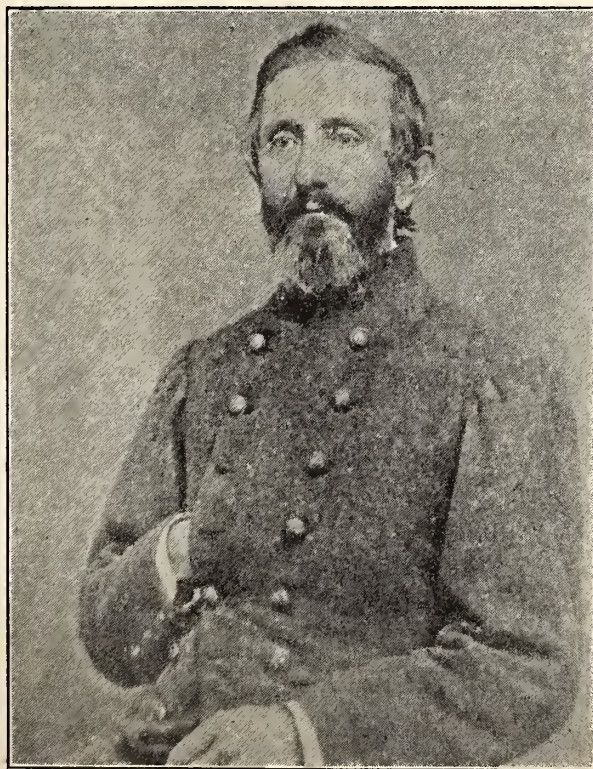


Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXIV.

AUGUST, 1926

NO. 8



MAJ. WELLS J. HAWKS, C. S. A.
Commissary General for Stonewall Jackson
(See page 286)

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

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

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

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ALL FOR NOTHING.—She: "My father's a doctor. I can be sick for nothing.

'Mine's a minister. I can be good for nothin'."

WANTED.

WANTED.—A copy of Chase's "Story of Stonewall Jackson." Roy B. Cook, Charleston, W. Va.

STAMPS.

Cash paid for stamps and envelopes, U. S. or Confederate issues, loose or collections. Look through your attic and papers. Write me. / William Markert, P. O. Box 101, North End, Detroit, Mich.

LEE AND HIS GENERALS.

Last opportunity to secure a copy of my picture of Lee and his Lieutenant Generals. Only five hundred left. Will be sold, if all are purchased, at a great reduction. Single copies, one dollar.

Bust portraits, life size, in oil, of veterans at half price, from photograph or daguerreotype.

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WANTED.—CONFEDERATE STAMPS, also United States Stamps used before 1870. Collections purchased. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York.

OLD STAMPS WANTED.

Highest prices paid for Confederate and old U. S. A. Postage and Revenue Stamps. Write to James S. Hardy, 4811 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. J. Carter Bardin, 429 Center Street, Dallas, Tex., a descendant of the Rivers and Avery families, would like to hear from other descendants. She also wishes to hear from some one who can assist her in locating the grave of her grandfather, Henry L. Cordell, who served in the Confederate army from Prairie County, Ark. He married, second, a Mrs. Watters, and was living in DeVall's Bluff, Ark., in 1875.

Charles E. Kimber, of Addis, La., wishes to hear from any surviving member of General Fagan's Escort who can testify to his service. His first service was with the 25th Arkansas Regiment, but he was discharged because of ill health after the battle of Jackson, Miss., and later enlisted in General Fagan's Escort and so served until disbanded at Washington, Ark., after return from Price's raid in Missouri. He is trying to get a pension.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

A late inquiry as to what the Southern States were doing for their Confederate veterans has brought responses from which the following is compiled:

Alabama, at the legislative session of 1923, made an appropriation of \$1,750,000 for its veterans and widows of the Confederacy. Pensioners of Class A received \$75 per quarter and the lowest appropriation is \$18.50 per quarter.

Arkansas legislators make appropriations to meet the increasing needs of the pension board, and the latest appropriation provided for a sum of \$158 per year for each pensioner.

Florida makes a generous appropriation, so that each veteran and widow of the State gets \$40 per month.

Georgia is now paying \$200 per year to each pensioner.

Kentucky's veterans and widows of the Confederacy are allowed \$12 per month.

Louisiana allows \$30 per month to pensioners of the first class, and \$20 per month to the second class.

Mississippi has an appropriation of \$899,945 for its pensioners—veterans, widows, servants—divided into classes. Veterans of first class get \$200 per year.

North Carolina appropriates \$1,000,000 annually for pensions to veterans and widows, and the average is about \$150 for veterans and \$100 for widows.

Oklahoma is now paying \$25 per month to its veterans and widows, and all inmates of Confederate Homes, both veterans and widows, get an allowance of \$10 per month.

South Carolina has a pension appropriation of \$753,000, and the average payment is \$107.25.

Tennessee is now paying \$25 per month to veterans of the first class, and \$12.50 to widows, and to servants \$10.00.

Texas reports a fund of approximately \$3,000,000 for pensions this year, which gives an average of about \$45 per quarter to each pensioner.

Virginia appropriates \$1,000,000 for pensions, and the payments range from \$270 to \$120 for veterans, and \$150 to \$90 for widows; servants, \$25 per year.

THE LESSON OF THE PARADE.

FROM EDITORIAL IN BIRMINGHAM NEWS.

There is one lesson to be learned from all the sensuous color, all the shouting and the music, all the glamor of the marching columns. It is this: War is fearful, but it is not more fearful than a condition of peace where one may not go to war, where one is not prepared to go to war. A nation or a people that wages war against an enemy wins much for what it loses in human life. Wonderful spiritual values were won from the War between the States. . . . The lesson of the parade is tremendously significant, not to sons of veterans only, but to the youthful minds of the school children.

To some of the marching children it was a holiday merely, but to thousands of them the day will be remembered for those lines of gray-clad old men. If thought of them in after years brings a finer sympathy for the defenders of homes and a new regard for all men everywhere who serve their country gladly when the time comes, the thirty-sixth annual reunion of Confederate Veterans will have taught a lofty lesson.

AS TO PATRIOTISM AND LOYALTY.

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

What is patriotism? and what is loyalty? The germ of patriotism is in the family—in love and obedience to parents, in sympathy with the family of which the child is a member. As the child grows, this sentiment of obedience and loyalty normally expands to include neighbors and the community in general, and in adult age extends to embrace the inhabitants and territory of the State whose laws he finds himself bound to obey by a compulsion similar to that which, in early life, compelled submission to parents. Patriotism may, therefore, be defined as love for the State under whose laws he finds protection and in whose territory he gains a livelihood. And loyalty as obedience and support of the authorities in the country in which he finds himself thus placed—obedience to the powers that be, as St. Paul expressed it—to the *de facto* government, which, in St. Paul's day, drifted from one Cæsar to another.

But not to go back to ancient times for illustrations of patriotism and loyalty, we find the definitions exemplified in recent history of the United States, when certain States, each acting under legally constituted authority, withdrew from the confederation of which they had formed a part and there was no authority over them but the government legally constituted, loyalty on the part of the citizens of each of these States demanded obedience to the *de facto* government. When this government set up by themselves was overthrown, submission to the authorities which took its place was made, though it brought humiliation and untold hardship, until such opportunity occurred as enabled them to peaceably re-establish a government of their own, to which they then owed allegiance. That they obeyed the *de facto* governments as they were set up proved the patriotism and loyalty of the citizens to their States and to the "powers that be," and in obeying such powers, they were only performing their duty and obligation and could in no sense be classed as rebels or insurgents.

VALUED FRIEND AND WORKER.

In the death of Mrs. R. M. Houston, of Meridian, Miss., the VETERAN has sustained the loss of a devoted friend and valued contributor to its columns. Ever interested in the advancement of the publication, she and her husband, Capt. R. M. Houston, gave much time to keeping up Confederate interest there, and secured a large list of subscribers. Mrs. Houston was a great admirer of President Davis, and her articles to the VETERAN have been largely in appreciation of the life and character of the only President of the Confederacy.

"Friend after friend departs"—alas!

A HAPPY MEETING.—When W. R. Bringhurst, of Clarksville, Tenn., dropped in to see his old friend, P. P. Pullen, at Paris, Tenn., during the month of May, it meant a happy meeting of two war comrades separated for sixty-one years. They were in the same command during the war, and notwithstanding the many years since they last met, there was quick recognition and prompt indulgence in "war talk." Both of these comrades are prominent in their communities. Captain Pullen is a lay preacher of the Methodist Church, and "Billy" Bringhurst is the most popular hotel man in Tennessee.

MOSBY'S MEN.

BY KATHERINE C. EVERETT.

A whisper on the evening breeze,
Faint rustling 'neath the forest trees,
A hasty gathering in the night,
Quick work, well done ere morning light;
A baffled foe to rage again
Over a raid from Mosby's Men.

A bolt of lightning from the blue,
A rushing whirlwind tearing through,
A grain of sand in foemen's eyes—
No camp nor column from surprise
Was safe in mountain, town, or glen
From daring raids by Mosby's Men.

Boldly they rode for home and State,
Bravely they fought, their foes relate.
Under Virginia's shining sky
They made them a name that will not die.
And orator's voice and poet's pen
Shall praise the deeds of Mosby's Men.

Eyes all alight, hearts unafraid.
Here they come on a rollicking raid!
But wide the doors of our homes shall stand,
And welcome they'll find on every hand,
As from mountain, city, field, and glen,
Into our hearts ride Mosby's Men!

REUNION OF MOSBY'S MEN.

REPORTED BY MRS. A. C. FORD, CLIFTON FORGE, VA.

Twenty or more of the survivors of Col. John S. Mosby's famous command assembled in annual reunion on June 4, 5, 6, as the guests of Arlington Chapter, U. D. C., at Clarendon, Va.

The first day was devoted wholly to meeting the old veterans, escorting them to the homes provided for them, and visiting back and forth. And how the "boys" did enjoy that, gathering in little groups, with interested listeners hanging delightedly on the tales they told and the tall yarns they spun in trying to outdo one another in reminiscing.

The raw, rainy weather undoubtedly kept many from attending, but nothing dampened the enthusiasm of those present. The business meeting was held Saturday morning, June 5, at the Methodist church, with an address of welcome by Professor Fletcher Kemp, County Superintendent of Schools, and other addresses and musical numbers, the response being made by Albert Bolling, whose father, the late Bartlett Bolling, a cousin of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was a member of Mosby's Men. After the business session adjourned, a beautiful luncheon was served in the church basement. Red roses and white syringa were lavished about the room and in the baskets and vases of blooms adorning the long tables Confederate battle flags and small Virginia banners added the crowning touch to the decorations. Then an auto tour of the county's historic spots—and some in Fairfax, too—was given to the veterans and their wives and daughters.

At night the Assistant Director of the Juniors, Mrs. William Williams, had prepared the children for a beautiful entertainment of their distinguished guests. An original poem, given by little Miss Katherine Black, welcomed the veterans on the children's behalf. Mr. French, Commander of the Son's

Camp, also had a word of welcome for them, and Representative Walton Moore delighted their hearts by his speech eulogizing Colonel Mosby. Dances, music, and recitations by the Juniors and music by the military band from Fort Myers added to the attraction of the evening, and Mrs. Moffett, the Chapter President, had seen to it that ample refreshments were provided to round off the affair most pleasantly.

On Sunday the veterans were taken to Arlington Cemetery, where, with their comrades of Washington Camp and the Sons and Daughters and Juniors, they listened to the Confederate Memorial Day exercises and scattered flowers over the graves of the heroes in gray who sleep around the handsome Confederate monument.

And Arlington Chapter feels most amply repaid because, at parting with their guests, these "boys" of Mosby's command all vowed they'd had so good a time that they wanted to come again. While to one of the U. D. C. present the most notable event of the reunion was that in the eulogies pronounced on the great men of the South there was included the name of Jefferson Davis, so often overlooked or pushed into the background by those who honor the military geniuses. And the reference was made—most hopeful sign of all—by a young man, a leader of youth.

CAL JONES, COLOR BEARER.

BY MARCUS D. HERRING, BILOXI, MISS.

July 4 was the anniversary of the battle of Malvern Hill.

Company C, 1st North Carolina Infantry, was organized in the spring of 1861. Cal Jones and I were at that time boys of seventeen; we were neighbors and schoolmates, so we were like brothers in the army.

After the battles of Mechanicsville and Cold Harbor, being a high private in the rear ranks, I was detailed by Orderly Sergeant McMillan on guard duty at Gen. D. H. Hill's headquarters and was not discharged in time to take part in the battle of Malvern Hill, closing the seven days fighting around Richmond and driving McClellan off of Virginia soil.

Cal Jones, being a corporal in our company, was detailed as color guard. During the fight more than one color bearer was shot down, and among that number my dear friend, Cal Jones, was mortally wounded. I arrived soon after the fight ended; and being told that he had been carried to the field hospital, I went to see him. The hospital was simply a level space of ground, no bunks, no seats. While talking with him, one of the "Maryland Line" came up on horseback, clarinet in hand, and, looking toward his beloved State, played "Maryland, My Maryland"; and now, whenever I hear that music, in imagination I am carried back to that sad scene.

Cal was taken to the hospital in Richmond, where his father from North Carolina visited him. He was in great distress and, while talking with his baby boy, exclaimed: "Son, why did you take up those colors?" The dying boy responded: "Why, father, I would have taken up the flag if I had *known* that I would be killed on the spot."

Cal Jones was a true representative of Dixie's boy heroes in gray.

FROM AN APPRECIATIVE PATRON.—In sending subscription order, J. A. Pate writes from Rogersville, Ala.: "Hitherto I have generally kept ahead with my subscription, but somehow this time I have 'straggled.' I pay the penalty cheerfully by going another year in advance, and inclose check for three dollars."

STONEWALL'S COMMISSARY GENERAL.

MAJ. WELLS J. HAWKS.

When the great Jackson lay dying in the little house at Guinea Station, in Virginia, his delirious wanderings took him back to the fields of battle, and he called out orders as though directing the movements of his troops. When he said, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," one knew that he was again marshaling his men for battle; but a tenderer thought was with him when he said, "Tell Major Hawks"—his trusted commissary, on whom depended the welfare of his devoted followers, and thus he was thinking of them just before he murmured: "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Maj. Wells J. Hawks, though beyond the age for military service, and of naturally delicate constitution, was one of the first to respond to the call of Virginia when ordering her troops into active duty. He was then already the regularly commissioned commissary of the 2nd Virginia Volunteer Infantry, under command of Col. J. D. Allen; and when that regiment was ordered to Harper's Ferry, he accompanied it, with such commissary stores as could be gathered in the short time allowed, and he was probably the first commissary to issue rations to Southern troops in Virginia, filling his first requisition in Halltown, Jefferson County, Va., on the evening of April 18, 1861.

From the position of regimental commissary he gradually rose until he became the chief commissary of Stonewall Jackson, and served with that Christian hero until he received his death wound at Chancellorsville. He ever enjoyed the highest esteem and confidence of his General, and Jackson's last thoughts reverted to his trusted commissary.

Major Hawks had gone to Charles Town, Va. (now West Virginia), in early life and embarked in the coach-making business, and, although a man of Northern birth, he so completely identified himself with the people and interests of that section that he became a true Virginian in every sense. For some years before the war he was one of the most popular and efficient school commissioners in the county, and twice represented the people of Jefferson County in the Virginia legislature, served as mayor of Charles Town, and for a long time was State director in the Bank of the Valley. Returning home after the surrender, he found a great portion of his property destroyed by the vandalism of Northern soldiers and set about reestablishing his business, which he later turned over to his son. His health gradually failed until the end came on May 28, 1873. In respect to his memory, the business houses generally in the town were closed during the funeral services. The hymn sung at his funeral, his favorite selection in his last days, was the favorite spiritual song of Stonewall Jackson and was the last hymn which that great chieftain heard sung on earth. In life and death he had exemplified the teaching of the Christian religion, and he died in full assurance that "all is well."

FROM A TRIBUTE BY HIS SON, A. W. HAWKS, RUXTON, MD.

General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, "Stonewall" as he is called, was not only the most earnest Christian man I ever knew, and the greatest general, but, above all, he knew how to select men. When he picked out his staff, for instance, he did not care where they were born; all he wanted to know was if they were true to the Southern cause and fitted for the special positions he wanted them for. That is the reason that Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, from New York State, and my father, Maj. Wells J. Hawks, born in Massachusetts, were on his staff.

My father moved to Virginia early in life and identified himself with the State and the South. His home was in Charles Town, Jefferson County, Va. He was twice elected as a delegate to the general assembly, chosen mayor of Charles Town, director of the bank, a school commissioner of the county, and treasurer of the Board of Education. During the John Brown raid, he entertained Governor Wise and his staff at his home. When the War between the States began, he immediately, although over age, went into active service.

General Jackson was attracted to my father and made him captain and chief commissary of the Stonewall Brigade, and, as General Jackson advanced, he took my father with him, and made him commissary general of his division. After the great chieftain passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees, my father served on the staffs of Generals Early and Ewell, and at Gettysburg was on General Lee's staff.

In my father's mess, and serving with him, was Capt. John J. Lock, of Charles Town; Mr. James Campbell, of Charles Town, the sheriff who hanged John Brown; Mr. W. B. Gallaher, who, after the war, was editor of the *Free Press*; Mr. William North, of Bunker Hill, in Berkeley County, Va.; Mr. Fred Blessing, of Charles Town; and myself, an undetached courier, who carried messages to and from my father and his generals.

It makes me very proud to know that the last name on the lips of Stonewall Jackson was my father's. According to the account given by Dr. Dabney of the passing of the great general, he said, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," and then: "Tell Major Hawks"—He didn't finish the sentence; I wish he had. I would like to know what message he had for him. Sometime in the great reunion "over there" I will know.

My father returned to Charles Town after the surrender and set to work to try to build up not only his broken health, but his shattered fortune. Living in West Virginia after the war, any man who had lost anything by the war could recover from any Confederate officer by suit the full amount he claimed. In that way suits were brought against my father, and he had hard work making a living and paying for things he never took or never saw. He went into the carriage business, and also the lumber business, and managed to make a living until he passed away on Wednesday, May 28, 1873. The last thing he said, as I held his hand, was: "Try."

He had the largest funeral ever held in Charles Town up to that time. He left to me, his only son, the richest heritage of his name, and when last year, although broken down in health, I went ninety miles and back in one day to attend the memorial services at Charles Town, I was proud to be able to stand by his grave with my two sons, and say: "Father, I am back once more to honor your memory, and I am proud to say that I have done nothing to bring a stain upon it." As a Confederate veteran, the son of a Confederate veteran, and a member of the Alumni Association of the Virginia Military Institute, I do not forget the glory days.

At the age of seventy-eight, I have broken down after fifty-five years of active service on the evangelistic platform and in the pulpit. I had two years of volunteer service in the World War in the Y. M. C. A., without salary, and my son, Wells J. Hawks, was a lieutenant commander in the navy. At the home of my youngest son, at Ruxton, Md., I await the call of my Maker. I have my Confederate flags, pictures of Lee and Jackson, and a portrait of my father in his Confederate uniform, and his sword and sash in my sanctuary.

"LET US CROSS OVER THE RIVER."

(From an old scrapbook, author unknown.)

There was silence that night. The sentry was mute,
 And the camp was disturbed with a sigh;
 There was music above of the minstrel and lute,
 And a rustling of wings in the sky;
 For the soul of the mighty was bidding adieu
 To earth, ere it rose on the breeze,
 Preparing to cross the great river of life
 To rest in the shade of the trees.
 "Behold, how He loved him"; the glad seraph sang,
 "Behold, how they loved him," was felt in the pang
 That pierced the brave hearts that had followed him here,
 Now heard in a sob, and now seen in a tear.

"Let us cross over the river," he smiled as he spoke,
 "And rest 'neath the shade of the trees";
 And the eternal hills from their slumbers awoke
 With the cherubim's anthem of peace.
 But the watcher bowed low as he caught the soft breath,
 And wept as the pulses grew still;
 And proud of their mission, the angels of death
 Performed the Omniscient will.
 "He is gone," sighed the mourner; "our pleadings were vain."
 "He has come," sang the angels, "he's free from all pain."
 And the river of life its dark surgings depressed
 Till they bore him beneath the ripe branches to rest.

He has crossed the dark river; he rests in the shade;
 'Twas ordained by Jehovah's decree;
 Then, sinner, beware, for the mighty must fade,
 And a span's but allotted to thee:
 Christian, look up, for there's hope in the sky—
 An example of faith and reward;
 There's a lesson to all that the righteous must die,
 And the wicked must meet the same God.
 Then teach us, dear Father, our vices to shun—
 Teach us to worship, that when life is done,
 We may cross the broad river, Thy mandates appease,
 And rest in the shade of the life-giving trees.

*LAST BATTLE OF THE CONFEDERACY WON BY THE
 WOMEN OF NEW ORLEANS.*

The following amusing incident was copied from an article by the late Capt. John H. Martin, of Hawkinsville, Ga., in tribute to the women of the Confederacy:

"When our brave soldiers had returned to desolated homes and a ruined and devastated country, with eyes bedimmed with tears and hearts bleeding because success had not crowned their efforts, the Federal authorities, to further humiliate, insult, and impoverish us, placed heartless military satraps backed by armed soldiers among us to lord it over us. The last guns of the Confederacy had been fired on the battle fields, and the Confederate military organizations disbanded when the heartless despot placed in command of New Orleans issued an infamous order that prayers must be said in all the churches for Abraham Lincoln. In St. Luke's Episcopal Church, which had only ladies attending services, strode one of the satrap's subaltern officers, with an imperious step and strut, and handed the order to the minister and, in a pompous, insulting manner, turned and ordered prayers for Lincoln. Like a flash of lightning, impelled by the same heroic impulse, every lady in the house spontaneously and instantly, without a word said, assailed the officer with hat pins, para-

sols, and everything at their command till the cowardly cur beat a hasty retreat, and reported to his superior officer that if any further orders for prayers for Lincoln were to be served on the women of New Orleans, another must be found who was fool enough to undertake the serving, for he had enough and had thrown up the job.

"This might be aptly termed the last battle of the Confederacy, and while the last fought by the men was not a success, the last one fought by the brave women of New Orleans, in defense of honor and all that was true and pure and patriotic, was a conspicuous success."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL OF OKLAHOMA.

BY WILLIAM D. MATTHEWS, CUSTODIAN, OKLAHOMA CITY.

On yesterday, the 11th of July, I passed my nine hundred and sixty-sixth month since I started on life's journey. Born on Sunday morning, January 11, 1846, in Marshall County, Miss., eighty years and six months in the past, I am still active and able to put in eight hours a day, six days in the week, as Custodian of the Confederate Memorial Hall, located on the fifth floor of the Capitol building in Oklahoma City. The deed to this hall was made by an act of the legislature in 1921, and reads:

"To the Confederate Soldier's Association of the State of Oklahoma and their allied Associates and Successors, a Confederate memorial hall, located on the east side of the north wing of the Capitol building, and shall be held in perpetuity for the use and purposes for which it has been dedicated."

The custodian, who is appointed by the Governor, must be a qualified elector of the State of Oklahoma. I was made a member of the State Pension Board by an act of the legislature when the bill was passed, and elected chairman at the organization of the Board. For four years I served as chairman without any compensation financially, but the honor I appreciate above any position I have ever held, except that of being an itinerant Methodist preacher for fifty-five years in the M. E. Church, South, now superannuated at my own request. I enlisted in the 3rd Mississippi Infantry, November 3, 1861, before I was sixteen years old; served out the time for which I enlisted and was discharged, then joined Company F, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, John H. Morgan's command; was with him when he was killed at Greeneville, Tenn., September 4, 1864; disbanded at Christiansburg, Montgomery County, Va., April 12, 1865, with Gen. Basil Duke; surrendered May 25, 1865, at Holly Springs, Miss., and have my parole of that date framed and hanging on the wall of the Memorial Hall; never took any oath. I furnished one boy for service during the Spanish-American War, and my youngest went into the World War, serving sixteen months in France. From 1861 to 1865, I believe we were right, and now, in 1926, I still believe we were right; have no apology to make. Have kept the requirements of the parole which I signed on May 25, 1865, honestly to the present day.

