

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXIV.

JUNE, 1926

NO. 6



GEN. M. D. VANCE, OF ARKANSAS
Elected Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans
Birmingham Reunion, May, 1926

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

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CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

In this list are some books in much demand and very difficult to find. In ordering, give second choice.

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|---|--------|
| Life of Forrest. By Dr. John A. Wyeth..... | \$5 00 |
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| Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by James D. Richardson..... | 6 50 |

An inquiry comes for Bulloch's "Secret Service of the Confederacy," "A Rebel Clerk's Diary," "Marginalia," "Life of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart," by McClellan, and the first edition of "Four Years with Marse Robert," by Stiles. Anyone having these books for sale will please write to the VETERAN.

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Mrs. Lizzie Lowe Fuller, 218 North Seventh Street, Mayfield, Ky., is trying to ascertain the company and regiment of her uncle, Dr. James W. Lowe, who enlisted in Texas in the same company with a Dr. Inge. If any of the family of Dr. Inge, or any surviving comrade, can give the desired information, it will be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. A. A. Winkleman, Burlington, Tex., wishes to establish the war record of her grandfather, Christopher Columbus McDonald, who served with the Jasper Grays, of Jasper County, Miss., but she does not know what company it was, or the regiment. She will appreciate hearing from anyone who can give this information. He went to Texas soon after the war and died there in 1901.

Mrs. C. D. Martin, of Jacksonville, Ala., makes inquiry in behalf of John Thomas Casey, now eighty years old, who is trying to get a pension and wants to get in communication with any old comrades of Company I, 28th Tennessee Cavalry. He gives the name of T. Hays as the colonel of his regiment, but there is no such officer on record. Anyone who can help this comrade establish his record will kindly write to Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Anna M. G. Fry, of Orrville, Ala., is trying to get the war record of Thomas Henry West, who served with the 21st Tennessee Regiment, but she does not know which company. Any surviving comrades or friends will kindly give all information possible.

Mrs. M. J. Jennings, Prague, Okla., wants to hear from any survivor of Elliott's Battalion who knew her husband, Lewis T. Jennings (Tol Jennings), who was captured soon after joining the battalion and was taken sick in prison and remained so till the close of the war. Any information will be appreciated.

W. A. Lamb, of Girard, Ala., Route 1, would be glad to hear from anyone who served with Company F, 6th Alabama Regiment. He is now eighty-six years old.

Mrs. W. H. Woods, Route 8, Murfreesboro, Tenn., seeks information of Capt. or Col. John Floyd, of the Revolutionary War, or any John Floyd of a later war.

Confederate Veteran

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

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

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

TWO GENERAL OFFICERS, C. S. A.

Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Texas, now eighty-six years old, attended the reunion in Birmingham. He and Gen. John McCausland, of West Virginia, are the only surviving generals of the Confederate army,

THE ARCH INVISIBLE.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

He who doth gaze back to the beginning sees,
Like a great bow against the sky,
The most sublime sentence since Christ there written:
"I go to share the miseries of my people"—
Not the emoluments, nor the honors, nor the glories,
but "the miseries of my people."

Then he beholds an arch invisible,
On it in gold a story set,
The most sublime self-abnegation known of man.
One end doth rest
Before an undistinguished house in Washington.
A tablet reads—
"In this house the command of the Union Army
Was offered, in April, 1861,
To Robert E. Lee."

One end is set before a weathered house at Appomattox,
Where, in April, 1865,
Robert E. Lee surrendered the Confederate forces
To the Commander of the Union Army—
He had shared the miseries of his people.

THE REUNION.

"The iron gates of Birmingham are open to you, and the highest praise of the State is for those Confederate soldiers who died for their ideals and for you who lived to carry on the cause within your hearts."

In these words did Governor Brandon, of Alabama, voice the welcome of the State to the United Confederate Veterans assembled in their thirty-sixth annual convention in Birmingham, May 18-21, and in this spirit the city capitulated wholeheartedly to the host in gray. The gates of hospitality were swung wide for the throng that came from every direction, early and late. Birmingham's hospitality appealed to their hearts, and only words in praise of their entertainment came from the veterans of the sixties. Ten years had passed since the previous meeting in this progressive city of the South, and there was much to see and to enjoy, for nothing had

been left undone that could possibly be done for the comfort and entertainment of the visiting host. All praise to Birmingham, the Iron City, for its golden-hearted hospitality.

* * *

The first session of the convention, held on Wednesday morning, May 18, was given over to the greetings of welcome and responses. The convention was called to order by Gen. T. P. Lanikin, commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V., and the devotional exercises were conducted by Dr. H. M. Wharton, Chaplain General, U. C. V. The welcome to the State was given by Hon. Val J. Nesbit, General Chairman of the Reunion Committee; to Birmingham by Hon. J. M. Jones, Jr., President City Commission; in behalf of the American Legion by Hon. Headley E. Jordan, commanding Birmingham Post No. 1; and response was made by Col. John F. Jenkins, Paymaster General, U. C. V., in behalf of the veterans. Addresses were made by Hon. William M. Brandon, governor of Alabama, who won every heart by his splendid, patriotic address, which the VETERAN hopes to give in an early number; and by Gen. Johnson Hagood, Major General in command of the Fourth Corps Area, U. S. A., and a member of the U. C. V., who spoke upon the relation of past wars to the present, and laid great stress upon the fact that a British general of wide renown had declared that Robert E. Lee was the greatest soldier of all times, and had written a book to prove it. "Though I carry the flag of Grant," said General Hagood, "I have the heart of the South within me."

In the short address made by General Freeman, Commander in Chief, he brought out that the veterans were still much alive and there need be no talk of "a limping army of old men—no nonsense about the *last* reunion. We shall meet and march and sing and tell our stories as long as two of us can travel, and when we turn over the reunions to sons who will be faithful and to daughters who will not forget, we shall send one last, long rebel yell defiantly down the years."

Again he said: "We are met in enthusiastic cheer because, first of all, we have pride in our cause and gratification at the memory of our efforts for it. Were this the fall of 1860 instead of the spring of 1926, we would hope that cool judgment would prevail and that the appeal to arms might be avoided for our country's and our brother's sake. But if war had to come, every man of us, I am sure, would do precisely as he did in the day of test, except that he would try to render larger service to his State and to the Confederacy. In the words of an illiterate, but ardent, old 'rebel,' who was asked about his war record, we 'ain't ashamed of nothing we have done.' It is a great privilege to have contact with a historic cause or a mighty leader; it is inspiring to serve in the decisive moments of man's achievement. It is the greatest satisfaction of all, I think, to have fought for such a cause, to have known such leaders, and to have shared such moments. Having that satisfaction, what have we to fear of old age? How could we be gloomy? . . . We are happy, immeasurably happy, because we have seen the South emerge from the direful economic and political consequences of the War between the States. It is impossible for this generation, comrades, to realize the condition of the South in 1865, or the heaviness of heart with which we surveyed it. The end of days seemed to have come in the ruin of our government and the wreck of our fortunes. We saw the woes of war as no other Americans ever saw them—at least, on this continent—and we wondered if the South ever could recover. . . . But we have lived to see the 'defeated principle' of State Rights proclaimed an essential to the salvation of a Union overburdened with administrative activities; we have

seen the section that was held in economic subjection wax mightier than ever we dreamed it could be in a Union we love and loyally uphold. So we may count ourselves the most fortunate men who ever survived in old age the downfall of the country of their youth. . . . We see our cause vindicated, our comrades' fame secure, our country thriving, our children happy—what more could we ask?"

Among other notables making talks at this morning session was Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General, U. D. C., who told of the work done by that great organization, and dwelt at length upon the proposed Jefferson Davis Highway, to extend from Washington, D. C., to the Pacific coast by way of New Orleans and other prominent Southern cities; and she told how this roadway will be an eternal memorial to the cause of the South and to Jefferson Davis, only President of the Southern Confederacy. "Every mile of that roadbed will be the resting place of a large boulder carrying the name of Jefferson Davis upon it," she said; "and under each inscription will be a brief summary of some particular exploit of this famous man. These will stretch the entire distance from Washington to the Western Coast.

* * *

The Thursday morning session was devoted to the business of the organization, when reports were made and many resolutions were presented and discussed. The financial report of Adjutant General Harry R. Lee showed a larger balance in the treasury, doubtless, than at any time before. Starting last August with a deficit of four dollars, the collections to date amounted to \$3,908.22, with a disbursement of \$2,250, leaving a cash balance of about \$1,600. For this fine showing, General Lee gave much credit to Mrs. W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, who is in charge of the headquarters in New Orleans, and she was given a vote of thanks by the convention.

The election of general officers came at the afternoon session and the selection of a meeting place in 1926. The invitation extended by Tampa, Fla., was unanimously accepted.

Gen. M. D. Vance, of Little Rock, Ark., who served during the war with Gen. W. L. Cabell's Brigade, one of the hardest-fighting detachments of the Confederate army, was elected Commander in Chief, U. C. V. He is also Commander of the State Division.

Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., was reelected Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department.

Gen. Hal T. Walker, of Montgomery, Ala., was reelected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department.

Gen. J. C. Foster, of Houston, Tex., was elected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Gen. W. B. Freeman, retiring Commander in Chief, and Gen. K. M. VanZandt, of Texas, Past Commander in Chief, were made Honorary Commanders for Life.

* * *

The parade on Friday morning was the great feature of the reunion to the veterans in attendance, whose joy in participating is never lessened by age or increasing feebleness. Automobiles were provided for all, and only a few persisted in marching as they did in the sixties. Company B, of Nashville, Tenn., was seen in the old uniform of gray jeans and carrying their guns, and received continued ovations. Life and color radiated from the long line of cars, decorated with flags filled with veterans and women of the South, interspersed with bands playing the Southern martial airs, and military companies, and Boy Scouts, and the school children of Birmingham—all moving between a solid mass of humanity lining the streets, from which came continuous applause and cheers.

The parade was estimated as eight miles long, and it was two hours in passing. There were approximately eight thousand cars in the procession.

It was a great day in Birmingham!

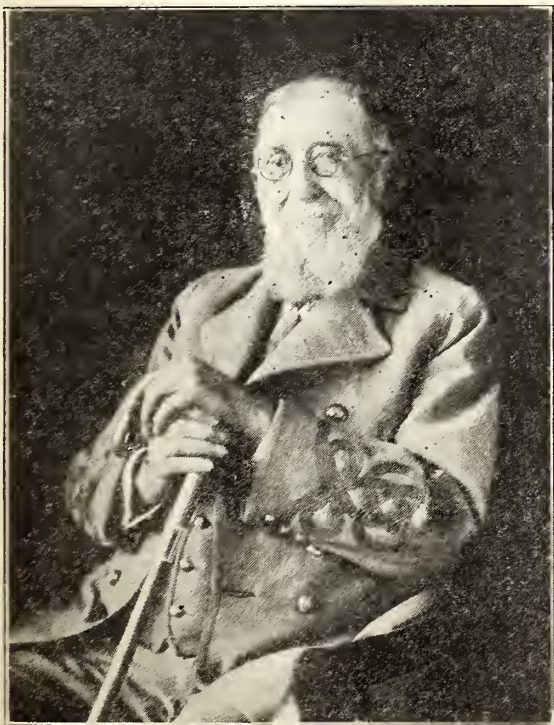
* * *

Some unique characters among our Confederate veterans were at the Birmingham reunion, one of whom is Uncle George Sheram, of Georgia, who always walks to these gatherings. Another was "Dad" Golden, also of Georgia, who drove an ox team from Savannah to Dallas, Tex., last year, and came from Dallas to Birmingham in the same way to this reunion of 1926.

And there were many of venerable age taking an active part in the festivities of the occasion. Capt. Joe Carter was presented to the convention by General Freeman as being the very oldest veteran in attendance, and probably the oldest one living. He is one hundred and six years old, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, and a doctor of medicine; was born near Rome, Ga., in 1820. Captain Carter was with Forrest's scouts, and one of the last to surrender.

Judge John B. Shields, of Jasper, Ala., now eighty-six years of age, is proud of having the same "bride" for sixty-two years, of holding his position as United States Commissioner for thirty-three years, and of being a citizen of Alabama for fifty-three years. He served as first lieutenant of Company I, 59th Tennessee Regiment.

A bride and groom of seventy and eighty-two years, respectively, were Col. and Mrs. L. E. Campbell, of Belton, S. C., who were married some months ago and continued the honeymoon at the reunion. Both had been married before.



GEN. J. C. FOSTER, COMMANDER TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

General Foster was elected to this high office at the Birmingham Reunion, after having served as Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., and also of Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston. As General Chairman of the Stone Mountain Memorial Coin campaign in Houston, he has the special distinction of having taken his city "over the top" in the sale of these coins, assisted by an efficient committee.

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Another "youngest veteran" was F. M. Fitzgerald, of Houston, Tex., now seventy-nine years of age, who entered the service of the Confederacy at the beginning as a boy of fourteen. He quit school to join Company B, 2nd Texas Infantry, and went through four years of hard fighting.

THE OLD SOUTH.

Gone is the Old South now. It sleeps the sleep
Of Lee's untarnished sword. Its dreams are dead,
Commingle with the dust of golden hearts
In many a bivouac. It sleeps the sleep
Of memory's night, whose high and holy lamps
Are the eternal stars. Nor is it ours
To wish it back. But, wafted down the years,
Its perfume haunts us like a lingering hint
Of summer's withered garden; like a sigh
From memory's rose jar of forget-me-nots!
Sweeter than spikenard when, at Bethany,
It cooled the gentle Master's weary feet.
Sweeter than myrrh when, o'er the desert's dust,
The spic'd wind cometh from Arabia.
We'll hide its crumbling ruins with ivy green;
We'll deck its moldering dust with April's bloom;
Around our hearts we'll twine, till life is done,
Its glorious recollections; and, unarm'd
Here, in the bosom's score, we'll keep it hid,
As Aaron kept of old the manna pot
In Israel's golden ark. Good-by, Old South,
Good-by. We miss thee sadly when we wake
To weep, but meet thee fondly when we dream.

—Lucian Lamar Knight.

MARKING THE DIXIE HIGHWAY.

The beautiful Highway Marker shown on the front page of the VETERAN for May is of the design adopted by the North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy to mark the Dixie Highway in that State, and the design and its inscription were made by Mrs. James Madison Gudger, Jr., of Asheville, who is chairman of the Dixie Highway Committee, U. D. C., for her State. The first memorial marker of this kind was placed in Pack Square Park at Asheville, and serves not only as a marker on the Dixie Highway, but from its setting in the park it becomes a historic shrine, standing in the shadow of the monument to North Carolina's war governor. It is a handsome bronze tablet affixed to a massive boulder, the latter being the gift of the family of a gallant young soldier of the Confederacy, Col. J. K. Conally.

The exercises attending the dedication of this historic marker on the afternoon of Sunday, May 2, were elaborate and interesting, many prominent people of the State and city participating. After unveiling the marker, Mrs. Gudger made a short address in dedication, saying, in part:

"This is a happy occasion, an occasion fraught with far-reaching results both to this community and to the entire Southland, because we have met to honor the memory of the South's greatest hero, Robert E. Lee, and to perpetuate that memory in tablets of enduring bronze that will speak a silent message through all the coming years to the countless thousands who will travel over the famous Dixie Highway, attesting the love and devotion, the reverence and loyalty felt for the life and character of Robert E. Lee. These tablets are to be used for a dual purpose—to mark the route of the

(Continued on page 237.)

MAGNANIMITY.

BY ELEANOR KENLY BACON.

"As one lamp lights another nor grows less,"
 So, great Virginia, are your lamps of fame
 Kept burning by the oil of gladness poured
 Into their shining wells by Lee's great name.

How tenderly we gather one by one
 And weave into a garland for his brow
 Triumphant tributes to your favorite son;
 His former foes have learned to praise him now.

I sometimes think no greater words have been
 Recorded in the tortured history
 Of sundered States than these of Lee, wherein
 Shines like a star his inner radiancy.

Two of his generals, fiery tempered, clashed
 In bitter quarrel. Lee in silence heard
 Their two complaints, then gravely, gently spoke,
 And love and peace illumined every word:

"The most aggrieved can also be the most
 Magnanimous—the first to make amends."
 How generously those gallant hearts respond!
 Hands are outstretched, and healed the quarrel ends.

True greatness, true success are better things
 Than any that the world acclaim; and Lee—
 Great heart, great soul, great soldier—passes on
 His kindling torch of magnanimity.

MORALE OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

[Address by Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., at the Annual Camp Fire of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, January 19, 1926, and also given in part at the opening session of the C. S. M. A. Convention in Birmingham, May 18, 1926.]

Mr. Commander, Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: You are very gracious in your welcome. I thank you for your cordial greetings, and I count myself fortunate to be able to celebrate this 19th of January, this "Saint's Day" of the South, among those who have not forgotten the land of their fathers' love.

In one of the volumes of reminiscence by an officer of high rank in the war with Germany I recently read a critical estimate of his general in chief, a man well known in fame to all of you. His superior, this soldier wrote, was admirable, but not magnetic, a man to inspire respect, but not a man to arouse enthusiasm.

It seems to me that these phrases very fairly represent the opinion most of the ex-service men have of the generals under whom they fought in France. I have heard these young soldiers praise their captains often and their colonels frequently, but never their generals, and I have heard other veterans of earlier wars note the same fact. How deeply significant this may be, I cannot say. Much of the lack of enthusiasm of these fine fighting men for their chiefs doubtless is due to the size of the armies engaged in the World War. A single corps of the American Expeditionary Force was larger than the Army of Northern Virginia ever was, except for a short time in 1863. There was one brigadier general of infantry to every ten thousand infantry in France, whereas in *our* war, comrades, the brigade was four thousand men at full strength and, after the bloody battles of 1864, seldom actually numbered

more than one thousand effectives. I have seen Confederate brigades, in the last dreadful days of our struggle, with fewer enlisted men than were counted in a full company of the A. E. F. Very naturally officers in those days were closer to their men and better known to them than in 1917-18.

Even so, I can but contrast the difference between the ex-service man of the World War and the Confederate soldier in his opinion of the general whose orders he obeyed. It is a constant amazement to me to perceive how high a morale the American Expeditionary Force displayed when I reflect that the morale of that army was based on enthusiasm for a cause, whereas in the Confederate army there was enthusiasm for a cause plus enthusiasm for the men who were the chief exemplars of it. With these boys, our sons and grandsons, the cause was America; with us "old boys" it was the South—and Lee.

The contrast suggests a theme I do not think has ever been treated in any of the books on the war, except as it may have been hinted by Swinton and by Henderson. That theme is the morale of the Army of Virginia in its relation to him whose birthday we are here to observe.

When Swinton came to describe Appomattox as it appeared to a man who greatly admired the Army of the Potomac, he had praise for those blue coats who followed us from Petersburg through the mud and rain of that torrential spring. You and I join in that praise, for the Army of the Potomac was a great army. It had patience. It acquired the very quality of high morale about which I am speaking. It was, in fact, at that time a magnificent host. I often caution my sons, and I warn you, young gentlemen, you sons of Confederate veterans, never speak lightly of the Army of the Potomac. After it became seasoned it was the *second best* army in the world. Modesty forbids us Confederates from suggesting which was the best army then in existence.

Swinton, I say, had high praise and natural partiality for Meade's army, but when he told of the 9th of April, when we marched out into that field near Appomattox Courthouse, even Swinton was moved. And in an unforgettable passage he apostrophized the "incomparable infantry"—incomparable he called it—of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I well remember a still higher tribute paid us that day. We were coming on that dreadful field under General Gordon, and we were passing through the open ranks of a superb brigade of infantry. We were ragged, and we had no shoes. The banners our army had borne to the heights of Gettysburg were bloody and in shreds. There were less than eight thousand of us with arms in our hands, though they were bright and burnished still. Great divisions, the very names of which had once spread terror in the North, were reduced to small regiments, and regiments to squads. We were only a shadow of an army, a ghost of an army, and as we marched in tattered, hungry columns between those magnificent straight lines of well-fed men, faultlessly armed and perfectly equipped, most of us wished, as our great chief did, that we might have been numbered with the fallen in the last battle. But as we marched forward with heads up—no Confederate soldier ever held his head any other way, and no Southerner ever should—as we marched forward in the silence of that sodden field, suddenly I heard a sharp order sent down that blue line, and on the instant I saw that whole brigade present arms to us—to us, the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was a Maine brigade, comrades, and I confess to you that, though more than sixty years have passed since that gray April noon, I never hear the name of that State but that I feel a certain swelling pride as I reflect that there was an army good enough to deserve that salute—and another army magnanimous enough to give it!

What made Swinton call us the "incomparable" infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia? What made Chamberlaine's Brigade present arms that day in that field by Appomattox Courthouse? It was, I think, primarily because of that army's accomplishments. And what made those accomplishments possible? The morale of the army, I say, and its leadership. The two were bound up together. I doubt if even General Lee could have won so many battles for three unforgettable years, and against such odds, if he had not had the material he did. I am sure the army would not have gained the plaudits it has ever since received if it had not had a Lee to lead it and to inspire its morale. The process, I say, cannot be divided. An army is seldom better than the general who has commanded it through an open campaign. A general is never greater than the troops he leads. It was so with Cæsar and his legions. It was so with Richard the Lion-Hearted and his crusaders. It was so with Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia, and Grant and the Army of the Potomac. It was true of Pershing and the A. E. F., and it will be true, I suspect, of the army that fights the last Armageddon and ends forever the bloody strife of a race led away at last from selfishness.

Victory, of course, was responsible for much of the high morale of Lee's army and of the other Confederate forces, whose deeds were as valiant and oftentimes were performed in the face of greater difficulties than we encountered. All honor to our comrades in Tennessee and in the Gulf States, at Vicksburg, and on that stubborn resistance to Sherman's march!

Yet see how quickly that morale was attained, and how few were the victories necessary to develop it! The army that faced McClellan in front of Richmond in June, 1862, consisted largely of recruits, brought together under a system of elective command, which is about the worst system that can be devised. That army had not passed through the test that weeds out those general officers who are unsuited for the field. General Lee was not popular then. His campaign in West Virginia had not been successful, and he was regarded as a desk soldier or as an engineer. Within less than four weeks after he assumed command, he led that green army against a force that was far better equipped and outnumbered him in the ratio of five to three. He took the offensive, fought five battles within seven days, lost twenty-three per cent of his army, and finally saw his adversary get away to the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing, with fewer losses than he himself had sustained. Within two months thereafter, he had the morale of the army at such a pitch that he was able to divide his forces, to converge on the field of battle with Jackson desperately engaged when Longstreet arrived, and to win a victory there at Bull Run as brilliant as any he ever gained, except perhaps at Chancellorsville. He not only did this, but he was absolutely confident of his army. When it seemed that day at Second Manassas that Jackson's lines would certainly break before Longstreet went into action, Lee never showed, by so much as the quivering of an eyelash, that he doubted the arrival of Longstreet's troops. An officer who stood near him—the story has never been printed—was a-tremble with excitement during those tense moments, and when at last he heard the roar of Longstreet's guns and knew that the troops that had come through the Gap were there to relieve the pressure on Jackson, he could scarcely control his enthusiasm. General Lee heard the guns open, of course, but he sat where he was without the slightest gesture or change of expression. Do you wonder we had confidence in a man who had that much confidence in us? And do you not agree that there was something besides victory to give

the army such morale that it could win so difficult a victory as that before Lee had been in command three months?

What else was there in the relations of general subordinates, and what was there in the heart of men and leader that made possible not only that campaign, but also those that followed through the months, till hunger wrecked us and our horses, there in the trenches of Petersburg, in the winter of 1864-65? I am not sure any man can ever give the full answer to that question, for in seeking it we are carried into subtleties of spirit that defy the analyst. We were a peculiar lot, we Southerners of 1860. I think we were never characterized better than by an old comrade of mine, a cavalry captain and long a Congressman, who often said that no man could ever understand the exploits of the Army of Northern Virginia unless he realized that we were a voluntary association of gentlemen, organized for the sole business of driving out the Yankees. Nothing else mattered greatly—of privation or of hardship, of long marches, or of lonely vigil. We *were* volunteers, and we tried to be gentlemen in camp and in battle, and it *was* our business to drive out the Yankees. We were rather intent upon discharging that business.

"Marse Robert" knew that and knew that he could trust us to the limit of human endurance. He did not have to ask whether we *would* do a thing. You will not misunderstand when I say that he had only to inquire whether the thing could be done—whether it was humanly possible for the numbers he assigned to the task. If it *could* be done, he knew it *would* be done! Hence the extreme daring of his campaigns, as in that awful time in June, 1864, when he ordered General Beauregard to take those of us who were on the southside of the Appomattox and to hold Petersburg, no matter at what cost. Our line was so thin that in the night, as the bullets kept raining into the stump behind which I crouched, there was not another soldier in sight. The issue was so close that when the artillery was rushed through Petersburg at the gallop the dust from its dash had not settled on the streets before the anxious people heard the guns open on the enemy. But we held Petersburg; General Lee had told us to.

