

Grant 2. 366
Mason 4. 366

Confederate Veteran.



VOL XXXIV.

OCTOBER, 1926

NO. 10



JEFFERSON DAVIS AND WIFE

This picture was copied from an old daguerreotype of the future President of the Confederacy and his wife, who was Miss [redacted] [redacted], of Mississippi; it was evidently made soon after their marriage in 1847 [redacted] "Photographic History of the Civil War." Courtesy of Review of Reviews Company.)

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.
- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Look over this list for some book on Confederate history that you have been trying to find. Some of these are very, very scarce and can be offered only occasionally.

A Southern Girl in 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright.....	\$4 00
The True Story of Andersonville Prison. By Lieut. J. N. Page and M. L. Haley. Last of the edition.....	3 00
Miscellaneous Volumes of the Confederate Military History—Vols. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12. Each.....	2 00
The Orphan Brigade of Kentucky. By Col. Ed Porter Thompson. (Personal sketches of all members of this famous command is a part of this history.)	5 00
Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 00
Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	4 00
Confederate Wizards of the Saddle. By Gen. Bennett H. Young. (One copy left.).....	4 00
Personal Memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant. Two volumes. Cloth.....	4 00
Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor.....	5 00
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Four Years in the Saddle. By Col. Harry Gilmore.....	4 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by James D. Richardson.	7 00
"Company Aytch"—The Maury Grays, 1st Tennessee Regiment. By Sam R. Watkins. Paper covers.....	4 00

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Anyone who recalls Elisha Burgess, who formerly lived at Stevenson, Ala., as a Confederate soldier, will kindly write to John C. Goodall, at Stilwell, Okla., who is interested in getting a pension for this old comrade. It seems that about January, 1865, Comrade Burgess joined with a company which was being raised in Jackson County, Ala., by Captain Mulinaux, of Georgia; they were mustered in at Stevenson, then marched to Dalton, Ga., where they were captured and imprisoned at Chattanooga for several months. He recalls the names of several comrades—Marion Atkinson, Columbus Jones, Caperton, Smith, and Harrison Burgess, but does not remember the letter of company nor regiment.

Mrs. Vera Smith Spears, Union, S. C., wishes to secure the war record of her grandfather, Lieut. Y. S. Bobo, who lived and died in Union County, and that of her uncle, George McDuffie Dilard, who was born in Union County and died in Houlka, Miss. Any surviving comrade or relative will please write to Mrs. Spears.

J. N. Thomas, of Jefferson, Tex., will appreciate hearing from any comrade or friend who remembers him as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Capt. Joe Hobson's company of Col. R. E. Withers' Regiment—18th Virginia Infantry—at Danville, Va., in 1863; served in Virginia and surrendered at Appomattox.

J. J. Burnette, of Guymon, Okla., would like to hear from any of his comrades of Company D, 28th Virginia Infantry, Hunter's Brigade, Pickett's Division. He was in the fighting of the Army of Northern Virginia except the battles around Richmond; was captured three days before the surrender and sent to Point Lookout.

Mrs. R. M. Meshew, 188 Passaic Avenue, Clifton, N. Y., would like to hear from anyone who knew her husband, Thomas J. Meshew, who served under John H. Morgan. She wishes to hear especially from any family connections.

MONEY IN OLD LETTERS.

Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay the highest prices.

GEO. H. HAKES,
290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
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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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U. C. V. COMMANDER AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Our Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, has been placed in an embarrassing position through the press reports of his recent visit to Springfield, Ill., and an entirely wrong impression of this visit has thereby been made. In the first place, he went upon invitation of the American Legion of Illinois, who held their annual convention in Spring-

field during September. The Commander in Chief, G. A. R., had a similar invitation, and the two veterans of the War between the States met in this friendly way. Each was a guest of the American Legion, and each comported himself accordingly.

A report of General Vance's visit comes in a letter from Earl B. Searcy, Chairman of the General Committee, American Legion, who, though a son of the North, had ancestors who fought in Confederate ranks, and through them he claims comradeship with all Confederate veterans. "The American Legion of Illinois feels that it has been honored," he writes, "as it has never been honored before in having as its guest during its eighth annual convention your Commander in Chief, General Vance, who, to us, was 'home folks' of the most welcome type."

Referring to the visit to Lincoln's tomb, Mr. Searcy says: "One of the official portions of the Legion program was the annual parade and pilgrimage to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, son of Illinois, who, all of us believe, was at heart a friend of the South. General Vance accompanied Commander Inman (G. A. R.) to the tomb as an official guest of the American Legion and was accorded a vantage point whence he could observe the program. At the tomb our own department commander, Scott W. Lucas, placed a wreath on the sarcophagus once occupied by Lincoln's body, while Commanders Vance and Inman, standing not far away, witnessed the ceremony. We did not ask Commander Vance to place this wreath himself, for we were mindful of his official capacity, and to have embarrassed him in any small degree would have pained us more than him. So, he merely journeyed to the tomb as our official guest, there to observe the ceremony along with many others who, on that occasion, were likewise our guests. Certain press reports of this have conveyed confused impressions, hence my official report on the point. After the pilgrimage, we helped Commander Vance to enjoy the convention sights and enthusiasm."

So, General Vance was merely an onlooker during the placing of the wreath and other exercises at Lincoln's tomb, and did not in any way pay tribute.

Many years ago a certain New York newspaper had as its slogan: "If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so." Nowadays, if you see it in a newspaper, *take it with a grain of salt.*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD CONFEDERATE PARK.

A late communication from Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park Association, gives a disturbed condition of affairs connected with that important undertaking. While there is not space available in this number of the VETERAN to give his communication in full, it is hoped that the following condensed statement will give the VETERAN readers the proper understanding of the situation, and that they will come to the rescue with their contributions and influence.

It will be remembered that certain lands of the Manassas battle field were procured some years ago by the Confederate associations, and an organization was chartered under the laws of Virginia providing that "these lands shall be held for memorial, charitable, and distinctly educational purposes," and that "no one is eligible to membership on the voting and managing board of directors who does not approve the terms of the charter and 'who is not in orthodox sympathy with the vindication of the late Confederate government,' and that the distinctive emphasis of the history and educational work to be conducted shall be upon the moral justification of and constitutional reasons which underlay secession; that those who were expected to give the funds needed for the foundation should be honorary members, not active voting members."

The charter was drawn, and "the managing and corporate voting authority was given to a board of three directors, or trustees, while supervision and protection of the funds were placed with a larger board, empowered to audit the books and provide methods of handling the funds." Each Southern State and each Confederate organization is entitled to membership on this powerful board; and in addition the corporation must each year report to the Corporation Commission of Virginia, which has important supervision.

A payment of ten thousand dollars was made on the lands, and as time went on another payment became due. Virginia voted an appropriation of \$10,000 toward the project upon condition that the association pay the balance of \$5,000. In the meantime a faction had developed, having the idea of a larger voting board; and some members of the faction wanted the word *Confederate* eliminated, some wanted a diversion of the object for which they had organized; some wanted something without knowing exactly what. But the board was trustee, charged with the responsibility of carrying out the charter purposes, hence opposed any change; but the faction got a law passed in the last hours of the legislature which would favor their contention if it is applicable to a charter issued before the law was passed. To fight that law, to prevent the perversion of the chartered rights of the association is now before us, and that fight requires funds. Is this park to memorialize Confederate valor and history or not? "Will those who share our faith in the honest right behind the sturdy fight on the fields of Manassas, will those who want a Confederate work on those fields, and particularly Sons of Confederate Veterans, to whom Gen. Stephen D. Lee said in 1906, 'To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will submit the vindication of the cause for which we fought'—come quickly to the support of this board of trustees?"

All contributions may be sent to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Law Building, Richmond, Va., or to J. R. Price, 419 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

THAT LINCOLN LETTER.

The publication of a supposed hitherto unpublished letter of President Lincoln to Andrew Johnson, as furnished by Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, has brought the following from Isaac Markens, now of Newark, N. J., who is well posted on Lincolniana. He says the letter was published many years ago, and that the letter in full is as follows, the two corrections italicized:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. D.,

"Private.

March 26, 1863.

"Hon. Andrew Johnson.

"My Dear Sir: I am told that you have at least thought of raising a negro military force. In my opinion, the country now needs no specific thing so much as some man of your ability and position, I mean that of an eminent citizen of a slave State and himself a slaveholder. The colored population is the great available and yet *unavailed* of forces for restoring the Union. The bare sight of fifty thousand armed and drilled black soldiers on the banks of the Mississippi would end the rebellion at once. And who doubts that we can present that sight if we but take hold in earnest? If you have been thinking of it, please do not dismiss the thought.

"Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN."

A FEDERAL COMMISSION.—Judge Daniel T. Grinnan, of Richmond, Va., wishes to locate the family or interested relatives of a Federal soldier in order to return a valuable paper, of which he writes as follows: "A resident of this city has handed me for delivery to the right person the commission of a Yankee sergeant major which her father, Maj. Charles E. Snodgrass (Quartermaster, Ewell's Division, C. S. A.) picked up as a loose paper on a battle field, possibly Winchester, Va. It was issued at Winchester, January 19, 1863, by John W. Schall, lieutenant colonel, 87th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, to Charles P. Stroman, making him a sergeant major of that regiment. She would like to return the commission to the one to whom it was issued, if possible, or to some member of his family."

DID PRESIDENT DAVIS SAY THIS?—Inquiry comes from Adjutant J. T. Garretson, of Camp Hardee, U. C. V., Birmingham, Ala., as to the truth in the statement that President Davis said: "We will carry the war into the North, where food for torch and sword await our armies in the densely populated cities." If any reader of the VETERAN can give proof of any such statement by President Davis, he will please let us hear. It so so utterly at variance with the character of Jefferson Davis that it seems a denial in itself.

ERROR IN NAME.—In the little complimentary reference to the Superintendent of the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., appearing in the August VETERAN (page 318) his name was given as Turner, when it should have been "Capt. Tunis." This correction is made in justice to this capable officer and good friend.

GREATER APPRECIATION OF THE SOUTH'S POSITION.

The following comes from J. T. Garrettsen, Adjutant of Camp Hardee, U. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala.:

"Although our children are still being taught in our schools and libraries that the Southern people are brutal and barbarous because of their attitude toward the negro, it looks as if the persons who write the books from which the children learn the things that make them ashamed of the South are losing some of their hatred for everything Southern, or else libelling the South that is growing strong and rich does not sound so well as it did when it was weak and poor. This from the *Outlook* is the first word of sympathy for the South from any New York magazine in sixty years:

"Perhaps, after all, Northern cities may learn from Southern cities how to deal with troublesome race questions."

"If it is true that the South was right about the negro, what will we do with the thousands of books in our libraries written, purchased, and placed there to teach that the South was wrong?"

"This from the last issue of the same magazine which yesterday was telling the world that the Southern people were uncivilized and uncivilizable because of the madness of their race prejudice and demanding that the President send troops into the South to protect the negro from the barbarous Southern white man:

"The question that our Northern readers need to ask themselves is this: Are we proving ourselves to be as good friends to the negroes who are now our neighbors as the white people of the South have been to their negro neighbors?"

"Whatever the reason, there is a change for the better. The *New Republic*, a magazine that has up to the present time approved of everything that injured the South, has an adverse criticism of a book written by one Stribling to defame the Southern people.

"Mildred Rutherford said: 'Until the North and the South are willing to accept the truth of history there can be no peace. Falsehoods must cease, or the war will continue forever.'

"Because Miss Rutherford's statement is true, this from 'Seventy Summers,' by Poultney Bigelow, a New England author, looks like the dawning of the morning of a better day coming for America. In its twenty-five years of existence, with hundreds of thousands of books, this is the first time that anything so near the truth about the war has been put in the Birmingham Library:

"The election of Lincoln gave notice that henceforth meddling in State matters might be regarded as the pious occupation of Northern congressmen. Moreover, aside from piety, New England manufacturers of blankets, shoes, plows, and hundreds of other things needed on a plantation, looked reproachfully at Southern Christians who imported such things from foreign countries. They pleaded patriotically in the lobbies of congress and showed how good it would be if Southern planters paid a little more and bought in Boston; but the New Orleans man cared not a snap for Boston, and kept on buying from England, and so grew the Republican party of piety and patriotism. Lincoln rallied the labor vote of the West, while New England veiled her schemes of manufacturing monopoly by canonizing John Brown and adding "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the shelf of sacred books."

"In more than a hundred years, this is the first time that anything has been said that would seem to show that the savage and insane hatred of a certain kind of so-called Americans for the South and everything Southern, which seemed to

be growing stronger and greater as it grew older, would ever die.

"Persistent and relentless libel and defamation of the Southern people that has destroyed their faith and confidence in the South has more than all other causes combined kept them back. If it could be stopped, or even kept out of the South, it would be worth more to her people than all the money in the banks of the world."

GRANT, THE MAGNANIMOUS.

BY J. A. OSGOODE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Endless praise is lavished by supposedly eminent authorities on Grant's magnanimity to Lee at Appomattox. Charles Francis Adams has confessed that he knew not which most to admire in that closing scene, Lee's sublime stoicism or Grant's transcendent generosity. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether full justice has been done the latter, whether the half has been told about it, outside the pages of that much-exalted, but little-read, frustum of autobiography, the "Memoirs" of U. S. (originally H. U.) Grant himself.

It is in that lauded, neglected work that we discover some of the clearest proofs of Grant's liberality. Twice, he tells us, in Volume II, in the course of his Wilderness campaign, did he send back to Washington the surplus artillery supplied him by his generous government, which had already furnished all the guns he could possibly use at the front.

The same liberal spirit shines through General Grant's judgments delivered in the course of his ingenuous narrative. Arguing that the Confederates were rarely, if ever, outnumbered in the major battles of the war, he remarks (Volume II, pages 356-57) that "one-third of the nation was united in rebellion against the national authority." In other words, one-third of "the national authority" was gone, while the other two-thirds was experiencing troublous times maintaining itself on what it claimed as its proper territory. For General Grant proceeds to claim explicitly that the government which he represented had to retain so many troops at home to frustrate and suppress Southern sympathizers that it had no more left than sufficed to meet the Confederates on equal terms. That is to say, that the "loyal" supporters of the Lincoln régime were outnumbered by their opponents North and South together; that what he liberally calls a "rebellion" was the rising of a majority against a minority. Who can challenge General Grant's generosity toward his late enemies in this patriotic estimate?

Of those who rhapsodize on Grant's magnanimity at Appomattox, how many know anything of his "magnanimity" to Lee's memory in his "Memoirs"? Let them read there (Volume II, pages 270-71) Grant's own story of his own diplomatic maneuvers after the battle of Cold Harbor, and judge for themselves, if, like Macbeth, they "still have judgment left."

The battle of Cold Harbor was fought July 3, 1864. Rumor has it that Grant was so staggered by his repulse that only the feverish consumption of tough cigars, breezed off at the rate of twenty-five per twenty-four hours, availed to quiet his quivering nerves. Be that as it may, he did nothing of note until two days later, when, to avoid openly confessing defeat by sending out a flag of truce for the purpose, he sent Lee a furtive suggestion that *both sides* cease hostilities for the purpose of bringing in their wounded from between the opposing lines. Lee was not to be imposed upon by any shuffling pretense. There were no Confederate wounded between the lines. He, therefore, told Grant, in effect, to pursue the practice appropriate to such occasions, and bring

in his wounded under a flag of truce. This Grant feared to do. He must avoid confessing defeat, at all hazards. He accordingly left his wounded men to shift for themselves, at the same time attempting to throw the blame for the results of his wanton neglect on the Confederate commander by sending Lee a letter which concluded with this choice specimen of ornate diction:

"Regretting that all my efforts for alleviating the sufferings of wounded men have been rendered nugatory, I am
"U. S. GRANT."

Thus, twenty years after Appomattox, did the magnanimous Grant, with dying hand, write, in what passes for a military record, this abject, futile slander of Lee. Only less ridiculous is his vapping of Forrest's blood-curdling atrocities at Fort Pillow, or his most unstoical snarl at "the rascality of a partner in business" (Mr. Ward, to wit) with which his "Memoirs" open.

Here we may pause to consider whether Grant was not "happy in the opportunity of his death," whether it was not just as well that he never lived to complete them. We know what he wrote of Stanton; what would or could he have written of Sumner, Blaine, and Horace Greeley; or of Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and other financial luminaries, whom he was ambitious to outshine in their own sphere, just by way of giving fresh proof that peace hath victories *far more* renowned than war? Of these gentry, in their relations with Grant before "Black Friday," September 24, 1869, C. F. Adams has written ("The Treaty of Washington," pages 120-21): "It was Grant's first experience with men of that stamp in Wall Street. Well for him had it been his last."

LINCOLN AND THE DRAFT.

BY A. H. JENNINGS, PAST HISTORIAN IN CHIEF, S. C. V., LYNCHBURG, VA.

The above is the title of an editorial which has just appeared in one of the most widely read weekly magazines in America, published in Chicago and New York.

The editorial is amazing in that it contains matter not at all laudatory to the most lauded, idolized, and idealized character in America mythology—Abraham Lincoln. There is not a paper other than this one north of the Potomac, and few south, of it which would have the courage to brave the wrath of the addicts and publish an article like this. The editorial says in part:

"The recent death of Robert Lincoln calls to mind a significant happening of his early life.

"Imagine, if you can, what would have happened in the United States in 1917 if the President had had a son twenty-two years of age who remained in college while millions of sons of other men were being drafted as cannon fodder. Then try to imagine what would have followed had the President written to General Pershing asking him to find a nice safe staff job for the son.

"Evidently times have changed, and our political and individual consciences have reached a higher plane. In 1865, President Abraham Lincoln wrote to General Grant, saying:

"My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated from Harvard, wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks, nor yet to give him a commission to which those who have served long are more entitled and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you or detriment to the service, go into your military family, with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing the necessary means? If not, say so without hesitation.'

"General Grant evidently saw nothing wrong with the suggestion, as Robert Todd Lincoln was commissioned captain on Grant's staff, was present at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, and rode into Washington with the first definite news his father received of the collapse of the Confederacy.

"The naïve wording of Lincoln's letter shows he thought the request right and reasonable. He carefully avoids suggesting putting his son on the pay roll or giving him rank over others. His plain statement that he did not want the boy in the ranks reflects perhaps what the boy's mother had to say.

"In 1865, the President's son was tacitly exempt from draft. While the President was summoning hundreds of thousands of other men's sons to face Southern bullets, and the people were singing 'We are coming, Father Abraham,' his own son was safe in cloistered Harvard. Oddly enough, there seems to have been no criticism, even from the parents of other boys. . . .

"America's sense of duty to country is on a higher plane now. Contrast the letter of Lincoln with the actions of Theodore Roosevelt and his four sons, all of whom rushed to arms at first call. In the World War the sons of prominent and wealthy men were among the first to answer the call. The few cases of young men of that class striving to evade the draft or to find safety-first jobs aroused quick resentment. The war emptied the colleges before the draft came.

"Fighting no longer is the job of the vassal or the mercenary. It is the business of the whole nation, rich and poor, and of women as well as men. Our Americanism and patriotism have improved, and our sense of political and national duty is higher than it was in Lincoln's day."

Twenty-two years old and safe in Harvard! Lee's youngest son was a private in the Confederate artillery service. The sons of every prominent and noted family of the South and of practically every other family, whether noted or not, went at the first call to defend the land from invasion. But in the North, it seems, the war was fought "by vassals and mercenaries." There is irony in the thought of the people represented as singing "We are coming, Father Abraham, one hundred thousand strong," while "Father Abraham's" own son, twenty years old or more, was safe in college. "I do not wish to put him in the ranks," said Lincoln. The sheltered son merely wished to "see something" of the war, to watch, from a safe place, the South reeling in her last struggle before she sank prostrate on her shield.

There is only one thing to regret in this remarkable editorial, and that is the common mistake of Northern writers to assume that they, the North, constitute America. "Our Americanism and our patriotism has improved since Lincoln's day," says the writer, and of course he thinks of the country at large when he says that. Northern patriotism may have improved, Southern patriotism has always been all right. A little thought, too, might evoke from the Northern writer the query, "Why all this draft dodging, these riots, this twisting and squirming to keep out of war." On one side was the defense of home and liberty; on the other there was invasion, the tearing down of constitutional guarantees and privileges. On one side, a righteous war; on the other, a war based on hate, deception, and camouflaged behind a screen of fake patriotism and humanity.

To the above can well be added Lincoln's famous letter of sympathy to Mrs. Bixby, who had given *five* sons to the ranks of the Federal army:

"Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Mas-

sachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Good words, my countrymen—but his own son was safe in "cloistered Harvard."

A FAMOUS NORTH CAROLINA COMMAND.

BY MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON, IN NEWS AND OBSERVER.

The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry celebrated its one hundred and thirty-third birthday on August 23 of this year, having been organized in 1793. This is one of the oldest military organizations with a continuous record in the United States and has taken part in every war of this country since its founding.

The company received an invitation to attend the opening of the Sesquicentennial, in Philadelphia; since then it has been enlarged to one hundred and twenty-seven members, many of the boys who have lately enlisted being sons or grandsons of the charter members. Thus the glorious past of this honorable company will be revived by veterans of the World War. The invitation for the Sesquicentennial came through Captain Franciscus, commanding the Centennial Legion, which is made up of one military organization from each of the thirteen original States. This official came to Fayetteville and personally presented the invitation to the mayor of the city and Maj. J. C. Vann, who has commanded the historic Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry for thirty years.

Appreciating the historical importance of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, Maj. John C. Vann has done much to preserve the old organization, and for nearly thirty years has kept it intact. As the honorary commander, Major Vann headed the company at the Sesquicentennial. Col. Terry A. Lyon, a veteran of the World War, is the new active commander, and Ross Jones, a wearer of the Distinguished Service Cross of the A. E. F., is first captain and drills the recruits.

The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry represented North Carolina at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, at Yorktown Centennial in 1881, and at the Constitutional Centennial at Philadelphia in 1887; and it was one of the organizations from North Carolina in the parade at the Dewey celebration in New York, September 30, 1899.

The ten survivors who attended the centennial at Philadelphia in 1876 went with the company as honorary members and as its special guests at the Sesquicentennial. These ten men are: Maj. John C. Vann, Dr. J. W. McNeil, Stephen G. Worth, all of Fayetteville, N. C.; General George Hall and Rufus DeVane, of Red Springs; Dr. Alexander Graham, of Charlotte; Col. F. A. Olds, of Raleigh; Thomas Williams, of Godwin; John Gibson, of Arkansas; and Edward McDuffie, of New York.

With its beautiful new uniforms of Confederate gray (the original color of the company), the company made a proud showing for North Carolina at Philadelphia, attracting much attention and admiration.

When the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry was organized in 1793, war threatened all the European powers, and the hostile attitude of Spain toward the United States filled the people of the South with indignation. The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry held itself ready to assist President Washington, if necessary, under the command of Capt. Robert Adams. When war threatened between the United States and France in 1797, the Fayetteville company was again ready for the conflict. In 1807 it volunteered again. It served in the war of 1812, at the same time maintaining a company of "substitutes" at its own expense. It was of the escort of LaFayette on his visit to Fayetteville in 1825, commanded then by the distinguished Robert Strange; it was in the Mexican War in 1846, where it gallantly served under Captain Kirkpatrick.

In 1819, by special act of the Legislature, for its long and distinguished service, its commanders were endowed with the rank of major and its four next officers with the rank of captain, a distinction conferred upon no other company in the State.

In 1861, as soon as North Carolina seceded from the Union, this company, splendid young manhood of Fayetteville, volunteered among the first, and as Company H, 1st North Carolina Regiment, fought gallantly in the Confederacy. Maj. Wright Huske was in command when those boys marched off June 10, 1861, to take part in the battle of Bethel, with their motto emblazoned on their flag: "He that hath no stomach for this fight, let him depart." The company returned from Yorktown in November, 1861, their enlistment expiring, having reflected honor upon their command in this first and victorious battle in the War between the States. A beautiful silk flag was made by the women of Fayetteville and presented to these men on September 9, 1861, with the word "Bethel" inscribed on it. This flag is now in the Hall of History at Raleigh.

Such a joyful welcome was given the "Independent Company" on their return! Those left at home had been busy for weeks, working day and night, getting everything in readiness. Arriving by boat from Wilmington, about nightfall, they found almost the entire population of Fayetteville on the river bank anxiously waiting to receive them. The old market house had been decorated by the women with long wreaths of pine, holly, and cedar, with festoons around the square, and a banner across the entire front with the inscription in jets of gas, "Welcome, Heroes of Bethel."

Marching to strains of music up to the old market, they had a grand ovation, speeches of welcome, etc., for their safe return. To-day only two of these Bethel heroes are alive, H. R. Horne, and Maj. Charles M. Stedman, fine types of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry "boys" of the sixties. The organization was not lost after its return from Yorktown. In November, 1861, Peter M. Hale was elected major commanding. This was a tribute to one who had endeared himself in camp life to all his comrades. In March, 1862, the company again offered its services in the defense of the State and served throughout the four years of the war.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, in the spring of 1898, the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry again offered its services to the State, and as Company A, 2nd North Carolina Regiment, it entered the service with Maj. Benjamin R. Huske as commander. After that the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry was represented in the National Guard of North Carolina as "Company F," and as such took part in the Mexican border trouble in 1916, under the command of Capt. Robert Lamb. They were in

continuous service until mustered into the National army for the World War as "Company F, 119th Infantry, of the Thirtieth Division."