God bless the Daughters of the Confederacy! What would we do without them? My wife and four daughters are members.

I am inclosing renewal of my subscription to the *VETERAN* for two years. Have been taking the *VETERAN* too long to think of doing without it now.

FAMOUS RAID.—John M. McGee, of Paris, Mo., asks that some one contribute an article to the *VETERAN* on the raid made by General Marmaduke through Arkansas and Missouri to the Kansas line, thence south to where General Marmaduke was captured. Says he took part in that raid.

EARLY HISTORY OF GEORGIA.

BY LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT, STATE HISTORIAN, IN HAWKINSVILLE
DISPATCH

Originally the fair domain embraced in what we know today as Georgia formed a part of the Spaniard's "Land of Flowers." It was by the name of Florida that all this region of country for more than a hundred years, was first known to Europeans. In 1663 Georgia was included in the extensive tract granted by Charles II of England to the Lords Proprietors of Carolina. It was not until 1732, more than fifty years later, that a separate charter for Georgia gave legal existence to the youngest of the English colonies. Meanwhile, the sublime cantos of Milton's "Paradise Lost" had appeared in print for the first time, while John Bunyan, in Bedford prison, had dreamed his immortal allegory of the Pilgrim. The War of the Spanish Succession had been fought. The Duke of Marlborough had become the foremost soldier of the age; and, during this period of transition, British allegiance had shifted from the Highland Stuarts to the German House of Brunswick.

It was from George II of England, a Hanoverian, that the infant colony received its baptismal name. When the proposition to establish Georgia was first launched, the zeal for colonization had commenced to languish. As a money-making investment, the planting of future empires in America had failed to satisfy the British love of acquisition, at least, in its craving for immediate dividends; and these colonies had come to be regarded in the light of liabilities rather than as assets. But the motive of philanthropy had hitherto been lacking in the colonial enterprises of England. It was now proposed to found in America an asylum for indigent but honest debtors; and since to the prospect of gain was added this new incentive, appealing to the better nature of the Britons, the king was disposed to look with favor upon Oglethorpe's project. Moreover, the proposed experiment, while helping to solve a most difficult sociological problem, was likely to yield large revenues to the crown in the production of raw silk.

Thus Georgia came into existence as the youngest of the English colonies in North America. She was also the last to lower the colonial flag. This reluctance to espouse the patriotic cause, when such an espousal meant separation from the mother country, exposed Georgia to the criticism of her sister colonies. But she persisted in her loyalty to the crown of England; and when she did at last sever the tie of allegiance, it was only in response to the call of blood from the commons of Lexington.

However, there were manifold reasons for this hesitation on the part of Georgia. She occupied an exposed position on the extreme southern frontier. She needed the protection of the mother country against savage Indians on the one hand and against hostile Spaniards on the other; and she stood in greater need of this protection than did any other province of England. Her territory, though vast in extent—then reaching to the Mississippi River—was sparsely settled. Immigrants had been slow in swelling her population. Nor had she accumulated wealth like the other colonies, due in the main to certain ill-advised restrictions as to slavery, land tenure, and rum imposed upon her by the trustees.

On the other hand, she had never been unduly oppressed by the mother country; her royal governors had all been of high character and of benevolent disposition; her grievances had all been kindly considered, if not invariably adjusted; and her relations with England had been uniformly of an agreeable nature. Moreover, not a few of the trustees, her

earliest sponsors, were still in life, including the great Oglethorpe himself. Nor could she forget that it was from the father of the reigning sovereign that not only her charter, but also her name, had been derived; and this fact in itself bound her with peculiar tenderness to the House of Brunswick. It constituted a sort of filial tie and caused her to look with pride akin to reverence upon the royal line of the Georges.

Though the youngest of the colonial group, Georgia, at the fountain head of her history, planted an institution which survives to-day as the oldest organized charity in the United States. This institution, nurtured by the great Whitefield, still bears the name which its founder bestowed upon it in 1736—Bethesda. Like the ancient pool after which it was called, this great institution has been veritably a fount of healing; and for nearly two centuries its noble benefactions have testified to the humane spirit in which the colony originated. It was likewise in keeping with this spirit that the gentle Wesleys should have come to Georgia to begin those pioneer labors which years later were to bear fruit in the great Methodist Church. Most of the English provinces were the product of an undiluted commercialism; but the mainspring of Georgia's existence was philanthropy. Conceived in the spirit of reform, she was the first of all the colonies to put a ban upon African slavery and to outlaw rum; and for a period of sixteen years—from 1733 to 1749—not a drop of rum and not a shackle of servitude were tolerated within her borders.

Georgia, therefore, occupies a very unique place among all the English colonies because of the philanthropic impulse which underlay her establishment and for the additional reason that it was the first time in the world's history that a colony had ever been formed to relieve pauperism. But philanthropy alone, in an age of commercial enterprise, did not offer an inducement sufficiently attractive within itself to enlist practical men of means. Consequently, when a charter was obtained from the king, it set forth three distinct grounds for establishing a new colony in America: (1) The relief of poor subjects who, through misfortune or want of employment, were reduced to great necessity; (2) the increase of England's trade, navigation, and wealth; and (3) the establishment of a barrier for the defense of South Carolina against the ravages of the Indians. Without stopping to discuss the relative strength of these arguments or to ascertain which furnished the predominating reason for popular assistance, it is enough to say here that Georgia's settlement enlisted greater support and aroused deeper interest than did the settlement of any other colony planted by England in America.

Oglethorpe, the revered founder of Georgia, whether we view him as a humanitarian or as a soldier, was one of the towering landmarks of his time and beyond any shadow of doubt was the most illustrious Englishman to come across the seas during the whole period of American colonization, for in many respects he surpassed both Raleigh and Penn. The men who served Georgia as trustees were men of eminence, of piety, and of learning; not a few of them were members of the noble orders, including dukes, viscounts, and earls; some were members of Parliament; some were ministers of the gospel; some were authors of note; but all of them were men of unblemished character, whose names throughout England were synonym for integrity, for devotion to high ideals, for world-wide sympathy with the unfortunate, and for an abiding interest in the gentle humanities.

Though it was to furnish an asylum for indigent debtors that Georgia was founded, it was not the shiftless, the idle, or the dishonest insolvent who were to enjoy its privileges,

but debtors who, in a special sense, were deemed worthy of its peculiar privileges; who were carefully selected by the trustees; and to whom no taint of wrongdoing attached. One needs only to read "Little Dorrit, a Tale of the Marshalsea," written by Charles Dickens, to understand the conditions out of which the colony originated. Georgia was also to be a haven of refuge for oppressed humanity in all lands—for the gentle Salzburgers, for the pious Moravians, for the thrifty Jews. In no sense of the word, therefore, was Georgia a colony of jailbirds, but a colony of choice spirits gathered from every part of Europe, a colony whose population was, so to speak, sifted through a fine sieve and safeguarded in every way from the evil contamination of vicious elements.

Indeed, there was no other colony to whose choice of members the selective process was more rigorously applied. These debtor colonists, to quote an eminent authority, were not the depraved who were suffering confinement as a punishment for crime, nor felons who awaited the approach of darker days when graver sentences were to be endured; not the dishonest, who hoped by submission to temporary imprisonment to weary out creditors and to emerge with fraudulently acquired gains still concealed; but the honest unfortunates. Better protected, therefore, from contaminating contact with vicious characters, better circumstanced than any other colony for the upbuilding of a commonwealth, committed to high, unselfish, and noble ends was the colony founded by Oglethorpe; nor can anyone read an impartial account of the circumstances which gave Georgia to the map of North America without experiencing a thrill of admiration, of pride, and of patriotism. Every young Georgian should be taught the ennobling story of the State's historic past, so that, with clearer vision and with finer inspiration he can devote himself to the problems of to-morrow.

GEN. ROBERT E. RODES.

Suggesting that the likeness of Gen. Robert E. Rodes, of Virginia, would be most appropriate for carving upon the great Confederate memorial on Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga., and a tribute to one eminently worthy of this honor, P. J. White, of Richmond, Va., writes:

"General Rodes, a native of Virginia and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, came back to Virginia in 1861 commanding an Alabama regiment (he was then living in Alabama), and from that time to his death on that fatal 19th of September morning in 1864 his record was that of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"If Stonewall Jackson was General Lee's right hand, beyond all question General Rodes was Jackson's right. Given the place of honor by Jackson, his division led the attack on Hooker's right flank at Chancellorsville. Surviving his great commander by sixteen months, and acting an honorable part in all the stirring scenes which followed, his division, placed on General Early's left at Winchester, arrived on that field just in time to repel an attack of the Sixth Federal Corps in overwhelming force, but in so doing General Rodes was killed, and also the Federal General Russell, of that corps. General Early had only four divisions of infantry there, and the commanders of two of these died upon the field of battle—Rodes and Ramseur. Another, who succeeded Rodes, General Pegram, was killed soon after at Hatcher's Run.

"Three of these division commanders who fought at Winchester have been named by their respective States for a place upon the Stone Mountain Memorial—to wit: Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Gordon, of Georgia; Ramseur, of North Carolina; and I hope General Rodes, of Virginia, will be the

fourth, the hero and martyr of that bloody September day. If his advice had been taken, Winchester would have another and far different tale to tell; that he saved General Early's army from annihilation is beyond all question—but that is a story of the long ago."

HOW JIM GILMER GOT A RIDE.

The following comes from Berkeley Minor, of Charlottesville, Va.:

"It was in June, 1863. We, the Rockbridge Battery, of Hardaway's Battalion, of Ewell's Corps, were on the march into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and camped for the night a little north of Winchester on the pike. Jim Gilmer got leave to go into town after nightfall. Returning to camp, he was overtaken by an empty carriage. It was General Ewell's, who used it on the march, but of course not in action (he had lost a leg at the Second Manassas fight). Jim knew it at once, and, trusting to the darkness to keep the Negro driver from seeing him to be a private, he called out in commanding tone: "Is that General Ewell's carriage?" The driver, no doubt taking him for one of General Ewell's staff, said: "Yes, sir; won't you get in, sir?" And so Jim rode to camp, his first and last carriage ride for a long time. I think he enjoyed the joke of it as much as the ride; he was full of fun.

"I recall his joking about the old led horse that got loose one night and ate up my paper-back copy of 'Les Miserables' (the soldiers called it 'Lee's Miserables') which hung on my tent-fly pole, where I left it when I went to sleep that night. The poor beasts would eat anything for 'roughness.'

"Jim and his two brothers, Walker and George, and his cousin, Harmer Gilmer, were all good soldiers under General Lee, and all (I think) are now departed and with our great Chief and with the Captain of our Salvation.

"'Son of man, can these bones live?'

"'O Lord God, Thou knowest.'

"'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.'

"'And they stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.'" (Ezek. xxxvii.)

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

An interesting ceremony took place the 4th of July in special honor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, at the same hour of the adoption of the Declaration on July 4, 1776. The following signed this important paper:

John Adams, Samuel Adams, Josiah Bartlett, Carter Braxton, Charles Carroll, Abraham Clark, George Clymer, William Ellery, William Floyd, Benjamin Franklin, Elbridge Gerry, Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, John Hancock, Benjamin Harrison, John Hart, Joseph Hewes, Thomas Heyward, Jr., William Hooper, Stephen Hopkins, Francis Hopkinson, Samuel Huntington.

Thomas Jefferson, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lewis, Philip Livingston, Thomas Lynch, Jr., Thomas McKean, Arthur Middleton, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris, John Morton, Thomas Nelson, Jr., William Paca, Robert Treat Paine, John Penn, George Read, Cæsar Rodney, George Ross, Benjamin Rush, Edward Rutledge, Roger Sherman, James Smith, Richard Stockton, Thomas Stone, George Taylor, Matthew Thornton, George Walton, William Whipple, William Williams, James Wilson, John Witherspoon, Oliver Wolcott, George Wythe.

MOTHER TO THE FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

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

On the 1st of May, 1861, the little town of Pulaski, Tenn., afterwards famous as the birthplace of the Ku-Klux Klan, sent forth a company of volunteers for Confederate service. One of the men was John Sullivan, and when he went to the front, his wife, Mrs. Betsy Sullivan, accompanied him. The couple had no children, so Mrs. Sullivan determined not only to go to the war, but also to "mother" the entire company as well.

From the time that she helped to nurse the first sick or wounded soldier to the surrender of the Confederate forces this noble Irish woman was known as "Mother Sullivan." There was nothing the men would not dare for her and for what her presence represented to them—their wives, their mothers, and their homes. In turn, Mrs. Sullivan held, in her long years of hardship with the army, that no trial was too severe, no sacrifice too great, if made on behalf of her "boys." In 1917, the story of Mrs. Sullivan's war experiences was set forth by Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill in this brief narrative.

Tenderly and lovingly as a real mother, she ministered to the soldiers in sickness and closed their eyes in death. She mended and darned for them, cooked dainty food for the sick, and in many instances washed the clothes of the sick and wounded. Mrs. Sullivan went with the 1st Regiment to West Virginia in General Lee's campaign against General Rosecrans, and thence to Northern Virginia when the regiment was under Stonewall Jackson. She marched on foot with her knapsack on her back through the mountains of West Virginia, slept on the frozen ground, under the cold skies, a blanket her only covering, her knapsack her pillow.

In a slight skirmish at Cheat Mountain, W. Va., one member of Company K was killed. Mrs. Sullivan brought the body of the dead soldier in a rude wagon to the nearest railway station, where it was prepared for burial, then on to his home in Pulaski, and gave into the hands of his loved ones their precious dead. When importuned to remain at home with friends and receive the care she so much needed, she replied: "No, my boys need me; I must go to them."

With sublime self-sacrifice, she shared every hardship endured by the men of the 1st Regiment. In return, the soldiers loved and revered her, treating her at all times with the same courtesy they would have shown their own mothers. No rude speech or improper word was ever uttered in her presence by her devoted "boys." I heard a veteran of the 1st Tennessee affirm that not one single man in the entire regiment would have hesitated to spill the last drop of blood for "Mother Sullivan."

Early in the spring of 1862, the 1st Regiment was ordered back to Tennessee. Mrs. Sullivan went with the regiment and, in 1862, was with her "boys" on the battle fields of Shiloh and Corinth, Miss. Not in the rear, working in a hospital, but on the battle ground with her boys, carrying bandages and with canteens of water suspended from her shoulders, she bound up wounds and stanching the life blood of many soldiers, moistened the lips of the dying, and closed the eyes of the dead.

At Perryville, Ky., October, 1862, Mrs. Sullivan was on the battle field in one of the bloodiest and most hotly contested of any during the war. Here her husband sustained a severe head wound and Lieut. John H. Wooldridge of the same company suffered the loss of both eyes. When General Bragg retreated from Kentucky, these wounded men were left at Harrodsburg, and became prisoners. Mrs. Sullivan went with them to prison, and continued to serve her husband and the other members of the company as long as she was able.

YATES'S BATTERY OF ARTILLERY.

(Some Recollections of W. L. Partee, Company B, 14th Mississippi Light Artillery.)

As the last member of Yates's Battery who was with it when organized in April, 1862, I wish to give the history of the organization and its activities during the years 1862 and 1863 and up to August 5, 1864.

About the first of April, 1862, the old Panola Guard was disbanded and returned home. Among the members was J. H. Yates, who at once set about organizing an artillery company, and most of the old Guards joined it, and of them the officers were chosen, as follows: Captain, J. H. Yates; first lieutenant, J. L. Knox; second lieutenant, R. B. Jones; third lieutenant, G. E. Stowers. The members were sworn in to serve during the war, and we were then ordered to Grenada to train for active service. About the same time the companies of Capt. M. S. Ward and Captain McLendon, the latter from near Oakland, were also ordered there. The three companies were then organized into a battalion with Captain Ward as major, and it was so commanded until Major Ward's death, which occurred some time in 1862. His old company was commanded by J. D. Vance, a brother of the late Calvin B. Vance; but he was in command only a short time when he resigned, and C. B. Vance then became captain of the company and remained in command until the fall of Vicksburg.

This battalion was equipped with four guns—two Napoleons, one howitzer, and one rifle piece. As the government was short of guns, Yates's company was armed with Enfield rifles and drilled as sharpshooters, and was kept as a support unit. Our company opened the Corinth fight at Chewalla, Tenn., and followed the outpost forces to the railroad near Corinth. We were ordered to stop there, and when the main forces came up and charged the enemy's works, we went into the charge with Villipigue's Brigade. In this engagement we lost one man killed and four wounded, two of them dying from their wounds. After that battle we fell back to Holly Springs, and finally to Grenada, from which point we were ordered to Vicksburg. In all of these movements the companies of Yates and Vance were together. When we got to Vicksburg, our muskets were turned over to the ordnance department, and we were given four pieces of artillery—two heavy guns and two field guns. During the Vicksburg siege our company lost one man killed and seven wounded, one of whom lost his arm. Vance's company lost three men killed and five wounded, he himself being wounded twice during that engagement.

After the Vicksburg surrender, our army went into parole camp at Enterprise, Miss., until we were exchanged in December, 1863. When the rolls of Vance's and Yates's companies were called, it was found that only a few men of the two companies reported for duty, so they were thrown together under Yates, he being senior captain. After the consolidation, the officers of Vance's company were assigned to other duties. We were sent from Enterprise to Mobile, equipped with guns and horses, and remained there until May, 1864, when we were sent to Johnston's army in Georgia. Yates's company was in all the principal battles of that memorable campaign.

On the 5th of August, 1864, I was transferred to the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, and, after the fall of Atlanta and the army was divided, I went with Hood into Tennessee and was severely wounded in the battle of Franklin. Yates went with Johnston in front of Sherman into North Carolina, where he was surrendered with Johnston.



THE RADICAL LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 1868.

The accompanying illustration is from a photograph in the possession of Capt. Alex McBee, of Greenville, S. C. These are the men who made the laws for South Carolina in 1868, levying \$4,000,000 on the white people of the State. There were sixty-three members in this reconstructed South Carolina legislature, fifty of whom were negroes, or mulattoes, and thirteen white. Twenty-two of them were able to read and write (only eight grammatically), and the remaining forty-one "made their mark," with the aid of an amanuensis, or stenographer. Nineteen were taxpayers to an aggregate amount of \$146.10, and forty-four paid no taxes whatever.

The names of these legislators, as shown in the picture, beginning with the top row, and reading from left to right, are:

First Row.—Dusenberry, white; McKinley, negro; Dickson, white; Wilder, negro; Hoyt, white; Randolph, negro; Harris, negro.

Second Row.—Mayes, negro; Jillson, white; Lomax, negro;

Jackson, negro; Webb, white; Bozeman, negro; Tomilson, white; Wright, negro.

Third Row.—Demars, negro; Brodie, negro; Hayes, negro; Cain, negro; Maxwell, negro; Martin, white; Cook, negro; Miller, negro.

Fourth Row.—Rivers, negro; Duncan, negro; Boozer, white; Smythe, negro; Wright, negro; Moses, white; Sanders, negro; Nuckles, negro.

Fifth Row.—Miteford, white; White, negro; Barton, negro; Boston, negro; Shrewsbury, negro; Mickery, negro; Henderson, negro; Howell, negro; Hayne, negro; Mobley, negro; Hudson, negro; Nash, negro; Carmand, negro.

Sixth Row.—Smith, negro; Pettengill, white; Hyde, —; Lee, negro; Simonds, negro; Chestnut, negro; McDaniel, negro; Williams, negro; Gardner, negro.

Seventh Row.—Swails, negro; Perrin, negro; James, negro; Johnston, negro; Wimbush, negro; Hayes, negro; Farr, negro; Meade, negro; Thompson, negro; Rainey, negro.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN OF THE OLD SOUTH.

BY MRS J. A. THOMPSON, HISTORIAN LEE-JACKSON CHAPTER,
U. D. C., CHICKASHA, OKLA.

One's first reaction on hearing the term "business and professional women of the Old South" is that there wasn't any such. From earliest colonial days, the Pilgrim mothers of New England and the Dutch housewives of New York have been praised for their industry and thrift. Hawthorne and Irving made records of their zealous energy, and the theme has been continued by most of the writers portraying traits of that locality. Women of the Southern colonies are popularly supposed to have employed themselves in dispensing hospitality and radiating beauty and charm. This they did and more, as a backward glance at the period will reveal.

Among the first gainful occupations of Southern women was that of plantation manager. In the early years of 1700, Mrs. Mary Ball Washington, mother of our first President, directed her large farm in Virginia. She is a well-known example of a large number of widows and other women heads of families who engaged in agricultural development of the country. In the census of 1850, property in the Southern States was listed at six billion dollars in value. Much of this wealth had been created by women who superintended the raising and marketing of cotton, tobacco, and live stock. Eliza Lucas, of South Carolina, was a horticulturist of note, importing plants from England, cultivating and propagating many rare species, and doing landscape gardening, of which some glorious specimens remain.

Teaching in some form was then, as now, the most general occupation of women. Governesses were engaged by well-to-do families to teach the children in the home. Elementary subjects were taught in "field schools" to children of families not able to afford a governess, and the teacher was always a woman. Seminaries were established at an early day in many localities, and usually the entire faculty was women. Girls were taught literature, history, philosophy, music, and painting. It is characteristic of the unassuming modesty of the times that the women folk made no claim to higher education after years of a strict regimen, including drill and exercises that now command college credits. Before the professional governess took charge, the mother taught spelling, writing, and ciphering with a thoroughness not equaled by some modern schools, as some old account books and letters will show. In addition to the children of the family, each household usually consisted of half a dozen to half a hundred domestic servants to be trained by the house mother. The manual arts were the principal subjects taught, and this is still considered sound pedagogic theory and practice in beginning the education of a primitive race. Carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving, sewing, all phases of the textile industries were carried on, producing enormous quantities of material which added to the wealth of the country. Everyday clothing for the family and all cloth for field hands were made on the plantation, a regular factory plant, of which a woman was supervisor.

It was in authorship that women of the Old South have received most general recognition. Literary tastes have changed as well as the style in dresses, and current modes of thought and expression are quite different from that of the early Victorian age. Augusta Evans Wilson, Amelia Barr, Frances Courtney Baylor, Margaret Moffet Houston, Belle Hunt Shortridge, Eliza Calvert Hall, Anne Royall, Maria Jane McIntosh, Ruth McEnery Stuart are a few names among scores of Southern women who have written acceptable

stories and verse, most of whom had published novels or graceful poems before the War between the States.

Closely related to creative writing was the clerical work done by a daughter of the house in making records of all business transactions. There is a tradition that a niece of Thomas Jefferson catalogued his library, being the forerunner of a long line of bibliographic experts.

The preparation and serving of food required a large part of the time and skill of the housewife. With her staff of women and girls, there were special tasks for each season of the year to provide the regular meals and lay up the stores of preserves, jelly, jam, marmalade, catsup, pickles—of more than fifty-seven varieties. The baking and brewing, preparation of game and fish, curing of meats, drying of fruits and vegetables were tasks for the fall of the year. Miss Mildred Rutherford names the kinds of meats served during the holidays on a plantation; for forms and varied animals represented, the list might stand for the inventory of a packing plant. All the lavish profusion which furnished forth the sumptuous banquets was produced under the supervision and personal instruction of the mistress, sister, daughter, maiden aunt, or other woman member of the family; such duties amply qualified her for the position of dietitian in an institution, or manager of a hotel. Some of Thomas Nelson Page's stories indicate the crowds of guests who were frequently on hand to partake of the appetizing dainties—floating island, whipped cream, syllibub, and tarts. Each plantation boasted of at least one negro mammy who was an accomplished chef, but she always gave the credit to "Old Mis," who "done show me the propah twist o' the wrist."

The making of soap and preparing dyes for textiles are elaborate chemical processes; these tasks, and molding candles, were annual duties in most households fifty years ago. Perhaps the most general service rendered by women during colonial times and up to the present generation was that of nurse and public health officer. There were no registered professional nurses, but each neighborhood was blessed with one or more angels of mercy who administered teas and tonics made of home-cured herbs, with uniformly successful results. They or other women performed the service of undertaker; this custom prevailed within the memory of some now living.

