

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVII.

DECEMBER, 1929

NO. 12



**GENERAL PERSHING AND HIS HORSE "JEFF"**  
Jeff, a beautiful bay, an "F. F. V." from the Vale of the Shenandoah,  
was presented to General Pershing by the American Legion  
*(By courtesy of the Signal Service). See page 456.*



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Mrs. Medora B. Maynard, 129 Sixteenth Street, Hermosa Beach, Calif., asks for the words of an old Southern song entitled "The Red, White, and Red," which was sung when she was a child during the War between the States. The VETERAN will be glad to have a copy of this for publication.

O. G. Guttery, Box 14, Alton, Kans., is helping to make a list of all soldiers buried in Osborne County, Kans., and out of the 420 records have been secured for all but three. One of these

was Robert (or Robertson) Barnett, and his rank, company, and regiment are wanted. He enlisted in Tennessee near Knoxville.

Mrs. Bettie Wilson, 1608 College Avenue, Bluefield, W. Va., seeks information on the war record of her husband, Willis Howard Wilson, of Hicksford (now Emporia), Va. He was a telegraph operator connected with the Confederate service, and anyone who can recall his service will please write to Mrs. Wilson.

# MARSE ROBERT

## KNIGHT of the CONFEDERACY

By JAMES C. YOUNG

**Who was this idol of 5,000,000 people?**

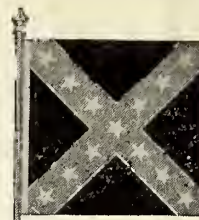
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Order from W. B. Hackley, University of Richmond, Va.

Mrs. C. L. Koonce, Coleman, Fla., would like to hear from anyone who knew her husband, Calvin Luther Koonce, who enlisted from Jones County, N. C., in the 68th North Carolina Infantry, and served throughout the war. She is trying to get a pension, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who can testify to his service, and especially as to his discharge from the army.

# Confederate Veteran

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

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

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SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. . . . . *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## KEEP THE VETERAN INFORMED.

A special request is made that the VETERAN will be informed well in advance of the date set for any notable meeting or event, such as reunions, dedication of memorials, etc.

## TO "THE PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS."

Armistice Day in Richmand, Va., was marked by a notable event—the unveiling of the monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury, a man who did more for the safety of navigation and the advancement of maritime commerce than any man who ever lived. In him was the God-given ability to trace out the lanes of the sea and to mark those routes for the safety of those "who went down to the sea in ships."

Honored abroad more than at home for his wonderful accomplishments, this monument is the culmination of the effort started by Mrs. E. E. Moffett, of Richmond, that his own beloved South, for which he had sacrificed all, should fittingly honor his memory. She began in 1915 this movement for a monument in his native State, and she has worked indefatigably to the successful completion of the undertaking.

The monument was unveiled on November 11 with interesting ceremonies, and, though ill in a hospital, Mrs. Moffett shared in spirit with those who carried out the program, and her heart was cheered by messages from friends even as her room was made beautiful with flowers on that day.

A full account of the monument movement to its completion will be given later.

This last memorial is the greatest tribute yet paid to the memory of a great and good man, benefactor of mankind. That "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" has been exemplified in the neglect of the government he served through the greatest accomplishments of his wonderful career—but *his day is coming!*



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

Two incidents of recent happening, touching on the negro in the South, have been reported to the VETERAN through newspaper clippings telling of honors paid to two negroes whose lives had been spent in a worth-while way in the section of their birth in slavery. One of the negroes, Jefferson Davis Wilson, said to have been born a slave in the family of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, died at the age of ninety-seven years, and sixty-five of those years had been spent in service connected with the University of Louisiana, at Baton Rouge. He was called the "oldest alumnus" of the university. As bootblack, valet, waiter, he had endeared himself to the cadets of the university by his devotion to his duties, and on his death in October, the flag of the university was flown at half mast in his honor. A full military detail of cadets followed him to his last resting place, while the military salute was fired over the grave, covered with flowers sent in large part by his friends of the white race.

Another negro honored by his white friends was Dr. Albert F. Owens, known to and respected by the people of Mobile, Ala., for his noble work among the people of his own race. He had been dean of Selma University for Negroes for many years, but every year he returned to Mobile to manage the holiday dinners for his people, funds for which he had received and administered for over fifty years. The people of Mobile knew and appreciated the work he had done for his race, and many prominent citizens attended and took part in the funeral services on his death last December. At the head of his grave in Magnolia Cemetery, at Mobile, they have placed a memorial stone with this inscription:

"ALBERT F. OWENS, D.D., 1855-1928.

MINISTER OF RELIGION, EDUCATOR, PHILANTHROPIST, MESSENGER OF INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL.

ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF MOBILE."

People of the North and of other sections of this country who so little understood the feeling which the people of the South have for the negro they knew in slavery and since—who are so rabid in their desire that the negro have "proper recognition" at the South—should find in these two in-

cidents (and there are many more of the kind) something to change their ideas of the Southerner's treatment of the negro both in slavery and in freedom. The bond between master and slave was made strong by the law of kindness, and no greater evidence of that is needed than the fact that many slaves remained with their former owners despite the allurements held out to them in the name of freedom. Innumerable incidents are on record where they lived out their lives on the old plantations, with the feeling to the end that they were with their best friends, and their last days were provided for in the same spirit that parents provide for their children.

When we think of the immense effort that has been made in the past sixty years and more to Christianize the African Continent, and what little headway has been made in penetrating that black mass of heathenism—superstition, idolatry, cannibalism—one is moved to say that the negro in America should bend the knee in thankfulness that his ancestors were brought through slavery into the Christianizing influence of Southern households. Brought here as savages, within a generation they were converted into human beings, and mainly by association with a people known for its culture and kindness. They were trained to work, and though that training did not take strong hold in many instances, some became skilled workmen in different trades, and when freedom came were better able to meet the new responsibilities. Granted that there were evils in slavery—as in every other institution affecting mankind—the good accomplished for the negro race by slavery in the South far outweighed the evil, and in the mixed population of these United States, the philanthropic work for the advancement of the negro still exceeds what has been done for any other race. He has the opportunity to make good anywhere, and as he makes of his life for good or evil, so will his citizenship in this Southern country be respected or resented. Enough has been done for the negro to make of him a thinking, responsible being, and it is high time that he should realize that something is due from him in gratitude for all these benefits—that he has received his due in philanthropy and in turn should pass on its benefits to that part of his race still in darkness; that he should not be clamoring for more benefits, and in ways for which he is not fitted, but rather should show his worthiness of those he has already received.

The negro in the South is with his friends as in no other part of the country, as events have

shown, and the future acceptance of him as a citizen rests entirely upon his own actions for good or evil.

### SAM DAVIS—WORLD HERO.

Many poems have been written on Sam Davis, the boy hero of Tennessee, whose bronze statue stands upon the Capitol grounds in Nashville, the latest of which comes from the pen of C. R. Bushong, of Troy, Ohio, who became acquainted with his heroism on a visit to Nashville. He also gives his impressions in prose, as follows:

"While on a vacation trip recently the children and I spent a day in Nashville, Tenn., and while strolling about the beautiful State Capitol grounds, we came upon the bronze monument erected to the memory of Sam Davis. I stood in reverent admiration before that monument and read the inscription and brief story of the brave Southern lad whose heroic life was brought to a tragic and untimely end through the events of the Civil War. Having lived in the North all my life, my ignorance of this incident may be partly my fault, and it may not be. At any rate, I will have to confess that I never before heard of Sam Davis. The episode of his life was not given in my school history. But he is plainly an object of hero worship in his native Tennessee, and justly so. I do not know when I have been so deeply impressed. I have not in a long time found anything which has so thrilled me and fired my imagination as the simple story of this country lad who stood with unflinching courage and firm loyalty to his friend and his cause beneath the very shadow of the gallows. After returning home, I wrote my impressions in verse."

While the poem is rather long for the VETERAN, the fine sentiment is especially shown in the concluding stanzas, here given:

"No man hath ever a greater love revealed  
Than this, wherein a man hath his life laid  
down  
To serve for his cause or his fellow man a  
shield—  
Such act supremely merits the hero's crown.

And since, in devotion, this hero of Tennessee  
On Honor's altar once made and fulfilled his  
vow,  
A united North and South, upon bended knee,  
Shall with eternal glory his name endow."

12\*

### THE MURDER OF MRS. SURRATT.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

I am glad to have lived long enough to know of Winston's "Andrew Johnson," Stryker's "Andrew Johnson," and Bowers's "Tragic Era."

We are told to love our enemies, but that injunction does not apply to enemies of our country. As Christians, we can wish them painted to posterity as they really are. During the period of the War between the States and the subsequent sorrow and desolation, the scuffle for bread and meat, we down South knew but little of what was going on at the North. We never heard of the Dunham conspiracy to implicate President Davis in the murder of President Lincoln, or of the conspiracy to fasten Lincoln's murder on Andrew Johnson, or of the true inwardness of the murder of Mrs. Surratt by the military commission, and the murder of Wirz, to divert opprobrium from Stanton and his vile crew because of the deaths of Federal prisoners at Andersonville.

Now, posterity will be advised. I find in Winston's "Andrew Johnson" some account of the war made by Sumner, Ashby, Stevens, etc., on President Johnson. The following incident, page 413, will be of interest to you readers:

"Perhaps the queerest instance of the intolerance of the radical with the conservative was seen when Ben Butler ran afoul of Bingham. The House was debating a bill for the relief of destitute persons in the South, whether loyal or disloyal. Bingham, supporting the bill, wandered over to the Democratic side of the chamber. Butler, who opposed the bill, remarked that the gentleman from Ohio had 'got over on the other side not only in body, but in spirit.' Judge Bingham, who, it will be remembered, was the Judge-Advocate who prosecuted Mrs. Surratt and the other alleged assassins of President Lincoln, had grown tired of such flings. He, therefore, retorted that 'it does not become a gentleman who recorded his vote fifty times for Jeff Davis, the arch traitor in this rebellion, as his candidate for President of the United States, to undertake to damage this cause by an imputation on either my integrity or honor.' 'I repel with scorn and contempt any utterance of that sort from any man,' said Bingham, 'whether he be the hero of Fort Fisher not taken or of Fort Fisher taken.'

"This fling at General Butler, who, as was well known, had voted fifty times at the Charleston convention in April, 1860, for Davis for President, and had not taken Fort Fisher, aroused the



incorrigible man's wrath. In reply, he admitted he had voted fifty-seven times for Jeff Davis for President, 'hoping thereby to prevent disunion,' but he asserted that the difference between himself and the honorable gentleman from Ohio was this: 'While Jeff Davis was in the Union, a Senator of the United States and claiming to be a friend of the Union, I supported him.' . . . 'I left him as soon as he left the Union,' Butler replied; 'but the gentleman from Ohio now supports him when he is a traitor.' . . . 'I did all I could and the best I could,' he went on, 'and I feel exceedingly chagrined because I could do no more; but if during the war the gentleman from Ohio did as much as I did in that direction, I should be glad to recognize that much done. But the only victim of that gentleman's prowess that I know of was an innocent woman hung upon the scaffold, one Mrs. Surratt. And I can sustain the memory of Fort Fisher if he and his present associates can sustain him in shedding the blood of a woman tried by a military commission and convicted without sufficient evidence, in my judgment.'

"Butler's onslaught stunned Bingham, and he corrected his remarks for the record. Butler then renewed the attack, intimating that Bingham and his associates had withheld Booth's diary from the court and had mutilated it by tearing out leaves to shield Johnson, the instigator of Lincoln's murder. 'Who spoliated the book?' Butler bellowed. 'Who suppressed the evidence? Who caused an innocent woman to be hanged when he had in his pocket the diary showing the purpose of the main conspirator in the case?' Along this line Butler cavorted, as only Ben Butler could. When he had finished his remarkable tirade, Bingham arose to make reply. 'Such a charge as the gentleman makes,' said Bingham, 'is only fit to come from a man who lives in a bottle and is fed with a spoon'—evidently referring to General Grant's contemptuous remark about General Butler's soldiering and to Ben Butler's well-known reputation in New Orleans."

I wish every decent person from Maine to Texas could read these three books.

### "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

"The source of the abolition outburst against the Fugitive Slave Law, against Webster, against the government, was not only the statute itself, but certain dramatic attempts to execute it in New York, Boston, and Pennsylvania."

In this fashion was the public mind prepared for a most effective piece of propaganda against slavery and the South. Nine months after the Fugitive Slave Law went into effect, and while the country was ringing with denunciations of the first cases of its enforcement, the *National Era*, organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, began the serial publication of a story entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly." The author was Harriet Beecher Stowe, sister of Henry Ward Beecher and Edward Beecher, and wife of a Presbyterian minister and professor in the Theological Seminary in Andover, Calvin E. Stowe.

The narrative was written with dramatic genius. It was a succession of incidents, each picturesque, some startling. In this fashion the whole abolition argument and appeal was presented. The entire story, or any section of it, could be dramatized and acted with little effort. Characters were so drawn as to give the impression that they were typical. The distinct and emphatic idea thus conveyed to the reader was that, as a class, the slaves were frightfully abused and yearning for freedom; that Southern men, with tepid exceptions, were tyrannical and vile; that, in general, Southern women were incompetent, sluggish, and cruel. While figures were made to appear and things to happen that showed the easier side of slavery, they were subordinated to the drama and were used to make prominent the horrible and the base. Early in 1852, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published in book form. One hundred thousand copies were sold in two months, and within a year the American public had absorbed three times that number. Not a city, town, or village in the North was without it, and it was read even in the South. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the literary sensation of the period. It did more to create sentiment against slavery, and even more against the South, than all that had been or was to be spoken or written on the subject. In this sense Mrs. Stowe may be said to have been a principal agent in bringing about the Civil War. "Is this the little woman who made this big war?" asked Lincoln, when she went to see the President during that conflict. (Albert J. Beveridge, in "Abraham Lincoln," Volume II, pages 137, 138.)

This war propaganda, written in ignorance of the South by one who had never put foot on that soil, but gathered atrocities from revolutionary writings of abolitionists, was used for the subjugation of the South by the conspirators against

the government and Constitution of the United States.

Read now the final and truest summary of what this conspiracy meant, set forth in Beveridge's "Life of Lincoln." If Senator Beveridge had lived to finish his work, myths would have been laid low. He did it well as far as he went, and no student of American history can ever ignore the plain facts. And what of that piece of propoganda, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the falsest ever used to bring about a war and to feed fanaticism and hatred of all people against the South? Dead "Slavery," the object of this hatred, dead the cause of Southern independence, and yet the lying propoganda lives, diligently reprinted and kept in circulation in America and foreign countries. Every library in the North circulates it; it is put into the hands of young generations of negroes, of the young foreigners who are being Americanized; it is cherished among standard works and used for every reading course possible. There is no purpose this book can ever justly fulfill; it represents no historic truth, no social condition that ever existed. It is pure melodrama, fit only for the stage, and, strangely, on the stage it lives as well as in libraries. . . . This war propoganda carried on so unscrupulously after more than half a century of peace is a crime against humanity. No political expediency can in the least justify the keeping alive of forces conceived in ignorance and malice against fellow countrymen, and now acknowledged by the intelligent and informed as beyond the pale of ethical standards. To have this creation of a fanatical and unscrupulous writer fastened forever on American literature and drama is a disgrace to America and a perpetual insult to that part that gave birth to Washington and Lee, and to all that class of men who added to the greatness and achievement of the English-speaking people from the day of Sir Walter Raleigh to this present hour of Richard Evelyn Byrd.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Rev. Philip Mercer, Box 210, Alton, Ill., author of "The Gallant Pelham," is now at work on a life of Gen. N. B. Forrest, and he would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give him personal glimpses of the great commander. What he especially wants is the recollections of those who knew Forrest personally, and who, through their association with him, both in war and peace, can give him incidents and impressions of his character and personality.

#### KATIE'S SECRET.

The sunlight is beautiful, mother,  
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day;  
And the birds in the branches of hawthorne  
Are carolling ever so gay.  
And down by the brook in the meadow,  
The rills ripple by with a song;  
And, mother, I, too, have been singing  
The merriest all the day long.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,  
And Willie came down by the gate.  
He whispered, "Come out in the moonlight,  
I have something to say to you, Kate."  
And out in the moonlight we wandered,  
Way down by the hawthorne tree.  
O, mother, I wonder if any  
Were ever as happy as we.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,  
Last night I was weeping alone.  
The world was so dark and dreary;  
My heart it grew heavy as stone.  
I thought of the lonely and loveless,  
All lonely and loveless was I.  
I scarcely could tell why it was, mother,  
But, O, I was wishing to die.

So now I will gather my roses  
And twine in my long braided hair,  
And Willie will come in the evening  
And smile when he sees me so fair.  
O, mother, to him I am dearer  
Than all in the wide world beside.  
He told me so out in the moonlight;  
He called me his darling, his bride.

[Another of the old songs asked for, kindly supplied by Mrs. Mary F. Fennell, South Hill, Va., now eighty-two years of age. She also sent a copy of "Kittie Wells."]

#### DID McCAUSLAND USE ARTILLERY?

Gen. David Hunter, in his official report of his raid on Lynchburg in June, 1864, charges General McCausland with cowardice in using artillery against his (Hunter's) advancing forces, thus exposing the town of Lexington to his artillery fire.

