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The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army;

Experiences of
MRS. ELLA K. NEWSOM, Confederate Nurse
in the
GREAT WAR OF 1861-65.

BY
J. FRAISE RICHARD



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PREFACE.

IN the compilation of this narrative an attempt has been made to present a sketch of a devoted christian woman who did her duty faithfully as she saw it. No effort has been made to give a false coloring to any of the pictures exhibited, but to present a straightforward narrative collected from imperfectly preserved data.

The writer incorporates here a part of what he wrote for the American Tribune of Indianapolis in 1895.

“Viewed from the standpoint of a Northern resident and a participant in the Union Army for the defense of the nation, the effort to establish a Southern Confederacy was not only a physical and a moral impossibility, but its success, had it been accomplished, would have been a dire calamity even to those who were supposed to be the greatest recipients of benefits. This belief, however, does not detract in the least degree from according sincerity of purpose, evidence of the highest bravery and consecration, and the most unselfish devotion to those involved on the other side of the bloody controversy. The conflict was one between members of the Anglo-Saxon race, and impartial history, forgetting the

rancor and enmities of the time, will record the deeds of valor and the acts of consecration, with even handed justice and fairness.

“Could the stately palms and the redolent refreshing magnolias of the Sunny Southland reveal the many sacrifices made by the maimed and dying beneath their refreshing foliage; could the twinkling stars that looked down with silent grief upon the heroic scenes witnessed upon numerous battlefields unfold their heart-breaking records; could hospital tents and hurried ambulances give up the secrets of intense suffering and unutterable woe which they only possessed; could the briny tears of joy and satisfaction that chased one another down the cheeks of some darling boy, lately given up to war by a devoted and affectionate mother, express the message of gratitude experienced on account of loving and timely ministrations in suffering; could the ominous look, the suppressed whisper, the affectionate farewell messages of the dying, and the untold evidences of sincerest appreciation and gratitude, voice forth their real and full significance; yea, could all these multiform witnesses of humane and almost God-like ministrations on the battlefield, on the march, in the hospital, in the camp—everywhere—join their testimonies in one mighty chorus of gratitude, they would proclaim, in notes quite divine, the untiring, the unselfish, the incessant and the inexpressible services of the army nurse, and most prominent among these would stand the name of our subject, Mrs. Newsom, the ‘Florence Nightingale of the South.’”

INTRODUCTION.

THE civil war did not begin with the firing upon Fort Sumter, nor cease with the surrender of the last hostile army. Its history was not written when Greeley published his "Great American Conflict" or Pollard his "Lost Cause." These were but the beginnings of things—a few more prominent incidents that marked the times from 1861 to 1865.

Further, it must not be supposed that when the government published the archives of the two war departments for the period referred to, the annals of that most exciting epoch were fully presented to the world. Only the views of engagements as seen by the commanding officers have been presented while the great landscape of experiences and sacrifices, of ministrations and sufferings, of devotion and romance, of consecration and self-denial—the real web and woof of the times—lies unrecognized, fully exemplifying the trite but no less true asseveration that—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

These gems can be secured only after the lapse of time, by actual contact with the bonafide participants in such episodes. The authentic history of the war is yet to be written by the facile pen of the unprejudiced historian.

“The secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the mind’s great bribe.”

Dryden.

“The drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.”

Byron.

“The luxury of doing good.”

Goldsmith.

“When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying: Lord, when saw we thee a hungered and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee to drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer, and say unto them:

Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mat. 25: 31-40.

Sectarians and theologians may spend much time and effort in attempting to distinguish between tweedledum and tweedledee; but the reward of life, as indicated in this lesson taught by the Master, was bestowed not because of fine-spun theories in the domain of faith, but because of practical, tangible well-doing acts of benevolence and beneficence bestowed upon either the Master or his humble brethren. These are the practical things that enforce sound doctrine, and give golden setting to the many-phased problems of life.

The trend of instruction presented hitherto is that which pervades the Living Oracles. Let us present a few cases: "My brethren," says James in the second chapter of his general letter, "have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and you have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here, in a good place; and say unto the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool. Are ye not then partial in yourselves and are become judges of evil thoughts?"

"If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well: But if ye have respect to persons, ye commit

sin, and are convinced (convicted) of the law as transgressors."

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be you warmed and filled; notwithstanding you give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"

The Florence Nightingale of the
Southern Army.

The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army;

EARLY LIFE—PARENTAGE.

THE subject of our sketch, Mrs. Ella K. Trader, better known as Mrs. Newsom, from heroic and unselfish devotion to the cause of the sick and suffering soldiers of the Confederate army during the late war, richly deserves to be called the "Florence Nightingale of the South." She is a native of Brandon, Miss., and the daughter of the late Rev. T. S. N. King, a Baptist minister of prominence and ability.

In a letter she says:

"I was born in the little town of Brandon, Rankin Co., Miss. The village looked like a big ant hill, and the population though small was just about as thriving and active as the busy ant.

"My father was a Baptist minister and pastor of the only church of that peculiar people in the town. He was quite well off in this world's goods and my mother coming of an aristocratic family chose to hold herself rather aloof from the church folk.

"We always had a carriage with two red bays

and a buggy and big brown horse for that. The first thing I remember of my childhood is that Pomp ran away one morning as mother and we children got into the buggy to go to Sunday school and all of us were tumbled out in a heap."

At an early date in her existence her father removed with his family to the wilds of Arkansas, where, amid the roughness and adversities of pioneer life, she was skillfully trained in the most daring and accomplished feats of horsemanship, and became thoroughly qualified for the trying experiences which subsequently characterized her arduous and unselfish life in the hospital service of the Confederacy.

In process of time she became acquainted with Dr. Frank Newsom, a highly educated and accomplished physician of that region who early removed from Tennessee. The acquaintanceship developed into the strongest affection and culminated in matrimony. The husband dying, his widow was left with an ample fortune; but with it the sorrow and loneliness that inevitably attend the severance of most happy and compatible conjugal relations. Her only relief was consecration to duty and labor in the busy scenes of the world.

The sequel will show, as we believe, a life that presents in concrete form all the beauties and excellencies so richly portrayed in the preceding quotations from the poets and the Scriptures—a life made luminous and helpful and memorable during the sad and fearful scenes of carnage and war when, in times of suffering and illness, the

ministrations of terrestrial angels are graciously appreciated. The sequel will show, in the multi-form methods and occasions of relief, the significance of the brief statement concerning the Nazarene—"He went about doing good," and may reflect in his followers the import of that other declaration—"living Epistles, known and read of all men."

The transcript submitted of the life and doings and sayings of the heroine of the Sunny Southland, Mrs. Newsom, the Confederate Nurse, the "Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army" will fail to accomplish its primary purpose if it shall fail to leave the impression that the marvelous power and influence she exerted during those four years of strife were owing primarily to the giving up of her richly endowed religious nature to the humane work of comforting, alleviating and blessing both physically and spiritually those who were fortunate enough to be subject to her ministrations. Her absolute self-abnegation, her utter obliviousness to personal comfort, her complete consecration of time, money, servants, energy—her all, to the well-being of others, friends or foes—these are the characteristics that challenged the admiration of her contemporaries and will secure for her, in the future, the exalted regard of the American people.

In the light of these considerations these pages should be read and weighed; and from these standpoints the most valuable lessons will be learned.

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Written for the American Tribune by J. Fraise Richard.

A CONFEDERATE NURSE.

MRS. NEWSOM, the Southern Florence Nightingale.
A Thrilling narrative of her adventures.

The civil war did not begin with the firing upon Fort Sumpter, nor cease with the surrender of the last hostile army. Its history was not written when Greeley published his *Great American Conflict* or Pollard his *Lost Cause*. These were but the beginning of things—a few of the more prominent incidents that marked the times from 1861 to 1865.

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selfish devotion to the cause of the sick and suffering soldiers of the Confederate army during the late war, richly deserves to be called "The Florence Nightingale" of the South. She is a native of Brandon, Miss., and the daughter of Rev. T. S. N. King, a Baptist minister of prominence and ability. At an early date in her existence her father removed with his family to the wilds of Arkansas where, amid the roughness and adversities of pioneer life, she was skilfully trained in the most daring and accomplished feats of horsemanship, and became thoroughly qualified for the trying experiences which subsequently characterized her arduous and unselfish life in the hospital service of the Confederacy.

With this object in view she sacrificed position, wealth, ease, health, and almost life itself in the cause of her beloved Southland. Utterly oblivious of personal comfort, she devoted herself to the hospital service and labored with fearless consecration in the midst of soul-harrowing scenes of carnage and bloodshed or in the "pestilence that walketh in darkness."

Mrs. Newsom's experiences were identified mainly with the Army of Tennessee, in the hospitals of Bowling Green, Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga, Corinth, Marietta, Atlanta and other points. At the time the war broke out she was residing at Winchester, Tenn., where she was superintending the education of her younger sisters. The sisters returning to the parental roof in Arkansas, she collected suitable hospital supplies and taking a number of her own servants went to Memphis where her career in the army began. In various capacities she labored until December 1861, when taking her own servants and a car load of supplies, at her own expense, she repaired to Bowling Green, Ky., to alleviate the almost inexpressible sufferings of the Confederate sick. The scenes of destitution at that place beggar description. Want of organization, lack of suitable buildings, scarcity of supplies and the exceedingly cold weather produced untold suffering. With tireless energy she

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consecrated her energies to this distressing condition, often laboring from 4 o'clock in the morning until 12 o'clock at night.

On the arrival of General Floyd's troops, his surgeon-in-chief fully appreciated the services of this Christian woman and gave her entire charge of the hospitals in the town. This position she held until the surrender of Forts Donaldson and Henry. She then went to Nashville and organized the Howard High School into a hospital for the sick and wounded of those forts.

Her stay at Nashville, however, was brief. The surrender of Forts Henry and Donaldson compelled the withdrawal of the Confederates from Nashville. In the removal of the wounded she performed some feats that show clearly not only her tireless energy and consummate tact but her most remarkable executive ability. With the aid of Col. Dunn she had the sick and wounded placed upon cars and taken to Winchester, Tenn. After several days' wearisome movements, the train reached Deckerd. The engineer, for some reason, detached his engine leaving the long train with its helpless passengers standing unsignaled and unprotected on the track at 10 o'clock at night. Wandering about the engine yard Mrs. Newsom secured another engine and by 2 o'clock had her train safely lodged at Winchester, distant several miles. All the churches and schools of the place were converted into hospitals, and every arrangement made for the comfort of the unfortunate men, who were so pleased with their treatment that they called the place the "Soldiers' Paradise."

The sojourn at Winchester was also brief. The Confederate army retreated, and, under the skilful leadership of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, concentrated at Corinth for the desperate battle of Shiloh, April 6th and 7th, 1862. Mrs. Newsom accompanied the column. Her next field of labor was

Corinth. The sick and wounded from Shiloh required the energies of all the nurses that could be summoned from the Southwestern states. It is not possible nor necessary to go into details. One little incident at this time, may prove interesting. It occurred at the Tishomingo hotel. A boy of 19 years old, James Murray, from Pattersonville, La., was lying with a handkerchief over his eyes. Coming to him, Mrs. Newsom said: "My young friend, why are you so quiet?" He replied: "I have been so for twenty-four hours."

On examination it was found that both his eyes had been destroyed by a bullet. Despite all this, the youth was cheerful, and jokingly said to her: "I shall be the blind poet of America."

In a day or two after this Mrs. Newsom started for her home to secure a little rest, proper help having arrived from Mobile and other places. On her way from Louisiana she met a gentleman who had a coffin and was looking for his son who, he heard, was killed at Shiloh. Imagine his surprise and gratification too, when told by Mrs. Newsom that his boy was at the Tishomingo Hospital, not killed but a cheerful, though sightless patient.

In chronological order and experience this invasion of Kentucky by Bragg and the retreat into Tennessee next occurred. The autumn of 1862 arrived. Lieutenant General W. J. Hardee, author of a work on Military Tactics, was commander of one of the corps in Bragg's army. He fully appreciated the great services rendered by Mrs. Newsom and so expressed himself in a number of letters which have been seen by the writer of this sketch. From one of those letters, dated Estella Springs, Tenn., November 15, 1862, a few extracts are made.

It seems that General Hardee had just been given the command of his corps. He says: "I left Chattanooga without knowing precisely where my com-

mand was located. I have established my headquarters here. I have a small house, known in Georgia and Florida as two pens and a passage, which furnishes me a room for an office and a room for a chamber. Dr. Yandell and Major Roy sleep in the same room with me. The other members of my staff are encamped in the immediate vicinity.

"I am going this afternoon with Bragg and Buckner to Murfreesboro to look after affairs in that quarter. The enemy is concentrating his forces about Nashville. I don't think he will attack us in front, but may attempt to turn our position by marching on Knoxville or on Chattanooga by Sparta." Gen. Rosecrans, it seems, did not follow the program mapped out for him by Hardee.

