

Recently I have read with deep interest two books which treat of history not from the point of view of language or nationality, but of race as the one unchangeable thing that underlies and controls the activities of men. Madison Grant's book is on "The Rising Tide of Color"; the other book, by Prof. Lathrop Stoddard, is entitled "The Passing of a Great Race." The great races are distinguished by color—yellow, brown, red, and white. Hitherto the white race, especially represented by the Anglo-Saxon, has been dominant wherever present with other colors. But now these colored races are beginning to rise against the white. Japan is leading, but it is also showing itself in China, India, the Philippines, in Mexico. The "Passing of a Great Race" notes that the Anglo-Saxon is giving place to weaker and inferior types of white men. In the United States the Anglo-Saxon is being displaced by a horde of foreigners, utterly ignorant of and out of sympathy with our ideals. The abolition propaganda must logically admit this horde and give it rights of citizenship. It is, after all, a part of that radical socialism which says that no man has a right to anything that his neighbor can't have, even if that neighbor will use his right to destroy the government.

It seems to me that when races so widely different as those separated by color have to live together under the same government and outward conditions then there are only three possible relationships: First, equality with intermarriage and a mongrel race; second, antagonism and constant struggle for superiority; third, subjection of the weaker race, some form of servitude. Now it happens that all three of these plans have been tried. The first is illustrated in the intermarriage of the Spaniard with the Indians or negroes, of the French with the Indians. The result was a degenerate race of half-breeds. In the second case the red Indian in our own land resisted and fought the white man, and the red man is practically exterminated. The third case was the African associated with the white man in the relation of slavery. The result was a race happy, content, and growing in numbers and character.

While there were instances of cruelty by masters to their slaves, these were the exceptions, condemned by public opinion; while the regular negro trader was socially ostracized. The revelations of the divorce courts of the present show a cruelty and brutality in the marriage relation beyond anything practiced in slavery. And the same reforming spirit that was exercised by the abolitionist is now manifesting itself in an organized attempt to abolish marriage.

As to the material prosperity that has come to the South, as we note the strife of classes, the conflicts of capital and labor, the army of tramps that infest our land, a class unknown in the days of slavery, we are apt to quote:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

LOWER CASTE.—That social lines were observed among the slaves is instanced by the following reply of a slave to her mistress's question as to why her brother had not come to the Christmas dance: "La, missus, he cyant come here to parties, bein' hired out whar he is to po' white folks."

## CAPTURING THE CAPTURED.

BY S. K. WRIGHT, LURAY, VA.

An account of the capture and recapture of part of Capt. George Grandstaff's picket line along Stony Creek in Shenandoah County, between Edinburg and Columbia Furnace, having appeared in several Northern papers and as deficient of truth as many other incidents of the War between the States from the same sources, one of my old comrades requested that I give my version of the circumstances and facts as I remember them. It being one of the most exciting and heroic of my experiences during the war, my memory of it is as clear to-day as though the occurrence was but yesterday.

A report by one of Sheridan's scouts states that Maj. Henry Young, chief of the scouts, left Winchester at 9 p.m. on Saturday, January 21, with fifteen of his scouts and fifty picked men from the 5th New York, sixty-five in all, that they flanked all towns between Winchester and Narrow Passage, and that no Rebel knew that the enemy was within twenty miles of them. After Sheridan's ruthless burning and destruction of very nearly all substance of life for man or beast, late in the fall the 12th Virginia Cavalry was camped along Milldale road, west of Mount Jackson, doing picket duty along Stony Creek. On or about the 15th of December Company E was disbanded (J. C. McKay, captain) for the purpose of recruiting our horses for the opening of the spring campaign, Capt. George Grandstaff, of Company K, taking charge of the picket line on the morning of January 22.

Returning from a social gathering of the young folks in the neighborhood, I detected the raiding column going south through the almshouse woods, flanking my home a half mile north of Maurertown, about 4 a.m. on January 22. I crossed the Valley Pike to my home, fed my horse, and before daylight mounted and rode south. I had not proceeded far when I met J. H. Bushong coming north, he also having observed the Yankee column going south. We at once conjectured that their object was the capture of the picket line, and we determined to get the boys together and give them a warm reception on their return, he taking one direction and I another. Very soon we had a very good chain of dispatchers. Our assembling point was at an old house in Swope Hollow, one-fourth of a mile east of the Valley Pike and one mile south of Maurertown. By eight o'clock we had a very good fighting force of fourteen, nearly all having had experience under Generals Stuart, Hampton, Ashby, Jones, and the dashing T. L. Rosser. These men were: Martin Strickler, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; Abram Strickler, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; Allin Bowman, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; Silas Crabill, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; William Bauserman, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; James H. Bushong, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; B. F. Hottel, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; S. K. Wright, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; E. M. Bushong, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; George Knight, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; George Bushong, O'Ferrall's Battery; John H. Hoover, Company K, 12th Virginia Cavalry; Milton Crabill, 18th Virginia Cavalry; Benjamin Crabill, Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry.

We placed Capt. Martin Strickler in command and moved south parallel with the Valley Pike, marching far enough to conceal ourselves behind the hills from view, with one scout or lookout on higher ground. When we reached the Henry Koontz woods below the John Myers place, one-fourth of a mile north of Pugh's Run, we could see the

Yankees coming just south of Pugh's Run, with flankers right and left. After crossing the bridge, thinking that they were safe I suppose, they drew in their flankers, very much to our advantage. They were marching along in very good order, unaware of their enemy being not more than two hundred yards from them.

As their rear guard came up the command to charge was given, and we struck them between their main column and rear guard. They made a very determined stand about three hundred yards farther on at the "Big Pond" for about two or three minutes and then broke. We pressed right on to them, pelting their backs. About half a mile farther on Major Young managed to rally six or eight of his men, wheeled their horses square around, and came back to us, our horses' heads coming in contact. Young's horse was shot from under him. This was a battle royal. Being out of ammunition, our revolvers empty, and the enemy apparently in the same condition, we used our empty revolvers for clubs and went to clubbing. Inexperienced ones may inquire why we didn't use our sabers—time too short, interesting, and pressing to make the change. To make the situation a little more lively, Young's horse had only been struck and knocked down by the shot, and in the "muss" he went to kicking and lunging. They managed to get Young on behind one of them and left at full speed. We fell back over the hill on the right, a short distance, at the Isaac Gochenour place, a few hundred yards north of where the Valley Pike Dunkard Church is now located, reloading as we came out to renew the attack.

Capt. George Grandstaff came up with twenty men, informing us that they had captured Lieut. Monroe Funkhouser and twenty-three of his picket line. Taking command, he ordered us forward at full speed. About half a mile north of Maurertown we overhauled them. Their next stand was made at the toll gate, Tony Flinn's place. They took the house and outbuildings for protection and put up a very stubborn fight. We divided our command, one half flanking to our left around a hill, coming in on their right flank and rear. They were not long taking in the situation and bolted north as fast as their mounts could carry them, making one more feeble stand at "Four-Mile House," four miles south of Strasburg. All that was needed here were a few shots and the old Confeds' battle yell, and they broke into one of the wildest, craziest stampedes that I have ever witnessed. We rode through them and over them. They actually jumped off their mounts and tried to outrun them. At Fisher's Hill eight or ten of them jumped over the stone wall, fifteen or twenty feet high, and crept under the cedar brush on the other side. The boys dragged them out by their legs. About three hundred yards north of the stone bridge at Fisher's Hill we recaptured the last prisoner and ceased the pursuit in the suburbs of Strasburg.

In the first two encounters the fourteen fought one to five of the enemy. We recaptured all of the prisoners, captured one-third of the enemy with their horses, killed and shot up one-third, and the remaining third was straggling back to Winchester with their dead and wounded. We had one horse killed in the encounter at the toll gate and one man mortally wounded in the first encounter, George Bushong, a mere boy who had not reached his seventeenth year, young in years, but brave, and he fought with the nerve of a Comanche until he went down. We buried him in the family cemetery with honors of war on the following Wednesday evening and planted the Stars and Bars at the head of his grave.



## ARKANSAS STATE REUNION.

[Address by Commander B. W. Green at the annual reunion of Confederate veterans of Arkansas, held October 26, 27, 1920, in Little Rock. General Green was reelected by acclamation. He is now serving his fourth term as Commander of the Arkansas Division. The address in part is published by request of the convention.]

*Comrades:* We are privileged to live in the most potential period in the world's history. The issues involved are vital to every nation on earth and, we might say, to the human race. Nothing in all the past can compare with the present. The agencies for good and evil are at war, and that war must of necessity be a war to the death. One or the other must be vanquished. We have just emerged from the World War, the bloodiest and most destructive and cruel in all the annals of history, the most gigantic in proportions, if the number of nations and of men and of money involved are considered. And now the reflex consequences are agitating the world, and we of America must meet the issues as we did in 1917 when the liberties of the world were challenged. The world looks to America as to no other nation. The call to arms by the Congress of the United States in 1917 startled the world when they heard the answer of ten millions of young men who were ready for action. Again, the nations came to America for financial help, for food, and for munitions of war, and were not disappointed. They found the treasure house of the world in the United States. They found that we could feed the world with our surplus.

Will America stand the test of prosperity, success, and wealth that we now enjoy, or will we succumb to lawlessness and avarice and surrender our proud position among the nations of the world, and this won by the blood of many thousands of our sons on the fields of France and Belgium? I regret to say that America has caught the contagion and thirst for sordid gold; combinations of capital and of labor demand that which is criminal in its last analysis. The mad rush and craze for gold at any cost threatens even the life of this nation; the poison of those called the "Reds," Bolsheviki, and I. W. W., permeated with treason and anarchy, is boldly taught and proclaimed in this "land of the free and home of the brave." One of the latest phases of this spirit of greed and avarice is manifesting itself in the destruction of cotton gins and cotton warehouses. This lawlessness can work only disaster if not crushed at once by the strong hand of our government. The desire to amass a great fortune in a few days has produced profiteers without number. The necessities of life are cornered and held for starving humanity to give and yet to give. Labor of all kinds has caught the fever and makes the most extravagant demands, to enforce which they organize and make demands by masses, others yet more crazed teach anarchy, treason, and murder in order to reach their goal. It seems that neighbor is against neighbor, and "when iniquity abounds the love of many waxes cold." The fight is for self, and self alone. Patriotism, religion, and God are tabooed. Nothing must stand in the way to thwart their ends.