Wanted, from survivors of McCausland's Cavalry, information as to what artillery, if any, McCausland had when he made his stand at North River on June 11, and in what manner and to what extent it was used, if at all.

Response will be highly appreciated by Hunter McDonald, 924 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.



REUNIONS, UNITED CONFEDERATE  
VETERANS.

BY EDMOND R. WILES, BILOXI, MISS.

The question of when and where the thirty-nine reunions, U. C. V., have been held is a subject on which very few people are correctly informed, and especially has there been doubt in the minds of a great many as to how the organization was formed, and where and when the first five reunions were held.

Believing that the information would be appreciated, I have spent considerable time and effort in securing data from those who had authentic information, which should settle for all time the dates and places of holding the reunions. In order that there could be no question raised concerning the authenticity of the time and the meeting place of the first five reunions, I wrote Dr. Dunbar Rowland, State Historian of Mississippi, concerning the matter, whose reply clearly sets forth the desired information, as follows:

"The first reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was held at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 3, 1890; the second was held at Jackson, Miss., June 2, 1891; the third at New Orleans, April 8, 1892; the fourth at Birmingham, Ala., April 25, 1894; the fifth at Houston, Tex., May 22, 1895; the sixth at Richmond, Va., June 30, 1896."

The places and times of holding the entire thirty-nine reunions are as follows:

- First, Chattanooga, Tenn., July 3, 1890.
- Second, Jackson, Miss., June 2, 1891.
- Third, New Orleans, La., April 8, 1892.
- Fourth, Birmingham, Ala., April 25, 1894.
- Fifth, Houston, Tex., May 22, 1895.
- Sixth, Richmond, Va., June 30-July 2, 1896.
- Seventh, Nashville, Tenn., June 22-24, 1897.
- Eighth, Atlanta, Ga., July 20-23, 1898.
- Ninth, Charleston, S. C., May 10-13, 1899.
- Tenth, Louisville, Ky., May 30-June 3, 1900.
- Eleventh, Memphis, Tenn., May 29, 30, 1901.
- Twelfth, Dallas, Tex., April 22-25, 1902.
- Thirteenth, New Orleans, La., May 19-22, 1903.
- Fourteenth, Nashville, Tenn., June 14-16, 1904.
- Fifteenth, Louisville, Ky., June 14-16, 1905.
- Sixteenth, New Orleans, La., April 25-27, 1906.
- Seventeenth, Richmond, Va., May 30-June 2, 1907.
- Eighteenth, Birmingham, Ala., June 9-11, 1908.
- Nineteenth, Memphis, Tenn., June 8-10, 1909.
- Twentieth, Mobile, Ala., April 26-28, 1910.
- Twenty-first, Little Rock, Ark., May 15-18, 1911.

Twenty-second, Macon, Ga., May 6-9, 1912.

Twenty-third, Chattanooga, Tenn., May 26-29, 1913.

Twenty-fourth, Jacksonville, Fla., May 5-8, 1914.

Twenty-fifth, Richmond, Va., May 31-June 3, 1915.

Twenty-sixth, Birmingham, Ala., May 15-18, 1916.

Twenty-seventh, Washington, D. C., June 4-7, 1917.

Twenty-eighth, Tulsa, Okla., September 24-27, 1918.

Twenty-ninth, Atlanta, Ga., October 7-10, 1919.

Thirtieth, Houston, Tex., October 5-8, 1920.

Thirty-first, Chattanooga, Tenn., October 24-27, 1921.

Thirty-second, Richmond, Va., June 19-22, 1922.

Thirty-third, New Orleans, La., April 10-13, 1923.

Thirty-fourth, Memphis, Tenn., June 3-6, 1924.

Thirty-fifth, Dallas, Tex., May 19-22, 1925.

Thirty-sixth, Birmingham, Ala., May 18-21, 1926.

Thirty-seventh, Tampa, Fla., April 5-8, 1927.

Thirty-eighth, Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928.

Thirty-ninth, Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, 1929.

Fortieth, Biloxi, Miss., June 3-6, 1930.

A careful summary of the above places of meeting of Reunions gives the following information: Cities in which one or more Confederate Reunions have been held:

Chattanooga, Tenn., 3; Jackson, Miss., 1; Richmond, Va., 4; Nashville, Tenn., 2; Atlanta, Ga., 2; Charleston, S. C., 1; Louisville, Ky., 2; Memphis, Tenn., 3; Dallas, Tex., 2; New Orleans, La., 4; Birmingham, Ala., 4; Mobile, Ala., 1; Little Rock, Ark., 2; Macon, Ga., 1; Jacksonville, Fla., 1; Washington, D. C., 1; Tulsa, Okla., 1; Houston, Tex., 2; Tampa, Fla., 1; Charlotte, N. C., 1; Biloxi, Miss., (to be held in 1930), 1.

Honors go to Richmond with 4 reunions; New Orleans, 4; Birmingham, 4; Memphis, 3; and Chattanooga, 3; Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, Dallas, Little Rock, Houston, 2 each.

The following States have entertained one or more reunions: Tennessee, 8; Alabama, 5; Virginia, 4; Louisiana, 4; Texas, 4; Georgia, 3; Kentucky, 2; Arkansas, 2; Florida, 2; Mississippi, 1; South Carolina, 1; North Carolina, 1; District of Columbia, 1; Oklahoma, 1.

The United Confederate Veterans organization, as shown by minutes of the first reunion, was per-



fects in New Orleans in 1889 at a meeting of the heads of the various departments, divisions, and other Confederate organizations, all meeting and amalgamating into one organization, known as the United Confederate Veterans. The first reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was held at Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1890. The second was held on the occasion of the unveiling of the Confederate monument on the old capitol grounds at Jackson, Miss., on June 2, 1891. There was no reunion held in 1893, this being the only year skipped since the organization of the United Confederate Veterans.

All Southern States have now held one or more U. C. V. reunions; but, due to the fact that the first few reunions were not on the elaborate scale that prevailed later, and especially the last three reunions that have been held under the auspices of the States, the State of Mississippi decided to entertain in a fitting manner the "fast fading gray lines" through its legislature appropriating \$40,000 to aid the Gulf Coast in holding at Biloxi, next June, the fortieth reunion.

Plans are being laid for one of the greatest reunions that has ever been held in the South. Something different from the others, featuring the natural beauties of the Gulf Coast, and especially taking advantage of the fact that a large representation of naval vessels, in the way of cruisers, destroyers, and other auxiliary vessels, can be brought into the harbor at Gulfport.

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#### THE SITUATION AT FORT DONELSON.

BY ROBERT M. HUGHES, NORFOLK, VA.

In the October number of the *VETERAN* is an article by M. L. Vesey, taking issue with some of the statements in Major Otey's paper published in the August number, and reflecting on Major Otey. I feel an obligation to defend him.

He says that Major Otey "claims to have been on General Floyd's staff." If this form of expression means to question the fact, I refer him to Vol. 7, page 428, "Official War Records," where General Floyd mentions him as on his staff.

Mr. Vesey claims to know more about the battle than a staff officer of the commanding general, who, he says, "spent most of his time hunting up General Floyd." Major Otey was carrying important orders and messages between Generals Floyd and Pillow, which seems to me a very proper occupation for a staff officer. It certainly was a dangerous one, as he was exposed to enemy fire much more than soldiers protected by rifle pits.

He says (I prefer to quote him exactly): "This staff officer must have thought a battle was hell fire, for he says the underbrush caught on fire and came near burning up the Federal dead and wounded. Well, it must have been an awful hot fire, for the ground was covered with snow at this time."

I construe this as intended to deny the fact. I, therefore, refer him to the article of Gen. Lew Wallace in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. 1, page 412. He says: "This time the battery set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the heat and smoke became stifling. It was not possible for brave men to endure more. Slowly, suddenly, frequently pausing to return a shot, they went back for the last time; and in going their ears and souls were riven with the shrieks of their wounded comrades, whom the flames crept down upon and smothered and charred where they lay."

But perhaps Mr. Vesey would prefer Southern testimony. I, therefore, refer him to the report of Col. A. Heiman, commanding a Confederate brigade, who says in his official report that "the dry leaves on the ground were set on fire by our batteries, and, I regret to state, several of their wounded perished in the flames ("Official War Records," Vol. 7, at page 368).

Much of Mr. Vesey's statement does not profess to have been on personal knowledge. He could not have known personally what occurred at the council which determined on surrender. Nor could he have known personally what Forrest said or did. He (Forrest) took out a cavalry force, but he states that he sent out two reliable scouts to examine the road nearest the river, who reported that the backwater which they would have to cross, and afterwards did cross, was to the saddle skirts and the mud about half leg deep. ("Official War Records," Vol. 7, page 295.) The weather meanwhile had turned very cold.

It is a disputed question whether the Northern forces had reoccupied their positions. Gen. Lew Wallace says that they had. Scouts sent out by the Southern generals said the same thing. The official reports show that General Floyd wanted to renew the attack the next morning, but General Buckner reported that his troops had reached the limit of endurance. It must be said in justice to them that they had been actively occupied much longer than Floyd's troops.

Mr. Vesey relates an exciting scene between General Floyd and "Col. Tom Sykes, commanding the 20th Mississippi." In point of fact, that regiment was commanded all through the fight by



Maj. William N. Brown. His detailed report will be found in Vol. 7, pp. 379-383, of the "Official War Records." He gives a detailed and manly account of the embarkation and the failure to take his regiment aboard, in which "Col. Tom Sykes" is not mentioned. General Floyd's report shows that the boat left when it did because the captain of the boat told him that any more passengers would swamp it. Col. Daniel R. Russell, the regular colonel of the 20th Mississippi, gives the explanation of the detail of that regiment to protect the embarkation. He says: "My regiment, in the march from Clarksville, was the left and rear of Floyd's Brigade, and I suppose was still in that position, and hence would be last to embark unless the order of march was reversed." ("Official War Records," Vol. 7, pp. 415, 416.)

I regret that my publication of his communication should have called forth any attempt to belittle Major Otey. After General Floyd's removal, General Wharton was put in command of his brigade. When he was put in command of a division, Major Otey commanded the brigade till the end of the war. The published returns of Lee's and Early's armies show this. When all was over, he returned to Lynchburg, his home, where he was universally respected by all, including his old army comrades and such veterans as Jubal A. Early and John W. Daniel. His military record was of the best.

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*LIEUT. SAMUEL BOYER DAVIS.*

BY JOHN BENNETT, CHARLESTON, S. C.

[In the Shepherdstown (W. Va.) *Register*.]

The story of John Yates Beall I have read in many places, both truly told and falsely; and I have learned to rely on the narrative of Judge Daniel Bedinger Lucas for the truth. Miss Virginia Lucas, whose tragic accidental death I deeply deplore, contributed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN much concerning John Y. Beall and his family.

In connection with the vindictive execution of Capt. John Yates Beall, it has always been a consolation to me to know that my kinspeople did what they could to save Captain Beall, and did save the life of Lieut. Samuel Boyer Davis, to whom was entrusted the perilous errand of carrying north into Canada, for communication thence to the defense of John Yates Beall, the manifesto of President Jefferson Davis that Captain Beall was a duly commissioned officer in the Confederate States Navy, and was acting under orders and

with fullest government recognition in his attempt to release the Confederate prisoners confined on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie.

This is a singular story, of which I have found no contemporary knowledge in Jefferson County, the home of John Y. Beall. Lieut. Sam Davis, son of Bertram Davis, of Philadelphia, and Lydia Presstman, of Baltimore, was in the Confederate service. In December, 1864, during the Christmas festivities at the old Spottswood Hotel, in Richmond, Lieutenant Davis met Harry Brogden, of Maryland, who told him he was under orders to go to Canada with important dispatches, and that he had very little liking for the task. On impulse, Davis volunteered to undertake the errand, known to be expressly perilous, and the good of its outcome uncertain, though the errand be successful. But, since it was a desperate attempt to save the life of a fellow officer, Davis undertook the errand, reached Canada with the dispatches, and was returning from Toronto, with coat sleeves full of silk dispatches, with a Canadian passport, when he was recognized, in Sandusky, Ohio, by a returned Federal prisoner, arrested in Newark, and tried by military court in Cincinnati on the charge of being a Confederate spy.

His trial lasted but two brief days, in January, 1865. He was peremptorily refused permission to obtain from Richmond proofs that he was a bearer of official dispatches, not a spy, the Judge-Advocate General declaring that "the so-called Confederate government was not a government recognized by any other nation, and that no document under its seal could properly be introduced as evidence before a military court of the United States. Under which circumstances, of what avail were certificates of Jefferson Davis or Judah P. Benjamin?"

Davis was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on February 17, on Governor's Island, as if in ironical gesture Captain Beall's attempt to release the prisoners there. He was permitted no communication with the outside world, and the gallows actually was in erection under his window, when a singular accident saved him.

On February 1, a gentleman whom Lieutenant Davis had known in earlier days, in the home of Gen. Isaac Trimble, of Baltimore, saw in a Cincinnati paper a brief item announcing the date of Lieutenant Davis's execution. He immediately made his way to Cincinnati, secured with difficulty an interview with the prisoner, and set in motion determined intercession to the general powers of



the War Department, and direct appeals to the President, to reverse the findings of the court and to mitigate the sentence of death. In these efforts Gen. Jo Hooker joined, convinced from both the evidence offered and the character of the prisoner that the charge of spying was in error. General Hooker was the commanding officer of the department in which the Cincinnati court trial occurred.

In spite of one or two cautious reassurances from the outside that every effort was being made in his behalf, that he should not be hanged, the authorities on Johnson's Island had no information of the sort, and on February 15, Davis was informed by his guards that the gallows for his execution had been erected. On the 16th, his guards were doubled and every arrangement made for his execution at ten o'clock next morning.

On the 17th, he arose at five o'clock and breakfasted, thinking that he looked upon sunrise for the last time. By seven o'clock crowds began to assemble to witness his execution. He saw men stretching the rope which was prepared for his halter. There was actually a band playing funeral music beyond the inclosure. Lieutenant Davis had given up hope; he considered himself a dead man; when Col. C. W. Hill, commandant of Johnson's Island prison, hastily entered his cell and, dismissing several visiting officers and all guards, informed him that, but a few moments before, the commutation of his sentence had come, to imprisonment during the war, at Fort Delaware.

In spite of the vindictive opposition of Stanton, Secretary of War, and of Judge Holt, Advocate General, the appeal for this commutation of sentence had reached President Lincoln, who at once approved said commutation from death.

Lieutenant Davis was imprisoned first at Fort Delaware, and later in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. It is said that even still Stanton and Holt were determined upon excessive punishment, and were endeavoring to have his sentence to death commuted to imprisonment for life. Such bitterness, such vindictiveness, is difficult to understand. His situation, however, had reached the President, and their malevolence was thwarted. After Lee's surrender, an order for his release was issued; but on service to the War Department, the Secretary of War destroyed it, and said that the President had made a mistake. He remained in prison until December. In November, the Andersonville Prison Survivors' Association took steps toward his release, from his outstanding kindness to Federal prisoners while Davis was

stationed there; that he was the first to introduce sanitary regulations in that stockade, never punished an effort to escape, and treated prisoners like fellow men. In December, 1865, the obdurate Secretary of War finally was compelled to direct his release.

It was not until after his return to Baltimore after the close of the war that Lieutenant Davis knew what plans had been adopted to save him and by whom they were undertaken.

He was but twenty years old, early an orphan, son of Lieut. A. B. Davis, U. S. N., a gallant officer; and grandson of Col. Samuel B. Davis, defender of Lewis, Del., in 1812; and he had two sisters dependent upon him.

Many gentlemen prominent in government circles in Baltimore and Washington, and two United States Senators, took part in his rescue, both related to him and unrelated. The gentleman by whom he was recognized in Cincinnati, and through whose first interference and continued effort the attempt to save him from a dishonorable execution was carried to a successful end, chanced to be my mother's brother, Hon. William Trimble McClintick, of Chillicothe, Ohio.

Reading by chance in a Cincinnati paper an item referring to "the captured Confederate officer, Sam B. Davis," Mr. McClintick became convinced that the young officer was none other than the lad whom he had known, years before, in Baltimore, at the home of his own uncle, Isaac R. Trimble (C. S. A.), of whose wife young Davis was a relative. Hurrying to Cincinnati by an early morning train, he found Davis in a cell, unshaven, fastened with ball and chain, without bed or blanket, disheveled from sleeping on the floor with nothing but a block of wood for a pillow.

Davis did not know him, but he identified and recognized the young prisoner beyond possible error by recalling several things which none but the boy he had known could recall and complete.

He immediately began steps toward his rescue, happily successful at last. Davis and his two sisters, Minna and Lydia, had made their home in Baltimore, in the household of Gen. Isaac Trimble and his wife, their relatives. Among other efforts in his behalf, his sister Minna went to Washington to intercede. She was an able, plain but attractive, girl of highest character.

After Lieutenant Davis's release, Mr. McClintick, who was then counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, obtained employment with that company for the boy he had assisted to rescue from death.



The effort, however, to assist Capt. John Yates Beall proved futile, as did every other attempt to save him.