In another letter dated Shelbyville, December 4, 1862, General Hardee alludes to Mrs. Newsom's influence at Winchester. The seminary at which Mrs. Newsom was educating her sisters was under the control of Rev. Z. C. Graves, a Baptist minister. Says General Hardee: "You are acquainted with Mrs. Collyer at Winchester, and with Mr. Graves. The latter was in great apprehension that his seminary would be taken for a hospital. The yellow flag had been hoisted on it by General Cheatham's medical director. In his distress he went to Mrs. Collyer, who told him to apply to me, and to represent that you had been educated there and he would save the building. He came. I went with him to General Bragg, who exempted the school. Dining afterward with Mrs. Collyer, she assured me that half the people of Winchester believed you had been instrumental in saving the building. You see what mischief you are doing."

In a postscript to this letter, dated December 5th, occurs this statement, which has some historical significance:

"After twelve o'clock I received an important order from General Bragg ordering my corps to take position

at Eagleville, on the Shelbyville and Nashville pike, We are in the midst of a snow storm, and the order, with the exception of one brigade, is postponed till weather clears up." Mrs. Newsom it appears was the receptacle of important military information which now, for the first time meets the public eye.

During this time Mrs. Newsom was in charge of the hospital at Chattanooga. It is the period preceding the battle of Stone River, which occurred Dec. 31, 1862, and January 1 and 2, 1863. This conflict, terribly severe on both sides, increased hospital labors. One incident only can be cited.

The intense and long continued suffering of the sick and wounded enlisted the sympathies and secured the sacrifices of women in the South unaccustomed to toil and sacrifice. Southern ladies were intensely loyal to the cause of the Confederacy and did valiant service in stimulating soldiers to deeds of heroic daring. No better expression can be given to the sentiment than will be afforded by extracts from several letters by that gifted writer, Miss Augusta J. Evans (since 1869 Mrs. L. M. Wilson) :

Mobile, August 25, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. NEWSOM :—I have just returned from a brief visit to Chattanooga, where I went to see my brother Howard who has been in very poor health for more than a year. He belongs to Tucker's 41st Mississippi Regiment, Anderson's Brigade and Wither's division.

This is a season of peculiar trial and deep national gloom, but I comfort myself with the words of Schiller's Wallenstein :

"In the night only Freedland's stars can beam."

Our night has come down, black and cheerless. Let us look up hopefully, unwaveringly, for the

shimmer of our glorious day-star, grappling faith to our weary hearts; let us place our destiny in the hands of a merciful, just, and righteous God, and calmly say with Southey:

“Onward, in faith; and leave the rest to heaven;”

As a people we have relied too little upon our God, and too entirely upon ourselves. We have become corrupt, selfish, grasping and avaricious. We needed chastisement and it has fallen upon us. I trust the recent day of fasting and prayer was faithfully observed throughout the Confederacy. I do not believe that our greatest trials have yet overtaken us, but the hour of sorest need is certainly at hand. Independence and constitutional republican liberty is too precious a boon to be lightly won, and we are now paying the heavy, immemorial dues which liberty demands. I mourn over the demoralization of the country, because it places our national redemption so much farther off. The women of the Confederacy have been remiss in not using their influence to correct this evil ere it becomes colossal: for they are the guardians of the nation's purity, and upon them, in great degree, must devolve its reformation.

This eloquent letter was written, it will be observed, under the gloom which followed Lee's defeat at Gettysburg, Pemberton's surrender at Vicksburg and Bragg's expulsion from Tennessee. The outlook for the Confederacy was far from encouraging at that time.

Mrs. Newsom manifested on many an occasion a will power and spirit of determination scarcely less than superhuman. Napoleon said during the prosecution of the Peninsular Campaign: “There is nothing that can resist my will.” For a time it seemed to be grandly true.

This “Florence Nightingale of the South,” this

prodigy of benevolence and philanthropy during the trying ordeal of war, exhibited like characteristics. Only an instance or two can be cited in illustration:

In the summer of 1863, while Bragg and Rosecrans were maneuvering for the possession of Middle Tennessee, Mrs. Newsom deemed it necessary to pay a visit to her aged parents and own home in Arkansas. The dangers and difficulties in the way of the execution of so hazardous an enterprise cannot be more fully expressed than by quoting a letter written at the time by Dr. Johnson to dissuade her from the attempt.

Wartrace, Tenn. Jan. 2, 1863.

MRS. E. K. NEWSOM:—I was at Headquarters to-day, and General Hardee informed me that you were preparing to go to Arkansas. He spoke of the matter with much warmth, and urged me to write to you and present the real difficulties to be encountered.

In the first place, the distance. This is a great objection. The mode of traveling, by rail, is in the present condition of the roads a most serious obstacle. Then, when the road terminates, how will you get further? Public conveyances are out of the question. Can a private conveyance be had? I think not. How can you subsist? Where sleep? How will you cross rivers and creeks?

You have energy and will. They are excellent qualities and avail a great deal under difficulties, but it will put these to the severest test and your power of endurance besides. Then when you get to Arkansas, can you stay there? Will they not send you to prison, or order you back within our lines? I think they will. If you get to the Yazoo country, and find you can go no further, and should be obliged to return, you will be so much exhausted that you will faint by the way. Will you listen to your friend and counsellor? In my opinion you ought not to take the trip. If the

country were as it was two years ago, it would be a big undertaking now it is an impossibility.

I am, very truly your friend in haste,
Jno. M. Johnson,
Chief Surgeon.

Dr. Johnson, though chief surgeon of Hardee's Corps, was not successful in preventing this difficult and perilous journey. He may have delayed it; for not until the following January was it undertaken. Then from Marietta, Ga., Bragg's army having after the battle of Missionary Ridge taken position around Dalton, she set out on what proved to be a much more eventful and dangerous journey than she anticipated.

From Marietta to Atlanta, thence by rail, ambulance, and foot to Mobile, Ala.: thence via Meridian, Miss., and Jackson to Memphis; and finally from Memphis via Helena to Pine Bluff, Ark., where General Steele's forces were stationed. Knowing her danger here, and learning meanwhile that her parents had removed some thirty miles or more to the southward, she determined to prosecute her trip to a successful conclusion. At her own former home she met her invalid; and a young sister. With these and several jaded animals, together with some provisions and other necessary family supplies, she proceeded across prairies and bayous, a distance of more than one hundred and forty miles. Multiplied exposures and dangers that would have deferred any ordinary traveler were met and overcome. The greatest danger was not the presence of the enemy. The swollen streams and the bayous rendered progress next to impossible.

Finally the neighborhood in which her father's family resided was reached. The intervening stream was swollen from one of ordinary dimensions to one of quite a mile. On the opposite side was the parental roof and a place of comparative safety. With the foresight characteristic of a living parental heart, he

had, apparently in anticipation of a visit from his long absent daughter, placed a guide board to indicate the proper place to cross the stream. But the great floods had not been anticipated by him.

This difficulty was to be overcome. A dugout was obtained; but it was sufficient to hold only one person in addition to the rower. One by one the brother and sisters were taken across; and one by one the jaded horse, the mule and shetland pony were compelled to swim over. The parental roof was reached. The scanty supplies were distributed to cheer the destitute house.

A tale of woe awaited the long absent daughter. In one of the many raids made into the community by Federal soldiers, belonging to Steele's command, a band of outlaws visited the King's mansion. One of the members became involved in some controversy with her father, and deliberately shot him through the side and arm, inflicting a wound from which he never recovered. So incensed at this dastardly deed became Miss Josie King, a younger daughter, that mounting a horse she followed the retreating soldiers a distance of quite thirty miles and reported the outrage to Gen. Steele, who arrested and keenly punished the cowardly perpetrator of the deed. Her visit completed, Mrs. Newsom's return to the army was fraught with equal dangers and exposures, the recital of which cannot be undertaken.

Extract from a letter from Mr. C. C. Guilford, Knoxville, Tenn.

"Would that I had lived such a life as yours. Then, indeed, I could confidently step out into the higher life. Your beautiful life in old Winchester has been an inspiration through my whole life. I revered you then above all other women. You must have had an equally great influence on many other persons. These will be your 'sheaves.' I wonder where you

are going for your vacation. Presume that our finances will require us to stay right here.

Write me a postal when you feel like it,
With sincere love,
CHARLIE."

I want you to read this page. I get this kind of letters from old men and old women all over the country and I have seen but few of them since the days of my youth. I was only 22, a young widow. Does it not prove that youth is the time to serve God, and shows, too, how our character for good or evil influences those around us for their entire life in this world.

Fame is only a finger mark in sand,
A noble life is man's only enduring monument.

With this object in view, two years later, she went to Winchester, Tenn., and taking with her from her home in Phillips County, Arkansas, Misses Fannie, Josie and Lizzie, younger sisters, she placed them in the Mary Sharp College, under the direction of Professor Graves from Zanesville, Ohio. She had herself pursued studies there and was perfectly familiar with the place, having spent in the aggregate, some several years.

Later, with this same object in view, at the first call of her beloved Southland, she sacrificed position, wealth, ease, health and almost life itself to the cause. Utterly oblivious of personal comfort she devoted herself to the hospital service and labored with fearless consecration in the midst of soul-harrowing scenes of carnage and bloodshed or in the "pestilence that walketh in darkness."

Rev. Mr. King's life in Arkansas was devoted largely to religious matters of a pioneer character. He preached in country places and exerted in the community the same benign influence which characterized his domestic affairs.

In addition to the anxiety resulting from the absence of Mrs. Newsom in the army for the whole period of the war and two sons in different portions of the Confederate service, he and his family were constantly annoyed at home by stragglers and desperadoes from both armies.

In March 1864, he was shot near Pine Bluff, on Bayou Bartholomew, by outlaws from General Steele's army. The ball passed through shoulder, side and foot. The men rode away but were pursued by his youngest daughter, Miss Jossie, a distance of thirty miles. She never ceased following until she reached Steele's headquarters and reported the case. The General had the vandals arrested and punished.

Mr. King, who weighed nearly 250 pounds, died two years later from the effects of the wounds received on this occasion. His suffering of course was intense. Of exemplary character, he was deeply mourned by both his relatives and friends. His death was a deep affliction.



AN EPISODE AT SAND MOUNTAIN.

IN the spring of 1861 war being imminent, she sent her sisters to the parental home in Arkansas while she repaired to her country home, 160 acres, on Sand Mountain, Alabama, just above Shell Mound, Tennessee. Sand Mountain is said to be in three states, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, in a corner where the three meet. On the top of the mountain the Gordons, Guilfords of Boston, Dr. La Compt of Georgia, a Mr. Grant, brother of L. P. Grant, who gave to Atlanta, "Grant Park" and Mrs. Newsom had homes. They owned nearly the entire top of Sand Mountain and had intended to make it a spot of surpassing beauty, rivaling even the famous Blannerhassett Island of Aaron Burr fame, but the dream vanished like a fairy vision, indeed, when the alarm of war sounded.

"Well, well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes
And, as veering wind shifts, shift our sails."

Byron's Don Juan.

John B. Gordon, afterwards a Lieutenant Gen-

eral and famous officer in the Confederacy, proceeded at once to raise a regiment to which he gave the name "Raccoon Roughs" as the mountain was sometimes called Raccoon mountain.

The troops must be clothed and supplied with blankets. Blankets enough to supply the demand could not be secured; hence the Gordons and Mrs. Newsom manufactured a kind of comfort not mentioned in any of the army regulations. It was made by pasting together large sheets of paper about the size of an ordinary blanket, and covering each side with calico. This made a protection from damp ground and a light burden when rolled up to sling over the soldier's back. Says Mrs. Newsom: "We worked day and night and made clothes, too, of the best material we could get from a little country store. In a short time, though not following the strict army regulations, we had fully equipped the company of 'Raccoon Roughs' and made them the peer of the modern 'Rough Riders.' Meantime John B. Gordon was regularly installed a Captain and started with it for the seat of war in Virginia."

Who dare say that the infant industry developed on Sand Mountain in 1861, the outgrowth of dire necessity, prompted by consecrated devotion to the Sunny Southland and dedicated to the heroic mountaineers who responded to the call of their various states, may not have been the precursor of the great industrial activity that subsequently blessed Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee? Who may not trace from these humble efforts the great prosperity that has later charac-

terized Atlanta, Chattanooga and Birmingham? However cruel and heartless war is its results may be a higher and more heavenly order of things. Let us rest in that hope.

In harmony with her purpose to pursue hospital work, she went, in the autumn of 1861 to Memphis, Tenn., and began to take instruction in nursing at the City Hospital under charge of Dr. James Keller and the Roman Catholic Sisters; also in the Southern Mothers' Home in charge of Mrs. Law.

The first heavy demand for the services of nurses occurred after the battle of Belmont, Mo., November 6, 1861 between the Union forces under General Grant and the Confederates under Bishop Polk in command at Columbus, Ky. Mrs. Newsom was connected for a time with the Overton Hospital which was in charge of Doctors Fenner and Marsten, at Memphis, where the sick and wounded from Belmont were nursed, finally becoming its matron.

AN EPISODE AT BOWLING GREEN, KY.

ON the 14th of September, 1861, Governor Isham G. Harris of Tennessee wrote from Nashville to Major General Polk, then at Memphis, a letter touching the question of the occupancy of the state of Kentucky by Confederate troops. Three days' prior to this date, viz., September 11th, General Polk had written to Gov. Beriah Magoffin of Kentucky a strong letter in which he expressed an earnest desire to be kept informed as to the position Kentucky would take on the question of supporting the Confederacy. Such information, he said, would be desirable to enable himself to map out his own course of action.