In view of these facts, are not the old Confederate soldiers born a reserve force for such a time as this? I believe in a "Providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." We, who have come from the school of sacrifice, suffering, and patriotism of 1861, are prepared to stem this awful tide of evil and to say: "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." Will we not show our colors and stand for the

right as in 1861? This is no time for the weakening or the wavering. We must be on one side or the other. Great principles are involved in the issue. Let us as individuals and as a great association of patriots, tried as by fire, stand for law, order, and the right, stand by our united voice, united action, and united votes. Let our loyalty and purity of purpose be known to all men. Our numbers are small and daily lessening, but great things have been accomplished by the few. "Only be strong and of good courage"; stand as a stone wall for the right on every question of government, economics, and social order, and the final outcome must of necessity result in "the greatest good for the greatest number," for freedom and liberty, which shall not perish from America.

To this end allow me, comrades, to urge that you keep your camp fires burning; do not become weary or forgetful of this important duty to ourselves and to history which must be written. So-called and false history must be corrected; our children must be taught the truth. For sixty long years you have made the fight for the greatest principles of government and for which you stood in 1861. The world has accepted those principles as the birthright of all nations—principles which were denied us in 1861, but which were enunciated by Jefferson and the makers of the Declaration of Independence and in 1914-18 lifted the crown from the head of autocracy and placed it upon the head of the people, and under God it will forever remain there. The world owes a debt of gratitude to the Confederate soldier which cannot be repaid, for he blazed the way and the nations followed.

You are world heroes and benefactors, and history will so record your acts of valor and patriotism if you continue true to the end. You do not represent "a lost cause or a furled banner," for the World War demonstrated that you were right and that for which the cause and the banner stood is indestructible. What the South did lose was the constitutional right to secede, making this a national government instead of a federated government of States.

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APRIL 26.

[In the ceremonies at Memphis, Tenn., on April 26, "in Memory of the Confederate Dead," the following lines were improvised by Dr. Ford, one of the speakers. The poem is taken from the volume of war poetry collected and published by Miss Emily V. Mason, 1866-67.]

"In rank and file, in sad array,  
As though their watch still keeping,  
Or waiting for the battle fray,  
The dead around are sleeping.  
Shoulder to shoulder rests each rank  
As at their posts still standing,  
Subdued, yet steadfast, as they sank  
To sleep at death's commanding.  
No battle banner o'er them waves,  
No battle trump is sounded;  
They've reached the citadel of graves,  
And here their arms are grounded.

.....  
Their hallowed memory ne'er shall die,  
But, ever fresh and vernal,  
Shall wake from flowers the soft sad sigh,  
Regrets—regrets eternal!"



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

"Do we grieve when another star  
Looks out from the evening sky?  
Or the voice of war is hushed  
Or the storm of conflicts die?  
Then why should your soul be sad  
And your heart be sorely riven  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown  
And other soul in heaven?"

GEN. A. P. BAGBY.

Gen. Arthur Pendleton Bagby, one of the last of the Confederate generals and a resident of Hallettsville, Tex., for sixty years, died at his residence in that town on February 21, 1921, and he was doubtless the oldest of the graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point. He played a distinctive part in the struggle between the States and was a member of a bar notable in the history of the State of Texas for its distinguished members.

General Bagby was born in Alabama in 1833. As a boy he was in Washington, D. C., during the time his father was United States Senator from Alabama. He graduated from West Point in 1855, and at the outbreak of war between the States he resigned a captaincy in the United States army and entered the service of the Confederate States, serving with such brilliancy that he rose to the rank of general. He succeeded General Green in command of the Confederate forces in the Red River campaign and took part in the recapture of Galveston from the Federals.

At the close of the war he became a resident of Hallettsville and engaged in the general practice of law until recent years, being an active member of the local bar. As a lawyer he was well known among the legal fraternity of the State. He was learned and a fine orator; and though not able to take part in the affairs of the community during the last few years, he retained his interest to the last. He was always a reader and writer and had contributed widely to papers and periodicals on historical subjects.

During his sixty years spent as a member of the bar of Texas he took part in many criminal trials. He was a vigorous defender of States' rights.

Surviving General Bagby are two sons, A. T. Bagby, connected with the State tax office in Austin, and Will T. Bagby, a practicing attorney of Hallettsville and former member of the State Legislature.

GRAYBILL CAMP, No. 1534, U. C. V.

The following members of Graybill Camp, U. C. V., of Tennille, Ga., have answered the last roll call: J. E. Mel-drem, Company E, 1st Georgia Regiment; J. A. Ray, Company E, 15th Georgia Regiment; Capt. J. D. Franklin, Company H, 28th Georgia; L. N. Batchelor, Company I, 59th Georgia; James L. Brantley, Company D, 59th Georgia;

James Sumner, Company H, 28th Georgia Battalion; Corp. W. E. Murchison, Company G, 59th Georgia; G. F. Boat-right, Company E, 5th Georgia State Troops.  
[M. G. Murchison, Adjutant.]

VETERANS OF LANCASTER COUNTY, VA.

Lancaster County, Va., mourns the loss of four of its beloved veterans.

Comrade Michael Herndon Wilder was born on September 20, 1843, at Irvington, Va. Early in March, 1861, when the clouds of war were fast settling over the country, he volunteered his service to defend the beloved Southland and was mustered into service at White House, Lancaster County, as a private in Company L, 55th Virginia Infantry, under Colonel Mallory. The regiment was assigned to Field's Brigade. Comrade Wilder participated in all the battles of that brigade until he was captured at Falling Water on the 14th of July, 1863, as they were coming out of Pennsylvania after the hard fight at Gettysburg. He was sent to Point Lookout, where he suffered the horrors of that prison for eight months. He was exchanged on March 17, 1864. He was as brave and intrepid a soldier as ever fought under the Southern flag. After the war was over he came back to his old home, where he married Miss Emma V. Hammonds and settled down to live a quiet and useful life. He answered the "last roll call" in December, 1920. He was a good neighbor, a kind friend, and his memory will live on and on.

Comrade James Z. Woolridge answered the last "roll call" at his home in Molusk, Lancaster County, Va., on December 30, 1920. At the very beginning of war he volunteered his service and was assigned to Company H, 55th Infantry, where he served with bravery and gallantry until he was captured and taken to Point Lookout. There he suffered fearfully from hunger and cold. He was released on July 28, 1865. After the war he moved from Middlesex County to Lancaster County, where he married Miss Nellie Carter, who lived but a few years. He was a member of St. Mary's Episcopal Church (Old White Chapel), also a member of the Lawson-Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans, where he was honored and beloved by all of his comrades. He was a Christian gentleman, a brave soldier, loyal always to the cause for which he fought.

Napoleon B. Wingate, of Lancaster County, answered the last roll call on December 19, 1920, at his home at Molusk. In June, 1861, he volunteered his service and was mustered in as a private in Company E, 40th Virginia Infantry, where he served with honor and valor until he surrendered with Lee at Appomattox on the ninth day of April, 1865.

William Fleet Pridham, of Richmond, Va., died at the home of his son at Ottoman, Lancaster County, Va., on December 27, 1920.

[Mrs. Luther G. Connellee, Historian of the Lancaster County Chapter.]

JAMES HARRISON HAGY.

After a lingering illness of several months, James Harrison Hagy died at his home, near Greendale, Va., on November 2, 1920, aged seventy-seven years. He was a member of Company I, 48th Virginia Regiment, enlisting at the age of eighteen years. He served throughout the entire war and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

Mr. Hagy was married to Miss Sarah E. Roberts on July 25, 1867, and to this union seven children were born, who,

with their mother, survive him. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a good neighbor, and kind friend. He was also a member of the Masonic Lodge for more than thirty-five years.

[G. W. Garrett, a friend of more than fifty years.]

#### THOMAS E. GEE.

[From resolutions adopted by Martin Walt Camp, U. C. V., Brownwood, Tex.]

Thomas E. Gee was born in Sumter County, Ala., on January 17, 1838. He was educated at the university at Staunton, Va. He served as quartermaster during the four years of war between the States.

He was married to Miss Willie Griffin, of Gainesville, Ala., in January, 1865, and she survives him, with their son and daughter.

Comrade Gee moved to Cameron, La., in 1874; was elected clerk of the court in 1876 and served until 1908. He moved to Brownwood, Tex., in 1909. Retiring from active business life, he led a quiet, studious existence, always interested in the affairs of the Confederate veteran, and he was one of the best-posted men on all the topics of the day. His life was serene, useful, and well spent, and he leaves the world enriched in honor and spiritual benefits in the memory of his deeds as soldier and citizen.

On October 8, 1920, he left us for that land where he may spend endless ages with Confederate heroes gone before to rest under the shade of the trees.

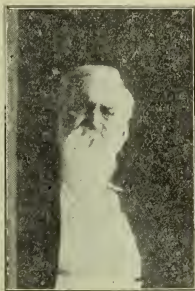
[Committee: Commander J. M. McCall, G. A. Nuckols, Adj. T. A. Witcher.]

#### THOMAS REED MURRAY.

Thomas Reed Murray, born in Buncombe County, N. C., died at his home, near McKinney, Tex., in his ninety-first year. He was the fifteenth child in a family of sixteen, of whom fifteen reached maturity. His early home is now a part of the Vanderbilt estate near Asheville, N. C., and this old homestead had been in the family two hundred years.

In 1849 Thomas Murray was married to Miss Dila Wood, of Rutherfordtown, N. C., and a few years later removed to Arkansas, locating at Batesville. When the War between the States came on he enlisted for the Confederacy and served with Price's old army east of the Mississippi River, taking part in the battles of Corinth, Iuka, Port Gibson, Vicksburg, and Baker's Creek. He was with Price's raid in Missouri and was captured with his regiment at Big Black, Miss., three of the regiment making their escape by swimming the river. His regiment was taken north and kept in prison at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout, Md. His service extended over four years and under Colonel McCarver, a Methodist preacher, Colonel Cravens, and Lieutenant Colonel Mathena.

Leaving Arkansas for Texas in 1867, he settled on a farm in Collin County near McKinney, removing some years later to a place nearer that city, where he died.



T. E. GEE.

Comrade Murray was married three times. Eight children were born to the first union, four surviving him. His second marriage was to Mrs. Fisher, and of their three children one is surviving. The third marriage was to Miss Jane Irvin, of Waynesville, N. C., who died in 1911. There are thirty-two grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, and nine great-great-grandchildren.

He was a man of much natural ability, strong intellect, and his genial disposition made him welcome everywhere. He was a member of the Throckmorton Camp, U. C. V., of McKinney, and a regular attendant at its meetings as long as he was able to get there.