Fayetteville again had cause to be proud of the glorious record made by "Company F" under the command of its gallant captain, Robert J. Lamb, who won the Distinguished Service Cross and led his men in breaking the Hindenburg line, upholding anew the motto the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry had adopted at its organization. A great demonstration was given "Company F" when it returned from overseas by the citizens of Fayetteville.

Fayetteville has just cause to be proud of this historic military organization, which numbers on its rolls many distinguished names of Fayetteville of the long ago.

Robert Adams was its first captain, and on his tomb in old Cross Creek Cemetery is this inscription: "Beneath this stone are deposited the mortal remains of Robert Adams, a native of Grenock, Scotland, aged forty-two. He was universally loved and respected. In his conduct and deportment through life was combined all that should adorn the Christian character and constitute the honorable gentleman." His successors have also been high-toned, honorable men who have held up a high standard for the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry and have played a gallant part in the wars of this country.

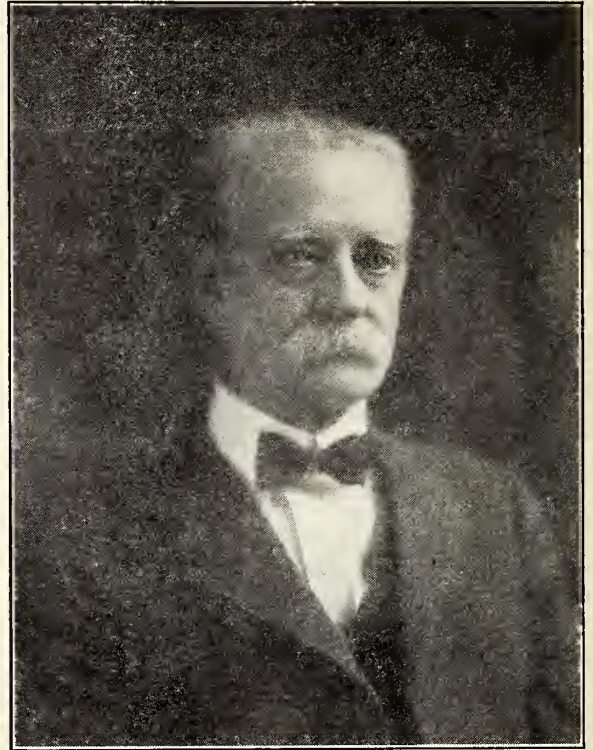
SURVIVOR OF PRESIDENT DAVIS'S ESCORT.

BY W. R. BRINGHURST, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

After the surrender of General Lee, a portion of our (Dibrell's) Division and other commands, numbering about two thousand, were ordered to Greensboro, N. C., as an escort to President Davis, his cabinet, and the treasury. We accompanied him in a body to the Savannah River, where we were paid twenty-six dollars each in specie. At that time we were the only organized body left of the Army of Tennessee, Johnston having also surrendered. A detail of sixty men was made from this command as a special escort to President Davis. The main body of the escort surrendered and were paroled. As they were nearly all from Kentucky or Tennessee, they went through in a body to Chattanooga, being allowed to retain their horses. Upon arriving at Chattanooga, their horses were taken from them, contrary to agreement when paroled, and the boys had to get home the best way they could; but the specie they had drawn a few days before saved the day for them. When they arrived at Nashville, a friend of mine, Joe Hatcher, of Company B, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, called on the commander of the post and made complaint, and was given permission to return to Chattanooga and have any horses that had been taken from them returned. He gathered up about a dozen and brought them to the boys, my horse in the number, which I had sold to a friend who was one of the boys returning by Chattanooga. My father bought the horse after he was brought back here, and I kept him as an honored member of the family until he was quite old.

The special escort detailed at the Savannah River was commanded by Capt. Given Campbell, of Company B, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, and left the main body on May 3 or 4, and proceeded with President Davis to Washington, Ga. Here Mr. Davis said: "Captain Campbell, my escort is too large—not large enough to give battle if attacked, and too large to get through the country unnoticed. See if there are ten men of my escort who will volunteer to go with me to the last, wherever that may be." Captain Campbell soon returned and reported that they all volunteered, when Mr.

Davis said: "I deeply appreciate their loyalty, but I must insist upon having only ten men. Arrange it any way you can for ten men at once." We never knew how it was arranged. As all were anxious to go, perhaps the first ten as



W. R. BRINGHURST.

they came to them were taken, and left Washington on the evening of the 5th of May, 1865, with Mr. Davis, his family, and some members of his cabinet, commanded by Captain Campbell, and he was captured on the morning of May 10, as the world knows.

The remaining fifty of the escort of sixty left Washington the next day as an escort to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge. The first night after leaving Washington, we camped on the farm of a Mrs. Thompson, about five miles from Washington. The next morning we mounted our horses and proceeded to the headquarters of General Breckinridge. As he came out and mounted his horse, he was informed that a battalion of Federal cavalry, two hundred and fifty strong, commanded by Maj. Andrew Campbell, was but a short distance from us coming our way. I well remember what happened, but perhaps I had better give it in the exact words of Colonel Breckinridge. I had often repeated my recollection of the episode, but I was anxious to have it confirmed, so I wrote to Colonel Breckinridge at his home in Lexington, Ky., and requested him to write me his recollection of the affair, and his letter gives it in detail, as follows:

"My recollection is that the number of men who volunteered from Dibrell's and my brigades to go with us on to the end, and who did actually march from Washington, Ga., was forty-seven. It may be that I am not perfectly accurate in this, but I do not miss it more than one or two. The Federal cavalry which we met in the road not far from General Breckinridge's headquarters was a battalion under the command of Major Andrew Campbell and consisted of

about two hundred and fifty. I do not know, and cannot at this moment lay my hand on any paper which will show the exact number, but this is very nearly correct. He had sent back for reinforcements, and there was a brigade of cavalry on the road, but it did not join Campbell's battalion, and, I have understood, did not reach Washington at all, but that its advance guard did reach Washington the next day after this encounter.

"I recollect perfectly the transaction. We camped near General Breckinridge's headquarters. I went to his room to receive orders, and, in a moment or two, Capt. James B. Clay, now a citizen of this county, came in with the information that a regiment of cavalry was within sight. Our little command had been organized into a company of which I was captain; and, at my suggestion, General Breckinridge consented that I should move the company to the front and stop the march of the regiment, and he gave me absolute discretion as to what course I should pursue, except that he counseled that I should not provoke a battle, and should avoid bloodshed, which I rather promised I would do unless it was necessary to preserve our morale and self-respect. With this understanding, we moved down the road in the direction in which the Federal cavalry were marching, and a flag of truce was sent out and the colloquy resulted in an agreement that the battalion of cavalry, and all other troops which might be marching behind it, should remain on the other side of the road to Woodstock until I gave consent to its marching to Washington, and that my command, and such Confederate commands as I might indicate during the day should pass down the road to Woodstock unmolested. Major Campbell at first refused any other terms than either our surrender or that we should open the way and permit him to march on to Washington; but he finally consented to the terms I have indicated when I somewhat bluntly informed him that it was an ultimatum, and that I would give the order to charge if he did not so agree. You may remember that we had disposed of the company on the brow of the hill in such a way as to wholly conceal our force; and as I wore the uniform of a colonel of cavalry, and as he knew I was in command of a brigade of Kentucky cavalry, he became under the impression, which I took no pains to remove, that I was in command of my brigade; and I understood that he afterwards declared that if he had had any knowledge of how small the command was he would never have agreed to the terms. General Breckinridge was notified of these terms, and he with his staff officers, with Major Austin of my regiment, and some other soldiers left our command, passed through the woods, being guided by a citizen, and made his way down to Florida. After waiting for a time sufficiently long to insure his escape both from that battalion and any troops that might be on the road, I notified Major Campbell that no other Confederate cavalry would pass down the road to Woodstock except my personal escort, constituted of perhaps fifty men, whereupon he withdrew his command on the top of the hill on the other side of the ravine, and we marched to Woodstock where we found General Duke."

In later years, writing of this event, Colonel Breckinridge said: "This was a remarkable episode. It was one of the dramatic scenes of the war, one that deserves a fuller treatment than it has received. There never was a company or command whose morale was higher than that company composed of volunteers from the Kentucky and Tennessee brigades which composed Dibrell's Division. On that day I felt—looking back upon it, I am convinced I was correct—

that that company could have charged through the battalion of Major Campbell and scattered it, as a detail from the Kentucky brigades charged Capron's Brigade at Jug Tavern.

"May I add that the Kentucky Brigade, from the battle of Bentonville to the day I left it, was in finer discipline, more intense to perform its duty, and with completer morale than I ever saw it. Each adjutant was required to make a daily morning report, and each commander required to have at least two daily roll calls, and from the day Dibrell's Division received its orders at Raleigh to report to Mr. Davis at Greensboro until it surrendered, its effective force daily increased. There was no disorganization, no demoralization, no evidence of hesitation in performing every duty. It was well armed, well mounted, well equipped, and was the very best cavalry command I ever saw, and I have no doubt it was the best cavalry command in either army. Colonel McLemore's command, with the Kentucky Brigade, and others, formed Dibrell's Division."

When we reached Woodstock, Ga., we disbanded, every man for himself. Most of the boys went home without being paroled, but my best and boyhood friend, Clay Stacker, and I went to Augusta, Ga., and were paroled as a protection, and we reached home about the last of May. So far as I know and believe, I am the last surviving member of the escort of sixty who left the Savannah River with Mr. Davis. If there are others, I would like to hear from them.

THE VETERAN'S CROSS OF HONOR.

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier
 Are thoughts of the days when all wore the gray.
 While mem'ry recalls every trial and danger,
 And scenes of the past live in battle array.
 Though long since discarding our arms and equipment,
 There's one thing a vet'ran most surely will note,
 The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade,
 The little bronze cross he wears on his coat.

Chorus.

The little bronze cross,
 The sacred bronze cross,
 The U. D. C. Cross
 That he wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost," said a man to the soldier,
 "That little flat cross that you wear on your coat?"
 "A fortune in money," he answered the stranger,
 "And four years of marching and fighting to boot."
 The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,
 Except that the buyer wore the gray too.
 It shows to mankind the full marks of a hero,
 A man who to country and honor was true.

Then let us be proud of this emblem of honor,
 And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold,
 Fraternaly welcome each one who supports it,
 With love in our hearts for those comrades of old.
 Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
 And soon will be missed this sweet token so dear,
 But ages to come will remember with honor
 The man who'd the right this bronze emblem to wear.

—H. H. Stevens.

FIGHTING AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

(The following account of the desperate fighting at South Anna Bridge, in Virginia, was written in 1894 by Capt. A. S. Peace, of Granville County, N. C., eleven years before his death, but was published only recently in the *Henderson Dispatch*. Captain Peace was born in Granville County, near the present town of Creedmore, in 1840, and died in 1905. He and five brothers were in the war, all of whom were wounded and one was killed. His own service extended from first to last of the war, except for a year in the hospital from his wounds. Returning to his command, he was in charge of troops in the fighting around Petersburg. In sending the clipping giving Captain Peace's account of the fighting at South Anna Bridge, R. A. Bullock writes from Henderson:

"By way of explanation, and 'to keep history straight,' I will state that Granville County was one of the oldest and largest counties of the State, and perhaps one of the wealthiest. In 1881, the legislature created the county of Vance from the northeastern half of the old county, with Henderson as the county seat. Oxford still is the capital of Granville County. To the best of my recollection, it is claimed that Granville sent to the Confederate service fourteen companies. Col. Tazewell L. Hargrove was a native, and, at the time of entering the service, a prominent attorney at law, and later was attorney general of the State. Maj. Nat Gregory entered the service as first lieutenant of Company I, 23rd Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers and was at the first battle of Manassas; resigned on account of wounds, and later was elected major of the 2nd Regiment, Junior Reserves. The others mentioned in the article introduce themselves.")

The battle of South Anna Bridge was fought on the 26th of June, 1863. On the Confederate side was Company A, 44th Regiment, North Carolina troops, consisting of sixty-four men, including Lieut. Col. T. L. Hargrove and Capt. R. L. Rice, all born and reared in Granville County, N. C. The Federal troops consisted of 1,500 mounted men, with two field pieces, and were commanded by Colonel Spears.

There were two railroads running out from Richmond, which came together at Hanover Junction, a few miles north of us. At this point a large amount of army supplies, including thirty thousand stands of arms, with ammunition, were stored as a reserve supply for General Lee's army, then on its way to Gettysburg. This was the objective point of the enemy. The plan of Colonel Spears was to land at the "White House" (a building in the vicinity of the battle, it is thought), and by a rapid movement burn the railroad bridge across South Anna River, destroy Lee's supplies at Hanover Junction, and burn North Anna railroad bridge on his return.

If this plan had succeeded, Lee's army would have been crippled for the want of supplies and direct communication with the Confederate capital. Colonel Hargrove knew we held the key to the situation, and, therefore, issued the order to Company A to hold the bridge at all hazards. Seven of our men were killed and all the rest were wounded and captured, except myself, who, being severely wounded, was left on the field for dead. Many died afterwards from their wounds. I saw as many as eleven wounds on one man, and from three to five were common.

The Federals fought with carbines and artillery at a distance, and with pistols and sabers at close quarters. Our men were armed with Mississippi rifles, which we used at a distance, and with which we clubbed the enemy in close quarters.

A detachment of fifteen men from Company G, 44th North Carolina, from Orange County, on guard at a ford above the bridge, were with us after the enemy had crossed the river

two miles below the bridge. We did not know of this bridge, to which a negro had piloted the enemy.

The fight lasted about four hours, two hours before the enemy crossed to our side and two hours afterwards, including about ten minutes at close quarters. Dirt forts had been constructed on the north side, but these were too far from the bridge for occupation. We had no protection except the railroad ties, with the iron rails on the track in front and the road watchman's house on our right. We first formed on the south side of the river to receive the enemy. A blue streak appeared on the hills to the south of us. A few minutes later and the hill slopes just above us were occupied by the enemy. Seeing that we could not withstand the charge which the enemy was preparing to make, Colonel Hargrove ordered a retreat across the bridge. This was affected under a charge from the enemy, and an artillery fire, disabling eight of our men.

About twelve hundred of the enemy who had crossed the river formed in line of battle just out of range of our guns. The enemy then made three charges on horseback, all of which were repulsed. Meanwhile the fight continued from across the river with carbine and cannon. I had been ordered with seven men to guard the pass under the bridge (about thirty feet long), as well as to prevent the enemy from setting fire to it on the other side, and was lying on the road grade watching the enemy forming for the last charge. About three hundred dismounted men were given the start so as to pass under the bridge at the instant of the attack in our front by the main force of the mounted men. They broke into platoons of fourteen men, in close order, as they passed a little mound on the river bank about half way from the main body to the bridge. A shrill "halloa" was given as a signal for the charge. Instantly three hundred footmen moved in double quick, and six hundred maddened horses, with rowels thrust deep into their sides, groaning with pain and exertion, with thundering hoof and clanking sabers, came down upon us, now about sixty strong.

The detachment of seven fired their well-aimed guns in the faces of the three hundred passing under the bridge and then attempted to club them. This checked but for a moment the advancing column. Those in front, being pressed forward by those in their rear, gathered our seven men into the human mass. With a right wheel and a double quick up the railroad track, and around the watchman's cabin, we were all together in one general mêlée.

The enemy had gained our rear; we were completely surrounded, men in ranks and out of ranks, mounted and on foot, armed and disarmed, were on all sides, while horses without riders ran wild in every direction through the fields. We would now have been an easy prey if the enemy had kept in ranks and stood off from us; but, being too eager, they rushed in upon us about ten to our one, and were too close and crowded to use their sabers to advantage. A pistol shot was more dangerous to them than it was to us. Nor could those Federals who remained in ranks do more than stand on the outside and wait for something to turn up. While on the inside there was bloody work going on.

Colonel Hargrove was knocked down with a saber cut; his assailant was felled across him. Another Federal soldier standing on the railroad track just above him, with uplifted saber, endeavoring to strike his head, was clubbed in the mouth by a Confederate soldier, and at the same time was shot through the heart by Sergeant Strum, and fell dead across our colonel. Then a mass of humanity, both the gray and the blue, was piled about him, grappling for the lives of each other. Still Colonel Hargrove's voice rang out, cheering

his comrades to the fray. Private Satterwhite received a blow on the back of his head, knocking him to his knees, his gun flying from his hands. He crawled to where a saber was lying, seized it and, before he had fully straightened himself up, struck down the man before him, Corporal Knott, capturing two men and taking their arms from them to the rear, where he found a solid column of Pennsylvanians ready to receive them. Sergeant Hayes, a man of most powerful muscle, ran amuck through the crowd, knocking from one to two men down at a stroke with the butt of his gun, but was felled to the ground by a blow across his nose by a carbine. Sergeant Buchanan, just up the railroad outside the ring, breaking the monotony of a constant fire from his rifle, was shot through the lungs and captured after a struggle with half a dozen Federals. Another Confederate oldier, with clothes on fire, was furiously attacking, with the butt of his gun, the inner column of the enemy's ranks. Private Cash, not seventeen years old, found himself face to face with Colonel Spears, who ordered him to surrender. Cash replied, "Not until my colonel commands me," and, rushing at Colonel Spears, was shot dead by him just as the bayonet was about to pierce the Colonel's body. Colonel Spears, I am told, stood over his body after the fight, and said: "Poor boy, I am sorry; but if I had not shot him as soon as I did, he would have killed me."

These few instances out of many that occurred of a like nature, are given that a better idea may be formed of the character of the fight. At last, Colonel Hargrove called out: "I surrender." I stopped fighting and looked toward him, but could not see him for the enemy, nor could I see a single Confederate on his feet. A double column of dismounted men were just in their rear.

I then recognized that I was not only severely wounded, but that my clothes were on fire from a pistol shot. The fight continued for a few minutes longer without any perceptible abatement, when the Federals who were in the ranks went in and parted the combatants, pushing their comrades back, and placed a guard around our men. And the battle was over.

Colonel Spears's command, with its prisoners, quickly recrossed the river and fired the bridge. Soon I could hear the noise of hoof and wheel dying away in the distance in the direction of the White House, and knew that the enemy was in full retreat—that Lee's supplies were safe, and that we, although overpowered in the fight, had checked the raid.

Colonel Hargrove was cool and self-possessed throughout the day. I finally reached the Richmond hospital, where I remained for six months in a helpless condition. There I met with many of the wounded men who were paroled before reaching the White House, and was told by them that after the battle of South Anna Bridge was over, one of the Federal soldiers remarked in the hearing of Colonel Spears that men who fought like our men, against such odds, and with no hope of success, ought not to have been allowed to surrender. This remark called forth a stern rebuke from Colonel Spears, as well as a high compliment to our men for bravery.

A little later Colonel Spears presented his flask of Bourbon to our colonel, and asked why he had fought so hard without hope. The answer came: "For time." This answer, as it was intended, settled the question as to further advance by the enemy. The retreat was quickly commenced, and all night long the order to his men was: "Faster in front and close up along the line."

Our colonel sleeps beside his mother and father in the family graveyard near Townsville, N. C., a victim to wounds received in battle and to disease contracted in a Northern prison.

Upon the marble shaft that marks his resting place is inscribed: "The Defender of South Anna Bridge."

Captain Rice resides in Georgia and is suffering from the same cause. The survivors of the rank and file are farming in the counties of Orange and Granville, endeavoring to make two blades of grass grow where only one blade grew before.

FROM THE HENDERSON DISPATCH.

While Captain Peace does not mention his own name in this account of the battle, nor refer to what he himself did, it is but just to his memory and to the history of the battle so full of importance to Lee at Gettysburg, to state that, while lying under the railroad bridge, he shot a Federal lieutenant, dressed in a new uniform, and saw his body topple over into the river. And it was he, in the history recorded, who clubbed the Union soldier in the mouth with the butt end of his gun in close quarters, causing the body of the soldier to fall across the prostrate form of the Confederate colonel, T. L. Hargrove. And it is further due the memory of Captain Peace to state the reason why he was the only Confederate soldier who was not killed or taken prisoner at this battle was that, having been shot through the body and being on fire, he crawled into a mudhole on the banks of the river to extinguish the fire, and, strange to say, fell asleep. The next day a negro man came to look over the battle field, and for fifty cents pulled the wounded 'Tar Heel' captain out of the mudhole, put him in a wheelbarrow, and wheeled him to the top of a bill, whence he reached the Confederate hospital.

After the war was over, Captain Peace went back to Trinity College, located over in Randolph County, and completed his education, winning his degree at graduation. His class at old Trinity (now the modern Duke University located in Durham), numbered eight, but seven had been killed in battle or had died in the war. Being the only member of the class, he was valedictorian, and his farewell address was to himself. It was printed by Trinity College and may now be found in pamphlet form in the archives of that institution. He afterwards practiced law in Oxford.

An interesting strategy of the battle of South Anna Junction was that, an hour before the battle, Colonel Hargrove had his army to march around and around a little hill in such a way that the Federals could see his troops coming in, but could not see them going out, and, after four hours of hard fighting, when they found out that all of their 1,500 soldiers had been fighting only sixty-four Confederates, they were exasperated. Being deceived as to the numbers, the Northern army had stood afar off for a long time bombarding the sixty-four with cannon.

THE BOUNDARIES OF THE BLUE.

In childhood—when the bases of our dreams
Seem builded upon granite—I have gazed
In wonder on the evening skies, and raised
Vast shapes of mystery. I saw white gleams
Of sails beneath the stars; the tremulous beams
From desert camps, where, bearded and swart-faced,
The Mussulmen told legends weird; and traced
Great shadowy temples by the Old World's streams.
Then trustful Thought climbed Fancy's Nebo, whence,
Like Moses in rapt vision, I would view
The Land that is the pilgrim's recompense—
O for unhindered faith which then I knew,
To see again, in its magnificence,
What lies beyond the boundaries of the blue!

—Will T. Hale.

GALLANT MIKE FARRELL.

BY CAPT. JOHN L. COLLINS, COFFEEVILLE, MISS.

In the early spring of 1861, when the tocsin of war, with its shrill notes of fife and the rattle of kettle and time beat of the big old bass drum, was resonant over hill and dale throughout the Southern States, and volunteers were responding to the martial strains of military exuberance, there appeared upon the scene the much-needed drillmaster. At this time an artisan, with trowel and mortar, was building the brick pillars on each side on the banks of the Yalobusha River for the crossing of the old Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad at Grenada, in the person of a stranger by the name of Mike Farrell, recently a soldier of the Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, Mo. A full-blooded Irishman, born somewhere in the State of New York, he was six feet tall, with dark-blue eyes and straight black hair, as straight in his athletic frame as an Indian and retaining that brogue peculiar to his nationality—and, it may well be said, from where comes the best material for enduring warfare the world has ever known.

The Grenada Rifles had organized with over a hundred volunteers, of the best and most refined class of citizens, and had elected one of Grenada's most distinguished citizens, Scott S. Statham, as captain of the company, of no less military spirit than the Irish drillmaster, Mike Farrell. Thus it was that Captain Statham, after a brief test of Farrell's capabilities as an expert drillmaster, employed the brick mason to drill his company. He soon became famous, and all the companies near by in several counties secured the services of the Irishman. In this way, the New York product fell in love with Southern hospitality, and at the rendezvous camp at Corinth for regimental organization, he was offered the captaincy of the Wigfall Rifles, one of the best companies that had been organized at Duck Hill, just below Grenada. He accepted the honor and identified himself with the Secession cause, and proved to be as loyal as any native son who had enlisted in the service to repel an invading horde against the homes and firesides of Dixie.

Following the twelve months' service for which the volunteers had enlisted, a few weeks after the famous battle of Shiloh, reorganization took place at Corinth, where the immortal old 15th Mississippi Regiment was organized. Without a dissenting vote, Capt. Mike Farrell was made the colonel and served thus, making the regiment one of the most famous of the Army of Tennessee as the best-drilled regiment of the Western troops. As evidence of this fact, while sojourning in winter quarters after the fall of Vicksburg, a rivalry sprang up with the 3rd Kentucky Regiment, and a challenge came from Colonel Thompson, of this regiment, to test the disputed honors. Colonel Farrell readily accepted the challenge. In the meantime, the mothers and daughters of Canton became interested in so fascinating and interesting an episode and proposed giving the winner of the contest a beautiful silk flag. The weather being mild and favorable, for many days both regiments employed their time in the old fields near by in drilling for the occasion. Loring's Division had escaped the grasp of General Grant at the battle of Baker's Creek (dubbed by Grant as Champion Hill), and thus it was that Joseph E. Johnston concentrated at Canton undisturbed for quite a while and awaited the movements of Grant, who occupied Vicksburg and seemed satisfied with his achievement for many months.