He even went so far as to send to Frankfort a messenger, Dr. Fowlks, to whom he had communicated his desires and purposes, closing his message with the statement: "*I think it of the greatest consequence to the Southern cause in Kentucky or elsewhere that I should be ahead of the enemy in occupying Columbus and Paducah.*"

When Governor Harris was advised of this purpose of Gen. Polk, he wrote the following letter:

NASHVILLE, Sept. 4, 1861.

MAJOR GENERAL POLK:—

Just learned that Pillow's command is at Hick-

man. This is unfortunate, as the President and myself are pledged to respect the neutrality of Kentucky. I hope they will be withdrawn instantly, unless their presence there is an absolute necessity.

This question of Kentucky's attitude was a perplexing one. It had its advocates pro and con. General S. B. Buckner urged withdrawal, and thought it would advance the Confederate cause in Kentucky. The letter of General Albert Sidney Johnston to President Jefferson Davis on this subject has special interest.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 16, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT:—

After full conference with Governor Harris, and after learning the facts, political and military, I am satisfied that the political bearing of the question presented for my decision has been decided by the legislature of Kentucky.

The legislature of Kentucky has required the prompt removal of all Confederate forces from her soil, and the Governor of Kentucky has issued his proclamation to that effect. The troops will not be withdrawn. It is not possible to withdraw them now from Columbus in the West, and from Cumberland Ford in the East, without opening the frontiers of Tennessee and the Mississippi river to the enemy, and this is regarded as essential to our present line of defense as well as to any future operations. So far from yielding to the demand for the withdrawal of our troops, I

have determined to occupy Bowling Green at once.

* * * * *

I design to-morrow, which is the earliest practicable moment, to take possession of Bowling Green with 5000 troops and prepare to support the movement with such force as circumstances may indicate and the means at my command may allow.

* * * * *

Having no officer that I could place in command of the movement on Bowling Green, I have been compelled to select and appoint General Simon B. Buckner, a brigadier General, subject to your approval, which I hope it may meet.

The occupation of Bowling Green is an act of self-defense, rendered necessary by the action of the Government of Kentucky and by the evidences of intended movements of Federal forces.

A. S. JOHNSTON,
General C. S. Army.

In a letter from Bowling Green, Ky., Sept. 18, 1861, addressed to General Cooper at Richmond, General Buckner says: "I occupied Bowling Green at 10 o'clock this morning with 4500 men; I have sent forward an advance of 500 men to occupy Munfordsville." At the same time he issued a proclamation: "To the People of Kentucky" in which he used the paragraph: "I return amongst you, citizens of Kentucky, at the head

of a force the advance of which is composed entirely of Kentuckians."

Later in the season other troops assembled at Bowling Green, October 10th a brigade each of Arkansas and Tennessee infantry together with cavalry and artillery aggregating nearly ten thousand men. On the 28th of October, General Albert Sidney Johnston assumed command of the Army of Central Kentucky. His forces consisted of two divisions, the first under command of Major General W. J. Hardee; the second under command of Brig. Gen. S. B. Buckner. Hardee's division consisted of three brigades commanded respectively by Brig. Gen. T. C. Hindman, Col. P. R. Cleburne and Col. R. G. Shaver.

Buckner's division had likewise three brigades, commanded respectively by Colonels Henson, Baldwin and J. C. Brown.

The troops came from Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas. Of the last state one of the finest regiments was the Texas Rangers, a cavalry organization under command of Col. B. F. Terry, a native of Kentucky. He is said to have been a young man of majestic form and commanding presence, a natural leader of men.

In a conflict on the 17th of December 1861, at Rowlett's Station (Woodsonville) on Green River, between the 32nd Indiana and the Texas Rangers, Col. Terry was killed. General Hardee under date of December 21st, speaks of the event thus: "In charging the enemy Col. Terry, of the Texas Rangers, was killed in the moment of victory. His regiment deploras the loss of a

brave and beloved commander; the army one of its ablest officers."

Mrs. Newsom on her way to Bowling Green, Ky., stopped at Nashville where she saw the remains of Col. Terry whom she regarded as the highest type of a warrior. He was deeply mourned by friends out of as well as in the army. From Miss Emily V. Mason's Southern Poems of the War I transcribe lines on the death of Col. B. F. Terry, written by J. R. Barrick, Glasgow, Ky., Dec. 18, 1861, the day following the tragic event.

There is a wail
As if the voice of sadness long and deep,
Had given its low tones to the Southern gale,
Sweeping o'er vale and steep.

There is a voice
As if of mingled mourning in the land,
And nature, stricken, ceases to rejoice,
As if at grief's command.

There is a grief
As if of hearts that were unused to mourn,
And sighs and sorrow fail to bring relief
To those that thus bemoan.

There is a tear
As if of eyes that were unused to tears—
A link of friendship broken that was dear—
A shadow on past years.

There is a pall
 As if of darkness o'er our sun-land spread,
 A weight of weariness, and grief on all—
 Who mourn the heroic dead.

The South winds moan,
 The South winds murmur in a plaintive strain,
 The South birds warble in a saddened tone,
 And the land groans with pain.

The Lone Star shines
 Less brilliant in her glow of Southern skies,
 Since he, the idol of her cherished shrines,
 In death's cold slumber lies.

Back to the State
 That gave him birth, his spirit bade him come
 To share the peril of her pending fate,
 Far from his chosen home.

There, where his life
 First coursed the channel of its future fame,
 He fell, the foremost in the deadly strife,
 With glory to his name.

Tho' dead to earth,
 While man may boast that he is not a slave
 Of tyranny, his valor and his worth
 The tide of time will brave.

Dear unto those
 To whom his voice in battle gave command,
 Who, now, amid the terror of his foes,
 Shall head that gallant band?

Dear to the State
Of his adoption, to the people dear
Whose cause he proudly strove to illustrate,
Who now shall fill his sphere?

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 20, 1910.
MISS MAY D. TRADER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MISS MAY:—

I am gratified to see you manifest such a marked interest in the War Sketch of your mother. Her history is unique, a rich legacy to a daughter.

With the imperfect and incomplete data submitted to me I have endeavored to preserve to the world the sketch of a noble woman and a benefactress. If you move wisely and discreetly in the publication and sale of the sketch, you will, I think, find it profitable in every way. Now is the time to push the matter. I wish you success. It may be well to see me personally.

Fraternally,

J. FRAISE RICHARD.

SCENES AT BOWLING GREEN.

IN December 1861, Mrs. Newsom took her servants and a carload of provisions, at her own expense, to Bowling Green, Kentucky, to alleviate the almost inexpressible sufferings of the Confederate sick. Most of the soldiers and officers were young and inexperienced. The scenes of destitution beggar description. Want of organization, lack of suitable buildings, scarcity of supplies and the exceedingly cold weather produced untold suffering.

With tireless energy Mrs. Newsom consecrated her efforts to this distressing condition, often laboring from four o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night.

On the arrival of General J. B. Floyd's troops, his surgeon-in-chief fully appreciated her services and gave her entire charge of his hospitals in the town. This position she held until the surrender of Forts Henry and Donelson, February 6th and February 13-14th, 1862 respectively. She then went to Nashville and organized the Howard High School into a hospital for the sick and wounded from those forts.

SCENES AT NASHVILLE.

Mrs. NEWSOM's stay at Nashville, however, was comparatively brief. The Confederate defeat at Mill Spring and the surrender of Forts Henry and Donelson compelled Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to fall back from Bowling Green through Nashville and establish a new line of defense well in the rear. The breaking of the Confederate line that extended from Mill Spring through Bowling Green to Columbus enabled the Army of the Ohio under Buell to follow Johnston's through Nashville, and the Army of the Tennessee under Grant to move to Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River. The new line selected by Johnston extended along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad from Chattanooga to Corinth, with the latter place as the main point of concentration.

In the removal of the wounded from Nashville, Mrs. Newsom performed some feats that show clearly not only her tireless energy and consummate tact but her most remarkable executive ability. With the aid of Col. Dunn she had the sick and wounded placed upon cars and taken to Winchester, Tennessee. After several days' wearisome movements the train reached Decherd. The engineer, for some reason, detached his engine

leaving the long train with its helpless passengers standing unsignaled and unprotected on the track at 10 o'clock at night. Wandering about the engine yard Mrs. Newsom secured another engine and by 2 o'clock had her train safely lodged at Winchester distant several miles. All the churches and schools of the place were converted into hospitals, and every arrangement made for the comfort of the unfortunate men, who were so pleased with their treatment that they called the place the "Soldiers' Paradise."

The sojourn at Winchester was also brief. So deeply was Mrs. Newsom concerned in the welfare of her wards at Winchester that her escape uncaptured was almost miraculous. Almost by force of arms was she rescued and compelled to join the on-moving army. The Confederate army retreated, and, under the skillful leadership of Gen. A. S. Johnston, concentrated at Corinth for the desperate battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862.

It ought to be remarked that after the precipitate retirement from Winchester Mrs. Newsom went temporarily to Atlanta and was stopping at the Empire House. There she received from Gen. Pat. Cleburne a despatch asking her to come at once to Corinth and bring with her a carload of supplies. Accordingly she chartered a train and complied with the request, taking with her Carrie, her trusted servant.

SCENES AT CORINTH.

THE battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing as it is called by the Union troops, was fought on Sunday, 6th and Monday, 7th of April, 1862. General Johnston's purpose was to attack Grant on Sunday before his army could be reinforced by Buell's just moving in from Nashville.

The main battle occurred on Sunday between Johnston and Grant, the former being slain, and Beauregard being his successor.

Buell's army of the Ohio was brought up in time to join Grant's on Monday, thus overpowering the Confederates and driving them back to Corinth. The slaughter and the sick and wounded in this sanguinary contest reached many thousands. The dependent were all taken to Corinth.

The excessive rains, the low, marshy grounds, and the long-continued siege of Corinth made health conditions very precarious. Corinth was one vast field of sickness and helplessness. The Confederates and Union prisoners who became ill increased the cares and responsibilities. The sick and wounded from Shiloh required the energies of all the nurses that could be summoned from the Southern states. It is not possible to go into all the tedious details. One little incident at

this time, however, may prove interesting. A boy 19 years old, James Murray, from Pattersonville, La., was lying with a handkerchief over his eyes. Coming to him Mrs. Newsom said: "My young friend why are you so quiet?" He replied: "I have been so for twenty-four hours." On examination it was found that both his eyes had been destroyed by a bullet. Despite all this the youth was cheerful, and jokingly said to her: "I shall be the blind poet of America."

Sometime afterward she met on a train a gentleman who had with him a coffin and was looking for his son who, he heard, was killed at Shiloh. Imagine his surprise and gratification when told by Mrs. Newsom that his boy was at the Tishomingo Hospital, not killed but a cheerful though sightless patient.

Mrs. Newsom, speaking of these scenes says:

"The scenes in the Tishomingo Hotel Hospital after the battle of Shiloh beggar all description. Every yard of space on the floors, as well as all the beds, bunks and cots were covered with the mangled forms of dying and dead soldiers. All had come from the battlefield several miles distant, many having been conveyed in rough wagons over muddy roads.

"When they arrived at any of the hospital buildings the first thing one of the women attendants had to do was to get some coffee and bread to revive the body a little so that the wounds could be dressed as soon as possible. Next, was to find a hospital suit in order to rid them of the muddy and bloody clothes in which they had fallen.

“In the midst of the confusion of the day in question a bevy of women from Mobile, Alabama, under the supervision of an Episcopal minister arrived. They styled themselves the ‘Florence Nightingale Brigade.’ Immediately after their arrival they held a council of criticism and decided to revolutionize the bad management.

“In less than a week, however, only two or three of the thirty were left to give a helping hand. One was Miss Cummings of Mobile, Ala., a Scotch lady and a Mrs. Crocker. All took hold of the work, heart and soul, and remained in the Hospital service to the end of the war, Miss Cummings afterwards writing a book, ‘Hospital Life in the Confederacy,’ and a few years later bringing out another book, ‘Gleanings from the Southland.’

“I left the Tishomingo Hotel in charge of Mrs. Gilmore and Miss Cummings and took the Corinth House Hospital where there was not a corner in which a woman could lay her head for rest or sleep. I was forced to go to the private residence of a Mr. Inge which was at that time the Army headquarters. I was allowed to occupy with my faithful servant Carrie a small room in which we put two cots and one or two boxes for seats. Every morning at daylight we went to the Hospital remaining there until eleven or twelve every night that we did not stay all through the night to sit up with some poor fellow shot in the lungs and who had to be fanned every moment to enable him to breathe at all.

“Among this number I remember a soldier

from the enemy's ranks who was a prisoner with many others. He was a splendid looking man with great big brown eyes. His name was never given to me. I shall never forget the agony of that suffering countenance as he tossed his head from side to side to try to breathe. When he learned that we were about to leave on a retreat, he begged so hard to be taken along that I persuaded some of the nurses and soldiers to take up his bunk and carry it to the car platform and if it were possible I promised him he should be put on the train with our wounded. Carrie, my maid, walked beside the bunk fanning him every step of the way; yet we pleaded but vainly to have him go with our wounded. The Yankees were then shelling the town and I had to tell him that his friends would soon take charge of him and see that he was well cared for. Carrie and I bade him farewell at the same time placing a fan in his hand; then we boarded the train—I never heard of or saw him again."