One marvels at the amount of work accomplished by our foremothers. It seems incredible that one lifetime could compass the tasks of which we have evidence in hand-made coverlets, counterpanes, quilts pieced and decorated with microscopic stitches, the unostentatious record of other duties regularly performed and listed in diaries and letters. The explanation is in the early beginning and quiet continuance in some form of industry. The little girl at four years of age was permitted to begin lessons in sewing; small bags to hold garden seed were a favorite first stint; four- and nine-patch quilt-piecing, knitting, working samplers and mottoes, crochet, and tatting followed in due course. Each process in household administration was learned under the mother's direction; frequently, by the age of fourteen, the young girl attained to the dignity and honor of "carrying the keys."

According to the schedule of our grandmothers, the day usually began at four or five o'clock in the morning; by eight or nine o'clock visits had been made to spring house, garden, kitchen, which was always separate from the "big house," meals given out and work assigned for the day. It was one of the conventions that one should never seem to be busy in the presence of guests, so there were various kinds of quiet "pick-up" tasks—tatting, knitting, quilt-piecing—to do while visiting with the ever-present house guest or neighbors spending the day.

(Continued on page 318.)

THE BATTLE AT BRICE'S CROSSROADS.

BY DON SINGLETARY, CLINTON, KY.

This battle field is in north Mississippi and about seventy miles eastward from Memphis. Sixty-two years ago, on June 10, 1864, General Sturgis, on a raid of invasion, had arrived on this field, apparently not expecting a battle then or there. Sturgis had two brigades of white and one of negro infantry, over 5,000 men; and he had 3,400 cavalry. He actually had about 10,000 select, well-equipped soldiers with him. (See "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Volume 4, page 420.)

General Forrest then had about 3,200 men at and near this battle field. Bill Gailbraith, of Clinton, Ky., said he issued rations for 3,200 horses that morning, showing our number of men. I am sure that General Forrest had less than 3,000 men actually in that battle.



DR. DON SINGLETARY.

After several hours in skirmishing and arranging for the best positions, and a free, full, consultation with Generals Buford, Lyon, Bell, and others of rank, Forrest decided to attack the Yankee invaders at once, although General Sturgis had more than three men to our one then on the field. Forrest now used the tactics that added fame to his generalship and made him the peer of any general then in the War between the States.

Forrest knew every foot of that battle field. He knew that every road was narrow and muddy, very muddy. He knew the Yankees were then crossing a small creek, and the lowland had a causeway not first class; and woods and a thick shrubby undergrowth lined a large part of their travel way.

Our men and horses were not in first-class condition for a battle. We were short on food and clothes, tired and sleepy, after four days' travel in rain and mud. Forrest knew also that Sturgis had over two hundred and fifty wagons loaded with provisions for men and horses and ammunition, and twenty-one cannons. We had eight cannons—Morton's and Rice's batteries, four each. While Forrest knew that our enemies could not see how few men he had, for much of the land was thickly wooded; yet, the open fields showed some of both armies in plain view of each other. Cannonading at long range had developed both armies as to positions. The skirmishing and cannonading had taken several hours, and it was now about one o'clock. The Yankees seemed to wait for us to attack them. Their doubled lines of men were on each side of the main road and nearly a mile in length. Forrest had his men divided into four sections. One section was ordered to go around near the rear of the Yankees. One section went around near the right, and another section went around to the left of Yankees along double lines. General Forrest, with the other section and Morton's and Rice's batteries (eight cannons) occupied the immediate front of our enemy. The orders of the battle were: Our men on the left wing of the Yankees were to open battle as soon as they could and rush them, fierce and hard. Our section on their right as soon as they heard the battle on the left, must begin battle

and whip that end of the Yankees at all hazards, never to stop or let up.

At that moment Forrest and his men and batteries opened up fiercely and with much show for his small section. The other section that had gone around to the rear now performed a grand movement that was valuable beyond compare. That bunch of soldiers attracted and distracted them and helped to bring on a panic. Forrest saw confusion in the enemy's ranks, for the two sections on the right and on the left had whipped everything in sight, and had doubled these ends of the Yankees back into a mass of disorder and confusion. He now pressed the front and center with a killing fire of small arms and cannons. The battle raged fierce and strong and the Yankees became panic struck and were completely routed. The real battle lasted about two hours. General Sturgis and his army were whipped, badly whipped. Such a rout was beyond description. I will quote some Yankee history, which says: "At first sullenly, and then rapidly, the whole line fell back, and, with cavalry, ambulances, artillery, and wagons of the train, began a disordered retreat along the causeway. The enemy followed with eagerness; and utter disorganization succeeded disorder, as piece after piece of our artillery became the spoil of the fast-pursuing enemy, some of which was turned upon the huddled mass of fleeing men. During the retreat the enemy had captured fourteen pieces of artillery, the entire train of two hundred and fifty wagons, with ten days' rations and a large supply of ammunition; and 2,240 men were killed and missing." What do you think of that Yankee report?

General Sturgis dispatched to Memphis next morning, as follows:

"RIPLEY MISS., June 11, 1864.

"Yesterday we had a hard fight. Our loss in killed and wounded is very heavy. We have lost almost everything. The enemy will probably try to cut me off. Please send me a brigade of infantry to help me. Please send a train of forage and some commissary stores.

"Yours respectfully,

S. D. STURGIS."

This message was sent post haste to Memphis headquarters.

And there is more to follow. Capt. H. A. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky., a very noted actor in that battle, says in his report that General Sturgis left in the hands of the Confederates 900 of the Federal dead, together with two thousand prisoners, which was a larger number than the Confederates had in that engagement. (See history of the 3rd, 7th, 8th, 12th Kentucky, C. S. A.) We also captured thousands of fine infantry guns and munitions. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was very small, nearly 100.

Forrest and his soldiers were tired, hungry, and exhausted. But as Sturgis and his army had just delivered to us over 250 wagons loaded with food, we stopped and ate a good supper, then lay down on their blankets and slept; while they kept running all night without any supper and without any breakfast. A few of our soldiers followed them, killing some and capturing others, about 3,000 altogether.

Generals Forrest, Lyon, Buford; Colonels Crossland, Shacklett, Holt, Faulkner; Major Hale; Captains Tyler, Randle, Lynch, Clanton, Home, Ridgeway, Seay, of West Kentucky; and General Bell, Colonel Russell, Major Caldwell, of West Tennessee, others of Mississippi, together with every one participating—nearly 3,000—deserve to be on the honor roll of heroes for that day of victory. Clinton's loss in killed was: Tom Rennick and Peter Gailbreath; and several wounded. Our children are now leaders in Kentucky and Tennessee in Church and State.

General Forrest received special compliments from President Davis, also from the Confederate Congress. Gen. S. D. Lee had planned to have this battle come off twelve or fifteen miles further south, on June 11. He had gone there on the 9th with eight cannon, some infantry and cavalry, and thereby missed the battle entirely. I do not expect to write of any more battles, yet there are many many historic facts that our people do not know. Our people were not in a rebellion against the Federal government; we were not rebels.

I know of only three now living who were in that battle—J. H. Saunders, of Hickman, eighty-eight years old; W. M. Bradberry, Spring Hill, eighty-four; and myself, eighty-four.

A BOY WITH MORGAN.

BY J. A. YEAGER, COMMANDING OKLAHOMA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Early in the fall of 1862, while attending a country school near our home in Boyle County, Ky., my cousin, John P. Hutchings, and I became forcibly impressed that we should give ourselves in service to the South in her struggle for freedom.

The excitement was at its height at this time, as it was rumored that Bragg would soon enter Kentucky. We at once began making plans to elude the vigilance of our parents. As we were both under age, my cousin being nineteen and I eighteen years old, we knew it would be worse than useless to tell them of our intention to join the army.

There may have been as good mothers as ours, but none better; we were very dear to our fathers as well, so we had no excuse for running away from home. We pondered over the question several days, during which time we gave serious thought to the possible consequences of the step we were preparing to take. The thought of getting killed did not worry us, but the probability of having to come home minus a leg or an arm, a cripple for life, gave us great concern.

However, we finally dismissed these thoughts and began actively planning our get-away. The following Sabbath my cousin accompanied me home from church, and while the family were entertaining the inevitable Sunday company, we carried my clothes to the barn by secreting a garment or two at a time under the clothes we wore. From there we went to his home, where we easily secured his necessary clothing and set out for a company that had just organized, a few miles distant, both burdened with the realization of the worry and distress in store for our parents.

On reaching camp we were at once sworn into service. That night, our first night as soldiers, with our blankets under us and the canopy of heaven over us, we made a solemn vow that, come what might, we'd stick to each other until separated by death.

Early the next morning we were awakened by the captain telling us to prepare with haste for a double-quick march to the front, as the battle of Perryville, fifteen miles distant, had started, and Bragg was in sore need of reinforcements. But just before we got there, the retreat began. Our company, with several others under Gen. Abe Buford, covered Bragg's retreat out of the State. At the foot of Big Hill, Ky., just as we were going into camp, we were fired into from the hilltops, but we were too hungry and too nearly worn out to go farther. Night came on soon after our halt, and the firing ceased.

Those who were fortunate enough to have something to eat were very busy, but as we were not of that lucky number, and being near a house where preparations were being made to feed some officers, one of my comrades, J. C. McQuerry, and I called at the kitchen. Appropriating the bread that was in

the oven, then picking up two chickens from the yard, we returned to camp and proceeded to prepare our first meal in our first camp. Although it was innocent of salt and water, and hastily cooked, it was quickly dispatched and much relished. We were in our saddles early next morning, following our train of wagons loaded with provisions and a great many cattle. All the food was ahead of us, so we spent several days partially fasting, having nothing to eat but parched corn, with an occasional pumpkin, cooked in the embers, for dessert.

We were not molested any more until we reached Crossroads, Ky., where we had a desperate fight to save our wagon trains. And here I came near losing my life. I lost my horse in the retreat, but found one without a saddle after our boys had gone.

The Federals were uncomfortably near, within a few hundred yards of us, and they fired a volley at my retreating form. My new horse threw me head foremost and my mouth and eyes were filled with sand. I lay still as if I were dead until the firing ceased, then took to the bushes and was very soon lost. It was now dark, and I had no idea as to my course, rather a trying time for a raw recruit, lost in the mountains with very little hope of getting out alive. I could have found a way to the Federals and given myself up, as I once came in sight of their camp fires, but I had vowed that I would die before I would take the oath and return home dishonorably.

I lay all night in the woods. Just before day, the moon arose, and, taking it for a guide, heading in a southerly direction, I made fast time by running and walking. After traveling several hours, I came into the road our boys had gone over the evening before, and soon overtook a straggling Confederate soldier. An invitation to share his horse was speedily and delightedly accepted, and that afternoon we overtook the command. I had been given up for dead.

My cousin, the brave boy that he was, when it was announced that I was certainly killed, asked the captain to let him have five men to go back to make a search for me, as he felt that he could not go on without making an effort to find me. But Lieut. G. R. Pope said to him: "No use; he is dead. I was the last man to leave him, and I heard the volley of shots that killed him."

I later found my horse; one of the boys had gotten him in the mix up of the retreat.

We moved on with our train of wagons and cattle through London, Cumberland Gap, and into our loved Dixieland. The winter was spent in East and Middle Tennessee, and we were kept busy all the time foraging and occasionally fighting. The Confederate cavalymen were in the saddle the greater portion of the time. Early in the spring of 1863, we moved into Murfreesboro, Tenn., to enter into one of the hardest-fought battles of the war, known in history as the battle of Stone River between Bragg and Rosecrans. Under that great general, Joe Wheeler, we operated in the rear of the Federals, burning and destroying supplies and fighting daily. We burned at one time three hundred wagons loaded with arms, food, and ammunition for the Federal army; and we captured a wagon loaded with medicine said to be worth half a million dollars to the Confederacy. Our company was detailed to carry it through the enemy's lines to Murfreesboro, a distance of fifteen miles, which we did, but not without the loss of life. Several men were killed in a running fight with the enemy which lasted more than an hour.

This Stone River battle for me was the severest of the war, lasting seven days, with hard fighting every day. History gives this as a victory for the Federals, when, in fact, it was a victory for the Confederates as long as the battle continued,

for the former were pressed back every day under the Confederate fire; but after the seven days of fighting Bragg was compelled to retreat on account of the lack of supplies and fresh men, both of which the Federals had in abundance. After about two months of skirmishing and picket fighting under Wheeler, we were transferred to Gen. John H. Morgan, and with him we crossed the Cumberland River at Burksville, Ky. From this place, Morgan sent our company up the river with Capt. Mike Salter and a few volunteers, making the number eighty, for the purpose of destroying telegraph wires, and under orders to meet Morgan at a given point near Lebanon, Ky. Our trials were severe on this raid, as we were ambushed from every possible place. When near Jim Town, Ky., in endeavoring to reach a telegraph line to destroy it, we followed a by-path, across which we found a tree felled, and as we were in the act of passing around it, we were fired into from the other side; slaughter and confusion followed, and we were soon scattered in every direction. Each fellow for himself was the only possible action. After some time, seven of us found ourselves together in a deep hollow with no knowledge as to course or what to do, but with a determination to reach Morgan, which, by hard riding, we accomplished the next morning just as he was closing that awful bloody fight at Green River Bridge, Ky. Our little band of seven was all that reached him, the rest of the eighty being killed, captured, or returned South. It was here that J. C. McQuerry, a boy near my own age, and to whom I was deeply attached, was left on the field for dead. For many years I thought of him with a feeling of sadness, but sixty years after his supposed death I found him in Arkansas, the liveliest corpse I ever saw, and to him I am indebted for the most pleasant visit of my life.

Our next move was on Lebanon, where we had a severe little battle with Hansen's command, in which we lost many of our men. Before the fight started, Morgan detailed his brother under a flag of truce to confer with Hansen, requesting that all women and children be moved out of town, as he (Morgan) intended to enter the place at any cost. The request was refused, and Morgan's brother was killed before reaching his command with the flag of truce in his uplifted hand. Orders were at once given us to advance and to burn and kill as we went (the Federal troops were ambushed in the business houses and residences). The charge was on, and our general's orders were obeyed with all the venom of infuriated men, but it lasted only a short time till the white flag meaning "I surrender" was hoisted. Hansen's entire command was captured.

From this point, we went by way of Springfield, through Bardstown, on to Brandenburg, Ky., at which place, after some difficulty, we crossed the Ohio River in boats which we captured. Our next point of interest was Corydon, Ind., where we had a considerable skirmish with the home guards, capturing more men than Morgan had with him. After leaving this place, we met with very little resistance for some time except by fallen trees in front of us and occasional firing from the hilltops at us. We did some fast riding and some fighting the night we passed around Cincinnati. Our difficulties were exceedingly trying on the entire route, the road being constantly blockaded in front of us, and we were continually ambushed from all sides. After we had reached a safe distance from Cincinnati, we unsaddled our horses and spread our blankets for the first night's rest since we started three weeks earlier. We had eaten and slept in our saddles.

Early next morning, we were again mounted, moving toward Buffington Island, which we reached in the evening about five o'clock. Here we captured a lot of flat boats and

worked all night building a pontoon bridge on which to cross the Ohio River. But next morning early we found we were surrounded by gunboats on one side and Federal cavalry on the other. We cut our way through the line, but were followed and captured the same afternoon.

This ended one of the most difficult raids made during the war. And now comes the hardest part of all. We were prisoners! A terrible thing to think of, even at this late date. We were taken to Camp Douglas near Chicago and thrown into prison, where I remained nineteen months.

I shall relate just a few of the episodes and experiences that kept prison life from becoming monotonous. First, I shall speak of the saddest occurrence of the whole war to me. One morning a few weeks after our imprisonment, as my cousin walked in the barracks door, carrying the frying pan to cook his breakfast, he was shot in the back. As he fell at my feet, he said, "They've killed me, Jim; what did they do it for, what did they do it for?" and was gone. Just the day before he had received a new homespun suit from his mother with the request that, if possible, he have some kind of a picture made, as they had none. The picture was never made.

The guard who had walked that beat walked it no more. He was promoted.

As soon as the news reached home, my father, acting on the entreaties of my heartbroken mother, came to Camp Douglas to plead with me to take the oath of allegiance and return home with him. He was informed that he could not see me unless I first took the oath, so he wrote begging me, for my mother's sake, to do so, otherwise they felt that I should never see them again. I answered, "As much as I love you and mother, I can't go back on my principles. Tell mother may God keep her strong till I see her again;" and sorrowfully he returned home without seeing me.

According to prison rules, every prisoner had to have a bunk mate, so after my cousin's death, W. J. McQuerry and I slept together until the day before he died of smallpox. My third bed mate, McClung McAfee, also had smallpox and was never moved, but slept with me until he recovered. I saw one hundred or more of our number taken from their beds in their night clothes when the thermometer was below zero and made to sit on the frozen ground until their impress was left. The offense was a missing dog, belonging to the officer in command, eaten or killed, most probably eaten, as we, in our habitual half-starved state, would have eaten anything.

I saw a number of my comrades forced to stand in line all night for appealing to a minister to try to get us some bread. Our captors confiscated our nice boxes of eatables sent us from home. Sometimes we were permitted to go in and look at the food spread out on long tables, but we knew it meant certain death if we were caught taking any. I shall never forget the most delectable feast of my whole life. On one of these occasions, I managed to elude the vigilance of my captors long enough to steal a whole cheese, which I slipped under my coat. As I passed one of my fellows I whispered: "Get bread at any cost." He did so, and for two or three days we lived.

One instrument erected for our entertainment (?) was "Morgan's Mule," a piece of timber two inches thick erected eighteen feet from the ground. Many men were ordered to ride it for hours, myself among the number; my offense, eating rotten oranges from the officers' swill barrel.

In March, 1865, we were sent to Richmond, Va., to be exchanged. From there we were sent out around Lynchburg on a scouting party, where we were when the news of Lee's surrender reached us.

I then hired out to a farmer and worked a month for a pair

of shoes in which to walk home. I started from Lynchburg on my long tramp the 1st of June. After I had covered one hundred and fifty miles of the distance, I was fortunate enough to be able to steal rides on the train the greater part of the remaining distance, arriving home the 7th of the month.

Time has removed from my heart all bitter feeling toward the North, and this was written with malice toward no one and not to engender any prejudice toward my brothers in blue, but at the earnest solicitation of my family, who feel a just pride in knowing that their father, grandfather, and great-grandfather was willing to lay down his life for what he thought was the right.

I thank God that I have been permitted to live to see a united country, which, because of its unity, is the most prosperous and independent nation on the face of the earth.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

(From an address delivered by Capt. John C. Featherston before the 48th Pennsylvania Regimental Association at Pottsville, Pa., at a reunion of that regiment, which was an active participant in that terrible drama.)

The Battle of the Crater I regard as the most desperately fought and sanguinary struggle of the war, considering the numbers engaged and the space on which it was fought. The combined casualties numbered about six thousand five hundred on about two acres of ground. The prizes contended for were the Petersburg and the Weldon Railroads, the great arteries which supplied Richmond and Lee's army. This will give an idea of the ability of our generals and the reckless determination with which the Confederate and Federal soldiers fought.

General Lee, with about 60,000 men, poorly fed but courageous, was confronting General Grant, with 150,000 men supplied with all the necessaries and many luxuries of camp, in front of Richmond and Petersburg. Both armies were entrenched in fortifications extending about twenty miles and varying in distance from half a mile to eighty yards apart.

The nearest approach to each other was immediately in front of and one mile distant from the city of Petersburg. After repeated assaults made on the attenuated lines of Lee by Grant, all of which resulted in disastrous failures, the Federals conceived the idea of tunneling under and blowing up one of the Confederate forts, then known as Elliot's Salient, but subsequently called the "Crater," because of its resemblance to the crater of a volcano, and, during the battle, like one in active operation.

This work originated in the mind of Colonel Pleasants and was executed by him and his regiment, the 48th Pennsylvania, and, so far as their work of destroying the fort was concerned, it was a terrible success. The failure of the remainder of the plan was attributed to others who were in higher official authority.

This fort was located in the main line of the Confederates, which was eighty yards from the main line of the Federals. They commenced digging a tunnel or gallery just in rear of their breastworks, dumping the dirt in a deep ravine in their rear.

This operation could not be seen from our works; hence the presumption is that, though Lee knew the enemy was attempting to undermine his line, he could not determine the exact point of attack. He ordered his engineers to sink shafts in front of several of his forts so that he might intercept them, but his engineers went down only fifteen feet, while the enemy's were thirty feet deep. In order that this "new

plan of war" might be carried into execution, General Burnside, who commanded a Federal corps immediately in front of the Crater, permitted Colonel Pleasants and his "miners" to dig this tunnel from their lines under the Confederate fort. This occupied several weeks, during which time an incessant fire of infantry and artillery was kept up, that they might shield their works from the observation of the Confederate soldiers.

When they had completed their work, Pleasants, in his report, says: "The charge of powder placed under the Confederate fort consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs, each containing twenty-five pounds, aggregating about eight thousand pounds."

The mine was then exploded about five o'clock on the morning of July 30, 1864. At the time of the explosion the fort was occupied by Captain Pegram's battery of artillery, with four cannon, supported by the 18th and 22nd South Carolina, causing a loss of life of two hundred and fifty-six officers and men of the South Carolina regiments and two officers and twenty men of the artillery. Two entire companies of the 18th South Carolina had not a man left to tell the tale.

The Confederate troops on each side of the wrecked fort shrank back from this awful explosion, leaving about two hundred yards of our works unoccupied.

The Federals, anticipating the destructive and demoralizing effect of such a surprise, concentrated a force estimated at 45,000 men near by and in rear of their works, with which they expected to rush through the opening thus made and capture Petersburg and cut in twain Lee's army.

They did rush into the Crater and adjacent breastworks 12,000 of their infantry, one division of which was composed of negroes. But, surprising to state, they halted. That halt was fatal to their success and has been an unaccountable surprise to military men which yet remains to be fully explained.

There was not an organized body of Confederate infantry between Grant's main line and the city of Petersburg. They would have had only unsupported artillery to oppose their advance. But artillery was probably never more effectually used than on that occasion.

This delay gave Lee time to prepare for this emergency. Anderson's Division, of A. P. Hill's Corps, was at that time commanded by Gen. William Mahone and was the supporting division of Lee's army while in front of Petersburg. It was in the breastworks about three-fourths of a mile to the right of the Crater, at a point known as the Wilcox Farm.

As soon as Lee took in the critical condition of affairs, he dispatched one of his staff to Mahone to send at once two of his brigades to the point of attack. Mahone withdrew the Virginia brigade, commanded by General Weisiger, and the Georgia brigade, commanded by Col. Hall. These two being on the right of the division, were most accessible and moved by a circuitous route to the scene of action. To have gone direct would have exposed his command to the fire of the entire line of the enemy, which would have meant destruction.

When Mahone arrived at a point in front of the Crater and was preparing to make his assault, Lee appeared on the field mounted on Traveler, his war horse, who by his bearing seemed to be conscious of the fact that he bore on his back the fate of a nation.

Soon the Virginia brigade was in line of battle fronting the Confederate captured breastworks on the left of the Crater, then filled with Federal soldiers. The Georgia brigade was filing out of the covered way preparing to extend the line so as to cover the Crater and the works on the right; but the Virginians, seeing that the Federals were preparing to emerge

from the works and charge them, anticipated their charge and at once gave the order to go forward. They made a most gallant and determined dash for the Federals, going into the works and there engaging in a hand-to-hand struggle, finally recapturing that portion of our line.

The gallant Georgia brigade was soon in position and made a determined charge on the Crater and remainder of the works. The fire of the enemy was so terrific and deadly that they swerved too far to the left, rushing in with and near the Virginia brigade, after losing nearly or quite all of their field officers and very many of their men. This all occurred up to 9:30 A.M.

Those two brigades had made superb charges, losing heavily of their men and literally covered the ground and partly filled the trenches with the enemy's dead and wounded.

The Crater and the works to the right of it were still occupied by the enemy. Mahone sent back and ordered up Wilcox's (old) Alabama brigade, then commanded by Gen. J. C. C. Sanders. This brigade, by a circuitous route, reached the cemetery, about half a mile from the Crater, and there entered a covered way so as to protect our men from the fire of the enemy, and emerged into a ravine at a point some three hundred yards from the front.