The day came in February, 1863, for the contest, a beautiful, balmy day, and arrangements had been made with the West Pointers to act as judges. The old pasture field was very suitable for the display, being a short distance east of the town,

on a level place, with ample room for handling a regiment to advantage. All the troops stationed there were drawn up around the brow of the ridge, where every movement could be seen; back of them were the citizens, numbering thousands. Many from Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas, and even Texas, had come to see the contest—a gala day indeed. Both of the contesting regiments were early upon the ground, resting and awaiting the program the managers had formulated. Each regiment was to occupy separately thirty minutes in a display of their skill in the various movements in the manual of arms and other activities of military display. Three hours, or one and a half to each, were given for the demonstration. The judges sat upon their steeds, taking notes as to how they acted in completing the program. In the outset the 15th Mississippi drew a long breath with awe, because the robust colonel of the 3rd Kentucky, in a new Confederate gray uniform, and his stalwart regiment showed up to better advantage than the 15th, clad in the best they had, but personally not so commanding. Yet the Irish colonel had all faith in showing his skill in putting human machinery into dovetailed nicety without a bobble.

From start to finish the scene was both interesting and fascinating, and the beautiful day lent a charm to the great event. After the close, the judges, all of whom were ranking officials, were soon ready to announce their verdict of the contest. Mrs. Lattimore, the leading belle of Canton, rode out on the field, mounted on one of Kentucky's thoroughbreds, holding the flagstaff steadily in hand. While the gleaming silk folds were gracefully floating in the gentle breeze, amid the ear-deafening cheers of the spectators, to whom is the award to be made was in the minds of all. A staff officer of Loring's Division was by her side. Soon it was seen that they were going in the direction of Colonel Farrell, who sat upon his high-headed mount, which seemed to be as game and proud as Colonel Farrell himself. He bore the significant name of "Bullet" and delighted, when occasion demanded, in executing the command of "about face" perfectly and gracefully. Receiving the flag from the lady's hand, the military salute was exchanged. Immediately at the command of Colonel Mike, Bullet "about faced," as proud as a peacock, and the Colonel drew his sword and gave the military recognition due his regiment. Adjutant Binford gave the order to the boys of the 15th to present arms. In the meantime, Colonel Thompson was moving his regiment around in front of the 15th, and, after the proper alignment, presented arms to the winners, and each regiment gave three cheers for the other.

The brass band of the old 15th took its place at the head of the regiment, moving back through the city to the quick step of "Ben Bolt," "Annie Laurie," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Thus ended one of the most enjoyable incidents of the four years' experience and in which there was no bloodshed. For some days quietude reigned complacently in and around the beautiful little city of Canton. Soon afterwards, Colonel Thompson and his regiment were mounted and placed under Major General Buford to make a raid into West Tennessee and Kentucky. On reaching Paducah, the home of Colonel Thompson, he ventured into the city unmounted and alone, and fell a victim, in his own yard, to the bullet of a sentinel, so it was reported.

Colonel Farrell followed in the retreat of Loring's Division from Mississippi to Joseph E. Johnston's army, then at Dalton, Ga. The division met them at Resaca, where, immediately after getting off the cars, they had a brush with Sherman's advance pickets. That night a continued retreat finally brought them to the Chattahoochee, just above At-

lanta. There, at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, Colonel Farrell performed one of the most remarkable feats as a soldier in all the annals of warfare. He and his regiment were guarding the Confederate line and, before he knew it, he was riding ahead in woodland and underbrush. He was halted by an advance picket and ordered to surrender. He began drawing his sword when the picket told him to stop or he would shoot. The Colonel replied that by military custom he should give up his sword in surrendering, to which the Yankee agreed. In dismounting, he drew his sword and, taking it in hand about the middle of the blade, brought it down on the head of the Yankee, knocking him to the ground. By that time one of his own men, witnessing the affair, ran up and finished the job. The Colonel mounted, got his regiment in line, and made a detour which resulted in the capture of one hundred and ninety-three prisoners.

When Hood succeeded Johnston, he took Sherman's back-track and made for the Tennessee River, struck for Decatur, and halted for a few days at Tuscumbia, then crossed at Florence and went on to Columbia, on Duck River. On the opposite side lay Schofield's force of ten to twelve thousand to dispute his advance toward Nashville. Resting for a day, Hood conceived the idea of executing one of Stonewall Jackson's strategic movements by getting in the rear of his enemy. At once he moved his pontoon boats up east on Duck River and effected an unmolested crossing on the morning of the 29th day of November, with Forrest's Cavalry leading the trail, Cheatham, of Stewart's Corps, following; while Gen. Stephen D. Lee's Corps entertained Schofield with a few field pieces of artillery. After the forced march of the day, circumventing Schofield with a thirty-five mile route through country byroads, fields, etc., reaching the pike between Columbia and Franklin a little south of Spring Hill about sundown, some fifteen or sixteen miles in Schofield's rear and with a fine chance of capturing Schofield's veterans, Hood remained several miles in the rear of his advanced army, stopping at the residence of a well-to-do citizen for the night. Stewart's and Cheatham's corps stopped at the pike for orders, and, after an hour, the order came to Loring's Division, of Stewart's Corps, to retire from the pike to a suitable place and go into bivouac for the night. This greatly relieved conditions, as the troops were worn out from the day's hard march, and, getting into camp several hundred yards from the pike, they dropped upon their blankets and were soon sound asleep. Finding the pike open, Schofield, by some mysterious means, moved his army during the night into Franklin, where he had breastworks.

Very early the next morning, Hood arose from his comfortable lodging place and made inquiry, and found that Schofield had escaped. There was quite a flurry everywhere in the ranks of Hood's army as to the enemy's whereabouts. Moving out back to the pike early next morning, it was plainly evident that the game had gotten out of the trap. Hood hastily moved his troops over the ten miles to Franklin and found Schofield in his trenches well prepared to check any advance without a battle. Field officers were called together for consultation, and it was said that Forrest opposed an assault upon the breastworks, but suggested crossing Harpeth River as had been done at Columbia and get in Schofield's rear between Nashville and Franklin. But Hood's disappointment at the previous day's great opportunity enraged his temper, and he wanted to fight even against the great advantage of the enemy. It took all the rest of that balmy autumn day to circumvent Schofield's breastworks and arrange his line of battle. About four-thirty in the afternoon the buglers along the line sounded the signal to move

forward in the assault. Be it said to the credit of Hood's troops, they were never in better fettle for the fray. Loring's Division was on the right and Adams's Brigade on the right of this division, and the old fighting 15th Mississippi was on the right of Adams's Brigade, which had been all the afternoon basking in the warm rays of the November sun. The writer was aide de camp to Gen. John Adams, and for two years had been with him, and our relations had grown into a state of perfect friendship and confidence. When the charge was ordered, I shall never forget how promptly he mounted the old war horse he had ridden on the journey from California with Albert Sidney Johnston, being at that time captain of one of the companies of Johnston's United States regiment; and what a powerful horse he was, with the U. S. brand on his left hip. General Adams moved out in front of his brigade and gave the command, "Forward, march!" and "Follow me." There was no need of his thus acting, but, knowing him as I did, I feel sure that he thought he was near to the place where he was born and in the State that had honored him with a cadetship at West Point, and altogether he should here demonstrate that leadership as a commander which was without spot, wrinkle, or blemish, not that he doubted the bravery of the Mississippi boys he had commanded for over two years and loved so well. He was endowed by nature with the peculiar characteristic of not letting his right hand know the intentions and purpose of his left, and he never lagged in the important duty of obeying and promptly executing orders given by his superior. In fact, he carried in his mind any and every order given from the War Department, to be observed at a certain date and period. This I learned while serving continuously as secretary in his adjutant general's office. When a quarterly, semi-annual, or an annual report was due to be rendered, he would invariably call my attention to the order, which I had to look up on the files he had always preserved and I had forgotten. His mind was never at fault in the faithful discharge of duty, and I have often doubted if in our whole army there was another just such a man.

But now to the last and fatal ride in that charge late in the afternoon of November 30, 1864, at Franklin, something over a mile from the woodland grove surrounding the so-called McGavock Mansion. We were stirred with that impetuous feeling that always overcomes a soldier on such occasions—first, with a steady nerve to stand the test, faster and faster as we approached the enemy's breastworks in front of what was known as the old Carter gin house. The breastworks near the pike took an abrupt turn at a right angle, where four pieces of field artillery were planted at the most favorable part of Schofield's line for effective slaughter. On the way, our advance skirmishers, in a double-quick step, routed some few of their pickets, then came what is called the "Rebel Yell," while the shot and shell poured in upon our advancing line with disastrous effect. Just before rallying close to the breastworks, we struck the railroad track running up to and through the town of Franklin to Nashville. We had to cross diagonally, and at one place of short distance a deep cut had to be crossed, which greatly impeded the charge, as our line had to detour to the right and left to get over. Just after we got to this obstruction, Adams's Brigade and Featherstone, to the left, began to lap into each other. General Adams, by whose side I was moving at a rapid tilt, directed me to go to his right wing, some two hundred yards, and ease off the 15th Mississippi to the right so as to prevent the lapping mentioned. I reined the fleet little sorrel mule I was riding, which, very obedient to bit and spur, went forward. Then came a "tragi-comedy," pure and simple. The roar of

cannon all along the line was in full play, while from that siege piece in the fort at a high point across the Harpeth River shells were bursting over our lines, at one place enfilading, while the enemy infantry in our front and near the Carter gin house, with their sixteen-shooter Henry rifles, were pouring into our ranks their deadly Minie balls. My little mule became immensely affected, and opened wide his jaws and began to bray with that distress of a lost mule colt for its mother, and he never let up under this serious condition.

I reached Colonel Farrell, who was taking that gallant band of Mississippi sons into the fight with sword in hand and his back to the enemy, as though he was out on the drill grounds; while his regiment, under such pressure, with arms trailing and wavering more or less, was well under every word of this brave New Yorker fighting for the Southern cause. He was briskly giving the back-step, and with that positive tone he always used in commanding, "Steady, men, steady, men," which I could distinctly hear. I gave the order as I swept by, while my little mount continued to appeal for that sympathy due from the mother to its offspring, more potently perhaps in the lower order of the animal creation than in the higher. Colonel Farrell caught the order, and, calling me familiarly by my given name, said: "I am doing the best I can, you see." I whirled my little sorrel and struck out obliquely across, desiring to return to the side of General Adams, and soon hit the railroad cut mentioned, of which I had no knowledge up to this time. I continued up the cut until I reached the depression at which I could cross, and went forward up the grade toward the Carter gin house. I soon struck Featherstone's 31st Mississippi Regiment, in which I had a brother, captain of a company. This was at a slight depression which served as a protection, as the enemy could not see to reach us with their Minie balls. Here I secured the assistance of my brother, who was a veteran of the War with Mexico. We met a brave and gallant soldier whom I well knew, his name being Doc Hunter, who had the colors of his regiment held upright in his hands, and who was ready for the rally I was trying to effect. Groups of shattered and wounded continued to fall back and get into the railroad cut, the only place of safety. I saw that under the conditions there was no use in trying to check the tide of the wounded and their comrades getting them out of the pen of slaughter.

The sun at this time had hidden behind the western horizon the brilliant forehead he had so generously displayed during that lovely November day. Adding to the protection from further slaughter, so much powder had been burned from the cannonading of the past hour that it had settled down over the line of breastworks around the Carter gin house so thick in smoke that a man could not see ten feet in front of himself. The day was also getting late, and in not over ten minutes from that time every movement was shrouded in perfect darkness. I attempted to check the scattering men as they fell back pell-mell, several hundred having taken refuge in the cut. Those who reached the impregnable breastworks stated that General Adams and his horse were seen to fall on top of the embankment, while the ground below was covered with dead and wounded. While I was thus acting, Colonel Farrell had crossed the cut above and struck Schofield's lines near a Bois d'Arc hedge that greatly protected Schofield's line. Here the colonel of the 15th Mississippi and many of his brave boys fell, martyrs whom I did not see until the next morning. Suddenly on this part of the line all firing ceased, but on the western part of our line it was continued for an hour or longer. Then not the sound of a gun was to be heard at any part of the battle line. From the railroad cut the

men crowded there began, without any order, singly and in groups, to wind their way back to where our surgeons were supposed to be. Adams's Brigade had secured the McGavock mansion, and, be it said to the great honor of the noble hostess of that mansion, she had given the whole stately two-story residence for the reception of the wounded. Soon it was filled in every apartment, and the doctors and attendants were busily engaged in examining the men and doing everything possible to relieve their painful conditions. Mrs. McGavock and her servants were busy as they could be in getting out her linen and tearing it into strips, making bandages as they were needed, while in the yard many had to lie suffering until the surgeons could reach them. It was many hours after daybreak before relief could be given to all. It was a gruesome sight to see the pile of amputated limbs.

Quite a calm followed, except at intervals of about thirty minutes, when picket firing could be heard. This proved to be a feint of the Federals preparatory to the evacuation of the works around the city. This being discovered, the way was opened for the venturing in of our ambulances and their attendants, who brought in the wounded as fast as they could. About daybreak Chaplain Markham, of Featherstone's Brigade, brought in the bodies of Maj. Gen. Pat Cleburne, of Arkansas, and General Adams in the same ambulance and laid them out on the west gallery of the McGavock home. General Cleburne's horse had been killed in the charge along the Spring Hill pike, and he was leading afoot, when a single Minie ball struck his left breast, apparently going through his heart, killing him instantly. General Adams's clothing and body showed that nine Minie bullets had hit him. The Yankees have since told that he groaned painfully for a short time after they pulled him from his horse, and he very soon passed to the reward of as noble a soldier as ever gave his life to his native land. Napoleon in all his marvelous warfare never had a lieutenant who displayed a greater act of bravery than did this native son of Tennessee. Would that I might see him, on his old horse Charley, engraved in likeness upon Stone Mountain in Georgia, which we hope to see completed.

Referring now to the main subject of this memoir, Col. Mike Farrell, commander of the famous old 15th Mississippi, lay in one of the upper rooms of the mansion, both of his legs having been amputated. Being a man of great physical vitality, he lived for several weeks, and there was hope that he would survive. He was a Catholic, and was ministered to by the motherly nurses of that religious faith until death took him to the reward of a faithful soldier with an undisputed record of merit and loyalty to a cause he believed to be righteous. In the rout of Hood at Nashville, while passing through Franklin the second time, I got permission from Colonel Lowry, under whom he was, to call by and see how Colonel Farrell and other wounded comrades were getting along. Upon entering the room and being recognized by Colonel Farrell, who was lying on his bed and raised his right hand to clasp mine, I was greeted with a radiant and complacent smile which I hardly expected, for I had learned that he could never recover. His cheerful greeting and smiling look restored my suppressed feelings, and I held his hand during the brief conversation we had, for others were waiting to greet him. Then came the great burden of his ambition in these words: "John, you're not going to let Colonel Lowry beat me for brigadier general, are you?" After a moment's reflection, I replied: "Colonel, you know that it is not within my province to control such a matter. I only wish it were, for you justly deserve promotion, which you know I would cheerfully grant."

Thus I bade my old drillmaster a pathetic good-by, with

tears flowing down my cheeks. After so long a time the sad news came of his death and that his body had been placed in the newly made cemetery by the hands of those loving and faithful nurses of the Catholic faith. My hope is that Providence will give me the opportunity, before being called "over there," to see the place where they laid him to rest.

*CONFEDERATE DEAD IN THE STATE CEMETERY
AT FRANKFORT, KY.*

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. IDA EARLE FOWLER, PRESIDENT
JOSEPH H. LEWIS CHAPTER, U. D. C., FRANKFORT.

The cemetery at Frankfort, Ky., is the second State Cemetery ever dedicated. In the spring of 1892, the year of Kentucky's centennial, the Daughters of the Confederacy dedicated a monument to the Confederate soldiers buried there. It is of fine Carrara marble, with a granite base surmounted by a life-sized statue of a uniformed Confederate soldier at "Parade rest." The inscriptions are:

"Our Confederate Dead, 1861-1865."

"They sleep. What need we question now if they were right Or wrong? They know ere this whose cause was just in God the Father's sight;

They wield no warlike weapons now, return no foeman's thrust:

Who but a coward would revile the honored soldier's dust?"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

West side:

"The marble minstrel's voiceful tone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck nor change nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

East side:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods."

In a circle around the monument are the graves of sixty-eight Confederate soldiers, most of whom died of disease at Frankfort during the war.

The following list was taken from L. F. Johnson's "History of the State Cemetery at Frankfort," 1921, with the added names of those who have died later. In this list will be found names of more than passing interest, not only because of the number of noted men who are resting here, but also because there are many from other States whose last resting place may not be known to those who loved them.

Capt. Robert Allen, 5th Kentucky Infantry; J. L. Abbott, 1836-1917, 6th Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A.; James Alley; C. A. Anderson, 7th Florida Infantry; R. A. Anderson, Company H, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; C. Atkins.

George R. Bacon, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, and scout for Capt. Bedford Forrest; Maj. John P. Bacon; Capt. William Bean; Lieut. John Bell, 4th Kentucky Infantry; John Berry;

Burbridge Blackburn; Col. J. C. S. Blackburn, governor of Panama; Maj. James Blackburn, Company H, 1st Kentucky Regiment; Surgeon Luke P. Blackburn, hero of the yellow fever epidemics of the seventies and governor of Kentucky; Maj. Benjamin Blanton, on General Hood's staff; Alexander G. Brawner, Company H, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; Jeremiah Brown, 7th Florida Regiment; D. M. Brown, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Oris T. Bauknight, Florida Regiment; Lieut. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, hero of Fort Donelson and governor of Kentucky; Col. William T. Bullitt, of Forrest's command; Lieut. George Bibb Burnley, 4th Kentucky Infantry, killed at Murfreesboro.

Capt. Fred Carter; Coleman Carr; E. W. Christian, 42nd Georgia Infantry; Lieut. A. J. Church, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command; Robert Church, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry; W. H. Church, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry; Robert Cochrane; Maj. Gen. George B. Crittenden; Sergt. James G. Crockett, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, lost a leg at Jonesboro, August 31, 1864.

A. T. Dudley; L. Dailey, Company F, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; Jerry Downing; Lieut. Isham T. Dudley, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; William T. Dudley; Maj. Ben F. Duvall, Surgeon, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Cornelius Duvall, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry.

Maj. Humphrey Evans, Tennessee Brigade; J. K. Exum, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Robert Exum.

George Farmer; W. Fenwick; Col. James Fitzpatrick; Capt. Thomas B. Ford, Commissary Department; Gen. Thompson B. Flournoy; J. Fugate, Company B, 5th Kentucky Infantry.

— Gage, 6th Florida Infantry; Capt. J. Thomas Gaines, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Capt. W. L. Gray, Mississippi Regiment; Maj. J. L. Gibbons; — Glenn, 34th Georgia Infantry; Maj. J. Alex Grant; Tad Gray, Texas Regiment.

Capt. Joseph R. Haddock; W. B. Hammond; David C. Hardin; Lieut. William Hardie; Maj. Lewis E. Harvie, Virginia Brigade; Col. T. T. Hawkins, on General Breckinridge's staff; James Haden; S. T. Helind; A. A. Henderson, 7th Florida Infantry; Lieut. Col. H. A. M. Henderson, Alabama Regiment; Alexander Henry; Lieut. Virginous Hendrick, Virginia Regiment; S. B. Hill, Company A, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Jesse Hockersmith, Company C, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry; N. Horton, shot by order of Gen. Steve Burbridge; Chaplain Lewis Hume; Maj. George B. Hunt, Mississippi Regiment.

Col. Jilson P. Johnson, on General Breckinridge's staff; John William Johnson, 8th Kentucky Cavalry; Capt. — Jones, shot by order of Gen. S. Burbridge; J. Jones, 7th Florida Regiment; Thomas Jones, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; W. L. Jett, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, was captured at Shiloh and was exchanged, was wounded at Chickamauga, was wounded again at Resaca, and thereby disabled from further duty.

John E. Kirtley; Chaplain H. H. Kavanah, 6th Kentucky Infantry.

O. Lafferty, shot by order of Gen. S. Burbridge; Leslie Lane, Company —, 5th Kentucky Cavalry; George W. Lawler, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Hugh Leonard; Luke Lewis; Capt. William Lindsay, on staff of General Forrest.

Capt. John B. Major, Commander of Port at Knoxville; Thomas Major, after the war a priest in the Catholic Church; Gen. Humphrey Marshall; John Marshall; Charles Martin, Company H, 54th Georgia Infantry; T. J. Martin, Company H, 54th Georgia Infantry; Gen. C. E. Merrell, was colonel

on General Hood's staff, brevetted for gallant conduct and commissioned brigadier general, was wounded four times, after the war was editor of the *Nashville Banner*, *Memphis Appeal*, and *Jacksonville Times*; William McCollister, 6th Florida Infantry; — McCulloch; John McMahan, Company D, 9th Kentucky Infantry; Alamander Mershon, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; William Moffett; Capt. Ben J. Monroe, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Colonel Victor Monroe; Maj. Thomas B. Monroe, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Lieut. Col. George Monroe; — Moore (no marker); — Montgomery (no marker); John S. Morehead; Frank Morgan; Col. J. W. Moss, 2nd Kentucky Infantry.

Clinton Neal; Maj. Luke C. Norman, 4th Kentucky Cavalry.

Col. Theodore O'Hara, on General Breckinridge's staff, author of "Bivouac of the Dead"; James O'Ragan, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry.

Robert Parsons, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Adj. John Patten, 1st Mississippi Artillery; J. H. Pattie, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; C. A. Payne; Daniel P. Payne; John W. Payne, Sr., Chief Bugler, Orphan Brigade; Maj. M. T. Poe, Scott's Cavalry; A. Pool, 31st Alabama Infantry; J. E. Potts, 7th Florida Infantry; Thomas T. Price, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; W. T. Price, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Col. John Polk Prior, Alabama Regiment; Capt. S. V. Pence; Sergt. N. M. Pulliam, Company D, 2nd Kentucky Infantry.

Ambrose Quarles.

R. S. Ray, 6th Florida; Robert Redd; Lieut. James C. Robb, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; William Robb; Maj. John Roberts; Benjamin F. Rogers, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Capt. H. B. Rogers, Company D, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; W. T. Richardson, Company H, 2nd Kentucky Infantry.

Eugene Scarse; George Scarse; Joe E. Scott, Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry; Gen. Preston B. Scott, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, medical director of department; Thomas W. Scott, Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry; William Seay; John W. Shannon; Samuel W. Shannon, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; — Simmons; S. F. Smith; Capt. E. R. Smith, Commander of Georgia Post; Martin South, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Sam South, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Thomas South; Col. J. W. South; Lieut. J. K. P. South, preacher in the Christian Church, died in February, 1921; W. J. Spencer, 1st Florida Cavalry; Jerry Spalding, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry, at Dalton, Ga., he was placed on the corps of sharpshooters and was engaged with the enemy almost daily for four months; Maj. Henry T. Stanton, brevetted major for gallant conduct, poet; G. H. Stone; Norton Stoughton.

— Tabor; Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Taylor, of Virginia army; Ed Thomas, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; Col. B. Timmons, 2nd Texas Infantry; Ed Porter Thompson, 6th Kentucky Infantry, afterwards State Librarian and Historian; Capt. R. A. Thompson, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, for many years judge of Franklin County; William G. Thompson, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; H. J. Trabue; William Trabue.

Fifteen graves on the Confederate lot marked "Unknown." George R. Valandingham.

Washington Weight; Hubbard Whittington, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, grave not marked; Capt. Robert Wingate; Merritt Williams, Company E, 5th Kentucky Cavalry; Sergt. H. C. Williams, 7th Florida; Granville Williams; Capt. H. Z. Wilmore, 2nd Maryland Infantry; G. Marsh Woods; R. K.

Woodson, Jr., 4th Kentucky Infantry, killed at Murfreesboro, January 2, 1863, he became the volunteer color bearer after three others had been killed in that famous charge made by Breckinridge on that day; Samuel D. Winter; J. Wooley, 5th Kentucky Infantry.

Lieut. G. W. Yates, Company E, 5th Kentucky Infantry; J. Young, 7th Florida.

Confederates buried in the Frankfort State Cemetery since publication of Mr. Johnson's book:

James H. Hazelrigg, entered Confederate service, August, 1864, as private in Company D, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, Clay's Battalion. Paroled at Mount Sterling, Ky., under Colonel Giltner, May 2, 1865. Prominent lawyer and judge of Kentucky Court of Appeals.

N. J. Lewis, entered Confederate service September 9, 1862, as private in Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry. Discharged by order of Major General Wilson, U. S. A., May 9, 1865, at Washington, Ga.

Fayette Hewitt, entered Confederate service November 15, 1861, as assistant adjutant general and assigned to duty with Gen. Albert Pike. Surrendered and paroled May, 1865, holding the rank of major and assistant adjutant general.

N. S. Fogg, enlisted in Company A, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, September 10, 1861, in Woodford County, Ky. Promoted to second lieutenant, and frequently served as captain of his company. Captured at Buffington Island, Ohio, on Morgan's raid through Ohio; imprisoned in Allegheny City, Fort Delaware, and Point Lookout, Md., until close of war, when he was paroled and discharged.

Capt. Thomas Steele, member of Company E, 4th Kentucky Regiment, "Orphan Brigade," was wounded and captured at Shiloh, remained in prison till after the close of the war.

Thomas W. Scott, enlisted in Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, March 15, 1862; paroled at Washington, Ga., May 10, 1865.