Later Mrs. Newsom became matron of a hospital in the Crutchfield House, Chattanooga, Tenn., where with her servants, she worked as heroically as ever for the good of the cause.

After her experiences at Corinth she concluded to spend a few days with her dear friend Miss Augusta Evans. This she did; but availed herself, meantime, of the opportunity afforded to spend some days in visiting and inspecting on the trip the hospitals at Okolona, Columbus and Meridian, Mississippi.

Satisfied with the conditions at these points,

she passed on to Chattanooga and thence into South Western Virginia. She had made a promise to Gen. J. B. Floyd, before he left Bowling Green to go to Fort Donelson, that she would finally repair to West Virginia and take charge of his sick and wounded soldiers. This she did in the summer of 1862 when she went to Abingdon, the seat of Emory and Henry College, which institution had been converted into a hospital under the charge of Dr. Forbes, one of Floyd's surgeons.

While at this point she concluded to go to Richmond to extend her knowledge of and experience in hospital matters. The trip was made in consequence of conditions brought about by the two days' battle of Seven Pines, (called Fair Oaks by the Union side) May 31, and June 1, 1862. In this sanguinary struggle between the forces of Joseph E. Johnston and George B. McClellan, the loss in killed and wounded was very heavy, and about equal, 7000 out of 15000 on each side. Her stay at Richmond was brief, however, she being ill from the marshy conditions and compelled to return to her mountain resort at and around Abingdon, Dublin Depot and Newbern. It was at this time that she passed in a stage a day's journey across the country to Buchanan from which place she wrote the memorable letter to General Preston Smith.

THE INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

IN the Confederate invasion of Kentucky in the summer of 1862, by two columns one under E. Kirby Smith from East Tennessee into the Blue Grass region, and the other and main one, under Braxton Bragg, via Glasgow and Munfordsville to Frankfort, two battles were fought. The first under Smith occurred at Richmond, August 30th and was a complete routing of the Union troops, resulting in the wounding of Gen. William Nelson and the capture of Gen. Manson and much of his force. The second was a conflict between the forces of Bragg and Buell at Perryville, October 8th, resulting in Bragg's defeat.

These two battles furnished additional numbers of sick and wounded to be provided for in the hospitals of Chattanooga, Marietta and other points in the Confederate rear.

On the 31st of December 1862 and the 2nd of January 1863 the next conflict occurred at Stone River between the same two armies, General Rosecrans having superseded General Buell. After the defeat Bragg retreated, taking his sick and wounded to the rear to be cared for.

The summer of 1863 was an active one in military matters. Rosecrans maneuvered to drive

Bragg across the Tennessee into Northern Georgia. The movement led up to the severe battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, resulting in the defeat of the Union army and the besieging of it within the confines of Chattanooga.

In the latter part of August, Burnside entered East Tennessee, taking possession of Knoxville, September 4th. November 25th the Union forces, General Grant commander, drove Bragg from Missionary Ridge, compelling him to retire to Dalton.

As the result of the heavy engagements that were had in 1863, Chattanooga first and afterwards Marietta, Georgia, were the scenes of hospital operations. When Mrs. Newsom went to Marietta she was empowered to take possession of, and organize hospitals in substantially all the buildings surrounding the Public Square. They were held by her for considerably more than a year; or until Johnson's retreat in 1864 rendered their further retention by the Confederates impossible.

A TRIP TO THE PARENTAL HOMESTEAD.

If reference be made to the letter of Dr. Johnson, Surgeon on the staff of Gen. Hardee, dated Wartrace, Tenn., January 2, 1863, it will be seen that the strong persuasion used by him had the effect of deferring the homeward trip two years. We allow Mrs. Newsom to give the facts in her own language.

"Leaving my hospital and servants in charge of Miss Monroe, in February, 1865, having heard nothing from my dear old father and mother for two years except of their bad treatment at the hands of the rabble of both armies, I thought I would summon courage and strength to undertake a journey from Atlanta, Ga., to Helena, Ark., where I had last heard of my family.

"I had for a companion a Mrs. Buckley whose husband was in the Southern army but whose relatives were in the North. She thought we could get through the Union lines near Memphis from her acquaintance with many of the Union officers there. We got along pretty well as far as Jackson, Miss., but from there the trip was perilous from the condition of the country and from the intense cold weather. Railroads had been destroyed, bridges burned, provisions consumed. We

slept one night in a bare room in what was once a fine hotel in Jackson. In the morning we got a one-mule wagon and an old darkey to take us half a day's journey when we found a bit of railroad track which had not been torn up. We paid the old fellow and entered the dilapidated car with joy, enjoyed a rough lunch and soon the car gave a jerk and a start. Alas, it was only for a mile or two. We came to a dead stop. The truck was frozen, wheels would not turn. We sat there shivering until about sundown when some men said that every one who was not afraid to walk a trestle and cross a river in a boat would find lodging just across the river and perhaps something to eat. Mrs. Buckley and myself took up our handbags and risked the trip, feeling it was death to stay where we were, Federal scouts going through the country.

“We got safely over the bridge and to the bank of a cold, almost frozen-over river. We yelled and yelled and yelled for the ferry-man. It seemed hours before he came. Our hands were nearly frozen. The same boatman had to pilot us to the house of a Mr. Barbee. The ground was like rocky clods frozen so hard it took us an hour to reach the dwelling. A big, old fashioned roaring fire was shining through the windows. A lady pulled us in cordially but we could not speak for the pain in our hands and feet. She hastily led us to a bowl of water and plunged our hands into it. After a few moments we began to recover. We partook of a frugal meal for supper. The good-hearted people said we had to rest under their roof for

many days and then they would devise some way to get us on to Memphis.

“I think we were 18 or 20 miles from that city with Gen. Forrest’s command between. When we did leave the Barbee’s it was in a four mule open wagon. About noon we came up with some of Forrest’s scouts. Upon learning who we were and our determination to reach the city they ordered an ambulance to come for us. So we sent our mule team and wagon back. The ride was so rough we had to stand up and hold on to the wagon body all the way.

“When we got near Memphis the ‘blue coats’ began to appear. After much parleying they did let us in; but when I reached the home of an old friend, I was hardly greeted before I was told I must not stay in the city that night but go outside five or six miles. My friend said he would secure a pass and send it to me; so I got on a train and went to Buntin’s Station. I waited there two days for that pass, but it finally came and also permission to go down the river to Helena, Ark.

“My companion, Mrs. Buckley, did not take the precaution to go out of the city the night we arrived and stay until she got a pass. She was, accordingly, arrested, sent to Fortress Monroe and was there or somewhere until the war closed.

“I got to Helena safely; but oh, the whole place and country seemed alive with the ‘blue coats.’ My wits, my courage, my good looks all failed me. I was taken into the Provost office, requested to take the oath which I would not do, threatening to make the matter known to the Com-

mander at Memphis. My home where I expected to find my family was in the country. When after a day or so I got there I found everything in a dilapidated condition and that my father and mother had moved to Pine Bluff, Ark., some 150 miles farther on.

“A brother who was not allowed to go into the army owing to imperfect vision, and who was in charge of my property, what little there was left, said if I could ride a mule on a man’s saddle for 150 miles through black mud swamps and over prairies he would go with me and my sister to see my father and mother. After a search among the neighbors we obtained an old broken-down war-horse, a pony and the mule. My brother rode the mule. We started on that lonely, lonely trip, carrying some coffee and sugar to the dear old people. It took us many days to make the trip.

“After a three days’ journey which was perilous, indeed, on account of the swimming of bayous and rivers and the going through dense forests and swamps where might be in hiding rebel guerillas and Yankee bushwhackers or jayhawkers, we came in sight of the King place; could see the tops of the trees and hear the bark of the watch dog. But the home was located on a muddy bayou, and between us and the house there was a deep, sluggish stream which seemed to have no crossing and yet looked deep and dangerous.

“It is getting twilight, my brother said: ‘Sister, what shall we do? Shall we risk sticking to our horses and swimming across?’ While we were debating the question I rode around

among the trees, immense cypress monsters of that swampy country. I saw something white clinging to one. I pulled it down and found it to be a notice in my father's clear, bold hand: '*Anyone coming to the banks of this bayou will find a large log across. Horses can be gotten over by swimming them by the side of the log.*' We looked at each other with tears flowing down our cheeks. I said: 'Is that not just like father, always planning for the good and comfort of the public and having no thought that the first to find that notice would be his long absent children whom he had not heard from in three years?'

"We crossed over safe, went splashing along ankle deep in water almost to the door. My parents and two sisters were in the home; men, black and white, were in the army or away from home. My father came trembling down to the gate. His astonishment was so great he was speechless. He waved back to mother. Soon we were all taken bodily down from our horses and held in the arms of first one; then the other 'mid tears and shouts of delight and surprise. All the colored people from the field; everything and everybody was surrounding us."

Her visit completed, Mrs. Newsom's return to the army was fraught with equal dangers and experiences, the recital of which cannot be undertaken in detail. Suffice it to say that after encountering many hardships she finally reached Atlanta, whither she was taking her invalid sister, intending to resume her hospital duties.

Shortly, however, the "cruel war" closed; the

cause of the Confederacy became the "lost cause;" Lee's and Johnson's armies surrendered; President Davis and some of his faithful adherents were captured and a feeling of despondency overcame all who had so cheerfully toiled and sacrificed for four long years.

HISTORICAL TIDBITS.

MRS. NEWSOM always regretted not knowing Albert Sidney Johnston.

* * * * *

She highly esteemed and frequently mentioned the following named nurses: Miss Kate Cummings, Miss Munroe, Mrs. Sarah Gordon Law.

* * * * *

"Colonel" Ned Wentworth, a Western officer, possibly from Michigan or Illinois, was injured at Stone River and taken as a prisoner to Chattanooga where he was placed in a hospital under the direction of Mrs. Newsom.

When she found him severely wounded and asked his condition he said: "Oh, Mrs. Newsom, you wouldn't be so kind if you knew who I am; I am on the enemy's side."

"But," said she, "you are fallen, and I make no distinction."

They became good friends. He lived eight months and then died in a tent devoted to gangrene patients. His arm was amputated in August, he dying from the effects a few days later.

"Colonel" Wentworth was said to be a relative of "Long" John Wentworth, of Chicago, subsequently a member of Congress from that city.

* * * * *

A FAITHFUL COLORED SERVANT.

It is stated in this narrative that Mrs. Newsom took with her at her own expense, servants and provisions for the hospital work. Her favorite attendant was Carrie; her mother called her Caroline Elizabeth, but Mrs. Newsom gave her the more familiar name, Carrie.

Carrie was a refined colored girl from Arkansas and had lived in the Newsom household from the time she was nine years old and continued with her mistress not only through the war but for a year after the close of the struggle. Contrary to the general practice, Mrs. Newsom taught Carrie to read and write, using spare time at night from the labors and cares of the hospital.

The attachment of this servant for her patron was little less than divine and this feeling was fully reciprocated. It was an illustration of the adage: "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Another of the servants taken into the army from Arkansas was named George, concerning whom this incident is told:

At Marietta, Ga., Mrs. Newsom entered into a business negotiation. George had fallen in love with a colored girl called Vicie. In order to secure a wife for him, Mrs. Newsom pledged to pay

\$3000 for Vicie; but when the Confederate troops were falling back from Marietta, she paid the planter \$1500 in Confederate money and in addition gave her obligation to pay \$1500 more when the war was over. As one of the results of the war Vicie was freed; and the general confusion attending the retreat compelled the planter to lose his slave, the \$1500 in Confederate money and the unredeemed obligation.

In 1870 Carrie married a very worthy man named Baker and lived some four miles from Venice, Madison County, Illinois, where she became the mother of six children. A letter from her dated May 14, 1882, the last one received is signed "your humble servant, Elizabeth Baker." It is addressed with old-time affection to "Dear Miss Ella." All Mrs. Newsom's subsequent efforts to reach Carrie by mail have proved unavailing. It is not known whether she is still alive or not.

SOME MEN AND LETTERS OF WAR TIME.

"THOUGH a novice when I entered Hospital work I made up my mind when undertaking such a mission to consecrate and concentrate all the energies of mind and body I could command to the thorough performance of whatever duties would arise; and if life held out to remain from first to last in that service for suffering soldiers. The attentions of men had no charms for me. I had resolved to lay all I possessed of youth, beauty and wealth on the altar of the Confederacy. So of course I did not expect to be known outside of the hospitals. Military rank and insignia did not charm me. But I soon found that I must be

thrown with the officers of the highest rank to secure what I needed in keeping a suffering army, bunks and pallets in even a moderately comfortable condition.

“So it was, I suppose, because of my youthful appearance and my enthusiastic ardor in the hospital work, I became quite a favorite with our Generals, all of whom were humane enough to want their men as well cared for in sickness or when wounded as conditions would allow. I had a personal acquaintance with many of them, among whom I might mention: Polk, Cleburne, Preston Smith, Hardee, Breckenridge, Floyd and others. Cleburne, Polk, Hardee and Smith would frequently do me the honor of visiting my hospitals and calling on me socially whenever they could get me long enough from my work to talk to them.