#### JOSEPHUS MEADOR.

Josephus Meador was born in Newton County, Ga., on September 22, 1833, and died at the home of his son, Judge A. D. Meador, at Covington, Ga., on February 13, 1921. After a slight indisposition from an old complaint, death came to him as he slept.

Comrade Meador was a brave Confederate soldier and a highly respected citizen. When his country called he was among the first to enlist and served with the State troops at Savannah for six months. When his time expired he returned home and enlisted in a cavalry company being formed at that time, and throughout the war he was a member of Company B, 16th Georgia Battalion of Cavalry. His command was attached to Gen. John H. Morgan, the celebrated cavalry leader, and he participated in the twenty-seven days' raid through Kentucky and Ohio, as well as other raids made by this brave commander. It can be said of him that he never shirked a duty to which he was assigned, but was at all times ready to do his part.

In November, 1865, he was married to Miss Louise E. Yancey, who died some twenty-seven years ago. Of this union was one son, Judge A. D. Meador, with whom he made his home since his wife's death. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, having been at the time of his death one of the oldest Masons in the county, and he was a member of Jefferson Lamar Camp, U. C. V., of Covington. After funeral services at the First Baptist Church of Covington, he was buried with Masonic honors at the family burial ground at Aycock's Shop.

[William Bird and W. A. Cannon, committee.]

#### H. P. MANN.

H. P. Mann, a member of Company I, 30th Mississippi Infantry, Walthall's Brigade, died on February 22, 1921, at Sweetwater, Tex., while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Carthen.

Comrade Mann was born in Carroll County, Miss., on April 3, 1835. He enlisted at Carrollton, Miss., early in 1862 with J. W. Campbell as his first captain. The company was commanded most of the time by Capt. J. G. Gibbs.

Comrade Mann had his left ankle badly shattered in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and fell into the hands of the enemy when General Bragg retired; was afterwards removed to Indianapolis, where he remained in prison until the close of the war, suffering, besides the hardships that were the lot of all Confederate prisoners, the added misery of his crushed ankle. He was married on December 30, 1875, to Miss E. F. Marshall, who survives him and was with him when he was passed away. Three daughters also survive him.

[W. T. Hightower.]

RICHARD M. BUGG.

Richard M. Bugg, the oldest and most beloved citizen of Potosi, Mo., died there on the 13th of October, 1920, at the age of eighty-five years. He was born in Columbus, Ga., on April 10, 1835, and was the last surviving member of his family. His early life was spent on the farm, and at the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted with the Columbus City Light Guards, Wright's Brigade, 2d Georgia Battalion, and served four years in the Army of Northern Virginia, participating in many hard and trying battles, during which were the battles around Richmond, Gettysburg, and Petersburg.

In September, 1865, Comrade Bugg went to Missouri and was associated with his aunt, Mrs. Eliza Perry, in the management of her mining properties at Potosi; later he was in the mercantile business, in which he was very successful. In 1870 he was married to Miss Annie W. Cole, who survives him with their only child, Mrs. Mary B. Eversole.

During his residence in Potosi Comrade Bugg was known as one of the most active citizens in the upbuilding of the community. He was a man of generous impulses, ever a friend to the needy, and had helped many over the rough places in life. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church in 1887 and had lived a consistent Christian life. His mother was a charter member of the Presbyterian Church at Columbus, Ga. During his invalidism following an accident several years ago he found much comfort and solace in reading the Bible, and just before falling into the last sleep he repeated after the faithful and loving wife the childhood prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." He was most generous and kind in his home life, and his cheerful presence is sadly missed there and wherever he was known.

A. J. BROWNLEE.

In the death of A. J. Brownlee, which occurred on January 11, 1921, the community of Hereford, Tex., mourns the passing of the oldest citizen, yet younger than many in the alertness of mind and keenness of interest in life. "Ninety-two years young" was the thought of him during the weeks in which life was gradually passing. Unique as a type of the stalwart strength, stanch courage, and innate manhood of the pioneer manhood, he was a worthy representative.

A. J. Brownlee was born in Campbellsville, Ky., where he grew to manhood and was married. In 1853 he started to Texas with his wife and child by way of New Orleans. On the way cholera broke out on the boat, and his child was a victim. Locating in Mount Pleasant, Tex., he operated a tanyard there, and during the War between the States supplied leather for the shoes of Confederate soldiers. His wife died near the close of the war, and he returned to Kentucky with his children and was at Campbellsville until 1874, when he again went to Texas and made his home at Granbury, where he married Mrs. Sallie J. O'Brien. In 1884 they removed to Oklahoma, returning to Texas in 1913 and locating at Hereford. Besides his wife, he is survived by five children, four stepchildren, thirty-two grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

When quite a young man Mr. Brownlee became a Mason, and throughout his life was a stanch supporter of its interests. In a visit to the Grand Lodge at Dallas in 1909 he was honored as the oldest Mason in Texas and presented with a Masonic emblem. The last rites of his burial were conducted with full Masonic honors.

KENNETH C. McCOWN.

Kenneth C. McCown, beloved Confederate veteran, answered to the last roll call on January 14, 1921, having passed into his eighty-first year. He was born at Capeville, Va., on December 1, 1840. His early life was spent on his father's farm, near Capeville, with one term at the University of Virginia. Early in 1861 he ran the blockade on the eastern coast of Virginia, after crossing Chesapeake Bay in an open boat during a terrific snowstorm. From Hampton, Va., he crossed over to Norfolk, where he joined the Horse Artillery of the Norfolk Blues, in command of Captain Granby, Pickett's Brigade, C. S. A. He went through the war as a private, ever of good repute, received a slight wound during the latter part of the war, was a prisoner at Point Lookout for a short time, and was paroled from that prison at the close.

Some time after the war he was married to Miss Susan Thomas Roberts, member of an old Capeville family. Six splendid daughters survive them, the wife having preceded him into the spirit land by some years. Since her death he had been making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Elliott Rickenbaker, in Summerville, S. C. After an illness of several months he died at the Roper Hospital in Charleston, S. C., and was buried in the old Episcopal churchyard at Summerville.

He retained his undying love and adoration for his Confederate leaders and loved nothing so much as to talk of the days of the "great war"—always under "Marse Robert."

WILLIAM FONTAINE WATSON.

William Fontaine Watson, son of Dr. Overton D. Watson, was born in Lauderdale County, Ala., on January 15, 1842, and died at the Kentucky Confederate Home on March 1, 1921. His mother was Miss Annie Dickson. A sister and a brother, Miss Sene W. Watson, of Richmond, Va., and L. D. Watson, of Nashville, Tenn., survive him. He became a member of the Christian Church shortly after the War between the States and was a faithful attendant on its services for many years.

William Watson enlisted in Company F, 4th Alabama Cavalry, in 1862—Col. W. C. Johnson's regiment of Roddy's Brigade—and served under General Forrest up to the surrender. His record as a soldier is without stain. He was faithful, brave, and true, never shirked a duty, and was ever ready to go when called upon. He loved the cause for which he so valiantly fought.

Comrade Watson was an inmate for many years of the Kentucky Confederate Home and was very popular with the comrades there. Everybody liked "Billy" Watson, as he was familiarly called, and he is greatly missed.

[B. J. Wesson.]

MEMBERS OF CAMP 763, MARIETTA, GA.

The following members of Camp 763, U. C. V., of Marietta, Ga., died during 1920: J. W. Read, Company A, 7th Georgia Regiment; John A. Massey, Phillips's Legion; B. Rainey; W. F. Murdock, Company C, Phillips's Legion; A. H. Talley; J. H. Brown; Nelson Robert, Company A, 7th Georgia; J. P. Ray, Company A, 7th Georgia; S. J. Ellis; Sidney Pickens, Company H, 7th Georgia; Jesse Martin, Company B, 38th Georgia; Grogan House, Company A, 18th Georgia; — Bryan, 23d Georgia; B. A. Osborn, Phillips's Legion; Neal Williams, Company C, 21st Georgia; Blu Osborn, Company I, 7th Georgia.

[E. DeT. Lawrence, Adjutant.]

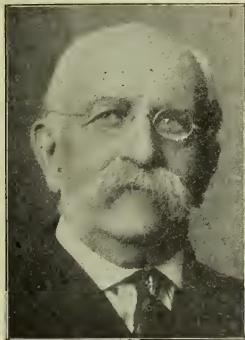
## CAPT. DEWITT CLINTON DURHAM.

Capt. DeWitt C. Durham, a gallant Confederate soldier, was born in Cleveland County, N. C., in 1839 and died at the home of his son in Hattiesburg, Miss., on February 25, 1921. He served in five military departments of the South. He was reared in Kemper County, Miss., to which State his parents, Benjamin F. and Elizabeth Evans Durham, moved in 1843.

Captain Durham was a scholarly man, having graduated from Irving College, Tennessee, in 1858, afterwards attending Judge Pearson's law school in North Carolina, returning to Mississippi at the outbreak of war to volunteer for the Confederacy. He enlisted in the Kemper Guards and was elected second lieutenant. This company was attached to the 59th Virginia Regiment, known as Wise's Legion, under command of General Wise, which went into West Virginia with the forces of Gen. R. E. Lee. Lieutenant Durham's first battle was at Sewall Mountain, where he took up the gun of a fallen comrade and actively participated in an engagement with Rosecrans's troops. He was promoted to first lieutenant. The regiment moved to Roanoke Island, where the entire command was captured. The officers were paroled and afterwards exchanged.

Lieutenant Durham was commissioned captain of Company K, 46th Mississippi Regiment, with which he took part in the Vicksburg campaign, participating in the battle of Baker's Creek and the forty-seven days' fighting during the siege of Vicksburg. At the capitulation he was paroled, and when exchanged in the fall of 1863 he rejoined his company, which he commanded in the Georgia campaign from Resaca to Atlanta. In the battle of Kennesaw Mountain he was hit squarely in the forehead by a spent rifle ball and was carried to the rear with the dead, but, recovering consciousness, he was soon on the firing line. On August 4, 1864, in front of Atlanta, he was more seriously wounded, a ball passing through both thighs. In the spring of 1865 he was captured for a third time while on duty in the trenches at Blakely, near Mobile. Subsequently he was a prisoner of war at Ship Island and was paroled at Meridian at the close of hostilities.