My father had always told me the tragic story of John Yates Beall, with the statement that Captain Beall was his cousin; and that George Beall, John Y. Beall's father, had once caught him up upon a great black horse, saying, "Johnny, do you want to come to my wedding?" and that he had ridden behind George Beall, and been present at the wedding of George Brooke Beall and Janet Yates, the parents of John Y. Beall. That was in October, 1826, when he was a little boy. But he never forgot that fact. I think, indeed, he never forgot anything worth remembering.

### SHERIDAN AND TREVILLIAN STATION.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLY, ALA.

As a Confederate soldier I was in the Valley Campaign in 1864, and had, as such, a good opportunity to form a fair estimate of the merits of the military leadership in that series of maneuvers, better known as the Valley Campaign; and I must say that none of them, with perhaps one single exception, had the wisdom and foresight of our former commander, Old Stonewall.

Brave old Early, never loved or admired by his soldiers, was adventurous and often as successful as Stonewall, under whom he had served and taken lessons in the hard school of war, but in an emergency was not so successful. Then, his habits, at times when he should have been at his best, disqualified him for any duty, and his subordinates, many of whom were splendid men, disliked to approach him or make suggestions, knowing his irritable disposition.

A Union man, at the beginning of the trouble between the North and the South, and bitterly opposed to secession, he had many things to commend him to his superiors in the army and government. He was known to be a man of principle and wonderful force of character. I have seen many prominent men in my life, but I don't think I have even met a man of such striking personality. Coming into his presence impressed this idea upon all.

Such was the man selected in June, 1864, by General Lee, in an emergency, to meet the enemy advancing under Hunter and Sheridan from the west to capture Richmond, while he, with a weak force in front to the east of the city, was holding off Grant's main army. Lee's army, weak at the beginning of the campaign and worn out by con-

stant fighting, had now been divided, and a part sent under Early to meet this new danger from the west under Hunter. How well he performed the task assigned him with the weak forces that could be spared him, history tells.

Sheridan, who was busily engaged in destroying the railroad in the rear of Richmond, with ten thousand well-equipped cavalry, was met and utterly routed by Gen. Wade Hampton at Trevillian Station before Early, with his infantry, arrived.

Hastening along this dismantled railroad, through a country full of the dead bodies of Sheridan's and Hampton's horses, he routed Hunter at Lynchburg, capturing many prisoners and much of his army equipment.

But I should not pass this important battle fought at Trevillian Station without telling more about it. It was one of the greatest cavalry battles of the war, and the most skillfully executed. It shows the wisdom and courage of Gen. Wade Hampton. He employed Stonewall's and Lee's tactics used so effectively at Chancellorsville, when they wiped out Joe Hooker's great army. The fight at Trevillian lasted two days. The first day's operations were enough to satisfy Hampton that Sheridan was too much for his weak force of thirty-five hundred run-down, poorly equipped cavalry, against three times their number of select men, armed with repeating rifles. Knowing the fight would be renewed the next morning at daylight, he left a skirmish line stretched out in front of the enemy, with instructions to fall back when the fight opened, abandoning a piece of artillery occasionally to the enemy to encourage them to follow on. With the main force, he rode at their head, making a great detour until he was in Sheridan's rear and not far from his wagon camp. At daybreak, two cannon shots in rapid succession was the signal to advance and for those in front to turn and fight. Sheridan's whole train of wagons and artillery fell into the hands of the Confederates at the opening of the engagement, and he found himself in between two fires, front and rear. This was too much for him, or any army. After this utter rout, he and some of his men, after riding day and night for several days, with Hampton and his ragged soldiers pressing them every stop, found themselves safe behind Grant's lines below Richmond. So ended the battle of Trevillian Station, the escape of Sheridan himself alone making it incomplete.

After Hunter had outrun Early in a fair foot race from Lynchburg into the mountains of West



Virginia, he marched his army back to the Valley Pike, rested his men a day, and marched by easy stages north to Martinsburg, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on July 3, where he captured army supplies and prisoners. Here he again lost precious time, if it was his purpose to march his army into Washington, in tearing up the railroad. This, I suppose, was necessary to keep Hunter from following him after he should have recovered from his flight from Lynchburg.

On the 5th, Early marched across the Potomac with enemies a-plenty in front and rear. General Sigel, "The Flying Dutchman," wouldn't fight, but fled, after a skirmish, into his fortified position on Maryland Heights, overlooking Harper's Ferry across the Potomac in Virginia. Here again General Early lost precious time in a demonstration around the base of the mountain to impress General Sigel that he must be good and not interfere with him and his ragged Confederates in his invasion of Maryland. When he had done this, he marched away toward Washington. At the Monocacy River, east of Frederick, his cavalry found a force of Yankees under Gen. Lew Wallace so well posted that only a part of his force could get across the river to attack them. But these, under Gen. John B. Gordon, though much fewer in numbers, boldly waded the river, crossed a mountain, and routed the enemy, in which the Confederates lost many valuable men. This fight consumed another valuable day in his advance on the Capital, for Grant at this time was sending an army on ships from below Richmond, by way of the Potomac, to protect Washington from falling into the hands of Early's army. The Confederates arrived there just as the first of these reënforcements began to debark. Seeing that he was just a little too late to capture the place, Early reluctantly marched away, after making a demonstration to pay his compliments to "Old Abe" and his cabinet. He recrossed his army into Virginia and marched leisurely to the Valley of Virginia, where he defeated every general sent against him until he grew to have contempt for all opponents. His uniform success seemed to have a bad effect on him and made him careless. Up to this time he seemed to be a worthy successor to his old commander, Stonewall.

Sometime in August, Grant, in command of the army below Richmond, decided to send Sheridan to the Valley with heavy reënforcements of picked troops. Among these were ten thousand well-equipped cavalry armed with Spencer repeating rifles. This was a new gun and very effective. I

suppose Grant thought Sheridan would wind up Early's little army of ten or twelve thousand in a short time, for he had now perhaps not less than sixty thousand veteran troops. Grant came to Sheridan's headquarters himself and gave him instructions, no doubt, how to conduct his campaign. He then returned to his army, near Richmond. But for some reason, Sheridan did not seem to be very aggressive, and was satisfied to send out raiding parties into the Valley, where General Early had everything his own way, while Sheridan held his main forces behind the mountains toward the east. Whether he was afraid to tackle Early, or this was a part of his tactics, I cannot say. Anyhow, he remained quiet while Early, to show his contempt and to gather supplies, crossed the Potomac, placing a wide river between him and Sheridan, and giving him every opportunity to cut him off from his base and capture his army, by moving forward only a few miles and taking possession of the Valley Pike.

In this way time passed until September 18, when, for some reason never explained, General Early took it into his head to march away from his camp near Winchester, at the head of a large part of his forces, in broad daylight, in full view of Sheridan's lookouts on the mountains, only a mile or two away, leaving only General Rodes there with his small division to contend with Sheridan if he should come out to make trouble. These movements were reported to Sheridan, and, no doubt, urged by his officers to do something, he at length took courage to move. After a hard march of twenty miles, Early and his army had, at dusk, arrived at Martinsburg, on the B. & O. Railroad, which the cavalry had attacked and captured before the arrival of the infantry. As soon as these entered the town, and before they had a moment of rest, tired as they were, a courier came at full speed from that splendid officer, General Rodes, with a dispatch to General Early informing him of the critical condition of his division at Winchester, and urging him to return that very night, as Sheridan had come out of his cover in the mountains, formed his lines, and was about to attack him with overwhelming forces. Without sitting down to rest, we "about faced" and marched back halfway to Bunker Hill, where we bivouacked and slept perhaps two hours, when we resumed our march back to Rodes at Winchester.

The pike was given up to the army trains and artillery, while the infantry followed along through fields and woods on the left side toward the enemy, with scouts farther out, lest we should at any



time fall into the enemy's ambuscades. Some of these walked unexpectedly into Sheridan lines, lying flat on their faces, and were captured, but some escaped. As we moved along slowly, parallel with the trains, to give them time to get well out of the way of danger, we could hear the distant sound of artillery and see the shells exploding high in the air. We then knew Rodes was engaging the enemy. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. Farther on we turned more to the left, leaving the road, and entered a deep, narrow ravine on the edge of a body of woodland, and had just formed the brigade to which I belonged. So high was the bank of this ravine in front of us that we could not see twenty feet ahead of us. While we were forming, our brave and ever faithful sharpshooters had already formed on the high ground in front and were advancing with the usual spirit that they had always exhibited, when, to our astonishment, they came running back down the hill to us, apparently demoralized at the sight of the immense forces advancing on us. Sheridan's lines extended for miles, with ample reserves, while our brigade was only seven or eight hundred yards from right to left, with no supports on either flank.

Col. J. H. Lowe, of our regiment, the 31st Georgia, now commanded the brigade (Gordon's Georgia), sitting on his horse just back of the line, could see the enemy's advancing line only a few feet in front of him, and cried out: "Forward! Forward!"

This we did and found ourselves and the enemy face to face on the brow of the hill. They were advancing with their guns at what we called "right shoulder shift"; but we had our guns at will and could get them in positions to fire first. This was so sudden, so unexpected and deadly to the enemy, that the whole force in front of us, as far as the brigade extended, broke, with our men close behind them in close pursuit. We were now driving them in fine style, and if General Early had had all his men in line with us, we would have utterly routed Sheridan's great army in a short while. But they were not formed with us, and after we had driven them quite a distance, their long lines overlapped the brigade on the right and left and compelled it to fall back to the original position.

Gen. R. E. Rodes, coming to our assistance with his division, was killed by a shell. In his death the Confederate army lost one of its best officers. There was now no one competent to command as

he had done this splendid division, which had performed its part so nobly under the eyes of Stonewall at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, and the Wilderness; but they formed on the same ground and, when the word was given, moved up the steep bank and like soldiers met the enemy's line, separated only by a few feet. The fighting was hand-to-hand for a few minutes, but Rodes' men were too much for the Yanks, and they broke, followed closely by the Confederates through the woods, over the ground we had fought a little while before, to an open field beyond, and through this to another timbered tract. In this field there was a gully, or natural ravine, three or four feet deep. In this a large part of them, fleeing to escape death at the hands of their pursuers, fell with their faces to the ground, with their loaded guns by their sides. The Confederates passed over these, paying special attention only to those who were using their legs to reach the cover of the woods ahead. But this line was now too thin to go farther, and, no officer being present to bring up reënforcements or direct affairs, all returned to the gully, finding all who had taken refuge in it were there still, quiet and behaving themselves very well. Then we made a stand in the wide open field, while those we had been pursuing took lodgment in the woods beyond with a multitude of other refugees they found there. Under the protection of this timber, they became bold and opened a hot fire on us, standing in the open. At this place it was not necessary to load guns; there were already plenty in the ditch by the side of their owners and ready for immediate use. As soon as I had fired at the enemy, I threw away the gun, stepped down in the gully, picked up another beside Mr. Yank, and let fly another Minié for our neighbors in the woods. This continued for some time, until our ranks at that place, by death and wounds, were thinned until there were not more than a dozen of us there. All struck out for the woods back of us two or three hundred yards away, leaving me there alone, looking down in the gully at two or three hundred big fat Yankees. I could have trotted every one of them out if I had ordered them to get up, but I was afraid my comrades in the woods, seeing so large a body of blue-clad soldiers coming, would kill me and them too. So I hurried off, leaving them there, but I had not gone more than fifty yards when these rascals were firing at me. -

Sheridan now got busy enough to send heavy reënforcements to this part of the line, and made



it hot the rest of the day for me and a few of Rodes' men who held on in that piece of woods till near sundown, although they charged our position time and again with ten times our numbers. At last, when we had shot away all our ammunition and that of dead friends and foes, and our ranks were too thin even if we had ammunition, we deemed it best to retire. But the enemy was too badly used up to make any further effort on that part of the line.

All this time, General Gordon was holding the enemy in check far to the left. Locating him and my command, I rejoined them and helped them drive back the last effort made by the enemy to drive Gordon from his position. Falling back from this last position held by our men, I carried out with the greatest difficulty our regimental color bearer, who was shot down by my side.

Night coming on, our brigade marching slowly toward Strasburg, on the pike, in rear of Early's men and without ammunition, Sheridan made a last effort to capture or destroy our army. But General Gordon, by some means, in the darkness of the night got a small quantity of ammunition. This he gave to the 38th Georgia Regiment, of his brigade, and stationed them at a suitable place to hold any cavalry force Sheridan should send in pursuit. Sure enough, here they came galloping on in great confidence. Just as the officer in command, riding at the head of the column, gave command in a loud tone to his men to rush on to the Confederates and destroy them, the 38th arose and fired a volley into their ranks that filled the pike with dead and wounded men and horses, thus blocking any further attempt to molest us on the retreat.

This battle satisfied his army that Early was not a Stonewall. Hadn't he, in 1862, defeated the combined armies of Milroy, Banks, Fremont, and Sheridan — sixty thousand against twelve thousand? Early could have done as well if he had been as level-headed, and Sheridan and his men didn't fight with the spirit manifested by others whom he had not met before. Their charges seemed to lack vigor and confidence of success. From now on, Early's management went on from bad to worse, until General Lee had to relieve him of his command.

But what about Sheridan? He had a great military reputation. Let us see if he deserved it. Here he was in the Valley from August to December, 1864, with a splendid army larger than that of General Lee's at Richmond, now with much effort holding Grant off with a skeleton

army stretched out thirty-five miles. There were no Confederate forces to defend the city on the west and north. After overwhelming Early at Winchester, at Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, or any time before or after, he could have marched his forces through the gaps in the Blue Ridge, over excellent roads, only a short distance, to the railroad junction at Gordonsville, as Stonewall had done two years before, using it to supply his army from Washington, attack Richmond in the rear, and capture that place easily. History tells us that Grant urged him to do this, but he offered many objections and finally shifted his army, by a great detour, through Washington and the Potomac, to Grant's army in front of Petersburg and Richmond. Perhaps his experience at Trevillian Station, where he had lost his army in his fight with Hampton in June, had something to do with his choice of routes; or that Mosby, with his little squad of Confederates, might interfere with his communications.

Doubtless his narrow escape from Trevillian Station was a nightmare to him the rest of his life. Anyway, he seemed to lack that confidence in himself that a great general must have if he does anything remarkable.

But I was on the wrong side of events to see his merit and understand his claims to renown. Those who were with him from their standpoint could observe what I could not; and as his side in the great contest finally won, he received the plaudits of the victors.

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#### OUR CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Good will and peace, peace and good will!"

The burden of the Advent song,  
 What time the love-charmed waves grew still  
 To hearken to the shining throng;  
 The wondering shepherds heard the strain  
 Who watched by night the slumbering fleece,  
 The deep skies echoed the refrain,  
 "Peace and good will, good will and peace."

\* \* \* \*

Ah! yet I trust that all who weep  
 Somewhere at last will surely find  
 His rest, if through dark ways they keep  
 The childlike faith, the prayerful mind;  
 And some far Christmas morn shall bring  
 From human ills a sweet release  
 To loving hearts, while angels sing,  
 "Peace and good will, good will and peace!"

—John Dickson, M.D.



## FAMOUS ARMY HORSES.

BY MRS. WILLIAM LYNE, OF ORANGE COURTHOUSE.

[Honorary Vice President of 13th Virginia Regiment Chapter, U. D. C.]

When I review in memory my girlhood days in Richmond (I am now in my eighty-fifth year), nothing looms more vividly than the famous men I have seen in the bygone years who came and went, great figures of history like General Lee and President Jefferson Davis. Those two used often to ride horseback together; and a martial pair they were, each carrying himself with the dignity of a West Point graduate, and each sitting his saddle like a veritable centaur. Gen. Robert E. Lee's father, the immortal "Light Horse Harry," had won his spurs in the American Revolution, and by his cavalry exploits routed Tarleton and whipped Cornwallis out of his boots; so that it was literally "bred in the bone" for Gen. Robert E. Lee to be a good horseman. All the Lees were. My brother, Judge Moncure, once accompanied General Lee on a long ride, for he was a scout with important dispatches to deliver, and he counted it no great honor (for he was a young man) to hold Traveller when the General stopped for a few minutes to visit friends in Caroline County. The people of Virginia always think of Traveller as very docile, but he was not, yet General Lee was a superb horseman and kept him under control, albeit this horse so injured his hand he could not afterwards hold the bridle as prescribed by army regulations. After the war, General Lee himself would take Traveller to be shod, and soothe him by stroking his neck, explaining that bursting bombs had shattered his nerves. Once Miss Mary Custus Lee permitted Col. Joe Lane Stern, when he was a student at Lexington, to ride Traveller, though usually the faithful old war horse just grazed on the lawn unless General Lee himself used him, riding over those lovely hills adjacent to the university. My sister, Mrs. Alice Burge, taught Colonel Stern his alphabet; and as a telegraph operator, his services were invaluable in the war, though he was then just a lad.

After the battle of the Wilderness, General Meade (of Gettysburg fame) came to my mother's country home, "Ellerlie," near Ruther Glen, and his mount had a white stripe, hence was called "Old Baldy."

Few people who look at the stuffed effigy of "Little Sorrel," now at the Confederate Home in Richmond, can imagine the long, useful record this horse rendered to the immortal fame of

Stonewall Jackson. At the battle of Chancellorsville, when Jackson was wounded, the horse ran violently, striking the General a great blow by dashing under a tree; and never again would the crazed steed permit anyone to use him. So shell-shocked Sorrel was sent to end his days on a farm near Lexington, with an army record of which few horses could boast. Sorrel brought the General once on a long ride at night from Fredericksburg, Va., for conference with General Lee, being able to pick his way in the dark—so that Stonewall Jackson, unknown to the Federal spies, who were on the lookout for him, came into Richmond and met with Robert E. Lee and returned as silently as he came.