If he knew he could count on us, we knew we could rely on him; and in our faith in him you have, I think, the third component in the morale of the Army of Northern Virginia. We knew that whatever generalship could accomplish, he would do. We knew he never told us to make a charge unless it had to be made. We knew he never said "hold" unless failure to hold meant disaster to our homes. We were often hungry, but we knew he tried to find us food. We were nearly naked, but we knew he was doing his best to get clothing for us. We were weary oftentimes from the marches he set before us, but were satisfied that he did not call on us to make good his delinquencies. He came daily among us—always the ideal figure of a soldier—and though he never sought popularity by ostentation, when he spoke to us it was with as much of affection as of dignity. I see him now as he looked that awful morning of the 7th of April, 1865, on a hill above Farmville. He had seen all his plans go wrong and all his hopes destroyed. The day before, Ewell's Corps had been captured at Sailor's Creek and Gordon's had barely escaped destruction. He must have foreseen what was just two days ahead, but there he sat, composed and reassuring, on his horse. You could see from his manner that his thought was of us, not of himself—of the army's distress and not of its commander's defeat. There was not a tremor in his tones as he told us to form across the hill and to collect the stragglers. Nor was there a word of reproach for those good men whose strength had failed them after five days of hard marching.

All that went into making the morale of the army—the

confidence and the memory of victory, the general's faith in the army and the army's faith in Robert E. Lee—all three were exhibited more dramatically at Appomattox than anywhere else in the whole history of the army. As he rode back through Gordon's command, the men thronged about him, as you know, until the road was blocked and he had to speak to them. And what was his message? All about them and nothing about himself! "I have done the best I could for you, men," he began—and I think he need scarcely have gone on and told us we could go home on parole. If he had done his best, that sufficed. His best was enough for us, even in the hour of the death of the Confederacy.

I think our answer to that statement of his was best given by one of the men about sundown, after General Lee had left the apple orchard and while he was on his way to headquarters. The boys all crowded about him, as they had when he came from the McLean house to the apple orchard. They started to cheer and after a little they wept as they looked into his face and saw his anguish for them. And then, one man—a bearded private who doubtless had followed him through it all—cried out to him in words that ought always to be remembered. "General Lee," he said, "General Lee, I love you as much as ever." In that warm pledge, the Army of Northern Virginia on the scene of its last engagement did homage to the leadership of Robert E. Lee. He has been dead these fifty-five years, and we who were "his boys" are now old men. We represent an age that has ended, and we speak for a society that has been well-nigh submerged among alien millions who know not of our yesterdays. Men speak now of another struggle when they refer to "the war." Some of them are so mistaken as to say we should no longer talk of

"Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long forgot."

But whatever may have been taken and whatever may have been denied, thank God we have our memories—of the civilization that is no more, of the army whose rearguard we are, of the days when the name of that army made Southern hearts beat up. Nothing in life can take those memories from us, and I doubt if death does. And always in the center of the picture, as radiant as in life, our old chieftain sits astride his horse. Always he rides at the head of the mighty column that memory brings back from the grave, and we acclaim him still as we did in those distant days: General Lee, we love you as much as ever!

A YOUNG SOLDIER OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

In the following letter, Capt. Cadwallader Jones, of Greensboro, Ala., writing to his brother, Gen. Willie Jones, U. C. V., of Columbia, S. C., gives some of his experiences as a young soldier of the Confederacy, and inclosed with it the original record of his company, showing the battles and skirmishes in which it was engaged, the killed in battle, the wounded, those who died of disease and of wounds, mostly of wounds; the discharged from wounds and disease; the prisoners taken in different battles; and the battles in which he was engaged—all a most valuable record. Of his service he says:

"I commanded the company after the battle of Gettysburg until I was wounded, which was on the 30th of September, 1864, at a place called Jones's Farm, near Petersburg, Va. Col. R. M. Kerr commanded the regiment.

"I want to tell you of a very narrow escape I had at Gettysburg. When Pickett made his famous charge, my regiment was stationed on his left in a road about halfway between Seminary Ridge and Cemetery Hill. We were just in front

of the cemetery, about four hundred yards, I suppose. For some little protection, we had to lie down. You know it was in July, and the burning rays of the sun that day were so penetrating we could hardly endure it; so, being almost overcome with heat, I sat up on my rubber cloth for a little cooling spell, and just as I did so a big capped shell came whizzing along and struck the ground where I had been lying, missing me not a half inch. If I had been lying down, it would have taken me about the middle. It plowed a furrow along in the ground just under the company and wounded several men. Fortunately, it did not explode. The men were so badly wounded they had to be carried to the rear, leaving me with only eight men.

"At this juncture, Colonel Miller, who was commanding the regiment then, hollaed to me to take my company forward on the picket line. I hollaed back to him that I had no company, that I had only eight men; he said take them and go forward. Of course, I had to do so. It certainly seemed pitiful to go out in an open field in front of that stronghold of Yankees with a little squad of only eight men, and in the movement of going about one hundred yards across the field, I had one man shot dead. This was W. H. Hand. We reached a small pile of rails, which gave us some protection, so we had no more casualties. So, you see, we went in that fight on the first day of July with four officers and about forty men, and came out on the 4th of July with one officer—myself—and seven men. Pretty well used up, don't you think?"

"We retreated on the 4th, and my regiment was the last to cross the river. We crossed on pontoons at Falling Waters. The pontoons were being cut loose as I crossed, so I was about the last one to get over.

"The Yankees followed us very closely, pushing us to the very banks of the river. We got over on the Virginia side just at dark and cooked our supper, which was the first meal we had gotten in three days. We had not drawn a ration for three days, and had gone through all that fighting and heat from the first of July till the night of the fourth with nothing to eat. We were shot to pieces, worn out, and hungry. We had no way of cleaning our cooking utensils that night, and being so eager for something to eat, we did not care how dirty they were; but the next morning, when we saw how black our bread was, we were surprised that we could have eaten any at all. It looked like it had been mixed up with black powder. However, we ate heartily. The men were in good spirits and ready to cross back over the river. So ended my connection with the battle of Gettysburg.

"Does it not seem strange that I am writing this about sixty years after that fight when about the last one of my old company has passed over the bar?"

"I was in the first battle of Manassas with the Hampton Legion. I was in Conner's Company of the Washington Light Infantry from Charleston, S. C., and I was by General Hampton's side when he was wounded; and my brother, Iredell Jones, was also wounded badly at the same time. I was sixteen years old then. We put my brother in a blanket, with one man at each corner, and I carried to the rear the six guns. I was so small it was just as much as I could do to carry those six guns. Thus you see that one bullet put six men out of the fight. It did not matter much right then, because just at that time the retreat of the Yankees commenced. The Hampton Legion did fine work in starting that retreat.

"After that battle an infirmary squad was detailed from each regiment. It was their duty to care for the wounded; no other soldier was allowed to carry off the field any wounded man. We carried brother Iredell to the Phillips house, where his wound was dressed, and he was laid comfortably on the

bare floor, with a little straw for a bed. I stayed with him that night. The next morning, Uncle Robin Jones found us, and, with his usual activity, energy, and promptness, he rushed Iredell on to Richmond. I went with him without getting any permit from anyone. Such a thing later in the war was unheard of. We were soon in Richmond, and we carried Iredell on a litter through that city, and as we went along the streets we were so beset by the gathering crowds it was with difficulty we could make our way. I was then told that my brother Iredell was the first wounded soldier ever carried through the streets of Richmond. Uncle Rob then went on home with him. I returned to the Hampton Legion, and nothing was ever done about my having gone off with my brother without permission.

"After this I was transferred to Colonel Dunovant's Regiment, the 12th South Carolina Volunteers, of which my father was major; he was afterwards colonel of the regiment, succeeding Colonel Barnes, who was badly shot at Sharpsburg through both knees. The doctors wanted to amputate his legs, but he would not allow it. I stayed with him in a little tent all that night and insisted upon his having his legs cut off. He said he would rather die than to live without legs. I told him he would be rolled around in a chair and might be useful for many years. In about ten days he died.

"I joined the regiment at Pocotaligo, in South Carolina, attaching myself to Company H, from Rock Hill, where I remained till I was wounded. After I was wounded at Jones's Farm, near Petersburg, I was never fit for service any more during the war, so was at home on furlough when the surrender took place.

"And that is why I had the little fight with the two Yankees in my father's yard on the 19th of April, 1865. It was the day the railroad bridge over the Catawba River was burned."

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. ARTHUR R. BARRY.

BY RHEA KUYKENDALL, WEATHERFORD, TEX.

In the following I wish to pay honor to a Confederate surgeon whose first battle was Manassas and whose last was Appomattox Courthouse.

Dr. Arthur R. Barry was a close kinsman of the Revolutionary Naval Commander, John Barry, who was the first officer to command the entire United States navy. The name was originally DuBarry, and the family lived in Normandy, coming to America by way of Ireland.

Arthur R. Barry, M.D., whose last home was at Weatherford, Tex., was born in Washington, D. C., on December 1, 1839, son of David Barry and grandson of James D. Barry, one of the first settlers of Washington City. He was reared at the national capital and at his father's plantation home in Prince George County, Md.; and on March 1, 1861, he was graduated in medicine from the University of Georgetown. Then soon followed the first shot of the War between the States, and the young medical student was speedily transformed into the Confederate soldier. It is told that positions of lucrative appointments in the Federal army were offered to him, but that he turned them all down and entered the Confederate service as a private. He enlisted May 1, 1861, in Captain Shaffer's Company F, made up of Washingtonians and a few Marylanders, and they took an active part in the first battle of Manassas. They were attached to the command of Gen. Philip St. George Cooke, and guarded the stone bridge, captured a battery and turned it on the fleeing enemy, and were highly complimented by General Beauregard on the

field of battle. At the close of this memorable fight, Private Barry was detailed to attend to the wounded and was sent with them to the hospital at Charlottesville, Va. Prof. James L. Cabell, in charge of that hospital, interested himself in having the young Confederate appointed as assistant surgeon, and in this capacity he was stationed successively at Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Va., the First Maryland Hospital, Richmond, and at Statesville, N. C. Later he was on field duty with the 61st Virginia Infantry, and was then promoted surgeon and assigned to the 9th Virginia Infantry. His appointment as assistant surgeon had been on October 28, 1861, while his promotion to surgeon was March 16, 1863. The 9th Virginia was in Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and with this historic command he served the greater portion of the war. At Gettysburg he was the senior surgeon of the brigade present, and just before the great charge of Pickett's Division, General Armistead said to him: "Doctor, all hell is going to turn loose here within fifteen minutes. My brigade must charge those heights, and the slaughter will be terrible. Go and establish your hospital at some convenient point, and be ready, for you will have much to do."

Dr. Barry has related how he watched General Armistead bravely lead his men, placing his hat upon the point of his sword and holding it aloft, that his men might more easily see him.

Surgeon Barry followed the fortunes of his regiment to the end of the struggle, and upon the surrender at Appomattox, his horses having been stolen, he walked to City Point and took a steamer to Fortress Monroe. Due to the excitement following the assassination of President Lincoln, he was refused transportation to Baltimore, and, impulsively, he asked for passage to the City of Mexico. He was sent by ship to New Orleans with several hundred Confederates from Louisiana and Texas. This was the first company of Confederate soldiers to reach New Orleans after the surrender as prisoners, and they were greatly lionized. Being without money, Dr. Barry adopted the suggestion of a friend to lecture on the Army of Northern Virginia, and this proved to be a financial success. Abandoning his project of joining Maximilian in Mexico, Dr. Barry sailed on a government ship to Galveston and found that port still in the hands of the Confederacy. He was one of a party of eight that attempted to land in a yawl, and, losing the small sailboat sent out after them by the Confederate authorities, they drifted ashore several miles below Galveston, and a good part of the night was spent in wandering around the salt marches and sand. This was his introduction to Texas.

After teaching school for six months in Polk County, he moved to Bosque County and began to practice medicine. His partner in a drug business at Kimball, Tex., was A. Q. Pierce, his brother-in-law and my grandfather. Mr. Pierce had been a lieutenant in the Confederate army, and they were brother Master Masons. Dr. Barry was Worshipful Master of Kimball Lodge, No. 292, in 1888.

Dr. Barry also practiced law at Meridian, Tex., and was county judge during his legal career. He was an ardent enthusiast of the game of chess, playing incessantly for years. His chessboard, now in my possession, is a work of art, as Dr. Barry was naturally a fine mechanic.

In 1870 he was married to Miss Angie Caruthers, of an old and honorable line, and three children were born to them, two growing to maturity, Walter E. and Roberta. Walter did honorable service under the American flag as a soldier of Company F, 1st Regiment of Texas Cavalry, during the Spanish-American War.

Dr. Barry was in the drug business at Weatherford, Tex., for years, practicing medicine at the same time. He was a member of the Episcopal Church. In his social relations he endeared himself to all who knew him. He was very witty, and frequently entertained the family friends with witty and pithy readings, as well as extracts from his great store of poetry.

He died in 1904, at Weatherford, Tex. Mrs. Barry survived her husband and her son and her daughter, and for years she lived in Fort Worth, bravely struggling. After her health failed, she had to seek the nursing only to be found in the homes of her relatives and in sanitariums. Some day she will be reunited with her loved ones, and the days and nights of sadness will be over.

DR. EDWARD N. COVEY, OF MARYLAND.

The following was contributed by Judge Joseph B. Seth, of Easton, Md., in tribute to one of the Confederate surgeons who gave his best efforts for his beloved South:

"Edward Napoleon Covey was born at Bozman Point, an estate near St. Michaels, Talbot County, Md., in 1829. He attended the academic school at that place, which was under the management of the Rev. Joseph J. Spencer. At the conclusion of his course in that institution, he went to Baltimore and entered the office of Nathan R. Smith, the leading surgeon in that part of the country at that time, and attended the medical school of the University of Maryland. Graduating from there, he then went to Paris and studied for two years, and afterwards served one year as



DR. EDWARD N. COVEY.

an interne at one of the hospitals. Returning to the United States, he took a position in the surgical department of the army and was detailed to go to the West on an expedition under the leadership of Albert Sidney Johnston. They were stationed for a time at Salt Lake City, Utah, and while there Dr. Covey assisted some young girls to escape from their captivity, when Brigham Young offered a reward of \$10,000 for his head; and he was shot at twice.

"Receiving information that war had broken out at home, he and General Johnston made their way over to San Francisco and took a steamer to the Isthmus and went around to New Orleans, where they resigned their commissions in the United States army and entered the Confederate service. They were directed to report at Richmond and were duly commissioned in the Confederate army, Dr. Covey receiving a commission as surgeon. He served through the war, and after the surrender, he and Secretary of State Benjamin made their way to London; but a year or so later Dr. Covey returned to his old home in Talbot County, Md.

"In 1869, an epidemic of yellow fever visited the South and volunteers were called for as surgeons and nurses. Dr. Covey

went to Houston, Tex., and tendered his services to the city and served very faithfully, doing excellent work. Finally he was attacked with the fever and died the next day. Dr. Covey had one brother and two sisters, but all of them have died."

The following is taken from the Official Records of the War:

EDWARD NAPOLEON COVEY.

Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., August, 1855; resigned June, 1861.

Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., August 27, 1861, to rank from March 16, 1861.

Surgeon C. S. A., January 31, 1862.

Was in C. S. A., Department of Arizona and New Mexico, April, 1862.

Was captured and exchanged, and stayed in this department until September, 1862, at least.

Was surgeon and C. S. A. Medical Director of the city of Raleigh, N. C., September, 1863.

As a surgeon, was ordered to inspect the Andersonville, Ga., prison in August, 1864.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW MARKET.

BY THOMAS B. GATCH, RASPEBURG, MD.

I have read with pleasure the account of the fight near New Market in the Valley of Virginia in May, 1864, contributed to the April VETERAN by J. C. Howard, of the V. M. I. cadets, who took part with them in the engagement and can verify every incident related to the part taken by them. I surmise that many of the VETERAN's readers, not acquainted with these occurrences, may entertain some doubt of the correctness of the recollections of one approaching eighty-five years of age of incidents occurring nearly sixty-five years ago; but incidents in which I took an active part are as indelibly impressed upon my mind as of yesterday, and in this effort I shall not attempt to relate anything which I could not swear to.

I left the place where I now live on the 21st day of May, 1861, my twenty-first birthday, and went to Romney (now West Virginia) and joined Ashby's original company. This soon outgrew its regulation size by the enlistment of many Marylanders, who were withdrawn from Company A, and a new company organized, designated as "G Company," 7th Virginia Cavalry. Dr. Frank Mason, of Loudoun County, Va., was made captain; T. Sturgis Davis, of Baltimore County, Md., first lieutenant; Thaddeus Thrasher, of Frederick County, Md., second lieutenant; and Rodney Howell, third lieutenant. Dr. Mason was transferred to the Medical Department, Thatcher killed at Kernstown, and Howell lost his right arm at Second Manassas. I was made first sergeant, and, having been familiar with cavalry tactics, assisted Ashby in drilling his future commands, was with him at his lamentable death, and remained with his brigade until the fight at Gettysburg. I was wounded twice at the cavalry fight at Fairfield, and was on the disabled list until the following September.

Previous to this, Lieutenant Davis had been commissioned a major of cavalry and authorized to recruit four companies. Having served my first enlistment and being fit for duty, I joined Company A, of Davis's Battalion, and, upon its organization, I was made first lieutenant, George C. Merrick, of Maryland, second lieutenant, and James Riley, of Winchester, Va., third lieutenant, splendid support, as I was in the command of the company. We had twenty-five

men fairly mounted and equipped, who had served out their first enlistment in other cavalry commands, and thirty-eight recruits, principally from Maryland, without horses or equipment. We had been drilling them in cavalry practice, and they were prepared for mounts and equipment. Previous to this General Early had been ordered east of the Blue Ridge with all available forces, leaving the Valley virtually unprotected except by General Imboden's brigade of cavalry and General Jenkins's command, the latter some forty miles away, near Romney and Morefield, and Major Davis's Battalion, virtually unmounted or equipped. Such was the condition when Gen. J. C. Breckenridge was sent in command.

Some time during the early spring of 1864, General Imboden, to whose command we had been temporarily attached, sent for me to report to his headquarters at Harrisonburg, when he said: "Gatch, how would you like to take your company down to Woodstock and relieve Captain Bird, of the 18th Regiment, there on picket duty? Those Baltimore 'roughs' of yours can steal enough horses and arms to equip your company." I was elated at the prospect, and got there the next evening, and, after looking over the situation, advanced my picket posts to Tom's Brook, the back road west of the pike, and east to near the north fork of the Shenandoah.

I found Lieutenant Riley of inestimable value because of his precaution, bravery, and thorough knowledge of the territory to the Potomac on both sides of the pike. About a week after we had become located, he got information that four companies of the 21st New York Cavalry were on their way up the Valley and were then at Kernstown. We sent for Major Davis, who was near Edenburg, to come down with all the mounted men he could muster. In a few hours, he, with forty or fifty men, was with us. We joined him with our twenty mounted men and started down to meet the New Yorkers. When we got to Strasbury, we found out that they were at Middletown, and Major Davis ordered me to take about half of the command and get behind them, but before we could get there, some of their flankers discovered us, and they broke and started back down the Valley without firing a shot. Before they got to Winchester, many of their horses were beginning to lag. It was a dead run for twenty-six miles, and our horses were better able to stand it. We got fifty-four of the Federals by the time we got to Winchester. The last one caught was their major commanding, whose horse fell on Potato Hill, and he ran into Bettie Ginn's house, and we pulled him from under her bed. We got back considerably after dark and locked our prisoners in the Woodstock jail. We had ample horses and equipment to completely outfit our thirty-eight unmounted men. Our next problem was to get rid of the citizen's clothes. We were constantly on the alert with a scouting squad of six or eight men down the Valley most every day, who would seldom return without prisoners, mounts, and equipment. Our scouts reported that there was quite an amount of Confederate gray cloth being manufactured at a factory near Charleston for uniforms for their "Jessie Scouts," or spies. As we were very much in need of clothing for our men, we sent six men there, who returned with four bolts of cloth, and we had a tailor measure and cut it to fit our men most in want, while the ladies about our post made them up.

Our men were so familiar with the lower Valley that there was scarcely any risk by keeping off the roads and in the fields and woods, as it was difficult to coax the Yanks near a piece of woods or thicket. Many of them told us that they were more afraid of our bushwhackers than they were of our scouting squads.

We turned in to General Imboden, up to the 15th of April, 1864, three hundred and fifty-six prisoners with their mounts and equipment. Our scouts paid little attention to footmen; it was horses we were most in need of. Up to a short time ago I had in my possession a receipt for the above, and have shown it to several of my friends, who could verify this.

About the 1st of May, 1864, we received information that a force was assembling in the lower Valley, of which we notified General Imboden, who came down to our post and ordered us to send three or four of the most reliable and best mounted men down the Valley as far as we could safely get and find out what forces were there and where located, the armament and strength as far as possible, and to get back as soon as possible. I concluded to go myself, and took with me Lieutenant Riley, who knew every foot of the ground, First Sergeant Lon Cross, and Dick Gilmore. We got near Kernstown that day and learned from an intimate friend of Lieutenant Riley, whose son was a lieutenant in the Stonewall Brigade, that a considerable force was assembling on the Berryville Road, near Winchester, and had come principally from Harper's Ferry. We concluded that the only way to get accurate information was to get behind them, so we started for Gunswamp Hollow, a favorite rendezvous for our scouts. We found that they had passed the day before, and were commanded by General Milroy, and that there were two batteries of artillery, two brigades of infantry, one commanded by General Bleucher, almost entirely composed of Germans; two regiments of Pennsylvania infantry, and two companies of cavalry, four mule teams and four ambulances. This information was obtained from a friend of Lieutenant Riley who had seen them pass, confirmed by a friend of his with whom some of the officers had lunched. They said they were going up the Valley to clean it up, as Jackson's forces had left to reënforce General Lee. We concluded that this information was as accurate as we could get, and we started back and got to our post about midnight. The next morning we wrote up our report, all four of us signed it, and we then started for General Imboden's headquarters to report, when we were surprised to receive an order to report to General Breckenridge, the first intimation to us that he was in command of the Valley forces. We found him at New Market and delivered our report, which he carefully examined and then questioned us minutely as to how we obtained our information. After seemingly being satisfied of its accuracy, he directed us to watch them as they got farther up the Valley and report again. After they had passed Middletown, we got a report verifying our first, which we reported. They made very slow progress, stopped at Strasburg two or three days, and made an attempt to capture our picket post at Tom's Brook, but failed.

After our last report, the General remarked: "I have concluded that if I can assemble a force in the neighborhood of three thousand, I am going to give them a fight. I would like for some of you who are most familiar with the ground between here and Mount Jackson to go with me, as I have no knowledge of it, and want to select the safest and best position for our troops." Some one volunteered and three or four of us followed. He made his selection about midway between Druid's Hill and New Market to our left of the pike, in rather a deep ravine, with quite an elevated hill in advance. The first troops I saw were portions of the Home Guard, composed of those who were not subject to the draft, over forty-five years of age, and which had been organized for the purpose of enforcing the local laws in the several small towns along the Valley. Some of them had gray beards and were promiscuously armed with flintlocks, shotguns, and squirrel rifles, in citizen clothes,

and provided their own ammunition. One of their officers told me that there would be about five hundred of them. They were in most excellent spirits and seemed to be elated at the prospect of getting into a fight, notwithstanding the condition of the weather, as there had been two or three days of continuous rain, and they all appeared to be wet to the skin. After I saw them I had little hope of success, but to my surprise, they held their position in line without flinching and were of most wonderful help. I saw three or four pieces of artillery without horses or men to work them.