In 1868 Captain Durham moved to Meridian, where he was for many years prominently identified with the city's affairs. He married Miss Harriet C. Chatfield, daughter of the Rev. G. W. Chatfield, a prominent Alabama and Mississippi educator and divine. Captain Durham is survived by two sons—W. L. Durham and D. C. Durham—and two daughters—Mrs. C. H. Steele and Miss Eloise Durham. He was a member of Walthall Camp, No. 25, U. C. V.



CAPT. D. C. DURHAM.

## MAJ. RANDOLPH BARTON.

Randolph Barton, for nearly fifty-five years a leading attorney of Baltimore, Md., died at his home in that city on March 15. He is survived by his wife, seven sons, and two daughters.

Born in Winchester, Va., on April 24, 1844, the son of David Walker Barton, a prominent lawyer of that city, and Fanny L. Jones Barton, Comrade Barton was educated in the academy at Winchester and the Virginia Military Institute. When seventeen years of age he put aside his books to take up arms for the South.

As sergeant major of the 33d Virginia Infantry, of the Stonewall Brigade, he was wounded in the first battle of Manassas and later was taken prisoner at Kernstown. After nearly five months of confinement in the Baltimore city jail and Port Delaware, he was released and became lieutenant in a company of the 2d Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. He was severely wounded at Chancellorsville.

Following his appointment to the post of assistant adjutant general of the Stonewall Brigade, Mr. Barton was wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse and at Winchester and was also struck in several other engagements. In 1865 he was appointed by Gen. I. A. Walker as assistant adjutant and inspector general with the rank of major, but surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse before receiving his commission. He married Miss Agnes P. Kirkland in 1869.

Returning to his home at the close of the war, "Major" Barton, as he was better known to his friends, prepared for his legal career as a student in the office of Judge Richard Parker, of Winchester, who presided at the trial of John Brown. Moving to Baltimore in 1866, he was admitted to the bar and started to practice.

He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for a number of years was a member of the vestry of his Church and also served for some years as vestryman of the convention of the Maryland Diocese.

Of a kindly and genial disposition, he had many friends. He belonged to the University Club and also expressed his continued interest in Confederate affairs by membership in the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States.

## JOHN PRATT WEST.

John Pratt West died at the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md., on December 1, 1920. He was born on March 19, 1837, on the "Merryland Tract," Frederick County, Md., and at the outbreak of the war enlisted in Ashby's Cavalry, later the 7th Virginia Regiment, of which Turner Ashby was colonel. He was a member of Company G, together with Frank Knott, Charles Wilson, Eugene West, Blanchard Philpot, John Dunlop, Benjamin P. Crampton, Israel Graham, Thaddeus Thrasher, Clarence and Thomas Hilleary, Tom Pitts Brashears, Billy Burns, Robert Marlow, Jim Thomas, and many others from the "Tract" whose names are not now recalled. "Jack West" was with his command throughout the war, with it in the "glorious days of 1862" in the Valley, with it at Brandy Station when Stuart was outgeneraled (but his men were not outfought), present at Trevillian's Depot on that June day in 1864 when Hampton outgeneraled and his men outfought the Yankees under Sheridan and Custer and drove them back into their lines, and on many another hard-fought field Jack West did his full duty. He was a true soldier of the Confederacy. What finer thing can be said of him? Peace to his ashes!

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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Paducah, Ky.

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MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

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

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The thirteenth annual circular of the U. D. C. Committee on Education has been issued to Presidents of Divisions, of Chapters where there are no Divisions, and to the Chairman of Education. If any of these have failed to receive copies, they should notify at once the Chairman of Education, Miss Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C.

Many valuable scholarships are available for next September. Those vacant are as follows: Scholarships in full, covering practically all expenses, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for young women, \$800; Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., for young men, \$380. Scholarships of various amounts covering only part of the expenses are to be bestowed for: Medical College of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C., \$120; Army and Navy Preparatory School, Washington, D. C., \$400; Marion Institute, an army and navy school, Marion, Ala., \$150; Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., \$100; Gulf Coast Military Academy, Gulfport, Miss., \$100; Brenau College Conservatory, Gainesville, Ga., \$110; St. Mary's School, Memphis, Tenn. (open to day pupils), \$100; Springside School, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia (open to day pupils), \$300; Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn., \$100; Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., \$200; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., \$50; Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex., \$75; Southwestern Presbyterian Presbyterian College, Clarksville, Tenn., \$50; Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn., \$75; Trinity College, Durham, N. C., \$50; Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn., \$65; Eastern College, Manassas, Va., \$75; Harriman College, Harriman, Tenn., \$100; University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., \$60; University of Alabama, University, Ala., \$60; University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla., \$100; University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., \$70; Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., \$330; Meridian College Conservatory, Meridian, Miss., \$50; and at the University of Virginia, Charlotte, Va., there are vacant nineteen U. D. C. scholarships, valued at \$95 each. In addition, the amount of \$1,634.51 will be bestowed in hero scholarship "to honor the men of the South who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917-18."

Applications for the Vassar scholarship must be in hand by May 1, for all others by June 1. All applications are required to go through the Division Chairman of Education, and all inquiries about scholarships should be addressed to them.

Our duty to this splendid catalogue of opportunity is to see that these scholarships are filled, and to do so the attention of ambitious young students must be called to our organization's educational advantages. This brings us again to the point of individual responsibility, and I beg you, each and

every member, to find the young men and young women who need the assistance we offer.

The Robert E. Lee Memorial.—On page 196 of the Asheville Minutes is printed the resolution adopted by the convention assuring the Washington and Lee University authorities of "sympathy and coöperation in this patriotic task." A copy of the Lee booklet therein approved is now in my possession and is of great beauty and value. The booklet is presented as a certificate of subscription and is mailed to all subscribers to the Lee Memorial Fund by our own Mrs. C. B. Tate, the Treasurer of the Memorial Fund Committee and the custodian of the chapel with its mausoleum, the recumbent statue by Valentine, General Lee's office, and many art works of interest and great value. The purpose is to accomplish the reconstruction of the western half of Lee Chapel, to make the structure fireproof, to install a heating plant, to enlarge the seating capacity, and to bring the building "into architectural harmony with the stately Washington building opposite," to equip and endow the Robert E. Lee Memorial School of Civil and Highway Engineering, and to endow the Robert E. Lee School of Journalism in Washington and Lee University. Popular subscription in modest amounts, five dollars upward, is the method chosen. The name of each subscriber will be enrolled in a large volume to be kept in the chapel, so that future generations may know who participated in establishing the Lee Memorial Fund. The Virginia Division has accepted the responsibility and is now working on the endowment which shall maintain a permanent custodian for the mausoleum and chapel.

This great enterprise has the hearty indorsement of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and as your President I call your attention to it now in the hope that each member of the organization will have some part in the effort to create this worthy memorial. A ringing appeal comes to the heart when we stop to consider that we here have the opportunity to complete the plans General Lee himself with great vision made for the school, plans he left unfinished on that October day in 1870.

With eager interest I await results of your work for the Hero Fund, the Jefferson Davis monument, and the book, "Southern Women in War Times," and hope with your assistance to complete these three obligations before summer overtakes us.

Cordially,

MRS. M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

"A prayer

For courage to walk in the ways of truth,  
And the strength to keep at last,  
'Mid the frosts of winter the bloom of youth  
And the fragrance of the past."

## THE HERO FUND.

*Daughters of the Confederacy:* I have been very much gratified by the response of some of the States to my appeal for the Hero Fund sent out in January. All who responded said they hoped to be able to pay their *per capita* in full very soon. I hope those who haven't answered are working to that end and will let me hear from them soon. Daughters, \$1.15 *per capita* is a small amount for us to pay for such a wonderful cause. Let us all work together and complete this fund this year.

Following is my report for the Hero Fund for January and February:

California Division .....	\$ 174 55
Philadelphia Chapter .....	9 00
Kentucky Division .....	123 94
California Division .....	51 35
Total .....	\$ 358 84
Previously reported .....	6,600 00
Liberty bonds .....	1,250 00
Total .....	\$8,208 84

Very respectfully, Mrs. J. T. BEAL, *Treasurer.*

## DIVISION NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—On February 12 Mrs. J. T. Beal was hostess to the Executive Board meeting of the Arkansas Division. The President, Mrs. W. E. Massey, of Hot Springs, was present and conducted the morning and afternoon sessions. An outline of the year's work was given and concurred in by the Board. All officers, as well as chairmen of standing and special committees, made reports, showing progress in all lines of work. Nine Chapters were represented and much important work was discussed. Fort Smith was selected as the next meeting place of the State Conference. A buffet luncheon was served by the hostess and her daughter, Mrs. Lula Beal Dibrell. The next Executive Board meeting will be held at the home of the State President in Hot Springs on Saturday, May 21, 1921.

At the meeting of the Hot Springs Chapter in January Capt. John Appler spoke "In Memoriam." He had on the uniform worn by him as a private soldier the day he was left on the battle field as dead. The uniform contained four bullet holes, but otherwise was in a good state of preservation. After saluting the American flag, he gave the lines written by Will S. Hays on the death of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Captain Appler claims that this is the only uniform of a private Confederate soldier now in existence.

On February 14 the regular meeting of the Benton Chapter was held with Mrs. J. W. Bailey, assisted by her lovely daughter, Miss Elizabeth. The birthday of Robert E. Lee was celebrated with a silver tea, from which was netted quite a nice little sum for the endowment fund.

*California.*—California Division will hold its annual convention, beginning on May 11, at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, Cal., and it is hoped some of the general officers can be present, also that any Daughter in California from other State Divisions will attend.

U. D. C. affairs in Southern California have been numerous during the winter. General Lee's birthday was celebrated by the four Chapters in Los Angeles by pretentious gatherings, Los Angeles Chapter being entertained by Mrs. Eras-

mus Wilson, of Chester Place, with a reception and musicale. Robert E. Lee Chapter gave a dance at Ebell Clubhouse, and Wade Hampton Chapter held memorial exercises at Trinity Church. John H. Reagan gave a luncheon of eighty covers with Confederate veterans as honor guests.

Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter celebrated the birthday of the general for whom the Chapter was named and was also hostess to some of the San Francisco Bay Chapters for the Lee anniversary. Jefferson Davis Chapter had a reception and appropriate exercises on January 19, which is also the birthday of Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, its founder, for whom memorial services of respect were held, members devoting a moment of silent thought.

*Colorado.*—The Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, of Denver, held a splendid meeting in November in the form of a harvest home festival, and a generous supply of good things was donated for a local tubercular institution for destitute women and girls. The Christmas party was also a perfect success and appropriately celebrated. The January meeting was a joint celebration of the birthdays of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Commodore Mathew Fontaine Maury, and a splendid address on the lives of these great men was given by Carl Hinton, Adjutant General S. C. V.