General Lee's home on Franklin Street, near Seventh (now the Virginia Historical Rooms), had belonged to a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Norman Stewart, an uncle of Mrs. Joe Bryan; and the Confederate officers, who often were there, christened it "The Mess."

J. E. B. Stuart often came on his faithful "Virginia." His fame in the cavalry made him the *Beau Gallant* of the war. But Fitz Lee was not far behind him when knighthood was in flower. His horse was named "Nellie Gray."

As I lived on Church Hill, near the Crenshaw home, I recall very plainly when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded and brought there. His horse was named "Fannie," and he rode her all through the war. Pickett's mount was named "Lucy," and his wife knew the canter of this little mare and would recognize when her lover was coming, for the romance between General Pickett and his wife was one of the most beautiful chapters in his life. My brother, Maj. Thomas Jefferson Moncure, went with Pickett across the wheat field in that memorable charge at Gettysburg, for he called: "Come on, Moncure; ride with me." My brother rode an old white nag, that carried him safely, though his boot heel was shot off. It seems strange that a man who escaped injury at Gettysburg and Chickamauga should in his old age have been killed by a horse, as was my dear brother Tom, after he had retired from his useful career of building many of the most important railroad bridges in the South.

I went to Stonewall Jackson's funeral, when his horse was led behind the casket. Jackson lay in state in the capitol, and the cortege moved down Governor Street, and I viewed the procession from the porch of a house that later Dr. McGuire used as a hospital. All was sadness then—for how



different was the scene from the days when "Old Jack" was hurrying his marches in the Valley. I used to sing, as a girl, a song:

"Go it, Stonewall Jackson, you're a terror to the Yanks;  
You've whipped out Freemont, and also Shields and  
Banks."

After the war, I married a member of the 3rd Richmond Howitzers, William H. Lyne, whose battery had served from Bethel Church to Appomattox, which tested horseflesh as well as the morale of the company. Boswell Alsop, Joe Fourquerean, and other men later well known in Richmond commerce, were his comrades. Once, when they were in the Vale of Shenandoah, Jackson had ordered forage and provisions to meet him at Front Royal; and naturally, at Mount Airy, the plantation of General Meems, is one of the richest farms in that vicinity, negro drivers with mountain top wagons were arriving from all directions. One darky driver, belonging to General Meems, got his team tangled up and backed into the river. Meems recognized his own mules and, seeing the accident, said with a loud oath: "I hope that d—fool of a nigger has broken his own neck." Instantly a quiet voice remarked: "He is a human being, and I trust he is not hurt." Meems looked around, and Stonewall Jackson was standing by his side, and had vouchsafed the rebuke. But, alas! the oats meant for the commissary of the Southern Confederacy had gone to the bottom of the Shenandoah River!

\* \* \* \* \*

Since the earliest days of the colonies, Virginia had held her own as a breeder and producer of splendid horses. The race tracks of New Market were renowned in the days of "Merrie England," when Charles II made sly love to Nell Gwynn; and so, when the Cavaliers established their homes on the banks of the Rappahannock, Potomac, York, and James, horse racing soon became the pastime of the gentry. The blood of those sires produced "F. F. V." pedigree along equine channels, just as the aristocracy of their masters trace their genealogy back to the peerage. The horses were also "Fleet-Footed Virginians," and many old receipts are held as priceless trophies in families that not only staked large sums on horseflesh, but paid for the importation of the best sires from England so as to breed the stock requisite to their taste and aims. Colonel Baylor, of Caroline County, Va., maintained at his home, named "New Market" (for England's race course), a stud farm that was the forerunner of Bull Field,

Major Doswell's place in Hanover; and his horses sold for as much as \$10,000, for in the family of David Dunlop, of Petersburg, exists a receipt showing that a horse owned by his progenitors was bought at two thousand pounds in English currency from Colonel Baylor, my husband's great-grandfather.

The United States Government is teaching in its cavalry lessons the life of Gen. Turner Ashby, as the finest exponent of horsemanship in the War between the States. He was a native of Fauquier County, near Warrenton, W. Va., and born and bred to the saddle.

The war horse associated with Andrew Jackson's victory at New Orleans was also bred in Virginia—"Truxton" by name, a white horse of magnificent proportions. Few people stop to-day to realize what the victory of the battle of New Orleans meant, yet it gave supremacy to the American nation west of the Mississippi, when, if the victory had gone to the British, this domain would have gone to Canada. Hence, Jefferson, with his acumen as to the Louisiana Purchase, went in person, though an old man, to see Andrew Jackson when he passed through Lynchburg on his triumphal return to Washington for a victory parade. The venerable sage of Monticello rode horseback from his Albemarle home to join in this welcome; for Jefferson loved horseflesh, and was as eager to see Truxton as he was to congratulate Jackson. The cry of applause was: "This is the General who beat the troops that beat Napoleon." But Truxton's record was not to end here; for there followed the Seminole campaigns, and the acquisition of Florida, so that this horse's great vitality and endurance ranks with that of "Old Hickory" himself in those days, when it took hearts of oak to conquer the wilderness. All during Jackson's career as President, it was Truxton that bore him, prancing, through the city of Washington, Truxton, with his flying mane and head held high, a horse that well might boast Virginia ancestry and a noble pedigree!

\* \* \* \* \*

We could tell always whether a dead horse had belonged to the Federal army or to our men by the condition of the animal—theirs were so well fed and ours so bony and poor. I shall never forget a trip I made with my sister, Mrs. Eustace Conway Moncure, in war times, going from Bowling Green to Norment's Ferry on the Pamunkey River. All along the route, at intervals, were dead horses, and our worn-out old nag would not



pass them. But sister Fannie was equal to the emergency. She got out of the buggy and took off her flannel petticoat and put it over our horse's head and led him by; while I followed, trudging along with my little nephew, Willie, who is now the Judge of the Chancery Court of Richmond, but was then a very bright red-headed baby. Our difficulties so upset him, he screamed at the top of his lungs; but I could deal with him, though it took his mother's nerve to manage our steed. We passed thirty-seven dead horses, shot by the Union soldiers to keep the South from using them.

Our cousin, Mrs. George Moncure, was a splendid rider; and once, when she was captured and taken to Federal headquarters at Stafford Courthouse, her presence on horseback was majestic, equal to Di Vernon's, and greatly impressed the Yankee officers. Few women were more beautiful of face; for she had the lovely Ashby brown eyes, being a sister of the famous knight of the Valley, Gen. Turner Ashby. Her little boy, Jim (James Ashby Moncure, of Richmond), was just learning to toddle when the Yankees came into his mother's room and captured her. The little fellow was riding a "stick horse," but was old enough to realize the blue coats were taking off his mother, so he lisped: "I wish dis (s)tick was a sword, so I could tut off your head!" His mother said she was devoutly thankful the Federals could not understand his lisping indignation, not knowing what might have resulted. For "bummers" did go to the home of the Royals and carried off a little fellow twelve years old—Keith Royal, of Warrenton. His mother pinned her shawl around him as she kissed him good-by, for it was bitterly cold. He was never heard of again. Presumably he froze to death, for the last time he was ever seen, this mere child was trying to warm himself by a Yankee camp fire. This made his brother, Attorney William L. Royal, of the Richmond Bar, always most bitter in his feelings to the Federals. Hence, it was said that no Yankee prisoner that "Buck Royal" ever was given the custody of to carry back behind the lines, was ever heard of; maybe so, maybe not. It is hard to forget. The death of poor little Keith, his mother's youngest, broke her heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so the years pass on, and we are a united country, and the maps my brother Tom made as chief engineer for McLaw's Division, at the battle of Gettysburg, are now used at West Point as the best topographical reports (since all papers were taken from Richmond to the War Department in

Washington, D. C.); also the U. S. cavalry now studies the horsemanship of General Ashby, and writes about it in the *Cavalry Journal*, giving even the pictures of his memorable departure from Winchester. Federals sought to cut Ashby off. They blocked him on each side of the street, and also a squad met him immediately in front; but Ashby did not give them time to fire. He dashed straight on, and jerked the blue coat who was their leader out of his saddle by the collar, just yanked him from the horse and threw him over the neck of his own milk-white steed and rode off with him dangling there, like Romans of old had borne the Sabine women.

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When I was honored by the privilege of meeting General Pershing upon his return from France for the Victory Parade, it made my heart swell with pride to think that this officer rode a mount that was "bred in Ole Virginny." His charger, "Jeff," came from near Staunton, Va., and he is a splendid animal, dark bay with white feet and long black tail. I like to think that this horse came from Augusta County—from the same vicinity where our illustrious war President, Woodrow Wilson, first saw the light of day—for I am at heart still a "good old Rebel," and feel that for brave men and chivalry and courage, Old Virginia cannot be beat!

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND

BY JOHN R. SOUTHALL, RICHMOND, VA.

At the time of the evacuation of Richmond, I was living on Church Hill in the city, and I was nearly thrown out of bed when the gunboats were blown up, also later by the blowing up of the powder magazines, which were located down the hill, not very far from the Chesapeake and Ohio roundhouse, east of the magazines. The negro almshouse was situated south of the magazines, and this building, of frame construction, was literally splintered. The present city home was occupied as barracks for the V. M. I. Corps. The concussion was so great it was generally said that not a pane of glass was left unbroken in the numerous windows of the building.

The evacuation of Richmond was begun on Sunday, April 2, 1865, and pandemonium reigned all through the night and early morning of the 3rd. The city was fired in all localities where the Confederate government had stores of any sort, which spread the fire so generally. The city was burning when the Federal troops marched in, and they



prevented a much greater loss to individuals by controlling the fires.

The fire extended on the north side of Main Street from about Seventh Street to a point midway between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets. On the south side it ran from Ninth Street to about midway between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets.

Sparks set fire to the Presbyterian church, located on the corner of Eighth and Franklin Streets, generally spoken of as Dr. Read's. Dr. Read was the pastor when the church was rebuilt on the corner of Fourth and Grace Streets. On the first location now stands the building of the Grace Street branch of the American National Bank and Trust Company.

For many years previous to, and at the time of, the evacuation, the upper floors of the business houses on Main Street were occupied by many of the families of the merchants. As rapidly as possible, and as much as they could, their household effects were removed to Capitol Square.

The first and only time I saw Gen. R. E. Lee was when he came to Richmond after the surrender, and I saw him after he had crossed the pontoon bridge. This bridge was located on the south side of the river, beginning a little east of the mill of Dunlop & McCane, now owned by Warner Moore & Co., and Lee entered the Richmond side at the foot of Seventeenth and Dock Streets. The mill at Seventeenth and Dock Streets was then owned by D. W. Moore, the father of Warner Moore, the present owner. It was a corn mill.

General Lee crossed the river and turned into Cary Street on his way to his home. He was riding Traveller, and looked neither to the right nor to the left, but straight ahead. The streets were filled with debris from the fire, and it was difficult to make your way through, even in the middle of the roadway.

The destruction was so great that, while I knew Richmond and its sundry locations well, when on Main Street, but for the custom house (the present remodeled post office building), I would not have known where I was. In the custom house was the office of the Treasury Department and its various sections, also the offices of President Davis and Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. The office of the War Department was on Ninth Street, nearly opposite the present Rueger's Hotel.

On the southwest corner of Main and Ninth Streets was a brick building, occupied by Robert

H. Boshier as a carriage shop, later by the *State* newspaper. It was torn down and the Chamber of Commerce building was erected, which was torn down also, and on its site was erected the present fine building of the First and Merchants' National Bank.

Opposite the present post office, sitting back in a court, were the Bank of Virginia and the Farmers' Bank. Inside of the small court were "guard houses," where watchmen were placed at the east and west ends.

Near the corner of Fifteenth and Main Streets was the hat store of Mr. John Dooley, the father of the late James H. Dooley. He was generally esteemed. He was a good Irishman, and his word was considered as good as his bond. Within the same square and on the south side, was the hat store of Mr. Thompson, the father of John R. Thompson, the poet, one of the contributors to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, edited by Edgar Allan Poe.

The negro population was disposed to be very troublesome, especially the younger set. Many of the old servants refused to leave the homes they had had for so long, preferring a good home to freedom without the home.

The State Armory, the land portion, is now a part of the Tredegar Company. There was stored ammunition, shells, and cannons, manufactured largely by the Tredegar Company for the Confederate government. The explosion of the shells there sounded like a battle was going on. All the buildings near by burned.

The tobacco warehouses were fired, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost to owners of tobacco, who were awaiting the close of the war for its shipment to Europe. A warehouse on Cary Street, just in the rear of the Henrico County courthouse, was fired, and that fired the courthouse, by which many valuable records of the county were lost. On the south side of Main Street, to the dock, the fire ranged and wiped out all buildings except Libby Prison and a similar building adjoining, which, after the war, was used by the Crystal Ice Company as a manufacturing plant.

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But the stars are weary of watching the dead,  
 And the sea of singing their dirges,  
 And Earth—a Niobe—bows her head  
 And clasps the dust of her children dead  
 And lists for the Messenger's stately tread—  
 The solemn herald of him who has said  
 That death into life emerges.—*Mary E. Bryan.*



MORE ABOUT THE BATTLE OF  
BENTONVILLE, N. C.

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

Having read with keen interest Comrade Lambert's article on the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in the VETERAN for June, I will add something out of my own personal experience and observation as one who was in this great battle, which opened early Sunday morning, March 19, 1865. This was Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's last fight with Gen. W. T. Sherman, taking place just a few days more than one month before the terms of surrender were agreed upon at the Bennett House, not far from Durham and Hillsboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

The battle continued, *at intervals, for three days, four days*, in fact, if one is to include in it the hard and brave conflict of General Wheeler, in charge of the Confederate rear guard, with the advanced forces of Sherman at the bridge over Mill Creek, on the early morning of March 22.

A private in the ranks cannot know much of what is taking place in an army in actual battle, except *at and close to*, his own position in the line of struggle and "sharp agony." Thence, my necessary limitations in recording the account that is herewith to follow. My main authority in what I shall say is the great book entitled, "Military Operations of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston." More than once before, and again to-day, I have carefully read General Johnston's account of the battle of Bentonville; and also that of the battle of Averysboro, which occurred March 16 (Thursday), lasting from 7 A.M. till night, when General Hardee's Corp withdrew, to move on by way of Elevation to Bentonville.

Of course, so far as General Johnston speaks his narrative is conclusive.

On page 392 General Johnston, commander in chief, says: "The army was ordered to cross Mill Creek by the bridge (the only one) at Bentonville before daybreak of the 22nd" (not the 20th).

General Johnston further states: "About eight o'clock (on the morning of March 22) they were halted beyond the stream, two miles north of Mill Creek. . . . Soon after Major General Wheeler had posted his rear guard on our bank of the stream to hold the bridge, the leading Federal troops appeared on the other. They made repeated attempts to force the passage, but failed in all, after brave efforts, in which three color bearers fell within fifty feet of the Confederate rear guard" (page 392).

Referring to the fighting of March 19, 20, and 21, General Johnston says: "We captured 903 prisoners in three days, but had no means of ascertaining the number of the enemy's killed and wounded; but,

as our troops were generally successful and were covered by intrenchments in a part of the fighting on the 19th, all of the 20th, and most of that of the 21st, it must have exceeded ours very much. From the appearance of the field and the language of the Federals, it largely exceeded four thousand."

When General Hardee's Corps (or part of it) arrived on the battle field, coming hurriedly from Elevation, March 19, McLaws's Division was sent to the left to assist General Hoke; although it turned out that they, were not needed. Taliaferro's Division was ordered to the extreme right of the Confederate line and engaged in hard fighting that afternoon, when Brigadier General Elliot's Brigade suffered severe loss of men in an open field.

The enemy's firing from their artillery, which had been concealed in the woods was very deadly, finally forcing the falling back of our right wing. I was in that portion of the line which extended into the thick woods on the left of the old field. There our loss in killed and wounded was not great. Assisting with the wounded in rear of the line—and especially with a very severely wounded brother, one of the brave color guard of our regiment—until night came on, I was then unable to find my command before early morning of March 20 (Monday). The main fighting of my regiment (2nd South Carolina Artillery, but then infantry) was picketing and sharpshooting on that day. Finally, on Tuesday, the 21st, late in the afternoon, we were rushed very hastily, two or more miles, to the extreme left to support the Confederates, mainly Tennesseans, who were in a fierce and brave struggle with Sherman's right wing on Mill Creek. The enemy were now, as during the passing days, vigorously trying to break General Johnston's line on his extreme left, so as to gain the Mill Creek bridge in our rear, the only way for an escape northward in case of a retreat. On that night, by order of the chief commander, the Confederates withdrew from the Bentonville battle field, crossing the said bridge. My regiment, being perhaps nearest to the place of crossing, was about the first to make the passage. Sherman's large army, constantly being reënforced from the Carolina Coast, marched on to Goldsboro, and there rested for some two weeks; while the main remnant of Johnston's braves moved on to Smithfield and camped in that region for about two weeks also. From that point, we marched on by Raleigh, Hillsboro and Company Shops (now Burlington), and, finally, to Greensboro. Sherman, with now about 110,000 men, strenuously pursued Johnston's small army of 25,000 to 30,000, say, of all arms; while Gen. Wade Hampton's cavalry—two of their divisions under Major Generals Wheeler



and Butler, persistently protected our rear. While we were in camp at Smithfield, General Johnston reviewed his army. On this occasion the music of the bands was inspiring, especially that which was rendered by the Tennesseans, who had come to us, in small numbers, from Hood's depleted ranks of the West.