When the Yanks got to Mount Jackson, our forces were being placed in their selected positions, and another surprise to me was to see the V. M. I. cadets being conducted up a ravine by some of our cavalry to the left of the pike. Not long after they had gotten in their position, the Yankee skirmish line occupied the crest of the hill in front of the cadets, and then one of their batteries was placed in position about five or six hundred yards from and east of the Beck Road, which was west and about one mile from the Valley Pike. It immediately began firing, but with no effect, as they seemed to be unable to depress the guns sufficiently, and very much overshot their mark. Their support, of double rank, had taken position some distance back of their guns. Previously Major Davis had been with two of his companies, A and C, in position back of an elevation occupied by the cadets in support, and which were dismounted. Out of curiosity, some of us crawled to the crest of the hill and were close enough to hear distinctly Colonel Shipp's commands. The cadets were in line as if on dress parade, and never during my experience did I see such deliberation and discipline. His command was, "Steady! Take aim! Fire!" and the volley was as if by one gun, and this was after several of them had fallen and were being carried off the field. We could distinctly see the enemy falling, and their officers were compelled to use their swords to hold them in ranks. About the time the cadets were climbing the first obstruction, which I think was a stone fence, we were ordered to mount and proceed toward the Beck Road. Upon approaching it, we saw a line of enemy, skirmishers, across an open field to a piece of woods about one hundred yards distant, and about that distance in advance of their line of battle. As soon as we got into the field, Major Davis gave the command, "On left into line," and as soon as executed, "Charge!" They fired not more than two or three shots at us and without effect. By the time we got within twenty or thirty yards of them, they began dropping their guns and throwing up their hands. We got all of them that were not in the woods, but few of them could speak a word of English, and said they were glad to surrender. As soon as this occurred, we could see the support of their artillery beginning to fall back. As they told us, they thought that they were being flanked by heavy reinforcements.

By the time the cadets got to the artillery guns they were out of rifle range, and this was the beginning of the end of the New Market fight. The enemy fell back as fast as it was possible for them to travel over the Shenandoah by the covered bridge to Mount Jackson and burned the bridge behind them. General Breckinridge wisely did not attempt any pursuit for the reason that after they got over the bridge and burned it, they were in a perfectly inaccessible position on account of the very heavy rains for two or three days before the fight, and the river was beyond its banks. The day after the fight, they sent us a flag of truce for permission to bury their dead. The detail was from Bleucher's Brigade, which they said had suffered the greatest loss in men, over three hundred dead, wounded, and captured. Two-thirds of them could not speak a word of our language, and very many of them were

substitutes and expressed great pleasure at being captured. One of them asked what we did with our prisoners, and was answered jokingly: "O we just take out a half dozen or so every morning and shoot them to give the boys an appetite for their breakfast." His reply was: "Ach, mine Gott in der himmel!"

TENDER MEMORIES OF THE V. M. I. CADETS.

[The following is taken from a letter by Mrs. E. C. Crim, of New Market, Va., giving some incidents of the fighting at that place when the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute made their fame glorious. It was written some years ago, and is signed: "The Mother of the Old War Battalion." Mrs. Crim has just passed her ninetieth birthday, is in good health, and can read and sew without glasses.]

The battle of New Market was fought on Sunday, May 15, 1864. The cannonading commenced on Saturday evening. How well I can remember it all, and how it frightened my poor old mother and the little children. They were taken to the cellar for protection. On Sunday about noon three Federal officers rode abreast down the street of New Market and ordered me to the cellar. I told them they had better go, as I heard the old Rebel yell, and I knew that our men were not far away. The gallant John C. Breckinridge rode into town with the advance guard. O, what a fine-looking soldier he was! He was superb that day, and the handsomest man I ever saw. He rode a fine horse and looked every inch a grand Confederate general. He rode on down the street. The Yankee bullets came up the pike thick and fast, but he rode on, it seemed to me, into the very midst of death. A terrible shell exploded quite near him, and the splinters of the old gatepost flew over him. The old gatepost stands to-day, or part of it, and it has been a monument to him for many years; but we have one now of granite to mark the spot where so many fell that day.

The day of the battle I stood on the doorstep. My little brother called me to come and look at the fine soldiers coming down Shirley's hill. This was the first time I ever saw the Virginia Military cadets. They looked so nice and trim as they ran down the hill. I yelled: "The French have come! the French have come! We will win the day! we will gain the day!" Just then a terrible shell exploded right in front of the line as they came down the hill and knocked a gap in the ranks. They just ran together elbow to elbow in an instant and closed up so beautifully. I can see it now; I will never forget these brave boy soldiers as they ran down the hill to victory and death. I could see it all from the big window, and the hand-to-hand fight down in the old churchyard.

They commenced carrying the dead from the field as the cadets passed on down the road. They carried some of them by our door, and the red blood dripped and dripped on the pavement. I could not stay in after I saw this. I ran on down to the battle field to help with the wounded. I was the first woman to go there. Some came afterwards and did noble work. O, what a sickening sight after the battle. I stayed up all night to help the wounded. A cold rain was falling and so many shivered with such severe chills. We helped to carry the wounded into the old Rice home. We made a fire and gave them warm drinks; but many died that night. Our poor soldiers, how they suffered and died that day! Even now it brings tears to my eyes, and I can hardly see to write this letter. Old Dr. S. P. C. Henkel, our old war doctor, went to work, and stayed all night with the wounded. I saw a pile of arms and legs that were cut off and buried in the field. The 62nd Virginia Regiment suffered and lost so

many men in the battle. The long rows of graves in our cemetery tell the tale of how these brave men fought that day.

I left the field to come home to make tea for the wounded. On my way up I met the poor little boy soldiers of the Virginia Military Institute. One cadet wanted to borrow an ax to cut wood to make a fire and get supper. They were too proud to beg. I took them in and gave them their supper. One said he was fifteen years old. He wanted his bread spread with preserves. He sat down just like a little child to eat from mother's hand. I returned to the battle field with the hot tea, and on my way down I met many cadets coming into town. Nearly all were barefooted. They lost their shoes in the mud as they ran through a plowed field, and all were so hungry and tired.

They told me about a poor little cadet lying down at the Lightfoot farm, badly wounded. I told them to bring him up to my home, where he would be more comfortable. He laid there all night, but in the morning after the battle the now Sir Moses Ezekiel, of Rome, Italy, who was then a pretty, curly-headed Jew boy, brought him to my home in an ambulance and carried him in. My good old mother put him in her own bed, as it was the only bed we had downstairs. When we laid him down he looked up at me, and said: "Sister, what a good, soft bed." Mother had an old-time feather bed, and it must have felt soft to him after lying on the hard ground. This sweet little cadet was from Amelia County, Va. His name was Thomas Garland Jefferson. He was about sixteen years of age, was blue-eyed, and had golden hair. I will never forget him and his sweet, boyish face. He was shot in the breast, and the bullet was cut out of his back. His sufferings were intense, but he bore up so well and never complained. Cadet Ezekiel nursed him very tenderly. His own mother could not have done more for him. Ah, those, were noble youths. I feel proud to-day to think we have such a grand institution in old Virginia that can make such brave soldiers out of boys. When Cadet Jefferson fell, two of his comrades hastened to his aid. Indifferent to his own comfort, with outstretched hand he pointed to the front, saying: "That is the place for you; you can do me no good." He urged them to the front, saying words which should be immortal. The evening before he died, he called Cadet Ezekiel to read for him. He read the fourteenth chapter of St. John: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." What a deathbed scene, the little Jew cadet reading the New Testament to his Christian comrade in his last hours. Could anything be more touching? I went to smooth his pillow, and he said: "Sister, what beautiful hands." He called: "Duncan, come and light a candle; it is growing dark." The blindness of death came over him. He died about midnight in Moses Ezekiel's arms. He was buried in the old churchyard where they fought so bravely.

Those were noble boys and Virginia should be proud of them. The day they marched away they gave me his gray jacket to keep for his mother, and the big Minie ball which Dr. Russell Meem cut out. I wrote a letter to his mother and gave her the history of his last hours. She did not know her little boy was called out, but thought he was safe in Lexington, Va. When she got the news that he was dead, she sent for me. I went down to Amelia County and stayed with those good, kind people till just a few days before the surrender of our beloved chieftain, Robert E. Lee. General Lee had moved his supplies from Richmond, and the big guns were staring me in the face. The army was falling back to Amelia Courthouse. I left in one of the last cars to go over the road to Lynchburg. It was only a big box car. When I got in I had

to sit down in the straw on the floor. The car was filled with our poor men just out of prison. They were living skeletons. Before we left Amelia Courthouse, my brother came on from Richmond to come home with me. The day we left Amelia Courthouse, Mrs. Jefferson filled a sack with nice biscuits, ham, and chicken. O, I was so glad I had it with me. As long as life lasts will I remember those poor wasted hands that reached out to me for some of it and how thankful these poor men were for that good taste of ham and chicken.

When we got to Lynchburg we found that the Yankees had torn up the canal, and we had no way to get home. I could not get back to Amelia, so my brother and I started to walk home. We left Lynchburg a beautiful spring morning and walked the old tow path to Lexington. We walked about twenty-two miles a day, and just had to beg something to eat on the way. How often I think of that kind old couple up in the Blue Ridge Mountain, old Mr. and Mrs. Ogden. How kind they were to us, and kept us over night, gave us such good meals, and filled a sack to last till we got to Lexington.

The next night we stopped over with an old friend, Colonel Mohler, from Page, who moved to Rockbridge before the war. He met me with outstretched arms and did so much for our comfort. He was very glad to see old friends from the Valley and treated us so kindly. We had fine weather, and I stood the trip well. The scenery along the old tow path was grand and beautiful, and it did me good to over look this fine country. When we arrived in Lexington, the first thing I saw was the blackened walls of dear old Virginia Military Institute. Hunter and his raiders had been there and burned this fine old institution of learning. The distance I walked was about sixty-three miles, not one hundred as the paper said. When we got to Lexington we found a stage on the line to take us to our home in the Shenandoah Valley.

I could write more and tell you of the dark days when Sheridan and his host burned our barns and mills. The black smoke went up, and we could smell the wheat burning. I don't see how we were able to live in those dreadful times. I know I often went to bed hungry. Forty-five years have passed away since that memorable day, May 15, 1864. I am an old woman now, "threescore years and ten," but the incidents of that day are as fresh in my mind as if they had taken place yesterday. I made the pilgrimage to Lexington, Va., the most interesting place in our beautiful Southland. Here repose the remains of our beloved Robert E. Lee and the grave of that grand Christian soldier, Stonewall Jackson. I went down the hill to strew the little spring flowers and drop my tears upon the graves of my beautiful boy soldiers that sleep so peacefully near the old campus of that grand institution, the Virginia Military Institute. What sad, tender memories cluster around this sacred spot! Sleep on, sleep on, my beautiful boy soldiers, who gave your precious young lives for a cause which we all believed to be right, and are now resting under the "shade of the trees."

It's a Long Long, Way.—Quartermaster General Lawton, C. S. Army, said in a statement that corn for Longstreet, which was accumulated in Macon, Ga., had to make almost a circuit of the Confederacy, and, after traveling about 1,200 miles, return to Longstreet's headquarters, which were in a straight line about 200 miles from the initial point (Macon). Sherman had him cut off south of Knoxville, and the corn had to travel to Virginia and then down the East Tennessee Railway to the point where supplies were received.

GENERAL BRAGG'S KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN.

BY GEORGE D. EWING, PATTONSBURG, MO.

The beginning of the year 1862 unmistakably showed that the war was to be obstinate as well as of long duration, one that would call into service the full power of both belligerents, and the ability to obtain the necessary supplies for the proper equipping and maintaining of large forces both for land and water would constitute a great factor in its final determination. In these, together with much the greater man power, the Federal side had a decided advantage. The compensatory advantages upon the Southern side were that they fully believed in the justness of their cause and the further fact that they were fighting for their homeland and the protection of homes and firesides. The Southwest Confederate army was under the command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and there was no more sincere or competent commander in the Confederate or Federal armies. His line of defense was a long one from Cumberland Gap, where the States of Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee meet, and running far to the southwest.

About the first of January, 1862, the force under Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, in command at Fishing Creek, a tributary of Cumberland River, had removed to the right side of that river. Owing to continuous rains, this mountainous stream had become so increased as to be impossible of fording. Under such circumstances, he was attacked by a much superior force, and after a most stubborn resistance, in which he sustained heavy losses besides inflicting similar losses on the enemy, General Zollicoffer was killed. Most of his command managed to cross the river at night, but lost all the heavy artillery. Then quickly following came the surrender at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry having been captured previously. These three losses coming so near together made it seem extremely doubtful as to successfully meeting the large army enthused by recent successes in battle. But what seemed to be overwhelming obstacles were mostly overcome, as the victory gained at Shiloh fully demonstrated. It was the opinion generally in both armies that had Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston lived two hours longer, Grant's army would have been prisoners. At the fall of General Johnston, General Beauregard, being senior officer, assumed command. Beauregard himself was a sick man, and much of the time he was lying on a cot, unable to superintend such a battle. After the death of Johnston, while the victorious Confederates were enthusiastically pressing the enemy under the banks of the Tennessee River, all his positions having been taken except one, and there was still more than one hour before sunset, Beauregard ordered his troops to halt and bivouac for the night. What an order to be given at such a time! It was expected that General Buell, as well as other large units, would arrive before the morning light appeared, and that not less than fifty thousand fresh troops would thus reinforce Grant's demoralized army. For this purpose, General Johnston was so very anxious to defeat Grant before his expected reinforcements arrived—to fight them in detail instead of as a whole. When the next morning came, Grant's reinforcements had been placed in line and were on the same strong positions from which his army had been so disastrously driven the previous day. General Beauregard, with his corps of general officers, thought it would be too great a sacrifice of life to make further attempt by another engagement with so formidable an army in front, consequently the Confederate army fell back to Corinth, and finally to Chattanooga, Tenn.

It was then evident that much of the Southern territory would not be invaded. Gen. E. Kirby Smith was at Knoxville with his division, and it seems that the plan to enter

Kentucky with the whole of Bragg's command was decided upon, with the double purpose of assisting that State from its condition and at the same time, by this somewhat strategic move, to maneuver the enemy from vital points further south by appearing in his rear with so large an army. About the middle of August, Kirby Smith left Knoxville, moving rapidly to the border of Kentucky at Big Creek Gap. This movement had been kept so quiet that the enemy was not apprised of it until this command was well under way. At Big Creek Gap the resistance was feeble and was brushed aside with nothing more than a skirmish, notwithstanding that Gen. George W. Morgan then held Cumberland Gap, about twenty miles away, with a Federal force of as much as seven thousand men, well equipped with suitable artillery. Had this force been in position as Smith arrived at the Kentucky line, it would have been almost impossible, with a single division, to push through this narrow mountain defile. The only opposition was from mountain bushwhackers, who, true to their mode of fighting, fought from safe distances high up the mountains, and the opposition was insignificant until the Confederates reached Big Hill, about sixteen miles from Richmond. At this place the opposing forces were small and soon broke away to make a more determined stand at Richmond. Here they made their decided stand, but, after a stubborn battle, were completely routed, the battle ending in a panic. The enemy loss was one hundred and fifty killed, three thousand prisoners taken, with nearly all their artillery, and a large amount of small arms, also the usual amount of army stores

Harrodsburg, Lexington, Frankfort, Georgetown, and many other points were abandoned by the enemy, leaving the Confederates in possession of nearly all the eastern part of the State and, from near Louisville, all the northern part of the State to near Covington, with a small strip along the Ohio River, Smith moving rapidly toward that river. Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," says: "There was great alarm created in Cincinnati, Ohio. It was so little prepared for defense that, had his (Smith's) campaign been an independent one, he probably could and would have crossed the Ohio River and taken it. His division was but the advance of General Bragg's army. His duty to cooperate with it was sufficient reason for not undertaking so important a movement."

General Bragg left Chattanooga on September 5, and, without serious opposition, entered Kentucky further west than did General Smith, thus getting in the rear of Buell's army, whose forces were at Nashville, Tenn. Bragg's movement caused Buell to leave Nashville and begin his march to Louisville, for at the latter city the Federals had accumulated large supplies for the armies operating farther south. Louisville was not expecting such a movement by the Confederates, and it was but little better prepared for defense than was Cincinnati. Competent persons who knew the actual conditions at Louisville believed that had the true condition been known by the invading Confederate army authorities, the immense military stores which had been concentrated there might have been taken by a rapid movement. But General Bragg headed his troops in a northerly direction, leaving Buell an undisputed march to Louisville, and there was no important engagement until the battle of Perryville, on the 8th of October.

Upon entering Kentucky, General Bragg issued an address to the people of the State, also stringent regulations for the government of his troops. Among other things, it was ordered that no soldiers enter any home or its inclosures without first gaining the consent of the occupants. During that dry, hot autumn the soldiers suffered much for wholesome water,

and some people objected to the soldiers getting water from their wells. Frequently, while we who were in the cavalry were watering our horses by companies, the infantry and artillerymen would fill their canteens from under the horses with water which was wholly unfit for stock to drink. No doubt that much sickness and many deaths were attributable to the impure water. But the brave men endured all this with but little murmuring.

Until near the 8th of October, Bragg's forces were comparatively inactive. The Federals had been busy increasing and putting their forces into shape, so as to enable them to fight a decisive battle. General Bragg concentrated three of his old divisions under Major General Polk and ordered him to attack at once. The two armies were formed on opposite sides of the town of Perryville, and the action opened near the noon hour. The enemy seemed indisposed to bring on the engagement by advancing, and Bragg ordered him to be assailed vigorously. The engagement soon became general and continued furiously until after dark. Although greatly outnumbered, our troops did not hesitate to engage at any odds, and, though the battle raged with varying successes, the Confederates carried every position and drove the Federals about two miles. Nightfall terminated the action. The Confederates captured fifteen pieces of artillery, killed one and wounded two brigadier generals, and their loss in inferior officers and men was estimated at four thousand, capturing four hundred prisoners. The Confederate loss was twenty-five hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. Much of General Bragg's army was not engaged in this battle, being some distance away. Gen. Humphrey Marshall's Brigade, consisting of four thousand men besides a battery with its complement of men, was at Hickman Bridge, which was close enough to hear the gunfire, even the shouting of the men in charge, but was not actively engaged in the battle. General Bragg was beginning to retire from the State before this battle occurred. Had the Confederate army been more generally in this battle, there can be but little doubt that the victory would have been a far more decided one. The next morning, having ascertained that during the night the enemy had been heavily reinforced, Bragg withdrew his troops to Harrodsburg. The following day General Smith arrived with most of his forces, then the whole retired to Bryantsville, the enemy following cautiously at a distance sufficiently great as not to risk another battle. Bragg finally took a position at Murfreesboro, the Federal forces concentrating at Nashville, where General Buell was superseded by Rosecrans. Humphrey Marshall's Brigade went to southwest Virginia, entering that State at Pound Gap.

The Kentucky campaign again demonstrated the all-importance of rapid movements—as far as possible for the army numerically the weaker to move rapidly, and whenever possible, to fight the enemy in detail. Also, at least in the more modern warfare, that there should be mutual accord between the leaders and the men who compose the fighting machine, upon whose valor, faith, and enthusiasm important victories must depend.

LEE.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

He was the chieftain leal,
 He was the knight ideal;
 Blend of the Bruce and Paladin,
 All the chivalry of all the ages flowering in him,
 All the knightliness of future ages flowing back to him.

THE BATTLE OF AVERASBORO, N. C.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

This all-day conflict has been mistakenly referred to as but a "skirmish." Those who engaged in it, as I did, know of its severity and well remember how the men fell wounded and killed on both sides—Confederate and Federals.

General Sherman, with two corps of his great army, attacked General Hardee with one corps (or large part of it) soon after sunrise, March 16, 1865, and the fight occurred on three lines. Each line of General Hardee's men was entrenched, after some fashion, behind hastily constructed breastworks, two to four feet high, built of logs, limbs, and dirt hurriedly heaped up for some sort of protection. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston always required his army to provide all practicable protection possible on every occasion. He knew how scarce our men had become, and that there were no resources from which the Confederacy could recruit her fast-failing numbers. While none were more ready, brave, and determined than General Johnston, he was careful to lose no men unnecessarily. Hence, he strove in every battle to make no unwise and untactful move by which useless loss might be incurred.

I was a private—only seventeen years old—but keenly alert to the situation of Johnston's small army and the crisis of the South just at that time. Hardee's corps consisted chiefly of men from the South Carolina coast, including Charleston, together with a small number who had crossed the Savannah River ahead of Sherman. I was a member of Company G, Captain Stallings, 2nd South Carolina Heavy Artillery, but now infantry, as our big guns and forts around Charleston had been left behind. The brave, noble-hearted Col. Thomas G. Lamar had been wounded at Secessionville, James Island, in 1862, and subsequently died of yellow fever. This made Lieutenant Colonel Frederick our colonel, J. Wellsman Brown became lieutenant colonel, and Captain Worley, major. Colonel Frederick was absent on sick list, and Brown commanded the regiment on our long, hard march, February 17 to March 16, made in one month, up to the Averasboro battle. General Elliott was our brigadier, Taliaferro our major general, and Hardee was corps commander. We had traveled hundreds of miles, mainly on foot and in haste, through rain, mud, and water, without tents and on scant rations, when we at last bivouacked in the woods near Averasboro on the night of March 15, 1865. Early in the morning of March 16, we were rushed at rapid speed and formed in line along a ravine and through the woods leading on the left to what we understood was Black Creek (or river). Rhett's brigade, consisting of "regulars" from the forts around Charleston, was already in line behind weak earthworks a few hundred yards in front of our (Elliott's) brigade.

Sherman's plan seemed to be to engage Hardee by a force of two or three men to one and prevent his reinforcing Johnston at Bentonville, N. C. His plan of battle was to attack Hardee in front and send a force to flank and enfilade us on our right; and in this he was finally successful. He had men enough to fight, with some to flank. Rhett's brigade was assaulted heavily early in the morning, and, after several hours of fighting, they were overpowered and fell back, with severe loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to line No. 2, composed of Elliott's brigade. Colonel Rhett (brevet brigadier) was himself made a prisoner at his (the first) line of battle. After being joined by Rhett's remnant, Elliott's forces held line No. 2 until possibly two P.M. Being outnumbered and flanked on our right (Sherman's left), we fell back in good order to line No. 3, hundreds of

yards from line No. 2, and there Hardee's entire corps, so far as I could tell, held the enemy in check until night.

By continuous sharpshooting and an occasional charge on some point of our line, chiefly near the swamp and creek on our left, our boys were constantly falling dead or wounded all during the day. Some pieces of artillery were used effectively against us, particularly along a road that crossed the part of line No. 3 that was occupied by the regiment of which I was a member. Many of our men that were killed and wounded on both lines, Nos. 2 and No. 3, met their misfortune by sharpshooters protected by trees, stumps, and bushes out in front of us. The enemy never succeeded, by various dashes against us, in breaking through our ranks (of single file) during the entire day of ten to twelve hours—say, 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. While we were fighting on this last line, a few Tennesseans, remnants of Hood's army, joined us and fought gallantly with us. I noted that one company of these Tennesseans had in it, when they joined us, only one commissioned officer, one noncommissioned, and only two or three privates!

When darkness fell upon us in this the next to Johnston's last battle with Sherman (that at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 20, 21—three days), we received orders, most quietly given all along our line to build fires in the rear as if going into camp for the night, then to get down, stooping, or on "all fours," to withdraw, not speaking above a whisper. The sharpshooters of the enemy kept on hurling bullets at our men way after dark, popping the pine trees above our heads. Owing to the condition of the invaded South and the two Carolinas at that period of the existence of the Confederacy (communications being almost obliterated), correct reports and statistics were hard to get, if not impossible. And it is questionable whether accurate accounts were ever available. But one rumor (indeed, I think it reached the public prints) was that the total loss of the Confederates at Averasboro amounted to five hundred killed, wounded, and captured, and that the enemy suffered similar losses amounting to fifteen hundred. This showing may have been incorrect, but I am sure that we must have lost quite five hundred, while, on account of charges made by the enemy against us, in all of which they were driven back, their loss must have been far above our own. It has been stated, however, I think, that General Sherman was always unwilling to admit any great loss of men from Atlanta, Ga., to Greensboro, N. C., 1864-65.

We had such a small resisting force that the glory of his "March to the Sea" loses its brilliance, since he had but little else to do except to march and burn private property.

My own heart was deeply grieved, as a soldier boy, by the death of some friends and one kinsman who fell at Averasboro.

In retreating, we plodded all night March 16 (Thursday), all day on Friday, camped on Friday night in the piney woods, then went on to a place called Elevation by noon on Saturday. There we remained until early on Sunday, March 19, when we were moved by rapid tramping on to Bentonville to reënforce General Johnston there for the three-day battle of March 19, 20, and 21.

From Thursday till midday Saturday, we were without any rations save a very small slice of raw bacon to each man. Our entire march from Charleston, S. C., to Greensboro, N. C., was hard; but the tramp from Averasboro to Elevation was about the worst we had in the whole stretch, rambling on foot for four to five hundred miles covering the period of time between the evacuation of Charleston to the surrender at Greensboro—namely, February 17 to April 26, 1865.

LETTERS ON THE WEST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS.