The State officers who reside in Denver gave a card party and luncheon in January from which a nice little sum was realized for the State work.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter of Grand Junction has paid its *per capita* to the Hero Fund and also headed the list with \$10 to the Hoover Fund.

The Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter of Pueblo has paid its *per capita* to the Hero Fund.

In the passing of Mrs. O. S. Cunningham, of Pueblo, the Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter has lost a beloved member, one who had devoted herself to the work for a number of years.

*Maryland.*—The anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee was celebrated by the Baltimore Chapter at Arundell Hall, Mrs. Rufus K. Goodnow, the President, presiding. The first public reading of the prize essay, written by Miss Laura Lee Davidson, on the work of "Maryland Women in the Confederacy" was given by Matthew Page Andrews.

Miss Christiana Bond read a paper on her personal reminiscences of General Lee. These were from the diary of her first season at White Sulphur Springs and gave delightful glimpses of the personal and social side of the great general and emphasized his magnanimity toward the people of the North. Miss Jane Cary called attention to the error in John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," where General Grant is made to refuse the sword of General Lee. The famous sword of Lee was presented to Professor Maupin, of the University of Virginia, father of Mrs. R. Corbin Maupin, who is Historian of the Maryland Division, U. D. C.

A bust of General Lee was presented to the Robert E. Lee Junior High School by the Baltimore Chapter on January 17. This bust was designed by Dr. Volck. Maj. Randolph Barton made the speech of presentation, and this included personal reminiscences of General Lee. He told of a contest open to pupils of the school in which a prize will be given for the best essay on General Lee. Dr. David E. Weglein, assistant superintendent of city schools, accepted the bust in behalf of the school. The children of the school gave beautiful musical renditions of Southern melodies. Matthew Page Andrews made a short address, after which he presented a

book, "Women of the South in War Times." The bust was unveiled by Miss Mary Alricks Marshall, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lee Marshall.

*Missouri*.—The St. Louis Chapter, of St. Louis, is financing two sisters at the School of the Ozarks in Taney County. This Chapter is also aiding two elderly ladies in St. Louis who have been under the watchful care of the Chapter for several years.

The State President, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, was the guest of honor at the breakfast given by the six Chapters of Kansas City commemorating the birthdays of General Lee and General Jackson, Mrs. R. C. Orr, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, acting as toastmistress. Crosses of honor were given the four veterans by Mrs. Allen Porter, Recorder of Crosses of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. The Kansas City Chapter, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, the George Edward Pickett Chapter, the Upton Hayes Chapter, and the Dixie Chapter were represented by their respective Presidents on the program.

The Dixie Chapter, of Kansas City, has given its second business college scholarship, valued at one hundred dollars, which is filled by Miss Marion Watson, a charter member of the Chapter.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Confederate Veterans was held at Springfield, Mo., in October. Maj. Gen. W. C. Bronaugh, of Kansas City, was reelected Commander of the Division.

The M. A. E. McClure Chapter, St. Louis, Mrs. W. H. Hudson, President, gave a very beautiful ball at the Buckingham Hotel on February 4.

The Sterling Price Chapter, St. Joseph, Mrs. Elliott Spalding, President, entertained two hundred guests at a luncheon on January 19, commemorating the anniversaries of Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Blackwater, Mo., Mrs. Jesse T. McMahan, President, has supported a French orphan two years, is giving financial aid to a young woman in training for a nurse, and is doing a great deal of other educational and benevolent work.

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, Mrs. Bernhard C. Hunt, President, arranged a beautiful float for the Elks' convention.

Mrs. W. E. Owen, President of the Kate K. Salmon Chapter, of Clinton, is State Recorder of Crosses, Missouri Division.

The Hannibal Chapter, Mrs. James R. Bozarth, President, presented to Admiral Robert E. Coontz, a native of Hannibal, chief of naval operations of the United States, a set of sterling silver Mark Twain spoons with "U. D. C." engraved in the bowl of each spoon.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City, Mrs. D. L. Shumate, President, has been paying the rent for the meeting place for the veterans and serving dainty refreshments and cigars after the meetings. This Chapter gave the greatest number of crosses of honor last year of any Chapter in the State.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Mexico, Miss Emma McPheeters, President, has subscribed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the Mexico high school reading room, also for the community room. The volumes from 1916 to 1919 were bound and placed in the public library.

The Moberly Chapter, Mrs. L. W. McKinney, President, sent a fine collection of relics to the Missouri room at Richmond.

The Springfield Chapter, Mrs. George Baxter, President, has placed a picture of Robert E. Lee in the Springfield high school.

*New York*.—The New York Division began the new year with a crowded calendar.

On January 15 Mrs. James Henry Parker, President of the New York Chapter, gave a reception at the Hostel Astor for the entire New York Division and visiting Daughters. Assisting the hostess in receiving was Mrs. Skinner. The guest of honor was Mrs. Jones, the mother of Mrs. Parker. The convention at Asheville in November last graciously bestowed upon Mrs. Jones the title "Belle of Dixie."

On January 19 the Confederate Camp of New York held its annual "camp fire" and dance at the Astor. Commander Hatton made some introductory remarks and was followed by several other speakers, among whom were Colonel Chaffee and Gen. Robert E. Lee Bullard, now in command at Governor's Island, N. Y. Rev. Dr. Nathan A. Seagle, son of a North Carolina veteran, offered prayer at the close. Then followed a supper and dance. Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President of the Division, was at the head of the entertainment committee.

The one absorbing question now is the completion of the bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee to be placed in the Hall of Fame at New York University. Mrs. R. W. Jones, No. 220 West Ninety-Eighth Street, New York City, Chairman of the Division Committee, will be most happy to acknowledge all contributions, large or small, from any who wish to participate in this tribute.

*Virginia*.—Raising the endowment to keep the custodian at the Lee Mausoleum at Lexington is the largest work undertaken by the Virginia Daughters this year. Surely a stupendous task, but with one hundred and forty-eight active Chapters this can and will be accomplished.

The Confederate Museum in Richmond celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on February 22. Open house was kept from eleven to five, addresses made, and old Southern songs were sung.

The Governor of Virginia, by proclamation, designated February 1 as Maury Day in accordance with the following: "The Assembly of 1920 appropriated \$10,000 to the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association to aid in the erection of a monument to Maury. This act requests the Governor to designate a Maury Monument Day. The act further provides that the State Board of Education shall call upon Division Superintendents to have the pupils in the public school on the day designated instructed concerning the life and achievements of Maury. On this day the children in the schools will be given an opportunity to make a contribution to the monument fund."

At the request of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Chairman of the Virginia Committee on Confederate Scholarships, the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, until recently known as the Bureau of Vocations, will investigate all applications for U. D. C. scholarships. Of the forty-four scholarships, twenty-nine are full tuition and fifteen for part tuition. Some member of the applicant's immediate family—father, grandfather; or uncle—must have served in the Confederate army or contributed some service to the Confederacy during the War between the States. All applications should be made to the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, Richmond Hotel, Richmond, Va.

*Washington*.—January 19, the birthday anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee, was celebrated by the members of Dixie



Chapter, Tacoma, at the home of Mrs. A. W. Ollar, with the Confederate veterans of Pickett Camp as guests of honor. The distinctive feature of the program was a short talk by each of the veterans present, telling of the most important battle in which they had a part. Mrs. Barret read a poem written in honor of our great chieftain by her father, Judge Langhorne, who was unable to be present. A birthday offering of \$37 was made by the members and guests to the European Relief Fund.

The members of the John B. Gordon Camp and their wives were entertained by Mrs. Harry A. Callahan at her home. Large Confederate flags were draped in the drawing room and dining room, adding to the beauty of the Christmas decorations of holly, mistletoe, and chrysanthemums.

The meeting of the Robert E. Lee Chapter at the home of Daniel Kelleher served the double purpose of doing honor to the memory of General Lee and to four of the soldiers who wore the gray with him. "Lives of great men contain the lessons of history, and out of the lessons of history are great men built," said Stephen F. Chadwick in paying tribute to the Southern leader. Mrs. R. F. Bartz, representing Daughters of the Confederacy, bestowed the crosses of honor on A. D. Richardson, William R. Garnett, A. Harker, A. J. Reburn, and Dr. J. L. Leavel. They were little more than boys when they enlisted in the Confederate forces. Richardson fought through the Virginia campaigns in Gary's Cavalry Brigade. Garnett went with John Morgan's cavalry on his famous Ohio raid, Leavel participated in the Missouri campaign under General Price, and Harker fought under Bagley T. Johnson at Gettysburg.

*West Virginia.*—The annual convention of the West Virginia Division was held on September 6 and 7, 1920, in Alderson, when the Alderson Chapter, Miss Emma C. Alderson, President, was the hostess. From the point of reports on accomplishments, activities, and growth, as well as financial condition, and by the charming hospitality and delightful entertainments for the delegates the 1920 convention was acclaimed one of the most successful in the history of this Division and one of which all West Virginia Daughters are justly very proud. A source of gratification to all Chapters in the little mountain State was the reflection of our very capable and beloved State President, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, of Charleston, with the following officers to assist her: First Vice President, Mrs. John J. Cornwell, Executive Mansion, Charleston; Second Vice President, Miss Kinnie Smith, Parkersburg; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles L. Reed, Huntington; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Charles Sutton, Clarksburg; Treasurer, Miss Mary C. Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Miss Ora F. Tomlinson, Charles Town; Registrar, Mrs. William Echols, Alderson; Director of Children's Auxiliaries, Miss Anna K. Kife, Buffalo; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. T. N. Reed, Hinton.

The Huntington Chapter celebrated the joint birthdays of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson with a large reception, at which the honor guests were Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, State President, and Mrs. John J. Cornwell, the wife of the retiring Governor, State Vice President.

Charleston Chapter, No. 151, entertained the Confederate Veterans and their families, Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and all Southern sympathizers with a delightful evening of music, Confederate reminiscences, and short addresses by a number of illustrious West Virginians who are sons of the Southland's veterans. A

delicious buffet supper was served to nearly two hundred guests.

At the home of Mrs. C. K. Payne, its Treasurer, Charleston Chapter, No. 151, tendered a farewell reception to Mrs. John J. Cornwell, who leaves Charleston with the change of administrations for her home in Romney. Mrs. Cornwell will be greatly missed in the capital, where she has endeared herself to a wide circle.