In General Johnston's "Narrative" (pages 393-4), he states that in the fight of March 19 (Bentonville), his force in infantry and artillery was only about 14,000. He then remarks: "The Federal army exceeded 70,000 men; about half of it present on the 19th, and all of it "the afternoon of the 20th."

Thence, you see that the odds in the battle were that of two or three to one during three days, to say nothing of the inferior arms with which some of us fought. For example, my regiment was equipped with old Austrian rifles, muzzle loaders, with caps. With these we had been furnished while on the heavy artillery service on James Island in defense of Charleston. Of course, we left behind us our big guns with which that city had hurled back every attack from the sea till the evacuation (not capture) on the memorable night of February 17, 1865.

Then all the Charleston troops were quietly withdrawn and at once proceeded on the long, hard march up the Carolina Coast, without tents, often hungry yet without rations, some at last without shoes; but never desponding until the surrender, April 26. Our comfort in this dark hour was that we had maintained the honorable record of true and patriotic soldiers to the finish of our just fight, that bloodshed and carnage would now cease; and that we might now turn our faces toward home and loved ones, hoping that, after hundreds of miles yet to be traveled on foot, we might enjoy a rest from the unspeakable hardships of cruel war. My own walk with a brother and our faithful negro cook, in order to reach home in Barnwell, S. C., was about three hundred and fifty miles. It was about the middle of May when our journey ended. My wounded brother, too badly shot to be carried from Bentonville in an ambulance, was left on the roadside in an old house (now hospital) with eighteen others of our regiment. All died and were there buried, except my brother, who at last reached home about the 1st of July. Before the surrender of General Johnston, some of General Lee's noble fellows from Appomattox passed through our camp, giving us the first information we received of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Many incidents along our way from Charleston, S. C., to Greensboro, N. C., are clamoring for a record in my desultory and fragmentary reminis-

censes; but I will give only a few of them. Perhaps they will be interesting.

General Hardee's gallant son, only sixteen years old, I think, was killed at Bentonville when he rushed into the enemy's ranks to regain a piece of our artillery.

I saw in the woods, on Sunday night, the 19th, the grave of a boy of only fourteen years, who had fallen in battle on that day. The sight of it awakened sad feelings. I was myself only seventeen years of age, having volunteered at Charleston in 1864.

There were many negro soldiers in Sherman's army from the coasts of Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina. As some of them passed by the old house wherein lay helpless the nineteen wounded men referred to, the negro troops crowded the building and, with bitter, profane, and insulting words, abused the suffering Confederates. A right-minded Union officer, touched by an appeal for relief, ordered the negroes to leave; and a guard placed at the door prevented further insults. A prisoner captured at Bentonville, I was told, had some Southern lady's silk dress packed into his knapsack. Relics of this and of other types were often gathered from Southern homes by the lower class of Sherman's army in Georgia, North, and South Carolina. Of course, the better class of his men were not given to such low pilfering. A Union officer spoke kindly and sympathetically to my brother; and, on the morning of March 22, as the Federals were going forward, a general of high rank (name not known), after inquiring about the needs of the unfortunate wounded Confederates, ordered his quartermaster to supply them with both rations and medicine.

It was on our rapid, tiresome march from Bentonville to Greensboro that I one day bought a half-grown chicken (white, with yellow legs) from a lady, at a home we were passing. I paid for it with my last ten-dollar-blue-back bill, a remnant of the money my father gave me as I was leaving home to join the army. My regiment had not been paid a dollar for eight months!

During the day on which I had bought my ten-dollar chicken, I had the good luck of picking up some green collard leaves. That night our "pottage" was chicken and collards boiled together in our camp kettle. I went to the wagons near by and from a friend got some corn meal, which was quickly prepared for us by Jack, our negro cook, in the shape of a corn pone. Then came our sweet repast. How sweet! It seemed to me the best supper in which I had ever had a share. A sharp appetite and good digestion made that meal as fine a one as I, on that night, cared to have. As usual on our march, we slept without tents on the naked ground.



*A BOY OF THE OLD DOMINION DURING  
THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.\**

BY REV. MILTON BENNETT LAMBDIN.

(Continued from November number.)

During the progress of the war, the outlying territory of Alexandria was frequently filled up with successive encampments of soldiers. This influx of an outside military population which had been fed up for long months on army rations of hard-tack and beans gave an inviting opportunity to local itinerant vendors in pastries and fruits to do a land office business with their toothsome wares. Just as soon as the transient city of white tents was anchored in the near-by fields, then you would see a motley swarm of men and women, boys and girls, going around among the tents calling out: "Nice hot dumplings and sauce, pies and cakes." "Hot dogs" had not been invented in those days. It takes time and a high degree of scientific concoction and artistic inspiration to evolve some things. The peripatetic merchants in pies and cakes were not always careful how they reeled off those talismanic words, so it gave an opportunity to soldiers, possibly an erudite purist in English from Boston, to ask in mock seriousness of one of the howlers: "What do you want to kill us off for, with your pizen cakes?"

Riveted in the memory of The Boy is the merciless and barbarous way in which military justice was meted out by one of the provost marshals of the town. In passing the office of this high-powered and hard-boiled military satrap one day, The Boy saw a large crowd about the entrance and peering in. Being a boy, he joined the crowd, and in due course of process wound his way inside, of course. It was a pathetic scene that confronted him, as a young soldier was under trial and crying, when he was ordered back to the camp to be hung up by the thumbs—a perfectly agonizing mode of punishment. In short after years The Boy would occasionally see this brute of an ex-officer upon the streets of Washington, where he practiced law in civil life, and each time he passed him with aversion and horror.

The war time of the sixties was a singing age, as you could hear the soldiers singing in camp and on the streets, "When this cruel war is over," "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree."

The sectional issues that heated the maelstrom of strife and split the nation in two found its reflex in certain of the Churches of the town. From one of them, where The Boy's father had his membership, along with a considerable group of others of like

mind in a refusal to avow their allegiance to the Union cause, he was unceremoniously "cast out of the synagogue" as unfit for Church membership and fellowship.

A frequent spectacle after many of the battles in Northern Virginia, and to which the onlookers necessarily became somewhat callous, was the long line of ambulances bringing in the wounded combatants to the military hospitals. Another was a detail of soldiers carrying the dead body of some comrade to its burial, with military honors, in the newly established National Cemetery at the southwest edge of the city. After the volleys of blank cartridges had been fired, and the squad had left, there was the usual scramble of the boys attending the obsequies to pick up the unfired bullets scattered about the grave side.

Akin with Fort Ellsworth, immediately and near at hand at the west end of the city, was Fort Lyons, on one of the yet higher hills overlooking Alexandria across Hunting Creek, somewhat toward the southwest. One day, with a terrific noise and reverberation that shook the town and surrounding territory, and rattling the doors and window sashes of every house, the fort blew up. It was said that the catastrophe was due to the carelessness of one of the force of German soldiers who manned the fort, in smoking his pipe in a munition magazine. The boys of the town, needless to remark, were promptly on the ground to get a first-hand view and report of the situation, and a gruesome sight, too, as they peered into the hastily improvised tent hospitals, where the surgeons were amputating mutilated arms and legs in rapid order, without the merciful aid of anæsthetics, the use of which was then hardly known.

From time immemorial, the horse has been the subject of the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel. We see him portrayed upon canvass, as he adorns the walls of famous galleries of art, and we look upon his effigy in bronze and stone, bearing proudly upon his back the figure of the monarch or the warrior, as the monument glorifies the public squares and plazas of the great cities of the earth. Then by way of woeful contrast to this sublime exhibit of one of the Almighty's masterpieces of constructive grace and beauty, look, if you will, upon an after melancholy spectacle, as the equine veteran of the havocs of war emerges crippled and limping from the carnage of the battle field, where he played such a worthy part as a hero of heroes. And see him, too, summarily discharged from the shafts of army wagons and ambulances, in which menial capacity he had done his bit humbly and faithfully, now emaciated and hobbling his painful way to the inevitable boneyard near at hand.



Instead of being honored for meritorious services and put upon a generous pension of corn and oats to spend the rest of his rapidly ending life in honor, ease and comfort, at the expense of a grateful government, see him, can you believe it, branded with a hot iron, as though a felon, as the white-heated instrument of torture sizzles into his quivering flesh the mystic letters, "U. S. C."—"United States Condemned." Condemned for what? Desertion? Failure to duty? Laziness? Condemned to be turned adrift as a derelict, a worthless something for the crime of having served his country so laboriously that now, no longer able to bear the heat and the burden of his tasks, he is cast out for anyone to have and to hold who cares to take the risk to pick him up, doctor up, patch up into a comparative state of rehabilitation—if he can. Here is where The Boy functioned an ardent hope to own a horse all for himself, and here was the horse right at hand for the taking.

One day, as The Boy's Dad happened momentarily to lift his eyes from his draftsman's board, in his architect's improvised office in the second story front of his domicile, his astonished eye caught the scene, staged right opposite the window in the street below, of a group of excited boys, and in the midst of the youthful mob a dilapidated specimen of a once war Bucephalus. More surprised yet, he saw his son holding one end of a rope with the other end around the neck of the antique bag of bones. In astonishment, up went the sash and out flashed the question, "What have you there?" and back came the proud reply, "A horse!" Alas! for shattered youthful hopes and dissipated dreams of future joyous days in rides astride that to-be-rejuvenated quadruped, as out of that open window there was heard, of all sad words of tongue or pen, "take that horse back again," and the convention of small boys down in the street adjourned *sine die*, with broken hearts and tear-stained eyes.

What's a boy without a dog? And there was a dog. Rover was his name. He was born with it; no other name fitted that dog but Rover. He belonged to The Boy *de jure*, but he belonged to all of the boys on the block *de facto*. And he was the object of the love, pride, and devotion of every boy of the entire neighborhood and the surrounding hinterland, where his fame had extended.

Never such a dog was known in all the annals of doghood, back through the centuries to the day when the first dog gladdened human life with its advent. A Jonathan and David affection linked the hearts of the dog and his youthful devotees. Have you ever felt the supreme passion? Like Mary's little lamb, wherever the boys went the dog was sure to

go. He walked the fence rails with the boys, and stood on the top of the back premise woodshed sky scraper to view the landscape over from its dizzy height.

One day sorrow laid its withering hand upon the hearts of the boys. Rover was gone. Where? No one knew. He failed to answer the roll call that morning. Breaking themselves up into committees of ones and twos and threes, the boys scattered themselves over the whole neighborhood and the entire city in the search for Rover. Though diligent search was made, he could nowhere be found. The sun went down upon their grief. Somnus waved his mystic wand in vain to conjure sleep. Spectral forms throughout the night were whispering "Rover, Rover!" with echo, "Never more." The morning star shone upon a Roverless world. The boys met in open lodge out on the street and were called to order. The first business on the docket, left over from the previous day's session was, "What has become of Rover?" with no Daniel to interpret his mysterious absence. Finally the meeting constituted itself into a committee of the whole, and went off on a second day's hunt for the lost Rover.

A few days previous to the disappearance of Rover, a regiment of soldiers had pitched camp near at hand to the city. Some one suggested a visit to the camp in the quest for their lost love, so off they went. The first "Blue Coat" that they ran across was asked if he had seen a little brown and yellow spotted dog answering to the name of Rover. Taking in the situation right off the bat, and with a view of having some amusement for himself and his fellow soldiers, he answered at once that he had seen such a described dog. Well, it was their dog, and did he know where he was? "Over there in that tent. Hurry across and demand your dog." And on the jump they headed for the tent. Yes, he had picked up such a dog, a rare and beautiful animal, too, as he was strolling the streets of the town a day or two ago, and had brought it back with him as a mascot for the company. But another soldier of another company had laid hands on him for the same purpose. "Come along, boys; I think we can find him."

So along they trotted with their soldier guide, while the crowd, having been given the tip, grew all the time the larger in this rare chance to vary the monotony of camp life at the expense of the unsuspecting urchins. And thus it ran in a fruitless visit and inquiry from tent to tent, until they were told in the wind up of the merry joke put over on them, that the colonel of the regiment had him. The colonel! Better to face a lion than to invade the tent of such a high and mighty personage in the demand for the return of their lost Rover. Hopeless



in their misery, homeward they plod their weary way, when, just as they reached the home of The Boy, discouraged and despairing, the very first thing that struck their joyful eyes, as he bounded out of an alley way to greet them, was—Rover! Rover! Mouth wide open, tongue lapping out, eyes a-glistening, tail wagging, and with the same glorious old-time smile stretching all the way across the expansive territory of his lovely face from ear to ear. And every sinuous twist and turn, with every facial grimace and grin, seemed to say: "Where in the world have you boys been all this time?" The cup of joy of "the committee of the whole" bubbled over the brim like streams of nectar. Rover was yet with them. Life had now a newer and more radiant meaning.

The foolhardy and ill-omened act of J. Wilkes Booth, in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, for the which the South had no culpability nor responsibility whatever, produced an exciting and critical tension in the sectional atmosphere of Alexandria, as it threw a pall of apprehension over the minds of the Southern element of the city. They knew not what the enraged feelings of the soldiers and the large colony of carpetbaggers and Unionists among the population might mean for them in its acute reaction. It was a time, more than ever, when they had to walk softly and cultivate a silent tongue.

The city outwardly went into deep mourning for a period of time. It was not an optional matter with the citizens, but compulsory and sternly enforced, as a squad of soldiers went around from door to door and ordered the occupants to drape the house in sable colors, The Boy's house along with the rest.

The funeral of the dead President was a great event. The Boy, of course, took it in, as he made one of the long line of thousands, stretching itself out for many blocks in length, as it slowly filed into the East Room of the White House, where the body was lying in State. He carries the unique memory of having seen Abraham Lincoln alive and dead. In the first instance, when the President came down to Alexandria by steamer to attend a military review. He can see him to this very day in retrospect, astride of a horse, carrying a careworn but kindly face, and wearing the same old high "beaver" in which he is conventionally featured.

The review was held in the open fields outside of the town, and The Boy had a private box reservation up a tree, where, comfortably seated on an outstretched limb, he had a splendid observation point to take in the spectacular show, as the various army corps, brigades, and regiments passed by in easy sight. He remembers one of the marching soldiers getting a focus on him, as he was thus perched overhead, and saying with an amused smile: "See that squirrel up the tree?"

Among the thousands of admirers of "The Great Emancipator" who were drawn to Washington in attendance upon his obsequies was a tall and massive, beau ideal looking type of a frontiersman from the Western plains, with a Samson like profusion of coal black hair sweeping his broad shoulders, and dressed to kill from head to foot in buckskin hunting garb, and with his "trusty rifle" in hand, with which he was accredited in putting daylight through many a "pesky Redskin." For all the world he looked as though he had stepped out bodily in living flesh from the pages of J. Fenimore Cooper's "The Deer Slayer," or "The Last of the Mohicians."

Another quaint object that had its appeal, also, for the Boy on the day that he stood on the side line of Pennsylvania Avenue as the catafalque bearing the remains of the President was on its way from the White House to the station, for its conveyance to Springfield, Ill., was a huge negro musician in one of the numerous bands of the funeral cortege.

Nature had equipped him generously with a conspicuous pair of immense valve-like ears, which flapped in rhythmic measure to the notes of the wind instrument of which he was the star performer. It is an easy guess that without the loss of valuable time, the very first thing that The Boy had to do was to go into an intensive, self-directed training in the mystery of the ear flapping art. Having gotten as far as the "Entered Apprentice" degree in its acquirements, he risked an exhibition of his skill before the family circle. Instead, however, of being showered with warm congratulations and proud encomiums upon his notable success, he was laid out cold and stiff with the causal comment of his Dad, "Any old donkey, my son, can beat you at the game of wagging his ears," and a possible future artistic career was summarily cut short for the ambitious youngster.

The actors in the Grand Drama of the long-drawn-out strife and struggle between the same racial elements of the North and the South have largely passed away, but the imperishable record of their deeds, whether they be in the statecraft of the cabinet or in the heroism of the field of Mars, remains as a task for future generations to read, ponder, and to render its varied judgments as to the merits of the vital issues involved.

In his scattered reminiscences, or memorabilia, serious and humorous alike, of youthful contacts with the daily current of life of that momentous and rapidly receding past, The Boy attempts nothing of a worth-while and constructive addition to its annals. All that he has in mind to engage his cursory pen is to project, if he can, and possibly not amiss in the telling and the reading, some features of a human



interest slant in the way of minor happenings and trivial incidents that lie, of course, entirely and necessarily outside the didactic purpose that the styles of the historian may have occasion to set forth in a more detached and graver tone.

In other words, the present narrative, in its very nature, is simply a gossip story that has to do in the main with the unique experience of a boy, who counts himself a favorite mortal to have lived his boyhood years during the thrilling days of the War between the States, in the city of all cities, Alexandria, on the Potomac, in the land of all lands, the Old Dominion, while the fate of the erstwhile Southern Confederacy was awaiting the arbitrament of the sword.