That you may have some idea of the attenuated line of Lee at that time, I will state that when this brigade was withdrawn from the breastworks at the Wilcox Farm to be sent to do battle at the Crater the entire space formerly occupied by these three brigades was left without soldiers, except a skirmish line consisting of one man every twenty paces.

The Alabama Brigade, of which I had the honor to command a company, soon appeared on the scene.

As soon as we emerged from the covered way into a ravine, or swale, running parallel with the works held by the enemy, we met Mahone himself on foot. He called the officers to him, explained the situation, and gave us orders for the fight.

He stated that the Virginians and Georgians had by a gallant charge captured the breastworks on the left (north) of the Crater, but the enemy still held the fort and a short space of the works to the right of it.

He ordered us to move our men up the ravine as far as we could walk unseen and then crawl still farther until we reached a point as near opposite the fort as possible, then order our men to lie down on the ground until the artillery posted in our rear could draw the enemy's fire from a part of their artillery, said to contain fifty pieces, posted on a hill in rear of their main line and covering the fort.

When this was accomplished, we should rise up and move at a "trail arms," with guns loaded and bayonets fixed, but not fire a gun nor yell until we drew the fire from the fort; then yell and make a dash for the fort before the enemy could open on us their artillery.

As we were withdrawing, Mahone said: "General Lee is watching the result of your charge."

We then returned to our men and ordered them to "load" and "fix bayonets," then "right face." We moved up the ravine as ordered.

Our guns in rear soon ceased firing over us. We then knew the crisis had come.

The Crater was two hundred yards distant from where we lay down. By slightly raising our heads, we could see the fort and the many Federal flags, which indicated their numbers. We knew the odds were greatly against us, but it was not ours to ask the reason why; ours only to do and die. We knew that we were Lee's last card that he was playing on the checkerboard of war, as we were the last of the reserves.

Our General gave the command "Forward!" and on we

went. Soon we saw the flash of the sunlight on the enemy's guns and bayonets as they leveled them over the walls of the fort. Then a sheet of flame flashed out as they fired. Then followed the awful roar of battle. This volley seemed to awaken the demons of hell.

There were within gunshot of that fort fully 20,000 men, including both sides. It seemed to be the signal for everybody within range to commence firing. We raised a yell and made a dash to get under the walls of the fort before their artillery could open on us, but in this we failed. They, too, joined in the awful din, and the air seemed literally filled with missiles.

But on went the six hundred Alabamians, literally, as it seemed to us, into "the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell."

As we reached the walls of the wrecked fort, we dropped on the ground to get the men in order and let them get breath. While lying there we could hear the enemy endeavoring to encourage their men by telling them to "remember Fort Pillow."

As soon as this was accomplished, we pushed up hats on bayonets and, as expected, they riddled them with bullets, and immediately our men sprang over the walls and were in the fort. Then commenced that awful hand-to-hand struggle of which history tells you. Each side was throwing guns, bayonets foremost, at each other over the walls of the fort; also cannon balls, etc.

Whites and negroes were indiscriminately mixed up, and it was the first time that our troops had encountered the negroes and they could only with difficulty be restrained. The work was soon finished.

An eyewitness wrote of the event: "General Mahone then ordered up the Alabama Brigade; they formed; the command was given; and when they reached the point where the Georgians suffered so severely they, too, met with a heavy loss; but, unlike the Georgians, as soon as they received the shock, every man that was left standing started in a double-quick, and before the enemy could reload the Alabamians were on them. A hand-to-hand fight took place and in a few minutes the gallant Alabamians had driven out, killed those who couldn't get out, and were masters of the situation."

The fort was blown into two depressions. After we had captured the larger one, those in the smaller cried out that they would surrender. We told them to come over the embankment. Two of them started over with their guns in their hands and were shot and fell back. We heard those remaining cry: "They are showing us no quarter; let us sell our lives as dearly as possible."

We then told them to come over without their guns, which they did, and all the remainder, about thirty in number, surrendered and were ordered to the rear.

In the confusion and their eagerness to get from that point, they went across the open field, along the same route over which we had charged them. Their artillery, seeing them going to the rear, as we were told, under the flag of truce, thought that it was our men repulsed and retreating, and they at once opened fire on them, killing and wounding quite a number of their own men. One poor fellow had his arm shot off just as he started to the rear, and returning, said: "I could bear it better if my own men had not done it."

This practically ended the fight inside the fort, but the two armies outside continued firing at this common center, and it seemed to us that the shot, shell, and musket balls came from every point of the compass and the mortar shells rained down from above. They had previously attacked from below, so this unfortunate fort was one of the few points of the universe which had been assailed from literally every quarter. The slaughter was fearful. The dead were piled on each other.

In one part of the fort I counted eight bodies deep. There were but few wounded compared with the dead.

One of our soldiers came upon General Bartlett, "wounded" in his artificial leg. Seeing the cork leg and springs knocked to pieces, he waggishly said: "General, you are a fraud. I thought that was a good leg when I shot it."

As the dust and smoke cleared away, the firing seemed to lull, but there was no entire cessation of firing that evening. After dark tools were brought, with which we reconstructed the wrecked fort. In doing this we buried the dead down in the fort by covering them with earth. We were therefore forced to stand on them and defend our position while we remained in the fort, until the following Monday night.

The morning came as hot and dry as the preceding one. The sharpshooters were exceedingly alert, firing every moment, each side momentarily expecting active hostilities to be renewed. While the wounded in the fort and our trenches had been removed during the night and were being cared for, the ground between the main lines of the two armies was literally covered by wounded and dead Federals, who fell in advancing and retreating.

About noon, or a little after, there went up a flag of truce immediately in our front. The flag was a white piece of cloth about a yard square on a new staff. General Saunders ordered the sharpshooters to cease firing. Then a Federal soldier with a clean white shirt and blue pants jumped on top of their works, holding the flag, and was promptly followed by two elegantly uniformed officers.

Saunders asked those of us near him if we had a white handkerchief, but such an article was unknown to the boys. The General finally got a handkerchief, which, though not altogether suitable for a drawing room, he and Capt. George Clark, Assistant Adjutant General, tied to a ramrod. A man, carrying the improvised flag, went forward to meet the Federal flag. They met halfway—about forty yards from each line. They asked for a truce to bury their dead and remove their wounded. It was granted.

As soon as the work was commenced, I witnessed one of the grandest and most impressive sights I ever saw. Where not a man could be seen a few minutes before, the two armies rose up as out of the ground and the face of the earth seemed to be peopled with men, like an illustration of Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth. Both sides came over their works and, meeting in the center, mingled, chatted, and exchanged courtesies as though they had not sought in desperate effort to take each other's lives but an hour before.

During the truce I met Gen. R. B. Potter, who commanded, as he informed me, a Michigan division in Burnside's Corps. He was exceedingly polite and affable and extended to me his canteen with an invitation to sample the contents, which I did and found in it nothing objectionable. He then handed me a good cigar, and for a time we smoked "the pipe of peace."

In reply to a question from me as to their loss in the battle on Saturday, he replied that they had lost five thousand men. While we were talking, a remarkably handsome Federal general in the crowd came near us. I asked Potter who he was, and was informed that he was General Ferrero, who commanded the negro troops. I said, "I have some of his papers which I captured in the fort," and showed them to Potter. He then said: "Let me call him up and introduce him, and we will show him the papers and guy him." I replied, however, that we down South were not in the habit of recognizing as our social equals those who associated with negroes.

He then asked me to give him some of Ferrero's papers; he wanted them for a purpose. I did so. The others I kept and have them with me now.

He also asked me to point out to him some of our generals, several of whom were then standing on the embankment of the wrecked fort. (I noticed that none of our generals except Saunders, who had charge of the affairs, came over and mingled with the crowd.) I pointed out to him Gens. Archie Gracie, of Alabama; Harris, of Mississippi; A. P. Hill; and Mahone, who was dressed in a suit of tent cloth with a "roundabout" jacket. Mahone was quite small. He did not weigh much, if any, over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Potter laughingly said: "Not much man, but a big general."

When the dead were buried each side returned to its intrenchments, and soon the sharpshooters were firing at one another when and wherever seen. Truly, "war is hell."

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY DAVID MOORE.

Flowers are thoughts of memory's heart
That to the dead love would impart;
The emblems pure to mortals given,
Fresh with the dews and smiles of heaven.

Behold, the love of country towers!
Behold the crowds, behold the flowers!
See, peace and love together grow!
Such glorious scenes assuage our woe.

Out to the graves the nation starts,
With broadened minds and softened hearts;
With tons of flowers, fresh and fair,
To dedicate to loved ones there.

No hate nor passions rouse the breast
Of them who walk where patriots rest;
And tens of thousands there to-day
Their tributes will with roses pay.

This thought seems rising from the sod:
"One flag, one country, and one God;"
And, as the laden throngs go by,
Methinks each sings God's praises high:

"We come our constancy to prove,
With wreaths as tokens of our love;
While memory's bloom your country saves,
With hope we decorate your graves.

"Ye men of valor, worth and pride,
We long have grieved that you had died;
And, through the sad, succeeding years,
Preserved your memories in our tears.

"If of the Gray, or of the Blue,
We now but see the patriot true;
And, though we yet may wear the scar,
Our love has healed the wounds of war.

"It counts not in what ranks you stood,
Your motive was your country's good;
And from the North or South, perhaps,
Alike you answered to the 'taps.'

"To-day, love's roses here we spread;
To-day, you are our honored dead;
With smiles and flowers we deck your tomb,
And hope to meet you in God's home."

THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE, N. C.

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

In offering some account of this three-day battle, I am depending chiefly upon personal recollections, which was also the case in what was stated concerning the Battle of Averasboro in the *VETERAN* for June. As a private in the Confederate service, only seventeen years of age, of course my knowledge of events connected with this conflict was limited; but it is nevertheless hoped that what I shall say will be of interest and of some value historically. I shall try to cleave to facts.

The battle of Bentonville, fought March 19-21, 1865—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—was the last of much consequence or importance between the then small army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Gen. W. T. Sherman's great army consisting of five or more corps of well-trained, splendidly equipped, and experienced soldiers. To say that Sherman had from three to five against one in numbers would hardly be an exaggeration. And yet, Johnston's men, though cherishing but scant hope of final victory, seemed to fight as bravely and persistently as if they had been certain of a triumph in the end.

The first gun fired in this engagement, lasting at intervals from early Sunday morning till dark on Tuesday, was in the hands of W. H. Dowling, of Butler's Cavalry. Dowling was a heroic son of South Carolina who had fought with his command in some of the great battles of Virginia and elsewhere, having enlisted in the service of his beloved Southland at the beginning of the war. Dowling himself afterwards told me that he, with a few other "troopers," was on picket duty, and that, seeing a squad of men in blue approaching down the road leading to the Confederate lines, he made this first shot into them and then fell back to Johnston's main line of battle. Soon the real trouble began.

Of the Confederate generals who took a more or less conspicuous part in the battle, I recall the names of Johnston (chief commander), Hardee, Hampton, Bragg, Hoke, Wheeler, Butler, Taliaferro, Elliott, and McLaws. Of course there were other generals not mentioned in this list whom others could readily name. Gen. Wade Hampton, it was said, a day or so before the battle began, rode over the territory covering fields and forests and made suggestions as to the plan of the fight. He was then lieutenant general and in command of all of Johnston's cavalry, which consisted of the two depleted divisions of Maj. Gens. Joseph Wheeler and M. C. Butler. A nobler three, perhaps, than Hampton, Butler, and Wheeler never "wore the gray" during the four years of bloody strife.

So far as I could learn, Johnston's line of battle extended on the east to what we were told was Mill Creek, which flowed into the Neuce River not far away; and then it stretched westward for several miles across some fields and thick woodland. When the battle opened, as we understood, Sherman put three or more corps in line and was reinforced by the two other corps that had fought Hardee at Averasboro, March 16. Some of his soldiers were negroes who had served along the coast—how many, I cannot say.

As already set forth in my meager account of the day's battle at Averasboro, Hardee's corps (or Taliaferro's Division, at least) was rushed onward by way of "Elevation" to Bentonville. Upon arriving there, say by midday, Sunday, March 19, we were halted a half mile or a mile in the rear of Johnston's forces already fighting. Our regimental band played some music that gave us an uplift and inspiration for the coming fray, and then we were sent across the fields and woods to the extreme right wing to attack the Federals of un-

known numbers of artillery and infantry, more or less concealed in a dense forest beyond an open field. They had a line of pickets in the woods on their right (our left). We (Taliaferro's Division) were formed in double line under the trees, and there stood until General Elliott had gone out in front with his field glass, among the pines, to discover the situation. As soon as he returned to us, we heard his voice in loud tones: "Forward!" We pressed rapidly onward through the woods, capturing some pickets and, of course, driving the others back as fast as they could run. The boys of my command (Colonel Lamar's old regiment from James's Island) had seen no great deal of infantry fighting up to that time, having been in the heavy artillery around Charleston. They were of good cheer and kept on ringing forth the rebel yell quite vociferously. This seemed unfortunate, upon subsequent reflection. For it enabled the waiting Yankees to locate us and to prepare fully to pour shot and shell, grape and canister into our ranks with great rapidity and with fatal effect.

In approaching their battery (or batteries) of artillery, about half of our regiment on the right had to come out into the open, in a field where there was nothing to conceal or protect them. Our men fell rapidly, killed and wounded, until soon forced to withdraw from the old field. The enemy's guns, cannon and rifles, were immediately turned upon our left wing, and soon, under what seemed a tremendous concentrated firing upon us, orders were given to "fall back" to a reformed line in the woods in our rear. In killed, wounded and captured, I was afterwards told that about one hundred and ninety of our regiment (possibly then a thousand strong) were lost to us in this engagement.

In war, as in other things, opportunity, used or unused, goes far to decide results. Our chance in that disastrous charge appeared to have been lost. Prisoners told one of the officers of my company that the Yankees soon would have given way and retreated, if the Confederates had only held their position, or gone forward for just a few minutes more. "For," said they, "we were nearly out of ammunition and would have been compelled to flee." Had such a turn of the tide taken place, who can tell of its effects on the fight around Bentonville for the next two days.

This was Sunday P.M., and there was fighting at intervals along Johnston's lines until Tuesday night following. My regiment was kept on Johnston's extreme right, only skirmishing at times, until late Tuesday afternoon, when we were removed quickly for a mile or more to the left, formed in double line again under the tall pines to support the hotly fighting ranks of our brave fellows resisting Sherman's far-outnumbering columns along the edge of the swamps of Mill Creek. For three days the bridge in our rear, spanning this water course, swollen from heavy rains, had been the enemy's coveted prize. But alas, for them and to our delight, Johnston's "braves" held to it until our forces had all crossed it on Tuesday night. And even on Wednesday morning, after our withdrawal, General Wheeler, with his dismounted troopers, held this bridge until our infantry had gone to a safe distance from Sherman's vanguard. General Wheeler reported that several color bearers of the Yankees were killed on the bridge, cheering their supporters in the vain effort to take and command it.

The control of this crossing place during and following the battle of Bentonville doubtless saved General Johnston's little army from disaster. For it seemed that there was no other way open to a deliberate and orderly retreat before Sherman.

The total loss in killed, wounded, captured, and missing on

either side, I am not able to tell. And it is questionable under all the conditions surrounding the two opposing armies, and the uncertain chances for records and communications at the time, whether an exact or correct estimate and statement was ever practicable. The number of casualties surely must have greatly exceeded those of Averasboro, inasmuch as larger numbers were engaged and the fighting continued off and on for three days.

A gallant son, quite young, of General Hardee was killed as he bravely dashed into the fighting ranks of the enemy in the effort to regain a piece of light artillery. One in battle line as a private, whether firing at the foe or awaiting orders, has but a slim chance of seeing what is taking place around him, yet the vision of men dead and wounded seems fresh to me even now; nor can I forget the instantaneously keen and deep impressions made on my mind and heart by certain calls for aid as here and there some noble fellow was "knocked down and out." A loved brother, E. B. S., was severely wounded on Sunday afternoon when standing by our regimental flag, borne by the intrepid color bearer, Kitt Haynes. He, with eighteen others of our regiment, being too badly hurt to be conveyed in ambulances, was left in an old house by the roadside when we crossed the bridge on Tuesday night. He alone of the nineteen was spared to return home; and it was far into the summer of 1865 before he could leave Bentonville. His nurse, R. C. Creech, who was detailed on Tuesday night to remain with these nineteen unfortunate ones, told me after the war that he buried eighteen of them, one by one, not long after they were left to be made prisoners. He further stated that the men in Sherman's passing columns—officers and others, the negro soldiers excepted—showed sympathy and kindness to the wounded. Rations and medicine were given them to last awhile, and the good citizens around the village supplied their wants later on. My brother finally reached home in Barnwell, S. C., is now eighty-three and in good health and pleasantly fixed in old age.

It was a sad good-by between us on that memorable night of March 21, 1865, in that old house at Bentonville. I felt almost certain that we would never again meet in this world. But we are both still living—he eighty-three and I seventy-nine. I think I was the "baby boy" of our regiment.

If we could go back to those old days, doubtless we would do just as we did then, in spite of all the horrors, terrors, and evils of every sort that came to us in the "sixties." And yet, as I think of war, *I hate war!* And I pray that all swords may yet be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, that nation may not again rise against nation, and that no more shall we ever hear of war! I could well-nigh say with Cowper:

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"

After Bentonville came the march of Johnston's army to Smithfield, N. C., while Sherman rested his men in and around Goldsboro, N. C., Kilpatrick and Hampton watching between. We remained at Smithfield about two weeks. There I had my first actual view of the great general, Joseph E. Johnston, who reviewed his army one day in an old field. We all admired and loved him, and especially prized him for his magnanimity in returning to command and lead us after all that had happened to him at Atlanta the year before.

At Smithfield, as often elsewhere, we had scant rations, no tents, no blankets, some were without shoes, others almost

in rags. We wished to hear from Lee in Virginia. But alas, no news! Finally we were called into ranks to *march, march, march*, as had been our experience all the way from Charleston. We went by way of Raleigh, Hillsboro, Company Shops (now Burlington), on to Greensboro, camping thereabouts in April. Soon the men from Appomattox, now paroled, began to pass by on their way back home in various Southern States. This caused us pain and deep depression; but there came to us just a ray of light and a drop of the oil of consolation when we remembered that we had done our duty as we saw it, that carnage and bloodshed would soon cease, and that overpowered (not defeated), we could turn our faces homeward once more to greet and be greeted by loved ones now far away, and then devote the remnant of our days to the peaceful pursuits of life. Nor can we fail to be as proud of the spirit of fortitude and patience shown by the Southern soldiers under the ills of radicalism following the war as of his unflinching courage displayed in the sharp agony of conflict and death on the battle field, for "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

It is remarkable how even slight incidents of war—on the march, in camp, on guard, and in battle—are so vividly and indelibly inscribed on a soldier's memory. Many such often come trooping up before me now, and I dream of those old days and of beloved comrades of the War between the States.

Late on Tuesday, March 21, while my regiment supported the fighters along Mill Creek, as a soldier passed us by on some hasty mission, he said: "Don't be uneasy, boys; the Tennesseans are down there." Then there came by us a bleeding, dying man, held on a horse by one hand of a friend who, with the other hand, clung to the bridle to guide his steed, while a brother followed close behind, weeping as if his heart would break.

On the Sunday eve, March 19, returning to our command after assisting my wounded brother to a surgeon, I passed a short grave covered with fresh earth. Upon inquiry I ascertained that beneath this sod lay the body of a small boy, only fourteen years old, who had fallen in battle, bravely fighting, without fear or compulsion! It was indeed pathetic. Yet we could but remember that this courageous and patriotic lad was typical of other boys whose lives went out as offerings upon the altar of their beloved country and whose dust is now a part of the soil in places far from the scene of home and early days.

A SORROW OF 1862.

Into the moonlight he rode swift away,
Bearing her kiss on his smiling red lips;
Fragrantly dying, upon his breast lay
A rose fastened there by her sweet finger tips.
Booted and spurred and wearing the gray,
Boldly he galloped and gayly he sang,
"I love you, my love! we will love on for aye!"
Tender the words were, and clear the notes rang.

In at her casement the moonbeams still streamed,
Dancing with fairy feet through the rose vine,
While the bright maiden reposing there dreamed
Of her brave lover just crossing the line.
Well that she heard not the hiss of the lead
Piercing a path through the rose on his breast,
Nor saw the gray coat, now bedabbled with red,
Nor caught his last sigh as he murmured "Celeste!"

—Lenora Beck, in *Blue and Gray*.

A BOAST AND A CHALLENGE.

BY W. S. CHAPMAN, INDIANOLA, MISS.

One of the definitions of the word "boast," in Webster's Academic Dictionary, is, "An occasion for exultation," and, therefore, I impersonally boast of the distinguished courage and bravery of Brown's Division in the battle of Franklin, fought on the 30th day of November, 1864. In that battle I fought as a private in Company D, Twelfth Tennessee Regiment. I never knew much about the battle of Franklin until in June, 1885; I got a copy of the *Southern Bivouac*, a literary and historical magazine published monthly at Louisville, Ky. I knew something concerning Brown's Division and Cleburne's Division the next morning succeeding the battle, but thought all of the other divisions had captured and held the breastworks in their front. I held this belief for twenty years, or more, but in the *Bivouac* of June, 1885, I read to the contrary in an article by D. W. Sanders, Major, Assistant Adjutant General of French's Division, Stewart's Corps. As the article is too long to quote all of it, the result of the day's battle will only be given, as follows:

"French stormed the works at the gin house, with Sears's and Cockrell's brigades, and was repulsed, losing in these assaults sixty-five per cent of his command, almost annihilating his division.

"Walthall assaulted the works with his division, and Reynolds's, Shelley's and Quarles's brigades were likewise repulsed and almost destroyed.

"Loring assaulted the works with his division, and Featherstone's, Scott's, and Adams's brigades were repulsed with heavy loss, leaving the brilliant young colonel, Ferrell, of the 15th Mississippi, and many others immediately under the works mortally wounded.

"Brown still held the works in Ruger's line, and, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of the enemy, could not be dislodged. Ruger constructed a hasty barricade in front of Brown; Strickland occupied the line behind it, and engaged Brown at close range. Strickland was reinforced from Stiles's Brigade on the left, and yet Brown could not be driven from the captured line.

"Darkness ended the great conflict. The Confederate troops, repulsed in their repeated assaults, had retired, but Brown's Division held the works captured by it in the first grand assault. Brown was wounded, Gist and Strahl killed, Carter mortally wounded, and Gordon captured within the intrenched line."

I think the testimony of Major Sanders, Assistant Adjutant General of French's Division, Stewart's Corps, is amply sufficient to sustain my boast of the prowess of Brown's Division.

I will briefly narrate some facts of a personal nature that occurred next morning. Captain Patterson, of our regiment, called me up and informed me that he was commanding the regiments, and asked me if there were any commissioned officers left in my company? I said no. Again he asked if there were any noncommissioned officers in my company. I again replied no. He then said, "You take charge of the company," and added, "how many have you left of your company?" I replied there were only eight of us present for duty. We went into battle with thirty-seven and came out with eight. I was then told to go down to the breastworks with my company, and lay out our dead together, and take the dead soldiers of the enemy to the breastworks, cover them with blankets, if any could be found, and throw enough dirt over all to prevent nauseating odors to reach the citizens living near by.

I was further commanded by Captain Patterson to gather up the guns and stack them and hang the cartridge boxes to the several stacks of guns. I went down with my remnant company and we went to work to carry out as soon as practicable the orders of our regimental commander. We had not proceeded far when a Mississippi lieutenant, with a small number of soldiers, not much more than I had, reported to me for duty. I was about to inform him that he was my superior in rank, when one of my men came to me and said: "You are Captain Chapman." Thus reminded, I took charge of all the men, including the lieutenant, and, when the work was completed thanked him and his men for the service rendered. The rank of captain given to me was of short duration. As at the battle of Nashville I was again a private, and so continued until our reorganization in North Carolina. So many of our soldiers had been killed in previous battles that the 47th Tennessee and 12th Tennessee were consolidated in a short time after Hood took command, and the two regiments combined had only forty-one left in 1865 when I was made, without my knowledge or consent, third sergeant.