This Division is steadily working toward the complete accomplishment of the registration of every single Daughter (many the wives of veterans) who have been paying, active members of this great organization, but because of oversight or neglect, and particularly because of the lack of the realization of the necessity of it, have not had their registration papers recorded or even filled out.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of the Confederate history."

Key word. "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1921.

SIDNEY AND CLIFFORD LANIER, GEORGIA POETS.

Read aloud some of their poems and have a paper on the life of Sidney Lanier and his place among American poets.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1921.

HERO YEAR.

Albert Sidney Johnston, the hero of Shiloh. Describe this battle and the beautiful monument erected by the U. D. C. and consider how the death of General Johnston prevented a complete victory.

## CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY IN NEW YORK CITY.

A Chapter of Children of the Confederacy was organized in New York City on March 12, 1920, as an auxiliary to the New York Chapter, U. D. C., and has a membership of some forty children, ranging in age from one to sixteen years, and among them are grandchildren of Gen. Joseph Wheeler. Its officers are: President, Miss Mary S. Shropshire; Vice President, Miss Margaret Jones; Corresponding Secretary, E. G. Davis; Recording Secretary, Rebecca Lanier; Treasurer, Coleman Brown; Registrar, Harrison Lee Buck.

A report of the first annual meeting of this Chapter comes from Mrs. J. D. Beale, Historian of the New York Chapter, in the following: "The meeting was held on Saturday, March 12, at the home of Mrs. Alexander Smith, invited guests being Mrs. Parker, President of the New York Chapter, Mrs. Schuyler, President of the New York Division, Mrs. Alfred Cochran, Mrs. R. W. Jones, and the mothers of the members. Mrs. Beale read a paper on Gen. Joseph Wheeler and presented a picture of him to the Chapter. Reminiscent talks of their acquaintance with General Wheeler were made by Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Cochran. The children gave an enjoyable program of music and recitations, the exercises closing with the singing of 'Dixie,' led by Mrs. Kenyon, of Tennessee, after giving a group of Southern songs."

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
435 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
Memphis, Tenn.	
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
Seale, Ala.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MARY A. HALL.....	<i>Historian General</i>
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
College Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Post Laureate General</i>
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garstide Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....	Miss Anna Caroline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jeanie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....	Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....	Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....	Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## LEADING INTERESTS OF THE ASSOCIATIONS.

*My Dear Coworkers:* I am happy in bringing to your attention some new developments of our work in conjunction with that as carried on in past years.

First, let me urge that as the day of memories—our Memorial Day—approaches, bringing in its train a flood tide of inspiration, an epochal opportunity for driving home new lessons of patriotic loyalty to the young people of the Southland, that your Associations strive to be to them shining examples in the performance of this sacred duty and privilege.

Second, let me again impress upon you the fast-passing opportunity of honoring our veteran Confederate mothers in presenting the gold bar of honor to each living mother of a Confederate veteran. Seek them out. Soon it will be too late. Send names to the Chairman at Large, Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, Pensacola, Fla.

Third, do not forget the Junior Memorial work. It is very important, more important than many things that are slipping away from their moorings in the past. The education of our children along this line, the lessons we should teach them to preserve the sentiments and traditions of our mothers of the Old South should never be neglected.

It gives me great pleasure to announce the appointment of Mrs. Westwood Hutchinson, of Manassas, Va., as Junior National Organizer. Mrs. Hutchinson is peculiarly fitted for this work, having for years been at the head of both Memorial and U. D. C. work, and her devotion to every cause inspired by Southern sentiment easily fits her for leadership, and she will be able to respond to any call for assistance in organizing Junior Memorials.

The newly appointed President of West Virginia, Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey, has as her most efficient State Vice President Mrs. Lee Wilson. No more splendid workers could be desired. With these two capable women to lead the forces in West Virginia some of our older States will have to look to their laurels or the new States will be found leading them in active interest.

I take pleasure also in announcing the appointment of Mrs. Warren A. Candler, of Atlanta, as Chairman of Resolutions. Mrs. Candler is the wife of Bishop Candler, of Georgia, and she is a woman with the spirit of the Old South and eminently qualified for the work she has undertaken to do.

Faithfully yours,

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

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLLIE.

The Allan Seegar Library in France will be enriched by the contribution of a complete set of Martin and Hoyt's

library of "Southern Literature." These valuable books have been given to Mrs. Oswell Eve, of Augusta, Ga., the chairman at large, by the firm publishing them.

The family of the late Joel Chandler Harris has contributed some interesting books of "Uncle Remus" stories to this library, and Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier has presented the library with a copy of her "Distinguished Women of the Confederacy."

This work of sending Southern books by reputable writers to the Allan Seegar Library is one that should be carried on untiringly. There has been so much written and said by Northern writers that gives the wrong impression and history concerning the South that the time has come to refute such misstatements and garbled accounts of the bravest battles that were ever fought and of the noblest race of people in whose blood coursed the purest strain of the Anglo-Saxon by placing such reading matter in the library as will verify the truth of the South's claim to the highest place on the annals of history for heroism and nobility.

The time is getting shorter and shorter every day for the Confederate mothers to be honored as the C. S. M. A. is doing with the little gold bar, and it is urgent that these mothers who have lived through many sorrows and several wars should be found and given the sacred emblem. They have not all been found. There still remain some who have living Confederate veteran sons and to whom the little gold bar of honor should be given. A few years from now there will be no Confederate mothers. So get busy and find them wherever they may be and put this remaining bit of sunshine and happiness in their lives.

Mrs. B. D. Gray has contributed the following interesting communication to this department under the head of "The Call of Memorial Day": "As the springtime approaches and we feel the stirring and revival of plant life about us, our minds turn toward the resurrections of the body and the immortality of the soul. This is the true meaning of Eastertide. Soon the wild azaleas will cover the hillsides with their lovely blooms, and in Atlanta that means that Memorial Day has come again with its sacred duties and privileges. After sixteen years of residence in Atlanta and her suburb, College Park, I am prepared to say that she surpasses all other cities I have known in the dignified, spontaneous celebration on Memorial Day."

Mrs. Gray goes on with the story of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association in this wise: "On April 25, 1866, there appeared in the *Intelligencer* and in the *New Era*, daily papers published in Atlanta, the announcement: 'In behalf of the ladies of Atlanta we request the merchants to close their doors on April 26 for the purpose of decorating the graves of the Confederate soldiers. Signed, Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan,

Miss Julia Clayton, and Miss Sallie Clayton, Committee.' The result was that by nine o'clock next morning the 'City of the Living' was deserted for the 'City of the Dead.' Time would fail me to recount similar scenes throughout the stricken Southland. Our heroic mothers who had opened their homes and churches as hospitals during the sixties for the wounded and dying Confederate soldiers, now that the war was over, turned their attention to marking the graves and building memorials to their beloved heroes. The 'History of the Confederate Memorial Associations of the South' is filled with information and records the deeds of noble women from every State in the South, women who have kept a deathless vigil over the soldier dead. Theirs was the hardest part to raise and build from desolate hearthstones and more desolate hearts; but they builded well, and we of this generation are the heirs of their undying principles and the custodians of their monuments. To us is entrusted the important task of training the children of to-day in the correct facts of history as enacted in the sixties. The Confederate Memorial Association of the South is a chartered institution, growing and still true to the ideals of its founders more than fifty years ago."

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TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., was celebrated on February 22 with special exercises. The entire building was decorated in red and white flowers. An interesting address was made by John Stewart Bryan, in which he reviewed the history of the building and the founding of the museum.

The building was erected by Dr. John Brockenborough in 1817, and by 1861 it had passed into the hands of James A. Seddon, Secretary of War for the Confederacy. When war was declared, the building was purchased and furnished by the city of Richmond at a cost of \$42,000 and was offered to the Confederate government for the "White House of the Confederacy." However, the gift was not accepted, the government preferring to rent its quarters; so the building remained as the property of Richmond and thus escaped confiscation when the Federals took possession of the city. The mansion was occupied by Mr. Davis from May 29, 1861, to April 2, 1865.

It was the intention of General Canby, commander of "District No. 1," with headquarters at Richmond, to utilize this building for a negro school under the Freedman's Bureau, but it later became a public school for the city of Richmond and would doubtless have continued in some municipal use but for the idea conceived by the Daughters of the Confederacy of perpetuating the ideals of the Confederacy in the home of its President. It was in February, 1890, that this idea of making it a memorial hall of the Southern cause was carried out under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President of the Hollywood Memorial Association, and other patriotic ladies of the city, among whom were Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss, Mrs. E. C. Minor, Mrs. George M. West, and Mrs. James R. Werth. The original board of 1896 were: Mrs. Raleigh Colston, Mrs. James H. Grant, Vice Presidents; Mrs. M. S. Smith, Treasurer; Mrs. Stephen Putney, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, Corresponding Secretary.

The city of Richmond gave the building to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in 1890, and it was formally de-

livered on June 3, 1894. Then the important work was to repair the building and make it fireproof, and the funds for this were raised in large part by a bazaar held in the First Regiment Armory, by which \$30,000 was realized for this and the soldiers' and sailors' monument. On the 22d of February, 1896, the building was opened, the day being chosen because "it was the birthday of the great Rebel President and the inaugural at Richmond of the great President of the Confederacy." From the small collection of relics shown at its opening, the museum has become the greatest in the South. Among its priceless relics are the Davis, Lee, Jackson, and Stuart collections, intimate reminders of our great leaders; the original parchment of the Constitution of the Confederate States, the table on which the ordinance of secession was signed, the great seal of the Confederacy, the DeRenne collection of books, returned battle flags; paintings that show as the South was the first to invent the ironclad and the torpedo, so was she also the first to use the submarine; papers innumerable, but all in perfect order. The value of these things cannot be estimated in dollars; it is a priceless collection.

The Confederate Museum ranks as one of the places of historic interest in Richmond, and thousands visit it annually, many visitors from abroad having inscribed their names on its register.

To the women of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond is due their country's appreciation for the work which has made this "a vitalizing, life-giving shrine for the whole Confederate cause."

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BARTEAU'S REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.

BY COL. V. Y. COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.

John H. Sneed, whose obituary appeared in the March VETERAN, was a heroic soldier serving with a heroic band in Company C, Capt. M. W. McKnight, Col. Clark R. Barbeau's (not Barton) regiment, which served with General Forrest until the end in May, 1865, and was known as the 2d Tennessee Cavalry, but in reality it was the 22d.