### THE FIFTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

BY JOHN W. DAVISON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In looking over the Official Records of the War between the States, which are made up of reports, letters, telegrams, and general orders, arranged in chronological order, and now known as the official history of the Union and Confederate armies, I find the work is of great magnitude, consisting of perhaps 125 volumes, in which there is found interesting deductions of local interest, not only to the few surviving veterans, but to all those now interested in the War between the States.

I selected from Volume 25, part first, some interesting history of the 5th Alabama Regiment, which contained Company C, made up in Monroe County, Ala., known as the "Monroe Guards." Company C was mustered into the Confederate service at Pineville, Monroe County, Ala., in 1861. I noticed that in the roster of Company C the names of many families perhaps known to your readers of the present day, such as the names of Burton and Giles Goode, Capt. Thomas M. Riley, John Burns, J. C. Kinklea, S. H. Daily, C. C. Nettles, L. W. Duke, W. H. Estes, F. Metts, W. B. Rodgers, Rankin, McCants, Pat Morrison, Wiggins, Watson McInnis, Captain Kilpatrick, Andrews, W. A. Riley, W. G. Curry, W. H. Watkins, and T. J. Bradford.

The 5th Alabama Regiment was made up from South Alabama counties and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. On page 958 of that volume, wherein is a history of the Chancellorsville campaign, I find that Col. J. M. Hall, in his report, makes mention of names familiar, no doubt, to many of your readers. In the last paragraph of the report, Colonel Hall said: "In this fight (Chancellorsville) all acted well, both officers and men vying with each other in doing their whole

duty. I would, however, respectfully mention the gallant conduct of Capt. T. M. Riley, Company C; Adjutant C. J. Pegues and Sergeant Major Alfred G. Ward, also Sergeant Adam Spicewood and Corporal A. M. Ballard, Company E; and Private James Arrington, Company D—all of those men acted with the most undaunted courage, coolness, and skill."

Then followed the report of Capt. Thomas M. Riley, "who was in command from the time that the gallant and chivalrous Renfro fell mortally wounded." Dated May 8, 1863, Captain Riley, Company C, commanding regiment, in his report, said: "We were ordered forward to occupy the works, when Captain Renfro, while bravely leading the advance and calling on the men to follow, fell mortally wounded. Being the senior officer, I now assumed command of the regiment, and, moving forward with this, the 26th Alabama," etc. At Malvern Hill, the 5th Alabama Regiment went into battle with 225 men; 26 were killed and 66 wounded. At Fair Oaks, 29 were killed and 181 wounded. At Chancellorsville, 24 were killed, 130 wounded, and 121 missing.

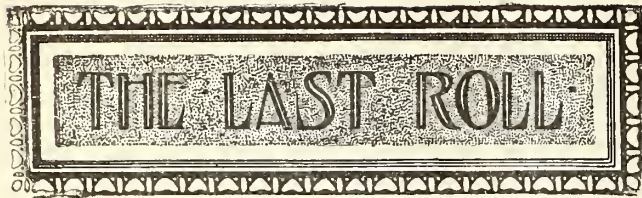
More might be gleaned from these war records, wherein is interesting reading to those who were engaged in the war, or to the descendants of those who went out and never returned.

Let it be remembered that there are other reasons than money or patriotism which induce men to risk life and limb in war. There is the love of glory and the expectation of honorable recognition. But the private in the ranks expects neither. His identity is merged in that of his regiment. To him the regiment and its name is everything. He does not expect to see his own name on the page of history, and is content with a proper recognition of the old command in which he fought. But he is jealous of the record of his regiment, and demands credit for every shot it faced and every grave it filled. Regimental scars can be seen only in the records of its casualties.

In point of numerical loss, the 6th Alabama Regiment sustained at the battle of Fair Oaks the greatest loss of any regiment during the war. This regiment, then in Rodes's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, lost 91 killed, 277 wounded, 5 missing; total, 373 out of 632 engaged.

The chivalry of Southern valor should be rehearsed by the firesides in our homes, not in a spirit of resentment or revenge to the conquerors, but in respect to the memory of our dead, and in justice to the courage and devotion to principle of those who still survive.





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.

“O Valiant Hearts, who to your glory came  
Through dust of conflict and through battle  
flame,  
Tranquil you lie, your Knightly virtue proved,  
Your memory hallowed in the Land you Loved.”

#### HINES HOLT HALL.

Hines Holt Hall, who died at his country home, The Elms, in Elmore County, Ala., on the 15th of October, 1929, at the age of eighty-three years, was the last son of the distinguished Hall family which gave six sons to the Confederate service. Of these, the first died on the battle field of Chickamauga, leaving a brave record as a young and splendid soldier to be a guiding star to his brothers.

The youngest of these, Hines Holt Hall, was of the class of 1865 at the University of Alabama, and during the last year of the war he went with the Tuscaloosa Cadets to Mobile, where they gave gallant service to the Confederacy to the close of hostilities. After the war, he studied law and practiced in Montgomery. In 1887, he was married to Miss Louise Crenshaw, whose beautiful life as a devoted wife, loving mother, and faithful friend ended less than a year before his death. The home they made with their family of two sons and five daughters was known to a large circle of friends for its widespread hospitality and the devotion which united them in the one bond that is eternal. In this beautiful old home he lived a life that endeared him to all. He was loyal to the fine traditions of the South—a man endowed with enduring principles of honor and truth, a friend whose loyalty never wavered, whose kind courtesy and fine sincerity gave him the profound affection of all who knew him. His love for the South and for the Confederacy was a flame that burned steadily in his heart, and a tiny Confederate flag was placed in his coffin.

In the fast thinning ranks of the gray, there are now four comrades who remain to salute the memory of the dear comrade who has reached the last haven of peace.

[“M. H.”]

#### H. W. HOLLIDAY.

H. W. Holliday, eldest son of James B. and Emily Jane Dunlap Holliday, was born March 1, 1846, and died on the 27th of November, 1928, at Greenville, S. C.

When war came on in the sixties, this young boy joined the ranks of the Confederacy in his father's place, first serving with the 3rd Regiment of State Troops at Charleston. When this regiment was disbanded, he joined Company E, of the 16th South Carolina Regiment, this on the last day of February, 1864, and went through the Georgia campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He was in all of the battles around Atlanta, then followed Hood into Tennessee, and took part in the fighting at Franklin and Nashville. When the surrender came, he was at home on sick furlough. His command was a part of Gregg's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Comrade Holliday was a member of R. C. Puliam Camp, No. 297, U. C. V., of Greenville, S. C., also a member of the Masonic Lodge of that place, and of the Methodist Church. He was three times married, his last wife, who was Mrs. Mary R. Payne, surviving him.

#### JUDGE A. RICE ELLIS.

Judge A. R. Ellis, oldest citizen of Abbeville County, S. C., died at his home in Due West, early in March, 1929, after an illness of some weeks. A long and useful life had been his in its span of eighty-seven years. His was a fine example of quiet, Christian citizenship, modest and unassuming, yet unafraid to state his position and to stand for what he considered the right. In that he has left a fine legacy to his children, of whom there are two sons and four daughters. His wife also survives him.

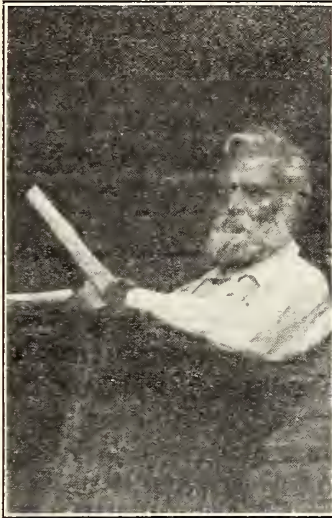
Judge Ellis served the Confederacy in the four years of war, having enlisted with Company G, Orr's Regiment of Rifles, and he took part in two of the major engagements of the war, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, in addition to many others. At Gettysburg he was wounded, and in the following engagement at Falling Water he was captured and taken to Point Lookout prison, where he was held to the end of the war.

For many years, Judge Ellis had served as justice of the peace of his township. He was chairman of the board of the A. R. P. Church, from which the funeral service was held, with its deacons as honorary pallbearers, while the active pallbearers were six grandsons.



## BENJAMIN R. CRABILL.

Benjamin R. Crabill, born at Toms Brook, Shenandoah County, Va., on March 13, 1846, died on July 22, 1929, at his home near Monroeville, Ind., having passed into his eighty-fourth year. He had taken his family to Allen County, Ind., in 1888, and there reared his family of seven sons and two daughters, all surviving except one son. His wife, who was Miss Frances Ebert, also survives him, and one sister, at the old Virginia home. He was the son of George K. and Elizabeth Wymer Crabill.



BENJAMIN R. CRABILL.

Enlisting for the Confederacy at the age of sixteen, young Crabill served for a time under Col. John S. Mosby, later joining the regular service and becoming a member of Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Laurel Brigade, under Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, and he participated in the activities of this command to the end at Appomattox.

Returning home, he became one of those constructive citizens who helped to build up his community and the South in those years following the war; and though he lived upon a farm near Monroeville after moving to Indiana, his activities extended beyond the farm, and in his work as contractor and builder, many buildings in the town and surrounding country were put up by him, among them being twelve brick schoolhouses. An ardent Democrat in politics, he took much interest in civic and political affairs.

## ALBERT G. STALNAKER.

Albert Gallatin Stalnakar, who died in the South Pasadena Hospital, Calif., on November 17, was born in Lewisburg, W. Va., in 1842, the son of Randolph and Caroline Joel Stalnakar. During the War between the States he served in the 27th Virginia Regiment, of the Stonewall Brigade; three brothers also served in the Confederate army. His body was taken to Charleston, W. Va., and there interred. Three daughters and a sister survive him.

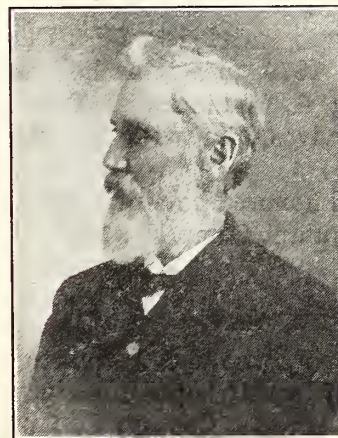
## J. M. HUNT.

After a long illness, J. M. Hunt, pioneer citizen of Jones County, Ga., died at his home near Round Oak, on the 13th of February, 1929. He was born in Jones County, January 1, 1841, the son of Thomas and Sarah Pope Hunt, and his entire life had been spent in the same community with the exception of two years in Marshallville and Macon, and the time of his service as a soldier in the War between the States. After serving through the war as a member of the 45th Georgia Regiment, he returned to the home plantation, and became known as the originator of the peach industry in Jones County. He was the oldest Confederate veteran of his county, having passed his eighty-eighth milestone.

For more than forty years, Comrade Hunt served as steward in the Round Oak Methodist Church, of which he was a charter member. He was married twice, first to Miss Elizabeth Carver, of Macon, and two daughters and a son survive of the five children born to them. His second wife was Mrs. Louise Gibson, also of Macon; there are also three grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He was last but one of a large family, one brother, W. W. Hunt, of Little Rock, Ark., surviving him.

## VOLNEY METCALF.

Volney Metcalf, born in 1845 at Natchez, Miss., died at his home in Azusa, Calif., on July 9, 1929, and was laid away in Oakdale Cemetery. He had lived in Azusa for the past thirty years, with his



VOLNEY METCALF.

son, where he was well known and highly respected. He was a member of the United Confederate Veterans of the California Division, and could talk most interestingly of his war experiences. He enlisted in the Confederate army with the Adams Troop from Natchez, which was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, and served

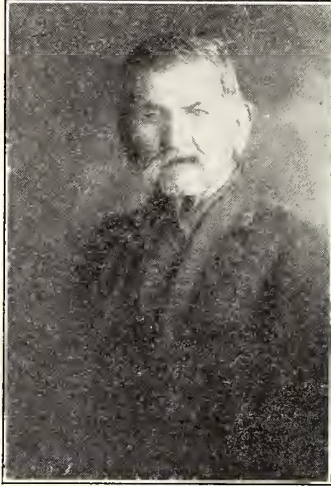
with the Jeff Davis Legion, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C.

Comrade Metcalf is survived by a son and a daughter, both living in California.



## W. G. HUDDLESTON.

One of the most esteemed members of Camp No. 1555, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, Tex., has been lost by the death of W. G. Huddleston, one of the few survivors of the crew of the Virginia in the engagement with the Monitor at Hampton Roads, Va., March 8, 1862. His death occurred on October 19, near Jacksonville, Tex., in his eighty-seventh year.



W. G. HUDDLESTON.

Comrade Huddleston was born at Montgomery, Ala., March 8, 1843, and joined the Confederate States Marine Service under Captain Thorn, at Montgomery, April 2, 1861. He was first stationed at Pensacola Navy Yard, was later transferred to Norfolk, Va., and was assigned to the Merrimac, its name being changed to the Virginia. During his service on this vessel, he was in the engagement at Hampton Roads. After this, Comrade Huddleston was stationed at Drewry's Bluff, below Richmond, and saw service in the Virginia army until captured in one of the many engagements in which he took part and held prisoner at Wheeling W. Va., until Lee's surrender, after which he returned to his home at Montgomery, Ala.

In August, 1866, he was married to Miss Ella B. Chase, who died in 1879, and later he was married to Miss Selena A. Williams, of Travis County, Tex., who survives him with the five daughters and two sons.

Peace to his ashes and honored be his memory.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, U. C. V.]

## S. J. QUARTERMAN.

As he quietly slept, death came to S. J. Quarterman on October 20, 1929, at his home in Quincy, Fla. He was born in Liberty County, Ga., on February 26, 1838, and his life had been passed in that State until his removal to Florida, in February, 1924, to be with his nephew in Quincy. For many years he farmed in Baker County, Ga., and he was then in Mitchell County as merchant, railroad agent, and postmaster at DeWitt.

During the War between the States, Comrade Quarterman served with the Jeff Davis Legion, and at the close he was in prison at Point Lookout, Md. "His last days were spent in comfort," writes his nephew, "and he loved to think of and to talk about his old-time friends."

## JAMES TAYLOR MCGUIRE.

James Taylor McGuire was born April 5, 1846, in Cherokee County, N. C., on a farm near the Hiawatha River. Here amid nature's most wonderful surroundings he grew to young manhood. At the age of fifteen years he enlisted in the Confederate army and gloriously served the cause of the South until the close of the war. In 1877, he married Mary Lou Gardner, and to this union six children were born, of whom three survive him.

Mr. McGuire moved from his native State to Tennessee, and after a short residence there he moved to Missouri, this trip being made in an ox wagon and a journey of eight weeks' duration. After spending several years in Missouri, he went to Arkansas, and then to Oklahoma.

In 1911, the messenger of death entered his home and summoned his loving wife. His second marriage was to Miss Ellen Lincos, who died in 1919.

On August 4, 1929, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ed Fisher, at Fort Gibson, Okla., Mr. McGuire entered into eternal rest. Endowed with a kind and affectionate disposition, a man who professed Christianity at a tender age and steadfastly walked in the light of the Great Maker throughout the years of his life, the world was made richer by his presence, for all of his deeds were a manifestation of a great devotion.

[From tribute by Rex. W. Smith.]

## JOHN B. MCCAUSLAND.

John B. McCausland, oldest citizen of Fayette, Mo., died there on the 5th of September, aged eighty-seven years. He was born in Augusta County, Va., March 1, 1842, the youngest of the four sons of Andrew Jackson McCausland, and a cousin of Gen. John McCausland. At the age of nineteen years he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy, serving with Company I, 5th Virginia Regiment, and going through the four years of war without an injury. He took part in the strenuous campaigns under the immortal Stonewall, and was in all his major engagements; he was also at Gettysburg, and at the surrender was doing picket duty at Lynchburg, Va.

After a few months at home following the surrender, Comrade McCausland went to Missouri



and there had lived in Randolph and Howard counties, making his home at Fayette in 1894. In 1869, he was married to Miss Sallie Snell, who survives him with their four daughters and two sons. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and a highly respected citizen of his community, county, and State.

WILLIAM M. MOSS.

Born in Williamson County, Tenn., in 1839, William M. Moss had completed ninety years of life when the last call came to him at his home in Jackson, Tenn., during November. He had been a citizen of that place for many years, and had served under two Presidents as its postmaster.

Enlisting for the Confederacy at the beginning of the War between the States, William Moss won special recognition for his service in several notable engagements, including Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, and Kenesaw Mountain, where he was wounded. During a skirmish near Chattanooga toward the end of the war, he was captured by Gen. John Wanamaker, who offered him freedom if he would take the oath of allegiance. Refusing to do so, he was sent to Camp Chase prison, and there remained until the close of war. During President Harrison's administration, Wanamaker served as Postmaster General, and in his application for the postmastership at Jackson, Comrade Moss recalled to General Wanamaker the incident of his capture and refusal to take the oath, but he was awarded the position and served capably through two administrations. He was a lifelong member of the Christian Church. His wife survives him with their four daughters and two sons.

WILLIAM S. BOMAR.