Rev. J. K. Polk South, entered Confederate service October 9, 1862, as lieutenant in Company D, 5th Kentucky Regiment. Surrendered at Camden, S. C., May 5, 1865.

Joseph H. Cox, enlisted as bugler in Baxter's Battery, Tennessee Volunteers. Paroled at Macon, Ga., April 28, 1865.

John Andrew Steele.

Maj. Abner Harris, with Virginia troops and an aide to General Lee.

Thomas Freeman, belonged to Company A, Texas Cavalry, and served until close of war.

George W. Quarles, belonged to Company G, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; fought at Perryville, Ky.; was wounded at Intrenchment Creek, July 22, 1864, after he had carried a dispatch to the right of his line; was wounded at Bentonville, N. C., in the regiment's last fight while on the skirmish line.

Frank Chinn, enlisted in Company K, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, September 10, 1862; promoted to third corporal.

Robert C. Church, enlisted in Company K, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, September 10, 1862, and promoted to third sergeant.

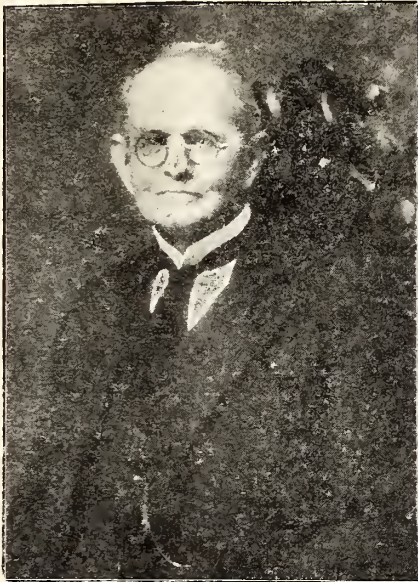
Arch Overton was one of the Virginia Military Institute cadets who took part in the famous battle of Newmarket, Va.

Alexander Macklin, first corporal in Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, enlisted at Lexington, September 10, 1862; wounded at Louisville, Ga., December, 1864; paroled at Augusta, Ga., May 10, 1865. A fine man and splendid citizen.

WASHINGTON BRYAN CRUMPTON, D.D., CHAPLAIN
GENERAL, ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPART-
MENT, U. C. V.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Henry Talley Crumpton and Matilda Smith Bryan, who were married at Walterboro, Colleton District, S. C., in 1816, were the parents of Washington Bryan Crumpton, the subject of this sketch. With five children, they moved to Pleasant Hill, Dallas County, Ala., in 1832. Thence, after several other moves, to Barboursville, then to Camden, the county site of Wilcox County, Ala., about 1839 or 1840, where Washington Bryan, the youngest of ten children, was born on February 24, 1842. He died in the city of Montgomery, Ala., March 9, 1926, being a few days over eighty-four years of age. His first wife was the youngest daughter of Deacon Claudius Mc-



DR. W. B. CRUMPTON.

Relus Cochran, of Providence Baptist Church, Dallas County, Ala., of which Comrade Crumpton was pastor for several years. Some eleven years after her death, he was married to Mrs. Florence Harris, widow of Dr. W. M. Harris, who had been the pastor of the First Baptist Church at Montgomery. She survives him with the three daughters and two sons of the first marriage.

Back of the foregoing brief summary rest volumes of activity, for Comrade Crumpton was an outstanding figure in the civic, religious, and moral affairs in Alabama. Though the advancement of religious enterprises was his chief concern, and though he never sought, nor would he agree to accept, political office, he never hesitated to lend his aid to the promotion and success of political enterprises if convinced that they would tend to promote the elevation of his fellow man and restrain him from a vicious and criminal life.

Comrade Crumpton was the author of many publications, chiefly on religious and farming topics. The outstanding work of his production, however, is his "Book of Memories, 1842-1920." This was intended to be a record of incidents and prominent persons connected with his career in life.

As a youth he spent two years in California, making the trip from New York across the Isthmus of Darien to San Francisco, and returned by the same route two years later, alone. The thrilling and dangerous experience he passed through during the latter part of that two years hurried him to return east. He reached Beloit, Wis., about January 1, 1862, and spent two months there with some friends of his older brother. Many things had occurred during this last year of his wander lust to arouse his Southern patriotism and urge him to return to his native section and join his compatriots in their gallant resistance to invasion, all of which

are recorded in his own "Book of Memories," which shows the high points during very dangerous periods in his career. He began his perilous journey through the hostile Federal battle lines on the 9th of March, 1862, after the fall of Forts Henry on the Tennessee River and Donelson on the Cumberland. That he encountered and successfully evaded or overcame all the perils connected with such a trip, and reached the end of his dangerous journey on the 23rd of April following, having traveled probably a thousand or twelve hundred miles after leaving Beloit, the greater part of it on foot, is satisfactory proof that his courage and mental faculties were of a superior order.

It was his purpose to enlist in an Alabama Regiment serving in the Virginia army, but his relatives living in Mississippi, where he had gone first, insisted that he enlist with Mississippi troops that they might easily and frequently hear from him, thence he enlisted in Company H, 37th Mississippi Regiment. He has devoted thirty pages of his "Book of Memories" to the period of the War between the States, every page of which would be interesting to his surviving Confederate comrades.

His experience as a Confederate soldier was probably the facsimile, the counterpart, of every brave and faithful soldier of that army. His command was immediately pushed into service. In about a year after his enlistment, May 8, 1863, his command, with others, was shut in very soon during the siege of Vicksburg. Some of his experience during that time is told in the following:

"Just before day on June 28, I came off duty and crawled immediately into my dugout under the breastwork. It was a hole in the clay soil, just big enough for a fellow to crawl in and escape the sun. My feet and legs, up to my knees, were outside on the bottom of the trench. A bullet hit near enough to arouse me. Later on, another hit the hard bottom of the trench, and, glancing, buried itself in my heel. Ben Thompson, a big, strong fellow at the lower end of the company, was called to carry me out. As he was crawling up the trench, on hands and knees, a bullet went through him, killing him instantly. Poor Ben died on my account.

"Bill Roberson, a stout fellow, who loved me, took me on his back and trotted across the dangerous ridge. I was feeling for a bullet in my back all the way, but I do not remember that they fired. Maybe it was an off time with the sharpshooters. At the hospital, a doctor asked me if I wanted an anesthetic, but before I could answer, an old Irish surgeon said, 'No, this ain't no baby you're dealing with. That's nothing but a splinter. You, nigger, hold that foot,' and almost before I knew it, they had cut down and pulled out the bullet.

"I was given a pair of crutches and began walking a little. A day or two afterwards, I got down on the street. While leaning against a brick wall resting, an elegant lady stepped out of a carriage, asked my name, and, after a few words, handed me a greenback dollar bill—the first I had seen. That dollar, my, how good it looked, and how I doled it out until it was gone!

"Soon the Confederate prisoners were paroled. All that could walk were given thirty days' furlough and ordered to report at Parole Camp at Enterprise, Miss. The wounded were put on great river steamers and carried down to New Orleans. One nurse was provided for every ten men. We spread our blankets all over the deck, and there we slept. Reaching New Orleans on a Sunday morning, we saw across the levee thousands of Southern women waving their handkerchiefs. Yell? I guess we did, until our throats were sore.

The infuriated Yanks, a regiment of whom, cavalry from away out on the plains with their lassos, were on hand. They charged in among the women and children to drive them back to the walls. The two or three boatloads of wounded began hooting: 'O, you brave dogs! Old Beast Butler's gang! Bring out the Beast! Sure he has been training you! Come here, half a dozen of you, and we'll detail a man with one arm to whip you.' These were among the harmless bullets we fired. Orders came that we must hush, but there was no hush to it. Finally the enemy relaxed and the women, a few at a time, began to come across with their negro servants, bringing baskets with all sorts of good things. After a while there were thousands standing talking to the boys. A few were permitted to come on the boats with delicacies, including wine, cigars, tobacco, and pipes. Down at the gangway on the lower deck, baskets full of everything good were soon emptied into the sacks the soldiers had gotten hold of.

"All day that Sunday things were happening on the levee. It was far back to the line of houses and the villainous cavalry were patrolling up and down, doing all sorts of beastly things. Whenever a man, even a very old man, would attempt to cross over to the wharf, they would pursue him and lasso him. Elegant old Southern gentlemen, with their beaver hats on, would be knocked down.

"Finally, very late in the evening we were transferred to Gulf steamers. As the boats pulled off we cheered and the women waved their handkerchiefs. The last we heard were the clatter of horse's hoofs on the levee and the screams of the women. Our cheers had aroused the ire of the Yanks, and they were driving the women away.

"The battle of the handkerchiefs' was the name of a poem written after this."

Comrade Crumpton had no trouble in finding friends in Mobile when the vessels reached that point. He was soon on his way to Pleasant Hill, "my old stamping ground before I left for California three years before. Being a soldier and wounded, I was handed 'round on a silver waiter. My thirty days' furlough ran out mighty soon, it seemed to me. I got it extended, went to see the kin in Mississippi, then entered parole camp at Enterprise. For several months my command had as fine a time eating fish, oysters, and game as soldiers ever did have in Florida."

Every pleasure has its end. They were marched from Milton, Fla., to Pollard, boarded flat cars, and started for Georgia, and unloaded at Resaca, becoming part of the force commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to oppose the Federal General Sherman's great aggregation on its advance southward.

In Hood's heroic efforts to relieve Atlanta, three bloody battles were fought in eight days. In the last one, the battle of Ezra Church, fought on the 28th of July, Comrade Crumpton was struck on his hip bone. "We retired not in good order—fact is, when I found I had good use of my leg, I made good time getting away. Bullets from three directions plowed the ground like great worms in the earth." He did not go to the surgeons with his wound, as it was a great bruise and soon passed off. "For ten days my body was sore from the passage of bullets, some through my clothing, and some that made my clothes threadbare as they passed, leaving a sore place on the flesh as if scorched by fire. My case knife turned off two bullets and my tube wrench and screw driver in my cartridge box were broken by another."

About this time he was seized with a severe spell of sickness and went to the hospital for treatment. In the whispered consultations of the surgeons, when the army was preparing to leave Atlanta, he could understand that he was to be left

there. He rebelled against this, left his cot, gathered up his small belongings, and caught his command.

"We are going to Tennessee! The words were like magic. Hood was forgiven, Johnston forgotten, and a memorable march was begun. The battle of Franklin, and the march to Nashville. That night I was sent out on picket, where it was necessary for me to remain until daylight, without sleep. Getting back, the boys were preparing breakfast by a big rail fire. Sitting with my back toward Nashville, cracking and eating walnuts, a bullet from the picket line a mile and a half away found lodgment just below my shoulder blade.

"A few days later, at Corinth, I was given a furlough for thirty days, and was off for south Mississippi." Comrade Crumpton reached the vicinity of his brother-in-law's home, wearing his jacket on one arm and thrown over the other shoulder. He stopped and wiggled his other arm into his jacket sleeve. Of course, all were delighted and surprised to see him. Then it was discovered that "Bud's wounded," and in a little while the jacket was off and the wound, not dressed for three or four days, was being bathed.

"I said to old father: 'I have heard you say your father was in the Indian war, was shot in the breast with a squirrel rifle, and how proud the whole family was that it was in the breast instead of in the back. Your son has ruined the family record, for he was shot in the back.'"

After thirty days he started back to the army, then in North Carolina, but he did not reach it, as he was stopped in Montgomery, Ala., and Columbus, Ga., "to meet Wilson's raid that swept, almost without resistance, through Alabama to Georgia."

The troops of which he was a part, most of them without cohesive command, soon learned of the surrender, and scattered to their homes. Comrade Crumpton walked to the home of kinspeople in Lowndes County, Ala., where he met a warm welcome.

As he was not with the army in North Carolina when it was reorganized, but stopping in Alabama, he did not see any of his Mississippi comrades for near two years. "Sitting by the fire one night, my brother-in-law said: 'Well, you got to be lieutenant before the war ended.' I said: 'How is that? I do not understand.' I was informed that at the reorganization I was made a lieutenant, *and next morning* the regiment was marched out on the color line and surrendered. The news of my promotion was slow reaching me, and the honor was short lived."

After discussing his views as to how God calls his servants, Comrade Crumpton said: "I suppose all the preaching and the meetings attended the year the war closed had their influence in making me a preacher, but it remained for a humble country preacher, Jonathan Bell, in a dozen words to jar the fruit from its stem.

"This is the way it happened: Late one afternoon, during the Georgia campaign, we had received an order to cook three days' rations and be ready to move at daybreak. It was raining, the cooking had to be done by each mess before a log-heap fire. Having much to do with the cooking, it was late in the night when I was ready to retire. It seemed to me every man in the camp was asleep when I heard my name called. It was the mail carrier, who gave me a letter from a loving sister. I stooped over the letter so my body would shield it from the rain, and, by the very dim light, I caught something like this: 'Bud, I am praying for you every wakeful moment. If you are ever shot down in battle, remember this.' I folded the letter, and slipped it in my pocket. The reader can imagine the feelings of any sane, serious man under the conditions surrounding me.

"I quietly left camp and, out of hearing of anybody, by the side of a great old pine, to shield me from the falling rain, I prayed. I called upon the angels to witness my vow. I promised God, if life were spared and I returned home, my whole life should be given to his service in whatever field he might open for me.

"I had arranged with young friends from Snow Hill to meet them at Mount Moriah meeting, near Monterey. I was late in getting there; everybody was in the house and the preacher in the pulpit. I entered by a side door, in full view of most of the congregation. As I reached down to put my hat under the seat in my front, I heard the preacher say: '*I will pay thee my vows which my lips have uttered and my mouth hath spoken when I was in trouble.*' I never heard it before; I didn't know the Bible contained such words. A bolt out of a clear sky wouldn't have been more surprising to me. I never lifted my eyes; I saw not a soul. The vision of the praying boy that dark rainy night, and his vow by the side of the old pine tree, flashed before me. *I had forgotten it until that moment.* I didn't release my hold on my hat; I arose, walked out, got on my horse and rode away.

"From that moment I began to try to pay that vow. It has been poorly done. I am ashamed of much of it; but through all eternity I shall bless God for Jonathan Bell's few words that awakened me from my dreams."

Comrade Crumpton was carried through all the requisites to become an ordained preacher of the gospel in the Baptist Church, and devoted at least fifty years, or more, in active religious work in behalf of his Master and that Church. After twenty-eight years' service as an evangelist of the State Mission Board, he was retired as Secretary Emeritus, leaving practically a unified and working religious denomination. The successful movements in the enactments of provisions, both in State and national legislation, against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in the State of Alabama, is an outstanding achievement to which Comrade Crumpton is entitled to full credit.

He was chaplain of the Camp, U. C. V., in Montgomery, of which he was a member, and at the last election for Camp officers in January, realizing his increasing feebleness, he requested that he might be relieved from its duties. Immediately a comrade moved that he be made chaplain for life, and his election was unanimous by a rising vote. He served as Chaplain of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., during the incumbency of Major Generals C. W. Hooper, Henry C. Davidson, Mitchell B. Houghton, and Hal T. Walker, and then was made Chaplain General of the Army of the Tennessee Department, and was serving as such at the time of his death.

GETTING OUT OF PRISON.

BY F. S. WADE, ELGIN, TEX.

If there ever was a hell on earth, Elmira prison was that hell, but it was not a hot one, for the thermometer was often 40° below zero. There were about six thousand Confederate prisoners, mostly from Georgia and the Carolinas. We were housed in long prison buildings, say one hundred and twenty feet long and forty feet wide, three tiers of bunks against each wall. A big coal stove every thirty feet was always kept red hot; but for these stoves, the most of us would have frozen. Around each stove was a chalk mark, five feet from the stove, marking the distance we should keep, so that all could be warm. We were thinly clad and not half of us had even one blanket. Our rations were ten ounces of bread and two ounces of meat per day. My weight fell from

180 to 160 in a month. We invented all kinds of traps and deadfalls to catch rats. Every day Northern ladies came in the prison, some of them followed by dogs or cats, which the boys would slip aside and choke to death. The ribs of a stewed dog were delicious, and a broiled rat was superb.

One day I was at the guardhouse when about thirty-five of our boys had on barreled shirts, guards marching them around. A barreled shirt was made by knocking out the head of a barrel then cutting a hole in the other head and putting it on the body. On these barreled shirts was written in big letters, "Stole a dog," "Stole a cat," "Stole a ration," "Stole a fur," etc. If a lady's fur was not fastened on, the boys would grab it off, and some of them had been caught.

All the Yankee soldiers were not cruel. The chalk marks were drawn around the stoves so that all could get some of the heat. One day a poor sick boy lay down near the chalk line and went to sleep. In his sleep he threw his leg over the chalk line. A big guard caught him by the shoulder and threw him against the wall, making his nose bleed. I popped my big fist against the guard's jaw, knocking him heels over head. He ran out cursing me. Of course I was scared. In a few minutes, a captain came in with a file of soldiers, having the guard I had assaulted of the party, and asked: "Where is the man who knocked this soldier down?" I stepped out and said: "I am the man." Then I called up the sick boy and made him lie down, and I told the captain it made me so mad to see this poor boy so brutally treated that I could not help punishing the bully. He said to our men: "Has this man told the truth?" A dozen of our men stepped forward and said that they would swear that I had related the scene correctly. The captain slapped me on the shoulder and said to the brute: "I will put you in the guardhouse." I was called before a court-martial, and, being sworn, related the whole matter as it occurred. The Judge Advocate said to the bully: "You will wear a ball and chain for thirty days and forfeit your pay for a month for brutality to a prisoner."

Good luck came to me after I had been in this prison, say, a month. Some good Yankee ladies got up a lot of old schoolbooks and established a prison school, and I was appointed one of the teachers, the pay to be an extra ration. I soon got back my twenty pounds of flesh. This was the best pay I ever got for a job in my life.

My father and mother lived in Illinois. I wrote them my starving condition, and they sent me a big box of grub, and told me in their letter that my Uncle Jones lived in Utica, N. Y. I at once wrote him. He sent me a splendid suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and said that he would come to see me. He was what was called a "Copperhead," as he was opposed to the war, and could not get a pass. Then he smuggled a letter to me, asking me to be at the corner of a certain ward at sunset that day, and he would climb up on the observatory, a building outside the prison walls. At sundown, I saw a large old man slowly climb to the top of the observatory. On reaching the top, he faced me. We took off our hats and saluted. He slowly climbed down, with his handkerchief to his eyes. That was the only time I ever saw my dear uncle.

My dear comrade, Jimmie Jones, took the smallpox and was sent to the smallpox hospital. I was immune and got permission to help nurse him. A young Chinese physician, by the name of Sin Lu, had just been put in charge of the ward. The doctor had just become a Mason. Jim and I were very proficient in the work. All the doctor's spare time he spent in Jim's room learning the work. We became great friends. One day the doctor went over to Lake Erie, a few miles away. The next day he told me to go to Jim's room.

To my great surprise, Jim was sitting in a coffin with a white sheet around him. He handed me a paper of flour and said: "Sprinkle my face and hands with flour, then slightly fasten the coffin lid down, and when the dead wagon comes around, be sure to put my coffin on top of the other dead." Soon the dead wagon, driven by a negro, came up. I got help and put Jim's coffin on top. It was forty years before I saw Jim again at a reunion of Greene's Brigade at Cuero, Tex.; but a day or two after, I got a letter from him telling me about his experiences. He said when the dead wagon got out of the prison walls, he raised the coffin lid rapped on it, and said in a sepulchral voice: "Come to judgment." The darky looked around, jumped off the wagon, eyes like saucers, yelling: "Ghosties! Ghosties! Ghosties!" As soon as the darky was out of sight, he stripped off his sheet, wiped the flour off his face and hands, took one of the horses out of the wagon, mounted, and galloped to Lake Erie, where he found a boat awaiting him, and was soon in Canada.

Soon after, an order was issued for all prisoners from the subjugated States of Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Louisiana, to report for parole. All that night I rolled over in my bunk and wished that I was from one of those States. Just before daylight, I had another inspiration. I slipped on my clothes, ran to the office where the prison rolls were kept, and asked the officer in charge to turn to the entry of a certain date. I ran my finger down the list till I came to the name, "F. S. Wade, sergeant of McNeill's Texas Scouts." I said to the officer: "I will give you \$10 to erase Texas and substitute Louisiana." Said he: "Show me the money." I started to take it out of my vest pocket, but he put his hand over mine and saw the "X." Then he made the change, and I walked out with my parole.

Soon an officer came in my ward and called my name for parole. I stepped out and fell in line. The boys in the prison kept saying: "He always said he was from Texas." But I kept mum.

THE BATTLE OF WESTPORT, MO.

FROM THE KANSAS CITY STAR

Every day motorists drive over the smooth boulevards in the Country Club district and through the flower-flanked driveways of Swope Park, their eyes greeted on every side with entrancing views of well-kept lawns, palatial homes, green fairways, spacious flower gardens, and busy centers of suburban trade. It is now the region of peace, beauty, pleasure, prosperity, and contentment, Kansas City's district of parks, golf links, and beautiful homes. Nothing remains throughout the reaches of the broad plateau that extends from the Country Clubhouse to Swope Park to even faintly suggest that over this ground men grappled once in bloody conflict while the devastating flames of battle and destruction made lurid the skies that now canopy the peaceful scene. In a general way, the present generation of Kansas Citians know that on this ground was once fought what became known in history as the "Battle of Westport," yet, often as the tale has been told, few to-day are familiar with its heroic incidents, fewer still are able to identify the places, within their daily vision, where victors and vanquished wrote their names in the nation's history. October, the month when one is prone to "look o'er the happy autumn fields and think of the days that are no more," is peculiarly dedicated to memories of this, Missouri's greatest battle. It was fought on October 23, 1864. That is, the final engagement which became known as the "Battle of Westport" was fought on that day, but many miles of ground had been struggled for in

preceding battles before the last stand of the contending armies was made in the fields and forests and ravines around Westport town.

The battle that was fought there is called in history "the Gettysburg of the West," because the defeat of the Confederate arms on that field closed forever the attempt of the Southern forces to carry the war into Missouri and beyond. More men were engaged than in any other battle west of the Mississippi during the war, and when it was over upward of a thousand men lay dead upon the field and other thousands of wounded lay there with them. "The student of military and political history," writes Paul B. Jenkins, who is recognized as an authoritative historian of the battle, "will readily note the marked resemblance between the engagements fought on July 1 to 3, 1863, before Gettysburg, and that of October 21 to 23, 1864, near Kansas City, Mo. Barring only the numbers engaged and the corresponding losses, the battles of Gettysburg and of Westport had much in common. Each was the result of a campaign of invasion planned by the Confederate War Department for the purpose of severing the Union territory at the point of attack, the one in the East, the other in the West. Each seriously threatened the principal cities in the invaded territory, and in each case the territory was chosen for the reason that it contained such places of importance—Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia in the eastern campaign; St. Louis, Kansas City and the important military post of Fort Leavenworth in the western. The engagement in which each campaign culminated lasted three days of incessant fighting, and the defeat to the Confederate arms with which each closed put an end forever to further attempts at carrying the war northward in their respective portions of the Union; and, finally, each composed the largest and most decisive land battle of the war in its respective portion of the two great natural divisions of the United States, the territories lying, respectively, east and west of the Mississippi River."

The battle of Westport was, in the main, a cavalry battle on both sides—that is, it was fought by soldiers who rode their mounts to the fray, though they fought mounted and dismounted, from the saddle and from the shelter of trees and stone fences, from trenches, and often from the very treetops. There were rough riders of the border on both sides—Jennison, with his "Jayhawkers" on the Federal side; Shelby, with his dashing brigade of grizzled horsemen and the remnants of Quantrill's guerillas under his command, on the Confederate side. The armies were made up largely of volunteers, militia-men, soldiers of the regular army, and citizen soldiery hastily improvised into units. There were West Pointers there, too, in both armies—Pleasanton, commanding the Federal army that pursued Price, and Marmaduke, a brigade commander in the Confederate army, and other subordinate officers. The battle was the culmination of the last great raid into the State made by Gen. Sterling Price. He had an army of close to ten thousand men, five hundred wagons, thousands of cattle, though many of his men were unarmed and many raw recruits were driven into the ranks as his raid proceeded. With Price were Gen. James Fagan and five brigades of artillery, Gen. John S. Marmaduke, with two brigades and a battery, and riding always in the van, Gen. J. O. Shelby, one of the most famous of Confederate cavalry leaders, with three brigades and a battery. This army, known as "The Army of the Trans-Mississippi," swung into the State from Arkansas about the middle of September, 1864, swept through town after town, skirmishing, foraging, burning, and fighting their way to Jefferson City, the State capital, while ahead of them wild rumors of "another Price raid" spread terror and panic.

Rosecrans, at St. Louis, ordered Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, with sixty-five hundred regulars, to give pursuit, and Pleasanton lost no time in picking up the trail, which he followed in impetuous and soldierly fashion to the last scene on the southern hills of Kansas City.