BY JOHN PURIFAY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

On the 27th of July, 1861, General Lee wrote to Mrs. Lee and, after saying, "that was indeed a glorious victory and has lightened the pressure on our front amazingly," predicted that "the battle would be repeated there in greater force." (His reference was to Manassas, or Bull Run, July 21.) "I leave to-morrow for the Northwest Army. I wished to go before, as I wrote you, and was all prepared, but the indications were so evident of the coming battle, and in the uncertainty of the result, the President forbade my departure. Now it is necessary, and he consents. I cannot say for how long, but will write you." He inclosed a letter to him from Markie (Miss Martha Custis Williams, second cousin of Mrs. Lee), saying: "Write her if you can and thank her for her letter to me. I have not time. My whole time is occupied, and all my thoughts and strength are given to the cause to which my life, be it long or short, will be devoted. Tell her not to mind the reports she sees in the papers. They are made to injure and occasion distrust. Those that know me will not believe them. Those that do not will not care for them. I laugh at them. Give love to all, and for yourself accept the constant prayers and love of truly yours."

On August 4, he wrote Mrs. Lee from Huntersville, having reached that point the previous day: "The day after my arrival at Staunton, I set out for Monterey, where the army of General Garnett's command was stationed. Two regiments and a field battery occupy the Alleghany Mountains in advance, about thirty miles, and this division guards the road to Staunton. This division here guards the road leading by the Warm Springs to Milborough and Covington. Two regiments are advanced about twenty-eight miles to Middle Mountain. Fitzhugh (General Lee's second son), with his squadron, is between that point and this. I have not seen him. I understand he is well. South of here again is another column of our enemies, making their way up the Kanawha Valley, and, from General Wise's report, are not far from Lewisburgh. Their object seems to be to get possession of the Virginia Central Railroad and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. By the first they can approach Richmond; by the last, interrupt our reënforcements from the South. The points from which we can be attacked are numerous, and their means unlimited. So we must always be on the alert. My uneasiness on these points brought me out here. It is difficult to get our people accustomed to the necessities of the war, to comprehend and promptly execute the measures required for the occasion. General Jackson, of Georgia, commands on the Monterey line, General Loring on this line, and General Wise, supported by General Floyd, on the Kanawha line. The soldiers everywhere are sick. The measles are prevalent throughout the whole army, and you know that disease leaves unpleasant results, attacks the lungs, typhoid, etc., especially in camp, where accommodations are poor. I traveled from Staunton on horseback. A part of the road, as far as Buffalo Gap, I passed over in the summer of 1840, on my return to St. Louis, after bringing you home. If anyone had then told me the next time I traveled that road would have been on my present errand, I should have supposed him insane. I enjoyed the mountains as I rode along. The views are magnificent—the valleys so beautiful, the scenery so peaceful. What a glorious world Almighty God has given us. How thankless and ungrateful we are, and how we labor to mar his gifts."

On the 9th of August he wrote Mrs. Lee from Valley Mountain. He reached that place three days previously: "There is no lack of moisture at this time. It has rained, I believe,

every day since I left Staunton. Now it is pouring, and the wind, having veered around to every point of the compass, has settled down to the northeast. What that portends in these regions I do not know. Colonel Washington (John Augustine Washington, great-nephew of General Washington, and Mount Vernon's last owner bearing the name), Captain Taylor, and myself are in one tent, which as yet protects us. Fitzhugh to-day is out reconnoitering and has the full benefit of this rain. I fear he is without his overcoat, as I do not recollect seeing it on his saddle. I told you he had been promoted to major in cavalry, and is the commanding cavalry officer on this line at present. He is as sanguine, cheerful, and hearty as ever. I sent him some corn meal this morning and he sent me some butter—a mutual interchange of good things. . . . I find that our old friend, J. J. Reynolds, of West Point memory, is in command of the troops immediately in front of us. He is a brigadier general. You may recollect him as the Assistant Professor of Philosophy, and lived in the cottage beyond the west gate, with his little pale-faced wife, a great friend of Lawrence and Markie. . . . Fitzhugh was the bearer of a flag the other day, and he recognized him. He was very polite and made kind inquiries of all. I am told they feel very safe and confident of success. . . . The men are suffering from the measles, etc., as elsewhere, but are cheerful and light hearted."

On the 29th of August he replied to his daughters, Mary and Mildred, who had written him on the 24th:

"It rains here all the time, literally. There has not been sunshine enough since my arrival to dry my clothes. Perry (his servant) is my washerwoman, and socks and towels suffer. But the worst of the rain is that the ground has become so saturated with water that the constant travel on the roads has made them almost impassable, so that I cannot get up sufficient supplies for the troops to move. It is raining now. Has been all day, last night, day before, and day before that, etc., etc., . . . I have on all my winter clothes and am writing in my overcoat. . . . Richmond (his horse) has not been accustomed to such fare or such treatment. But he gets along tolerably, complains some, and has not much surplus flesh. There is much sickness among the men—measles etc.—and the weather has been unfavorable. . . . Although we may be too weak to break through their lines, I feel satisfied that the enemy cannot reach Richmond by either of the routes leading to Staunton, Milborough, or Covington."

He wrote Mrs. Lee from the same point, on the 1st of September: "We have a great deal of sickness among the soldiers, and now those on the sick list would form an army. The measles is still among them, though I hope it is dying out. But it is a disease, though light in childhood, which is severe in manhood and prepares the system for other attacks. The constant cold rains, with no shelter but tents, have aggravated it. All these drawbacks, with impassable roads, have paralyzed our efforts. . . . We are right up to the enemy on the three lines, and in the Kanawha he has been pushed beyond the Gauley."

On the 17th of September, he wrote to Governor Letcher from Valley Mountain acknowledging receipt of his letter of the 5th inst., and thanking him for his interest in his welfare, "and your too flattering expressions of my ability. Indeed you overrate me much, and I fell humbled when I weigh myself by your standard. I am, however, very grateful for your confidence, and can answer for my sincerity in the earnest endeavor I make to advance the cause I have so much at heart, though conscious of the slow progress I make. I was very sanguine of taking the enemy's works on last Thursday morning, the 12th inst. I had considered the subject well.

With great effort the troops intended for the surprise had reached their destination, having traversed twenty miles of steep, rugged mountain paths; and the last day through a terrible storm, which lasted all night, and in which they had to stand drenched to the skin in cold rain. Still their spirits were good. When morning broke, I could see the enemy's tents on Valley River, at the point on the Huttonsville road just below me. It was a tempting sight. We waited for the attack on Cheat Mountain, which was to be the signal. Till ten A.M. the men were cleaning their unserviceable arms. But the signal did not come. All chance for a surprise was gone. The provisions of the men had been destroyed the preceding day by the storm. They had nothing to eat that morning, could not hold out another day, and were withdrawn. The party sent to Cheat Mountain to take that in rear had also to be withdrawn. The attack to come off from the east side failed from the difficulties in the way; the opportunity was lost, and our plan discovered. It was a grievous disappointment to me, I assure you. But for the rain storm, I have no doubt it would have succeeded. This, Governor, is for your own eye. Please do not speak of it; we must try again. Our greatest loss is the death of my dear friend, Colonel Washington. He and my son were reconnoitering the front of the enemy. They came unawares upon a concealed party, who fired upon them within twenty yards, and the Colonel fell pierced with three balls. My son's horse received three shots, but he escaped on the Colonel's horse. His zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself carried him, I fear, too far. We took some seventy prisoners, and killed some twenty-five or thirty of the enemy. Our loss was small besides what I have mentioned. Our greatest difficulty is the roads. It has been raining in these mountains about six weeks. It is impossible to get along."

General Cox further says: "I was puzzled at Floyd's inaction at Carnifax Ferry, but the mystery was partly solved by the publication of the Confederate records. There was no coöperation between the commanders, and Wise refused the assistance that Floyd demanded, nor could the authority of Lee reduce the ex-Governor of Virginia to real subordination. The letters of Wise show a capacity of keeping a command in hot water which was unique. If he had been as troublesome to me as he was to Floyd, I should indeed have had a hot time of it. But he did me royal service by preventing anything approaching unity of action between the two principal columns."

Col. Walter Taylor, in his "Four Years with General Lee," says: "We had now reached the last days of October. The lateness of the season and the condition of the roads precluded the idea of earnest, aggressive operations, and the campaign in Western Virginia was virtually concluded.

"Judged from its results, it must be confessed that this series of operations was a failure. At its conclusion, a large portion of the State was in possession of the Federals, including the rich valleys of the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, and so remained until the close of the war. For this, however, General Lee cannot reasonably be held accountable. Disaster had befallen the Confederate arms, and the worst had been accomplished before he had reached the theater of operations; the Alleghanies there constituted the dividing line between the hostile forces, and in its network of mountains, sterile and rendered absolutely impracticable by a prolonged season of rain, nature had provided an insurmountable barrier to operations in the transmontane country. . . . It was doubtless because of similar embarrassments that the Federal general retired, in the face of inferior numbers, near his base of supplies."

Prof. William P. Trent, in his "Robert E. Lee," writes:

"There was then nothing to do but to acknowledge the campaign a failure. The Confederate government withdrew its troops and sent them elsewhere. Lee, whom the press abused, and even former friends began to regard as overrated, was assigned to the command of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; and her western counties were lost to the Old Dominion forever. It must have been a crushing blow to Lee at the time, but he bore it uncomplainingly. . . . And when all is said, no commander, however great, can succeed against bad roads, bad weather, sickness of troops, lack of judgment, and want of harmony among subordinates, and a strong, alert enemy. Yet this is what Lee was expected to do."

President Davis, in an address before a memorial meeting at Richmond in 1870, referring to General Lee in this campaign, said:

"He came back carrying the heavy weight of defeat and unappreciated by the people he served, for they could not know, as I knew, that if his plans had been carried out, the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know it; for I should not have known it had he not breathed it in my ear only at my earnest request and begging that nothing be said about it. The clamor which then arose followed him as he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary on his departure to write a letter to the Governor of the State, telling him what manner of man he was. Yet through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, he stood in silence, without defending himself or allowing others to defend him, for he was unwilling to offend anyone who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy."

WITH FORREST IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Shortly after his brilliant operations at Johnsonville, General Forrest received orders from General Beauregard directing him to repair with his entire command to Middle Tennessee and form a junction with General Hood, and, with that object, he marched to Perryville, where he hoped to effect the passage of the Tennessee River. The roads were deep with mud; in fact, they had been ever since leaving Jackson. The horses had been much of the time on scant rations, and especially those of the artillery began to show fatigue. General Forrest had preceded the command with his staff and escort and went to work at once to build a raft with timbers taken from vacant buildings. Chalmers and his staff and escort coming up went to work to build another, but upon trial neither would answer any useful purpose.

Meanwhile two yawls were brought up on wagons from the Undine, and with them the crossing began, and by daylight, the 15th Tennessee had been thrown across with its horses, which had been made to swim.

The rains continued all night, and the river had risen at the rate of two feet in twenty-four hours and was filled with driftwood. The crossing, though difficult, continued until the 7th Tennessee and Forrest's old regiment under Kelley, about four hundred in all of Rucker's Brigade, had gotten over.

It was impossible to cross the artillery and wagons, and Forrest, therefore, directed Rucker to move forward and effect a junction with General Hood at Mount Pleasant.

As we rode into Perryville, down the slope of a rugged bank, we passed a large china tree from which three rough-looking men, covered with mud, were hanging from a limb.

They had evidently been dead some time. It was a horrible sight. No one seemed to know, nor seemed to care, who they were nor where they came from. No one seemed to have any curiosity, but I was curious to learn the wherefores and asked an old woman who stood in front of a vacant house near by, if she knew who they were. She said: "Dem fellows wuz bushwhackers, and they got hung." That was the only information I ever had in connection with the ghastly sight. Their bodies were hanging partially over the road, and we had to ride around them. I could see them for several days after we had gone.

Chalmers was ordered to move directly upon Iuka, but the roads were impassable. It continued to rain. Buford marched by way of Corinth, but the jaded artillery horses could not move the guns. Both Chalmers and Buford sent detachments through the country and impressed oxen as the only means of moving the artillery. The weather was dreadful, very cold. Every soldier was wet to the skin for several days. Chalmers finally reached Iuka and pressed on to Cherokee Station, where Buford joined him a day later. Both divisions were ordered to Florence, where Chalmers arrived on the 17th and crossed the river on a pontoon which had been constructed for General Hood's army and encamped two miles northward of the town.

The Army of Tennessee was encamped on both sides of the river. Florence was filled at the time with general officers and their staffs, and everything betokened an early march. The troops seemed to be in fine spirits, but the regiments had been reduced to the size of a big company in many cases.

The wretched roads and the gloomy weather made the situation anything but encouraging. All along the road from Cherokee Station were wagons broken down, and mules. Many of them had literally died in harness.

Nowadays, thinking back, I see many things that I never noticed then, and as I recall the scenes of that army, I marvel that it was able to move forward at all. The war had worked destruction in its ranks. The situation looked like the desperate venture of a desperate cause, but among all the troops we saw, officers and men, there was no faint-heartedness, but on the contrary, an evident desire to go forward and fight it out. Was there ever anything more heroic? Every thinking man knew that the end was near, and yet, when General Hood gave the order at Franklin, "Bring on the fight," the men of that immortal body rushed on the breastworks of the enemy with the recklessness of despair—and left five thousand of the choicest spirits of any age dead and wounded on the field.

I will not follow in detail the movements of Forrest's Cavalry to Nashville, nor the awful scenes on the retreat after the disaster at that place, but every mile of the way would fill a book.

This story is written to relate the results of Forrest's campaign in West Tennessee, which ended when we formed a junction with General Hood at Florence, October 17, 1864.

But I want to pay tribute to a beautiful young lady of Nashville who came to my defense when I was in distress. She was the bravest girl I ever met. I want to pay that tribute now, because this will be the last opportunity to do so. Many books could be written about the deeds of Forrest's Cavalry, sufficient to form a modest library. Those events are as clear in my mind as the scenes of a waking dream, for not since I could remember, doubtless, not since my irresponsible boyhood, have I felt more interest in the events of the past than I do to-day.

"For I hear the voice of the years that are gone;
They roll before me with their deeds."

Everything in readiness, General Hood ordered the advance into Middle Tennessee. Chalmers moved forward with his division from Prewitt's Mill, and soon Colonel Rucker encountered a brigade of Federal cavalry, which he attacked with great spirit, and dispersed them.

As General Chalmers, his staff and escort followed, we saw the body of Col. W. A. Dawson lying beside the pike. He had been killed in the fight, and some one had pulled his body to the roadside. I had spoken to him not more than half an hour before, and seeing his dead body was a great shock to me.

... So much occurred at Columbia, Spring Hill, and Franklin that would awaken other memories of the survivors of that army, if there are any; but I promised not to extend this article.

After the battle of Franklin, General Forrest was directed to occupy the vicinity of Murfreesboro to prevent a flank movement from that direction, while Chalmers was left in command of the cavalry with Hood's army.

After reaching the vicinity of Nashville, December 1, General Chalmers was invited to make his headquarters at old historic "Belle Meade," which was then the home of Gen. W. H. Harding. It was very cold, and the comforts of that hospitable home were greatly enjoyed by the general and staff, while the boys of the escort were comfortably housed in the large barn and sheds. I can see now the gentle, refined, and hospitable Mrs. Harding, who belonged to the distinguished family of McGavock's, as she greeted us. Let it be understood our clothing was not suitable for a reception occasion. We had for weeks past been exposed to rain and mud, and it was more the wonder she welcomed us in her beautiful home at all. There were two daughters, the eldest Miss Selene, about nineteen years of age, and Miss Mary, scarcely more than a child, but she was as gracious as a gazelle is graceful. Miss Selene was difficult to describe, as she appeared to all of us. As beautiful as the morning sun, as radiant as the spring, and as sweet as summer. Our evenings were spent in the large parlors, where we would repair after supper. In our party, beside the General, there was the accomplished Adjutant General, Capt. W. A. Goodman, Maj. Brady Crump, Captain Herbert, Major Andrew Mills, Capt. L. T. Lindsey, Lieut. Jule Taylor, and myself. Herbert could play the violin while Jule Taylor and I sang, and with Miss Selene at the piano, our evenings were heavenly.

Every morning the General would ride around the lines and return about four in the afternoon. It was but a day when they all said that Dinkins was head over heels in love with Miss Selene, and they missed no opportunity to say so. Be that as it may, would it not have been unusual if I had not been in love with her? As a matter of fact, the General and every rascal who had accused me, every one of them,



GEN. JAMES R. CHALMERS.

was in love with her. In truth, we were all in love with Mrs. Harding and her two daughters. However, there was a little girl back in Mississippi with whom I had played dolls and checkers when we were children. We were sweethearts then, and we have been sweethearts for seventy years. We will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of our wedding next November 15, and we are still on our honeymoon trip.

On October 6, General Hood notified General Chalmers that General Stewart would relieve him on the Harding Pike; therefore, General Chalmers directed Colonel Rucker to move his brigade to the Charlotte Pike at Davidson's Landing. The following morning, we rode to the point that Colonel Rucker had occupied and found General Ector and his brigade of infantry standing in the road. General Stewart and staff soon joined us, and General Stewart asked General Ector how far in advance were his pickets. General Ector answered that he had but a short time before reached the place and did not know. Turning to me, General Chalmers said: "Dinkins, take a few of the boys from the escort and ride until you find the pickets." It was very cold and quite foggy, but with D. R. Wagner, F. M. Norfleet, W. J. Hughes, J. T. West, and W. I. Robinson—all about my age—we rode forth to find the pickets. My best horse had been killed at Franklin, and I was riding a big four-year-old blooded colt which Colonel McGavock had given me, scarcely more than bridle wise. We had gone about half a mile when suddenly we came in sight of a fire in the woods, near the pike. We halted, and after a moment, I called on Dan Wagner to go with me, leaving the others where we had halted.

We rode cautiously on to within fifty yards of the fire and discovered blue-clad legs. One could not see the bodies on account of the fog. I whispered to Dan, "They are Yankees," and immediately almost one of them said, "Look! Look!" and they fired on us, and continued to fire at us as we ran. When the other boys heard the guns and the clatter of our horses' feet, they did not await orders.

Then it was I discovered I had a great horse. He ran easily ahead of the others, and when we reached the point where we had left the generals, I tried to pull up the colt, but he ran with the speed of the wind and the fright of a deer. I did my best, but it was beyond all possibility. I could not hold him. He must have run a mile before I got control of him.

When I returned to join General Chalmers, he had gone, and, after some effort to find him, I rode to Belle Meade. When the General reached there about 4 P.M., the trouble began. He did not speak to me, scarcely noticed me at supper. After supper he stated to the family that I ran away from him, and Major Crump, in the most serious manner, made it his personal duty to tell Miss Selene that I had disgraced myself.

I knew the General was teasing me. He often did, but he loved me like a younger brother. I was not so much disturbed about what General and Mrs. Harding would say. I thought they would understand, but I did not want Miss Selene to be told that I ran away.

The next night Crump and Jule Taylor brought the subject up again, when Miss Selene said in a firm voice: "I don't believe Lieutenant Dinkins ran away." Then General Harding said: "Daughter, General Chalmers said he did." Quickly Miss Selene responded: "I don't care what General Chalmers said. I don't believe it."

If a dove had flown down from the clouds with a message for me from the angels, I would not have been happier. "Nature made her, then broke the mold."

At three o'clock in the morning of December 15, a messenger reached General Chalmers from General Hood advising that the enemy would attack our lines at daybreak.

We hurried to Davidson's Landing and found Colonel Rucker in desperate combat with a force several times his numbers. It was just daylight, and we could see a column of Federal cavalry crossing a field to charge in column down the pike. They were about half a mile distant. General Chalmers hurried Walton's Battery into position and had the guns double shotted with grape and canister, and, as the enemy began to cross a bridge over a little creek, some three hundred yards distant, Walton opened. Men and horses went down, and those not wounded tumbled over them. Heading the escort company, General Chalmers dashed into the confused ranks, which were scampering away, and was followed by Rucker with the 7th Tennessee. It was a great stampede, and Walton continued to shell the retreating mob.

Every officer of the escort was killed or wounded, and when we returned to Davidson's Landing we found that the army had been driven back several miles rearward of our position. Then it was General Chalmers said: "Dinkins, take command of the escort company and cross the Walnut Ridge at the first passage and find if our wagons are at Belle Meade." They had been left at the race track. We galloped ahead and crossed nearly opposite Belle Meade. It was nearly dark. Reaching the race track, we found that the wagons had been burned and the teams taken away. We could see men moving about in the yard, some on foot, some mounted. I determined to attack them if they were Yankees. We rode to the rear of the barn and could plainly see that they were Yankees. They had no thought of Confederates being in the rear. We formed in the archway under the barn, I told the bugler to blow the charge, and we dashed at them. Several were killed and wounded, and as we followed after those on horseback, we ran into a camp of infantry. We galloped back while the Federals opened fire on us. Bullets were striking the house and trees as we galloped through the yard. I saw Miss Selene standing on the steps, waving a handkerchief, bullets whizzing about her. I called to her, as I passed and grabbed her handkerchief, to go into the house, but she stood like a goddess. She was the bravest person in the crowd.

Miss Selene married Gen. W. H. Jackson, and Miss Mary married Judge Jackson, of the U. S. Supreme Court. They have all passed to realms above. Peace to them; I drop a tear to their memory.

Of the splendid manhood of Forrest Cavalry there were, of course, outstanding figures whose memory I would love to perpetuate. Aside from General Forrest, whom I regard as the greatest military man of all the centuries, I can see many of the immortals. I remember how kind General Chalmers was to me. No boy ever loved an older brother more than I did General Chalmers. He was the highest type of a gentleman, kind and considerate of every one, but no man could lead him in battle. He was called the "gamecock" by his soldiers. He was the most delightful companion of any man I ever knew. He was only fifteen years my senior and was thirty-five years of age when the war ended. I was twenty.

As brigade commander, I recall Col. E. W. Rucker, Col. Robert McCulloch, Col. W. A. Johnson, Col. Ed Crossland, Gen. H. B. Lyon, Gen. A. W. Campbell, Col. J. J. Neely, our regimental commander, Col. George Dibrell, of the 8th Tennessee; Col. J. B. Biffle, of the 9th Tennessee; Col. J. H. Edmondson, of the 11th Tennessee; Col. T. H. Lockwood, of the 15th Tennessee; Col. D. C. Kelley, Forrest old regiment; Col. A. H. Chalmers, 18th Mississippi; Col. H. P. Mabry, of the 3rd Texas; Col. W. L. Duff, of the 8th Mississippi; and others.

Are these men to be forgotten? Not all the great men of earth are remembered, but the Southern people should pre-

serve the memory of the men who suffered and gave all for the cause.

To those who have read my stories of Forrest's Cavalry I tender my profound appreciation. If they have found any pleasure in the reading, the happiness is mine, and now I say "Au revoir."

I shall finish a manuscript entitled "The Women of the South" to be printed in book form. There I have finished. But this is not a swan song. We can dance the fox trot and one-step as nicely as the flapper and jelly beans—and I learned about a year ago how to get on in the world without working. Doubtless the readers of the *VETERAN* would rather have that information unfolded to them than to read stories of the war.

BRavery OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"The Women of the South in War Times," compiled by Matthew Page Andrews, missed one episode which would have added another link in the chain of heroic acts to the credit of the glorious women of the South, so well set forth in this book.

Early in October, 1864, while en route to rejoin my regiment in the Valley of Virginia, I went into the "Debatable Land" of Upper Fauquier County, to visit an aunt, not seen for a year and more, who lived at the old Marshall home called "Edgeworth." She remained there all through those stressful times, with her two small children and a few servants, although the enemy now and then searched the house for Confederates, knowing her four stepsons were in the Southern army and occasionally at home. At this particular time, a raiding Yankee regiment (cavalry) was said to be somewhere in those parts.

The night before my arrival five soldiers spent the night at Edgeworth—Mrs. Marshall's brother, Capt. A. Magill Smith, a Major Lewis, a cousin, Jaquelin Ambler, and her two stepsons, William and Charles Marshall; and Charles Marshall and Ambler set out early to get news of the raiders, the others remaining to await their report. It seems, however, that the Yankees came in behind the scouts from an unexpected direction, and, seeing three horses bridled and saddled, quietly approached the house with a body of dismounted men armed with carbines. Fortunately just at this moment, William Marshall happened to go out of the back door, and, facing the kitchen, saw the cook, "Aunt Lucy," frantically waving toward the Yankees, whom he quickly saw. Going back into the house, he gave the alarm, whereupon Captain Smith quickly grabbed his hat and pistol and rushed for his horse near the back door, but the Yankees opened fire, and were so near that he ran back into the house, and, jumping out of the back hall window, he went the "light fantastic toe" through the orchard, and got away. His sister, hearing the firing, had run out into the yard and caught the foremost Yankee by his belt, and shook him, saying, "That's my brother; you mustn't shoot," and thus prevented him from aiming, although he threatened her with the butt of his carbine. As soon as her brother was out of sight, she hurried back into the house, and hid Major Lewis in a secret closet, although an officer was almost at the door before she had finished; but this closet was not discovered and none of the party was captured. However, the raiders got three good saddle horses ready to mount and two running loose in the yard, owned by some of Mosby's men.