William S. Bomar, pioneer citizen of Henry County, Tenn., and member of Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Isom Comer, in the Manleyville community, on November 5, after a short illness. He was in his eighty-fifth year.

Born in Henry County, in 1845, of one of the most prominent families in that section, he became a leading citizen of his county and community, and was a lifelong member of the Baptist Church. At the outbreak of the war in 1861, he enlisted and served throughout the conflict as a member of a company under Captain Pettyjohn, Forrest's Cavalry.

After the war, Comrade Bomar was married to Miss Dora Iron, and three sons and two daughters of that marriage survive him. His second

wife was Miss Mary Doty, who also survives with their daughter. A large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren are also left, and there are many friends to mourn the passing of one who had won their respect and love by his upright Christian character.

[P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

BENJAMIN A. LONG.

A true and tried soldier of the Confederacy, Ben. A. Long, of Mount Selman, Tex., died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. C. H. Merk, on January 1, 1929, in his ninety-first year. He was



BENJAMIN A. LONG.

among the first to volunteer from Cherokee County, Tex., in June, 1861, joining Company C, 3rd Texas Cavalry, which later became an integral part of Ross' Texas Brigade in the Tennessee army. In this command he served faithfully to the final surrender. He was born in the Republic of Texas at the town of Douglas,

near Nacogdoches, August 16, 1863. His father, James D. Long, located at the town of Larissa, in Cherokee County in 1856, where the son, Ben. A. Long was educated at Trinity University, which was then located at Larissa, under the management of Dr. Yoakum. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church for more than sixty years. Funeral services were held at Bullard, Tex., his pastor officiating. Of the six brothers, only one is now living, W. S. Long, of Mixon, Tex. Of his own family, one daughter and two sons survive him, with the six grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, Jacksonville, Tex.]

CAPEHART.—Entered into life eternal, at "Southall," Vance County, North Carolina, September 3, 1929, Thomas Tucker Capehart, son of the late Thomas Capehart, C. S. A., and Amelia Epps Tucker. Second Timothy, chapter 4, verses 7 and 8.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, *President General*

Troy, Ala.

MRS. A. C. FORD, Clifton Forge, Va.....*First Vice President General*

MRS. R. F. BLANKENBURG.....*Second Vice President General*  
San Diego, Calif.

MRS. JOHN WILCOX, Houston, Tex.....*Third Vice President General*

MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Recording Secretary General*

MRS. F. L. EZELL, Leesburg, Fla.....*Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va.....*Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2.

MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C.....*Historian General*  
MRS. A. S. PORTER, Lakewood, Ohio.....*Registrar General*  
14724 Clifton Boulevard.

MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*  
The Cloverly

MRS. CHARLES GRANGER.....*Custodian of Flags and Pennant*  
New Orleans, La.

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. J. J. Harris, Official Editor, Sandersville, Ga.

## THE CONVENTION AT BILOXI, 1929

"Where a changing, sapphire sea,  
Reaching to eternity,  
Beats a tireless symphony—  
Mississippi."

So sang a poet of the old State of Mississippi and doubtless in tribute to that beautiful Gulf Coast section—some say that is *the State*—than which there could have been no more beautiful setting for the meeting of a deliberative body. Biloxi-by-the-Sea, with its restful calm, its blue skies, and mellow sunlight to welcome and cheer the visitors from more wintry sections, met with appreciative response; and Mississippi Daughters added to that cheer with their gracious hospitality and entertainment unsurpassed.

Amid scenes hallowed by the presence in his last years of the only President of the Southern Confederacy, most fittingly this convention was dedicated to the memory of Jefferson Davis, this being the leading thought in the report of the President General, who said:

"From the date of organization, September 10, 1894, one of the definite purposes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has been honoring the memory of the President of the Southern Confederacy and the restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis to its rightful place among the greatest of American statesmen."

In the old Church of the Redeemer at Biloxi, the original of which was a refuge to him—a sanctuary—in those last sad days of Jefferson Davis, the pre-convention divine service was held, conducted by the rector, Rev. E. A. Miller, and, in the light streaming through memorial windows dedicated to the Davis family, the audience sat in reverent hush and felt the presence of those who once came there for spiritual consolation. The window dedicated to Winnie Davis, beloved "Daughter of the Confederacy," represents the raising of Jairus's daughter, a beautiful tribute

to one who will ever live as the first to receive the name which is perpetuated in many thousands who proudly claim membership in this great organization.

From the wall of the beautifully decorated stage of the convention hall a splendid portrait of Jefferson Davis faced the assemblage, so vividly alive in expression that it seemed to say: "Daughters of the South, to you we look for that justification which will give us our rightful place in the history of our country.

\* \* \*

The exercises on Tuesday evening, presided over by Mrs. William H. Price, General Chairman, gave a full program of welcome addresses and responses, interspersed with musical selections by the music clubs of the city and section, as follows:

Welcome from the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., by Mrs. R. C. Herron, President; from the City of Biloxi, Mayor J. J. Kennedy; from all the coast cities, Hon. Carl Marshall; from the women of Mississippi, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson; response to the addresses of welcome, Mrs. A. C. Ford, Virginia.

Greetings were extended for the State by the governor's representative, followed by greetings from the United Confederate Veterans, by Commander in Chief, Richard A. Sneed; by the Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, John Ashley Jones; for the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, Mrs. Charles Bryan, of Tennessee. For the women's patriotic organizations of Mississippi, by Mrs. Rucks Yerger; by Past President of the Mississippi Division, Mrs. B. S. Shinn.

Following this came the presentation of general officers, past and present, the honorary presidents, and convention pages.



The thirty-sixth annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, opened for business on the morning of Wednesday, November 20, with large representation from the thousand or more Chapters of the organization located in all parts of this country, and the one in France had a voice by proxy. From the far West they came, for Oregon answered to the roll call; from the east, in the tones of Boston; from the icy North, and from the "deep" South—all intermingled in one interest, for wherever their lives had been cast, they were still Southern to the core.

The report of the President General covered a vast field of endeavor and accomplishment within the past year, and, following the thought of this convention held near the old home of Jefferson Davis, her first recommendation was: "That the President General, or her appointed representative, attend the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of the statue of President Davis in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., and that she be authorized to provide an appropriate floral offering for the occasion." This recommendation was adopted, and within the coming year, Jefferson Davis, illustrious son of Mississippi, "will again enter that building which responded to his eloquence on that memorable day in 1861, when he delivered his farewell address to the Senate; and with another distinguished Mississippian, Senator J. Z. George, will stand for all time among other men of renown who have given themselves to the service of their country."

After touching upon the high points of the organization's activities, some of which had been completed, the President General made a number of recommendations which met with the approval of the assemblage and were later acted upon. Among these was the recommendation that the United Daughters of the Confederacy place a portrait of Gen. R. E. Lee in the West Point Military Academy, of which he was superintendent from 1852 to 1855, this portrait to be in keeping with the portraits of other superintendents there, and to cost approximately \$2,000; that an endowment fund of \$8,000 be created and to be known as the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Loan Fund, this as recognition of the service rendered by Mrs. Raines in the early years of the organization; that a fund of some \$3,500 be secured for a bust of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, to be placed in the Hall of Fame in the University of New York when his name shall have been accepted for that honor; that the sum of \$9,000 be contributed from the U. D. C. treasury for the purpose of restoring the

room at Stratford in which General Lee was born, and the nursery adjoining; also to supply certain shelves of the library there with books selected by the committee on Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries; and for appropriately marking by tablets the rooms and library shelves as gifts from the organization. (The thought in this recommendation was that in the appropriation from the general treasury, every Daughter of the Confederacy visiting Stratford could feel that she had contributed a part toward the restoration of these rooms. The amount to be appropriated had to come under the \$10,000 limit to which the organization could be pledged without special consideration, and this was afterwards made \$9,995 by suggestion of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Mississippi, with a special gift of \$5 by Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Tennessee, in memory of her father, the late Rev. John W. Bachman, so that the amount might total \$10,000.)

Reports of general officers followed in order, with their various recommendations. (See Minutes Biloxi Convention.) The report of the Treasurer General showed receipts in the general fund as \$26,940.94, with disbursements of \$22,014.72, a balance of \$4,926.22 to start another year. Assets of the organization in cash, securities, and loan funds made a grand total of \$163,817.74.

The report of the Chairman on Credentials, Mrs. L. U. Babin, of Louisiana, showed a voting strength of 2,338 for this convention, with delegates present representing votes something under that. Her report also showed that South Carolina leads all other States in number of Chapters, having 131 in active condition; Virginia comes second with 130 Chapters; Georgia third with 118; and North Carolina fourth with 114—and how they do work!

Later sessions of the convention took up reports of the various committees, a number of chairmen reporting their work completed. Of these was that on Women of the South in War Times, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, of West Virginia, Chairman. The 10,000 copies of "Our Book" having been taken by the various divisions, this work was considered as completed according to the contract with the publishers, but arrangements are to be made whereby another edition of the book may be secured if found desirable. The Lee Memorial Trust Fund, to be used for the necessary renovation of the Lee Chapel at Washington and Lee University, of which Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky, was chairman, has been turned over to



the authorities of the University to be expended for that purpose, and the work of the committee is finished. The committee appointed on the Memorial Approach to Arlington Bridge, Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee, chairman, reported its work concluded, after full investigation of the plans for this memorial bridge connecting the city of Washington with the old home of Gen. R. E. Lee, now known as Arlington National Cemetery.

Reports of special committees included that appointed to "consider the advisability of securing a business office for the U. D. C.," by Mrs. L. B. Newell, of North Carolina, chairman. Action on this was to appoint a committee to consider Nashville, Tenn., as the logical place for such an office, and to investigate the possibilities offered by that city in its fireproof buildings. The immense cost of transporting the heavy file cases holding these valuable papers whenever there is a change in Registrar General, and the immense labor in handling these papers, makes it necessary to secure a permanent location for them and a business manager to direct the work of keeping these records.

A design for the Spanish-American War decoration, to be given by the U. D. C. to veterans of that war having Confederate ancestry, was submitted by Mrs. Wallace Streater, chairman of that committee, who was delegated to investigate further the cost of the decoration and the possible number that will be needed.

A resolution was introduced by Mrs. Charles S. Bolling, of Richmond, for the Virginia Division, asking that the United Daughters of the Confederacy pledge \$50,000 toward the purchase of Stratford, this sum to be the final payment on the purchase price of this old home of the Lees and birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee; and of this amount, the Virginia Division pledged \$5,000. The resolution was passed subject to its ratification by the Divisions and Chapters where there are no divisions, and will be reported again to the convention in 1930.

An amendment submitted by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Georgia, to the rules for the award of the U. D. C. Cross of Military Service, providing that war nurses of the army, navy, or marine corps who are descendants of Confederate soldiers, may be awarded this decoration, aroused considerable discussion and opposition, but was finally passed by a majority—not unanimously.

Mrs. Robert D. Wright, of South Carolina, chairman of the Education Committee, reported that the U. D. C. have an endowment fund of

\$100,311.87, and a grand total from both division and general U. D. C. scholarship funds of \$237,748.99. From this, 811 scholarships have been awarded within the past year, valued at \$101,638.02. The most valuable cash scholarship is at Vassar College, the Mary B. Poppenheim Scholarship, valued at \$1,000. The Mrs. Simon Baruch University Prize of \$1,000 was won this year by Theodore Marshall Whitfield, of Richmond, Va.

Nearly \$6,000 was pledged in the convention to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women, with some divisions yet to be heard from. The administration of this fund was reported by Mrs. Amos Norris, of Florida, chairman. Thirty-seven needy women of Confederate connection, living in various parts of this country, and one in South America, have been the beneficiaries of this fund during the past year.

Report of the Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Woodward, of North Carolina, showed that 1,144 crosses had been bestowed by the organization, including the four Crosses of Military Service awarded at this convention, the recipients of which could not be present. These went to Maj. Gen. Henry P. McCain, Rear Admiral Thomas P. Magruder, Brig. Gen. James J. Jervey, and Col. George E. Pickett, great-grandson of General Pickett, C. S. A. The memorial cup going to the division bestowing the greatest number of crosses during the year was awarded to Georgia.

The report for the Confederate Museum of Richmond, Va., was given by Miss Susan B. Harrison, House Regent, and it showed that 16,142 people had paid admission during the year. In addition to these visitors, school children are admitted free, as are visitors on holidays.

The report by Mrs. R. H. Chelsey on the subscription work for the VETERAN showed the effort to increase it, the total number of subscriptions reported through the U. D. C. for the year being 1,947, as against 1,662 for 1928. Again this work was led by North Carolina with 260 to her credit, California being next with 149 subscriptions.

The reports by Division Presidents on Wednesday evening brought before the convention some splendid accomplishments by the States and Chapters in States where there are no divisions. A special prize offered by Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, of Georgia, First Vice President General—a beautiful silver vase—for the most "concise, constructive, and comprehensive" report, was awarded to the Ohio Division President, Mrs. A. S. Porter, by the committee appointed to pass on these reports.



The last sessions of the convention were devoted to consideration of amendments offered, some of which brought out considerable discussion. The first of these was offered by the President General as "Section 5, of Article VII," and prohibits the furnishing of the U. D. C. Minutes, with the lists of chapters and members, to any other organization "when it is to be used for the purpose of creating interest in, or soliciting funds for, other work than that of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

A resolution was introduced by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York, for the purchase of a portrait of John Slidell, of Louisiana, from the Countess de St. Roman, of Paris, this to be placed with portraits of other famous men at Columbia University, New York. This portrait of Slidell was painted in 1810, at the time of his graduation from Columbia University, and just before he went to Louisiana to seek his fortune. An appropriation of \$550 was voted by the convention for the purchase of this portrait.

At the election of general officers on Thursday morning, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Alabama, was made President General. The changes in other officers are given in the heading of this department. A picture of the new President General will appear in the January number.

(Continued on page 478.)

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### HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT, U. D. C.

WINNERS OF GENERAL U. D. C. PRIZES FOR 1929.

MISS MARION SALLEY, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*The Raines Banner.*—To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records, and doing the best historical work. Won by Georgia Division, Mrs. Kirby Smith Anderson, Historian.

*Jeanne Fox Weinmann Loving Cup.*—To the Division reporting the greatest amount of work done in schools. Won by Georgia Division.

*Mildred Lewis Rutherford Loving Cup.*—For the most meritorious criticism by a Daughter of the Confederacy of some history or biography dealing with the Confederate period. Won by Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, of South Carolina.

*William Jackson Walker Loving Cup.*—Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles, in memory of her father, a captain under Gen. N. B. Forrest, to the U. D. C. Chapter placing the greatest amount of books on Southern history and literature, with U. D. C. bookplate in each, in any public library. Won by Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, Ky.

*Thomas D. Osborne Loving Cup.*—Offered by Mrs. John L. Woodbury in memory of her father, a member of the "Orphan Brigade," to the Daughters of the Confederacy submitting the best pageant on a Confederate topic. Won by Mrs. Eloise B. Burkheimer, Charlotte, N. C.

*Rose Loving Cup.*—For the best essay on "Chaplains in Confederate Service." Won by Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, Lexington, Va.

*Mrs. John A. Perdue Loving Cup.*—For the best essay on "John Paul Jones and Raphael Semmes—A Comparison." Won by Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, Lexington, Va.

*Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup.*—For the best essay on "The Statesmanship of Jefferson Davis, as Evidenced by His Speeches and Writings." Won by Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.

*Adelia Dunovant Loving Cup.*—Offered by Mrs. W. T. Calhoun, in memory of her sister, former Historian of the Texas Division, for the best essay on "John C. Calhoun, Apostle of State Rights." Won by Mrs. Josephine Turner, Louisville, Ky.

*Sydnor Ferguson Prize.*—Twenty-five dollars, offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, for the best essay on "Mosby's Rangers." Won by Mrs. W. S. Bernard, Chapel Hill, N. C.

*Gordon White Prize.*—Twenty-five dollars, offered by Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, for the best essay on "Art in the South before the War between the States." Won by Mrs. Clara R. Hayden, Tallahassee, Fla.

*Betty Pendleton Prize.*—Offered by Mrs. J. H. Cleland, in memory of her grandmother, for the best essay on "The Confederate Flags." Won by Mrs. J. R. Vandiver, Anderson, S. C.

*Orren Randolph Smith Medal.*—For the best essay on "The Capture of Jefferson Davis." Won by Mrs. Kirby-Smith Anderson, Madison, Ga.

*Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.*—For the best essay on "The Jamestown Parliament of 1619, the First Legislative Assembly in the New World." Won by Mrs. William T. Fowler, Lexington, Ky.

*Martha Washington House Medal.*—For the best essay on "Abram J. Ryan, Poet-Priest—His Connection with the Confederate Army." Won by Mrs. W. J. Morrison, Nashville, Tenn.

*W. O. Hart Medal.*—For the best essay on "The Cabinet of the Confederate States." Won by Mrs. May Gardner Black, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

*Roberts Medal.*—For the second best essay in any contest. Won by Mrs. J. R. Carson, Chester, S. C.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MRS. LAMAR LIPSCOMB.....*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*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. J. F. Weinmann  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Mrs. Chenault  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
Maryland.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

Times change, and men often change with them, but principles never!