Going back a little to gather up statements of D. W. Sanders referred to, as to the charge of Cleburne's Division against the enemy on the right of the Columbia turnpike, I quote as follows: "Cox and Stanley promptly rallied Strickland's, Lane's, and Conrad's brigades, brought them to the support of the reserves, engaged in a hand-to-hand combat on the works at the center, when Major General Cleburne, in the meridian splendor of his martial fame, leading the charge of his superb division, which had just planted their battle colors on the captured works, was killed in front of the 16th Kentucky, at the Columbia pike, about thirty paces from the retrenched line.

"Brown continued to hold the works when the assaulting forces on his right were repulsed with appalling loss. His right, although in possession of the captured line, was subjected to a cross fire from the angle in the intrenched line immediately west of the gin house. Bate had not connected on his left, and his left flank was threatened, and likewise subjected to a cross fire from the angle in the intrenched line immediately west of the gin house. Brown maintained his lodgment in the works, with both flanks uncovered exposed to cross fire, with obstinate endurance. Bate assaulted the main works, exposed to heavy fire of both artillery and infantry. Kimball held his line intact, and poured a destructive fire into Bullock's flank, and also that of Smith and Jackson.

"The battle of artillery with Bate engaged the artillery located on Kimball's line. Bullock and Smith were repulsed, but Jackson reached the works and maintained his position.

"In his second grand assault Granberry, Govan, and Polk stormed the retrenched line at the pike and attempted to capture the angle. Granberry was killed in this desperate charge, and the three brigades repulsed with great slaughter.

"Immediately after dark, General Hood ordered Johnson's Division of Lee's Corps, which arrived during the action, to assault the works to the left of the Columbia pike. This division, without support, in dense darkness, moved gallantly over the field thickly strewn with the dead and wounded and charged the works held by Ruger's Division. The storm of battle was again renewed. Kimball and Ruger delivered a deadly fire into Johnson, and Manigault fell severely wounded, and his brigade, with Sharpe's, Brantley's, and Deas's brigades suffered heavily and were repulsed."

I claim no preëminence of Brown's Division over others, but as all our generals were disposed of, there was no order given to us to retreat, without which duty compelled us to remain and fight.

In the July number of the *Southern Bivouac*, 1885, there is a continuation of the effects of the battle of Franklin, from which I will quote as follows:

"Hood's infantry, after the battle of Franklin, bivouacked on the field. When it was ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn his forces, relief parties, with torches, in the early hours of the morning before daybreak, were actively engaged in looking after the wounded, whose agonized sufferings during that cold night appealed so largely to the sympathies of the human heart. The early dawn developed to the eye the extent and magnitude of the disaster. A veteran army wrecked on the field of battle, with its dead and wounded numbered by the thousands, its regimental organizations shattered, its battle colors, and its broken and scattered arms covering the field in front of the intrenched line, plainly told the story, even to the ordinary man with common observation, that its warrior crest in the great conflict of battle disadvantageously delivered with bloody hands had been torn from its brow. The dead and wounded marked the ground over which the various divisions charged, and immediately in front of the intrenched line, strewn with the bodies of slaughtered officers and men, unmistakably indicated the intense fury of the desperate assaults. In the intrenched line captured and held by Brown's Division the dead were piled in the ditch in many instances seven deep; and regimental and company officers were to be seen, stiff in death, supported in upright positions by the dead, who had fallen around them, as they looked down through the dusk of eternity upon that ghastly line."

I do not know how many were killed, wounded, or missing in my company, but we went into the battle with thirty-seven and came out with eight.

To sustain my challenge, I call upon any living person to give personal knowledge, or ancient or modern history, to show any other division, at any place on the earth, that alone captured and held its position with all of the other divisions and troops repulsed.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER—I.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"When Virginia unfolds the scroll of her immortal sons—not because illustrious men did not precede him, gathering constellations and clusters, but because the name shines out through those constellations and clusters in all its peerless grandeur—we read first the name of George Washington; and then, after an interval of three-quarters of a century, when your jealous eye has ranged down the record and traced the names that history will never let die, you come to the name—the only name in all the annals in history that can be named in the perilous connection—Robert E. Lee, the second Washington. Well may old Virginia be proud of her twin sons, born almost a century apart, but shining like those binary stars which open their glory on the darkness of the world."

After serving on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida for about four months, General Lee, on March 13, 1862, was assigned "to the conduct of all the armies of the Confederate States," by President Davis. This gave him a broad field, but tended to dim his brilliant military genius.

During the performance of this duty he wrote a characteristic letter to Maj. Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, who was located in the Shenandoah Valley in observation of the Federal force under the command of Maj. Gen. N. P. Banks. Jackson evidently wrote to the Confederate authorities to be reinforced with 5,000 troops from the Peninsular army, and, after assigning reasons why it could not be done, Lee

said: "I regret that your request for five thousand men sent from that army to reinforce you cannot be complied with. Can you not draw enough from Gen. Edward Johnson to warrant you in attacking Banks? The last return received from that army show a present force of upward of thirty-five hundred, which, it is hoped, has increased by recruits and returned furloughs. A decisive and successful blow at Banks's column would be fraught with the happiest results." The suggestion was also made that Ewell's Division, left in observation on the east side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, could also be made available in his operations.

On the 5th and 6th of May, having brought Ewell's Division to Swift Run Gap and left him on the lookout for Banks's movements, Jackson united with Edward Johnson's force west of Staunton, and on the 8th of May the combined force assailed Milroy's command at McDowell, twenty-five miles west of Staunton. Next morning, the enemy having retreated, Jackson pursued for two days, and on the 12th turned back and made a rapid march to New Market, arriving there on the 20th of May. During his absence from the Valley conditions had changed. Shield's Division, 9,000 strong, had marched to join McDowell, who awaited him at Fredericksburg, when the combined force, 40,000 men and one hundred guns, would join McClellan in front of Richmond. This reduced Bank's force to 10,000, and he had been withdrawn to Strasburg, which he was ordered to fortify and hold.

Jackson's force, increased by Johnson's force, was combined with Ewell's, increasing his command to about 16,000 men. This force was quietly assembled in Luray Valley, east of Massanutten Mountain, and so quietly moved down that valley that it was ready to attack Banks's outpost at Front Royal almost before Colonel Kenly, commanding it, knew it was near. Two guns and six hundred prisoners were captured on the 23rd of May. Early on the morning of the 25th, Jackson attacked Banks at Winchester, and, vigorously assailing his force, sent it pellmell toward the Potomac River.

Sunday Morning, May 25, the New York *Herald* had an editorial forecasting the "Fall of Richmond." By noon the papers were issuing extras headed, "Defeat of Banks. Washington in Danger." McDowell's march, already begun, was countermanded, and half his force, under Shields and Ord, was hurried to the Valley to assail Jackson from the east, while Fremont's 15,000 attacked from the west. Jackson's entire force and his whole retinue, with some skirmishing at Front Royal with Shields, and at Wardensville, passed between his converging foes at Strasburg on May 31. The movement continued up the Valley. Jackson sent cavalry forward to burn the bridges by which Shields was prevented from joining Fremont.

The head of Jackson's column reached Harrisonburg, and diverged to Port Republic. In a severe cavalry action on June 6, Col. Turner Ashby was killed. On June 7, Jackson reached the vicinity of Port Republic. Sunday morning, the 8th, two companies of cavalry, sent across the river to scout on the Luray road, were driven back in rout about 8 A.M., and followed into the village by a body of Federal cavalry, who, with four guns and a brigade of infantry, formed Shield's advance.

Jackson narrowly escaped capture; three of his staff were captured but escaped. Enough Confederate troops were present to drive back this advance force with the loss of two guns and forty men. Carroll's and Tyler's brigades, with artillery, moved back about two miles, selected a position and decided to await the arrival of Shields with the rest of his division.

Jackson left two brigades to protect the bridge, and with the remainder of his force marched back about four miles to Cross Keys, where Ewell's division was left holding a select position against Fremont. Fremont brought his artillery into play, but advanced but one brigade of his infantry. This was driven back and followed to the shelter of his guns. Because of the superior force which beset Jackson, it was his rôle to fight only defensive battle and prevent the union of the menacing force, hence the battle lingered all day.

During the night of the 8th, Jackson returned to Port Republic and improvised a foot bridge over which his infantry could cross the South River. Trimble's and Patton's brigades were left as rear guard to delay Fremont, and he put the rest of his force in motion to find and assail Shields's two brigades. Winder's Brigade first attacked the Federal line and was repulsed, and in turn the enemy gave a counterstroke, pursuing the fugitives and capturing a gun. Winder's Brigade was for the time wrecked against superior numbers and an almost impregnable position. Jackson had directed Gen. Richard Taylor's fine Louisiana brigade to attack the enemy's seven-gun battery in his key position, and sent a second brigade to follow Taylor, who, realizing the necessity of relieving his friends, urged his march to the utmost, and, without waiting for the second brigade, charged boldly on the Federal battery at the critical moment. Taylor had a desperate fight before six of the guns and all the caissons were finally held.

It was 10:30 A.M., and Jackson withdrew Patton and Trimble, instructing them to burn the bridges across the rivers. Fremont, slowly pursuing, reached the river about noon. Jackson pursued Shields's two brigades for about nine miles down the river, capturing about five hundred prisoners. He secretly withdrew, and encamped during the early hours of the 10th in Brown's Gap on the Blue Ridge.

McCall's Division of McDowell's command was left at Fredericksburg until about June 6, when it was sent by water to McClellan. Orders were sent McDowell, with his accompanying force, to march to Fredericksburg; but, before executing his orders, information was received of Jackson's effective back stroke at Cross Keys and Port Republic, which had the effect of countermanding his orders, and McDowell and his two divisions were kept in the Valley until about June 20.

During Jackson's activities in the Valley, the battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks) was precipitated by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the forces defending Richmond, on the 31st of May. About the close of that day Johnston received a flesh wound on the shoulder, quickly followed by heavy fragment of shell striking him on the chest and knocking him from his horse, wounding him so severely as to disable him until the following November. The battle was continued on June 1 in an apparently ineffective and straggling form, under the command of Maj. Gen. G. W. Smith, until about noon, when active firing subsided to the irregular shooting of the outposts. About 1:30 P.M. President Davis reached Smith's headquarters and informed him that General Lee had been assigned to the command of the army. Soon afterwards Lee joined Davis and Smith, when the three distinguished men made a brief inspecting tour, passing the position held by the command to which the writer was attached, and which had been on the firing line both days of the battle.

General Alexander says, in his "Reminiscences": "The chances of a successful campaign against McClellan increased greatly when Johnston fell wounded. Johnston had proposed the concentration of a large force from points farther south. Lee would be able to accomplish this, occupying the position

of military adviser to the President." All matters of routine went on as before.

General Lee's previous unsuccessful efforts caused the idea to become prevalent that he would not be an aggressive commander. This was strengthened when Lee made it his first duty to select a line of battle and begin to fortify it. To some of his amateur critics, who made it a point to write to the press, this act seemed little better than cowardice. General Alexander relates an instance that came under his observation. "On the staff of President Davis was Col. Joseph C. Ives, a graduate of West Point in the class of 1852. Born in New York and appointed from Connecticut, he had married into the well-known family of Semmes, of Georgia and Alabama, and had joined his fortunes with the South. He served on President Davis's staff during the entire war. While in no way conspicuous, he impressed all who met him as particularly intellectual, and as an unusually accomplished officer.

"When Lee had been in command about two weeks, I had a long ride with Ives one afternoon, during which he referred to the newspaper attacks, and asked if I thought in any way they had impaired the confidence of the army in Lee. I had seen no such effect and told him so, and put the question to him: 'Ives, tell me this. We are fortifying our lines, but apparently leaving the enemy all the time he needs to accumulate his superior forces, and then to move on us in the way he thinks best. Has General Lee the *audacity* that is going to be required for our inferior force to take the aggressive and run risks and stand chances?' Ives reined up his horse, stopped in the road, and, turning to me, said: 'Alexander, if there is one man in either army, Confederate or Federal, head and shoulders above any other in *audacity*, it is General Lee. His name might be audacity. He will take more chances and take them quicker than any other general in this country, North or South; and you will see it too.'

"It is needless to say that I did live to see it many times over. But it seems, even yet, a mystery how, at that time, Ives or President Davis or any other living man had divined it."

The principal feature of Lee's plan had been the bringing of Jackson from the Valley to attack McClellan's right. Even before Jackson had relieved himself of pursuit by his enemies, June 8, Lee had written him to set in motion arrangements to mislead the enemy as to his intentions. These were elaborate and effective.

If any of Lee's carping critics felt any doubt about his audacity, his first movement should convince all such of their mistake. In the face of an antagonist with greatly superior numbers and equipped in a superior manner, he, without concealing the fact, withdrew from his own inferior force Whiting's Division, of two brigades, and Lawson's large brigade—arriving from Georgia nearly 4,000 strong—and sent them by rail to Staunton about June 11, to create the impression that Jackson's raid was about to be repeated with a much larger force. After Shields and Fremont had fallen back to the neighborhood of Strasburg, Jackson again marched his force to the Shenandoah, near Port Republic, about the 11th. Here he took five days of rest preparatory to his move to Richmond.

While Lee was perfecting his plans, and doing his best to get into shape to open the battle, McClellan was delaying from various causes, and finally he stated that on the 25th of June the "action will probably occur to-morrow, or within a short time." And he was right, for Lee began it on the 26th of June, and during the interval, since Lee assumed the command, the advantage had shifted from McClellan's side to

Lee's. Jackson's entire army, including the recent reinforcements sent him, had been brought down from the Valley secretly and, on the night of the 25th, was encamped at Ashland, within thirteen miles of Mechanicsville. It was about 18,500 strong. Lee had drawn together for battle, around Richmond, about 65,000 other troops, and had fortified on the southeast, between the Chickahominy and James Rivers, sufficient to make them secure with half his force.

Porter's Corps, not over 30,000 strong, held McClellan's right flank. With fairly good tactics, it should have been practically destroyed. This accomplished, the capture and destruction of the remainder of McClellan's army, during its retreat to the James River, would have been an easier task than the first. This was in the game Lee set out to play on the 26th, and the stakes were already his if his execution was half as good as his plan. The execution proved to be very bad. Hardly one of Lee's immediate subordinates escaped with conduct which would exempt him from severe adverse criticism.

This victory caused Lincoln to call upon the governors of the several Federal States for 300,000 men, and liberal bounties were offered as an incentive for enlisting. President Davis also called for conscripts—all that could be gotten. No great number was obtained. The Confederate army, having returned to the vicinity of its former camps about the 8th of July, obtained a brief rest.

Prior to the beginning of the series of battles before Richmond, Maj. Gen. John Pope had been called from the West by President Lincoln to organize and command an army to be composed of Fremont's and Banks's armies in the Valley of Virginia, and McDowell's command, held near by, since the futile effort to capture Jackson. Pope arrived early in July, and began to concentrate and organize his army. On the 14th of July he issued a characteristic address, bombastic in its nature, from "Headquarters in the Saddle." All his corps commanders ranked him. Banks and McDowell quietly submitted, but Fremont protested and asked to be relieved, and practically retired from service.

McClellan caused Lincoln to feel the need of a military adviser, and, on the 11th of July, he appointed Maj. Gen. Henry Wager Halleck commander in chief. Halleck arrived and took charge on July 22. At the outset he was confronted with the grave problem as to whether McClellan's army, entrenched at Westover (Harrison's Landing) should be heavily reinforced and permitted to enter upon another campaign from that point as a base. McClellan had 90,000 men available. Halleck visited McClellan, and the latter argued insistently against withdrawing his army, but orders were issued on the 14th of August, and the withdrawal was begun immediately. Having marched to Fort Monroe, it was carried up the Potomac to Acquia Creek and Alexandria; thence each corps was marched to join Pope. After losing 100,000 men, two years later Grant passed that point on his advance to Petersburg, and thence to the evacuation of Petersburg the James River was his highway.

Lee's only chance to solve the difficulties confronting him was to strike Pope's army before it was joined by McClellan's. As early, therefore, as July 13, he ordered Jackson, with Talliaferro's (Jackson's formerly) and Ewell's divisions, to Gordonsville to oppose Pope's reported advance. On reaching the point of expected activity, Jackson was anxious to undertake aggressive active operations against Pope, but found his force, only about 12,000 men, too small to accomplish anything against Pope's 47,000. Jackson called for reinforcements. General Lee was not yet satisfied that McClellan would not soon resume the offensive; but, on the 27th of July, he ordered A. P. Hill's Division, 12,000 strong, to Gor-

donsville. The sending away of Hill's Division in the face of a strong antagonist with superior numbers is another evidence of Lee's audacity and should have satisfied all who had been previously in doubt as to his boldness.

With his increased force, Jackson advanced to meet Pope, and their forces clashed on the 9th of August when the battle of Cedar Mountain, or Cedar Run, was fought. Banks's Corps was first met and driven back when the Confederate force encountered the fresh troops of McDowell's corps. Next morning Jackson found that Pope's army had come up during the night, and his opportunity of fighting it in detail had passed. He fell back south of the Rapidan River, hoping to produce the idea in Pope that it was his weakness that caused his retrograde movement.

On August 13, Lee ordered Longstreet and Hood, twelve brigades, to proceed by rail to Gordonsville, and, on the 14th, he ordered up Anderson's Division of infantry and Stuart's cavalry. On the 15th, he went up in person and took command. When Lee reached the vicinity of the position held by the Confederate troops and acquainted himself with the conditions confronting his force, he planned an attack on Pope's left flank, first on the 18th, and then on the 20th of August. Here occurred a chapter of unexpected accidents which threw a copy of General Lee's order of battle into Pope's possession, with the result that by the 20th Pope had thrown his force behind the Rappahannock River, notwithstanding his boast, "I come from the West where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and beat him when found, whose policy has been to attack and not to defend."

On the 20th Lee advanced, and, though his march was with rapidity with the hope of overtaking some delayed portion of the army of the enemy his hopes proved vain. Though Pope was found on the north side of the Rappahannock River, he held such a splendid position that he actually held Lee five days; and though Lee sought diligently, by feints and demonstrations to find a favorable opening, he sought in vain. By a bold raid, Stuart captured Pope's private dispatch book, with copies of his important correspondence with Lincoln, Halleck, and others. From this book Lee learned that if he did anything during that campaign, it must be done quickly. In two days Pope would have 50,000 men and in five days more Pope's force would number 130,000. The situation was desperate and required a desperate remedy. D. H. Hill's and McLaws's divisions of infantry, two brigades under Walker, and Hampton's brigade of cavalry, which all together would raise Lee's force to 75,000, had been ordered up from Richmond, but could not be expected in time for the present emergency. Immediate action was necessary. It was taken with the quick decision characteristic of Lee.

Here was launched one of those grand strategic movements for which Lee and Jackson were noted. Jackson, with three divisions of infantry (14 brigades, about 22,000 men) and Stuart's cavalry (two brigades, about 2,000 troopers), set out in light marching order, with no trains but ordnance, ambulances, and a few wagons with cooking utensils, by a roundabout march of over fifty miles to fall upon Pope's depot of supplies at Manassas Junction, twenty-four miles in Pope's rear, and only twenty-six miles from Alexandria. Lee, with Longstreet, with about 30,000 men, would hold the line of the Rappahannock and occupy Pope's attention, while Jackson was making his forced march. Lee's army of about 55,000 troops would be split in half, and Pope's army of about 80,000 would be about midway between the two halves. To a military student such a situation was absolutely ruinous to the divided army.

Jackson made his usual speed, marching about twenty-five miles a day. He marched about twenty miles on the 26th which brought him to Gainesville, on the Warrenton and Alexandria Pike, by mid-afternoon. Here he was overtaken by Stuart with the cavalry. These had skirmished at Waterloo all day on the 25th, and marched at 2 A.M. on the 26th to follow Jackson's route. The head of Ewell's column reached Bristoe about sunset, having marched twenty-five miles. While Ewell's Division took position to hold off the enemy, General Trimble volunteered, with the 21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina, to capture Manassas before it could be reinforced from Alexandria.

Proceeding cautiously in line of battle, it was nearly midnight when the line was fired on with artillery from the Manassas works. This brave little Confederate band charged the lines, and took them with eight guns, losing 15 wounded. The Confederate cavalry following the movement gathered three hundred prisoners. Next morning Jackson came up with the divisions of Talliaferro and Hill at an early hour, and, about the same time, a Federal brigade, sent by rail from Alexandria, advanced from Bull Run in line of battle, expecting to drive off a raid of cavalry. The impatience of the Confederates destroyed the chance of capturing the entire brigade. The Federal general, Taylor, was killed. The Confederates feasted on the good things in sight. When Pope, next day, looked upon the ashes, he must have felt that it was bad advice when he said: "Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and leave our own to care for themselves."

Jackson had accomplished the first object of his movement—the destruction of the Manassas depot. Pope would, of course, abandon the line of the Rappahannock. In the march on the 27th, a Confederate quartermaster, riding some distance ahead of Longstreet's column, approaching Salem, suddenly came upon the head of a Federal squadron. He turned and took to flight, and the squadron pursued at a gallop. The fugitive soon came upon Lee with some ten or twelve staff officers and couriers. He yelled, as he approached, "The Federal cavalry are upon you," and almost at the same instant the head of the galloping squadron came into view, only a few hundred yards away. The staff officers and couriers met the situation bravely. Telling the general to ride rapidly to the rear, they formed a line across the road and stood, proposing to delay the Federals until Lee could gain a safe distance. The approaching enemy was deceived by this formation into the belief that it was the head of a Confederate squadron. They halted, gazed awhile, turned back, never dreaming of the prize so near.

The details of Jackson's mystifying movements, while waiting for Lee and Longstreet, and the details of Longstreet's march and forcing his way through Thoroughfare Gap, and other incidents, are both interesting narratives, but it is sufficient to say that Jackson's maneuvering was a masterpiece of strategy, unexcelled during the war, and the credit was solely due to himself. His troops kept the troops of his powerful antagonist uncertain as to their purpose.

By noon Lee and Longstreet had reached Gainesville, and connected with Jackson, and the second great step in Lee's strategy had been successfully accomplished. The third and last was in a fair way of accomplishment, for Pope, instead of concentrating his forces behind Bull Run (a scheme the Confederates feared and worked to prevent) had taken the offensive and begun an attack upon Jackson. Lee's force was united and, for two days, the 29th and 30th of August, there was active and bloody fighting, when Pope's army was driven from the field.

Lee lost no time in renewing his advance on the 31st. Knowing the strength of the works about Centerville, Lee ordered Jackson to turn Centerville, crossing Bull Run at Sudley, and moving by the Little River Turnpike upon Fairfax Courthouse. Stuart's cavalry was to precede Jackson, Longstreet was to glean the battle field, and then follow Jackson. On September 1 the march was resumed by Jackson and followed by Longstreet. Jackson's and A. P. Hill's divisions formed a line at Ox Hill (Chantilly). Two of Hill's brigades, Branch and Brockenbrough, were sent forward to develop the enemy, who were known to be near. Stevens's division charged the advancing Confederates and drove them back in confusion. Hill sent reinforcements to restore his battle. Stevens was shot through the head. Kearny, riding into the Confederate lines in the dusk, was shot dead, as he tried to escape capture by wheeling his horse and dashing off, leaning behind his horse's neck.

The fighting on both sides was desperate and bloody. Both Stevens and Kearny were prominent and distinguished officers. Those who knew Stevens say that "the Washington authorities were about to supersede Pope with Stevens in the command of the united armies of Pope and McClellan. Both Stevens and Kearny were favorites in the old army, had served creditably in Mexico, and both had been severely wounded in the capture of the city, Kearny losing his left arm. Kearny's body, horse, and equipments fell into the hands of the Confederate authorities, and, being recognized, it was sent the next day, under a flag of truce, by General Lee into the Federal lines with a note to Pope, saying: "The body of General Kearny was brought from the field last night, and he was reported dead. I send it forward under a flag of truce, thinking the possession of his remains may be a consolation to his family."