While Pleasanton was in pursuit, Kansas and Missouri arose to repel the invasion and called the citizenry to arms. Kansas City organized a reserve home guard with Kersey Coates and R. T. Van Horn at the head, and made ready to defend the city behind entrenchments if the battle came their way. Deep trenches were dug around the city limits of that day—some where the public library building now stands, at Ninth and Locust, and along the southern and western limits to the bluffs overlooking the West Bottoms. Carney, the Kansas governor, issued a stirring proclamation calling all citizens to arms. "The Army of the Border," fifteen thousand strong, was quickly improvised. Gen. Samuel R. Curtis was placed in command, with Gen. James G. Blunt in command of the first division, and under him Gen. C. S. Charlot and Maj. R. H. Hunt and Col. C. R. Jennison in charge of the first brigade; Col. Thomas Moonlight, second brigade; Col. C. W. Blair, third brigade; Col. James H. Ford, fourth brigade. And with Curtis's army rode William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," and "Jim" Lane, the spectacular Kansas senator, statesman, orator, and fighter.

By the time Price reached Lexington, troubles thickened around him. From Lexington on to the borders of Kansas City he had to fight for every inch of the ground. There were skirmishes at Lexington, a battle at Independence, and another of greater magnitude at the Big Blue. Curtis had thrown up entrenchments along the Big Blue River all the way from the present eastern limits of Swope Park to the mouth of the Blue River, with his headquarters established at a point where Fifteenth Street now intersects the river. After the battle of the Big Blue, which took place on Saturday, October 22, Curtis's "Army of the Border" was driven back by Price, and that night Price's whole army, except his wagon train, which he sent forward ahead of his army by a road at the extreme southern limits of the county, slept on the plateau south of Brush Creek. Shelby's Division was on the high ground on the Brush Creek bluff, just north of the present Country Club grounds. Fagan's Division lay east of that across the Wornall Road almost to Troost Avenue. Marmaduke's Division stretched to the southeast from Fagan's eastern lines to the northwest corner of Swope Park; and the greater part of Marmaduke's forces, under Gen. John B. Clark, occupied the eastern bottoms of the Big Blue River at Byram's Ford, which is now the foot of Sixty-First Street, placed there to check Pleasanton's advance.

General Curtis and his forces confronted Shelby's cavalry in the western edge of the plateau, their purpose being to keep Shelby from crossing Brush Creek and storming Westport. At 3 o'clock Sunday morning, October 23, Jennison and his Kansans moved south to where Brush Creek crosses the Wornall Road. At sunrise, Ford, Blair, Blunt, and Weitzler moved their divisions out from Kansas City along Troost Avenue and what is now South Main Street to Brush Creek, their lines extending from Wornall Road to Troost Avenue. At dawn Sunday morning, the battle was on from both the eastern and western lines of the battle array. To Col. John F. Phillips, afterwards for twenty-seven years a Federal judge in Kansas City, fell the task of dislodging Clark and Marmaduke at Byram's Ford, and this engagement was one of the bloodiest and most fiercely fought of the day. It was the San Juan Hill fight of the battle of Westport. It ended in defeat for the Confederate defenders of the ford. Phillips drove

back Marmaduke's forces, pursued them over the hill, across what is now Swope Parkway, and on through the country where the Blue Ridge Golf Club now has its links, to a grove of trees on the Hinkle farm at Sixty-Third and Walnut Streets, east and a little south of the old Wornall home, which still stands at Sixty-First Street terrace and Wornall Road. This action turned the flank of Price's army and was the beginning of the crumpling up process that finally sent the Confederate chieftain in full retreat across the Kansas line.

While Colonel Phillips and his men were driving Marmaduke's Division under General Clark from Byram's Ford, Curtis was having a hard time with Shelby's cavalry charges. Curtis tried to force his way up the Wornall Road hill, but was repulsed by Shelby's "Rough Riders," who came galloping on, bridle in teeth and spitting Colts in both hands, guerilla fashion. An old man, whose name has never been learned, finally showed Curtis an easier approach to the high ground through a ravine which ran and still runs just west of some of the fine homes in Sunset Hill—the Sunset Drive goes up the side of this ravine to-day. Here Curtis was successful in flanking Shelby and driving him back on the slope at the south side of the present Country Club golf links, where he took his last stand and planted his battery at Fifty-Fifth Street. On the site of the Country Club house a Federal battery was planted in opposition, and for hours on that day it poured sheets of lead and iron across to where Shelby's cavalymen and battery were placed. On that greensward, sloping to-day gently to the north, was fought a desperate cavalry battle and a hand-to-hand duel between two officers on horseback, in which one was shot through the heart. Shot and shell, Minie balls, and revolver bullets flew hot and fast around that section of country where Fifty-Fourth Street intersects the Wornall Road. By the time Curtis had reached the high ground, Moonlight's Brigade came galloping east from Shawneetown along the Fifty-Fifth Street road. By noon Pleasanton's troops were pouring over the hill west of Troost Avenue, and a great cheer went up from the Federal lines, which then extended in a curve from the Country Club grounds to Swope Park. The whole line moved forward and the Confederates fell stubbornly back to Sixty-Third Street.

Price rode along his lines—the two armies in full array were now facing each other—begging his men to make one more stand; and Shelby with his cavalymen made some wonderful charges. In this last engagement thirty thousand men were fighting, all in the open ground between the Country Club house and Swope Park. By two o'clock in the afternoon it was all over, and Price was in full retreat toward the Kansas line, his rear protected by Shelby's cavalry. The Federals followed in pursuit along the Wornall and the State Line roads. At Mound City, Kans., Price halted for a last struggle to protect his wagon trains, but finally had to burn them and continue his retreat. His army became a fleeing mob, and Price's last great raid had passed into history, a bitter blow added to the tottering cause of the Confederacy.

Many names afterwards linked with the political and civic history of Kansas City and of Missouri and Kansas were on the rolls of those who fought in the battle of Westport. Thomas T. Crittenden, afterwards governor of Missouri, was second in command under Phillips and was wounded in the charge at Byram's Ford, and in Shelby's Brigade, on the opposing side, were Frank and Jesse James, who made history of another kind while Crittenden was governor. On the Federal side are found the familiar names of Samuel R. Curtis, James F. Blunt, George W. Deitzler, John B. Sanborn, John B. McNeill, M. S. Grant, E. F. Winslow, John F. Phillips, member of congress and Federal judge; Thomas

Moonlight, James H. Ford, C. W. Blair, James Montgomery, Preston B. Plumb, R. T. Van Horn, John J. Ingalls, E. W. Benteen, R. H. Hunt, Edmund G. Ross, C. H. Thurber—the man of the famous battery—George S. Grover, John Brown, Jr., John F. Richards, J. L. Norman, the latter for many years president of Kansas City's school board, and "Buffalo Bill."

On the Confederate side, General Marmaduke afterwards became governor of Missouri; J. O. Shelby, United States marshal for the Western District of Missouri under President Cleveland; John B. Clark, a member of congress; Turner A. Gill, circuit and appellate judge; and John T. Crisp achieved the distinction of becoming the most picturesque politician and leader of lost political causes that Jackson County ever produced.

The Missouri Valley Historical Society is now engaged in a movement to perpetuate the historic places of the old battle and has appointed a committee to that end composed of members whose families were associated with the events of that fateful October day. On that committee are H. H. Crittenden, chairman, son of T. T. Crittenden; Mrs. J. O. Shelby, widow of the cavalry leader in the Westport battle, now more than eighty years old; Mrs. William M. Fible, daughter of Judge John F. Phillips; Mrs. Ford Harvey, daughter of Gen. C. W. Blair; Mrs. Edward G. Blair, daughter of Senator John J. Ingalls, who was a lieutenant colonel and judge advocate general on Deitzler's staff; Mrs. James E. Logan, daughter of John F. Richards; Mrs. Homer Reed, daughter of Col. Kersey Coates; Mrs. Roma J. Wornall, whose home at Sixty-First and Wornall Road was used as a hospital after the battle; Thomas Moonlight Murphy, grandson of Col. Thomas Moonlight; and Circuit Judges E. E. Porterfield and Charles R. Pence

GOING INTO WAR—BEFORE AND AFTER BATTLE.

BY J. M. BAILEY, AUSTIN, TEX.

What memories come trooping up as I recall the thrilling events of that memorable time just before the war. The old home of my boyhood, blotted out by the red torch of war, but from my memory never: the friends of "Auld Lang Syne"; the call to arms, the hurried gathering of those who wore the gray; the music of fife and drum, how it thrilled us: The tender good-bys that were said. The march away from home to the music of that dear old tune, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And who of us was not leaving behind some one dearer than all others? I confess that there was a slender, dark-eyed, brown-haired girl who had won my passionate love, and who, I believed, felt more than a passing interest in me.

A march of six days and we were at Camp Walker, where were assembled three or four thousand men under Gen. Ben McCulloch. What a change from the quiet of the peaceful country home to the noise and stir of a military camp! The white tents, the beat of drums, the bugle call, the tramp of armed men, the bright gleam of bayonets, and, high above all, proudly floating in the breeze, the flag of the new-born nation to which we had pledged our fealty. A few days in camp with earnest, awkward attempts at drill. A few days later, borne on the summer breeze, came the boom! boom! of artillery, far to the north, but each shot sounding clear and distinct, which told us that the enemy was not far away and that the war was a reality. How the boom of those guns thrilled me and made strong the desire to be an active participant in a battle, a feeling, I think, that was shared almost universally by men in camps. In fact, I think most of us

feared that it would not be our good fortunes to be engaged in battle.

About August 1, we took up the line of march toward Springfield, Mo., then occupied by Federal troops under General Lyon. On the way we were joined by the Missouri troops under General Price. A few days' march over hot, dusty roads, a few skirmishes in front, in which the rattle of small arms was heard for the first time, a few wounded men being conveyed back to the rear, a few new-made graves by the roadside—all gave us our first impressions of what war was like.

On the evening of the 7th day of August we camped on Wilson Creek, a beautiful, clear, running stream of water, ten miles distant from Springfield. Late on the evening of the 9th, we received orders to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, evidently with the intention of attacking the enemy at Springfield the next morning. Quietly we waited; hours passed, and still no orders to march. Midnight came and the men were quietly sleeping, dreaming perhaps of home and loved ones. The early dawn of August 10 found us still waiting. There was life once more in camp. Some were making fires preparatory to cooking their morning meal; some of the earlier risers were eating their breakfasts. Looking over the valley to the west, across the creek, where the public road that led to Springfield passed through our camps, I saw a lone horseman riding at breakneck speed in the direction of headquarters, leaving behind him a long trail of dust. A moment later another; presently a hatless courier, riding with the speed of the wind through our camp. Boom! and a shell went shrieking through the tree tops overhead, followed by others in rapid succession. "Fall into line," was heard on every side. With the bearing and confidence of veterans of many battles, these men, fresh from the plow handles, took their places in line and marched away to the various positions assigned them. The Joe Wright Guards¹ had been assigned to the 4th Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Col. Dave Walker. This regiment was ordered to support Reid's Arkansas Battery, which was quickly placed in position on a high point east of the creek, overlooking the valley to the west, and giving an excellent view of the greater part of the battle ground. Reid's guns, some fifty yards away, went into action at once. A few shells from the enemy's guns dropped near us, but no assault was made on our position. In other parts of the field the firing of artillery and small arms was terrific. Yells of the contending forces came over the smoke-laden air to die away and later be renewed, whether by friend or foe we could not tell. Hours passed, and still the battle raged. Men standing in line in that hot August sun grew thirsty and called for water. A detail was ordered with canteens to bring water from a spring, some two or three hundred yards distant. I was one of that detail. While filling canteens, a wagon was drawn up near the spring; passing the hind end of the wagon, which was open, I beheld the ghastly forms of a number of dead Confederate soldiers. Looking at the upturned faces of those men, from which the life blood had ebbed away, stained as they were with blood and dust, the grime of battle, what a picture for the inexperienced eyes of a boy fresh from the peace and quiet of the old country home! A memory of the old farm flitted across my mind:² the unplowed corn rows; the jingle of cow bells; the song of birds; a momentary heart longing for its peaceful scenes. The picture that had so impressed me vanished when

¹Named for Miss Josephine B. Wright, who presented the company to which I belonged with the first Confederate flag made in Carroll County.

²When the call for service came, I was "laying by," that is, giving corn the last plowing, and I left several rows unplowed.

I returned to the thirsty, eager, confident comrades, standing in line, expecting every moment to take a hand in the battle that was yet raging with unabated fury.

Gradually the enemy was driven back, and shouts of triumph told us that they were in full retreat and that the victory was ours. By noon the echoes of the last gun had died away among the surrounding hills. Obtaining permission from my captain, with a young friend who later gave his life to the Southland, we started out to view the battle ground. Passing through a corn field to the north, we saw our first Federal dead lying among the corn rows, hands and faces blackened by the heat of that August sun. Turning west across the creek, on what was afterwards called "Bloody Hill," on which the severest fighting took place, we found great numbers of Federal dead and wounded. Some of the wounded were groaning and writhing in agony; others in silence patiently bore their suffering. One poor fellow, with both legs mangled, the death pallor on his face, muttered in half audible words bitter curses about being "deserted." Holding my canteen to his lips, he drank deeply, looking the thanks his lips failed to speak. To other wounded we gave water till the contents of our canteens were exhausted. Over the heads of some of the wounded, friends (and all were friends now) had stuck bushes to ward off the sun's hot rays. Here and there horses lay dead or in the agonizing throes of death. Everywhere the grass was trampled down, bushes and small saplings crushed and broken where artillery had wheeled into position, advanced, or hastily retreated. Here and there crimson stains blended with the green of the leaves and grass, or formed a darker hue as it mingled with the dust of the ground. On this hill, General Lyon was killed. His horse, a fine gray, fell near the same spot. The horse's mane and tail had been closely clipped and carried away as souvenirs by the Confederates. A hurried visit was made to the hastily improvised hospital of tents, where surgeons and their assistants were busy dressing wounds and amputating limbs amid groans and shrieks that were simply appalling. Trenches were hastily dug where our Confederate dead were laid side by side, uncoffined, to "sleep their manhood away." Most of the Federal dead remained unburied till next day.

Late that evening we moved camp some three or four miles up the creek, where we spent several days. When not on duty, I spent my spare time strolling over the battle ground till I became familiar with every hill and valley. One of the things that impressed me was the entire absence of bird life. Not even a vulture flapped its wings in the carrion-scented air. In the course of three or four days all of the wounded had been removed to Springfield, and the battle ground was deserted. On the sixth day after the battle, a young friend and I strolled again, and the last time, over the field. A white object in a thick cluster of post oak runners attracted our attention. On investigation we found the lifeless form of a boy lying on a pallet of straw, his only covering a white sheet. He was apparently about sixteen years of age, light-haired and slender, with features almost girlish in looks. On his lips, half parted, the lingering trace of a smile. An ugly wound in the left side revealed the cause of death. With folded hands, on his pallet of straw, we left him alone in his dreamless sleep. Who he was, whether he wore the blue or the gray, we never knew. With the next morning's sunrise, we were on the march and away.

GETTING OUT OF IT.

BY H. R. IRVINE, SEARCY, ARK.

I was born in Amherst County, Va., November, 1847, and went to the defense of Lynchburg when Hunter made his raid in June, 1864. From there I went to Lamkin's Battery, Haskell's Battalion, A. N. V. The battery was at Fort Harrison, on Chafin's farm; was on the retreat through Richmond, out over the Mayo bridge, through Chesterfield, and on to Appomattox Courthouse. Captain Lamkin and most of the men were captured not far from Amelia Courthouse on April, 5, 1865.

I was standing by Captain Lamkin when the charge was made, he having let a courier have his horse to take certain maps to General Alexander, and, being crippled with rheumatism, he could not move around. He ordered me to skip—and I did. Chastain Cocke tore the battery flag from the staff and put it in his bosom. We came to a turkey blind made of cedar brush. Cocke pulled me into this and adjusted the brush over us, and the cavalry charged around us. We got out and followed them as fast as we could. We found George C. Eggleston, Sergeant Major, Billie and Tommie Booker, and we gathered in as quail after a flush. Ramsey's Battery, with five new Whitworth breech-loading guns, came along. Eggleston advised the captain as to what had happened to us and got permission for us to go with him.

That night we slept on the front porch of the Booker home. Next morning Tommie and Billie took their mother's carriage horses, and we proceeded on our march. Saturday, the 8th of April, we reached Appomattox Courthouse, and, after traveling one and a half or two miles, we reached a little branch at the edge of a wood and pitched camp. In the meantime, the Bookers were rustling for something to eat, and they came in with some country molasses and cornbread. By bursting a canteen open, we made plates and soon devoured the bread and 'lasses. After bathing my weary feet in the creek, I had crawled under one of the guns to get a nap, when orders came around to make no noise. Just then there was a rush, a sounding of bugles, and as I crawled out from my resting place, the gun went into action. I immediately hunted for Eggleston, and learned that all surplus men were ordered to the rear. Everything was pell-mell, hurry-scurry. Several horses, with harness dragging, passed me, but I could not catch them. I came upon a mare and colt, dazed by the noise. I got upon the mare's back and started, guiding her with my hands until I reached Booker, who gave me a strap from his saddle and helped me to get it attached to the mouth of the beast.

We outran the colt and reached a little eminence, where we found quite a crowd watching the charges being made. Twilight was fading into darkness. I must have a bridle; I shoved the mare up into the midst of some riders and unbridled an officer's horse while he was busily engaged in explaining what would probably be done next. I backed out and joined Eggleston and party and advised them that I knew the way to Lynchburg by going the main road. I led them to Isbell's Ferry across the James River, and followed the river to Lynchburg. I lived within five miles of Lynchburg, and, when opposite my home, I bade the boys a sad good-by and left them to proceed to town alone. On the 13th I went to Lynchburg to surrender and was paroled, which parole I still have. I would like to have a word from any of the old boys who may be living.

SOME LAST EXPERIENCES.

BY M. H. ACHORD, ANGOLA, LA.

On June 18, 1861, I enlisted in Company G, 9th Louisiana Regiment, Dick Taylor colonel, which was brigaded with the 6th, 7th, and 9th Regiments and Wheat's Battalion. I served with Stonewall Jackson until he was wounded at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, and then followed Ewell and Lee to Gettysburg, where I was wounded on July 2, in the left shoulder and left knee; remained in the hospital for six months, and then went home on furlough or until such time as I might be able for service. Being disabled for infantry service, I enlisted in the cavalry in May, 1864, with which I served until captured on July 23, 1864, and was exchanged in August of same year, at Redwood Bridge, La., sixteen miles northeast of Baton Rouge, when I was given a furlough to go home to replenish my wardrobe and get another mount.

I reported to my command at Woodville, Miss., on October 1, and on the 15th we were ordered to Bayou Sara to meet a raid of Yankees said to be on the move. We started about 4:30 P.M., but night soon set in and, fearing an ambush, we went into ambush, consequently there was no fighting that night. At early dawn we were on the march in the direction of Bayou Sara, expecting to run on an ambush at any time. We finally discovered the enemy, in a lane about a mile distant, and advanced on them; but they didn't seem to be hunting a fight and fell back to the protection of their gunboats on the Mississippi. With only five pieces of light field artillery, we could be no match for the heavy ordnance of the gunboats, so we sought safety out of range of their guns and awaited developments. About 5:30 P.M. we were ordered back to Bayou Sara, with the news that a large force was advancing on Woodville. It then dawned upon us that the reason the force we had met didn't show fight was because it was only a decoy sent out to draw us away from Woodville, leaving, as it were, our wagon train and sick and convalescent and dismounted men exposed to capture. In their design to decoy us from Woodville they were successful, but in the capture of our force at Woodville they were only partly so, as the teamsters and dismounted men, under the command of Lieut. James S. Skofield, stood them off until the sick could be gotten out of the way, and all fell back in the direction of Clinton, La.

After twenty-four hours of sleepless fasting, we were on the march back to Woodville with another twelve or twenty-four hours of similar experience in view. We were fortunate enough to get feed for our mounts, twelve ears of corn and a bundle of fodder. I couldn't resist the temptation to confiscate one ear of Tom's feed, roasting it in ashes while he was eating, so we had our last feast together, as the sequel proved. Sleepy, hungry, tired, and mad, we wended our way back to Woodville and marched into a woodland pasture, said to be the property of Judge McGehee, where we were ordered to dismount and try to get some sleep. With our carbines strapped to saddles and pistols buckled to our waists, numbers one, two, and three were soon in the land of forgetfulness, while number four kept watch.

Word had been passed down the line that Colonel Scott was on the Fort Adams road, Colonel Ogden on the Liberty road, and Colonel Powers on the Natchez road, and at daylight we would close in on the Yankees and capture them. We were soon awakened by the sound of the bugle calling us to saddle, and we were ordered to right oblique to the protection of our artillery. Instead of the command obeying that order, all but a corporal's guard made for the gate through which we had come a few hours before. So a few found them-

selves engaged with a force of two to one, and we were standing them off, as we were in danger of being annihilated, when Colonel Gober ordered us to take care of ourselves.

I must not fail to mention those that stood like men until ordered to retreat. Colonel Gober, Captain Ambrose, Lieutenant Underwood, Lieutenant Olverstern, A. M. Underwood, Wright Graham, Jules Singletary, Jack Noblet, Marion Harper, W. M. Achord, my uncle, and Will Womack. I didn't think that I was excited then, nor do I think so now, but when I saw a Yankee lieutenant coming in the direction of uncle and myself, I told him to move on out of the way, and squared myself to meet the onslaught of the Yankee lieutenant. He had dropped his pistol in his holster and had drawn his saber. I had emptied my carbine and three chambers of my pistol, and I decided to let him get near so as to be sure of my game, but just imagine my consternation when my pistol snapped, and before I could make another shot, he got in his blow, aimed at my head; but I caught it on the left arm, which was rendered useless for the time. My antagonist dashed past me in pursuit of others, and I shot at him after he passed, but, owing to the fact that I was being surrounded by seven negroes, I didn't know whether my shot took effect or not. Seeing that they had me surrounded, the negroes raised the cry, "Remember Fort Pillow," which meant no quarter. I hope that I will be excused for saying that I felt rather creepy just then, as it seemed that seven negroes were too much for one man and he with only one hand and one more shot. But I discovered that they seemed afraid to rush me, and they appeared to have emptied their pistols, for all had drawn their sabers. With a hedge fence on one side of me, and negroes all around, their timidity suggested the idea that they felt that they had brought the tiger to bay and he might be desperate. So, with a determination born of desperation, I tried to take the attitude of defiance. The hedge fence ran east and west, and my horse was inclined to keep close to the fence and go west, and fortunately, the negro's horse in front of me didn't seem to want to stand, and the rider was apparently of the same notion. To my agreeable surprise, and to his disappointment, a gap appeared in the fence through which I could go, but couldn't carry my horse, and a sad thought it was to leave Tom; but there was no time for horse swapping, so, with lightning speed, I sprang to the ground. That enabled the negro to try his hand with the sword, but just before he was ready to strike, I decided that right under his right arm was a good place to leave my last shot, that is if my pistol didn't snap. It didn't snap, and Mr. Nigger went down, so with "Good-by, Tom," I leaped through the gap and made my escape; and it was the fulfillment of my statement of the last feast with Tom.

Leaving my hat as I went through the gap, and, with nothing but the clothes that I had on, I made my way through a cornfield wet and heavy with a dew that was nearly frost. I found my command at the place of a Mr. James Channell, who belonged to the 16th Mississippi Regiment in Virginia. He was home on furlough. I met him before I found my command, and he told me to go on to his house to get my arm dressed and some breakfast, also a hat and some dry clothes, that he was going to see what had become of those damn Yankees. I got my arm done up by three beautiful women, who gave me breakfast and a hat, but I still didn't feel willing to risk my safety to the men who had run off and left me to the mercy of a lot of black savages. While I made the change, I was much admired by the family, as they had never had any experience with wounded soldiers, I was wondering how I could get on to Liberty, as it was reported that we would go there, but one of Captain Brown's men had been killed

that morning, and his horse ran out with the company. He told me to take charge of the horse and ride it home if I chose, and take care of it until his people could get it. He didn't leave, however, until in the afternoon. I got dinner before leaving and Mr. Channell came back and reported that the Yankees had gone and that there had been a Yankee lieutenant killed at the gate in the hedge fence. I have often wondered if he was the one who wounded me.

Thus ends the reminiscence as briefly told as I know how and the only time of three years campaigning with Stonewall Jackson that I was ever left without the benefit of surrender. Lieut. P. Stockett was my second lieutenant on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, but was on another duty.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

GEORGE WALTON.

Determined to educate himself, and deprived by his employer of the use of candles, George Walton, of Georgia, used pineknot torches at night when he studied law in the years before he signed the Declaration of Independence. The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the document is being commemorated by the Sesquicentennial International Exposition, in Philadelphia.

Walton was born in Virginia and apprenticed to a carpenter, during which time he studied late into the night in order to equip himself for the lawyer's profession. When his apprenticeship was ended he moved to Georgia and read law with Henry Young.

He was an ardent member of the band of Southern patriots who advocated the Revolution and was secretary of the Provincial Congress that assembled at Savannah in 1774. He was also a member of the Council of Safety.

The Provincial Congress, which assembled in Savannah in 1776, appointed him one of the five delegates from Georgia to the Continental Congress. He continued as such until 1781. In 1778 he became a colonel of the militia, was captured by the British, and remained a prisoner until 1779. That year he was elected (but did not serve) to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States.