“The first officer with whom I became acquainted was General Preston Smith of Memphis, Tenn. A great big fellow he was, with a great big heart. Having met him as I was going to Kentucky just before the battle of Belmont I awakened his interest in my undertaking and he pledged himself to do everything he could in rendering any service to sufferers in his or any other command. Further he assured me that he would see that all those needing care and medical aid should have it either through some hospital or individual. We were from that time until he was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, the best of friends and corresponded as much as the confusion of war would allow.”

During the movement of Bragg's army into Kentucky in 1862, Mrs. Newsom took occasion to pass through Knoxville into South Western Virginia for much needed rest. She finally visited the Natural Bridge because of her great admiration for the objects of nature.

While at Buchanan, from which point she made forays into the adjacent regions for the purpose of communing with nature, she wrote the following letter to General Smith, an officer proverbial for his disbelief in God and in a divine revelation. Her purpose in writing the letter, which was drafted by the evening twilight in the tower of the Court House, was to arrest the attention of this man who was standing on the threshold of daily dangers and who subsequently fell in the battle of Chickamauga.

The message was in a serious vein, and wholly unlike the usual ones sent on similar occasions. The poetic vein exhibited at this time was the product of her surroundings. The fact that she illustrated the sentiment of Bryant: "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language," prompted the village people to apply to her on this occasion the designation: "The wild woman of the mountains."

BUCHANAN, August 24, 1862.

GENERAL PRESTON SMITH,
MY KIND FRIEND:—

I SAT in the door and watched the daylight depart; the eye-lids of evening close; the soft and

gentle breeze of these mountain homes fanned my face and stole quietly away, and now the outer world slumbers on the couch of night. Hushed into a sweet repose my spirit in thought wings its way afar off and communes with friends, and I have retired to my room to pen its reflections to you; at least that part of my meditations in which our friendship has a place.

It is a Sabbath night too, and may I not so earnestly pray and desire that all my correspondence and conversation with gentlemen would elevate and ennoble their thoughts and aspirations? I would not trespass with letter writing upon these calm and holy hours. What volumes does recollective memory open to our eager gaze, and with what movings of heart do we peruse each page! How many a one thrills with delight our bosom as we trace it; but alas! how many a blackened leaf we would tear from its place and give to the wings of the past to bear away to an eternity of forgetfulness. But oh there is no Lethe's stream, no sea of oblivion. All must not only come before our reflective eye, but that of an infinitely wise and holy being who is cognizant of our entire life. The book of life kept in heaven awaits our coming there and it will decide our future existence.

I was wondering this evening if you have contemplated scenes beyond the grave, and seriously considered the question whether you were ready for an exchange of worlds. Perhaps you may think my Sabbath evening thoughts too serious for correspondence but they originated from what you

wrote me of the grand and gorgeous sunset you and your brother had gazed upon and enjoyed so much. I wondered if while feasting your eye upon so magnificent a scene of creation, your soul were not subdued and your spirit unconsciously bowed in adoration of its creator. When the heavens declare the glory of God, how can a man withhold his worship? How strange that he should think it condescending to be christian; to stand before the world an advocate of the principles that elevate and ennoble his being here and prepare him for the companionship of angels.

Are you not often astonished at yourself that you should have lived so long the abject worshiper of your own evil nature? Something we must adore and worship; and if it be not the supreme ruler of the Universe it must be some God of our own make.

Sometimes when I find myself communing with absent friends I feel such a bursting and longing of soul for them to yield their sinful nature to the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit that I feel surely they must, they will soon acknowledge God as the supreme object of all worship. But the power to convince and to convert men from the errors of their ways belongs alone to God, and O what a feeble instrument I am to endeavor to persuade them that in religion alone is fullness of joy.

Since my health has been restored, the time has been passed delightfully. Pleasant paths seem ever before me, and kind friends I find at every turn. Surely the half of Virginia hospitality and

kindness hath not been told, and the whole land seems a perfect Canaan in the way of plenty. The land of Palestine with its mountains of Lebanon could not surpass this in beauty. I do not forget the sorrows of my bleeding country. Ah no! for now it hath come home to me. My own loved ones are feeling the despot's cruel power, and many a sad moment I spend in fearing they are dealt harshly with. But so conscious am I of God overhead, and that the enemy can go so far and no farther that I resign all into his hands.

Crush the child of God as they please, his faith would sustain him 'mid the wreck of worlds. Take home, friends and even freedom, he knows there is for him a "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." What is life, what is liberty to one who has a hope beyond the grave? Such a one is my venerable father. Whatever happens to him, 'tis well.

When I contemplate the faculties of mind and soul with which our Heavenly Father has endowed our being, thus enabling us ever to find resources of relief and comfort within ourselves, no matter how goes the world without, I feel that it were indeed useless to fret the soul, and life itself away, over the turbulent scenes of earth. In this way I am enabled to forget the harrowing scenes of camp, hospital and the battlefield and feast my soul upon the delight of nature. I always seek quiet country places where my companions are mostly of the world of nature, sunrise and sunsets, mountains, hills and dales, running, rippling streams, the dark, deep, wild woods and the

jagged cliffs of rock—all these and more I have; so you can imagine I am not lonely.

* * * * *

I came to this place, which is just 12 miles from the Natural Bridge and 12 from Otter Peaks, for a few days, with a lady from Newbern at which place I was making my headquarters, and when I tell you I have sat spell-bound upon the highest rock of this far famed Peak and stood in mute wonder and admiration beneath the most stupendous arch of the world, you will cease to wonder that my whole being is lost in contemplation of the Deity and the manifestations of his majesty and power on earth. Could I do otherwise than write in such a strain to my friends, a letter not sad, not gloomy; yet feel that receiving it as you will 'mid the stale scenes of camp, where you have so little to call you to meditation and reflection; that it will neither entertain nor interest you? I hope you may get it as some day is departing in silence and beauty, and when sitting in your tent you watch the mellow twilight come, and have just enough light to read with ease these hastily written pages.

I feel so disappointed to learn that you have left Knoxville; for I thought brother could visit me. He was near and I could hear from home. Still I am glad that you are pushing on to drive the foul invader from down-trodden Kentucky. We ought to have had the go-ahead movement long ago. Do not get too far off without writing.

* * * * *

You must be tired of this long letter, I will close, Good-by,

Your friend,

E. K. NEWSOM.

Please if you see Gen. Hardee, tell him I have written and directed it to Knoxville.

“My next acquaintance with high rank was with General Hardee. When I went to Bowling Green, Ky., to look through the hospitals and find out what was most needed and where my services would do the most good, the appalling condition of the sick sent me at once to headquarters.

“General Hardee greeted me quizzically, saying: ‘Well, my little girl, what is it you want? Have you a sick brother you want a furlough for?’ I said: ‘Yes, thousands of sick brothers, but I am not asking furloughs. I want you to come with me through the hospitals of this place and see for yourself what your men are enduring.’

“To my surprise he ordered his carriage and went with me at once, promising at the end of our tour of inspection to do everything he could to better the wretched state of affairs. He detailed soldiers to help clean and assist me in every way possible, also keeping in daily communication with me to learn how our work was progressing.

“I got to know General Hardee better than any others of our distinguished Generals and always found him manly and a splendid soldier though almost womanly in the caring for his troops.”

On one occasion when Mrs. Newsom and General Hardee were discussing the condition of the

hospitals he asked her to tell him what the soldiers got to eat. She, therefore, submitted the following observations touching the bill of fare had in a Confederate camp:

“General Hardee was always saying: ‘I’ll drop in about breakfast time, or at your dinner hour. I want to see how you live and how you feed my men!’ This he would say because our breakfast was usually in the last years of the war; rye coffee sweetened with sorghum, hard tack with occasionally a slice of baker’s bread, but no meat, no butter, no eggs. I often wonder how in the world we had any strength to keep on our feet, much less to attend to our hospital duties. If I had such things as butter, eggs or meat, I felt it must go to the sick or convalescent.

“One Major Peters, a soldier from Tennessee felt so bad that I would give all the best of things away that he sent me \$50 a month (in Confederate bills) which he said was to be spent in buying something for Mrs. Newsom to eat; otherwise remittances were to be stopped.

“General Hardee heard of this and that is why he would come to my breakfasts to see if I was living as had been reported. The dear old General was always so genial, agreeable and courteous that his visits were of the greatest benefit and blessing. He would always insist that I take a horseback ride with him every day while he was in Chattanooga. In other places he would send one of his staff to take me out for a drive. He never hesitated to show me every honor and courtesy.”

Lieutenant General William J. Hardee was a conspicuous character in the Southern Confederacy. His "Tactics," a text-book with which every soldier was familiar, made his name known throughout the land.

He was born in Savannah in 1819. At the age of 19 he graduated at West Point in 1838, and was at once appointed Second Lieutenant in the dragoons, and the following year was made a first lieutenant. This rank he held until 1844 when he was promoted to Captain. He rendered acceptable service in Mexico during the war with that country. From 1856 to 1861 he commanded the cadets at West Point. In the latter year he resigned his position to be made a Brigadier General in the cause of the Confederacy.

For bravery in the battle of Shiloh he was made a Major General, and placed in command of a division in Bragg's army. Shortly afterward he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General, and assigned to the command of a corps. He participated in the battles of Chaplin Hills, [Perryville], Stone River, Chattanooga, and in the siege and fall of Atlanta. He was in command at Savannah at the time of its evacuation in December, 1864, on the approach of Sherman, and likewise at Charleston in February, 1865.

He surrendered with Johnston April 26, 1865. He died at Wytheville, Va., November 6, 1873.

The letters written during the war constitute an interesting but important literature of the times, revealing often incidents and phases which

would not otherwise appear. What is appended will be self-explanatory.

ESTELLA SPRINGS, Nov. 15th, 1862.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND:—

I left Chattanooga without knowing precisely where my command was located. I found one division (Buckner's) at this place; the other (Anderson's) at Alisonia. I have established my Headquarters here. I have a small house, known in Georgia and Florida as "two pens and a passage, which furnishes me a room for an office and a room for a chamber. Dr. Yandell and Major Roy sleep in the same room with me. The other members of my staff are encamped in the immediate vicinity. My wagons, staff, horses, etc., all reached here safely to-day.

I went yesterday at Bragg's invitation to see him at Tullahoma. I found him rather gloomy, but he brightened up under my genial smiles and happy looks. I shall try to make you acquainted with passing events and I send for your *perusal alone* a letter which I received from him to-day. It will give you some information which may interest you. Destroy it after reading it.

I miss your society more perhaps "than I am willing to acknowledge." As soon as I can get away I shall see you again, but this may not be for several weeks. I am always a better if not a *wiser* man when I am with you. There is no good in telling you that I love you; for that might provoke you to say, as you did once before, that you

love no one, much less the *old general*, and I might threaten again to commit suicide. You are a hard-hearted creature. If you consulted your happiness you would marry. You are not a happy woman now.

I am going this afternoon with Bragg and Buckner to Murfreesboro to look after affairs in that quarter. The enemy is concentrating his forces about Nashville. I don't think he will attack us in front, but may attempt to turn our position by marching on Knoxville or on Chattanooga by Sparta. *Nous verrons.*

I have been very busy since my return. I found that my corps required attention and some reorganization, and all I wish to do has not yet been effected. I called my division and brigade commanders together the next day after my arrival and consulted them fully respecting the condition and wants of their respective commanders.

Your brother is well, I have not seen him, but saw a gentleman who had, and conversed [with] him day before yesterday.

I congratulate you on being an *authoress*, a writer for the Illustrated Richmond News. A piece signed "Anita" I know to be yours. Very excellent, but of this more anon.

Your friend,

W. J. HARDEE.

SHELBYVILLE, TENN., DEC. 4, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. NEWSOM:—

Your letter by Capt. Wilkins has been received. I regret my inability to write before. Independently of my usual duties I am President of an Examining Board to rid the "service of incompetent, disqualified and disabled officers." Gen. Carroll is at present before the Board. This Board only examines general officers.

I have pleasant quarters, the same I occupied last spring in the retreat. After many marches and counter-marches, I find myself precisely in the same spot I left nine months ago. I find the people and the condition of things much as I left them. Some friends made in the spring, greeted me cordially on my return.

I don't like the tone of sadness which pervades your letters. You are destroying your health and your spirits by constant labor in the hospitals. I wish I could be with you to take you to walk and to ride. It would give me much pleasure. You must go out every day when the weather permits, if not to ride, at least, to walk. I have received from Gen. Morgan the present of a beautiful thoroughbred. He is very handsome, but quite unbroken. If you could ride him I would send him to you. His capers this evening, with me, would have unhorsed most ladies.

I don't see much prospect of being able to make you a visit very soon. In your absence I am consoling myself as best I can with other ladies—

with Miss Ready, for example at Murfreesboro, and Miss Webster at Wartrace.

You are acquainted with Mrs. Collyer at Winchester, and with Mr. Graves. The latter was in great apprehension that his seminary would be taken for a hospital. The yellow flag had been hoisted on it by General Cheatham's Medical director. In his distress he went to Mrs. Collyer who told him to apply to me, and to represent that *you* had been educated there and he would save the building. He came: I went with him to Gen. Bragg, who exempted the school. Dining afterwards with Mrs. Collyer she assured me that half the people in Winchester believed you had been instrumental in saving the building. You see what mischief you are doing.