I rode up just after the Yankees had left, and Marshall had come from under the porch, where a guard had been walking

over him for a half hour. A fine old servant had seen him crawl under, and said afterwards that he always knew "Marse William" was smart; but that was the smartest trick he ever saw him do. This is another instance of African fidelity to an old family, and these Edgeworth servants were not only faithful in war times, but long afterwards, even till death. Alfred was especially fine, and Marshall and I were at his bedside the night he died.

As we knew the raiders encamped about four or five miles away, we were too wise to sleep indoors that night, but sought the shelter of some friendly trees near by; and when the Yankees came next morning like a whirlwind to catch us napping, we had the laugh on them, for all they got were a few chickens from their roosts, as was their custom.

I should have mentioned that when Marshall gave the alarm he then went into a back hall, raised the window, and jumped out, and, all unseen, crawled under the front porch.

JACKSON'S GRIM HUMOR.

Writing from St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, Va., Charles Strahan, who served with Company B, 21st Virginia Regiment, says: "Two months' stay in this delightful place has restored an old veteran to good health. This hospital is redolent of the Confederacy. Founded by Dr. Hunter McGuire, Stonewall Jackson's physician, it is conducted by his son, Dr. Stuart McGuire, and among the capable staff is a nephew of Dr. Hunter McGuire, also Dr. James H. Smith, of deservedly high repute as a physician, a grandson of General Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute during the war. I told them war stories, and one never published they urged me to send to the VETERAN, as it exhibited a phase of Stonewall's character but little known—that of a *grim* humor.

"I was sitting on a fence, with a chum, on the old Warren-ton road just before the Second Manassas battle, when Stonewall and his staff rode up from the east, while General Stuart approached from the west, stopping directly in front of us. General Stuart had just made a raid around Pope's army, capturing his headquarters. General Stuart had little of the West Point etiquette, and, as he approached General Jackson, he called out: 'Hello, Jackson! I've got Pope's coat; if you don't believe it, there's his name,' holding up a magnificent new major general's coat, which made General Jackson's old gray look like second-hand clothing. Stuart's staff evidently expected a loud laugh, but General Jackson, with his hand at salute, said: 'General Stuart, I would much rather you had brought General Pope instead of his coat.'"

OBSTRUCTING FEDERAL GUNBOATS.

During December last, a landslide at Columbus, Ky., took some two and a half acres of dirt from a high bluff there into the Mississippi River and formed a small island. This landslide was caused by the waters eating into the bluff and gradually undermining it, and a peculiar result of the slide was the exposure of a great chain attached to a monster anchor. This chain, according to historians, is part of the great chain, about a mile in length, which was stretched across the river by the Confederates under Generals Polk and Pillow in the fall of 1861. The object of this was to catch and hold Federal gunboats and other craft coming down the river and thus place them at the mercy of the Confederate batteries located there. The part of chain uncovered is about sixty feet in length, and a single link weighs over nine-

teen pounds. The anchor is sixteen feet long, with arms of seven feet.

It will be remembered that at the outbreak of the war Columbus was the scene of active military operations. It was a prominent point on the river and was taken possession of by the Confederate forces under General Polk, fortifications were thrown up, and the city was garrisoned with Confederate troops. The battle of Belmont was fought just opposite Columbus, November 7, 1861.—*Clinton (Ky.) Gazette.*

FLAGS OF THE SOUTH.

BY JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

Flags of the South, untarnished and free,
We look on your folds with emotions of pride;
We gaze on you, emblems of daring war deeds,
And think of the hosts who have battled and died.

Flags of the Southland! What tales you could tell
Of invincible Price and his valiant array
Of men—peerless Pindall, chivalrous and brave,
The bravest of all that Battalion of Gray.

O, Flags of the South, what tales you could tell
Of the hopes and the heart throbs, unflinching and strong;
Of the knightliest deeds in the annals of Fame
That to knightliest names of the Southland belong.

Aye, too, ye could tell of the grave, grievous things,
Of the hideous horrors through year upon year,
Of hardships and hunger, of valor in vain,
And, O God! the end of all they held dear.

O, Flags of the South—of that Old South we love,
When waked to its grief, that last fateful day,
Ye waved o'er the souls of the tried and the true,
Nor ever *crossed lines* from the ranks of the Gray.

With record outstanding, undimmed by the tread
Of the Time-march of years—some of sun, some of strife—
We salute ye to-day, O unconquered Flags,
As the heart of our hearts, as the life of our life.

O, Flags of the South, unblemished and fair,
May the record enwrit on your folds ever be
The watchwords of Honor and Valor and Faith,
For woven of these was our Confederacy.

This poem was written for and read on the occasion of the presentation of two Confederate flags by former Gov. X. O. Pindall, of Arkansas, to the Robert C. Newton Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Little Rock, Ark., these flags to be placed on display in the historical museum of the State Capitol. Governor Pindall inherited the flags from his father, Col. L. A. Pindall, whose famous battalion of sharpshooters in Parsons's Brigade, Price's Division, carried these colors safely through a dozen or more battles. The presentation took place on the 14th of February, in the chapel of the Arkansas Confederate Home, at Sweet Home, with an interesting program, and the colors were accepted by the Sons in appreciative spirit.

A POPULAR MYTH.

[An extract from the recently published "Tercentenary History of Maryland," by Matthew Page Andrews.]

Out of the many rumors of war times, a story reached John Greenleaf Whittier which he immediately set forth in attractive verse under the title of "Barbara Fritchie," after the alleged heroine of the episode.

Although no reputable historian of recent times has ever alluded to the Fritchie story as anything other than a fable, the story still has wide popular acceptance as based on fact. In the light of the least knowledge of the character and characteristics of Stonewall Jackson, it is, of course, ridiculous to picture that unusually dignified and self-contained commander wasting valuable time and several rounds of equally valuable ammunition in order to shoot down a flag floating from the window of a private house. Moreover, Jackson, while strict in matters of discipline, was always considerate in his attitude to women and children and careful not to offend the susceptibilities of noncombatants.

Such alone would make the picture an impossible one; but further to represent Jackson as being suffused with "a blush of shame" is a veritable climax of absurdity. As a matter of fact, General Jackson did not ride by the Fritchie house at all. The testimony as to this is extensive and incontrovertible. Further than that, Mrs. Fritchie, being considerably past "fourscore years and ten," was, according to the testimony of neighbors, bedridden. She could not very well have "set" the staff "in her attic window"; and it was equally difficult for "Dame Barbara" to have "snatched the silken scarf (sic) quick as it fell"; and even more unlikely that "she leaned far out on the window sill" and "shook it forth with a royal will."

A quotation from a single trustworthy witness, Col. Bradley T. Johnson, is here sufficient. Colonel Johnson had known Barbara Fritchie all his life. "On the day in question," says Colonel Johnson, "General Jackson and his staff rode into the town to the house of Rev. Dr. Ross, the Presbyterian clergyman there, and paid a visit to Mrs. Ross, who was the daughter of Governor McDowell, of Lexington, Va., where Jackson lived and whom he knew well. After the visit to Mrs. Ross at the parsonage, which was next to the Presbyterian Church, and not on the same street nor near Mrs. Fritchie's house, he rode at the head of his staff by the courthouse, down through the Mill Alley, up to Patrick Street, some distance beyond the Fritchie house. He never passed it and in all probability never saw it. . . . I doubt not that women and children waved Union flags in the faces of the Confederates. Such incidents were natural and doubtless did occur, but the soldiers never resented it; on the contrary, it amused them, and the only punishment I ever heard of being administered to the fair patriots were witticisms, more or less rough, from the ready tongues of the privates in the ranks." ("The First Maryland Campaign," Address of February 22, 1886.)

One of those to wave a flag before the Confederates was Mrs. Mary Quantrell, who was said to be the heroine of some repartee of the kind to which Colonel Johnson referred; and the Quantrell incident may have furnished the foundation for the story told the poet in his far-off New England home. When Whittier inquired of the postmaster at Frederick as to the name of the alleged heroine, that official suggested Mrs. Fritchie; and according to the poet's own correspondence after the war, this is how he heard of the name. Col. Henry Kyd Douglas, on Jackson's staff, and likewise from Maryland, made a statement as to Jackson's movements similar to that of Colonel Johnson.

[Mr. Andrews gives the name as properly spelled "Fritchie."]

A WAR TIME LETTER.

BY C. H. GILL, BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.

As the persons named are long since dead, I think there would be no impropriety in publishing the following letter. It may give the young people a better insight into the loyalty and courage of both soldier and civilian in the days of the sixties. Charles A. Boyd, of Lynchburg, Va., the writer of the letter, graduated from Lynchburg College about 1858, while yet in his teens. His mother being a widow with a large family, he at once advertised for a position as teacher in a private school, there being at that time no public schools in Virginia. Mr. James Early, Dr. Jones, and my father, of Bedford County, had built a schoolhouse on Mr. Early's land, about midway between the homes of the other two, and there their children received the greater part of their education. They engaged young Boyd to teach a ten-month school, which he did in a very competent and satisfactory manner. He stayed much of the time at my father's, where he endeared himself to the entire family by his pleasing personality, cheerful disposition, and high sense of honor. At the outbreak of war he joined a volunteer company from Lynchburg, and in the spring of 1862 he was wounded in the forearm and sent to the hospital in Lynchburg. Hearing of this, my father invited him to spend his convalescence at his home, where he could have the best of food and attention. The hospital authorities not only readily consented to this, but detailed Capt. Tom Lyon, of Georgia, who was in the hospital with a bad case of varicose veins, to accompany him as nurse. The wound was slow to heal on account of the bone being badly shattered, but as soon as able he rejoined his company. He was again severely wounded in 1863, the ball entering his spine, paralyzing his lower limbs and causing intense suffering. Death resulted a few days after this letter was written. The inadequacy of the hospital force is shown by his plea for a private nurse to be sent him—but not a murmur or a word of criticism of the authorities. Had there been a Red Cross organization then, much suffering might have been prevented and many precious lives saved.

"GORDONSVILLE HOSPITAL, October 22, 1863.

"*My Best of Friends:* What shall I say in response to your nice and very, very welcome letter? Shall I say that I was surprised to find the letter from you? No, for I can never be surprised at any manifestation of that quality which I have found by experience forms part of your very being. I read it, and ever and anon I would feel the tears welling up, for I almost knew that they—the lines—had caused the writer perhaps many tears, so feeling, so kind, so gentle, and withal so like a letter from my mother. I read every line, devoured every word, and felt stronger and better.

"Mrs. Gill, I have a right to tell you now that when the ball came which has come so near to terminating my life, it found me ready to go with a strong reliance on the blood of Jesus Christ, and my sufferings were so insufferably great that I almost felt as if I would like to die. He has sustained me at all times during my severest trials and is with me night and day. I am not worthy to ask this of him, but Jesus is my mediator, and through him I can ask and I shall receive, and when I seek I shall find.

"My greatest wish is to be well enough to go and spend some time with you, for I feel your conversations would improve me mentally and physically, and that your precept and example would draw me nearer to my Redeemer and make me stronger in the Lord.

"And now, Mrs. Gill, before I close these lines which are causing me such an effort, I want to beg of you your prayers

in my behalf. Pray for my spiritual condition, pray for my bodily welfare, and I would here ask you to earnestly pray that I may sleep at night. Do I ask too much? If I do, I feel I ask no more than you will cheerfully grant.

"I would ask you to tell Mr. Gill that I wish to hire a negro boy of an age sufficient to be able to lift me about, to raise me in bed, to turn me on my side, and he would learn to dress my wound. I would want him in all probability for six or eight months, but would hire him for a year at almost any price. A free boy would do as well as a slave, or he may be a full-grown man—perhaps he had better be, as it would require some strength to do what I would want. Ask Mr. G. to hire him for me if he can by the month or year. I can write no more.

"Best regards to Mr. G. and the family,

"Yours truly, CHARLES A. BOYD."

FROM A MOTHER'S HEART.

"Corporal" James Tanner, Washington, D. C., sends his renewal order for the VETERAN and tells of an incident treasured in memory. He writes:

"The finest compliment I ever received at the hands of a woman was when she who became my wife gratified me with her promise to join her life with mine, mangled as I had been in the whirlwind of war. I would put on record here what I consider the next highest compliment it was possible for me to receive from her sex.

"The occasion was in the spring of 1889, when I was United States Commissioner of Pensions. The people at Franklin, Tenn., had staged a great reunion of the Blue and the Gray. A distinguished Southern orator had been selected to speak for the old Confederates. A committee came up to Washington and invited me to appear as the representative of the Union soldiers, and I accepted their invitation. It was really a great occasion. The hospitality was most cordial. There was a great outpouring of the people. The meeting was held under an immense tent, the sides of which were lifted all around. Not more than one-half of the audience assembled were under the canvas. The weather was warm. Standing upon the platform, our heads were pretty near to the canvas. I spoke at length and with great force, and evidently to the great satisfaction of the assemblage. As I closed and saw the surge of the people toward the platform, I realized that it meant a hand-shaking siege, which I was in no condition physically to endure. I turned to one of the local committee and said: "Can you get me out of here at once? The heat has overcome me: I cannot stand a hand-shaking." He caught me by the arm and conducted me to the back of the platform, where I found a few steps and was soon out of the tent. I said to him: "Call a carriage quick. I am sick." He beckoned for a carriage, and as we waited for it, a gentleman stepped forward and said: "Mr. Tanner, there is a lady here who would like a word with you." It flashed across my mind that probably the lady was the widow of some Union soldier who had a claim on file for a pension, knew that the Commissioner of Pensions was to be there that day, and if she could only get a word with me to attract my attention to her case, she would probably get her check the next week; that was my reputation. I presume the expression of my face showed that I did not relish an interview just then, but the gentleman who had spoken to me was a diplomat, and he added in gentle tones: 'An *old* lady, Mr. Tanner.' I said: 'O, certainly, where is she?' He turned and beckoned, and as I lifted my hat, there came forward one of the stateliest old dames I had ever seen in my life; tall of stature, slender of form, garbed

in deepest black from head to toe, hair a snow white, with a face that you could easily imagine was of the contour of a Grecian cameo. In her prime she must have been the toast of all the surrounding country. She stepped forward with her hands clasped in front, and said: 'Sir, my three boys, all I had, went to their graves shrouded in Confederate gray, and I have never felt from that day to this that I could willingly take the hand of anyone who wore the Union blue; but God in his mercy has spared my life until this day. I have listened to the words that have fallen from your lips in yonder tent, and my womanly intuition tells me that you spoke from your heart, and so I thought, sir, even though you may not care for it, that before you go out from among us I would like to give you the blessing of a stricken old Southern mother.' Her words choked my throat; to save my life, I could not utter a word in response. I bowed and lifted her hand and kissed it, and my tears fell freely upon it as I dropped her hand, and staggered away to the carriage. That night I had the fight of my life, for I was desperately ill. But after all these years, I freely and sincerely go on record as declaring this to have been the greatest compliment ever paid me by woman—except the one specified above."

OFFICIAL INFORMATION.

Responding to request of Mrs. M. M. Todd, of Crystal Springs, Miss., for data on, "Confederate Scouts of Mississippi," as published in the April VETERAN, Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., says: "The Official Records show that in June, 1864, the Confederate States Congress gave authority to appoint four companies of Mississippi cavalry for scout and guard duty, for government transportation across the Mississippi River, and there is record of a battalion of them under Maj. J. D. Bradford, who, in January, 1865, were in Col. John Griffith's Cavalry Brigade. However, they caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the regular troops, and I am not sure that they were not disbanded before the end of the war.

"In the same number, on page 143, mention is made of the two Generals Terrill being killed in Virginia, which is an error. Gen. William Terrill, of the Union army, was killed at Perryville, Ky., in October, 1862, but Gen. James Terrill, C. S. A., was killed in Virginia, at Bethesda Church, May, 1864.

"In the May VETERAN, Capt. J. L. Collins, of Coffeeville Miss., says that I materially missed the mark in the number of Mississippi officers killed at Shiloh. I have no doubt whatever that the Captain is perfectly correct, but I could only give the names shown in the Official Records of the (so called) "War of the Rebellion," and there are a great many officers who did fine work on both sides whose names do not appear in this work. At any rate, I feel flattered to know that the article (in April VETERAN) has caused enough interest to be controverted by at least two veterans who know what they are talking about.

"In the May number, R. B. Coleman, of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., has an excellent article on our Cherokee Indian allies, but according to the records, there is a discrepancy as to the name and number of the regiment in question. The First Cherokee Regiment was, in a way, cavalry, although carried on the army rolls as 'Mounted Rifles'; this organization was commanded by Col. John Drew.

"Stand Watie's regiment was, I have no doubt, as Mr. Coleman states, organized as the 1st Cherokee Cavalry, but it was carried on the list as the 2nd Cherokee Mounted Rifles; and I find a report from Colonel Watie to Colonel McIntosh, on December 28, 1861, as colonel of the latter organization."

THE LAST ROLL

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

"Our dead are not just dead who have gone to their rest.
They are living in us whose glorious race will not die—
Their brave buried hearts are still beating on in each breast
Of the child of the South in each clime 'neath the infinite
sky."

WILLIAM O. BUCHANAN.

After eighty-three years of splendid citizenship, William Osborne Buchanan died at his home, in Sylva, N. C., on January 26, 1926. At the age of seventeen he volunteered for service in the War between the States, leaving Jackson, his native county, and joining Capt. Julius Siler's company at Franklin, in Macon County, N. C. At the time of his enlistment there were five other Jackson County boys who went along with him, these being John Stillwell, James Buchanan (his brother), Harve Stillwell, J. M. Harris, and Fonsey Hall.

From Franklin, N. C., the company went out as Independent Rangers, going to Knoxville, Tenn., where the company joined the rest of the battalion. The company to which William Buchanan belonged was known as Company A. His battalion was thrown with another battalion and formed what was known as the 6th Cavalry, his company becoming relettered and known after this as Company E. In March the following year they were ordered to Cumberland Gap, where they did scout and picket duty, sometimes going over as far as Kentucky. The following August his company was returned to Knoxville, there joining Pegram's Brigade. From Knoxville his men fought down through Tennessee within four miles of Chattanooga, and from there they went over into Georgia. While on this campaign he engaged in one of the hardest battles of the war, the battle of Chickamauga. After the battle he was one of the men designated to help clean up the battle field. The dead were so thick that if they had been scattered over the battle field, one could have walked on bodies over the entire field without touching the ground. Thousands of small arms, pieces of artillery, and swords without number were gathered on that battle field. After Johnston's surrender in North Carolina, his company disbanded near Smithfield, and he returned home in April, 1865.

In 1880 he married Miss Cordelia Allen, who survives him, with one son and three daughters. For more than fifty years he had been a deacon in the Baptist Church where his funeral was held and from which place he was laid to rest under the Confederate colors which he loved so well. His exemplary



W. O. BUCHANAN.

life, his contribution to the events which made history in this country, and the impress which he made upon those with whom he came in contact form the greatest eulogy that could be pronounced upon his long and useful life.

GEORGIA COMRADES

The following members of Camp No. 435 U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., have died since the report of April, 1925:

William G. Poole, 17th South Carolina Regiment, Jenkins's Brigade, Johnson's Division; died May 14, 1925.

A. J. Twiggs, 1st South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps; died May 31, 1925.

William Williams, 1st South Carolina Cavalry; September 15, 1925.

William M. Dunbar, 1st Augusta Battalion of Infantry; November 7, 1925.

Charles A. Doolittle, 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Gary's Brigade, Hampton's Corps; December 29, 1925.

R. G. Tudor, 28th Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, Jackson's Corps; died January 12, 1926.

William J. Cobb, 6th Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, Anderson's Corps; died January 29.

Thomas J. Lander, Cobb's Legion, Hampton's Division, Stuart's Corps; February 3.

Joseph T. Derry, 63rd Georgia Infantry, Mercer's Brigade, Walker's Division; February 16.

William R. Littleton, 7th South Carolina Artillery, Ker-shaw's Brigade, McLaws's Division; March 6.

P. E. Carmichael, Jackson's Augusta Battalion; March 10.

James J. Williams, Meriwether's Battalion, Blanchard's Brigade, Chestnut's Division; March 19.

John Matheny, Meriwether's Battalion of Infantry, Georgia State Troops; March 22.

Joseph Newman, Augusta Battalion; April 8.

[Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.]

Five members of Camp R. T. Davis, of Eatonton, Ga., have passed over the river during the past year, as follows:

Commander I. G. Scott, first lieutenant, Company G, 12th Georgia Infantry; died May 30, 1925, aged eighty-five years.

H. D. Welch, Company C, 16th Georgia Cavalry; died August 21, aged eighty-eight.

Charles H. Driskell, Company F, 44th Georgia; died December 27, aged eighty-six.

John K. Batchelor, Company F, 44th Georgia; died January 2, 1926, aged eighty-two.

H. R. Pinkerton, Brown Rifles, Company B, 3rd Georgia; died April 14, aged eighty-seven.

The following comrades were not members, but were known for their honorable service:

Joseph F. Porter, Company G, 12th Georgia (in prison one year); died in Atlanta, Ga., August 4, 1925, aged eighty-five.

Thomas K. Little, 27th Georgia Battalion; died May 1, 1925, aged seventy-nine. Interment at Macon.

K. C. Williams, Company C, 1st Georgia; died in Atlanta, May 8, 1925, aged seventy-nine.

[Robert Young, Adjutant.]

"The cord is loosed, but lives he yet,
His star in glory's azure set,
His name embalmed in freedom's songs,
His fame upon ten thousand tongues,
And his a triumph in the skies
Beyond all earthly victories."

JOHN M. HENDRICKSON.

John M. Hendrickson, son of Jonathan and Susanna Champ Hendrickson, was born in Botetourt County, Va., August 26, 1838. Ten years later his parents removed to Nicholas County, Va. (now W. Va.), and in 1854 to Fayette County, where they lived until November, 1861, when they refuged to Tazewell County, Va., and there remained until coming to Atchison, Kans., in 1870, where his parents both died.

He attended the old field and select schools of that day until 1858, when he entered Fort Edward Collegiate Institute in New York, and in 1860 went back to Virginia and entered Allegheny College. He remained there until the war cloud grew heavy in 1861, when he assisted in raising the Fayette Rifle, the first company organized in the county. He went as a private with the company, which was mustered into the Confederate service as Company K, 22nd Virginia Infantry, under Capt. C. Q. Tompkins, at Charleston, Va. (now W. Va.). Early in May, 1861, he went into drilling camp at Camp Tompkins, twelve miles below Charleston, and was in his first battle at Scary Creek, July 17, 1861. Was in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged except two—viz.: Lewisburg, in 1862, when he was in the hospital at White Sulphur Springs, and the Droop Mountain battle, when he was provost marshal at Lewisburg. He was promoted to lieutenant in May, 1862, and to adjutant in the spring of 1864. He belonged to Echols's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, Early's Corps. Was in the battles of New Market, 1864, and Cold Harbor in June, 1864. Then back to Lynchburg and helped to drive Hunter back; down the Shenandoah Valley into Maryland; then on to Washington and back into Virginia at Leesburg and the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and minor engagements. Comrade Hendrickson said of this: "Our Division (now Wharton's) left Richmond March 25, 1865, and was ordered to meet and drive back the Federal General Stoneman, who was entering Virginia by the way of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad through Bristol, Tenn. On our approach, he fell back, and we were ordered to Lynchburg, Va. When we had gotten as far as Christianburg, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, we were halted, as General Lee had surrendered that day, April 9. We were disbanded there and the thunders of war had ceased. We returned to our desolated homes to build them up again."

After helping put in crops, he started to find work and taught school until employed as manager of a general store in Tazewell County, and after going to Atchison, Kans., he taught and farmed. He married Miss Martha A. McPherson, July 10, 1873, and moved to Oskaloosa, Kans., in 1883. Five children were born to them. His wife died in 1886, and after that he spent three years in the real estate business in Las Animas, Colo. He had lived with his brother, George W. Hendrickson, since 1894. He died at Atchison, Kans, March 19, 1926, survived by two sons.