This regiment should have been numbered the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, but Gen. W. N. R. Beall, who commanded the Confederate cavalry in the Corinth sector when Bennett's and McNairy's Tennessee Cavalry Battalions were consolidated, out of which he formed Colonel Barbeau's regiment, designated it as the 2d Tennessee Cavalry.

Col. Henry M. Ashby had already organized the 2d Tennessee Cavalry, which organization followed closely upon the heels of Col. James E. Carter's 1st Tennessee Cavalry (there were two other Tennessee cavalry organizations claiming to be the 1st, Rogers's and Wheeler's.)

By the time General Beall's report of the organization of Colonel Barbeau's 2d Tennessee reached the War Department at Richmond reports had reached that department of the organization of twenty-one Tennessee cavalry regiments, hence Colonel Barbeau's 2d Tennessee became the 22d Tennessee Cavalry.

These facts were not known by Colonel Barbeau until February, 1865, when he made strenuous efforts, but without avail, to have corrected what he supposed was an error by the War Department at Richmond.

This injustice, error, or whatever it may have been did not sully the splendid fighting reputation that Colonel Bar-

(Continued on page 158.)

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1866, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
 Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
 Editor, J. R. Price.....1206 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 [Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

## CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.

J. Gwynn Gough, Commander of the Missouri Division, S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo., has appointed W. Naylor Davis, of St. Louis, Mo., as Division Historian and R. D. Johnson, of Marshall, Mo., as Division Color Bearer. The naming of these officers completes the appointment of staff officers by Commander Gough.

\* \* \*

Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., held its regular business meeting on Tuesday evening, February 8, 1921. E. H. Blalock, Commandant of the Camp, presiding. The following applicants were elected to membership: Hilary H. Micow, John A. Chumbly, Dent M. Freeman, Emmett M. Key, Joseph Graham, and William H. Conklyn.

\* \* \*

R. B. Haughton reports that at the regular monthly meeting of the Sterling Price Camp, S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo., the following officers were elected: Walter H. Saunders, Commandant; C. A. Moreno, Lieutenant Commander; Peter B. Gibson, Adjutant; R. W. Brooks, Jr., Quartermaster; John M. Curlee, Treasurer; W. S. Hancock, Chaplain; W. N. Davis, Sergeant; Dr. Selden Spencer, Surgeon; A. Stewart, Historian.

\* \* \*

A number of the Division Commanders have not appointed their staff officers for the current year. It appears that to these officers a start is difficult, but it is only by an effort that the goal will ever be reached. It is of course evident that the work for this year will not be under the best auspices, having in mind the fact that the year is nearly half over. It will be, no doubt, the great ambition of the Division Commanders who have not already made their appointments to show that it is possible to select officers of ability and enterprise to fill these positions. With a strong organization in each State, led by officers who earnestly endeavor to solve their local problems, it is certain that the contagion of success will permeate the whole Confederation.

\* \* \*

Commander N. B. Forrest announces appointments on the following committees: Historical, Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg; Relief, R. E. Dickson, Lewisville, Ark.; Monument, Lucien L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.; Finance, Steve H. King, Jr., Tulsa, Okla.; Memorial, Dr. Byron Dozier, Birmingham, Ala.; Gray Book, Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va.; Rutherford, Rev. A. S. Johnson, Charlotte, N. C.; Resolutions, Lon A. Smith, Henderson, Tex.

\* \* \*

Resolution of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V.:

"Resolved: 1. That this Camp wishes to put upon record grateful appreciation of the work done and now being done by Commander N. B. Forrest and his assistant officers in

maintaining and building up the splendid organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

"2. That we recognize the fact that soon they must take our places as the sole guardians of the history of our service during the War between the States, our priceless sentiments and traditions, and to see to it that these facts are handed down in the form of true history to future generations. To this task the Sons of Confederate Veterans have committed themselves with commendable zeal, and we bid them God-speed in their praiseworthy efforts.

"3. We also appreciate the fact that it is through the efforts, ably led by their Commander in Chief, N. B. Forrest, that we are privileged to have the great annual Reunion, which we love so dearly to attend. By the efforts of these Sons they can be perpetuated so long as there are Confederate veterans able to attend.

R. W. THOMPSON, *Commander*;  
 ALE PEAY, *Adjutant*."

## MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD ASSOCIATION.

Plans for the acquisition of the historic battle field at Manassas, Va., were formally launched at a meeting held in Washington, D. C., on March 5, 1921. A charter was approved under which the project will be incorporated.

The first object of the incorporation will be the purchase of the Henry farm, contract for which is protected by an option at the purchase price of \$25,000. Money will then be raised for monuments and suitable markers to be placed upon spots historic and sacred to the South.

The charter provides for the usual corporate officers and a board of directors composed of a representative from the United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and one from each Southern State, including Missouri, Maryland, and Kentucky. The respective Governors, in the absence of legislation, are by the charter authorized to name the State member of the board. Thus it is seen that the promoters of the project seek to make the park a memorial to valor and a center from which will radiate a fair, truthful, and full history of the two great battles fought upon that ground.

The charter authorizes the board to accept markers or monuments offered by any State or organization, thus making it possible for Northern States or Union army units to mark spots of peculiar interest to the North.

Major E. W. R. Ewing was elected President of the corporation; Capt. Westwood Hutchinson, Commandant of Manassas Camp, U. C. V., Treasurer; E. H. Blalock, Commandant of Washington Camp, S. C. V., Vice President; and J. Roy Price, editor of the Sons' Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Secretary. Major Ewing was for years Historian in Chief of the S. C. V., and for a long time has been one of the most favorably known attorneys of Washington, D. C. He is the author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," regarded as one of the strongest defenses of secession extant; and lawyers and students of governmental questions involved in secession will recall his "Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision" and his "The Hayes-Tilden Contest," all works of a very high order. He has also written short stories and interesting works upon local history. These evidences of Major Ewing's unbounded interest in the truths relating to his native South give assurance of the success of the park project.

The preliminary work is in the hands of an executive committee led by F. F. Conway, of Alabama, who was commissioned by the Governor of his State for this work. Other members of this committee are: Col. W. L. Wilkerson, Jesse Anthony, W. E. Dodge, and Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone. Hon. R. Walton Moore and Col. Robert E. Lee are on the Financial Committee.

Greater love of a greater nation through a greater appreciation of the fundamentals for which the Confederacy stood is one of the passwords of this organization, which believes that no man is the highest patriot who does not first love his own hearthstone. In this spirit let all the South help laurel the graves of the sacred dead of First and Second Manassas.

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#### "THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Since making out the March report upon the progress of "The Women of the South in War Times," there have been several interesting developments. It is a significant fact, for instance, that those who know most about the value of the volume have been those who have done the most work for it. Seeing that the volume was edited and printed in Baltimore, it is fitting that the Baltimore Chapter should be at present leading in contributions toward the publicity fund, although the Chapter yields to several others in *per capita* subscriptions to the book itself. Seventeen individual members of the Baltimore Chapter have subscribed to the publicity fund in amounts ranging from \$1 to \$25, the total of their subscriptions being \$108.50.

Every Daughter who subscribes to this publicity fund will in after years take pride in it, as she will be mentioned among those who have supported the beginnings of the greatest monument or memorial the Daughters of the Confederacy have erected to their mothers and the cause for which their mothers endured and achieved so much. The records, names, and amounts are being carefully kept in a special "honor ledger" adapted to this purpose.

The managing editor addressed the Philadelphia Chapter on February 18, and informed those present about the progress of the work. Afterwards he was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hartman. Mrs. Hartman's mother, Mrs. Lee, of Alabama, has long since passed the mark of threescore years and ten, but is vigorous in mind and body and has recently been appointed to the staff of the President General.

Preceding this, the managing editor has spoken before the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter in New York City, this being that Chapter in the organization whose contribution proved the inspiration to send the book to press in time to be presented to the Asheville Convention.

On March 8 the managing editor was invited to speak to the New York Chapter at their regular meeting in the Hotel Astor. The President of the Chapter, Mrs. James Henry Parker, subscribed \$25 toward the publicity fund. Additional subscriptions were received from Mrs. J. D. Beale and Mrs. R. W. Jones. In addition, a number of books were sold at regular U. D. C. prices.

It must not be forgotten that there are a number of smaller Chapters which are sending in subscriptions to the book. These subscriptions, in proportion to the number of members, are highly creditable. Certain Chapters in small communities throughout Virginia, for example, have doubtless sent in the largest proportion of subscriptions per membership, such

as the subscriptions sent in from the R. E. Lee Chapter, Basic, and Amelia Chapter, Chester. As previously reported in part, West Virginia has come forward with Chapter subscriptions to the book.

The Arkansas Division has been heard from of late, largely through the efforts of Mrs. C. M. Roberts. Mrs. T. N. Doyle writes from Little Rock that her Chapter has seen to it that the local papers had copies for review and that the libraries were supplied, where the book was reported to be always in use.

The managing editor hopes that further contributions for the publicity fund may be sent in so that the books may be sent to England and France, particularly a few at least to the latter country, to offset some very serious misstatements circulated by Booth Tarkington in a book sent over for study by the French children, in which Tarkington represented the War between the States as being almost wholly a moral crusade on the part of the North against a section of the Union which was fighting solely for the perpetuation of slavery. A copy of the book should be sent, for example, to M. Stephane Lauzanne, the distinguished French editor, who, in his book on "Great Men and Great Days," refers to the coöperation of America and specifically mentions the North, the West, and the East, but omits any reference to the work of the South. Monsieur Lauzanne should read the final chapter of "The Women of the South in War Times," showing the contributions of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Certainly if he had read this prior to writing his book, he would not have ignored or omitted the South.

Finally, during the week of the writing of this report the managing editor was invited to speak before the Jefferson Davis Chapter in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Turner presiding, one of the guests of the occasion being a heroine of the book itself and a former President General of the U. D. C., Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex. To the surprise of the managing editor, who has been doing purely idealistic work and giving his time gratis for the cause, the Chapter offered him an "honorarium" of \$25 for his personal use. This was turned down by him personally, but received with joy for the publicity fund. Credit should be given, therefore, to the Jefferson Davis Chapter for this special contribution. By special request at this meeting, the managing editor spoke that evening before the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, whence he had to hurry to catch his train; but on parting the presiding officer, Mrs. Frank Morrison, assured him that the Stonewall Jackson Chapter "would be heard from." The District of Columbia Division, by the way, is preparing to present ex-President Wilson with a special leather-bound and stamped copy of "The Women of the South in War Times," and Mrs. Benjamin Soule Gantz, of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, has been appointed chairman of the arrangement for presentation.