My son Willie is at school at Marietta.

I was interrupted at this point by business. Went afterwards to a party given by the Arkansas brigade. Have returned early to finish my letter.

To begin where I left off. I am desirous to have Willie with me during his vacation. He may have to pass a night at Chattanooga. I have directed him to call on you, and I beg you will show him how to find Major Smith's quarters who, I am sure, will provide him quarters for the night.

I wish I could answer your first letter in a manner satisfactory to myself. I know well my shortcomings, but "when I would do good evil is present with me." I make many good resolutions, but do not always adhere to them. I wish

I were a better man. I do not despair of succeeding and you must not abandon me.

Make kind remembrances to Carrie, and I remain, as ever,

Faithfully your friend,
W. J. HARDEE.

MRS. ELLA K. NEWSOM,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
P. S.

DECEMBER 5, 1862.

After twelve o'clock I received an important order from Gen. Bragg ordering my corps to take position at Eagleville, on Shelbyville and Nashville pike. We are in the midst of a snowstorm, and the order, with the exception of our brigade, is postponed till the weather clears up. I will write when I get located.

* * * * *

I will not allow any one to see your letters. Write freely. I take a warm interest in all that concerns you. You can rely on me as a friend implicitly. I admire and love you and it is my pleasure to do anything which may contribute to your happiness. Do you want anything which I can get? Major Roy sends his regards.

W. J. HARDEE.

“General Floyd came to Bowling Green in December 1861 bringing with him his command in a most deplorable condition. How any of his

men ever lived to get to the West or any survived to go into the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson I have often wondered. So many of his soldiers were mere boys and all of them seemed to have come from a class of petted and spoiled children.

“He had not been long in Bowling Green before one or two buildings were full of sick and dying men. He called on me in person and besought of me to take charge of the Floyd Hospital. As others had become interested in the work already begun, particularly a Mrs. Gilmore from Memphis, a most efficient worker and organizer, I consented to go, taking with me my servants and provisions.”

John B. Floyd was born in Blacksburg, Va., June 1, 1807; was admitted to the bar in 1828; practiced law for a time in Helena, Ark.; in 1839 he settled in Washington County, Va.; served in the legislature several times and was governor of the state in 1850–1853. In 1857 he was appointed by President Buchanan to be Secretary of War.

With the opening of the war in 1861 he served temporarily in West Virginia, but finally repaired to Bowling Green, Ky. Shortly thereafter he joined the Confederate forces at Fort Donelson. The night prior to the surrender of Fort Donelson, however, he made his escape from the place and, resting under Confederate odium, never recovered his standing. He died near Abingdon, Va., Aug. 26, 1863.

“Generals Cleburne and Hindman called often to see me at my work, being from my state, Arkansas. They were always impressing me with

their pride in my womanly courage and gave me much encouragement.”

Patrick R. Cleburne was born in Ireland, March 17, 1828. Coming to the United States, he finally located at Helena, Ark., where he subsequently practiced law.

He joined the Confederacy at the opening of the war, and in 1862 was made Brigadier General. He was a brave and skillful officer throughout the war, being known as “The Stonewall of the West.” At the terrible battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864, he was killed while leading a division in Cheatman’s Corps of Hood’s army.

As illustrating the full appreciation by General Cleburne of his rights as an officer and his duty to make amends as publicly as he may have committed an offense, this little incident which occurred during Bragg’s retirement from Middle Tennessee in 1863, is submitted. The incident is related by L. H. Mangum, a law partner prior to the war and a member of Cleburne’s staff during the war.

“He had the highest personal esteem for General John C. Brown, and the origin of this regard is worthy of narration. The army of Tennessee, retreating from middle Tennessee to Chattanooga, camped at what was then University Station, now Sewanee. The order of march for the day was as follows: Hardee’s corps in front, with Cleburne’s division leading. Positive orders were issued for no troops to precede him. Early in the morning, as he filed his division into the road, he found a brigade marching in front.

Going to the head of the brigade, he asked for the commander. General Brown, whom Cleburne had never met, answered that he was. Cleburne, in a peremptory manner, ordered him to halt his brigade till he passed with his division, and rebuked him for disobedience of orders, in a tone that brooked no reply, and bordered on insult. On returning to the head of his division he met General Hardee, who informed him that he had changed the original order of march by putting Brown's brigade in front. Cleburne, without saying a word, galloped back to Brown, and, in the presence and hearing of those who had witnessed the previous meeting, offered an apology in earnest and ample terms for the strong words he had used under a misconception. This was the beginning of a friendship between these two brave men which was cemented on many a future occasion, and terminated only by death.

To Rev. A. J. Rya, Knoxville, Tenn., the following stanzas are affectionately inscribed by his friend, J. D. Sullivan.

These stanzas are founded upon the following facts, related to me by a gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable. On the morning of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Maj. Gen. Patrick Cleburne, C. S. A., while riding along the line encouraging his men, beheld an old friend—a Captain in his command—his feet bleeding from cold and other causes. Alighting from his horse, he asked the Captain to "please" pull off his boots. The Cap-

tain did so, when Gen. Cleburne then told him to try them on; this the Captain also did. Gen. Cleburne then mounted his horse, told the Captain he was tired of wearing them, and could do very well without them. He would hear of no remonstrance, and bidding the Captain good-bye, rode away. In this condition he was killed, and in this condition he was found.

OH! NO, HE'LL NOT NEED THEM AGAIN.

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
 No more will he wake to behold
 The splendor and fame of his men,
 The tale of their vict'ries is told!
 No more will he wake from that sleep
 Which he sleeps in his glory and fame,
 While his comrades are left here to weep
 O'er Cleburne, his grave and his name.

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
 No more will his banner be spread
 O'er the fields of his gallantry's fame;
 The soldier's proud spirit is fled.
 The soldier who rose 'mid applause
 From the humble-most place in the van——
 I sing not in praise of the cause,
 But rather in praise of the man.

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
 He has fought the last battle without them,
 For barefoot he too must go in,
 While barefoot stood comrades about him.

76 THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

And barefoot they proudly marched on
With blood flowing fast from their feet;
The thought of the vast vict'ries won,
And the foes that they now were to meet.

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
He is leading his men to the charge——
Unheeding the shells or the slain,
Or the shower of bullets at large.
On the right, on the left, on the flanks,
He dashingly pushes his way,
While with cheers, double-quick and in ranks,
His soldiers all followed that day.

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
He falls from his horse to the ground,
Oh anguish! oh sorrow! oh pain!
In the brave hearts that gathered around.
He breathes not of grief, nor a sigh
On the breast where he pillowed his head,
'Ere he fixed his last gaze upon high,
"I'm gone, but fight on boys!" he said.*

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
But treasure them up for his sake;
And oh, should you sing a refrain
Of the memories they still must awake!
Sing it soft as the summer eve-breeze,
Let it sound as refreshing and clear,
Though grief-born, there's that which can please
In thoughts that are gemmed with a tear!

* A Confederate officer, within a few feet of Cleburne when he fell, says his last words were: "I'm killed, boys, but fight it out!"

Albert Sidney Johnston was born in Washington, Mason County, Ky., Feb. 3, 1803. He graduated from West Point in 1826; served for a time in the Black Hawk War; entered the Texan Army as private in 1863; soon was promoted to brigadier general and in 1838 became commander-in-chief and Secretary of War of the new Republic.

From private life in Texas, he entered the war with Mexico, and in 1849 became paymaster in the U. S. Army.

Sympathizing with the Confederacy in 1861, he was appointed to a commanding position in the army. After the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson he concentrated his army at Corinth, and on the sixth of April, 1862 in the first day's battle of Shiloh he lost his life.

Braxton Bragg was born in Warren County, N. C., March 22, 1817; was graduated from West Point in 1837; and served with acceptance in both the Seminole and Mexican Wars. At Buena Vista he received special recognition from General Taylor—"Give 'em a little more grape, Captain Bragg."

In March 1861, he was made a Brigadier General in the Confederate army; and a Major General in February 1862, taking an important part in the battle of Shiloh in April. He was made a general in place of Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at Shiloh, and in the succeeding May, superseded Beauregard in command of the Confederate army.

In the summer of 1862 he invaded Kentucky, defeated a column of Union troops at Richmond

and later another at Munfordville and was finally, in turn, defeated at Perryville, October 8th. Retiring from the state of Kentucky, he met Rosecrans in defeat at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and the following summer held him in check till he was, himself, forced across the Tennessee river to occupy Northern Georgia. Sept. 19, 20, 1863, he defeated Rosecrans at Chickamauga, and was defeated by Grant in turn at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Nov. 24, 1863. This ended his active military career. He died at Galveston, Texas, Sept. 27, 1876.

Leonidas Polk was born in Raleigh, N. C., April 10, 1806; a graduate of West Point in 1827. A member of the Episcopal church, he was chosen Bishop of Louisiana in 1841. In 1861 he joined the Confederacy and was made a Major General. His first conspicuous service occurred in the occupation of Columbus, Ky., during which time he was pitted against General Grant at Belmont, November 6th.

He had command of a division at Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862; and participated in the battle of Stone River, at the close of the year. For valiant services he was made a Lieutenant General.

He led a corps at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 20, 1863, and for disobedience of orders was relieved of command and placed under arrest. He did not rejoin the same Confederate army until the next spring when he cooperated with Gen. J. E. Johnston in the Atlanta campaign.

He was killed by a canon shot at Pine Knob, near Marietta, Ga., June 14, 1864.

Simon Boliver Buckner was born in Kentucky in 1823 and graduated at West Point in 1844; was instructor at West Point both before and after the Mexican war in which he was wounded. He practiced law in Kentucky, was commander of the state guard and Adjutant-General of the state at the opening of the war. Later he joined the Confederates and surrendered the garrison at Fort Donelson in 1862. After his release from prison he was made a Lieutenant-General and served in the Confederacy till the close of the war. Was elected governor of Kentucky in 1887 and in 1896 was Vice-Presidential candidate with Gen. John M. Palmer on the gold-Democratic ticket. At present, 1910, he is a resident of Kentucky.

John C. Breckenridge was born near Lexington, Ky., January 21, 1821. Having studied law he practiced his profession at Lexington. He served as Major in the Mexican war; was a member of the Kentucky legislature; served in Congress from 1851 to 1855; was Vice-President with Buchanan from 1857 to 1861; was the Southern Democratic candidate for the Presidency in the race of 1860; and succeeded John J. Crittenden in the Senate of the United States in 1861. Having been expelled from the Senate, he joined the Confederate army and was made a Major General August 5, 1862. He saw active service during the war, and was Secretary of War of the Confederacy when it fell. He was the youngest man who ever held the office of Vice-President of the United States. He died at Lexington, May 17, 1875.

WARTRACE, TENN., JUNE 2, 1863.

TO MRS. E. K. NEWSOM:—

I was at Headquarters to-day, and General Hardee informed me that you were preparing to go to Arkansas. He spoke of the matter with much warmth, and urged me to write to you to present the real difficulties to be encountered.

In the first place the distance. This is a great objection. The mode of traveling, by rail, is in the present condition of the roads a most serious obstacle. Then when the road terminates, how will you get further? Public conveyances are out of the question. Can a private conveyance be had? I think not. How can you subsist? Where sleep? How will you cross rivers and creeks?

You have energy and will. They are excellent qualities, and avail a great deal under difficulties; but it will put these to the severest test, and your power of endurance besides. Then when you get to Arkansas can you stay there? Will they not send you to prison, or order you back within your own lines? I think they will. If you get to the Yazoo country, and find you can go no further, and should be obliged to return, you will be so much exhausted that you will faint by the way.

Will you listen to your "new found friend and counsellor?" In my opinion you ought not to take the trip. If the country was as it was two years ago, it would be a big undertaking; now it is an impossibility.

* * * * *

I have just received orders to march at three

o'clock to-morrow morning. We go to feel the enemy's position toward Murfreesboro and I must close.

I am, very truly,
Your friend in haste,
JNO. M. JOHNSON,
Chief Surgeon.

Shortly prior to the great battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19-20, 1863, Mrs. Newsom, fatigued by the excessive cares and burdens of her arduous work in behalf of the sick and wounded, spent a brief period of rest in Knoxville, Tenn. This occurred preceding the occupancy of East Tennessee by Burnside's Union Column.

While there Mrs. Newsom was visited by Col. W. B. Richmond, of Gen. Polk's staff, a highly educated and most fascinating Christian officer, whom the Confederate nurse regarded with the highest admiration. She speaks of him in her notes thus: "Of all the striking, interesting characters who stand out in bold relief in my memories of the war is one who bore only the title of Colonel. He was on the staff of General Polk. I first met him after the battle of Shiloh. His face was illuminated with the grand character he possessed; and while he was strikingly handsome, it was the light of his countenance which fixed the impression he made upon every one who knew him well.

"Just before the battle of Chickamauga, this officer having a leave of absence came to Knoxville. We met at the Lamar House, one of the principal hotels of the city. After an eight o'clock

breakfast, and for eight hours thereafter, without even suspending for luncheon, I was entertained in the parlor by the richest conversation I ever had with any human being. Philosophy, science, language, history, the Bible, war, the fate of our beautiful Southland,—all these came within the realm of his eloquent, enchanting conversation. Impressed with the soul-stirring events on the Mount of Transfiguration, I felt with the inspired Peter: ‘It is good to be here.’