S. C. YOUNG.

After a short illness, S. Creamer Young, prominent citizen and political leader in Jefferson County, W. Va., and postmaster of Charles Town through the two terms of President Wilson, died at his home there on October 1, 1925. He was born in Charles Town seventy-eight years ago. When little more than a child in age, he went with his father into the Confederate army, and was connected with the commissary of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's forces throughout the entire four years of the War between the States. For some years after the war he was in business in Charles Town. Directing his attention to politics, he was rewarded with success, being elected deputy sheriff several terms.

Comrade Young loved everything that pertained to the South and was active in any work done by the Daughters of the Confederacy, who feel a personal loss in his death.

JAMES MONROE JONES.

James Monroe Jones, who died November 22, 1925, at Somerville, Tenn., was born December 2, 1846, the son of the late Chancellor Calvin Jones and Mildred Williamson, both natives of North Carolina. The Jones family was of old colonial stock, with a distinguished Revolutionary record, and many of its members have held high military and political office in North Carolina and Tennessee. His early education was principally at Phillips's Academy, but after the war he attended the University of Mississippi and there completed the classical course.

In 1863, when but sixteen years of age, James M. Jones joined Forrest's Cavalry and followed that gallant leader to the close of the war, being paroled in Alabama in May, 1865. He was not only a gallant and faithful soldier, but was given to deeds of reckless daring beyond the call of duty. After the war he took an active part in restoring white supremacy and was an early member of the original Ku-Klux Klan, one of its organizers having been his cousin, Calvin Jones, of Pulaski, Tenn.

In 1874, Comrade Jones was married to Miss Anna Hortense Moody, and of their eleven children six sons and three daughters survive him. His second marriage, in 1908, was to Mrs. Laura B. Stainback, who survives him.

After funeral services at the home, he was laid in the family lot in the Somerville Cemetery, the pallbearers being his six sons and two grandsons.

Much could be said of the admirable characteristics of this comrade. He was a friend of all classes, colors, and conditions; kindly and charitable in speech as well as deed; always genial and of good cheer, always courteous, tolerant, and forbearing with others; a man of culture, widely read in the classics, and he kept abreast of modern thought to the last. He had been an advanced farmer, probably of the first to extensively diversify along the lines of horticulture. He had orchards, vineyards, and berry fields in which he found diversion and recreation. With these and the blooming shrubs about him, he lived serene and content upon the plantation where he was born. His affection for the old home grew with the years.

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

The following members of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, No. 89 U. C. V., of Luray, Va., have recently been lost to that membership:

Martin V. Gander died on March 29, in his eighty-seventh year. He joined an artillery company under Capt. John K. Booten, made up in Page County, Va., but which was disbanded after some active service, and he then enlisted in a company which served as couriers and bodyguard to General Lee until Appomattox. He was always proud of being thus closely associated with this matchless leader as a noncommissioned officer. For many years he had been a consistent member of the Primitive Baptist Church.

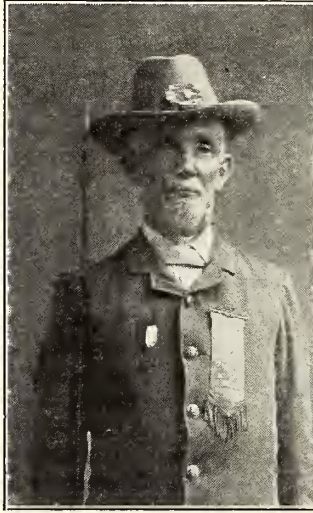
George K. Fitch, who died April 6, served with a company formed in Augusta County, and which was attached to the 12th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. He was a member of the Methodist Church, South, and a prominent Mason; aged eighty-two years.

James McCoy, living in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, died March 28, aged eighty-eight years.

[P. M. Kauffman.]

GEORGE E. SMITH.

George Edward Smith, son of Benjamin E. and Mary B. Hardy Smith, of Lunenburg County, Va., was born April 29, 1845, and died at his residence, in Victoria, Lunenburg County, Va., February 26, 1926. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1863, joining Company C, of the 44th Virginia Infantry, and was second lieutenant of his company. He was in the trenches during the siege of Petersburg, Va., and commanded Battery No. 3 when General Butler advanced from City Point. He was also in the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, and took part in the skirmishing at Appomattox Courthouse on the day of the surrender, April 9, 1865.



GEORGE E. SMITH.

During the latter part of the war he was a member of Cox's Brigade, Gordon's Corps. After the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, he returned to his home in Lunenburg County, Va., and engaged in farming. He took interest in all that made for rebuilding and upbuilding of his county and State. For eight years he was supervisor of his county, for sixteen years he was commissioner of revenue. In 1879 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates, and represented the county in the sessions of 1879-80.

He was a devout Christian, a member of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Victoria, and a loyal supporter of his Church.

On November 25, 1874, at Red Level, Lunenburg County, he was married to Miss Nannie E. Bagby, who survives him. Their only child, a son, died in infancy. They adopted and reared as their own son, Craig C. Hatchett, a nephew of Mrs. Smith, who resides in Victoria and is the treasurer of Lunenburg County, Va. A sister also survives him.

One who knew him well has said: "In his death there passed away a gallant soldier, a distinguished citizen, a gentleman of the old order, who was honored and beloved by all who knew him."

[J. C. Reed.]

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Comrade William Henry Bishop who was born in Athens, Ga., May 9, 1842, volunteered from Watkinsville in March, 1862, and joined the 44th Georgia Regiment, Company C, commanded by Capt. S. P. Lumpkin. He arrived on the scene of war in time to participate in the battle of Seven Pines, and also took part in the seven days' battles around Richmond.

He was severely wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, and was furloughed home on that account. He rejoined his command in October, 1863, and was in the battle of the Wilderness and was captured at the point known as the Bloody Angle, in the battle of Spotsylvania. He was taken as a prisoner to Fort Delaware and there held for ten months, returning to his home in January, 1865.

He made a valiant soldier, becoming orderly sergeant of his company. His comrades always spoke in the highest

terms of his bravery on the field of battle and of his devotion to duty. His war record was highly creditable.

He married Miss Kate Elder in September, 1866, and she survives him, also Miss Em Bishop and three sons, and thirteen grandchildren. Death came to him on July 4, 1919.

He was engaged all his life as a farmer, until his declining health caused him to give up his work, after which he lived in Athens. For forty years he was a faithful and consistent member of the Christian Church, and he left a good and honorable name, a credit to his family and the generation in which he lived.

[Memorial Committee, Cobb Deloney Camp, U. C. V.]

ALBERT O. ALLEN, SR.

Albert O. Allen, Sr., editor of the *Weekly Record*, at New Madrid, Mo., passed into eternal rest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. D. Reilly, Jr., at Omaha, Nebr., on Easter Sunday, April 4, after two years of ill health. He was born December 12, 1841, on a farm near Fredericktown, Mo., the son of N. B. and Sarah Bollinger Allen, and thus had passed into his eighty-fifth year.

When a boy of sixteen, Albert Allen went to New Madrid and served as assistant in the office of the county court clerk of New Madrid County. Two years later, at the outbreak of the War between the States, he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy in the 1st Missouri Infantry and served throughout the war. At the close he returned to New Madrid, where, in 1866, he established a newspaper, which he owned till death.

Comrade Allen had represented New Madrid County in the State legislature, was the first school commissioner to serve in that county, and later held appointment as United States Swamp Land Commissioner under President Cleveland. For twenty-six years he held public office at Jefferson City, Mo., during which time he was State auditor of Missouri for four years. In 1905 he returned to New Madrid and took active charge of his newspaper, which he edited until about two years ago, when failing health forced his retirement. He was married in 1881 to Miss Laura Watson, and to them four children were born, a son and three daughters, all of whom survive him; also three sisters.

His body was taken back to New Madrid, the place he loved, and after funeral services at the home of his son it was laid away with Masonic rites by the side of the beloved wife. He had been a Mason for fifty-nine years, a member of Conrad Lodge No. 176, at New Madrid, and of the Prince of Peace Commandery No. 29, Knights Templar, at Jefferson City.

SOUTH CAROLINA COMRADES

The following list gives the number of deaths in the membership of James D. Nance Camp, No. 336 U. C. V., of Newberry, S. C.:

W. L. Andrews, Company G, 27th Regiment; died June, 1925.

Henry H. Counts; died October 25.

J. E. Shealy, Company D, 4th Battalion State Troops; November 20.

Dr. John A. Simpson; January 2, 1926.

James W. McKittrick, Company B, 3rd Regiment; January 5.

H. T. Fellers, Company A, 4th Battalion State Troops; January 30.

W. W. Riser, Company E, 3rd Regiment; February 8.

John C. Nelson, Company F, 20th Regiment; March 17.

William N. Johnson, Company B, State Troops; April 20.

[M. M. Buford, Adjutant.]

ROBERT F. RENICK.

On August 1, 1925, at Warrensburg, Mo., the long and useful life of Robert F. Renick came to a peaceful close. He was one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Johnson County, and his death leaves a wide gap in the ranks of the Confederate gray in that county.

Robert Fountain Renick, son of Andrew Renick and wife, early Missouri settlers, was born January 15, 1837, on a farm near Lexington, and moved with his family to the old Renick home on the line of Lafayette and Johnson counties near Odessa. He joined the Confederate army early in the war, was soon promoted to first lieutenant, French's Brigade, under Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell. He was wounded eight different times, was captured a number of times, either escaped or was exchanged, and always found his way back to the army; was in the siege of Vicksburg, where he was also captured. He took part in the battles of Corinth, Miss., Carthage, Wilson Creek, Lexington, Mo., Columbia, Mo., Sugar Creek, Ark., Elkhorn, Ark., Iuka, Miss., Grand Gulf, Baker's Creek, Atlanta, Altoona, and Franklin, Tenn.

Crippled for life, he went back to the old home and was as strong for peace as he had been for war.

In February, 1868, he was married to Miss Mary Wallace, and they settled on the old Wallace place near Columbus, where they lived until the death of his wife in 1912, and since then he had divided his time between his two daughters, Mrs. T. L. Bradley, of Warrensburg, and Mrs. B. E. Morrow, of Kansas City.

He was a soldier to the last. Though very feeble for several years, he never complained.

Mr. Renick was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church of Columbus.

T. H. FLOYD.

T. H. Floyd, who died at Abilene, Tex., on April 9, was born in Union County, Ky., in 1840, and the family went to Texas in 1853. In July, 1861, he joined the Confederate army and served with Goods's Battery of Artillery under McCulloch in Arkansas and Missouri. After the battle at Elk Horn, in Arkansas, he served under Price and Van Dorn for a time, and then was with Beauregard at Corinth, with Kirby Smith in the Kentucky campaign—taking part in the battles of Richmond and Perryville; was then with General Bragg until after the first fight at Murfreesboro, then with Johnston, and under Hood. He was at home in Texas on furlough when the end came, and it was his pride to be "one of those who never surrendered."

After the war, Comrade Floyd became a surveyor, and he held the position as surveyor for Callahan County for forty years. He was married in Dallas County in September, 1865, and of their ten children six survive him; also his wife and fourteen grandchildren and several great-grandchildren. He was in his eighty-sixth year, but never lost that feeling of being "young."

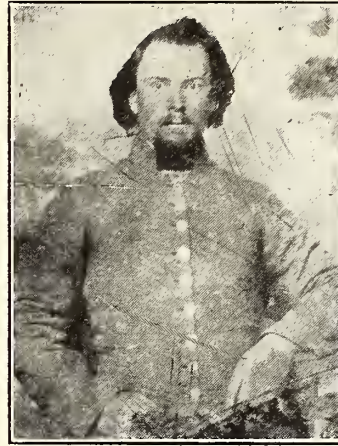
REV. C. M. FARRAR.

Rev. C. M. Farrar, of Plus, W. Va., died at the home of his daughter in McKee's Rocks, Pa., on April 8, survived by a son and four daughters; also one brother. He was a member of Company A, 36th Virginia Regiment, during the war, and at the time of his death was Chaplain of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 878 U. C. V., of Charleston, W. Va. He was born September 27, 1836, and was ordained to preach in April, 1883, by the Missionary Baptist Church. He had been a subscriber to the VETERAN for many years.

DR. J. A. PETTUS.

Dr. Joseph Albert Pettus died at his home in Athens, Ala., on April 6, after a long illness. He was born in Madison County, Ala., but was reared in Limestone County, and lived at Pettusville until he joined the Confederate army. While a student, he was enlisted by Capt. Dick Johnson at Foster's

Mills, Ala., June 1, 1863, to serve during the war. He became sergeant of Capt. W. H. Welch's Company C, of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, under P. D. Roddy; was wounded on October 5, 1864, near Florence, Ala., from which wounds he suffered all his life. Being unable to continue in the service, he was honorably discharged, January 20, 1865.



DR. J. A. PETTUS.

After the war, Dr. Pettus graduated in medicine from the University of Nashville, and during the World War he was en-

rolled as a member of the Volunteer Medical Service Corps, October 8, 1918, and was complimented by the Council of National Defense for the service he rendered.

Dr. Pettus was married to Miss Musie Cartwright, and made their home at Elkmont, Ala., for some years, later locating at Athens, where he died. Two sons and two daughters survive him, also a brother, Dr. B. S. Pettus, of Athens.

He was a constant reader of the VETERAN and ever loyal to the principles for which he had fought in the sixties.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS JONES.

One of the best citizens of Barbour County, Va., has passed with the death of Flavius J. Jones on April 23, in his eighty-sixth year. He was the son of W. W. and Rebecca Johnson Jones, and was born December 22, 1840.

In 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army near Monterey, Va., his command being a part of the 62nd Virginia Regiment, serving under Capt. Hannibal Hill and Col. John D. Imboden. He took part in numerous battles, including Gettysburg, and in the fighting at Williamsport, Md., on the 3rd of July, after Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, he was wounded, losing the left thumb and forefinger. He was in the hospital at Staunton, Va., about a year, and was then honorably discharged from the army and returned home.

Comrade Jones was a prosperous farmer, and also reared a fine family, three sons surviving him, also seventeen grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren; a brother and a sister are left of his immediate family. He was a man of deep religious convictions, a member of the Baptist Church for over fifty years, and the church of his home community is a monument to his devotion and untiring efforts. He and his brother Lewis started the building, but his brother died, and he then had to carry it on with the help of friends to its completion and dedication as the Valley Bend Baptist Church. It was never too cold or stormy for him to join in the Lord's Day services, and in the beautiful churchyard he now lies sleeping by the side of his loved companion of more than sixty-three years.

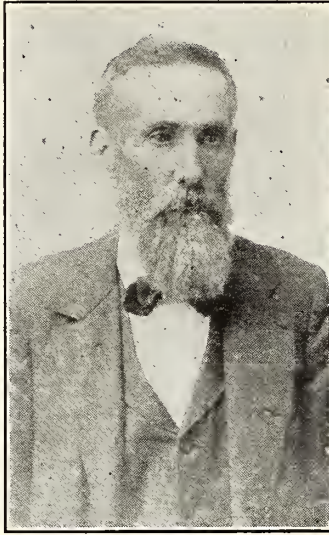
ROBERT ADCOCK.

Comrade Robert Adcock was born in Anson County, N. C., January 26, 1836, going to Kemper County, Miss., when fifteen years old, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was married to Miss Mary J. Johnson on January 1, 1850, and to this union were given six children, four of whom are living. His wife died in 1920.

Comrade Adcock enlisted in Company K, 43rd Mississippi Regiment, and was a loyal and faithful soldier throughout the conflict between the States in the sixties. He was held in high esteem by his superiors and companions in arms. He was a faithful member of Thomas H. Woods Camp, No. 1180 U. C. V., of Kemper County, loved and honored

by his veteran comrades and held in esteem and confidence by his neighbors and other citizens. On March 26, 1926, he crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees on the eternal shores of sweet deliverance to join his comrades gone before and to welcome the coming of the remnant who are soon to follow when the last taps shall be sounded and the Confederate soldier be but a memory.

[S. C. Trammell, Commander.]



ROBERT ADCOCK.

WALLACE NALLE.

In the death of Wallace Nalle, of Culpeper, Va., on February 26, a useful citizen has been lost, a man esteemed by all for his integrity of character and for his Christian spirit. Honor was an everyday virtue with him, and the golden rule was his guide in life. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and a daughter, also six grandchildren.

Comrade Nalle was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, and was with those gallant boys at New Market, Va., and helped General Breckinridge to defeat the overwhelming odds under that German officer, Sigel. In this battle the cadets, boys from fifteen to eighteen years of age, fought like veteran soldiers, losing twenty-five per cent of their number. Out of two hundred and twenty-six engaged, fifty-six were either killed or wounded.

[Channing M. Smith, Adjutant John S. Mosby Camp, No. 110 U. C. V.]

JAMES NORFLEET MAHON.

After an illness of two weeks, James N. Mahon passed away at his home three miles west of Columbus, Tex., on April 14, 1926, aged eighty-nine years. He was a native of Kentucky, his parents going to Texas when he was four years old, first to Fayette County, and, after the war, to Colorado County, where he lived till his death, an honored and much-loved citizen.

Comrade Mahon entered the Confederate service in 1861 at Fayetteville, Tex., enlisting in Company D, Nichol's Regiment, Sibley's Brigade, Waul's Texas Legion. He served with his regiment under Forrest in the memorable campaigns

which made the cavalry of that period famous, seeing hard service in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee, including the siege of Vicksburg. After his surrender in May, 1865, Mr. Mahon returned to his home in Fayette County, and, in 1866, was married to Miss Phynetta Gregory, who survives him with one daughter, one grandson, and a great-grandson.

So passes a gentleman of the Old South, a veteran true to his comrades, an honorary member of Shropshire-Upton Chapter, U. D. C., who, with loving hands, placed the evergreen wreath and Confederate flag on his last resting place. They are passing,

"But no time will end their glory,
No years witness the decay,
Of the history immortal,
Of the boys who wore the gray."

MEMBERS OF CHARLES WICKLIFFE CAMP, OF KENTUCKY.

The following members of Charles Wickliffe Camp, No. 1080 U. C. V., of Wickliffe, Ky., have died since the last report:

Ben Leavel, T. B. Ogden, William Brown, Ed U. Jackson, all members of Company C, 7th Kentucky Cavalry.

Joshua T. Boyd, Company A, 8th Kentucky Infantry.

James M. Moore, Company B, 5th Arkansas.

W. P. Lewis, Tennessee.

T. Clay Faulkner, Company C, 7th Kentucky, Forrest's Cavalry.

Robert Emmett Meriwether, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.

Comrade R. E. Meriwether was born March 7, 1845, in Carroll County, Miss., son of Robert Emmett and Susan Terrell Meriwether, and a lineal descendant of the grandfather of George Washington. The family moved to Ballard County, Ky., in 1859, and in 1863 he enlisted in the 12th Kentucky Cavalry and served to the close of the war. He was married to Miss Mollie Hays in 1879, and died May 1, 1926, survived by three sons and seven grandchildren; also by a sister, Mrs. M. M. Davis, of Pomona, Calif., and a foster brother, George B. Wilds, of Wickliffe, Ky.

[George B. Wilds, Company C, Kentucky Mounted Infantry-]

STEPHEN B. ALLEN.

A newspaper report from Oklahoma tells of the death of Stephen B. Allen, in March, who lacked but six months of being one hundred years old. He was born at Tecumseh, Ala., October 15, 1826, and most of his life was spent in that State. He was the oldest man in Bryan County, Okla., and had never been seriously ill in his life. Death came to him during the night after a very active day. Twelve children survive him.

Comrade Allen was a soldier of the Confederacy, serving under both Generals Lee and Jackson. While his company and regiment are not known, he was doubtless with some Alabama troops. It is presumed that he made his home in Oklahoma many years ago. In 1916, he went with his family to Oregon, later returning to Oklahoma, and there died.

REV. C. L. DEGGES.

Rev. C. L. Degges, of Brookvale, Va., passed away on February 5, 1926, in his eighty-fourth year. He served throughout the entire four years of the War between the States and was never wounded or imprisoned. He loved to talk of those days of war and often entertained both old and young by his stories of the happenings in those four years. Four sons and a daughter survive him, also one sister.

COL. ALGERNON SIDNEY REAVES

From the American Red Cross Hospital of Denver, Colo., comes report of the death of Col. Algernon Sidney Reaves, "who commanded the 13th Alabama Infantry, Archer's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, C. S. A." The report also states that "he was with the 3rd U. S. Volunteer Infantry in the War with Spain, a Mason, former president of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, etc.; born at Wedowee, Randolph County, Ala., eighty-six years ago, and died on March 17 at this hospital, which he liked best of all and where he had his favorite doctor, Maj. A. G. Compton, U. S. A., and in the climate he thought suited him best."

His body was sent to Hartsville, Tenn., for burial beside his wife, who was Miss Mittie Hart, granddaughter of the Hon. James Hart, founder of Hartsville.

[The official list of officers of the Confederate army does not show the name of Colonel Reaves, and there is evidently some mistake as to his having commanded the 13th Alabama Regiment. The VETERAN would be glad to hear from any of his friends or comrades who can give the proper data of his service in the Confederate army.]

CHARLES T. POARCH.

Charles T. Poarch, born January 20, 1833, at Lewisburg, Marshall County, Tenn., departed this life on January 11, 1926, at Elk City, Okla., lacking but nine days of an earthly pilgrimage of ninety-three years.

He was married to Miss Amanda P. Davis at Lewisburg, Tenn., in 1855, and they moved to Texas in 1880, then to Oklahoma in 1889, where they had since made their home.

Mr. Poarch was a private in Company L, of the — Tennessee Cavalry. He enlisted in October, 1862, and served until discharged on June 15, 1864. He was a loyal Southerner, and on his ninety-second birthday the Mildred Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, awarded him the Cross of Honor, of which he was justly proud.

Mr. Poarch was one of the pioneers of Western Oklahoma and reared a large family of children, who are an asset to their community.

[Mrs. E. E. Wall, President Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Sayre, Okla.]

C. D. PATTIE.

C. D. Pattie, who died at Richmond, Ky., on January 22, at the age of eighty-one, was one of the boy volunteers of the Southern army, in which he enlisted at the age of seventeen, in 1862, and served with Captain McCann's Company A, of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Cluke's Regiment, of John H. Morgan's Command. He was captured in Ohio and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, and held there for twenty-two months. He was in the battles of Hartsville, Tenn., Lebanon, Ky., etc. He was reared at Frankfort.

[N. B. Detherage, Chenault's Regiment, Morgan's Command.]

H. M. THOMPSON.

Howard M. Thompson, who served in Fitzhugh Lee's command, died recently at Canton, Ohio, and burial services were conducted by the Canton Post, G. A. R. He had made friends there, who spoke of his life in terms of admiration.

FROM FIRST TO LAST.

L. J. Shaw, of Morton's Gap, Ky., gives some reminiscences of his service in the following "I am a native of North Carolina, born and reared in that good old State; was born in Duplin County, near the Northeast River, in what was then known as the Outlaw Neighborhood, on September 14, 1840. I enlisted under Capt. Thomas R. Kenan in April, 1861, and we went to Raleigh after the bombardment of Fort Sumter and were camped in the old Fair Grounds there when the State voted out of the Union. We were then formed into the 1st North Carolina Regiment, with thirteen companies, and D. H. Hill was our colonel. When we were ordered to Richmond, three companies were withdrawn from the 1st Regiment and placed in the 2nd Regiment, my company being one of the three. Colonel Hill was then ordered down the James River to a place known as Little Bethel Church, and there he won his first battle and was promoted to general. The two regiments were then sent to Norfolk, Va., remained there six months, were mustered out of service, and sent home.

"I remained at home for awhile, then reenlisted in the 3rd North Carolina. We were camped on Acquia Creek, on the Potomac River, remaining there until the last of March or 1st of April, when we were ordered to Goldsboro, and there we stayed until ordered back to Richmond for the Seven Pines fight. We got there too late for the fight, but helped to take care of the wounded and to bury the dead. We then went into camp and began to get ready for the fighting around Richmond, which began some time in June. The 3rd Regiment was ordered to join Stonewall Jackson Corps, which was then coming down from the Valley of Virginia to get in behind McClellan's army. We joined him, and that night the fun began and was kept up for seven days, when we run McClellan back near the Potomac River.