## A YULETIDE MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My Beloved Coworkers:* The cycle of time has again swung round, completing the thirteenth year since we first took sweet counsel together, and love joined hands and hearts in a devoted effort for the perpetuation of the sacred work bequeathed to us by our sainted mothers; and it is my happy privilege to again send to you cordial greetings, with the deepest appreciation and love of my heart for your loyal support and coöperation. You have held aloft the beacon light of Southern patriotic pride and principles, and the ante bellum ideals of the gentlewoman of the Old South, having written deep in the hearts of the loyal young womanhood traditions built upon the lessons learned from those who flung to us the torch to carry on with "Peace on earth, good will to men." If the trust be honored and we have kept the faith, the seed has fallen upon good ground, and your reward will come in the imperishable glory of the highest type of American womanhood.

May the Giver of all good send the blessings of peace, joy, and prosperity into each home, and may the circle of your influence widen until it shall touch as the waves of the beacon, every land and people.

MARGARET A. WILSON.

## NEWS FROM THE ASSOCIATIONS.

Mrs. John F. Weinmann, of Little Rock, Ark., has been reelected President of the Arkansas Confederate Southern Memorial Association. Also, she has been chosen again as Arkansas's Presi-

dent of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Weinmann is one of the most capable women in both organizations, and is well liked by all.

Mrs. Townes R. Leigh, of Gainesville, Fla., has been chosen again to lead the C. S. M. A. work in Florida. She is a gifted and popular woman, and her many friends are glad to know that she will again be State President, and that she is well again after illness of some time.

Mrs. D. D. Geiger, State President of the C. S. M. A. for West Virginia, is well again after serious illness lasting many months. She is assuming again the State President's work in West Virginia, having been reelected this fall. Mrs. Geiger is also President of the Huntington Association.

The Huntington, W. Va., Association met on October 19, with Miss Sallie Jones. The meeting was a most delightful one. The attendance was large, and renewed interest was shown in the work. Ten new members were added at this meeting, and there are many more prospective members. "The new year is starting off in a beautiful spirit," writes Mrs. Geiger, "and there is keen enthusiasm concerning the Junior Memorial Association."

A new Ladies' Memorial Association has just been organized in Biloxi, Miss., with Mrs. Byrd Enochs as President. The new Association is composed of the leading women of Biloxi, and the president is widely known both in social and patriotic circles, which insures its success. The Association will be hostess to the C. S. M. A. during the annual meeting in 1930, at the time of the veterans' reunion in Biloxi, June 3-7.



*CHRISTMAS AGAIN!*

To the Memorial women of the South, greetings and good wishes from the C. S. M. A. editor. May the holiday season bring peace and happiness to each and every one of you, and may the New Year strengthen the ties of old friendships and bring new joys of the mind and heart.

And may all of us receive the blessings of renewed inspiration in the work we have undertaken in the service of the South. May we build well for the future upon the foundation of past glory and find new ways of conveying to the youth of to-day the sacred flame of memory's never-dying love for the cause of the Confederacy and the wearers of the gray. MARY CARTER WINTER.

*SHALL MEMORY EVER FAIL?*

"Athens had her 'Painted Porch,' where the sons of the doughty sires who championed the cause of Miltiades might trace the emblazoned glories of their Marathon. France has her 'Home of the Invalides,' where, through gorgeous windows the filtering sunlight wreathes with flame the tattered 'Fleur de Lys' of Navarre, and the sacred eagles of the Corsican Bonaparte. England has her Westminster Abbey, where hard by her shrouded kings sleep the sturdy warriors who have carved, with the points of their gleaming blades unfading names upon their country's roll. None of this is ours. Only the shining stars each night keep solemn watch and ward above the graves of those who, from the Potomac to the James, from Rapidan to Appomattox, yielded up their lives for a cause they held sacred, yet every inch of the soil consecrated by their martyrdom and made forever famous by their sacrifices breathes in reverence their imperishable names." (From address by Rev. E. C. De La Moriniere.)

*THE UNKNOWN DEAD.*

"The Unknown Dead!" It is a phrase which commands the heart and mind, awakening tenderness and love, infinite pity and mysterious admiration for those who have made the final sacrifice with none of the emblazonment of glory about their heroic but forgotten names.

Unsung, but not unhonored, they sleep in many an unmarked grave, but, as Dr. E. C. de La Moriniere expresses it so beautifully, "God has long since crowned their brows with the diadem of immortality."

Recently, in Atlanta, under the smooth sward

of the Confederate section, where Gen. William Ambrose Wright was buried, many of these graves of the unknown dead were discovered by those who prepared the last resting place of that gallant Confederate soldier. Sounding for his grave brought forth the fact that all of the space to the left of the approach to the Confederate monument was filled with unmarked and forgotten graves of those who had died for the South, and in only one spot was found space for one more grave, that of General Wright.

On the right, as one approaches the monument in Oakland Cemetery, is a beautiful obelisk bearing the name of every Confederate soldier buried in that great section, but into the graves at the left had been placed the bodies of those who were not identified in death sixty years ago.

As time rolled on, the grass grew green and beautiful above their graves, the sod, as could be easily seen after it was known that here rested the heroic dead, much greener and richer above the graves than in the narrow spaces between each one, and in time these graves were forgotten until General Wright was called home to his comrades. But from now on, they will be remembered, and, in time, perhaps a marble shaft will gleam whitely above their lost and lowly graves.

*FOR RESTORATION OF BEAUVOIR.*

The Beauvoir Memorial Committee, organized in Gulfport on October 23, with the purpose of furthering memorial purposes connected with the last home of President Jefferson Davis at Beauvoir, between Gulfport and Biloxi, on the beach, and with the object of locating and authenticating articles used at Beauvoir during the residence of the Davis family, has arranged as its first memorial work the conversion into a memorial of the office building at Beauvoir which was used by President Davis.

Superintendent Elnathan Tartt, of the Beauvoir Confederate Home, has coöperated with the committee in this restoration of the office which Mr. Davis used as his workroom while writing "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." The plan is to secure as many articles as possible which were used by the Davis family for this room, with a portrait of the Southern chieftain, and place volumes of his work on the shelves.

Dr. Margaret Caraway, of Gulfport, is now chairman of the Beauvoir Memorial Committee. —*The New Orleans Times-Picayune.*



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

JOHN ASHLEY JONES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, ATLANTA, GA.

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 DR. A. J. CROWELL, Charlotte, N. C. . . . . *Surgeon in Chief*  
 FENTON H. KIMBROUGH, Biloxi, Miss. . . . . *Quartermaster in Chief*  
 JUDGE ED S. MCCARVER, Orange, Tex. . . . . *Commissary in Chief*  
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 A. W. TABER, *Relief*. . . . . Austin, Tex.  
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 ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley, Miss. . . . . *Army of Tennessee*  
 J. E. JONES, Oklahoma City, Okla. . . . . *Army of Trans-Mississippi*

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 EDWARD C. FISHER, Syndicate Trust Building, St. Louis. . . . . Missouri  
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 GEORGE W. SIDEBOTTOM, Huntington. . . . . West Virginia

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

## PERSONAL NOTES.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Comrade Silas W. Fry, Past Commander Eastern Division, S. C. V., on August 6, 1929, lost his life while swimming in Rainbow Lake, Denville, N. J.

Comrade Fry was in the prime of life and activity, and entering upon the full enjoyment of a successful career of broad achievement in both the business world and in patriotic work, to which he was devoted. He had served New York Camp, No. 985, S. C. V., in nearly every important capacity, as comrade, as adjutant, as commander, and as member of numerous committees, after performing duties tedious, technical, and difficult; and had several times gone as duly authorized delegate to the annual reunions of Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Comrade Fry had served as Commander of the Eastern Division, S. C. V., and was deeply interested and diligently active in aid of Confederate memorials and monuments, in the preservation of historic battle fields in the South, and in placing stone markers upon neglected graves of Confederate soldiers who were buried usually where they fell in battle; and he was an ever-ready defender of the truth of Confederate history, devoted to Southern social and civic ideals, and an active member of patriotic organizations.

Comrade Fry's usefulness and efficiency in all that he undertook were evidenced by successful results invariably accomplished, often when tasks

undertaken seemed insurmountable. His character was as immaculate as his always well-groomed and immaculate person; he was a typical Southerner and an American of the original stock which founded this great republic; he was a true friend, and he had friends who were true and loyal.

### CONFEDERATE RECORDS OF LOUISIANA.

Gen. L. Stephens, Department Commander of the Army of Tennessee, United Confederate Veterans, Coushatta, La., has compiled three volumes containing the record of all Louisiana Confederate soldiers and commands. The three volumes have been presented Red River Parish, La., by General Stephens. The records are now in the office of the clerk of the court, and are available for public use.

### ACTIVITIES OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Maj. K. M. Van Zandt, Past Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, has been the active president of the Fort Worth National Bank since 1874.

Major Van Zandt recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday. His bank, which now occupies a twenty-two-story building, has had no other president since it was founded more than fifty years ago. Its capital, surplus, and undivided profits are now more than \$5,000,000.

Major Van Zandt not only founded Fort Worth's first bank, but was also instrumental in bringing the first and second railroads to Fort



Worth. He gave the site for the first church and helped to build it. He was teacher of the first school and the first Sunday school in Fort Worth. He served in the War between the States as a major, and after the war went to Fort Worth in a covered wagon.

To-day Major Van Zandt is active as head of his bank and is at his office every morning. His keen, active mind is forever busy.

*"THE LITTLE FORK RANGERS, 1861-65."*

[A sketch of Company D, 4th Virginia Cavalry. By Woodford B. Hackney, grandson of a member of the company. 117 pages. Richmond, Va. Press of the Dietz Printing Company, 1927.]

Reviewed by Richard L. Morton, Professor of History, William and Mary College, Virginia.

Culpeper County, Va., has furnished its full quota of good fighting men. The Culpeper Minute Men, since the time that they followed Gen. Andrew Lewis against the Indians in the battle of Point Pleasant, in 1773, to the present, have been familiar figures in Virginia history. Now another company from Culpeper rides upon the stage and makes its bow to fame. The Little Fork Rangers take their name from a region in the northern part of the county above the junction of the Rapahannock and the Hazel Rivers, the Little Fork, in which the company was recruited and drilled. Professor Hackley, of the University of Richmond, has done more than chronicle the material adventures of this small group of very active Confederate cavalymen. In tracing the background for their activities, he has given us an intimate insight into Confederate history, cutting across the whole period of the war in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

The Little Fork Rangers became Company D, of the 4th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, in September, 1861. With the aid of personal interviews with surviving members of the company, letters of the period, official records, and the diary of one of their number, Lieutenant Holtzman, the author has kept his little group from being lost to view in the larger organization. The regiment was a part of Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade in General Stuart's famous cavalry force. There was no group in the army more active than the cavalry—skirmishing in advance of the army, playing its part in battle, and pursuing the enemy or covering the retreat after the battle. The Rangers followed Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Manassas and in his retreat from Yorktown, and they followed

Gen. R. E. Lee from Seven Pines to Appomattox. According to Mr. Hackney—

"The Little Fork Rangers left Jeffersontown on July 4, 1861, with fifty-seven men. The total number on the rolls, including new enlistments and transfers, was, as near as we can determine, one hundred and forty-nine. There were thirteen in the final charge at Appomattox. The sixth and last muster roll, covering the period from February 29, 1864, to April 30, 1864, contains ninety-eight names. That it is very unlikely that the active strength of the company at any time greatly exceeded one hundred men. Of the one hundred and forty-nine men, ten were killed in action, three were mortally wounded, and seven died of disease during the war, making a total of twenty men who gave their lives for their country. In addition, thirty-six were wounded and twenty-five were captured."

Fifty-four per cent of all those who were enlisted in the company at one time or another were killed in battle or by disease, captured, or wounded—a remarkable testimony in itself of the heroic struggles of these men.

The book contains a complete roster of the company (Company D), with a brief sketch of the record of each of its one hundred and forty-nine members. It also traces the complete record of the 4th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry as an organization. Some interesting stories are told of the organization and drilling of the company, of personal experiences of its members, of Federal raids in the Little Fork region, and of other war-time activities. Especially valuable are the nine pages of extracts from Lieutenant Holtzman's diary. Mr. Hackley is right in saying that they "reveal, more effectively than any discussion, untold stories of hardship, suffering, hunger, danger, devotion to duty, patriotism; they give us interesting first-hand information as to the daily routine of camp life, how the soldiers passed their time when not engaged in active campaigning; they suggest many interesting commentaries on the history of the times; they disclose the human side of soldiering; they impart the humorous and the pathetic."

The author gives as the chief motive in putting in print the results of his research the desire that the other descendants of the "Little Forkers" should share with him the joy of following their ancestors through these adventurous and trying years. He has certainly succeeded in putting them all in debt to him.



### THE CONVENTION AT BILOXI.

(Continued from page 473.)

To Texas, the great State of Texas, the next convention will go through the gracious invitation extended by Miss Katie Daffan to meet "somewhere in Texas," and San Antonio cordially supplemented this with its invitations from the mayor of the city, its Chamber of Commerce, and its Barnard E. Bee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Hurrah for Texas and Miss Katie Daffan!

\* \* \*

#### HISTORICAL EVENING.

The program for Historical Evening, Thursday, November 21, opened with a colorful procession of flag bearers, officers, etc., the division historians bearing their State flags. The high lights of the program was the presentation of the Historian General, Miss Marion Salley; the address by Judge Stone Devours on "The Constitution of the Confederate States"; the awarding of crosses; and the closing scene in the fashion parade of the sixties, with appropriate music.

\* \* \*

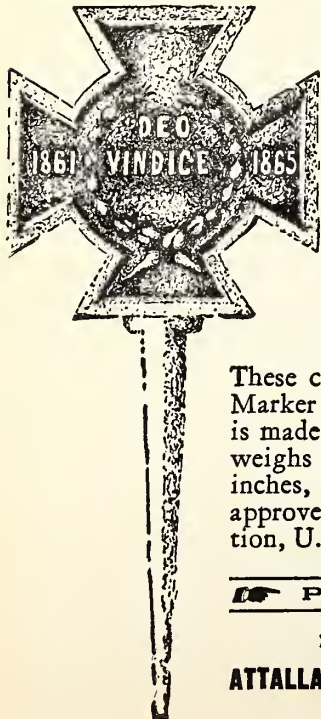
#### MEMORIAL HOUR.

Memorial exercises were held on Wednesday afternoon, with Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, chairman of

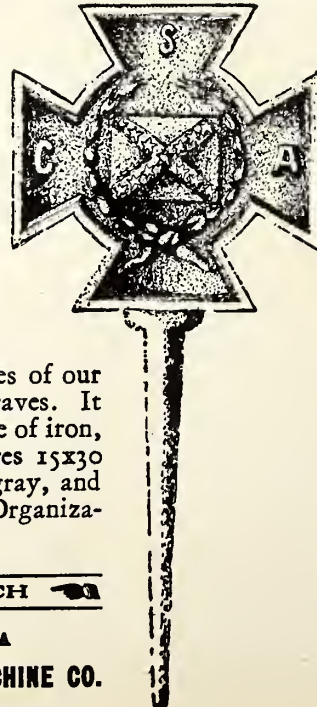
the Memorial Committee, presiding. Following the invocation, "Lead, Kindly Light" was rendered by the quartet, which gave additional appropriate selections during the service. A memorial to the United Daughters of the Confederacy was given by Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Georgia; to the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans, by Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, West Virginia. Special memorials were: Gen. James A. Yeager, by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Kentucky; to Gen. Charles C. Harvey, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, South Carolina; to Mr. Alexander McQueen Salley, by Mrs. J. Frost Walker, South Carolina; to Gen. W. A. Collier, by Miss Edith Pope, Tennessee; to Mr. Robert Preston Blake, by Mrs. A. C. Ford, Virginia; to Mrs. Mary Lindsey Pendleton Cleland, by Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Missouri.

With the roll call of States, a flower was placed in the wreath by each Division President.

There were many things outside of the convention which attracted the Daughters of the Confederacy to this delightful little city of Biloxi by the sea, and the many entertainments for their pleasure while there relieved the tedium of convention proceedings. Special mention of these entertainments will be given in the January number.



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#### THANKSGIVING.

For homes within a pleasant land,  
For Friendship's cheer along the way,  
For Love's enduring, golden band,  
In Truth, we thank thee, Lord, to-day.

\* \* \*

Now He who orders all the ways  
Of sun and stars through boundless space,  
Will guard my nights and keep my days,  
Though clouds and darkness hide his face.

And so, o'er all the scenes of life  
I know he keepeth watch and ward  
Though bright with peace or dark with strife,  
I thank thee for thy mercies, Lord.

—F. R. McLaren.

SEATTLE, WASH.



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# Special Offering in Old Books

Let the VETERAN help you build up your Confederate library. Send a list of your book wants, and, if not in stock, will locate them if possible, whether old or new.

\* \* \*

In the following list, while the books are old, they are in good condition unless otherwise stated; the reading matter is all in good order:

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"Destruction and Reconstruction." By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 00
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Remember the special offer on "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, by which the book and a year's subscription to the VETERAN are given for \$4.00. Get it for a Christmas gift for some one. Nothing better. This is the \$5.00 edition, and the stock is being exhausted.

"Echoes from Dixie" is a splendid collection of songs of the old days in the South, and that, too, would be an appreciated gift at this time. Send one dollar for a copy, or secure three new subscriptions to the VETERAN and get this collection as a premium.

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