“While this memorable scene was being enacted, Col. Richmond received a telegram from Gen. Polk, summoning him to come directly to the front to participate in the battle then imminent. He answered the summons and left on the first train for the front. In the bloody battle of Chickamauga he gave up his useful life to the grim-visaged demon of war.

“In the evening, after the day’s fighting had ceased and the officers at Gen. Polk’s headquarters sat down to their scanty meal, the question was asked: ‘where is Col. Richmond?’ No one knew. Search began. Finally near the line of the Union army his body was found. On his coat front was pinned a slip with the remark in his own hand, written after he was mortally wounded: ‘Whoever delivers my body to my mother at Clarksville, Tenn., will be paid \$500 in gold.’

“The horrible carnage of war! How many thousands of grand, noble, humane characters were reaped in the harvests of death. Men of all ages, of all positions, of all attainments, went down on the fields of blood.”

HUMANITY IN WAR.

“War’s a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.” *Cowper.*

MODERN warfare is greatly improved on account of the mitigation of suffering. The barbarity of the past has yielded to conditions more in harmony with the spirit of the age.

In no department has this been more manifest than in that line of work falling under the ministration of hospital agencies. The Ambulance system, or that of movable hospitals, has done much to assuage human suffering. On the field of battle stretcher-bearers have served an equally humane purpose. Trained nurses, Sisters of Charity, agents of mercy of the Red Cross and other humane agents have been successful in alleviating suffering in the various fields of martial activity.

The most conspicuous character in modern angelic ministration on the field of carnage is Florence Nighingale whose fame is world-wide.

Miss Florence Nightingale, philanthropist, daughter of Mr. William E. Nightingale, a Hampshire landowner in England, was born at Florence, Italy, May 12, 1820. Richly endowed and highly

educated, she early took on a philanthropic mold of activity. In 1844, when but twenty-four years of age, she began to give attention to the condition of hospitals. She personally inspected and studied eleemosynary institutions all over Europe much as John Howard had done a century previous. She learned from the Sisters of Charity in Paris, and finally went herself in 1851 to Germany, entering an institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserville on the Rhine. Having completed her preparation she returned to England and began the reorganization of work at a Governesses' Sanatorium.

When the Crimean war culminated in 1854-5, Florence heard of the intense suffering among the English and other allied soldiers and the defective management of the military hospitals. Accordingly she, the "Lady-in-chief" of the Sanatorium, repaired with her force of ninety-two women workers to the seat of war, and took up her quarters at the Barrack Hospital, Scutari, November 4, 1854. Giving herself unreservedly to the work and thus infusing her own energy into the ranks, she immediately brought order out of chaos, and soon reduced the death-rate to an equality with those of home military institutions.

For twenty hours at a time she would stand to see the soldiers fed and made comfortable. It is said that when nursing the sick and wounded in the hospitals she so endeared herself to the sufferers by her gentle and loving ministrations that, as she passed through the wards at night, shad-

ing her lamp with her hand for fear she would disturb some of the patients, the soldiers would kiss her shadow on the wall as she passed.

After taking charge of the company of ninety-two nurses, many of them ladies of high rank, all the hospitals on the Bosphorus were put under her supervision.

Her admirers collected for her a testimonial of £50,000, equivalent to \$250,000, and offered it to her. She refused the proffer and suggested the amount be contributed for establishing an institution to train nurses. Such a school was founded on her return to England. Her biographer says: "The Queen presented her with a magnificent cross, and the Sultan of Turkey sent her a superb bracelet, set with brilliants."

Her health was impaired by the intense labors and anxiety she was required to undergo. Her work was perpetuated, however, by reducing her views and observations to written form.

After half a century of apparent if not real neglect, Florence Nightingale was introduced to some of the laurels in reserve for her. Upon her in the year 1908 was bestowed the highest honor within the gift of the city of London, "the freedom of the city." At a time when she was a helpless invalid, King Edward made her a member of the "Order of Merit." On such occasions it is the custom of the Lord Mayor to put the precious document in a richly chased gold casket which costs the authorities over \$1,500.

On this occasion Miss Nightingale modestly suggested that she would prefer to receive the

document in a plain oak casket; and if the usual sum was to be expended, she would be gratified if it were given to a hospital in which she was interested. Her request was cheerfully met, and a check representing the difference in the value of the caskets was enclosed with the document.

In eulogizing, in an eloquent speech, her great services, the City Chamberlain called attention to the long time that had elapsed between her important services in the Crimean war and the honors now being bestowed by the city of London. Continuing he said:

“We regret that owing to some unexplained omission on the part of a previous generation, the honorary freedom, the highest honor in the gift of the corporation, was not conferred upon her half a century ago, when she was in health and strength, and able thoroughly to appreciate and enjoy it.”

Miss Nightingale celebrated her ninetieth birthday in London, May 12, 1910.

King George sent her a congratulatory message. Her friends had not told her of King Edward's death, fearing the injury such a shock might cause. King George's message was, therefore, read aloud to her as coming from “the King.”

THE TWO NIGHTINGALES COMPARED.

IT may interest the reader to institute a brief comparison between the two heroine Nightingales, Miss Florence and Miss Ella. We are aware that sometimes comparisons are considered odious; but in this case we are confident that the more carefully and fully the comparison is made, the more brilliant and commendable will stand forth the character of each.

1. The notable feature of both Nightingales is the highly endowed moral nature of each. This, considering the humane mission selected by each was essentially fundamental. Strong faith in God and love for him; love for suffering and distress in human kind on the field of conflict; alleviation of pain resulting from sincere sympathy for beings in distress—these constituted the foundation on which the whole superstructure rested.

2. Each deemed a preliminary hospital training essential to ultimate success in her calling, and each was willing patiently to undergo such training.

3. Both kindled in their patients the most intense admiration and retained it tenaciously as long as the patients lived.

4. Both had the capacity to organize and

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manage a corps of workers, and to inspire them individually with the same devotion and zeal which they themselves felt.

5. Each labored from the standpoint of entire consecration and devotion to the work in hand, taking no account of the lapse of time or inconvenience encountered.

6. Both counted financial means of no consequence except as those means inured to the well-being of the unfortunate sufferers.

7. Both endured bodily infirmities patiently and uninterruptedly; and in this manner they became successful teachers of their fellow mortals in the great lessons of endurance and sacrifice for others.

8. Each lady inspired, during her active career in the field of war and suffering, the most intense regard and admiration, but witnessed the period succeeded by half a century of neglect and indifference before final reward of gratitude and appreciation came.

This comparison may be closed with the observation that Florence Nightingale of England, the original angel of mercy, became the model and ideal of Mrs. Ella K. Newsom, the "Florence Nightingale of the Southern army."

LITERARY CONTEMPORARY.

ONE of the popular writers of the South, whose works have become household words, is Miss Augusta Jane Evans (since 1868 Mrs. L. M. Wilson). She was born near Columbus, Georgia, May 8, 1835. In childhood she accompanied her father to Texas, and remained a resident of the Lone Star until 1849 when she moved to Mobile, Alabama.

In the list of her literary products are the following: *Inez*, a tale of the Alamo, 1856; *Beulah*, 1859; *Macaria*, 1864; *St. Elmo*, 1866; *Vashtai*, 1869; *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, 1887.

Her sympathies are loyally with the people and institutions of the Southland. The following typical letters indicate clearly the ardent support given the cause of the Confederacy by its women. The "Lost Cause" owes none of its failure to the apathy of the fairer sex.

MOBILE, AUGUST 25, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. NEWSOM:—

Your welcome letter arrived during my absence from home, and finding it on my arrival I avail myself of the earliest leisure moment to acknowledge its receipt and tender my thanks. I have just

returned from a brief visit to Chattanooga, where I went to see my brother Howard who has been in very poor health for more than a year. He belongs to Tucker's 41st Mississippi Regiment, Anderson's Brigade, and Wither's division.

Finding that his brigade was at *Shell Mound*, mother and I went down to that place. I regret exceedingly that you had left Chattanooga before my arrival as I anticipated great pleasure in meeting you again. I met several of your friends, Major Roy, Major Albert Smith, etc., etc., who told me you were recruiting your health in Knoxville. Like myself, I too was worn down and needed some change. Unfortunately your labors were in a better cause, attendance in the hospitals, while mine were by mid-night lamps over my desk. My new book, of which you have probably seen notices in the papers, is now in press in Charleston; and if that noble, peerless "city by the sea," is not destroyed by the bombardment now impending, I presume my book will soon be out. It is published by West and Johnson, of Richmond, but they give their printing to Cogswell & Co. of Charleston.

The copying of the Mss. was tedious work, necessitating great particularity, and I felt infinitely relieved when the task was completed.

There were intimations yesterday that some movement was contemplated in Gen. Bragg's army and I very much fear that Rosecrans will so successfully flank Chattanooga as to force our troops to evacuate it, and fall back toward Atlanta.

This is a season of peculiar trial, and deep nat-

ional gloom, but I comfort myself with the words of Schiller's Wallenstein :

“ In the night only
Freidland's Stars can beam.”

Our night has come down, black and cheerless. Let us look up hopefully, trustfully, unwaveringly for the shimmer of our glorious day-star. Grappling faith to our weary hearts, let us place our destiny in the hands of a merciful, just, and righteous God, and calmly say with Southey :

“ Onward, in faith; and leave the rest to Heaven.”

As a people we have relied too little upon our God, and too entirely upon ourselves; we have become corrupt, selfish, grasping and avaricious. We needed chastisement and it has fallen upon us. I trust the recent day of Fasting and Prayer was faithfully observed throughout the Confederacy. I do not believe that our greatest trials have yet overtaken us, but the hour of *sorest need* is certainly at hand. Independence and *Constitutional Republican Liberty* is too precious a boon to be lightly won, and we are now paying the heavy memorial dues which Liberty inexorably demands. I mourn over the demoralization of the country, because it places our national redemption so much farther off. The women of the Confederacy have been remiss in not using their influence to correct this evil ere it became colossal; for they are the guardians of the nation's purity, and upon them in great degree must devolve its reformation.

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I am exceedingly troubled to hear that your family have been so annoyed by the Federals, and hope that ere this they have escaped from Arkansas and reached this side of the river. When you write do give my warmest love and sympathy to your dear mother.

Will you return to Chattanòoga? My mother sends her best love. Hoping that your health will be fully restored,

I am, affectionately yours,
A. J. EVANS.

MOBILE, AUGUST 25, 1863.

(Miss Evans was a close interpreter of military movements. Her predictions were verified.)

Miss Evans, it seems, was strongly impressed with the idea of going into the Confederate hospital service. Under date of Mobile, October 28, 1863, she writes:

LETTER NO. 2.

MOBILE, OCT. 28, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. NEWSOM:—

I very much fear that you will ascribe to me a degree of *fickleness*, which does not belong to my character, when I tell you that after all I shall not be able to join you in Marietta as I hoped and expected when I applied to you for a position. The truth simply is, that my family is so much opposed to my doing so, *especially my brothers*, that I have been forced to give up the scheme. I was and am *still*, very anxious to go into the hospitals and selected Marietta because you were there; and it was comparatively near my brother, about whose health I feel so uneasy. But when the boys learned of my application, they opposed it so strenuously, and urged me so earnestly to abandon the idea, that I feel unwilling to take a step which they *disapprove* so vehemently. I had fully determined to accept the position you so kindly offered me and even fixed the date for my departure; but finding how troubled my brothers are about it, I have very *reluctantly*, and with *great disappointment* given up the hope of being with you.

The boys have heard so much said about ladies being in the hospitals, that they can not bear for me to go. I feel that the work is a *noble one*, and

I long to be at your side, working with you, but since my family are so violently opposed, I do not feel willing to give them the pain. That I am very much disappointed, I acknowledge; for I had set my heart on joining you. Let me thank you, however, my dear friend, for the promptness and kindness with which you responded to my letter. I have much to engage me, in the Orphan Asylum where I am a manager, but I *had* intended resigning that position if I entered the hospitals. Although I cannot be with you, I hope to hear from you as frequently as your numerous duties and imperative claims will permit; and should be very glad if you would give me some account of the system you employ.

If my brother is sick again, I shall beg him to report to the hospital in Marietta, where you can look after him. His health has been poor so long, that we feel exceedingly anxious about him. When you write to your family, please present my kindest regards and affectionate remembrances to your dear mother. Write me as often as you can find requisite leisure and believe me,

Most Sincerely,
Your friend,
A. J. EVANS.

APPENDIX.

SUBSEQUENT to the War, Mrs. Newsom married a Confederate officer, Colonel Trader who lived a number of years. He dying, she was thrown, as the result of financial losses during and subsequent to the war, into a largely dependent condition. Deprived of the sight of one eye and rendered almost totally deaf, she was subjected to conditions embarrassingly in contrast with the state of affluence possessed while the widow of Dr. Newsom.

Under these circumstances, her friends sought aid for her. In 1885 an effort was made at Asheville, N. C., to secure, by popular subscriptions, the means by which a suitable residence was to be established. The movement was undertaken under the direction of the Asheville Advance with a view to securing:

THE NEWSOM HOME FUND.