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THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO.—The negro race in the South has advanced farther than any similar number of negroes anywhere on the globe, because it has had the privilege of coming into contact with the white people of the South. To the Southern white people we owe our language and our religion, all that we have learned and all that we have advanced in civilization.—R. R. Moton, *Principal Tuskegee Institute.*

## BARTEAU'S REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.

(Continued from Page 155)

teau and his intrepid regiment had achieved, for they stood high upon the list of dependable troops serving with General Forrest.

How General Beall came to fall into this error I am not advised. He was a West Pointer and a splendid soldier, whom I knew personally and favorably as a commission merchant at St. Louis for several years after the war. Delay through inadvertence at his headquarters or somewhere in transit through military channels evidently caused this confusion.

Colonel Barteau was a Northern man who had lived in the South only a few years when the war began, and, like many other Northern officers serving in the Confederate army, he was true to the cause of his adopted country. He has been dead many years, but his memory still lives in the hearts of all Southern people who knew him.

## A VALUABLE BOOK.

A new work on "Secession and Constitutional Liberty," by Bunford Samuel, has as its theme "the right of a nation to secede from a compact of federation, and that such right is necessary to constitutional liberty and a surety of union." It is an elaborate defense of the action of the Southern States in withdrawing from the Federal Union in 1861-65.

There is, first, a clear statement of the doctrine of secession as held by the Confederate States, the political principles involved, and the nature of the Federal Union as a compact between sovereign States. This view is defended and illustrated by historic reference to the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the adoption of the Constitution. There are also presentations of the views of Mr. Madison, the father of the Constitution, and of President Buchanan's and President Lincoln's views. The discussion closes with a strong statement of the ethical principles involved. This discussion takes up one hundred and nineteen pages of Volume I. The remainder of the work is a series of appendices, confirming and illustrating the author's argument by voluminous extracts from the writings of the fathers of the republic and from eminent authorities, historic and legal, from the very foundation of the government.

These appendices indicate an amount of laborious, intelligent investigation that must have taken years of time and study. Altogether the two volumes contain a treasure house of historic learning that will be of greatest service to those who would know the truth as to the effort of the Confederate States to assert and vindicate true constitutional liberty.

Of course it will be said by the partisans of the Union that all this discussion is merely academic; that these great questions have been permanently settled and settled against the doctrine of secession. Now let it be said that there is no attempt in this work to stir the States to reassert their rights by secession. But it is asserted that no great principle in morals or politics upon which the highest interests of a people are founded can ever be permanently set aside. Again and again will they assert themselves in some form, just as the right of every people to determine their own form of government was one of the main points involved in the great World War just ended.

True principles of conduct for individual or national life

need to be constantly taught and illustrated. The truth of history is to be made clear. "The eternal years of God are hers."

Two volumes, price \$6.

## EDUCATION OF SOUTHERN GIRLS.

Among the first of our people after the War between the States to realize the educational need of the young people of the South and to make some provision for it was Miss Emily V. Mason, well known for her philanthropic work during the war. Her first effort to provide funds for that educational work was the publication of a volume of poems which she had collected during the progress of the war as they appeared in the newspapers and through friends after the war. In the preface to the first edition she states that, besides publishing these as a memorial volume "expressive of the hopes and triumphs and sorrows" of the Southern cause, another design was to aid by its sale the "education of the daughters of our desolate land, to fit a certain number for teachers so they might spread throughout the Southern States the knowledge which might otherwise be denied."

In the preface of the second edition (1868), revised and enlarged, Miss Mason expresses appreciation of the response "in sympathy and generous aid" which had attended her efforts, and says: "Already through the means thus acquired I have provided for the maintenance and education of twenty-five Southern girls, and I trust that the sale of another edition will enable me to accomplish as much more."

These girls were the daughters of Confederate soldiers, some of them orphans, and the last hours of their fathers had been soothed by the promise of Miss Mason to do something for the little ones they left behind. That promise she was enabled to carry out in part by the sale of this little volume. It is now long out of print.

## GENERAL LEE'S SIGNATURE WANTED.

The following comes from Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Director of Child Hygiene and Public Health Nursing, at Vic-sur-Aisne, France: "At a luncheon the other day in Paris I had the honor and great pleasure of finding myself next to General Maud'huy, in whom all of us who are Southerners are interested not only because of his able and gallant conduct in the late war, but because of his great admiration for General Lee. He is writing a little paper on the life of General Lee, calling him a 'modern Bayard' and speaking of him as above praise. Incidentally he has seven of his photographs, including the one on Traveler, one of which hangs in my brother's room at home, but he has not even a facsimile of his signature. This I promised him, and I have already sent for a photographic copy of a dispatch sent by General Lee to my grandfather, John C. Breckinridge, after the battle of New Market. If any reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can put me in touch with some one from whom I can secure an original signature of General Lee for General Maud'huy, I shall be delighted to buy it."

From W. J. Croom, Wharton, Tex.: "As the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the only paper that will tell the truth about the War between the States, I want it for this particular purpose, so my children and grandchildren may know all the facts."

R. L. Armstrong, of San Angelo, Tex., writes: "The VETERAN is a great publication, and is always read with great pleasure and appreciation of the things for which it stands."

## MY CROSS OF HONOR.

[Lines written on the day he received his cross, January 19, 1901, by G. W. Merrell, Company E, 1st Georgia Cavalry, Carrollton, Ga.]

Humble badge of brass and iron,

Plain and modest in design,

Unadorned with sparkling diamonds,

Pearls, or gems from sea or mine;

Yet I prize it more than jewels

Wrought with pearls and precious stones.

For the legend, "Cross of Honor,"

Peals our praise in thunder tones.

In the dust now trails the banner,

Wreathed upon thy silent face,

Furled the flag that floated o'er us,

Furled forever in its place.

Yet our cause is not forgotten,

And this little cross will stand

As a sacred "Cross of Honor,"

Emblem of our faithful band.

Sacred badge, I'll fondly cherish

Thee and wear thee near my heart.

Naught save death shall e'er divorce us,

Naught but death this twain shall

part,

Then to distant generations

Let my children hand it down,

Symbol of their father's glory,

Cross of Honor, high renown.

For to me thou hast a spirit,

Hast a language and a soul,

For in burning words you tell me:

"You are on the honor roll."

Honored by my fellow comrades,

Honored by the "Daughters" fair.

Bless the noble Southern women,

Whose fair fine hands have placed it there.

R. T. Burr, 460 East Third Street, Pomona, Cal., would like to hear from any of his old comrades of Company D, 1st Louisiana Cavalry, under Col. John S. Scott. The first captain of the company was John Williams, resigned in 1862 and was succeeded by Capt. E. Everett. Comrade Burr was the youngest member of the company, and he is now almost seventy-eight years old. Most of the men were thirty and over, so he fears there are few of them now living.

R. D. Stuart, 1103 Edmondson Avenue, Baltimore, Md., has a fine collection of Confederate relics, among which is almost every button and belt plate used in the Confederacy; the navy belt buckle only is missing. He will appreciate hearing from any one having that.

## NEAR-EAST RELIEF.

Mr. Hill Montague, Past President of the National Fraternal Congress of America, has accepted the chairmanship of the National Fraternal Advisory Committee of the Near-East Relief. This committee will devise plans for the close cooperation of the fraternal organizations with the Near-East Relief in the succor of the orphans and refugees of the Near East.

Of particular interest to lodges is the Lenten sacrifice appeal, an appeal to help the thousands of hungry, homeless waifs in Armenia and Turkey through the sacrifices of the American people during this Eastertide. Such a call cannot fail to touch the hearts of those men and women who are bound together in various societies founded upon the principle of universal brotherhood. What could be more fitting, too, than that we should at this season extend brotherly help to that nation which of all the world was the first to accept the teachings of the Great Teacher of brotherly love?

Last year the members of 1,450 American lodges assumed the care of over a thousand of these orphaned children and proved by their generous support that their hearts were with this great cause. This year, the need being greater, the response is sure to be larger. It takes five dollars a month, or sixty dollars a year, to feed one orphan. Send your pledges to Near-East Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, Cleveland Dodge, Treasurer.

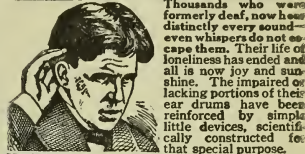
The book on "Women of the South in War Times" should be in every home of the country. Few can realize the courage and the patient sacrifice of our women of the sixties. The book is a revelation. Send orders to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Price, \$2.50, postpaid.

Robert Meador, of Goodview, Va., Route No. 1, is anxious for something on the Ku-Klux Klan. Any one having a copy of Mrs. Rose's book or other publication of worth is asked to correspond with him. That book is now out of print.

Mark Y. Judd, of Bandera, Tex., wants to hear from the following comrades: Jimmie Martin, Dan Couch, Gid Cole, or any one who knew him in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade.

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Mrs. W. F. Orr, Marlborough Apartments, 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga., is desirous of securing her husband's record as a Confederate soldier, and asks that any surviving comrades of W. F. (Billie) Orr, who enlisted at Dawson, Ga., with Capt. R. F. Simmons, Company G, 64th Georgia Regiment, will furnish proof of his service. It seems that the records of the company were destroyed by fire. She is anxious to get his cross of honor.

R. J. Tabor, of Bernice, La., is still anxious to learn something of his old comrade, J. K. Fomy, who served in the 10th Confederate Cavalry, C. R., of which John M. McElroy was captain, and the command was a part of Wheeler's Cavalry, Johnston's Army. He enlisted at Franklin, Ga., and was paroled at Greensboro, Ark.

In the inquiry made by O. C. Myers in the VETERAN for March, page 119, a typographical error gave his command as the 62d, when it should have been the 2d Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters. It is hoped that this will locate some members of that command.

T. M. Lauck, of Leander, Tex., wants the address of Tom Turner, who served with Company G, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

# Confederate Books, New and Old

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Gen. R. E. Lee, by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.....	3 50
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Reminiscences of the Civil War, by Gen. John B. Gordon.....	3 00
Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest, by Dr. John A. Wyeth.....	4 00
Scharf's History of the Confederate Navy.....	3 50
The Leopard's Spots, by Thomas Dixon.....	2 50

THE FOLLOWING ARE OFFERED FROM A VETERAN'S LIBRARY, ALL IN GOOD CONDITION:

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THESE ARE ALL OLD BOOKS, NOT IN THE BEST OF CONDITION, BUT GOOD, AND OF SPECIAL VALUE BECAUSE OF THEIR SCARCITY:

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