The Georgia signer was a courageous and an able man, and in spite of his limited education he was overwhelmed with public honors during his life. He was elected governor of Georgia in 1789, was made a member of the Supreme Court in 1793, and a United States Senator in 1795. He was twice elected to the Georgia legislature, and was a member of the United States Commission which made a treaty in Tennessee with the Cherokee Indians. He lived to be sixty-four years old.

SAMUEL CHASE.

One of the four Maryland signers of the Declaration of Independence was Samuel Chase, a lawyer who attained much notoriety during the later period of his life.

After his admission to the bar, Chase opened his practice in Annapolis and rose rapidly to distinction. He was a member of the Colonial Legislature for twenty years, was a member of the Committee of Correspondence, and a delegate to the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1779.

He, with Franklin and Carroll, formed a commission to seek an alliance with the Canadians, and was instrumental in changing the sentiments of Maryland in favor of independence, which authorized him and his colleagues to vote for the Declaration which he signed.

From 1791 to 1796 he was Chief Justice of his State, and later became Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. It

was while he occupied the latter post that Congress impeached him.

Chase was an ardent Federalist, and as a Federal Judge demonstrated his extreme partisanship in the enforcement of the alien and sedition laws.

A remarkable development of the power of the Federal courts took place in Thomas Jefferson's first term as President. The reaction of the Republicans against the judiciary took the form of impeachment proceedings against certain judges, among whom was Judge Samuel Chase, of the Supreme Court. He was a violent partisan and expressed his views openly, and in 1803 declared to a Federal grand jury in Baltimore that the Republicans threatened the country with mob rule. At this the House impeached him and the Senate sat as a tribunal.

John Randolph, able but erratic Virginian, was chief prosecutor on behalf of the House. He included so many charges besides partisanship that opinion rallied to Chase and the impeachment failed. Chase died in 1811.—*From a series issued by the Sesquicentennial Publicity Department.*

WHO KNOWS OF THIS COMPANY?

BY DR. W. H. MOORE, ADJUTANT CAMP 1512 U. C. V.
GOODWATER, ALA.

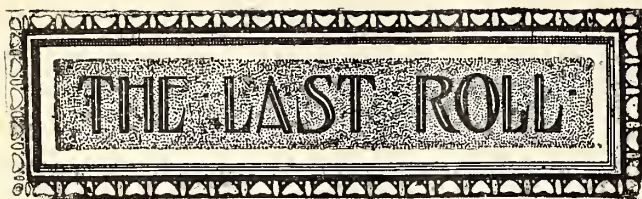
While a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware in 1864, a company was organized among the prisoners to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, form a cavalry company, and go West to fight the Indians. They were supplied with tents and uniforms and camped out on the Island about two weeks.

They elected their own officers. The captain was a typical Texas Ranger about six feet four inches tall, complexion dark, long black hair, and he wore a broad-brimmed Texas hat, the brim tacked up on the left side with a large silver star. The officers were allowed to go into the prison inclosure, *ad libitum*, and mingle with their former Confederate friends.

It was whispered that they intended, after being mounted and on their way West, to desert, go back to the Confederate army, and join Mosby or some other Confederate ranger. We got the news later that they *did* desert the Yanks and got back to the Confederates. But our only evidence that they did so was that, prior to this, all prisoners who took the oath of allegiance to the United States government were allowed to go at will, but after this, those taking the oath were furnished tents, good clothes, and plenty to eat, and camped outside the barracks on the Island. This confirmed us in the belief that the report was true that the company formed to go West and "fight the Indians" did not prove satisfactory to the Yankees. My memory is that some of the Marylanders who guarded us and were very social told that the "company of Rebs who volunteered to fight the Indians did desert and went back to the Confederates, well mounted and equipped for business." Who knows whether they did or not?

I have never heard of this company since I left Fort Delaware in October, 1864. I was not personally acquainted with any member of it, but think that most of them were Texans.

Will some one who knows give some account of this company? Of the nine or ten thousand prisoners who were at Fort Delaware in 1864, I suppose there are but few now living. I was then nineteen years old, and am now eighty-one.



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.

His ashes we to Mother Earth's embrace
 Return, with grief that lies too deep for tears.
 His memory, enshrined in inmost place
 Of hearts that love him, through all coming years
 Shall live and fade not; and to One above,
 Who loveth more than any earthly friend
 All human souls, in tender, reverent love,
 His dauntless, deathless spirit we commend.
 After life's storm and stress and stern endeavor,
 Earth's warfare bravely waged, with spirit high,
 Life's burden borne, at last he rests forever!
 Let Peace enfold him through eternity.

—Virginia Ferguson McDowell.

ALFRED BECKLEY.

"A worthy scion of an illustrious race" passed with the death of Alfred Beckley, at Fincastle, Va., on February 21, 1925. He was the grandson of John Beckley, who came to America at a very early age and was distinguished for his public service, having been an alderman and the first acting mayor of the city of Richmond, Va., and he was the first clerk of the Congress of the United States under Washington's administration. Alfred Beckley was born at "Wildwood," in Virginia (now West Virginia), on March 5, 1843, the son of Gen. Alfred Beckley, who was also distinguished for his service to his country; and his mother was Amelia Neville Craig. His mother dying when he was but two years of age, he was given to the care of his maternal aunts and reared in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., but when the need arose to defend his Mother State, he was quick to answer the call, and at the age of eighteen years he enlisted in the army of Virginia, becoming a member of Company I, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and so served until the surrender. His brother, Col. Henry M. Beckley, was commander of the regiment, which was under General McCausland.

At the close of the war he returned to his native State and took up the struggle to build a new Virginia from the ruins of the old, and throughout his life endeavored to the utmost to fulfill his duty to "the land we love." In 1867 he was married to Miss Emma Virginia Carper, and this union filled his life with happiness to the end. Two daughters and a son grew to maturity, and the death of the beloved son in early manhood but made more close the devotion of his parents.

In beautiful Godwin Cemetery, on McDowell Hill, amid the scenes he loved so well, his body was tenderly laid away by sorrowing friends and neighbors. His life of devotion to duty, lofty ideals and principles is not ended with death, but lives again as a priceless heritage to those coming after him.

H. J. PATTERSON.

Henry Jackson Patterson was born in Chambers County, Ala., April 22, 1846. When he was two or three years of age, his parents took their family to Tallapoosa County, Ala., near where Camp Hill now is, where they continued to reside their lifetime.

In 1864, H. J. Patterson went into the Confederate army as a volunteer and served to the close of the war, when he returned to the home of his parents and there lived until November, 1869, when he and an older brother, James Patterson, Jim Barron, Jim Humphres, and Lyman Veasey, left their homes for the west.

At Dobyville, Ark., they lived together for a year, when Messrs. Barron, Humphres, and Veasey came to Texas and settled near Van Alstyne, Grayson County. The Patterson boys continued to reside in Arkansas, Jim marrying and buying a home lived there until his death a few years later.

H. J. Patterson came to Texas in 1871, but after a year in Dallas County, he returned to Hope, Ark., where he lived until 1874, when he again came to Texas, living in Bell, Madison, and Cherokee Counties until 1878, when he married and settled on the farm near Troup, in Smith County, where he died January 20, 1926, in his eightieth year, survived by his wife, a daughter, and a son. Two children preceded him in death.

H. J. Patterson was a successful farmer, a citizen who had the best interests of home, his community, and his country at heart. He contributed freely of his time, his energy, and his means to the schools, Churches, and other worthy objects of the community.

He was admired for his honesty, integrity, and high ideals, his high sense of honor, good judgment, his clean, unpretentious but conscientious life.

HENRY MONTFORT GRAVES.

Henry M. Graves, whose death occurred in Baltimore, Md., on July 14, was born December 11, 1839, and had therefore passed into his eighty-seventh year. He was a prominent member of the Army and Navy Society in the State of Maryland, having served as a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, and he was secretary of the Maryland branch for some time.

In 1861, when troops were crossing Maryland from the North for the defense of Washington, Governor Hicks and Mayor Brown, to prevent riots in Baltimore, ordered that the railroad bridge be destroyed. A number of citizens volunteered, and the city guard and police were sent in squads under Captain Johannes. At the time Henry M. Graves was an engineer and had constructed the bridge at Ashland on the Northern Central Railroad. He was directed, with a few men under Captain Johannes, to destroy this bridge, which checked the advance of two thousand four hundred Philadelphia troops. Comrade Graves escaped South and enlisted in the Confederate army, and served as a lieutenant of engineers under General Trimble. He was captured during the defense of Richmond and was a prisoner at Johnson's Island at the close of the war.

In his application for membership in the Army and Navy Society, it is shown that his service was from June 5, 1861, to June 19, 1865; was second lieutenant of Engineers, Provisional Army of the Confederate States; an efficient and brave officer under Gen. I. R. Trimble on the Richmond defenses, and under Lieut. Col. Sam R. Johnson, of the Engineers, at the time of the evacuation of Richmond; was released from Johnson's Island prison June 19, 1865.

CAPT. Z. H. LOWDERMILK.

In the passing of Capt. Z. H. Lowdermilk, of Joplin, Mo., one of the most prominent and active of Missouri Confederate veterans has been lost from the ranks of gray. He was Past-Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., ever an interested member of the great organization of Confederates and that of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Camp of the latter at Joplin being named for the jovial veteran "whom everybody liked." For thirty-five years he had been a resident of Joplin, where he was a leader in business enterprises; and for half a century his life had been spent in that section of the country.

Zemry Hadley Lowdermilk was born in Randolph County, N. C., near Ashboro, in 1841, one of the sixteen children of John and Utha Lowdermilk, and he was the last of the sixteen to die. At the beginning of the war he enlisted as a private in the 3rd North Carolina Infantry and was successively promoted to corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain, commanding Company H. His command was in the major engagements of General Lee in Northern Virginia, and he was twice wounded—at the battle of Antietam, slightly, and again at Chancellorsville, where a bullet pierced both lungs, and he was in the hospital for three months. At Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, he was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Delaware with some forty-five hundred officers and men, and in August was selected by lot to be one of those placed under fire of our guns at Charleston, where they were kept for forty-seven days. He was also a prisoner at Fort Pulaski, Ga., and was released on June 1, 1865.

Captain Lowdermilk had married in February, 1864, his childhood sweetheart, Miss Mary Louise Brookshire, and some years after the war they removed West, living in Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, finally going to Missouri and locating at Galena. In 1890 he removed to Joplin, which had since been his home. After the death of his wife he spent much time at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Harris, in Fayetteville, Ark., and especially during his illness of the last two years. He was a member of the Methodist Church, a Mason, and member of other fraternal orders. He was very fond of hunting and had made trips twice each year to the great game centers until his health failed. He died on August 14, at his home in Joplin, and his body was taken to Fayetteville, Ark., and laid by the side of the beloved wife. He is survived by two daughters, four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

LIEUT. THOMAS F. TAYLOR.

Lieut. Thomas F. Taylor, third son of Capt. John Taylor and his wife, Lovinia Sheppard, was born at Scotchtown, Hanover County, Va., on December 16, 1836, and died on January 20, 1926, at the ripe age of ninety years.

Lieutenant Taylor married his cousin, Miss Mary Taylor, who died before the beginning of the War between the States. He married again in 1874, Miss. Ellen Temple Tally, who died in 1900. The children by this marriage were two daughters, both surviving him.

Lieutenant Taylor was educated at Colonel Colman's Academy, and had entered into business before the call to arms in 1861.

He was a member of the Hanover Troop of Cavalry, commanded by Captain Wickham, which soon became Company H, 4th Virginia Regiment, of Wickham's Brigade. He served with his command throughout the entire war except for three weeks as a prisoner in Washington.

After the war Lieutenant Taylor filled positions of public trust in Hanover County for forty years. He was a staunch

Democrat of the old school, a man of the highest ideals, a member of the Baptist Church, and a Mason.

He was a good neighbor, hospitable, generous, and courteous, and his winning disposition ever added more names to the long list of those who called him friend.

The knowledge of his noble character is a great legacy to his descendants.

A good man has gone to his reward, but he will not be forgotten by the many who cherished his acquaintance, and especially by a son of a friend of his early manhood.

[W. L. Wilkinson, Holdcroft, Va.]

TOWNSEND HEATON VANDEVENTER.

The last muster call was sounded for another of our valiant soldiers in gray when Townsend Heaton Vandeventer passed to his last rest, August 11, 1926. He was a brave and gallant soldier, having seen four years of active service in behalf of the Confederacy.

In 1861, at the beginning of the War between the States, Townsend Vandeventer was only a youth of seventeen, too young for regular army enlistment; but his loyalty to the Southern States, and his enthusiasm were such that in the early fall of 1861 he became a courier for Gen. D. H. Hill between Leesburg and Winchester, Va., when General Hill was stationed at Leesburg.

Later that autumn, after General Hill retired from Leesburg, young Vandeventer entered the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., planning to stay there and pursue his studies until he became eighteen, the age of military service. However, he remained only a short time, as he was taken sick, and his father had him returned to his home, "Valley View" in Loudoun County, Va., where he remained until he was fully recovered.

Immediately after he reached eighteen years of age, Townsend Vandeventer enlisted in White's Battalion, 35th Virginia Cavalry, and was with General Lee when he led the Army of Northern Virginia on the first invasion of Maryland in May, 1862. On May 5, 1863, as a recognition of merit, he was detailed as courier for General Rosser, and in February, 1865, he exchanged into Mosby's command, where he remained until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox in 1865.

Townsend H. Vandeventer lives in the memory of his comrades as a true Southern gentleman of the highest character and sterling worth, and of him it may be said that he was as true as steel in all his friendships. He was buried in Leesburg, near his old home, August 13, 1926. A son and two daughters survive him.

CAPT. W. H. PHILPOT.

In the passing of our friend, Capt. W. H. Philpot, one who was gentle and kind toward all those he named as friend was lost to his community. He was born in Stewart County, Ga., in 1844, and died at his home in Hurtsboro, Ala., August 21, 1925.

As a true Southerner and a brave man, he offered his services to the cause of the South soon after declaration of war; and as a born leader, he was made captain of Company B, of the 61st Alabama Infantry, Battle's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Jackson's Corps. He was captured at Petersburg, Va., on April 2, 1865, and imprisoned on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, until June 26, 1865.

Disease took hold of his once strong constitution and made inroads that left traces which slowly told the tale to his loved ones. Without murmuring, he accepted the verdict that "taps" would soon be sounded for him, and thus he laid him down to sleep 'til the reveille of the great resurrec-

Confederate Veteran.

tion morn shall awaken him to meet his Elder Brother, who died that he might be saved.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ross Perry, of Tuskegee, Ala., two sons and one daughter.

In this tribute to a man whose heart always beat in unison with the veterans of his beloved Southland, too much cannot be said in commemorating his devotion to that cause for which he offered his life. Ready to die to check the impending clash between the North and South, he placed his life as a living sacrifice for the principles for which he stood. He was devoted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and read it with interest to the end.

[Mrs. S. E. Crawford.]

CAPT. JOHN O'NEILL FRINK

At the age of eighty-three years, Capt. John O'Neill Frink died at his home in Taylor, Tex., after a short illness. Interment was in Fairmount Cemetery, with Masonic rights.

A native of North Carolina, born July 9, 1843, he went to Texas in 1871, and then in 1906 located in Tom Green County. He was the postmaster at Taylor, Tex., for ten years, and mayor of the town for four years, and for the last six years held the office of justice of the peace. Always interested in politics, he was widely known as a man of honor and activity. He was commander of the Schuyler Sutton Camp of the Mountain Remnant Brigade, U. C. V., and had taken a leading and stimulating part in the work of the organization. In its annual reunion at Christoval, this Confederate organization passed resolutions expressing the sense of loss felt by its membership in the passing of this valued member and loved commander.

Captain Frink served with the 18th North Carolina Regiment, under Stonewall Jackson, and took part in the famous drives of the "foot cavalry" of that daring leader. It was his misfortune to be captured, and he was one of the six hundred officers placed under fire of the Confederate guns at Charleston S. C.

He is survived by four sons and one daughter, also numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

THOMAS C. MILLER.

Thomas C. Miller, Past Commander and Adjutant of Garland Rodes Camp, of Lynchburg, Va., died recently at the age of eighty-four years. He was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., October 12, 1842, and served in the Confederate army as a member of Company G, 11th Virginia Regiment; was badly wounded at Frazier's Farm in 1862.

After attending the University of Virginia, he began his career as a teacher in 1866 in the private schools of Lynchburg; in 1871 he was elected a member of the original staff of the high school; in 1891, he was made principal of this school, resigning in 1909 and taught for a year, when he resigned after forty-four years of teaching in the city schools.

Comrade Miller is survived by two sons and two daughters, also one brother and a sister. One brother, William A. Miller, died in his hundredth year.

He was ever true to the principles for which he had fought in the sixties and was always interested in the welfare of his comrades, with whom he delighted to meet in reunion. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church, and there his funeral was conducted with interment in Spring Hill Cemetery at Lynchburg.

PROF. HORACE L. KING.

Prof. Horace Lafayette King, one of the best-loved Confederate veterans of Zebulon Vance Camp, U. C. V., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Stevens, in Asheville,

N. C., on June 27, 1926. He was born July 8, 1842, on a farm which is now the site of the town of Greer, S. C., and was educated at Chick Springs Academy in South Carolina. He moved to Cane Creek, in Buncombe County, N. C., in 1871, and there began his life work of teaching school.

In February, 1871, Professor King was married to Miss Martha E. Stroupe, of Buncombe County, who died just seven weeks before him. They are buried in the churchyard of Mount Pleasant Church, Southern Methodist, near Asheville, of which Church they were for many years devoted members. Professor King served for thirty-five years as superintendent of the Sunday school there and was seldom absent from his post of duty.

Horace King gave four years of his young manhood to the Confederate cause, serving from beginning to end of the war in Company F, 16th South Carolina Regiment. He was severely wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and was at home, disabled for duty, when Lee and Johnston surrendered their armies. He was chairman of the Buncombe County Pension Board, Chaplain of Zebulon Vance Camp, No. 681 U. C. V., and was Adjutant General and Chief of Staff for the Commander of the Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V. He was in every sense of the word a good citizen and a true Christian gentleman.

ALABAMA COMRADES.

Commander J. J. Jones reports the deaths of three members of Camp Mace Kinney, No. 1660 U. C. V., of Samson, Ala., as follows:

C. A. Alvis, Company H, 9th Georgia Infantry, Slocumb, Ala.

W. W. Rye, Company C, 8th Alabama Cavalry, Opp, Ala.

B. F. Watson, Company G, 1st Alabama Infantry, Hacoda, Ala.

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF THE CONFEDERACY: LEXINGTON, VA.

BY CHARLES ERVINE CLARKSON, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

O ye who walk these quiet streets
With careless step and free,
Tread softly as on hallowed soil
Beside the tomb of Lee.

Within the classic college hall,
Where angels vigil keep,
Our Southern hero lies at rest
In blissful, dreamless sleep.

A marble shaft stands sentinel
Above a grass-grown mound—
Immortal Stonewall bivouacks there,
That spot is holy ground.

Throughout our Sunny Southland fair,
Enshrined in memory,
We'll keep fore'er these sacred names,
Great Jackson—peerless Lee!

GEORGIA STATE REUNION HELD OVER.—Announcement has been made by Commander M. G. Murchison that the annual meeting of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., will be held over until some time in 1927, owing to some confusion as to the place and time of meeting for 1926. Former Mayor Bridges Smith, of Macon, is Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Commander Murchison.

THE PASSING OF A SOLDIER.

At the age of ninety years, Mrs. Kate Wallace Bowen died at her home in Los Angeles, Calif., August 27, 1926.

She was born in Graves County, Ky., February 9, 1836, the daughter of Stephen Daniel and Elizabeth Dyer Wallace. Her father's family were Pennsylvania Scotch, who migrated to Virginia, then westward to Kentucky in the early pioneer days. Her father was a cousin of Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," and through the Caldwells was also closely related to the John Caldwell Calhoun family of South Carolina. Mrs. Bowen's mother, Elizabeth Dyer, belonged to a pioneer family of Tennessee. Dyer County and the town of Dyersburg, Tenn., were so named in honor of her two uncles, Maj. Gen. Hazer Dyer and Col. Cager Dyer, both officers in the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Bowen (Frances Catherine Wallace) moved with her father's family from Kentucky to the Ozark country of Southwest Missouri about 1845.

True to her name and ancestors, at an early age she manifested a talent for writing and, before the War between the States, had gained considerable fame as a writer of both prose and verse, contributing to *Godey's Ladies' Book* and the *Waverly Magazine*. Her interests were varied and intense, and toward whatever attention was directed, she brought a deep insight and understanding. Anybody can brush the surface of knowledge, but it requires a mind of the type of Kate Wallace's to penetrate to the heart of whatsoever it touched. She grew up in the forests and fields of Kentucky and Missouri, and, without the aid of college, extension class, or correspondence course, learned more about plant life and bird lore (Latin terms thrown in), than most authorities on those subjects know—enough to have made her famous had she cared to give her knowledge to the world. No less intense and thorough was her knowledge of astronomy, and this was a constant source of interest in her companionship with her children in a day when astronomy was a dead subject except at the Weather Bureau and observatories. She was gifted as an artist, working in oils, crayon, and with water colors as her fancy directed. "The first hand sketch I ever saw," said one of her daughters, "was a splendid likeness of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which my mother had done with a pencil."

She studied medicine when a young girl, and later, during the War between the States, used this knowledge, together with her understanding of plants, by gathering herbs from the woods and with the aid of her neighbors making up labeled packages for the use of the Medical Department of the Confederate army. This was necessary because the Northern government had made medicines contraband and none could be imported. During this same conflict she established in her father's home a school for children of both Northern and Southern families. This school, in which there were students as old and older than herself, and her work in shipping medical supplies to the Confederacy brought her under suspicion, and she was arrested as a spy by a Union officer and was brought before General Moore, commander of the Federal forces in Southwest Missouri at that time. As soon as he learned that she was the daughter of Stephen Wallace, he immediately released her.

As conditions in Southwest Missouri became more and more unpleasant for Southern sympathizers, Kate Wallace assumed their leadership; and at last, when Order No. 11 drove from their homes all Southerners, she led a group of twelve families, made up of aged men, women, and children, down into Arkansas, using farm wagons and ox teams, this

being the only method of transportation left to them, as they had been robbed of all horses by lawless bands of Union soldiers. No obstacle ever checked her and no danger ever daunted her. While her only brother, Benton Wallace (namesake of Governor Benton, of Missouri, a close friend of her father's) was fighting in the Southern army, her father, too old and feeble to leave home, was arrested by some Northern officers, offense not named, and carried to Alton to prison. He was exposed to bad weather and the hardships of a journey over muddy roads, and Kate Wallace, knowing that a few days of such treatment would result in his death, secured a horse from a Southern cavalryman and rode after him. By tact and determination, she secured his release and his return to his home.

About this time there came rumors of a proposed massacre of all the old men in that district of country who were Southern in their sentiments. Already many single murders of this kind had been committed by marauding bands of bushwhackers and jayhawkers. There was no law to invoke, no place of retreat, and no recourse. Panic reigned. Kate Wallace, always resourceful, self-contained, and calm, picked up her Bible, saying: "I shall trust the first words my eyes fall upon, let this Book open where it will." These were the words which met her eyes: "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." She ran to her father, saying: "Father, be not afraid; they will not reach this house." Nor did they. Though every other old man for miles around was murdered, Stephen Wallace lived through the war and died a natural death in 1876.

After the war, in 1869, she married Elias Oldham Bowen, a lawyer by profession, a colonel in the Confederate army, and nephew of Judge Williamson S. Oldham, Confederate States Senator from Texas. With her husband, she removed to Paris, Tex., in 1876, where he died in 1888. She immediately moved, with her four little girls, to a farm near Paris. Her success in managing this farm was the marvel of all her friends and acquaintances. Her physical powers were as remarkable as were her mental. She exercised much in the open air and never rode on any occasion when it was possible for her to walk. On election day of Woodrow Wilson's second campaign for President, at that time eighty-one years of age, she walked sixty-seven city blocks, or at least five miles, to cast her vote, and she *would* have walked double that distance to vote for Mr. Wilson if necessary.

Through all the trying years of labor of rearing her children and educating them, she was an ardent student of the Bible, particularly the prophecies; a student of Bible and profane history and of world politics; and through her interpretations, she anticipated world events to an astonishing degree. She wrote much on this subject, and some of the most commanding ministers in the State of Texas came to her for help in interpreting this difficult part of the Bible.

Mrs. Bowen had lived in Los Angeles and Long Beach, Calif., since 1913, and is survived by one sister, Mrs. Mary Strother, of Burleson, Tex., and four daughters, three of whom live in Los Angeles.

In renewing his subscription, F. M. Joyner writes from Wakita, Okla.: "I am a North Carolinian by birth, and was ninety-one years old on August 5, 1926. I served in the War between the States with Company H, 3rd Missouri Infantry. I love the South and the VETERAN."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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Charleston, S. C.

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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: In these early autumn days, when our waking and sleeping hours are given to thoughts of the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, we have seen spread before us, as if some beautiful panorama were passed before our eyes, the Chapters situated in their various homes from sea to sea, from Canada to the Gulf, and we have realized their hopes and aspirations, their daily work and great achievement.

In Boston, that stronghold of brainy men and women, where probably more than in any other place were entertained diametrically different views from those of the cities farther to the South, there in that distinguished old city we see our courageous little band of United Daughters of the Confederacy cherishing their traditions of the past and perpetuating the memory of the Confederacy.