This liberal and unselfish spirit of General Lee was further displayed when he ordered Kearny's horse, with his saddle, bridle, and other equipment, with Kearny's sword, sent within the Federal lines to the widow of General Kearny. Remembering that captured property from the enemy belonged to the government, he proposed that an appraisal of the horse and equipment be made when he, Lee, would pay the sum to the proper authority.

The action at Ox Hill, or Chantilly, ended the battle. On the morning of the 2nd of September it was clear that the enemy had escaped into his Washington works. The army was permitted to remain in camp and take a much-needed rest. "While Lee had fallen short of destroying his greatly superior adversaries, he could look back with pride upon the record he had made within the ninety days since taking command on June 1. He had had the use of about 85,000 men, and his adversaries had had the use, in all, of fully 200,000.

"At the beginning, the enemy was within six miles of Richmond. He was now driven within the fortifications of Washington, with a loss in the two campaigns of about 33,000 men, 82 guns, and 58,000 small arms. Lee's losses had been about 31,000 men and two guns. The critics who had declared he would never fight were forever silenced and pilloried in shame."

In renewing his subscription, Capt. A. J. Ervin, of Crawford, Miss., writes: "I am eighty-four years old and read without glasses. I shed my blood on the 30th day of August, 1862, at Second Manassas, again on the 3rd day of July, 1863, and again on the 18th of August, 1864, at Petersburg; and surrendered my sword at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. But I am still a Confederate, having fought four years for local government, and I shall want the VETERAN as long as I live."

THE LAST ROLL

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

"One by one they answer roll call,
One by one they pass away;
Pass beyond this vale of heartaches,
Noble wearers of the gray.

Ah, each year their ranks grow thinner,
Veterans weary by the way;
Soon life's sun will sink forever
On those wearers of the gray.

Weave a garland, yes, of mem'ries—
Memories twined with flowers rare;
Place it o'er our fearless heroes,
Bid its perfume linger there."

CAPT. D. L. CAMERON.

Taps was sounded for another hero in gray when Capt. D. L. Cameron answered his last roll call. He was born in Washington County, Miss., on March 7, 1842, and died at Buffalo, Leon County, Tex., on April 26, 1926.

At the age of sixteen he entered the Western Military College at Nashville, Tenn., under the direction of Col. Bushrod R. Johnson, afterwards a major general in the Confederate army. He graduated with honor from this institution and, patriotically responding to the call of his country, immediately enrolled as a soldier in the Confederate army. On account of his thorough military training, so sorely needed in those trying times, he was placed in command of the newly organized company from Simpson County, Miss., "The Duncan Riflemen," known as Company A, 3rd Mississippi Battalion. The 3rd Battalion of Infantry was organized in 1861 at Grenada, Miss., and was commanded by Maj. Aaron B. Hardcastle, and attached to Woods's Brigade of Hardee's Division. Company A, having been selected as the advance guard, opened the fire on the memorable battle field at Shiloh, where it rendered heroic service. In that engagement both Major Hardcastle and Captain Cameron had their horses shot from under them.

After the battle of Shiloh, the command was known as the 33rd Mississippi, then it was changed to the 45th Mississippi, and finally consolidated with the 32nd Mississippi. It suffered such severe losses it was reduced to the 3rd Battalion.

On May 22, near Corinth, Miss., Capt. Cameron was severely wounded, the amputation of the left leg being necessary.

In 1881 he moved to Texas, where he spent the remainder of his life in the education of the youths of his adopted State. For fourscore and four years this venerable man, typical "gentleman of the old school," lived and wrought among us, and in his death the South has lost one of her bravest sons, a gallant Confederate soldier who played well his part upon the field of action.

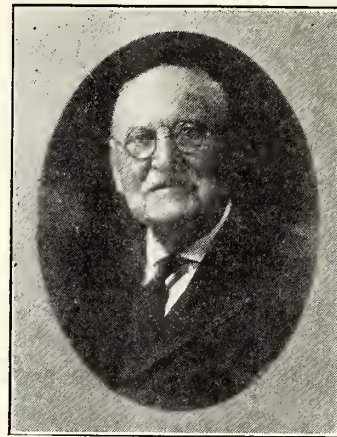
Of the many noble sons and heroes that Mississippi gave to the Confederacy—men who poured out their life blood,

yet counted it a privilege, men who exhibited an indomitable courage in the face of overwhelming odds, men whose names are among the brightest stars which light up the firmament of her history—there was none braver than D. L. Cameron. All honor and praise to the sons of the South who so loyally fought in her defense. The grandeur and glory of their deathless valor shall never be forgotten while fame her record keeps.

[Frances Powell Otken, McComb, Miss., in memory of my father's friend and war comrade.]

COL. JOHN A. FITE.

In the death of Col. John A. Fite, which occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. N. G. Robertson, of Lebanon, Tenn., on August 23, 1925, there passed one of the leaders in



COL. JOHN A. FITE.

Tennessee history. Born in 1832, he had passed into his ninety-third year, and was not only the oldest resident of that community, but was oldest among the graduates of Cumberland University, and doubtless had reached a greater age than any other officer contributed by Tennessee to the Confederate army. When the war came on, he raised a company in Smith County, where he was then living, of which he was made captain, and this was one of the ten com-

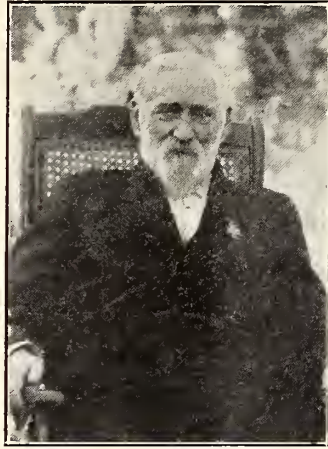
panies which formed the 7th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. Robert Hatton. When the latter became a brigadier general, Captain Fite became colonel of the regiment, and with it participated in the battles of Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Cedar Run, and Gettysburg, where he was in the famous Pickett's charge. He was wounded at Mechanicsville and Cedar Run, and was captured at Gettysburg, spending the next twenty months in prison at Forts McHenry and Delaware, then at Johnson's Island, enduring many hardships.

Born at Alexandria, Dekalb County, Tenn., in February, 1832, John A. Fite was graduated from the law department of Cumberland University in 1855. He then began to practice law at Carthage, in Smith County, with his older brother, Judge Samuel M. Fite, who later was congressman from that district. In 1866, Colonel Fite was married to Miss Mary Mitchell, of Carthage, and the most active years of his professional life were spent in that community. He served as Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court of Smith County from 1871 to 1878; was a member of the general assembly of 1883; was adjutant general of Tennessee under Governor Turney; and from 1886 to 1891 served as circuit judge; and he was president of the Smith County Bank, at Carthage, from 1888. Twenty-five years ago he removed to Lebanon and made his home with his daughter, the only surviving child.

Colonel Fite was a wonderful example of youth in age. To the last he was interested in current public questions and matters of local history, and was greatly beloved. He was a charming conversationalist, with a fund of stories and anecdotes which he related in an inimitable way. Some years ago he wrote his memoirs, from which some of his war experiences may be given in the VETERAN later.

HENRY ROBERTSON HARKREADER.

Henry Robertson, son of John Franklin and Judith Chapell Oldham Harkreader, was born August 22, 1836, and his early life was spent in the country he so loved, near LaGuardo, Tenn., his father's home being noted for its genuine Southern hospitality.



HENRY R. HARKREADER.

When the South called her sons to the Stars and Bars, Mr. Harkreader was among the first to respond, volunteering as a private in Company I, 7th Tennessee Infantry. He was mustered into the service of the State in Nashville, May 20, 1861, and served the South and her cause faithfully till the end of the war. He was in the battle of Seven Pines, the seven days' fighting around Richmond, also the battle of Cedar Run, August 9, 1862, where he was wounded in his right arm. After being dismissed from the hospital, he was given a furlough and returned home only to be captured with other wounded of Company I, and eventually sent to Vicksburg, where they were exchanged and ordered to report at Madison Miss. Here, at their own request, they were sent to rejoin their regiment in Virginia. All being unfit for active service, they were separated, Mr. Harkreader being placed with A. P. Hill's Corps, Ordnance Department. Henry Harkreader and Robert Jetton were the only men of Company I who surrendered April 9, 1865, and were paroled April 10, at Appomattox Courthouse, Va.

After the war, Comrade Harkreader returned to LaGuardo and again took up the pursuit of farming and stock raising. He was married on November 26, 1874, to Miss Mattie E. Dillin. To this happy union, which lasted nearly forty years, were born four sons and one daughter, who survive him, also five grandchildren.

In his latter years, Mr. Harkreader made his home with his son, Charles Franklin, of Lebanon, Tenn., where, on May 29, 1926, taps sounded and Henry Robertson Harkreader, loyal, brave, and true, was transferred to the immortal army of the Prince of Peace. His remaining comrades, the Daughters of the Confederacy, his friends and loved ones gathered to pay their last tribute, and concluding services were held at the family burial ground, near LaGuardo, where his body was reverently laid by the side of his wife.

J. J. DEVENPORT.

J. J. Devenport, who died at his home in Montgomery, Ala., on April 3, 1926, went into the Confederate service with Hilliard's Legion, leaving Fort Deposit, Ala., in the spring of 1862. The Legion was afterwards divided into regiments, and Comrade Davenport served with Company I, 60th Alabama Regiment. He had service in Tennessee and Virginia, receiving a slight wound at the battle of Chickamauga, and was afterwards dreadfully wounded in the hip at Drewry's Bluff. This caused him to leave the service and return home, and he was on crutches for three years.

Undaunted by his crippled condition, he walked three miles to school. Eventually he so far recovered that he was able to farm, and he worked hard to educate a younger brother and two sisters, his parents having died. This duty accomplished,

he took a helpmeet in the person of Miss Dana Stafford, whom he married on May 19, 1880; she, too, had had some war-time experiences. He joined the Methodist Church after the war and was never happier than when attending the quarterly meetings or performing some Churchly duty.

After funeral services at the home, he was laid to rest in Mount Carmel Cemetery with Masonic ceremonies, attended by many relatives and friends. He is survived by his wife.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH

At the age of eighty-two years, Dr. J. H. Weymouth died at his home in Charleston, W. Va., on June 28, following a brief illness.

He was born at Richmond, Va., on December 2, 1843, the son of John L. and Henrietta D. Weymouth, and at the age of eighteen he enlisted with the Otey Battery, which was made up of Richmond boys, and before the end of the war he was captain of a mortar battery. He was serving with his battery when it was entirely annihilated at the Crater, near Petersburg, and he was also injured; he was also at one time one of Mosby's Scouts.

Soon after the war closed, young Weymouth went to West Virginia and began the practice of dentistry, in which he continued until near his death, a period of more than sixty years, and in which profession he became widely known and highly esteemed. Some forty years ago, he edited the *Randolph Enterprise*, at Beverly, and about the same time he got out the first Masonic publication ever issued in West Virginia, the *Mystic Tie*, which he edited for many years. He had deep affection for Masonry and its teachings, and for more than fifty-four years he was a member of that great fraternal organization. He helped to organize the Grand Lodge in West Virginia, and at the time of his death he was a member of Elkins Lodge No. 108, F. and A. M., and of Elkins Chapter No. 35, Royal Arch Masons. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, which he had helped to establish in his section of West Virginia.

Dr. Weymouth was married twice, first to Miss Molly Mary Chenoweth, and to them were born four children, a son and two daughters surviving, with his second wife, who was Miss Marion Smith. He is also survived by a sister, nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He was laid to rest in Maplewood Cemetery, at Charleston, with Masonic rites, and attended by comrades of the Confederacy.

J. R. SHURLEY.

J. R. Shurley, born December 13, 1842, in Yazoo County, Miss., died November 1, 1925, after a few weeks' illness, in his eighty-third year. He retained his vigor and was active on his farm until within a month of his death.

At the age of nineteen, J. R. Shurley went out with Yazoo County's first regiment, and was a member of Company I, of the 3rd Mississippi Regiment from start to finish. He was wounded at Atlanta in 1864, but returned to his command after two months and served to the end. He was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., after Lee's surrender. He leaves his wife, three daughters, and three sons, one of whom is W. T. Shurley, sheriff and tax collector of Yazoo County, Miss.

J. M. MORRIS.

J. M. Morris, who served with Company F, 41st North Carolina Infantry, died at the home of his daughter in Paris, Tenn., at the age of eighty-two years. He was a member of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris. He is survived by four sons and four daughters.

[P. P. Pullen.]

COL. WILLIAM H. PALMER.

After some months of failing health, Col. William H. Palmer, pioneer resident and business man of Richmond, Va., died at his home there at the age of ninety-one years. For sixty years he had been one of the strongest business leaders of the city and was in active service to the last.

As a Confederate soldier, William H. Palmer enlisted as a private and served with the 1st Virginia Regiment, in which he rose to ranking officer and then to staff positions of great responsibility, participating in practically every major engagement and many of the minor battles in Virginia, though several times wounded. As a first lieutenant in the regiment, he took part in the engagement at Blackburn's Ford, and then was at Manassas. A month later he was made adjutant of the regiment, and in October, 1861, was named as assistant adjutant general of the 1st Brigade, Longstreet's Division, serving under A. P. Hill. In the Peninsular campaign, at the battle of Williamsburg, he was given command of the regiment as major, and was there wounded. In August, 1862, at the request of General Lee, Major Palmer reorganized the 1st Virginia, and took it to Cedar Mountain and to Second Manassas. He was again a staff officer at Sharpsburg and at Fredericksburg, under A. P. Hill, serving as assistant adjutant general, Light Division, Jackson's Corps, the division which received the shock of Burnside's advance. And he was one of the staff officers unhorsed by the tragic volley which wounded Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. Another horse was killed under him there, and Colonel Palmer was himself seriously injured. He was in continuous service with the Army of Northern Virginia to the end at Appomattox.

Returning to Richmond, he entered into the business life of the city and became a leader in the banking and insurance business, and also gave much to other enterprises which added to the growth and influence of his native city.

Colonel Palmer was born on Church Hill, Richmond, October 8, 1835, descendant of a family which settled in Pennsylvania in 1683. His father, William Palmer, moved to Richmond from Baltimore, and was also a prominent banker and vice president of the Richmond and Danville Railroad.

William H. Palmer married Miss Elizabeth Amiss, of Montgomery County, in 1856, and is survived by four daughters and two sons.

DAVID BOSTON MORGAN, MAJOR GENERAL, U. C. V.

The Confederate veterans of Georgia, and especially of the city of Savannah, sustained a sad and grievous loss in the death, on the 10th of May, 1926, of our beloved comrade and friend, David B. Morgan, who, at the time of his death, was Major General Commanding the Georgia Division, United Confederate Veterans, as well as holding the offices of Secretary, Treasurer, and Chaplain of Camp No. 756 U. C. V., of Savannah.

General Morgan was born at Cuthbert, Ga., Nov. 26, 1845, and entered the service of the Confederate States at the age of seventeen years, joining the Effingham Hussars, a company forming a part of the 5th Georgia Cavalry Regiment, and served in it until the end of the war.

As one of his comrades of Camp No. 756 said of him, "To the duties of every office he gave the most careful and painstaking attention, and his constant presence at our monthly meetings was a stimulus and help to every member of his Camp that will be sorely missed in the days to come."

He was one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Savannah.

[William Harden, Commander.]

CAPT. J. Y. WHITTED.

Capt. J. Y. Whitted died on May 11, 1926, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Witherspoon, in Greensboro, N. C., after a brief illness, and lacking but a few days of reaching the ninetieth milestone. He was commander of the Greensboro Camp, U. C. V., and to the last hours of consciousness his gallant spirit was young. He is survived by his daughter, his only child, and five grandchildren. His body was taken to Durham, the old home, and laid by the beloved wife.

Captain Whitted was a native of Orange County, and when the war came on in 1861 he enlisted in the Orange Rifles, a company associated in the 27th North Carolina Infantry with the Guilford Grays and the Goldsboro Guards. He was lieutenant in the Orange company, which was formed at Hillsboro, with Joseph C. Webb as captain. Among the group of officers in this regiment who lived and fought together and were inseparable were Capt. William Adams, Lieuts. John Sloan and C. C. Cole, of Guilford; Captain Webb and Lieutenant Whitted, of Hillsboro, a fine group of young men, brave, gay, tender of heart, but valiant in battle.

At the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., Lieutenant Whitted was in charge of the company. He was wounded in this battle, and Captain Adams was fatally shot just as the ammunition gave out. Captain Whitted was probably the last surviving officer of Cook's Brigade, which was for a while a part of Stonewall Jackson's famous foot cavalry.

Captain Whitted was married in 1863. After the war he moved to Durham, where for many years he was a large manufacturer of tobacco. He was a gentleman of the fine old Southern school, courteous, kindly. He was a member of Westminster Presbyterian Church at Hillsboro, faithful and devoted to his Church. His comrades in arms were his friends.

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

The following members of the William Watts Camp have died since May, 1925:

W. R. Johnson, Company H, 2nd Virginia Cavalry. P. H. Dowdey, Company —, 2nd Virginia Cavalry. W. E. Nichols, Company —. J. R. Campbell, Company A, 42nd Virginia Infantry. J. H. Dickerson, Company H, 3rd Virginia Regiment. T. M. Bass, Company I, 2nd Virginia Cavalry. B. C. Chapman, Company D, 58th Virginia Infantry. J. W. Clingonpeel, Company D, 58th Virginia Infantry. H. C. Minnox, Company A, 37th Virginia Cavalry. Thomas F. Pakel, Company B, Henry's Regiment. W. T. Johnson, Company K, 6th Virginia Infantry.

[Col. D. M. Armstrong, Adjutant, William Watts Camp, 205 U. C. V., Roanoke, Va.]

JESSE E. RAY.

Jesse E. Ray, eighty-four years old, and said to be at one time courier for Gen. Robert E. Lee, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. O. S. Conner, in Denver, Colo.

Mr. Ray settled in Colorado in 1873, early in July, shortly after the close of the War between the States, taking a homestead in Jefferson County, near Conifer. He married Miss Sarah J. Kendall, at Conifer, in 1878.

He took an active part in the political affairs of Jefferson County from the time of his election as county commissioner in 1890, until the death of his wife in 1920, when he moved to Denver to live with his daughter.

Mr. Ray is survived by three sons, three daughters, and eight grandchildren.

CALVIN WILSON.

Calvin Wilson, prominent citizen and Confederate veteran, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Richard C. Wight, in Ginter Park, Richmond, Va., on July 13, 1926, and was laid to his final rest in Hollywood Cemetery. He was the son of John Parke and Elizabeth Trent Wilson, and was born at Bonbrook, in Cumberland County, on November 14, 1845. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and entered the Confederate army while the battle of Mine Run was at its height as a member of that famous Confederate command, the Rockbridge Artillery, which numbered in its ranks some of the most distinguished men of the war, such as Cols. William Pendleton and William T. Poague, Dr. James Power Smith, Bishop Robert Gibson, Otto G. Kean, Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., Edward A. Moore, and others. He served continuously with his battery until Appomattox, but was never wounded.

Comrade Wilson took an active interest in the affairs of Confederate organizations of the State, and the survivors of his battery often held their meetings in his home. He was active also as a member of the Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church and of the Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans of Richmond.

He returned to Cumberland County after the war and managed his plantation for several years, later removing to Texas, where his first child was born. He married, in 1870, Miss Annie Randolph Vaughan, of Goochland County, who died in 1894, survived by a family of three daughters and five sons. Comrade Wilson is also survived by his second wife, who was Miss Lucy C. Wilson, of Amelia County.

RODERICK PERRY.

At his home in Warsaw, Ky., occurred the death of Roderick Perry, on June 18, just a few days past his eighty-fifth birthday. He was a native Kentuckian, born in Gallatin County, June 10 1841, and he had the distinction of being the only Kentuckian in the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Col. J. B. Biffle's command, in which he enlisted at Ashland, Tenn., in 1862. He served as adjutant of the regiment almost from his enlistment, and was afterwards commissioned as adjutant and lieutenant of the 19th Tennessee, when the two commands were merged. Many of this command were from about Columbia and Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

Comrade Perry is survived by two sons—W. P. Perry, of Warsaw, and Chambers Perry, of Mount Olivet, Ky.

W. J. MURRAY.

One of the boys of the Confederacy passed away in the death of W. J. Murray, at Waycross, Ga., on November 29, 1925, at the age of seventy-eight years. He served with Company H, 25th Georgia Infantry, and was a faithful soldier. He was a member of Camp No. 819 U. C. V., of Waycross, also a member of the Baptist Church. A good citizen, a good husband and loving father, he was esteemed and loved by all who knew him. He is survived by his wife and seven daughters. Interment was in Millwood Cemetery, Ware County, Ga.

GEORGIA COMRADES.

The following members of Camp No. 763 U. C. V., Marietta, Ga., have died between July 1, 1925, and July 1, 1926:

J. S. Goodwin, Company A, 18th Georgia Regiment; J. K. Bruce, Company E, 35th Georgia; I. A. Reed, Company H, 7th Georgia; John Tate, Company C, Phillips' Legion.

Also died in Cobb County, not members of Camp, the following Confederate veterans: H. H. McIntyre, A. Atwood, S. J. Baldwin, J. B. Glover.

HOWELL F. HORTON.

Howell F. Horton, eighty-two years old, died December 7, 1925, at the home of his daughter in Rock Hill, York County, S. C., following an illness of two months.

He was born in York County, S. C., December 4, 1843, the son of Isaac and Nancy Westbrook Horton.

A Confederate veteran with a gallant war record, Mr. Horton's loyalty to the Stars and Bars remained undimmed to the last. One of the delights of his life was to meet his old comrades in arms at reunions, and few were the soldiers' gatherings, State or county, that he did not attend. He had a large store of war recollections, and his narrations of them never failed to captivate his hearers, for he was an engaging conversationalist and sketched colorful pictures of the vicissitudes that characterized the life of a soldier who wore the gray.

Mr. Horton was a member of Company F, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade. It was his fate to be captured by the enemy, and for nine months he was a prisoner in Fort Delaware, Md.

He was an upright, honest citizen, one whose integrity was never called in question, and wielded a powerful influence for good throughout his long and useful life. He was one of the oldest members of the Philanthropic Lodge, No. 32, F. and A. M., at York. He is survived by seven daughters and four sons. His home was at Sharon, S. C.

O THE MEN IN GRAY!

BY MRS. WILL BUCK, MEMPHIS, TENN.

O the men in gray, the men in gray—
I can see you now as you marched away,
With your fresh young life, with your drum and fife,
And the hope you'd all come home some day.

O the men in gray, the men in gray
You fought a valiant fight in the sun's clear ray;
And in the moon's pale light you would dream at night,
"Perhaps we'll go marching home some day."

O you struggled along, you men in gray,
While brothers and comrades around you lay;
You the noblest soldiers that ever trod
The earth—with thoughts of home and God—
You knew not all would go marching home some day.

O the men in gray, the men in gray
You who did not come home that day—
We honor your memory, our own dear dead,
Though you've joined the "army of the noiseless tread,"
We hope to meet you up there some day.

O the men in gray, the men in gray,
I can see you now as you came home that day—
With your tired hearts and your clothing worn—
But the bravest of soldiers ever known—
O yes, you came marching home one day.

O the men in gray, the men in gray,
You are marching on through life's rugged way,
Through the battle strife, without drum and fife—
But you will be marching away some day.

O the daughters and sons of these men in gray,
Each of us going our separate way,
Yet united we stand for our dear Southland
And the fair noble wives of the men in gray—
O the men in gray, *our* men in gray.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>	MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>	MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky.....	<i>Historian General</i>
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex.....	<i>Third Vice President General</i>	74 Weissinger-Gaulbert	
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>	MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla.....	<i>Registrar General</i>
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street		1022 West Broadway	
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>	MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....	<i>Custodian of Crosses</i>
2233 Brainard Street		MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md....	<i>Custodian of Flags and Pennants</i>

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: En route to the Birmingham reunion, the President General and Miss Jessica Randolph Smith had the good fortune to spend a day in Atlanta, as the guests of Mrs. John A. Perdue, the President of the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., and her "Daughters."