"We went into camp and rested up for awhile, then Jackson's army was ordered back for the Second Manassas battle, then to Fredericksburg. We had some very hard battles, but we won them, then moved up and down the river and finally went into winter quarters near Port Royal and remained until early in the spring, when we broke camp and moved for the valleys of West Virginia, going from place to place. On the 2nd of May, 1863, the Chancellorsville battle began, where Jackson was wounded and later died. On the 3rd I was wounded in the left leg and was sent to Richmond Hospital. I came very near losing my foot, but finally it began to improve, and the doctor sent me home to my people, where I remained until January, 1865, and was then ordered back to camp and detailed to work under Captain Putney in a government shoe factory at Richmond. I was there on the morning of the 6th of April when the local forces were ordered to join General Lee at Petersburg. My brother Joe and I started and were the last two to cross over Mayo's Bridge after it was set afire, and many buildings in Richmond were then ablaze, and the arsenal was blown up. We joined General Lee at Petersburg, but we were all taken prisoners and sent back to City Point, then to Point Lookout and anchored out in the bay the morning after Lincoln was shot, April 14, 1865, and were kept there until the 20th of June, when we were released.

"We reached home on June 25 and found the family well and happy that the four boys got back alive. We lived right in Sherman's path, and he left nothing that he could take with him. In 1867 we all came to Kentucky, and all have now passed over the river except two brothers and a sister. I was the oldest of ten children, six boys and four girls, and am the father of ten children; married three times. I am now eighty-five years old."

A check for five dollars comes from Dr. W. P. Nye, of Radford, Va., with directions to "keep the VETERAN coming. If living when time is up, send another statement."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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Charleston, S. C.

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MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: Once more, and probably finally for this year, as the matter is in the hands of a committee, your attention is called to the claim of Matthew Fontaine Maury to a place in the Hall of Fame.

In the vote for the two candidates for the Hall of Fame in 1925 there were one hundred and seven electors, and sixty-five votes were necessary to elect. Edwin Booth received eighty-five, and John Paul Jones received sixty-eight. Matthew Fontaine Maury received fifty-two and was the sixth in a list of twenty-six nominees. There is some encouragement in that.

The next election will take place in 1930, and it has been pointed out by one of the U. D. C. Committee that "some concerted action by as representative a body as the United Daughters of the Confederacy might not be amiss in looking toward the presenting of knowledge to those electors who will select the names for the Hall of Fame in 1930." That suggestion would seem to be very pertinent.

It is thought by those who criticize the selection made by the one hundred and seven electors that "the one selected should have given something to animate the thought of the community which he left behind and should have made a contribution to the business of living, which is all that matters after a man has died."

When the tremendous services Maury performed are called to mind, "it may be most fitly said of him that he animated the thought not only of the community, but of the entire world, and that he made a contribution to the business of living."

From a letter received from C. Alphonso Smith in 1923, the following is quoted: "Matthew Fontaine Maury achieved a work beyond that of any other American scientist, and he reached a stage of international prestige that is simply without compare in our annals. But when he took his stand so valiantly for Virginia and the South in 1861, he was handed over to oblivion. In spite of that, every nation on earth is the beneficiary of his genius. I cannot help believing that the Confederate cause owes a far larger unpaid debt to Maury than to anyone else who served it. The great building in which the English Department of the United States Naval Academy is housed is called "Maury Hall," and I believe that the time is peculiarly opportune for recalling the world service of this wonderful man."

It would be a desirable thing for the various Chapters to study and read the life and services of Maury in order to be prepared to tell others who seem to be indifferent.

NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.—A cheering note was sounded by the Boston Chapter U. D. C. recently when it, was stated that "the Boston Chapter will take care of two

of our old ladies through the Relief Fund. We voted yesterday to send \$360 a year until it is *not* needed. This relief work has been very near to our hearts."

Surely this action of the Boston Chapter should inspire others. The attention of every Daughter is called to a series of articles appearing in the *Literary Digest* beginning February 27, 1926, and ending April 3, 1926. These articles are on the Constitution of the United States and show the views entertained by Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, and James Madison.

It is also recommended that the Daughters read "Jefferson and Hamilton," by Bowers; and while reading, will the Daughters please take from their shelves Matthew Page Andrews's "History of the United States," and see how splendidly he covers this ground with his account of the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

All realize that the great conflict of opinion so deadly from 1861 to 1865 did not begin with the question as to the right or the wrong of reënforcing Fort Sumter. In this connection it is hoped that many read in the *New York Times* of May 3, a letter from Samuel B. Adams, of Savannah, on "The Meaning of We, the People."

IN MEMORIAM.—The announcement of the death of Miss Doriska Gautreaux, of New Orleans, on May 7, 1926, sends a wave of sorrow throughout the entire organization. She has for years filled positions of importance in the general organization, at the time of her death being a member of one of the standing committees. Her loyal friendship, her sympathetic nature, and her sweet personality have endeared her to all who have had the privilege of being called her friend.

We place in her cold white hands the lilies of France, tied with the red, white, and red of the organization she loved, and over her grave we scatter rosemary for remembrance.

Cordially yours,

RUTH JENNINS LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.—Arkansas has had splendid success in selling Stone Mountain memorial coins.

All over the State, after memorial services are finished and before the Chapters take their summer vacation, Arkansas Daughters give a day of festivity for the veterans, wives, and widows. Many hearts are thus made glad and minds filled with happy thoughts to dwell upon through the long summer.

* * *

CALIFORNIA DIVISION.—Permission has been secured from the city of San Diego to place the Pacific terminal of the Jefferson Davis Highway in their central plaza, directly op-

posite the U. S. Grant Hotel. This monument, five feet high, of carved granite and carrying an inscribed bronze plaque, will be unveiled during the State convention in San Diego May 12 and 13.

Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, Division President, has worked very hard to have this terminal placed as it will be, and she has been assisted by cash donations from many of the Southern men of San Diego.

* * *

KENTUCKY DIVISION.—Mrs. L. G. Maltby, President of the Kentucky Division, was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Paducah Chapter, at the Palmer Hotel, on April 12. Mrs. Maltby was introduced by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, and in her pleasing address told of the hopes of the Kentucky Division to raise funds with which to purchase the birthplace of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, at Washington, Mason County, and to convert it into a Confederate Memorial. She paid a glowing tribute to General Johnston, both as a soldier and a man.

While in Paducah, Mrs. Maltby visited the grave of Miss Clarissa Johnston, sister of General Johnston. In the party upon this occasion were Mr. Byers Robertson, grandnephew, and Lloyd Robertson, great-grandnephew of General Johnston.

At a recent meeting of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney gave a fine address on the "Aims and Purposes of the U. D. C." Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General, has also recently visited this Chapter and gave an address on the Jefferson Davis Highway, and the State Historian, Mrs. George R. Mastin, gave an excellent paper on Judah P. Benjamin.

* * *

MARYLAND DIVISION.—The Executive Board of the Maryland Division again met with Mrs. Paul Inglehart, in Baltimore, on April 20. The Treasurer made a report, but, the President being absent, no new business was transacted.

It was decided that Governor Ritchie should be invited to make the address on June 3, the birthday of President Jefferson Davis.

Mrs. Inglehart entertained the Board at luncheon.

Mrs. Beverly Smith has been appointed Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Leo Cohill, Division Parliamentarian, has extended an invitation to the Board to spend a day with her at Stafford Hall, her home at Clear Spring, Maryland.

* * *

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.—The W. D. Holder Chapter, of Jackson, has once more held its Memorial service, impressive in its simplicity, in Greenwood Cemetery. This was the sixty-first year that this custom has been observed on April 26, the first time being at the close of the War between the States, when Miss Sue Adams Vaughan and Mr. Charlie Manship, with a group of boys and girls of the neighborhood, carried flowers to the graves of the Confederate dead.

After Sherman's march through Jackson, the dead were buried all around the city, but were later moved to Greenwood Cemetery, where there are more than 3,000 in unmarked graves. W. D. Holder Chapter expects soon to mark these graves with Confederate crosses.

* * *

MISSOURI DIVISION.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Blackwater, gave its annual Easter Bazaar. Mrs. Jessie T. McMahan is President and is also chairman of the Central District "Men and Women of the Sixties," and has arranged to give a program each week during April, May, and June at the Confederate Home at Higginville.

On March 8, the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of Mexico had as

guests Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, and four members of the Auxvasse Chapter. The regular meeting was preceded by a luncheon at the Tea Shop. Mrs. Hunt gave a most delightful talk and created enthusiasm among the members in the educational work and the Memorial Park of Higginville.

The members of the Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia, are untiring workers. At a recent meeting at the home of Mrs. R. A. Higdon, Mrs. W. D. O'Bannon, Third Vice President of the Missouri Division, was assisting hostess. Mrs. O'Bannon is chairman of the Higginville Memorial Park, and Mrs. George F. Longan is director of "Women of the South in War Times," as well as Chapter chairman for the "Arrow Rock Tavern."

Miss Hazel Lang was the chairman of a benefit dance given recently, which was a success socially as well as financially. This Chapter has been hostess to a chain of benefit luncheons, the proceeds to revert to the Arrow Rock Tavern Fund. Mrs. Frank S. Leach is President.

The Margaret McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, gave its annual ball February 10, at the Hotel Chase. The attendance included many notables. The army and navy were represented by a number of officers from Jefferson Barracks and Scott Field. The grand march, led by Mrs. Leroy Sanford and Colonel Paiglow, was an imposing spectacle. Six hundred guests were entertained. Great credit is due Mrs. John Hurck as President of the Chapter, and Mrs. A. E. Farrar, as chairman of the ball.

William Sweeney Chapter, of Chilhowee, is one of the youngest and smallest Chapters of the State, but has always been one hundred per cent in all work required by the State.

* * *

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.—On March 28, Gen. Wade Hampton's birthday, the Drayton Rutherford Chapter held interesting historical programs in their city schools and college at Newberry. State flags were presented to the schools upon this occasion, and eleven hundred school children, as well as three hundred and twenty-five college students, heard the patriotic addresses.

The Rock Hill High School also celebrated the birthday of General Hampton with interesting and appropriate exercises. The Ann White Chapter presented, at the close of the program, prizes to the winners in the competitive examination on the U. D. C. catechism. Three medals were given, and as a fitting conclusion the large audience sang "Dixie."

The annual conference of Ridge District was held recently at Rock Hill. The Division President, Mrs. Mauldin, was present.

* * *

TENNESSEE DIVISION.—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division, held at Memphis, May 11-14, with the Division President, Miss Mary Lou White, presiding, was notable for the spirit of coöperation and harmony which prevailed. It was a great disappointment that the President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, was prevented, by an accident, from attending this convention, but the presence of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Past President General, was most inspiring. In an address before the convention, Mrs. Henderson urged coöperation with our leaders in the work of the organization as the great essential of its success.

New officers elected were:

Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. M. Patterson, Savannah.

Treasurer, Mrs. T. W. Farres, Memphis.

Registrar, Mrs. L. L. McIntyre, Erwin.

Historian, Mrs. A. R. Dodson, Humboldt.

Poet Laureate, Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, Memphis.

On April 16, the Abner Baker Chapter, of Knoxville, in memory of the young soldier for whom it was named, dedicated a memorial marker placed in a corner of the grounds of the old Abner Baker ante-bellum home, ten miles out from Knoxville on the Lee Highway.

* * *

VIRGINIA DIVISION.—The district meetings held in April and May were largely attended and much interest shown in all Confederate work. These meetings were held in Leesburg Portsmouth, Blackstone, Abingdon, and Waynesboro.

Portsmouth Chapter recently presented framed pictures of the great seal of Virginia and of the four flags of the Confederacy to the seventh grade of all the city schools, seventeen in all. Members of the Chapter presented these and made short talks explaining their significance.

Lee Chapter, of Richmond, gave an Easter entertainment at the Home for Needy Confederate Women with a delightful musical program, and each old lady was presented with dainty little booklets, mints, and candy.

A like entertainment will soon be given at the Lee Camp Confederate Home. The Chapter has set September 27 for the bestowal of Crosses of Service.

The children of the Confederacy work is growing rapidly under the efficient leadership of Mrs. E. J. Nixon, Division Fourth Vice President. The young people are much interested in the program arranged by the Director General, and have taken as their objects for which to work Catawba County Relief, and Lee Mausoleum Endowment. Three new Chapters have been registered and two more are ready. Their motto is: "Service."

Prince George Chapter is devoting its work to improving the courthouse grounds where stands the monument to the Confederate dead.

On April 29 Richmond Chapter gave a delightful party in honor of the birthday of its beloved President, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph. This was a most pleasant occasion.

MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH RELIEF FUND.

The appeal of the President General for this fund, published in the March issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is already bearing fruit. The Boston Chapter, a splendid band of women numbering less than fifty, had previously pledged \$180 on the support of one needy woman for one year. After reading the President General's letter, they felt that they must do more, therefore they wrote the chairman that they would like to pledge the support of another woman, and asked that they might adopt one pensioner. The money, of course, goes through the Treasurer General's hands, but they wanted to know her name and address so that they might write to her, giving the personal touch, and at Christmas time, Thanksgiving, and other notable days send to her added comforts. Just a day or two before receiving this letter from Mrs. Swartwout, of the Boston Chapter, we had had a letter telling of the pitiful needy conditions of an old Confederate veteran and his wife, both nearly eighty-five years old, one blind the other nearly so, and as there is no pension paid in New Mexico we were asked if we could aid this needy couple. Although it distressed us deeply to do so, they had to be put on the waiting list because we hadn't the necessary funds. When Mrs. Swartwout's letter came with the joyful news, we asked the Boston Chapter if they would adopt Mrs. and Mr. Or-rand, of New Mexico, formerly of Texas, and they have done so.

Yesterday a letter came from Miss Ida Powell, that indefatigable worker, the President of the Illinois Division, saying that her Division which consists of two small Chapters, had contributed to date \$50 to the Relief Fund and hoped to do better.

These are splendid examples for the rest of us to follow. A report received from the Treasurer General, Mrs. W. A. Ramsey, the first of this month, shows this fund overdrawn more than \$500. Many of the larger Divisions that made large pledges at the last convention have sent in no money so far this year. Will not all Division Presidents request their Division Treasurers to send all monies contributed for this fund to the Treasurer General at once before they discontinue their meetings for the summer?

Thanking you for your past coöperation, I am

Faithfully yours, JULIA HARRISON NORRIS, *Chairman.*

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for July..

First and second Secretaries of War.

Leroy P. Walker, of Alabama, served from February 21 to September 17, 1861.

George W. Randolph, of Virginia, served from March 18 to November 17, 1862.

Read Walker's speech on the Buford expedition to Kansas, delivered in 1856.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

JULY.

Louisiana; seceded January 26, 1861.

Writer: Frank L. Stanton.

The Way to the Melon Patch.

"Don't want no moon, en not one match
Fer ter light my way to der melon patch
Night or day
(Dat's what I say)
I kin shet my eye en find my way.

De road ez white az a streak er light;
But I takes de path whar de san ain't bright:
Kaze de white man wait
By de shotgun gate,
For ter blow me clean cross Georgy State!

So, take yo' moon, and keep yo' match,
I knows my way ter de melon patch
Night or day
Whilst you watch and pray
I shets my eye, and I fin's my way."

Reference books on study of Confederate Cabinet: "Life and Times of Christopher G. Memminger," by Henry D. Capers. "Library of Southern Literature," Volume XVI, page 298.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Post Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
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SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
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TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

IN RETROSPECT.

My Dear Coworkers: It is well at times to pause awhile and let the question, "Have we been true and loyal servants, accounting worthily the inheritance transmitted to us?" and await an answer. The closing of our Birmingham convention—made splendid under the leadership of Mrs. S. H. Gardner, the President of the newly reorganized Memorial Association, and her most capable and loyal coworkers—marks the closing of eight years of service with which you have honored your President General; and while much has been left undone that should have been done, much has been accomplished. Work in five new States has been started, some of which has developed in a most gratifying and surprising way. In Huntington, W. Va., the work, under the inspiring leadership of Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey, who has wrought marvelously, stands in membership and service foremost in the ranks of Associations.

Dallas, Tex., whose women charmed us by their cordial hospitality and graciousness at our convention in 1925, has pushed forward and counts her membership around five hundred. Oklahoma City, with Mrs. James R. Armstrong, both State President and President of the local Association, sent to Dallas the magnificent representation of forty delegates and visitors. With Miss Jeannie Blackman as State President, two Associations have been organized in Kentucky, where none existed previously.

Under the leadership of Mrs. H. D. Fred, a large and enthusiastic Association has been organized in Washington, and Mrs. Fred has been made President of the District of Columbia, which, with her energy and enterprise, means sure growth and interest there.

Our "Baby Association," just organized in Murfreesboro, Tenn., by Mrs. Mary Bryan, of Memphis, with Mrs. Lewis Dann as President, brings joy to the mother heart of the C. S. M. A.

Our Memorial Day in Atlanta was never more beautifully, never more loyally celebrated, and the outstanding work of Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, in the mammoth parade arranged and the fine program carried out, is an object lesson that cannot fail to impress both young and old with the fervor of patriotism unexcelled in our Southern cities.

To the splendid work of Mrs. R. P. Dexter, State President of Alabama, is due the reorganization and great spirit of cooperation which made the Birmingham convention just all

that could be desired. Mrs. Ernest Walworth, General Chairman of the Gold Bar of Honor, has been untiring in her efforts to locate the beloved mothers of living Confederate veterans, and in the past year to three of these dear women has been presented the prize.

OUR RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.—We could not, nor would we, close this short summary of work without paying tribute to one who stands uniquely alone in the most wonderful service ever known to the writer to have been rendered to any organization. Twenty-six years of unbroken service as Recording Secretary Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, of New Orleans, has given to the C. S. M. A., and in all the twenty-six years Miss Hodgson has never failed to attend the reunions and our conventions, performing her duties always in so quiet and unobtrusive a way that few realize that she is the hub in the wheel that carries forward our work, that every year when the minutes of a convention are gotten out it is her hand and brain that carries the responsibility. "Many Daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

HISTORIAN GENERAL, C. S. M. A.—On the brightest page of history will stand out in golden letters the name of Mildred Lewis Rutherford, and to her the South owes a debt of gratitude that time alone can pay, for to the South she has given her all. Her wonderful and unapproachable gift as a historian, her fidelity and steadfastness to her mission in life to see the wrongs of history righted, and her unswerving devotion to that end for which she has sacrificed a beautiful social life, for which she is preëminently fitted, her fortune, and oft-times the comforting assurance of the support and loyal devotion of her constituency, which means the joy of commendation—all, all she has freely given that her beloved Southland should be on record in facts which can bear the light of questioning investigation. Her latest published work, "Georgia, the Thirteenth Colony," brought out in such simple and inexpensive form, is but another link in the long chain of wonderful achievements of the South and should be put not only in every home, but in the hands of every child, that the lessons of truth may be well learned. The C. S. M. A. is proud to claim Miss Rutherford as Historian General and to pay this small tribute to an official whose faithfulness and loyalty has been a delightful inspiration to every loyal member of the C. S. M. A. Miss Rutherford's very latest work has been editing the Memorial Edition of the Athens *Banner-Herald*, which carries a most complete history of and program for Memorial Day.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—Since the passing of our valued coworker, Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie, who for six years took editorial charge of our page in the VETERAN, doing the work as a personal favor to a friendship that grew from childhood, the only assistance obtainable has been through the kindness of Miss Phœbe Frazer, whose residence in Florida has broken somewhat into our plans, but to whom we are most grateful for valuable services rendered.

With this short summary, which would be in complete without an acknowledgment of the abiding patience and kindness of Miss Pope, editor of the VETERAN, we regretfully feel obliged to close this most incomplete report, for all have done well, and 1926 finds this, the oldest patriotic organization of women in America, alert for the future, with enthusiasm unbounded and our faces turned to a future fraught with great possibilities which we hope to meet and to accomplish greater things.

Fraternally yours,

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

COL. RAWLEY W. MARTIN.

Among the portraits and busts of honored Confederate veterans presented to the Confederate Memorial Institute (Battle Abbey) on February 2, 1924, was a bust in bronze of Col. (Dr.) Rawley W. Martin.

This bust was presented by Dr. Stuart McGuire, of Richmond, on behalf of the Rawley W. Martin Memorial Association, and was received by Mr. Randolph Harrison, of Lynchburg, speaking for the Institute.

Dr. McGuire gave a short sketch of Colonel Martin's life and record in the War between the States as recorded in the "Confederate Military History," Fitchugh Lee's "Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee," and the "Memoirs" of Rev. James E. Poindexter. Colonel Martin's heroism at the battle of Gettysburg deserves to be recorded among "the bravest deed I ever knew," many of which have appeared in the VETERAN. He was then lieutenant colonel, 53rd Virginia Regiment (he entered the army a private). On July 2, Col. William R. Ailett, commander of the 53rd, was wounded, and this regiment entered the charge of July 3 under command of Lieutenant Colonel Martin.

In Pickett's famous charge, this regiment was the "battalion of direction" of Armistead's Brigade, Colonel Martin was thus thrown in the very closest contact with that heroic chief. As they advanced the order was given, "Double quick," and the 53rd, led by Colonel Martin, rushed forward with the other regiments of the brigade and gained the stone fence behind which the Federals had laid. Here General Armistead turned to Colonel Martin, and said: "Martin, what shall we do? We can't stay here." Colonel Martin replied, "We will go forward," and, with these words, sprang to the top and over the fence, the first man in Pickett's Division over the stone fence at the battle of Gettysburg. General Armistead placed his hat on the point of his sword that his men might better see it, and, with the words "Follow me," rushed over the fence. General Armistead was killed and Colonel Martin was frightfully wounded, his thigh bone being shattered. He fell not more than four feet from the lamented Armistead. Colonel Martin was taken prisoner on the field, remained in prison many months, and after his exchange was never able to reënter the field, although he remained in the Confederate service until the surrender. Papers were then in transit promoting him to brigadier general.

After the surrender, Colonel Martin returned to his home at Chatham, Va., and resumed the practice of medicine. In

1895 he moved with his family to Lynchburg, Va., where he died in 1912. As a soldier, a physician, and a citizen, he was the example of the highest ideals of duty and service.

A portrait of Dr. Rawley W. Martin was placed many years ago in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, by the U. D. C. Chapter of Chatham, Va., named in his honor.

"GOD ONLY KNOWS WHICH ONE WAS RIGHT."

Referring to the little notice in the April VETERAN relative to Gens. William R. and James B. Terrill, with which is given the poem under the above title, Roy B. Cooke, of Charleston, W. Va., writes that there is mention of these brothers who served on opposite sides during the War between the States, in his book on "Lewis County in the Civil War." He says:

"James B. Terrill was born at Warm Springs, Va., February 20, 1838, and was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, being a classmate of our distinguished friend, Maj. Giles B. Cooke. The nickname of 'Bath' Terrill was applied to him from the fact that he was a native of Bath County. He served as major and colonel of the 13th Virginia Infantry, and was commissioned brigadier general in 1864. He was killed in action near Bethesda Church, Va., May 30, 1864.

"William Rufus Terrill, his brother, was a member of the class of 1853 at West Point; served in the 1st and 4th Artillery, and was made a brigadier general of volunteers in 1862. He was killed October 8, 1862, at the battle of Perryville, Ky.

"The inscription on the monument where the two are buried, as I have it, and as quoted in the National Geographic Magazine, after the names reads: 'This monument erected by their father. God alone knows which was right.'"

WHEN THE BAND FIRST PLAYED "DIXIE"

On the morning of February 18, 1861, a procession was formed from the Exchange Hotel in Montgomery, Ala., to escort the President Elect, Jefferson Davis, to the statehouse, shortly to become the Capitol of the Confederacy.

Placed at the head of this procession was a Southern band, called Arnold's Band, then next the 1st Alabama Regiment, and, as the carriage drawn by six gray horses swung into place, this band played "Dixie;" and this was the first time in the history of that most popular of all American tunes that "Dixie" was ever played by a band and placed in the repertoire of the whistling, singing, cheering public.

The band played the air many times that memorable day; it was stationed near the steps of the statehouse when Mr. Davis, took the oath of office and made an address.

STONE MOUNTAIN.

BY LILLIE B. WILLIAMS, WYNNEWOOD, OKLA.

I am Stone Mountain. I, a sentinel,
Through ages long have stood, unchanged, alone,
And gazed upon the race of men and known
The misery of a weaker folk who fell
A prey to stronger, mightier men that dwell
Upon their lands. I've heard the moan at night
Of hungry children forced by main and might
To wander forth from home in sorrow fell
To other lands. In later time I saw
The hordes of Sherman pass with might and main,
Destroy and pillage, unto themselves a law,
And leave behind destruction, want and pain.
Now, touched and shaped by an artist's clever hand,
I show the glory of my fair Southland.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

LIVE WIRES.