On Deer Island, in Boston Harbor, we see waving over the grave of one who fought for the Southern Confederacy the Stars and Bars, placed there annually by the garrison of the Army and Navy Union, U. S. A., assisted by the Julia Ward Howe Auxiliary and the Boston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Edward J. Johnston, of the Confederate Navy, was a prisoner on Governor's Island; in trying to escape he was shot and severely wounded. He was brought back and finally died. His dying wish that he be buried facing the south was fulfilled. The Federal government bought one end of Deer Island from the city of Boston for the permanent burial place of all soldiers on Governor's Island. The body of this Confederate was among those removed to Deer Island.

Edward J. Johnston was First Assistant Engineer, C. S. Navy, who died at Fort Warren, October 14, 1863; aged 36 years.

In the General Order for Memorial Day signed by the Commander of the Army and Navy Union, James P. Fitzgerald, among other things is the following: "Decorating graves of Confederate sailors by the United Daughters of the Confederacy according to their ritual, assisted by the Auxiliary and garrison.

"Leave for home, not forgetting this duty we have done in remembering those lonely graves of men who fought for what they deemed was right, both Federal and Confederate."

That shows a spirit of tolerance which is worthy of emulation.

We are indebted to Mrs. Swartwout, the former President of Boston Chapter, and to Mrs. F. L. Hoffman, the present incumbent, and to Mrs. Chesly, for calling our attention to this beautiful incident.

In the New England States we have another flourishing Chapter, that at Providence, R. I.

This Chapter has evinced an interest in the Confederate veterans, the Needy Women of the Confederacy, and in education. It also keeps in touch with the general organization through its officers and committees, which is a most commendable thing for any Division to do, and especially so for a small Chapter.

Our best wishes go forth to the new President, Mrs. Myra G. Tucker, who takes up the work so ably carried forward by her predecessor, Mrs. Gerald Richmond.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of The Oranges, in New Jersey, is generous in its contributions to many of our objects.

It is gratifying to see that among other days of observance, they remember the birthday of the great American scientist, Matthew Fontaine Maury.

Mrs. Daniel M. Henderson is the new President, and we send to her greetings and every good wish.

We see our firmly established Chapters in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh working faithfully and with effectiveness.

It is most gratifying to learn that a new Chapter has been organized in the Ohio Division, that in Kenmore, the Jefferson Davis Chapter.

We congratulate Mrs. Porter, the Division President, and send good wishes to the new Chapter.

For years past the achievements of the Daughters in Cincinnati have attracted the attention of the organization; and we have noted how the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, has cared for the graves of Confederate dead in Camp Chase Cemetery. This labor of love is familiar to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. There is another similar to it, of which you have read in the July VETERAN, the Johnson Island Memorial. Mrs. Porter is deeply interested in the graves of Confederate soldiers buried on Johnson's Island.

Sandusky is the nearest city to the cemetery on Johnson's Island, and it has no Chapter of the U. D. C. The nearest Chapter is Cleveland, sixty miles from Sandusky. This Chapter, the Alexander H. Stephens, sends annually a wreath for these men who sleep in Northern soil.

The Rotary Club of Sandusky has undertaken to hold a Memorial Service each year on Johnson's Island and to place flowers and flags. Mrs. Porter will doubtless bring this matter before the Daughters in convention in Richmond, in order that they may help in this work of remembrance.

There was given a beautiful account of the ceremony of decorating the Confederate monument in Evansville, Ind., by the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter placing a separate bouquet of red and white flowers for each name on the monument, and in the arms of the statue placing the Confederate flag.

In the August VETERAN we read of the Illinois Division paying loving tribute to the six thousand Confederate soldiers

who died at Camp Douglas, Chicago, and who lie buried in the beautiful Confederate mound surrounding the Confederate monument in Oakwood Cemetery. This memorial work is only one of the many objects engaging the attention of the Daughters of Chicago.

Recent accounts of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Minneapolis, show that its Confederate spirit is undaunted, though lacking the inspiration of numbers and of Confederate surroundings.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of North Dakota, sends a most amazing report of work done and interest taken by the Daughters in that far-away city of Fargo. A letter is also received from a Daughter in Bismark who wishes to join the Chapter, and whose father was the last of the survivors of the Alabama, and was previously a member of the crew of the Sumter.

Great interest has centered in the work accomplished by the Daughters of the Confederacy in Washington State. The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Seattle, unveiled a monument to Confederate soldiers on May 23, 1926, in Lakeview Cemetery, with very brilliant ceremony.

This is the only monument to the Confederacy in the Northwest.

"The monument marks the consummation of a dream of Southern women in the Northwest of more than two decades ago," so declared Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, the President of Washington Division, U. D. C.

The monument is very handsome, being of stone from Stone Mountain, Georgia, and it has conspicuously upon it in bronze, handsomely displayed, the Cross of Honor of the veterans and the insignia of the U. D. C.

All credit is due these devoted women for persevering in this effort.

The Oregon Chapter, in Portland, sets the larger Divisions a good example in that it has disposed of its allotment of our book, "The Women of the South in War Times." It contributes to other departments of our work and also has a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy.

That is very fine.

The California Division, with its systematic giving to other objects of U. D. C. interest, has this year placed a handsome marker on the Jefferson Davis Highway in San Diego. This memorial to Jefferson Davis extends from sea to sea, from the nation's capital to the Golden Gate, and it is very interesting to see that the markers are being placed in the beautiful State of California, where we may say that the highway has reached the Pacific Ocean. As Mrs. Woodbury, the chairman, has pointed out in her various talks in behalf of the highway, "Jefferson Davis, while Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce, had the survey made for a transcontinental railroad, for he had great faith in the West."

We of the East look with wondering awe at those indefatigable workers in the far-away State of Arizona, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Phoenix, and the Dixie, of Tempe. We see them following all lines of endeavor as faithfully as are the Divisions in the Solid South.

We see with very sincere pleasure that they have given prizes for papers written on the subject "The First Permanent English Settlement in this Country at Jamestown, Va., in 1607," and "The Beginning of Local Self-Government in This Country."

In New Mexico we have a Chapter at Portales, with Mrs. H. F. Jones as President, to whom we send greetings and best wishes.

The Colorado Division deserves special mention, not only

for its loyal assistance with the veterans and women of the Confederacy, and to the department of education, but because of its service rendered constantly to the nine hundred disabled men of the World War who are descendants of Confederate veterans and who lie there in the hospital for ex-service men. One Chapter alone has an entire ward of fifty beds in the Fitzsimmons Hospital in Denver.

In the panorama passing in review we see those Divisions of the Solid South all cherishing ideals, all commemorating a glorious past, and all building for the future.

Far across the Atlantic we see our Daughters "over there" carrying on the work in sunny France and honoring the name of Major General De Polignac, "the Lafayette of the Confederacy."

The lights are switched off. The scene is changed, and we sit at our desk and think of these women whose achievements we have seen in this brief glance. We think of the sentiment which prompts them to do these beautiful things "for the Ashes of their Fathers, and the Temples of their Gods."

We realize that ours is an organization built upon sentiment. We cannot explain it to one who does not understand. He either understands it or he does not, for no one can explain sentiment.

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—From Vandalia comes the notice of a most interesting celebration by the 5th Arkansas Infantry Chapter, on the old camp ground where that famous regiment was organized, and where it went into training. An interesting feature of this occasion was the unveiling of a marble tablet to the memory of the regiment, and to Capt. I. N. Deaderich. A granddaughter, a great-granddaughter, and a great-great-granddaughter of Capt. Deaderich unveiled the tablet. They were introduced by Mrs. Lora Goolsby, Division President. The Chapter President, Mrs. I. D. Hare, presided. This Chapter has placed eighty grave markers this year.

Springdale's new Chapter, named in honor of General Vance, whose daughter is President, had a beautiful float in Springdale's Grape Festival parade.

Mildred Lee Chapter, of Fayetteville, will soon erect a marker on the spot where the first Confederate flag was raised at that place.

At the last Executive Board meeting one hundred dollars worth of books and twenty-five dollars worth of pamphlets were given to the State university.

* * *

Louisiana.—Louisiana's extensive and magnificent highways are probably not excelled in natural beauty by those of any other State in the Union. Many Louisiana State Highways are links in great National Highways, and some are marked as memorials.

Louisiana made the official beginning of marking the Jefferson Davis Highway, August 8, when, in Baton Rouge, a meeting was held for this purpose. Present at the meeting were Mrs. W. P. Smart, of Bunkie, Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway; Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge, member of committee; Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, of New Orleans, Corresponding Secretary General, U. D. C., and past member of the committee; and Mrs. L. U. Babin, President, Louisiana Division; Mrs. Babin read letters from Mrs. J. K. Bivins, President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., and Mrs. T. B. Holloman, President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., both saying that they were sure their organizations would cooperate with Louisiana in securing the boundary markers between their respective States.

Confederate Veteran.

Louisiana U. D. C. appreciates this and has decided that now is the time to begin to ask her sister States to begin at once. The first thing is to collect funds by the committee to pay for the marble markers on which is to be placed bronze tablets with Jefferson Davis Highway and the State's name.

Other members of the Louisiana Jefferson Davis Committee are: Mrs. L. L. Judice, Lafayette; Mrs. W. B. Kernan, New Orleans; Mrs. Henry Falcon, Baton Rouge; Mrs. I. E. Kiefe, New Orleans; and Mrs. W. N. White, Lake Providence.

The Jefferson Davis Highway is the only transcontinental route sponsored by a woman's organization, and, with so few States left whose work is unfinished, a successful end of the whole is in sight. Mrs. John L. Woodbury of Louisville, Ky., is General Chairman.

Mrs. A. Prudhomme, of New Orleans, has presented a gift of twelve volumes of reference books entitled "Confederate Military Records" to the Public Library of Baton Rouge, La., in memory of her sister, Miss Doriska Gautreaux. This presentation was made through Mrs. Charles Granger, of the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C., and were received by Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of Louisiana Division, and presented to the committee of Joanna Waddill Chapter, which sponsors the Public Library. This gift is quite an addition to the library.

Governor Fuqua, of Louisiana, has appointed three members of Camp Moore Chapter on a commission for the improvement of Camp Moore. The commission consists of Mrs. Ida Swartz, Mrs. D. T. Seltoon, and Mrs. Carolyn North. Camp Moore was an instruction camp during the War between the States.

* * *

Maryland.—The United Daughters of the Confederacy were represented at the Maryland Day exercises, held in August, at the Sesquicentennial Exposition, by the Division President, Mrs. John Winfield Harrison, who wore the Confederate colors and badges.

The Maryland State convention will be held in Baltimore in October, and will be entertained by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8.

* * *

Mississippi.—The W. D. Holder Chapter, of Jackson, placed a bowlder on the county line dividing Hinds, the capital county, from Rankin, on the east, just on the brink of Pearl River, to mark the Jefferson Davis Highway, running from Fairview, Ky., Mr. Davis's birthplace, to Beauvoir, his last home.

The bowlder is of Mississippi marble, shaped to represent a pine log, five feet long, weighing about five thousand pounds. This is the first marker placed by a Mississippi Chapter on the highway.

A beautiful marker will be erected in a few weeks on Confederate mound in Greenwood Cemetery, where more than three thousand unnamed Southern soldiers sleep the last long sleep.

This loyal band of Southern Daughters will prove their love and loyalty to the Confederate cause and honor the known soldier in the cemetery in the placing of an iron cross on each grass-covered mound.

* * *

Missouri.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Kansas City, under the leadership of its President, Mrs. James LeRoy Smith, gave a surprise party in celebration of the ninetieth birthday of two veterans, members of No 80, U. C. V., Capt. William F. Bohlmann and Capt. James Kennedy.

Mrs. Charles S. Parker, a member of the Robert E. Lee

Chapter, was hostess for her father, Captain Bohlmann, on Tuesday evening, August 24. A birthday cake and other refreshments were served by the Robert E. Lee Chapter. The guests included Gen. A. A. Pearson, State Commander, U. C. V., and Mrs. Pearson, the State officers U. C. V., residing in Kansas City, and the Presidents of the five local Chapters. A short program was given and gifts from the Chapters were presented.

Captain Bohlmann served during the four years of the war, and at the close he was captain of his company in the 22nd West Virginia Infantry. He is now adjutant of Camp No. 80, and also adjutant general and chief of staff, Missouri Division, U. C. V. Captain Kennedy has been wharf master of Kansas City for the past forty years. He was not only remembered on his birthday by the members of the U. D. C. with a lovely party and gifts, but several of the city officials, including the city manager, Judge H. F. McElroy, and his secretary, Miss Blanche A. Green, a member of the Stone-wall Jackson Chapter, presented him with tokens of appreciation of their friendship and of his faithful service to the city.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter will be hostess for each veteran member of Camp No. 80 U. C. V., when his ninetieth milestone is reached.

Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander of the Missouri U. C. V. for the past four years, is anticipating a joyous gathering of the veterans of the Missouri Division when they meet for the thirtieth annual reunion in Kansas City the first week in October; a two-day session will be held. The five Chapters U. D. C. acting as hostess to the veterans' ball, which will be given on the first evening of the meeting.

Sterling Price Chapter, No. 401, of St. Joseph, will be hostess to the Missouri Division for the twenty-ninth annual convention to be held the third week in October.

* * *

Washington.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Seattle, has recently erected a very beautiful monument in Lake View Cemetery.

This monument, in memory of the Confederate veterans, was carved from granite from Stone Mountain, and is the consummation of a dream of Southern women in the Northwest. Appropriate exercises marked the unveiling, and veterans of the blue and of the gray sat side by side upon the platform.

Tributes to the valor and devotion to duty of the soldiers of the Confederacy were paid by Mrs. Bradley K. Fawkes, President of the Chapter; by Mrs. Blackman of Mildred Lee Chapter, of Spokane; and by Mrs. J. D. Smith, President of the Dixie Chapter, of Tacoma.

* * *

Virginia.—Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, will be hostess to the Virginia State convention, October 6-9.

FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN THE WEST.

A request has come from Mrs. Will Aiken, President of the Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Helena, Mont., that the VETERAN call attention to the Memorial Fountain erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy of that State and dedicated in September, 1916, as a tribute to the soldiers of the Confederacy. A special account of this dedication was given in the VETERAN for October, 1916, with a picture of the handsome fountain, which is the first Confederate memorial in the West. There are now two other Confederate memorials in that section of the country—one at Hollywood and another at —, which was only recently dedicated.

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 1296.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER.

John H. Reagan, of Texas, Postmaster General, February 21, 1861, to close.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

- "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography," volume 5, pages 201-2.
- "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." See index.
- "Encyclopedia Americana," volume 23, page 248.
- "Confederate Military History," volume 1, page 614.
- "Library of Southern Literature," volume 16, page 146.
- "National Cyclopaedia of American Biography," volume 1, page 292.
- "New International Encyclopedia," volume 19, page 585.
- "Memoirs of J. H. Reagan."
- Ridpath's "New Complete History of the United States of America," page 4660.
- "The South in the Building of the Nation," volume 12, page 338.
- Stephens, A. H., "Constitutional View of the Late War between the States," pages 325, 735, 760.

Magazine Article.

Review of Reviews, volume 31; 576, "John H. Reagan."
[Compiled by Louisville Free Public Library.]

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER.

North Carolina, seceded May 20, 1861.
Writer: Theodore O'Hara.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The Bivouac of the dead.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

—From the *Bivouac of the Dead.*

RUTHERFORD HISTORY COMMITTEE.

This committee of the General Organization, U. D. C., with Mrs. John H. Anderson, of North Carolina, as Vice Chairman, has been most active this year in sending out material intended to refute the false teachings against the South. Copies of various pamphlets have been distributed to colleges, historians, and libraries, among these pamphlets being Rutledge's "Lincoln from a Southern Viewpoint," Marshall's "Battle Abbey Address," a review by Captain S. A. Ashe of Dr. Scrogg's "Force or Consent," D. A. Long's "Jefferson Davis," the Lee-Acton Letter, extracts from Bishop Galloway's "Jefferson Davis," and many other letters of real value in disseminating the truth of Southern history.

The organizations of veterans and Sons have been urged to

coöperate with the U. D. C. in giving talks to the schools and to gatherings of young people, as their ignorance of Southern history is deplorable.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Another year has rolled around, and here it is fall again, yet it seems only a short while since our final report was made at Hot Springs. But there is no mistaking the change that has occurred, and we must now be thinking of pushing this work to the limit within the next few weeks. We particularly want to remind you that all reports must be received by November 1, otherwise orders must be credited to next year. I am hoping the final reports will send three or four more Divisions "over the top," and this will leave a small minority to come under the line.

We cannot stress the importance of the U. D. C. debt too much. It must be paid, and it is ours to cancel. Kentucky and Arkansas went over the top last year by adopting the plan of closing the matter with the general organization by paying for all books. In a recent letter received from Miss Annie Belle Fagg, the Kentucky Director, she writes: "The quota which the Kentucky Division took and distributed to the Chapters that had taken their respective quotas has been redistributed in this way: The Chapters have presented copies of Our Book to public libraries, public schools (both high and grade), Church schools, and historical societies."

This same plan has practically been carried out in Arkansas. Isn't it excellent work? Think it over—and with best wishes,
Sincerely,
MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*
Fairmont, W. Va.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK.

BY MISS ALTA SMITH, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Daughters of the Confederacy who attended the convention held in Hot Springs National Park, Ark., last fall will be particularly interested in the announcement that preparations are being made to hold a big centennial celebration in 1932 in commemoration of the event of this Park's being set apart as a reservation for the health, rest, and recreation of the people of the nation for all time.

Hot Springs was set aside by Congress in 1832 because of its thermal radio-active springs, forty-six in number, which rise from the base of Hot Springs Mountain.

Long before the springs were discovered by the white man, Indian tribes held the territory sacred as the abiding place of the "Great Spirit." Spanish records show that Fernando De Soto and his band of explorers visited the great hot pools in 1541. Legend also has it that the "charmed spot" was sought by Ponce de Leon in 1514.

A feature of the centennial will be a great historical pageant which will portray Hot Springs from 1541 to the present time. Fully one thousand artists will participate in the colorful spectacle, according to preliminary plans.

A Centennial Celebration Club has been organized to which membership in all parts of the country are eligible, and a booklet prepared outlining the purposes is off the press.

The Club and the Chamber of Commerce are offering one thousand dollars for the best historical scenario submitted which incorporates the Park's rich historical background, together with its steps of progress and prosperity. This offer is officially authorized by F. Leslie Body, Manager of the Chamber of Commerce, and is open to anyone.

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.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
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REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



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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.

RENEWED ACTIVITY IN C. S. M. A.

My Dear Coworkers: The golden hue with the brilliant red appearing in field and forest and the crisp morning air tell us that nature is merging into the change from heat of summer into the wondrous tinted autumn, when the activities of social, patriotic, and educational life take on renewed activities. I trust that summer rest has brought to each of you renewed strength which induces courage, and that the plans for carrying forward the work of another year may be so clearly and strongly made as to give broadened vision and inspire new enthusiasm for the cause so dear to our hearts. No cause can rise higher than our ambitions, so let us set high our standard and strive to win the heights.

While resting among the hospitable people of the mountainous section of Raburn County, a peculiar pleasure was given your President General in a gracious invitation to attend the annual picnic and meeting of the Raburn Camp, Confederate Veterans, and to carry to them a message of enduring loyalty and affection. While conversing with the Commander, Capt. W. T. Dozier, who inquired the name of my father, and when told that he was a member of Company A, 2nd Georgia Regiment, he replied: "I knew your father well, and went out in a box car with him as he left Atlanta for service at Andersonville, where he was stationed under Gen. L. J. Gartrell." Only one to whom a similar experience has come can appreciate the thrill of emotion too deep for words which this priceless bit of news conveyed. That one who had stood shoulder to shoulder with a loved father in the storm and thunders of war time should have been spared for only a chance meeting, and at a time when the shadows were lengthening that betoken the passing of the earthly tabernacle not made with hands.

To-day I am sending to you cherished bits of unwritten history, valuable because of its association with people and friends of many who were pioneers in Georgia's magic city, Atlanta. Read to the young.

MARGARET A. WILSON, *President General, C. S. M. A.*

A YOUNG DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

Among the throng gathered on this occasion from every section of the Southland was a young maiden of the olden type, dainty, modest, and charming, whose soul throbbled with poetic vision of rare promise, a Junior Memorial member, Miss Margaret Woodward, of Tampa, Fla., who had

charmed these heroes on former occasions with her message so winsomely given and again brought greetings so filled with patriotic fire that we take pleasure in passing on to you her greetings all too short:

"Honored and Beloved Veterans: Behold our wondrous Southland, resourceful and with magic beauty, a perfect land! As the bud which bursts into glory through the careful tending of the gardener, these acres of promise have become a beauteous reality through the untiring efforts of you stanch veterans.

"Your struggles, begun upon the battle fields and continued though the years, have wrought a land of wonder and enchantment, and the world caught the vision and from every quarter have journeyed to partake of the rich bounty ripening into harvest.

"Indeed, the spirit of loyalty, of hospitality, and truth which you so valiantly displayed will live forever, and is proving that these golden qualities far excel the material and political gains of the world.

"Hail, ye grand old men of the South! May I speak the toast which this new land, born of your heroism and foresight, so vigorously calls and which is echoed and reechoed through these mountain peaks and valleys?

"May the God we hold divine
Bestow this grace on thee.
May he accept your works so fine,
And with you his mercies be.
Last—may your crown of glory shine
Through all eternity."

IMPORTANT.

Through an unfortunate omission in the article on Stone Mountain in the September VETERAN, page 354, the name of Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest as General Chairman for the Stone Mountain fund for the C. S. M. A., did not appear, and as Mrs. Forrest is just taking up her work, for which she is so splendidly equipped and so intensely interested in doing, notice is hereby given that all money for Stone Mountain be sent to Mrs. N. B. Forrest, General Chairman, Emory, Ga., near Atlanta; and you are urged to take this matter up at your very first meeting.

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

HEROIC WOMAN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Among those unknown heroines of the Confederate cause was one—among many—who never sought, but was highly deserving of honor for her good works. Could the dead testify, there would be many boys in gray to rise up and bear witness to the ministrations of Mrs. Nathan Massey in nursing them back to health and service in her plantation home. They would tell of clothing and delicacies sent to the front and of the dangers and difficulties endured by her and her family during the raids of the enemy's soldiers, incidents which are now almost beyond our comprehension.

Mrs. Massey came of heroic stock. A descendant of the Colquhoun family of Scotland, in her veins was the blood of those who, in spite of religious and other persecutions, were always ready "Freedom's sword to strongly draw" and to suffer and sacrifice.

She was born in the "Calhoun Settlement" in the "Flatwoods" of Abbeville District (now county), S. C., the daughter of Rebecca Tannahill and William Calhoun, the third William in direct line of descent from James Calhoun who had come from Donegal, Ireland, to America, about 1725. This Calhoun family was one of many Scottish groups which had, years before, taken refuge in the north of Ireland to escape the religious persecution of "Bloody Mary."

The Scottish name Colquhoun was that of a very ancient clan which had been elevated from the nobility to the peerage by reason of the military prowess of one of its leaders. The maternal line of descent was from Col. Ninian Beall, of Maryland.

Left an orphan of tender years by the death of both parents, her brother, James Montgomery Calhoun (mayor of Atlanta in war times), became her guardian and removed her to his home in Decatur, Ga., and later to that village of destiny, Atlanta, of which John C. Calhoun had uttered his celebrated prophecy.

Mary Elizabeth Calhoun was fortunate in being present on many occasions which later became historic. One of these was a visit on board the first ocean-going steamship at its pier in Savannah. Later, when the "State Road" (Western and Atlantic) was completed to Marietta, she was a guest upon that first trip and to the ball tendered the guests in Marietta that evening. The coach used upon this occasion to transport the guests from Atlanta to Marietta had been made by the convicts in the State penitentiary at Milledgeville, from which place it had been hauled by mules through the country to Madison, where it was mounted on wheels and placed on the tracks of the Georgia Railroad and taken to Atlanta.

An incident of the trip, which was amusing in after years, but not so at the time, was the fact that when the "train" had proceeded from Atlanta to the Chattahoochee River bridge, the passengers had the train stopped (for fear its weight would break through the bridge), so they might "get out and walk"; which they did, on each side of the train, across the bridge, apparently thinking the only danger was inside the coach.

Another incident was that of her trip on the first train which ran from Augusta to Charleston. Among the passengers was her future husband, Nathan Massey, although each was unknown to the other at the time.

Railroad travel, then and now, was quite different, but at that time it was a great improvement upon the "stage," with its galloping teams of horses relayed at regular stops. The latter had all the thrills of the Western stagecoach, barring, perhaps, the robberies. There were no hundred-pound rails, or steel coaches, sleeping cars, or giant locomotives;

but instead only small wooden coaches, wood-burning engines, which frequently set the coaches afire from sparks, and flat strips of iron spiked on "stringers," lying on the cross-ties, for rails. Occasionally a strip would break from the strain, curl around a passing wheel and pierce the floor, to the consternation and often the injury of passengers. These broken strips were referred to as "snake heads."