They were guests of honor at a luncheon given by these ladies at the Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel, at which were present thirty members of the Chapter, as were also Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and Miss Alice Baxter, a former Vice President General, U. D. C.

These brilliant women added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. The speeches and toasts of the hostesses were bright, making the luncheon an affair long to be remembered.

Among the pleasures of the day were, first, a drive to Stone Mountain where the President General and Miss Smith were received by the gentlemen in charge, who spoke of the things done and of the hopes for the future. These gentlemen were most courteous and untiring in showing models to be used and those rejected.

The Mountain was inspiring, most remarkable in its unusual appearance, resembling, as has so often been said, "a waterfall in stone." In its isolated grandeur, rising alone from the earth, it is peculiarly impressive. It possesses a strange charm for all; and to the people of Atlanta it would seem to be sacred, as is Fujiyama to the Japanese.

The visitors were also taken to see the splendid Home of the Chapter. This is a spacious house, splendidly equipped, containing beautiful living rooms, library, and dining room. It is a home suitable in all respects for the splendid women who use it. The gracious hospitality of these Georgia Daughters was greatly appreciated and will ever be treasured by their guests.

THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, who had the privilege of working during the World War to help raise funds with which to endow beds in the American Hospital in Neuilly, France, which work was so successful that a fund of \$42,000 annually was contributed for this purpose, will feel deeply interested to read in the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald* of the dedication of the new Memorial Building of the Hospital on May 12, 1926. This building is a memorial to the Americans who served in France in the World War.

At this time the million dollar Memorial Building was officially opened, it being the birthday anniversary of Florence Nightingale. Two nations lauded the hospital, through the dignitaries of France and America, who honored the occasion by their presence.

Amataccor Herrick, among other things, said: "The honorable record of this hospital through the terrible years of the war has made it a memorial worthy of the recognition which it has received. It has in reality become a great War Memorial, and as such has the approval of the President Doumergue, Marshal Foch, and President Coolidge. Lastly, be it remembered that this is a living memorial, more enduring than monuments in granite and marble, and it will last through the years as a perpetual blessing for both of our nations."

President Doumergue and Marshal Foch were strong in their declaration of friendship and admiration, the latter declaring: "I cannot forget the work done in the war by the American Ambulance, Hospital and Field Service, which cared for so many of our warriors. No monument is more fitting nor is any monument too great for those brave Americans I saw fighting on our front. I am moved and happy to see this living monument to them."

The Daughters of the American Revolution had donated last year \$10,000 for a memorial room, which is known as the "D. A. R. Benjamin Franklin Chapter Room."

Would it not be a beautiful and suitable thing for the United Daughters of the Confederacy who have placed in this building the memorial elevator, and who have there the name plates of the Confederate heroes, now to endow a room, to be called the Jefferson Davis Room, to be a perpetual memorial to those World War heroes of Confederate descent?

YALE UNIVERSITY FILMS.

The attention of the Daughters is called to the fine work of Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, the U. D. C. representative on the Yale University Films. Dr. Andrews is working constantly and faithfully in behalf of true American history. As the representative of this organization he is safeguarding the history of the period of the sixties.

Are the Daughters cordially supporting the work of the Yale Films? Practically very few exhibitions have been made of the Yale Films even after the enthusiastic reception of the announcement at the Hot Springs convention. It would seem that the South is not supporting them, and this point cannot be overemphasized. A whole-hearted response from the United Daughters of the Confederacy would greatly strengthen the hands of the representative of the organization.

In order to obtain these historical films, letters may be addressed to Yale University Press, Mr. Arthur H. Brooks, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE CONVENTION.

In the next letter will be given information concerning the Richmond convention and the matter of transportation, headquarters, and credentials.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with peculiar sorrow that the organization learns of the grief that has come to the Third Vice President General, U. D. C., Miss Katie Daffan, of Texas, in the death of her mother. The tender sympathy and love of the Daughters is hers, and she has their prayers that peace and consolation may be given her.

Very cordially,

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—The Executive Board of the Arkansas Division held a most interesting session in the home of Mrs. Shelby Atkinson in North Little Rock, May 27, with the W. H. and E. A. Ramsey Chapters as hostesses.

Mrs. J. F. Weinman, chairman of Committee on Southern History, reported progress toward establishing a chair of Southern History at the University of Arkansas, at Fayetteville, but more time was required to perfect the plan.

Mrs. Dewell Gann, of Benton, reported having received a gift from the Cohen Dry Goods Company, of Little Rock, of a very handsome portrait of General Lee. This was presented at once to the Benton high school.

Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman presented an outline of a U. D. C. Burial Service, which she will perfect later, she having been appointed chairman of a committee for that purpose.

A communication was sent to the governing Board of Arkansas from the Division Executive Board, requesting that Mr. McDaniel be retained as Superintendent of the Confederate Home—*Mrs. William Stillwell.*

* * *

Illinois.—The Illinois Division has registered three red-letter days recently.

On May 21 an evening dinner was given by the Division at the Auditorium Hotel, presided over most gracefully by the President, Mrs. David J. Carter, the object being to arouse interest in those eligible and to assist in organizing a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Chicago. A program of Southern songs and readings was given, and then the business session of the evening was turned over to Mr. John A. Lee, who very clearly and logically presented the need of a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Illinois and made an eloquent appeal that the men publicly show the same loyalty and devotion to principle as do the Daughters of the Confederacy here. Responses were made by a number of prominent Southerners present, and eighteen charter applications were signed before adjournment. Since then more applications have been filed, and the prospects for a flourishing Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Chicago is most encouraging.

Then came Memorial Day, May 31, under the auspices of Camp No. 8, United Confederate Veterans, and Illinois Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, when loving tribute is paid to the 6,000 Confederate soldiers who died in Camp Douglas, Chicago, 1861-65, and who lie buried in the beautiful Confederate Mound surrounding the Confederate Monument in Oakwoods Cemetery. Arrangements for this day have long been under the direction of our own Miss Ida F. Powell, who also acts as treasurer for Camp No. 8. The Hyde Park Post of the American Legion and the Choir of the Holy Cross Episcopal Church have, for many years, assisted in the ceremonial. This year, Chicago Chapter again bestowed Crosses of Service.

On June 3, Stonewall Chapter entertained the Division and

Camp No. 8 with a very beautiful luncheon at the Great Northern Hotel, over which its own President, Mrs. Walter M. Smith, presided. An interesting address on President Davis was given by Judge Gregory, a former son of Mississippi, and loyal tribute was paid the Confederacy by other guests present. Southern music and Southern poems completed an afternoon that will long be remembered.

* * *

Maryland.—Through Baltimore Chapter, the Division Custodian, Miss Elizabeth West, bestowed six Crosses of Honor and three Crosses of Service on June 3. The celebration was held at the Belvidere Hotel under the supervision of Miss West.

Mrs. J. W. Harrison presided, and Rev. Hugh McCormick delivered the invocation. Interesting features of the program were an excellent account of President Davis's life, read by the author, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Division Historian, and an appropriate original poem recited by Mrs. Edward D. Croker. Mrs. Louise Cline and Miss Katherine Tyler rendered an excellent musical program.

Misses Peggy West, June Armstrong, and Rebecca Winslow acted as pages and assisted Mrs. Preston Power, who was hostess, in receiving the guests.

Hagerstown news tells us that Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter reelected Mrs. J. B. McLaughlin as President. Owing to her splendid record of the past year the vote was unanimous. This Chapter has decided to hold a special meeting annually to extol the memory of Woodrow Wilson. A Cross of Honor was presented to Mrs. Harry Blunt. Each year the members of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter present a book to the library, in which building their meetings are held.—*Mrs. Preston Power.*

* * *

Missouri.—The outstanding event in the Missouri Division the past month was the "Home Coming" annually observed to commemorate the birthday of President Jefferson Davis, given at the Confederate Home, at Higginville. The State officers, and each member of the Division, joined heartily with Mrs. M. C. Duggins, General Chairman, and her committee in making this one of the most delightful meetings ever given at the Home.

Sunday, June 6, was chosen, so that members might motor from distant parts of the State, and they came in hundreds. The day was ideal, the veterans, their children, and grandchildren gathered under the old oak trees and enjoyed the splendid program.

Memorial services were held in the Confederate Home Cemetery at eleven o'clock. Appropriate music was given by the Richmond Boys' Band. Maj. Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander Missouri Division, U. C. V., led the Veterans in their beautiful ritual. Mrs. B. C. Hunt, State President, gave a loving tribute "To Our Confederate Dead." A splendid basket dinner was served at one o'clock, the veterans of the Home being the honor guests.

In the afternoon an excellent program was given at the main building. The Richmond Boys' Band again gave the musical numbers. Mrs. B. C. Hunt extended greetings. Hon. S. R. Freet gave an interesting address. The program ended with the stirring strains of "Dixie."

The George Edward Pickett Chapter, of Kansas City, gave a luncheon on June 3, at the Hotel Brookside. Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Chapter President, presided as toastmistress. A toast, "Lest We Forget," was given by Miss Helen Nelson Broughton.

Other interesting features were the beautifully prepared

address on "Jefferson Davis Highway," by Mrs. Blake Woodson; readings by Mrs. Allen L. Porter, and a response to the toast, "A Look at the Pathway of Life from the Last Lap," by Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Five State officers were presented and gave words of greeting. Mrs. Hugh Miller, former State President, gave a talk on Jefferson Davis. The original poem, "Old Age," by Mrs. A. A. Pearson, wife of our State Commander, was a wonderful verse and delivered with the ability of an artist. Mrs. Philip McKinley gave a solo, accompanied by Mrs. S. Y. Vedder. The program ended with the bestowal of Crosses of Honor by Mrs. Allen L. Porter.—*Mrs. Allen Porter.*

* * *

North Carolina.—One of the special things which the Historian of the North Carolina Division, Mrs. John H. Anderson, is stressing is the film "Dixie," the beautiful photo play from the Yale University Press. This three-reel picture has been shown in a number of Chapters in North Carolina, first in Fayetteville, where a gala occasion ushered it in. The Concord Chapter gave it as a part of their Veterans' County reunion, inviting the school children to be guests with the veterans. A pageant, "Women of the South," depicting the heroines of *our book*, has been given by many of the Chapters and has created much interest in Dr. Andrews's splendid work.

The Division Historian has had photographed many scenes of real historic value from old drawings in magazines of the sixties. These have been sent to the North Carolina room in Richmond, the State's Hall of History and other archives. Much is being accomplished through the State Department of Education along historical lines in the schools.

The Historian in North Carolina this year has \$450 in gold coins offered for essays, which will stimulate greater knowledge of Southern history, especially among the college students. On every side the Division feels greater interest in historical work, and the Daughters are making talks on Southern history in every Chapter. At each District meeting the reports have shown much historical work during the past year, with the schools as their objective.—*Mrs. John H. Anderson.*

* * *

Virginia.—The Big Stone Gap Chapter was hostess at a delightful entertainment last month in honor of their Confederate veterans. This Chapter offers annually three gold medals to the pupils of their public schools making the highest average. These were won by Nannie Broadwater, of the fifth grade; Sarah Broadwater and Winston Graham, of the graduating class. These were presented by Mrs. J. L. McCormick, President of the Chapter, and Mrs. G. L. Taylor, a former officer of Virginia Division.

Greenville Chapter has recently marked eighteen Confederate graves, placed Stoddard's Lectures in their Library, and helped to reorganize the Chambliss-Barham Camp of Confederate Veterans.

The Hope-Maury Chapter, which has always been interested in educational matters, has converted its scholarship at William and Mary College from a yearly into an endowed scholarship.

This Chapter is also offering two medals, one at Maury High School, called the Hope-Maury Medal, and one at Chatham Institute, called the Matthew Fontaine Maury Medal. The Hope-Maury Medal was awarded this year to Robert Payne for the best essay on the battle of New Market. It may be of interest to note that Mr. Payne will enter the Virginia Military Institute this session.

The Chapter has also adopted three veterans at the Confederate Home in Richmond.

During the District Meeting, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, President of Hope-Maury Chapter, entertained at a reception in honor of Mrs. Ford, President of Virginia Division, who was her house guest for several days preceding the meeting. Mrs. Ford was also entertained at a luncheon given by Mrs. George Ryland Scott, chairman of the Sixth District, and at a dinner given by the Executive Board of the Hope-Maury Chapter.

Hope-Maury Chapter appreciates the compliment paid Mrs. Walke by her appointment by the President General, Mrs. Lawton, to present the Maury prize at Annapolis.

The members of the Chapter have taken ten additional copies of the "Women of the South in War Times," making forty taken by the Chapter.—*Miss Annie Mann.*

* * *

California.—Officers for California Division elected at the late convention are:

President, Mrs. Rudolph Frederick Blankenburg, San Diego.
First Vice President, Mrs. Brooks Butler McCall, Los Angeles.

Second Vice President, Mrs. W. B. Pressley, Berkeley.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Smithers, Alhambra.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Maynie B. Smith, Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. Herbert Schick, Los Angeles.
Historian, Mrs. F. B. Harrington, Los Angeles.
Registrar, Mrs. Joseph Pitts Bass, Hollywood.
Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. John W. Frewer, Coronado.
Custodian, Mrs. E. E. Garrett, San Francisco.
Parliamentarian, Mrs. Gray Carroll Stribling, Pasadena.
Director of Children's Chapters, Mrs. J. W. Wilhoit, Long Beach.

* * *

Rhode Island.—From Mrs. George C. Atkinson, Historian of the Chapter at Providence, R. I., comes a list of the new officers of that Chapter for 1926-27, as follows:

President, Mrs. Myra G. Tucker, Providence.
Vice President, Mrs. Henry F. Daniels, West Barrington.
Secretary, Mrs. Montafix W. Houghton, Providence.
Treasurer, Mrs. William W. Moss, Providence.
Registrar, Mrs. Frederick A. Smith, Providence.
Historian, Mrs. George C. Atkinson, Providence.

THE MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY PRIZE.

Each year the United Daughters of the Confederacy presents, at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, a prize consisting of a handsome pair of binoculars, and known as the Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize. This is awarded to the young man who makes the highest mark in physics. This year the President General, Mrs. Lawton, appointed Mrs. Anthony Walke, of Virginia, chairman of this prize, with the request that she make the presentation.

Mrs. Walke, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Buchanan, President of the Baltimore Chapter, and Mrs. Jackson Brandt, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, also a member of Baltimore Chapter, went to Annapolis June 2 for this purpose. They were received by Admiral Nulton and his staff, and escorted by them in company with Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, to the field where the prizes were awarded.

In presenting the Maury prize, Mrs. Walke stated that it was given as a memorial to Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, U. S. N. and C. S. N., "The Pathfinder of the Seas."

To the winner, Charles Robert Watts, of Zanesville, Ohio, Mrs. Walke expressed her pleasure in presenting this prize on behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, one hundred thousand women, and also expressed the hope that the vision thus brought to him would be all that he desired.

It was a most inspiring occasion, and one well fitted to impress the minds of youth with the splendid achievements of Commodore Maury.

HOTEL RATES FOR THE CONVENTION.

The thirty-third annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in Richmond, Va., November 15-20, 1926. The Jefferson Hotel will be headquarters. Rates at the various hotels will be:

Jefferson Hotel.—Single rooms, without bath, \$2.50 to \$3 per day; with bath, \$3.50 to \$6. Double rooms, without bath, \$4.50 to \$10.

Hotel Richmond.—Single rooms, without bath, \$2.50 to \$3 per day; with bath, \$3 to \$4 per day. Double rooms without bath, \$4 to \$6 per day; with bath, \$5 to \$9.

Hotel William Byrd.—Single, without bath, \$2 to \$2.50 per day; with bath, \$2.50 to \$4 per day. Double rooms, without bath, \$3.50 to \$4; with bath, \$5 to \$8.

Murphy's New Hotel.—Single room, without bath, \$2.50; with bath, \$3.50. Double room, without bath, \$4.50 to \$8; with bath, \$6 to \$10 (according to number of persons in room),

Make reservations direct with the hotels as soon as possible, and if additional information is desired, write to Mrs. L. A. Conrad, Chairman of Hospitality Committee, 1806 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.

By order of the President General, U. D. C.,

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON.

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN,

Corresponding Secretary General, U. D. C.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Remember the general convention? Certainly; not likely to forget that; but what about having a good report, and each delinquent Division making a strong pull, some to go "over the top," and the remainder to do the best they can this year to finish their work next year? Our 1925-26 time is very short. Here's hoping the Directors will stir up real action. We are sorry, indeed, not to complete this work in Richmond. The publisher has certainly been most indulgent. Our U. D. C. pledge is one of several years. It is with the Divisions to redeem it. Our book, "Women of the South in War Times," is justly appreciated by such patriotic societies as the D. A. R. Comment is as follows:

"I envy the United Daughters of the Confederacy their book, 'The Women of the South in War Times.' It is a unique record of achievement, endurance, and self-sacrifice. . . . After reading it, I have an entirely new conception of the South, and I understand now as I never did before what the South stood for. My sympathies are moved for the Southern people, and I am a better American for having read these stories. In the last chapter I have learned about the United Daughters of the Confederacy. I had always thought of them as a body perpetuating the spirit of strife and discord, but here is the record of American women engaged not only in memorializing the heroes of our war, but in doing perhaps the most remarkable work of any patriotic body in the World War."

Sincerely,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*

Fairmont, W. Va.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for September.

Fifth Secretary of War.

John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, served from February 6, 1865, to close.

Read address of removal of the United States Senate, last gathering in old Senate chamber. Delivered in 1858.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

SEPTEMBER.

Virginia; seceded April 17, 1861.

Writer: John R. Thompson.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing
So deeply, Home, Sweet Home, had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling
Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees
The cabin by the prairie.

—From "*Music in Camp*," founded on a Virginia incident.

WINNIE DAVIS'S APPRECIATION OF HER FATHER.

The following is from an article contributed by the late Mrs. R. M. Houston, of Meridian, Miss., in which she quotes from an article by Winnie Davis on the private life of her father, as follows:

"He never sent me on an errand at night, knowing my terror of the dark, but if some one else bade me go, he would look at me lovingly, and say, 'My brave little girl is not afraid of the dark,' and I went with shaking knees, so proud that nothing short of a lion in the way would have induced me to disappoint him."

Mr. Davis's sympathy with childish terror seems remarkable since it seems he himself was a stranger to the feeling of fear.

"He never conferred a favor as though it cost him anything. Indeed, he threw such a charm of courtesy around the most intimate intercourse that the thousand little sacrifices of time and inclination he daily made were endowed with a cheerful grace which gave them double value."

APPRECIATION.—Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mayfield, Ky., sends thanks for the help given by the VETERAN in securing the record of her uncle, Dr. James W. Lowe, and says: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a wonderful historical magazine, and I certainly wish it was read more, so our people would be better informed as to the true history of the War between the States."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	
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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

PAST AND FUTURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

My Dear Coworkers: During the quiet summer days, when activities are laid aside for recreation and rest, while hands are idle, the brain will work, and may we not grow retrospective in recalling what has been accomplished, wherein our success has been greatest and where we may have missed the high mark planned in mind for the year just passed? Next year is election year, and very serious thought should be given to the selection of those who are desired to carry the responsibilities of office. While it is early to plan, it is well to bear in mind that there is need of support to sustain those upon whose shoulders we place the burden of responsibility and to ask ourselves: "Have we in loyalty to the cause done all that we could do to assist in sustaining, in extending, and in broadening the work to which we are pledged?" If your officers have merited your approval, let them know it. If suggestions can be made that would be helpful, they will be received with gratitude, having ever in mind that the work is your work and belongs to you as much as to anyone.

The most gracious invitation of Tampa, Fla., was accepted for the 1927 reunion, and, according to our constitution, framed in the beginning of our federated organization, we meet at the same time and place as the veterans for our C. S. M. A. convention. This rare privilege grows dearer as the years pass, and to meet and to greet these matchless heroes in our Welcome Meeting and to join with them in our Memorial Hour are treasured privileges. Begin early to plan to attend the reunion and our convention. On the return trip from Tampa, a special invitation has been extended by the city of Montgomery, Ala., to stop over and visit the "First White House of the Confederacy," the first home of President Jefferson Davis after his election as President of the Confederate States. It was the rare privilege of your President General to be an honored guest at the dedication of this treasured relic of a historic past.

In making your plans, do not forget this visit to the White House of the Confederacy and to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, for they will be delighted to meet and to welcome you. None are more loyal to all that pertains to the glorious past than they, and their Memorial Association is one of the oldest and most appreciated.

Your President General desires to express her most cordial and sincere appreciation of the various invitations to visit many of the Associations, and plans for her entertainment, and greatly regrets that this pleasure will have to be deferred until later in the season.

From Norfolk, Va., comes the sad tidings of the passing of Miss Mary Anne Bingley, one of, if not the oldest, of our beloved members, having passed the century mark, aged one hundred and five years. Hers was a life filled with activities for her beloved Southland. Widely known throughout the South, she was one of the rare jewels that contributed much to the joy and service of living, and we shall not see her like again. Her extreme age left her alone, without relatives surviving her.

FOSTERING THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM.

The week of July 4, devoted to the celebration of Independence Day and the matchless Declaration of Independence by these United States, fostered by President Coolidge, carried a program tending to impress most powerfully upon the youth of the land, and upon those alien born who have come to our shores, that love of country, next to love of God, should be the dominant thought of every true American. No heart but would beat quicker, and in no human form would the red blood of Americans flow more rapidly than when the old bell rang out anew from its broken throat to tell to the world the happiness of a free people, and in no section of the country was there a more fervid spirit of patriotic fire than in our own Southland.

For God and country, yours in faithful and loving service,
MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

THE ASSOCIATION IN WASHINGTON.

The Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, of Washington, D. C., held a most interesting open meeting at the lovely home of its new President, Mrs. Frank Morrison, who is an inspirational leader, and under whose guidance the Association is forging to the front in membership and interest. While one of the newer Associations, the work accomplished already foretells an organization of strength and force in the capital of the nation, and we congratulate the Association on its splendidly representative body of women and its charming and capable leader.

The meeting at the home of Mrs. Morrison was an *al fresco* affair. After a short business session and a very interesting program, the guests adjourned to the spacious lawn, where refreshments were served. The party was in honor of Mrs. Edward Campbell Shields, a member of the association. Representative George Huddleston, from Alabama, made the address, and songs were given by Mrs. Elvina Rowe, of Ala-

bama and Florida, and Miss Lillian Chenoweth and Mrs. David Kincheloe, wife of Representative Kincheloe, of Kentucky, gave interesting numbers in negro dialect.

The officers of the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association are: Mrs. Frank Morrison, President; Mrs. Jesse Lee Webb, First Vice President; Mrs. Jeter Pritchard, Second Vice President; Mrs. Claus Gathgens, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Frank Long, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Henry G. Clay, Treasurer; Mrs. Wallace Streater, Parliamentarian; Mrs. Nelson Page Webster, Historian; Mrs. J. Daniel Fry, Registrar; Mrs. Rosa Mulcare, Chaplain; and Mrs. W. C. Cole, Directress of Children.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES THE SOUTH FOR SECESSION.

(Contributed.)

At a recent session of the legislature of South Carolina, Gen. C. I. Walker was given the high duty of preparing the history of South Carolinians in the Confederate war. The legislature evidently appreciated the importance of having this done by an actor in the great drama and selected General Walker, who is the ranking ex-Confederate officer from South Carolina now living, besides being the author of other Confederate books. He has done the work and deposited the manuscript with the State Historical Commission. It is expected that the proper appropriation for its publication will be made at the ensuing session.

During its preparation and the research necessary therefor, a new thought dawned upon the author—*i. e.*, what the world owes the South for secession. It is a most important and interesting historical point, and it should be brought prominently to the attention of the world, and particularly to the students in the educational institutions of our South, and, in fact, of the whole country.