IN addition to the stirring appeals by the paper equally vigorous ones were made by General Joseph B. Palmer, of Murfreesboro, and Ex.-Governor Albert S. Marks of Nashville, Tenn. The appeal was ineffective, and was not renewed for some time.

In 1908, through the instrumentality of an intelligent and patriotic citizen and physician of Washington, D. C., Dr. Samuel E Lewis, the case of Mrs. Newsom was fully and ably presented before the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy at their annual reunion in Birmingham, Ala., June 9th. The records show that affirmative action was unanimously taken on the following resolutions: Mrs. E. K. Trader, (a widow), born in Brandon, Mississippi, a daughter of the Rev. T. S. N. King, a Baptist clergyman, who went to live in Arkansas when she was but a child; there she was married to Dr. Frank Newsom, of Tennessee, who died a short time before the war of 1861-65 began; laboring in which war she sacrificed her entire wealth of servants, and other property, and impaired her health, in her great and distinguished ministrations and services to the sick, wounded and dying soldiers of the Confederate army, throughout the entire period of the war,

which at that time won for her the great love of the officers, soldiers and physicians; and,

Whereas, This Association deems that the devotion of this noble woman is not recognized, or if so, not appreciated, by the people of the South at this time, as it should be; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this *Association of the Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy*, at this, the 11th annual meeting, in the city of Birmingham, Alabama, send her loving greeting, with the best wishes that the Supreme Being will vouchsafe to her declining years, fullness of peace and comfort, and the gratifying consciousness that the Veteran Confederate soldiers, and their descendants, hold in kindly remembrance the great and distinguished services which she rendered the sick, wounded and dying at a time when the Southern people were themselves suffering and in the greatest distress; and be it further

Resolved, That this devoted Confederate woman is hereby commended to the high consideration of the Southern people of this day; and be it further

Resolved, That the Secretary is hereby authorized and directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. E. K. Trader, in Washington, D. C.; and to request the daily press of this city, the *Confederate Veteran* and *Southern Practitioner*, of Nashville, Tennessee, to give place in their columns, in behalf of this noble Confederate woman, for this brief sketch of her history and services—and for these resolutions.

ASHEWOOD, TENNESSEE, SEPT. 29, 1909.

PROF. J. FRAISE RICHARD,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR SIR:—

You could not have a more favorable introduction to me than as a friend of Mrs. Trader.

I first met her over fifty years since as the young and beautiful bride of my dear friend Frank Newsom and next during the war when she was devoting her time and fortune to the care of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. She was faithful and untiring in this trying duty to the end and deserves the love and gratitude of every Southern man and woman and child. I am ashamed that she is allowed to make an irksome livelihood. Many if not nearly all who were the recipients of her care have passed beyond. Of those who remain, many are poor and feeble but in years to come when the record of her loving tenderness is recognised statues will be erected to her. In the meanwhile to be acclaimed the "Southern Florence Nightingale" is a poor return. I note what you say about my writing a sketch of Gen. Polk and Col. Richmond and would willingly do so, but I am in my 79th year and my memory is apt to slip several cogs as well as my other faculties. I beg that if the opportunity occurs of doing a friendly service to Mrs. Trader you will remember what she has been to suffering humanity.

Yours very Sincerely,
HENRY C. YEATMAN.

LETTER TO DR. S. B. LEWIS.

Mrs. Newsom writing to Dr Lewis from Washington, D. C., Aug. 27, 1908, requested him to write to the publishers of the Christian Herald Bible House, New York and enclose certain photographs to be published as was that of Florence Nightingale. Says Mrs. Newsom: "I have never exaggerated nor could I ever give a full account of what I did and endured for the four years of the war. I myself am amazed when I look back to it, and consider my youth and my health!"

* * * * *

"I do not expect the 'Palace' which the Southern soldiery declared they would build for me and take me on their shoulders and put me in. I would have but a few years to enjoy it. No, I have a 'house eternal in the heavens.' To that I expect in a very short while to be borne. Of that house I *am sure* for the Savior said: 'I go to prepare a place for you. In my Father's House are many mansions.'"

Mrs S. B. Kuhl, whose sons are conducting a State National Bank at Texakana, Ark., under date of June 25, 1909, writes:

"Your character as Florence Nightingale is not

overdrawn. You acted as grand and heroic a part for your Southland as ever she did [for hers]. Why the people of the South have not done something for you ere this, I can't understand. They have simply been in ignorance of your existence and what your past has been."

YABOBUSHA, MISS., OCT. 14, 1908.

MRS. E. K. TRADER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MRS. TRADER:—

I had not heard from you since I was at the Newsom Hospital in Chattanooga, Tenn., until I saw a piece in the *Veteran* about you which I suppose you have already seen and read.

I was wounded in the arm and brought to your care at Chattanooga, while you were matron and Dr. Frank Harthorne and his assistants, Drs. Bloxsom and Means had charge of the hospital. I entered the Hospital in January 1863 and remained until April. This was after the battle of Murfreesboro.

I was wounded in the right arm, what is called compound fracture. I had erysipelas three times while I was wounded and under your care.

I write to thank you for your kind attention for I think I owe my life to you and Dr. Frank Harthorne. You cannot conceive of how much service this arm has been to me when it would have been lost if it had not been for you.

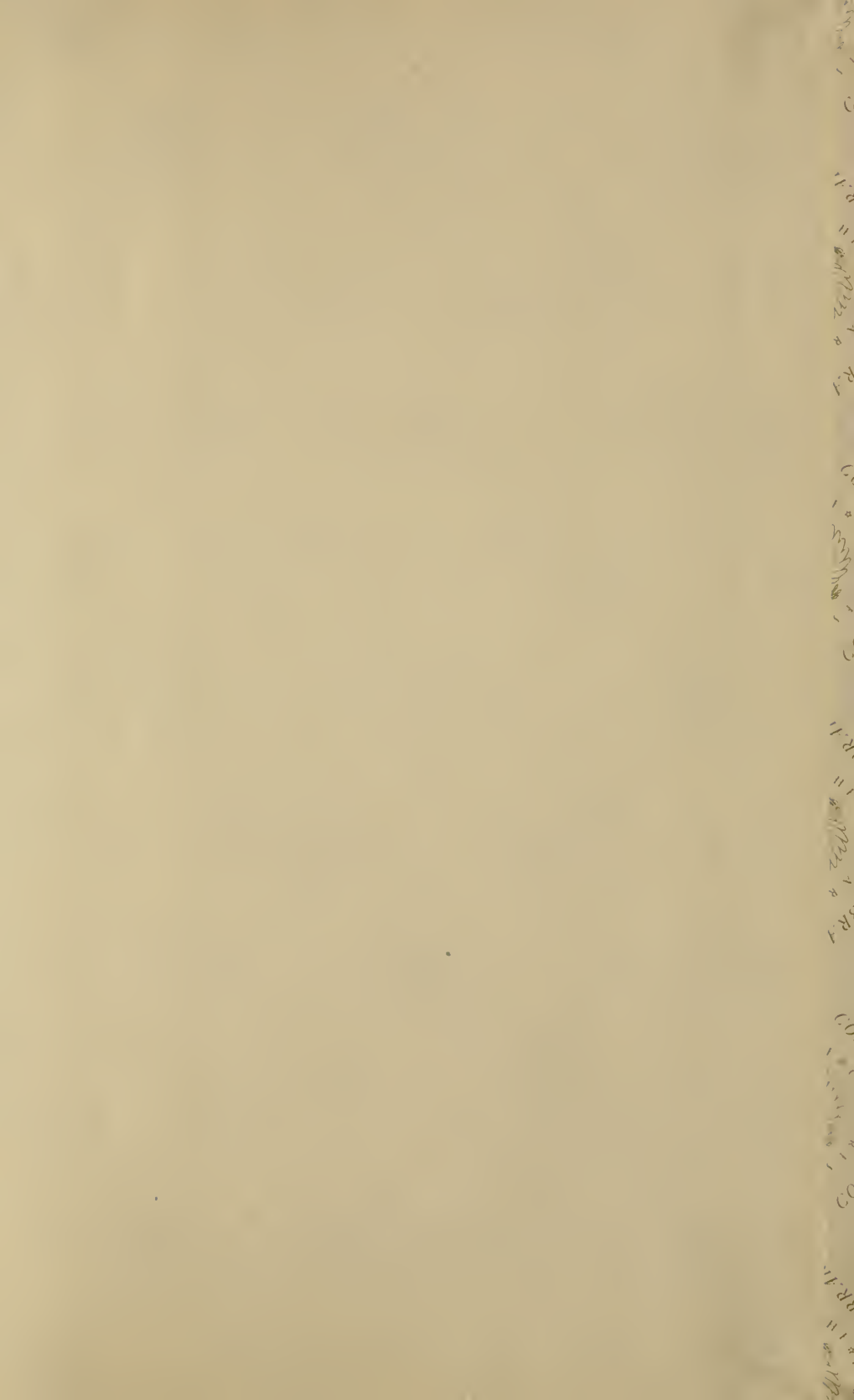
I am still living near Coffeerville, the place where I was born and raised. I have raised a family of

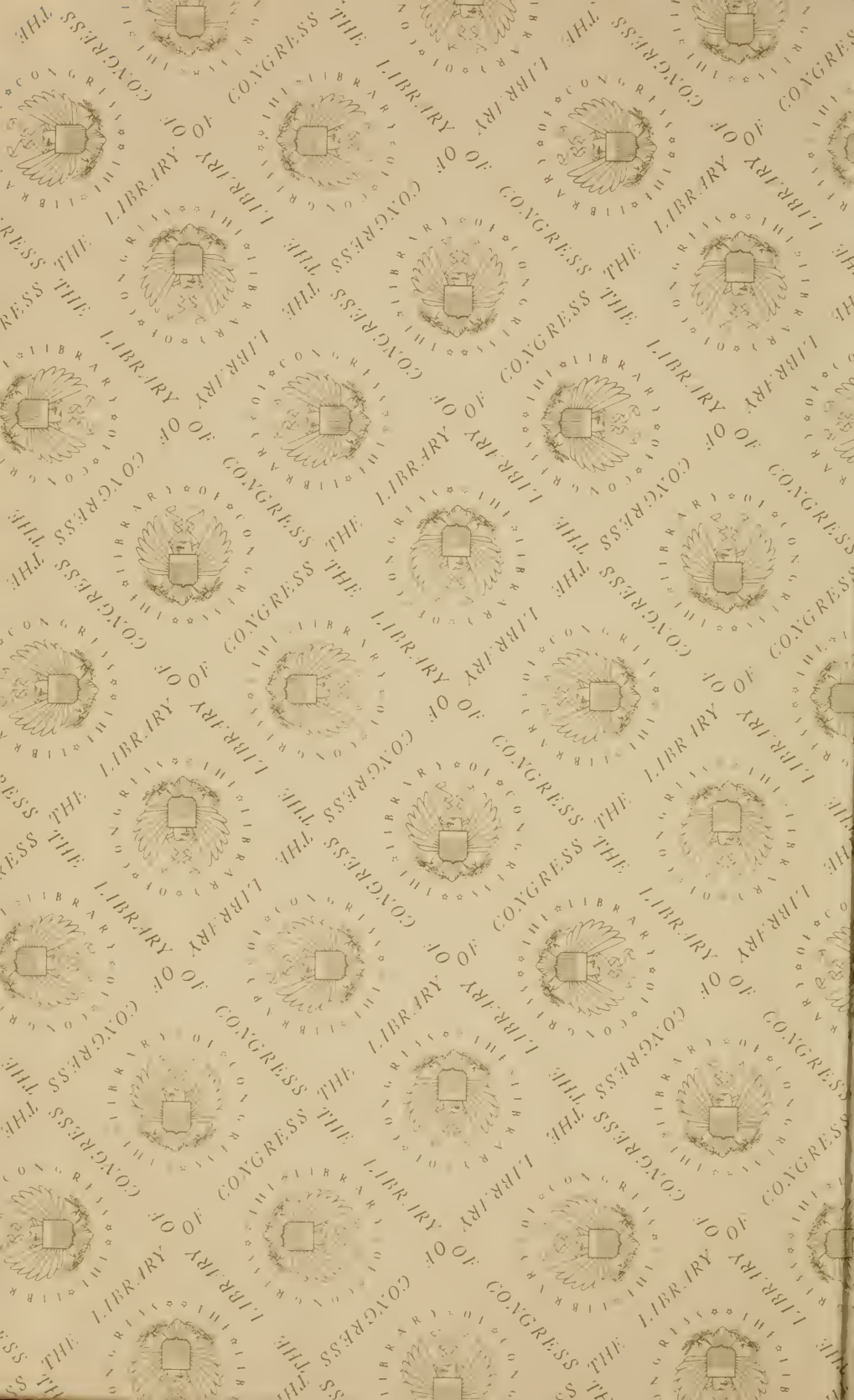
six children, four girls and two boys all grown. My health is very bad now, I am very feeble and not able to do anything much.

I thank you again and again for your kindness. I would be glad to do any favor for you that I could at any time.

Yours Respectfully,
AURELIUS RIDDICK BALLARD.

X: 102







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