Her horseback ride from Decatur to Stone Mountain and up to the timber line, on a brilliant moonlit night, was another memory of interest. There the horses were left and the party proceeded to the top of the mountain on foot and thence up into the tower to its top, while it creaked and swayed in a strong wind.

Upon Stone Mountain was a spot that then attracted much attention. It was reached by a trail that started from the vicinity of the present beautiful Venable home, and known as the "Crossroad," in the shape of a perfect cross. The sides were very smooth, as if cut from above by some great unknown force. This was a climb for hardy people, but nevertheless a popular one.

Aaron Cloud, the builder of the old tower, was said to have hauled the timbers for its construction up the mountain by means of oxen shod with iron shoes made in two parts to fit the cloven hoofs. Traces of the excavation made in the solid rock for the foundation are still to be seen.

Miss Calhoun was active in religious work in the antebellum Atlanta, and had the honor of being one of the founders of the Central Presbyterian Church. Previous to the erection of its church building, the Central congregation made use of the City Hall, which was in the old Fulton County courthouse, located in the City Hall Park. The courthouse was demolished about 1883, the site having been donated to the State for the building of the present Capitol.

In this church her marriage occurred shortly before the War between the States, and she went to live at the plantation home of her husband, a successful business man and planter of Morgan County, and a man most highly respected.

For the next few years after her marriage (drawing a veil over her personal sufferings incident to the death of her little son), her energies and activities were directed, as were those of all noble Southern women, to the aid of the Confederate cause in various forms and to the preservation, as far as possible, of comforts for the family. As the war progressed, the hospitals became congested with wounded and sick soldiers, and some relief was afforded by sending those sufficiently convalesced to country homes where they could be cared for. Many of these were sent to this Morgan County home, where they were given every attention by Mrs. Massey and her step-daughters, and restored to the service with renewed strength and inspiration.

Among these convalescents was Sidney Lanier, a relative of Mr. Massey, who was later captured and imprisoned near Chicago. On his release he again visited the Massey home and related many interesting stories of prison life and the concerts given to the officers of the prison with his flute, which kept him in money for luxuries.

Some years after the war the Masseys removed to Atlanta and built a home in the eastern part of Fulton County upon what had been an important part of the battle field of the 22nd of July. There were still to be seen rifle pits, breastworks, and open graves; bullets, sabers, bayonets, etc., were often plowed up, and the orchard trees were still badly scarred and pierced.

On one occasion, a Mrs. Plummer, from Tennessee, came

(Concluded on page 398.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

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

NEWS NOTES AND NEW CAMPS.

SPECIAL TRIP FOR TAMPA REUNION.

The next reunion of Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held at Tampa, Fla., April 5, 6, 7, and 8, 1927.

Arrangements are being made for a ten-day excursion to Havana, Cuba, at greatly reduced rates. A luxurious steamer leaves Tampa on the last day of the convention, April 8, arriving at Havana, Cuba, the next afternoon.

Only Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and members of their families will be eligible to make this wonderful trip.

Sons of Confederate Veterans must show their 1927 membership card issued by General Headquarters before they can secure tickets. You are requested to see that your Camp sends in its dues to General Headquarters, Richmond, Va., immediately.

Be sure to make this trip. It is an opportunity of a lifetime.

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

In a recent edition of the *Bluefield Daily Telegraph* there appears a cartoon entitled the "Romance of America."

The incident is described by Redner, the cartoonist as follows:

"It was just before sunrise, on September 6, 1862, that the advance guard of Lee's army, under Stonewall Jackson, came down the Bentztown road. For quite a distance before the vast lines of gray reached the bridge, the army was visible from an attic window on the west side of Barbara's home. Barbara was wide awake.

"As General Jackson clattered across the bridge, and passed Barbara's home, she thrust her flag from the window. A few shots spattered against the side of Barbara's house, bullets sent by soldiers in the overzealousness of the advance.

"It was then that Jackson issued the gallant order which Whittier immortalized as, "Who touches a hair on yon gray head, dies like a dog, march on," he said.' Two days later Lee's army moved west, and the Unionist advance under General Reno entered the streets of Frederick. Reno hailed her as 'the spirit of '76.' Barbara died December 18, 1862, aged ninety-six years."

"William Zink, Keystone, W. Va., says: 'No Barbara waved a flag in Maryland that day; this particular Barbara

was ninety-six years of age and very ill at the time. No bullets spattered against Barbara's house; the line of march of the Confederates was several blocks from her residence. No order was issued by General Jackson concerning yon gray head. Such an order was not necessary; the Army of Northern Virginia did not make war on women.'"

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Charlie M. Brown, Asheville, N. C., is Past Commander of Thomas D. Johnston Camp, No. 849; Past Brigade Commander; Commander North Carolina Division, S. C. V., 1922-26. He was elected Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, May 20, 1926.

Dr. Sumter L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla., is Past Commander of J. J. Dickinson Camp, No. 556; Past Brigade Commander; Commander Florida Division, 1920-26. He was elected Commander Army of Tennessee Department, May 20, 1926.

Edmond R. Wiles, Little Rock, Ark., is Past Commander of Robert C. Newton Camp, No. 197, and Past Commander Arkansas Division, 1925-26. He was elected Commander of Army of Trans-Mississippi Department, May 20, 1926.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

J. E. Keller, Commander Kentucky Division, S. C. V., with headquarters at 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington, Ky., has appointed as members of his staff the following officers:

Commander First Brigade, Dr. S. H. Halley; Adjutant, Asa C. Chinn; Inspector, C. H. Wilkerson; Judge Advocate, Charles F. Exum; Quartermaster, John Milward; Commissary, P. P. Johnston; Surgeon, George H. Wilson, M.D.; Historian, Viley McFerran; Color Bearer, Owen B. Keller; Chaplain, Rev. William T. Punch.

Commander Keller has started a campaign to revive the twenty-four camps of Kentucky, among which are the old John Boyd Camp, of Lexington, which is now the Phillip Preston Johnston Camp, with a live membership of one hundred and twenty-five; the Ben F. Bradley Camp, of Georgetown, with twenty-three members; the Paris Camp, with fifteen members; and a camp now being organized at Winchester—altogether one hundred and seventy-eight active members.

JOHN B. GORDON CAMP.

The John B. Gordon Camp was recently organized at

Fort Valley, Ga., with a membership of twenty-five. The following officers were elected:

Commander, N. E. English; First Lieutenant Commander, H. M. Copeland; Second Lieutenant Commander, Louis T. Rigdon; Adjutant, George B. Culpepper; Treasurer, Luther M. Byrd; Quartermaster, J. M. Allen; Judge Advocate, M. C. Moseley; Surgeon, Dr. W. L. Nance; Historian, D. W. Wells; Color Sergeant, C. W. Wheeler; Chaplain, C. L. Shephard.

JEFFERSON DAVIS CAMP, No. 934.

The officers elected for the Jefferson Davis Camp of Ludowici, Ga.: Commander, B. R. Love; First Lieutenant Commander, R. D. Rinus; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. M. Miller; Adjutant, W. R. Horne; Treasurer, G. J. O'Neal; Quartermaster, J. F. Chapman; Judge Advocate, E. B. Rinus; Surgeon, Dr. L. M. Branch; Historian, G. M. Harrington; Color Sergeant, C. M. Clark; Chaplain, G. C. Long.

STONEWALL JACKSON CAMP, No. 83.

The Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Jacksonville, Fla., has a membership of eighty-five. Its officers are: Commander, Stanton Walker; First Lieutenant Commander, Daniel B. McNeill; Second Lieutenant Commander, D. W. Parfitt; Adjutant, A. N. Kelley; Treasurer, G. M. Campbell; Quartermaster, W. E. Dickinson; Judge Advocate, J. W. Blatock; Surgeon, Dr. John S. Boyd; Historian, H. Clay Bullard; Color Sergeant, E. F. Riddick; Chaplain, John T. Alsop, Jr.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS CAMP, No. 103.

The officers of the Alexander H. Stephens Camp, of Jesup, Ga., are: Commander, R. Ben Hopps; First Lieutenant Commander, Dr. W. R. Reed; Second Lieutenant Commander, John W. Harris; Adjutant, H. W. Pearson; Treasurer, B. D. Purcell; Quartermaster, L. W. Rogers; Judge Advocate, Raymond Pierce; Surgeon, A. E. Knight; Historian, C. C. Garris; Color Sergeant, O. A. Lee; Chaplain, W. B. Feagans.

ROBERT TOOMBS CAMP, No. 932.

The officers of the Robert Toombs Camp, of Vidalia, Ga., are: Commander, F. H. Baker; First Lieutenant Commander, D. C. Patillo; Second Lieutenant Commander, L. H. Darby; Adjutant, B. P. Jackson; Treasurer, T. W. Timmerman; Quartermaster, W. H. Rogers; Judge Advocate, H. T. Sharp; Surgeon, Dr. J. E. Mercer; Historian, W. C. Somers; Color Sergeant, B. W. Godbee; Chaplain, H. A. Threlkeld.

E. KIRBY SMITH CAMP.

The officers of E. Kirby Smith Camp, of St. Augustine, Fla., are: Commander, J. D. Pullen; First Lieutenant Commander, David R. Dunham; Second Lieutenant Commander, O. P. Goode; Adjutant, Dr. Carle T. Elkins; Treasurer, S. C. Middleton; Quartermaster, Charles F. Hopkins; Judge Advocate, George W. Barrett; Surgeon, Dr. H. E. White; Historian, E. N. Calhoun.

JOHN B. GORDON CAMP, No. 517.

The officers of John B. Gordon Camp, of Brunswick, Ga., are: Commander, Dr. J. W. Simmons; First Lieutenant Commander, E. S. Wilson; Second Lieutenant Commander, H. F. DuBenion; Adjutant, E. S. Dill; Treasurer, W. L. Harwell; Quartermaster, Guy T. Hackett; Judge Advocate, Henry O. Farr; Surgeon, Dr. H. F. Brenham; Historian, John C. Stiles; Color Sergeant, R. F. Pyle; Chaplain, Rev. Edwin W. Dart.

JEFFERSON DAVIS CAMP, No. 571.

The officers of Jefferson Davis Camp, of Dublin, Ga., are: Commander, R. L. Summer; First Lieutenant Commander, Freeman Walker; Second Lieutenant Commander, Wayne Searcy; Adjutant, Charles E. Baggett; Treasurer, S. F. Miller; Quartermaster, Orion S. Proctor; Judge Advocate, R. Earl Camp; Historian, J. A. Peacock; Color Sergeant, W. W. Smith; Chaplain, Rev. J. M. Gleen.

N. H. WINTERSPOON CAMP, No. 179.

The officers of N. H. Witherspoon Camp, of Winchester, Ky., are: Commander, Rodney Haggard; First Lieutenant Commander, J. M. Stevenson, Jr.; Second Lieutenant Commander, Edward O. Guerrant; Adjutant, Frank W. Stevenson; Treasurer, Rodney Haggard; Quartermaster, W. R. Sphar, Jr.; Judge Advocate, Harvey Gillon; Surgeon, Dr. I. H. Browne; Historian, J. P. Hopkins; Color Sergeant, Holly Sphar; Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Gillon.

JOHN M. MARTIN CAMP, No. 730.

The officers of John M. Martin Camp, of Ocala, Fla., are: Commander, W. W. Stripling; First Lieutenant Commander, L. M. Raysor, Jr.; Second Lieutenant Commander, C. C. Bennett; Adjutant, W. E. Sturgis; Treasurer, H. A. Waterman; Quartermaster, A. C. Cobb; Judge Advocate, D. Niel Ferguson; Surgeon, Dr. E. G. Peer; Historian, Dr. H. W. Henry; Color Sergeant, O. T. Green, Jr.; Chaplain, W. D. Carn.

J. A. COX CAMP, No. 731.

The officers of J. A. Cox Camp, at Lakeland, Fla., are: Commander, W. D. Wilson; First Lieutenant Commander, C. A. Hardwick; Second Lieutenant Commander, O. J. Pope; Adjutant, John R. Wright; Treasurer, J. W. Kitchen; Quartermaster, R. B. McKinney; Judge Advocate, John S. Edwards; Surgeon, Dr. H. M. Richards; Historian, T. S. Trantham; Color Sergeant, J. C. Eustace; Chaplain, R. E. Lufsey.

PLANT CITY CAMP, No. 847.

The officers of the Plant City (Fla.) Camp are: Commander, George H. Wilder; First Lieutenant Commander, J. W. Henderson; Second Lieutenant Commander, J. B. Wells; Adjutant, J. B. Edwards; Treasurer, C. T. Jordan; Quartermaster, A. B. Melton; Judge Advocate, H. F. Huff; Surgeon, Dr. J. A. Coleman; Historian, F. J. Knight; Color Sergeant, Garland Branch; Chaplain, W. F. Merrin.

ROBERT E. LEE CAMP, No. 720.

The Robert E. Lee Camp, of St. Petersburg, Fla., has a membership of forty-three. Its officers are: Commander, Charles M. Blanc; First Lieutenant Commander, John A. Kelley; Second Lieutenant Commander, Roy H. Lindsey; Adjutant, Capt. Harold T. Shelton; Treasurer, William Crawford; Quartermaster, D. B. Cunningham; Judge Advocate, J. C. Blocker, Jr.; Historian, Judge W. F. Way; Color Sergeant, Charles B. Neel; Chaplain, J. M. MacDonald.

STILL BUSY IN HIS NINETIETH YEAR.—In renewing his subscription, M. L. Vesey writes from Memphis, Tenn.: "I was eighty-nine years old on June 8 last. I am reference clerk of Chancery Court, a position I have held for over thirty-six years. I always enjoy reading the VETERAN, and noticed in the September number the death of N. E. Barksdale, of Company K, 14th Mississippi Infantry. I served in Company I, of the same regiment, and at one time knew every member of Company K, which was from Columbus, and Company I was from Aberdeen, Miss.

HEROIC WOMAN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

(Continued from page 395.)

to the residence for information as to the grave of her brother, Lieut. A. N. M. Hopkins, who had fallen in that engagement. By means of a diagram, furnished her by one of his comrades, the grave was located, but it was empty. Overcome by grief and disappointment, she was ministered to by Mrs. Massey and soothed by the information that the Ladies' Memorial Association had removed the soldier bodies to Oakland Cemetery. Later the grave was located through records in the cemetery office by Mr. Massey, who placed a mark upon it and set up the headboard which Mrs. Plummer had sent upon her return. This headboard of wood was later replaced by the marble markers provided by the Association.

When the young son of the Masseys was old enough to understand such things, this incident was related to him and it became his duty and pleasure to decorate this grave on each recurring 26th of April, even after he reached manhood.

The home of "Uncle Massey" and "Aunt Mary," as they were affectionately known by a large circle of friends and relatives, was a popular place with young people. Their last days were brightened by their numerous friends and Church affiliations. Good health remained with them almost to the end. Mr. Massey passed away in November, 1891, and Mrs. Massey in January, 1899. Their lives had been useful, and their faith knew no shadows nor doubts. Their mortal remains rest in Oakland Cemetery.

NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Under the above title an interesting booklet has been compiled by Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville, N. C., in tribute to those patriotic women of the Old North State who gave themselves as well as their husbands and sons to the Confederacy, and this chronicle of what they accomplished is a revelation of what woman can do under necessity. In the home, in the hospitals, in the fields of the plantations, everywhere working to sustain the soldiers of the Confederacy, their example of sacrifice and fortitude has never been surpassed in any age or time.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that which records the mothers of many Confederate sons. Two of these mothers—Mrs. Lemuel Simpson, of Alamance County, and Mrs. Reuben Jones, of Scotland County—gave each *eleven sons* to the ranks of the Confederate army. Other mothers gave nine, seven, five, and so on. Mrs. Thomas Carlton, of Burke County, gave her five sons, the youngest just sixteen, and when the last had been killed, she said to her son-in-law, who had been discharged as unfit for duty: "Get your knapsack, William. The ranks must be filled." Was ever a Spartan mother more noble?

This little book should be distributed widely. It will be a valuable addition to every Chapter library. Get a copy from Mrs. Anderson; price, \$1.50.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veteran, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

RESPONSE TO LETTERS.

The following comes from Mrs. S. H. Newman, of Dadeville, Ala., in acknowledgment of appreciated letters:

"My paper on 'William L. Yancey, the Orator,' published in the May VETERAN, brought me many letters from all over the country. Some of these were from Confederate veterans, dear old men, who recall hearing this matchless orator speak. Other letters were from people who desired me to tell them where they can obtain the book on 'The Life and Times of William L. Yancey.' Personally, I know of but one copy, the one used in getting data for my paper, and that is in the Department of Archives and History in Montgomery, Ala. From this inquirers will understand why their letters were not answered.

"The following facts are noteworthy: The only survivors of Company I, 47th Alabama Regiment, are two brothers, D. H. B. Abernathy, aged eighty-eight years, S. J. S. Abernathy, eighty-six years, and their nephew, William F. Abernathy, eighty-eight years of age. Another brother, whose name was J. W. T. Abernathy, and a member of the same company and regiment, died a few years since, at the age of eighty-five years. S. H. Abernathy, brother of William F., is living at the age of eighty-one years, but he was of another company and regiment.

"These men are uncles and cousins of the writer. My father, H. W. Hammond, is eighty-three years of age, and served during the entire four years of the War between the States. He is still vitally interested in the fundamental things of life, his work, politics, and religion. He loves his friends, and young people find pleasure in his society.

"With such a heritage is it any wonder that the writer is deeply interested in Southern ideals and principles?"

ONE OF KENTUCKY'S "ORPHANS"—The following comes from A. H. Duncan, of St. Louis, Mo. (4209 Linden Boulevard), in sending two years' renewal of his subscription: "I was born in Calloway County, Ky., May 5, 1843, so am now in my eighty-fourth year. I enlisted in Company H, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, July 21, 1861. We had to go to Tennessee because Kentucky was trying to observe a position of armed neutrality. In July, 1861, three Kentucky regiments were organized in Montgomery County, Tenn., nine miles from Clarksville, Tenn., and about four miles from Guthrie, Ky. It was then called State Line Station. We volunteered for three years. We were mounted in March, 1864, at Gainesville, Ala., and put in Gen. N. B. Forrest's command, where we remained until the war closed, being paroled at Columbus, Miss., in May, 1865. I got home on May 30, having been gone forty-six months and ten days. I had received only two slight wounds at the battle of Shiloh. I do not know of any other member of my company now living. We scattered after the close of hostilities, and possibly some of my comrades are still living in other States. I was second lieutenant of the company. My home has been in St. Louis for thirty-six years, and I belong to St. Louis Camp No. 731 U. C. V."

Miss Mattie M. Brunson, President of Maxcy Gregg Chapter, U. D. C., Florence, S. C., writes: "I am a constant reader of the VETERAN, having never changed the name for my father's subscription, but keep it in his name as a memorial, he having crossed over to further activities in the life beyond nearly three years ago."

WILLIAM and MARY QUARTERLY HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Published by the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia

EDITORS

J. A. C. CHANDLER
President William and Mary College

E. G. SWEM
Librarian William and Mary College

The purpose of the *QUARTERLY* is to print new information relating to the history of Virginia

Subscription, \$4. ISSUED QUARTERLY Single Copy, \$1.

F. E. Wolfe, 602 Michigan Avenue, Urbana, Ill., wishes to learn the company, regiment, brigade, etc., of Tennessee cavalry with which Clinton G. Lyons served as a captain through the war, succeeding Frank L. Phipps. His father, John Melville Wolfe, joined this command on August 4, 1861, and he wishes to get his father's record as a Confederate soldier.

BOOKS WANTED.—Inquiries continue to come for the following books, and anyone having copies for sale will please communicate with the *VETERAN*. These books are: "Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston," by Col. William Preston Johnston; "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. Craven; "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest," by Dr. Wyeth; "Semmes' Service Afloat."

Two members of the African Baptist Church called on old Uncle Mose for a contribution to the Church. "Ah'd sho' like to he'p you ladies out," Mose began, "but Ah's got so many yutha debts." "But you owe something to the Lord, too," one of the solicitors remonstrated. "Yassum, das right, Sistah Jackson, but he ain't begun to push me yit lak some o' these yeah white folks what Ah owes."—*Capper's Weekly*.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge. "Ye-es," stammered the prisoner. "To whom?" "A woman." "Of course it was a woman," snapped the judge; "did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?". "Yes, sir," said the prisoner, brightly, "my sister did."

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WHOLE WORLD HELPS.

When next your mind turns to travel, take a look at the electric light bulb that hangs above your desk and go around the world with it. Here are some things that go to its making:

- Potash from Germany.
- Feldspar from Sweden.
- Manganese from the Caucasus.
- Cork and pyrites from Spain.
- Shellac from India.
- Tin from the Malay States.
- Tungsten from Japan.
- Sodium carbonate from British East Africa.
- Bismuth from Australia.
- Cryolite from Greenland.
- Cobalt and nickel from Ontario.
- Molybdenum from Quebec.
- Niter from Chile.

And back home again, the lamp draws lead from Missouri, calcium, lime, soda, and arsenic from various parts of the United States, marble dust from Vermont, alcohol from Indiana, resin from Georgia, cotton from Texas, wool from Montana, mica from North Carolina, copper from Utah, Montana, Wisconsin, and New Mexico.

There are things we have missed, but we have given enough to show that your electric light is not only national, but international.—*National Tribune*.

SCHOOLGIRL "HOWLERS."—The magazine of a girls' school prints some amusing "howlers" by junior students.

Asked to describe the procedure at debates, one girl wrote:

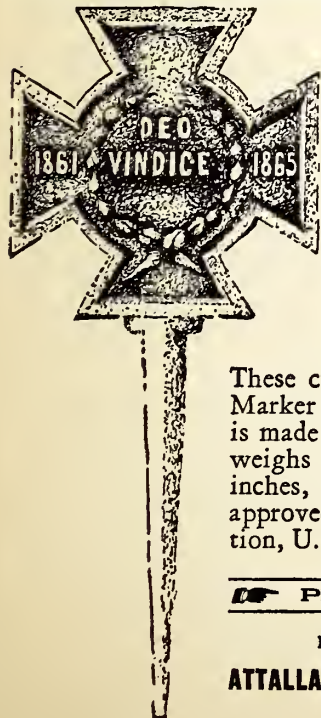
"At debates, there are two to propose and two to repose. Then the chairman takes the eyes and the nose."

Other efforts were:

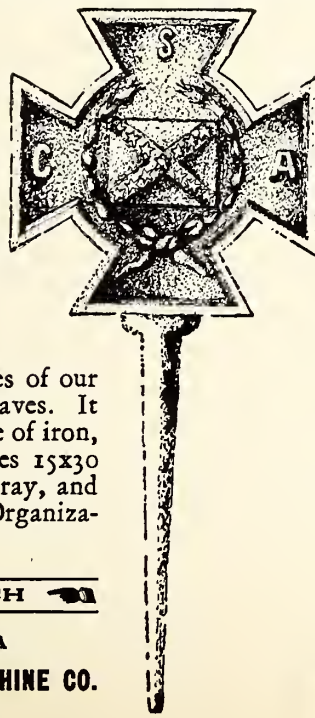
"Chaucer was M.P. for Kent."

"The River Severn whines round the Welsh mountains."

"In West Africa they have many crocodiles and hypotenuses roaming about."—*London Post*.



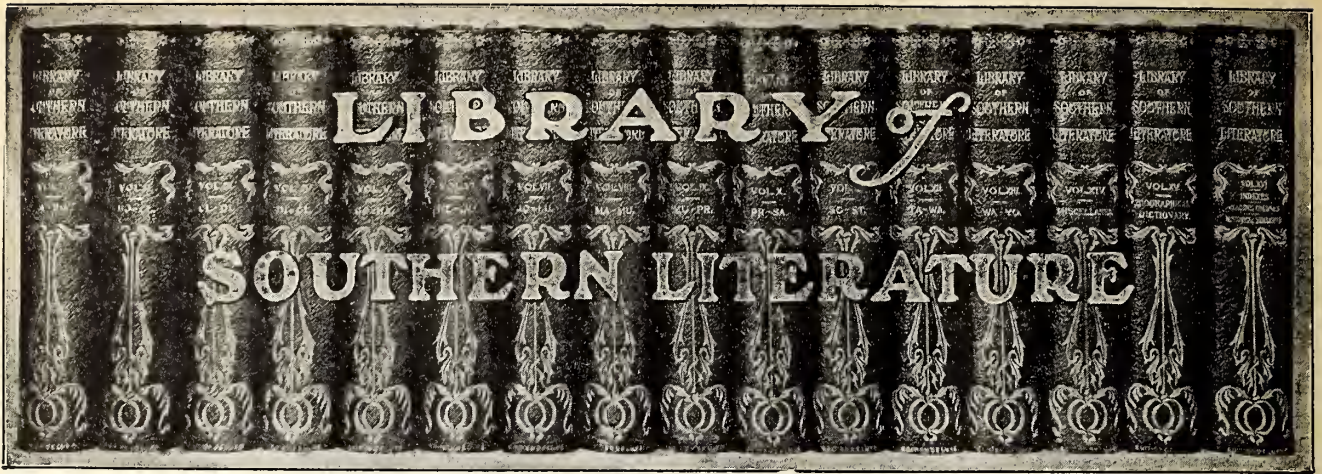
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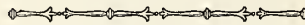


DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

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