To test the truth of his argument, it was submitted to several friends of good judgment, and all pronounced his reasoning correct. At the time of the South Carolina reunion at Greenville, General Walker had published in one of the daily papers of that city a brief and concise statement of his argument. Among those to whom he sent copies of his paper was a distinguished New York lawyer, a man of unusual breadth of mind, and one interested in what goes on in all parts of the world. He wrote: "Your article is so interesting and instructive that I will send it to my friend, Baron Suydenham, of Combe, the best qualified statesman and British historian to appreciate it." After reading the article, the Baron wrote his American friend: "I think the article is charming, and I agree that the effect of the Civil War was to create a powerful union, which was able to strike the decisive blow in the Great War."

General Walker, thus encouraged, is preparing, at much greater length and with far more detailed historical data, a lecture, which, if it meets encouragement, he proposes to deliver to such colleges of the South as care to have their students taught the great truths of history. Later he will lay the matter before these colleges, so that they can take it up when their new terms begin in the fall. The two colleges in Charleston, the Citadel, the military college of South Carolina, and Charleston College, have both decided to hear the lecture.

It is all important that students throughout the South learn the truth and the importance to the world of the results of secession. It will be some consolation to have the distinguished author show that, though our glorious cause was not successful to us, yet the effort we of the South made has proved a great blessing to others. We think General Walker will be eminently successful in carrying out the great work.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.

The following account of the Confederate monument erected in the Mount Mora Cemetery, at St. Joseph, Mo., was contributed by Mrs. W. W. Gray, Corresponding Secretary of the Chapter:

"This monument was erected by the Sterling Price Chapter, No. 401 U. D. C., St. Joseph, Mo., to the Confederate dead of Northwest Missouri, sixty-six of whom lie buried there.

"The monument is well placed on a triangular lot a few yards beyond the gate, where the entrance road forks into the several drives that circle the hills of the cemetery. The inscription on the monument reads:

"OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD,
1861-1865.'

"The lot and monument cost \$3,000, for which funds were collected during twenty-five years.

"On June 6, 1926, were held our annual memorial services at this beautiful shrine. The address was given by Dr. William H. Williams, son of a Confederate veteran, formerly from Atlanta, Ga., and pastor of the First Baptist Church of St. Joseph.

"Each January the Chapter is host to the few remaining veterans with a luncheon and program, commemorating the birth of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

"In October of this year, Sterling Price Chapter will be hostess for the twenty-ninth annual State convention, Missouri Division, U. D. C., to be held at the Hotel Robidoux, because we desire to perpetuate in love and honor the heroic deeds of those who enlisted in the Confederate army and upheld its flag through the four years of war.

"I wish to state that one of our citizens of St. Joseph, Mr. Lacy, has in his possession part of a sleeve worn by Stonewall Jackson during his service in the war.

"Sterling Price Chapter has an organization of splendid women doing good work."

CONFEDERATE GRAVE IN OHIO.

The following comes from H. Mowrey, City Editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio:

"Recently, during the razing of an old building near the central railroad yards here, there was uncovered an old headstone of a Confederate soldier of Virginia.

"As may be known, there is a cemetery of Confederate dead in Columbus, Camp Chase, but its site and the place where the headstone was found are miles apart, and it is hardly possible there is any connection between the cemetery and this stone.

"It is our purpose to have the proper authorities here restore the stone to the grave where it belongs if we can learn its whereabouts or the identity of the soldier.

"The inscription reads:

"1573—HENRY MCCOY, CO. D, 62 VA. REG. C. S. A.'

"We would be grateful for any information about this."

LEE MARKER.—Another Lee marker will soon be placed in North Carolina. On August 12, at Hendersonville, it will be unveiled and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. This marker is a duplicate of those placed in Pack Square, Asheville, and at Old Calvary Church, Fletcher, N. C.

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

THE NEW COMMANDER AND NEW CAMPS.

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

Lucius Lamar Moss, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., was born in Calcasieu Parish, La., January 31, 1885. He attended the Convent School in Lake Charles, and later St. Louis College, a Catholic school in San Antonio, Tex.; and in 1903 he took up a special course in Electrical Engineering at Tulane University, New Orleans. In 1920 he was elected assessor of taxes over three opponents, and again elected in 1924 over one opponent, receiving the largest vote cast for any man in the parish at the election.

In January, 1925, he was elected President of the Louisiana Assessor's Association, and was reelected to the same position in January, 1926.

Commander Moss is a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus, being a charter member of Calcasieu Council since June, 1907. Since 1902 he has been a Chair Officer in the Elks organization; in 1904 he was elected Exalted Ruler to fill an unexpired term, and reelected to the same post in 1905 and 1906.

On August 29, 1911, the Fitzhugh Lee Camp No. 661, S. C. V., was organized, and he is one of its charter members. In 1920 he was elected Camp Commander, and at the Houston reunion he was appointed Brigade Commander; he served as Division Commander of Louisiana in 1921-22, and Commander Tennessee Department for the years 1923-24-25.

ENDOWMENT POSSIBILITIES OF THE MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD ADJUNCT.

Major Ewing, of Washington, D. C., our newly elected Historian in Chief, says:

"A Chicago lawyer, in the current number of the *American Bar Association Journal*, speaking of the memorial statue of Chief Justice White, late of the Supreme Court of the United States, recently placed by his Louisiana friends in front of the New Orleans courthouse, says:

"This bronze figure is not only worth seeing as a work of art, but is truly an inspiration to the lawyers of America."

"This fine tribute to one of our greatest American jurists, a distinguished son of the South, ought to remind particularly all Southerners that we too little appreciate the value of conserving the inspiration that the future should have from memorials of Confederate *purpose* and *principle* quite as much as of unsurpassed heroism.

"I have long been impressed with the need of some permanently endowed source of funds to be used to further a more general appreciation of that purpose and principle.

"The management of what is known as the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, in cooperation with Daughters, Veterans, and Sons, has from the first had in view an adjunct of the educational work which the charter of that organization authorizes, which, without any private gain, will serve as one of the greatest sources of income to supply the needed funds in the nature of such an endowment. The possibilities of this adjunct are almost unlimited.

"If the Sons of Confederate Veterans will put some energy and soul behind the movement, it can be put upon a solid foundation where the Sons' organization can guard every dollar. A mere minimum of expense to the individual mem-



WALTER L. HOPKINS, ADJUTANT IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

ber of the organization in the immediate initial is all that is required, as far as contribution of money is involved.

"Your columns, Mr. Editor, are unfortunately too brief for an elaboration of this great opportunity which, if not

grasped within the next very short period, will forever pass from the Sons of Confederate Veterans, as well as from any orthodox Confederate organization.

"Therefore it is earnestly urged that those interested in this unparalleled opportunity of building an income-producing endowment on the brilliant battle fields of First and Second Manassas (known as Bull Run in the North) will write for information, either to Major E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C., or Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Law Building, Richmond, Va.

* * *

The Historian in Chief suggests a get-together dinner this winter, at a place to be agreed upon, to organize a Confederate foundation for the encouragement of the production and publication of Southern and Confederate history. Here, Sons, is where we may really get on the map! The bugle call is the assembly rally! Action, boys!

The Historian in Chief has this further to emphasize:

"Within a month I attended the commencement exercises of a public high school in Virginia, within sight of the flag at historic Arlington, at which a graduating student received a gold medal for the best essay on Abraham Lincoln. The medal was given by an organization in Illinois! Much during that commencement was said in praise of Lincoln, some of which was wholly unhistoric. Not once was the name of Jefferson Davis, Robert Lee, or that of any really great Southerner mentioned! God save the South of the future! Just the fewest of us appear to realize that the South is being overrun by systematic and pernicious propaganda! Shall nothing coöperatively be done to counteract that evil?"

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT CHICAGO.

On June 10, 1926, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Ill., there was a called meeting of the Robert E. Lee Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. The following officers were nominated and elected: Commander, A. Farrell Chamblin; First Lieutenant Commander, Elijah Funkhouser; Second Lieutenant commander, Sidney H. Jenkins; Adjutant, D. J. Carter; Judge Advocate, William E. Fowler; Treasurer, James M. Riddle; Chaplain, N. Bayard Clinch; Historian, James Thurman Herbert; Quartermaster, William H. Pope; Color Sergeant, R. O. Hoskins.

Matrons of Honor.—Mrs. D. J. Carter, Mrs. John A. Lee.

Chaperons.—Mrs. Nettie Smith, Mrs. Calloway.

Sponsor.—Miss Ada Grantham.

Maids of Honor.—Miss Evelyn Cook, Miss Bernice Grant-ham, Miss Patricia Lee Smith.

Mr. John A. Lee, Commander Central Division, S. C. V., presided. More than twenty enthusiastic Southerners presented their credentials for membership. The charter has been forwarded with proper credentials to the Adjutant in Chief.

LEE COUNTY CAMP No. 846 AT OPELIKA, ALA.

On June 16, 1926, there was a called meeting of the Lee County Camp, S. C. V., at Opelika, Ala., and forty-three members were elected. The officers are as follows: Commander, M. M. McCall; First Lieutenant Commander, J. K. Haynie; Second Lieutenant Commander, S. L. Toomer; Adjutant, W. T. Andrews; Treasurer, E. W. Cole; Quartermaster, C. M. Renfro; Judge Advocate, J. V. Denson; Surgeon, Dr. G. H. Moore; Historian, J. W. Watson; Color Sergeant, M. D. Morgan; Chaplain, Rev. E. P. Smith.

JOHN MCINTOSH KELL CAMP No. 107, OF GRIFFIN, GA.

On June 23, 1926, the John McIntosh Kell Camp No. 107 was organized with a membership of forty-three. The officers

are as follows: Commander, P. M. Cleveland; First Lieutenant Commander, E. F. Travis; Second Lieutenant Commander, E. P. Gossett; Adjutant, W. O. Wells; Treasurer, M. D., Wynne; Quartermaster, K. F. Mooney; Judge Advocate, A. K. Maddox; Surgeon, Dr. A. H. Frye; Historian, J. A. Dorsey; Color Sergeant, J. R. Powell; Chaplain, W. H. Beck.

FORT TYLER CAMP No. 106, OF WEST POINT, GA.

This new camp has a membership of twenty. The officers are as follows: Commander, C. W. Sharman; First Lieutenant Commander, Lewis G. Norman; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. H. Scott; Adjutant, J. C. Horseley; Treasurer, R. M. Johnson; Quartermaster, Dr. A. H. Barton; Judge Advocate, J. H. Horseley; Surgeon, Dr. R. P. Morrow; Historian, Tipton Coffee; Color Sergeant, J. L. Pepper; Chaplain, Thomas T. Jones.

JOHN B. GORDON CAMP No. 104, OF MANCHESTER, GA.

The John B. Gordon Camp, No. 104, was recently organized at Manchester, Ga., with a membership of twelve. The officers elected at the call meeting are as follows: Commander, M. R. Twitty; First Lieutenant Commander, Hoke S. Peters; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. B. Chastain; Adjutant, H. A. Argo; Treasurer, A. F. Gill; Quartermaster, Eugene Brown; Judge Advocate, M. M. Trotter, Jr.; Surgeon, Dr. J. L. Jackson, Historian, John D. Harris; Color Sergeant, G. W. Arnold; Chaplain, J. M. Guy.

THOMAS E. HARDEMAN CAMP No. 18, OF MACON, GA.

The Thomas E. Hardeman Camp, of Macon, Ga., was re-organized on June 30, 1926. It has a membership of sixty-six. The following officers were elected: Commander, Augustin Daly; First Lieutenant Commander, Guy Armstrong; Second Lieutenant Commander, Walter A. Harris; Adjutant, Frank Reagan; Treasurer, John J. McCreary; Quartermaster, George K. Kinman; Judge Advocate, Roland Ellis; Surgeon, O. C. Gibson; Historian, W. E. Bozeman; Color Sergeant, J. W. Barnett; Chaplain, W. R. Rogers, Jr.

MASONIC PRISONERS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Referring to the inscription on the base of the monument at Johnson's Island, Ohio, that it was given by the Mississippi Grand Lodge of Masons (page 247, July VETERAN), George H. McEntire writes from Sterling City, Tex.:

"My father was a Masonic prisoner at Johnson's Island, and left me a book containing some seven hundred and fifty names of the Masons in Block 4, also their addresses. I have a typed copy of these names, which I shall be glad to furnish to the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, if desired. This list should be kept for reference."

THE RUMSEY LETTERS.—The following is from A. C. Burnett, Cadiz, Ky.: "I read with much interest the article in the July VETERAN about James Rumsey, inventor of the steamboat. It may be of interest to know that I have in my possession a lot of original letters about this matter. Edward Rumsey, a brother of James Rumsey, the inventor, lived at Hopkinsville, and was the administrator of James Rumsey. Two of his granddaughters live here now, and these old letters, etc., have been handed down from generation to generation and are quite historic. I will be glad to show them to anyone who cares to see them, but will not let them get out of my possession, as I regard them very highly."

*BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN OF THE
OLD SOUTH*

(Continued from page 292).

Some of the most successful business and professional women of the present day are merely "carrying on" for their ancestresses and using skill acquired by inheritance. Executive ability was developed by the practice in leading and directing. It is a privilege to have known some of these captains of industry who were kind-hearted, sweet-spirited, and charmingly gracious in all their dealings. May grateful memories keep them enshrined to the last generation.

[Mrs. Thompson is the daughter of John Thomas Trice, who served in Company I, 46th Georgia Volunteers, C. S. A.]

THE LITTLE BRONZE CROSS.

Only a cross of bronze

On a faded coat of gray;

Simple? yes, but held dear

By the men fast passing away.

It tells a story in life's ev'ning,

A story of heroes sublime,

A story that goes on and on,

And on through the realms of time.

It tells of the soldier's weary march,

Of the roaring, deafening gun,

Of the sickening smell of fresh-spilt blood

And the awful havoc when day was done.

It tells of youth and manhood,

It tells of a loyal band

That fought and died with a Southerner's pride

In defense of our bright, sunny land.

It tells of marvelous marches o'er a hundred hills,

The rattle of drums and the fife's shrill note,

Of sulphurous smoke that heavenward rolled

And a rain of bullets on the winds afloat.

It tells of the men who rode with Lee,

With Gordon, with Jackson and Beauregard,

And only the glorious defense of his country

Was the soldier's thought of reward.

It tells of heartsick, homesick men

In prisons far away;

It tells of whistling shot and shell

And a shroud of Confederate gray.

It tells of the notes of a bugle,

Of a camp fire by the side of a hill,

Of a dream of loved ones and home,

A memory sweet that lingers still.

It tells of heroic service and sacrifice,

Of a sweetheart's tear, of a mother's prayer,

Of a baby's smile in that far off home

Grown dimmer now 'mid the trumpet's blare.

O! 'tis a legacy priceless and rare

Bestowed upon the men who wore the gray,

And dear almost as life to the veteran's heart

Is the little bronze cross he is wearing to-day.

—Sarah Banks Weaver, Poet Laureate Florida Division, U. D. C.

ERRORS.—In the article by Capt. James H. Tomb, C. S. N., in the *VETERAN* for July, an error gives the amount he collected for the widow of the unfortunate seaman as \$5.00, when it should have been \$500. And he also says the bale of cotton was on the stem, or bow, of the vessel, not the stern.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.—R. de T. Lawrence, Marietta, Ga., writes: "The recent visit of a delegation from Wisconsin to Marietta, Ga., to dedicate a monument to the Wisconsin soldiers, reminds me of an incident in the War between the States just after the battle of James Island, S. C., in 1862, in which battle, of the four men nearest me, three were killed outright and the fourth was severely wounded, while I escaped with a bad rent in my jacket (torn by a Minie ball). I walked to a field in front of us and gave a drink of water from my canteen to a wounded Federal soldier. Asking him from what State he came, he replied from Wisconsin; whereupon I expressed much surprise that he should have come hundreds of miles by land and sea to fight us, when all we asked was to be let alone and allowed to have our own way without one thought of disturbing him in his own home. To this he replied that he had been 'fooled.' He was a stalwart representative of his State, but, no doubt, died shortly afterwards, as he appeared to be badly wounded."

"ADJUTANT HUNTER."—"Glowing tales are told of the prowess of a Confederate scout known by this name," writes H. D. Ribble, of Blacksburg, Va.; "he is supposed to have been a Marylander. He seems to have been a sort of free-lance, operating in advance of and around Jackson's and Longstreet's divisions. Three other dashing riders—Bell, Cabell, and Akers—were with him. These men were said to have had frequent encounters with detachments of the Jesse Scouts, the flower of the Union cavalry. I would like to know who this 'Adjutant Hunter' was and what became of him?"

MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.—A high compliment comes from Col. Hobart Aisquith in regard to the Confederate Home at Pikesville, near Baltimore, which he thinks is the best-managed Home in the country under the direction of Capt. Theophilus Turner, who puts into the job the energy of a man of thirty-four—and he is eighty-four. Everything possible is being done for the comfort and pleasure of the "guests." "Long live the *VETERAN*," says Colonel Aisquith, who is eighty-two himself, and often works twenty of the twenty-four hours in a day.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Referring to the June *VETERAN*, John W. Craddock, of New Orleans, writes: "This issue of the *VETERAN* is full of interest and information, and the article on 'The Morale of the Army of Northern Virginia' is splendid; really this should be issued in pamphlet form for sale and distribution. An admirably written sketch, and the English is of the best." This was the splendid address of Gen. W. B. Freeman, and to show still further appreciation of it, Mr. Craddock ordered twenty-five copies of the number to send out.

GOOD WORDS.—From John J. Chase, Point Pleasant, W. Va., comes the following: "I value the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* higher than any other magazine. The history it contains is wonderful. I see Gen. John McCausland frequently, and he is Southern to the core."

JOINT REUNION.—A joint reunion of the Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., and the H. B. Lyon Camp, of Murray, Ky., will be held at the latter place on the first Saturday in October. Comrade P. P. Pullen, of Paris, will be glad to give any further information.

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 RELICS AND ANTIQUE
 FIREARMS. ALSO CON-
 FEDERATE STAMPS AND THOSE ISSUED IN
 THE UNITED STATES BEFORE 1870. F. E.
 ELLIS, 30 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Missouri.

John J. Chase, of Point Pleasant, W. Va., has a copy of the book written by Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate woman spy, the title being "Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison," which he offers for sale at ten dollars. The book is in good condition and will be sent post-paid at the price.

A. J. Coffey, Beaverton, Oregon, R. D., is anxious to get some information of the war service of A. B. Coffey, who enlisted at Memphis, Tenn., in 1861, and was afterwards a member of Flournoy's Scouts, Ferguson's Brigade, under Longstreet and Joseph E. Johnston. He fell in an engagement at or near Statesville, N. C., on April 15, 1865, and his body was recovered and buried by the Masons of Statesville. Any information will be appreciated.

IMPORTANT.

OLD ENVELOPES OR LETTERS USED during 1861 to 1863, which do not have postage stamps affixed, but are marked PAID five or ten cents, are valuable. Look over your old correspondence again for old envelopes like above. They were overlooked by stamp hunters heretofore, being considered valueless. George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Anyone who can testify to the war service of B. S. Wood, who enlisted in St. Clair County, Ala., is asked to communicate with J. W. Birdwell, at Mineral Wells, Tex., who is interested in helping the widow of Comrade Wood to get a pension. She does not know anything of his war service, nor when he removed to Texas.

Dr. George T. Fuller, Mayfield, Ky., would like to hear from any surviving comrade, or anyone who knew his uncle, J. N., or James Nelson Lamm, who enlisted in the Confederate army in Texas early in the war; he was also a Mexican War veteran.

D. L. Bishop, 2364 Laredo Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, asks for the military history of Dr. A. O. Stanley, of Georgia, during the War between the States; thinks he was in the 26th Georgia Battalion.

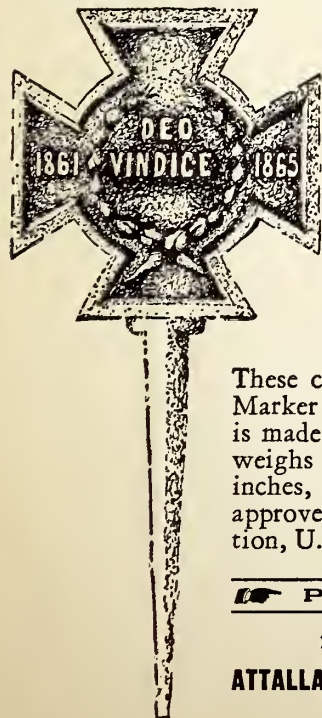
HAPPINESS.

It's no in titles nor in rank,
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank
 To purchase peace and rest;
 It's no in making muckle mair;
 It's no in books, it's no in lear;
 To make us truly blest.
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And center in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest.
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart aye's the part aye
 That makes us right or wrang.
 Then let us cheerful acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I here wha sit hae met wi'some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth,
 They let us ken oursel';
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Though losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae ither where.
 —Robert Burns (*Epistle to Davie*).

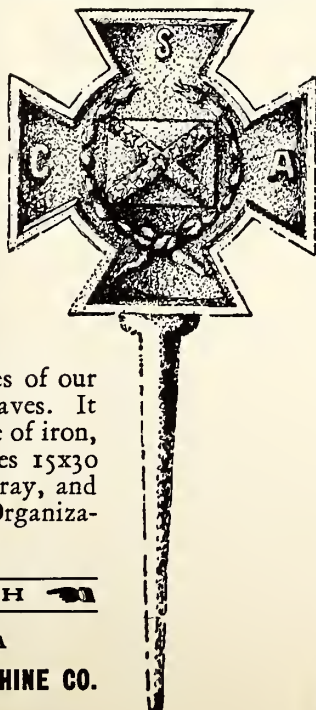
THE SENSE OF IT.

The following are from some school-boy examination papers:
 "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else."
 "A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian."
 "Oceania is that continent which contains no land."
 "In India a man out of a cask may not marry another woman out of another cask."
 "Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them."
 "Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away."
 "Louis XVI was gelatinated during the French Revolution."
 "Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour."
 "Paulsy is a kind of new writer's dance."
 "Letters in sloping print are hysterics."—*The Christian Evangelist, St. Louis.*

EPITAPH FOR A PESSIMIST.
 I'm Smith of Stoke, aged sixty-odd,
 I've lived without a dame
 From youth time on; and would to God
 My dad had done the same.
 —Thomas Hardy.

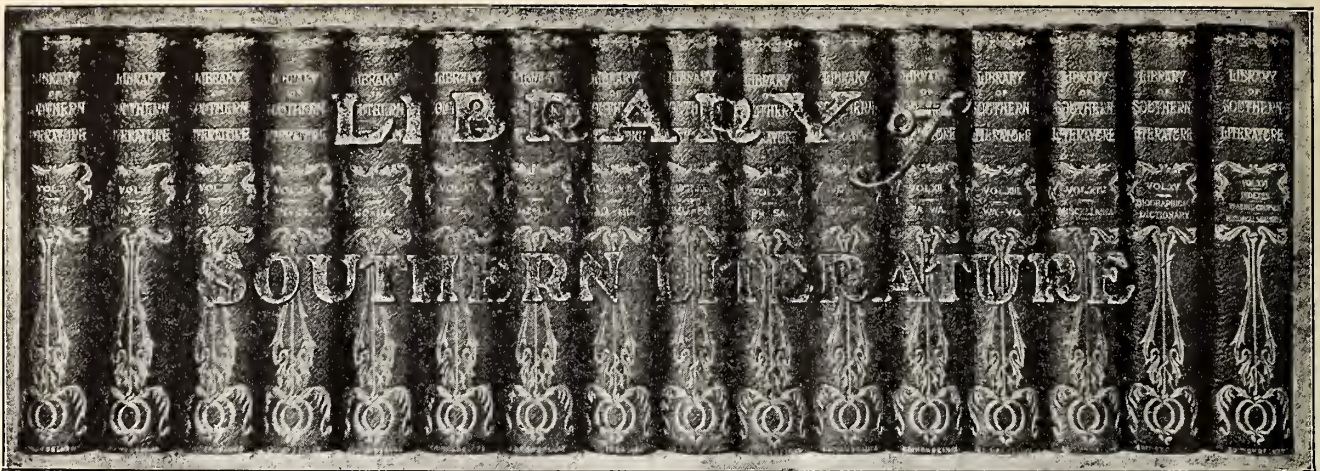


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