As this is written, the Sons are hastening to Birmingham. There has been a unanimous resolve not to send in to the S. C. V. Department any notes or data for this month of the reunion. Of course, when this is read all the reunion stuff will be old and stale. I can only hope that all goes well and that the fortunes and welfare of the Confederate organizations are all prospered by the events of this 1926 reunion.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

The papers give a good account of this State convention of the South Carolina S. C. V., recently held at Greenville. Reid Elkins was elected State Commander, succeeding Col. Harry Calhoun. A resolution was passed favoring a monument at Gettysburg to the South Carolina soldiers who fought there. Also a resolution that the S. C. V. will assist in the celebration of the semi-centennial of Wade Hampton's inauguration as governor of the State. Perhaps of most importance, if carried out, is the resolution placing the S. C. V. in favor of an "accurate and impartial history" of the War between the States and attending events. The great need of the cause is such a history. The word "debauched" is the only thing in the language that describes the condition existing through our Southland as result of the teaching of false Northern-written histories, largely forced on the people by our Southern school authorities.

HERE IS A SAMPLE.

We are all, except the worst infected of our addicts, acquainted with and accustomed to the myths, some of them ridiculous, which have been woven into what is accepted universally as the "life" of Abraham Lincoln. In a recent very much praised biography of Lincoln there is a sweet little story about his mother, Nancy Hanks, and her Bible instruction to her little brood composed of little Abe and the others. In addition, there was always hymn singing, and there is particular mention of her "favorite," which, it seems, was that great old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Little Abe and the other children were regaled by constant singing of this great old hymn, it is stated. All very touching, indeed, and the only trouble about it is that Nancy Hanks was dead and in her grave more than a year before the hymn, "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was written! But what is a little thing like that to a Lincoln biographer.

WE ARE ADVERTISED BY OUR LOVING FRIENDS.

It seems that every time some insignificant Northern "patriotic" society wishes to crash into print, they rush to get up a set of resolutions assaulting the United Daughters of the Confederacy or some great Southern memorial organization or work. Recently both the "Daughters of Union Veterans" and the more exclusive "Ladies of the G. A. R." have had presented to Congress memorials protesting against Arlington and Stone Mountain, and this and that. General Lee is, as usual, described as a "traitor," and the U. D. C. receives a slap on the wrist. Those two immortals, Salzgaber and Arsenheim, Past Commanders in Chief of the G. A. R., were strenuous in their efforts against Confederate memorials and organizations. Now to these resounding old Puritan names can be added the ranks of the "Daughters" and the "Ladies," and we can all sit back easily and rest assured that the liberties of the country are safe in the hands of the descendants of the fathers.

ONCE MORE, DEAR FRIENDS, AND THEN WE PART.

"Abraham Lincoln has passed through all the stages from martyrdom to canonization. During his lifetime he was abused and villified. Soon after his death stanch admirers as well as political demagogues helped raise him to sainthood. In our generation he has been almost deified, and his apotheosis was reached in the book of Lord Charnwood and the great Greek temple on the Potomac." Before you shoot, guess who wrote that and where it was printed. This sacrilegious stuff was not found in any Southern paper, nor was it written by a Southern fire eating bloody shirt waver. It was written by Mr. Harry Hansen, literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, and is printed in *Harper's Monthly*.

THE SONS IN BIRMINGHAM.

The reports made by State divisions during the convention in Birmingham showed that the organization is in a healthy condition. Several new camps have been organized during the year, and the membership stands at about the same as a year ago. Alabama led in increased membership, but South Carolina showed the largest percentage of increase, with Florida next, and then Alabama, the latter now standing next to Virginia in total membership. The Harvey Walker Bivouac, S. C. V., of Lynnville, Tenn., had the largest

number of members present at this convention, and for the second time carried off the banner for attendance, which gives them permanent possession of this trophy.

The convention adopted the following program of future activities:

Greater activity of Sons of Confederate Veterans in public affairs; regular meetings of Camps at frequent intervals; display of Confederate battle flags at all Camp meetings; coöperation with other patriotic societies in commemorating the principles and deeds of their sires; inspection of school histories to see that they contain nothing reflecting on the South; erection of monuments or markers on battle fields; regular and systematic monthly reports to division and national organizations; publicity of activities, and joint meetings with the United Confederate Veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and memorial and other organizations.

"HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA."

[Miss Martha Haywood, of Raleigh, N. C., contributes the following in commendation of the work of Capt. S. A. Ashe.]

While Captain Ashe's "History of North Carolina," recently published, is full of interest throughout, the author lays particular stress on the part North Carolina played in one of the greatest dramas in the history of the world. In the February number of the *Libertarian*, Mr. Emerton, the reviewer, says of it:

"There is nowhere to be found in any general history of the United States a better, a more impartial, a more complete story of the causes that led up to the Civil War. . . . Here we find certain States, through greedy and selfish governors, advising the War President to set off the powder which was soon to devastate a nation and almost bring it to ruin and chaos. Here we find the wonderful defensive attitude assumed by the Southern States just before the deadly conflict takes place. . . . Truly it is a wonderful work."

I am so much in sympathy with this South Carolina reviewer that I ask space to say so. Captain Ashe's narrative of the events of 1860 up to April, 1861, and his portrayal of the attitude of North Carolina and the other border States, urging the President to let matters stand as Congress had proposed, and the purpose of President Lincoln and his Cabinet to do that until about April 1, when they were persuaded to start a war, should be read and remembered by every one.

Thus it was that North Carolina was driven out of the Union.

The picture presented of Hon. John A. Gilmer—ready to go down on his knees to the President to stay his hand—should be painted. It embodied the attitude of the Union leaders of North Carolina.

While the story begins with an account of social conditions in 1783 and tells of the progress made in the arts of peace until the climax is reached in the present remarkable condition, yet, as might be expected, Captain Ashe gives a full account of the noble part North Carolina took in resisting the invasion of the Northern army. To that he devotes about four hundred pages. He tells of the people in their homes, as well as of the brave soldiers on the battle fields.

As Mr. Emerton says in closing his review: "Truly, it is a wonderful work, but in order to appreciate its great strength, to realize its value, it has to be read. It should be in every library, in every school, in every home. The State of North Carolina, the South, and the nation owe a debt to this painstaking and unusual scholar."

So I think, and so I make the suggestion, that every Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy should follow the example set here in Raleigh by the Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter and form a reading club and read this North Carolina book.

THE RECORD.

[Dedicated to William Watts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va.]

BY W. L. ANDREWS.

Do you ask me for the record
That the Southern soldiers made,
Through the four long years of sorrow,
Where the game of hell was played,
When the men, both son and sire,
From the far-off Lone Star State
To the fields of Old Virginia
In the lines of gray dared fate?

On the mountain, hill, and valley,
From the Mississippi's flow,
Against odds of arms and minions,
Waded through those fields of gore;
From the Stonewall at Manassas
Unto Appomattox field,
In forest, marsh, and open ground,
There they died, but did not yield.

Say, if you would know their story,
You may find it where they fell.
From Vicksburg unto Gettysburg
They went a trail through hell;
Or, stand at Bloody Angle
And we'll read that story here;
Or else pause beside the "Crater"
To drop a patriot's tear.

If Antietam's ground ensnared them,
And the Wilderness betrayed,
At Seven Pines, at Malvern Hill,
In Chancellorsville's dark glade;
As at Franklin and Atlanta,
Where Stone River ran in red,
So, near Nashville and Luka,
There the Southern soldiers bled.

They followed our Lee and Jackson,
Stuart, Johnston, Pickett, Hood,
Forest, Longstreet, Hayes, and Hampton,
Undismayed, each charge withstood;
In fair Shenandoah's Valley,
On the heights of Mission Ridge,
At Winchester and at Kernstown,
And at Chickamauga's Bridge.

You will find their record written
In the prison, field, and camp,
Through the unborn years of future
You will hear their tramp, tramp, tramp.
Not till passion pales in glory
Shall their deeds be truly shown,
And the nation crown her heroes,
Shall they come into their own.

CHARLES CARROLL, SIGNER.

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton"—thus did that American patriot of distinguished Irish ancestry sign the Declaration of Independence, which will be commemorated by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, from June 1 to December 1.

Carroll appended "of Carrollton" to his signature in order that he should not be confused with his kinsman, Charles Carroll, barrister, and in order that he might assume without question the responsibility for his act of signing the document.

On January 12, 1776, Maryland had instructed her deputies in Congress not to consent to a declaration of independence without the knowledge and approval of the convention. Largely through the efforts of Charles Carroll, the Maryland convention rescinded this instruction on June 28 and unanimously directed its representatives in Congress to unite in declaring "the United Colonies free and independent States." Armed with this authority, the Maryland delegate took his seat in the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence.

Carroll entered the Middle Temple in London in 1757 to study common law and returned to Maryland in 1765 to find the public mind in a ferment over the problems of government and civil liberty. He became a writer championing the liberties of the people, acquitting himself so creditably that he received the thanks of the public in meetings held throughout the province of Maryland.

He was a member of the first Senate of Maryland and also of the first Senate of the United States. In 1797 he served on the commission which established the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia.

When he was more than ninety years old, he laid the corner stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which event was attended by an imposing civil procession.

The Maryland signer, described by his biographer, John H. B. Latrobe, as a "refined and courteous gentleman," was the last survivor of the noted band of fifty-six patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS—AND MORE.

From different parts of the country have come reports of golden wedding anniversaries celebrated by Confederate veterans and their life partners, and now and then an even longer period of wedded life has been the good fortune of some. A late report tells of the fifty-fifth wedding anniversary of Comrade J. A. Dozier, of Brownwood, Tex., and his good wife, on the 5th of February, 1926, and both are still young in spirit and active in the flesh. After their marriage, they went from Alabama to Texas and located near Mount Vernon, in Franklin, and lived in the same home over fifty years, and there reared a family of three sons and three daughters, all now gone from the home nest.

Comrade John G. Herndon, of East Falls Church, Va., sends a notice of his sixtieth wedding anniversary, celebrated on March 28, at their home, "Woodsedge," and he thinks it would be of interest to his old comrades "to see how gracious my Heavenly Father has been to spare me through these many anniversaries." He also says that the morning of their wedding day sixty years ago was bright and sunny, but shortly after they started on the twenty-three mile drive it began snowing, and they reached home in a snow several inches deep. But a large reception awaited them, attended by friends and relatives regardless of the weather. Comrade Herndon served with Carrington's Battery, of

Charlottesville, during the first part of the war and was then transferred to Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Dulaney's Regiment. He was wounded at the battle of Haw's Shop, and again at Tom's Brook, Va.

MARKING THE DIXIE HIGHWAY.

(Continued from page 205.)

Dixie Highway from the Northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and, more than that, to cherish Southern ideals, keep alive Southern traditions, and to perpetuate in bronze and stone the true history of the Southland.

"It is fitting and appropriate that the first tablet to be erected and dedicated in his honor should be by the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina, because the record of her noble sons—"First at Bethel, Farthest at Gettysburg, Last at Appomattox"—deserves this recognition. Asheville—the home of North Carolina's war governor, Zebulon Baird Vance; Asheville, the home of the brave young soldier, Col. J. K. Conally, who, snatching the colors from the color bearer, led the North Carolina troops farthest in that famous charge at Gettysburg, losing his left arm—is the first city to honor Lee. This marker answers a dual purpose because of its setting and location near and in the shadow of Vance's towering monument in Pack Square Park, and at the same time on the direct route of the highway, it also becomes a shrine of history, protected and sheltered from any desecration or abuse by the daily passer-by.

"It should be borne in mind that the object for which this memorial tablet is erected is to honor heroism, patriotism, and devotion to a great leader. 'Love makes memory eternal,' and this monument corresponds in its essential character to those lofty ideals, elegant simplicity, innate refinement, and strength of character of Robert E. Lee, and expresses the profound respect and high esteem in which he is held by all Americans to-day, irrespective of birth or section."

Immediately after the exercises at Asheville, Mrs. Gudger and others made the pilgrimage to Old Calvary Episcopal Church at Fletcher, N. C., to participate in similar exercises there. This church was built in 1859, and during the war was used as barracks by Confederate troops; thus it seemed most appropriate that this marker should be placed in that historic setting. Another thing of special interest in the placing of this marker is that the rector of the Church, Rev. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Jr., is a descendant of Gen. George B. McClellan, U. S. A., and a great admirer of General Lee. He started the movement for the placing of the marker here, and through the committee appointed by his congregation the fund for it was raised. The marker stands close to the Dixie Highway in the picturesque park at the entrance to the church grounds.

At the morning service in Old Calvary, Dr. McClellan's sermon was on "Robert E. Lee," and the exercises of the afternoon carried out this theme, the governors of Virginia and North Carolina participating. Mrs. J. Dolph Long, President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., made a short address and Mrs. Gudger unveiled the marker. An address on Robert E. Lee was given by Lucian Lamar Knight, State Historian of Georgia, at both dedications.

Other markers of this design will be placed along the Lee Highway throughout the State. The North Carolina Division, U. D. C., owns the original die from which these tablets are being made, and permission for their use in other States, also all information about them can be secured by application to Mrs. James M. Gudger, Jr., Chairman, 137 South French Broad Avenue, Asheville, N. C.

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SOUTHWESTERN VICTORIES (?).

BY COL. JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Fort Donelson, Tenn.—On February 15, 1862, Gen. A. S. Johnston reported that, after one of the bloodiest battles of the war, we had gained a brilliant victory. On the 16th, however, General Grant told his people that more men had been surrendered to him that day than had ever before capitulated on American soil.

Shiloh, Tenn.—On April 7, of the same year, General Beauregard thanked the Almighty for a complete victory, which, by the way, was the first step to another "Throwing up the Sponge" at Vicksburg.

Murfreesboro, Tenn.—And on the last day of the same year, General Bragg told our War Department that he had driven the enemy from the battle field and, with the exception of a small salient, occupied the entire position; and yet this started, possibly, the longest retreat in history, which culminated at Bentonville, N. C., in 1865.

The news of this last victory brought forth the following editorial from the Richmond, Va., *Examiner*, which I consider, whether deserved or not, certainly a gem of journalism:

"We have to perform an unwelcome task this morning and to chill the glow of triumph which the intelligence hitherto received from Murfreesboro has imparted to every patriotic heart. A reverse, the causes and extent unknown, has been suffered by the army under General Bragg. . . . So far the news has come in what may be called the classical style of the Southwest. When the Southern army fights a battle, we first hear that it has gained one of the most stupendous victories on record, that regiments from Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, etc., have exhibited an irresistible and superhuman valor unknown this side of Sparta and Rome. As for the generals, they usually get all their clothes shot off, and replace them with a suit of glory. The enemy, of course, is simply annihilated. Next day more dispatches come, still very good, but not quite so good as the first; and the telegrams of the third day are invariably such as to make a mist, a muddle, and a fog of the whole affair."

A GALLANT ARTILLERIST.

Thomas Taylor Pettus commanded one of the ten companies of the Mecklenburg Heavy Artillery, organized at Chase City, Va., August, 1861. The first siege was at Yorktown, and as commander of the Church Battery on the river front he rendered valuable service. In 1862, when the Peninsula was evacuated, companies were compelled to abandon the heavy sea coast guns. The ten companies were organized into a regiment armed with rifles, designated 34th Virginia Infantry, Wise's Brigade. In every closely contested battle from Yorktown to Appomattox, Captain Pettus displayed marked gallantry and skill. He was wounded at Sailor's

Creek, fell into the hands of the enemy, his limb was amputated, and he was maimed for life.

Thomas Taylor Pettus was born August 28, 1832, near Chase City, Mecklenburg County, Va., the eldest son of John Henry and Martha Taylor Pettus. In 1868, he made his home in Prince Edward County, near Meherrin Depot, where he passed away on April 19, 1906.

Before the war he married one of Mecklenburg County's most brilliant and beautiful daughters, Miss Mary E. W. Puryear. Captain Pettus was an exemplary, consistent Christian, a polished and refined gentleman.

[J. Thomas Goode, Colonel 34th Virginia Infantry.]

"A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR."

Miss Mary D. Carter, sponsor for the revised edition of Horton's "Youth's History of the Great Civil War," has received much encouragement from leading historians and others interested in presenting the story of the South from the standpoint of truth, as the following, coming from one of the accepted historians, Waddy Thompson, of Atlanta, Ga., will testify:

"*Dear Miss Carter:* Delay in receiving the copy of the revised edition of Horton's 'A Youth's History of the Great Civil War,' and then my illness have prevented me from reading the book sooner. To say that I am greatly pleased with the book is to put it mildly; I am enthusiastic about it. Considering that the book was written contemporaneously with the war, it is most remarkable in that the diligent research of subsequent years has confirmed the accuracy of the author's statements. Written by a Northerner, it cannot be charged to partisanship, and consequently its statements must bear great weight. Coming from the other side, it is a confirmation of the fact that 'Truth is great and will prevail.' Since I know of no better instrument for setting right the South's position with the coming generations, I hope that every school, North and South, will make use of it.

"I wish to congratulate Miss Carter and Mr. Everett on the splendid manner in which they have edited the book."

And the following from Bishop Warren A. Candler, of Atlanta, gives the same high indorsement of the work:

"*Dear Miss Carter:* I thank you for sending me a copy of 'A Youth's History of the Great Civil War,' by R. G. Horton. It is a most remarkable book, and I trust it may have a very wide reading. The fact that it is written by a man from the North assures that it was not produced under any excessive bias in favor of the South. The story is told in a most interesting style and with convincing force."

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Mrs. Mary A. Brown, 530 Constan-
 tine Avenue, Anniston, Ala., is anxious
 to get in communication with any friend
 or comrade of her husband, R. C. Brown,
 who was mustered into a company of
 Georgia State Troops at Lawrenceville,
 Gwinnett County, Ga., in July, 1864,
 and served under Capt. J. N. Glenn and
 Lieut. Thomas Mitchell; was mustered
 out in April, 1865.

Mrs. J. W. Harrison, Brownwood,
 Tex., wishes to hear from any surviving
 member of Company H, 13th Virginia
 Cavalry, to which her husband, Dr.
 J. W. Harrison, belonged. This com-
 pany was called the Sussex Light
 Dragoons, and any survivors will please
 communicate with her.

VISITOR.—“I should think, by the
 look of things, that nothing ever
 happens here.” NATIVE.—“O! It be
 pretty lively place for its size—why,
 it’s not two weeks since we had an
 eclipse of the moon.”

Gideon L. Roach, of Hondo, Calif.,
 Los Angeles County, would like to hear
 from any veterans of the Confederacy
 who went from Rockingham County,
 N. C., or members of Company D,
 Capt. John M. Galloway, Colonel
 Evans’s Regiment, Barringer’s Brigade.

W. P. Strickland, of Collinsville,
 Tex., says: “I can’t afford to miss a
 number of the VETERAN. . . . While
 I was not in the service of the sixties,
 I was old enough to remember all about
 the conflict, and I am as Southern to-
 day as when the struggle began. I
 have never surrendered. Though seven-
 ty-six years old, am still in the fight for
 the right and Democracy.”

BULLETS FOR THE REVOLUTION.

The New York Historical Society has
 recently acquired a large and interesting
 collection of bullets which date from
 revolutionary times. A fact of his-
 torical interest established by the find-
 ing of these relics is the certain use of
 dum-dum bullets by the soldiers of
 both armies, contrary to the practice of
 war. Accusations and recriminations
 have been common for a century and a
 half. It now appears that the soldiers
 of both armies displayed considerable
 ingenuity in preparing bullets in such
 a manner as to inflict jagged wounds,
 sometimes cutting them nearly in half
 and either twisting or beating them out
 of shape.

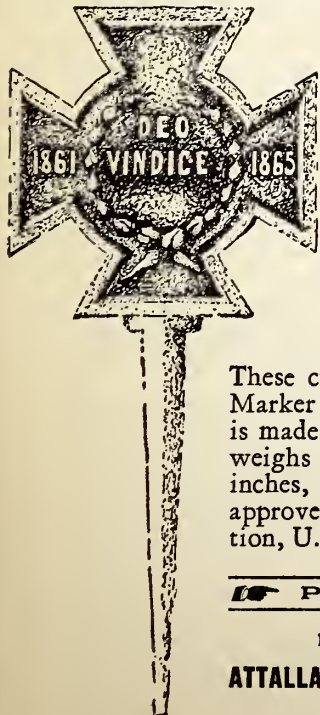
Other bits of the lead designed for
 deadly use were diverted to pursuits
 far from the intention of their makers.
 Pounded square with spots cut in the
 sides, they were used for dice through
 the long winters of inaction. Ham-
 mered into strips, long and narrow or
 short and broad, they served as lead
 pencils. Some of these were punctured
 and worn on a string about the neck,
 anticipating later styles. Other bullets
 were cut in two and tied together to
 serve as cuff links, occasionally orna-
 mented by laborious carving.—*Exchange.*

Any patron of the VETERAN interested
 in the culture of tobacco can get some
 valuable information about it by writing
 to W. H. Davis, of Mocksville, N. C.,
 whose father was a veteran in growing
 it, and he inherited this information.
 Inclose postage for reply.

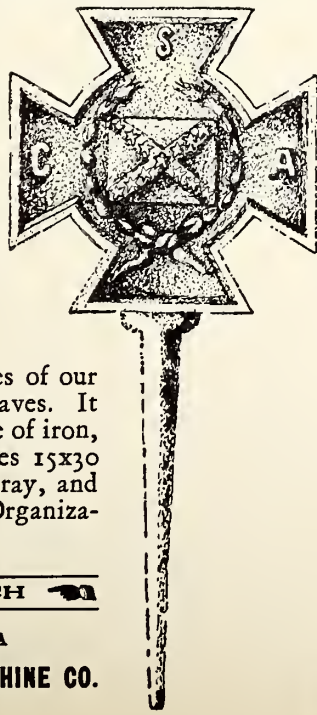
L. Hall, 2108 South Haywood Street,
 Dallas, Tex., wishes to get in touch
 with some old comrades of the 43rd
 Alabama Regiment, Gracie’s Brigade.
 He was the flag bearer for that regiment,
 and was wounded and left on the battle
 field at Sailor’s Creek, Va., April 6,
 1865.

Miss Mary D. Carter, Upperville, Va.,
 wishes to get a copy of an oration on
 Gen. R. E. Lee by Col. F. W. M. Holliday,
 delivered at Winchester, Va.,
 January 19, 1871, which she wishes to
 place in a memorial collection at Wash-
 ington and Lee University. Anyone
 having a copy for sale will please write
 to her.

“Molly has just returned from the
 seaside.” Did she get brown?” “No.
 I think his name was Thompson.”



“Lest
 We
 Forget”



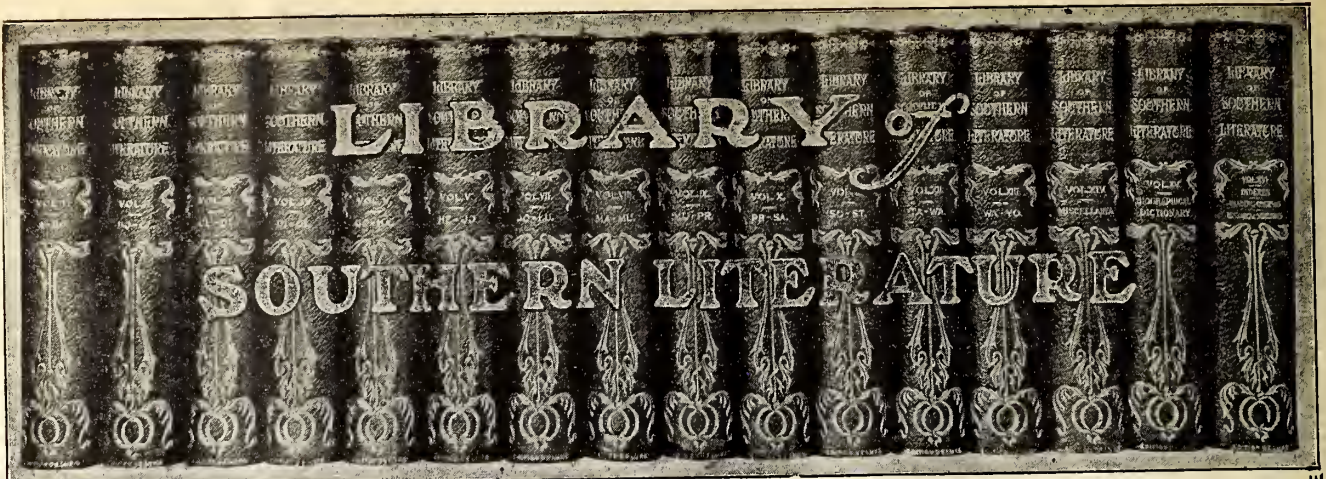
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The people of the Northern States who would truly know the South, its ideals and aspirations, have written literally hundreds of indorsements of the seventeen volumes. People of the Southern States admit that, until after the Library was published, they did not have a true conception of the high position the South is justly entitled to in the world of letters. Cultured people in all sections have united in proclaiming the Library of Southern Literature a work of inestimable value to lovers of the finest in literature.

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